



# A London Little's Octopus: A Stuffie Hospital London Romance

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Charlie hasn't seen Leon since they were both on the same ward after their top surgeries, so when Leon brings a stuffie in to get repaired, Charlie's delighted to see him again.

Leon hasn't been able to get Charlie out of his mind since he left the hospital, so bumping into him here, a year later, feels like fate for the Daddy Dom.

Visit Stuffie Hospital London, a fluffy and steamy romance series, where toys get a new lease of life and queer Littles get their very own happy ever afters!

**Total Pages (Source):** 3

## Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

It was him.

Charlie peeked around the corner of the restoration hub and almost squeaked, before oh so casually making his way back to his desk, and continuing to hand stitch buttons onto what had been a very sad looking waistcoat.

From across the room, Daniel arched an eyebrow. “All okay there, Charlie?”

“Yeah, of course.” Charlie made his words extra casual. From the way that Daniel was looking at him, he wasn’t quite sure that he’d pulled it off. “All good, nothing to see—”

And then the door to the restoration hub swung open and Isla walked in with Leon.

Leon.

Charlie hadn’t seen Leon in a year.

In fact, the last time Charlie had seen Leon had been after his top surgery. After both of their top surgeries. They’d been on the same recovery ward, and had bonded over the excitement, fear, and anxiety that had accompanied the procedure.

They’d clicked instantly and when Leon had been discharged before Charlie, he’d written his number down on a piece of paper and handed it to Charlie.

Charlie had put it on his table, intending on inputting it after lunch, and someone—in an attempt to be helpful—had thrown the scrap of paper in the bin.

That had been that.

No one would give Charlie Leon's contact details—GDPR regulations forbade that, of course—and instead Charlie had spent the better part of a year berating himself for not just taking the five minutes it would have taken to find his phone from wherever it had fallen between his bedsheets whilst he'd been sleeping, and giving it to Leon so he could input his number directly.

But Leon was here. In Stuffie Hospital London. Carrying a remarkably large octopus under one arm and—oh shit, he was looking over.

There was an instant when their eyes met and Leon flushed a deep red and looked away, the red rising up to colour even the tips of his ears.

Charlie felt sick. Why didn't Leon want to talk to him? Why didn't he—oh.

“Leon!” he found himself calling out, feeling awkward as all fuck when the other man looked at him. “Leon, I—I lost your number.”

The whole room was alarmingly quiet, only the rhythmic sound of Jamie on a sewing machine breaking the lull that followed Charlie's words.

He saw realisation hit Isla in an instant. She'd been there the day that he'd finally given up on ever finding Leon again, and had taken to the garden with a cider and multiple tissues.

She paused, and then said something quiet in Leon's ear.

He nodded, a short, sharp movement that felt like it cut. And then he slowly started making his way over to where Charlie sat. “Charlie.”

Charlie bristled, feeling everyone's eyes upon them both and he shot a glare round the room. "Haven't you all got work to do?"

The resounding sound of throats being cleared, and impromptu conversations being started made him smile.

"Leon, I swear I tried to look for you. One of the nurses was tidying up and threw your number away. I was absolutely gutted. I had every intention of messaging you."

Leon looked at him, cool grey eyes assessing. There was a long pause whilst Charlie felt like he was being put under a microscope, before Leon said, "I believe you, Charlieboy."

And there it was, that imperceivable shiver that ran through him every time Leon called him Charlieboy. It might have been a year, but it wasn't any less powerful.

It might have felt more so.

They didn't say anything, the two of them just looking at each other, before Leon said, "I'm going to take Octopus here to someone else's workstation, because I want to date you, and I don't want there to be any kind of conflict of interest."

"You want to—" Charlie felt the backs of his eyes burning. "Even after all this time."

Leon leaned forward until his breath ghosted Charlie's lips. "Even after all this time, Charlieboy, I know exactly what I'm going to do with you."

It was as if the whole world had slowed down, and when Charlie blinked, he felt his eyelashes kiss his skin, once, twice, thrice.

And then he breathed his answer, just as he had done a year previous. "Yes, Daddy."

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

They didn't go out for dinner.

They'd wasted enough time, Charlie though, enough days and weeks and months, not together, not seeing each other, not touching.

The two of them had talked, before and after the surgery, long days on a quiet ward, about how they'd have liked to learn their new bodies together.

And that hadn't happened.

Instead he'd gone through recovery on his own. Well, not quite on his own. Mossie had given him some excellent advice, from their own experience, and the entire Stuffie Hospital London crew, as openly queer as they all were, had been beyond kind. They were his chosen family for a reason.

But it hadn't been the same, not what he'd envisioned—what they both had envisioned together—and top surgery recovery had been long and hard.

And now that they'd found each other again, Charlie didn't want to waste a single moment.

"You're not going to wine and dine me?" teased Leon, leaning casually against the railings as Charlie left work that evening. "What if I had plans to wine and dine you?"

"Ditch them," said Charlie. "I want to be Daddy's plaything."

Leon's eyes had darkened then, and his hand had grabbed the top of Charlie's belt and tugged him flush against him. "Oh yeah, Charlieboy?"

"Yeah," said Charlie, who really didn't quite know where all this heady confidence had come from. "You going to play with me, Daddy?"

"You fucking bet I am. Where?"

"My place," said Charlie. "Just need to give your details to Susie first."

As if summoned, his boss popped her head around the door and grinned. "I mean, technically I have all your details in Stuffie Hospital London's computer system, but GDPR and all, so you can hand it over to me now."

Leon looked slightly stunned, and Charlie had the slightest creeping fear that he might have messed it all up somehow, even if he knew that check ins were an important safety feature of any playdate, but when Leon's face broke into a huge grin, his pulse started calming down from where it had ratcheted up.

"Ask away."

Susie took his name, number, home address, work address, and car registration number before Charlie thought that she had enough to steal Leon's identity and made her stop.

"I take the safety of my coworkers very seriously," she said, putting on her Serious Face.

Susie's serious face wasn't very serious at all, but Isla was in the corridor, and the look that she gave Leon could have turned flame to ice.

Leon, however, just gave a cheerful wave. “No worries at all.”

“I have to call in an hour.”

“Every hour!” insisted Susie.

That might kill the mood a bit. “How about at six and then again at nine?”

She nodded, satisfied. “Fine. Acceptable. See you later, have fun, do all the things I wouldn’t do!”

“Your boss is...interesting,” said Leon.

“She’s a peach,” said Charlie. “Would do anything for any of us. Right, back to mine? It’s quickest by tube.”

Leon nodded towards a fairly shiny car. “I thought I’d drive.”

Charlie looked confused. “Is that yours?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Leon.

“You paid for Central London parking? Are you mad?”

Leon laughed, “Would you rather get the bus?”

“No no,” said Charlie. “Lead on! Be my Chauffeur Daddy, by all means.” That earned him a delicious frown.

“You’re going to pay for that remark later,” Leon’s low voice was almost a growl and it sent delicious shivers through Charlie’s body.

“Promises promises!” His words were light, but the anticipation built in his body. He couldn’t sit still in the passenger seat of the car, only pausing his wriggling when Leon leaned across him to clip his seatbelt into place. He got a whiff of whatever aftershave Leon was wearing and it was almost as alluring as the man himself.

As Leon drove, he asked questions, about how Charlie was, about life, about where they both were now, a year later.

“I remember some of the things we talked about before. Do you?”

Charlie couldn’t forget them. They were etched into his memory, seared into the very heart of him. “Uh huh.”

“Okay, so why don’t we opt in for this play session? You up for that, Charlieboy?”

“Sure. Shall I start?”

“Go right ahead.”

“Daddy kink?”

“Yes.” Leon didn’t say more than that single word, but his hands tightened on the steering wheel until his knuckles were white.

“So you like it when I call you Daddy?”

“Charlie.” That was definitely a warning growl.

Charlie laughed, giddy with the wondrousness of it all, and then took a deep breath and recentred himself, because negotiating whilst drunk on desire wasn’t the most sensible of moves. “There are so many things that we could do, I kinda want to opt in



on so many!”

Leon looked at him, a glance out of the corner of his eye as he drove, and he reached out with his hand and squeezed Charlie's. “We've got all the time in the world, Charlieboy. Now that I've found you again, I'm not going to risk losing you. I want to be present with you. I want to kiss you. I want to make you feel. What will do that for you?”

“Rope,” said Charlie. “Rope and...maybe...orgasm control?”

“Control or denial?” asked Leon, somehow getting straight to the crux of the matter.

“Denial.” It should have felt scary, admitting to such a desire, but it didn't. It felt...well, it felt downright freeing.

“Rope and denial it is then, Charlieboy. And you're okay with kissing?”

Charlie's voice caught in his throat. “Am I...? Leon, I've dreamt of kissing you for a whole year. I've dreamt of kissing the man I thought I'd lost. Yes, I'm okay with kissing.” His voice was wobbly, and when he looked at Leon, he saw a tear glinting in his eye.

The two of them had been through so much. Experienced so much. And now they had this second chance at this. It was a gift, and one that Charlie couldn't wait to unwrap.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

They didn't even made it inside Charlie's flat before they started kissing, a clash of mouths and hands and teeth and tongues that felt almost overwhelming in its passion. When Charlie fumbled with his keys to try and open the front door, Leon splayed against him, mouth hot against his ear.

"Come on, Charlieboy, open up for Daddy."

He swore and dropped his keys, diving for them with such speed that he almost made himself dizzy. When they finally got the door open, Leon waited for him to walk in first, to welcome him into Charlie's home.

They stood like that, just for a fraction of a second, Charlie across the threshold, Leon outside, and beamed at each other.

This was happening.

This was really happening.

"Come in," said Charlie, and Leon was suddenly there, walking him until his back hit the wall, Leon's hand snaking up in time to prevent his head from knocking backwards. Leon's arms bracketed him, and their eyes met, level.

"Where're you at, Charlieboy? Red, yellow or green."

"Green. I'm green, so for fuck's sake, kiss me again."

Charlie yanked at the collar of Leon's shirt, tugging until the other man's lips were

millimetres away from his own.

“Come now,” said Leon, surprisingly immovable. “You’ve got better manners than that.”

Fine, thought Charlie. That’s how you want it? He dropped all pretences, all walls, and met Leon’s gaze with all the longing and desire that had interwoven with each minute that he’d missed him. “Kiss me, Daddy? Please?”

Leon swore, and the gap between them diminished, lips claiming his with a kiss that made Charlie’s knees almost buckle beneath him. “My Charlieboy,” said Leon, the words forming against Charlie’s lips. “Mine.”

“Yours,” said Charlie, and it was true. He was Leon’s. He’d always been Leon’s, even when Leon had been lost to him.

The fingers cushioning his head intertwined themselves in his hair, and pulled. Not too hard, but sharply enough to make Charlie gasp.

“Get me rope, boy. Daddy wants to play.”

And Charlie was almost running to the drawer where he kept all the things that made him feel. Jute rope, coarse and harsh slipping through his fingers until he turned and called for Leon. “Daddy? Through here.”

Leon walked through, turning his head to take in the shelves that adorned the walls. Figurines, all lovingly painted, from various television shows and films. “My boy’s a nerd.”

“Are you really surprised?” asked Charlie, amusement lacing his voice.

“Not at all. Playthings for my plaything.” Leon smiled. “Sounds about right. Now,

where's the rope I asked for?"

Charlie offered it, and felt the urge to slip to his knees. He didn't though, frozen there briefly, unsure of what to do.

"Hey," Leon's voice was gentle, concern adding a gruffness to it. "You okay there, Charlieboy?"

"I...I want to get on my knees for you, only we didn't talk about that."

Leon sat on the bed and patted the spot beside him. "Sit."

Charlie sat.

"I would love to see you on your knees for me. We spoke in the car about clothing, so why don't you get undressed for me, and I'll get undressed for you. And once we've done that, you can decide if you want to kneel for me, or if you'd like to be in a different position whilst I tie you."

It was nerve-racking, getting undressed in front of Leon. Charlie had been topless since his surgery—there'd been a staff daytrip to Brighton and he'd been able to sunbathe without his previous feelings of dysphoria—but that he hadn't slept with anyone.

They sat on the bed, facing each other, and slowly started undressing. Button by button, Charlie's shirt came undone. Inch by inch, Leon slowly drew his top over his head. Until they were both there, looking at each other.

The scars that decorated each torso wasn't quite a mirror, but they were familiar enough for Charlie to see his own journey in Leon's body. Charlie had more hair on his chest, but Leon's light dusting was a dusky brown, almost reddish. As if one, they reached out at the same time, tentative fingers touching, learning skin.

And then they were kissing again, softer, gentler, with a tenderness that held no less emotion. That held no less desperation for each.

Leon took the rope in his hands, and ran it between his fingers. Even the mere sound of it sent Charlie hurtling into subspace so fast he felt drunk.

His head dropped, and he sighed. Let the sound of the rope, and then the gentle touch of it, bury deep in his soul.

The mattress moved as Leon shifted, and then went to sit behind Charlie, bracketing his body. “I’m going to tie your wrist. Sound good?”

“Yes, Daddy,” said Charlie.

The rope wound round his wrist, tying off, and then Leon moved Charlie’s body backwards until he let everything go, and put his whole self in Leon’s hands. Puppeting his hand, Leon moved Charlie’s body around, urging him forward and then back in a rocking motion that lulled him deeper into subspace. And then, so quickly that Charlie registered it, he brought the tied wrist around so that Charlie was hugging himself, and roped round his waist and arm once...twice...

It was tight. Like a corset might feel. But the arm across Charlie’s chest meant that there was no rope against his scars, Leon ever mindful of the surgery they’d both experienced.

“Hey Charlieboy.” The words were whispered, a caress. “You’ve gone so deep for me.”

“Yes, Daddy,” said Charlie, his mind a haze of pleasure.

Leon chuckled, and Charlie could swear he could feel it all the way down in his dick. He could feel it swelling, as if each touch of Leon’s was a finger, beckoning his

arousal closer.

He'd been on T for a number of years, and what had been his clit was now a dick, small but perfectly his. He'd found that his orgasms had changed since being on T, less of a full body experience, more focused in right there. But today? Today his entire body was alive, humming with pleasure.

Awakened by Leon's touch.

Leon brought the rope down to Charlie's hips and paused. "I know we talked in the car about it, but just double checking..."

"Please, Daddy." Charlie didn't know if he'd ever sounded so desperate before. "Please rope me there."

Leon pressed a kiss to Charlie's cheek, "Okay Charlieboy." And then his hands were moving, quick, fast, too fast for Charlie to fully work out what was happening, and after the first few moments he gave up and just gave over to the sensations.

Rope tight against his chest, against his hands, then round his hips, biting into his legs and his legs moving up and up and oh. Rope there.

He still wore the shorts he'd been wearing all day. There were still two layers of clothing between his dick and the rope, but Charlie felt it. He knew.

Leon moved it back and forth, back and forth. Brushing, teasing, not enough but almost too much all at once.

Charlie keened, desperate for more, and Leon's laugh, low and thrilling, made him remember.

He didn't get to come.

Not today, and maybe not tomorrow.

He was Daddy's plaything, and Daddy just wanted to play with him, to truss him up.

"You've remembered, haven't you?" said Leon in a tone of voice that might have been considered cruel if it hadn't been just so damn right. "You've remembered what you wanted, what you asked for."

Charlie swallowed, and let out a shuddery breath.

"Tell me, Charlieboy, tell me what you wanted."

"Not to come."

"And why didn't you want to come, Charlieboy?"

There was a slight moment of panic, where Charlie grasped around for an answer that seemed to evade him, but Leon seemed to know exactly where his mind was, for he shushed him and smoothed the frown from Charlie's forehead.

"It's okay, Charlieboy, I know why you don't want to come."

"You do, Daddy?"

"Of course I do," said Leon. "You don't want to come, because you always want to be like this. Desperate for Daddy." His hand followed the path of the rope, pausing just before his fingers brushed the front of Charlie's shorts.

Charlie moaned and tried to thrust upwards, to get the contact he yearned for, and Leon laughed, moving his fingers back.

"Oh my sweet boy, I love how you are, like this." He rested his chin on Charlie's

shoulder and each following word sent tingles through Charlie's ear. "Do you remember how you were on the ward?"

Charlie bit his lip. Of course he remembered. They'd never so much as shook hands until the day of Leon's discharge, but...

"Do you remember when I told you to touch yourself?"

Charlie's hand was trembling now, fluttering by his shoulder, wrist caught in rope. "Yes, Daddy." He whispered the words.

"And you sat across the room from me, and I watched those movements beneath the blanket, watched you bring yourself pleasure, watched you bring me pleasure. And then I said...?"

"You said stop," said Charlie, feeling dizzy. The rope continued moving between his legs, brushing up against his hard dick through his shorts, making his head loll backwards.

Leon caught his head, and pulled him back until Charlie was slumped against him.

"You're mine Charlieboy, all mine. Mine to bring to the brink of pleasure..." his hand finally finally brushed against Charlie's dick, "and mine to ease down from there," and the rope against him loosened.

All of a sudden Charlie found himself taking in great gulps of air, gasping out "Yellow," and Leon immediately dropped everything and started loosening the ropes.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his voice tight with panic.

"Yes, Daddy, I just need you." Charlie said, and the panic on Leon's face abated and he smiled and leaned in and kissed Charlie.



“My sweet boy. You have me completely.”

And as the last swathes of rope fell away from Charlie, his arm and wrist free once more, Leon pulled him back against him and kissed him sweetly.

“All mine, darling boy.”

“And all mine, Daddy,” said Charlie.

Together at last.

The End