



Sew in Love (Brownie Spice #1)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Rhys

With my business partner unwell, it's my responsibility to represent FIT SEW GOOD at Scotland's largest trade fair this year. By the end of the first evening, I'm feeling utterly exhausted. Relaxing with a drink and heading to bed seems like the best idea, until a certain buff ginger kilt maker joins me at the bar.

I never expected to see Liam Bell again, so I'm taken aback when he suggests we unwind together. He even asks for my number but only uses it to wish me a merry Christmas. When I mention I'm spending it alone, he invites me to celebrate with him.

We have a healing and wonderful time together, despite my disappointment that it's just for the holidays. Can the enchantment of the holiday season persist in our everyday lives, or is one Christmas all we have?

Liam

Attending a trade fair, far from my tranquil home and beloved dog, is exhausting. Yet, as I head back to my hotel on the first night and spot the incredibly captivating Selkie I met on a job sitting alone at the bar, I can't let the chance slip away. Rhys is gorgeous, charming, and witty—everything I could dream of. After the fair, we return to our markedly different lives.

When Christmas arrives and I learn that he's spending it alone, I bring him to my family's home. It turns out to be the best holiday ever, and I'm so smitten with this man that I know I'll do whatever it takes to keep him in my life.

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Chapter 1

Rhys

How many Bee's Knees will I have to order from the hot bartender before I don't cringe at the name of the cocktail anymore? I wondered as I emptied the second glass.

Spending an entire weekend at a fair wasn't my idea of a good time. My business partner at Fit Sew Good usually took one for the team and went to the trade fairs. This year she had signed us up for Scotland Fabric, only to fall ill.

It might have been the biggest fabric trade show in the country, and I knew that, technically, I should be interested in it. But I couldn't bring myself to care.

It's too much.

Another Christmas approached. It would be one more spent alone. With both my parents dead and no siblings, it was a one-man show. The same as every year. In past years, Beryl and I had gone out drinking on the first day after Christmas.

He'll be celebrating with Kjartan this year.

I mean, I was happy for him and all. But man, I was gonna have a lonely holiday.

"Can I get another one of the Bee's Knees?" I tipped my empty glass at Twink-Jon, the attractive guy behind the bar who unfortunately came with a golden ring on his finger, and rested my forearms on the polished wood.

“Can I get one, too?” a deep voice from next to me asked, forcing me to look around.
“Hello, it’s Rhys, isn’t it?”

Recognition dawned.

“It is. Hi, I didn’t recognise you without that hulking beast of a dog at your heel.”

The rugged ginger chuckled, then pointed at the empty chair beside me. “May I?”

“Sure.” I pretended to inch over to make room for him.

With shoulders like that, he needs it. Gods, I need it too.

“Thanks.”

A smiling Jon placed two glasses in front of us. Before I reached for my wallet, the new arrival pulled out a twenty crown note from his pocket and handed it to the bartender, signalling him to keep the change.

“I hope that’s okay?” He smiled politely and raised his glass to me.

“Unnecessary, but thank you.” I grimaced, clinking my glass to his.

“You’re welcome. It’s so nice to see a familiar face. By Hestia, I hate crowds.”

“Me too. I’ve been trying to decide between getting wasted and hiding in my room.”

“Tempting.” His dry tone made me look around him. We burst out laughing.

I enjoyed looking at him. My eyes clung to his hairy hands for a moment before I picked up my drink again.

“Fergus is at home. He hates crowds even more than I do,” he added with a small smile. “That stuff is tasty. I like honey and lemon.”

“It’s pretty good, yeah. I imagine bringing a giant fairy dog to a fair would be a problem even if he doesn’t mind crowds?”

He appraised me. “Probably yes. I wouldn’t want people to panic, even though he’s really gentle. Fergus is a big softie, just like his dad.”

I accidentally inhaled my drink, gagging and trying to disguise it as a cough.

Good sir, stop it!

I don’t need to hear how warmhearted or I’ll make yet another poor decision.

Liam looked flustered at what he’d blurted out. He took a large gulp of his drink, almost emptying it in one.

“I’ll uh go then,” he choked out.

“Stay, please. Friendly faces need to stick together. If one more person comes up to me to discuss Scottish lace, I’ll scream.”

“We wouldn’t want that.”

“See? So you need to stay and save me and the others the embarrassment.”

A grin spread over his mouth, then Liam seductively slowly licked his lips. “If my service is required, then I’ll certainly stay, yeah.”

Holy fuck.

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Chapter 2

Liam

The Selkie—Rhys—was even more gorgeous than I remembered. He had sleek, dark hair, and his bone structure reminded me of delicate fine china. Yet for a man that attractive, he looked lost and lonely. I wanted to take care of him?chase away the dark cloud that hung over his head. I need to find out what hurt him, and make it better.

But I had no idea what to say. I already knew why he was here, and what he did for a living. Small talk had never been my strong suit.

“Sorry.” He huffed under his breath, staring at the half empty glass as if trying to see if he could drown himself in it.

Fat chance.

“For what?”

“I fear I’m dreadful company.” He pursed his perfect lips.

“I’m not much better. I’ve used up all the small talk I can manage in a day.”

Rhys chuckled. “Gods, it’s the worst, isn’t it?”

“Yeah.” Relief flooded me when the man looked at me and smiled.

Wow!

I needed to be careful not to reveal just how gorgeous I thought he was. But by Hestia, this guy lit my hearth on fire.

If I just reached out, I could run a hand through his lustrous dark hair and trace the rounded shells of his ear with my finger.

“Stop looking at me like that, Liam.” There was no heat in his words. He came out in a low purr.

Shit, I’ve been undressing him with my eyes.

“Sorry,” I rasped, gulping a sip of my drink. Maybe I could drown myself in it?

“I have very little self restraint left and would prefer not to be thrown out for public indecency.”

Fuck. Me.

My cock filled so rapidly with blood that I feared I might faint.

“Want to take this up to my room?” He raised an elegant eyebrow at me.

I was at least ten years too old for one-night stands, but I, too, had very little self restraint left.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

We tipped back the dregs of our drinks, and I followed him out of the restaurant bar.

The lift was empty when we entered it. Rhys waited until the doors had slid shut behind us before caging me to the wall.

He didn't kiss me but ran his nose down the length of my cheek, nuzzling my beard. Needing to hold on to him, I palmed his waist and drew him into my body.

He inhaled sharply.

"Too much?" I mumbled.

"Gods, no," he huffed. "Not enough." Pressing his cock fleetingly against mine made me groan as I felt how hard he was.

"Don't worry." My palm slipped down to give his arse a squeeze. "We'll take care of that in a minute."

We barely made it into his room at the far end of the fifth floor before I snapped. I spun Rhys around to face me, pulled him into my arms, and dragged his mouth on mine.

He tasted of honey and lime. He groaned as I ran my tongue over the seam of his lips to get him to open for me.

I had him up against the mirrored wall next to the door a moment later.

"Gods." Rhys groaned again when my lips left his to kiss down his neck. The feel of my beard on the fresh stubble covering his skin was fucking delicious. "I'm happy to see you again."

"I noticed," I mumbled into the patch of skin I'd just licked, loving to feel his shudder, and pressed my hips to his.

“You had such a hard day, didn’t you?” I rumbled, dropping one hand to grip the ridge of his cock.

“Yes.” He whined, bucking his hips into my palm.

My other hand slid down to curl around his cheek, thumb pushing between his glistening lips, stroking his tongue.

“Daddy will take care of you. Would you like that, sweet pup?”

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Chapter 3

Rhys

My soul prepared to leave my body at Liam's words.

If I'd like that, Daddy? God, yes. Take care of me. Nobody's done that properly in years, maybe ever.

He still stroked his thumb lightly over my tongue, making me even harder.

How is this so hot?

He hummed, and his bright green eyes crackled with lust.

"Are you tested?"

I nodded.

"Good, so am I. Did you bring lube? Condoms?"

I nodded again.

"Any boundaries I should know about?"

I gulped and shook my head, unable to fucking speak when I usually had the hardest time shutting up. None .

“Edging? Spanking? Tying you up? Fisting? All fine?”

Fucking. Hell. A low whimper tore out of me, and I nodded hurriedly. One of each, please, Daddy.

“What’s your safe word?” He pulled his finger out. I hated it. I wanted it to stay in my mouth. To suckle on it.

“Pineapple,” I mumbled.

“Good boy. Use it when I get too much for you.” He gave me a stern look that made my dick twitch in his grip.

“Yes,” I breathed.

But you won’t be. You are exactly what I need today.

He slipped both of his hands under my light grey cashmere jumper and up to my pecs. All day the soft garment had tormented my sensitive skin, and Liam seemed intent on adding another layer of tension.

He circled around my responsive nipples, running the calloused pads of his thumbs over and around until I was close to begging for release.

Then he stopped suddenly to pull off my jumper, making me whine at the loss of stimulation. Next went my belt and then my slacks. An appreciative hum rumbled in his broad chest when he freed me from the trousers and found my boxers stretched to the breaking point. They already sported a wet spot where I had leaked through the fabric.

Liam’s fingertips ran over the fabric barrier, and I gasped.

Just take it off and make me come already.

His shirt went next.

By the Storm Lord's spear.

Coarse, dark red hair covered almost every inch of his creamy white skin. It ran down over his bulging pecs and abs, thickening at his navel before disappearing into the tweed slacks that he tented comically.

How big is he?

“Do you like what you see, sweet pup?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I breathed, licking my lips.

“Don't worry, we'll give your tongue something to do in a moment.” His silky chuckle went right down into my balls, drawing them tight to my body.

“You know, I'm disappointed you're not wearing a kilt,” I quipped, trying to win back a bit of control over the situation.

Liam said nothing. Smirking at me, he dropped his hands to his belt and unbuckled it. I'd never fully appreciated how damn hot that movement was.

The leather hissed softly when he pulled the belt free. My eyes followed his hand as he dropped it on the bed.

Tying you up , he'd said.

I gasped when I looked back around and found him stepping out of his trousers, buck

naked.

I should have watched Brownie porn at some point to prepare myself for this monster. Why has no one ever mentioned how massive Brownies are?

They said my kind was beautiful, but Liam had an earthy, gritty kind of beauty I'd never seen before. I ogled the thick thighs, furred as well, and strong calves. eck, I even found his feet pretty.

And his cock... it was almost as long as my forearm, thick and curving, with a ridge spiralling up the length of it.

"This would have been much harder to conceal in a kilt." He gave me an amused smile. "Especially with what you do to me, Rhys."

I gulped. "Yeah, I suppose you're right. I think I should take a shower. I haven't been back to my room since this morning."

He hummed, sounding more like a bear who'd just come across a scrumptious piece of honey.

Well, that's not too far off .

"Oh, no, sweet pup. I want to smell you. The more intense, the better."

I shuddered at the thought. Nobody had ever wanted that. But I...loved that he didn't want me to obliterate the evidence of my day's labour but craved them.

"Okay," I whispered.

"Lie back on the bed." He tilted his head, watching me intently as I clambered up.

“On your back. That’s it. Show me that pretty cock of yours.” He hummed again, then came closer, trailing his fingertips over my skin. “Look at how gorgeous you are.”

The bed dipped when he knelt on it. My eyes were glued to his length, and I wet my lips as I waited for him to look his fill.

Liam straddled my waist, his nuts resting on my stomach and furred skin rubbing on my body.

“I want to come on your beautiful face, pup. Would you like that?”

“God, yes,” I whimpered. “Yes, Daddy, please come on my face.”

“Such a good boy for me, Rhys, sing your words. Well done.” He leaned down and softly kissed my cheek.

I shook under him already. My dick was so hard it throbbed and twitched against my skin.

Liam moved further up my body, fisted his cock and brought it to my lips. “Open.”

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Chapter 4

Liam

I deserved a fucking award for not coming straight away when his lush lips stretched around my cock.

“Gods, so beautiful the way you suck my cock,” I growled, sliding slowly in and out of his mouth. Rhys whimpered, his hips bucking under me. “Fuck yes. Use your tongue on me.”

He didn’t need telling twice. His hands dug into my arse as he encouraged me to use his mouth. Bracing my hands on the headboard I sped up.

So close.

Our eyes met, and our gazes tangled. My heart swelled right alongside my cock.

Shit, when was the last time you fell for someone?

“Oh, fuck!” I plunged into his tight, wet mouth one last time before I pulled out and emptied my balls all over his face with a grunt. My pretty Selkie whined, choking slightly on the sheer amount of cum and looking more beautiful than ever with the pearly white ropes painting his skin.

Sinking onto the bed next to him, I cupped his sticky cheek and brushed a trickle of cum off his skin.

“Sorry, pup, I usually manage longer. It’s been a while. Then that sweet little mouth of yours...” I groaned when I pushed my thumb past his lips again, and he licked it clean.

“Don’t worry, Daddy.” Rhys spoke around my finger, laving it with his tongue. “It was so hot how you drenched me in your cum.”

With a growl, I pulled his mouth onto mine then rolled around, bringing him on my chest.

“Go and get the lube and a condom, pup.”

Rhys scrambled off me, face still sticky with my release, and struggled a blue bottle and a strip of condoms free from the inner pocket of his elegant travel bag.

He put both on the bed next to me. Then he climbed back on top of me. I used my shirt to clean the cum off his face, not wanting it to dry there and hurt him. He closed his eyes, and him trusting me like that made my heart squeeze in my chest.

A low groan sounded between us when I dragged him in for a kiss, grinding my hips against his. “Daddy,” he sighed as I squeezed a generous measure of the lube on his ass.

“Let’s get you nice and open for me, pup.”

Pressing his face into the crook of my neck, he nodded again. His soft gasps against my skin every time my finger sank inside him had me rock hard within a few thrusts.

I added a second finger, then a third, scissoring them in and out and stretching him for me. Then I pulled out.

“Sit up for me, Rhys.” He obeyed immediately, perching over my thighs, eyes glued to my hands rolling the condom down my cock.

Thank fuck he got the ones for big guys.

His gaze never left me, not when I squeezed lube on my cock, nor when I spread it all over me.

“Come here, sweetheart.” Holding my arms open, I invited him to lie down on my body. Rhys snuggled his face into my chest, nuzzling the hair. Then he gripped me with his hand and guided me to his hole.

“Such a good boy,” I groaned when he let me slip into his ass. “So soft and open for me.”

He heaved a deep sigh, then bore down, impaling himself on my length.

“Oh fuck, Daddy,” he yelped as his tight ass clutched desperately around me. “You’re so big.” At an inch he was groaning; at three he was sobbing on my cock.

“I bet you didn’t see that ridge coming, did you, pup?”

“Fuck, no. Why has nobody ever mentioned this to me?” Rhys dragged his ass up my length, then took me deep once more.

I tried to keep perfectly still, not wanting to hurt him. It didn’t take long for his movements to get rougher. He used my pecs to raise himself up, uttering a hot moan at the change of angle. Then he was there, with my entire length buried in his hole.

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Chapter 5

Rhys

I rode Liam's cock like it was the last night we had.

Maybe it is. Just this one night.

Tomorrow we'll go back to being strangers.

"Pup." The stern address brought my brain to a full stop. "Come here."

I followed his invite and laid down on his chest once more.

Without drawing out, he rolled us around and spread my thighs wider.

"Stop worrying about whatever the fuck is on your mind." He thrust his cock in with a grunt.

"Shit!" I snapped.

Thank the gods I'm not as breakable as I look.

"If you don't stay in the moment with me, I'll have to be rougher with you." Again, he pulled back and thrust back into me. He hitched his hand under my knee, pushing my thigh almost flush with my body.

Then he fucked me deep, and so bloody good it drove me crazy.

“Oh, fuck, Daddy!” I gasped, dragging his body down on me so I could kiss him. A dangerous smirk curled his lips when he realised how strong I really was. He sped up, giving me the ploughing of a lifetime and relentlessly bumping his ridged cock into my prostate.

“Fill me, Liam. Fucking fill me already, I need to come!”

“Ah fuck, pup!” he whimpered, leaving my mouth and sinking his teeth into my neck. His cock hardened in me, and he trembled as he stuffed my hole.

“Fuckkk,” I drawled, my cum pulsing out between us.

We slumped down on the mattress, Liam’s slick, limp cock pressed against my thigh.

“Holy shit,” he gasped, curling his hand around my nape and kissing me hard. “That was...”

“I know.” I grinned, probably looking high.

A few minutes later, he extracted himself from my embrace and disappeared into the bathroom. I heard him pee. He returned with a warm washcloth he used to clean me up.

“Oh, that feels lovely. Thank you,” I muttered, trying not to feel embarrassed when he wiped the mix of cum and lube from between my arse cheeks.

“You’re welcome, pup.” A scratchy kiss landed on my shoulder blade, and I sank deeper into the mattress. “Want me to go?” Liam asked softly when he’d rinsed the washcloth in the sink and sat down on the edge of the bed.

“No.”

He chuckled and followed the curve of my spine with his fingertips.

“In all honesty, I don’t think I can leave you just yet, Rhys.”

I gasped when his hand whispered over the tiny hairs at the small of my back.

“You...” Liam’s voice trailed off, and he kissed my back again instead. “Damn, I want to be in you again.” The hand dipped down my crack to brush my hole, and I pulled my knee up.

“I’m not sure I can move just yet, but you’re welcome to use me, Daddy.”

“Fucking hell, Rhys.” He groped my glute, then smacked it, making me groan.

Without saying another word, he flipped open the lube, squeezing it straight on my ass. I heard him tear open another condom wrapper and suit up his cock, making me clench in anticipation.

I’m going to be so sore tomorrow.

“That mouth of yours will be my downfall,” he grunted as he sank inside my ass again.

Challenge accepted.

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Chapter 6

Liam

Rhys and I used up every single condom he dug out of his duffel bag. Then we showered, put on the two fluffy dressing gowns he found in the wardrobe, and traipsed downstairs to my room.

“Are you sure you want me to sleep here?” he asked me for the fifth time, hugging the white dressing gown protectively around himself.

By Hestia, he looked edible in this and so fucking cute when he was all flustered.

Whipping off my own robe—it had barely been big enough to preserve my modesty anyway—I strode across the room to his side, cupped his cheeks, and kissed him. With a soft groan, his body leaned nearer, seeking my warmth.

“I want you to stay here, please.” Forever. “I don’t like the idea of you sleeping in our mess.”

“Okay.” Rhys nodded, smacking his lips as if he was already half asleep. His heavy bedroom eyes and the tousled hair made my heart flutter.

“Come on, my sweet pup.” I opened his belt, letting the robe drop to the floor. I enjoyed the sight of him standing there naked. “Let’s get you to bed.”

Having him follow my lead was a beautiful experience, and it was one I had always

craved but never realised just how much I needed it.

He snuggled his face into my chest hair, slipped his arm over my waist, and was out.

It took me forever to fall asleep. I watched him as he rested, limbs heavy, his delicate face relaxed, the lips a little bit open and his breath brushing against my throat.

Rhys slipped out of bed early the next morning, trying not to make a sound. I wished he'd come back so I could take care of him again.

"Good morning, pup." I yawned and stretched. "You're up early."

"Yeah, I'll head back to my room." He pulled on his dressing gown but hesitated with his hand on the door handle. "Will I see you again this evening?"

I got up and walked over to him. He glanced at my morning wood, then back at my face.

Insatiable pup.

Rhys sighed when I kissed him. It made me want him even more.

"I'd love to spend the evening with you."

"And the night, Daddy?"

Hestia have mercy on me.

"I'll take whatever I can, pup."

"Anything," he whispered and slanted his lips over mine again. "See you later,

Daddy.”

I showered, put on my kilt and shirt, and went downstairs for coffee.

I’m starving, but nothing here is what I crave.

Damn. I should have held him back. Maybe a blowjob against the door would have taken off the edge.

Could have made the day less awful.

I saw Rhys chatting with other vendors a few times that day. He looked dashing in his white shirt and grey vest. Like a groom on his wedding day. The thought gave me a weird feeling in my chest, even though I didn’t know why.

“Hey, Mr Gordon,” I greeted him when he showed up at my booth at four.

You look tired, pup.

Was he here to cancel our plans for the evening?

“Mr Bell.” He smirked and leaned in to speak into my ear. “I’m closing up for the day. Care to get some fresh air? I found a chemist’s down the road.”

To get more condoms? Clever pup.

“Excellent idea. I’ll grab my coat. Meet you in the entrance hall in fifteen minutes?”

“Yeah.” Rhys bit his lips.

I’m dying to kiss you, too.

“Want to come back to my room later? We could order an outrageous amount of food from the room service and eat in bed?”

“Oh, pup.” I chuckled. “That sounds perfect. I love to eat...in bed.”

He inhaled sharply, goosebumps racing down his arms. “Fifteen minutes?”

“Fifteen minutes,” I affirmed and watched him walk away.

The rest of the Scotland Fabric passed in a haze and culminated in an obscene amount of lube, cum, and bruising kisses.

I did not want to leave that hotel room on Monday morning and dreaded getting into my car and back down to Kincardie. As much as I missed Fergus, every bit of me craved more time with Rhys.

“Want to have a last cup of coffee with me?” he asked when we’d made our way down to the lobby.

A last cup.

Fuck the finality of this thing between us!

“Yes, pup. Let me just drop my bag in the car.” I took hold of his forearm. “Don’t leave without saying goodbye, yeah?”

“I won’t. I promise,” he added with a little laugh when I didn’t let go.

“Good boy.” I turned and dashed to my car.

A stranger stood next to him when I got back. It was the pained expression on his

face that made me speed up. My heart swelled as his eyes swept over the crowd in search of...me?

“Liam!” Relief, so much relief.

“Are you ready?” I purred, spreading my hand across the small of his back.

Daddy will protect you, pup.

He leaned into my touch, his jumper whispering over the callouses.

“I am.” His eyes met mine, his silent plea deafening.

Take me away from here.

“What happened?” I asked him when we’d walked out of the hotel in search of a cafe. That neither of us could stomach any more of the hotel’s coffee was a given.

“I don’t know,” he said, shoulders stiffening. “That guy approached me and tried to make conversation, and I...” His slender hand ruffled the sleek hair. “I can’t even tell you what happened because nothing did. I just wanted to get away from him and back to you. So stupid.”

Pup...

I slipped an arm around his neck and stopped him. Taking hold of his chin, I brought his face around and nudged his mouth on mine.

“If you call yourself stupid one more time Daddy won’t be happy, pup.”

Rhys gasped into the kiss.

“I’m here, pup.” I stroked the stubble on his neck. “Now let me feed you. You need it after last night.”

“Yeah, I do. You wore me out, Daddy,” he breathed and bit his lip.

“Cheek looks good on you. Come on.” We kept walking, and I let my hand trail down to his arse, squeezing him.

Being all bundled up and strolling down the streets of Inverness as lazy snowflakes drifted down from the steel grey skies with him on my arm made me wish this day would never end.

Rhys’ face was rosy and flushed when we arrived at a small cafe.

“Oh, look! They have Wild Bull Roast. It’s a roasting company from Kirkmuir. I buy my coffee from there. Let’s go in, you won’t regret it.” He gave me a wide smile.

“Well, you are here with me. Of course I won’t regret it.”

At my words his cheeks turned even more pink. “Gods, you’re so sweet, Daddy.” He beamed at me.

He is radiant.

It wasn’t just me who thought that. He drew the eyes of plenty of others in the room. But—my chest puffed with pride—Rhys only had eyes for me.

We chose a table in a corner and got coffee and scrumptious cupcakes with thick, sugary icing.

“Oh my goodness, I’ll have a sugar rush from these.”

I took hold of his hand and sucked his index finger into my mouth to clean it. “Mm, me too.”

He gasped my name but made no attempt to free himself. “Or maybe you’ll give me one, Mr Bell.”

“I would love to give you one right here at the table,” I murmured and let him go. PDA were all fine but exhibitionism had never enticed me.

He didn’t take his hand away but ran it through my beard and cupped my cheek. Rhys leaned in, his sugar-sweet lips finding mine in a kiss.

Give me all the PDAs.

The longer we sat tucked away in our corner, the more he relaxed.

“You live in Kirkmuir, don’t you? I remember the sticker on your car.”

His left eyebrow rose to an elegant arch. Like a bird’s wing.

“Perceptive, Mr Bell.”

“Or maybe just smitten with the car’s owner.”

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Chapter 7

Rhys

My cheeks heated, and I dropped my gaze on my cup. It hadn't been one-sided, then. I'd been embarrassed by my interest—bordering on obsession—with Liam.

I had stalked him on Kraken for hours on end, and not just once. Every couple of days my thoughts strayed back to him.

I'd searched his shop on Kraken Maps, had pored over posts, and listened to a Radio-Active feature on his business about a million times.

“Want another one, or do you have to leave soon?” There lay so much hope in his voice that I had to meet his eyes. They were bright green and sparkling with something I'd rather not investigate, or I would never leave this place.

“I have time for another coffee. You, too?”

“Yes, pup, I have time.”

He covered my hand with his and gently squeezed it.

“Be right back.”

My eyes hung on him as he walked towards the bar, his red and green kilt swaying with every step. He wore it with a knit jumper, knee-high knitted socks, and heavy

boots.

This man is a walking, talking Scottish wet dream.

“Your thoughts are showing on your face, pup. They are quite loud.” He settled back into his chair and stirred a tiny spoonful of sugar into his cup.

“Are they? What am I thinking of?” I asked him, cocking an eyebrow at him. Gods, this man turned me into a brat.

Liam leaned in, his lips in a teasing pout. “That you would like to get under my kilt.”

“I was merely admiring the craftsmanship,” I told him in a lofty voice.

He tutted. “Pup, keep up the cheek, and I’ll rethink my stance on public displays of affection.”

My smile turned saccharine, and I sneaked a hand under the table to rest it on his thigh. “Good. I’m a fan of PDAs, Daddy,” I whispered, my hand sneaking up to his hardening cock.

“Keep doing that if you want me to lay you across my lap and spank this pretty ass of yours.”

I hummed, fondling him for a moment before taking my hand away.

“Tempting, Liam. But not quite the direction I want our coffee date to take.”

He took hold of my chin and pecked me on the lips. “Me neither. You were telling me about your life in the city before we got sidetracked.”

“My exciting life in Scotland’s up-and-coming metropolis.” I winked and drank from my coffee latte. “Well, I went from employee to co-owner this year, and I work way too much. In my spare time I try to do my shopping and keep my apartment tidy. I even manage to grab the occasional cuppa with a friend. When I’m feeling fancy I even get enough sleep for a change.”

He snorted.

“What about you, Liam? Where do you live?”

“My hound and I have a cottage near Kincardie. My workshop is in town, but I need space. And peace and quiet.” He plucked my hand from the table and cradled it in his. “And I try to hang out with my sister’s kids regularly. Fergus dotes on them, and so do I.”

I found kids a little scary but imagining him with his niblings was endearing.

What wasn’t endearing was the thought of parting ways with him. We couldn’t sit here and drink coffee forever.

Although...watch me.

Back out on the street, with both of us bundled up in coats, hats, and scarves, I stalled.

“Want to go for a little walk with me before we get back to the cars?” I blurted out before Liam could speak.

The corner of his mouth lifted up in a smile, and he laced his fingers with mine.

“Excellent idea, pup.”

We strolled down the street towards the river and alongside its bank, past churches and the castle. Neither of us spoke much. Occasionally we stopped to admire the view or to kiss as snow fell down on us, tangling in Liam's beard.

It was the most romantic morning of my life.

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Chapter 8

Liam

Both Rhys and I seemed reluctant to let the other go.

Once we parted ways the magic of our time together would come to an end.

And then what?

We would go back to our lives, and the day-to-day monotony would eventually gloss over what we could have been. Maybe, occasionally, when it snowed, or when he had a Bee's Knees, he would think back to our weekend. Perhaps we would run into each other next year, both embarrassed in the wake of the memories we shared.

I don't want that. But what if he wasn't alone? What if he found someone else who made him glow like he did in this moment, with his dark blue beanie and the matching, elegant scarf, and the few snowflakes that dotted the expensive wool fabric. They framed his face and made his eyes sparkle like pools of water.

He's beautiful.

And what if we stayed? Or kept in touch? I couldn't imagine Rhys in my house. I couldn't see him relaxing on the couch with Fergus in a kilt I had made for him. He would look even more gorgeous wearing one.

"I suppose you have to go back to Kirkmuir soon," I muttered when it started

snowing harder.

“Yes, I think I should.” He sneaked his ice cold hand into my pocket. “You’re so warm.”

For a moment I contemplated asking him to stay another night. We could get a room at a hotel and fuck each other’s brains out some more.

But the moment passed, and we arrived back at his car.

“Drive safely, pup. And thank you for the weekend. This was the best Scotland Fabric I ever had.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” Rhys’ hand dropped to my ass, squeezing my cheek for a fleeting moment. “It was wonderful.”

With one last lingering kiss, he got into his car, backed out of his parking spot, and drove away.

Fuck. My. Life.

I buried myself in my work over the next weeks, but way too often my thoughts strayed to Rhys, to our days together, the sex, and all the moments we had shared.

Fergus spent most of his time plastered to me. He knew what was off; I had confided in him on our drive back to Kincardie after I had picked him up from my mum’s place.

He couldn’t speak with me, but he understood me. We shared a deep bond through which we felt each other’s emotions. After I found him hurt in a ditch and nursed him back to health, he had offered me a heart bond—one of the deepest connections into

which demons like him could enter.

I hadn't regretted it for a single day. Especially now that he comforted me. I was grateful for his presence.

"I know. I should get in touch with him. But what if he doesn't want to hear from me? It might have just been a three-night-stand for him."

Followed by one of the most romantic days of my life together in Inverness.

Fergus huffed and rested his head on my thigh, his warmth seeping into my skin.

"You are right. I can't stay alone forever, but I don't think I could deal with his rejection. What would a gorgeous man like him want with me?"

My hound sighed.

"I know you think I am beautiful, bud, but compared to him? You remember Rhys, right?"

He raised his head and cocked an ear at me.

"He's fucking gorgeous, Fergus! Stop looking at me like that. I'm way out of his league. And not in a good way."

By Hestia, did I miss his body, though. And his cockiness.

I slumped back to the couch and took a swig of the Mountain Red I'd bought over at Lone Fox.

It seared my throat and warmed my stomach. I needed it.

My hound snuggled up to my leg, closing the door to his heart. His breathing slowed down, and he fell asleep with my hand resting on his shoulder.

Perhaps I would wish him a happy Christmas. That was an inconspicuous enough thing to do. Just a friend thinking of him on Christmas Eve.

I didn't want to be friends with him, true, but perhaps I could just try and see how he spent the holidays. With his family or...with someone else. Then at least I would know pursuing him was pointless.

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Chapter 9

Rhys

I wanted to hate Christmas or simply not care, but again I failed spectacularly. By ten on Christmas Eve Day I was just as depressed as every year and already eyeing the three bottles of eggnog on my kitchen counter.

Is it acceptable for someone who is all alone on Christmas to start drinking before noon?

That I hadn't heard from Liam since we had parted ways in Inverness last month helped very little to make me feel better.

Sometimes I caught myself thinking about the whirlwind of a weekend we'd had. And, especially when I was alone in my bed at night, of the way he felt inside me, of that ridge, and the many ways in which he had made me come.

Yeah, not helping .

I contemplated the bottles from where I sat at my kitchen table.

I should have a little more to eat before I start on them .

I might not be as much of a lightweight as I looked, but I didn't need a catchup with my toilet on Christmas Eve.

My phone chimed with a message. Before I could get my hopes up, I spotted the name in the preview: Bee with a few actual bee emojis around it.

Bee: Happy Christmas, babe! If you change your mind about celebrating with us lmk!! You say the word and K and I come pick you up. Love you, bestie! B) Hope you're having a good Christmas. Brownie Daddy: That mouth of yours... Brownie Daddy: Are you working today, or are you at your family's place already? Rhys: neither Brownie Daddy: or celebrating with someone else. Sorry, not trying to interrogate you

Shit, Liam. Who the fuck do you think I met in the last five weeks that left enough of an impression for me to spend Christmas with them?

Rhys: I'm alone. My parents died a few years ago, and I have no siblings.

Or friends who care enough about me. Not fair, Rhys. B invited you. More than once. You know he meant it.

Brownie Daddy: I'm sorry Rhys: It's okay. My friends Egg and Nog are keeping me company

I added a winking emoji to lighten the mood.

It's Christmas after all.

Rhys: What about you? Are you still working? Brownie Daddy: No. Fergus and I were about to head to my parents' house Rhys: That's nice Brownie Daddy: Yeah Brownie Daddy: So, are you going to be at a friend's house tomorrow? Rhys: Nope, I'm not the kind of person you'd want around on Christmas Brownie Daddy: Why not?

Because I'm a sulking asshole.

Rhys: I'm the fun friend you go to parties with or have brunch and champagne, not the 'part of the family' friend Rhys: nobody would want me at their family celebrations Brownie Daddy: That's not true Rhys: no need to be nice, it's okay Brownie Daddy: I'm not being nice. I'm being honest. And I need you to give me your address, pup. Rhys: Why? Brownie Daddy: Give me your address, Rhys. Rhys: No? Brownie Daddy: Yes. I'm serious, pup. Now. Rhys: 46 Aspen dr in Kirkmuir. Do I want to know? Brownie Daddy: No.

I kept staring at our chat for an hour after his last message had come through, reading and re-reading.

Is he ordering food for me? A last-minute present?

Just as I finally caved and moved to open the first bottle, the doorbell rang.

I didn't want to be excited about what he'd thought of but bounded to the door anyway. When I flung it open, though, I stared in shock at the ginger Father Christmas in a kilt and knit jumper outside my flat.

I fought the urge to fly at him and hide from the world in his broad chest.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him, painfully aware of how weak my voice sounded.

Liam nestled his beard into the cowl of his grey jumper, looking entirely unsure of himself.

"I came to invite you to celebrate Christmas with us."

“Us?” I cocked an eyebrow at him.

“Fergus, me, and my family.”

“That’s a bad idea, Liam.” I crossed my arms before my chest, mainly so I wouldn’t be tempted to touch him.

It was.

You don’t want the Grinch there.

He stepped closer, and I suppressed a whine. His outfit really wasn’t fair.

Gods, I missed him.

“Pup.” His voice rumbled in his chest as his hands took a firm hold of my hips and pulled me into his body. “You’re either coming with me, or we’re staying at your place. It would be a shame to miss out on my aunt’s cooking. And I’m not sure you’d like having Fergus here,” he added. The hands squeezed my ass, making me harden against his thigh.

“Oh yes, Rhys.” His lips pressed a soft kiss to my temple. “If you want, I’ll certainly take care of that , too.”

“I need you to, please. But are you sure you want me there? I’m a spoilsport,” I tried to reason with him one last time.

Liam crowded me inside my flat, the door slamming shut behind us as he cupped my cheek and plunged his tongue between my lips.

By the time he let go of me, it was only the press of his bulky body to mine keeping

me upright.

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Chapter 10

Liam

The way his dark lashes fluttered open almost brought me to my knees. It was slow, seductive, and it fucking ended me.

I needed to make him see before we left. I couldn't do and say everything I wanted at my family's house.

My sweet pup is loud. Gods, I love that.

"I was tempted to spank some sense into you, but I have a better idea." Burying my face in his neck I nibbled his soft skin, enjoying his breath speeding up.

"Have you been with anyone since we were together?"

"No," he groaned.

"Me neither."

There's nobody I want but you.

"And I daresay you have a plug at home?"

He cursed. "Of course."

Tilting his chin up, I made him look at me.

“Show me to your bedroom, pup.”

His dark, soulful eyes hung on mine for a moment, then he nodded. They dipped to my groin when he turned. Like any Scotsman, I wore nothing under my kilt. It resembled a makeshift tent in the woods more than a piece of clothing.

“You notice there’s something we need to deal with before we go out there, or I might accidentally take someone’s eye out.”

His carefree laugh rang like music in my ear.

“Take your clothes off and get on your bed for me, will you?”

Rhys exhaled shakily and nodded.

“Hands and knees at the end of your bed. Lube? Toys?”

“The bedside table,” he breathed, tilting his chin at the small white nightstand.

He kept his toys where the entire world kept theirs, but still...the fact that I knew that filled me with giddy excitement.

I weighed the carefully sorted plugs, deciding on the second largest—lilac and made from medical silicone—and a tube of high-end lube.

The sight that greeted me when I turned back to Rhys halted me in my tracks. He’d gotten on the bed as I requested, his perfect arse facing the end of the mattress.

Dark hair lightly fuzzed his thighs, but the rest of him was almost hairless.

I put the toy and lube next to him, shrugged out of my jumper, and unbuckled my kilt. Getting cum out of it was doable but an unnecessary hassle.

He trembled at my touch.

“Shh, pup,” I tried to calm him. “Don’t worry, I’ll make you fly.” Leaning in, I kissed his left cheek, gripped the right and spread him open for me.

“Oh fuck, Daddy,” he half sobbed when I buried my face in his ass. I could only guess how good the contrast of my scruffy beard and warm mouth felt on his sensitive skin.

I teased him open with my tongue, living for the shudders and goosebumps wracking his body.

“Thank you, Daddy,” he moaned, resting his upper body on his forearms to give me even better access to his hole.

“No, thank you , pup. You can thank me later when I’ve bred you, the plug is in, and you’ve met my family while you’re still stuffed with my cum.”

A violent tremble shook his body to the core, and I saw his dick twitch, a heavy drop of pre-cum dripping from his tip to the duvet.

“I see you approve of my idea.” He shuddered again when he heard me open the lube. I coated my fingers, then spread it over his hole before slipping my index finger inside him.

“So tight, pup. Hestia, I can’t wait to be back inside you. I missed that perfect ass. I missed you.” Pressing another kiss on the small of his back, I slid one more finger in.

“Missed you too, Daddy.” Rhys struggled with the words, forcing them out between lewd moans. I needed to be inside him now, or I’d blow touch-free.

Adding another finger to ease him open just a tad more, I squeezed lube on my cock and some more on him.

He met me with no resistance, letting me inside his body as if that’s where I belonged.

Fuck if it doesn’t feel like I do.

“Oh shit, Liam,” he half sobbed, teeth digging into his own forearm.

“Get up on your hands, Rhys.” My voice shook with the strain of not coming immediately.

He’s so tight, it’s killing me.

“Can’t,” he whined through his teeth.

“Yes, you can. For no pleasure in the world will I stand by and watch you hurt yourself.”

He huffed but let go of his arm and pushed up on his hands.

“Stop being so perfect, Liam.”

“Only when you do the same.” I kissed his back, then took a firm hold on his shoulders and moved in him.

The snug grip of his ass around my cock liquified my brain in my skull, stripped my

control, and sped me up. I thrust inside like an animal possessed.

Rhys whined and moaned, his spine arching and head thrown back.

Slinging one arm around his chest, I brought him up, fucking him as if my life depended on it. With the other, I fisted his cock, stroking him in time with my deep thrusts until he cried out.

Gods, he is so loud when he comes. I love it.

His hot release coated my jerking fingers as he clenched around my cock, forcing me to fill him.

“Pup,” I groaned desperately, hiding my face in his neck. My climax felt like it would never end, as he squeezed every last drop out of my balls with each successive grip of his powerful muscles around me.

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Chapter 11

Rhys

“ S tay like this for a moment, my sweet pup.” He murmured the words into my sweaty skin. Kissing down my spine, I felt him lean to the side.

I cursed loudly when he pulled out of me. It was all too sensitive, too full, and unfair that he left my body when he fit so well inside me.

Another curse was wrenched from my lips at the feel of the cool and slippery plug on my heated skin.

It was way smaller than his cock, but he nudged the blunt tip so gently inside that I nearly cried. I wasn't used to being handled with this much care.

We both groaned as the bulbous bit entered me. Then the plug was in place, keeping his cum trapped inside and rubbing over my hypersensitive prostate with every infinitesimal movement I made.

How am I supposed to survive walking like this? Or meeting his family?

Fuck, he can't have been serious.

“Let's get cleaned up and dressed. It's about an hour by car to my family's place.”

An hour? In the car? I won't survive that.

And yes, I'd always been a dramatic bitch.

I got up slowly, trying not to dislodge the plug too much. But I nearly doubled over with renewed aftershocks when I straightened upright.

"Can I take this out?" Swallowing hard, I inched my head at my ass.

"Oh no, pup." He pulled me against his hairy chest to nuzzle my hair. "We'll take it out together. Tonight. Although." He contemplated me. "I might have to gag you when we do. You're so loud when you come." His teeth briefly closed over my earlobe. "I love hearing you, my sweet."

"Daddy, please," I whimpered, with zero strength left to feel ashamed of myself.

"Let's get going, pup." He slapped my ass encouragingly, pushing the plug so hard into my prostate, my cock twitched violently. When I looked down, I saw a drop of precum beading at the head. "It's going to make me so hard to know you're still wearing this." His fingers brushed the silicone, moving it inside me. "I should put on jeans. There's no way I can keep my cock down around you."

He led me into the bathroom, turned on the water, and washed me.

Watching the huge Brownie sink to his knees, his brawny hands, heavy knuckles covered in ginger hair, gripping my thighs as he took my cock to the back of his throat was one of the best sights of my life.

It didn't take long for me to spill myself down his throat, my ass once more clenching around his cum and the plug that trapped it inside me.

"Oh my fucking Gods, Liam." I was a sobbing, weak-kneed and desperate mess.

He rose to his feet, fisted my hair and dragged my mouth to his. With his free hand, he jerked his rock-hard cock four or five times before he exploded all over me. The hot water pouring down on us instantly washed his cum away.

I sank into his embrace, powerful arms holding me up, as he peppered my wet face with kisses.

“Can you see it now? How much I want you?” Liam whispered hoarsely against my brow. “Please come with me, Rhys.” His thumb hitched under my chin, tilting my face up.

For a long moment, he simply stared at me, an almost pained expression on his face. “Hestia, you’re so beautiful. I can’t believe you’d even look at someone like me.”

“What do you mean? You’re so gorgeous, and so good to me.” I rested my hand on his heart, momentarily forgetting what we’d done. And that there was no way I would go with him. “It’s me who should be grateful you’re even bothering with me. What do you see in me, anyway?”

Shit, I’d not meant to say that out loud.

Liam didn’t say a word. Instead, he cupped my face, smoothing his thumbs over my cheekbones. He pressed a kiss on my brow, then the tip of my nose, and finally on my lips.

“It’s not just your body, Rhys.” He stroked my skin again. “I see a wonderful, smart, funny man when I look at you. A soft heart that’s been hurt and craves being taken care of so it can heal. And a bit of a brat in need of a stern Daddy.”

His upper lip plumped even more when he smirked at me. Liam brushed my hair off my forehead, then rubbed his nose to mine. “Let’s get ready, pup. Leave that plug in.

It looks so pretty on you.”

He turned off the water and stepped out to dry off. I watched him go, hanging on his magnificent ass and the muscular legs covered in coarse hair.

“If you behave yourself, I’ll let you play with it some time, pup,” he said without turning around, bending over to dry his shins.

Oh fuck me.

I clenched, and the plug bumped into my prostate, making my dick twitch again.

“Come on, we’re expected.”

Finally I moved, trying to hide how much it meant to me that he was here.

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Chapter 12

Liam

By the time Rhys had dressed and was ready, his pretty face was flushed with arousal. Soft groans escaped him at every other step—it was beautiful to watch.

“Oh gosh, Liam, you should have said Fergus was waiting in the car! We shouldn’t have...frolicked,” he hissed when we arrived at my car.

“He doesn’t mind,” I assured him, palming his ass and giving him a gentle squeeze. “Do you, mate?” Fergus gave a low huff, his tail thumping the side of the van when I addressed him.

“He’s still scaring me a little,” Rhys muttered, pressing his body against mine.

“Tell him. He can understand you.”

“Hey Fergus, sorry I’m not really familiar with dogs, or Cù-Sìth, sorry, I—” He gave me a horrified look.

“Pup.” Throwing my arm around his shoulders, I pulled him close. “Stop overthinking. It’s fine.”

Fergus huffed again when I touched him.

“I think he doesn’t like me. Maybe I should just go back...”

“No pup.” I couldn’t help but chuckle. “Stop being a dick, Fergus. He’s mine .”

His dark eyes found my gaze. “You’re saying he’s...”

“Jealous of me, yeah. He likes you.”

Rhys wrapped his arms tightly around my waist, his warm body snuggling closer.

“And what do you mean I’m yours?”

“Well, you are. He can borrow you for cuddles, but that’s about it.” I gave my hound a stern look, and he had the grace to look ashamed of himself.

“Are you seriously fighting your dog for my affection, Daddy?” Rhys kissed my cheek. “Sorry, Fergus. We can be friends if you like.”

Encouraged by my words, he held his hand out to my hound.

“Oh wow,” he breathed when Fergus’ shaggy green head snuggled into his palm. “You’re so soft.”

Rhys fidgeted in his seat at every speed bump and pothole. I loved it.

I could love him. Perhaps I can tell him one day...

Barely an hour later, we arrived at my parents’ place near Port Cilleán. Most of the family would gather here tomorrow to celebrate together.

“Wow, that’s a gorgeous house.” Rhys stared openmouthed at the sprawling stone farmhouse.

“It’s been in my family for a couple of generations. My great-grandparents had nine

children—they needed the space.”

He blanched at my words.

“Don’t worry, pup. They’re not all going to be here tomorrow.” Pressing a kiss to his temple, I flung open my door and let out Fergus. My shaggy green hound dashed over to a bush to empty his bladder.

“I’ll get our bags later. Come on. I want to say hi to everyone first.”

When I slipped my arm around his waist, Rhys relaxed against my side. Occasionally, a slight tremor ran through his body, but he fought hard not to make any sounds as I led him to the front door and inside.

“Hello? Anybody home?” I called loudly when we had taken our shoes off in the hall.

“Uncle Liam! Fergus!” My sister’s kids came dashing out from the kitchen, stopping dead when they spotted Rhys.

“Hey, come here and let me say hi properly.”

All four of them had the same ginger hair as Mina and I, and they slowly inched towards us.

“Meet Rhys, he’s my,” I began, wanting to introduce him as my—

“Boyfriend,” my sweet pup finished for me, glancing sideways at me.

“Hi, Uncle Liam’s boyfriend.” The second tallest and boldest of Mina’s kids grinned.

“I’m Liane, this is John Junior, Edgar, and Molly.”

“It’s good to meet you.”

“Mum and Nan are in the kitchen. We’ve been decorating the Christmas tree, and now they’re baking cookies. We’re going to make them pretty later.”

Sure enough, my sister was busy cutting out various shapes. A dog, bats, a unicorn, and a fox. My family hated cliché Christmas cookie cutters.

“Oh, it’s good to meet you.” Mina grinned at Rhys over their clasped hands. “I’ve been thinking he just invented you to get me to stop setting him up with people.”

“Couldn’t blame him.” My sweet pup winked at her, and my sister blushed.

“Come on, Rhys, I’ll show you where we sleep. Be right back, and then I’ll decorate the cookies with you.”

“I can help.” Everyone stared at Rhys, who turned even pinker. “What? I’m a passable cookie decorator.”

“You can help us,” my niece Molly piped up. “I bet you’re way better than Uncle Liam. He sucks at it.”

Oh, by the Goddess. I forced myself to keep a neutral expression on my face and had to give it to Rhys; he managed to stay earnest.

“Molly!” Mina gripped her daughter by the shoulders. “We don’t use those words.”

“Well, she’s right.” I shrugged. “You are allowed to tell the truth.”

My sister snorted. We were the worst, but hearing an almost five-year-old kid curse was just so fucking funny.

“Maybe I can teach Uncle Liam some of my tricks, so he doesn’t suck so much at decorating cookies.” Rhys winked at my niece.

Hestia, he’s good at this. He’d have her wrapped around his pinky in no time.

“Right, come on. We’ll take our stuff upstairs. Be back in a bit.”

We had about fifteen or twenty minutes until the cookies were cold enough for the icing.

Time enough for what I want to do.

“Liam,” he groaned by the time we had made it upstairs and to my room at the end of the hallway. Far away from my family downstairs. “I can’t do this with that plug in me. Please. I believe you, okay? I know you want me here.”

“Oh, pup.” I stroked his flushed cheek. “Let’s go and have a quick shower. You’ve done so well for me, sitting through the car ride and meeting my family.” I touched my lips to his heated face, then led him into the ensuite bathroom with my hand on his ass.

By the time I was naked and got him out of his trousers, precum had seeped into his boxers, drenching them in the front. My sweet pup trembled with excitement as I took them off, leaning in to lick his cock clean.

“Fuck, Daddy,” he gasped, flinging out a hand to steady himself against the shower wall when he lifted his feet. I stood up, holding him close to me and grabbed the plug’s flat base.

“Who’s been the best boy for me?”

“Me, Daddy.” Rhys whimpered when I nudged the plug inside, his cock twitching. I hummed.

“Yes, pup. And you deserve to be rewarded for your good behaviour, don’t you?” I pushed the toy into him once more, bumping into his prostate.

“Daddy!” he pleaded with me.

I turned on the warm water and sealed his lips with a kiss, hungry for his taste. Slowly, I pulled the plug out of his snug ass.

He groaned into my mouth, holding onto me as my cum leaked out of his hole.

“So good for me,” I muttered, my hands roaming his body as he rutted his hard length against mine. “Yes, get yourself off on my body, pup! Come for me! Now!”

With a soft whimper, he obeyed, shooting out all over my cock.

Rhys was too exhausted to protest when I washed him everywhere, holding him up with my body.

“You don’t have to,” he murmured but held perfectly still.

“Oh, let me take care of you, my cute little pup. It’s the least I can do when you are so sweet and perfect for me, and when you let me fuck and plug you.”

“That feels so good, Daddy.” With a sigh, he relaxed, letting me cover him neck to toe with dense foam and rinse it off.

“Are you sore, pup?”

“No, Daddy. Just a bit tired. But also happy. Thank you.”

I shook my head as I took a towel from the shelf and wrapped him in it. “No, thank you . Come on, let’s lie down for a few minutes before we head back downstairs. I want to hold you.”

Rhys snuggled his face into my pecs, holding me tightly and kissing my chest.

“Do you want to stay here? Maybe take a nap?”

“No, we promised we’d decorate the cookies with your nibblings. I would love that.”

Perfect. You are fucking perfect.

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Chapter 13

Rhys

I had lied. Well, a bit. My ass was sore from the plug and I would have loved to stay in that comfortable bed with him, enveloped in his arms. But we promised.

And I intended to keep that promise.

“I just put Edgar down for his nap,” Mina explained when we met her, her mum, John Junior, Liane, and Molly in the kitchen.

Liam hadn’t mentioned John Senior yet, and I would definitely not ask. Nope.

“Are you ready to decorate the cookies with us, Rhys?” Liane, the cheeky five-year-old asked me from her perch on a chair.

“More than ready.”

“Good.” She handed me a plate of heavenly smelling Christmas foxes, circles, and...

“I made seal cookies for you,” she said proudly.

“Oh, that’s so lovely of you! Thanks, Liane.”

“Mum said you were a seal.” It had been John Junior, the quiet boy with dark curls, who had spoken.

“I’m a Selkie. I have seal skin, yes.”

“Wow!” Molly gaped at me. “So you are a good swimmer?”

I couldn’t stop my chuckle. “You could say that, yes.”

I hadn’t put on my other skin in years but I knew the moment I let it come, I would feel at home in the sea. Maybe, if Liam wanted to see it one day...

“I bet Rhys is a very pretty seal.”

Liane giggled. “Of course you think that. He is your boyfriend.” And she was off about a boy from preschool who apparently was her boyfriend.

“Liam, the kids picked the bats and the other half of the foxes for you,” Mina explained and handed him a plate.

I had the best time. The kids and women were impressed with my skills and soon shoved more cookies onto my plate.

“I had no idea you were so amazing at this,” Liam said with a proud smile on his face. His bats and foxes had nothing of my sleek lines and symmetrical designs, but I adored watching him fiddle with the icing and the multicolored sprinkles. Liam’s rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes made my stomach flutter.

You’re so far gone for that man, Rhys.

“Me neither. It’s been years since I last decorated cookies. But it’s a bit like biking, I suppose.”

He snorted and leaned in to kiss my cheek. “I don’t know. I’m a passable biker but

this fiddly stuff?”

“Mr Bell, I’m surprised,” I teased. “I’ve seen the stitch work on the kilts you make. This is not so different from sewing, is it?”

“Maybe. I am just not a baker.” His hand slipped around my waist, pulling me closer. His lips pressed to my cheek once more.

Liam’s mum sighed. “Goodness, you boys are adorable. Reminds me of your... Did you say hello to him yet?”

“Not yet, no. I didn’t want to leave Rhys alone.”

“Don’t worry we’re not going to eat him, I promise.” Mina chuckled as she put the already dried cookies into a tin.

Liam choked but managed to pass it off as a cough.

Nope. That’s your job, Daddy.

“Why don’t you introduce Rhys? I’m sure he’d want to meet him.” Jenny gave him a sad smile.

What am I missing?

“Would you come with me for a moment? There is someone I want you to meet,” he asked me.

“Sure, lead the way.”

Liam took me to a room on the ground floor. It was quiet except for the telly anda

cosy little space. A frail man sat in a winged armchair, staring at the flickering screen.

Liam bent and kissed the man's stubbly cheek. "Hi, Dad."

"Hello." The man regarded him for a moment, but no recognition dawned upon his face.

"It's Liam."

"Oh, yes. Is Jenny coming soon?" he asked, scrutinising his son's face again as if it rang a distant bell. Then he looked back at the screen.

"She is. Very soon," Liam said in a small voice.

"Good. I like that film."

I reached out and took his hand, squeezing his fingers to tell him that I was here.

"Hello, Mr Bell," I greeted him.

"Oh, hello. Who are you?" The old man cocked his head, and I saw that he must have looked a lot like Liam when he'd been young.

"I'm your son's boyfriend," I explained.

"My son?" His eyes fell on Liam, and suddenly a light went on in them. "Oh yes, of course. How nice." He looked back at the television. "I hope Jenny will be here soon."

"Merry Christmas, Dad," Liam muttered.

“Merry Christmas, Mr Bell. Come on,” I told his son.

Chapter 14

Liam

Rhys steered me through the living room and up the stairs to a window seat.

“Sit down,” he told me, then settled down next to me and pulled me into a gentle hug. “Come here, love. It’s okay. I’m here.”

I broke. I didn’t know if it was him calling me ‘love’ or the space he opened for my feelings, but I cried more than I had in the past two years combined.

“It’s all good. I can deal with your tears, Liam.” He stroked my hair and held me through my breakdown. “You are wonderful, and I’m sorry your family experiences that.”

I rarely allowed myself to feel the extent of my dad’s struggles with dementia, kept it all under wraps so I could keep going. For my family, for Fergus, and my company.

“It’s all right, Liam. Let it out. I’m here,” he repeated as if he wanted to drive the words home.

Rhys encouraged me to rest my weight on him, showing me that he could hold me up.

I know he’s stronger than he looks. My bull.

He swayed me gently to a melody only he could hear, soothing my heart and healing

my soul.

“I—”

“No, don’t apologise. Please don’t,” he whispered into my hair. “Thank you for letting me meet your dad and inviting me to celebrate with your family. They are so lovely. I can see where you get it from.”

“I’m so glad you came home with me, Rhys.” I raised my head and kissed him on the mouth. My face was still puffy and hot, but he didn’t seem to mind.

He cupped my cheek, licking the seam of my lips, and stroked my tongue with his. Somehow this kiss felt more intimate than anything else we had done together.

We weren’t just two horny fools making out but two souls entwined. Rhys’ other hand fisted my Christmas jumper, dragging me closer.

Get under my skin, baby.

“Gods, Liam. I—” The rest of his words got lost in his attack on my mouth. I pulled him into my lap, desperate to get lost in him. And thankful that we were hidden away in this secluded corner.

I couldn’t remember the last time I had snogged someone so fiercely without skipping straight to sex. It was the fucking best.

“Liam?” My sister’s voice called up the stairs, tentative as if she was afraid to interrupt us.

Well done, pup. It’s not often someone gets Mina to stand down.

“In a minute,” I called back.

Rhys gave me a cheeky grin and ran his fingers through my beard. “Or five.” He pulled my mouth on his for another deep kiss, one that made my stomach swoop.

“Let’s go back downstairs before Mina sends the wild things after us.”

“Yeah, we don’t want to traumatise them.” He climbed off my lap and straightened up.

I got up, too, and gripped his arse. “I suggest we keep the potentially traumatising things for when we’re alone in bed later.” I hummed, kneading his glute for a moment. “I can’t wait.”

Rhys groaned, nuzzling his face into my neck. “Me neither. Gods, how am I supposed to survive today?”

Running my fingers up to his hip, I slipped them under his waistband and into his boxers. “I’m sorry I can’t take care of you now, pup. But you will be so beautifully needy later.” I brushed his hole, drinking down his heated gasp.

He had allowed me to be vulnerable with him, and I found it even easier to get into his head, to pull him back under my spell.

I kissed his cheek, then the elegant shell of his ear.

“Don’t worry, I will stuff that sweet hole so full of me you’ll be dripping my seed for days.”

A low whine escaped from his lips.

“Yes, pup. Whimper for me. Nothing gets me harder than hearing you make these sounds.”

He pulled me around and thrust his tongue between my lips. “Fucking hell, Liam. And nothing gets me going like your dirty talk.” He sighed. “Let’s go have cookies now.”

I pulled my hand out of his slacks and flung my arm around his shoulders.

“I better go wash my hands before we have coffee.”

Rhys giggled, bumping his head against my chest as we walked down the hallway to the guest bathroom. “Yeah, you should. Me, too. And maybe we can have cold showers while we’re at it.”

“Don’t tempt me, pup.”

“With what? Ice cold showers?” He raised an eyebrow, meeting my gaze in the small, gilded mirror.

“You, naked.” I shrugged. “We could take a dip in the Arctic Ocean, and I’d still want you.”

Pressing his lips together, he dried his hands and came up to me. “I highly doubt that. I’d not be this.” He tilted his head down his body. “But wear my other skin.”

“I would still want you because it’s you.” I pecked his nose and went to wash my hands.

Chapter 15

Rhys

Liam's words echoed in my head for a long time. We made our way back to the kitchen and found seats at the enormous dining table. Mina failed to keep the amusement off her face as she put two plates of cookies on the table.

"These turned out so well," Liam's mum said. "You are an artist, Rhys."

"Oh, it's nothing." I shook my head, but Liam's hand on my thigh distracted me.

"They are gorgeous. Almost too good to eat them."

"Oh, I bet you'd find something else to eat, wouldn't we, Liam?" Mina grinned over at him. My cheeks warmed but he just snorted and poured first me, then himself, a cup of coffee. He added milk for me and leaned back in his chair, his cup in hand and rested an arm on the back of my chair.

Gods, I never knew I was such a sucker for these public displays of affection.

The kids filed in one after the other with the exception of John Jr., Mina's oldest son who had received a small mountain of books from his family and hadn't surfaced yet.

Liane chose the seat next to me, Molly the one next to her nan, and little Edgar climbed into his mother's lap. With his mop of ginger hair and the freckles on his nose, he looked so much like Liam that I couldn't help but smile at him.

“Rhys?”

“Hm?” I looked around at the girl next to me and her predicament became apparent to me. “Need help with the cookies?”

Her arms were so short that even standing on her chair she couldn't reach the plate.

“Come here, darling.” I reached for the plate and offered it to her. It took five painful minutes for her to pick just as many cookies, two of them I had decorated, one of Liam’s clumsier ones, and two she had made herself.

“I don’t want Uncle Liam to be upset,” she told me in a carrying whisper.

“That’s very sweet of you,” I told her, picking only the ones he had decorated for me before I put the plate back. Mine might have been objectively prettier. But his cookies reminded me of the fun we’d had, and how cute he looked when he focused on the icing.

“I love Uncle Liam. And he loves me and Fergus and you.” I hummed noncommittally.

“He is pretty amazing, your Uncle Liam.”

“Will you get married?” Liane asked me with her mouth full.

“Uh.” I gaped at her, choking on my coffee, only noting in almost passing out that he had added the exact amount of milk I liked to it.

“Lila, we talked about this. Do you remember, hen?” Mina told her daughter, shooting me an apologetic glance.

“Oh, yes. I forgot.” She rolled her eyes, then looked at her mum who had both eyebrows raised at the kid. “Sorry, Rhys,” she told me in a singsong voice.

“It’s okay.” I didn’t know if I should laugh or cry.

It was Liam and Mina’s mum, Jenny, who swooped in to save the day.

“I think we’re going to have cold cuts for dinner tonight. I am too full and tired to cook.”

The tension broke, and I dared to look around at Liam, who watched me with a pained smile on his face.

“Can you come outside with me for a moment? I need to talk to you.” His voice was suddenly earnest and urgent.

“Now?”

“Yes, please.” Liam’s fingers dug into my skin. “Be right back,” he told his family as we left the room. He urged me into the library upstairs, closing the door behind us.

I’d barely taken a step or two inside the room, when he held me back and spun me on the spot.

“What do you,” I began, but a hand wrapped around my throat. Liam’s eyes met mine, then dropped to my mouth.

He licked his lips before biting them.

Gods . That man brought me to my knees .

“Pup.” He hesitated, and I thought he would spill what he wanted to talk about.

Soft lips met mine in a kiss. It stayed chaste for a few moments, then he tilted my head and slid both hands into my hair. His tongue parted my lips, making me groan. And get hard.

“Well, a happy Christmas to you, too,” I said when he broke the kiss, throwing him the kind of cocky grin I knew riled him up.

Maybe a nice spanking later, Daddy?

Liam didn’t laugh.

“Pup, there’s something I…”

Oh no. I knew he’d be sick of me by now.

“There’s no need to say it. Do you want me to leave now?”

“What the fuck? Why would I want you to leave?”

Oh, you’re making me say it? Thanks for nothing.

“Because you are sick of me like everyone is.” I rolled my eyes and shrugged off his hands. Crossing my arms before my chest, I stared at him with one eyebrow raised.

“Could you let me through? I’ll call a cab.”

He did not step aside.

“Like fuck you won’t,” Liam growled. He actually fucking growled at me, sounding like a big cat. An angry big cat. I met his eyes.

“Hestia, I want to bend you over the sofa and spank some fucking sense into you!” We weren’t that far apart in height but he towered over me, all up in my personal space. His lip curled up in a dangerous snarl. “What I actually wanted to say is that I can’t bear to think this might be our only Christmas.” Liam bit out every word.

Oh fuck. He’s seething.

“And that it will break my heart if I let you go back to Kirkmuir without telling you how I feel.”

What?

“Damn it, Rhys. You...” He searched for the right word for a moment but gave up and kissed me instead.

“I don’t understand.” My lips felt numb. I felt numb.

“I don’t want this to be all we have, pup. You make me lose my mind, you fucking brat, but damn me if you’re not everything I want.” He cupped my cheek, bringing our foreheads together. “Being with you is magical, and I want you to be mine, Rhys. Tell me, can I have you? All of you?”

Fear bubbled up my throat.

Fuck. Am I ready for this? Ready for commitment? But weren’t you just upset he didn’t want it, Rhys?

Damn, my head swam with all these confusing thoughts.

Can I get that spanking now? Maybe that’ll help me think.

His eyes drew me in like they had done from the moment he'd gotten out of his van at Lone Fox Distillery all those months ago.

"I'm so far gone for you," Liam murmured, scrunching his nose. His eyelids fluttered shut. To block me out? I hated it.

"I'm scared," I confessed.

"Of me?"

"Maybe a little." He chuckled at my pout. "Of the logistics, of you getting sick of me, of my feelings." I had to admit it and wanted him to help me sort this situation out.

How did he become this? After so little time we spent together? The person I turn to. My comfort zone.

"We can worry about the logistics later. I have a car, you have a car, and there are trains." Liam shrugged. "I'm self employed so I can structure my time around you."

I snorted.

"What?" He gave me a stern look. "Don't you think I would do that? Fuck, Rhys. There's nothing I wouldn't do to make you happy."

The first tears slipped unnoticed out of my eyes. It was only when my sight blurred that I understood what was happening.

"I won't get sick of you, pup," he added in a low voice, brushing my tears away. "The weeks since the fair have been the worst of my life."

Mine too.

“When I saw you two days ago it was as if I could breathe again. Falling asleep with you in my arms is like coming home.” He cracked, too, and I had to be closer. Liam drew me in. I gravitated towards him and had done so from the moment we met.

“I’m scared.” It wasn’t what I had meant to say. Again. Oops .

“That’s okay, baby.” Strong arms hugged me tightly to his chest. “I can be brave enough for both of us until the fear goes away. If you want me... Do you want me, Rhys?”

Baby ? Fresh tears sprung up in my eyes but I couldn’t stop smiling either.

“I like it when you call me that,” I sniffed.

“What? Baby?” He leaned back to see my face, and I nodded. “Fuck, Rhys,” he said with a laugh, “I’ll call you whatever you want so long as I get to keep you in my life. I’m so in love with you,” he added in a whisper.

That did it. I pulled him down for a kiss, my body arching when he dipped me back and kissed me like they did in the movies.

“I’m in love with you,” Liam confessed again.

“Gods, me, too. I wanted you from the moment I saw you. And yes, you can have me but only if I can have all of you, Liam Bell.”

He gave me a shy and defeated, but happy, smile. The kind that made my stomach swoop.

“You own me, baby. I have to warn you, though. Fergus and I are a package deal. There is no him without me and vice versa.”

“That’s...I understand that. I would never expect you to get rid of him.”

“You don’t understand,” he hedged. “Fergus will likely live longer than you or me. He will stay with me until the end.”

“So we’ll still be going on walks when we’re ninety, got it.” I redoubled my hold on him. “I like Fergus, and you said he found me okay, too.”

“More than that.” Liam gave me a sheepish smile. “He feels what I feel about you.”

Swoon . But also, did that mean his hellhound was in love with me?

“Minus the fact that I want to be inside you all the time,” he chuckled, hugging me tightly and kissing my brow.

Humming, I palmed his gorgeous backside through his kilt. “Only a few hours before we’re alone again.”

“I can’t wait. Will you come back to my place for a wee bit when Fergus and I leave? Or do you have to go back to work? It’s all right, I’ll take you home.”

“Yes and no, I don’t have to go back to work yet. The boutique is closed until after Hogmanay. We needed a break. And I’d love to spend a few days with you two.”

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Chapter 16

Liam

I 'm dreaming.

Rhys was still here. I held him in my arms, and he had talked about going for walks at ninety.

Who knew what would happen; perhaps he would be bored of me in a few years, but I wanted to believe him.

“Liam?”

“Yes?”

He backed out of the hug and tilted his head slightly.

“What’s up?”

“Nothing,” I said quickly, but my voice said something else.

“Just because I enjoy playing games with you doesn’t mean I won’t bend you over that table and spank you when you lie to me.”

I gaped at my Selkie. He could manhandle me with ease, this much I knew. It made our ‘games’ even hotter.

I tried to lie again and tell him everything was fine, but I couldn't bring myself to do so.

"I'm listening." He leaned against the desk by the window and crossed his arms before his sculpted chest.

"What do you want me to say?" I asked, tugging on my beard.

"I want to talk with you about whatever is going on in that gorgeous head of yours. You know, like adults do when they start a relationship with each other."

Holy shit.

"Are you scared?"

Am I?

I crossed the room to get to him. The words fought their way out of my mouth, and I couldn't stop them.

"I need a hug, Rhys."

He'll think you are pathetic.

"Come here."

I sank into his open arms, resting my forehead on his shoulder and inhaling the manly scent of his cologne. I loved how he smelled.

"My brain did something funny when you said that we would still be going for walks at ninety," I muttered.

“What did it do?” He stroked my hair and rubbed my back as if soothing a child. “It’s okay, you can tell me. I won’t laugh.” There was something about the way that beautiful man kissed the top of my head that made my heart flutter like a bird in a too small cage.

“I...it’s been a long time since I was in a relationship and never one where I felt...this. It was fun, and that was that. I didn’t think them leaving would drive me out of my mind.”

“But you think that about me? Or do you think I will leave? Oh, that’s it, isn’t it? Liam Bell, do you think I’ll leave as soon as I get the chance?”

“No,” I croaked.

“Liam, look at me, please.” Rhys’ voice was a gentle reminder of how good he was, and how much I wanted him in my life.

I met his eyes.

“We both agree that it’s too early for promises, yes?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. It is.

“And we can’t ever know what life brings.”

I tipped my chin again.

“But if you ask me right now, I can tell you that I have never met anyone who drew me in like you. Nobody whose presence, attention, and touch I craved the way I want yours. I’m scared, yeah, but more because just six weeks ago I kissed you for the first time. And now?” He caressed my face. “I am here, and we celebrated Christmas

together, and my brain is going a hundred miles an hour trying to figure out how I'll do it."

"Do what?" I breathed.

"This. Us. A relationship with you when we live over an hour away from each other. I wouldn't do that if I wasn't serious, Liam. And I can't promise you forever any more than you can." He took my hand and placed it on his heart. "But this is yours for as long as you want me."

Rhys lingered on my lips for a long kiss.

"And now let's go back to the family. We can talk about the logistics when we're at your place and both are too sore to keep going."

He smirked at me. "Deal?"

"Deal."

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Chapter 17

Rhys

“ M erry Christmas, Rhys.” Liam leaned in to kiss me when we’d settled on the enormous couch again, his hand finding its way on my thigh.

“Thank you for everything,” I muttered into his ear, covering his fingers with mine. “It’s the best Christmas ever.”

And it was. Maybe one day I would tell him what inviting me had done. It healed me in the way they repaired broken pottery in Japan. The cracks would always be visible, but they shone bright gold where Liam and his family put me back together.

My favourite tradition of theirs was binge watching the cheesiest old Hallmark films while we ate our weight in cookies and the six thousand different varieties of snacks his aunt provided.

“Is this the Scottish version of tapas?” I asked him when his aunt Figgy arrived, making my sweet ginger snort. Liam’s mum had unearthed four more coffee tables from her enormous house, and all of them were laden with trays, platters, and bowls.

“No, my aunt collects new recipes all year and then she goes completely bonkers in the week leading up to Christmas because she can never decide on just a few.”

“When you told me I shouldn’t miss your aunt’s cooking I thought you meant...not this. But it’s perfect.”

Beaming at him, I picked a heavenly smelling pastry with quince jelly. “Oh my goodness, baby, you have to try this!” I took another one and brought it up to his pretty lips.

Liam ate it out of my hand, the gentlest expression on his face. It turned dirtier when he nipped my fingers.

Yes, you can eat me next, Daddy.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a wistful smile flickering over Mina’s face.

Maybe I would ask Liam later what the deal with the kids’ dad was. I noticed a faint tan line on her ring finger, the kind you got from wearing a wedding ring for years.

Not now, though, with the world of Scottish tapas in front of me.

“Try this, Rhys.” His green eyes fixed on my mouth, Liam offered a slice of what looked like gingerbread with a white, creamy filling.

“Holy shit!” I gasped, clapping a hand to my mouth so I wouldn’t accidentally spray him with crumbs. “What is that? It’s one of the best things I’ve ever tried.”

His upper lip plumped into a pout—someone fan me, please—as he brought his mouth to my ear. “Brownie spice, pup. Your favourite taste, mm?”

Now he said it, it faintly tasted like his cum did.

I cleared my throat.

“Ah, yes, pup,” he rasped in a voice so low only I can hear. “I love it when you choke on it.”

Fergus raised his head and gave a low huff from his giant dog bed over by the fireplace.

He apparently had heard what his daddy had said.

“Liam!” Tutting at him, I pecked his cheek. “Stop, or we’ll miss out on these and the movie. I can’t wait to see who Ethel ends up with. And if you spoil the ending for me, you’re sleeping on the couch tonight,” I added, trying to channel stern Daddy Liam.

And failed rather spectacularly, if I might say so myself.

His grin turned feral, sending a violent shiver down my spine.

“Oh, sweet pup.” He kissed my cheek and pulled me closer to his side. “I promise I won’t spoil the ending for you. I might just...drag it out a bit. I bet you are so fucking cute when I’m edging you until you forget your name.”

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Chapter 18

Liam

O n the second day of Christmas, I took Rhys back to my place. Fergus got restless when he had to be around this many people for too long, and so did I.

And I want to have him to myself for a bit before all this is over.

“Daddy,” he whined when I cupped him through his slacks, gripping my wrist. “We can’t. Fergus is here with us.”

One look in the rear view mirror told me Fergus snoozed on his large dog bed.

“Well it’s either him or you who’ll have to get used to it. He sleeps in my room at night.”

Rhys glanced at my hound, then covered my hand with his and squeezed his cock, groaning under his breath. “This plug is pure torture, Liam.”

“Oh, I know, my sweet pup. I’ll make you wear it for the occasional car ride in the future. And when I take you shopping.”

Damn! The idea of my pretty pup all flustered at the shops almost made me cream my kilt.

“Shopping?” He groaned, fidgeting in his seat to elevate the pressure on the plug.

“You can’t be serious, baby.”

“Dead serious.”

I indicated at the next parking spot and parked the car in a remote corner, unbuckled my seatbelt and struggled to get his buttons open.

Finally .

I pulled his cock out. “Poor pup,” I mumbled, stroking up his hard length, before spreading the pooling pre-cum around his head with my thumb. I licked my fingers clean, humming under my breath.

“By Hestia, I think I’m addicted to the way you taste.”

He cursed, clenched fists resting next to his thighs. And I dropped my mouth on his cock.

“Fuck, Daddy!” He moaned so loud anybody who passed would know exactly what we did. I didn’t care.

I cradled his nuts in my hand, rolling them carefully between my fingers and sucked him hard into my mouth.

My cock was once more playing tent pole. Fuck, what is it with him?

I’d always had solid stamina but I’d never before been insatiable. It was Rhys. It was all his doing.

His hips bucked up, plunging his cock deep down my throat as he came. His grunt was that of a seal bull heaving its heavy body over wet sand, a deep and throaty

sound.

“Goddess,” I sighed, wiping my mouth on the back of my hand. “I’m going to upgrade you from pup to bull if you keep making sounds like that.”

Rhys shook with the force of his orgasm, tears trickling out of the corners of his eyes.

I hugged him to my chest. “You are doing so well for me, my perfect pup. So beautiful, so brave.”

I want to blow you, too,” he breathed. “May I, Daddy?”

His hand gripped the hem of my kilt, bunching it up to bare my cock.

“Yes, my precious bull. First you let me come in your ass, then you take my load in that sweet mouth of yours.”

He groaned and shuffled on his seat, then sank my cock inside his mouth. His lips stretched around my invading length, struggling to take all of me.

I brought my hand to his ass, gripping the plug base and fucking him in tiny thrusts.

Slurping and drooling around me, he made me come so fast I barely had time to enjoy the blowjob.

Chapter 19

Rhys

Back at his cottage, Liam ran a bath for me.

“Let’s clean you up first. Then I’ll show you around and feed you, pup.”

He covered my face with kisses as he undressed me.

I was a mess by the time I lowered my body in the hot water. That plug was magic. Not as much as my gorgeous Daddy.

Liam rolled up his sleeves, exposing his hairy forearms and plunged them into the soapy water. He gripped the plug base, grinding the blunt head into my spot, as he stroked me off with his other hand.

“Let go for me, bull!” he commanded.

“Oh fuck, Liam,” I grunted, legs shaking, my hips bucking up and driving my cock through his fist.

With an embarrassing groan, I came all over his stroking fingers.

“You are perfect, Rhy. Fucking perfect.” He dragged the plug out of my clenching arse and cleaned my cum off his hand.

“I can never get enough of you, Rhys,” he whispered and took my mouth in a gentle kiss.

Once I had washed myself thoroughly and dried, he held me back from putting on boxers.

“I think I’ll need a little break before we can get to the next round, Liam.”

He snorted, flung his arm around me and pecked my temple.

“Don’t worry, bull. I just want to see you in this.”

Liam took a blue and grey kilt from his wardrobe. “Yeah?”

“Oh my goodness, yes. I’d be honoured to try it. It’s gorgeous.”

The wool fabric whispered over my skin when he wrapped it around my waist. Liam closed the buckles and took a step back, surveying me with those intense, green eyes.

“Gods, I knew this would look amazing on you.”

“Can I leave this on?” I picked up my long sleeved shirt and put it on.

“Yes, bull. You can keep it, if you like.”

“What? No way, that’s...” I didn't know what to say.

He hugged me, pulling me close to his chest.

“I want you to have it. It looks pretty with your hair and your eyes.”

“It does,” I admitted. “It’s too much, though. You made this.”

“I did, so I can do whatever I want with it, right? And it makes me happy to see you wearing a Liam Bell kilt. And a little turned on, to be honest.”

“Liam!”

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Chapter 20

Liam

My sweet bull giggled and buried his nose in my neck. My heart leapt in my chest at the sound.

Oh, Rhys, you perfect man.

“Come on. Let me feed you.”

He gave a tinkling laugh again.

“I don’t know why it’s so hot when you say that.”

“What? That I want to feed you?” I smirked at him. “Probably some archaic programming. It does things to me, too.”

Humming, he raised his head and touched his lips to mine.

“Let’s eat something. We can explore these things later.”

“Good idea, bull.”

I waited until he had put on socks and led him back into the kitchen, giving him a tour of the living room on the way.

“I love your place. It’s so cosy, Liam.” His eyes wandered over my couch and the fireplace, with Fergus’ massive tartan dog bed next to it. He was spread out on it, his paws twitching in his sleep.

My poor baby was knackered after being at my mum’s house for the last few days.

“Aw, he’s dreaming,” Rhys whispered. “That’s so sweet.”

“Fergus is like that. You’ll see when you get to know him.”

“I can’t wait. He’s grown on me over Christmas.”

More than once I had caught him with Fergus’ head on his thigh absentmindedly brushing the shaggy, green fur off his brow.

And every time he referred to me as ‘your dad’ when he spoke to my hound, I fell a little more in love with him.

“I’m going to make chickpea curry for us,” I murmured into his temple before I kissed it. “Want to snuggle up under a blanket while I cook?”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to help?”

“Yes,” I said, apparently way too quickly because it made him laugh again.

Hestia, less than a week ago I had rarely ever heard him laugh. This carefree, happy version of him was wonderful to see.

“I prefer cooking alone if that’s okay.”

“Of course it is, Liam.” Rhys slipped his arms around me. “I can help if you want, but

I'm also happy to wait here by the fire."

"Is that a hint that you want me to start a fire for you, bull?" I grinned at him and squeezed his backside.

Damn. Rhys in that kilt was so sexy.

"Wouldn't say no to it." He winked.

"Sit down." I took one of the fluffy blankets and tucked it around him. With a kiss on his forehead, I made my way over to the fireplace.

"Thank you, Daddy." He snuggled his face into the burnt orange corduroy cushion, his eyes drooping.

"Anything for you, bull. Anything."

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:49 am

Epilogue

Rhys - 2 years later

“Hi, sweetie,” I crooned, getting down on my knees to greet Fergus. “Where’s your daddy, hmm? Did he leave you all alone?” The shaggy green hound huffed and buried his muzzle in my neck. “Yeah, I missed you, too.”

I let him lick my ear for a moment before getting back up and inviting him to come to the kitchen with me.

As apprehensive as I had been about him when Liam came clean about the extent of their relationship, I adored Fergus.

They had entered into a heart bond, something Demons, Hellhounds, and Dragons did.

Their bond was strong but entirely platonic, for which I was thankful.

I’m not attracted to Hellhounds. Not when I had my gorgeous Brownie Daddy to take care of me.

“Let’s start a fire. It’s cold.” I kept a running commentary for Fergus, who didn’t leave my side.

About half an hour after I had arrived, the door was flung open with so much force it slammed into the wall, and a ginger man in a kilt entered, a determined look on his

face.

“Bull!” He strode across the room and kissed me with so much enthusiasm he lifted me off my feet. His hound huffed his deep, terrifying bark.

Aw, sweetie. Still jealous of your daddy?

Liam didn’t let go of me or back out of the kiss. He devoured me, bringing me to the couch and spreading me out on the cushions.

His hands struggled with my belt and flies, freeing my rapidly hardening dick. I felt him bunch up his kilt and groaned when he fisted both of us in one hand.

The feel of his tongue in my mouth, our panting breaths, and that ridge rubbing against my length with every stroke took me over the edge embarrassingly fast.

He whimpered, devouring my mouth as he added his cum to the mess on my stomach.

“Hi, baby,” I chuckled. “Gods, I missed you, too.”

Liam’s heart hammered against my chest, and he buried his face in my neck, slowly rubbing our cum all over our spent dicks.

“I hate and love that I can’t have you during the week,” he murmured. “You have no idea how hard and horny I was all day.”

“Yeah, I do.” I bucked my hips once, driving my cock through his fist. “Do you think it’s different for me? Monday I’m sad, Tuesday I’m still sore, and by Thursday I think I’m going feral with wanting you, missing you, and needing you to hold me at night.”

“That sounds terrible,” he muttered into my neck, kissing my skin. “I don’t know why you keep putting up with me if it’s that bad.”

I hated his insecurity. Despised it, wished I could drive it out of him for good.

“I still choose you every day. Let’s get married.”

I suppose that’s one way to do it.

Liam didn’t react for five full seconds. They were the longest seconds of my life.

My gorgeous hunk slid off me and down to the floor. I raised my upper body to see if he was freaking out.

“Rhys,” he said, his lips numb and unmoving.

“I mean it.” I sat up, choosing to ignore the pearly white mess covering my abs. “Maybe then you’ll stop doubting my intentions.” I took his cum-covered left hand and circled his ring finger. “And I am dying to see my ring here. You should have taken this off before jumping my bones, baby,” I added when Liam was still not speaking. His favourite kilt was no stranger to cum stains but getting them out was always a bit of a hassle.

“Yeah, but then I would have been naked for you proposing to me. Fucking hell, Rhys! You just proposed to me?”

“I did. And you didn’t reply.”

He cursed, his eyes misting with tears. “Yes! Yes, of course I will marry you, bull.”

Tackling me to the pillows, he conquered my mouth with a deep kiss. Liam rested his forehead against mine and held a hand out to Fergus who lay on his dog bed by the

fireplace.

Heavy paws padded across the wooden floor boards, and the hound joined our hug.

“What do you say, mate? Do you approve?”

Fergus huffed and rested his head on my shoulder.

“We’ve been premise hunting in Kincardie, by the way,” I told them. “Tristan’s starting with the renovations next month.”

Both of them inhaled sharply.

“And yes, that means I will be moving in with you guys, if that’s okay for you.”

Ferg got up, wagging his thick tail so hard he almost knocked over the coffee table. And he licked my ears so enthusiastically he had me wheezing with laughter.

“Stop it, Fergus!” I giggled, pushing him away from me. “That tickles.”

Looking around, I found Liam regarding the two of us with so much love and affection that I couldn’t hold back my tears.

“Are you happy?” I asked him.

“By Hestia, happier than ever before.”

“Sew in Love will be just down the road from your workshop, by the way. We found a lovely shop near Breeze & Beans. B put me up to it.”

“Did I tell you that I love you?”

“Mm.” I pretended to wrack my brain. “I’m not sure, Daddy.”

“Well, then let me tell you right now, and for the rest of our days.”

THE END