



A Little More Love

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Tyler Smith has come a long way. With his loves by his side, he figures he can face just about anything.

Even if that means going back to his hometown of Augusta, Georgia. The last time he was there, he was fresh out of Iraq and fighting for his life.

Hes put that painful time behind him, but when a chance to help a fellow veteran sends him back, Tyler cant say no.

But will love be enough to carry him through when his past comes back to haunt him?

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Tyler

Fire explodes around me, covering my body. The screams of my unit fills my ears as the pain of being burned engulfs me.

“Tyler, baby. Wake up for us, you’re having a nightmare.”

I have to help them! Their screams penetrate me to my core.

“Tyler, baby, you’re okay.”

I woke with a start and jerked backwards from the figure hovering over me. My hands balled into fists; I would protect my men no matter the cost.

“Hey, you were having a nightmare,” my partner Elliot soothed. His large hands rubbed up and down my chest. “It was just a nightmare.”

My skin burned and the smell of smoke still hung heavy in my memories, but he was correct. I was at home in our bed. I wasn’t overseas. Instead I was home, in our bed, safe and sound. Taking in a deep breath, I cleared my lungs of the imaginary smoke and breathed in his scent instead.

“I’m sorry,” I rambled, ashamed of my night terror. They’d been more frequent since I’d agreed to travel back home and host a fundraiser for another veteran. He’d been injured overseas too. He was younger than me, with a wife and a daughter. I had so much difficulty navigating life after my injuries and I couldn’t imagine trying to deal with all the changes and explain them to my child. My heart hurt for him.

The upcoming trip had brought back some terrible memories.

“You don’t have to be sorry, Tyler. It’s okay. You’re okay,” Elliot assured me, bending and pressing a kiss to my lips. “We’re leaving in the morning and it’s totally normal you had a night terror tonight.” Elliot’s presence soothed me. He’d been my rock for a long time.

“Papa, you okay?” Our Little one, Tinsley, asked from the corner of the room. Probably where Elliot had moved her for safety.

“I’m okay, Teenie. Are you okay? Did Papa scare you?”

“No, I wasn’t as scared,” she said, climbing back into the bed. I opened my arms and she snuggled up against my side. Her slight tremble told me that she’d been a little ‘as scared’. “I’m sorry, sweet girl.”

“Do you want your meds?” Elliot asked.

My psychiatrist had written me a new prescription for sleeping pills once I’d told him about the nightmares resurfacing. I was familiar with them since I’d also had them when I was recovering in the burn unit and then in the rehab facility that had so graciously helped me adjust to life after my injuries.

“No, I’m okay,” I assured him. I hadn’t taken the first pill since we’d picked them up from the pharmacy and I hoped to keep it that way.

“There’s nothing wrong with needing them, baby,” Elliot said, bending again, this time kissing my forehead.

“I know,” I answered. I just wasn’t ready yet.

“I think I can go back to sleep,” I said, turning to look at the illuminated clock on the dresser.

Two AM.

“Come snuggle us?” I asked. I hated how pinched his face was. Causing him to worry was my least favorite thing to do.

“Are you okay if I turn the light back off or do you want it on?” he asked. God bless him for being so thoughtful.

“Off. I’m okay.” My heart still pounded in my chest and my scars felt tight, but mentally I was okay.

Elliot flipped the light off and climbed back in bed with us. Tinsley had already fallen asleep again, thankfully, and I shifted her to lie on top of me.

“Thank you,” I whispered over her even breathing. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“I’ll always be here for you, baby.” He put his leg over mine and we interlocked our hands to lay over Tinsley’s back.

I waited until his leg fully relaxed against mine before I let sleep take me back under.

A weight on my stomach followed by soft kisses to my chest woke me the next morning. Tinsley sat on me fully dressed. Her curly pigtails brought a smile to my face and I reached up to pull them playfully.

“Good morning, Teenie.”

“Morning, Papa.”

I chuckled when she continued to sit on me, not saying anything else.

“Do you need Papa for something?”

“Yas, huh,” she answered, giving no more information.

“What do you need, little love?”

The alarm from my phone filled the room and she smiled cutely.

“Is wake up time.”

I silenced the alarm and pulled her down, kissing her button nose. “Thank you for waking Papa up,” I told her.

“Did you wait until the alarm, Teenie?” Elliot asked, coming into the room with a tray of something that smelled delicious. “She’s had several warnings about waiting to wake you until absolutely necessary.”

“Yas, huh.”

He looked at me for clarification.

“Technically, yes,” I answered.

Chuckling, he shook his head. “Daddy needs to remember you’re a mastermind and will find even the smallest loophole.”

“Tinsley smart.”

“Tinsley is very smart and very naughty,” I teased.

She gasped in indignation. “Nu!”

“The naughtiest baby in all of the land,” Elliot agreed.

Her brow furrowed and she put her hands on her hips. “Nice words, nice hearts,” she scolded.

Laughing in delight, I pulled her down for another kiss. “I love you, Little girl.”

“I love you, Papa.”

“I love you too, Elliot.”

“And I love you. Both of you,” he answered, making me melt. Our relationship was only three months old. We were learning and growing in our menage every day. Elliot and Tinsley had been married for several years when I joined them and I counted my blessings every day that they’d welcomed me into their hearts.

After getting us all situated, we had a delicious breakfast of pancakes and bacon in bed. Finishing my coffee, I poked Tinsley’s belly.

“Do you think you’re going to find the best pancakes in the world in Augusta?”

She had this adorable map of all the cities in Georgia and she colored in a city whenever she ate a pancake there. She had an impressive collection and a dedicated scoring system.

“Yas. The whole wild world,” she confirmed climbing back on top of me.

“Is this ‘sit on Papa day’?” I teased, setting my cup down and resting my hands on her thighs.

“Minutes?” she asked.

I looked at the clock, “We have about 90 minutes before we need to get on the road.”

“Lotsa time.”

“That is lots of time. Was there something you wanted to do?” Elliot asked, collecting the breakfast dishes.

She nodded, making her sweet pigtails flop around.

“What did you want to do, Teenie?” I asked.

“Special time?”

“Oh, you want to have special time with Daddy and Papa?” I asked fucking loving the idea of being in her sweet heat before taking on the hard thing in the horizon.

“Yas, huh.”

“Well, I think we can arrange that, yeah?” I asked Elliot.

“I think we can always make time for intimacy,” he agreed.

Tinsley

“Open those legs, Teenie,” Papa commanded with a smack to my thigh. “Let Papa see your kitty.”

Heat rushed up my chest and neck and exploded on my face, but I did as he asked and opened my knees for him.

“Such a good girl,” he praised, climbing between my legs.

Daddy stood behind Papa stroking his cock as he watched us. Daddy really liked to watch Papa do naughty things to me.

“Papa,” I cried when he spread me open and then again when he licked me firmly. He took long, broad licks from me, from my ass all the way to the top of my cleft.

“Tell Daddy what Papa’s doing to you, Tinsley,” Daddy demanded.

“He’s l-licking me,” I cried arching up to his mouth. Papa wasn’t playing around. He was hellbent on pleasure unlike normally when we took our time.

“What’s he licking?”

“M-my pussy.”

“She tastes so fucking sweet, Elliot,” Papa said.

“Yeah, nice and sweet for us?” Daddy asked, spurring Papa on.

“Papa,” I moaned when he slid his thick fingers inside of me.

His strategy of hard sucks to my clit while two fingers twisted and teased my cunt was going to make me come very quickly and I wanted so badly to hold off for Daddy and Papa. I wanted it to last.

“Teenie, you’re so wet for us that I can hear Papa finger fucking you. You’re so responsive to us. Such a good fucking girl,” Daddy praised.

Biting my lip, I tried to pull back from Papa’s mouth, but he didn’t like it, and moved his hands to cup my ass and held me tightly against him.

“Papa, nooo,” I whined, struggling against him. “I want to wait for you.”

He looked up at me. “No, Papa wants to feel you shatter under him before we fuck you. Come for Papa, Tinsley. Don’t make me spank you for being naughty,” he said before ducking between my thighs again. Papa hated to spank me, almost as much as Daddy did, but I knew he would if I didn’t obey him.

Renewing his efforts, he flicked my clit rapidly and I knew I was done for. Giving a tiny moan, I gave into the pleasure.

“Fucking beautiful,” Daddy growled.

“Good girl, Teenie. You’re such a good girl,” Papa said between licks.

Before the last spasms even stopped, Papa flipped me onto my hands and knees.

“Elliot, do you want her pussy or her mouth?”

“Her pussy.”

“Perfect, I’ll stuff her little mouth.”

The bed shifted and I felt Daddy's hands on my hips. Papa crawled around to the front and rested back against the pillows, his long thick cock bobbed between us.

"Mouth, Papa? Please?" I begged impatiently. I loved giving them head, it was such an intimate thing for us.

"So eager, Teenie," Papa said, his eyes were heated and his voice was raspy from his arousal. I didn't think he minded me being eager.

Daddy slid into me from behind and my eyes rolled back as more delicious feelings filled me. He felt so good as he stretched me. My tits felt heavy and I hoped Papa would play with my nipples.

"Fuck, baby," Daddy groaned, pulling back and slamming into me again. "You feel too good, Little girl."

Papa rose to his knees on the bed and I opened my mouth for him, allowing him to feed me his cock. His member stretched my mouth wide and a few seconds later, I could feel him bumping the back of my throat. My eyes watered and I worked very hard to keep from gagging. He began to move back and forth and I gulped in air between each stroke.

"Daddy's going to fuck your cunt and I'm going to fuck your face. We should have plugged your bottom so all of your holes could be stuffed full," he said, matching his thrusts with Daddy's. My pussy clenched around Daddy and he chuckled.

"I think she wishes we would have plugged her bottom too, baby. Her cunt tightened when you mentioned it."

"Oh yeah? You like when we plug you, Teenie? You like it when you're stretched so full it almost hurts?" Papa taunted. They knew I did. Since entering our menage, we'd

all discovered new sides to our sexuality.

“Mmmhhh,” I whined around his length.

“You like being our little fuck toy?” Papa asked, fisting his hands in my pigtails.

“Mhhhh.” I did. I did like being their fuck toy. I also loved being their delicate Little girl too.

Papa released one pigtail and slapped my breast. Oh fuck, that was even better than when he rolled my nipples.

Daddy reached between my legs and rubbed my clit in hard circles. “You’re drenched, baby.” He lifted his hand to show Papa the juices covering his fingers. “Her honey is rolling down my balls.”

“Oh yeah?” Papa asked, picking up the speed of his thrusts.

Daddy moved his fingers back to my clit and within seconds, I was crying out my orgasm around Papa’s cock.

“Fuck,” Daddy moaned. “Tyler, how close are you, baby?”

“Fucking close.”

“Do you think we can fill our girl up at the same time?”

“Absolutely,” Papa said. “Would you like that, Teenie? Your mouth and cunt filled up at the same time by the men who love you? Hmmm, is that what you need?”

“Mmmm,” I answered. I needed that so much.

“I think that was a yes, Tyler,” Daddy said.

“That’s what I think too, Elliot,” Papa agreed. His grip on my hair tightened and Daddy’s hands on my hips did too. Fuck me, I was going to be a very sore Little girl after our special time together. The thought made me giddy.

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Elliot

I held my loves close as we basked in the aftermath of our lovemaking. We were a pile of sweaty limbs and full hearts.

“So good,” Tinsley mumbled around her pacifier.

Pressing a kiss to the top of her head, I agreed, “We are all so good together, baby.”

“I’m so thankful to have you both, I couldn’t handle going back to Augusta without you by my side,” Tyler admitted, bringing up the trip again. I knew how much it was stressing him out.

I lifted his hand and brought it to my mouth before kissing it. “It’s going to be beautiful, baby. I know they're thankful for your help.”

“Yeah,” he agreed, but his tone still sounded wounded. I wished I could take this burden from him, or at least make it a little lighter.

“We will be with you the whole time. I know this is going to be very hard for you, and we’re so proud of you,” I told him. One of the last times Tyler had been in his hometown, he’d been in a small rehabilitation center trying to figure out life after his injuries. We hadn’t known him as well then, but he’d been open with us about what a dark time it had been for him. He’d often admitted he’d considered ending his life several times during that period. We all knew the sacrifice he was making by going back to help a fellow vet.

“So proud,” Tinsley added, pulling her pacifier out.

“I love you,” Tyler said to the both of us.

“We love you too, baby,” I answered, shifting us so I could hold him on one side and Tinsley on the other.

“Love you, baby,” Tinsley agreed, causing us both to chuckle.

“You’re the baby in this relationship,” Tyler teased our girl.

“I’m forty-eleven.”

Snorting, I patted her naked butt. “Forty-eleven, huh?”

“Like you and Papa,” she said.

“You little shit,” I laughed.

Sitting up, she gave us her sweetest smile. “No. I’m Teenie, remember? Did you forget ‘cause you’re so olds?”

“Oh, I remember,” Tyler said, sitting up and reaching for her. She screeched, crawled away from us, climbed off the bed, and ran into the bathroom. He followed hot on her trail. I enjoyed watching both their naked asses as they retreated. My cock rose as I climbed from the bed. Maybe I needed one more taste of them before we got on the road.

“She’s knocked out,” Tyler said, looking into the backseat.

“Two rounds of fantastic sex and numerous orgasms can do that to a Little girl,” I chuckled.

Tinsley had fallen asleep about twenty minutes into the two hour drive. Of course, she was wrapped up in her favorite blanket, her iPad was hanging from the back of my seat, and she had enough snacks to prepare for an apocalypse, so I wasn’t surprised. I’d sleep if I was that comfortable too.

“It was fantastic sex,” Tyler agreed.

Reaching over, I placed my hand on his thigh and squeezed.

“Thank you for coming with me,” Tyler said.

“I’ll follow you anywhere, baby.”

“I’m sorry I asked you to come, though. It was very needy of me.”

“We all have needs, Tyler.”

“I just mean... like....,” he paused, searching for the right words. “I feel bad I needed you both to come. I am a vet. I’ve lived through the worst parts of life. Going back to my hometown and hosting a fundraiser shouldn’t have freaked me out like it did. It was fucking pathetic and I think I was worried about making going backwards mentally. I am worried about needing to be inpatient again, which is even more fucking pathetic.”

“Tyler Everett Smith, if I ever hear you say something like that again, I will beat your ass. I don’t care if you’re my partner or not,” I scolded. Anger burned inside my chest. Tyler had needed inpatient care and had only returned to our lives recently. He had PTSD and when you considered all he went through overseas, him needing help

was perfectly understandable. Hell, anyone needing help for any reason was understandable. I hated to hear him being so hard on himself.

His face turned red and he brought his hand up to play with his ear, something he did when he was embarrassed. “No, I’m just saying,” he tried to say, but I cut him off.

“You were just saying how you should have been tough and pushed through instead of relying on the people who love you to help you through. You are feeling guilty because you think you’re being weak,” I filled in.

“Well, I am being weak.”

“You didn’t have to go home, Tyler. You absolutely could have declined to help and nobody would fault you, but because of your bravery, you’re doing something so fucking hard. Most people wish they could be as brave as you right now.”

“Well, when you say it like that...”

“Am I wrong?”

“No,” he said.

“That shit ends here. You are a fucking war vet. You fought and almost died for this country and now you’re going back to support another war vet even though it makes you face some hard things. You asked for help because you needed it and that’s one of the hardest things anyone can do. You’re a fucking badass, do you understand me?”

He nodded.

“Words, Tyler, I want fucking words,” I demanded, swallowing down the urge to rip

this car off the road and wear his ass out on the side of the highway. It wasn't the first time I'd felt the urge, but my hand was much more itchy to swat him than normal.

"Yes, yes. I understand," he quickly assured me.

"Good. Because you're the bravest man I know and I won't let you think differently."

Tyler

I submitted to Elliot occasionally, mostly in the bedroom, but him threatening to spank me was new and not in my predicted forecast for our relationship.

But his threat, as crazy as it sounded, did something to ease the terror bubbling inside me. It made me feel safe, secure, like I could take on anything and that was something I hadn't expected.

"I love you," I told Elliot instead of what I was really thinking. "I love you too, baby."

"Do you think that we could maybe reschedule dinner with Tifton and order room service?" Tifton was my stepbrother, the only good thing that came from my family life and although I was thrilled to see him, I just wanted the comfort only Elliot and Tinsley could bring.

"I think that's a great idea. I'll call him later and tell him, okay?"

"You'll call him?" I asked, sighing in relief. He wouldn't be upset, but I already felt so stretched thin that rescheduling just seemed like a huge task.

“I will. I think you’ve got a little bit too much on your mind, so I’ll help you carry some of the weight, okay?”

“Thank you, Elliot. T-That’s really helpful.”

“You’re not on your own anymore, baby. Let us help you,” he said, lifting my hand to his lips and kissing each one of my fingers. “I know I can’t take away the hard feelings, but I can at least do that for you.”

“Do you want another bite of soup, Teenie?”

“Nu, Papa.”

“Are you all done?” I asked, smiling when she used American Sign Language to sign all done back to me.

“You’re doing so well with your ASL words. You know so many now,” I praised.

“We don’t sign fuck ,” she said, giving a hard nod. “Is naughty.”

“You’re right. We don’t sign fuck ,” I agreed, chuckling, wondering where her mind was going.

“Dallas signed fuck .” Ah. I sighed. Dallas, one of our Little friends and Tinsley’s playmate, was sometimes a bad influence on our baby. She was like the naughty older cousin who taught the other Littles naughty things, though recently she’d begun to act out even more, leaving us puzzled as to what was going on in her head.

“That wasn’t nice, was it?” Elliot said, wiping her hands with a baby wipe before

throwing it away and going back to unpacking our bags.

“Unka Pike made her stand in da corner for a zillions minutes,” she said.

“Oh no,” I said, dramatically. “A zillions minutes?”

“Yas, huh. So many!” Another hard nod sent her hair flying out of the clip we’d put it in after brushing out all her car nap knots.

Laughing, I unclipped it. “Crazy haired baby.”

“What do?” she asked, swinging her feet back and forth. She was sitting in a chair much too big for her short stature.

“What are we doing tonight?” I asked for clarification.

“Yas, huh.”

“I think that maybe we will stay in and snuggle, maybe rest a bit from the drive,” Elliot answered.

“Fire?” she asked.

“Fire?” Elliot deadpanned. “I didn’t have any plans for fire.” I laughed at his expression, but I was lost too.

“Fire ‘side, please?”

“You want to ‘fire outside’?” I asked. I mean she was adorable and used wonderful manners but we were not supporting any newly developed pyromania traits.

She giggled, light and carefree and not for the first time I found myself a bit envious of her. Sometimes I wished I could be that untroubled.

“Fire, sign!” she said, sliding from the chair and running to the dresser. She grabbed a flyer and handed it to Elliot before climbing back in the chair.

“Oh, there’s a big bonfire tonight with live music.”

“Yas. Fire ‘side,” she said in a very duh tone. Tinsley very rarely left Little space so sometimes it took us a bit to translate things.

This time Elliot and I laughed. “Yes, that sounds like a great idea, what do you think, Tyler? Do you feel up to that or would you rather stay in? It’s up to you.”

I mulled it over for a second before nodding. “Yeah, we could do it. Does that sound good to you?”

“I love to be anywhere that you two are,” he answered. Picking Tinsley up from her chair, I walked over to where Elliot was sitting, organizing our clothes, and sat beside him. He stopped, moved the clothes, and wrapped his arm around us. My heart was so full.

Pressing a kiss first to Tinsley’s forehead and then mine, he asked, “You doing okay, baby?”

He had already talked to Tifton and rescheduled for tomorrow night. He’d ordered my favorite foods, talked to the event planners for me, and laid out my favorite pajama pants. I knew the next week would be so hard, but for the first time, I didn’t feel like I was drowning in panic.

“I’m doing good.” I could answer honestly for the first time in days. “I’m nervous,

but I'll get through the next few days because of your love and support.”

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Tinsley

Papa was fidgety. Not in ways that were super noticeable to most people, but I could tell. He'd bounced his knee throughout the night, his middle finger was bleeding because he'd picked the skin around it, and he'd twisted his dog tags around his fingers several times. He really only played with them when he was thinking about his service. His discomfort was growing the more the night went on. He'd been doing well until he received a text from the people hosting the fundraiser asking if he'd be up for an interview with the local radio station the next morning. From there his anxiety had grown until I was really worried about him.

Squeezing Daddy's knee, I got his attention and he looked over to me. Our eyes met and we had a minute of silent communication. He knew. He'd noticed too.

"Tyler, baby," Daddy said, getting his attention even though he was sitting beside us.

"Yes?" Tyler answered, jumping a bit.

"Let's go back to the room, yeah?"

"Okay," he answered, standing when we did. Elliot took Tyler's hand and then mine and we all walked inside. We took the elevator in silence. Tyler was so wrapped up in his mind that I wondered if he would have been able to make it back to the room without Daddy guiding him. I used the key card to unlock the door and held it open for them.

"Thank you, Little love," Daddy said. I wasn't feeling very Little. There was a deep

seeded hatred for leaving Little space that burned bright inside my soul, but I was so worried about Papa that I'd been knocked out of my headspace.

"Thank you, Teenie," Tyler said, shaking his head a bit. "I'm sorry, I'm not being very good company, am I?"

"You don't have to be anything for us, baby," Elliot said, rubbing his big hand up Tyler's back. "You just be you, yeah?"

Tyler nodded. "I think the text freaked me out a bit."

"Because you don't want to do the interview?" Daddy asked, sitting on the bed. I climbed up beside Daddy and rested my back against the headboard. I patted the duvet. "Come here and I'll scratch your back."

He climbed onto the bed and stretched out.

"Tyler," I laughed, tugging at his hoodie.

He looked up with repulsion. It stood out against his handsome face. "I am Papa to you, Tinsley. No matter what headspace you and I are in."

"Yes, Papa," I answered.

"Much better," he said, moving to his knees, pulling off his sweatshirt and laying back down.

I loved to study his body. He was so muscular and his scars only highlighted how built he was.

His jeans sat low on his hips and the sight of him stretched out against the white

bedding made my mouth water and my pussy weep.

Elliot crawled on the bed and laid beside him, his large hand moving across Tyler's ass in small circles.

"Mmm," Tyler moaned into the pillow. I wasn't sure if it was from me scratching his back, Elliot rubbing his butt, or both.

"Just relax, baby, let us take care of you," Daddy whispered to him. We laid like that for about half an hour. Every few minutes Tyler would relax a little more. Eventually he fell asleep.

"Do you want to take a shower with me, Teenie?" Daddy whispered.

I nodded.

"Do you think he's going to be okay?" I asked. My stomach hurt from the helplessness I felt.

"He will, Little one. It's going to be hard on him, but we're going to love him through it."

I nodded.

Elliot lifted me into his arms and rocked me back and forth. "I love how big your heart is, baby."

"He just seems so..." I struggled to find the word I wanted to use.

"So what, baby?"

“Scared.”

“It’s hard watching someone you love have hard feelings, huh?”

I nodded again, still completely knocked out of Little space.

“Do you remember how scared you were when you told me how you wished you were in a relationship with me and Tyler?”

I did remember. My drunken confession came after one too many pretty pink drinks. I’d never meant to share that with Elliot, but it just popped out of my loose lips.

“That was so scary,” I answered.

“But you told me and then we faced that fear together, right?”

“Yes,” I agreed.

“And what happened?”

“We got Tyler.”

“That’s right. And now we’re a very happy throuple, right?”

“The happiest.”

“My point is that sometimes doing really hard things can lead to really great things and maybe if we can help Papa do this really hard thing, something great will come out of it for him. Do you think you can keep being strong so we can help him?”

I nodded, even teetering in between my headspaces, I knew I would do anything for

Papa.

Elliot

Tyler slept fitfully and I knew he was going to be exhausted the next day at the rate his night was going. Tinsley was sleeping soundly between us, but I worried she would get woken up with all of his tossing and turning. I stood and placed her on the second bed in the room, thankful that I'd booked a double king room. Placing her on her tummy, I patted her diapered bottom until she settled again.

"Is she okay?" Tyler asked, sitting up.

"She's fine, baby. I'm worried about you, though."

"Me?"

"You're tossing and turning."

He'd only slept for about an hour while Tinsley and I showered and got ready for bed. Once he woke he'd showered, given Tinsley her last bedtime bottle, and dozed beside me for about half an hour before the restlessness started.

"I'm sorry. Move her back in bed with you and I'll sleep on that bed," he said.

"No, baby, I can see her just fine there," I said, climbing back on the bed and grabbing his ankle, pulling him to the middle of the bed.

"What are you doing?" he asked, his brow drawn in confusion.

“I’m going to help you relax.”

I untied his sleep pants and pulled them down his body. He wasn’t wearing boxers and I chuckled when his semi-erect cock popped free. After pulling the sleep pants the rest of the way down his legs, I tossed them on the floor.

“I don’t know where this is going, but I like it,” his sleepy voice rumbled.

Fisting his cock, I stroked him slowly before sucking him in my mouth. My actions caused him to give a moan that had me instantly hard.

He became fully erect quickly and I worked him back and forth.

“Fuck, Elliot,” he hissed as I worked his balls in my hand and his tip with my tongue.

“I’m not going to last if you keep that up.”

I didn’t need him to last. I just needed to calm his mind a bit.

Popping off of his cock, I sucked two of my fingers before taking him back into my mouth. I moved my hand towards his back channel and gently pressed against his ring of muscle.

“Mmm,” he cried.

Looking up, his eyes held a bit of panic and I pulled off of his cock for the second time.

“Do you want me to stop?” Ass play was something we hadn’t explored, and maybe I’d jumped the gun thinking he was ready for it.

“N-no?”

Chuckling and removing my fingers, I sat back on my ass, and arranged his legs over either side of my hips.

“You sound unsure and that’s okay. We don’t have to try new things tonight, I just wanted to give you the most pleasure possible.”

“I-I want to. I just don’t want you to think you have to do that,” he said, rubbing his ear nervously. “It’s... different for us.”

“It is different, but I think it would be enjoyable for you.”

He nodded, but still looked apprehensive. I was feeling pretty confident that his hesitation was only because of his nerves. Neither of us had ever been with a man before our relationship started, but we had learned quickly it worked for us. We loved each other and that was all that mattered to him and I, but he’d had to introduce our relationship to his stepbrother and with that had come more nerves.

“I will always communicate with you openly about things I don’t want to do with you, baby. Because there’s nothing that could break us. Conversation in healthy relationships never leads to anything negative, right?”

“Right.”

“So if you don’t like something, anything, I do to your body, mind, or your heart, you can always tell me, yeah?”

“Yes,” he agreed, relaxing his thighs a bit.

“Do you want me to keep going?”

“Yes,” he said, lifting his arms and putting his hands behind his head.

“If you want me to stop, we’ll use our normal traffic light system, deal?”

“Deal.”

Dipping my head, I took him back in my mouth. He was large and thick and stretched my mouth to its limits and I fucking loved it. Occasionally I was envious of his cock, but that night I worshipped it. I used the same fingers as before and pressed them against his opening again.

Lifting my eyes, I checked to make sure he wasn’t nervous anymore but his eyes held no worry, just heat.

Releasing him, I used the precome leaking from his tip to coat one finger before easing it inside him. I’d read articles on how to bring pleasure to him, but I’d never practiced them. Hollowing my cheeks, and pushing my finger deeper, I found the smooth bump I was looking for and pressed it gently.

“Mmm,” Tyler cried, thrusting up and making his cock hit the back of my throat. My eyes watered, but I kept going, spurred on by his responses.

Taking my free hand, I tugged his balls.

His head thrashed back and forth and the muscles in his legs tightened. “Fuck, fuck,” he cried. Watching him fall apart was mesmerizing. He was so beautiful, and brave. So damn brave.

Sucking hard and rubbing his prostate firmly, I worked to bring him the most pleasure possible.

“Augh,” he cried, arching his hips and unloading in my mouth. I swallowed him down and licked his length clean before moving to lay beside him. He wrapped his arms around me and I kissed his forehead.

“Give me just a minute and I’ll take care of you.”

Chuckling, I rubbed his stomach. “This wasn’t about me, baby. I just wanted you to get some rest.” Eventually his breathing evened out and he went limp in my arms. I hoped he would stay that way until the morning.

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Tyler

My alarm went off, jarring me from a restful sleep.

“Papa,” Tinsley whined from where she was pressed into my back. “Off.”

After I silenced my phone, I rolled over and pulled her into my body.

“Sleeeepin’,” she whined again. Elliot must have moved her back between us after my incredible orgasm.

“I know you’re sleeeeeepin’, but I need some good luck kisses before I leave this morning,” I explained, mimicking her Little speech.

“Get them from Daddy,” she mumbled, trying to roll away from me.

Elliot barked out a laugh and propped his head on his hand.

“Oh, what a sassy baby we have this morning.”

“Tired baby!” Tinsley exclaimed, rolling over and putting her butt in the air with her knees under her. It was her signature sleepy Little girl move. I covered her back up and patted her bottom a few times before her face relaxed. Lifting her pacifier, I pressed it to her lips before she sucked it back into her mouth.

“You’re going to do great today,” Elliot whispered. “We both believe in you and you’re going to bring in so much support for the Holt family.”

“Thank you,” I said, “and I was thinking about it last night when we were at the fire pit. If I don’t want to tell them about my own injuries, I don’t have to. I can always direct the interview back to the Holt family. I don’t owe them anything.”

Elliot smiled and nodded in encouragement. “You’re absolutely right. You don’t have to share anything you do want to.”

I loved when Elliot encouraged me. His words covered my body like a warm blanket on a cold night and he was so genuine I couldn’t help but believe him.

“And I have you two waiting here for me when I get back. I can face any hard thing knowing what’s waiting on me once I make it through.”

“Thanks for tuning in to 103-the Scoop. Today we are meeting with Tyler Smith, our hometown veteran, who is helping our hometown hero, Parker Holt. Tyler, tell us at the Scoop about what you and Homes for Heroes will be doing for the Holt family,” the radio host, Kelly, said into her mic. She had been incredibly kind and helped put my worries at ease, especially when I explained some of my own hangups about the interview.

“Well, Homes for Heroes is a non-profit organization that helps people who were injured in combat receive the adaptations they need in their homes. People often don’t realize how much work needs to be done to make day to day living possible for them.”

“You’re right. I honestly had no clue the details that would go into everything until I was reading over the plans. Can you give us a rundown of what you will be doing for the Holts?”

“Just to name a few, we are planning wheelchair ramps for the front and back porch. Wider door frames, more accessible appliances, two bathroom remodels, and new hardwood floors throughout the home.”

“That is truly amazing. And all of this is at no cost to the family?”

“There is absolutely nothing the family will need to pay. Homes for Heroes will take care of everything, including placing the family in a hotel and giving them tickets to the local amusement park for the week.”

“And how is that possible? Who funds these things?”

“People just like you. Thousands of people donate to Homes for Heroes and every penny of the donations go to the veterans. Local companies have donated supplies for the Holts as well. The hardware store donated seven thousand dollars’ worth of materials for the remodel and Whitby Furniture donated all new furniture to the family. Generosity is what keeps Homes for Heroes running.”

“I love that! I’m so proud of Augusta right now. Now, let’s talk about you for a minute. We remember your own injuries when you were overseas. Do you care to share anything about your own time overseas?”

My heart dropped to my feet, but I reflected on Elliot’s words of encouragement. Taking a deep breath, I said, “I was injured overseas. I didn’t have an accessible house or friends with accessible housing, so recovering was doubly taxing because I didn’t know what I was going to do once I was released. My friends were amazing and stepped into help, but for a while it put me in a bad place mentally and I didn’t heal as quickly as I could have because I didn’t know what the future held.”

“And how did you hear about Homes for Heroes?”

“After my physical recovery, and a long while after my mental recovery, I started searching for organizations I could help with and I found Homes for Heroes. I’ve worked with them for several months and I love every story, but I will say the Holts’ might be my favorite because it was so close to my heart.”

“What a beautiful thing you and Homes for Heroes are doing. Ah! It makes me want to cry!” she said, dabbing her eyes with a tissue from her table.

“I hope everyone feels the same way. It would be nice to see some familiar faces during the BBQ this weekend.”

“Mine will be there for sure!” Kelly said. “What else can we do to support the Holts?”

“You can call the toll free number for Homes for Heroes and ask to make a donation for the Holt family, you can donate supplies, or your time. We have a lot of work to do and we could use some strong bodies to help us pull it off.”

“Well, I know I’m going to call and make a donation. Thank you, Tyler, for joining us today and for helping out our sweet friends, the Holts.”

Tinsley

I looked up from my coloring book when I heard the buzz of the hotel lock. Papa came through the door looking much better than he did last night. His shoulders were more relaxed and his face wasn’t so tight.

“Papa!” I set my things aside and scrambled off the bed to greet him.

“You did so good! Sooo proud!” I babbled, thankful to be back in Little space.

“Yeah? You think Papa did good?” he asked, picking me up. I breathed in the scent of him. It never ceased to amaze me that he and Daddy always smelled like home to me.

“Soooo good,” I confirmed, nodding my head and wrapping my legs around him.

“You did great, baby. We are both so proud of you,” Daddy said, coming from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Hubba, hubba,” Papa teased, wagging his eyebrows.

“You are a goof,” Daddy laughed, pulling off his towel and giving us a show.

I clapped and Papa bounced me in his arms.

“Tinsley, did you know Daddy gave Papa special kisses last night and you slept through it?” Daddy said.

“Tinsley missed it?” I said, crossing my arms and looking at Papa to confirm. How very sad. I loved watching them together.

Papa nodded. “You missed it all,” he said sadly.

Well that was just rude.

“Again!” I demanded.

“Oh, you want Daddy to give Papa special kisses again so you can watch this time?” Daddy asked, grinning wickedly.

I nodded. That was very much what I wanted.

“Well, Papa did do so good today and he probably does deserve a reward,” Daddy said, thinking it over.

“Brave,” I agreed.

“He was very brave,” Daddy said.

“So handsome,” I added.

“I agree. Papa is so handsome today. I think those may be my favorite jeans because they make his ass look fantastic.”

“Ass fantastic.” I nodded.

Papa and Daddy chuckled. “What do you think, Tinsley, should we reward Papa?” Daddy asked.

“Yas, huh.”

“I agree. Strip off, Tyler,” Daddy commanded.

Papa set me down, walked to the bed, and started taking his clothes off. My kitty was already tingling.

“Lay in the middle of the bed, baby,” Daddy said, guiding Tyler to where he needed him. They were laying vertically on the bed we all slept in.

I climbed on the extra bed and watched them. Papa’s cock was already hard and it made me smile.

“Knees open, baby,” Daddy said.

Papa opened his knees, giving me the best view of all of him.

Daddy pulled him to the end of the bed and knelt on the floor before pulling Tyler’s hips towards him. He wrapped his hand around Papa’s cock and stroked him from base to tip. Papa’s stomach muscles tightened in response. Dipping his head, Daddy sucked Papa’s tip into his mouth and rubbed the area under Papa’s balls. I couldn’t see what Daddy was doing with his mouth, but he must have felt good because Papa cried out in pleasure.

Daddy pulled off his cock with a ‘pop’ before putting two of his own fingers in his mouth. Sliding them back and forth, he pulled them out and pressed one to Papa’s asshole.

Holy shit.

Papa’s toes curled as Daddy breached his back hole.

“Mmhm, Elliot,” Papa cried when Daddy slipped his middle finger all the way inside him.

“Does it feel good, baby?” Daddy asked.

“So good,” Papa replied.

Daddy pushed a second finger inside and pumped his hand upward.

“Fuck!” Tyler yelled when Daddy sucked him back into his mouth.

Sliding off the bed, I walked around the room and climbed on the other bed with

Papa. Using my fingers, I pulled at his nipples like he and Daddy did to me.

“Mmm,” Papa cried, thrusting upward. “Elliot, I’m going to...No!” he cried, when Daddy released his cock.

“Oh, baby. I don’t think I’m ready to let you come yet,” Daddy said, this time with a naughty glint in his eye. Uh-oh. Poor Papa.

“Tinsley, do you think Daddy should let Papa come right now? So soon into our exploration of his body?”

Ignoring Papa’s glare, I shook my head. “No, Daddy.”

“I don’t think so either. Papa was so good that Daddy thinks he deserves lots of pleasure.”

I nodded. “Allllla the pleasure, Daddy.”

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Elliot

The angry look Tyler was giving Tinsley and me was fucking adorable.

“You want to come, baby?”

“Yes!”

“Hand and knees,” I told him.

“Hand and knees, Papa,” Tinsley repeated after me.

Tyler rolled his eyes, but flipped over as asked.

“Teenie, help Papa out,” I commanded as I reached into the bag I had strategically set under the bed, just in case we decided to take this step during the rest of our stay.

Tinsley crawled under Tyler, waiting patiently as he adjusted his limbs to accommodate her.

“Suck, Daddy?”

“Yes, babygirl, but don’t let him come, okay?”

“Okay, Daddy.”

“Teenie, this one time you can be disobedient, okay, you don’t have to listen to

Daddy,” Tyler joked.

Tinsley giggled before licking his length.

Pulling out my tube of lube, I squirted some on my fingers and warmed it a bit, before spreading it on Tyler’s hole.

“Fuck, Tinsley,” he moaned. Peeking between his spread legs, I saw our Little one sucking him with her cheeks hollowed.

Pressing firmly, I breached his back hole with my middle finger. His muscles gripped me tight.

“No coming, Papa!” Tinsley scolded me, making me laugh.

“I’m trying, baby, but your Daddy’s killing me.”

“Daddy?” she called.

“Yes, baby?” I answered, working my other finger inside of him. He was doing so well.

“Dun kill Papa, 'kay?”

“I will do my very best, love.”

“He’s going to do his best,” she told Tyler.

“Thanks, Teenie,” he sassed dryly. Sucking noises filled the room again and Tyler was suddenly much less sassy.

Working my fingers in and out of him made him cry out and his back arched.
“Elliot!”

“Let it feel good, Tyler. You deserve all the good things.”

I withdrew my fingers, picked up the vibrating plug, and pressed it against his entrance.

“Push down, baby,” I commanded when I pressed the plug against him.

“Good, job, baby. Just like that,” I praised when the toy slid inside a bit.

“Fucking beautiful,” I said, “Your ass is phenomenal.”

“Please, Elliot!” he cried.

“Not yet, just a bit more.”

Pushing gently, I slid the plug until it sat exactly where I wanted it. The silver head sticking out from between Tyler’s ass cheeks made me feel almost primal. Unable to resist the urge, I bent my head and bit him.

“Umph!” he cried, dropping his head.

“Tinsley?” I called, wanting her to move from under him. “Tinsley?” I called again, smiling when I realized how engrossed she was.

“Hhhmmm, Daddy?” she answered, finally pulling off of Tyler.

“I need Papa on his back again.”

She climbed from under him and I patted Tyler's hip. "Flip over, baby."

"Do I get to come this way?" he asked.

"Maybe," I teased.

Once he was laying on his back, I switched on the plug and heat rushed through me as he let out the most powerful growl. Dipping back between his legs, I took his length in my mouth. He thrust his hips and I gagged when he hit the back of my throat. Fuck, I needed to remember to thank Teenie for letting me fuck her throat. Shit was harder than it looked.

"Sorry," he said, breathless.

I slid my mouth from his shaft. "You take what you need, baby. You can come when you're ready," I told him, grabbing Tinsley's leg and pulling her closer to him. Using my free hand, I started to rub Tinsley's clit. She was drenched and I smiled around Tyler's cock.

Tyler grunted and thrust into my mouth again and Tinsley cried out as I increased my movements.

"Teenie, do you want to come together, Little girl?" Tyler asked her.

"Yas, huh, Papa!" she cried, tossing her head back and forth.

"Alright, baby, you got it. Ready?" he asked her before thrusting into my mouth again.

"Yas, huh!"

“Go!” Tyler said, reaching over and covering my fingers on her clit with his own hand. He helped me stroke her into a climax before unloading in my mouth with a shout.

“Fuck!” He cried, his knees opening wider. I used my knee to press the plug tighter against his rim. “Oh fuck, Elliot. Fuck!”

Tyler

My heart pounded in my ears and I worked to slow my breathing. When we started our relationship, I never dreamed it would lead to what was currently happening. Pulling Tinsley closer to me, I reached for Elliot. He climbed in the bed and held us close. Tinsley’s sweaty skin rested against mine and our chests rose as we came down from the bliss.

“That was hot,” Elliot said, grinning big.

“Very hot,” I chuckled. My ass was still spasming around the plug.

“Hot,” Tinsley said, nodding.

“Give me a minute, Elliot and I’ll take care of you.”

He snorted, “This was for your pleasure, baby.”

I turned my head and kissed him on the mouth, he cupped my neck and pulled me closer as he deepened the kiss. Tinsley’s little head popped up and I could see her watching us from the corner of my eye.

“So fucking hot,” she whispered.

“Tinsley Kate!” Elliot scolded with a laugh. I bit the inside of my cheek to contain my own laughter.

“Sorry, Dada,” she whispered sheepishly, tucking her head back into my chest.

I pressed a kiss to the top of her head just as Elliot’s stomach rumbled.

“Sorry, I’m starving,” he laughed.

“Food,” Tinsley agreed.

“Did you guys not eat breakfast?” I laughed, moving Tinsley so I could sit up.

“No, we was waiting on you,” Tinsley answered.

“Well, let me take care of Dada and we’ll go eat, okay?”

“Baby, it’s okay. This was all about you,”

“Shut up,” I laughed, sliding to my knees in front of him. The plug stretched as I moved.

“Yay! More hot!” Tinsley squealed, clapping her hands.

Opening my mouth, I took Elliot’s length into my mouth. His soft moan caused heat to start building in my stomach. I loved bringing him pleasure.

Hollowing my cheeks, I sucked him deep. His hands fisted in my hair and I let him take over the pace. My eyes watered when he filled my mouth, but I loved serving

him this way. Tugging his balls earned me a delicious moan.

“Fuck,” he said, his head falling back. “I’m not going to last, baby.”

“I don’t need you to,” I answered after I released him. “I just want to give you pleasure.”

Sucking him deep and bobbing my head back and forth caused him to finally unload in my mouth.

Swallowing, I stood and grabbed his and Tinsley’s hands and pulled them to their feet. “Let’s go feed your hungry tummies.”

Taking Tinsley’s hand, I led her and Elliot to the back of The Pancake Palace. Helping her settle into the little booth gave me a delightful view of her diaper covered ass. I’d applied the duckie covered diaper after we showered, but I couldn’t get over how fucking cute it was. It matched her tiny waddle perfectly.

“This is your favorite place?” Tinsley asked, looking around the dimly lit diner.

I laughed at her face full of skepticism. Her concern was fair. It had definitely seen better days.

“It is.”

“Is a restaurant?” she asked.

Laughing, I booped her nose. “It is.”

“Is a sanitary restaurant?”

Elliot laughed. “They had an A on their last inspection, Teenie. I checked when I went to the bathroom.”

“I can’t believe how little you two trust Papa!”

“Tinsley trusts you, just not this food,” she sassed.

“They have the best pancakes in all of Georgia.”

She perked up a bit at the mention of her favorite food. “All of Georgia?”

“Yes. Some even have cookies in them.”

Her eyes widened and suddenly she looked much more willing to eat.

“Cookies in them?”

“Yes, and they have whipped cream on top,” I answered, delighted in her Little’s enthusiasm.

“Tinsley wants 43.”

Laughing, I ruffled her curls before kissing her head. “I love you, Little one.”

“Love you, Papa.”

I took Elliot’s hand from across the table and squeezed. “I love you both.”

“Ditto, baby,” Elliot responded.

“Ditto, baby,” Tinsley parroted.

Taking her chin in my fingers, I tilted her head up to look at me. “Who am I to you, Little girl?”

She visibly swallowed before answering, “Papa.”

“That’s right. I’m Papa to you, Tinsley Kate, and the next time I have to remind you, your bottom is going to pay the price.”

“Yes, Papa,” she whispered contritely.

I pressed a kiss to her cheek before letting her go. “Now, about those cookie pancakes. I also think I need forty-three.”

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T insley

“I don’t want to,” I cried, kicking the legs of the chair Papa had placed me on.

“I know you don’t, baby, but I want you to trust me on this.” He took my hand and knelt in front of me.

“I don’t wanna do that either,” I yelled. I was so angry. It felt like I’d swallowed a bomb and it was exploding inside of me.

“Tinsley, I know you’re upset, but we don’t yell at Papa. Reach inside of you and find your nice words,” Daddy scolded.

Swallowing, I nodded. “Mmm, sorry, Papa.” I didn’t mean to be so angry, I just hated his and Daddy’s idea.

Papa reached out and stroked my cheek gently. “Thank you, Teenie. Can we talk about what’s bothering you now?”

I nodded.

“Do you think we can talk about it calmly and respectfully?” Daddy asked.

I nodded again.

“Why are you so upset, baby?” Papa asked me, still holding my hand.

“I don’t want to meet Tifton wearing a baby dress.”

I didn’t. I adored being Daddy and Papa’s baby, but that didn’t mean I wanted to meet Papa’s stepbrother dressed like one. We’d been getting ready for bath time, but when Daddy laid out the pink princess dress on the bed, I’d panicked and thrown a fit. Daddy had set me in a chair to have some calm down time.

“I know, Teenie. New things are hard sometimes, but you are our baby and I want Tifton to get to meet you genuinely. You pretending to be a big girl would be hard on you and it would be dishonest. Plus, Tifton is well aware of our arrangement,” Papa said.

I knew that, but there was a big difference between Tifton hearing I was a Little and Tifton seeing I was a Little.

“You can always use your safeword if this is something you absolutely do not want to do and you know we won’t be upset with you, not even a tiny bit, but I want to make sure you understand why you’re not doing it,” Daddy said, kneeling beside Papa.

“If you want to meet Tifton as an adult because you’re not ready to introduce that side of yourself to him because it’s special, that’s okay,” Papa said.

“Or if you want to meet Tifton as an adult right now and meet him as our Little girl once you get to know him better, that’s okay too,” Daddy added.

“But if you want to meet him as an adult because you’re scared he will judge you or won’t like you, then that’s not okay. That’s fear and we don’t let fear control us, do we?” Papa asked.

“No, Papa,” I answered.

“And do you believe Papa and I would let anyone be judgy or mean around our special girl?” Daddy asked.

I shook my head. No, they wouldn’t ever expose me to someone like that.

“So the choice is yours, Teenie, but search your heart and make sure you’re making the right choice for the right reasons, okay?” Daddy asked.

“Okay, Daddy,” I answered, nodding.

“Alright, now let’s get our baby in the bath. Regardless of your headspace when we meet Tifton, you’re our Little one right now,” Papa said, scooping me from the chair.

“Barbies?”

“They’re already in the tub waiting for you.”

I wrapped my arms around his neck and rested my head on his shoulder. I breathed in his scent and willed my tight body to relax.

His large hand rubbed up and down my back while the other wrapped around me, holding me to his body tightly.

“It’s going to be okay, Teenie. Papa would never let anyone be unkind to you. Big or Little,” he said.

“I love you,” I said.

“I love you too, Little girl.”

Laying on the big bed, I waited while Daddy put a fresh diaper on me.

“I’m proud of you for deciding to be our Little girl tonight,” Daddy said.

My skin heated at his praise.

“Do you want pink dinosaurs, baby duckies, or red crabs?” he asked, clearly sensing my embarrassment. I was scared of meeting Tifton in Little space, but I was being so very brave! Just like Papa.

Tapping my chin, I thought about my choices. “Red crabs!”

“Good choice!” Papa said from the closet. I think he was getting dressed.

“Come out of the closet, Papa. You don’t hasta hide in there. Be proud of liking Daddy’s dick!” I sassed.

“Tinsley Kate,” Daddy said, laughing, “You have a very sassy mouth right now.”

Grinning, I basked in his and Papa’s soft laughter.

Papa stepped from the closet, buttoning his jeans. “It is a great dick,” he said.

“Great dick,” I agreed.

Daddy lifted my legs, before fitting my diaper around me. “Well I am going to have a big ego after all this praise.”

“Goes good wif your big dick, Daddy.”

Daddy snorted and then leaned over me. “You are such a delight, Little one. I think if

everyone had a bit of Teenie in their lives, they'd be happier."

Daddy's words made me feel happy. I liked knowing I made his and Papa's life better. Sometimes it was hard to really know if I was doing as much for them as they were for me. They took care of my every need and I didn't feel like it was fair sometimes because I didn't do very much for them, but Daddy always said it wasn't right to measure relationships based on who did what. He said putting my trust in them meant much more to them than me making them dinner or cleaning the house and he'd been so genuine when he said it, that I believed him.

Daddy helped me sit up and then he slid my pretty dress over my head.

"How about Papa wears this pink polo to match your pretty pink princess dress?" he asked me, holding out the shirt.

I nodded and clapped my hands together. "Pink, Dada?"

"I don't think we have another pink shirt, but I did pack a purple one that will match that purple right there," he said, pointing to the purple dress one of the princesses was wearing.

"Okay!"

"See, now Tifton can meet us in Daddy space too. We'll match our Little girl and he can see what a united front we are," Papa said, coming over to the bed and kissed my forehead.

"He can see what a perfect little family we are," Daddy added as he kissed my forehead too.

Elliot

Tinsley's hand sweated in mine and I felt pangs of sympathy for her. Meeting new people was hard enough, but I'm sure she felt extra vulnerable in Little space. Giving her hand a gentle squeeze earned me a shaky smile.

"You look beautiful, Teenie. I'm so proud to be here with you tonight," Tyler added.

"Proud?" Tinsley asked.

"Yes, I am so proud. Introducing you to Tifton while you're feeling exposed makes Daddy and me feel extra possessive. It's like claiming you in front of a small part of the world. It makes us feel powerful and..." Tyler paused, struggling to find the right word.

"It brings out the dominant in us both," I filled in.

"Yes, dominant. And I'm proud of who you are as well. Your Dada and I are so lucky to have someone so sweet and authentic as our Little one," Tyler said.

"You really feel that way?" she asked, dropping some of her Little speech. I wondered how much her adult self worried about those things and I scolded myself for not checking in more.

"We are so blessed, Teenie. I know we say it often but we mean every word. You make this life worth living, honey. You are beautiful and sexy, but your heart is what makes us so damn proud to call you ours. You are generous, sweet, thoughtful, and loving. Your Papa and I strive to be like you everyday."

She didn't say anything, but she pulled her hand free and wiped her eyes. "Thank you," she whispered.

Tyler stopped and knelt in front of her. “We love you so much, Teenie.”

She threw her arms around him and he hugged her tight. Tyler opened his arms, inviting me in and I stepped forward, sealing the hug.

We stood that way for a few seconds before we straightened and finished the short walk to the restaurant.

I held open the door for Tyler and Tinsley and Tyler surprised me by kissing me sweetly on the mouth.

“Tyler,” a huge man who favored Tyler ridiculously, shouted from a table near the back. I knew they weren’t related, but it was shocking to see how much they actually looked alike.

“Is Papa, just king sized,” Teenie whispered, echoing my thoughts perfectly. The man was much larger than Tyler, and he didn’t have any tattoos, but the resemblance they shared was uncanny.

“I agree, baby,” I said, following Tyler to the large man.

He wrapped Tyler in a hug before gripping his face in his hands. “You look so good, baby brother.”

I could only see the back of Tyler’s head from how we were standing, but I imagined he rolled his eyes.

“And who is this pretty one?” Tifton asked, when Tyler turned around.

“These are my partners Tinsley and Elliot,” Tyler said, flushing adorably.

“Hello, darlin’, can I hug you?”

Tinsley nodded and he knelt to hug her. She almost disappeared in his huge biceps. Holy shit. The guy was built like The Hulk.

He let go of Tinsley and moved towards me. “How about you? Are you a hugger?”

I laughed and opened my arms, accepting his hug. At least he was a friendly beast, which we already knew because we’d all spoken on the phone before. We really needed to start doing video calls.

“It’s so good to finally meet you both,” Tifton said, moving back and settling back into the booth. I was very surprised he fit.

Tyler slid into the booth and then helped Tinsley settle beside him before I slid in.

“You look good; hitting the gym more?” Tyler asked.

Hell, he looked like he lived in the gym.

“Yeah. I thought retirement would cause me to lose a bit of muscle, but now that I have more free time, I find myself in the gym just as much as before.”

Tifton had retired from the UFC circuit last year. He had been well known, unfortunately not to Tinsley and me who didn’t follow UFC. I think it relieved Tyler to know Tifton was going to do something less damaging to his body. Apparently that’s why we didn’t video chat. It bothered Tyler too much to see his injuries.

Before I could say anything, a waitress approached our table. “Four?” she asked, counting out menus.

“Actually five. We’re waiting on one more,” Tifton said.

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Tyler

“Five?” I asked Tifton. I wasn’t aware he was bringing anyone.

“Yes. Maci is joining us today.”

Maci. My heart instantly clenched painfully in my chest. I’d never met her, but I knew she was important to Tifton. She had been married to Tifton’s best friend Mason. Mason had been killed in a car accident several months ago and from my understanding, Maci was lost without him. My eyes stung and I blinked back my tears. Just the thought of navigating life if anything happened to Tinsley or Elliot gutted me. I put my arm around Tinsley and kissed her forehead when she looked up at me.

“I’ll have whatever’s on tap, and she’ll have an apple juice,” Tifton told the waitress.

“Same for us, two beers and an apple juice,” Elliot ordered.

“Maci?” Elliot asked after our drink orders had been taken, looking at me over Tinsley’s head. He and I had spoken about the tragedy briefly.

I nodded and wasn’t surprised to see him place his own arm around Tinsley too.

“She and I have gotten close over the last few months. A lot of us have gotten closer to her, actually. She’s the reason I have a new job on the horizon,” Tifton said, playing with his napkin. The way he twirled the black linen around his fingers showed he was going to tell me something significant.

“Oh, you’re looking at a new career?” I asked, trying to look supportive. I would be proud of Tifton no matter what he did.

“Yes, she’s opening... well, we’re opening a themed bed and breakfast.”

That was unexpected.

“That will be different for you,” Elliot said. Bless him. He must have known I was at a loss for words. I’d expected Tifton to say he was going to start a gym or training camp, a bed and breakfast hadn’t even crossed my mind.

“Yeah. I planned to talk to ya’ll about it tonight,” he said.

“Pancakes!” Tinsley squealed, interrupting the conversation. Immediately her signature blush covered her face. “Sorry,” she said, sheepishly. “I really like pancakes.”

Tifton chuckled. “I know, your Papa has shown me your chart. It’s impressive.”

“Tell Uncle Tifton where we had lunch today,” I said, relieved Tifton had brought up our dynamic. I knew he was accepting, but being able to speak freely was so much more comfortable.

“Pancake Palooza!”

Tifton smiled at her excitement and my heart melted just a bit. Watching my Little one interact with someone who accepted her was so special. I was so lucky because we had such a good tribe back home.

“I love Pancake Palooza. Your Papa and I used to go there every Sunday with our grandparents. What kind of pancakes did you have?”

“Cookies!”

“Oh, those are the best!”

“Yas, huh,” she said, nodding. “Wanna come?”

Elliot smiled and stroked her curls back from her face. “We are going back Saturday morning. Would you like to go with us?” he asked Tifton, translating for Teenie.

Tifton placed his hand over his heart. “I am honored you would invite me, Tinsley. Thank you, I would love to go.”

Tinsley smiled at him. “Welcome. Maci come too?”

“I bet Maci would love to go,” I said, looking at Tifton for clarification.

“Let’s ask her,” Tifton said, standing.

A petite woman in pink overalls walked up to the table. There was a larger man following behind her and I recognized him as another fighter named Malice.

“Hey, babylove.” Tifton hugged her and she disappeared in his arms, much like Tinsley had.

Malice handed Tifton a small Barbie backpack and turned towards us. “Hello, I’m Malice,” he stuck out his hand.

“Elliot,” Elliot said, shaking his hand.

“Tyler,” I added, doing the same.

“Tinsley,” Tinsley said, sticking out her hand adorably, making us all chuckle. It was a very grown up action.

“Hello, darlin’. I love your sweet manners.” Malice shook her hand.

“Thank you,” Tinsley said, flushing again.

“Hi. I’m Maci.” Maci said, waving at all of us.

“I’m sorry to run, I have to meet the other men at the house, but I’ll see you Saturday to help with the BBQ. I’m on grill duty,” Malice said.

“Looking forward to it. Thank you for your help,” I commented, thankful to know I wouldn’t have to host and grill.

Tinsley

Maci was so cute! She had black hair like me, only hers was long and straight. Her overalls were almost the same shade of pink as my princess dress and I was extremely envious of the sparkle bow she had pinning her bangs away from her face.

Tifton helped her slide into the booth before sitting beside her.

“I ordered you a juice, babycakes,” Tifton told her.

I watched their interaction and my tummy filled with excitement. Tifton was a Daddy too! And I’d bet everything in my piggy bank that Maci was a Little, maybe even his Little. Why didn’t Papa and Daddy just tell me that? I wouldn’t have been so nervous to meet him.

I looked up to Papa to ask, only to realize Papa was watching them too. His brow was kinda wiggly, like when he was working on a puzzle with me. I was pretty sure it was his thinking face. Looking to Daddy, I realized he was observing them too. The corner of his mouth was lifted just a tiny bit. That was definitely his concentration face. Maybe Papa and Daddy didn't know before. When I looked at Maci, I could see she looked a little nervous, and Uncle Tifton was grinding his teeth together. Sighing, I decided to put on my big girl panties. We needed to communicate. Clearly everyone had some questions or confessions and couldn't figure out how to approach them. That was okay! Teenie to the rescue. I reached into my diaper bag and pulled out my emergency coloring book and some crayons. Sometimes being a two-year-old had lots of 'sponserbilities.

"Do you wanna color wif me?" I asked Maci.

Her eyes widened and she put her hand on her chest. "Me?"

I nodded even though I wanted to giggle. I sure as heck wasn't talking to Tifton.

"Yes, please," she said, moving to sit on her knees in the booth.

I mimicked her actions and set the crayons in the middle of the table.

"I'm Tinsley. It's nice to meet another Little girl while we're in Augusta."

"I'm Maci. I didn't know dinner was gonna have another Little. It is a happy surprise."

"Happy surprise," I agreed.

"Thank you for sharing your coloring books and crayons."

“You’re welcome. Do you like to color?” I asked.

“I do. Do you?”

I nodded.

“Do you like to do other crafty stuffs too?” she asked.

“Yas, huh, I started making slime a few weeks ago and now it’s my favorite craft.”

“Slimes?” she gasped.

“Is so fun! I found the recipe online,” I said. I left out the part about how I put it in Daddy’s coat pockets and got put in the highchair of shame. I wanted to make a good impression after all.

“I’m gonna look when I get home!”

“How old are you?” I asked, moving the conversation along. If we didn’t get it moving soon, I was gonna be four by the time alla the growed-ups started talking again.

“Um, twenty-four.”

I shot her a cut-the-bullshit look and she giggled. “About four. You?”

“Eight.”

That time she shot me a look and I giggled. “‘bout two.”

“You have two Daddies?”

I nodded. “You?”

Her movements stopped as she stilled for a minute. “My Daddy passed away.” Her eyes filled with tears and I felt really bad for asking.

I reached forward and covered her hand. “I’m so sorry.” How horrible. I didn’t even want to think about life without Daddy or Papa.

She smiled and wiped her eyes. Tifton rubbed her back. “Thank you. I miss him so manies, but Tiffy and the other men take good care of me.”

“Like Malice?” I said, wondering who the large man who dropped her off was to her.

She nodded. “We went to pet the animals at the park today. We were supposed to do goat yoga, but a baby goat headbutted Malice and he got growly.”

“Oh no.” Poor Malice.

“It was still fun. He said we needed a day off from working. We’re building a bed and breakfast for people like us,” she said, picking up her crayon and coloring again.

“Like us?”

“Yeah. For people with kinks like ours.”

“Oh! That’s so exciting!”

“Daddy and I talked about opening a kink friendly bed and breakfast for a long times. Then when he died, I decided to try and make our dream come true. Tiffy, Malice, Cane, Brock, Stone, and Havoc all helped me so manies. And they’re gonna work there too! Is gonna be all of us living in one big house- kinda like The Brady Bunch.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Papa, Daddy, and Uncle Tifton communicating over our heads with looks and nods. Finally! I thought they was gonna be sitting here in awkward silence forever.

“That’s beautiful. Your Daddy would be so proud. And you’re making a safe place for people in the community. That’s so ‘portant.”

“I hope so. We’re gonna name it Daddies Inn. It was going to be Daddy’s Inn at first, but then I decided that since all of Daddy’s friends were Daddies too, they should be included in the name.”

“ All of those men are Daddies?” I asked, incredulously.

She nodded. “ All of them.”

“Wow!” I exclaimed.

“Lotsa wow,” she said. “They’re all so bossy! I can’t get away with nuffin!”

The whole table laughed and my tummy relaxed some. I was glad we were getting everything out in the open. Hopefully, we would leave dinner with full tummies and full hearts.

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Elliot

Holding Tinsley close to my chest, I patted her diapered bottom as she took her bottle. “I’m so proud of you, Teenie.”

She raised an eyebrow at my comment, but didn’t say anything, probably because she didn’t want to let go of her bottle. “I’m proud of you for figuring out how to help us all communicate tonight. Papa and I didn’t know Tifton was a Daddy, or that he had lots of Daddy friends. I think he was nervous to tell us and we were a little nervous to ask.”

“Papa was a lot of nervous to ask,” Tyler said, coming to sit on the bed with us. He looked so sexy in his gray sweatpants.

“But you used your brain and your heart to help us and it was beautiful,” I added once I’d stopped admiring his muscled frame.

She smiled around the nipple of the bottle. Tyler reached over to stroke her cheek. “Why are you so cute?” he asked, playfully.

“Don’t get her hyped up before bed, Tyler,” I scolded.

“So cute,” he said, completely ignoring me.

Little giggles were already bubbling out of Tinsley’s chest.

“So cute that I feel like maybe...” he trailed off as he tapped his chin, “maybe I need

to eat you.”

Pulling the bottle out of her mouth, I set in on the nightstand knowing what was going to ensue.

“No!” she squealed.

“Yes. I think that if you are that cute, you must be soooo tasty,” he said, drawing out his words.

“No! I’m not tasty! I’m Teenie,” she said, patting her chest in that exceptionally cute way of hers.

“I think I need to eat you right... here!” He said, pretending to take a bite of her arm.

“And maybe right here,” he said, biting her belly this time.

She giggled and rolled around on the bed trying to escape him and despite me telling him not to hype her up, I wouldn’t deny them such sweet moments.

“Maybe here,” Tyler said as he nipped her booty.

“No! Not my butt, Papa!” she shrieked.

“Oh, yes. I think a booty cheek will be most delicious,” he said, nipping her again.

“So tasty.”

“Which booty cheek tastes the best?” I asked.

“Hmmm, good question. I need to sample both.”

“No, they’re both the same amount of tasty!” Tinsley tried to crawl off the bed, but

Tyler grabbed her ankle and dragged her back to him.

“Maybe I should check just to be sure.”

“No!” She was giggling so hard it was only a matter of time before she gave herself hiccups.

He nibbled one side and then the other. “Hmmm, I can’t tell, Elliot.”

“Maybe you should check again?”

“What a wonderful idea. I’m glad you’re more than just a pretty dick.”

I snorted. Smartass.

“Dada, help!”

“Oh, I wish I could help, Teenie, but watching Papa eat you is one of my favorite things. I usually like it when you’re nakey, but this works too,” I teased.

“Oh, I really like to eat her when she’s nakey too,” Tyler said. His eyes darkened for just a second, before he grinned wickedly. “Yes, Papa would very much like you to do that.” He flipped her over and stripped her jammies and diaper off.

“Much better,” Tyler said.

“No, Papa!” Tinsley said, still very much enjoying our game.

“Yes, Teenie.”

Tinsley slapped her hands over her pussy, making me chuckle. “Do you think that’s

going to stop Papa?”

“Yas, huh!”

“You’re very wrong, babygirl,” Tyler said, grabbing her wrists and moving her hands above her head. His large body pinned her to the bed.

He kissed her neck before working his way to her nipples next. “These look so delicious.” Sucking one in his mouth left her much less giggly. “Papa,” she cried, wiggling under him.

“So fucking delectable.”

I popped the button on my jeans, and reclined back against the headboard to enjoy the show in front of me.

“Look, you’re turning Daddy on so much he had to unbutton his pants,” Tyler told her before sucking her other nipple into his mouth. His long fingers worked the other one between his thumb and middle finger.

Tinsley lifted her head a small bit and our eyes met. “I’m already hard, baby. I love seeing you and your Papa together.”

Fuck me. When her sweet body pinked from her embarrassment, my cock twitched in my shorts. Her shyness was always such a turn on.

Tyler

Tinsley wiggled under me and I enjoyed the possessive feelings it gave me. “I love

you, sweet girl.”

“I love you, Papa,” she whispered, her warm breath fanning against my face. Dipping my head, I took her mouth in a sweet kiss. She tried to pull her hands free, but I shook my head before releasing her mouth. “Papa likes you being trapped under him.”

“I wanna touch you,” she said.

“I know,” I said simply before running my hand down her belly and to her folds. She was soaked. “You’re so wet for Papa.”

“Yas, huh.”

“Elliot, can you help me out?”

“I would love to,” Elliot said. He moved from where he was sitting to crawl up the bed.

“Can you hold our Little girl’s hands above her head while I taste this sweet pussy? It’s dripping for us.”

“No, Daddy,” Tinsley cried, tugging her hands again.

Elliot grabbed her wrists in one hand and pressed kisses to each one. “I’m sorry, baby, but I think Papa asked for my help.”

“No help!” she argued. Her words ended in a moan as I opened her up and took a lick of her cunt.

“What’s Papa doing, baby?” Elliot asked.

She tugged her wrists.

“Answer me, Teenie,” he demanded.

“Nuuu,” she whined.

“Tinsley Kate,” he warned.

I traced around her clit with my tongue and she cried out.

“Please, Papa!” she begged desperately. I wasn’t sure she even knew what she was asking for.

“Do you want me to keep eating your sweet pussy?” I asked.

“Yes, Papa!”

“Then tell Daddy what I’m doing to your sweet body.”

“He’s licking me, Daddy,” she cried, tugging her hands again.

“Where, Teenie? Daddy wants explicit details.”

“My clit. He’s licking my clit,” she cried in frustration.

Sliding my fingers into her weeping channel, I closed my mouth over her bundle of nerves and sucked before tapping my fingers against her g-spot. She exploded around me before I was even aware she was that close. Her alluring moans turned into the sweetest whimpers and I worked every bit of pleasure out of her.

“Good girl,” Elliot praised, dipping his head to kiss her before releasing her hands.

Climbing up her body, I kissed her mouth. “That was beautiful, Teenie. You’re so fucking sexy when you fall apart for us.”

She wrapped her arms around my neck. “Thank you, Papa.”

Elliot and I helped her sit before I grabbed her sippy cup from the bedside table and gave it to her. She took several long sips before grinning cheekily. “Your turn, Papa!”

“My turn?” I chuckled, feeling the most relaxed I had been in months.

Elliot lifted his head and looked at me in the most carnal way. Suddenly my heart kicked up a notch and I knew something very powerful was going to happen.

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Tinsley

Daddy chuckled behind me and I turned back to look at him. His eyes were flinty and he was looking at Papa with such a lascivious look that I squeezed my thighs together in response. “Your turn, Papa,” Daddy said deviously.

“I’m not sure if that look on your face terrifies or excites me,” Papa said.

Judging by the way his cock pressed against his pants, I was thinking maybe it excited him.

Daddy crawled across the bed in a very predatory way and Papa swallowed nervously.

“I think your little cat and mouse game inspired me, baby.”

“Yeah?” Papa asked. He scooted backwards on his hands like he was trying to get away from Daddy.

Daddy grabbed his ankle, much like Papa had done to me. The force knocked Papa off balance and he fell flat on his back. Daddy was on top of him quickly. “Yeah. I think I’m inspired now.”

“Inspired?” Papa repeated, thrusting his erection into Daddy’s belly.

“Yeah. I loved watching you dominate our Little one, but now I think it’s my turn to dominate you.”

Daddy lifted his hand and stroked Papa's jaw. "I think it's time I fully claimed you."

Holy shit!

"Yeah?" Papa asked.

"Yeah," Daddy said, running his hand from his jaw down to the waistband of Papa's sweats.

"Yeah!" I agreed before climbing up the bed to sit at their heads.

"Did you hear that? Our Little girl thinks it's time too."

"Is time," I confirmed, nodding my head.

Papa wrapped his arms around Daddy's neck. "Yeah, it's time. Claim me, Elliot."

Oh my goodness! It was really going to happen, Daddy and Papa were going to finally be intimate. I'd been waiting forever.

Daddy sat back on his knees and slid Papa's pants off. Papa was hard, and precome dripped from his tip. Using his thumb, Daddy swiped at Papa's seed before licking his cream from his thumb. It was so hot and personal that I gasped.

When Daddy's eyes met mine, I smiled. "It's so beautiful."

"Submission is beautiful," Daddy agreed, stroking Papa. "You're beautiful," he told Papa.

Papa looked away, but Daddy reached forward and gripped his chin. "Look at me, Tyler."

Papa obeyed. “You. Are. Beautiful.”

Papa was misty-eyed and suddenly I was too. Our dynamic was just so deep.

Daddy released Papa’s face and dipped his head. Sucking only the head of Papa’s dick, Daddy stroked the rest.

Papa was more vocal than I’d ever heard him before. He was whimpering and moaning. His body was tight and his toes were curled.

“You’re so close aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes!” he cried. “I want to last, though. I want to come with you,” he said through gritted teeth.

Daddy studied him for several long seconds before nodding. “Okay, baby, we can come together.”

“Teenie, can you reach in the bag under the bed and hand Daddy some lube?”

I nodded and scrambled to get what he needed.

“I think that’s the quickest I’ve ever seen her obey about getting lube for you,” Papa teased. Well, duh. They weren’t shoving anything up my butt, only Papa’s.

I handed him the bottle and climbed back on the bed. Daddy poured some on his fingers, before shifting Papa’s legs to lay across Daddy’s forearms. Papa was completely open to him and for the first time, I could kinda see why my submission made Papa and Daddy feel territorial. It was so incredibly intimate for someone to trust you the way Papa was trusting Daddy.

Elliot

My heart felt like it was going to explode in my chest. I loved Tyler with every fiber of my being and seeing him trust me like he was, made me feel like the fucking king of the world.

I pressed my lubed fingers to his back channel and gently worked one inside.

He opened so smoothly. “You’re doing so good for me, baby. You’re taking one finger so well. Do you think you’re ready for two?”

He nodded.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he answered, making me smile. I was so damn proud.

I added a second finger in. His thighs tightened a bit. I ceased my movements, giving him time to adjust.

“Take your time, baby. There’s no rush.”

“It doesn’t hurt,” he said, “it’s just..” he struggled for words.

“It burns a bit,” Tinsley offered.

“Yeah,” Tyler chuckled. “Not in a brutal way, but a bit.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“Hell, no,” Tyler laughed. “I want to be sore for days so every time I feel the pain, I can remember I’m yours.”

“You’ve always been ours,” I told him, working in a third finger.

Tinsley fisted his cock and stroked him slowly.

“Fuck,” he moaned.

His muscles clenched around my fingers and my dick leaked in my boxers.

Easing my fingers from him, I moved off of the bed and pulled him towards the side, adjusting him where I needed him, and making sure his legs were hanging from the mattress. Then I grabbed Tinsley and moved her beside him, arranging her the same way.

“What are you doing, Daddy?” she asked, lifting her head to look up at me.

I didn’t answer, instead I just lifted her legs in my hands and thrust into her.

“Daddy,” she cried. Her eyes rolled back and she arched her back off the bed causing her titties to bounce. Bending, I sucked one and then the other in my mouth.

“Daddy, nooo, Papa,” she babbled as I worked in and out of her.

“Oh, don’t you worry, Teenie. Papa is going to get fucked just as hard, but do you know what’s even better than store bought lube?”

“N-no!” she cried, her voice breaking with my thrusts.

“Your sweet cream. You better get me nice and wet so Papa can take all of me,” I told her.

“Fuck,” Tyler cried, squeezing his cock. “That’s brilliant.”

After patting myself on the back for the idea, I allowed myself to get lost in bringing our Little girl satisfaction. Tyler reached across and pressed his fingers to her clit.

“Papa,” she moaned.

“I know, Teenie. It feels so good, doesn’t it?”

“Yas,” she cried, her walls tightening around me.

“There you go, that’s our good girl,” I praised.

“Are you going to show us how pretty you are when you come?” Tyler asked.

“Yas!” she cried, coming around my cock. Her sweet juices dripped down my balls.

Pulling out from her heat, I moved over to Tyler, lifted his legs, and positioned myself against his ring of muscle.

“Where are you right now, Tyler? What color?”

“Green,” he answered with no hesitation.

Holding onto the back of his thighs, I pushed forward and breached his anus. I pushed until I was several inches in before I would pull back and then thrust a little deeper. Each time I repeated the process, he would relax a bit more. Finally, I was fully seated inside.

Tinsley wrapped her hand around him and started to jerk him off.

“Fuck! Fuck!” he cried when my cock rubbed over his prostate. I could feel the fleshy area against my shaft and it felt just as good as all the research said it would.

“What color, baby?”

“Green! Please, please take me,” he begged. His head thrashed back and forth. “I need... I need,” he tried.

“I know what you need, baby. I’ve got you,” I promised him as I began thrusting in earnest.

Tyler

I’d never felt pleasure like what I was feeling before. My balls were tight, my legs felt like there was electricity running through them, my stomach had a tight ball inside of it and with every stroke of Teenie’s hand and Elliot’s dick, the ball got a little tighter. I wondered if it would consume me when it exploded.

I was ashamed of the noises I was making and even more ashamed of my begging, but I was on the cusp of something so much bigger than I’d ever experienced before. Watching one partner fuck me while the other’s dainty fist was wrapped around my cock was mesmerizing and surreal.

“Fuck,” I cried again. I was so close. Watching them love my body only amplified the pleasure.

“Come, baby. Don’t fight it,” Elliot coached and he literally rearranged my insides.

Quickly, before I could even warn him, I was spurting stream after stream of cum across my stomach.

“Oh, fuck!” I moaned as the pleasure continued. It was so intense and I started to wonder if it would ever end.

“Fuck, Tyler. You’re killing me, baby,” Elliot said before he stilled and I felt him spilling his seed into me.

He collapsed on top of me and I kissed the areas of his face I could reach. I pulled Tinsley against me and Elliot shifted his arm and brought her closer. We were one big sweaty pile of happy mush.

“I love you both so much,” I whispered to my partners, my loves, my entire world.

A Few Days Later

I sat on the tailgate of Tifton’s truck nursing a beer. Well, really I was just holding it. After far too many pancakes at The Pancake Palace that morning, I wasn’t really feeling like putting anything else on my stomach. . I needed some antacids and maybe a belly rub. Challenging two Little girls to a pancake eating contest had not been my best idea.

I looked out across the large property and I was so thankful. There had been a huge turnout at the barbeque. I wasn’t sure how much we’d raised so far, but I was feeling confident it was enough to keep the Holt’s comfortable for a while. We’d start working on the remodel the next day and helping then had brought me some healing I didn’t know I needed.

Scanning the area, I found my partners quickly. Elliot sent me a wink and I basked in the feeling of security that washed over me. Sliding from the truck, I made my way over to them and wrapped them in my arms.

It was almost comical to think the last time I’d been in Augusta I thought my life was over, but really it hadn’t even started yet. It hadn’t started until my loves had opened their hearts to me.

THE END