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# KILT TRIP

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**CATHRYN FOX**

*Cathryn*  
**FOX**  
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR



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## COPYRIGHT

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Kilt Trip  
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“**T**his place is a professional photographer’s dream come true.”

Not that I’m a professional photographer. Not anymore, anyway. After the last wedding I was hired for, and pictures of a threesome involving the groom, a sheep and... uh, yeah, *me* emerged, my career went up in a spectacular ball of flames.

Trust me, it’s not what you think. And come on, if you’re going to have your special day on a farm—with deranged animals in heat—there’s bound to be a mishap or two. Sure, in this case it was three. But amiright or amiright? I still don’t think I should have lost my job over it. But I did, and Finn-tastic Affairs, a very famous event planning business in Boston, can shove my job right up their—

“Bonnie!”

*Right up their Bonnie?*

I turn to my best friend, Carrie. She's been brushing up on the local lingo ever since she won a cameo on the television show being filmed here in the Highlands, hence the reason she's here in Plockton, Scotland. Me? I'm here because I lost my job and said good riddance to my very unsupportive fiancé, a terrific guy Mom and Dad set me up with last year. If terrific meant a condescending, arrogant, narcissistic asshole who thought the world revolved around him, that is. And of course it doesn't.

A set-up by my parents should have been my first clue to run, right? I can be dense like that. Before we were officially introduced, I referred to my ex as the PhD spawn of Satan. Of course, I changed it to Pete once we started dating, and now we're back to the Satan thing. There's a fine line between love and hate, huh?

"I think *bonnie* is the word they use for a beautiful girl," I explain to Carrie.

She frowns and glances up and to the left like she's searching her memory banks. "Is it Barry?"

I shrug. Don't know. Don't care. "Beats me."

The only thing I've been brushing up on lately is how to say sorry to my folks. Sorry for wasting their money on my unused business degree. Sorry I ditched my job as a mortgage broker —cripes, just saying those two words give me a rash. Sorry I tried my hand at photography only to get fired. Sorry you laid down money on an engagement party that I ran out of...

I've said sorry so many times, you'd think I was Canadian.

I step from the cab and glance at the majestic village overlooking the glassy waters of Loch Carron, where yachts are

anchored, and small fishing boats are bobbing. With the plan to leave all my guilt and worries back home, I breathe in the humid air and let it untie the knot in my gut.

“We’re a far cry from Boston,” I murmur as I steal a glance at Carrie.

She gives me a small, understanding smile, then shades the late day sun from her eyes and takes in the view with me. We’re both exhausted from the flight and the long drive here, and while I need a shower, first things first. I must climb up the looming mountain behind us and take a few pictures of this gorgeous jewel of a town, population four hundred and sixty-eight, according to the welcome sign we passed a minute ago.

Carrie waves a hand my way, knowing exactly what I’m thinking, like any best friend would. “Go,” she says, and I give her a grateful smile. “I can get us signed in. Just don’t get lost.”

“There’s only one way up and one way down. I don’t think I’ll get lost, and if I do, I’ll ask a billy goat for directions.”

“I thought your rapport was with sheep.”

Deadpan. So freaking deadpan, I’m not even sure I heard her right.

But then I catch her lips quirking as she tries to bite back a laugh. I shake my head at her. “Really? You thought that was a good idea to bring up now?”

“Sorry, Kinley, you dropped that one right in my palm.” She opens her hand and looks at it. “I had no choice but to pick it up.”

“You’re right.” I sigh. I thought I’d heard every sheep joke by now, but apparently not, and even I have to admit that was a good

one. “You had no choice.” I laugh with her, because I’m seriously done crying about it—done crying about a lot of things, actually, especially the fact that I have no idea who I am or what I’m going to do with my life. My stomach takes that moment to grumble. While I love food, and my hips hold enough evidence to back that claim up, I have a mountain to climb, and eating can wait.

The cab driver slides out of his seat, circles the vehicle, and pops the trunk—I think they call it a boot here. He grunts as he pulls out our heavy bags and mumbles something about Americans not knowing how to pack. While that’s painting us all with a broad stroke, when it comes to me, it’s true. I overpacked for two weeks, but this is my first time to Scotland, and I want to be prepared for anything.

I take my camera from the bag and loop it over my neck. “I’ll be back in an hour.”

“When you get back, we’ll grab a bite.” She points to a cute stone building and I take a fast glance at it. “I’ll make us a reservation for seven in that Scottish pub.”

I turn back toward the mountain and shoot back, “I think in Scotland they just call it a pub.” I’m being cheeky and she laughs, but I get the sense she’s not laughing with me, but at me.

I spin back around. What?”

She bites her lip to stifle her laugh and gestures with a nod. I turn and see the pub, more specifically the name of the pub dangling from a big metal sign: Sheep Heid on the Loch.

*Sheep.*

Seriously, is the entire world conspiring against me? Then again, I can’t expect to go to a country that has more sheep



than people and not expect to see a few places, or a hundred, bearing the name of the fluffy mammal.

I exhale a painful sigh. “I just can’t catch a break,” I grumble as I spin, and head for the mountain. I cross the street, looking right and left, even though there isn’t a car for miles. I cross and walk the base of the big, tree dense mountain, until I find a dirt path. I make my way up, hurrying my steps so I’ll be back in time for dinner, and my feet slip a little. I’ll probably have to buy a pair of hiking boots, as my flats aren’t cutting it.

The sound of the town, the water lapping against the docks, fades into the distance and I welcome the silence of the mountain, save for the birds chirping, and something scuttering in the underbrush nearby. I peer into the brush, and when an unfamiliar noise cuts the quiet, I make the fast decision not to investigate further.

I take in the fresh scent of foliage and dirt as I hurry up the path. It narrows quickly, resulting in shrubbery brushing against my bare legs and leaving small scratches. Not wanting to be late for dinner, and mindful of the time, I stop halfway up where there is a clearing, and take the cover off my camera.

“Magnificent,” I murmur to myself, and start snapping pictures. After a few minutes of quietly snapping photos, something big ruffles the trees behind me. No need to panic, it’s probably just a bird. Sure, the only bird that could make that much noise would be a pterodactyl but t still... I turn ever so slowly, and peer into the trees. With my grip tightening on my camera, I take a small step backward. Maybe I should have checked with the locals before exploring. Feeling suddenly foolish, I take a tentative step back but stop when a

gorgeous red deer steps into the clearing and goes perfectly still when he spots me.

I slowly lift my camera, visions of my wildlife shot winning the National Geographic photo contest. Take that, Finntastic Affairs! My camera clicks, but as soon as it does, the deer rakes its foot through the fallen leaves and dirt, like it's a bull and I'm a matador.

Oh shit!

The stag expels air through its nostrils, and steps toward me. Heart racing like mad, I back up again, and my ankle hits with something solid. I fall on my ass and start a downward slide. I yell and reach for something, anything to stop me, but only end up snapping every twig within reach. I finally come to a tumbling stop—compliments of a big tree stump. God, that's going to hurt tomorrow. I jump to my feet, hoping like hell there were no witnesses, and thankful nothing is broken. Going still, I stare into the dark path as I listen, but my ears are met with silence.

Well, that was fun.

I check the time again, and I only have a few minutes to make it to the pub. I brush the leaves, dirt and debris from my clothes, pull a few twigs from my hair and straighten my back, hoping I don't look like I'd just unceremoniously cartwheeled down a mountain. If I win the National Geographic contest, however, it will be all worth it. Maybe then my family back in Boston will finally think I'm doing something right with my life.

I make my way to the street, looking both ways again, and cross. I have no time to change, and my clothes aren't all that dirty, so I hoof it to the pub. I pull open the door and find Carrie inside sipping on a beer, while another—mine, I

suppose—sits across from her, condensation dripping down the glass.

Her eyes go wide as I slide into the seat across from her, taking a much-needed sip of the cold brew while pretending everything in my life is perfect.

She sets her beer down on the scratched and dented table as delicious smells reach my nose. “What the hell?”

“What?” I blink innocently.

She reaches out and pulls a few leaves from my hair. “Do I want to know?”

I shake my head and grab the menu. “No.”

“Looks like I missed out on a good time.”

I nod. “You did.”

“So did you.”

I glance at her over the menu. “What did I miss?”

She leans into me, looking conspiratorial. “The guy who checked me in.” She waves her hand in front of her face. “Hot Scot.”

“Really?” I ask, far too excited. Heck, I’m not looking for a hot Scot or any Scot. Still, I can’t help but want to hear more.

“If I wasn’t going to be spending all my time on the set...”

“But you are,” I remind her.

Her grin is mischievous and full of innuendoes and that’s when I realize I walked right into her trap. “You’re not.”

I snort. “Yeah well, I still have a tan line on my ring finger.”

She nods toward the back of the pub. "He's working in the kitchen. I think he's the chef, too."

"He runs the Airbnb and works here, too?" Yeah, that's what I want, to get involved with another workaholic.

"I didn't get all the details." She runs her finger over her phone, checking something. "I thought I'd leave that to you."

"Forget it." I hold one hand up, palm out. "Not interested."

"You say that now. Wait until you see him." She toys with the corner of the paper menu. "You'll be sleeping under him tonight, you'll see."

"Wrong."

She laughs. "Want to bet?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll bet the cost of dinner."

The server comes and we both order fish and chips. There's a lot on the menu, but I'm not that adventurous with food...or anything else, which means I will not be sleeping under the hot Scot the first night I roll into town.

*Tomorrow, however...*

Carrie's eyes open wide. "Ohmigod, he's looking our way."

I angle my head, but all I see is the back end of a blue tartan kilt walking through the swinging kitchen doors. He wears a kilt?

Carrie leans in again. "I think he likes you."

"He's probably wondering why I'm full of dirt and if he's gawking, it's most likely because they haven't seen a woman around these parts in years. Look around this place, it's full of elderly men, and you did see the population count, right?"

“True. What do you think a guy like that is doing in this small town?”

“Don’t know, don’t care.” Okay, maybe I care a little, and maybe I want to know why he’s wearing a kilt and more importantly, what he’s wearing beneath it. Call it morbid curiosity, and no, it has nothing to do with the lack of action between my thighs. I just don’t want Carrie to get the wrong idea. She never liked my ex all that much and has been trying to fix me up for the last few months—yes, while I was still engaged. But getting involved with a hot Scot? Oh, hell to the no times a million.

I don’t think.

The server comes with our meals, two big plates of fish and chips, and all the condiments. We drown them in vinegar and ketchup and dig in. I turn the conversation to Carrie and her upcoming adventure on the set of her favorite show. She talks animatedly and I still can’t believe she won the trip here, although I’m glad she did. It was the excuse I needed to get away, without everyone thinking I’d tucked tail and ran away from home—which I sort of did.

Through the meal, I try to inconspicuously steal a glance at the hot Scot, but he always has his back to us. I guess Carrie was wrong and he’s not interested, which is perfect, really.

The sky is dark by the time we finish our meals and our pints, and after our dishes are cleared and the bill paid, she slides my room key across the table.

Her grin is coy, playful as she says, “You can Venmo me payment for my meal later.”

Is she still talking about me sleeping beneath the hot Scot? Uh, did she not notice his complete absence at our table?

“More like the other way around,” I shoot back, my words brimming with confidence.

“You’ll see.” We stand, and I steal one more glance toward the bar, hoping to catch a glimpse of the chef again, but he’s nowhere to be found. I’ll be here for two weeks so I assume I’ll meet him at some point.

We step outside and follow the path to the Airbnb. Carrie guides me to the side door, which is unlocked, and we go up two sets of stairs. “We’re here. You’re in the Castle room.” I note the plaque on the door. “I’m in Lochs.” She grins and wags her brows. “Do you think I’ll meet with the Loch Ness monster inside? Maybe I’ll send him your way.”

“While it’s been a long time...or never...since I’ve had a monster in my bed, he’s all yours. I want sleep.”

Carrie frowns and points to the sign on the wall. “The upper level is off limits, apparently.”

I take a look at the sign leading toward the top floor. The owner’s living quarters. Ah, now I get it. The hot Scot will be sleeping above me, which means I am sleeping under him. “Oh, Carrie, my friend, you are too funny.”

She laughs. “I’ll be waiting for the Venmo.”

Shaking my head, I stick the old-fashioned key into the lock and push open the door to my room. The fresh scent of laundered linen reaches my nostrils and as I breathe it in, I envision that kilted man from the pub doing the laundry. While it’s a lovely vision—every man should know how to do laundry—for some reason it doesn’t add up, which only piques my curiosity more.

Since I’m grimy from my fall, I open my suitcase, snatch my sleep T-shirt and shorts, and step into the hall in search of

the bathroom. After I find it, I shower, dress and drag my weary ass to my bed. The sheets smell glorious as I tuck into them, and as I close my eyes and drift off to sleep, something tickles the skin between my thighs. That almost makes me laugh, because nothing has tickled between my legs in a long time, and yes, I was recently engaged.

I swipe at my inner thigh and my hand connects with something small and unmoving. What the hell? Did a twig dig in during my fall? You think I would have felt it when it happened though. I sit up, and turn on the lamp, and while I'm not all that flexible, I bend forward like a very bad contortionist—Lord, I must look ridiculous—and spot...

Ohmigod!

“Help!” I scream out, loud enough to wake the entire city of Boston back home—not to mention every animal roaming the hills behind the Airbnb. I scream again, but I'm sure I'm wasting my breath. Not only does Carrie sleep like the dead, she wears air pods and drifts off to music.

I'm about to jump up and go searching for help when my bedroom door flies open so hard and fast the knob nearly punctures the wall behind it. I gasp as I take in the lumberjack standing before me, eating up my entire doorway, his chest rising and falling from running. My gaze drops to the blue tartan kilt. Wait, is he the chef from the pub—the owner of this Airbnb?

“Are you okay?”

“Yes. No.” Oh, come on, how am I supposed to carry on a conversation when he's standing there in a kilt, everything about his larger-than-life body and presence causing havoc between my legs. “I...you...who?”

"I'm Harris Fraser. I run this place and the pub next door. I saw you in there with your friend earlier."

Does that mean he *was* checking me out?

"Tick," I finally manage to get out.

"Bollocks." He glances over his shoulder. "Lie still, I'll get the tweezers." I'm not sure what's tripping me up the most, his sexy accent, or the fact that he's off to grab a pair of tweezers to use between my thighs.

What is happening in my life!

I grip the sheets and tug. I have to be dreaming. I mean, come on. No way is there a hot Scot in a kilt about to grab a pair of tweezers and go to work between my legs. He comes running back into the room.

Nope, not dreaming. Not dreaming at all.

Fantasizing maybe...now that's possible.

He sits on the side of the bed and bends forward to get a better look and he's so damn close I resist the urge to ask this chef if he'd like a fork and knife, because dinner is served!

Okay, I'm seriously losing my cool.

*Ha, like you ever had any, Kimley.*

He holds the tweezers out, and as they approach the tick, I squirm. His brow narrows as he gives me a stern look that probably shouldn't arouse me.

"Stop yer squirming. You don't want the head to get stuck between your thighs, do ya?"

"No, no you're right. I don't." The last thing I want is a head stuck between my legs, unless of course it's this man's head.



Oh my God, what am I even saying?

His chest expands and he zeroes back in on the tick. In a very serious voice that teases the needy spot between my legs, he says, “Imma need you to stay perfectly still while I pull this out.”

I clamp my mouth shut but not before I blurt out, “That’s what she said.” Confusion fills his eyes as he waits for me to explain my American slang. “Sorry, nothing.”

God, kill me now.

His head dips and I lift mine, wanting to watch this big man’s deft hands perform delicate surgery, but all I can see is the thick, dark hair at his nape, and I really pray to freaking God, he can’t feel the sudden warmth between my thighs, because yeah, all I can think about is grabbing a fistful of his hair and shoving his head down deeper.

The cold ends of the tweezers touch my thigh and a quick tug later, Harris is sitting up straighter, the tick caught in his trap. “Got the bugger.” He turns it for a closer examination. “He looks well fed.”

I gulp. Okay fine, I have meaty thighs. Go to hell. “What about Lyme disease?”

He studies the tick. “I don’t think you have anything to worry about, but I’ll send off a pic to the local lab. Usually they have to be embedded for more than twenty-four hours. Were you in the woods?” I nod. “You need to wear long sleeves and pants.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Did you do a full body check?”

“No.” I panic. “Do you think there’s more?”

“Not sure.” He scrubs his face, like he’s deep in thought, and the sound it makes skitters along my skin. “I can check if you want.”

Oh, I want...I so freaking want.

He stands and gestures for me to do the same and when I do he says, “You can keep your clothes on and check the...uh...bathing suit areas yourself.”

Bathing suit areas?

“Okay.” I stand, and he thoroughly examines me, walking in circles around my quivering body. I lift my shirt and he checks my stomach and back. My nipples are so hard they’re poking against my T-shirt. If he’s noticing, he’s not saying anything and let’s be real, they’re hard *not* to notice.

He drops to his knees behind me, and his fingers slide along the back of my thighs. I quiver, and try to pass it off as fear. “Did you find another one?”

“Just a freckle.”

“I have freckles on my leg?”

“Seems that way.” He stands and circles me again, nodding his head like he’s pleased. With his inspection complete—and I’m sure my cheeks are a hundred shades of red—his gaze drops to my breasts. Wait, did his eyes just dilate? “You should probably—”

“I will.”

He gives a curt nod, and heads back to my door. “That’s all then?”

No, no, if you could just climb back between my legs again, and replace the tweezers with...

*Cut it out, Kinley!*

I shake my head to get myself together. Honest to God, I overpacked so I could be prepared for anything, but I was not prepared for this guy at all, and I definitely wasn't prepared for him to climb between my legs on my first night here—with tweezers.

“Get some sleep,” he says quietly as he hovers at my door.

“Yeah, I'll try.”

Holy hell, is that my voice?

His grin produces a dimple on his right cheek, as he grabs the doorknob. “If you have trouble, you could always count sheep.”

You have got to be freaking kidding me!

**A**fter a very restless night, my mind on the girl sleeping in the Castle room below me, I drag my sorry arse from my bed, and the floorboard creaks beneath my feet as I stand. The last thing I expected last night was to find myself between the bonnie lass's thighs—I didn't even get her name—but they were the kind of thighs a guy could really sink his teeth into. I snort out a laugh. Who would have thought I'd be jealous of a scabby tick? Clearly, being away from the team this long is making me daft. Either that or it's been too long since I've shagged a bonnie lass.

I walk to my window and look out at the placid loch below as I do my stretches, taking extra care with my damaged knee, which is slightly stiff this morning, and unfortunately, it's not the only part of my body that's giving me trouble. For a brief moment, I consider taking my tadger into my palm and tugging one out, but I don't have time for that.

While I'm here healing from a football injury that resulted in surgery, and my parents are on a much-needed vacation, I

have responsibilities. With two guests on the second floor, I have meals to prepare, bedrooms to clean, and I need to get to the pub to prep for dinner. Somewhere in between all that, I have to drive to Stirling, the next town over, for my weekly appointment with the physiotherapist.

I make a fast trip to the loo, clean myself up, put my brace on my knee and tug on my sweats and T-shirt. While I hate wearing a kilt—a tradition in the pub—it makes wearing the brace a wee bit easier.

I quietly open my door, and low voices drift up from the second floor. Stomping a bit to make myself heard, now that I know they're awake and I don't want to walk in on either of them naked—okay that's not necessarily true—I head to the stairs. The cute blonde with the lush thighs...yeah, I wouldn't mind walking in on her, but getting involved with the guests, and an American at that, is not on my agenda while I'm home recuperating. All my focus needs to go into my exercises and getting back to football in England. Any extra-curricular activities outside of helping my parents is not conducive to my goal.

My boots pound on the stairs, and the girls go quiet as I reach the landing on the second floor, and I do my best not to glance into their rooms. "Morning," I say, keeping my head down. "Breakfast will be ready in twenty minutes."

"Thank you," one of them calls out, and I nod to myself. Whispered words filter into the hall as I continue down the stairs. Is the bonnie lass telling her friend how I had my head between her thighs last night? In the kitchen, I head straight for the coffee. I put on a pot for the guests—personally, I prefer tea—and get to work on making a traditional Scottish breakfast for the two of them.

Feet patter on the floor above me as I pull my supplies from the fridge and start cooking. I might be a professional football player, or soccer as the Americans above me would call it, but being in the kitchen relaxes me and helps me forget about my injury and my slow healing. Christ, if I'm not one hundred percent for next season...

Nope, not going there. I will be better. Football is my life, and nothing, not even a shredded ACL is going to keep me off the field.

Pushing those negative thoughts aside, and focusing only on the positive, I hum quietly as I cook, and turn at the sound of footsteps behind me. I take one look at the bonnie lass as she enters the kitchen, tucking a blond strand of hair behind her ear, looking somewhat timid and sheepish, and my damn cock stiffens more.

Yeah, I'm going to need to tug one out before I end up with a second injury. "Morning," I say again and pull a cup from the cupboard, my gait stiff as I move, compliments of my boner and my torn ACL.

"Morning," she responds quietly. "Last night...I'm not sure I thanked you."

"No thanks needed. Just doing what needed to be done."

"I'm Kinley, by the way. Kinley Hill, from Boston."

"Nice to meet you, Kinley Hill from Boston."

"I probably should have told you that last night."

"Why's that now?"

She glances around the kitchen, looking anywhere and everywhere but at me. "Well, I mean...you were kind of..."

“Between your legs?”

She gulps as her gaze jerks to mine. “Ah yeah.”

I wink at her, and unable to help myself I tease, “You like for a man to know your name before he removes a tick.”

“Something like that.”

“So, Kinley Hill from Boston, would you like a coffee?” I point to the carafe.

“Yes, and you can just call me Kinley. My friend is Carrie, but I guess you know that.” I eye her. Did she think I was between her friend’s thighs last night too? “You checked her in,” she explains.

“Right.” I grin at her, walk to the coffee maker and lift the carafe to pour her a mug of brew.

“You’re stiff.”

What the hell? I spin fast, and wince as I twist my knee. “Bollocks.”

She hurries up to me and puts her hand on my arm. “Are you okay?”

Cripes, I hope she was talking about my gait and not the Loch Ness monster growing between my legs. “I just need to sit for a second.” She pulls a chair out for me, and I drop into it, keeping my bum leg extended. I put my hands on my brace, and take a couple of deep breaths as the pain subsides.

“So that’s why you’re stiff,” she says almost to herself as she bobs her head.

I could tell her it’s only part of the reason, but decide it’s best if I don’t. Once the pain is gone, I push to my feet. “Breakfast is almost ready.”

“Let me help. I’m not great in the kitchen, but I can do something.”

“You’re the guest, please have a seat.”

“No, I can help. I don’t mind at all.” She walks over to the stove and inhales. “Everything looks amazing. Just like a traditional American breakfast, except for that thing.” She furrows her brow as she points at the black pudding. “What is it?”

“Sausage,” I tell her, and she crinkles up her cute nose, showcasing a smattering of sun kissed freckles. Fucking adorable.

Do not think about the freckle on her leg.

“Doesn’t look like any sausage I’ve ever had.” She holds her hands out about eight inches apart. “Our sausages are about this long, and they look like...” Her words fall off as her eyes go wide, like she just painted herself into a corner, and I get it, whatever she says is probably going to come out sounding sexual—at least to me. Did I mention it’s been a while since I shagged a bonnie lass?

“Like what?” I ask, keeping the smile from my face as I wait to hear her description. Yeah, it’s true, I’m being a proper dobber, or as they say in America, a jerk. But hey, she started down this path. I’m just walking it with her, and maybe I need to get out of the house more often.

She makes circles with her thumb and index finger, and starts moving them back and forth, and my damn tadger stands up and takes notice of the action.

“Looks like you’re milking a cow.”

It doesn’t really, it looks like she’s mimicking a hand job. But I really don’t want to embarrass her.



"I'm just trying to show you what they look like," she explains.

"I'm not sure I get it."

Flustered, she says, "Well, they're cylindrical and encased in a skin." A pink flush begins at her chest and crawls into her face as soon as the words leave her mouth and cutting her some slack, I open the fridge and pull out a few sausage links.

"Like this?"

She glares at me, aware of my teasing. "You were..."

I'm noticing her habit of not finishing her sentences. I cock my head and toss the sausages on the counter, and tend to the bacon and pudding. "I was what?"

"You were just trying to get me to...to...with my hands...to act out..." Her face turns an even brighter shade of red.

"Milking a cow?"

She shakes her head and briefly closes her eyes, as her friend comes into the room. "What's going on?" Carrie asks.

"Your friend here was just showing me—"

"Nothing," Kinley blurts out before I can finish. "Nothing at all."

Carrie eyes us for a second, and then inhales deeply. "What smells so good?"

"Breakfast. Why don't you both have a seat?"

They sit at the table and I bring them each a mug of coffee. Kinley inhales and moans.

“Smells delicious.” I place a glass milk pitcher and a sugar bowl on the table and she pours a generous amount of milk into her mug, along with three big scoops of sugar.

“Would you like some coffee with your milk and sugar?” Carrie says and Kinley sticks her tongue out.

I begin plating the food, and Carrie takes a sip of coffee and glances at Kinley. “What are you going to do today?”

She shrugs, and wait, was that a sigh? Does she not want to be here? My gaze moves over her face, and that’s when I notice she seems a bit sad, maybe even a little lost—hell, I know all about that. But most people are happy to be on vacation in Scotland. What is going on with her?

*Not your business, Harris.*

“Probably tour around,” Kinley answers. “Take some pictures.” She frowns as she glances down at her socked feet. “Maybe go for a hike. I need to get some hiking boots, though.” I carry the plates over and set them down. Kinley glances up at me, blinking dark lashes over big blue eyes. Damn, she’s gorgeous and everything I don’t need in my life right now. “Aren’t you going to eat with us?”

“I’ll grab something at the pub.” I take a sip of coffee. “If you go into the woods, make sure you wear pants and a long sleeve shirt.”

“Right, I wouldn’t want...” She lets her words fall off again, and nibbles on her bottom lip, like she’s reliving last night.

“Another tick,” I say.

“That’s disgusting,” Carrie says and makes a face like she’d just eaten something sour. “I can’t believe you had a tick on you. Eww.”

“Yeah,” both Kinley and I say at the same time, and while ticks are disgusting, I’d be more than happy to climb between her legs to remove one again. Hell, who am I kidding? I’d be happy to climb between her legs for any reason at all.

“I need to get a cab,” Carrie says to me.

I set my coffee mug on the counter. “I can call one for you. You’re headed to the set?” Last night when I checked her in, she told me all about the contest she won.

She hugs her hands together. “I can’t believe I’m going to meet Jamie Fraser.”

“Isn’t your last name Fraser?” Kinley asks.

I nod. “No relation.”

Kinley cuts into her black pudding and takes a big bite. She moans again, and I wish she’d cut it out. Sweatpants aren’t made for hiding boners.

“This sausage is so good.”

“Better than any sausages you put in your mouth back in America?” Carrie asks, and I don’t miss her grin. She’s a cheeky one, for sure.

Kinley takes another big bite, and has more in her mouth than she can chew. “I need to learn to make these,” she mumbles after swallowing and stabbing her fork into another piece.

“Yeah, you in the kitchen.” Carrie snorts. “Now that I’d like to see.”

“I could if I wanted to,” Kinley shoots back, a hint of hurt in her eyes, and Carrie’s face softens.

“I know,” she says and gives Kinley’s hand a squeeze. Why do I sense Carrie hit a nerve with her friend? “What’s in them?” Carrie asks me as she cuts into hers and examines it on the end of her fork.

I hold my fingers out and start listing off the ingredients. “Milk, oatmeal, onion, spices.”

Carrie nods and Kinley continues to chow down and my chest puffs out as her moans stroke my culinary ego. “Doesn’t sound too complicated.”

“Oh, and pig’s blood,” I add.

Kinley’s fork clatters on the plate and I push off the counter, lifting myself up to my full height. “What?” she practically shrieks. “Did you say pig’s blood?” I nod and her face pales.

“Yeah, why?”

She heaves a bit and puts her hand over her mouth. “You should have opened with that, Harris!” She shoves her plate away.

“But you were enjoying it.”

“Before I knew it was pig’s blood. Now just... eww...”

“Ohmigod, she’s going to be sick,” Carrie says and jumps up.

“I got her.” I put my arm around Kinley’s small body and rush her to the loo. She drops to her knees and I hold her hair back as she heaves but doesn’t lose her breakfast in the toilet. After a moment, I get her a glass of water. She rinses her mouth and gives me a death glare as she hands the glass back.

“Okay, so no pig’s blood,” I say and help her to her feet. “But for the record, what they put in your American sausages is no better.”

She holds her hand up. "Don't want to know."

I begin to lead her back into the kitchen. "Come on, I'll get you more coffee."

She digs her heels in. "What's in it?"

"Coffee beans, nothing else. I promise."

"The milk?"

I nod toward the pasture down the road. "Comes from a local cow?"

"Sugar?"

"Grocery store."

She stares at me for an extra second, and then nods. "Okay, good."

I place my hand on the small of her back to get her into motion, and I'm almost certain a shiver just went through her body. She takes her seat and I remove her plate from the table. Carrie's seat is empty, everything on her plate gone, even the black pudding—I guess she's more adventurous than her friend. I hear her voice on the second level and assume she's on her phone.

I pour Kinley another mug of coffee and hand it to her. "How about some tatties, then?"

"Tatties?" Her eyes narrow. "That sounds an awful lot like..."

"Titties," I provide.

Shock registers in her eyes. "I wasn't going to say that, but yes. Please tell me they're not, though."

I can't help but laugh. "A tattie is a potato." I open a plastic container and hold it out to her. "It's a potato scone, nothing

in them but potato, butter, egg, baking powder, and salt. They're delicious. Try one."

She hesitantly takes one out and cautiously turns it over and over in her hand, a careful examination.

"Trust me," I say.

"Says the man who gave me pig's blood."

"It was cooked."

She rolls her eyes so hard, it almost gives me a headache.

"Right, because that makes all the difference."

"You eat meat, right?"

She angles her head. "Yeah, why?"

"Nothing," I say, letting it go. "Try the scone."

She eyes me as she carefully bites into it. "This is delicious."

"That's what you said about the black pudding."

Her cute nose crinkles as she mumbles. "Why on earth would you serve us something with pig's blood?"

I lean against the counter and shrug one shoulder as she eats her tattie. "Most tourists want the full Scottish experience. I assumed you would too." I turn and refill my mug. "My mistake."

"No, I mean...I...I."

Her voice sounds a little uneven, somewhat shaken, so I glance over my shoulder to check on her. She tears her gaze away from my arse, but not fast enough. Nope, not fast enough at all. Her slow response was enough for me to see the way she was checking me out.

“Do you want it, Kinley?” I’m referring to the full Scottish experience, not my arse—thank you very much. Okay, so maybe I’m referring to both.

“I guess,” she murmurs.

“So yes, you want me to give you the full Scottish experience?” As I take in the rapid way her chest is rising and falling, I’m pretty sure our thoughts are on the same wavelength.

“I just want to know what I’m putting into my mouth before I do it.”

I try my damndest not to smile as I envision myself explaining what my cock is as I feed it to her. “I can manage that,” I tell her, and take a big swig of coffee as my dick thickens some more.

“Good.” She nods and in walks Carrie.

I nod to Carrie, and she quirks an eyebrow. “Tell me, does this Scottish experience involve a one on one with the Loch Ness monster?” she asks, a grin playing with the corners of her mouth as she darts a finger out and points downward. “I believe the legend is true and ol’ Nessie is alive and well.”

Both Kinley and I follow her gaze to my crotch area and when I see the way my pants are tenting, I twist and under my breath curse, “Bollocks!” Talk about a day going from bad to worse and it’s only eight in the morning. Damned if I can’t wait to see how the next few hours play out.

Of course, I know how I’d like it to play out—by showing Kinley that I can bite off more than I can chew, too, but there will be no biting, or chewing, and forget about nibbling. *Don’t think about nibbling.* She’s a distraction I don’t need, which means she’s hands off. I am not going to touch her, no matter what, not even if she asks me to.

Okay, maybe if she asks me to.