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# KILTING AROUND

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**CATHRYN FOX**

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



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Kilting Around  
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“**W**hat the hell am I really doing here, Finn?” I ask my cousin as he fluffs up a bouquet of flowers and frowns as he stands back to examine the flaccid white pedals.

“What is the matter with these magnolias? They were perky before you walked in.” He angles his head my way, his eyes narrowing as he runs his gaze up and down the long length of my tired body. “I dinna believe they’re happy to see you, Gavan.”

“Finn...” I grumble not in the mood for his sexual innuendos. After a long-ass flight across the pond, I’m not interested in discussing my sex appeal on flowers. “What the hell is going on?” I ask again.

Finn’s arms drop as he fully turns to me, his jaw agape like I just asked him to figure out the square root of six hundred, or something equally bizarre. Even if he spewed the right answer, I wouldn’t know. Yeah, I studied business at Boston University. We both did. But I wasn’t in it for the math. No, I

studied business so I could run a successful Public House (pub) someday here in Boston.

“What dinna you get?” he asks as one hand flops over to present me with his palm.

*Dinna.*

Born and raised in Glasgow, we’re both Scottish, but sometimes he leans into his accent a little more than I do.

“I explained it all to you on the phone,” he continues as he takes a small step closer, like he’s examining my pupils. “You don’t have another concussion, do you?” He shakes his head. “I warned you about the dangers of playing football. You’re far too aggressive on the pitch.”

I grumble under my breath. “I do not have a concussion and you didn’t explain anything to me,” I say, getting the conversation back on track. “All you did was call me and tell me to get my arse to Boston because you had some emergency. So here I am. What’s the emergency?” I glance around the extravagant Beacon Hill office space, take in the floor-to-ceiling ornate columns, as well as the blue and white color scheme covering the walls and furniture. The place looks like it jumped right off the cover of some interior design magazine. Finn always did have a flair for the dramatic, but he made Finn-tastic Affairs into one of Boston’s most sought after event planning businesses, so clearly his theatrics are working for him.

“Was it a nice flight?” He folds one hand over the other and innocently blinks at me. “How’s the weather been in Glasgow?”

Shite, I’m going to strangle him...slowly. I glare at my *former* best friend. “Are you sick?”

“Darling, no.” He waves his hands up and down his body. “Do I look sick?”

“You’re looking a little peely-wally.” It’s a lie. He doesn’t look pale, at all. In fact, he looks fit and healthy as always. “Why are you wearing a kilt? It’s three hundred degrees out there.”

He smooths his hands over the tartan wool. “It’s all part of the image here at Finn-tastic Affairs.” He gives me a little wink. “We Scottish are exotic, dinna you know? The women go crazy for it. Always wanting to know what I’m wearing beneath this kilt and if the carpet matches the drapes.”

“You care about that why?”

“Don’t be cheeky, cousin, and yes, I realize a gay wedding planner is cliché, and I’m okay with that because it’s good for business. You would not believe how many women want to convert me. It’s a fun game and good for my bottom line.” I raise my brow and he laughs. “Not *that* bottom, and don’t worry that pretty head of yours, you’ll get used to wearing a kilt in no time at all.” I’m about to rebel, but he twists his hips to flare his kilt.

“What are you doing?”

“Showing you that everything here at Finn-tastic Affairs is authentic.”

“What you’re showing me is your tadger.” For some reason my cousin does love to show off his parts.

“Exactly. You can’t wear anything underneath the kilt—too hot for that anyway—and of course, your dangly bits will be itchy at first, but—”

“Finn!” I stare at him and try to get him back on track even though I know I’m not going to like what he has to say. “Why

would I need to get used to one?" I reluctantly ask and brace myself for the answer.

"When you take over for me, of course. Seriously, Gavan, are you sure you don't have a concussion?"

"Finn, you're really starting to piss me off."

He purses his lips. "Doesn't take much."

With my patience approaching zero, I push up to my full height and stand eye to eye with him. Wait, did he just say... "What did you just say about me taking over here for you?" I glance around his frilly boutique and snort. Maybe he's the one who injured his brain on the pitch. Either that or I heard him wrong.

"Just for the next month." He hugs his hands to his chest. "Oh, Gavan, I can't wait for you to meet Alistair. He's just...everything."

Yeah, and so was Danny, and Robert, and Kent...or was it Kurt...but I keep that to myself. His flavor of the month isn't really the issue here, and if he doesn't get to the details as to why he needs me to take over—which I have no intentions of doing—I'm going to beat it out of him. But this is Finn, he likes to take the winding back roads of Scotland to get to the point.

I fold my arms and offer him my best scowl as I plant my feet. "Go on."

"It's not every day I get invited to go to Fiji, you know."

"I'm sure it's not."

He smiles, his eyes half closed, like he's dreaming of a faraway place, and I'm guessing he's envisioning himself sitting in a

cabana in the South Pacific. I wouldn't mind being there myself right about now.

He snaps back to attention and circles his desk, three efficient steps taking him to his seat. Well, would you look at that. He can be direct when he wants to be. He flips a page in what looks like a planner.

I plop down into the chair across from him, and put my boots on his desk. He frowns as he glares at me. "Gavan, really. Were you raised in a barn?"

"Yes." I was raised in Da's pub, serving up drinks since I was a wee boy—much like my cousins were raised in their parent's pubs since food, cooking and Scottish culture is big in our families—and we did have a pasture with sheep out back, and there was a barn. That's close enough, I guess.

He rolls his eyes and shoves my feet off his gorgeous oak desk. "We leave tomorrow, which is why I needed you here today."

"To take over your business?" The idea is simply too ludicrous for me to even entertain.

He clicks his tongue and taps his head. "See, you're getting it. Not so dense after all."

"Forget it, Finn." I jump up, and turn toward the door, ready to leave as fast as I arrived. "This conversation is over."

"Gavan, nae..." The pure panic in his voice stops me dead in my tracks. Christ.

I turn back to him and try not to soften as pleading eyes lock me in place. "Not only have you lost your mind, you have no idea what constitutes an emergency, because this..." I glance around his show room. "...is not it."

“Gavan, I need you.”

His pleading look pierces something deep inside me. Shite. “What do I know about your business, and even if I did agree to this and I’m not saying I am, I’m not wearing a kilt. Don’t you have staff for this sort of thing?” My gaze goes to the empty offices off to one side and the abandoned receptionist’s desk.

“My staff are all busy with other events, and my receptionist is out until Friday. This is an emergency, and well...as much as it pains me to say this...you owe me, Gavan.”

Ah, and here it comes...the ace he’s been holding for years now. “Finn...”

“You’d be dead, you know?”

I didn’t know I was allergic to bees until I was seventeen and disturbed a hive down at the lake. If Finn hadn’t loaded me into his truck and whisked me off to the hospital, I wouldn’t be standing here having this insane conversation.

“D-E-A-D, Gavan,” he reminds me, driving the point home by painfully enunciating each letter.

“Yes, and how unfortunate it is that I’m not.”

He angles his head and eyes me, and I can almost hear the wheels turning in his busy brain. “You remember that time I found you in the sheep pasture.” He tips his fingers to his lips, suggesting I had too much to drink. “...with your pants to your ankles.” He briefly closes his eyes, a cheeky grin curling his lips. “Oh, if those sheep could talk.”

“I was taking a piss, Finn. I wasn’t shagging...” Christ. I pace back and forth. “You’re resorting to blackmail now?”

“I wouldn’t call it blackmail, exactly.”

“What would you call it?”

He looks offended for a second, but as I stop pacing and hold my ground, he drops the act and switches tactics. “I’m your cousin and best friend. You should want to help me out, Gavan.”

“*Former* best friend.”

“Fine.” He steps closer. “Former best friend...” He taps my nose and I swat his hand away. “...you can disown me after you do me this favor.”

“You’ve lost your fucking mind. I don’t know the first thing about planning an event, or whatever it is you even do.”

“Oh, it’s so easy. A monkey can do it.”

I growl and stand nose to nose with him, but I’m so tired, the fight is draining out of me. “First you pull the death card on me, then you try blackmail and now you’re calling me a monkey?”

He must sense some shift in me, because a smile spreads across his face, like he knows he’s got me right by my dangly bits, and dammit, I’m worried he does. He’s my cousin and best friend, and I wouldn’t be alive today if it wasn’t for him. I owe him, but more importantly, he’s family and I’d do just about anything for family.

Family is the reason I’m living in Glasgow and not Boston. My dreams of opening my own pub were put on hold indefinitely after Da’s stroke. I had no choice but to go back home and help out at the pub he poured his heart and soul into for years. I love the man who single-handedly raised me after Ma fucked off when I was a young lad. I should be home helping him, not standing here having this debate with Finn. They both need me, but the circumstances don’t even compare.

Finn, however, has a dozen cousins on his mother's side of the family. I know he and I are the closest but he could have called any one of them.

"You'll have to pretend you're me, of course."

"Oh, of course." Isn't this just getting better and better.

He eyes me. "We're the same height and build. You'll just have to dye your hair orange. Pretending to be me will be easy."

"I'm not...wait, what? Why the hell do I have to pretend I'm you?"

"The Johnsons." I glare at him, and he huffs. "The Johnsons are Boston royalty, Gavan. They own Johnson Fidelity, a multibillion-dollar investment company. Why do you not know these things?"

"Because these things are not important to me."

He throws his arms out. "Sarah's wedding will be talked about for decades."

"And this has what to do with me?"

"They want me, and me alone to plan the wedding. My staff simply won't do." He puts one hand to his chest and his chin lifts an inch as he splays his fingers. "My reputation precedes me. I'm the best in the business, and no way can I turn away an account of this magnitude. I must give the Johnsons exactly what they want."

"Then you'd better skip Fiji if this is so important to you."

"Gavan..."

I fold my arms. "Finn..."

“Lucille Johnson will be here in five minutes,” he continues, completely ignoring my protests. “She’s the bride’s sister. I—or rather you—will be working closely with her for the next few weeks while I’m away. She’s a ball buster, so we must present her with our best Scottish charm.”

*Scottish charm?*

“Fuck that.”

“Word of mouth is everything amongst the rich, Gavan.” A bell over the door jingles, and he looks past my shoulders. “Shite, she’s here now. Quick, you need to hide.” He hurries out from behind his desk, and shoves me into a closet, leaving the door cracked. “Watch and learn.”

Two sets of footsteps sound on the marble floor as he hurries across his wide expanse of space to meet her. “Ms. Johnson, darlin’, how ye daein? Yer looking as gorgeous as ever. Please have a seat.”

A chair scrapes and I peek through the crack in the doors to catch sight of a pretty young woman. She smooths her hand over her skirt as she lowers herself into the plush leather. I inch the door open a bit more, let my gaze move over the length of her. Dark lashes blink over bright blue eyes as she slides a loose strand of silky dark hair behind her ear. Maybe *bonnie lass* would be better words to describe her, and while she exudes confidence that doesn’t give anyone the right to call her a ball buster.

But she is rich and we all know they live in a different realm than the rest of us, and expect people like Finn—and me—to run circles around them, and cater to their every need. I’ve experienced their sense of entitlement firsthand at my da’s pub. Rich, vacationing Americans wanting a real Scottish experience. Of course, I plan to give them that when I open

my own pub here. Although that dream is getting dimmer and dimmer.

“Please call me Luce. It’s nice to meet you, Mr. Duncan.”

“It’s Finn, of course.”

She offers him a brilliant smile that probably costs more than Da’s pub brings in every month. “I’ve heard great things about your company.”

Finn smiles back and putting on his best Scottish charm as he casts a fast glance my way as if to say, told you so. “Aye, word of mouth is everything. Can I get you a refreshment? Perhaps a cool glass of fizzy juice?”

Jesus, he’s not just leaning into his accent and heritage, he’s falling all over it.

“No, I’m fine, thank you.” She opens her bag and pulls out a tablet. “I’d like to get straight to business.”

“Aye, of course.”

“I do love your accent.” She leans forward, like she’s sharing a secret. “Did you know I have a bit of Scottish in me?”

“Nae, dinna know that.”

I try not to fidget as they make small talk before they get down to business and begin to set a timeline and discuss venues. As the minutes tick on, it gets harder and harder to breathe in the small space, and I’m two seconds from busting out of the closet and blowing his plan, when the bell over the door jingles. I listen for a second longer, and when I hear only one set of footsteps on the marble floor, I say, “Can I come out of the closet now?”

Finn chuckles as he swings the doors open, a cheeky grin on his face. “Darling, is there something we need to talk about?”

I step from the closet and glare at him. “Not funny.”

“Did you watch and learn?” He reaches out and touches my hair, examining the length. “We’ll have to think about a trim as well.”

I swat his hands away. “I can’t be you, Finn.”

“Of course you can.” He playfully wags a brow. “Did you hear Luce say she was part Scottish, and wouldn’t yae know it, cousin, she’s just your type. Unless of course you really are coming out of the closet.”

If I was coming out, I probably wouldn’t have been admiring Luce or thinking about how I might go about putting a little more Scottish in her.

“Bloody hell, Finn. Yer off yer heid.”

“I am not crazy. I’ve given this a lot of thought.” He efficiently claps his hands. “Now, let’s get at your transformation. Make you a wee bit more braw, like me.”

I grumble. “I just...why can’t I just be me?”

“Are you daft? I already told you why.” He gives an exaggerated huff. “You need to work on your listening skills, Gavan, or should I say, Finn.” He chuckles.

I glared at him. “No, what I need to work on is saying *no* to you.”

“Do I need to remind you that I—”

“Saved my life. No, I get it.” I shake my head hardly able to believe I let him arm twist me in to taking over his business—pretend to be him. “If I can’t pull this off and you lose the

account, it's not on me and you cover all expenses while I'm here."

Finn grins at me. "You'll do it then?"

I roll my eyes, because yeah, he knew I was going to do it the second he asked. "Yes, I'll do it."

"You'll play the part *and* wear the kilt?"

"Yes, and yes." But I draw the line where Luce is concerned. I won't be putting any Scottish, or anything else, in her. Nothing good could come from that, which means she's hands off—no touching, no kissing, no shagging.

Unless, of course, she asks me to.

“I wouldn’t call him eccentric,” I say to my sister and press my phone harder against my ear to block the street noises as I hurry down the sidewalk. I should have worn a hat. It’s unseasonably hot for May and the humidity is playing havoc with my flat ironed hair. I’ll no doubt resemble a hedgehog by the time I enter Finn’s showroom. Not that I’m trying to impress him. I mean, the man is nice to look at, and well built, but I’m no longer into men—thanks to being such a bad judge of character—and he’s not into women, so there’s that.

“What do you think he wears under that kilt, Luce?” Sarah asks with a chuckle.

“Don’t know and don’t care.” I dodge a guy texting as he comes straight at me, and glance up to see the big Finn-tastic Affairs sign overhead. “I’m here now. I’ll let you know what venues are available as soon as I know. We’re going to go over all that today.” Sarah continues to ramble on about her preferred wedding venue, and I don’t mean to be rude, but I end the call while she’s mid-sentence. She’ll probably talk for

another thirty minutes before she even realizes I'm not on the other end.

I love my sister, I really do, which is why I agreed to plan this wedding for her—in four months—with the help of Boston's number one event planner. While Finn is excellent at his job, or so I heard, my sister insisted I be involved in every step along the way. Yay me for having such great organizational skills, which lend beautifully to my job as a financial advisor at our family-run investment company.

While my finance career has nothing to do with event planning, I agreed because I love Sarah and would do anything to help her pull off her dream wedding, even on such short notice. Glen Baxter, nephew of the man who owns the New England Patriots—a well-known lawyer—proposed to my sister in April. Mom suggested a September wedding and Sarah readily agreed. What my younger sister wants, my younger sister gets. I'm as guilty as the rest for spoiling her. At least the wedding is taking the focus off my previous bad choices and my future as a spinster.

I pull open the door and the little bell overhead jingles. I head toward the back of the showroom, and slow my steps at the sound of Finn's voice. Wait, is that his voice? It sounds a bit deeper than yesterday. Maybe it's spring allergies. I've been plagued with them myself.

I walk around a large pillar and Finn has his back to me as he stands behind his desk, waving his arms erratically as he glances out the tall window overlooking a backyard gazebo.

What is he saying and who is he talking to?

I come to a resounding halt, as he belts out, "I must be off ma trolley. I'm a damn eegit."

Is he calling himself an eegit? Does that mean idiot? He continues to throw his arms out, gesturing to no one in particular. I wait, and when it doesn't look like his ranting is about to stop any time soon, I clear my throat, and he spins, his eyes wide, surprised as they land on me.

"I didn't mean to interrupt." I check his ears to see if he's wearing a headset. Nope. Apparently, he was just talking to himself. Maybe Sarah was right and he is a bit eccentric. Not my business. He's good at what he does and that's all I care about.

"I dinna hear you come in."

"The bell rang." I point over my shoulder and move toward him. There's something different about him today. I let my gaze move down the long length of him, but still can't quite pinpoint what's off. Off? Maybe the word is *on*, because wow, he looks a bit wider, harder, a delicious morsel any girl would want to gobble up, and dammit, I forgot my spoon.

*You're off men, girl.*

Were his legs that muscular yesterday? I'm not sure. I'm also not sure why I'm suddenly wondering what he's wearing under his kilt. Damn you, Sarah. I shake my head to get it on right and meet his gaze. My God what is the matter with him? He looks like a deer in the headlights.

"Is everything okay?"

"I...yes...I mean, aye." He covers his mouth and coughs. "I might be coming down with a cold."

"Oh, sorry. Should we postpone?" A wave of panic moves through me. I can't afford to put venue shopping off for another day—not with the wedding only four months out—but if the man is sick.

“No, I’m sure it’s nothing.” He waves his arms about, and while I’ve seen him do the movement yesterday—he likes to talk with his hands—today he looks like he’s trying to ward off a demon that only he can see. “I put together a list of venues like we discussed, and I made a few calls.”

He gestures for me to sit and drops into his chair. He places a thick index finger on a sheet of paper and slides it across the table to me, but I’m not looking at the paper. Nope. I’m looking at the streak of orange dripping down his cheek. Is he feverish? I mean, even if he was, he wouldn’t sweat orange, right?”

“You ah, have a little something...” Before I can help myself, I lean across the table, and brush my thumb over his cheek. I come away with a streak of...dye? Does Finn dye his hair orange?

Panic moves over his face a second time, and he glances over my shoulder, zeroing in on the door, like he’s about to bolt.

“Finn?”

He focuses back in on me, the fear almost gone from his face when he says, “I guess I didn’t rinse away all my special shampoo.” He rips a tissue from the box on his desk and scrubs it over my finger. “It helps keep the orange bright and luxurious,” he explains.

I’m familiar with purple shampoo for blond hair but not orange shampoo for orange. Then again, I don’t know any gingers, and I only know about the purple shampoo because Sarah uses it.

He runs the tissue around his forehead and face, and looks pleased when it comes back clean. I glance at the list of venues, and when I see Cypress Country Club, I point to it.

“Are you saying this is available in September?” Hope fills me. You must book the Cypress years in advance, and I’m not sure I have this kind of luck.

“Nae, it’s on the list because you mentioned it.” My heart sinks into my Louis Vuittons, and I lift my head to find Finn frowning.

“I’m sorry, lassie.”

Aww, he’s so genuinely sweet. “It’s okay, it’s not your fault.”

“There are plenty of other places available.”

I pucker my lips and look the list over again. “I know, Sarah had her heart set on Cypress.”

He goes quiet, thoughtful for a moment, and he seems as disheartened as I am. No wonder he’s the best at what he does. He truly cares about his client’s desires. “Why don’t we head down there. You never know what I can pull off wit’ me Scottish charm.”

I laugh at that. “Maybe a peek at what you wear under your kilt will sway minds.”

*Oh. My. Freaking. God.*

Why the hell would I say that? I smooth my hand over my frizzy locks. Did the sun fry my brain as well as my hair? I don’t know, but what I do know is this early morning version of the man I met yesterday is throwing me off somehow. I blame my sister for bringing up what he wears under his kilt.

“I mean...”

“Aye, I know what you mean. It’s a lifelong mystery for sure.” He stands, and I follow him up, my chin lifting to meet his

gaze. I don't think I noticed how green his eyes were yesterday.

"Do you know that only two percent of the population have green eyes and the highest concentration comes from Scotland." What am I doing? "It's actually a genetic mutation." He folds his barrel arms across a broad chest, his lips twitching. "I'm not saying you're a mutation." My laugh comes out sounding crazy and manic. "I mean, look at you. You're not a mutation at all. You're really well built, and...well, you're tall, and well, red hair is a mutation too..."

*Shut up, Luce.*

"You seem to know an awful lot about mutations."

Yeah, probably because I am an oddball myself. My mother and sister are gorgeous natural blondes, tall and thin and vibrant and vivacious. I have short black hair, and I'm vertically challenged. You know what they say about short people: you gotta hand it to them, because they can't reach it any other way.

I wouldn't exactly say I'm the black sheep. But I don't have their people skills, obviously—heck, my sister is the 'face' of Johnson Fidelity, while I'm kept in the back room running numbers. I do however, excel at what I do, and it impresses my folks. God knows I wouldn't want to disappoint them—again. I just wish finance was my passion, or that they'd get behind what I'd really like to do with my life. Not that they want to know, or I'd tell them. I'm not ready to be disowned.

*We have staff for that sort of thing, Luce.*

"Wait, are you curious?" he asks, pulling my drifting mind back to the present.

"Curious about what?"

He bends and grips the hem of his kilt. "What's under ma kilt."

"Oh no, of course not."

*Dear ground, please open up and swallow me whole.*

"I mean, if yer curious." He arches a brow and inches the wool up a bit.

"Not," I say and hold my hand up, unable to tell if he's being serious or not. Something tells me it's the former and that he's the kind of guy who blurts out whatever it is he has on his mind.

He wags his brows. "Curiosity killed the cat."

"Satisfaction brought it back," I announce in response. I have no doubt this guy knows all about satisfaction—in bed. Why the hell am I even thinking about such things? Oh, probably because I haven't been touched in so long. After my last boyfriend—who is currently in prison for embezzlement—I decided being single was my best option.

*How's that working out for you, Luce?*

Well, I'm standing here fantasizing about my sister's gay wedding planner. So yeah, working out just fine, thank you very much.

His Scottish chuckle— can a chuckle be Scottish?—curls through me and tugs at something deep between my legs. Alrighty then.

"I'll drive," I say and practically run to the front door. "My car is in the lot." I jerk my thumb to the right, toward the two-tiered parking garage where I left my vehicle, as I steal a fast glance over my shoulder to see if he's coming. I can't help but think something is wrong as he walks—or rather shuffles and

twists, and rubs his thighs together—a pained look on his face. I don't know what's going on under that kilt, but I'm thinking some kind of ointment might be in order.

“Did you want to change for the ride?” I ask.

Relief moves over his face, and his mouth opens. I'm sure he's about to say yes, but then, like he's remembering something distasteful, a scowl pushes back his smile, and he grumbles something about a stupid promise he made. At least I think that's what he said. Hard to tell through the grumbling.

“I'm fine,” he murmurs and dangles a set of keys around his finger.

“I don't mind waiting. It's really hot out there, and that thing looks itchy.”

“You dinna know the half of it, lassie.”

I stare at him for one more second, and shrug. “Suit yourself.”

He steps outside and shoves a key into the lock. He grouches some more as it only goes halfway in. He tugs it out and tries another key.

“New lock?” I ask.

“New to me,” he answers, and I note the way the women on the street admire him as they walk past. As he struggles to lock up, I give him another once over, and take far too much pleasure in the way his tight black T-shirt showcases muscular arms and a broad back. I get the sense that those muscles are homegrown and not born in a gym. As a boy in Scotland did he work a farm? As I consider that, I picture a wee little Finn herding sheep. As my mind drifts, I note the way he's staring at me. I stand up a little straighter. Damn, what did he just ask?

“Sorry, what?”

“Top or bottom.”

Oh my God. Is he asking me my bedroom preferences? Why would he be asking that? Yeah, sure I was staring, possibly drooling a little, but what I do—or haven’t done in ages—in the bedroom is none of his business.

“Well, which is it?”

“Finn...” I begin, a wave of heat moving into my face, and it has nothing to do with this current heat wave.

He gestures with a nod to the parking garage. “Where did you park, top or bottom?”

“Oh,” I blurt out. “Bottom...bottom.”

“What did you think I meant?” He angles his head. “Wait—”

“That,” I say quickly. “That’s what I thought you meant.” I hurry down the sidewalk, aware of his presence behind me. He keeps pace and stays close, and I start jogging like a damn lunatic. Not my smartest move, considering I’m in my Louis Vuitton’s. My stupid heel catches in a crack in the sidewalk, and I let out an ungodly squeal as I go down. I’m seconds from faceplanting when a strong set of arms wrap around me and swoop me up.

“Got you, lassie.”

“Thanks,” I say, breathless, but not from jogging.

His arms tighten around me as I slip lower, and his warm scent, a mixture of the Scottish Highlands and what every girl’s fantasies are made of, curl around me.

“What’s your hurry?” He winces. “Oh, shite...” He shakes one leg out and I jiggle in his arms. “Twisted up my dangly bits.”

Dangly bits?

Oh my God is he referring to his...

“Ah, that’s better.” Gorgeous green eyes narrow in on me.

“Why were you running?”

“I...uh...in a hurry. I have to get back to the office by two. A... meeting.” I slide my hands around his neck to hold on, as a

group of young men and women start snapping pictures of us.

“Oh, no. This is so embarrassing,” I groan and bury my face in his neck. “I can’t even imagine how they’re going to caption this fiasco.”

“What? You’ve not seen a lad in a kilt before?” he shouts, making this about him and not me, and I have no idea why, but I start chuckling. “You better piss off before I really give you something to caption, and yer not gonna’ like it.”

One hand lets go of my bottom as he gestures with his middle finger, and I slide a bit lower...and just like that, while I might not know what he’s wearing under his kilt, I know what he’s *not* wearing....and he’s wrong. They are going to like it.

I briefly close my eyes and silently lecture myself not to spend one single minute thinking about his naked...dangly bits beneath the itchy wool. Nope, not going to spend one single minute thinking about it.

Two minutes though, yeah, I might spend two...