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Hamish Buchanan

Tilly Greene

*Mystical Sign Series*

*Tilly Greene*

**Mystical Signs: Aries**  
**HAMISH BUCHANAN**

**BY**

**TILLY GREENE**

Venus Press LLC

**HAMISH BUCHANAN**

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**HAMISH BUCHANAN**  
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Dedication:

While the Cat is away the Mouse did lunch and worked, and missed you.

## HAMISH BUCHANAN

### Prologue

#### *The Highlands, Scotland*

Just her luck, Valentine's Day and her car broke down in the land of the Hound of the Baskervilles.

It was pitch black outside. She was on her own and even inside the car it was freezing cold. Miserable dampness seeped into her bones. If only that loveable jerk had come with her like she asked. He should have wanted to be with her, she was his pregnant fiancée after all. But no, he had to stay behind to watch the World Cup final with his buddies and have a few too many pints at the pub.

She shivered. There was no chance of her staying put because they would find a frozen corpse sitting in this beat-up old Fiesta come morning. To make matters worse she had to go to the bathroom so badly, even the huge tree set further back off the road was looking good. However, she was having a difficult time finding the guts to actually step out of the car.

The walk to the closest village was about a mile and a half as the crow flies but by road it was more like four. Doable, and yet it did not matter how far anything was, there was no way she was getting out of this vehicle broken down or not. She may be an almost married woman six months with child, but she was truly scared of what she saw and heard outside the car.

Pulling her heavy coat closer, Aileen crossed her arms over her belly and thrust each hand into the opposing sleeve. Her mind bounced back and forth between being angry with Irving for staying behind, and cursing her own stubbornness for leaving without him.

With a sigh, she thought of how this was supposed to be an evening for lovers, chocolate and romance, not mates, beer and football. Oh, he was a good and honest man, maybe a little afraid of being a father, but she understood that, it had been a surprise for

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them both. Their wedding had been planned for over a year now and would take place this coming June, with their new bundle at their side rather than a twinkle in their eyes.

She smiled. Thinking about their baby always brought her joy. Being a parent was a scary undertaking but they were young, smart and in love—everything would be fine.

*Come on Aileen; are you a woman or a mouse? Get out of this car and walk home. It's not as if you have never done it before,* she reminded herself. Excellent, her gumption was coming back. Okay, so she had never made the walk in the dark, alone and six months pregnant, but it was not that far. Through a few fields, the stonewalls that separated the fields had stairs for the dedicated rambler to go over them safely, and across a few neighbor backyards' then she would be home. She looked out the car window; it was the corpse of trees that was freaking her out. Once she was through them, all would be well, she told herself. Then a swift tiny kick to her bladder made the decision easy.

Taking a deep breath for good measure, she took the keys out of the ignition, checked if her bag had tissues and opened the door before she could change her mind. Stepping out, she stood still for a long moment, clutching her large purse to her belly. Another tap from her little one and she took off for the tree she had been eyeing and made use of nature's emergency facilities.

Once she was finished and nothing happened, it became easier to make that move towards home. She locked the car and moved toward the home she shared with Irving.

Visibility was nil and if she could have seen her toes over her belly, tonight the fog made sure that would be impossible.

The forest was alive with unseen things. All around her were night noises she had never heard before, but she tried not to let them get to her. Walking cautiously, Aileen looked over her shoulder to make sure no one was following her, although she would not have been able to see them if they had been, and tripped over a root.

On hands and knees, she screamed for everything she was worth.

Her heart raced and her throat burned.

Breathing heavily it took a long minute to realize no one had attacked her or was trying to hurt her and their baby. All on her own she had just tripped, fallen down and freaked out.

She stroked soothing hands over her belly. "It is all right little guy. Your mum is just scaring herself." Making an awkward assent to her feet, she looked around for her

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bag. It took a moment but eventually she spotted it a short distance in front of her, its contents spilled along the way. Except for her wallet there was nothing of importance in it. Bending down, she picked up the small black clutch and put it in her coat pocket. She patted her other pocket to make sure the keys had not fallen out during her fall. There was no way she was going to make this walk only to get home and not be able to get in the front door.

Pulling herself together, Aileen started walking again, more slowly this time and tried to pay more attention to where she put her feet.

An eternity seemed to pass before she came upon the first stonewall. Wrapping her coat closer about her, she stood there and cast her mind back to where the road met the wall in comparison to where the stairs were. She didn't think they were too far from where she was and started to walk further up the slight hill, keeping the trees to her right.

Instead of stairs she came across a break in the stones and worked her way through the rough opening. A tree branch snagged her knit hat and whipped it from her head. Gasping with surprise, she turned and looked at her dangling chapeau while clutching at her bare blonde curls, already feeling the chill.

Never mind. There were only two fields to cross then a few small yards and she would be home free. The tree could have the beloved hat her mum had made for her, Irving would come for it tomorrow—he owed her big time.

Moving out onto the field, she walked straight across, keeping the upside to her right. Here she could definitely see more clearly than in the woods, but the fog was clinging to the damp grass. Her feet were freezing. Obviously she had not worn the right shoes for stomping through fields when she'd dressed for a romantic dinner out. In the distance she could hear sheep bleating. The MacGregor family currently had sheep on their north field. That was a good sign; it was where she had wanted to be, heading home.

The hard ground beneath her was frozen solid, and large clumps of turf made it a more difficult walk than the woods had been with its unseen tree roots, but she was not as afraid out here in the open.

She stumbled again and slowed down the pace. Nothing was going to hurt their little treasure resting comfortably in her belly.

After a few more minutes of trekking across the field Aileen stopped. There was something wrong. She should have already come across the wall that separated the

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MacGregor and Mr. Willis' spread. She kept walking but with a little less assurance, and then she tripped in a rut and fell to the ground.

Aileen's frustration grew. Tears gathered in her eyes and prepared to fall as she knelt there on the frozen earth.

Stroking her belly usually calmed her down, so she did that and searched for strength by talking to her baby.

"I will get us through this, little man. I am so tired, but we will get home and warm in no time at all. This walk is harder than I thought it was going to be and it's scary. Not as bad as the woods were, but I can't see much. It's just so cold and I can't see any sheep, although I can hear them bleating away."

Once she took a few solid breaths and rested her frozen legs, she decided she'd better get moving or she would be stuck here all night. Having calmed down enough to go on, she braced herself to get up. Suddenly the bleating grew louder and the ground thudded beneath her hands. Bent in half as she was, she felt vulnerable and used all her strength to push herself upright, when suddenly she was rammed from behind and sent sprawling across the frozen turf.

"OH!"

Hooves stomped over her body—the pain was unbearable. It seemed as if hundreds of the animals were running over her, but they were not stampeding, they wanted *her* in particular. She had to protect her baby!

Curling up into as tight a ball as she could, she wrapped her arms protectively around her belly and spoke to her baby.

"It will be okay little man, you will be just fine."

Sharp horns stabbed into her and Aileen screamed.

"Help!"

But the torment continued. Biting, clawing, they were going to eat her whole.

"NO! My baby! Someone help us!"

*Nothing.*

Holding tight, trying to protect her baby, she prayed for help. A hoof landed sharply on her head, and everything went black as she unconsciously worked to protect and soothe her baby.

\* \* \* \*



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“Have you heard the news? This morning Aileen Buchanan’s baby was eager to greet the world. He came out screaming and is pronounced healthy for a preemie. Bless the lass for hanging on as long as she has for the young’uns sake.” It was a busy night at The Lazy Newt, full of locals, and they all fell silent as they remembered that horrible night over a month ago.

Aileen, the youngest Buchanan lass, had been kept alive by machines in a hospital down in Edinburgh, far from their small village—but no less forgotten.

The past Valentine’s night had been a nightmare for everyone who heard the tale, and the telling continued to horrify. Something had spooked the MacGregor’s sheep that night and they had ravaged the poor girl. Despite the trauma her body had taken, the young woman was found early the next morning with a desperately shallow heartbeat. Everything had been done to save her, but in the end her mother had made the difficult decision to keep her hooked onto the machines for the baby to have any chance at survival.

“Everyone, raise your pints to the brave lass, Aileen Buchanan and her young son Hamish, may every day of his life be better than the last.”

“Here! Here!”

“Health and happiness to Hamish!”

“Here! Here!”

“For young Aileen, may she soon be in a much better place, amongst the angels.”

“To Aileen!”

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## Chapter One

*London, England*

“Now that is a real woman!”

The two men speaking together drew every eye in the hall. They looked so much alike they could be brothers. Close, they were cousins, best friends and knew each other better than anyone else. Six-foot-three, broad shouldered and physiques that screamed power and sex appeal to both men and women alike. The black tie event made their attire mandatory and added to the natural seductive aura that surrounded them. Single, blonde, matched with gentlemanly manners, and they were a catch.

Physically they differed in only two places, their eyes and hair. The man on the left was stunning on a whole other level with his hair left to grow longer and golden-brown eyes that glowed with a wild fire that seemed ready to burst forth.

“No, that is a woman created under a plastic surgeons knife. Those breasts are water balloons and overfilled ones. There is nothing real about that young lady.” The quietly spoken words were not mean, but were honest.

“Okay, what about that redhead over there? Her legs go on forever.”

“Nice. But no thank you, not my type.” He was not even looking at the woman as he answered his cousin.

“I have not seen them yet, but I heard the Watson sisters were supposed to be here, they are pretty good looking.”

“No.” Bluntly said without any qualifiers.

“Hamish!” Alain looked over at his cousin with disgust.

“What?”

“There are so many beautiful women here, snap your fingers and any one of them would be yours for as long as you want.”

“Listen, the woman who catches me will own me heart, body and soul. It will not matter how big my bank account may be, what clothes I wear or where my home is, she

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will love me for *me*. All of me, and that includes the depraved and more shocking aspects. End of story now drop it. You are starting to sound like Maisie. Besides, you are single Alain, find yourself a woman and I will find my own.” He swigged the last of his whisky and walked toward the bar for another.

Patiently he waited his turn in line, nodding to acquaintances, but not giving any of them an opportunity to stop and speak with him. Crossing his arms over his chest he thought how small talk was not his forte and neither were large functions like this. However, every year he attended this particular charitable event down in London, lending his name to gain them more money and in return they guaranteed his privacy of the donation given in his mother’s name. How much he gave was personal, no one else needed to know.

Having just had his thirtieth birthday, Hamish Buchanan felt major changes were waiting for him to grasp hold and start a new path in his life. This put him on edge, consciously or not, the frustration of not being able to reach out for whatever was next had become unbearable.

He thought back on how luck has played such a major role in his life thus far, both good and bad. Having excellent computer and mathematical acumen had brought him professional and fiscal success at a very early age. After he set up his grandmother and the rest of his family in the manner they wished, he set his eyes on tackling property development in Edinburgh. His timing there was perfect and he made an even bigger killing.

There was something more out there for him, he just needed to put his finger on it and everything would be right again.

“A treble Laphroaig straight, thank you.” After he was handed a crystal tumbler of whisky he moved off to the side. Every year Alain came along to this event to keep him calm. Only tonight it backfired. Like his grandmother, it seemed as if his cousin had folded and joined the family’s quest to find him a mate. There were few secrets in the Buchanan family, every one of them knew what a monster he truly was, but only his cousin and closest companion knew of his alternative sexual proclivities that made the search a difficult undertaking.

Frustrated, he decided ten more minutes was all that the event hosts were getting from him. As a particularly determined social maven made her way towards him, it came to him that a moving target would be harder to catch, and started to circle the room.

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On a night like this many different emotions rushed through him, but on this night in particular there were a few he had not experienced before. Not only was he on edge, he felt something he never had before. If he had to label it he would have to say that it felt like he was chasing after something. Unconsciously his gaze traced across the varied women attending the function. He took note of this one and that, casting them aside with a blink of an eye. Yes, he did want a woman, but on his terms, so where had this intense need suddenly come from?

The woman for him would be very special because unfortunately the particulars of what made him who he was were both horrific and kinky. He had always believed that any woman he truly wanted would run the moment he was exposed as the monster he was, but a true mate would not. With a fierce frown gracing his face he picked up the pace as he moved more intently around the room.

“Grace! Finally you made it, what happened?” A female voice screeched behind him, just before he felt a body brush by on his right. Natural reflexes had him following the flash of gaudy red as it moved past him.

“I missed my first connection and the second took me through York and we were delayed there forever.” A soft brogue laced the words and caught hold of his attention, and his cock was instantly interested. Hamish changed his route to follow behind the duo as they made their way toward the bar he had just left.

“...thoughtful for inviting me...very hectic...glass of wine...”

The two women kept up a senseless conversation while he took in the new arrival. He had yet to see her from the front, but what he did see definitely caught and held his attention.

Trying not to be obvious, Hamish took in all that he could with one long, slow sweep. Blonde hair that looked soft as silk, shiny and cut rigidly straight just above her shoulders, gave him a peek of her very tempting neck. Light mossy-green silk slinked down her body, outlining curves that made his mouth water. Thrusting his hands in his trouser pockets, it was obvious to anyone who looked that he wanted to see more of this woman. To hear her sweet voice speaking to him and not another was quickly becoming a necessity.

Alain came up beside him as he watched the duo join the end of the line.

“The one in green. Saw her come in and knew she would catch your eye. Have you seen anything other than that nice ass?”

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“Stop right there.”

“What?”

With his eyebrows drawn sharply together, Hamish looked at his cousin. He was butting into something that suddenly felt very personal.

Alain saw the fire burning in his cousin’s eyes. “Fine, give me that and go queue up for another.”

Hamish shrugged, admitted to himself that it was a good idea and handed the glass over before closing the distance in four large steps.

Standing behind her, he breathed in her soft heather scent, it smelled just like home. She had a sense of femininity and delicacy about her, and it was not because she was small. The top of her head came up to about his chin, and even if she were wearing very high heels it meant that flat-footed, she would reach his shoulders.

Her hand came up and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and he noted her wrist. It was not skin and bones, it seemed as if she did not follow the emaciated look, better and better. Entranced he wanted to see more. The little glimpses he had of her made him hungry for more.

“Oh, wait, there is Stan. Remember, I mentioned Stan, Stanley Martin? Anyway, I wanted you to meet him. He is single and very rich you know. I will go get him. Back in a minute.” The red dressed-wonder took off like a whirligig in another direction.

Hamish felt like a bucket of cold water had just been thrown on him. In the blink of an eye he was disappointed in the vagaries of life and was ready to walk away when he noticed the blonde looked agitated. She was looking around with a growing sense of uneasiness when suddenly she turned around and caught his eye. What an utterly tempting morsel this blonde was.

“Sir. Please, I am sorry to disturb you, but may I ask, are you here with someone?” The burr in her speech had been toned down, but enough of it was still there to be even sexier when coming through the most deliciously full red lips he had ever seen. Porcelain-smooth white skin flowed elegantly over high cheekbones resting just beneath crystal-clear grey eyes.

His golden gaze glowed brighter when it fell on her incredible breasts—and they appeared to be natural. Oh man, the woman’s cleavage was beautifully presented between two green triangles that led up and over her shoulders, only to disappear beneath the matching shawl she wore draped over her upper arms. The skirt flowed down to the

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floor just skimming her figure and pooled in a small train behind her. For Hamish, she was simply mouthwateringly perfect. But her search for a deep pocket left an ugly taint across the otherwise elegant and poised presence that stood before him.

That swiftly his dick was rock-hard again. He was angry at how his body obviously ignored his brain's finding her ethics severely lacking. Well, she was stunning, a night or two spent between the sheets with her would be no hardship as long as he could ignore the ugly fortune hunter issue.

"No lass, I came on my own."

"Then may I beg a favor? The woman who just left would like to set me up with a man, and although I have said no many times, she just does not listen. Would you mind acting interested in me long enough that she will leave it alone?"

"Are you a lesbian?"

"Why does that matter?"

"Well, I heard her say he was single and rich—"

"Sir! First, it was rude to listen in on our conversation. Secondly, it is insulting to think that someone would be more interesting because of his or her financial status and that certainly is not a criterion on my list. You are the most insulting...oh...never mind." A bright red flush grew across her cheeks as she spoke.

It was the last thing he saw before she whirled around and left the queue. He turned and followed her progress as she stormed past Alain. The blonde beauty did a double take at the likeness between the two men, and paused for a final say.

"Your brother is an asshole. You should teach him some manners before bringing him out in public next time." Chin thrust out, she emphasized the point with an emphatic nod and continued to storm across the room, quickly blending into the mass of people.

Hamish left the line to stand next to Alain, his eyes glued to the place where he had last glimpsed the sexy firebrand.

"What did she say to you?" he asked curiously.

"Hmmm, let's see. To paraphrase, you screwed up big time. That was one beautiful woman, and full of fire. Well, I think you pissed her off."

He smiled inside as he continued to look to the last place he had seen the blonde. Now he understood all the restless feeling that there was something just out of his reach waiting for him—he was most definitely on a hunt. Lifting his hand, he slid it through the

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blonde hair that hung around his temple, and smiled when he felt the solid ridge start to grow. Time to leave, but not before he knew the name of the woman he was going after.

It took little effort to find the woman in red. He changed direction and moved toward her ready to work his charm to get what he wanted.

“Excuse me, ma’am. I wondered if you could tell me how best to reach your friend Grace. She had to leave on an emergency but asked me for some information and I would like to ensure she receives it.”

“Oh my. Well, what a pleasure Mr. Buchanan.” The woman seemed ready for something more from him. However, he wanted nothing from her, but Graces’ details.

“Pardon me, but I am in a hurry as well. Earlier I saw the two of you together and assumed you knew Grace well.”

“Yes, yes of course. Grace Strachan, the best milliner in and out of Britain. Right now she is spending most of her time up in Edinburgh, which is where her main studio is located, although she does have a shop front down on Old Bond Street. You know, she graduated with a first from the Royal College of Art despite being miserable here in the city. She can’t stand London. Of course we are friends from long back and so I ensured she received an invitation for tonight, but was still surprised when she said she was coming. Grace is not very social you know, but such a—”

“Sorry, but I must leave. Thank you very much, um...” Hamish did not want to be rude; he just did not have the patience needed for this woman.

“Penny, Penelope Winton Glasser, my father is Peter Winton, Minister for Putney. Well, now that I have your attention, you see, I am chair of the ladies—” The opportunity to hit him up for some events sponsorship was too much for her to pass by.

“Yes, thank you ma’am, I appreciate your help. Enjoy your evening.” With a polite smile he nodded to the woman and walked back to Alain.

“I am leaving now, you coming?” Hamish reached for the tumbler his cousin still held and finished off the whisky.

“Of course, I want to see what you do next. Especially since that hard-on of yours is about ready to poke a hole in your pants.” Alain laughed.

Hamish frowned at him. “You do not need to remind me. I know it is there. But it will be taken care of by one sassy blonde and no other.”

They reached their hosts for the evening and thanked the elderly couple for their efforts and promised to be there again next year.

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As they walked out of the opulent hall Alain could not help but grin at his cousin's back. This was the first time he had ever seen a woman walk away from the man and he was intrigued. What he found even more interesting was the fact that it appeared as if Hamish planned on chasing her down. The hand that stroked his temple had been a sign that his cousin's emotions were more than just engaged.

He thought how this turn of events demanded a quick call to Maisie. Tonight's happenings would definitely put a smile on her face and a sparkle in her eyes.



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### Chapter Two

Once they were in the car driving away from the Royal Albert Hall, there was a flurry of activity. The minute the driver pulled away from the curb, Hamish already had his phone out and was dialing his assistant, giving him directions to gather all available information on one Grace Strachan.

“Seriously, I want to know everything about her that you can find. Addresses for home and work, phone numbers, schedule if you can, family, whatever you can get I want. We will be in the Carnegie Club’s library having a few pints before I head back to the house, call me back on this phone as soon as you get anything. Thanks Duncan.”

For a moment it was silent in the car, then he said one last piece to the man on the other end. “Later, okay? Okay, I appreciate this, thanks for your help.” After disconnecting the call Hamish slipped the small phone into the inside pocket of his tuxedo jacket, leaned his head back and closed his eyes on a sigh.

Right now there was nothing more he could do but wait. He was not the type of man who focused inwards on his feelings; it was not easy for him to do. But at that moment, with images of the blonde beauty milling around his mind, he wanted to examine every strand of emotion that raced through his body. Each felt so alive and full of verve; he was addicted to the excitement she had presented.

Everything around him seemed so much more intense all because of one fiery blonde. Grace Strachan. Yes, the name suited her quiet, ethereal beauty, but definitely not her quick temper. He smiled and decided he wanted to see that woman full of fire on her knees begging for his cock. He could use his hand and alleviate the pain between his legs but would not. The need was not as important as the cause. Only she would be able to soothe his raging passions.

Lost in their own thoughts, the two men sat in silence as they slowly made their way through London’s evening traffic. They pulled up in front of the Carnegie Club where Alain would be staying. Stepping out of the car, they went up the front steps and

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entered the lobby. It was a beautiful old building inside and out and felt relaxed and familiar, unlike most hotels. They walked down the hallway toward the library.

“Lad, two pints of Black Sheep over at the corner table. Thank you.”

The two men sat in worn leather chairs tucked away in one of the dark corners. Easy in each other’s company they watched the football highlights and enjoyed their pints. After ordering and drinking most of a second round the tension that had surrounded Hamish started to lessen, a small amount, but enough that the time had come for answers.

“You ready to talk to me yet?” Alain was known for his infinite patience while his cousin was better known for having a short fuse. They got along very well, and although the Buchanan’s all knew the more intimate details of his life, only this cousin knew how much it made the other man hate himself.

“Yes.” Hamish took a deep swallow from the pint in front of him then leaned back to unburden himself. “It is all so new, I have never felt like this before. Lately I have felt something different was happening and it made me edgy, but was not sure why. Then suddenly my attention was drawn to her and I could think of nothing other than catching her for my pleasure. Literally. Alain, it feels like I am hunting her.” He took another swallow of his beer, still working on maintaining his composure and holding it together. Out of habit he used his hand to feel the hard ridge on his temple.

“Are they growing?” Curiosity made Alain ask, but so did the need to get Hamish out of the public’s view if things were going to accelerate from here.

“No. But like my cock, neither are they going down.”

“Are you all right?”

“Yes, yes I am. It does not hurt and there is none of the anxiety I usually feel when they are pushing for daylight. For some odd reason I am totally at ease with this change, but there is a sense of desperation—no, not that—more like... a feeling of inevitability. Problem is, suddenly it feels like everything is moving in slow motion and I won’t stand for that. I want her now.”

“Humph, noticed that back at the party.”

“I am telling you, the second I looked into those soft grey eyes of hers, I was hard as a rock and ready to fuck.”

“So what went wrong? Women do not walk away from you, ever.” Alain polished off his pint and waved toward the barman for another round.

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“I called her a lesbian.” Hamish admitted with shame.

“You what?” Shock was written all over Alain’s face.

“Oh, I know it was stupid.” Swallowing the last of his own beer he looked pensively into the bottom of the glass.

“Shit, no joke. That was definitely not one of your better lines.” Taking the two fresh pints from the barman, Alain set them on the table, and then each man handed back their empties.

“I’ll bite, why did you say it?”

“The woman with her, Penny something or other, mentioned collecting a man she had picked out for her, rich and single were his qualifications.”

“Ah.” That explained everything. If there was one thing Hamish could not stand, it was to not be accepted for himself flaws and all.

“Threw me into a spin and I never recovered.”

“Have you now?” Alain asked, taking another sip from his glass.

“Yes. She definitely let me have it. Although she did not deny my outrageous claim neither was she indifferent to me. Her nipples were so hard, poking straight at me from behind their thin covering, they rivaled my dick for sturdiness.”

“Ha!”

“Seriously though, I insulted her and must make amends. Especially if I wish to make a space for myself in her life.”

“Wow! Wait a minute, you are moving so fast.”

“No, I’m not. I told you what is going on inside me. It is more than lust. This has never ever happened to me before Alain, and it all surrounds that beautiful blonde.”

“Don’t put all your—”

“Stop right there. I am an adult. I can handle disappointment but in this case, this woman, it feels so right, so good.” Without thinking his hand once again rose to stroke the ridge hidden beneath his hair. “If I am wrong, then I will take care of it. But I do not believe I am, so for now go with me on this.”

Silence followed Hamish’s request. It was difficult for Alain to agree because he was usually the voice of reason, and there was no rationality here, it was all emotions. A hot-blooded ram in heat and not everyone could handle something that far removed from reality. However, the most important thing was that he loved his cousin and would do anything for him, including support him in anyway he could.

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“Of course, I am right beside you Hamish, you are never alone.” They raised their pints in the age-old manner of gentlemanly agreements.

“Neither are you, Alain. No Buchanan will ever be alone.”

\* \* \* \*

That man had been such a jerk!

Grace stamped her foot in frustration and flopped down into her chair with despair. But he had been so utterly gorgeous; he had brought passion to her body and then dashed her spirit. It was like she had been hit over the head with a hammer. Never before had an attraction struck her so instantly. She wanted the Scotsman in a very base manner, on a physical level, and for no other reason than his appearance. All that wild and untamed blond hair, eyes burning brightly and intently focused on her had called out to her body on a very intimate plane.

By the time she'd made it into the taxi her body had been screaming for satisfaction. Her slit was wet and her nipples were so hard she would not have been surprised to be able to cut glass with them. Grace had desperately wished there had been a man in her life, someone to work all the built up sexual tension on, but alas there was no one.

Their brief interaction had not been nearly enough. She had come out of the brief interlude sensing he possessed a powerful dose of control over himself and others as well. It had suited him so perfectly. She was sure there had been something else there, something really intense hiding behind the composed façade, but he called it to an end before it had begun.

Nuts, now it was the next morning and he and his commanding presence was still very much on her mind. Problem was, her curiosity was matched with a need to seek out that power and test its boundaries.

What had happened to her?

Sitting behind her desk at the back of her London shop, Frivolity, she sipped on her tea while she looked at her current design board and her mind traveled. Had months, okay a year at least of celibacy made her into a sex maniac? Her body seemed to think it had at least as far as this particular man. It did not matter how her brain handled the man from last night, her body was still making sure she knew that it wanted him to take her physically, take her places she was sure it has never been before. It was hard to argue with that kind of desire.

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

Leaning back she closed her eyes and tried to relax. Okay, sexually she was submissive; she knew that about herself and was comfortable with her choices. She enjoyed being led down the twisted path of pleasure, but at the same time, a special relationship was required for such desires to be acted upon. Complete trust was something that seems to be more difficult to find these days than some kinky man wanting to play sex games. She sighed. What was it about this stranger that continued to hold her attention? Why him? Why, after he had insulted her and her integrity was he still able to speak so clearly to her?

She took another sip of tea. This was going to be a hectic week—in a good way. Today she wanted to take it easy, play around the shop a bit, get back into the groove before she was put on display. Dressed in her normal sedate manner, classically elegant with a bit of whimsy, she felt good. Classic black stilettos, long to her ankles black, pencil-slim skirt with a kick pleat in the back and a simple, beautiful white organza blouse were merely a canvas. Subtle earrings and a bracelet were the only pieces of jewellery she wore and, waiting on her desk was the piece de resistance. A wonderful black straw confection for her head, then she would be ready for customers.

Grace took a few deep breaths. In a few days she would stand on Old Bond Street and receive a royal warrant from the official patronage of the new Duchess of Cornwall. It still surprised her how far she had come in her life. The warrant office had told her to expect a media barrage for at least a few weeks and an increase in both foot-traffic and purchases. She was ready for it all; it was the reward for her hard work.

However, her big day was a blip in her brain compared to the gorgeous man from last night. Whoever he may be, the big blond Scotsman still held the main focus of her attention. He had shaken up her equilibrium like no one except her father had ever been able to do. Her father had been a mean drunk, one who yelled and scared her as a child and died an early and senseless death. The man last night had not frightened her so much as peaked her interest, and obviously her body's desire for him.

With a concerted effort she moved her thoughts toward a different area, still on him but now purposefully down less seductive lanes. There was something oddly familiar about him; she just could not put her finger on it. Grace did not want to make excuses for the stranger except she did have the impression that the hurtful words he had thrown at her had not been thought through and instead said to get some reaction from her. Well, he did do that.

*Tilly Greene*

Either way, here she was having the biggest week thus far in her career as a professional, award-winning milliner and she was thinking about him. She snorted and freely admitted to being curious about the gorgeous man and wanted to know more. But that was still no excuse for not focusing on the great honor she was to receive and its preparation.

“Grace? Grace, are you back here? Oh dear, where is that girl. Grace?” The clicking of high heels clattered down the hallway and emphasized the woman’s calls.

“Yes, Aimee, I’m in the office. Is everything all right?”

Her store manager came skittering into the office with a hand on her chest as if holding her heart in place. The usually horribly proper and dignified woman gasped for breath and spoke in bursts. “I think—you should—come out—front—now.”

“What is it, is everything all right?”

“Yes, yes, but please—luv—come out front.” Waving her hand the petite woman shooed her boss forward. “You are not going to believe this, and why did you not tell me you knew that gorgeous man?”

“What man?”

“Oh please, you go up to Edinburgh claiming to be working, and really you are spending time with, well, with that young hunk.”

“Aimee! What would Terrence say if he could hear you speaking right now?”

At the end of the hallway, where it opened into the hub of her flagship store, Grace was suddenly brought up short. Standing in the center of the subtly elegant shop, an obviously feminine domain, was a pair of very masculine trouser-encased legs holding an immense bouquet. Dozens of long stemmed pure-white roses surrounded by sprigs of heather and the occasional thistle sat in a large cut crystal vase, and was held by two very sturdy looking hands.

Stunned, she did not know what to do. The bouquet was beautiful. To her it spoke so eloquently of home and comfort, only she had no one in her life that would send her such a wondrous gift. She was sure it was a mistake, but did not want to say that, she was enjoying it too much to turn them away.

Grace blinked. There were those strong, powerful hands that her eyes kept going back to. The fine wool pants, when put with those hands, said this was not your average deliveryman.

### HAMISH BUCHANAN

Looking at Aimee whose eyes were glued to the floral arrangement and no help, she took the initiative and stepped forward. Grace tried to see the face behind all the flowers. "Hello, um, may I help you?"

"Yes lass, but first where would you like your flowers?" The deep voice full of Scotland came to her from amongst the beautifully fragranced blooms. There was no mistaking who was behind the bouquet.

"Oh, yes, of course. Here on this desk would be perfect. Um, thank you." Once the floral arrangement had been set down safely, there was no hiding from the man who had equally riled her anger and lust last night, the latter residual affect still danced through her body. And now here he was in her space, and her passionate nature instantly lit up like Bonfire night.

"Good morning, Grace. I needed to apologize to you in person. Last night I was rude. You asked for my help and while I was willing to help you, I never should have taken information heard as fact. Will you accept my apology?" Sincerity surrounded him, and was even more obvious in his beautiful golden eyes. She had not taken the time to note how lush and long his eyelashes were the evening before, they enabled his uniquely colored orbs to stand out even more intensely.

Surreptitiously she checked him out. Although it was a Saturday, he was still dressed in a navy blue suit with a crisp white shirt beneath and a brown and gold striped tie. The man was a sharp dresser and looked ready to take on anyone. And there was no question who the winner would be.

While she soaked in everything about him, he stood there silently and accepted her perusal patiently waiting for her answer.

"Yes, I accept your apology. Although, may I ask who you are?"

"Pardon me. I was so eager for your forgiveness that I once again forgot my manners. My name is Hamish Buchanan."

She should have known, without pause she held out her hand and waited for his to come out to shake hers, only it never did. Instead one of those beautiful and powerful hands she had been admiring, gently grasped hold of hers and he politely placed his lips along the top. It was gentlemanly and left her feeling so very feminine, but then he startled her by turning the hand over and pressing a longer, more heated kiss to her vulnerable inner wrist.

*Gasp!*

*Tilly Greene*

Grace knew he could feel her pulse racing out of control beneath his lips, but was not embarrassed by her reactions. No, at this point she was ready to drop to her knees and beg for his body.

“Oh my.” Aimee whispered behind them before moving forward to greet a couple of women who entered the shop.



## HAMISH BUCHANAN

### Chapter Three

“Would you like a cup of tea?” Grace offered, not really thinking of what she was doing, but neither did she want to see him leave.

Everyone in Scotland knew who this man was. Hamish Buchanan had led both a tragic and blessed life and she admired him greatly for how he has managed all the attention with decorum. Taking them back to her office for a cuppa, she thought to pick his resourceful and inventive mind for business tips. One of his many projects, and one she took an active part in was the resurgence in revamping Edinburgh’s city center.

All her best intentions fled the minute they entered the office and the door closed.

“Are you single lass?”

He had invaded her space, crowded her. It was uncomfortable but not in a fearful way, although her response was completely physical. The large and powerful masculine presence before her pushed all thoughts of business out of her mind and made room for her passionate needs to be heard.

“Grace?”

His deep voice rumbled over her skin, through her veins, and down deep into the soul of her inner woman. She was touched in every way by this man, and yet not one inch of his skin had yet to touch hers.

This man was going to be trouble.

“Y--yes.” She had to clear her throat before going further. “Excuse me. Yes, I am single, may I ask why you’re inquiring?”

“Certainly.” He stepped closer and used his finger to smooth a strand of hair behind her ear. “Is it not obvious?”

She shook her head no, as if not understanding, but her body said otherwise. Her heart raced and her nipples hardened in anticipation. A pulse began to beat in her cleft, and she had a need to step closer to feel his hard solid body pressed against her softer one. Somehow this man called her lust to the surface. Unable to help herself, Grace

*Tilly Greene*

moved her head and inhaled his scent. Just like she thought, his unique aroma smelled of cool, damp days in the highlands. Crisp, clean and fresh. Hamish Buchanan was home.

Dangerous too.

While her mind had briefly wandered, he'd moved even closer. One hand cradled her head and the other was wrapped around her hips, holding her flush against his body.

He had a solid build from his feet up to his very broad shoulders, where if she wanted, her head could rest with ease. The bulge between his legs was hard and deliciously large. *Oh boy.* Goose pimples grew rapidly across her body, and then everything escalated as his nose nudged its way to her ear and whispered so softly, Grace was not sure she heard him correctly. "You smell of our home, lass—soft heather blowing across the hills."

Grace sighed quietly. Oh yes, she was definitely in big trouble here. Thinking of him had brought her desires thrusting to the forefront. The flowers had made her weak with joy, and his scent made her want to rub her body all over him. Scared at how quickly he had been able to get beneath her skin, she needed to put some distance between them. Bracing her hands against his chest she prepared to push him away, only they each landed on a seriously hard pec.

"No!" she gasped.

Clear grey eyes quickly rose and clashed with golden brown.

Her fingers clenched, wanting to move down and unbutton his suit jacket, rip open the fine shirt beneath and stroke her fingers over the muscled flesh. An image of her pressing kisses across his chest paused in her conscience and waited for further contemplation.

"Oh, yes Grace."

"No, this is not appropria..."

"Wherever we are is the perfect place for us." Hamish held her head still and closed the distance between their mouths, stopping just a breath away from her lips. "Nothing will ever be off-limits between you and me."

"We aren't compatible," she said without thinking.

"I think we are. More than you know." There was no sense of doubt about him or his belief in what he said.

"Hamish."

**HAMISH BUCHANAN**

“Shhh, trust me, everything will be fine.” His tongue reached out and stroked the slightly parted seam between her lips. “Be honest and tell me if my needs do not meet up with yours. How I want you is in my bedroom totally bare of clothes except for a pair of these high heels you wear and sheer black stockings. You are strapped onto a spreader bar which keeps your legs wide so I can see, touch and play with your delicious weeping pussy. Your arms are strapped to another rod for me to position you for our pleasure.”

“Uhhh!”

“Maybe it will hold you bent in half so you can feast on my cock with your beautiful mouth. Or so I can fuck your sweet slit from behind. I do love that position. It could be your arms are stretched far above your head—”

“Stop!” Grace laid a finger across his lips. “Please, just stop.” He was too much. She could feel the heat rushing up to her cheeks. They were so close, his body held no secrets from her. She felt exactly how badly he wanted her. He still held her head in his capable hands, but she needed to know it all.

Her dilated grey eyes rose to meet his, there was no way to hide what his words did to her. She could feel moisture gathering low in her cleft preparing the way for him.

“How did you know?” she finally whispered, reaching up to smooth a finger across his full lower lip.

He caught and held her stroking finger clamped gently in his mouth, then bit down trapping the tip between his teeth. His tongue teased the digit and sucked, all the while watching intently to see what his actions were doing to her.

“How?” she whispered again, unable to look away from his seductive mouth as it worked on her finger.

“I didn’t know until now.” Hamish spoke around her finger.

“Then why...”

“I told you what it was that *I* wanted, nothing more than that. You see, we are well-matched for each other.”

Finally the small distance between their lips was closed. He kissed her gently, pressing against her plump folds over and over again testing their suppleness. The need to taste her was difficult to ignore, but he wanted to go slow and savor every moan, every flavor, every move she made.

*Tilly Greene*

Soft, gentle arms slid up and wrapped around his neck and held his head still for their kiss, while a slim ankle wound its way around one of his. It felt like she wanted to climb him, surround and consume him. He loved it!

This was not how he had expected their meeting to go, but there was no stepping back now. Not when he was holding in his hands what he wanted most. The side of him that had felt a desperate need to hunt was, for the moment, content. He felt more at ease now because his quarry was not only in sight but also in his grip.

Late last night he had received all the information he needed to know exactly how wrong he had been to judge Grace Strachan so quickly. In fact, he felt a great deal of pride in how, under her own initiative, she had worked hard to become an extremely successful entrepreneur in the cutthroat world of fashion.

He stroked her lush bottom through her skirt and thought how, like him, tragedy had molded her into the woman she was today. Her mother had thoughtlessly abandoned her family, leaving Grace with a father who was completely overwhelmed and unprepared for being a single parent, and eventually died in a drunk-driving accident. This misfortune left the young teen a ward of the crown and was sent into foster care. Life with the family chosen to house her was stable, although not very loving or supportive. Once she had completed her exams and had received funding to attend college, she left her small village and took courses at Edinburgh College of Art whilst working two jobs.

His assistant had also informed him about how after she had finished her Art degree with honors the go-getter had applied for a grant from the Prince's Trust to start Frivolity. Eight years later and she had won the Accessories Designer of the Year award three times, with shops in London, Leeds and Edinburgh. She was the hat designer most sought after by both clothing designers and fashion mavens across the world, and would soon to be in possession of a royal warrant.

All the passion he felt upon seeing her last night mixed in with all he now knew about her, and he was hard pressed to not strip her naked and take Grace over her desk. Claim her as his.

"Ohhh." She moaned into his mouth when he moved from the gentle kisses and slipped his tongue in to taste her essence. Using his tongue, he stroked the length of the sensitive roof of her mouth before tangling with her own. He pulled her head closer still, gently twisted it to the side to delve in even deeper.

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

In this moment he felt whole. This was what his life had been missing, a beautiful, sexy woman, strong enough to be his other half, both in and out of the bedroom.

Opening one eye, he noticed the desk he had thought of earlier and how close it truly was to them. Slowly, whilst still kissing Grace, he started to back her up that way. Once he had her pressed between his body and the desk, he released her head and started to gather up her skirt until he could reach beneath and grasp hold of her ass.

“Shit! Grace, are you really wearing stockings?” Hands caressed their way up her thighs before his fingers clasped her bare ass cheeks over and over again. He couldn’t get enough of the soft, silky flesh barred by her either forgetting her knickers or wearing those barely existing ones. There were no straps to hinder his way so her stockings must be the type that stayed up on their own. How utterly delicious.

With her skirt no longer confining her movements, one leg slinked up and slipped up around his hip, and he was lost.

Using his grasp on her backside, he pulled her closer and ground her mound against his iron-hard cock. For the first time in his life the pressure building at his temples was not where his mind was focused. It was all on the sweet, sensual woman wrapped around his body and senses.

“Mmmm, Hamish, you are so beautiful.” Suddenly he was aware of her hands as they started to spear through his hair, and that quick reality brought him suddenly back from the edge.

Setting her ass back on the edge of the desk, he used his hand to grasp hold of her wrists and moved them behind her back. His other hand came up and he used his thumb to smooth it over her well-kissed lips. They were damp and eager, partially opened as her breath panted out.

“No Grace, it is you who is simply stunning.” Her legs wrapped around his hips and Hamish used his hold on her wrists to keep her still, ready to receive his hard-on when he closed the small distance between them. If it were possible for his dick to go harder, it did when she moaned and reached out with her mouth to grasp hold of his finger to suck and chew on.

It was an erotic sight to behold, but there was so much more he wanted to see. Pulling his finger from her mouth, he traced the moist digit down her neck, onto her chest and deep into her cleavage that had haunted him through the night.

*Tilly Greene*

He stopped at the first button and her soft grey eyes having followed his finger rose up to lock with his when it stopped. Slowly, and with great dexterity he quickly unfastened the first, second, third and forth button in quick succession.

*Gasp!*

Using that same finger, he moved each section of her blouse and tucked it back between her arms and breasts.

“Well now, lass, you possess many fine qualities, and I will make sure and point each and every one out to you. But right now, I need to give these two beauties all the attention they deserve.”

They were stunning. Large, he was sure more than his hand could hold, with delicious red nipples, hard and begging, barely contained in the tiny lace bra she chose to wear. There was a delicious natural droop from their weight and he wanted to see them free. Using his thumb, he softly stroked it over the slope just above the nipple, coaxing the point to ride above the top rim of the flimsy cup.

Very little time passed before the pointed tip thrust over the edge, and Hamish used that same thumb to strum the eager peak.

“Oh yes,” she whispered with a quivering voice.

“Do you enjoy having your nipples teased?” he asked, right before he pinched and tugged the excited point.

*Gasp!*

“Do you Grace?” The wicked thumb moved over to the other breast and smoothed the glorious hill. This nipple had already found its freedom by poking through the lace cutwork. He could do no more than lean down and taunt it with the tip of his tongue.

“Uhhh, Ha-mish?”

“Yes, my sweet little lass.” Not rising from his bent over position, he kept working his tongue while waiting for her eyes to meet his, but they had yet to stop watching what he was doing at her breast.

He continued to flick at the poor tormented tip until her passion-laden orbs rose to his.

“Yes?”

“Please, I want more.”

**HAMISH BUCHANAN**

“More of what lass?” His tongue continued to work the one nipple into a frenzy while the fingers on his free hand teased the other. Hamish was completely immersed in seducing Grace; he leaned into her until they were almost laid out flat on the desk.

“You,” she whispered.

“Grace, will you come to my home and play with me?”

While his teeth ruthlessly gnawed on her excited tips, there was only one answer she could give.

“Yes!”

*Tilly Greene*

## Chapter Four

Grace fixed her appearance before the full-length mirror that sat in the corner of her office, while Hamish made a phone call on his mobile. After she buttoned her blouse back up and tucked it in, she checked to make sure she was once again presentable. She assumed he was rearranging his day for this unexpected interlude, but made no effort to eavesdrop. Out the corner of her eye she took in the powerful man quietly speaking on his mobile apparently feeling no shame over the huge hard-on he was sporting. She smiled; in fact she took personal pride in its presence since she was the one to put it there.

She wanted this naughty afternoon with him. If she felt the need to justify her actions it would be easy to say that he had created this desperate need for release in her, so he should be the one to satisfy it. But she was an adult and did not need to rationalize her decision. This man inspired her to think of all her dreams, both in and out of the bedroom, even those that revolved around her heart. She was surprised by the very necessity to her sanity to grasp hold of him tightly and not let go. Those types of extreme feelings were not usual for her, but this felt like a right fit.

And yet, sadly she knew a future with this incredible man was not possible, but she would take what he offered.

Placing her fanciful hat atop her head, she moved around the office, collected her purse, keys and wrap, and then turned to face him. She found him not on the mobile, but watching her with a look of lust in his eyes that made her pussy throb. She wanted him inside its moist clasp.

“What?” she asked him as he continued to stand there staring at her.

“You are so beautiful,” he said in a quiet tone, as if afraid everything would fall apart if he were too loud.

“Thank you.” What a curious man he was. Powerful and gorgeous, he could have whatever he wanted and he wanted her.

“Well, shall we?” His arm rose and gestured for her to precede him to the door.



### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

Instead she walked up to him and stood close enough that her breasts teased his chest. She moved her hand and slipped it under his jacket and cupped his hard-on. She did not stroke or squeeze his cock, but merely held it and looked up into his golden gaze.

The fire in his eyes was intense, the passion and need he felt was plainly visible, and she wanted to ease his needs. She did not know if she could go any further without testing his limits as he had tested hers earlier.

“My safe word is cactus. I enjoy being spanked, teased...”

“Shhh, it is all right Grace, we will speak over lunch of our sexual preferences, but know this—I will not inflict pain on you. That is not something I find enjoyable. I want to cherish you, fuck you, immerse myself in you and your body, make you scream with pleasure, but never would I harm you.” Hamish’s sincerity was evident, clear for her to see and she gained comfort from his honesty.

“What about this incredible cock of yours? Does it not need relief?” She wanted so badly to go down on her knees before him, unzip his trousers and feast on him and his cum.

The wait for him to answer was unbearable. Time seemed to creep forward on tiny feet, and still he said nothing, her only link was that the fire and lust were still there for her to see. The bulge beneath her steady hand grew even harder. It felt thick as well, she may have trouble taking this beast in her mouth, but she would joyfully treasure as much as she could take. Grace wanted, no, needed to please him, seduce him, have him howling with his pleasure.

Finally when she could take no more, he answered.

“It does, but I want you naked, on your knees, arms behind your back so I can see those beautiful tits quivering and your mouth opened wide waiting to receive me. None of that will I allow to happen here in your office where someone can walk in at anytime. This is between us. And, so you know, I feel no shame in leaving this office where anyone can see my dick is hard for you. In fact, for all I care, they can all imagine you screaming with pleasure as you come over and over again as I ride between your beautiful thighs. Now, shall we leave?”

Her mouth opened slightly as she started to pant. The man continued to ratchet her lust up without so much as an intimate touch, just speaking his needs in clear terms. Hamish had surprised her and she should not have been. He had shown her on the desk

*Tilly Greene*

behind them that he was a lustful man. It took a few long seconds for her to regain her equilibrium before she answered.

“Yes, I am ready.”

They left the office arm in arm and walked down the hallway to the front of the store.

“Aimee, I am leaving for the day, I shall be back tomorrow.”

“Goodbye Grace, Mr. Buchanan. Enjoy yourselves.” The final comment was offered in such a saucy tone that Grace had to look over her shoulder at the older woman. She could not hold back the giggle as her fierce look was met by a waggle of eyebrows from her store manager.

“We certainly will, ma’am.” Hamish answered as he looked back and smiled at both her and the other woman, who answered with a shocked gasp. He opened the front door and held it for Grace to pass through before following behind. Winking at the older woman, he left with one last parting shot. “And she may be late tomorrow as well.”

Gales of laughter from the woman left behind followed them out the door. Grace knew he was trouble, but she enjoyed the exchange, it had all been in fun.

He was wonderful.

\* \* \* \*

Hamish drove them over to his London home on Montagu Square. She looked up at the grand old Victorian row houses, all well maintained and looked so inviting. It was a peaceful enclave in the busy city and the houses on the square all fronted on to a gated garden set in the center. To have any private patch of green in the middle of a bustling city was a real asset and she hoped he utilized it often.

They walked up the front steps, through the large mahogany double doors and into the foyer where he took and hung her wrap on the coat tree while she placed her purse, keys and hat down on the small entryway table. She turned to face him and that was all it took for them to be caught up in a passionate clinch.

Their kiss spoke of erotic hungers on both sides, but was rudely interrupted by a sharp knock on the front door. Startled, she jumped back and looked at him for assurance. He looked unconcerned. Apparently he had arranged lunch for two from the Carnegie Club to be delivered. They followed behind the half dozen people from the club who came in and set up the meal in the sitting room on a table resting in front of the

### HAMISH BUCHANAN

bay window. She stood off to the side while Hamish lit the fireplace. It was an intimate space for the two of them to get to know each other better.

Once they were alone, they sat down at the table. Grace started by speaking of Frivolity, her plans for its future success and her dreams for Edinburgh. He was interested in how she saw the northern capital development plans progression. They nibbled on a Ploughman's lunch and fizzy water that neither of them tasted.

They laughed together when they discovered they both were secret fans of the short-lived television series, *The High Life*, and had shivered over *Trainspotting*. Up to that point their conversation was relaxed and easy, it quickly became flirtatious and erotic once he asked about her pleasure over a delicious death by chocolate dessert. There was no need to blush, although she was feeling heated and turned on by their frank discussion. She wanted this, all of it.

Hamish was enjoying himself; she was everything and more than he had ever hoped to have. His cock was harder than steel and could not find relief fast enough. His hands were eager to stroke her sensual figure, but instead he reached up and felt his ridges. They were growing. Soon the skin would break and that was not something he wanted Grace to see. He was not willing to risk losing her before he ever really had her.

"Grace, do you still wish to submit your body and desire to me? To grant me the joy of gifting you with pleasure?" he asked on a whisper.

"Yes, I do." There was no hesitation in her words.

A long silence followed her emphatic answer. He wanted her so badly, but it had to be on his terms, otherwise he might lose her.

"Strip for me, sweetheart. Take off everything on your body. I want you this first time with nothing between us."

Without hesitation she placed her napkin on the table, scooted her chair back, stood and stepped away from the table. Reaching back, she released the button and zipper that held her skirt together. With a shimmy she worked the fabric down and over her hips, only to drop it to the floor at her feet. Not wasting a moment, she started to unbutton her blouse and let it drop to the floor, too.

In quick succession the bra and panties came off, leaving her in stockings, shoes, earrings and a bracelet. Bending over, she worked on the buckle of one shoe, stepped out of it and tossed it behind her then moved on to its partner, leaving them both resting amongst all her clothes. She moved over to his chair, thrilled at how his eyes followed

*Tilly Greene*

her every move. Grace put one foot on the seat between his legs, and slowly unrolled her stocking and tossed it over her shoulder in the general direction of her pile of clothes. Then repeated the same seductive move to remove the other piece of silk and sending it blindly behind her.

Standing there completely bare of clothes, feeling both free and sexy, she looked directly at him as she took off her earrings and bracelet and placed them on the table. The fiery, intense lustful look in his eyes was still there, only now there was a hint of wildness mixed throughout.

“We will have to do something about the mess you have made, but it can wait until after I have played with this pretty bald pussy.” In a blink, Hamish stood and lifted her into his arms and carried her up the grand staircase until they were on the top floor.

Without dislodging her, he opened the first door they came to, stepped in and leaned back against the panel to close it. Still he held her in his arms as if he did not want to let her go. But he wanted her to explore the playroom, to build a form of reference, it would offer her comfort if needed.

Keeping his back to the door and legs spread wide, he slowly set her on her feet. Before he let her go he pulled her into his body and kissed her softly. His hands stroked down her back, over her ass, and back up again. After a moment he stopped and pulled back just a breath away.

“Grace, would you like to explore the room?” He did not mean to sound so solemn, but it was important to him that she was totally comfortable in this room with him. Soon she would feel vulnerable, and that was fine, but he did not want her to feel fearful.

She nodded and turned away from him to take in the room. Her toes sank into the deep piled dark-brown carpet that was softer than clouds. She laid her hand against the padded leather walls, also in a rich chocolate tone; it felt cool and soft as butter. Slowly she walked across the room, enjoying the soft flooring beneath her bare feet, and headed toward the long wall opposite the door they had entered. The wall was covered from floor to ceiling in a voluminous black velvet curtains that pooled on the floor. Finding the center opening, she slipped behind it and let out a giggle.

“What is it, baby?”

“Nothing. Just a childish whim to play hide and seek with a gorgeous man.”

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

He laughed, and waited for her head to pop back out before he mentioned, “Oh, we will definitely be playing a version of that game.”

She blushed, but was anxious for the games to begin. Her body screamed for his attentions. This was definitely a sensuous room to play erotic games in. The color choice was all Hamish, dark and mysterious, but also lush and very sensual.

Grace walked over to the left and saw the hanging black leather swing swaying; she enjoyed the confinement and pleasure such a toy offered. As she moved off to the right, she could not hold back from brushing her hands over the black satin covered bed. It was huge and three or four feet high, and tempted her to spread herself atop this seductive piece to lure him away from the wall and to her.

But no, she would wait for his directions instead and be rewarded with even more pleasure, so she continued to take in her surroundings. There were no bedside tables, but as she walked back toward the center of the room, she stroked a hand over an onyx lacquer cabinet, same height as the bed with sliding doors and various push buttons. There was another at the head of the bed and as she traced her eyes around the room again, she noticed against the walls on either side of the door were more large black chests full of what she did not know, but she was sure it was all about pleasure.

Then she saw them. In the center of the room, hanging from the ceiling were a set of chains and what looked to be cuffs dancing at the end.

“Stand in the center of the room, Grace.” He watched as she smiled at him, turned and walked to rest just beneath the hanging apparatus dangling beyond her reach.

She watched as he discarded his coat and tie and placed them on the chest to his left, and next unbuttoned his cuffs and shirt. He pulled it off and put it with the rest of his clothes. Then he bent over and removed his shoes and socks, dropping them where he stood.

While he took in the sight of her in his playroom, Hamish threaded his hands through the hair at his temples, and felt the ridges, now over two inches thick. There was not much time left. He turned to the side, pressed a button and the set of plush-lined cuffs dropped to her side. As he watched, she looked them over then reached up and touched them.

“Very soft,” she whispered.

*Tilly Greene*

"I would never want you harmed." Seeing her finger the cuffs had his hard-on pulsing with need. He pressed another button, placing a spotlight on her and darkened the rest of the room.

"Hamish?" There was a nervous tinge to her voice as she raised her eyes back to where she had last seen him.

"It is all right, I want to see you. Only you and all your passion." He stepped into the light and turned her around, dropping a gentle kiss on her shoulder. Reaching up, he brought the cuffs down in front of her, opened one side and waited for her to confidently lay her wrist within the soft cushion. Once both wrists were secured in the suspension cuff, he spoke to her again from over her shoulder. "Are you all right, Grace?"

"Yes, yes they are comfortable, secure." Slowly he released her hands and they stretched up above her head. Not tight, but it would take effort to bring them back down.

Her breathing sped up. Already her body was preparing itself for what was to come.

"Okay?"

"Oh yes, Hamish, everything is wonderful."

He stepped away from her, and in that instant she missed his presence. She could hear a rustling sound behind her. He was breathing heavily, but Grace did not look over her shoulder to see what he was doing. Instead she tested the straps by putting her weight on them. It was spectacular to feel the resistance fight back against her muscles.

Then he was there in front of her, standing just outside the pool of light. Still, she knew he was watching her intently with those golden orbs full of fire.

Hamish pressed a button on a tiny remote and the straps holding the cuffs started to lower.

"To your knees, Grace," he said while unfastening his pants. With his fingers on the zipper, he continued. "On your knees, ready to suck on my cock. Will you swallow my seed, sweetheart?"

"Yes, I want to taste all of you," she answered eagerly. The whirring stopped, leaving her arms still stretched above her head, only now she was on her knees, her eyes glued to the prominent bulge behind his trousers front placket. This was what she wanted, badly.

"Open those beautiful lips for me. Show me how much you want to feed from my dick."

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

Like a bird ready to be fed, her mouth popped open. Her eyes never left that which continued to remain hidden from her. She wanted this, to please him, thereby finding pleasure for herself.

“Beautiful. You are so incredibly stunning, Grace.” The zipper sang and out burst his hard, thick, ridged cock ready for release. There was no way she could take much of his rod, but she would work with what she could and feast upon it.

Using one finger, Hamish stroked her neck, bringing her grey eyes up to his, but she could not see him, he was lost in the dark.

“Do you want—”

“Yes, I want.” Leaning forward, she used the tip of her tongue and teased the large, hard balls tucked up beneath his stiff rod. They were delicious; she sucked one into her mouth and soothed the vulnerable nut. After she released the soft jewel, Grace used her tongue to suckle the other. She surrounded it with her moist heat and enflamed it further with her passionate needs.

Grace looked up at his beast of an erection and saw that it stood out from his groin and pointed straight up towards his belly.

She stretched up from her knees and tried to catch the tip with her mouth, but there was no hope for that. She extended her tongue and tried to capture his prick that way, but it tightened further away from her lure.

“Do you want to suck on my cock, Grace?”

*Tilly Greene*

## Chapter Five

“Oh yes, Hamish, yes please, may I relieve your cock’s need to come?”

He stood above her with legs spread wide apart, big bare feet resting on either side of her legs. Although she could not see his face, Grace still looked up at him with eyes and mouth wide open, and waited for him to move his beautiful dick down for her to cherish.

“Here you go, baby.” Pants hanging on only because of his stance, she saw him return the remote to his pants pocket. Then one hand came around and pressed down on the base of his prick, lowering it to dance just in front of her opened mouth. “Wider, precious.” He stepped in closer and used his other hand to cradle the back of her head.

She latched on to his cock and, as if starved, furiously suckled on the hard rod. Eager for even more, she leaned forward wanting to take as much of him as she could. But he moved his hand down the length and grasped hold of his cock leaving only the tip and a few inches for her to suck.

“Mmmm.” A small amount of pre-cum seeped from the tip. She savored the little taste as it burst upon her tongue and was hooked, wanted more. There was a hint of salt, but otherwise it was purely male, and all Hamish. She swiped her tongue over and around the crown, relishing his flavor. Then with fierce, hallowed-cheek suction, she slowly slid her mouth on and off his hard rod.

Her tongue lovingly caressed each ridge it passed over, treasured every inch he gave her.

“Oh shit!” His hand clenched her hair. “Baby, I won’t last long if you do...ungh!”

Grace was not listening to that, she wanted his seed. She needed to make his control shatter, to bring his climax exploding into her mouth. Sucking harder, she focused less on his unique and lush cock and more on making it blow. Her moans of



**HAMISH BUCHANAN**

appreciation conveyed to him exactly how much she enjoyed his plunging repeatedly into her welcoming moist heat

“Baby!”

“Hmmm.”

There was a lewd side to her personality. She got off when she was fucked in a wild and wicked manner. This man she felt would also enjoy his pleasure along the same vein. Pulling her mouth off his cock, Grace ignored the impulsive pressure that came from the hand holding her head. Instead she looked up into the dark and spoke to Hamish.

“Feed me lover.” Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth wider, and pulled her tongue out to rest over her lower lip. It did not take long before she felt the tip of his cock rest on the moist cushion. She opened her eyes and watched as he pumped the large beastly cock once, twice and by the fifth stroke he was coming.

The tang of each load of seed tingled on her tongue and down the back of her throat.

“Ungh!”

“Ummm.”

“Shit, baby, you are so fucking hot.” He slowly stroked his cock and pulled all the juice he had stored in those big, hard balls since seeing her the night before.

Taking in his relaxed stance, she moved her mouth over the head of his cock and absorbed everything she could. His flavor, smell, texture, she desperately wanted this man to fuck her.

“My little beauty is ravenous for more.” He soothed while combing the hair away from her face so he could watch her suckling on his dick.

Grace pulled her mouth off him and spoke between licking the hardening rod. “Lover, my pussy is so wet. Please, will you fuck me? Please?”

“Oh, do not worry baby girl, I most certainly will take your sweet little slit.” He rubbed his thumb beside her mouth. “But first,” he reached into his pocket and pulled out a strip of black fabric, “I will cover your eyes.”

“Wait,” she whispered.

The silence was heavy for a long moment before he broke it.

“Grace, do you wish to say ca—”

“No!”

*Tilly Greene*

“What then, tell me now or we stop here.”

“Ha--mish?”

“Tell me.”

“I, I won’t be able to see you.”

“You can’t see me now.”

She thought about that, it was true and at no point had she been afraid, so why had she called a halt? Grace looked inward, searched through the lust racing through her body for why she had a moment of doubt. Then she knew.

“I am sure I will miss something important.”

Now it was his turn to be quiet, but she could feel his eyes on her. It was a long unsettling moment. She had a difficult time keeping her eyes from the wondrous sight of his cock growing harder and harder, the first few inches and the tip shining from her mouth.

“What if it is important to me?”

“Fine,” she answered him. “Then you must promise me that you will take me without it sometime.”

“Deal.”

“Soon?”

“Yes my precious, soon. But now...” He stepped back away from her, she could just see his feet and in a blink, they too were gone. Then he was there behind her and the soft, black fabric came over her eyes, completely blinding her to the already dark room.

The floor was well padded and soft beneath her knees so there was no discomfort to divert her mind. Her thoughts were entirely focused on the desire racing through her body and honey that seeped from the lips protecting her slit, and coated her upper thighs with her passion. There was a beat deep in her core that begged for attention, and then her lover stepped away from her once again and she missed his presence.

Grace heard nothing but his breathing. It seemed heavier, she was sure she had done that to him, but that thought simply made her nipples grow harder. She thought she heard a grunting sound, almost as if he was fighting with someone, but that was not possible.

“Hamish, are you okay?”

Then another hard, gut level grunt followed by a soft moan came from somewhere behind her.

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

“Hamish?” Real worry sounded in her voice.

“Everything is fine, don’t worry,” he said, but she could hear the tension in his voice.

There was some rustling, maybe his pants dropping to the floor, landing with a solid thud. Some more time passed, and then she distinguished a drawer opening and closing followed by what sounded like a cabinet door being opened but not closed.

“Baby, how are you doing?” The smooth Scottish brogue came to her and a soft gentle kiss was placed on her shoulder.

“Horny.”

Hamish burst out laughing, no doubt about it, this woman was wonderful. “Well, let’s do something about that then, shall we?” He held her hips steady as he used his knees to help widen her stance. She felt him place a soft padded cuff around her one ankle then on the other, leaving her legs spread wider than normal, but not uncomfortably. Testing the range of her leg movement, she found there was none and her pussy clenched.

“Ohhh.” Feeling helpless was a part of why she enjoyed being a submissive.

His hands brushed her inner thighs. “Beautiful. I see what you mean. Your legs are coated with honey.”

“Yes, please, Hamish?”

“Don’t worry baby, I will take care of you.” Once again, he moved away.

Again a drawer opened and closed. The whirring sound from the cuffs went off and her arms were totally lax. Then he was there behind her, with his knees and legs resting flush against hers and his big hand on her back. He encouraged her to put her head and chest on the floor, and ass in the air.

“What a wonderful backside you possess. It fills my hands and is as soft as satin.” Hamish smoothed both hands over her cheeks. “Your derrière is very eye catching when you walk. I could not keep my eyes from it when you stalked away last night. All I could think of was how this bodacious peach-like ass begged for my attentions.” He moved in closer, his cock made space for itself through her plump lower lips, over her mound and stretched for her belly button.

“Ummm, delicious.” Grace was quickly becoming incapable of forming sentences, but desperately wanted that hard prick thrusting inside her.

*Tilly Greene*

She felt liquid drip along her crack from above. It wasn't cold, but she could not hold back her moan as he dragged his thick finger from the top of her split over her rose and down until he stopped where his cock spread her open, teasing her nub with its heavy presence.

"Hmmm, yes." She wanted to ride the hard rod but needed to please him more, so she held still.

He made a few passes then used two fingers to hold her rear crease open and used another to circle the tight rosette that was now the center of attention. Grace held her breath; she knew something was coming but not what. She was lightheaded from all the passion that filled her head, but needed even more.

Another large dollop of liquid pooled over the small opening. His finger rested there heavily, and then pressed slowly burying itself down the channel, and then pulled out. Again and again the finger returned, taking more of the lubricant with it, the friction giving her a feeling of heat. Even more of the magic liquid was added with another finger and they continued to slowly, methodically torture her with pleasure.

"Faster, please, faster," she begged and tried to move, but could only manage a small rocking motion. The fingers stopped, buried deep inside, and he swatted a cheek.

"Don't move, sweetheart, stay still and take what I give you." He softened the chastisement by dropping a soft kiss on the abused spot.

She felt him add another dose of lubricant and work it down her back channel before he pulled his fingers free. Disappointed, she moaned, but before it could go further a solid object rested against the rosette and pressed for entrance.

"Push out baby, push out and let the balls in," he whispered while holding her cheeks open to feed two smooth egg-shapes with metal beads inside each and attached with a smooth cord, ready to add to her pleasure. "There you go. Lovely, just one more." Once they were both inside her, the cord remained out with a ring hanging out for him to use and pull them out whenever he wanted.

He grasped hold of both cheeks and subtly moved them around while he rocked her over his hard-on. The two spheres knocked against each other and sent the internal beads knocking against the edges, sending her lust skyrocketing out of control.

"Oh Hamish, I need...oh shit... fuck me, please!"

Then he was gone.

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

“No!” she screamed and continued to rock her body. Her movements sent the two anal balls knocking against each other. Desperation rode her hard; she needed to spread her legs wider, hands free, something. She was frantic for an orgasm. But she could do nothing but wait for him to give her the pleasure she sought.

Grace tried to listen, there was nothing she could distinguish other than her own heavy breathing. Something was definitely happening in front of her, she could sense it, but everything was so muffled she had no idea what it was.

“Here luv, I am going to help you stand up.” Again he stood behind her and, using his hold on her waist, lifted her to her feet and waited while she gained her balance. Her arms were loose and hung down in front of her. The whirring began again and slowly her limbs rose above her head.

A hard, hot body now rested up against her softer one. His stiff cock rode up from her ass to the center of her back, tempting her to ask him to bend his knees and thrust it deep inside her slit, but she would wait. The balls in her ass had settled, but she knew they would knock again once she moved and wanted to experience that sensation again.

She gasped when his hands came around and cupped her large breasts. His thumbs strummed the hard tips so they hardened further still.

“I adore your breasts, you should always be naked so I can watch them bounce, their hard tips ready for my mouth or fingers.” Giving the two treats a hard twist, he let them go and smoothed his hands down to her hips and moved away.

“Hamish!”

“Easy my love, easy. I will not leave you unsatisfied.”

“I know but please—” She stopped speaking when she felt something hard butt up against her mound. “What?”

“Shhh.”

An indefinable sound followed by a whirring noise and her arms were being pulled forward. She had no means to protect herself from falling but there was no need, Hamish was there. Strong, capable hands wrapped around her and held her steady as her arms were pulled, bringing her upper torso down to rest against a smooth leather board. It started before her mound and ran down the center of her chest, leaving her breasts to dangle on either side. Her head rested in the center of a round cushioned donut type shape.

*Tilly Greene*

“Beautiful!” Hamish’s hand stroked over her ass giving it a hard swat, sending the two eggs slamming against each and the smaller metal beads knocking the edges.

“Uhhh!”

“Do you feel this Grace?”

She felt the thin plastic item moved from the back of her knee up her thigh and slide inwards until it teased the bare lips protecting her slit.

“Yes, yes, please...”

“That is the wrapper of the condom I am putting on.”

“Oh, yes, fine, but Hamish?” She heard the rip of paper that said he was taking the rubber out of the package, and felt the slinky sheath dance over her ass before he moved bringing his dick up flush against her leg.

“Yes, baby?” he answered as he ensured she could feel him rolling the rubber over his hard-on.

“Would you fuck me, oh man, please.” Before the words were fully out of her mouth, she felt the knob of his cock lodge itself in the opening of her slit.

Hamish looked down to where his dick teased just a few inches in and out of her pussy. She dripped honey, coating his rubber-covered dick and for the first time in his life, he wished nothing separated his cock from her feminine clench.

There was a need to look into her face as he pleased her, but he couldn’t, not tonight. Already he cared too much, his heart, mind and body, all knew she was his soul mate and she would be forever. Soon he would hurdle that particular fence, bring her to his side, but right now he was in heaven and wanted to wallow in the pleasure.

The ram horns had finally burst from his temples, curled grandly on each side of his head and there was no way to hide them. But right now they were in a spotlight and he could see everything—it was a beautiful view. He chased the thoughts of the future away for the moment. He would have her in the dark and facing away from him for hours, days, however long it took to ensure she never left.

With that sense of purpose and need raging within him, he slowly slid into her channel in one complete stroke until he hit bottom.

“Ohhh.”

“Is that good, baby?”

“Oh yes, Hamish, you fill me so completely.”

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

“Your pussy grips me tightly, it is simply delicious. Now hold on because I am going to ride your sweet body hard and fast.” Warning given, he wasted no more time in pleasuring them both.

He started with a long slow pull until again, only the knob rested inside her heated opening. Then without any further forewarning he thrust in with great speed. His balls bounced off her excited nub and pulled out. In and out he plunged, over and over again. He swore he could hear the eggs in her ass knocking against each other, driving her wild.

“Yes!” she screamed.

“You are so wet, easing my way through your tight slit.” Hard and fast, again and again he thrust his cock. He moved in and out of her tight, wet pussy, captivated by her clasp. He looked at his hands, large fingers spread out and clenching the soft ass cheeks, leaving the thumbs to pull at her lips. He manipulated the full globes, keeping the balls continuously shifting.

“Uhhh. Ha-mish!” she gasped.

“Here you go beautiful.” His cock jack-hammered in and out of her pulsing grip.

“So close lover, so...uhhh!”

“Let me feel you come, baby. I want to know what it feels like to have you climaxing around my dick.” He thrust deep searching for more depth, and then still more.

“Yes! Ha-a-mish!”

Her loud scream was music to his ears. The tight pulsating beat her slit treated his rod to, was all he could focus on. He closed his eye and tried not to let it end so soon, but that just brought her clasp grip more to the front of his thoughts.

“Oh shit, Grace!”

It snuck up on him. He threw his head back and thrust hard, trying to send his cock even deeper into paradise. He gloried in each throb that felt like it came from his soul. A strong vivacious beat sent his seed to rest at the end of his condom. Even that thought could not diminish the pleasure he felt in the passionate moment shared with this woman.

The satisfaction of coming in her was intense and he grunted with the effort it took. He leaned over, feeling a need for closer contact, but careful to keep the horns from touching her skin, he kissed along her delicate spine, cherishing her with everything in him.

*Tilly Greene*

He felt the need to rail against the injustice of his life, but did not want to waste a moment with her in his clasp.

Normally once his passion had been spent, his horns would go down, but he had a feeling that for as long as this woman was in his life, they would never be far from bursting forth.



## HAMISH BUCHANAN

### Chapter Six

“These bloody horns! Alain, what can I do? I love Grace. I cannot bear the thought of her not being in my life, at my side, in my bed, having my children!” Not since he was a young man had Hamish felt such anger over his lot in life. He had finally found his mate, felt there was hope for the future and suddenly he was not sure why, but he dared not reach out and grasp it with both hands. Grace was not the problem, he was.

“Oh shit, Hamish! Have you two spent any time out of that bed up there?” Alain knew Hamish was not just sowing his oats. He had known from the beginning that the blonde had grasped hold of his cousin as no other woman had. He had even phoned their grandmother, Maisie, and let her know what had happened at the charity event. They had been so excited, but neither had imagined this man being the stumbling block.

“Yes and we have talked about everything, well almost.”

“Would it be so bad to tell her the truth? She must know about the circumstances surrounding your birth, the horns...”

“I could not stand it if she ever looked at me with disgust or fear. That is not something I want to ever see happen.”

Alain heard the pain in Hamish statement. He stopped pacing and sat in the chair opposite his cousin. He was shocked, this was the first time he had ever heard Hamish mention being afraid. This man faced the world head on and won every time. Only as a child, with a mother who had died a violent death, leaving her child to be infected by the diseased animals who killed her, had he shown any sign of weakness. He knew Hamish had always blamed himself and his freakiness for his father’s suicide. Obviously the fact that death was preferred to raising his child had left a bigger mark on Hamish than any of them had realized.

Maisie and the entire family had always been there to give the boy love and a strong sense of self-respect. That was why this moment of insecurity has surprised him.

*Tilly Greene*

He was always strong, a true leader who was sure of himself and where he was headed and didn't care what others outside the family thought.

"Talk to her. You are a great judge of people. Do you really think she would shun you?"

"No, she is a strong, intelligent woman who has survived her own traumatic background. I don't believe she is shallow or possess a cruel bone in her body. All the same, I am not sure I can chance losing her because of these things." He raised his hands and rubbed them over the small ridges lying beneath his hair. The past couple of days had been difficult, but he was glad of every moment he had with Grace. It didn't matter that he kept her in a dark room with her back to him for most of it. He had memories of her that he would always hold close.

"Hamish, this is not you. You are a great man, confident, powerful, at all times you know what you want and you grasp hold with both hands! Now, get off your ass and get over there and talk to her!"

"I can't go over there. Today is her big day, she is receiving her royal warrant and it will be—"

"Bugger all that, get in your car and go over there! This is the woman you love, right?" He waited for the accepting nod. "Go, support her, be there for her, show her she means something to you outside of that dark bedroom of yours, and for fuck's sake talk to her!"

"Alain, are you shouting at me?"

"Yes, I am! This man sitting here accepting he can't reach out for what he wants, is not my cousin."

The silence that followed his unusual burst of anger surprised Hamish, but he took it in and knew Alain was right. This was not like him. He was always the one to step forward and work for what he wanted. And he very much needed Grace in his life.

Abruptly he stood, stepped forward and slapped a friendly hand on his cousin's shoulder. "You are right, I will see you later." He strode from the room and out the front door.

As he drove over to Frivolity, Hamish thought through what he wanted to say to Grace, and how he wanted to say it. Suddenly he pulled over, stopped the car and got out. He needed flowers. He walked down the road and looked for a florist and found none, it just wouldn't do. Nipping into the local card shop, he asked the shopkeeper if

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

she knew where one was nearby. Thankfully a lovely establishment was just a few streets away, not far, so he dashed over and bought a beautiful bouquet of white peonies with a single thistle in the center to remind Grace of their home.

Back in the car, he checked the clock and found he had over two hours before the event would officially begin. That was fine; if she were too busy to talk he would still stay and watch the presentation. It was a big deal and one Grace had work very hard for.

Old Bond Street was blocked for security purposes so he pulled up into the alley and parked there. As was his habit, he took a moment to run his fingers through his hair and checked the ridges to make sure his horns were not on the point of bursting forth. They were there like whenever he thought of Grace or was in her presence, but not more than an inch or so.

He was okay for the moment. In a bid for calm he took a deep breath before stepping out of the car. After he collected the bouquet from the back seat, he locked the car and turned to head down the alley to make his way to the front entrance. As he walked past the back door, he noticed it stood ajar.

It was not like Grace to be so careless, but he guessed it was a busy day for them so thought no more on it. With a smile, he decided to make use of the short cut and maybe he would be able to miss the manager. That woman was a handful.

Stepping into the back hallway, Hamish turned and shut the door behind him and started to make his way toward the front. Smiling over the bustle of activity he could hear taking place, he decided to check her office first, just to make sure she wasn't working at her desk.

With a knuckle rap for warning, he turned the knob and walked into the room a smile on his face and her name on the tip of his tongue.

Instead of seeing his beautiful, blonde Grace sitting sedately behind her desk, he found her gagged and her hands tied behind her back, staring at him with fear in her eyes in front of a man hold a knife to her throat.

It took nothing other than seeing the terror in her eyes to have him losing all control.

He shot forward, dropped the flowers on a workbench and growled as he rushed the man.

“Stay where you are or I will kill her!”

*Tilly Greene*

The hand holding the knife shook, but Hamish took no notice. He grunted and kept moving forward, his horns started to burst from his temples.

“What the...I mean it, stay back!”

“A-mis!”

Through the haze of anger he noticed she had already been harmed. Scratch marks on her neck stood out against her soft, white skin.

“Aagh!”

In a flash the horns had grown, curled along each side of his head. He leaped forward, taking the hand holding the knife and breaking it in with a twist. The weapon clattered to the floor as the man howled in pain. He released his hold on Grace and sank to his knees.

The man screamed in pain, “You hurt me!”

“You *hurt* her! I will kill you—” He growled, rage consumed him. Hamish was blind to everything but the need to kill the man that dared to hurt his woman.

“A-mis! Oh!” Grace stepped up and put her head against his arm using it to dislodge the gag.

“Grace, he scared you, hurt you—”

“Oh!” She worked harder and freed her mouth. “No Hamish, don’t! Please, lover, let’s call the police and let them handle it. Listen to me, please! He is crazy out of his mind. It wasn’t even me he was after, but wanted to disrupt the Countess’s appearance today. Please Hamish. Look at me. It is going to be all right.”

He knew she stood beside him, touching him, but still found it hard to focus on what she said. This man dared to harm the woman he loved. He would not stand by and let him live. Then he felt it. Her lips pressing against his arm while she pleaded with him to stop.

There was nothing else he could do; he had to pull it back together for her.

“Shhh, it is all right Grace, shhh, I will not kill him. Now turn around so I can untie your hands, then I can return the favor to this man. Okay?”

She looked up at him and found what she was looking for, most likely his sanity, and turned around. Quickly her hands were untied and she twisted around and wrapped her arms around him, holding him close.

### **HAMISH BUCHANAN**

There were no visible signs of horror or disgust at his appearance. After a long moment, he closed his eyes and felt the joy sink down deep to where his soul had tensely waited to see if she accepted him and his exceptional appearance.

Her love surrounded him, seeped deep inside his soul and in that instant he felt his life was just beginning.

Eventually she stepped back and went around and tied the man's hands together, not caring that one was obscenely dangling loose. He was a blithering idiot, paying no attention to the couple that had eyes only for each.

"Why did you not tell me?" she asked earnestly, stroking his horns once she was back pressed up against him. She needed to feel close to Hamish after the scare she had just endured.

"That is why I came here, to let you know. To see if there was a future for us." He stood there basking in the attention she was paying his boned protrusions. No one had ever touched that unique part of him, at least not with lust in their eyes like Grace did.

"Stupid man," she mumbled without truly meaning it or moving away from his embrace.

"How was I supposed to know--"

"Do not go any further with that thought Hamish Buchanan. You will piss me off even more than you already have. Now, we should call the police. Get this man out of here so we can get on with our day." It was so like her, ready to move through the bad and get back on the road moving forward.

"Not with these things at full curl. You must stop stroking them, baby, your touch goes straight to my cock, and it's already hard and eager to burst out and impress you with its prowess."

"Is this why you have kept our loving to the darkness?"

"Yes, but we will discuss this later when we are alone."

Grace used her grip on his horns to pull his head down and kiss his tempting lips. "Fine, but we are not done talking about this."

\* \* \* \*

That evening after all the happenings had finished, being held hostage at knife-point, seeing her beau with a full set of ram horns and having received a royal warrant, it was finally just the two of them. They sat on the couch, his arm around her shoulders, her hand resting on his thigh as they sipped champagne before the fireplace. Soon they

*Tilly Greene*

would retire upstairs to that big, beautiful bed and indulge their passions in the light, face to face.

For some time they sat comfortably in the silence lost in their own thoughts, but aware and content that they were not alone either.

“How did it happen?” she finally asked quietly.

Hamish knew what she was asking and for the first time ever, he spoke to someone not of the family about his curse.

“The night my mother was attacked in that field has been described as horrific. To this day anyone who saw her still finds it difficult to look at me. They say she had fallen on her belly trying to protect me while the flock attacked, kicked and stomped on her. Something happened and one of the ram’s blood got into her blood stream and mine.” He took a sip from his glass and looked down at Grace. He was surprised that he was able to speak of what happened without the debilitating pain he usually felt.

“The machines that kept my mum alive long enough to ensure my survival had better odds, in the end sealed my fate by searing the genes of the ram in with my own. From birth it was there. As a baby, I would cry or laugh with great joy and little horns would burst forth. Inevitably as I grew older I was able to control my emotions, but they still come out whenever I experience the extremes. If very angered or, um, really turned on there is nothing I can do to keep them locked inside.” Looking at her hand on his lap he felt such contentment and peace, but he still had to smile, the horns were out because he wanted her so badly.

“I think I read or heard someplace that your grandmother raised you, where was your father?” she asked, pulling the bits and pieces she remembered from the telling of the tale over the years.

“Ahhh, Irving Cunningham, a handsome lad that had not been able to find his maturity before becoming a father. Apparently he could not handle his guilt at letting my mum leave the pub alone that night. Maisie says he was eaten up with it before I was even born. He deferred to her in all the important decisions that had to be made in regards to Aileen. Once she died he was inconsolable and so I was sent home with my Gran. It was a few months before he made an effort and came over to see me and found he had a freak for a child.”

“Do not ever use that term or any other derogatory names to describe your uniqueness. Honestly, Hamish, you do not want to anger me.” She was definitely upset,

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but it was more than how he spoke of himself, it was also all he was saying. It broke her heart to hear about his mother.

“I see that luv, and I will not demean my horns again. Now where was I. Oh, yes, my father. That evening he took a pistol and went out to the field where Aileen was attached and killed himself.” It was not easy to talk about his mum, but he had no connection to his father. He had chosen his own fate.

She looked up at him with tears in her eyes. His heart opened even wider and Hamish gladly welcomed her into his circle for eternity.

“I am sorry.”

“Shhh, baby, it is all right. I am healthy, mentally sane or at least I was until I saw you, then I lost it.”

He was thrilled to see the small smile that tried to make its way across her lips. The need to hold her close suddenly overwhelmed him. Taking her glass and his, Hamish set them on the table behind the couch and pulled her onto his lap, bringing them closer together.

“Do they hurt?” she whispered, pulling on the horns to bring him closer so their lips teased each other.

“No more than a brief headache gone and forgotten the minute they are out.” Swapping their positions so she lay on her back along the sofa, he stretched out atop her and let her know in clear terms that he wanted her.

“You know, they are very sexy.” Grace said, still stroking his horns. She snagged his lower lip between her teeth, giving it a good tug before letting it go.

“Are they now?” he asked her on a deep aroused growl.

“Oh yes, very sexy,” she told him, bringing her legs up to wrap around his hips. “No more hiding in the dark lover, I want to see you as you love me.” Arching her back a small bit brought her breasts up against his chest. Her hard nipples stabbed into his chest, tempting him. “Do you want to play with me, horny man?”

*Tilly Greene*

## Chapter Seven

“Horny Man?” Hamish snorted with humor then answered with actions by pressing his lips more firmly against hers. His cock was hard and as each second ticked by it grew thicker, longer, and harder with each stroke that she made over his horns. This much happiness, love and passion had far surpassed what he had always dreamed of and it was all because of Grace Strachan.

Not able to wait a moment longer, he stood up with her wrapped around him, his hands under her delectable ass and carried her up the staircase to the top floor. He wanted to play in the light.

Walking into the room, he used his elbow to flick the switch and bring all the lights on full. He walked over to the bed and released his hold on her backside and coaxed her legs to release his hips. Once she stood on her own, he stepped back and leaned against the wall, folded his arms over his chest and waited to see if she had remembered anything of their time spent up here.

He was not disappointed. Before he had a chance to do more than settle back to wait, Grace had already started working on the buttons down the front of her blouse. He was in heaven. Quickly she dispensed with her top and skirt, leaving on a red lace demi-cup bra and matching g-string, sheer black stockings and black patent leather Mary Jane shoes with naughty four-inch heels.

“Sweetheart, those shoes and stockings stay on, they are very erotic.” Unable to stop himself, he started unbuttoning his own dress shirt beginning with the cuffs. There was no way he could remain still with her so lush and sexy before him.

Reaching back she unhooked her bra, releasing her large breasts, jiggling with their freedom. As she inched her panties down, she looked up into his eyes and answered with a saucy grin. “I am glad you like them. This morning I saw them in a shop window, pulled over and made the purchase thinking you might enjoy them.”



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Grace stood before him in all her glory. Naked except for the stockings and shoes, which drew his attention straight to her plump, bare pussy and his cock pulsed for immediate entrance. With her hands folded behind her back the way he liked, caused her breasts to thrust forward. Her nipples were hard, tight points and his tongue swiped at his lips ready to taste them. He looked back down at her pussy and unconsciously a hand moved over the bulge in his pants. Oh yes, and to eat up all the honey that collected in her sweet slit.

Barefoot and still wearing his fine suit trousers and partially unbuttoned shirt, he stepped forward and rested his strong, powerful chest against her softer one. He wrapped his arms around her and linked his hands with hers bringing them down to rest at her side.

"I love you Grace, very much," he whispered against her lips, looking into her lovely grey eyes.

"I love you Hamish Buchanan, everything about you," she said while holding his golden gaze, full of fire and joy.

He backed her up until her hips bumped against the bed and lifted her onto the edge. Reaching out, he plucked at her nipples, a little pain for her pleasure.

"Oh Hamish...harder...hard..."

"Like this?" Hamish stepped in closer until his cock nudged her pussy. He bent over and took one tip between his teeth and gently ground the hard point. After a moment he started to suck, ease the tortured nipple only to go back and grind the flesh again. The other breast was not ignored, his thumb strummed the excited tip, and then he pinched it hard, pulled and twisted until she moaned, and wrapped her legs around his hips.

"Yes! Yes, hard! Uhhh, oh yes!" She thrust her chest out, tried to give him more, to receive more of the intense passion, but instead he stood up and flicked at her nipples, teasing them endlessly.

Eventually he grasped hold of one of her beautiful legs and brought it up to rest on his shoulder. While looking down at her bare mound, he was hard pressed not to open his pants and plunge his cock into her deepest depths. But he wanted to go slow tonight, savor every beautiful sight.

"You are such a gorgeous woman with a bald pussy I will never get enough of, and breasts that I want to latch onto and not let go," he told her, still amazed at the chance to worship this woman and her body in full light.

*Tilly Greene*

Easing her shoe off, he dropped it behind him, reached down and used his fingertips to work her stocking up her thigh. She used her hands to hold herself upright so she could watch what he did. Grace gasped loudly when he leaned down and took a nibbling bite from her inner knee. Using his tongue, he followed the rest of the stocking down to her ankle before he pulled it off, dropped it over his shoulder and gnawed on her instep.

“Hamish...”

“You are such a tasty morsel to feast upon,” he said, before moving on to enjoy her other leg until she was splayed before him, naked, wet and ready.

“I love it when you strip for me. Are naked for me. Now I am going to offer you the same opportunity.”

Grace braced herself on her elbows once more so she could watch and see what he did next.

He finished unbuttoning the shirt and pulled it off, dropping it down at his side. Keeping his gaze locked to hers, he unfastened the button and slowly pulled the zipper down on his trousers. It was all power and force that spread open his placket and had his cock demanding her attention.

“You are a handsome man, Hamish Buchanan, and that superior piece of flesh that rests between your legs is incredibly stunning and perfect for me.” She bent her legs, pulled her gaze from his rod and looked him in the eyes. “But right now I need you more inside me than in front of me.”

He pushed down his pants and stepped out of them. At the end of the bed, he opened the cabinet and pulled out a condom, unwrapped it and smoothed it over his raging hard-on. Once he set his knee on the bed to come up between her legs, Grace lay down and held her arms out giving him a place to settle down into.

“I am trying to go slow to savor this moment.”

“There is no need, lover, we have forever. Right now I am hungry for you and your cock to put out the roaring flame of need that you have both created.”

“Well, when you say it like that...” In one stroke he thrust in until he bottomed out.

“Uhhh! Ha-amish!”

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Braced on his elbows, he fucked in and out of her slick tight clasp. He watched her eyes dilate and become one big, black, beautiful pupil. Her lips opened, she panted, moaned and groaned, and he enjoyed driving each and every one from her mouth.

“Here baby girl, is this what you like? A cock driving in and out of you?”

“Yes! Uhhh! No! No, your–your, cock!”

“Oh shit!” It was such an incredible sight watching her wallow in his loving. But he lost it when she reached up and grasped hold of his ram horns and pulled his head down until a mere breath separated their lips.

“Beautiful!”

It was an incredible feeling facing her while they loved. Feeling his chest rasp over her breast was a wonderful experience. But it became utterly erotic to be able to watch it while she held onto the one thing that was so much a part of him—his horns.

“Ummm, uhhh, uhhh, Ha-a-mish...” He watched her eyes widen then lose their focus as she tried to say his name. The clench of her tight pussy started to rhythmically pulse around his plunging rod. Over and over again her moist channel gripped at him, tried to hold him in. It was difficult for him to plow his thick length through the wetness to bottom out. But he kept going, thrusting through the tight grip to reach nirvana.

“Do you hear that baby, do you? All tight and lush. I adore every sound your pussy makes as I make room for myself within you.”

“Ahhh! Haa-mish!” She shattered around his cock.

Grace screamed as her slit pulled his rod in and beat a rhythm all its own around it. She clenched around him and it took effort for him to pull out and thrust in again, but watching her climax had his cum boiling in his balls eager to be released.

He rose up on his knees, but kept his head down enough that she could maintain her hold on his horns. The feel of her soft, delicate hands on the hard material whose curl enticed Grace brought the beast in him out to the forefront.

“Sorry, baby girl. Sorry.” With all his weight and strength behind him, he lifted her hips and plowed her depths. Over and over again, harder, faster he thrust his thick rod into her wet slit. He watched his cock move in and out of her gentle clasp. Her lips were spread wide to accommodate his girth, his eyes could not move from the sight of his rough flesh being gripped by her gentle folds.

Grunting with the effort to give more and feel all the pleasure he knew was possible, kept him thrusting and striving for a release.

*Tilly Greene*

“Hamish! Hamish!”

Looking up, he paused at her breasts and watched as they bounced wildly with his hard fucking. His eyes trailed up further, caught her gaze and he was lost. Her grip on his horns was firm; there was no way she was going to let go, *ever*.

“Grace!” Cum raced down his hard rod and blasted against the end of his condom. Still he fucked his cock in and out of her slit. Like a machine there was no stopping his loving.

He rolled to his side and pulled her with him so they remained connected and kissed her gently.

“Oh baby girl, did I hurt you?” He was worried that he had hurt her in that moment when he had felt like an animal mating.

“No, never, you love me as thoroughly as I need.” She kissed him all the while maintaining a hold on his horns. “Hamish? I really do love your horns.”

\* \* \* \*

“Sweetheart, I still don’t think I can leave the house yet.” There was no discontent over that claim; Hamish would not go out in public with his horns out and curling beside his head. Hidden beneath his hair was as much as he would risk.

“It has been almost two weeks since you have been out in daylight, are you all right?” Grace asked with concern.

“Yup, I am fine. It is all your fault.” There was a wicked grin on his face as he spoke.

“My fault?” The frown was not real; she knew where this conversation was leading—back into bed.

“Oh yes! If you would just fuck me for a few days straight, then I will pass out from sheer exhaustion. Once I am out then you could stuff me in the back of a van and drive me up to Scotland, to my estate and there I can roam freely without having to worry about anything.” They were in the tub sharing a bubble bath and both were completely sleep deprived, and still his horns were at full curl and his dick remained steady and ready.

“Hamish, I need to go into work occasionally.”

“I know, but maybe if you snuck home for a couple of quickies...”

“Hmmm, an inspiring idea, but I think it is a time thing. The more you have me, the less inclined you will be to need *it* constantly.” It was a sad thought; she loved his

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wanting her. Even after he has just had his wicked way with her, he was hard and ready for more.

“Baby, I don’t think that day will ever come, so maybe we should just travel at night.”

“Hmmm...good idea, my horny man.”

*Tilly Greene*

## Epilogue

### *The Highlands, Scotland*

“Gran, this is Grace, Grace Strachan the famed milliner I mentioned to you.” Hamish said in his best manners to the tiny, white-haired woman standing in front of them. It took a while, but they both made it back up to Scotland, and tonight he was hosting a special meal for the two most important women in his life to get to know each other.

“How do you do, ma’am.” Polite and proper, but he knew Grace was very nervous about this meeting.

From behind her tiny glasses, Maisie was eyeing her up and down, no smile on her face, but he was not worried. With his arm around the shoulder of the woman he loved with every ounce of his being, he waited in the foyer for the older woman to say what was on her mind.

Using her stick, she made her way into the sitting room, sought out her favorite chair and sat. She fussed with the hem of her dress and sleeves, but never took her gaze away from the couple.

“Hamish, your horns are out.”

“Yes, Gran, they are.”

“And you are not upset,” she said, matter-of-factly.

“No, far from it.” They sat down on the couch opposite her and he placed an arm around Grace’s shoulder, giving her his comfort.

The silence was intense as the bright blue eyes from behind the round glasses stayed focused on the woman at his side, but he was still not worried.

“Grace?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“You realize why his horns are out?”

Grace turned beet-red, but still answered the question. “Yes ma’am.”

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More silence. It was becoming unbearable for Grace. She unfolded her hands and put one on his thigh, looking for strength. That was a dangerous move with his kilt riding high on his bare leg. Since they have been back in the Highlands, he has worn nothing but the skirt, a thick sweater and socks with sturdy shoes. It drove her wild knowing what he sported beneath the plaid; it had already made for many interesting interludes.

But this was a very important meeting, there was no life for her with this man if his Gran disapproved of her, they were family.

“Yes, I see you do. Perfect. You have finally found your other half and I am very happy to finally meet her. What has it been, two months you stayed in London? At no point did you bring her up to meet me. Oh sure, I had the phone calls, but nothing of substance was offered. Nothing like knowing how utterly beautiful she is, how she glows with love.” Maisie was dabbing at her moist eyes with a tissue.

“Well, Gran it has been difficult to ummm...”

“Lad, I see the horns, more grand than ever and if you aren’t angry, well then there is only one other option, you are—”

“Gran!” He interrupted her before she could say anything more about his physical needs.

“What? We are adults here luv, and there is no way you can hide from anyone what you are feeling for this bonnie lass with those horns at full stand.” There was a smile on her lips as she looked at her grandson, pride clearly written across her wrinkled features.

“Fine! No need to put it into words then.” He was disgruntled and blushing. This woman who raised him made him feel like a lad in short pants. Hamish stood, walked to the other side of the room and started to pour them all an aperitif.

Then he heard it, Grace and his Gran talking to each other with laughter and joy wrapping around their words, and smiled. As he moved closer, he heard the unthinkable “horny man” and Maisie, his strong elegant grandmother, was laughing her head off.

“Grace!” Startled, Hamish could not believe it.

“What?” She did not look remotely sorry for what she said.

“I can’t believe you told her!” Stunned, but still her pretending not to understand had him fighting back his laughter. She was so irreverent.

*Tilly Greene*

“What, did you think it was a secret?” she said, looking pointedly at his hard-on poking against the kilt.

“Okay, so I won’t be spending as much time at the office. I will make a great stay-at-home dad though.”

“You certainly will Hamish, a wonderful husband and father.” Grace said as she looked up at him with all her love shining in her eyes, for everyone to see.

The lovers gazed at each other and looked ahead to what the future had in store for them. They looked forward to flowing with whatever life threw at them.



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### About the Author

Born into the easy folds of a sleepy beach town Tilly Greene has ever since been trying to shake the sand out from between her toes. Thinking she had it all figured out she moved to colder, frigid if you ask her, climes and, although seeing seasons evolve is wonderful she has yet to recover her equilibrium. The thongs and shorts are still regularly worn, no matter what time of year, and her imagination runs to the wild side of scorching.