



# A Little Cinny Latte (DKAG Christmas Daddies)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** When Riley misses experiencing Christmas with a Daddy, John decides to spoil the adorable little. Who cares if it isn't December anymore? Riley deserves the world.

A sweet Christmas romance between a man who has been searching for his forever little, and the cute coffee shop owner who captures his heart.

Expect coffee, baked goods, and holiday cheer.

**Total Pages (Source):** 8

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

Chapter one

Riley

(December 14<sup>th</sup>)

Masquerade Night. Ten minutes until the Charity Auction.

Why did I think I could do this?

Several boys and littles bounce around me in their cute little elf outfits as they wait to be announced on stage. My gaze drifts to Wylan and Ash with a deep yearning. They look so damn cute and happy as they start singing along to a popular Christmas carol.

My sparkly red and green outfit taunts me from where it sits on the hanger, and I briefly stare at it with longing. A fresh wave of nerves washes through me as I hear one of the owners of Dark Satin announce that the charity auction is about to begin.

Panicking, I reach for my outfit, shove it in my bag, and leave the locker room. As soon as I make my way through the dimly lit kink club, past the bar, and toward the wrought-iron staircase that will lead me to the Little's Playroom, I feel my shoulders drop.

Whether they drop in relief or disappointment, I'm not entirely sure.

My head is a mess, and my stomach hurts thanks to all the anxiety. I never do well in front of large crowds. Maybe a play session is exactly what I need. The room is

decorated with Christmas lights, ornaments, and the softest-looking stockings with cute little teddy bears peeking out of each of them. I grin at the display. Christmas has always been my favorite time of the year.

There's something about all the decorations, the music, and the holiday cheer that just calls to me and my little side. My only regret is that I haven't spent Christmas with a Daddy of my own yet. The idea of cuddling up with my Daddy by the fire and watching Christmas movies sounds so romantic.

There are two couples playing in the corner, but for the most part, the room is empty, since everyone is either watching the charity auction or participating.

"Hey there, little one. What are you doing here?" Tony, the club's lead security guard, asks as soon as I fully enter the room and shut the door behind me. "I thought you were one of the littles hoping to catch himself a Daddy this year."

Despite the sweetness and playfulness of Tony's voice, his words evoke guilt and regret. My lips turn down on their own, and I find myself trying to rub soothing circles onto my tummy. What would it feel like to have a real Daddy rub my tummy all better?

Tony's gaze immediately drops to my hand and understanding takes over his face as my cheeks heat with embarrassment.

"Oh, Riley. Come here." He holds his arms out and I collapse into them. Tears spill onto my cheeks, and I hastily try to wipe them away before anyone else can see.

"It's okay, Riley," Tony soothes. "Maybe next time."

I shake my head. "What's wrong with me? I'm fine when I'm at work, serving people at the café or bakery, but everywhere else, I'm a freaking ball of nerves. All I had to

do was walk across that dumb stage and have a Daddy bid on me. And the money goes to charity, yet I couldn't find the guts to go through with it."

"Hush now," Tony says, squeezing me tighter and stopping my ramble. "Don't be too hard on yourself. It's scary going up on stage, let alone telling a room full of sexy Daddies all your kinks."

I giggle, pulling away to eye Tony. "Did you just call them sexy Daddies?"

He tickles my sides. "I have eyes, don't I?"

My lips twitch. Tony is a total Daddy at heart. Or at least, I always assumed he was. I've never actually seen him in a scene since he's always working. Before I can ask, he pats me on the shoulder and encourages me forward. "Go on. Go play. Relax. You'll feel better once you do."

I give him a grateful smile and walk over to the small changing room. I love that Dark Satin has little changing stations set up in each room. It makes things more comfortable for the members who are too shy or don't want to be seen around the club in their gear or little's clothing.

Locking the door behind me, I shove my hand in my bag, only to feel the soft material of my elf outfit. I pull it out and run the pads of my fingers across the white tag. My name is scrolled across it in pretty cursive.

Another pang of longing hits me. Crap. I really wanted to see if a Daddy would be willing to bid on me.

Unfortunately, it's not going to happen. If I changed my mind now, I'm sure I'd have time to make it back up on stage, but I know I'm just too damn nervous for that. Instead, I shrug out of my sweater and kick off my shoes and jeans. In their place, I

tug on the red-and-green striped leggings and the matching green sweater.

Instead of the flashy and fun elf outfits my friends chose, my outfit is made of the softest material and looks more like formfitting pajamas rather than a costume. It's perfect.

The smooth glide of the fabric against my skin causes me to giggle. I glance up at my appearance in the mirror and smile.

"Time to play!" I fumble around in my bag until I pull out my little travel companion; my favorite Chibico stuffie that looks like a purple cat. "Hi, Eefoowie!"

I shove all my possessions back into my bag and place it inside one of the lockers. This is one of the few places, besides my house, where I feel comfortable being little. Where I feel free to be me and shed away all my fears, anxiety, and real-life problems.

Making my way back into the main room, I carry Eefoowie to a rainbow-colored play mat and place her next to me. I reach for the closest box of building blocks and tip the box upside down until the contents shower all around me.

Once the colorful blocks are scattered around the mat, I chuckle at the mess and pick up my stuffie as I cuddle her to my chest. "Maybe it's a good thing I don't have a Daddy here with me," I murmur against her soft purple fur. "Daddy wouldn't like this mess, now, would he?"

I sink deeper into my little headspace, happy to be here. It might not be the same as playing with a Daddy of my own, but as the giggles and murmurs from the other couples surrounding me hit my ears, I can at least pretend I'm not alone.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Chapter two

John

The club's atmosphere vibrantly pulses with giddy excitement and Christmas cheer. No matter how many times I've visited my friend's kink club, I never fail to like what I see. The club has a sleek and classy vibe that invites me in. Although, tonight is the first time I'm here for pleasure, not business.

Hunter is sitting in his office when I knock on his open door and lean against the doorframe. "Hey man," I greet.

A crooked smile curls his lips as he spots me and stands up. "Holy shit, you made it." Hunter strides toward me and claps my back in our usual slapping bear hug. "Thanks for coming."

"Of course. I'm excited to try to win a date with a little. It might be exactly what I need to distract myself."

He shakes his head. "I'm sorry things didn't work out with you and your best friend." Hunter guides me to have a seat in front of his desk, and I do.

I groan, burying my face in my hands. "Oh god, please don't remind me. Confessing your feelings to someone is hard enough, but admitting them to someone who doesn't return your feelings is brutal. Never thought I'd do that shit in my forties."

"Well, either way, I'm proud of you, man. You had to do it. You've had feelings for

him for years.”

“It’s true. At least now I know. Teddy and I weren’t meant to be. In some ways, I’m relieved. Plus, I’ve been looking for a change. I’ve been wanting to move here for a while, and now that I’m finally retired, I can focus on my woodwork. If, by some miracle, Teddy returned my feelings, I doubt he’d want to move. His life is there, and he was the only thing tying me to that town.”

Hunter nods. “By the way, we set up that Saint Andrews cross you made. The details in the wood are amazing. Really, the whole piece is beautiful. In fact, I have a member who wanted your info as soon as he saw it. I gave him your card. He was curious if you could make a custom spanking bench.”

“Thanks.” I grin as a sense of pride fills me. “I’d love to make a custom bench for him. Going full time making unique pieces has been my dream forever.”

We catch up for a few minutes before there’s another knock at Hunter’s door. His co-owner, Cal, walks in with a huge grin on his face. “John, it’s good to see you. Are you ready for the auction?” Cal checks his watch. “Hunter is going to start announcing the littles in a few minutes.”

“I better go take a seat, then.”

As Hunter takes the stage, I follow along in my brochure, reading his introductions of each boy when the auction begins. Since today is also masquerade night, the boys aren’t only wearing the cutest little elf outfits, but some of them are also sporting masks. Once a certain Daddy wins the date, the mask is removed, and the boy is revealed.

The whole auction is playful and fun, but it doesn’t escape my notice when Hunter skips over boy number eight and introduces the ninth boy instead.

I frown when a few more boys are introduced, and it's clear that boy number eight isn't going up on stage. What happened? Did he skip the auction? Was there some kind of emergency?

Since number eight caught my attention, I'm extremely curious, and something about my Daddy instincts is telling me to check in with the boy when the charity event ends. I reread the boy's introduction as the auction continues.

Number Eight

Type of Submissive : little

What to expect of this boy while he is in his submissive headspace : This boy loves age regression to help him after a stressful day. He might be shy at first, but he's sweet and playful once he warms up. He loves to play with his toys, color, and build blocks. Arts and crafts are this little's catnip.

Hobbies : He loves to bake. This little enjoys DIY projects and handmade creations.

Favorite item : His purple Chibico stuffie.

Perfect Date : To cuddle up with Daddy after a long day and watch Christmas movies.

Enjoys : Anything Christmas-related. From decorating to gift giving, this boy would celebrate Christmas all year long if it was socially acceptable.

I smile as I reread the last part of Number Eight's intro. Every submissive filled out the paperwork knowing anything they wrote down would be announced to the bidding Daddies in the audience. A lot can be said by what each boy chooses to say out loud, and I love how much personality shines through in this particular boy's



information.

The auction continues, but if I'm being honest, I'm barely paying attention. My eyes keep darting to the curtain when it opens. I can see a small glimpse of the boys lined up backstage. They are back there singing songs and giggling while they wait for their turn.

The whole sight cheers me up, but I can't stop wondering if Number Eight is okay. Is he back there too, singing along to all the Christmas carols?

The brochure mentioned how much he loves Christmas, so it's a strong possibility.

At one point, I see a few of my Daddy friends I met over the summer bid on their boys. I love that even some of the couples got to participate, especially for a good cause. After Hunter announces the last boy, I stand and make my way toward my friend.

"Hey there, John. I'm shocked you didn't make any bids. Is everything okay?"

I wave away his concern. "I'm fine. What happened to boy Number Eight?"

"What do you mean?"

I flip open the brochure and point at Number Eight's info. "You introduced Number Seven, but then skipped right to Number Nine."

"Ah, yes. That was Riley. I think the stage fright got the best of him."

I smile. Riley.

"Do you know him?" I ask, my tone hopeful.

“Yeah, he’s sweet, sometimes a little shy. Actually, most of us in town know him. Quite a few Daddies were sad he didn’t participate tonight.”

I want to ask more, but I also don’t want to invade the boy’s privacy. If he really is that well known in town, then I’m sure I’ll see plenty of him in January.

“Your Daddy instincts are going crazy, aren’t they?” Hunter smirks.

“Oh, god. They are. Am I that fucking obvious?”

Hunter shakes his head. “Nah, you’re good. I only know because I was about to head to the playroom and check on him myself.”

My eyes widen. “But everyone is out here. Has the boy really been in the room alone this whole time?”

“He isn’t alone. I think Tony is back there, and so is another couple or two.” Hunter’s eyes seem to sparkle. “Why don’t you go check on him?”

I nod, already walking toward the playroom I’ve been eager to use with a boy of my own. When I finally make my way across the busy club and over to the section I need to be in, I enter the playroom and immediately spot a gorgeous boy with dark brown hair and a tidy, thick beard.

Something about the sight of his facial hair makes me pause and smile. Most littles I’ve met pride themselves in being clean-shaven, but I must admit, I love hair on my men.

The boy is in the corner playing by himself, surrounded by colorful blocks. He has a purple cat-like stuffie next to him, and I can tell from here that the boy is talking to the purple toy.

The sight is adorable as hell. When the boy stands, the air leaves my throat with a gasp. Unlike all the other elves who seemed to wear festive or skimpy elf costumes, there's something different about this elf outfit. It's tight and formfitting and reminds me of a onesie.

Fuck.

He would be perfect in a onesie.

The adorable little heads towards a shelf lined with plastic boxes and, of course, he reaches for something in the container on the very top, causing his long sleeve shirt to ride up and reveal his toned stomach. I notice a dark happy trail beneath striped leggings, a vision that would have immediately made me hard if I were fifteen years younger.

He takes a second box of blocks and goes back to where his purple stuffed animal is sitting. To my shock, he plops back on the ground and dumps the box out in front of him. Blocks fly everywhere. A moment of giggling is replaced by unbearable sadness as he looks around at the chaotic scene. A few tears fall down his cheeks. Before I realize what I'm doing, I'm walking toward the boy, ready to do anything in my power to get him to smile.

Suddenly, the door to the playroom opens, and several boys and Daddies I recognize from the auction walk in and stride right toward the little who seems to have captivated me. I spot my friend Ash and his boyfriend, Drake, in the group.

Number Eight quickly swipes at his eyes and hides his tears behind a shy smile. Soon enough, all the boys are surrounding Number Eight and playing while the Daddies watch over them.

I swallow hard, a deep yearning hitting me square in the chest.

Someone claps me on the back, causing me to startle. Tony is standing next to me. “It isn’t too late to walk over there and introduce yourself,” he says.

My gaze bounces over to the young man. He looks like he might be in his mid-to-late-twenties. His beautiful tan skin is a little flushed, but he’s finally smiling a genuine smile. There’s no way I’m going over there and interrupting the happy scene. The last thing I need to do is yank the poor boy out of his headspace.

“That’s okay,” I reply, already heading back toward the door. “I gotta start unpacking the moving truck. Then, tomorrow, I need to make the drive back.”

“When will you officially be here in Olivia Cove?”

“Right after the holidays. Maybe as soon as January first or second.”

“Sounds good.” Tony grins. “I’m sure a certain little will be excited to meet you when you’re ready.”

Hours later, I’m still replaying Tony’s words in my head . I’m sure a certain little will be excited to meet you when you’re ready.

Pair that with images of Riley’s beautiful smile, or those heartbreaking tears running down his face, and I think I’ve gone insane.

Damn, I truly wish he put himself up for bid. Maybe then I’d have a shot at taking this boy out on a date. Was I foolish not to go over there and introduce myself?

I shake my head. No. Whatever Riley was going through, he needed his friends at that moment and not some strange older man making the moves on him. Remembering all the different Daddies in the audience bidding, I was one of the few men who actually had gray hair, a soft belly, and a few extra wrinkles around his eyes.

Riley might want a Daddy, but there's no guarantee he'd want me.

After I finish unpacking the moving truck into my new house, I check the time and realize it's just after midnight.

No matter how hard I work myself, I can't stop thinking of Riley. An idea suddenly pops into my mind. Fishing out my phone, I shoot a text off to Hunter.

John: Hey, Hunt. How long are you at the club tonight?

Hunter: I'll be here most of the night.

Hunter: I have to finish counting all the cash and checks that will be sent off to charity. Thanks for your donation, by the way. I just found the check you snuck into the charity box.

John: Perfect, this actually works out great.

If I want everything to unfold the way I pictured, I'll need to hurry. An image of Riley smiling comes to mind.

Hunter: Why, what's up?

John: I'll be there in about an hour. I know my donation won't win me a date, but I was hoping you'd be able to give Riley a gift if I left it with you?

Hunter: Okay, now you really caught my attention. See you soon.

Before I can overthink things, I reach for my keys and head out to the local twenty-four-hour Walmart .

It's time to surprise my boy with a few Christmas gifts.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Chapter three

Riley

(December 15<sup>th</sup>)

The fresh aroma of coffee instantly calms me as I walk into Cinny Latte. Although this café is family-owned, I'm immensely proud of this little place. My twin sister, Beth, and I have worked hard to make this place a staple here in downtown Olivia Cove.

A mild heart attack a few years ago finally convinced our father he needed help. The coffee shop wasn't doing so well financially, and he was ready to sell. Beth and I asked him to give us a year to turn the place around. We did a full rebrand, renamed Pop's Café to Cinny Latte, and introduced fun, crazy coffee concoctions to the menu.

My sister walks out of the breakroom, grasping a huge mug. Honestly, the thing looks more like a soup bowl, especially by the way she's cupping it with both hands. "You're here early," I say, noting the dark bags under her eyes.

"Yeah, couldn't sleep, so I decided to switch with Meg. She wanted extra time this morning to study for her finals."

Making my way through the 'Employee's Only' door, I flip on the lights and grin as soon as I see all the shiny new ovens and kitchen equipment. We recently upgraded this back room into my own little bakery. Ever since I started baking and adding my treats to the front display of the coffee shop, my sweets have been a hit. But last year,

my baking career took off when my friend Jules invited me to participate in their Pride event.

Who knew my baked goods would be in high demand? I pick up my cute apron with tiny, illustrated apples on it and place it over my head. It might seem silly to some, but I love wearing things that call to my little side, and colorful aprons are one of those things. I go about my opening procedure and start the first few batches of my sweets.

Once they're in the oven, I check my phone and realize it's almost time to open. Smiling, I walk out to the front and slip on the switch that always makes me happy during this time of the year. Christmas and fairy lights illuminate the coffee shop, giving the place an almost magical glow. In the center of the café is a stunning Christmas tree filled with sparkling ornaments and even more lights.

The whole sight is cheerful and partially makes up for my melancholy mood from last night. By the time I left Dark Satin, I was exhausted. I couldn't believe my friends came to play with me in the playroom, despite all of them winning dates. But by the time I had to leave, the night's events crashed down on me, and I realized just how sad I was that I didn't follow through with the auction.

As if reading my mind, something my sister does often, she appears by my side and gives me a worried look. "How was last night? Did you go on a date?"

Beth has always been supportive of me. She might not want details of my sex life, but she's aware I'm a little looking for a Daddy.

"Horrible," I groan.

A fierce, determined look crosses Beth's face and I can tell she's about to go all protective mama bear on me, but I cut her off with a wave of my hand.



“I chickened out. I didn’t go through with the auction.”

“Oh no, Riley. I’m so sorry. What happened?”

“There were just too many people. I peeked out into the crowd and saw all the hot Daddies, and I know you’re going to hate me for this, but I compared myself to all the other boys about to go up for auction.”

Beth frowns. “Why? Didn’t you say that everyone there was going to be in elf costumes? And you’re all looking for the same thing. Why would you compare yourself to anyone else?”

I shrug, hating that I even need to explain myself. Beth doesn’t get it. She’s my twin, so of course she’s going to stick up for me. “I was the only elf who looked like he was wearing pajamas. Everyone else had skimpy costumes or outfits that looked straight out of a movie.” I shake my head. “Mine looked like a child’s set from Target.”

“Didn’t you get it at Target?”

“Ugh. That’s not the point. I looked ridiculous, especially being the only one with a beard.”

“Riley, you aren’t the type of person to wear skimpy outfits or dress up in something so revealing. You love your beard, and you’re more confident with it in your daily public life. Please, stop being so hard on yourself.” She hugs me close, pulling me tight against her body. I inhale her comforting floral scent, mixing with the cookies baking in the oven.

“Okay, enough wallowing about my love life. Let’s open shop.”

“Let’s do this. Despite my lack of sleep, I have a good feeling about today.”

The rest of the day speeds by, thanks to the holiday rush. Even though the shop is still open, my shift has ended, and I’m ready to collapse on my feet.

The door chimes, and someone walks in.

“Hey, you!” I greet Hunter as soon as I see him.

His grin grows when he spots me waving. There’s a huge, colorful, Christmas-themed gift bag in his hand. Even though I know it isn’t for me, I can’t seem to take my eyes away from it until Hunter hides it behind his back.

Giving him a sheepish grin, I meet his eyes.

“Any delicious holiday specials I need to know about?”

“Actually—” I’m about to talk about my favorite baked goods when Meg walks out of the back room and waggles her finger at me.

“Riley, you said you were going home.” Meg laughs, bumping her hip against mine and playfully pushing me out of her way. She bats her lashes at Hunter and I bite back a giggle.

“Hey Hunter,” she says. “How can I help you today?”

Hunter places his index finger in the air. “Hold that thought, Meg. I actually need to talk to Riley in private for a moment.”

My forehead scrunches as I take off my apron and walk over to the other side of the counter. “Is everything okay?”

“Sure is.” He guides me to a private table in the corner. “I have something for you.” He places the gift bag on the table in front of us as soon as we have a seat.

“That’s for me?”

“It is for you,” Hunter replies. He grins when I start bouncing in my seat. “It’s from a Secret Santa.”

I cock an eyebrow and smile. “Are you the Secret Santa?”

“I mean, it’s a secret for a reason, but no, I’m not your Santa Daddy.”

My eyes widen as I straighten in my seat. Santa Daddy? For some reason my heart races as I stare at the gift. Did a Daddy from the club get me something? No. That can’t be what he’s saying. Is it?

“A very concerned Daddy was very eager to bid on you last night. He read your profile and loved all the details you included. Let’s just say he was very intrigued and eager to meet you.”

“Oh my god,” I groan. “I don’t know whether to be disappointed or happy. On one hand, it’s sweet to know someone would have actually bid on me, but I already have major regrets about not participating last night.”

“Hmm. Interesting.” Hunter smirks.

“What is?”

“Santa Daddy said he had a feeling you might feel this way. He also told me to give this gift to you today. He isn’t looking for anything in return. He just wants you to have something sweet for Christmas.”

I eye the huge gift bag eagerly. It's sparkly red and green, but something else catches my eye. What seems like random swirls at first actually turns out to be small polar bear patterns. The tiny bears are adorable, and I already know, no matter what's inside this bag, I already treasure it from the design alone.

Hunter slides a bright green envelope my way. "Read this first. And you might want to open the gift at home, just in case."

I cock a curious brow.

"I'm pretty sure Daddy Joh—Santa had little Riley in mind when he bought it late last night."

Swallowing hard, I flip over the envelope and smile when I see a cute polar bear sticker sealing the flap closed. I don't want to tear the sticker, it's too darn cute, and I'd hate to hurt the adorable little bear. So, I carefully peel back the sticker, taking extra slow movements to ensure it stays intact.

When I finally have the letter out of the envelope, I unfold it, and my eyes immediately drop to the cellphone number at the bottom.

"Santa Daddy left his number," I gasp.

Hunter chuckles. "Did he, now? Good for him. I didn't realize he was so brave."

I giggle, trying to picture a nervous Daddy jotting down his number. Of course, my mind conjures up an image of a sexy Santa and I can't help but bite my lip at the ridiculousness of it all.

"How well do you know this Santa Daddy? Is it safe to text him back?"

Damn, did I sound too hopeful and whiny?

Hunter pats my hand as he stands. “I promise, this Daddy is safe. I’ve known him for years. But don’t feel obligated to text him if you don’t feel comfortable. He reassured me he didn’t need anything in return. I think this is just his way of trying to shoot his shot.”

I laugh. “Oh my gosh. I don’t know if anyone has ever tried to ‘shoot their shot’ with me.”

“Oh, silly, silly Riley. There were several Daddies who wanted your attention last night. Many who were eager to bid on you.”

My mouth drops open in shock.

“But trust me, little one, there was only one true Daddy worth his salt, and he went out of his way to brighten up your day.” With that, Hunter winks and walks out.

A soft smile covers my face as I unfold the letter and read its contents, and by the time I read the last word, I know Hunter is right. This Daddy is worth his salt. He has to be.

Once I close my door behind me, I immediately turn on the lights and switch the heating unit on. Christmas lights illuminate my living room, casting a soft glow around my place. I walk over to my Christmas tree and turn on those lights, too, before placing the big gift bag next to the only other two wrapped presents near my tree.

Someday I’ll be in the position to add more gifts to the tree and make it look even more festive.

I'm extremely eager to open my gift, but I pretend that Santa Daddy is here with me now, encouraging me to change into my PJs, put away my clothes, and start preparing dinner. It's unusually cold today for Southern California weather, and I'm craving some comfort food.

Even though I spent all morning baking, I go about preparing my favorite mac and cheese recipe, still pretending Santa Daddy is right here by my side as we cook together. Sure, the boxed stuff would have been easier, but there's something about a creamy, homemade baked mac and cheese with all its layered goodness.

By the time the oven is preheated to 350 degrees, I'm ready to place the glass dish in the oven and set the timer for thirty minutes. I turn on my TV and flip to a music station that plays remixed Christmas songs and bounce around the house as I sing along. I can feel my little side starting to surface, but I don't let myself fully sink into the feeling. I always make sure my oven is off and I'm completely safe when I do. Sometimes I can get carried away, and the last thing I need to do is burn my kitchen down while playing.

My gaze wanders back over to the three gifts under my Christmas tree. There's one for Beth, and the other is for my father. I plop down on the rug next to the gift bag and peer inside. I can't help it; I need to know what I got.

It's been a really long time since someone other than my best friends or a family member bought me something.

"Guess what, Mom," I say out loud. "Someone bought me something for Christmas." I miss my mom every day, but especially during the holidays. Like me, Christmas was her favorite time of the year. She would have been so excited about the Secret Santa present—Mom was always a romantic.

I pull the envelope out and reread the letter inside.

My dearest little Riley,

I hope it's okay that I'm writing this letter and giving you a gift. I know we don't know each other yet, but I was immediately intrigued by the details you left for the charity auction brochure.

When you weren't announced during the auction, I was worried something had happened. I eagerly waited for Hunter to announce Number Eight, but as the night progressed and you didn't walk on stage, I couldn't shake the horrible feeling.

Hunter told me you were in the playroom and when I got there, I saw the most beautiful boy surrounded by colorful blocks. Seeing you playing there made my Daddy-heart beat faster. I wanted to join you. Only by the time I was ready to try, your friends showed up.

I knew you needed that time with your friends. Or hell, maybe I chickened out. Either way, I regret not going over there and introducing myself.

Hours later, I still couldn't get you out of my head. So, this is me trying to fix that. I get the feeling you need to know someone was thinking about you. I was thinking about you, and I hope this Christmas present is something you will treasure.

Merry Christmas, Riley.

Sincerely yours,

Santa Daddy

P.S. I'm leaving my number down below. Please don't feel obligated to text me, but if you ever need anything, or just want to chat, please don't hesitate.

Folding the letter back into the envelope, I turn back toward my gift bag and carefully start pulling out the tissue paper. My fingers brush against something hard. It's the first thing I touch.

I feel like I'm supposed to collect each item as I come across them. Whether that was actually his intention, that's my plan.

I pull out a set of coloring pencils and smile. How did he know? I remember he mentioned he enjoyed the specifics I shared about myself for the auction. A tag falls to the ground. I pick it up before pulling the item out of the bag.

Every little can always use more crayons or coloring pencils.

I giggle. Okay, true.

Pulling out the next item, I gasp, my smile growing wider. It's a coloring book. But not just any generic coloring book, like I expected. No, this is the coolest freaking coloring book ever! It's a Chibico coloring book, and it's Christmas-themed!

I flip through the illustrations and spot all of my favorite creatures that I can color. The images are actually so cute, I don't want to ruin them with my coloring. I make a mental note to photocopy each image so I can keep the original coloring book intact and color each image multiple times.

I pull out the handwritten tag from between the pages and read it.

For your new coloring pencils. I thought combining two of your favorite things would be a sure win.

A smart Daddy. I love it!



To my shock, the gift bag is still really heavy. I continue to pull out the remaining tissue paper until something soft grazes my fingers. I take the last item out of the bag and blink.

And blink again.

It's a weighted blanket. But it's not just the blanket that has me feeling choked up. It's the design in the middle of the blanket that gets me feeling all kinds of emotional. There's a cute drawing of my favorite Chibico in the center. I unfold the blanket to get an even better look at the image. Then I hug the material to my chest, rubbing the soft fleece against my cheek.

Noticing that something is missing, I rummage around the bottom of the bag and smile when I find one last handwritten tag.

A weighted blanket so we can both pretend it's Daddy's arms wrapped around you.

Happiness and warmth fill my chest. This is by far the sweetest, most thoughtful gift I've ever gotten. Without thinking, I jump up from my spot and rush back to the kitchen. I reach for my phone that's sitting on the counter. Taking a deep breath, I plug in the phone number, type out a text, and hit send.

Riley: Thank you, Santa Daddy! This was the bestest gift ever.

Just then, the timer on my phone goes off. I squeal with delight and tug on my oven mitts. Making sure I don't burn myself, I place the mac and cheese on top of the stove so it can cool off for a bit. In the meantime, I run into my bedroom, scoop up Eefoowie, and plug my phone onto the charger.

"Eefoowie! I have the coolest thing I need to show you."

Bringing my stuffie into the living room, I prop her on the sofa, so she can get comfy and watch TV with me. Then I scoop out a large serving of my special mac and cheese and settle down next to Eefoowie. Before I dig into my food, I take my new blanket and wrap it around my shoulders like a cape.

Yes, this is definitely the bestest estest gift ever. I snuggle into my blanket and press play on my favorite holiday movie. It really does feel like Daddy is here with me.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Chapter four

John

My condo becomes visible as I finally reach my street. The drive from Southern California to Los Vegas is always a boring one for me, especially alone.

Damn, I can't wait to live in Olivia Cove officially. Hopefully, it will only take me about two more weeks or so to get everything finalized with work. My mind drifts back to Riley, and I wonder if he's received my gift yet. A part of me was nervous about giving him all those gifts and leaving my number, but I wanted him to have the option to chat if he needed it.

He looked so sad playing by himself yesterday. I don't know if he was just having a bad day, if he was just sad he didn't take part in the auction, or if it was something else entirely. Either way, I wanted to be here for the boy if he needed someone.

I'm finally settling in for the day and cooking dinner when my phone vibrates, indicating I've got a new text message. When I unlock my phone, I come across a number I'm not familiar with, but my heart starts racing as I recognize the zip code and read part of the message.

It's Riley.

Unknown Number: Thank you, Santa Daddy! This was the bestest gift ever.

Butterflies take flight in my stomach and I'm unable to fight my grin. I'm forty-five

freaking years old, and this boy has me acting like a damn teenager. The feeling is intoxicating.

Turning off the stove, I check the pot of chili I made before placing it on the other burner that isn't hot. I save Riley's phone number in my contacts, then reply.

John: Of course, sweet boy. It was my pleasure. I hope everything is okay.

As I eat dinner, I mindlessly scroll through a few articles on my phone, but after about thirty minutes, it's obvious Riley isn't going to reply. Did I scare him by being too forward? I reread my text and kick myself for saying I hoped he was okay.

Then again, any good Daddy would hope for the same. Instead of wallowing in what-ifs and why nots, I watch a movie and fall asleep on the cold sofa.

The harsh sound of my phone vibrating against my glass end table startles me awake. I don't usually fall asleep in my living room, especially with all the lights and TV still on. So, it takes me a moment to get my bearings together. Some random movie I didn't select is playing quietly in the background. I blink around at my empty living room and remember most of my stuff is already in Southern California.

Another vibrating noise assaults my ears, and I snatch the phone from the end table.

Riley: Good morning, Santa Daddy.

I grumble to myself as I check the time. It's four in the morning. What the hell did this boy mean ' Good morning ?' It's still nighttime. Clearly, I'm not one who functions properly when I just wake up, and I'm about to ask the boy why he's up at such an ungodly hour when another text comes through.

Riley: I'm much better now. Thank you. I spent most of the night curled up with

Eefoowie, and the soft blanket you got me.

Oh fuck. My heart.

Imagining Riley cuddling with my blanket, pretending it's me, makes me simultaneously melt and get hard. Not that he said he was imagining the weighted blanket was me, but hey, a guy could hope.

John: I'm so happy you loved my gift and already started using it. But I need to ask you, why are you up so late, baby boy?

A smile curls my lips when Riley immediately starts typing.

Riley: Oh no! Did I wake you up? I'm used to all my friends keeping their phones on silent. I'm a baker. I'm actually just starting my day.

John: A baker, huh? I remember you mentioned you love baking.

It makes me happy that Riley found a job with something he loves. Slowly, I stand and stretch. Dear lord, I can't believe I fell asleep so early, and on the sofa, no less. No wonder my back is screaming at me.

I shuffle my way to the kitchen and start a pot of coffee. Even though I'm a little groggy, I got plenty of sleep, and I'm thinking my body just needed it after the move and the drive back.

Riley: Yes! I love baking. I co-own a business with my twin sister. We expanded the business this year and renovated the kitchen.

Once my coffee is ready, I settle back on the sofa since most of my furniture is already in Oliva Cove.

Riley: And what do you do? Or is being a Santa Daddy a full-time gig?

I chuckle.

Over the next hour, we text back and forth, just getting to know each other. I tell him about my career in finance and how I'm now in a position to retire early so that I can go full time with my woodwork.

He sprinkles me with questions about all the different furniture I make, and when I admit I make kinky furniture as well, he litters me with even more questions that have me giggling like a schoolboy. Riley is vivacious yet sweet, and his sense of curiosity is endearing.

Riley tells me all about how his baking took off when he was invited to make colorful cookies and sweets for Olivia Cove's Pride Event the year before.

John: No way, I was there! I loved your baked goods. I had the cutest sugar cookie that was in the shape of a rainbow with a little bear sitting on it.

Riley: You even remembered what my cookie looked like?

Riley: Oh my gosh! That sounds so dirty!

I can't stop smiling as I make it to work an hour early. I'm determined to get my ducks in a row so that I can move sooner rather than later.

Maybe it's the romantic in me, but as we continue texting throughout the day, I'm starting to think that what started off as me needing a fresh start in a new town has turned into something that feels a little more like fate.

John: If you don't mind me asking, how old are you?

Riley: I'm thirty-two. How old are you?

Something about reading his age makes me feel better. I've dated younger, but I always feel like I'm robbing the cradle when I do, especially when the boys I dated seem to be after my money. Knowing that Riley owns his own business, seems well-liked in town, and is older than most of the boys I've met recently soothes my nerves.

John: Forty-five.

I hold my breath. Now, let's hope he doesn't mind how old I am.

Riley: Good to know. Am I supposed to call you Santa Daddy from now on?

I groan. Oh shit, I haven't even told him my name. Not to mention, he doesn't even know what I look like. Should I send him a photo? I scroll through the gallery on my phone and frown when I realize I don't have any photos of me.

I toggle over to my social media and notice my only decent photo is several years old. Damn. I'm going to have to update my profile picture. I've been so focused on work for the past ten years. I can't remember the last time I took a fun selfie.

John: I don't mind if you call me Daddy Santa. But my name is John. I also go by Daddy John to most.

But if I'm being honest, I would prefer him to just call me Daddy.

Damn.

With just a few stolen glances and a day spent filling each other's phones with text messages, Riley now has me wrapped around his little finger.

I'm in so much trouble with this little.

(December 25<sup>th</sup> )

John: Merry Christmas, baby boy!

Riley: Merry Christmas, Santa Daddy! Thank you for the gift. I love it!

Suddenly, the breath leaves my lungs as a photo loads on my phone.

I'm staring at an adorable photo of Riley wearing the Chibico-themed apron I found him. When trying to find Riley the perfect Christmas gift to send him, I fell down a rabbit hole, trying to discover what exactly Chibicos are. From there, I found out they were adorable little creatures that reminded me of a cross between Pokémon and Neopets , only cuter.

Apparently, there is a whole fandom based on the manga and anime, and I get the impression that the owner must be a little because there are so many items available for adults that scream little and boy.

John: You look so gorgeous, Riley.

And I mean it. Somehow, he's gorgeous and cute and handsome all at once.

These past two weeks have flown by, and we text each other constantly. Other than sleeping, I don't think we've gone more than two hours without chatting.

Staring at the photo, I take in his appearance. He's hugging his stuffie to his chest and beaming into the phone. The colorful apron is visible, and he isn't wearing anything underneath. I'm pretty sure the flirty little thing did it on purpose.



I want to respond with a photo of myself, but I'm a little nervous it will pop this beautiful bubble between us. Riley has sent me several photos over the past two weeks, and I promised myself that when he asked for one of me, I would send it, only he hasn't asked. A part of me is thankful. I don't plan on breaking that promise, but I love the idea of a grand gesture with me dressed up and looking good for him.

Just a few more days, baby boy, and you'll get to see me in person.

Riley: Thank you, Santa Daddy.

My lips twitch at the nickname. He hasn't called me Daddy yet, but he also doesn't call me John. Santa Daddy feels like a name that's just for us. And even though I've slid into an online Daddy role easily, I feel like that's something that needs to be decided in person.

The Daddy/little dynamic is very important to both of us, and the title is more important than others might understand.

John: What time will your sister and dad get to your place?

Riley: They will be here around noon.

I check the time.

John: That's still several hours out. Make sure you eat a good breakfast.

Riley: I will. I'll send you a photo of what I make.

I love how he does this now without asking. When I found out just how many carbs my little baker loved to eat, I insisted on healthier meals. And to my delight, he loves showing me how much he can follow directions.

John: You're such a good boy, Riley.

Riley: I wish you were here.

John: Me too. You know I would have dropped everything to be there with you today, but you insisted you needed to spend it with your family.

Riley: I know! I'm kicking my past self. All I've ever wanted was to spend Christmas with my Daddy. But I also wanted you to spend today with your bestie. This will be one of the last times you two will get to spend the day together for a while.

My chest fills with warmth. This boy undoes me. He has the sweetest heart. He knows I used to harbor feelings for my straight best friend. But now that I've been talking with Riley, I truly wonder how deep my feelings really were. Sure, I love Teddy as a friend, but I think that's about it. Teddy and I wouldn't have worked. Not only is he straight, but we are too similar; both dominant and career-oriented.

But I've changed over the past year. I climbed to the top of the ladder in my career, and there's nowhere to go in this company. The desperate need to be successful in my career has shifted. Now I want a boy to call my own and for my woodworking business to take off. I want to go on vacation and pick up the hobbies I used to love, like hiking and working out.

Most of all, I want to spend time with my boy.

After years of all work and no play, I took a vacation over the summer, hoping to meet more like-minded people, and maybe find a little of my own. And for the first time since taking that trip, I'm happy I didn't meet anyone, because it led me to here and now, with Riley in my life.

John: I know our relationship has been solely through texts, but what you've given

me this Christmas has been more than any lonely Daddy could have ever asked for.

Riley: It's the same for me, Daddy. I feel it. What we have here is special. I can't wait to meet you.

My heart pounds as I read his text. Daddy .

Not Santa Daddy.

Just Daddy.

(January 2 nd )

“And he has no idea you're here?”

I shake my head and grin. “I wanted to surprise him. Thanks for letting me get ready here.”

Hunter smiles. “No problem. You're a member of the club. And even if you weren't, Dark Satin is always open to you. Hell, you've made half the furniture here.”

“True. God, it's really a thing of beauty. I can't believe so many of my pieces are on display like this. Thanks again for commissioning me.”

“So, where are you meeting Riley? Or are you just going to show up at his house and knock?”

“That's the thing; Riley should be at work right now, and I'm fucking kicking myself for never asking him the name of his bakery. I spent the last fifteen minutes sorting through my phone, trying to find the name of his place. I was hoping you could help me out. If not, my next plan was to walk into each bakery, hoping to find him.” I

laugh. “I just might need a little caffeine if I do that.”

“Damn, you are really embracing this whole grand gesture thing, aren’t you? Why don’t you get yourself a coffee?”

“Fuck. Coffee sounds so damn good right now. I’ve spent all morning driving. Any recommendations?”

Hunter smirks, mischief sparkling in his eyes. “You know, everyone deserves a little Cinny Latte.”

I remember enjoying a delicious cup of coffee and a scone from that café the last time I was in town. I narrow my eyes as understanding hits me, and I groan. “That’s the name of the place he owns, isn’t it?”

“Why don’t you head over there and find out?”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Chapter five

#### Riley

“Do you really have to frown so hard?” Beth asks from the front counter.

Since the gym is just a few doors down, Cinny Latte has been crazy busy this morning with customers stopping by before or after their workouts. This is the first time we’ve slowed down, and I have a feeling the lunch rush is about to make things crazy again.

“I’m sad!” I pout dramatically, as I slowly pluck a few ornaments off the tree and place them in the plastic storage bin. “Christmas is my favorite time of the year. I don’t understand why I need to put all the decorations away. We just put them up.”

My sister rolls her eyes. “We put them up about a month ago. Christmas is over, baby bro.”

Meg chuckles as she walks by. She punches in for her shift at the computer next to the cash register before turning toward Beth. “Aren’t you two twins? Why do you always call him baby bro?”

Beth winks at me. “I don’t know. I just think it’s cute.”

Technically, I was born first, but when Beth found out I was a little, she started calling me — and loving it — ‘baby bro.’ She might not play with me in a scene, but I love how she accepts my little Riley side.

“But seriously, Riley. Christmas is over.”

I wave a hand at all the people walking by the window. “Tell that to all the holiday shoppers. You know all the shops on Main Street won’t slow down until the middle of January. It’s because everyone still has Christmas on their minds. Hence, why I should leave the decorations up for just a little longer.”

Beth laughs. “I don’t care what you do at your place. But when the general public removes their decorations on the first of January, then that means we need to as well.”

I turn my back on my sister and continue taking the ornaments down with a pout on my face. No one said I had to be mature about it.

The bell chimes, letting me know that someone walked in, but I don’t bother turning around since I know Meg is at the cash register now.

“I’m just so disappointed in myself. If I had faced my fears, I could have spent the Christmas season with a wonderful Daddy. Now I have to wait a whole year to enjoy hot chocolate and coffee with John by the tree or do any of the fun holiday things, like decorating for Christmas with him.”

Beth appears by my side and whispers to me. “Oh my god, speaking of Daddy, the most delicious-looking Daddy just walked into our shop, and he’s headed this way.”

I spin around, expecting to see Hunter, or Cal, or any of the many Daddies in town, only to feel my mouth drop open in shock. My sister is right, the most delicious-looking Daddy just walked in, and I’m trying not to drool.

John.

My John is here and making his way toward me.

Even though he never sent me any photos of himself, I was too curious a few weeks ago. I looked up my Santa Daddy on social media. He was definitely younger in his profile photo, but I immediately recognized him as Daddy John, the handsome man my friends Ash and Noah met on a cruise this summer.

I might have spilled the beans to Ash, who immediately squealed before sending me tons of group photos that all included John.

John steps closer and I can't help but appreciate how devastatingly handsome he is. Sharp cheekbones, a chiseled jaw, and striking blue-gray eyes. His salt-and-pepper hair is perfectly styled and the whole look could totally give a younger George Clooney a run for his money.

He's clutching a bouquet of flowers with the cutest little teddy bear tied to it. I take in his outfit and notice he's in a well-tailored suit. Did he dress up for me? My heart is racing.

He looks nervous as he opens his mouth to say something, but I can't help myself. Before he can even get a word out, I throw myself into his arms.

"Santa Daddy!"

John gasps, wrapping his arms tighter around me. He's so warm and soft, and his belly is so cuddly. I nestle against him. How is this happening? Am I dreaming, or is he really here?

"Did you mean what you said?" he asks.

I try to sort through the last several minutes but come up blank. "I said something?"

He chuckles, a low rumbling sound that causes my toes to curl. “Did you mean it when you said you wanted to spend Christmas with me next year?” He pulls back and looks me in the eye.

I beam up at him and try to pour all my warmth and sincerity into my words. “I do. I want to spend next Christmas with you. I’m just bummed I missed out on this year.”

A determined look crosses his handsome face. He places his fingers on my chin and tips my face up. “Enough of that, baby boy,” he whispers. “No more putting yourself down. I’m here now and we can celebrate Christmas anytime you want. Plus, I still have lots of gifts to give you.”

He hands me the flowers with the little teddy bear, and I swear, I must be giving him the biggest heart eyes he’s ever seen because he chuckles lightly.

Beth clears her throat.

“Oh, let me introduce you to my sister,” I say, spinning around.

“Actually,” Beth replies. “We met!”

My gaze bounces between the two of them. A warm smile covers John’s face as recognition dawns, but Beth is the one who continues talking.

“John was here a few weeks ago.” She snaps her fingers. “It was the day of the auction.”

“I did. I had a coffee and one of those orange-and-vanilla scones before heading to the club,” he says, laughter in his tone. “I asked to meet the owner so I could thank them for having one of the best scones I’ve ever tasted.”



John smiles at me before turning and shaking Beth's hand. "It's nice to see you again, Beth."

"I had a wonderful conversation with John. Anyway, I'll let you two catch up."

"I'm about to take my lunch break. Wanna join me?" I ask, bouncing on my toes. "I still can't believe you're here."

John nods. "I'd love to. Did you bring a lunch, or can I take you out?"

"Do you mind if we eat here? There's something I want you to try. It's something I was hoping to perfect for you."

His lips part with shock. "For me?"

I grin up at him. "Yes. You mentioned the other day that you loved croissants with ham and cheese. I think I finally nailed it. Would you wanna grab us a seat while I get them for us? I'll even get us a large strawberry and blue cheese salad for us to share."

"That sounds wonderful, baby boy. I'll get us a seat."

John's timing couldn't have been more perfect. I finally got the croissants just right, with that perfect mix of crispy and flaky on the outside and soft on the inside. I pop them back into the mini toaster oven to warm them up.

John is smiling at me from the other side of the café. I make it to our table in record time and place the large salad bowl between us before handing him a croissant. Beth brings us two plates and two glasses of water. I'll have to remember to thank my sister for being so thoughtful.

"Damn," he hums. "This smells really good."

We both take a bite and moan.

“Perfection.”

As if we’ve done this a thousand times, John confidently reaches for my plate and places a huge serving of salad on my dish. God, he’s such a Daddy. The whole display makes me giddy with anticipation.

“How did you know it was me?”

“Hmm?”

“When I walked up to you, you immediately called me Santa Daddy. You didn’t even pause. Somehow, you knew.”

I blush. “I only thought it was fair. You knew what I looked like. So, I might have looked you up online to put us on a more even playing field.”

“You stalked me?” He laughs, and I swear his eyes are twinkling.

“You stalked me first!”

“I guess I did. But that photo I have online is so outdated. Not to mention, I’m even older-looking. How the hell did you recognize me?”

I shake my head. “You don’t look that different. Maybe more handsome,” I flirt, rubbing my foot up his calf and causing him to smile. “But I spotted you instantly because I remembered you from all the photos you took with Ash and his friends when they went on that Pride Cruise over the summer.”

“Ah. So that’s why Ash messaged me asking if I had any photos of the trip.” John

chuckles. “I sent him photos of the ocean and some of the spots we visited, but he didn’t seem impressed. He just asked if I had any hot photos of myself. Since the boy and I never really flirted, and I happen to know how much he loves his boyfriend, Drake, I was very confused.”

I burst into laughter.

John glances around Cinny Latte, and I try to take in the café with fresh eyes.

“I love the look of this place. When you mentioned renovating and rebranding the business, I kept picturing something more...modern. I like this better.”

He points at the large blue buffet next to the front counter that houses all the loose-leaf teas and coffee beans for sale.

“I wanted something homier and comforting. When my father had his heart attack, Beth and I were determined to turn this café around. We wanted to make him proud. I always imagined friends coming here to chat over coffee, or students casually studying while getting their caffeine fix.”

“I love it. You two clearly did a fantastic job.” He waves at the forming line of customers. Looks like the lunch rush is finally here. “Did you paint all the furniture yourself?”

“Yes! Beth and I both did. It was a fun project, and a lot more affordable than buying all new stuff that matched.”

John smiles and nods. “Smart. This is a lovely café. Your passion for this place really shows.”

I preen under his praise. I might have had a lot of help from my sister, but Cinny

Latte is my baby. It was my vision brought to life, and I love that my sister let me run wild with my dreams.

“Although, I’ll be honest. I thought you worked at a bakery.”

I laugh. “Oh my gosh! I’m so sorry. But I’m glad you figured it out and found me.”

We continue chatting while we finish eating lunch, and neither of us can help but flirt with each other. Everything is so new, yet comfortable. I never had this before, and I think a good part of it is thanks to us texting so often and getting to know each other first.

Honestly, it feels like a date, and I’m not surprised by how easily our conversation flows. Just like in our text messages, talking to Daddy John is so easy.

Twenty minutes later, we’re both sipping a sugary coffee concoction Beth made for us. I’m enjoying my time with John, and kind of wish we weren’t so short-staffed today, or I’d leave with him.

“You know, if I didn’t already know you were a little before, I think this would confirm it.” He grins, waving a finger at the pin on my apron.

My cheeks heat when I glance down at my outfit.

I totally forgot I was wearing my apron with the little apples on it. I finger my pin nervously. The pin may seem like an ordinary bear enamel pin to an outsider, but those who know the brand will recognize it as coming from a company that specializes in products for littles.

I might know that John is a Daddy, but I never actually asked him what type of submissive he preferred. “Is that a good thing?”

“It is to me.”

I smile into my mug. It’s been a really long time since anyone has flirted with me and made me feel special. It’s not only his words or his praise, but the way he leans forward and listens. It’s as if he’s trying to memorize everything that leaves my lips. It’s the way he smiles at me, and the way his gaze lingers.

“So, you mentioned painting most of the furniture here. Really, I love the whole aesthetic with bright colors, but I have to know, was the color choice a nod to your little side?”

My eyes widen in shock. “No one knows that but Beth!” A sense of excitement overwhelms me. “Can I show you around?”

“Of course. I’d love to see what you’ve done.”

Over the next thirty minutes, I show him around Cinny Latte, pointing out all the furniture Beth and I refinished and painted together. John and I discover just how much our hobbies seem to align—his love of building furniture and my love for painting.

He seems shocked that we found every piece at secondhand stores and repainted them. I explain how much I love DIY projects, and he tells me he remembers from the charity auction brochure.

The auction feels like a lifetime ago, and even though I feel like I might have missed out on extra time with John, I’m happy with the way things turned out.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Chapter six

John

Watching Riley work fills my heart with joy. After he finished showing me around, I decided to hang out for a bit and catch up on a few emails. We shared secret smiles and a few glances. Meeting Riley turned out even better than I ever could have imagined. I was still shocked he knew what I looked like this whole time.

I feel silly for worrying over nothing.

Based on the admiring looks and the playful touches from Riley, it's clear that he's just as interested in me as I am in him.

I send one last email and decide it's time I stop acting so creepy and head home. I'm eager to start working on that custom spanking bench order from one of Dark Satin's members. Feeling playful, I jot down a quick note to my boy, letting him know I had a wonderful time and can't wait to see him again.

Then I carefully fold the note into a paper airplane. Riley is back at the Christmas tree with Meg as they take down the ornaments. I didn't miss the longing in Riley's voice as he continued talking about how sad he was about removing the Christmas decorations.

It got my mind whirling with fun ways I could surprise him. With a few emails sent to Hunter and Cal, an idea has formed.

When Riley isn't looking my way, I throw the paper airplane toward him. It lands in the Christmas tree just to the right of his shoulder. With a huge smile on his face, he whirls around as soon as he figures out that I was the one who threw it.

He unfolds the note and reads it. I watch as his whole face lights up. Riley practically skips my way. I hold my arms out to him, and he crashes into me with such giddy excitement it makes me wonder if he's hovering somewhere between adult and little.

"Thank you for coming here tonight, Daddy," he whispers in my ear.

I shudder against him and smile. "We still need to talk about the whole Daddy thing and what type of relationship this is, but we can do that some other time when you aren't working."

Riley shakes his head. "If it's okay, I'd like to call you Daddy. We can iron out the specifics later, but I don't want to miss out on any more time with you."

I'm about to say something, but Riley continues, determined to win. And damn, if a boy fighting for what he wants isn't hot, I don't know what is.

"No, Daddy, just listen. Did you know I was supposed to go on that cruise back in June?"

My eyes widen.

He nods. "I got so nervous thinking about all the people who would be on the ship and wondering what they would think about me, I chickened out and decided not to go. I could have met you back in June. Or the day of the auction, when you bought that scone? I was nervous then, too, and left work early to settle my nerves before going on stage. And, well, you know the rest."

“I had no idea.”

Riley smiles. “I don’t want to second guess anything or make myself nervous. I hate being nervous.”

I hug him to me. “It’s okay, baby boy. We all get nervous sometimes.”

“I know, but I don’t want to second guess us . These past few weeks have meant everything to me. Your texts are the highlight of my day. I love the way you looked after me and cared for me. I want you to be my Daddy.” He lets out a deep breath. “I also want to tell everyone that you’re my boyfriend.”

My heart fucking soars.

I kiss the top of Riley’s head. “Oh, my brave boy. I want that too. More than you can ever imagine.”

Riley’s pretty brown eyes sparkle with unshed tears.

“Dear lord, please tell me those are happy tears.”

His head bounces eagerly. “They are.”

With a grin, he reaches for my hand and tugs me through the door marked ‘Employee’s Only .’ I follow him into a small room I assume is his office, before he shoves me into a chair and straddles my hips.

Suddenly, his lips are on mine. It isn’t a quick peck like I was expecting, no. This kiss is desperate and needy. It’s something so sensual that it has us both melting against each other and groaning. Riley tastes like caramel and coffee, and I can’t get enough.



I deepen the kiss, and his lips part easily. By the time I pull away, we are both panting and hard.

“As much as I want to continue this, baby boy, I think someone will come searching for us soon.” I give his cute little bubble butt a quick spank. “And now that you’re officially my boy, I don’t want anyone seeing you like this.”

I reach for a clean tissue on his desk and make a show of patting his wet lips dry. Riley giggles and squirms against me. “Boy,” I growl, which only causes him to giggle again.

I narrow my eyes and give him my stern Daddy look.

“Okay,” he says breathlessly. “I’ll be good.”

I smile and place a soft peck on his lips. “Good boy.”

He shivers and laughs at the praise. “No fair!”

“Now, get back to work, baby.” I chuckle. “Call me when you’re safe at home and cuddled up under your blanky I gave you. Okay?”

Riley’s head bobs in that adorable way of his. “Yes, Daddy.”

The rest of my night speeds by. Feeling inspired, I start working on the spanking bench as thoughts of Riley smiling over at me filter through my mind. The way he batted his lashes from behind his mug, or the way he lit up when we talked about Cinny Latte and his baking.

Even though today wasn’t an official date, it sure felt like one. And it was the best date I’ve ever had. I didn’t want to leave his café, but I knew I had to stop distracting

him while he was at work. We planned on seeing each other again tomorrow, and I had the perfect date in mind. I'm going to spoil my boy.

My boyfriend.

And there are those damn butterflies again, swirling happily in my stomach and reversing time like I'm some teenager experiencing his first crush.

Someone once said that Daddies aren't supposed to feel this way. They're always cool, calm, and collected, in control of their emotions. Well, they're morons, the lot of them. If falling for Riley has me feeling this way, then I'm all for it.

I stride into my new bathroom and start up the water so it can get hot. After working on that bench for so long, I'm smelling ripe and in desperate need of a shower. I tug my clothes off and step under the warm spray as it heats.

Lathering up my washcloth with soap, I take my time gliding the material over my skin, until I feel that telltale tingle in my balls, and my dick grows hard. I lean against the tile wall and remember the way Riley squirmed on my lap. The way he wiggled and happily bounced against my erection while we made out.

Fuck, the boy really knew how to kiss.

I stroke myself to thoughts of Riley hard and begging for me to take care of him. It doesn't take long for me to come to the naughty image of my boy horny and moaning in desperation.

After I finish cleaning up, I walk into my bedroom and check my phone. There's a missed call from Riley, and I curse myself for taking too long in the shower. Tapping on the adorable photo of him in the apron I got him, I call him back.

“Santa Daddy!” Riley squeals into the phone. “I missed you.”

My heart fills with warmth when I hear the child-like glee in his voice. “Baby boy, are you little right now?”

Riley giggles. “I little, Daddy!”

Damn, I wish I was there with him.

As if hearing my thoughts, Riley giggles into the phone again. “Come over, Daddy.”

“I want to, baby, but it’s late and—”

“Please?” he begs.

It’s that one tiny word that has me reaching for my keys and plugging his address into my Google Maps . To my surprise, Riley only lives five minutes away. And by the time I knock on his door, I’m eager and happier than I have ever been before.

Riley throws the door open with a beaming smile. He’s in a cute little onesie and he’s bouncing on the balls of his feet. Something purple catches my eye. He has one arm clutched around Eefoowie.

“Daddy!” he cheers as I walk inside. I lock the door behind me and peer around at his house, smiling when I see the lit-up Christmas tree in the corner. My boy might have been forced to take down his decorations at work, but it looks like he has no problem keeping them up here in his own home. Riley’s toys are scattered all around the living room, but everywhere else looks spotless. When he’s big again, I’m going to have to praise my boy for keeping his play area in one spot.

I kiss the top of his head.

“I little, Daddy!” he repeats.

“You are, baby boy.”

He wraps his arms around me and gives me a tight hug. “Will you play blocks with me?” Riley yawns.

“I don’t know, sweetheart. You look tired. Should we go cuddle in bed together instead?”

Riley yawns again but shakes his head. “Is okay. Blocks first.”

“You’re going to be good for Daddy, aren’t you?” I ask gently.

Riley’s eyes pop wide, and he nods.

“Good. Why don’t we get you ready for bed? We’ll play tomorrow,” I say, just as he pouts, looking so damn adorable. “Instead, I can tuck you in and read you a story. How does that sound?”

“Will you stay the night and cuddle with me?”

“Do you think big Riley will be okay with that?”

Riley beams. “He’ll be doubly okay!”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Chapter seven

Riley

Warm sunlight filters in through the window and strong arms are wrapped around me from behind. I smile when John's arms squeeze me tight, and I hug them to my chest. It's then I feel Eefoowie in my arms as well. I slept with her all night, and Daddy isn't judging me. I swear, my heart swells with happiness.

"Are you awake, sweetheart?"

"Mmhmm. Thank you for coming over last night, Daddy."

A happy sigh leaves his lips. "This is crazy."

"What is?"

"Tell me you feel it, too. It's not just me?"

I turn in his arms until I'm facing him. John's blue eyes are sparkling, and I smile.

"It's not just you, Daddy. I feel it too."

He presses a tender kiss to my temple. It isn't the first time he's kissed me like this in the last twenty-four hours, but I swear, I'm already addicted to it.

"Would you mind staying big for me while we eat breakfast? I'd love to talk to you.

Then I have a surprise for you.”

Oh god, is it weird that I freaking love how he asked me to stay big? There’s something so sweet about the way he phrased it. He’s making it clear he wants me to be in my adult headspace if we talk, but it also makes me feel like it’s okay if I say no because I need my little space.

“Yes, I’ll be big for you, Daddy. On one condition,” I say hopefully. I slide my thigh between both of his. I peer down and notice his morning wood tenting his briefs.

He hasn’t caught onto my naughty thoughts yet as he chuckles. “Sure, baby boy. What’s your condition?”

I slide in even closer, so our bodies are pressed together.

Time to seduce my Daddy.

I press my thigh against his hard cock while simultaneously kissing his neck. I trace the pads of my fingers through the hair on his chest until I’m plucking a pebbled nipple. “Will you let me suck your cock, Daddy?”

John groans. “Baby, I don’t want to rush you.”

I take both hands and glide them across his furry pecks before pinching his nipples again. “Please, Daddy? Please? I need your cock so bad.”

I bat my lashes and look up into his eyes. The sight of him before me has my cock jerking and leaking precum. His pupils are blown, and his nostrils are flaring as he breathes hard, trying to hold himself back. Fuck, there’s nothing hotter than a desperate Daddy about to lose control. I noticed the way he reacted to my begging.

So, I continue to run my hands all over my Daddy's body and try begging again.

"Please, sir. Will you give me your fat cock? Your sweet boy wants to suck you dry."  
I have no idea why I'm talking like this. I was never brave enough to do it with anyone else, and yet with John, the words flow naturally.

I want to be dirty for my Daddy.

"Fuck, Riley. You're a filthy boy, aren't you?"

I nod desperately. "Only for you, Daddy."

John moans. I can feel a wet spot forming on his briefs. He begins thrusting his hard cock against my thigh as I continue to whisper and beg in his ear.

Finally, when he feels worked up and almost desperate, I make my way down his body, kissing a wet path as I go. Once my lips are wrapped around his thick cock, I'm delightfully surprised when he grips my hair and thrusts into my mouth.

I moan around his girth and realize that all this power might have gone to my head because now I'm just as hard and desperate as he is. I thrust my cock against the bedsheets as I take him further down my throat. It doesn't take long before John is coming and spilling into my mouth. It's so much that I can't swallow it all, but that's okay since I love making a mess.

He's salty and delicious. Fuck, I need to come so bad now. I rock my hips against the mattress, but it's not enough. I strip out of my onesie.

John is still panting from his orgasm, and his eyes are half-hooded with lust. "Damn, look at you, baby boy. Do you want Daddy to help you?"

My cock jerks and bobs as I flip over onto my back and thrust into the empty air. I whine and clutch the sheets.

“Please, Daddy.” This time when I beg, my words aren’t calculated. They tumble out of my mouth freely. I barely even know what I’m saying as all the blood rushes from my head to my cock.

John holds me down with one large hand on my chest. The weight of him pressing me into the mattress is intoxicating and causes me to moan. With his free hand, he reaches over and swipes some of his cum off my lips and chin. Then he uses it to slick up my cock while he jerks me off.

It’s so fucking naughty and sexy that it only takes me three pumps before I’m coming all over myself.

He chuckles, low and wicked. “You were such a good boy for Daddy.”

My smile is so wide that my cheeks burn.

“You know, I never got to decorate for Christmas this year with the move. Would you like to go out for breakfast with me? My treat. Then, we can head over to my place and decorate?”

“You’d do that for me?”

“Yes, baby boy. Plus, I thought it would be fun for us to do it together. We could make it a tradition of ours.”

The fact he’s thinking of our future has my heart doing somersaults.

(January 15<sup>th</sup>)



“What are we doing here?” I ask as we pull up to Dark Satin a few days later.

When Daddy told me to pack my favorite little clothes and Eefoowie in my bag, I knew I would get to play today, but I didn’t think we’d be going to the club. Honestly, I didn’t even know the club was open this early.

“I have a surprise for you,” John says as he parks. He gets out of the driver’s side and jogs around to open my door. He reaches in and unbuckles my seatbelt.

Such a Daddy. I love it.

I smile as I get out of the car. I stand on my tippy toes and place a sweet kiss on the corner of Daddy’s lips.

John leads me to a side door, rather than the main entrance, and I cock a curious eyebrow at him. “What are you up to?”

He grins. “You’ll see, sweetheart.”

John keeps his hand pressed to the small of my back as he guides me through the back halls of Dark Satin. When we take the wrought-iron staircase, I immediately know we are headed to the playroom.

But what I don’t expect is the sight that greets me as soon as he opens the door. The whole playroom is decorated with twinkling Christmas lights. Initially, I thought the room decorations were unchanged from a month ago, but upon further observation, I discovered that the Christmas decor had doubled, or perhaps even tripled.

It’s not just the lights; garland and ornaments are everywhere. The room is filled with wrapped gifts in each corner, and there’s a large tree lit up in the center. I spot the same stockings hanging on the far wall—only, wait, no. They aren’t the same

stockings. These are filled with not just stuffies but all kinds of things. And this time, each stocking is labeled.

I read each of the names out loud, starting from left to right. “Riley, Ash, Wylan, Jules, Rowan, Noah.” I spin around to face my Daddy. “What’s going on—”

My words falter when I see all my friends and their Daddies standing with John.

“Surprise!” They all cheer together. “Merry Christmas!”

I giggle, rushing over to my friends. Seeing all of them here and in their outfits, ready to play, has me bouncing with excitement. I’m already starting to feel little, and I know that it’s okay. Each of my friends feeds off my enthusiasm, and soon enough, we’re all bouncing in place and giggling.

“You have the best Daddy ever!” Wylan cheers. “Did you know he set this all up?”

Ash nods. “Daddy John said he’s going to spoil you today. He said today we get to celebrate Christmas again. We have the whole day planned. We get to decorate cookies, color, and make ornaments out of pinecones and glitter!”

“He even found us some Christmas movies for us to watch together after lunch,” Wylan says. “And before we leave tonight, we get to open presents! It’s like it really is Christmas all over again!”

Grinning, I spin around, feeling happy and slightly overwhelmed. I nuzzle against Daddy’s chest, wanting to cuddle against his warmth. He gave me what I always wanted. Christmas with my Daddy. I didn’t even have to wait a whole year.

A few tears slip down my cheeks as I look around at all the pretty lights and take in all my smiling friends. Suddenly, I’m thinking about Mom, and how much she would

have loved this. She always thought Christmas was one of the most romantic times of the year.

I couldn't agree more.

"Thank you, Daddy," I whisper against his sweater.

"You're welcome."

What I really want to say is ' I love you, Daddy ,' but it's too soon. Instead, I nuzzle back against him.

As if understanding my thoughts, John squeezes me tight, hugging me the way I crave. "I know, baby boy. Me too."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 9:42 am*

### Valentine's Day

Twinkling pink lights illuminate our tree, and I toss the last of the pink tinsel onto the branches for the finishing touch. My sweet boy has had a stressful, busy month. With everyone and their mamas ordering baked goods, poor Riley has been overworking himself.

I always knew he was a hard worker, but seeing him get up at three in the morning every day and working late into the night had my Daddy instincts on overdrive. I knew I couldn't tell him not to work, but I made notes of ways he could cut time next holiday. Till then, I was doing extra Daddy overtime, and I loved it.

Every day, I made sure my boy had healthy meals already prepared and ready to go. When he got home, I helped him into the bath, making sure to stock up on the fun-colored bubbles that always make him giggle.

I didn't care whether we went to his place or mine since they were only five minutes away from each other. What I did care about was making sure my boy was as well rested as possible, and that he knew he could be little anytime he needed to be.

The car door slams just outside, and I grin, knowing that Riley is home. I couldn't wait for him to see this surprise. By the time February first rolled around, and all the stores in town had all their Valentine's Day decorations up, Riley said it was about time to put away our Christmas décor. Just like in the beginning of January, he seemed sad to put it away and spent part of the day pouting.

I told him that since we just spent all this time in January decorating, we should keep

up the sparkly Christmas décor just a little longer.

He eagerly agreed, but asked if I could be the one to put away all our ornaments on February 14<sup>th</sup>. Apparently, it would just be weird to see all the red and green décor up on Valentine's Day. Which got me thinking: why can't I decorate for Valentine's Day in my apartment? And why can't I make it look like Christmas? Only with pink and red instead of red and green.

When I hear the keys in the front door, I duck behind the counter and get into my hiding spot.

"Oh my god, Daddy! What is this?"

I peek my head out of the hiding spot just in time to see Riley rush over to the pink and red 'Christmas' tree. I replaced all the Christmas-themed ornaments with pretty hearts.

"Daddy!" Riley tries again. "Oh my god, it's so pretty in here. Where are you?"

Pulling out my carefully folded note, I aim and throw the paper airplane toward my boy. And just like all those weeks ago, it lands in the tree just to the right of his shoulder. Riley gasps and spins around so he's facing me. He spins again, turning back towards the tree as he plucks the note from the branch.

Riley grins as he unfolds the note. I walk over to my boy and wrap my arms around him from behind. He finishes unfolding the piece of paper and gasps. I peer over his shoulder and read the words I've written down.

I love you.

Some people might think it's too soon for confessions of love, but I can't contain it anymore. I've been holding onto this secret now for over a month.

Riley turns in my arms and smiles. “You love me?”

I nod. “That’s right, baby boy. I love you. Big or small, or anything in between. If you want to spend our lives together decorating our place like it’s Christmas all year long, then sign me up. As long as I’m with you, I’ll be happy.”

Before I can continue with my speech, Riley is crushing his lips to mine and fumbling with my belt buckle. I can’t even tell him to slow down. He knows my body so damn well and knows exactly what to do to have me as needy as him.

One hand slides into my pants as soon as he has my jeans unbuttoned. He strokes me, focusing on the head of my cock, while his free hand plays with my chest hair. “I need you, Daddy. Make love to me?”

“I can’t ever say no to you, baby.”

He giggles with delight before dropping to his knees and tugging my jeans down. The warm heat of his mouth swallows me down.

I groan as he works my length. “Fuck, Riley. That feels so damn good.”

He hums happily. My boy gets to work sucking and slurping until he’s edged me several times. Since I can’t quite recover as fast as he can, he’s discovered just how much he loves to edge me and swears up and down that quality is better than quantity.

But this time, instead of my boy getting all the fun, I have certain plans. Tugging Riley to a standing position, I walk him over to the sofa and position him so that his knees are on the cushions, and his ass is high in the air.

Riley giggles. “Daddy, what are you—oh god.” He moans when I slide my tongue against his hole. “Oh, oh wow. Oh. That feels amazing.”

Riley's desperate pleas have me harder than ever. Slowly, I work a finger inside of him, and with my other hand, I pop open a bottle of lube and dribble the silky liquid down his crack. I slide another finger inside his hole, before eventually working in a third.

"Please, Daddy. Enough. I need you."

"I need you too, baby boy."

He lays down on the sofa and uses his fingers to spread himself wide. "Fuck, baby. That's it. Spread yourself for Daddy."

Lining my cock up with his tight heat, I slowly push inside of him.

"Yes!" he cries out.

"Such a tight hole for me, isn't it, baby?"

"Yes, oh fuck. Yes, Daddy."

I growl. "Language, Riley."

Riley giggles, and I let him get away with it. Swearing in the bedroom is apparently a kink I never knew I had.

Riley moves against me, helping me speed up the rhythm of our thrusts. Maybe it's all the emotions swirling between us, but I feel my balls pull up tight and I'm about to come faster than ever. Not wanting to come alone, I increase my thrusts while I reach around Riley and stroke his cock.

He comes first, tightening around me and milking the cum right out of my cock. I come with a loud groan, peppering kisses all over my boy's exposed skin.

“Now, are you ready for your next gift?”

Riley nods, bouncing on his toes. I hand him a small gift bag. He pulls the tissue out of its place and immediately spots the tiny key inside. His pretty brown eyes widen with shock.

“Move in with me?”

He throws his arms around me and starts jumping and squirming.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Thank you, Daddy,” he says between sweet kisses on my cheeks. “I love you, too.”