



Baron's Boo-Boo (Kinks & Conundrums #1)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: When it comes to prospective partners, the cutesy coy act is Vince's weakness, but it only ever ends in disappointment. So, he has officially learned his lesson. He's determined to make smarter choices with his love life. After all, he's almost thirty! It's time to grow up. The next time some enchanting creature bats their lashes at him and acts all sweet and naive, he's going to remind himself that it's not worth the heartache.

Unfortunately, the pretty young man he meets at his best friend's party is more than his resolve can handle. In fact, Vince finds himself utterly enamored with barely-twenty-one-year-old Baron...even when the guy calls him Daddy.

In fact, that's kind of cute. It's only a word, after all. A little kinky talk to add to their night of flirting.

But after the party, when Baron's bad luck culminates in an accident which leaves him thumbing his way home and coincidental timing reunites the two men, Vince discovers that maybe 'Daddy' means more to Baron than bedroom talk after all.

The question is, what's he going to do about it?

PLEASE NOTE If you picked up the Ride With Me anthology, you would already have read this novella. Nothing has changed. This is the same as the version which was published in Ride With Me, but that anthology is no longer available for sale.

CW: Baron's Boo-Boo is a sweet and steamy age play/Daddy kink novella; however, it does contain hurt/comfort themes, description of past infidelity (not involving the MCs), mild miscommunication/misunderstandings, anxiety, and a bike accident resulting in minor injuries. It also mentions ABDL, but there aren't any on-page ABDL scenes.

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Being dragged out to another party is not the way I want to spend my Saturday night. I might only be in my twenties, however barely I'm holding onto them, but I've never been the type to party hard. I'm a homebody. I like chilling on the couch with a beer, some snacks, and some kind of sport on TV. That is relaxing.

But my best friend and colleague, Anson, is turning thirty and he wants to say goodbye to his twenties with a bang. Hence I'm leaning against the wall in his cramped living room, clutching a sweating bottle of beer in my hand and wincing against the thumping bass from his speakers. Anson, meanwhile, holds court in the middle of the room, gesticulating wildly with a manic grin on his face. I'm pretty sure he's telling the story about us walking in on our exes fucking each other, but I don't want any part of that.

From the way he's talking, you'd never guess that we're both well-respected doctors at a local hospital. Sometimes, I don't believe it myself. But we are, and I'd like to try and maintain my professional reputation.

Tearing my gaze away so I'm not pulled into the retelling, no matter how amusing Anson makes it, I startle when I find a pair of bright blue eyes staring intently at me.

“Uh”—I scramble for equilibrium—“hi?”

The eyes belong to a youthful face framed by a mop of red curls. Freckles dance over reddening cheeks and a ski-dip nose. Blush-pink lips part, and a red tongue sneaks out to moisten them before the bottom lip is tugged between two rows of pearly white teeth.

“Hi.” My observer ducks his chin. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to stare.”

He’s adorable .

For some reason, I always fall for the sweet, coy act. Always. I’m the world’s biggest sucker for it. Invariably, though, it’s only ever an act, and by the time I realize that, it’s usually too late. Just ask Anson, whose ex-boyfriend was balls deep in my ex-girlfriend in this very spot six months ago. The fact that they barely paused their sexcapades to ask Anson and me to join in should give you some clue about how brazen my ex really was.

“It’s okay.” I take in the cute guy’s slim frame from toe to crown. He’s wearing skinny jeans and a pastel-blue T-shirt with a picture of Kermit the Frog emblazoned on its front. It suits his coloring perfectly. “There,” I add, lazily bringing my gaze back to his. “Now we’re even.”

He honest-to-God giggles and nibbles his bottom lip again, his cheeks turning even more pink.

“I don’t know. I’m not much to look at,” he shrugs. I can tell that he’s aiming for self-deprecating humor, but there’s a sense of genuine melancholy underneath the joke. I frown.

“Bullshit,” I argue, making him inhale sharply. “You’re the prettiest person in the room.”

Obviously, I haven’t yet learned my lesson. I’m still flirting with any coy cuties to cross my path.

Excellent .

When this all backfires on me (again), I give my conscience permission to say “I told you so.”

Still abusing his bottom lip with those too-straight teeth, the guy looks down at the carpet and toes his sneaker over its surface. “Thank you.”

The whole act is going straight to my dick.

I swallow roughly, clear my throat, and offer him my free hand. “I’m Vince.”

He hesitates for a moment before he puts his palm in mine. His skin is soft and supple, smooth where mine is calloused. His touch is light and tentative, even as he clasps my hand and gives it a polite shake. “Baron.”

I blink.

“Yeah.” He chuckles, withdrawing his hand. Once again looking at his toes, he adds, “My mom’s nuts. I, um, I prefer being called Bear. By, um, by friends.”

Smirking, I lean down, brushing my lips over his earlobe, ostensibly so I can ensure that he’ll hear me over the crazy-loud music. “Can I be your friend, Bear?”

His full-body shiver is exactly the response I wanted.

Before my new friend can reply, though, a large hand claps down on my shoulder and squeezes tight. It’s a warning, but I can’t fathom what for. I turn to look at Anson questioningly. The blond glances between me and Baron before grinning widely.

“I see you’ve met our Baby Bear,” he says, and a thrill of something like jealousy trickles down my spine. It only intensifies when he smiles much more softly in Baron’s direction. “Careful with this one, Bear. He’s not...uh...”

“Not what ?” I bristle, wondering what my best friend is up to.

Is he trying to warn me away from the whole cutesy coy act? Because it’s too late. It might only have been a minute or two, tops, but I like Baron. And, when I like someone, I have to see how it plays out.

The hand still on my shoulder squeezes again. “Trust me, Vince. Bear’s looking for a—”

“Daddy.” Baron immediately appears horrified at his own outburst.

“ Oh ,” I exhale. I don’t have any issues being called Daddy. I mean, it’s just a word, right? “Bear, you can call me Daddy if you want to.”

“Vin...” Anson’s voice dips low with warning, but I wave him off.

A little daddy kink won’t kill me. In fact, hearing the word come out of Baron’s mouth is kind of hot. And, at almost thirty to his...what? Twenty-two if he was a day? Well, I guess maybe I do throw off Daddy vibes. I’ve got the dad bod, anyway. I might as well embrace the word.

Baron stares at me with what can only be described as awe. “Really?”

“Vinnie...” Anson tries again.

Ignoring him, I grin back at Baron. “Of course, Bear. I’d love to be your Daddy.”

Anson groans and mutters something about me having no idea what I’m getting myself into, but I’m solely focused on the way Baron’s eyes have lit up and he’s bouncing on his heels.

“Do you wanna dance? I’m a very good dancer, Daddy.” He hits me with more wide-eyed na?vete and my cock perks up with interest.

“Lead the way, baby.”

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Who would have thought I'd find a Daddy at Anson's birthday party?

Okay, maybe I should have realized that he'd have kinky friends, considering he's substantially older than me and we've only known each other a few weeks. However, I was under the impression that he's kind of new to exploring his kink and that he was keeping it under wraps from his otherwise very vanilla-seeming social circle.

The only reason he invited me to this party was because the Kitten he's been playing with, Russell, is one of my only real friends, and I guess he felt bad that I would have been left out or whatever. I tried to excuse myself, but he and Russ insisted. And, because I'm a people pleaser, I couldn't say no.

I'd been doing my best to stay as Big as possible so as not to weird anyone out...and then I'd seen him .

Tall, bearded, and dark-eyed, the man leaning against the wall grabbed my interest like nobody else in the room. He had a soft belly concealed—but not disguised—by his button-down shirt, while his big arms looked strong, and his face was kind.

He probably gives amazing cuddles, I thought.

So, I inched closer and stared. And stared. And stared some more.

Then I got too close and got caught.

But that turned out to be a good thing because Vince just said he'd be my Daddy!

I don't know if he means just for tonight, or if he's interested in an ongoing arrangement, but we can work that out later. For now, I'm going to show this Daddy that I can dance!

Taking his hand, I lead him onto the makeshift dance floor in Anson's living room, swishing my hips to the beat of the music. He pulls my back flush against his front when we find a spot, and I sway against him, losing myself in the rhythm of the song.

Vince's big hands settle under my shirt at my waist, his fingers flexing into my skin while I sing along to lyrics that are too naughty for me to be saying out loud. Behind me, I feel Vince moving, too, grinding into me, letting me know with his body that he appreciates my dancing a whole lot.

I turn around when the song changes, looping my arms around his neck, giggling when his thick beard tickles the exposed skin on the insides of my elbows. The music loses its frantic beat, shifting to something slower and more romantic. I close my eyes and hum as our movements slow to match it, swaying on the spot as Daddy rests his cheek against the top of my head.

His voice rumbles up through his chest when he says, "You were right. You are a very good dancer, Bear."

I'm practically glowing from the praise. It makes me feel all warm and squiggly inside. "Thank you, Daddy," I whisper, rubbing my head against his bearded jaw like a cat might.

I've probably been spending too much time with Russ.

But Daddy doesn't seem to mind. If anything, his hands tighten around my waist and he chuckles. "No, baby. Thank you for the dance."

We sway until the song ends and a new, faster one picks up again. I squeal when the opening chords begin.

“I love the Macarena!” I launch myself backward, prepared to show him just how good I am at following the movements.

He seems momentarily surprised by how fast I’ve moved, but he shakes it off and kind of bounces in place, leaning on one leg and then the other, while I sing along to the English lyrics until the chorus kicks in. I can’t sing in Spanish, but I can do the dance steps.

Daddy cheers and claps when the chorus is over. “You really do love this one, huh?”

“Yeah.” My smile stretches my face as my heart races. “It’s like a grown-up Hokey Pokey. But I like doing that dance, too.”

Daddy’s laughter is rich and deep. My tummy flip-flops. I want to make him laugh more often. Plus, when he does, his eyes crinkle in the corners and it makes him even more handsome.

“Is that so?” he teases. “What about the chicken dance?”

Jumping on the spot, I clap my hands. “Yes! I’m good at that, too! Watch!” Even though it’s out of time with the Macarena, I demonstrate just how good I am at the chicken dance, delighting in my favorite part—the butt wiggle.

People around us stop to watch, but they lose interest when Daddy laughs and I join in with him. “That is indeed the chicken dance.” He snickers. “Very good.”

Once again, I feel warm all over at the compliment. “You’re not so bad at dancing either, Daddy.” I cock my head and bat my lashes the way I’ve seen Russ do. I’ve

never been brave enough to flirt, but something about Vince makes me feel...well, in-vince-ible!

Yeah, okay, that was a bad pun.

“Do you want to go somewhere a bit quieter?” he asks, and my inexperience must be painted all over my face because he quickly adds, “Just to talk some more?”

Biting my lip, I nod. It’s warm in Anson’s apartment, warmer still because of all the people crammed into it, and I’m flushed and a bit sweaty from dancing. “Can we get a drink?”

Vince takes my hand, weaving us through the moving bodies and toward the kitchen in the next room. “Beer?” he asks, then laughs when I scrunch up my nose. “Soda, then?”

I’d really prefer juice, but there doesn’t appear to be any in the coolers set out on the counter, so I nod. “Sprite, please.” I do enjoy the way the bubbles tickle my nose.

Vince grabs a Coke for himself and then, with a hand on the small of my back, guides me out of the crowded apartment and into the corresponding small but private front yard. I guess that’s one of the benefits of living in a ground-floor apartment, or at least it is here.

The neighborhood I live in isn’t anywhere near as nice, and my apartment is small and in need of some TLC. But it’s better than living with my parents, so I can’t complain.

Settling in one of two Adirondack chairs on the little front porch, I tilt my face skyward, letting the cool night air chill my heated cheeks. With my eyes closed, I hear the crack and hiss of Vince opening his soda, as well as the distant sound of

nighttime traffic on the nearby highway.

“So, how do you know Anson?” Vince asks. Opening my eyes, I turn to find him studying me.

“He’s been seeing my best friend, Russ. They didn’t want me to be alone tonight, so”—I spread my hands wide, not too worried about jostling my unopened soda—“here I am.”

Vince blinks in surprise. “I didn’t know he was seeing anyone.”

“It’s pretty new,” I acknowledge, “and Russ is a major social butterfly. We got to the party and he found someone new to talk to and that was that.” I felt bad for Anson, to be honest. It’s his birthday; Russ should have stayed to talk to him. “I figure they’ll find each other later and Russ will make up for being a flake then.”

Honestly, I think it’s all part of his Kitten personality: he’s aloof and shows affection on his own terms. If that works for him and Anson? Great. But I’m not like that.

“Well, good for them, then.” Vince chuckles, taking another sip from his can. He looks down into it for a long moment before asking, “Can I ask how old you are?”

“Twenty-one.” Barely . The night Russ and I met Anson at The Grove, a local kink club, was my twenty-first birthday. Russ had urged me to indulge my Little inclinations in a kink club, hoping I might find a Daddy and finally lose my v-card.

Spoiler alert: I did not.

Vince nods, unfazed. “I guessed twenty-two.”

“Very good guess, Daddy.” I grin.

He winks. “I like it when you call me that.”

I wonder if that’s something he tells all the Boys, but I don’t dare ask the question. Vince didn’t seem interested in anyone else at the party, and he doesn’t really throw off playboy vibes. Just because I’m a shy virgin doesn’t mean I haven’t come across my share of creepy assholes.

Whoops. That’s a bad word.

“I like calling you Daddy,” I confess quietly, toying with the tab of my drink. “I’ve, um, never done this before. Had anyone to call Daddy, I mean.”

“Hey,” he soothes, “you’re young, Bear. You’ve got a lifetime to explore your kinks. But I’m honored you’re starting with me.”

The words confuse me a bit, but I let them go. I don’t feel like being Little is a kink thing for me. It’s just who I am 24/7. I can pretend to be a functioning adult when it counts, but when I’m comfortable being myself? I prefer stuffies, blocks, cartoons, and pacifiers...and not as part of a sex game or because it arouses me (though I do sometimes do naughty things with my stuffies).

Maybe for Vince it’s different. Maybe he’s a scene Daddy and he’s happy to play for a night or two, but for him it is about kink more than it’s about caretaking.

Thinking so is saddening, because I’d like the chance to have him for longer than a night. I want to introduce him to my stuffies, and I want to play pirates with him and ask him to help me build a super tall tower out of blocks.

And maybe...maybe I’d like to do the kinds of naughty things with him that I’ve been doing with my stuffies. My tiger, Sir Roars-A-Lot, could probably use a break.

Oblivious to my thoughts, he asks, “So, are you a student? Do you work?”

“I graduated college in spring. I, um, I’m a programmer and I work from home.”

Even though I know I’m good at it, I’m still embarrassed that I’m a stereotypical computer geek who hides in his room all the time. I don’t have many friends and I’ve chosen the most antisocial job in the world.

Daddy gives a low whistle. “That’s impressive,” he says, and I feel butterflies again. “I’m just a doctor.” He snores loudly.

I can’t help bursting into laughter. “That’s not boring! It’s smart and kind! You help people!” I can imagine him looking all serious in a lab coat, and my tummy flips.

“I do like helping people, yeah.” Leaning back in his chair, Vince smiles at me again. “So...what do you do for fun?”

I tell him about playing with toys and building Lego, and he gets really enthusiastic when I mention my Death Star kit. We talk for ages, moving on from the topic of Lego to movies and then our favorite TV shows. But, when I start yawning, Vince stands and offers me his hand.

“I think I’ve kept you out late enough,” he says, and I can’t help leaning into him as he tugs me up out of my chair.

I’ve never really had anyone to cuddle with other than my stuffies, and his embrace feels amazing. I never want it to end.

“Oh, you’re a real snuggle bug, aren’t you?” Daddy teases and my face flames, so I press it into his chest.

“Come on, let’s get you into an Uber home, hmm? Will you be able to stay awake for that?”

His concern adds to that glowy, gooey feeling inside me. “I’ll be fine, Daddy.” I glance up shyly, “If you give me your number, I can let you know when I’m home safe?”

He doesn’t even try hiding his pleased smile before he pulls out his phone and asks for my number instead, texting me immediately so we have each other’s details. Then he orders an Uber and walks me out through the front gate to wait with me.

It’s been a magical night, even though we didn’t do much other than talk. I’ve never felt as comfortable with anyone as I have with Vince, and I don’t know how to tell him that I want to explore that some more.

Thankfully, I don’t have to.

“I’ve had fun,” he says as my Uber pulls up to the curb. “Promise you’ll text me, Baby Bear?”

“I promise.”

“And if I said I want to see you again?”

I’m pretty sure he can hear my heart beating loudly, because my blood is thundering in my ears. “I’d like that, Daddy.”

He opens the rear passenger door, making sure I’m settled before he presses a soft kiss to my forehead. His beard tickles the skin there, and I giggle quietly. “See you soon, then,” he says, and I nod, not trusting my voice.

Then he closes the door. The car pulls away from the curb, but I turn in my seat to watch Daddy waving goodbye until the darkness of the night swallows him up.

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Bear sends a text when he's home safe and sound as promised. He accompanies it with "proof of life"—a photo of him tucked in bed, his red hair disheveled on a Lego-print pillowcase.

He really does love his Lego, doesn't he?

It's a cute quirk.

I wish him goodnight as I also head home, and it takes all the willpower in the world not to immediately send him a good-morning message when I wake up.

I tell myself I'm only so smitten because it's been six months since I last got laid, so I'm horny as fuck. Putting someone like Bear in front of me is like plopping a wounded gazelle in front of a starving lion.

However, I can't help but feel like we had a genuine connection. As a bisexual man, I'm used to the dumb jokes about how I'm attracted to everyone, but I've only ever felt deeply attracted to people I click with. Yes, sometimes that connection turns out to be fleeting, for one reason or another, but it still exists. And my time spent with Bear was the strongest connection I've felt with anyone since...well, if I'm being honest? Since I met Anson in college.

Even though Anson and I realized early on that our chemistry was purely platonic, it was still strong enough to set the foundations for a friendship that will last a lifetime. Last night, I felt stirrings of the same intense feelings, like my soul was reaching out to someone compatible.

It was more than Bear just ticking all my boxes, too. Sure, he's cute and adorably naïve, but he's also funny and made me laugh. He's also ridiculously sexy, with all of his coy, flirty "Daddy" comments which I'm sure were designed to drive me wild.

And they did.

Who would have thought that there's an appreciation for daddy kink hiding inside me? Every time he spoke the word so sweetly, parting his plump, pink lips and batting ginger lashes at me, I swear my dick took extra interest.

Even now, I'm getting hard remembering it.

I resist the urge to reach down and rub one out, knowing I've got a thousand odd jobs to complete today. Gone are the days where weekends were relaxing. Instead, Sundays are spent doing laundry, groceries, and other chores which are wholly unappealing but are sadly necessary.

My phone stays silent all day, and I try not to feel too disappointed or hurt that Baron hasn't reached out.

Maybe he's waiting for me to make the first move, my brain supplies helpfully.

He was really shy.

In fact, his shyness was part of his appeal. He was sugary sweet, and I spent enough time with him to conclude that it wasn't an act. Then there's how genuinely innocent and young he seemed...so, yeah, maybe he is waiting for me to take charge. That fits with daddy kink, right?

Right.

Decided, I slip my phone from my pocket, pulling up the app to text him. I drop the phone when it rings before I can type even a simple hey .

“Shit,” I curse, diving after the device. It clatters on the tiles, and I wince. It’s still ringing when I grab it and I sigh when I see it’s my mom calling.

“Hey Mom,” I greet, bringing the phone to my ear.

“Hi sweetheart,” she replies as if we didn’t talk a couple of hours ago. “I’m sorry to bother you after all, but your father’s just broken the lawn mower and—”

“ I have not! ” I stifle a snort when Mom blithely ignores Dad’s indignant protest in the background of the call.

“—I’ve got my book club coming over for brunch tomorrow, so I was hoping we could borrow yours?”

I don’t hesitate. My parents only live half an hour’s drive away, just outside of the city limits, where properties sprawl a touch more generously. This is as good a distraction as any. “How’s about I come mow your lawn for you?” I offer. “I’ve got nothing else planned, and if you sweeten the deal with your famous pot roast...”

Mom laughs. “It’s a deal. I might even make some of those peanut butter cookies for dessert.”

“The ones with extra chocolate chips?” I’m salivating at the thought. All that gooey chocolate within the contrast of the salty, peanutty, chewy cookie is like heaven on earth.

“Yep. Those ones.”

I glance down at my soft middle and consider whether I need the calories. Then I tell myself I'm healthy and a few cookies won't hurt. I'm a doctor: I know what I'm talking about. "On my way!"

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:52 am

It's official: today has been the worst Sunday in the history of Sundays. To start with, I woke up to a barrage of missed calls and texts from a client who demanded that I fix some issues in the programming on their end because one of their IT team changed the code and couldn't reverse it. I should have been able to log in remotely, but the same moron managed to lock me out of my own system and, short of hacking my way in, it became clear that I needed to attend the site in person.

Could it wait until tomorrow? No. Of course not.

So much for a relaxing weekend. All I wanted to do was lie in bed and daydream about Vince. Last night felt magical, and being brought back down to earth sucked. Especially because it meant having to focus on being Big while I was out in the real world.

My next issue hit when I tried to organize an Uber to my client's offices. See, I don't drive. I get way too overwhelmed with other vehicles on the road, and I get stressed-out with traffic being unpredictable. It's easier to manage my anxiety as a passenger. So, I'd opened my app and balked at the rates being charged today. They were at least double what they'd usually be! A quick Google told me why: apparently, today of all days, there were a bunch of different events happening around the city, including sports events and a music festival.

It felt like they'd conspired to fuck Sunday up.

Checking my bank account had made my stomach roil unpleasantly. If I took an Uber, I would only have fifty dollars left in my account until my next clients paid their invoices, assuming they paid them on time. I was usually a lot better at keeping

a stash of emergency funds set aside, but a chest infection three weeks ago meant that most of that money went on doctor's visits and medicine, even with my self-funded health insurance covering most of the cost.

So, I decided to ride my bike and catch a bus. Neither of those things were appealing, but I'd had no other choice.

And that all leads me to right now. Fixing the IT issue took way longer than I would have liked it to, and then I missed the last bus heading out to the suburbs, so it's getting dark as I pedal down the road which leads from the city to my apartment.

There's an almost eerie absence of traffic. I choose this road for that reason, even though it takes longer to get home this way, because it usually feels safer. Fewer cars means less likelihood of getting hit by one. But now, with the light quickly fading and the stretch of road seeming to extend on forever in front of me, it's a bit creepy. Especially because this stretch of road is framed by old farmland, no longer in use but not developed into suburbia, either. It's empty, silent, and scary.

Why the hell hasn't the city put streetlights out here?

Then the rain starts. It's just spitting at first, the odd droplet hitting me here and there, but I groan as the spitting turns into a drizzle and dark clouds roll overhead, dimming the already fading sunlight further.

I didn't pack anything to protect me from the rain, because I didn't think I needed to.

I have all the regrets.

I hope this is the end of my bad luck, but just as I'm squinting into the encroaching darkness, bent forward over the handlebars and trying to blink raindrops from my eyes, there's a metallic snap and my foot slips off the pedal as it spins uncontrollably.

In my shock, my steering wobbles and I lose balance. Then the tires hit a greasy wet patch on the side of the road and I skid sideways.

Crying out as the bike topples over, I hit the ground painfully. My bike lands on top of me, and the pedal digs into my thigh. I lie there, stunned for a moment, before the pain kicks in.

I'm wearing jeans and a long-sleeved T-shirt, but my skin still stings from grazing my arms when I fell. I'm going to bruise, too. And, when I push the weight of my bike off my leg, I whimper as I look down and see a dark patch on my jeans from where the pedal tore a hole in the material.

Blood .

I feel dizzy and sick. My heart hammers and tears spring to my eyes. Panic makes it harder to breathe.

Then I realize that I'm sitting in the middle of the road in the dark and rain. My clothes are wet from the downpour, smeared with grease and dirt from my crash. Scrambling to my feet, I drag my bike onto the shoulder of the road. Sniffling, I whine as every movement tugs at my injuries, and sharp bursts of pain shoot along my skin.

At least I didn't break a bone or twist an ankle or anything, I think, then groan at my own stupidity. Just invite more bad luck, why don't you, Bear?

To distract myself from panicking more, I look at my bike.

Big mistake.

The chain has snapped and it must have gotten twisted in the spokes of the rear wheel

because they're all bent and mangled, and the rear tire is flat. I don't have enough supplies in my backpack to fix problems of this magnitude.

I might need to abandon my bike and get an Uber or something home. My heart sinks, but that seems the most reasonable choice at this point, assuming I can order an Uber to a random spot on a back road outside of the city.

Reaching into my front pocket, I frown when my hand comes up empty. I pat down my other pocket, then my rear pockets, but my phone is nowhere to be found. Pulling my backpack off, I rummage through it, unsurprised when it's not in there. I never put it in my backpack. It's always in my pocket.

Headlights illuminate the road as a car speeds toward me. Stepping backward into the grass, my gaze catches on something glinting on the asphalt's dark surface.

My phone , I realize only seconds before the car whizzes past with a whoosh of air and water. I don't hear the crunch or smash, but I can see the debris of my phone littered across the road, tiny pieces of glass and plastic reflecting the red from the car's taillights.

My heart thuds in my chest and there's a rushing sound in my ears as I process what's just happened.

Denial hits me hard.

"No, no, no, no, no!" I cry. Tears flood my vision, mingling with the rain which is now pelting down overhead.

My grazes sting, my bruises ache, and my last bit of hope is literally lying shattered across the road.

Tilting my head back, I scream into the darkness. I wail until the effort leaves me feeling exhausted and wrung-out.

Then a horn blasts as headlights rush in my direction and I fling myself all the way into the grassy ditch in terror. Warmth trickling down the insides of my thighs makes my cheeks burn in shame. At least the rain and darkness hide the evidence of peeing my pants, but I have never had an accident like this before. Not without a diaper, and not without being in my deepest Little headspace. It's humiliating, even if there's nobody here to witness it. Tears clog my throat again and I can feel my hold on acting like a grown-up slipping away.

Standing up, I try to wipe the mud from my hands on my equally filthy clothes, feeling completely disgusting. Then I force my way back onto the shoulder of the road and look left and right, frowning when I realize that I've lost my sense of direction. I don't know which way leads to home. Both sides of the road are identically bland, not that I can see far in the darkness and the rain. Going with my gut, I start walking, shrugging my backpack over my shoulders as I trudge.

The sound of tires on the wet road surface makes me hesitate before I stick my thumb out.

My parents always scoffed at hitchhikers, saying they were all bums, while stories on the news always made me think they might be axe-murderers. But now that I am hitchhiking, I feel bad for ever believing either stereotype.

It was a series of super unlucky events which got me to this point, and I'm sure the same kind of thing has happened to others, too.

The car zooms past me, not bothering to even slow down. It throws up a wall of water as it passes, but I'm drenched anyway. Shivering, I try to stay optimistic, limping my way down the road as the aches and pains from my crash set in. More cars pass by,

traveling in the opposite direction, but I stick my thumb out anyway. Right now, going anywhere would be preferable to walking for hours in this state.

But who would want someone so wet and dirty in their car?

I swallow another whimper.

If I give in to panic and hopelessness, I'll never get home.

So I keep slowly trudging, keeping my ears focused for any approaching cars. I lose track of time as three more sail past; two in the direction I'm traveling and one going the other way.

My lower lip quivers after the third one disappears into the darkness. I hurt all over. My legs and feet are sore from walking, and the wet material of my clothes is chafing my skin. I'm cold, too. Shivering and scared in the dark, jumping as things seem to rustle in the grass and flying creatures—bats? birds?—beat their wings overhead.

Oncoming headlights startle me again. Even though I know this one will pass by, too, I stick my thumb out anyway. My hand trembles. The truck slows but keeps going, and I fight back an anguished sob.

One more step, I tell myself firmly. Just like Dory, but on land. Just keep walking, just keep walking. I try to hum it as a happy tune, but I hear another car just as I register the light coming up behind me.

I stick out my thumb again, turning my head to look at the car, frowning when I realize that it's the truck that just passed me. It slowly drives around me, then pulls over on the side of the road, the light inside switching on when the driver's door whips open and the driver jumps out of the cab.

I squint, trying to make out features, but all I can see is the man's silhouette.

He's big and tall. I think he's bearded. Hell, he could be a serial killer or something but, at this point, I'm willing to take that risk.

I take a tentative step forward at the same time as the man walks toward me.

"Baron?" he asks, raising his voice against the rain still pouring down.

I stop in my tracks, then try to squint at him again. "Vince?" My voice comes out uncertain and trembling, and I can't believe my luck has turned so significantly. "D-daddy?" Not only do I know my potential savior, but it's Daddy. If anyone can make me feel better, it's him, right? That's how Daddies work.

"Jesus Christ, Bear, what happened?" He rushes over, seemingly unconcerned that he's getting drenched in the rain.

Relief washes over me. My knees wobble, and I lurch into Daddy's arms, bawling about my bad day.

"Hey, hey, shh, it's okay," he soothes while I cling to him. "I don't...Baby Bear, you need to slow down. I don't understand what you're saying."

Taking deep, shuddering gulps of air, I try to calm down. Most of my story comes out in a rush as I try to explain it again, but I think I make more sense.

"...t-then my b-bike chain broke, and...and..." I pause to heave a breath, "I hit a slippery spot, a-and I skidded, and I crashed..." Just saying it out loud reminds me of all my ouchies and I start to cry again. "It hurt, Daddy. An' my phone smashed so I couldn't call for help."

“Oh, baby. I’m sorry. Let’s check you over.” He gently leads me toward the truck. He opens the passenger door and pulls a red first aid kit out from under the seat. “Hop up,” he instructs, patting the seat.

Biting my lip, I look down at myself. I’m drenched, dripping, and covered in mud. At least I’m confident the rain has washed away all traces of my accident. “I’ll make your seats gross.”

He shakes his head. “They’re heavy-duty seat covers. Waterproof and everything. Plus”—he grins, as though he’s not at all bothered by the rain cascading over us both—“I’m wet now, too.”

“I’m sorry.” I swallow roughly. “That’s my fault. You got out for me, and—”

“You needed help, Bear. It’s alright. Besides, it’s just rain. A shower will make me good as new.” He pats the seat again. “Now, up. I want to check you over.”

I climb into the cab of his truck, dropping my sodden backpack in the footwell, and he frowns as he looks me over in the dim light, carefully lifting my shirt and sleeves to get a good look at my grazes. He hisses in sympathy when he sees them.

“I don’t like the look of some of these.” His voice is soft. “There’s mud in them, and I don’t want them to get infected. But”—he sighs—“we can’t do much right now.”

“I don’t live very far away,” I tell him, then I frown. “I think. I don’t know if I was even walking the right way. I got mixed up.”

With a small smile, Vince tilts his head. “You were heading the right way...if your address is the same one I ordered the Uber for last night. For all I know, you moved house today, too. It sounds like it was that eventful!”

I giggle at that. “I didn’t move, silly. That’s still where I live.”

“Alright.” He nods, gently turning me to face forward. Then he reaches for the seat belt and pulls it across my body, leaning over to click the buckle into the socket. It’s such a Daddy move that my heart flutters.

Oblivious, Vince moves back and shuts the door, jogging around the front of the truck, the headlights bringing him into vivid focus as he passes them. When he climbs into the driver’s seat, he gives his head a shake like a dog, throwing droplets of water from his dark hair and beard. Then he smiles at me and, before he puts the truck into gear, he hands me a Tupperware container from his dashboard. “Want a cookie?”

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It took me an hour to mow my parents' lawn, but I'm happy to have helped them in the end. Mom's in her mid-sixties now, with Dad in his early seventies, and even though they're spry, I worry about them sometimes. I know Dad's doctor has been talking about knee replacement surgery, and Mom's supposed to be watching her cholesterol, but they're set in their ways, determined to remain independent for as long as possible.

I can't exactly blame them. But a glance at the sky this afternoon told me that if I didn't get my ass into gear, my efforts would get rained out. There was no way Dad could have managed their yard on his own. Not before the rain came.

Afterward, Mom fed me as promised, then gave me a Tupperware container filled with my favorite cookies, freshly baked.

"Mom"—I'd gaped at the sheer amount of sugar and carbs—"this is too much."

She shrugged. "Maybe one day you'll have someone to share with, hmm?"

"And that's my cue to leave." I'd laughed, grabbing my jacket from the coat stand by the door. "But I will say: waiting this long to nag me about my singledom is a record for you."

Then I headed home with her laughter ringing in my ears. The clouds rolled in fast as I drove, obscuring the light from the setting sun. Darkness fell quickly, and I decided taking the back roads would be better than battling city traffic in the rain. For some reason, people seem to forget how to drive the second the tiniest drops of water come down.

And this weather wasn't just a light sprinkle. Not even ten minutes after leaving my parents' house, it was bucketing down. I had my high beams on and my wipers swishing steadily. Hyperfocused on the road, I almost didn't notice the figure limping in the direction I'd just come from, drenched from head to toe, their thumb stuck out as they tried to hitch a ride.

I barely needed to consider turning my truck around. Taking some poor soul to shelter was worth putting myself out for another twenty minutes or so. After all, if they stayed out in this weather and in the dark, they could get sick, or hit by a car, or fall down into the ditch beside the road.

So, I turned around and slowly came up behind them, blinking in surprise at the mop of red hair, though lank and drenched, illuminated by my lights. I drove past slowly, convinced my eyes were deceiving me. But, no: I really had known the hitchhiker.

Instantly, I'd needed to know why Baron was out so late in the rain on his own and, more importantly, why he was limping.

Hearing everything he'd been through, the entire comedy of errors which had brought him to that point, was heartbreaking. I'd just wanted to wrap him in my arms and soothe him, especially when he broke down in tears. How could I not give in to that temptation? Especially when there was nobody else around to offer him comfort?

And that all leads us to now, with me driving him home.

It hasn't escaped my notice that he lives on the same side of the city as my parents, or that I could easily visit him any time I stop by their place. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Right now, I need to focus on getting him clean, warm, and patched up.

"I'm happy you found me," he murmurs, and I briefly glance over to catch him looking up at me from beneath lowered lashes, his chin to his chest and his face

angled away. Color has returned to his cheeks now that he's scarfed down a few of Mom's cookies. He's gorgeous, even while he's caked in mud. Still cute and innocent.

"I'm happy I found you, too," I reply before focusing back on the road.

"It's like...like you're meant to be my Daddy," he continues, and the hopeful note in his voice does things to me.

Even after everything he's gone through, he's still flirting, still bringing the kink.

Fuck, that's hot.

Shifting in my seat, I shoot him another quick grin, this one a little more lascivious. "I still like it when you call me that." I admit, before asking, "You still want to be my Baby Bear?"

In peripheral vision, I see his head bob enthusiastically. "Yes please, Daddy. I'd like that very much. I can't wait to show you my toys."

It's sheer willpower that keeps me from veering off the road.

Jesus Christ, what happened to sweet and innocent?!

Not that I'm complaining! My cock swells to life at the idea of being shown Baron's toys, and my thoughts drift to how he likes to play with them. Is he a dildo kind of guy? Or kinkier? The daddy thing says he's not vanilla, that's for sure. So...cages, maybe? What about plugs? Oh! What about vibrating plugs? Prostate stimulators with remote control?

Okay, calm down, hotshot.

I'm embarrassed by how swiftly my thoughts turned filthy. Yeah, it's been over six months since I've been with anyone other than my right hand, but I've got to get my libido back under control.

Clearing my throat, my voice is strained with need when I confess, "I'd like to see your toy collection, Bear."

He bounces excitedly in his seat, and it makes me smile. I love the incongruity between the subject matter and his adorable, almost childlike behavior.

"I play with Sir a lot," he says excitedly, and I blink.

Sir? I guess that goes hand-in-hand with daddy kink, right?

"You...name your toys?"

"Uh-huh. Don't you?"

"I..." I clear my throat. "No, I never have."

Glancing his way again finds him staring at me with a hilarious, scandalized expression. "Daddy!" he scolds playfully, lighting me up inside. Then he leans forward in his seat and says, "You've gotta turn right onto Third Avenue, then left onto Hamilton. It's the second street on the right after that."

I nod and focus as we head into the sprawl of the outer suburbs. A few minutes later, I pull up outside a red brick apartment block at the far end of his street. In the low light from the single, flickering streetlight, I can see that it needs a little TLC.

Baron turns sideways in his seat, nibbling his lower lip. Outside, the rain is starting to slow.

“Will you come upstairs, Daddy? I know I gotta have a bath, but...maybe you can stay and play afterward?”

I swear to God, if my dick could speak it would answer for me, surging to attention at the sweetly phrased question. But I just grin and nod, ignoring my cock's insistence to leap out for playtime . “There's nothing I'd like more, Bear.”

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I 'm so nervous! I've never had a Daddy in my apartment before. Hell, I've never played with a Daddy before.

Whoops , don't tell him I said hell.

Or that I said it again.

Did I mention I'm nervous?

But, as nervous as I am, I'm excited, too. Because Vince was so kind last night, and then he rescued me tonight, and if I believed in signs from the universe, this would be a big, neon one that says "This is the Daddy for You."

I'm so happy that he's agreed to come upstairs that I almost forget about all my scrapes and bruises. That is, until I step into the bathroom and start to peel off my destroyed clothes. I whimper as they rub over my raw patches of skin, and immediately there's a knock at the door.

"You okay?"

My lower lip wobbles, but I try to be brave. I want tonight's visit with Daddy to go well. I don't want him thinking I'm a crybaby. "I'm fine."

There's a pause before he asks, "Are you sure? I'm a doctor, sweetheart. I still want to look over your injuries...but only if you're okay with that."

My tummy flip-flops again. Daddies are supposed to look after their Boys, right?

Padding over the tiles, I open the door and swallow. “I’d like your help, Daddy.”

I hiss as he carefully helps get my shirt off, the pads of his fingers gently prodding over the spots where my skin is already starting to turn a purple-blue color. “Sorry, Bear,” he croons, “I’m making sure these are just surface wounds.”

Swallowing, I blush fiercely when his fingers find the button on my jeans. My blush deepens when I remember wetting myself in fear earlier tonight, and I hope he can’t tell. I’m a good boy, I swear. I never have accidents in my big boy clothes.

“Is this still okay?” Daddy looks up from where he’s kneeling in front of me, and my penis seems to register that this could be a really fun position.

I turn tomato red when it grows harder right under Daddy’s wrist.

How do I have enough blood to blush and get an erection?

“Bear?” Daddy looks concerned. “Is this okay? Did you want me to wait outside again?”

“No,” I gasp, then hurry to explain, “It is okay. I’m...I’m just embarrassed, but not because I don’t want you to undress me. I, um, I...” I look up at the ceiling. “My penis is hard.”

There’s a moment of silence before Daddy says, “ Oh .”

I squeeze my eyes shut.

“It’s okay,” he replies, soft and soothingly. “Mine is, too.”

Startled, my eyes fly open and I gape at him. “It is?”

Lips quirking upward, he nods. “I mean, you’re gorgeous and I’m undressing you, baby. Of course my body is going to react to that. But,” he adds before I can say anything, “right now, I just want to make sure you’re not badly hurt, and I want to clean out these wounds, okay? We’ll talk about how excited we are after.”

Squirming a little, I agree. “Okay, Daddy.”

I can’t watch while he carefully pulls my jeans and underwear down, and I try not to think about how close he is to touching my penis. I can only imagine how that would feel. If my own hand feels good, his big, warm, Daddy hand would feel even better.

Stop thinking about it .

I force myself to take deep breaths.

“Oh, Bear.” I jolt at the empathy in Daddy’s voice, and I look down to where he is carefully inspecting the ugly puncture in my thigh from where the bike pedal broke through my jeans. “This one is going to hurt to clean, but you shouldn’t need stitches, at least.”

He climbs to his feet, then leans over the tub, running the water and testing the heat of it on his wrist. “A bath is going to make cleaning your wounds easier. Still water won’t irritate them as much as running water.” His expression is mournful. “It’s still going to sting, though. I’m sorry.”

“I’ll be brave,” I say decisively. Then I smile. “I like baths. I’ve never had a Daddy bathe me before.”

Daddy blinks for a moment, then smiles back. “Well, I’ll be gentle with your sore spots, sweetheart, I promise.”

Right, I remind myself. This isn't a fun-time bath. This is a serious bath. I glance sadly toward the cupboard under the bathroom sink, where my plastic container filled with bath toys lives. Next time, Duckiedoo .

Vince holds my hand as I climb over the edge of the tub and doesn't let go until I'm settled. Then he plucks one of the washcloths from the shelf next to the tub and dunks it under the water, rubbing it over the bar of soap he found before swooping it over my back.

I close my eyes and enjoy the sensation of Daddy taking care of me, barely wincing as he gently cleans out my grazes, rinsing the cloth and repeating his actions over and over, leaving the stinging sore spot on my thigh for last.

I cry out when he washes that one, squeezing my eyes shut so tightly that I see bright spots in the darkness behind my eyelids.

Daddy's voice is low and rumble as he soothes me. "It's okay, sweetheart. We're almost done here. You're being so brave."

My penis went all droopy because of the pain, but being praised by Daddy wakes it up again. I'm not looking at it, but I can feel it getting bigger and harder.

Daddy chuckles. "I see you're feeling better, huh?"

I peek up at him. "You made it better."

"Well, we still have to get you dry and put some antibacterial cream and bandages over some of these wounds, but I'm glad I could help."

By this point, I'm pretty sure my eyes have turned into love hearts, like that emoji...or, ooh, the one with the cat ears! He's cute!

“Come on,” Daddy continues, “let’s get you out before the water gets too cold.”

I can’t hide my grin as he helps me out of the tub, or as he gently rubs me down with my towel. Then he gets a fresh towel and wraps it around me before guiding me into my bedroom.

I breathe a sigh of relief when I look at my bed, glad that I forced myself to make it this morning. I don’t want Daddy thinking I’m a slob.

“Okay, let’s start with the easy ones again, hmm?” he says, sitting me on the edge of the bed before picking his first aid kit up from the ground. I don’t know when he put it there, but I’m distracted by the feeling of his fingertips gently applying the cold cream to some of the grazes on my arm. It tingles a little, but not badly.

I’m careful not to fidget while Daddy works, rubbing the cream into each wound so gently that I’m almost convinced that this is a massage. But then he unwraps the towel at my waist and spreads a tiny bit of cream over the sore spot on my thigh.

I yowl in pain.

Definitely not a massage.

“Good boy.” Daddy wipes his hand on the towel as he reaches back into his little red kit, pulling out some bandages. They’re like big, square Band-Aids, only bright white in color. “You only need one on your thigh and one on your elbow,” he explains. “The rest of the grazes are fine to heal on their own.”

He’s just as gentle putting the gauze pads over the wounds as he was doing everything else. Then he places a soft kiss on the one on my elbow, and I’m pretty sure my heart melts.

“Are you okay to get dressed now?”

I’ve always wanted a Daddy to dress me for bedtime, so I nod enthusiastically. “Please, Daddy? My pajamas are in the middle drawer.” I point at the old wooden dresser against the wall. “The tiger ones, please?”

Vince looks surprised all over again, his mouth opening and closing as though he’s going to say something, but stops. Giving himself a visible shake, he walks over to the dresser, pulling the drawer open and finding my favorite pajamas easily enough. He hesitates before asking, “Underwear?”

I’m not confident enough to ask him how he feels about diapers on our first time playing together, so I point to the top right drawer where my Big underwear live. They’re still brightly colored with cartoon characters on them, but they also have silly sayings that sound a little naughty. The pair Daddy grabs have a bright green python curling over the crotch, with the words Have You Seen My Trouser Snake? written across the butt.

He swallows as he comes to stand in front of me, his Adam’s apple bobbing.

“Help me put them on, Daddy?”

After clearing his throat, Daddy nods. “Stand up, sweetheart.” He kneels as I do, then he stretches out the waistband of my boxer briefs and instructs me to step into the leg holes, one foot at a time. He repeats the process with my soft pajama pants before he pulls both up my legs, then helps the matching T-shirt down over my head, guiding my arms through the armholes.

My head is floaty with joy, my heart beating so hard I’m afraid Vince can hear it.

I really hope he’s having fun, too.

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Holy shit .

No, really.

Holy shit!

Baron's not just into daddy kink. No, he's...well, I have no personal experience with this stuff, but I'm pretty sure he's into age play.

I want to facepalm at how oblivious I've been to the signs.

Beyond the whole "Daddy" thing, there's his childlike exuberance, his innocence, the way he blushes when he talks about his penis...and when he said he wanted to show me his toys? He actually meant toys . Stuffedies, blocks, cars, and a train set.

How do I know this? Because the gorgeous young man is currently sitting cross-legged in the middle of his Lego-themed bed, introducing me to his stuffedies by name.

"...and this ," he says with fanfare and pride, brandishing a floppy tiger toy, "is Sir Roars-A-Lot." He holds him close to his chest, hiding his face behind orange-and-black striped fur. His blue eyes peek out from behind a tuft of orange, framed by two furry ears. "He's my favorite."

God damn it, but I still think he's adorable. Even while I'm kind of freaking out — because I'm on board with being called Daddy, but this? This is a whole new level of kink I wasn't prepared for.

“He’s cute,” I say, wondering how I can back out of this when, as far as he knows, I’ve been okay with it since the beginning. Then my heart sinks because I don’t know that I want to back out. But...it’s age play . It’s not just some cute guy riding my dick and calling me Daddy. It’s intense .

Clearing my throat, I decide I need some air and a moment to think. “Bear, I’ve just remembered I need to make a call. I’m going to step outside real quick, but I’ll be right back, okay?”

He smiles. “Okay, Daddy.”

My heart thuds, the word taking on a whole new meaning as it registers this time.

My phone is in my hand before I’ve made it onto the tiny street-facing balcony. I slide the glass door closed behind me and lean against it as I glare out into the darkness, holding my phone to my ear.

Anson answers just before I’m certain his voicemail is about to kick in. “Vinnie, what’s up?”

“You could have told me that Baby Bear is into age play,” I growl down the line, keeping my voice low. On the other end of the call, my best friend cracks up.

“I tried!” He laughs, and I picture him shaking his head. “Dude, I tried to warn you—”

“How do you even know people with these kinks?” I demand, refusing to acknowledge that, yeah, he did try to talk Baron and me apart last night. Then, feeling hurt that I was left out of the loop, I ask, “And why didn’t you tell me?”

Anson sighs. “I joined a kink club a couple of months ago. I...Well, the why s don’t

really matter.” He clears his throat and I wonder what else my best friend has been keeping from me. “Anyway, I didn’t tell you because I’ve been figuring stuff out.”

“You didn’t think I’d listen?” It stings even more to hear that he didn’t trust me. “You thought I’d judge you?”

“Nothing like that, asshole,” he huffs. “I just didn’t want to bring it up until I was more comfortable with it myself.”

Well, that makes sense, I guess.

Apologizing, I tell him as much.

“Anyway,” he redirects, “how’d you finally work out that Bear’s a Little? Did he tell you?”

“I...um...” Releasing a long breath, I close my eyes and admit, “He invited me to come and play, and I thought...”

Anson’s renewed laughter is raucous, drowning out the rest of my explanation. “Wait, wait, wait... You’re at his place now ? For what you thought was a booty call? And he’s, what, got his train set out for you?”

“His stuffies,” I grumble to the sound of more laughter. “Shut up, numbnuts, and tell me what I should do.”

“How am I supposed to shut up and tell you what to do?”

For fuck’s sake, how is this guy my best friend?

“Anson...”

“Okay, okay. Geez, take a deep breath, big man. Calm down.”

I growl in frustration.

“Alright, alright. In all seriousness” —his tone shifts from jovial to all business— “the way I see it, you have two choices. You can embrace those caretaker tendencies we both know you have and just go with it to see if you like it, or you can tell Bear you got your wires crossed and should probably leave.” He pauses. “Just...be gentle with him, man.”

A sinking feeling hits me when I consider walking away. “You think I’d be a dick?”

“No, but... ugh ,” Anson exhales. “It’s not my place to say anything, but he’s... young , Vince. He’s young, and new to dating and putting himself out there.”

I think back to Baron’s shy admission that he’s never had anyone to call Daddy before and a suspicion tickles my brain. “Are you saying he’s a v—”

“Uh-uh. You have to talk to him. I’ve already meddled way too much.”

“Anson...”

“Go. Talk to Bear. Be your sweet, considerate self and you’ll be fine.”

“Anson.”

“Gotta run. Bye!”

And with that, the call ends.

Sadly, I’m no closer to knowing how to handle this situation when I head back into

the small apartment. The more I look around, the more I realize that I should have seen the signs. There are stuffies on the worn couch, and action figurines on the little, square dining table, as well as a stack of coloring books and a small bucket of colored markers. The desk pressed against the wall between the dining area and the living area is also littered with figurines, and the DVDs on the shelf next to the TV are all kids' movies.

Shaking my head, I cross the space and take a steadying breath before I step back into the bedroom...where I freeze in my tracks.

I was not expecting to find Bear rubbing his stuffed tiger over his crotch.

His eyes are closed, his head thrown back in ecstasy. His red hair is wild, having air dried after his bath, lending him an ethereal vibe as he grinds up into his toy.

My cock plumps back up, finding the sight erotic even while my brain struggles to understand why I'm not freaking out more over this age-play thing.

Maybe Anson was right: maybe my inherent desire to take care of people extends to...Daddyng? Is that even a word?

I swallow roughly as Bear moans, pressing his stuffie harder against his crotch, his fingers tightening in the fur.

Why is that so fucking hot?

He makes another plaintive sound and I decide it's unfair to watch him when he obviously doesn't know I'm here, so I clear my throat.

Baron freezes and his eyes fling open. His cheeks turn bright red, and he looks at me guiltily.

“I...” he starts, then stops and bites his lip.

The part of me which had planned on apologizing and leaving is silent. Instead, I’m ridiculously horny and genuinely curious. Cocking my head, I ask, “What were you doing, Baby Bear?”

His chest rises and falls, and he swallows audibly. “Playing?”

“Playing?” I repeat with an amused chuckle, inching closer to the bed. “Do you play with your stuffies like that a lot?”

Back to chewing his bottom lip, Baron looks down at his lap and nods.

“I see.”

“I wanted to wait for you, Daddy,” he blurts, seemingly surprising himself as much as he surprises me. “But then I started thinking about how good you made me feel in the bath and when you fixed my ouchies...and my penis got really hard.”

It’s so cute the way he says “penis” instead of “cock” or “dick.” I don’t know why, but it is. Struggling to keep a straight face, I try to channel some semblance of Daddy energy. “So instead of waiting for Daddy, you started without me, even though I promised we would talk about how excited we both felt?”

His eyes widen and his jaw goes slack. “I didn’t mean to be naughty, Daddy. I promise. I’m really a good boy.”

Well, fuck.

Why does that go straight to my dick, too? Maybe there is something to this kink...no...this lifestyle. And it is, apparently, a lifestyle. One glance around Baron’s

room in combination with his consistently childlike personality confirms that it's really not just about kink for him. He is a Little.

Could I be a Daddy?

Do I want to be?

My heart thuds rapidly, but not from fear or distaste. It's from excitement. Nevertheless, I have to come clean with him. If I'm going to try this, Baron has to understand that I've got no idea what I'm doing.

His gaze follows me as I walk over to sit beside him on the bed, the mattress dipping under my added weight. I take his hand in mine, smoothing my thumb over his knuckles. "I have to be honest with you, Baron," I tell him, and his open expression turns guarded. I force myself to continue. "I, uh, I got my wires crossed last night, and again earlier tonight," I admit. "I didn't realize that you meant you were after a Daddy Daddy." He tenses, but he doesn't pull away. I sigh and explain, "I thought...I thought you were just, y'know, calling me Daddy. Like...light kink?"

"Oh..." His face flushes and now he does tug his hand out of mine, gripping the tiger in his lap for comfort as he looks down, dejection and embarrassment written all over him. "I'm sorry. I thought because you're best friends with Anson..."

"I know." I'm not going to tell him I had no clue about my best friend's kinky side. To be honest, I still don't know anything about it, only that he's been visiting a kink club. "But, Bear, I want to try. If you'll have me."

I'm afraid he's going to give himself whiplash with the way his head snaps back up. "What?"

Smiling softly, I reach for his hand again and he grips mine tightly in response, as if

he's afraid I'll otherwise disappear. "I want to be your Daddy. Well, I want to try. I don't have any experience with this stuff, and I'll probably fuck it up, but...I feel a connection between us, and the thought of walking away just because I've never done anything like this before tears me up inside."

"I don't have any experience either, Vince," Baron tells me seriously. "I've never had a boyfriend or a Daddy. I've been on dates before, and I've kissed before, but that's it. So this is all new to me, too. And" —his plump, pink lips curl into an adorable smile— "you're not gonna mess it up. You've been Daddying me all night. You wrapped me in your big arms and cuddled me while I was scared and sad. You buckled my seat belt, you fed me cookies, you gave me a bath, you kissed my boobies, and you dressed me. You're everything I want in a Daddy. We can learn the rest together."

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It's a long, agonizing few seconds which feel like they're stretching into eternity before Vince smiles back at me and squeezes my hand. "I'd like to explore this together," he says.

My heart feels fit to burst.

I squeal and toss Sir Roars-A-Lot aside, straddling Vince's lap so I can wrap my arms around his neck and press my lips to his in impulsive celebration.

His big hands land on my hips, holding me in place while I savor the feel of our mouths connecting. It's sweet at first. Just closed-mouth kisses. Little happy pecks of our lips together. His beard tickles my bare skin, but his lips are a lot softer than I expected. I figured a big Daddy Bear like him would have chapped lips to match his rugged exterior, but no. They're warm and smooth and yielding.

Before I can overthink it, I tease the seam of his lips with my tongue, begging entrance into his mouth. He lets me in...then my brain just stops working altogether.

I've kissed men before, but this feels so much better than any of my previous experiences. Maybe it's because I'm not pretending to be Big. Maybe it's because I've had such an emotional roller coaster of a day. Maybe it's because Vince just admitted that this dynamic is new to him, too, so it feels more equal to me. Maybe it's also our natural chemistry at work.

No matter what it is, excitement and arousal thrum through my veins. My head feels super light and floaty with happiness, and I just want to drown in this man. In this Daddy.

My Daddy. Nobody else's.

I pull back to breathe, my chest heaving rapidly as I ask, "We're not going to play with anyone else, right? You're going to be all mine, and I'll be all yours?"

His eyes seem even darker after our make-out session. "You want to be exclusive, Baby Bear?"

I wonder if it's too much too fast, but I know enough about this lifestyle to understand that honesty and open communication are the most important parts of it. So, straightening my shoulders, I nod. "Yes, Daddy. I don't want you to be with anyone else, and I don't want to be with anyone else, either."

Yeah, I might be rushing us, but things tend to move fast in kinky relationships. Just because I've never had one doesn't mean I haven't done my research. And I really don't want to share my Daddy. If he doesn't like it, then maybe he's not the right man for me after all.

Thankfully, that fear is unfounded. Daddy's answering grin lights up his whole face, and he reaches up a hand to cup my jaw as he replies, "That's what I want, too, sweetheart."

No more needs to be said. We're kissing again within seconds, with our tongues tangling and his fingers buried in the hair at the back of my head. Without even realizing it, I'm rubbing my erection against his, grinding down, whimpering at the brand- new sensation of feeling another hard penis touching mine, even through layers of fabric.

It feels so much better than rubbing off on a stuffie!

"D-daddy," I whine into his mouth, and he groans back.

“I love it when you call me that.”

He’s said it before, but hearing the reassurance while we’re so intimately connected makes my heart stutter. Pleasure overwhelms my senses. This is all so new and so good and... oh!

Ohhhhh!

Before I can process what’s happening, my balls draw up tight and my orgasm explodes out of me without warning. I come, and I come, and I come , writhing and whining as I make a mess inside my underwear.

Daddy holds me through it, slowing our kisses as my soul returns to my body and the fog of the best, most intense orgasm I’ve ever had begins to clear from my brain. Then I finally pull back and look down at the obvious wet patch on the front of my pants, now transferring to his.

Embarrassment kicks in. “Uh-oh.”

“Fuck, that’s hot.” Daddy’s voice is tight and gruff. “Such a good boy, coming for Daddy like that.”

“But I made a mess. And you didn’t come.”

He shakes his head, holding my face in his big, warm palms, bending forward to kiss the tip of my nose. “I don’t have to come,” he says. “And don’t worry about making a mess, baby. Daddy’s here to clean you up.”

My penis twitches, excited by the possibilities those words inspire. “Can I make you come, Daddy? I’ve never done that for anyone before.” I bat my lashes. “Please?”

Tilting his head back, he makes another one of those sexy, strangled sounds. “You’re going to be the death of me. How could I say no when you ask so sweetly?”

A devious smirk tugs at my lips, and I wonder if this is what it’s like to feel naughty. “You don’t say no to me, Daddy,” I answer playfully, already scooting off his lap to kneel on the mattress beside him, wiggling from side to side excitedly. “Pants off, please.”

He laughs a deep, throaty laugh, and stands up to do as I’ve asked, then he gets back onto the bed. He lays down with his head on my pillow, spreading his legs invitingly, placing one on either side of my body.

My mouth waters and my heart skitters wildly as I look at him. It’s the first penis I’ve seen in real life that isn’t my own. I’m surprised to realize that it’s shorter than mine by a couple of inches, but thicker. Much thicker. And he’s a lot hairier than I am, too. His legs are covered in a layer of thick, dark hairs, and the bush around his penis is much more generous than mine. He’s wearing his shirt, so I can’t see his belly, but it looks like there’s a trail of dark hair leading up over the exposed curve of flesh above his bobbing erection, too.

“Can I touch it, Daddy?” I ask quietly, suddenly nervous. I don’t want to be so bad at sex that he changes his mind about being with me.

Daddy’s Adam’s apple bobs before he nods. “Whatever you want to do, Bear. Don’t do anything you’re not comfortable wi— fuck! ”

I want to giggle, but my mouth is full of him, my lips stretched over the round, purpled head as I taste precum for the first time. It’s a little salty and slightly bitter, but not gross. In fact, I think I like it. A lot. Wrapping my hand around the base of his shaft, I slowly lick around the parts of him I can reach with my mouth right now. I’ve read advice on how to do this, so I’m careful not to try and take the whole length at

once.

His fingers card through my hair while I clumsily experiment with licking and sucking and moving my hand, listening to his sighs and moans, getting excited when he starts to move his hips.

“Baby, you feel amazing,” he says, and I hum in pleasure. “ Fuck , keep that up and I’m gonna come.”

I want that. I want that so bad.

But my own penis has gotten hard again, and I suddenly want something else from Daddy instead.

I pull off him with an audible, wet pop , beaming when he drags me up for a deep, intense kiss. His beard is scratchy, but even that feels good, and I turn to putty in his hands.

“Daddy?” I ask when we surface for air.

“Hmm?” he reaches down between us, stroking himself, and I watch with rapt attention before I remember my objective.

“Daddy, can you...will you take my v-card?”

His hand stops moving abruptly, and my eyes are caught on the pearly bead of liquid shining on the tip of his penis. I want to lick it off.

“Baron.” His voice is gravelly. It’s serious enough to distract me from the tasty-looking prize between us. I meet his gaze. He’s frowning. I don’t like that.

“What’s wrong? Did I say something wrong? Did I...was it a dumb question? Do you not want to—?”

“Shh, sweetheart, no. Nothing’s wrong. I want that so much, I can’t even express it properly. It’s just...it’s a big step and this” —he lets go of his shaft to point between our chests— “is so new. We only just met yesterday. I don’t want you to feel rushed or pressured or—”

“Vince,” I say with a shake of my head, “I’m a Little, but I’m also a twenty-one-year-old guy. I’ve been thinking about sex for years . I’ve just never felt the right spark with anyone. Until you. So, yeah, I might be childish sometimes, and I might seem all innocent, but I know what I want. And right now?” I reach for his erection and stroke it. “I want this inside me.” I swallow as his eyes drift closed and he rocks into my fist. “I know this is fast. But I’m not, like, declaring my undying love for you or anything. I just really want my Daddy to make me feel good the way I’ve been dreaming about since the first time I ever jerked off. And if you’re worried about it hurting, don’t be.” My cheeks heat. “I’ve been playing with toys for a few years, too.”

“I saw you playing with Sir Roars-A-Lot,” he says. I laugh.

“No, I mean grown-up toys, Daddy. Like Bob.”

“Bob?”

“Battery Operated Boyfriend.” I use my chin to point toward my bedside table, and Daddy follows my gaze. “Bob.”

He clears his throat. “You’ve got lube and condoms?”

“Uh-huh.” Russ bought the condoms for my birthday, so they should be in date.

“If you say red light —or red— at any time, I’ll stop.”

Excitement makes me giddy. I let go of him to lunge toward the drawer containing my grown-up supplies. I pass him the half-empty bottle of lube and the new box of condoms, grinning at the way he peers curiously toward the drawer, seemingly curious about my other toy collection.

“I’ll introduce you to Bob and the guys another time,” I promise. “I want tonight to be just for us.”

Daddy nods, arching up from the bed, holding the back of my head as he kisses me tenderly. “I’m still going to take this slow, Bear. Whatever you’ve watched in porn, real life is different, okay?”

“I know. I’ve read things.”

He chuckles. “Hands and knees will be better for your first time.”

“But I wanna kiss you and see your face.” I pout. “Please, Daddy? I’ve been stretched by the toys before. I can handle it.”

“Jesus, those eyes of yours,” he huffs. “Fine. But if it hurts too much...”

I love his concern. Whether he’s been a Daddy before or not, he’s a natural already.

“I know.” I flop onto my back, spreading my legs like he did earlier. “Please f-fuck me now, Daddy.”

He arches an eyebrow as he loops his fingers into the waistbands of my pajama pants and underwear, tugging them down to reveal my penis: hard and covered with the drying remnants of my cum. But he doesn’t comment on my swearing like I expected

him to.

“Shirt off, too, sweetheart,” he directs, whipping his own over his head and throwing it aside before he swoops down and takes my penis in his mouth, cleaning it off with his tongue.

I scramble to comply, then fall back in ecstasy, marveling at the hot, wet suction enveloping my shaft.

“Daddy,” I warn him with a breathless mewl, only seconds after he started. “Daddy, that’s too good. I’m gonna come.” It should be embarrassing, but it’s not. Daddy knows this is my first time. And he’s a doctor. He understands, I know he does.

Sure enough, he pulls away, looking quite smug. “Mmm, one day I want to taste you like that.”

I nod enthusiastically. “We’ve got forever, Daddy. Just...please...I need— oh my God .”

His lubed finger circles my rim and I shut my eyes. He slips it in without too much resistance, and crooks it as he moves it in and out, searching for my special spot. When he finds it, I almost levitate.

“ More ,” I beg.

He indulges me with a second finger.

I rock my hips, pleading for more. He gives me a third finger, making me gasp at the stretch and the burn. But it’s good. So good .

My penis leaks precum all over my stomach, but I don’t care. It’s okay getting messy

like this. It's better than okay because I'm with Daddy. It's every single sexy fantasy I've ever had coming true.

By the time Daddy decides I'm ready for more, I'm almost crying. I'm so happy, the feelings make my chest tight. I can't form words because my brain is full of excited buzzing. I'm also trying to concentrate on not coming until after Daddy's started moving inside me. I want this to be good for him, too, because it's blowing my mind.

I want him to want to do it again.

He groans as he nudges the head of his suited-up penis through my tight rim, and I'm already seeing stars.

"You feel so good, Bear. So tight. Gripping my cock like you were made for me."

"I w-was made for you, Daddy," I pant, relaxing as much as I can because he's a lot thicker than any of my toys and this part does actually hurt. "M-more, please. I can take more."

"Fuck, just look at you." He rolls his hips slowly, moving his thick length in tiny increments. "You're taking it beautifully, baby."

His praise makes me feel all warm and gooey inside, and it makes me want to take him faster. But before I can demand that, he leans over me, his bare, furry belly grazing my smooth, pale one. Then he brings our lips together in the slowest, sexiest, most sensual kiss I've ever experienced.

Jolts of bliss rocket through me at the combined feelings. Our bodies touching, his penis moving in and out of me, and his tongue teasing mine. Plus, when I breathe in deeply, I'm surrounded by his uniquely Daddy scent: warm, spicy, and masculine, with a hint of clean sweat. It's all so much better than anything I've daydreamed

about.

I'm so caught up in the sensations that I don't notice when his movement becomes more fluid and faster. Then he bottoms out, leaving me in awe of the fact that I've taken him all in.

"You good?" He nuzzles my neck and kisses the skin within his reach.

A lump of joy lodges in my throat. He's so sweet, and so gentle and attentive. It feels like I've known him for longer than twenty-four hours. Unable to speak, I blink away happy tears and nod. "Mmhmm." I clear my throat. "You can move faster. Harder, too."

He chuckles into my sweat-dampened shoulder. "You're so tight, sweetheart. If I speed up, I'm going to come before you do."

The thought makes me clench and he groans.

"Baby, come on, give me a chance here."

Giggling, I deliberately repeat the clenching thing, earning me a playful growl and a forceful roll of his hips. That forces a gasp of air from my lungs. "There! More!"

Despite his warning, Daddy does just that, stimulating my special spot again. I writhe, seeking more of that magical feeling, and we fall into rhythm until Daddy's hitting that spot on repeat. I babble nonsense and a series of oh-oh-ohs in time with every burst of the amazing feeling.

Then Daddy shifts his weight onto his right arm, taking my leaking, sticky penis in his left hand, and he only strokes it twice before I'm shouting and spurting between us.

Daddy curses and his hips go wild as he convulses before he stills. I swear I feel the warmth of him coming into the condom. After catching his breath, he withdraws carefully and ties the condom off, tossing it toward the bathroom before collapsing in a sweaty heap at my side.

I snuggle up against him, not caring that I'm spreading my cum further over our tummies and chests.

"That was amazing, Daddy," I announce, then yawn.

He kisses my temple softly. "I think so, too."

I yawn again, but still ask, "When can we do it again?"

Daddy's answering laughter makes me smile. "Soon, Baby Bear," he answers with affection. "I promise."

I start to drift off to sleep, but not before reconsidering my day. It started off as a disaster, but I can't call it that anymore, either.

In fact, I'd go as far as to say it ended up being the best day ever.

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“ Well, well, well! Look who we have here.” Anson chortles as Bear and I enter the main club space at The Grove. This is our city’s premier kink club, though you wouldn’t know it from the exterior.

On the outside, it’s an unassuming warehouse building on the edge of the industrial zone. But on the inside, it’s a two-story luxury club, with a nightclub downstairs and dedicated playrooms upstairs. The soundproofing is next level, not to mention the security system they’ve got installed. But the clincher was the solid NDAs we had to sign in order to join. Privacy, safety, and discretion are paramount here.

“Hi Anson,” Bear greets my best friend cheerfully, giving him a hug. “I’m sorry about Russ.”

It’s been two months since Bear and I started our relationship, and in that time Anson and Russ have broken up and gotten back together twice. Anson shrugs. “It is what it is. He wasn’t looking for anything serious” —his smile turns wicked— “unlike some people I know.”

“Oh no,” I drawl, “you’ve worked it out.”

Bear giggles and smacks my chest. “Be nice to him, Daddy.”

“Yes, Doctor Sexy,” a new voice teases as another couple joins us. “Be nice to Doctor Dreamy.”

“ Josh ...” A blond Dom wearing tight leather pants and a mesh shirt sighs with exasperation at the muscular guy who had spoken. “Do you need to be reminded what

happens when you try to make me and Daddy Em jealous?”

Josh, currently wearing a powder-pink footed onesie, bites his lip and widens his eyes with faux innocence. “Sorry, Daddy Maxxie.”

“Uh-huh.” Max, the Dom, is not convinced.

The first time I met these guys, their third (a huge, gentle giant of a man who reminded me of Idris Elba) was with them, and I was fascinated by their dynamic. A Daddy Dom, a Daddy, and a Little. To look at them, you wouldn’t think it would work, but it does.

Josh and Max are both cops, where their third, Emmett, works as a counselor at a kink-friendly community center. It’s obvious they all adore each other, even if they banter like crazy.

Then again, if I had a Boy like Josh, I’d probably do the same. I’m lucky my Boy is as sweet as they come.

To avoid his Daddy’s wrath, Josh turns to Bear. “Are you coming upstairs for Littles’ Night? They’re doing face painting again.”

Max groans. “Last time, you talked Mia into painting a dick on your face.” Anson snickers. Max shoots him a chastising look adding, “It wouldn’t wash off for days. I had to lie to our Captain and tell him Josh was home with the flu.”

By this point, Bear is giggling madly. I love the sound so much.

In fact, I love him so much.

I just haven’t told him yet.

Everything about our relationship happened so quickly. From that first night at his apartment, to exploring age play, to visiting The Grove and making friends with other kinky people together...it's been a lot to process in such a short time. But I've never been happier. None of it has felt like hard work or like my boundaries have been pushed too far. Not even the diaper thing, not that Bear wears them often. But after he admitted that he enjoys it when he's deep in Little space, I wanted to try for him. And, hey, maybe that's just another sign of how much I love him.

Tonight it all seems to fully click.

Bear is it for me.

Yes, he's young, but he's my person. He's the one I want to be with forever. I even took him to meet my parents last weekend, and they adored him, too. Even when he slipped up and called me Daddy in front of them. They just rolled with it. (They're the actual best.)

"Hey, sweetheart." I tug him by the hand, preventing him from following the rest of the group toward the stairs leading to the themed rooms. "Wait a minute."

It feels ridiculous to be doing this spontaneously, but if I don't tell him now I might explode. Especially when he turns those big blue eyes on me and asks, "What's wrong, Daddy?" in the same sweet, innocent voice he used the night we met.

It was never an act with him.

Tugging him into the hallway away from the main area of the club, I answer honestly, "Nothing's wrong, Bear. I just...I just wanted to tell you that I love you."

He blinks rapidly, then seems to catch himself, giving his head a shake before he launches his smaller body at mine. "I love you, too, Daddy." He snuffles, clinging to me. "I think I've loved you since the night you saved me."

“So dramatic,” I tease with a decidedly watery chuckle of my own. Still holding him, I lick my lips, nervously asking, “I know this is sudden, but...would you like to move in with me?”

Bear squeals right next to my ear, making me wince, before he pulls back to bounce on the balls of his feet. “Yes, Daddy! Yes please! Oh, we can go home and pack right now! I’ll pack my clothes, and my toys, and—”

I laugh and tug him back in for another hug, shaking my head. “We have time, sweetheart. Why don’t we stay and enjoy Littles’ Night for a bit first?”

It’s our first time visiting an event of its kind, and Bear has been looking forward to it.

“My house isn’t going anywhere, baby. We’ve got more than tonight.” My thoughts flash back to that night when I found him hitchhiking. When, after I took him home and we talked, he told me that we’ve got time to work things out together. That hasn’t changed. “We’ve got forever.”

“Just as long as you don’t go falling in love with any other hitchhikers, Daddy,” he teases playfully.

Lifting his hand, I brush my lips over his knuckles. “You’re the only one for me, Bear. Always. I promise.”

The End

Thank you so much for reading Baron's Boo-boo .