

This story was written for the 2018 Rainbow Advent Calendar. For the full list of stories, please visit <http://alexjane.info/rainbow-advent-calendar-2018/> and join in all the festive fun on the official Facebook group here: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1673039336093815/>

Published by Anna Martin [www.annamartin-fiction.com](http://www.annamartin-fiction.com)

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

My Prince  
Copyright © 2015 by Anna Martin

Characters used courtesy of Dreamspinner Press [www.dreamspinnerpress.com](http://www.dreamspinnerpress.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without the written permission of the Publisher, except where permitted by law.

Original novel My Prince published October 2015 by Dreamspinner Press.

This is a free ebook available from [www.annamartin-fiction.com](http://www.annamartin-fiction.com)



## My ~~Prince~~ Husband

Anna Martin

“Will you please... stop... *fidgeting*,” Alex hissed.

“Sorry,” George muttered and dropped his hands.

Alex slipped his hand into George’s and squeezed. George didn’t feel comfortable in church, hadn’t for a long time, but it kind of came with the job these days. It didn’t help that the whole service was in Dutch, so he had absolutely no idea what was going on. He just stood when Alex did, and sat down when Alex did too.

Alex gently rubbed his thumb over George’s ring. He’d picked up the soothing little habit since the wedding.

They had only been married a few weeks—it had been a long engagement. They’d both wanted that; to let things settle and to get more comfortable in the rhythm of their relationship. There had been a lot of back and forth about where the ceremony

would be, and who would be invited, and whether or not they were going to tell the press.

George had wanted to just go down to the registry office and sign the damned bit of paper and be done with it. But he'd learned to accept that those kinds of things just weren't on the table any more. The past few years had been good for his temper; he'd mellowed. That had been Alex's influence.

Still didn't mean he wanted all the pomp and circumstance of a royal wedding though. Britain had suffered through two of those already this year, he didn't need to be the one who made it a third.

There had already been a state visit planned for Alex's uncle and aunt—the Dutch King and Queen—to visit the British royal family. It wasn't difficult to tag a small, personal visit to Edinburgh onto the end of their trip, just two days, just long enough for them to watch George and Alex get married in a hotel overlooking Edinburgh Castle.

Alex had cried. So George cried. Then everyone was crying. It was supposed to be a bloody wedding, not a funeral.

It was the best day of George's whole life.

The cloak and dagger of the six months leading up to the wedding turned out to be worth it. No one called the paparazzi, and they released a small, discreet statement after the wedding announcing that they were now married.

Alex squeezed George's hand again, and they stood up for the next hymn.

This was the first Christmas George was spending away from his mum and dad. And his nan. He was still a little heartsore that he wouldn't be spending the day with them, but there were responsibilities attached to his new title. He'd accepted that long before the wedding.

With the King's blessing, he was now Count George Maguire of the Netherlands. Not that he would ever, *ever* use the title in public. Or private. Or in any situation other than formal state celebrations, such as the traditional Christmas service. They weren't obligated to attend, but Alex had wanted to and George wanted to support him.

They'd spent Christmas either in Edinburgh or Manchester for the past few years, so it wasn't really a sacrifice.

The hymn finished, and they sat back down again. George really, really wanted to discreetly check his watch, but it was on the wrist attached to the hand that Alex was still holding, and if he did he would probably get told off again.

They were sitting a few rows back from the altar, at the end of a row, tucked away. That was absolutely fine by George. From here, he could look around and appreciate the hard work they'd done to make the church look beautiful for Christmas. Even though his family weren't religious, pretty much every state school had been attached to a church when he was growing up. So he was familiar enough with the rituals of the season. It smelled incredible in here too; like pine and cinnamon and clove and candles. Like Christmas.

Alex closed his eyes and bowed his head as the vicar—or whatever the Dutch Church equivalent was—led the congregation in a prayer. He still didn't let go of George's hand, though, and George wondered if that was his own kind of silent protest.

It was freezing cold when they slipped out of the church about ten minutes later, and George was pleased there was a car waiting for them. They were sharing with Klaus and Olivia, Alex's parents, and heading back to their house for lunch.

"Poor George, you must have been deathly bored," Olivia said as the car pulled away from the church.

"It's fine," he said.

"How are your Dutch lessons coming along?" Klaus asked.

"Vreselijk." *Terrible.*

It made them laugh, like he hoped.

Alex was supplementing George's vocabulary lessons by offering all sorts of sexual favours, so long as George asked for them in Dutch. Alex's parents definitely didn't need to know that particular word had been learned in the context of *'I want you to do terrible things to me.'*

On the ride back to the house Alex had grown up in, on the outskirts of Amsterdam, Alex tucked himself into George's side and dozed. It had been a crazy few months for them, with Alex graduating with a Master's degree in Architecture, planning a wedding, and then they'd decided to move house too. George absently stroked his fingers through Alex's hair, glad now they finally had a couple of weeks off for Alex to relax.

Their Christmas church visit wasn't an official engagement, just a tradition, so Alex was wearing one of his suits rather than any of his regalia. George happened to like this suit a lot. The jacket was a cut a little shorter, meaning it was much easier to admire Alex's bum in the extremely well fitting trousers.

Alex sighed against George's shoulder, and George kissed his forehead.

They'd come a long way in the past few years. Olivia had gotten her way, to no one's surprise, and after they'd made an announcement that they were engaged, George and Alex had signed on as patrons to LGBT charities. It had meant being far more public about his life and his sexuality than George had ever been before, but Olivia was pretty good at shielding them from the arseholes who occasionally came out of the woodwork, so the overall experience had been okay.

Today was the first time they'd made a public appearance since announcing that they were married, and George was sure there would be some chatter about it. No doubt he'd find some picture of them in the papers over the next few days. He was still working on not being annoyed by that. He was just living his life, loving his husband. It didn't need to be a political act.

"We're home," Olivia murmured and George blinked, not realising that he'd been dozing.

Christmas Day was a fairly quiet affair in the van Amsberg household, with a nice lunch then curling up in the living room to watch a movie. George couldn't help but compare it to the madness he was used to. Big families tended to foster a certain kind of chaos, and with so many of his siblings still young, they went all out to celebrate Christmas for them.

This was nice in a different way. Alex had exchanged presents with his family on *Sinterklaas*—St. Nicholas Day—earlier in the month, but had kept his presents for George for Christmas Day. They already had a handful of their own traditions, a blend of English, Dutch, and Scottish influences that felt very true to the life they were building together.

George had bought Alex a whole bunch of very revealing jockstraps from gay-owned companies. That was very true to their lives, too.

When it was late and dark and George was pleasantly tipsy (he had a thing with Klaus where they always seemed to drink too much red wine when they got together, it was worse over Christmas when Klaus insisted it be mulled wine, which George could never resist) he let Alex lead him upstairs.

Alex had always kept his room here and stayed often, unlike his brother Hendrick, who had an apartment in Amsterdam. He was spending Christmas with his new fiancée, who was wonderful. George happened to think she was way out of Hendrick's league—he followed her around like a doting puppy.

"Sorry," Alex said as he shut the door behind them.

"What for?"

"I'm just so tired at the moment."

They'd changed into more comfortable clothes after church, and George watched, lazy and interested, as Alex stripped out of a thick jumper.

"You don't have to apologise for that."

"I know. But I feel like I haven't had much time for you since the wedding. And that sucks. I want to be a good husband."

"You are," George said, pulling Alex into his arms. "You're the only husband I ever want."

Alex huffed a laugh against George's shoulder, then started to sway them gently from side to side.

“For the next week I’m all yours, okay? I know we have stuff to do, but it’s about me and you first of all.”

“Okay.”

“Let’s go somewhere for New Year’s,” he said, resting his chin on George’s shoulder to look up at him.

“You don’t want to do Hogmany in Edinburgh?”

“We’ve done that the past few years. We can go somewhere just the two of us.”

“Okay,” George said and kissed his nose. “We can talk about it later.”

Alex slapped George’s ass before heading to the bathroom. George went to the big chest of drawers and pulled out a clean pair of boxers. They kept clothes here now, for when they came to visit, and George still refused to sleep naked in Alex’s parents’ house. It didn’t seem right, somehow.

George changed, then swapped with Alex to use the bathroom while Alex got ready for bed. When he was done, and turned the bathroom light off, Alex was already in bed.

“Are you going to make room for me in there?”

Alex huffed and rolled over, making room for George.

“If I must.”

George turned off the lamp on the bedside table and settled on his back so Alex could curl up on his chest. After a moment Alex shifted again, bracing his hand on George’s chest so he could kiss his way across George’s cheek until he reached his mouth.

It was a soft, slow kiss that turned filthy quickly. George reached down to grope Alex’s ass, making sure he stayed close.

“Want me to blow you?” George murmured when Alex finally pulled away.

“Mm. No. I want you to fuck me in the morning.”

“Nothing says Happy Birthday Jesus like two men going at it.”

Alex slapped him on the chest and laughed. “I love you. You’re going to hell, but I love you.”

“I love you too,” George said, and nudged Alex onto his side so he could spoon up behind him.

“I was talking to my dad earlier,” Alex said, running his fingers up and down George’s arm. George fought back a shiver.

“Hmm?”

“Because we haven’t seen them since the wedding. He asked how it’s all going.”

“Good,” George said on a yawn.

“Yeah. But I realised something too.”

“Go on.”

Alex wriggled in closer. It wasn’t really possible, but apparently he wanted to try.

“When I was talking to him, I realised that this is one of the first things I’ve ever had that’s totally mine. Our marriage, I mean. Like, my whole life, everything that I’ve had has been because of my family. Even my education and my career... I’ve worked for it, but they paid for me to go to good schools. But what I have with you is kind of like... we made it. The two of us. You’re mine, and it’s nothing to do with anyone else. It’s me and you.”

George felt a rush of affection for him. A lot of people didn’t look at Alex and see someone who could have any worries in the world, but he was human. And a beautiful soul.

“And I can’t wait to grow old with you. Mr Maguire,” George told him.

That made Alex laugh. When they’d gotten married, George hadn’t wanted to change his name, but Alex liked the tradition of it. So he’d adopted Maguire as one of his middle names.

“Hey, that’s Count Alexander Klaus Bernhard Maguire van Amsberg to you.”

“What a bloody mouthful.”

“I can give you a mouthful if you like,” Alex teased.

“Tomorrow.”

“Yeah, okay. Tomorrow. Happy Christmas, George.”

George kissed him again. “Happy Christmas, love.”