



His Biker Daddy

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Description: Cash

Growing up in a motorcycle club wasn't easy. Especially when I had to hide the fact that I was gay from my father. I was never the son he really wanted. Wasn't an alpha even before he learnt I was gay. I definitely couldn't admit to anyone exactly the type of relationship I wanted—not even when Pres brings home Everly and I find a connection with her that's unlike anything I've known before. She's getting to live her best life being Pres' 'little girl' and it just makes me want a daddy of my own to come and give me everything I want. I know with a single glance that the daddy I want is Law. He's not part of our club but he's here to help Everly with some shit, and he's just the type of man I want to be my daddy. Unfortunately, he keeps pushing me away, and I don't know how long I can take it. I'm ready to break when he finally gives in, showing me that my thoughts of what I wanted my daddy to be and do, didn't come close to what I really needed my daddy to do. I don't care what the club thinks anymore, if daddy wants me, he can have me—I'll gladly give him anything as long as he loves me the way he does.

Law

I became a lawyer to shove my father's face in it. He hated the fact that I was gay, no matter how strong I was. I forged a new life for myself, and found a motorcycle club that didn't give a shit that I was gay. They accepted me, let me enjoy my life, and it's been a damn good forty-eight years so far. Although nothing on this earth prepared me for Cash.

The Reaper's pretty little boy is killing me, making me feel shit I've never felt. Want things I've never wanted. Including someone for long-term. He's too damn young and I know despite the desire he feels, there's no way he'll want me for more than just a different experience. So, I do what I have to in order to keep him away from me.

When he's threatened though, I can't stand back and risk losing him. It's time to show this little boy exactly what it means to have a daddy, to be owned by his daddy. If he thinks I'll let him go, he's got a lesson coming, because this daddy takes what he wants, when he wants it. And now, that's Cash as mine, forever. He'd better be ready, because I'm coming to get what's mine.

With strong language, kinky role play, and a HEA, this short story of approximately 26,250 words is intended for an adult audience and may include subjects that are sensitive to some readers. See TW below for more information.

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Chapter 1

Cash

The door to the office suites opens and my breath catches spotting the man coming through the door with Bounce. He has to be at least twenty years older than my own twenty-five, but something about him sets my blood ablaze. I don't know how or why, but I'm hoping that I didn't just find myself seriously attracted to the first guy since I was in my teens that wasn't gay.

I mean, yeah sure, I can appreciate a good-looking guy regardless of whether he's hetero or not, but normally, I don't find myself hungry for them the way I am right now for this older hunk. Something about his aura makes me feel like I'm in Pres' presence, but right now, Pres is in his office with his 'old lady' Everly. It makes me want to chuckle whenever someone calls her his old lady because it's so completely opposite of who she is, especially when it comes to Pres. Sure, the term doesn't have anything to do with age, but considering Everly is Pres' 'little girl', and he usually is calling her 'baby girl', so hearing others call her his 'old lady' just hits differently.

"What's up, Cash?" Bounce says stepping aside to let the other man through. "This here is Law, says Pres is expecting him."

"He is," I return looking back to the other man.

Fuck he's hot. In that older man, rock-god—or at least southern rock-god sort of vibe with the beard and hair and double hoop earrings in both ears. His hair is buzzed on the sides, the top longer, perfectly styled despite looking like he rode his bike here

today. His mustache is a perfectly coifed handlebar type I know he spends time grooming, along with the beard he wears with it. It's longer and shaped to a sharper point, not looking at all upset even though it's at least an hour and a half drive from the closest part of the city to get down here. I've never been to the Keeper's place but I'm pretty sure it's on the far side of the city, which means an even longer ride down this morning.

His face is deeply lined, telling me he likely went through some shit when he was younger. As do his blue eyes that hold no softness as they take me in and considering he was likely born in the late seventies to early eighties, it's not surprising—if he's actually gay that is. Although taking in his jacket fully, I'd be hard pressed to say he isn't. I don't know any other biker that would wear a leather jacket with that much brightly colorful embroidery—especially flowers—like his has.

“Well, I'll leave you to Cash and get back to the monitors. Can't be too careful with the new lady of the house around here, can we, Cash?” Bounce says and I chuckle a hint because most everyone's already commented that I seem to have a new best friend. But hell, who wouldn't love Everly?

She's amazing. Sweet and strong, but also just finding her real self, thanks to Pres. I may or may not have also shared some websites with her when I found her looking online in the library one day. She's too cute occasionally when she blushes because she feels slightly embarrassed, or perhaps caught out is a better way to put it, when it comes to things she's experimenting with. I likely would blush too if others came across me searching some of the sites or saw me watching some of the videos that have me jerking off, wanting someone to come handle me the way the subs in the videos were.

Even with bikers, some people just don't get there's more shades to sex than some quick, hard fuck. That some people—me included—need something a bit more to let us break free and give ourselves over to the full realm of pleasure that can be created

from it.

I suppose some of the guys in the club would freak out to learn just how much Everly and I have in common, since most of them knew my father. They'd likely flip the fuck out if they knew I want a daddy just as much as Everly wants Pres to be her daddy.

You can call me a sub, a bottom, or a little, because they all fit what I'm really looking for, the type of relationship I want. Which is a big, strong man to do whatever he wants with me, but I also want the parts where he'll take care of me too. That's where I get jealous when it comes to Everly, because she already has it, and I'm still looking.

"Pres would kill you if someone snuck in here and went after Eves, especially after what happened with Grover," I add, the dark look that crosses Bounce's face at the reminder of it is one a lot of the guys have shared whenever the jackass is mentioned. No one even tried to step in, claim Pres was going too far when he taught Everly how to stab someone to keep herself safe, showed her exactly where to cut in order to kill someone.

I'd have taken the ass out for it as well, and I'm no alpha, but he put his filthy hands on Everly, attempted to rip her blouse open after delivering a package he picked up at the post office to her—which was his fucking job. It's bad enough that he tried to touch an old lady but add in the fucking fact that she's Pres' old lady—who he'd already claimed and the whole club knew it—and it was total suicide to even think it.

"Yeah, not happening on my watch," Bounce says before heading out to return to the security room to monitor all of the cameras posted around the clubhouse. We don't trust our shit to online services. There are way too many that can access them that way, so instead, our surveillance cameras here at the club run on a closed-circuit capture system. It's all saved onto computer hard drives that are under lock and key,

and Vidz's only job is to watch through them so the pertinent parts can be kept in a separate partition that others wouldn't find easily. If there's something of note, he'll bring it to Pres' attention, otherwise, he sits there watching hours of videos to make sure nothing is missed.

I gather myself, looking to the man that's been silently observing us, and shit, I can feel my face heating as his eyes glitter my way. "I'm Cash, the club's treasurer. You're Law, from the Keepers, right?" I add, holding out my hand to him.

"That's me. You're a little young to be treasurer of a place like this, aren't you, boy?" he adds and shit...I can feel my dick hardening in my jeans. It's from not only his slightly gravelly tone, but also the simple use of the word 'boy' that gets me—makes me want so much more of it.

"My father was the treasurer before me. I took over a couple years ago when he died," I answer, my jaw tightening as it normally does when I have to talk about the man. He could never accept the fact that I was gay. Harped on from the minute he found out—when I was kissing a guy I'd been seeing up in the city while going to college—until he died. Told me time and again, he didn't raise me to be a homo.

Like I have any choice as to who I'm attracted to? Shit, I knew it would be easier if I could simply like girls—get hard to thoughts of them—but that's never happened. Put someone like Law in front of me though and it makes it so damn hard—my dick and my ability to focus.

"Ah, grew up around here, explains the manners towards a visiting patch from another club. Learned to respect your elders, haven't you, boy?" Law states and fuck me...please, fuck me, is what I want to beg.

"Something like that," I reply, motioning towards a door before moving over to it. I give it a knock but there's no response, so I knock again, before peeking my head

around the door when there's still none. Pres' hands are all over Everly as she sits on his lap and I clear my voice, getting their attention.

"This is Law from the Relentless Keepers," I say, stepping aside so he can come on through the door.

"We've met before," our Pres, Tate, replies, standing up with Everly before reaching out to shake his hand.

"Four, no five years ago when you all stopped by our place after a run to hide out from the cops," Law says, and he nods. "You weren't president then."

"No, I took over about three years ago after refusing to let our previous president push us into human trafficking," he says and Law nods slowly before looking at Everly with a half-smile. His eyes soften, and fuck, it makes me want that look coming my way.

"Guess I know why you didn't take up with any of our club girls when they offered. Weren't the right type," Law states as he looks back to Pres.

"Nope, sometimes in order to find the perfect little girl, you have to look for someone that would stick out in that crowd," Tate adds, and Everly grins, resting into his side as he motions towards the seats in the room. "I know it was a bit of a ride in this morning having to come all the way across the city with the morning rush. You want something to drink before we get into this? We've got a fully stocked kitchen if you want anything to eat as well."

"I wouldn't turn down some coffee and I'm a man that can always eat," Law says with a chuckle as he puts his jacket and bag down next to a chair across from the love seat where Pres and Everly were.

“Black or do you like sugar or cream for it?” I ask, and Law’s eyes slide over towards me, a bit of that hardness returning to them, and even that makes me hungry for more.

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“Why don’t you take a guess, and I’ll let you know if you’re right when you bring it back,” he returns with a non-answer and I quickly swallow, breathing out hard in return. “Get me something I like to eat, and I’ll make it worth the effort,” he adds, and I turn away so he can’t see the reaction that brings to my dick, almost running into the doorjamb on the way out.

It takes me all the way down to the dining room to get my dick under control, my jeans no longer feeling like they’re about to strangle me. I grab up a tray as I push on into the kitchen and Slice’s head flies up, giving me a nod, his brow rising when he sees the tray.

“What’s up, brother?”

“The lawyer from the Keepers just got here. Pres offered him something to eat and drink, didn’t know you were still in here,” I add giving him a bit of a smile because man, I cook like shit so if he won’t help me out, it’s going to be something super simple, and I don’t think that’s what Law is looking for.

“I just finished a new batch of the oatmeal muffins Everly likes. Pres mentioned they’ve been her go-to for the last week or so for a snack, so since there’s nothing else going on today, I figured I’d make some more for her to have. Keep the woman of the house happy so Pres doesn’t come looking for bones to break,” Slice says before turning the grill back on. “Full breakfast or what?”

“You got the sandwich muffins still?” I ask him and he nods. “How about one of those steak ones you do? He seems like a ‘real meat’ kind of guy.”

“Give me about five minutes. The grill’s still warm from the oven,” he adds when I look at him skeptically. Just barely over that he slides two plates onto the tray as I finish filling a carafe of coffee after pouring two cups. One for Pres that’s black as night, and the other I add creamer into, adding some extra in a bowl in case he wants another cup, and top it all off with a juice for Everly.

I move back into the room with the tray telling them, “Slice was still in the kitchen, so he cooked up a sandwich for you. Steak and egg on a muffin. Cream, no sugar,” I add to Law nodding towards the cup.

“Steak, not bacon?” Law questions, and I nod again. “Good boy, and you’re right, I like cream in my coffee.”

The look he gives me puts a flush onto my face, and I have to look away before I explode.

“Thanks Cash,” Everly tells me when I hand over the bottle of juice and the plate with pumpkin oatmeal muffins to her.

“You’re welcome, Eves. Slice packed up the rest for you to grab later,” I add before handing over Pres’ coffee to him and head for the door. “If you need anything, just holler.”

“Anything?” Law queries and I can’t stop the flush that settles deeper at his tone. I give a little jerk of my head and disappear out the door trying to fucking breathe.

I try to concentrate on the latest receipts from our businesses, but all I can think about is Law and how much I want to feel his beard as he kisses me—or sucks me off. Which I really shouldn’t be thinking about right now because it makes my dick get hard again, and my jeans fit like shit when I’m hard. When they say some guys are showers no matter what, they’re not talking about me—unless I’m hard. My jeans

aren't skin tight, but they definitely fit well in the hips and ass, leaving just enough room for my balls to sit comfortably, but not enough to let me grow.

I almost knock over the cupholder that has all of the pens and pencils I use on our paper books, because again, we're not trusting shit to a computer as Pres calls out for me.

"Find an empty room for Law and get him set up in the office on the other side of Meyer's so he can work up whatever we need," he tells me when I'm in the doorway of his office, and I nod, waiting until Law gets up and moves towards the door before stepping away from it.

I lead him to the other office first, opening the door to let him look around it and warn him, "We don't have wi-fi in here. We've got a secure internet connection, but all computers are hooked up using ethernet cords. If you have a laptop that doesn't have an ethernet port, we have extra USB connectors. There's usually a cord in the rooms you can use so you don't to work just out of the office."

"I'll be needing one of those then," Law states and I nod, moving to the closet that holds all of the extra business supplies we keep on hand. You never know when one of the shops will run out of something after the stores are closed.

I pull out a couple of the connectors, turning to find Law extremely close and I gulp down a quick breath as he stares down at me. He's likely six-three, whereas I'm only five-eight and it makes me feel smaller than normal.

"You can leave one in the office and keep the other with you," I suggest, handing over both as Law holds out his hand my way.

"You going to show me where I can bed down now, help me get all settled in like a good boy?" he questions, a glint in his eyes, a hint of a smirk on his lips and god

dammit, I hate that it makes me hungry for more.

“I’ll do it because Pres told me to,” I counter, making his brow lift a bit but his smirk just grows deeper.

“You like doing what you’re told, don’t you, boy? You should be careful about that. Could get you in all sorts of trouble,” Law states, leaning towards me and I try to breathe normally, but it’s so damn hard to not reach out and take what I want. “You might end up tied to the wrong bed and played with until you’re begging for mercy. Especially a pretty little boy like you. Some guys might take offense to you being uncomfortable with a gay man enjoying the view, because let’s be honest, you’re a fine piece of ass and you know it. If you weren’t part of a club we’re friendly with and we were in the city, I’d drag you to a club, teach you a little lesson about it—let others get in some good licks on it, before milking your cock while you’re all tied up, pleading for it to stop. Wouldn’t matter to any of us that you’re not gay, pretty boy. We’d eat that ass up and make you our little bitch.”

A shiver runs through me then a gasp as his hand grabs hold of my crotch, and I bite my tongue to stop from moaning.

“Little boy’s right, isn’t it?” Law cracks, putting a flare of color onto my cheeks. “You’d really be in danger with a little dick like that hiding in your pants. We’d put you in some tight fucking shorts with a slit in the back and make you crawl around, showing off your ass crack for anyone wanting to reach in and get a good grab. So, watch yourself, pretty boy, you got me?”

“Ask around the club about me, they’ll tell you where I go hang out when I’m not here. It just might surprise you,” I state taking a step back from him, before moving past, anger settling into my veins.

Not because of the shit he said—how he’d use me—but because it’s clear that he

doesn't actually want to. That he was just teasing with those looks whereas I want it. All of it. So fucking much it hurts.

Chapter 2

Law

I crack my neck, looking around the room as Crypto continues to bang on the keyboard of the computer as Knuckles and Rambo clean their gear. My eye fucking hurts thanks to Tate's huge mitt landing on it early Thursday evening. I'd barely gotten my ass inside before he was asking me what seemed like stupid ass questions at the time about the case and the decision from the judge. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about and told him I never texted Everly and he laid me out with a crack for 'calling her a liar'.

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We started to argue, and it wasn't until Cash said that he'd seen the text that it dawned on us we'd been played. The fire at a shop that the club runs that morning, then the text about a hearing being pulled up out of nowhere. Yes, I'd told Everly they could put it on the docket at any time once the DNA results that proved the fucking mayor was her biological father so she can claim the inheritance from her grandparent's will of the biggest company in town were in, but even still, they can't just call it for that same afternoon. That was on me for not being clearer, so I took the punch without argument while Spawn and Victors backed Tate down.

I was definitely feeling my forty-eight years at that moment. I mean shit, the guy's nine years younger than I am, but he's fucking built like a bull whereas I'd have been a lion—at least ten years ago I was. I've let some of the muscles soften over the years while Tate works out in the gym nearly every day. Apparently before he claimed Everly as his two months ago, it was every day, but since he's brought his little girl home, he's let it slip.

Not that I blame him at all. If I had someone to curl up with every night, play with during the days, I sure as shit wouldn't go to the gym again. Especially if that someone was Cash.

Which is saying a fucking lot for this old man.

I wasn't looking for anything serious. Not before I got here and sure as shit, not with some young pup like Cash. Even if he does have the most perfect fucking body I've ever seen. And I have seen just about every last inch of it in the last month since I got here.

That first day, I swore he was trying to figure out why they should trust some flamboyant gay dude from another club to help the pres' woman. When I saw the way he treated her, I figured he was in love with her but hiding it because against Tate, he's got no chance. He's the adorable puppy that everyone wants to pet but don't take home because he needs too much training, whereas Tate—he'd be the rock-solid fully trained guard dog that'll kill you if you so much as breathed on what's his the wrong way.

It wasn't until I got to dinner that night that I realized I'd perhaps slightly misjudged things. The way he and Everly put their heads together and whispered was definitely not a romantic gesture—on either side. At one point, Everly's head lifted, looking straight at me and the frown she sported had me chuckling a bit, wondering if Cash wasn't telling her about our little chat next to the supply closet.

I'd never wanted to push someone onto a desk and spank an ass as much as I had then. Wanted to pull down those jeans that cupped it just right and see just how little he was and how much I could get him to grow.

I'm no fucking saint. Far from it. I've fucked a straight guy or two...or ten, in my time. Coerced them into it, with threats or blackmail about what would happen if they didn't give in and do what I told them to do.

Half of them were guys that wanted to join the club so badly they said they'd do anything. So, I made them prove it. Three of the others were guys that owed the club money, and we knew we'd never get it. Not even through legal means and we were allowed to threaten any sort of punishment we wanted.

Generally, if I went out to 'collect' it wasn't the person that got fucked that we wanted to make pay up, it was another client that was late on their payments and could afford to pay, they just wouldn't. They were there to see what happened if they continued to refuse.

The last two...it was more of an 'us or them' type situation. They busted into a bar one night, coming at me and a couple friends with bats. We ended up hogtying them to the bats before using our own to teach them a lesson—and I don't regret a fucking second of it.

I was curious about Cash after Everly said he was sensitive. I thought it was a fucking joke, but now, I know it's not. I can see it in his eyes every time I've pushed him away, but it's for his own fucking good. If I take him, I'm not going to let him go. Because despite my assumptions that first day, I know he's not interested sexually in Everly—or any other girls.

He loves Everly but it's like a sister, an equal. And having spent the last month watching her and Tate, and seeing Cash and Everly together, thinking of them as equals is really fucking getting to me.

I've always been into punishment, domination, and humiliation. I suppose it came from growing up gay in a fucked up alpha boy neighborhood. I went to law school to thumb my nose at my father who kicked me out at fifteen when he found me with another guy. He told me I'd end up in jail on the bottom of a dogpile one day.

He lived just long enough for me to shove my law license down his throat.

Part of me gets Cash, knows where some of the hurt inside him comes from—at least now that I've learnt about the shit his father used to tell him. It was only two years between him learning Cash was gay and his death, but it seems that he never forgave his son for adding on that sin atop of not being the alpha he wanted.

For me, that wasn't an issue. If you didn't man up, learn to take and throw a punch, you didn't survive around my neighborhood. From everything I've learned about the Reapers, even under the scumbag president Hinton that Tate took out to keep the club from sinking down into the depths of hell that was human trafficking, there were

plenty of others around that would have laid out Cash's father if he tried to beat him to become an alpha.

Because of that, he became just what Everly said he was that first day...sensitive. He keeps it hidden most of the time, but when he's gotten too close over the last few weeks, it's come out when I push him away. It makes me want to pull him close and hold him tight—something I've never imagined wanting to do with someone.

I've learnt from all of the hushed conversations between Everly and Cash this past month, especially the ones the last week or so, that Cash is keeping more than just his sensitive side hidden. There's a part of him that wants to be used, abused in a way, but even more of him wants what Everly has—a daddy to control him. And that is why I keep pushing him away whenever I subconsciously let him close.

He's too young to know what he really wants and if I give in, even just once, I'm going to fucking own the boy in every way he'll let me. And if he tried to pull away later, to take away these feelings I've never felt before now that are running through me whenever he's near—I'll lose my fucking mind.

I'm liable to either straight up kill whoever he tries to go to, or I'll tie him up, put him in a locked cage, until he swears he'll never leave. The second option doesn't sound too bad to me, but if it kills anything he might learn to feel for me beyond just the sexual hunger I know is there, I might as well kill myself. These feelings inside me that he's ignited aren't going away, just digging in deeper, and I can't begin pretend they don't exist anymore—at least not to myself.

Stealth tries to settle Tate when it's clear we don't have any new leads, and I put my foot in my mouth again when I stupidly tell him it's a good thing that Everly hasn't been found yet. It's obvious that Tate's not thinking everything through, just taking stuff at face value, and I get it. If it was Cash missing, I'd probably be losing my mind, ready to take offense at anything anyone says. Anyone else would get where I

was coming from and thankfully, Spawn gets it and calmly explains so I don't wind up with two black eyes.

I can see him starting to get it finally as I explain about the potential of Everly threatening them with a will that would leave the company to him and the club if she dies. Shit, I'll make sure to whip it up if that's what it takes, but it'll take a couple days to get all the right people to make it look legit.

My eyes stray over to Cash where he sits, his face tight, and it makes my heart hurt for him. He's terrified of losing his best friend, one of the people that knows him best. My thoughts are wrapped around what might happen if we don't find Everly fast enough, but I don't begin to miss when he says he might have a way of pulling the police chief out of town.

My blood boils listening to him tell everyone about the pictures Everly found five years ago. The girl was only fourteen and she had to see photos that likely haunt her dreams now. Especially with as much as we've had to deal with the man. My pressure increases though hearing him say he's been communicating with the bastard online, keeping him 'interested' but not letting him pull the trigger—perhaps literally since the man's apparently murdered at least six young gay men.

His response to Tate asking if he's spoken to Thatcher since Everly went missing has my jaw clenched. I'm trying to drag in breaths to not bound out of my chair, stalk over and shove him onto the desk, reddening his ass for talking to another man—even if it was to try and get him where the club could handle him.

“Yeah, I figured he was in on it and if there was any time to try and draw him out, it was now,” Cash answers. “He's hinted at a meet up several times, most of them I've play off, but he asked the night before Everly was taken and I hadn't responded yet. I wrote back to him last night that I might be able to make it this weekend if he was still interested. He suggested tonight almost immediately but I've not given the final

yes to get a place and time, but I can if it'll get us closer to getting Everly back."

"Where he'll be planning to do the same thing to you with his buddies as the others. They just won't know that we're there as well, and we can counter their plan to jump you," Tate states, and he nods in easy agreement.

"No," falls from my lips, pulling Cash's attention back to me and off Tate.

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“What?” Cash questions, his eyes narrowing on me like I’m out of my mind, but I fucking am.

“I said no. You’re not doing it. It’s too dangerous,” I snap, my hand slamming down on the desk as I stand up, surprising the other Keepers in the room with the outburst. I get it. None of them have ever seen me lose it this much, but I can’t fucking think with the idea of Cash putting his neck on the line, of being taken from me before I ever get a taste of how sweet it’s going to be with him.

“He’s an adult and a member of this club, it’s his decision,” Tate warns me.

“If it was Everly you’d be saying the same damn thing,” I fume, and he drops his eyes, as I see the even harder. He can’t say I’m wrong and he fucking knows it.

“It has to be me,” Cash says calmly, moving closer to me, and my hand snakes out, grabbing onto the back of his neck, holding him tight.

The look in his eyes says he understands, but there’s no way he possibly can. He’s too damn young to know what it feels like to think of losing him now that I’ve finally found him—found what I want for the rest of my life. He’s nearly half my age. I don’t know how Tate’s keeping it even remotely together right now, especially with Everly being twenty years younger than he is.

Fuck...he and Everly really are alike, and I know Everly would never begin to leave Tate. So why would Cash leave me? Especially if he gets to have the little playtime I know he’s starving for.

“There’s no way they’re going to show themselves unless they see me,” Cash continues, his eyes never leaving mine. “He may not know the face entirely, but the photos showed enough of my body that no one else will be able to go in instead. Anyone that’s even close to my size and build has way too many tattoos. He’d sense it’s a setup and bail.”

“What’s to say he doesn’t see you, recognize you, sense it’s a setup, shoots you and still bails?” I return, as the others wisely keep their mouths shut.

“Because very few people around town know I’m part of the club to start. Yeah, I ride a bike, but I rarely wear a leather jacket or even my cut when I go into town. When I do wear them on rides, I have a full head helmet on, and no one ever sees my face. Even if he does recognize me and puts me together with the club, he’s likely to be even more anxious to come after me, because he’s expecting a horny gay boy to show up wanting to get fucked. He has no idea I know it’s him, know what he does because he doesn’t show his face online. Not once in any of the photos does he show his face and since the phone is a burner, it’s not tied to me or the club. Even if he tried to trace it, the closest he’d get is to the local tower nearest to the town’s single gay bar,” Cash says, holding my gaze, everything I’ve been trying to fight right there at the surface, and I can’t fucking stop myself anymore.

My hand pulls him in closer, my hold tight so he knows he’s not going anywhere but where I want him, showing in the hold that I’m in control, before I steal his mouth in a hard, slightly punishing kiss. Cash’s lips instantly part beneath mine, letting me in, letting me taste all of him—of what’s mine.

“Come on brother, we’ve got shit to get mapped out if we’re going to do this tonight,” Knuckles says breaking us apart, and I fight to not snarl and dive back in for more when my eyes slide over Cash’s flushed cheeks, his lips wet and swollen. Making me want to see them wrapped around my cock even more than I have before now.

“You and I are going to have a conversation when we’re back here about keeping things from me, especially when they involve talking toothermen,” I warn him, enjoying his little gulp as I brush his hair from his eyes, before turning towards Knuckles. “You bring any of those undershirts we ripped off?”

“The bullet proof ones? Yeah I think we’ve got a couple in with the rest of the equipment,” Knuckles states.

“Get him one.”

“They’d spot one a mile away,” Cash says shaking his head.

“Not these. They’re the thinnest ones we’ve ever seen, they have an extremely thin plate, and the Kevlar is woven into the material as well. It may not completely stop a bullet, but it’ll keep you alive and they’re only noticeable up close. Very close,” Rambo adds and while they head off to get things together, Cash sends the message to Thatcher about the meet.

By the time we’re out there, my blood is boiling again, and I almost take Tate’s head off when he doesn’t let me follow the others in. His simple warning gets to me though, “No, you’re too emotionally attached to this. So am I. You’d shoot first if he laid a hand on Cash before we got him subdued and I can’t let that happen. Not yet.”

“I get first shot at him once we have news on Everly,” I state and he nods, leaving me to stew until Cash has approached the bastard.

Before I know it, we’re in the clearing and while the others have the bastards that were waiting to gang up on my boy dead and Thatcher is in Stealth, Knuckles, and Rambo’s tight hold, I head straight for my boy, pulling him in for a kiss as I make sure he’s safe. He kisses me back entirely, his hand gripping the waist of my pants tight, and I let it linger until I can finally stand to be apart from him in order to help

get Everly home.

Torturing the asshole until he gives up the location where they've stashed Everly makes me happy. Not sexually, even though we use that on him, including sticking a dildo covered with my cum into his ass, but the only reason I was even hard was because I'd had my boy in my arms, my hands running over him to make sure nothing got close to touching him. If it wouldn't have been our first time, I'd have bent his ass over his bike and taken it hard to rejoice that he was safe. Even if the rest of the entire club had been here to see it—actually, that part would have gotten me even harder.

It's a good thing we stopped Tate from storming the mayor's mansion though, because the bastard had her out at the old Jackson Manor instead. And when we pulled up, it was all quiet—too quiet it seemed. At least until we got inside and found Everly in the basement—surrounded by four dead bodies.

The proud gleam in Tate's eyes as he sees what his little girl did to protect herself, and the baby it seems they're having, is the same thing I felt when Cash told me he had to be the one to show up to meet Thatcher. Even if behind it was pure terror—something I'm not good with feeling at all.

I think we all feel a bit of Tate's pride though when Everly nails Thatcher in the nuts with a metal pipe before Tate takes her home to rest, especially when we learn she busted one. By the time he's dead, the other one is ruptured as well, but it was just a slice of the pain he felt as we amputated limb after limb, until he finally bled out.

We leave the others to the cleanup, and I pull Cash onto his bike, heading back to the clubhouse with him holding onto me tight. Something he better be ready to do for the rest of his life.

Chapter 3

Cash

Part of me is exhausted, but the rest of me is so damn wired I can barely contain myself. Thank god, Everly is safe, and now with Thatcher dead, I can stop feeling like my skin is sloughing off. That's the way it felt every time I had to flirt with him, especially knowing what he's done. The only way I got through it was to pretend I was writing those things to Law and not that psycho.

I thought I was going to die when Law grabbed hold of me earlier in the office, but that was nothing compared to when he kissed me. And even that kiss didn't compare to the one he gave me after Thatcher was on his knees and under control.

Now, we're pulling up to the clubhouse, and there's blood pounding in my ears louder than the roar of my bike. I motion to the garage attached to the building and Law pulls up to it, letting me hit the button to open the garage door so we can pull inside it. Pres' car is already in it, but I didn't expect anything less. Hell, I'm sure he didn't even wait for it to be parked before he was out the door with Everly in his arms to take her upstairs and check her over.

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She looked pretty badass sitting there with her knife in her hand, just sipping on some water, patiently waiting for Pres to come get her. I can guarantee no one in the club is ever going to risk their neck trying shit with her. Not unless they want to die a slow painful death—by either of their hands. Yeah, Everly killed them to protect herself—and my little niece or nephew she's carrying, and I'm relieved to not have to hide the news of that any longer. I'm sure if she was in the same situation again, she wouldn't hesitate to do it all over again.

I'd have probably shat myself before managing to get it done, and that's with growing up in the club.

Law lets me get up but before I can even get three full steps away, he's up off the bike, his hand digging into the t-shirt I wore over the vest he insisted on, jerking me up against his chest. His other hand slides to my hip, pulling me tightly against his, and the beast inside his jeans is nothing compared to the real sight of his mammoth cock free of clothing. I know because two weeks ago I was taking a shower in the locker room down by the gym after spending an hour on the weights, trying to tame down my frustrations that Law wouldn't look at me, other than to sneer my way most days.

I'd turned around to grab some soap, and my eyes landed straight on Law and his thickness he was running his hand up and down, his eyes straying down my body. His smirk when he saw my dick had my face coloring, because I'd initially turned the water onto cool to try and stamp out the need and it was a shriveled little tip, whereas Law's was massive, and as he stroked up it, he lifted it, showing off the double hoops that accompanied his ball sack.

I can't stand needles so the idea of putting one through my ear makes me squeamish, let alone putting one anywhere near my nuts. On Law, it looked so hot, made me want to lick on them to see if it'd get him harder or make him come easier.

He teased the hell out of me, telling me to be a good boy and soap myself good, get all the little nooks and crannies clean. I couldn't begin to stop and let him watch as I soaped myself all over, including my ass as I turned away from him, opening my cheeks as I went and I could feel him come closer as I continued to wash my balls and my ass. He was grunting a bit, and I felt something land on my ass just before Jokester came into the main part of the locker room, talking loudly, and before I could even turn my head, Law was stalking away, his long cock hanging limp and I knew he'd come on my ass.

I'd hoped it would change things with us, but all it did was get him to push me further away. I hated it, but the moment he kissed me earlier, it all disappeared. The frustration and pain at least—I still want to know why he did it, but I can wait for that answer. I can't wait for more with him now and I wrap my arms around him, leaning into his larger body as he stares down into my face, his eyes glittering but no longer hard—at least not the way they have been the last month. There's still some of that hardness in them, but I think it's the hardness I'm going to enjoy—immensely.

“I hope you know what you're asking for, little boy, because looking at me like that is going to get you fucked hard,” he warns, and it just sends a ripple straight through me. His mouth stops descending towards me and I let out a small moan, making his lip tick upwards. “Get that tight ass of yours up to my room—now.”

I don't argue, simply take a step back, turning to head for the door. Law lets out a chuckle, catching up and his hand lands on my ass, holding it as he pushes me on towards the stairs. “Eager aren't you, boy? Let's see if you still feel the same once you're locked in my room,” he warns, but nothing is slowing me down now.

My room and the guest rooms are located on one of the outer hallways. The place was originally intended to be a school building, but that never happened since the county commissioner stole the funds that were supposed to finish the place, and the club eventually bought it at auction. Rooms were transformed into small ‘apartments’ for the ranks, some guest suites, and then just rooms for the rest of the members that lived in. The entire building is built like a T shape, with the middle set up to hold three rows of classrooms upstairs and down, and while Pres’ rooms are upstairs at the very bottom of the T. My room is at the end of the T’s cross upstairs while Law’s been using the guest suite that’s just down the hall from mine.

It’s actually faster to get to them by going up the side stairs than the main ones, and that’s the way I take, while Law’s hand grabs at my ass, which makes my cock wake up even more.

Law pushes us past my room, opening his with the keycard we’ve switched over to since a couple of the club girls—one that’s no longer with us after trying Pres’ patience for the last time—learned how to pick normal door locks. The ranks have fingerprint scanners on ours, while the guest suites have keycards. The machine to program the cards is in the main office and normally under Meyer or Spawn’s control, but I can run it if I’m the only one there. Which is how Law got the one he’s holding and this specific room.

Hey, I might have been annoyed with him that first day, but I still wanted him. Wanted him close and now, I’m finally getting as close as I’d hoped it seems.

He pulls me into his room, shutting and locking the door behind us, adding the bolt on the upper part of it as his eyes glitter even deeper blue as he smiles down at me. Before I know it, his hands are pressing against my shoulders, pushing me down onto my knees. He takes half a step backwards, his hand going to his pants, and he jerks them open, pulling out his hardcock. He grabs hold of my jaw, pulling down on it, and his cock slides between my lips without a single word spoken. His eyes

though—they tell me everything and I don't begin to resist or argue.

I let him in, my tongue sliding against his hardness, and his hand on my jaw tightens. It feels amazing—it and his cock as he pushes in deeper, butting up against my throat making me choke. I love a good face fuck, the messier the better, and I let him take control, sucking and choking on his length when he pushes in even further.

His hand slips from my jaw to my throat, his grip tight, and it makes my dick harden entirely. He tightened his grip on my neck a hint, giving my mouth a thrust, and his cum filled it, letting me slurp it all down.

“You’ve got a wicked mouth, little boy. One of these days I’ll tame it,” Law grunts, his hands pulling me up, before reaching for the zipper of my hoodie. It comes off before I know it, along with everything else, and I only get to enjoy looking at him for a moment before he pushed me down over the bed and spanked me hard. It made my dick jump and Law pushed me up, so I was entirely on the bed, my ass pointed at him. “You’re a grower, aren’t you, boy? Let’s see if it’s still hard when you’ve taken your licks.”

“Fuck!” I shout when his hand comes down even harder on my ass, but his next smack is even harder and I grip the comforter tight, as it simply has my dick jerking every time he lands another spank. I’m teetering on the edge, about to come when something cool slips around my throat and I choke a bit as it’s pulled tight.

“I think it’s time we get a few things clear, so you know exactly what’s going on,” Law says, his tone hard against my ear as his body blankets mine. “You fucking belong to me, you got that? If I find out you’re talking to other men online, especially some fucking psycho that you know damn well is a fucking psycho,” he adds, giving the thing on my neck another pull and it chokes me a bit again, “I will lock your ass in a cage and not let you out until you prove you’re sorry. The only one that gets to put any part of you in danger is me. And all of that danger will be

carefully researched and evaluated, so it can't actually kill you. Do you get me, little boy?" he adds, giving the thing on my neck another tug, this one even harder, but I definitely understand.

It makes it hard to breathe, but I can still muster air through. It feels like there's something stopping it from tightening too much, and shit, it makes me even harder than even his words did, because it's exactly what I've wanted—him to care about me, my needs, but also my wellbeing and this here, proves he does.

"I understand and I won't ever try to lure a psycho serial killer out again, I promise," I tell him when he lets up a bit.

"Good, but don't think that gets you out of your punishment," Law warns and a thrill races through me. "The spanking is just the start. This," he adds, giving the thing on my neck a tug, "is my fucking collar. Shows everyone that your ass belongs to me and in case you think you can just take it off so no one in town knows you're my little bitch boy, think again, because it's locked," he says lifting my hand up to feel it as the word make my cock harder still, which has never happened. Name calling of any sort turned me right off, but with Law, it's just different.

"You're going to do what I tell you to do, when I tell you to do it, aren't you, boy?" he continues his hand slipping around my cock and my body shakes entirely. I'm completely on the edge and I swear, one tug on my cock will have me coming. "You aren't allowed to say no to me. If you do, I'll take that leather belt to your ass until you say yes to me. But to be honest...I'm hoping you do, little boy."

He gives the base of my cock a hard squeeze and I let out a shout as something cool slides over the end of it, covering it and I glance down, shaking as a cage pushes against the erection.

"Fuck!" I shout, when Law gives my balls a hard smack, my dick deflating slightly,

and he slips a ring around the base of my cock, pushing the two side together as I face plant onto the mattress.

Something soft slips against my stomach before Law's hand slides up my chest, until he reaches my neck. There's a sound of metal on metal, before that soft something teases my body from dick to neck.

"Now, let's see how well you take what's coming to you, little boy," he states, his tone amused, and I groan because I know he's referring to the size of my dick now locked in a cage—a leather strap on a hook keeping it closed, and the other end of the strap is hooked to the collar. It should be fucking humiliating, but instead, my dick actually tries to get hard, which makes it press against the cage, and I hiss a bit as Law pulls me back up onto my knees entirely. He gives the back of the collar a tug and that same choking feeling hits, but it also pulls on the whole collar which in turn tugs on the leather strap, which tugs on my dick, making me moan further.

"One of these days I'm going to dress you up good, put my pretty boy in a harness and show all of him off, but tonight, all of this sexiness is for me," Law teases at my ear, his hands running down my body, relaxing me. Until his hand lands hard on my ass again, over and over, until I'm calling out with each smack, little 'fucks' and 'shits' and 'oh shit' again and again as my body tries to get hard, but I can't.

My ass is burning when Law stops, his mouth pressing kisses to it and I moan as he turns me over, his hands sliding up and down my chest as he lays me back onto the bed. My body is shaking, and he slides up, laying out next to me, half on me, and his hands slip up to my face, holding it as his eyes hold me long and hard before his mouth takes mine, kissing me like I've never been kissed in my life.

It's soft and sweet, gentle and kind, and I sink into it, my arm gripping his shoulder as his chest brushes against mine. His skin is colorful with all of his tattoos, and I want to taste every last one of them. He pulls back, his eyes holding mine again as a smile

slips onto his lips. “Law...”

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“No, that’s not what you call me, especially when I’m loving you,” he says making my breath stall, at the hope that floods me as much as the words—especially the loving part. “You’re mine now. My little boy, and what I say goes. Even if that means you doing things you really don’t want to do. You’ll still do them for me, won’t you, little boy?”

“Yes daddy,” I agree, the light in his eyes a mixture of that glittering look but also something else that makes me want even more with him. His hard cock brushes against me and I shift to try and feel it against mine, even if it is in the cage.

“That’s my good boy, and as much as I want to own every last bit of you right now, the first-time daddy takes your ass, you’re going to be coming with him. But you don’t get to come tonight, baby boy. No, you broke the rules. Doesn’t matter that daddy hadn’t fully claimed you yet. You knew from the minute I walked into this clubhouse that your ass was mine, and yet you were still talking to some piece of shit, homophobic predator online. Even if it was for a good cause, that shit won’t fly and only daddy gets to decide when, where and how you come. Got it?” he says, and I nod.

“Yes, daddy,” I add, moaning when he moves up straddling my chest, and it deepens when he grabs the strap, pulling my face up, and he feeds me his cock. He lets me suck him at first, and I love his taste, his length and thickness amazing but also a bit terrifying because while I’ve played around with other guys—sucked cocks and even gotten off with someone jerking our cocks off as they rubbed together—I’ve never done the one thing daddy just said he’d love to do.

His hips roll forward, taking over, and he fucks my throat, holding the back of my

head still so I can't pull away as he goes even deeper than earlier. Drool is running down my chin, but daddy just keeps going, harder and deeper as he tells me, "This is how you're going to make it up to daddy anytime you misbehave, little boy."

"Yes daddy," I say when he pulls his cock out, smearing the drool all over my face, before going right back at my throat, telling me all about how daddy's going to ensure I follow his rules and every time he pulls out, the only words that come out are another 'yes daddy.' Over and over until my body is shaking, my arousal straining my dick and it tries to grow despite the cage.

Daddy gives the strap behind him a hard tug and I shout around his cock as it pulls on it, the metal tightening it feels like as it lifts my dick upwards. It puts my entire body on the edge, making me shake more but he doesn't stop.

"Only daddy gets to fucking come. That little boy dick doesn't get any pleasure until daddy says so, now swallow," he orders, thrusting deeper and harder into my mouth until he spews down my throat. He collapses next to me, mauling my mouth as he turns me towards him. His hands stroke up and down my body as he kisses me, soothing the hunger that's raced through me all night, until the exhaustion from all of this on top of the shit with Everly, sends me straight to sleep in his arms.

I wake with a moan as something warm and wet wraps around my dick, it's half hard already and it grows as daddy sucks on it, his hand playing with my balls until I'm entirely erect. His mouth teases though, slow and gentle, while my body strains, needing more, need my daddy to take charge and I beg for more. "Daddy, please...please. Please, let me come."

"Not yes, little boy, daddy's enjoying this," he returns, smirking at me and I let out a huffing groan, which earns a smack to my ass that only makes me hotter and want more. He picks up a bit of speed, but it's still not enough and I press up, trying to get deeper. "I said no," he warns with another smack to my ass.

“I’ll do anything you want, daddy. Please...please let me come,” I beg, and his eyes flash with delight, and he gives my cock a hard tug as he sucks harder, sending me straight up, higher and higher. “Daddy...please, can I come?”

“Come little boy, give daddy that sweet treat,” he says, and I can’t hold it back. I come hard and long, shaking as it feels so good, even with my dick shrinking back up.

I’m coming back down when suddenly daddy flips me over, pushing my ass up, his hands pushing my cheeks apart and it worries me for a moment before his mouth comes down and his tongue licks all around my ass, down to my balls, teasing at my shrunken dick. He continues to lick and suck on my flesh until my dick hardens, lengthening and then daddy’s chest is pressing against my back, his hand sliding down mine to grab my hand and he wraps both of ours around our dicks, stroking them as he gently thrusts against my body, so his cock slides against my dick.

It feels so fucking good, I’m on the edge already and I nearly miss daddy’s movements. It’s not until I feel something cool and slick and smaller than a tongue against my ass that I realize what he’s doing and my body tenses slightly. I glance back at him, seeing the hunger, the need in his eyes and I want it just as much, but his dick is so fucking big. “Daddy, please go slow.”

“Ah little boy, you should know better than to tease daddy when he’s on the edge,” he returns and I nod, stroking against his cock in my hand harder.

“I know daddy, but I’ve never done this,” I admit, making his eyes flare.

A hard smack comes down on my ass making me jerk forward, but he grabs hold of the chain on the back of the collar and pulls, making me stop. “I swear to god, if you’re playing with me right now, you’d better admit to it Cash. It’s fucking dangerous to tease me that this tight ass has never had a cock if you’re serious. If

you're just playing, I'll ream this tight ass until you're screaming so fucking loud everyone will come in thinking I'm killing you."

"I promise, I'm not playing. I'm not lying, daddy...Law," I add but his eyes narrows when I call him by his name—road name perhaps but he's never told me his real name, even though he knows mine is Axel and I hate it.

"Fuck," he groans, moving off me, as he grips his cock hard, moaning a bit. He pulls me down, flipping me over and the coolness of metal slides over my dick again making me hiss. "How the fuck do you think I feel? Waiting until I was inches from taking that ass to tell me you're a little fucking tease that's never had a cock?"

His hand comes down, smacking my balls, and I shout as I come unexpectedly. "This stays on until your little ass is taking daddy's cock like a good little boy. What the hell were you thinking not telling me? If I was even the tiniest bit more out of it, I wouldn't have been able to stop. I'd have taken you hard and fast and tore the shit out of your tight little ass. Then I wouldn't be able to fuck it for weeks, daddy would have to take care of you every damn minute because you'd be stuck in bed, whining like a little sissy boy."

"Daddy...I'm sorry," I state as he fumes, getting up from the bed and my breath catches when I see his eyes and the glitter in them. It's not really anger I see, but frustration and it makes me feel better, even as he brings a box over with him.

"You will be sorry. Not telling me. What kind of way is that to treat your daddy when he's been so fucking gentle with you?" he grouches and I hide a smile, but it turns to a gasp when he flips me back onto my stomach along the end of the bed, pushing my ass up, and his hand comes down on it, over and over. Something hard presses against my ass, but it's definitely not his cock or finger. It's bigger than his finger for sure, but smaller than his cock. "Tightest fucking ass I've ever had. It's going to be days before I can get in there."

“I’m sorry daddy,” I say again as the thing slides into my ass, stretching it and I let out a hiss.

“That doesn’t come out unless daddy says it can. Now, open up buttercup,” he adds, his hand pulling my head up a bit, feeding me his cock. He hammers it up into my throat, gagging me even more than last night, but I love it. “Yeah, my little boy’s got a good fucking mouth. Daddy will just have to use it until that ass is ready for me.”

I just moan, as he holds my head tight, fucking me even harder. “Swallow your treat like a good boy...all of it,” he hisses as he comes, gagging me with this angle, but I do as daddy tells me to, because no way am I disappointing him and losing this. Not a chance.

Chapter 4

Law

The time on the clock shows that dinner will be starting in about thirty minutes, and as much as I don’t want to get up, to let Cash go, we both need some food. We’ve been grabbing things here and there the last few days while searching for Everly. Now that she’s safe, home where her daddy can take care of her, I can focus on taking care of my little boy in all ways. Which includes getting us food after staying in—or on—the bed all day.

His ass has to be sore from all of the spankings I’ve given him, but he hasn’t complained once about it. I’ve been teasing his tight hole with that plug, getting him to loosen up some so I’ll be able to get in there. I swear, if he’d been anyone else and I’d been worked up to that point, it wouldn’t have mattered what happened to him, how much it’d hurt him for me to take an unused ass for the first time, even if I did go slow. So long as he didn’t say no, I wouldn’t have stopped, but with Cash—my little boy—no way could I do it.

Yes, I want to make him hurt, but only in the best ways, and my thick ass cock taking his ass without any buildup wouldn't be a good hurt.

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I swear, I don't know what the hell happened to me. What this boy did to me—but I don't hate it. Complete opposite really. I love the feelings that wash through me when I'm with him—even if they did scare the shit out of me to give into until last night. There's still a bit of worry that he'll get tired of it, want to try something different but I'm trying my damndest to ignore them and just soak up all of these feelings I've never experienced in my life.

I lift Cash's face, giving him a quick kiss as his head rests on my chest, his hand tracing my tattoos and tonight, I'll let him lick and kiss every one of them if he wants. "Daddy needs to wash you up for dinner."

"Mmm, do we have to get up?" he asks, and I tighten my arms around him, showing him how little, I really want to get up as well as I press my hips up into his, my hard cock pressing against his stomach with its size.

"Daddy's got to make sure his little boy eats so he can grow big," I tease against his lips, and the smile that hits his eyes floods me with those same feelings of warmth and comfort and adoration for this boy. Other than a prospect or two I tricked into fucking, I haven't been with anyone more than ten years younger than me in at least fifteen years. But this little pup has me all wrapped up inside.

"Okay," he agrees, letting me pull him up from the bed and I move us into the attached bath. The shower is big enough for the both of us and I turn it on before I turn to my boy. He lets out a little protest when I start to leave the room and I grin, pulling him to me for a kiss.

"The collar and leash are made from a special waterproof leather so you can wear

them in the shower, but the lock isn't. I want to take it off, so it doesn't rust, but I also need to check and make sure the collar and cage fit my little boy properly. Daddy may get off on hurting you, but I definitely don't want any part of you damaged," I reassure him, moving back out to grab the key before returning to him. "Admiring yourself, little boy?" I tease when I see him looking in the floor length mirror.

"Maybe, why? Is daddy going to punish me for it?" he teases back, and I slip up to him, giving the chain on the back of the collar a jerk, making it choke him slightly.

"Don't tease daddy with a good time unless you're prepared for the worst," I counter, my eyes glittering as I stare into his hungry face. His desire rages higher as I tighten the chain the tiniest bit more and I steal his lips in a kiss as I inwardly curse the need to wait to take his ass.

I let him go, unlocking the collar, then take it off, checking his neck for any rubbing or bruising from the choker chain that runs through the middle of it. The hooks on the end of the leather strap that can be used as a leash or a tether such as how I'm using it, are carabiner types so they sit flatter than a spring hook might and are easier to get connected quickly. One latches onto the metal ring that hangs off the front of the collar, while the other end is slightly smaller, snaking through the locking slot of the cock cage.

I slip it off, setting the collar onto the sink cabinet, before sliding the cage off him. His dick is a little red in spots that rubbed against it when he started getting hard, but nothing looks like it's bit into the skin too deeply or cut him. He lets out a moan when I pull on the end of his dick, and he starts to grow in my hand, getting even bigger when I check his balls to ensure he's good.

He comes into the shower with me without a fuss and I back him into the water, taking my time to wash him thoroughly—everywhere. His toned ass fits in my hands so damn good as I suck him down, watching him teeter as I play with his dick.

“Daddy...” he moans as I pull off it, jerking him off harder, while I play with his balls.

“We’re going to have to come up with a safe word for you, aren’t we?” I tease him as he just sucks in a deep breath when I give his dick a twist instead of crying out in pain or asking me to stop. “You fucking love it when daddy’s rough with you.”

“Yes, fuck yes, I do, daddy. I do. More...please...” he cries his arms shaking as he presses them against the wall where I put them still.

“It’s dangerous to ask for more when you have no clue just how ruthless daddy can be,” I warn him, cupping my hand just above his ball and give him a tug.

“Fuck, daddy...yes,” he shouts, cum dripping from the tip of his cock, and I sink my mouth back onto it, slurping it up as I pull on his balls until he’s crying to come. “Please daddy, please...please, I’m so close. So close...can I come?”

“Give daddy that sweet treat,” I allow, giving his balls a harder tug as I sink my mouth onto his dick. He bursts with it a moment later, and I clean him up, finishing our shower, before sliding the cage back on him after fastening him back into daddy’s collar.

He borrows a shirt after I get dressed so he’s not walking completely bare-assed in the halls since they’re covered by the security cameras, and I join him in his room, smiling at the items spread around his desk. It’s the only part that really has anything out other than some clothes tossed on the end of the bed. The rest of the room looks like a prep-schooler’s dorm room that you’d see on TV—one that allows no individualism or decorations, and I wonder about it.

I grab a pair of jeans for him as he’s getting boxers from the dresser, tossing them aside as I hold up the jeans for him to step into. His face flushes when it puts me even

with his caged dick, and I chuckle to myself as I grab one of his hoodies and slip it on him.

“No shirt?” he asks as I only zip the hoodie half-way.

“Nope, you got a problem with everyone seeing you belong to me, buttercup?” I tease, loving the even redder cheeks it gives him.

“No, not really,” he answers me, and I nod, lifting his face further to meet my gaze.

“And this,” I ask, stroking his cheek. “Is this you loving daddy calling you what he wants, embarrassment you like it when daddy calls you what he wants, or anger at it?”

“A bit of the second but mostly the first,” Cash answers me and there’s honest truth in his gaze that soothes me.

“Good, because daddy enjoys calling you names, and it’d be a shame to have to stop. But, if there is anything you really don’t like to be called, daddy won’t do it, because he wants you to be a happy little boy, even if daddy is calling you dirty things. If you don’t want the rest of the club to know exactly how daddy treats you, that can stay between us as well—other than this,” I add with a tug on the strap showing with ease above the hoodie’s zipper. “They need to know you belong to me.”

“I don’t care if they know you’re my daddy or dom,” he says as my hand rubs his back. “I just...”

“What?” I ask when he stops, his face tightening.

“I guess I’ve just worried how they’d start treating me if they knew what I really wanted. My dad was furious when he found out I was gay but most of the others

didn't care. A couple guys said some shit, but Pres knocked one of them in the teeth when he overheard them calling me some slurs. It was when he was still the club's enforcer, said that it went against the club's rule of respect."

"Who?" I question, my eyes flittering with retribution if they try it again.

"Actually, it was one of the guys that was killed when they wanted to go into trafficking. He'd put his knife into Hinton already and a few came up to try and stop him. Dials said something along the lines that they should add me to the mix, that I'd be better earning the club money as an f-boy than what I was doing then. My father was right there, and he just laughed at the comment. Didn't stand up for me, didn't say a single thing against it. Pres took Dials out second and one of the others asked him if the reason he didn't do the club girls was because he was using me as a f-boy instead." Cash's eyes are filled with the pain from his father's shit, and I pull him in closer, rubbing his back more, showing him he's safe with me to continue talking. "Pres was pissed, grabbed him by the throat, and told him he was looking for someone that would fill the special role of little girl in his life and it wasn't me. But even if it were, it wouldn't be his fucking business. That he could sleep with, or not sleep with whoever he wanted, same as me no matter what sex they were. He put his knife in him before he could say anything else, but after that day and especially with him becoming president, no one said a thing if I was seen with another guy."

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“Which is why you respect Tate the way you do,” I muse realizing now it wasn’t Tate’s alpha maleness, or the daddy caretaker he could see in him that he admired. “He acted more like a father or big brother should when someone was trying to put you down.”

“Yeah, especially since afterwards when we were in the office my father made a comment that AC was right, they should round up all the gays like me and run us—teach us a lesson,” Cash says and red fills my vision. “We got into another fight, and I warned him if he ever said anything like that again, I’d tell Pres, father or not. He just called me a pathetic fagot and asked if I thought being a lap dog would get me a good fucking from him. I walked away but that was the last time I spoke to him other than regarding the books. A year later, out of the blue he was dead, and I was relieved.”

“But you couldn’t show it to the rest of the club, could you, baby boy?” I ask, cupping the back of his head with my other hand, pulling it to my chest.

“No, they all just thought I was in shock because he was his normal self the day before and then that night he went to sleep and never woke up. I’d already moved into a room here in the clubhouse. When he found out I was gay he didn’t want me in his home any longer and it was a relief to not have to be there and pretend I had any interest in hearing about the women he met in town. My mother died when I was five, so I’d been hearing it all my life and no one argued the move. They figured my father was just in shock and needed some space. Outwardly I guess I didn’t really change anything other than the fact that I brought a guy around occasionally after coming out. Normally they were just friends I’d met at the bar there for moral support,” he adds, and that part has me dropping a kiss onto his head, holding him tighter as it fills

me with peace.

I'd heard about a couple of the guys the others had said Cash dated. They were all closer to his age, but it'd make sense if they were there just to support him, rather than being someone he was actually interested in sleeping with.

"So, the club's never really seen the real you. No one other than Everly?" I guess putting color into his cheeks I see as I lift his face towards mine. "She saw the same desires in you that are in her?"

"Sort of," he states, telling me about the webpages he found Everly browsing and the ones he led her to, which led to their closeness.

"And is that something you want as well? A daddy all the time and not just in here or with sex?" I ask him, and his flush is answer enough. "Yeah, you want daddy's approval all the time, just don't know if the club will start to say shit if daddy shows them exactly how you want to be taken—treated?"

"Pretty much," he says, and I nod, lifting his face to mine for a kiss giving the chain a tug to choke him as I pull back. His eyes sparkle with life and I just smile taking a step back from him.

"You can blame it all on daddy if you want," I tell him, making his brow lift a bit. "Tell them you're just giving daddy what he needs so he doesn't go looking for someone else. That the attraction between us is too much to not accept my desires for complete dominance. It might surprise some of them if they've only seen you around other pups, but you can just tell them the rest, and they won't question the switch in experience."

"Tell them the rest of what?" Cash asks not following me when I reach for the door.

“That you love me and when you’re in love, you do whatever you have to in order to make the other person happy,” I answer, smirking when he blusters a bit, but the feelings that have been smacking me upside the head for the last month finally make sense.

“I don’t...”

“No? You really going to lie to your daddy? Tell him you don’t love him?” I question, crossing my arms over my chest glaring down at him. “Come on baby boy, you’ve been walking around here crashing into things and dropping shit, anytime daddy’s around. Everyone already knows you want me, it’s not a stretch to say you want me so much because you love me.”

“I-I...I...uh...” he stutters, and I simply lift my brow at him when he groans.

“It’d make sense as to why you switched from young pups to your daddy if you did,” I add and he flushes again, which gets me curious.

“I never dated pups,” he says, his eyes opening meeting my gaze. “I’ve never been attracted to guys around my age.”

“No? So, the guy you were kissing was just some random hook-up your father happened to see?” I ask.

“No...he wasn’t a student,” Cash says making my brow lift higher. “He was a PhD student there, about fifteen years older than I was, and yeah, he was my TA. My father thought he was forcing me to kiss him because I was struggling in the class. It was a stupid science class I needed for the credit hours to satisfy the general studies portion, and I hated the class. My father wanted to know if I was coming down for the ride that weekend and I told him no, I couldn’t make it because I had a meeting with the TA in that class that afternoon and would likely be redoing my paper all

weekend. I never expected him to show up let alone see us kissing as I was jerking him off. I just blurted out I was gay, and he was furious, stormed off, and then told everyone I was gay. He never mentioned he was older and the TA, so they just assumed he was a fellow student.”

“And you still think I’m going to buy you don’t love daddy now?” I ask him, lifting his chin with my hand. “If you’ve always wanted a daddy to take care of you, and you still want me after pushing you away this past month, I know it’s true. Don’t you think you should tell daddy the truth, little boy? All of it. Just how much you crave to used and abused by your daddy while he’s fucking you, then turn it around and take such good care of you afterwards, show his little boy just how happy he makes daddy for doing such nasty things with him, and praising him when he’s good—but especially how much he loves his daddy for doing all of that?”

“You fucking know I do, Law,” he moans, and I claim his mouth in a hard kiss, pulling back only to drag in air. “I love you. Even when you’re being a total and utter ass to me, I can’t stop it, crave you with everything within me. Is that what you want to hear?”

“Yes, because I’m the fucking same, baby boy,” I assure him, holding his gaze to tell him. “I felt it the moment I saw you, but I never expected you to be gay let alone want more than to experience an older man after I heard all about the pups you dated. I didn’t want anything serious—never had until I met you, and then you were all I could think about. I fought it because the more I was around you, the deeper this grew, and I knew—that day in the locker room—I knew if we hadn’t been interrupted, I would have done more than just come on that tight ass of yours.

“I would turned you around, kissed you, done so many dirty things to you that you’ve never experienced, and I never would have been able to let you go afterwards. I still thought this was just an attraction, a new experience for you, even last night, today, but when I was faced with potentially losing you, I knew I couldn’t stay away

anymore. If something had happened to you last night...I had to have tasted your lips at least once,” I add, enjoying the way he shakes in my arms as I hold him close again.

“When did that change?” he asks quietly, his hands resting on my chest and I kiss his forehead, smiling as he sinks further into the hold and touch.

“My feelings for you haven’t changed, Cash,” I promise him, holding his head gently. “I fell in love with you the moment I laid eyes on you—even if I didn’t realize that’s what it was until now. Listening to you talk about your father and the assholes that harassed you in the club, not to mention that it wasn’t a crush you had on Tate,” I add as his jaw drops a bit. “I was jealous. Didn’t want you to want anyone else to be your daddy, boy.”

“I’ve never wanted Pres,” he states, and I nod.

“Just to be treated the way he treats his little, loved like that by someone. I know, see that now. I don’t know how he kept it together long enough to get Everly back. If it’d been you...there’d be a lot more dead bodies lying around and I wouldn’t have done it nearly as quietly. I love you, Cash. That’s how I feel about you and knowing that you’ve always craved a daddymakes it easier to enjoy this, not worry that you’re going to want something new in a few months, a couple years. I see it now that you won’t. That this is the role you not only want but need to live and I’m more than okay with anyone knowing just how much daddy controls you. If anyone says shit, they’ll be dealing with me, okay?” I say, as he gives me a smile.

“Okay daddy, do whatever you want with your little boy,” he states, and I pull him out of the room, taking us downstairs to get some food.

A few eyes turn our way as we move into the room, some double-takes happening when they see my collar around his neck, and I slip my hand up onto the back of it,

leading us towards a table with my brothers Stealth, Crypto, Knuckles and Rambo from my club, along with a few guys from the Reapers. The rest of the Keepers already split to head back to town, but these four stayed to ensure our trails are covered with any police that come looking—especially for the chief of police we took out.

I lift my chin at a couple of the guys who eyebrows keep lifting as they look out way, daring them to say shit. No comes over to start any, and we shoot the breeze as they fill us in on the cleanup work they've done today while I was preoccupied with my 'new toy' as Stealth put it. It put a flush on Cash's face, and I pulled him over towards me, giving him a kiss, patting his cheek, which just made it deepen. My cock pulsed in response seeing it and I wrap my hand around the strap, tugging him out of his chair and down onto his knees in front of me. His cheeks turn even redder but his eyes light up with excitement and I pull out my cock my cock despite everyone still in the room. "Open up, boy. Time to take care of daddy's cock."

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He lets out a little moan as I pull him onto my cock, his hair in my hand as I pull him up and down it, forcing him deeper onto it, over and over. He sucks hard and I shove his head down onto my cock, coming hard and long. Cash licks me clean as he lifts up, his lips smiling and I pull him up onto my lap, straddling me before kissing him as Stealth lets out a low chuckle.

I slip a hand into the back of Cash's jeans after unbuckling them, giving me room, and I let my hand rub and tease his cheeks, and balls, before turning onto the plug. I don't give a shit who's watching. My boy needs his hole stretched and I fucking love teasing him with it. Seeing his red cheeks as he fights between embarrassment that others can easily see him being played with and his need for even more of it.

I keep playing with him, pulling the plug out to the tip before pushing it back in, moving it in a circle to push on his walls, teach them to stretch. Every time I angle it towards his prostate, he lets out a little moan, his hips lifting and I can see the slight movement of the strap. It's turning him on to be daddy's play toy and I speed up a bit, pulling a curse from him.

"Fuck, daddy, please," he cries, his eyes meeting mine. "Please stop."

"Nah, got to stretch that little ass so daddy can pound it good," I return, making him shake a bit as he moans louder.

"Please take me out then. It feels so good, but it hurts, daddy," he adds, and I hold his gaze, smiling when I can tell it's not a painful hurt. It's a hurt he wants to satisfy and the wrong thing to tell me when I can't in good conscious take his ass yet.

“No, that little dick of yours stays right where it is until daddy says otherwise,” I warn, pushing him higher and higher, until he lets out a louder shout that draws even more attention our way.

“Please daddy, please, no more. Please...” he pleads, his entire body shaking in my lap and I move my hand off the plug, stroking his ass with one hand, his back and neck with another as I pull him in closer. Cash’s face falls into my neck, and I simply lift a brow in return at Knuckles and Rambo’s surprised looks.

“Daddy’s got you, little boy,” I whisper to Cash, giving him a kiss, and just hold him until he’s stopped shaking. His lap straddling mine wakes my cock though, and I stand up, buckling his jeans before they fall down his sexy ass, then stuff my cock back into mine and pull him out of the room by the strap with a nod at my brothers.

I strip off his hoodie, pushing his jeans down the second we’re in my room. My hands are working on my own clothes as I tell him, “On your knees again. Time for your dessert.”

Cash’s mouth is fucking amazing, and I let him take control of it this time, licking my cock and balls, teasing my piercings which feels fucking amazing, and ass until I’m on edge. I give his shoulder a little push, putting him back on his heels and grip my cock hard, jerking off as I pull open his mouth. With a grunt, I come, all over his pretty face and mouth, letting him lick it up before pulling him up onto the bed.

“You were such a good boy at dinner and ate all of your dessert. That gets you another treat,” I tease him, and he shouts as I remove the cage and cover his little dick with my mouth. He grows so fucking much it shouldn’t be possible, and it makes me hungry for more, but until daddy’s taken his ass, he’s not getting mine either.

He’s been so on edge all night that it doesn’t take any time to push him over, after he begs his daddy to come like a good boy should.

Chapter 5

Cash

I stretch as I wake, not feeling Law in the bed and I sit up, looking around the space for him. Not once since Sunday have I woken up alone, and the clock shows it's even earlier than we've been waking since then.

My cock is pushing at the metal of the cage, and fuck, I can't believe how much I love the feel of it. I told Everly when I saw her on Monday, three days ago now, that it was only supposed to be until daddy could get into my ass, but I was thinking up ways to get back into it, and it's true. I want this thing on me because when daddy lets me out, it feels ten times better than when he's let me come again after being out of it for a bit. Like I was yesterday when we went to the gym for a workout after he came back from meeting with the State Police with Everly and Pres about everything.

Daddy gave me one in and out of the gym, pushing me to lift more weight than normal, spanking my ass when I couldn't do more than three reps with it, and this time when we were in the locker room, we were completely alone to enjoy washing and touching each other. The orgasms were great, but not quite as high as the ones after I'd been set free from the cage.

I slip into the bathroom and am washing my hands when daddy comes in, his eyes straying over me and down to my ass. The hunger on his face has me trying to pop wood again, and he just smirks when I groan a bit, moving over to reach me.

"Morning," he says, giving me a kiss and I sink into it, loving each one more and more. "I hoped to make it back to bed before you woke up."

"Where did you go this early in the day?" I ask as his hands come down, stroking my ass making me hungrier for him.

“To grab something from Hauls,” he says making my brow lift a bit higher. “He’s a member of the Keepers, drives big-rigs as a normal job, and his route was taking him right past us this morning. I asked Stealth to grab a few things from my room for me to have and I drove into town to meet him out by the highway.”

“Why didn’t you just tell me that last?” I ask as he turns me around, pushing my top half down. I know what he’s doing, and it makes me hold back a moan as I put my hands down on the edge of the bathtub, spreading my legs.

“Such a good little boy, daddy doesn’t even have to tell you what to do, does he?” Law teases, his hand slipping around the plug in my ass, sliding lube onto it and my ass.

“No daddy,” I agree, and he definitely doesn’t, not for this. I want it so much. Want to feel him inside me the way I’ve never done with anyone else. Somehow it just didn’t feel right until now, until daddy came into my life.

The plug slips out without any pain, and I turn my head, watching as daddy lubes up a new one. My breath hitches seeing it’s size, but my body relaxes when daddy’s hand teases my ass hole, before pushing the plug into me. “Oh fuck,” I moan, my dick jumping as it spreads me even wider.

“Did daddy go too fast for you, baby boy?” he asks against my ear, and shit, that just makes me hotter still.

I love when I’m his little boy, his buttercup, even the sissy boy he was calling me Monday morning when I was fixing my hair and straightening my clothes when Pres came into the office to check that he wasn’t needed for anything. He just lifted a brow a bit my way and I couldn’t help but grin, telling him I was more than okay with what Law called me. And I am, but when he calls me his baby boy, there’s such tenderness and care in it that I know he really is my daddy that loves me. It’s everything I’ve

wanted and more, especially with where he's been taking us the last few days.

"No daddy, it just felt so good," I tell him, and his chuckle as he plays with the plug just gets me hotter.

"You've been good, stretching faster than daddy thought you would, which is why I asked Stealth to send me a few things," he says when we head back into the room, and I see the box on the bed. It looks like a large tackle box, but I know daddy doesn't fish.

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He unlocks it, flipping the lid open and my breath stalls for a minute seeing the multiple toys inside it as he pulls trays up and out. So many toys and I want daddy to use them while playing with me.

“Some of these are new—replacements after using some with other subs, like the plugs I bought just for you,” he adds pulling my attention back to him curiously. “I bought the assortment of them because some I wanted to shove in that tight ass of yours and make you wear them all day long, so you’d feel it, know that hole was just supposed to be for daddy. Some of the others...I wanted to use to abuse that ass, so you knew daddy owned it.”

“Before you even finally...”

“Gave in,” he states when I pause, and I nod. “Yes, you were mine even then, little boy. I wanted to play and use you completely, especially after seeing that tight ass of yours in the shower that day. I came up here, got on my computer and bought all of the things I had ready and waiting Saturday night.”

“My collar, the cage?” I ask, smiling when he nods. “You knew the right size to get since you’d seen me.”

“I wanted you in it, so no one else could discover just how much you can grow, because it was mine—you were mine and other men needed to keep their eyes off you.”

“I thought it was only until daddy can claim his little boy fully,” I tease, then moan when he gives the strap a hard tug, making it pull up on my dick.

“Or to punish you whenever you disobey daddy, or to ensure others don’t see what belongs to daddy,” he states, giving me a long kiss and I sink into it and him as he moves us back towards the bed. He pushes me onto it face first, and I moan when the little tails of the flogger trail over my ass. “Daddy caught you out of bed. Did you have permission to be out of bed, little boy?”

“No?” I hum, letting out a shout when the flogger lands on my ass. It’s not a hard hit, but the dozens of stings all over it is so different from just his hand.

“That’s right, little boys stay in bed until daddy wakes them. When they do, they get a treat. When they don’t, they get punished. Which means you were a bad little boy and deserve a punishment,” he adds, before the flogger lands on my ass again and again, hurting a hint more with each hit, and it increases even more when the spansks land even harder.

“Daddy!” I scream when he lands a hit on my balls and his hand comes down, cupping them, teasing them as I shake, my dick pressing against the cage hard.

“Look at that ass sucking on that plug, so fucking hot, little boy. I think it’s time daddy got a taste of it, don’t you?” Law asks as he squeezes my balls, and I can’t hold back the yell of pleasure that slips through me.

“Yes, daddy, take what you want,” I tell him, moaning deeper when he moves me further up the bed climbing on with me. His bare chest presses against my back as he reaches for the pump on the huge bottle of lube on the nightstand, and I hum even louder as his hard cock rubs against my leg. He gives the plug a few strokes in my ass, making it feel even better, but that’s nothing compared to the feeling when he presses his thick head against my hole. His legs brush against my inner thighs, the hair on them causing goosebumps to appear all over my body.

“This may still hurt, baby boy. Daddy doesn’t mean for it to if he does this time,” he

croons in my ear as he pulls my ass out further. The head slips past the ring, making me groan, my legs shaking as he holds still. “Shh, you’re doing so good, so fucking good taking daddy’s big cock. Oh fuck, baby boy, you have no idea how hot this view is. Watching your tight little ass swallow my huge dick...yes, yes, baby boy, just like that. Just a little more,” he adds on a long, low moan, and I echo it when he stops, his hands moving to my hips and he holds still once again.

“Daddy,” I shout when his hand slips down, releasing my dick from the cage, and his hand wraps around it tight as the arousal makes it immediately begin to lengthen.

“That’s it, show daddy how big a boy you can be,” he states as his hips pull back, thrusting shallowly back into me. “Yes, yes, you can take it, can’t you, baby boy? You can take it so good,” he moans as he begins to thrust harder, one hand still on my hip, the other on my dick putting me quickly on the edge.

“Yes daddy, yes, I can take it,” I cry, pushing back into the thrusts that feel amazing. It makes my dick start to leak as the pleasure begins to fill me, but I try to put it aside, pushing back into daddy’s thrusts even more when it makes him moan louder.

“I want you to come with daddy. This time is going to be fast I know, but I want you coming with me, baby boy. Can you do that? Are you close or do you need daddy to suck your little dick to get you closer?” he asks, his breathing tight against my ear as his arm moves from my hip to wrap around my chest, his hand holding my shoulder from beneath me.

“I’m close, daddy, so close,” I promise, letting go and daddy grunts deeper, his hips speeding up and I push back into him. His hand pulls me down even more, and with another few strokes on my dick, I come hard as he shouts in my ear, his cock bursting with his own and I collapse onto the bed from the bliss of it all.

Daddy’s arms wrap around me, holding me back against his chest and I smile, turning

over so I can see his face. His lips claim mine, his hands everywhere all over me, and we stay just like that all day, daddy taking me over and over, every time his cock gets hard, but I don't complain one little bit. Not even the odd little twinge of pain it causes here and there. The pleasure he gives me makes it so worth any little hint of pain and I collapse once more, late that evening, as daddy made me straddle his lap and ride him backwards.

My dick twitches, and I moan because it'd just barely went down, and daddy's hand wraps around it, tugging it hard. "Someone's still hungry, isn't he?"

"I'm always hard around you, daddy," I return, and daddy turns me to face him as he sits up against the headboard.

"Tonight, you should get to come as much and as often as you need, baby boy. You've taken daddy's big cock so good. You were born to take daddy's cock, weren't you?"

"Yes," I sigh as he kisses me, stroking my dick and I let out a little shout when he pulls me closer by the dick. His legs lift, pulling mine under them and he reaches over, squirting lube into his hand before wrapping it back around my dick. "Daddy?" I moan as he shifts slightly, bringing his lap closer to my cock.

"Never done this either, have you, baby boy?" he questions, and I almost pass out as he brings his ass up to my dick. "Come on, you're not going to hurt daddy. I've been around the block a lot longer than you have and although it's been a while, you're not going to hurt me."

The tightness eases mildly as I push in with him guiding me, and my dick spurts with my orgasm when I'm completely inside him. I groan at the quickness of it, but daddy just laughs, pulling my gaze to his.

“It’ll take some time to control it. Happens to all of us, nothing to be ashamed about, little boy. You’re learning and daddy loves teaching you,” he states, the reassurance flooding my dick with more hunger making it harder. “Mmm, that’s one advantage of having a young pup to play with. That dick of your gets hard fast and easy, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” I moan, shuddering when he moves his ass on my dick. “Fuck...”

“Daddy’s going to milk that dick if you don’t start using it, little boy,” he teases, and I catch my breath before starting to pump into him, getting harder and harder when his cock begins to wake again.

“Shit...I haven’t gotten hard again this quickly in ten years, baby boy. See what you do to daddy? Like that, don’t you?” he adds meeting my gaze and I nod, smiling as my need to come grows deeper. “You’re going to have to take care of it again. Every time it gets hard, you’re going to have to take care of it now, baby boy.”

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“Yes daddy, I will, I promise,” I shout, coming hard as he pushes down into my thrust. This time my dick shrinks up and he pulls me up against his chest, holding me until his thick cock starts rubbing against my leg. “What does daddy need?”

“That tight ass on daddy’s cock again,” he states, and I nod, getting up to turn over but he rolls me onto my back, pushing my legs up, his eyes fully on my ass, glittering as they come back up to my face. “Hold them there and keep that ass open.”

“Yes daddy,” I moan, and it deepens when his slicked up cock pressing against my ass, popping the head into it over and over making me shake.

“Look at that little dick, already getting hard,” he teases, before pushing deeper into me, his hips bucking against me harder and harder with every thrust. My dick grows desperate for some attention, but he ignores it, using my ass for his own enjoyment and I shout when he comes, filling my ass again. His hand wraps around my dick at the same time, jerking it off hard, and I’m coming in seconds, moaning at its shortness while daddy gives my ass a spank while he chuckles.

“Come here so I can clean my little boy up so he can get some rest. He’s going to need it now that I’ve tasted that sweet ass of his,” daddy warns and I happily let him wash all of me, asleep wrapped in his arms in minutes once the lights are off.

He wakes me with his cock nudging at my ass in the morning, and my dick pops up fully, and I moan, realizing he never put the cage back on me last night. I miss it and the way it controls my dick, the pain from it, but there’s a sting from daddy’s cock taking my ass hard and fast.

“Did daddy wake you? I’m sorry, little boy, I didn’t mean to, daddy was just too hungry to wait,” he teases at my ear, and I moan, pressing my face into the pillow as his hands trail down my body, teasing my nipples with pinches as he thrusts harder still. “You did tell daddy I was allowed to touch and play with whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted, didn’t you?”

“Yes daddy. I love waking up to your big cock inside me,” I shout as he pushes me straight to the ledge. “I’m going to come though daddy. Can I?”

“No, you hold it until daddy tells you that you can now. If not, I’ll put you back in the cage,” he adds against my ear and holy shit, I don’t know if I purposely meant to come to break the rule or if my body just wanted it so badly that it did it on its own.

“Fuck!” I scream into the pillow as his hard thrust makes my cock burst with it.

“What the fuck was that?” daddy demands, his tone dark and angry, as the collar tightens on my neck and I come again, making him growl even deeper. “You little shit,” he grunts into my ear, “you know what happens when you break the rules.”

“I’m sorry, daddy,” I shout as he pulls out of me. He flips me over, his hands landing slaps to my thighs and balls, before he pushes my semi-hard dick into the cage, fastening it tight to the strap.

He lifts my hips, his cock sliding back into my ass and he goes even harder than all of yesterday, taking me entirely, but it still builds another orgasm inside me, pulling me to the edge. Daddy comes hard, pulling out, coating me with his cum and I beg and plead for him to let me come again. “No, not until you learn how to be a good boy.”

I moan as the hunger stays within me, only building every time daddy’s cock gets hungry, taking me again and again throughout the day. In between, he uses his toy box on me, running a pinwheel over my skin making me shudder. He runs it across

my nipples as he's taking my ass again. He comes, coating me with his cum before he presses the pinwheel deeper into my skin, making me jerk, my heart racing and I push at his hand telling him no.

"What did you just tell daddy?" he questions, running it across the other nipple even harder and I can't help but cringe, shoving his hand away. "Cash?" he says, pulling my face up to his as I start to freak out. "Cash!" he shouts, his hands on my face holding my head as he stares down at me.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," I whisper, shaking entirely and he lays out on me, pulling my head onto his chest, holding it tight until I stop.

Chapter 6

Cash

I try to speak but nothing comes out, and he moves us into the shower, removing the collar, strap, and cage to clean them, as he moves us into the water. His hands soap me, his eyes running all over my chest as he does, and his eyes meet mine, a smile on his lips.

"All that perfect skin...I think it needs a tattoo or two, showing that you're daddy's little boy permanently. Maybe pierce these," he adds, pinching my nipples and I jerk back, nearly slipping before he catches me.

"No," I state, moaning as his hand covers my dick, giving it a squeeze.

"Until you let daddy put his mark on you, this will stay in the cage then," he states and I fight to control the way it floods me with desire, but my dick starts to harden as it's in his hand and he chuckles, stroking it harder, before slipping down to his knees and sucks me off. The orgasm is intense, and I rest against him fully as he dries us

off, recovering from it.

He buckles the collar, then slips the cage onto me, latching in place and he gives my cheek a little loving smack as his eyes stare down into mine. “You know the rules, unless daddy takes it off, it stays until you give daddy what he wants. And seeing as how I’m pretty sure you’re terrified of needles...” he says making me gasp a bit. “I thought so,” he adds, pulling me tighter into his hold, his hand cupping my cheek. “You like the cage, don’t you, little boy?”

“Yes,” I admit, heat filling me at the delight that fills his eyes hearing that.

“Good, then you won’t fight daddy when he wants you to wear it. Now, why didn’t you tell me about being scared of needles? Is that why you never went all the way? You think it meant you wouldn’t risk catching something so you wouldn’t have to get tested?” he asks, and my jaw drops at the anger in his tone.

“No. I can usually deal with it enough to do bloodwork at the doctor’s, and I’ve been tested because I know you can catch an infection from semen even if there isn’t penetration. That you can catch some diseases from oral sex or just from genitalia touching, especially if the skin’s cracked or broken. I’ve heard all the lectures on it from doctors. I don’t need it from you,” I snap back, a bit shocked and it seems so is Law because he pulls me closer, rubbing my back rather than reminding me that talking back is a punishable offense.

“Shh, it’s okay. It’s okay, baby boy. I’m sorry. Daddy was just worried about his little boy, worried he could lose him for something that happened in the past,” Law says gently, and I sink into his hold, resting my head on his shoulder, holding him tightly in return. “I’m sorry if you thought I was lecturing you. I was worried and jealous of others that have been close to you.”

“There’s only a couple, and other than some oral, the biggest thing that I’d even done

until you was rubbing dicks with someone else—over the dick and balls, touching tips. It never felt right to go further. There was always something missing until you, Law.”

“It might be fucked up, but I’m glad, baby boy. I like knowing we share something special because you’re special to me. I love you. You’ve become everything to me this past month, so why didn’t you just tell me when I started using the pinwheel to stop? Not just push it away but to really stop?”

“I didn’t want you to stop fucking me. Everything else was amazing, it was just when that thing felt like it could pierce the skin I freaked out a bit. Even then, I still didn’t want you to stop the rest,” I admit, and he nods, his jaw tightening and I sigh, not wanting him mad at me. “I get it probably seems stupid to be afraid of needles considering I’m surrounded by guys with tattoos and piercings—when you have your balls pierced.”

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“It’s strange and if you want to tell me why, I’ll listen, but all you had to do was tell me, baby boy. I will never push you to do something that you’re truly afraid of, might see if there’s anything that will help alleviate those fears if it’s something I think we’d enjoy, but I would never truly hurt you—physically or emotionally by doing something I know you have a true aversion to,” he states and I nod, dragging in a deep breath before telling him.

“I told you my mom died when I was five. What I didn’t say is that afterwards, he brought home a lot of women. Some weren’t too bad, but a few of them were pretty awful. One of them hated me—like wanted to throw me off a bridge hated me. She didn’t want me anywhere near her or my father. I was probably six when he started seeing her and normally when my father came home I raced out to see him. He was my idol when I was little,” I add as Law simply rubs my back, holding me close. “She didn’t want to compete with me for my father’s attention, and she started putting tacks on a piece of tape right outside my room. I wasn’t allowed out of it if she was the one watching me and shoes weren’t allowed in the house.”

“You’d step on the tack,” he guesses, and I nod. “Your father didn’t do anything?”

“She told him I put them there, left them in the hallway, and he believed her because I did like to play with tacks, sticking stuff up on the wall with them. She claimed she stepped on some a few days before but didn’t tell on me, and that’s why they’d been put up, but I must have gotten them down stuck them in the tape. He was livid, took the strip of them, made me put my hands on the table palms up and smacked me with them,” I state, clenching them until daddy gently uncurls them, looking at them in a new light, along with my wrist I usually cover with the leather bracelet.

“These are from him?” daddy asks, running his hand over my wrist where little marks can still be seen even after nine years. “These aren’t all from when you were little, are they?” he adds, and I shake my head no. “How long did he date her?”

“About a year...most of them didn’t last longer than that, but my father found something that he enjoyed using to punish me because I was terrified of it. I know it seems crazy, for me to like...”

“No,” he says cutting me off as he lifts my hands to his lips, presses kisses to the palms and my wrist. “When I punish you, even if it is for things you’ve done or you’ve pretended to do, it’s to build you up, give you what you need to let you go to a place where pleasure is all that surrounds you. You wanting to be my little boy isn’t because your father terrified and terrorized you when you were a child. It’s wanting to find that safe place, to be cared for, and adored. The way you felt when he was your idol. It has nothing to do with the bastard that hurt you, and I know it, baby boy,” he says, and I can’t hold back the tears as they slip free, burying my face in his neck and he just holds me. “Shh, it’s okay, baby boy. Daddy’s here now. Daddy’s always going to be here for you.”

“I love you,” I manage to get out as he wipes my face, giving me a soft kiss.

“I love you too, baby boy. Now, let’s get you some food since daddy kept you in bed for most of the last two days,” he adds and I agree slipping into the joggers that he pulls from the stack of my clothes I brought over to have since we’ve spent every night in his rooms since we came home Saturday. He tops them with a t-shirt, and we head down the steps towards the dining room together.

Just before we reach it, he stops me, lifting my face to his, his eyes holding me tight making my heart race wildly. “Daddy?”

“I told you once that we should have a safe word,” he says, and I flush a bit recalling

it. “After what happened with the pinwheel, we need to have it now. The word stop...if we’re playing and we’re in a spot where I’m making you take me, having you fight me to not take you or have you do something that word isn’t going to get through to me. Won’t get me to actually stop.”

“Now that you know, there’s nothing I’d want you to not do to me, Law. I want your worst because it just makes it that much better to know I’m enough, that I please you enough for you to take us there,” I admit, his eyes glittering my way and I might have hated that look at first, but now, shit I love it so much.

“The safe word isn’t just to stop something that you don’t like. It’s a way to communicate with me, on anything. Yes, if you really like something we’re doing and ask me to do it again, beg for more of it, I’ll know, but the opposite can happen and just because I like it, doesn’t mean we have to continue doing it. The safe word will let me know we need to talk. That I need to listen to you, not within the roles we’re playing, but as your partner, your lover, your love, and your daddy. That I need to truly hear what you’re saying. It doesn’t mean I’m going to get angry or upset if you use it, baby boy. The opposite. It’ll mean that you know I love you entirely, that you trust me enough to tell me what’s wrong. It could be that the position is uncomfortable, that you need a break, a drink of water if we’ve been at it a while.

“It could be that something we normally enjoy just doesn’t feel good, because maybe we tried something different the day before and part of you hurts and doing that makes it painful in a non-pleasurable way. It could mean that you need more lube while daddy’s drilling that tight ass of yours. Hell, it could be that a name I’m using just hits wrong that day and you want me to stop using it. Or it could mean you’re tired and need a break, or just not into it right then and want to stop. None of that is going to make me mad,” daddy says, completely stealing every little piece of my heart as his own. “There may be nights when I don’t feel up to sex, just want to hold and cuddle my little boy, and I really hope you wouldn’t be upset or angry with me if there are. So how could I be upset or angry with you in reverse? The only time daddy

won't listen when you say you aren't interested, is when we're playing, and daddy's forcing his little boy to do what he wants. But even that will be with your agreement before we go into it. Understand?"

"Yeah, I still don't see how I'd ever want to use it, but yeah, I understand," I muse, pulling a dark chuckle from him as his hand cups my dick, teasing my balls.

"Just wait until daddy has these wrapped in rope and is pulling on them to teach you to mind him, then you can talk," he returns, his body pressing against mine before he gives me a long kiss, his beard tickling my face in the way I love.

"Alright, so what do you want to use?" I ask catching my breath as someone in the dining room laughs loudly. "Red's common isn't it?"

"Too easy of a word to come up in normal conversation, especially with a little boy, while daddy's teaching him his colors asking him what color his ass is," daddy teases and fuck, that definitely makes me hot to think about him doing. "No, we'll use something that would never come up in a normal day."

"And what's that?" I ask. "I mean, if daddy's going to teach me things, that's a lot that might come up. There's shapes and letters and numbers and animals..."

"Daddy's going to love teaching his little boy all of them. Right now, daddy's going to teach you a safe word, one that's special just between us," he states, and I nod as he smiles wolfishly my way. "Francis."

"Francis?" I ask and he nods as my brow lifts curiously. "Where on earth did you come up with that?"

"You're not the only one that doesn't go by their birth name," he says making my jaw drop a hint. "That F on my business card...that's my first name. Got the shit beat out

of me in elementary school, long before anyone knew I was gay, and I stopped using it when we transferred to middle school. I started using Joseph, or Joe, since it's my middle name. When I came out, it was Joey around the bars, and then I started going by Law when I became part of the Relentless Keepers. It felt more like me than Joe, Joseph or Joey ever did. I was apparently named after my grandfather, and he was named it after his, so it was a family name."

"Definitely doesn't fit my daddy. I like daddy better than Law and Law better than anything else," I add, and he gives me a quick kiss before pulling me towards the dining room again. "I won't tell anyone else what it is."

"I know you won't. That's a special word just between daddy and his little boy, and you're a good boy," he says, and I smile as we head over to the table where Everly and Pres are sitting.

"There you are, I was wondering if you'd starved to death or if your daddy you locked in your room," Everly teases as I settle in next to her, and I chuckle as she gives me a wink, nodding at the curious look on her face and she giggles, pulling one from me, while daddy's hand slips down, rubbing my crotch.

He keeps doing it as we eat, daddy and Pres discussing new options for some of the issues we've had with getting the insurance company to work the claim for the fire at the gun shop. I'm finished with my food when daddy lifts me up, settling me over his lap and Everly lets out a little giggle, and it deepens when Pres whispers something into her ear and she presses her face into his side as he sits with his arm around her.

A little gasp falls out on top of a moan when daddy pushes the back of my sweat down, and I feel his thick cock spank against my bare ass. "Get that hand wet and reach back here, make it nice and slick," daddy tells me, and I don't hesitate to do what he says.

I coat his cock with my spit, my ass still slightly coated from our earlier rounds, and his thick head eases right through my ring as he pulls me down onto him, getting so fucking deep. It pulls a moan from me, and I press against the edge of the table, knowing someone can likely see daddy taking my ass if they walk past us, but not so much at the table itself.

Daddy's hands rock me on his cock and Everly glances over, her eyes widening a hint before she grins asking, "Does Cashy always get to play with daddy at dinner?"

A little flare of bliss runs through me at the names, not only the Cashy nickname but also the full out daddy for Law at the table here.

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“Cashy only gets to play when he’s a good little boy and listens to daddy,” Law returns, making her giggle again before Pres gives her a kiss, pulling her up from the table. He slips a hand over her eyes making her giggle even more as he walks them past us, but his other hand comes down on daddy’s shoulder, patting it as he just shakes his head at us.

There’s only a handful of others in the room now, more in the kitchen cleaning up, with only Victors at our table still. He’s just sitting there, leaning back in his seat, talking with daddy still about the shop’s options. Someone behind us snickers and I catch sight of Whistle grabbing dishes from another table. He lets out a swit-swoo type whistle as he comes closer to grab the plates off ours.

“Ah lookie, our little Cash is all grown up, still a little shy boy though, aren’t you?” he chuckles, and it should piss me off, but it doesn’t somehow with Law’s thick cock in my ass.

“I told you they’d love to watch, little boy,” Law teases at my ear, making me shiver, reminding me what he told me in the locker room when I mentioned someone might come in. “More men than you know get off to gay porn—women too—and you have the sexiest little ass ever. Too good not to show it off,” he adds, moving before I know it, bending me over the table, taking me even harder.

I let out a deep moan and then another when he gives my ass a smack, telling me, “Not a sound. I don’t want to hear a peep from you until I come, little boy.”

I choke back a shout, holding it in as he fucks me good and hard, Victors’ face right in my line of sight when daddy pulls my head up, and I’m on the edge when he pulls

the chain, choking me as he comes. My legs are quaking when daddy pulls me up, turning me around, and I let out a little shocked sound when he pulls my joggers down to my ankles, pushing my t-shirt up until it's over my head but still on like a harness, showing off nearly every inch of my body. But most importantly, the cage on my dick.

“Guess that answers who's the bottom completely now, doesn't it, Victors,” Sharp calls out across the room.

“You jealous or something?” Victors retorts shutting him up.

Daddy undoes the cage, licking at my dick until it grows, and I shout when his fingers slide up my balls, hammering into my ass while he sucks my dick. His eyes tell me not to come as he stares up at me, and I hold off as long as I can, but his two fingers turn into three and I shout. “Fuck daddy, let me come, please...”

“Give it to me,” he growls around my dick, and I crash instantly, coming long and hard as he keeps hammering at my ass with his thick fingers. My ass twitches as he pulls out of it, and the cage slides over my dick, making me hiss a bit as it's still going down, but daddy latches it shut before standing up, bringing his mouth to mine with a long, sloppy kiss.

He pushes me forward until I reach a chair, and he lifts my leg onto it, urging my other up and bends me over it, his mouth coming down on my ass, licking and teasing it, making my dick want to harden all over again, but it can't with the cage wrapped around it. Daddy spits on my ass, pushing my back down pulling my ass higher, and he takes his time, pushing his cock into me. It makes me moan entirely and I grip the back of the chair tight when daddy starts fucking me.

He pulls my head up, letting me see everyone that's walking by, but he doesn't begin to stop using my ass. He keeps going, pulling on the chain of the collar every time I

start to get louder. His hands smack on my thighs, making me open my legs more, and I shout when reaches around, grabbing hold of my caged dick. “You going to come for me and everyone else watching like a good little boy, show them how good you are for daddy?”

“Fuck daddy...yes, thank you,” I groan as my ass tightens around him, the bliss flooding my system as I come.

“I want your little boy dick coming,” he returns, giving me a hard thrust as he pulls on the chain and with a smack of his hand on my dick, cum bursts from the semi-hard tip, going everywhere. “That’s it, little boy. That’s how you come fordaddy...now take mine,” he adds, and I shout as he fills me, but it’s cut off when he pulls on the chain again.

I lean back into him, shaking as I try to catch my breath, and he turns my face, stealing my lips as his hand covers my still twitching dick. His lips feather over my face until I finally stop shaking, and he helps me up, then redresses me before turning me around for a kiss and his hands rub my back gently. “I love you, daddy.”

“I love you too, baby boy,” he promises, taking my hand leading me towards the door and the crowd there. One the club girl, Sheryl, is there with her nose and mouth all scrunched up and daddy turns his dark glare onto her, telling her, “Clean up the mess.”

“You can’t tell me what the fuck to do, you old perv,” she snaps, and I step forward, grabbing her face until she’s looking me straight in the eyes.

“Law is my daddy and he can use my authority as a rank any time he fucking wants so you better shut your bitch-ass mouth unless you want thrown out of here like Lori was,” I return, drawing some chuckles from the guys, and they turn into whistles when Law’s hand slips under my shirt, grabbing hold of the strap, and pulls me on

our way.

We reach his room, and I turn towards him, wanting a kiss but he moves towards his bags, and pulls them out, making my heart stop as he starts throwing things into them. “Daddy?”

“There’s no point in having our shit in two separate rooms,” he says as he grabs them, then my hand pulling me out into the hall and over to my door. “All of your stuff is in here, it makes more sense to use it instead of this one and having to move two sets of stuff. My things, my clothes and shit that’s still in the city,” he adds when my brow lifts a bit, finally understanding, and he just pulls me to him and into the shower before we collapse onto the bed together.

“Now, tell me, are you upset, angry, or embarrassed that daddy fucked you in front of your club?” he asks me, his hands rubbing lotion onto my skin soothing all of me.

“No, maybe a little embarrassed at times, but I loved it too much to even think about stopping you, daddy. You just make me want more and more, especially to be your little and play even more, have you punish me for breaking rules, forcing me to do what daddy says.”

“I’ll gladly give you that, little boy,” he promises and the next night, he does just that, dressing me in one of the outfits I’d bought to wear and fantasize. It’s a pair of extra tight shorts like he threatened me with that have a slit down the middle of them for easy access to my dick and ass, but they’re in a pattern that would lend more towards the little side of things than just a toy boy sort. Daddy comes in, finding me looking at a dirty magazine, my hand stroking my dick, and daddy punishes my ass so good.

He spansk it hard, then fucks it, making me take his cock hard and deep while I scream into the pillow, begging him to stop. It gets us both off with him in my ass, and afterwards, he puts the cage back on me, telling me that until I learn to control

my dirty hands, I'll wear it, so daddy knows I'm being a good little boy, and shit—it's everything I've ever wanted and so much more.

Epilogue

Law

My body tightens with hunger as I move us into the playroom, the one Tate and I designed to give our littles all of their wildest fantasies. It's mainly decorated with Everly in mind, but I know Cash likes it too, likes it when we come in here to play—especially when our littles get to play together before we play with them. Only their play is entirely non-sexual, other than the time when we showed off the bathroom to them for the first time. Tate's idea to have us 'catch' them kissing alluding to it leading towards something like that.

They were both giggling like mad because there is nothing sexual between them. They're closer than most brothers and sisters, since they both enjoy a bit of voyeurism, watching their 'little' friend get pleasure from their daddy.

Tonight though, it's just me and Cash playing—celebrating. I did the one thing I was even more certain I'd never do than even find myself in a long-term relationship—I got married. To my sweet little boy that I love so fucking much, more now than a year and a half ago when we first met.

It's been wild. Between moving down here, becoming an honorary member of the club, and settling in, the time seemed to fly by somehow. It's only when Cash and I are taking care of Linc, Everly and Tate's little boy that's now ten months old, that it really becomes clear how long it's been.

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I balked at the idea of marriage when Everly first brought it up to us, I mean yeah, she and Tate got married just weeks after we got her back from her kidnapping, but that was different. Then we went to a rally, and I saw other men eyeing my little boy and I fucking lost it. He was walking around wearing my collar, his dick was caged by me, wearing a leather cut saying he was claimed, and they were still eyeing him.

I walked him into our hotel room and told him he had a choice, he gets 'Law's Property' tattooed where everyone would see it clear as day no matter what he was wearing, or he marry me and wear the biggest, boldest, fucking ring ever. He just laughed and said he'd marry me if I was serious and I showed him exactly how serious I was by fucking him in front of the balcony window, making sure everyone heard his shouting 'thank you daddy' when I let him come.

The next morning, Everly asked if Cashy had fun last night, and he mentioned that daddy might have promised to marry him. That his choice was either marriage or a tattoo and her eyes cut to me, a dark threat in them because she knew my little boy was afraid of needles. Not why, but that he was. And while he may not be wholly comfortable with them still, he doesn't freak out whenever I pull the pinwheel out and press it into his skin anymore.

We've been working on desensitization on it, daddy teaching his little boy they're not meant to scare him, and he's now good with the pinwheel and had no issues at his last doctor's appointment when it came time for a blood draw. That might also be somewhat thanks to daddy standing behind him, kissing him while they slipped the needle in to get the blood started.

Cash calmed down Everly and together, they planned the wedding. She was his 'best

woman' or 'little of honor' as they were jokingly calling it, and I had Tate up with me despite there being guys I've known a lot longer. When you have relationships like ours, it grows bonds much faster, and I know if anything happened to me, Tate and Everly would make sure Cash was okay, just as we would with Everly if anything happened to Cash—but especially with little Linc if something happened to both of them. We love that little guy and watch him whenever they need a break, or a night in the playroom by themselves.

I don't see us having kids of our biological own and adoption I can guarantee is out of the realm of possibilities thanks to our lifestyle—and I don't mean because we're gay and it's not like we'd go around sharing all the little stuff that we enjoy. No, being members of the club, or clubs, living in the clubhouse, we'd never be approved. So, helping out with Linc as Unky Cash and Poppy Law is as far as we'll take it.

It's not like Linc is likely to be the only kid they have. Tate's already talking about 'breeding' his little girl again, so I'm sure she'll be pregnant sooner rather than later, giving us another baby to help out with and love. And since we live right next door now, it's not like we've got far to go to get in some baby snuggles, because shit...that's something else entirely.

I settle Cash in the bed, enjoying the overalls he's wearing. Like always, his collar is wrapped around his neck, but for now at least, his dick is beneath the shorts of the overalls and there are snaps in the bottom that will let them come off easily for daddy to get to his ass.

"Do you remember what daddy caught you doing the first time you wore something like this for him?" I ask, lifting his face to mine and the light in his eyes says he most certainly does. "Good, you don't stop touching until daddy comes in and you better make sure to clean up any messes you make."

"Yes daddy," Cash sighs, and I leave the space, moving into the lounge and turn on

the monitors, watching him fumble into his pants, through the slit in the front, getting his little dick hard, and he strokes himself as he glances at the dirty magazine. I don't hurry, forcing him to keep going, and he comes with a small cry, catching his cum with his free hand. That's my cue and I storm into the room as he's slurping it down.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, little boy?" I demand, startling him a bit. He tries to hide everything, but his dick is still half-hard and poking out of his shorts, and the magazine is on the bed. "You dirty, filthy little boy! Get up, now!"

He doesn't move quite fast enough, and I grab the strap, using it as a leash and pull him into the bathroom, making him stumble to keep up. My boy loves being pushed and pulled around, degraded even, made to be a full-on pup at times, and I plan to give him everything he likes most tonight, because he's given me everything the last year and a half.

"You want to behave like a fucking animal, then you'll live like one," I state, seeing the cum on his chin that dribbled down. I push him down to his knees, shoving his face in what looks like a small split log. The entire playroom is built around a fantasy forest or fairy woods theme. The bed is a giant Alaskan king on a platform that's made to resemble tree roots and knobs.

There are trees with pink and purple leaves in it and a curtain of leaves hides the door to the bathroom, or the 'forest pool' as we teased them with the first time we had them taking a bath together in it—dressed in swimwear still. Yes, we've seen about everything of the other couple, but somehow full-out nudity seems wrong when we're playing with our littles.

The bathroom is set up with a waterfall scene which is the shower as well as the pool tub, it has a normal toilet and sink, but I had Tate add in space for a urinal and a drinking bowl—which is even better with the reality of the trough as it gives me move surface to push Cash's face into and make him drink from it. The split log fits

entirely with the rest of the space, and the urinal blends in seamlessly as well. Tate was surprised I wanted it so low to the ground, but I had them add it there so my boy can reach it when he's on his knees and daddy's making him piss.

My favorite part of the playroom though is actually the separated punishment corner. It's designed to be the inside of a tree, and we left little knobs where someone can peep through and watch, as well as some glory holes I may use later with Cash—after having him on the spanking or punishment bench. I'm not sure which one we'll use tonight, but we will be using one of them, that's for sure.

I pull his head up out of the water and all the way back so I can see his face as he coughs a bit. His eyes show he's not hurting, simply enjoying everything and I press on, moving to shove his face back into the water but he pushes on the floor, trying to stay upright arguing with me.

"I didn't do anything bad, daddy. Everyone does it," he says.

"Notmylittle boy!" I counter, giving his balls a spank, pulling a shout from him. "You know the fucking rules," I add with another spank to them. "No dirty magazines." Spank. "No touching your little dick." Spank. "No playing with your little dick." Spank. "No pleasuring yourself." Spank. "No making messes in daddy's house." Spank. "And most certainly, no drinking anything daddy doesn't give you." Spank!

"Daddy, please, stop, please, please...please! I'm sorry," he adds, and I grab the leash, pulling him across the room towards the shower, not letting him get up when he tries to stumble up to his feet.

"No! If you want to behave like a filthy animal, not listen to daddy's rule, then you'll see how daddy treats his little pup versus how he treats his little boy," I growl, jerking him backdown. "First thing that goes are the clothes. Pups don't wear anything but collars that show who owns them."

I strip the outfit off him, leaving him naked other than my collar, and I turn on the water, after shedding my shirt. I put on a pair of quick drying water shorts that have plenty of give to let me get my cock out, but first, I put him in the water, soaking him head to toe.

“Have to make sure the pup’s clean when you bring him home. Don’t know where he’s been,” I add giving his ass a spank before pushing two fingers inside it. He can take my entire hand when he’s worked up to it, and shit, I love making him do it. Right now, I start with two, adding a third as he begs me to stop.

“Daddy, no, please. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I won’t be bad anymore, please...”

“Nothing nasty you’re bringing into my house here,” I state, sliding my fingers out of his ass and he whines at the loss making me hold back a smile as I clean his balls thoroughly, before turning over to his dick. It lengthens as I wash it with long strokes, and he’s shaking by the time I pull back, completely on the edge.

“Daddy please...stop,” he cries when I give his balls another spank, making his dick jerk.

“No, daddy’s teaching you what being a pup means,” I return, enjoying the way he shivers in response. “Responsible owners make sure their pups can’t go leaving their seed all over their place. You fight me and I’ll show you how they do that,” I add as I slip up behind him, my cock hard and hungry, and I press it to his ass hole, going slow to prolong it.

“Daddy no! No!” he shouts bucking against me, and I push down on his shoulders, until his top half lowers to the floor, his face pressed against it.

“You have to show the pup who the alpha of the house is...and that’s...me,” I shout as I press fully into his tight ass. I keep a hand on his head, so it stays in the stream of

the water, taking him hard and deep as he cries out for daddy to stop. His ass though, it grabs hold of me not wanting me to pull out every time I pull back to thrust in harder, especially when I pull on the chain for the collar, choking him.

“Daddy, please...please,” he gurgles beneath the water. “Please stop...please you’re hurting me. Please stop hurting me...”

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I keep going until my cock is about to burst, and I pull out, making him whimper with relief but it doesn't last long. I pull his head up, then force my way through his lips and fuck his face as the water falls right on it still. "Now are you getting it? Now you see why daddy's the alpha and you're just a worthless fucking pup that is going to learn how to listen?"

His hands push against my legs, and I snarl as I pull my cock out as he gags around my cum, landing several laces of it on his face. I don't give him any time to breathe as I drag him out of the water, taking him back to the trough and shove his face in it again. "Drink up."

He uses his tongue to lick up the water until I pull on the chain, then move him to the urinal that's just a couple feet away. "Now the pup needs to pee, so he doesn't make a mess in daddy's house."

"Daddy, please..." he cries, shouting louder when I reach down, gripping his hard dick and point it into the urinal.

"I told the pup to pee," I warn, giving the chain another tug and he finally does, shaking with it because it's the one thing my boy doesn't enjoy, but he does it for me, for my enjoyment of his humiliation over it.

When he's done, I reach up on the shelf and take down the plug cage, the one he hates but also loves so much. I pull him around, putting him up on the solid half wall that's made of concrete. It's perfect height for fucking over it, or for putting the cage on my boy, and he cries out when the plug slide into his opening.

“Daddy, no, please...anything but this,” he pleads but I don’t listen to it, just keep going until his dick is softer, small enough to fit in the cage, and I latch it, before bringing him off the wall, putting him back onto his knees, and attach another lead to the collar, pulling him out of the room behind me.

I walk him across the bedroom and into the punishment corner, leading him straight to the cage that we’ve added since the first time we played in the room, a little over five months ago now. It and the punishment bench weren’t originally in here but after the night we played in here just the two of us for the first time, I knew we needed something harsher than the spanking bench. They’re built to be comfortable for a longer period of time, whereas the punishment bench isn’t.

The spanking bench has a full length padded center bench to rest on as well as ones for the arms and legs, and normal ankle and wrist cuffs. The punishment bench only has a rounded metal bar to hold them up, with a stockage attachment for the neck to keep the head up, as well as a piece that goes around the hips to hold you in place and short arm and leg rests rather than a full length bench.

I open the cage door, telling him, “In pup.”

He pulls back some, trying to fight going into the cage, and I pull on the chain, warning him he’ll be left in it for days if he doesn’t do what he’s told. He slips into it, moving forward so I can shut it, then pull his head up through the opening on the top, chaining him in place with his collar as he begs me not to.

I slip out of the shorts, settling onto the top of the cage. There’s a cushioned seat built into it that’s right in front of the opening where his head is and I lift the back part, so it creates the back of a chair rather than just a long bench for my comfort.

“You want to use that mouth for things other than eating and drinking the food daddy gives you, then start using it. Lick my ass and suck my balls. Pups like playing with both,” I add as he tries to turn his face away from me. I move an inch closer warning

him, “Until my cock is hard, you’re staying in that cage. Now lick.”

He finally does, licking and eating my ass, sucking on my balls, teasing the piercings, like a good boy, but I fight against it as long as I can, making him keep going for nearly an hour. My cock is swinging hard and heavy as I take him out of the cage and put him onto the punishment bench. He cries out as I lock his head into place, putting his ass down in the perfect position, and grab the lube, slicking up my cock before pushing back inside him.

“Daddy, please...not so hard. It’s too hard,” he shouts as I spank and fuck his ass, alternating between them when I get too close to the edge, about to go over. I don’t want it to stop, and neither does my little boy.

He’s only ever used the special word twice. The first time the day after I tied and tugged his nuts like I warned he was likely to and the second was when I was fucking him in the gym after lunch. He’d drank two huge glasses of tea and had to piss, I let him up but followed him into the locker room, stopping him before he could go into the stall and pushed him towards a urinal, telling him to go so daddy could get back to fucking his sweet ass.

That’s where I learned that he has trouble peeing in front of others, but he finally did it just for daddy. I finished fucking him over the urinal as others came and went.

They all know not to talk shit about my little boy. That if I don’t flay them for it, Everly will, and if they go against her—if they even began to get the balls to try after learning she killed the four assholes she was related to who kidnapped her that is—then Tate sure as hell will for talking back to her. He’s deadlier than most men I’ve met, especially if his little girl is threatened.

I slide back into his ass, taking it even harder as he begs, “Please daddy stop. Please stop...please daddy, please!”

My hands dig into his thighs, my thumbs pressing hard on the bottom of his cheeks and I come deep and long, giving him every drop I have before taking him off the bench. His breathing is hard as I take us back out to the bed, putting him onto it before joining, making sure everything else is out of sight, and when we're laying down, I give him a kiss, slipping the cage off him and gently stroke his dick until he's hard as he moans.

I turn over, letting him press up against my back, my hand slipping behind me to pull his leg over the top of mine, and he slicks his hard with the lube hidden in the headboard, before sliding it into me, 'snuggling' with daddy because he knows, daddy's the only one he's allowed to do this with. His lips press against my neck and back, his long cock hitting just right, and we both come as he lets out a full shout of 'thank you daddy'.

I grab the washcloths I stashed and clean him up, letting him return the favor, and toss the dirty items aside, taking out the last item I'd hidden—my boy's normal cage. I turn back towards him, holding it up and he simply smiles, laying back, letting me slip it onto him and fasten it into place.

"I love you, daddy. My forever daddy," he says as I stare down into his smiling, tired eyes.

"I love you too, baby boy. So much, more than I ever imagined possible to love someone," I state, pulling him in closer. I turn him until his back is snuggled up against my chest, his arm wrapped around mine that's holding him tight. I press kisses to his face, telling him just how deep my love goes, how good my little boy is, until he tumbles into a deep, peaceful sleep, knowing daddy has him, and won't ever let go.