



# Cal (A Little Christmas Season Three)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Simon moved to Hermanton last summer to take his dream job as a park ranger. He loves building miniatures, but it's not exactly conducive to getting a second date. When most guys hear that he builds model trains and paints tiny dioramas for entertainment, that tends to land him right in a ghosted inbox. And since turning forty, he's had enough salt and pepper in his beard to shove a pillow up his shirt and play Santa in the off season. In fact, his buddies at The Lactin Brotherhood talk him into doing just that.

If only Santa could get a little package under the tree for himself.

Cal just moved to Hermanton to be the local nursing home's activities director. He'd been doing the job remotely for some time already, but the low cost of living and meeting people face to face seemed like a great change of pace. Coupled with the fact that his boyfriend dumped him a while ago, it was an easy decision. And as a way to meet people, he decides to volunteer as an elf for the hottest Santa he's ever seen.

Too bad he's too old to sit on Santa's lap and make a wish.

**Total Pages (Source):** 14

# Page 1

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## Chapter 1

Cal

I looked up from my notepad and tapped the edge of my pen to my lip. “So, where did we land on the Christmas boutique idea?”

Mary, the director of the assisted living facility I worked for, and my boss, smiled widely. “I love it. Let’s do it. We’ll invite family members, the local community, and university students. Their art program is amazing, and they love this kind of stuff.”

“Awesome.” I glanced through my notes one more time to make sure all my questions were answered. “Oh, didn’t you say something about a Santa fundraiser thing?”

“Oooh, yes! Thank you for reminding me!” She clasped her hands together on the table in front of her. “We partner with a local nonprofit—Santa Comes For Everyone—to raise money for the children of the community.”

I tried not to giggle, but come on! What kind of name was that?

She rolled her eyes and held in a grin of her own. “Yeah, whoever came up with that name was either high or disgruntled.”

I cleared my throat and shrugged. “Maybe both. But anyway, how can I help with that?”

She looked me right in the eyes and inhaled deeply. “I’m glad you asked. Usually, we provide the elves for their photo-with-Santa booth at the mall. We have someone who’s available to work the day shifts, but I need you to find someone who can work evenings. Usually six to eight, and then a few weekend shifts between now and Christmas. It’s kinda fun, and they just have to wear the elf suit and pass out candy canes.”

“I love candy canes.” I gave myself a whole two seconds to consider what I was signing up for before I nodded my head in her direction. “Yeah, I’ll do it. That does sound fun.”

Being new in the town of Hermanton meant I didn’t know a lot of people yet, so working in the mall sounded like a great way to meet some people in the community. Besides, seeing all those adorable kids getting their picture taken with Santa was just what I needed to get in the Christmas spirit.

I’d never spent a Christmas so far from home before, but it was important to prove to my family and to myself that I could do it. I hadn’t always been the most independent kid. As the youngest in my family, I was quick to let others do things for me.

I just liked being taken care of—so sue me!

But since my last boyfriend dumped me, I’d been feeling like it was time for a change. That was part of the reason why I took the job that had been remote from my home in Lansing until now. It was scary to leave my home, but living in my parents’ basement indefinitely seemed like a bad life plan.

Volunteering and meeting people while wearing an elf suit was exactly what I needed. Maybe. Hopefully.

If nothing else, I got to wear an elf suit. I loved dressing up. Halloween was usually

my favorite holiday because of the costumes, but Christmas was a very close second, with all the candy and presents and toys. That was another thing I didn't get nearly enough of in my life.

Back home, I was fairly involved in the kink community and got to go to Little play nights at least once a month. But in a town as small as Hermanton, I didn't expect anything like that to happen. That meant I had to find opportunities for childish fun all by myself. Playing an elf was perfect.

"You will?" Mary was beaming with excitement. "That's so great. You're gonna be perfect." She glanced down my body then back up. "And the suit should fit just right. Last year, our elf was just about your size. If we had to buy a new suit, that would get pretty pricey."

Okay, I guess I was officially doing it. "When do I start?"

She bit her lip and gave me a guilty grin. "Is tomorrow too soon?"

Not too soon, but it was definitely sooner than I expected. "No, that's fine. I don't have anything better planned."

"Excellent. There's a new Santa this year, and I've heard it's the hot new ranger who came to give a presentation on some of the indigenous wildlife a few months ago." She waggled her eyebrows. "If it is him, expect him to get as much attention from the teenagers and parents as from the kids."

I chuckled. "If he's that hot, those kids are gonna have to get in line behind me, because this elf has some Christmas wishes that only a miracle from Santa could fulfill."

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 2

Simon

“All right, big guy. You know it’s time for hibernation. Get on with it already.” Speaking out loud to the hidden wildlife was a habit I’d formed to simulate human connections. My life had become more and more solitary over the years, and moving to a little town to be a park ranger didn’t exactly help remedy that. So, I took the captive audience when I could find one.

As I posted the last sign to a tree near an occupied black bear den, I glanced around one more time. Still alone. That was good. I didn’t want to disturb the bears any more than I wanted an unsuspecting hiker to be disturbed.

By now, most of the black bears in the area were settled in for hibernation, but this guy seemed a bit frisky, like he wasn’t ready to nap.

Some brats just liked to test limits.

I clapped the side of the tree twice as my little farewell to the bear. “Have a good winter, bud. Catch you on the flipside.”

Having done as much as I could to keep the bear and the hikers safe in that area, I hoofed it back up to my truck then went straight to the ranger station. It was only 4:30 in the afternoon, but it was already starting to get dark. The days were getting shorter and the nights longer, but that was fine with me. I was happy to sit in front of a fire with my book every evening without the need for any external entertainment.

And after Christmas, I'd be able to do that again. But starting tonight, I took off my ranger uniform at five o'clock and slipped into my new and temporary role as Santa.

I'd been growing my beard for a few months, ever since moving to Hermanton and finding out they needed someone to play Santa at the mall. They hoped I could fill the role since the last ranger did it every year. Even though I just hit forty, there was more salt than pepper in my beard, so I pulled off the Santa vibe pretty easily.

Of course, I had to fill in the suit with some pillows to get the full effect, but by the time I walked into the mall at ten minutes to six, I was in my Daddy headspace, ready to hear all the wishes of the boys and girls of Hermanton and do my part for the city that I was just starting to get comfortable in.

I'd been given clear instructions to enter through the food court and go straight to Santa's Village in the center of the mall. It was truly a winter wonderland with a full miniature village set up. I hummed in appreciation at the row of gingerbread houses that looked to be about 1:25 scale and displayed impressive craftsmanship. I made a mental note to find out who built the set because the level of detail used was at a level I was still trying to achieve.

Building miniatures had been my favorite hobby since I was a kid. My grandpa started me out with a ship in a bottle when I was about ten, and from there, I was hooked.

For the past few years, I'd been mostly doing tiny dioramas in everything from food packaging, room scenes, and gift vignettes. My current project was a pancake mix box that I took the back off of and turned into a sugarbush forest scene with wildlife and a few maple trees that were dripping sap into a bucket.

Once it was finished, it would go onto my Etsy store with the rest of my projects. More than likely, a sugar maker would purchase it or it would be a gift for somebody

who liked forest scenes.

As soon as that one was done, I had an order for three tiny bookshelves with a collection of books by a romance author who wanted to give them away to her fans. Those were always interesting.

I hadn't even made it to the chair when I heard the happy squeals of young children calling out for Santa. All right, Simon. Head in the game. Find out what these kids want and make sure they have a happy Christmas.

"Santa, you're just in time!" A woman behind a camera stepped forward and waved me toward my throne. "I'm Lucy, and you must be Simon."

"What gave me away?" I held out my arms and gestured to the suit.

She grinned. "I was told to be on the lookout for a sexy Santa."

I rolled my eyes, feeling my cheeks get even rosier than necessary for Santa.

"Have a seat there and we'll get the line started. Some of these kids have been here for almost an hour, so they're ready to chat."

"Got it. I... Haven't done this before, so is there anything in particular I'm supposed to say? Or just the whole 'ho, ho, ho, what do you want for Christmas? Have you been good or bad?' spiel?"

"Naughty or nice." An elf appeared by my side, a little ball of sass and candy canes. "You'll want to use the traditional lingo or they'll start yanking at your beard to prove you're fake."

"They better not." I self-consciously scrubbed my hand across my chin, grateful I

didn't let it get too long. "I'm Simon, by the way."

He chuckled quietly. "Oh, we know. Everyone's been talking about the hot new park ranger who has been growing out his beard to play Santa."

Fuck . I didn't know I was the talk of the town. I guess that was a downside to living in a tiny community. "I usually grow it out over the winter anyway." That was a total lie, but they had no way of knowing. I'd only been in town for a few months, so it was relatively harmless and helped me save a tiny bit of face.

"Either way." The elf didn't hide his interest as his gaze swept down my body then back up. "You look great. Very authentic. The kids are gonna love you."

"Speaking of." The photographer got in position behind the camera. "Cal, can you help the first kid up and get the next one on deck. Be sure to note what they asked for so you can slip a note to the parents."

"Got it." The elf looked at me. "I'm Cal, as you probably just heard." He shrugged and turned toward his bucket of candy canes. "I'm happy to know the rumors weren't an exaggeration."

Well, hell.

Lucy could have been my mother, so I knew she was just teasing me. Besides, she had a ring on her finger that almost blinded me when it reflected the twinkling lights, so I wasn't worried about her being a bit flirty.

Cal, on the other hand, would be a temptation. One I needed to be smart about. Just because he was obviously into guys, didn't mean he wanted anything more than playful flirting while we worked together. And the chances he would be okay dating an older Daddy who had to pump his chest every morning and night were not high.

But at least I had some eye candy while I played Santa.

Why didn't Santa ever get to ask for what he wanted? If I had the chance, I'd ask for a sweet little elf just like Cal.

Emphasis on the little .

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 3

Cal

How did I not know that watching a hot Santa being all sweet and cuddly and posing for pictures would be such a turn-on?

By the time we finally handed a candy cane and printed photo to the last kid, I was grateful my elf leotard included an apron in front of my crotch so no one could see my very inappropriate boner.

Simon was just so sexy. Firm when the kids admitted to being naughty, sweet with those who were shy or a little bit scared of him, and generally, perfect.

At least, as far as I was concerned.

“Was that seriously only two hours?” Simon stood up and stretched, arching his back in the most inviting way. “I haven’t sat still in a chair for that long since I was in college.”

I chuckled. “Better than being on your feet.” I lifted one foot and pulled off the silly elf slipper. “These things are really cute, but definitely not supportive.” I dug my thumb into my arch, trying to work some blood flow back into it.

Santa Simon frowned and sat back down. He tapped his knee. “Give it here.”

“What?” I shifted my weight to my other foot, ready to obey if he was serious but

unwilling to take that chance if he wasn't. "You don't have to."

He raised an eyebrow and opened his palm, waiting for me to place my foot on it. "I know I don't have to, but I'd like to help if you'll let me."

Hell yeah, I would. Instead of standing on my other foot, I pulled the little wooden stool right in front of him and sat down, then put my heel on the edge of his knee.

He cradled the back of my ankle and then massaged small circles into the base of my foot.

"Oh my Santa..." If I were in a more comfortable chair, I would've relaxed and probably fallen asleep. But since I was on a tiny stool, I had to keep my core tight to stay steady while doing my best to maximize the enjoyment of his impromptu massage. "That feels good."

He scooted forward so my foot rested more comfortably on his thigh and then snapped his fingers to get my attention. "Other foot."

Oh . "Okay." I lifted my heel up, and it was a bit more awkward. I had to be careful to keep my torso balanced just right so I didn't flop backward, but it was worth the workout to have him massaging my feet so expertly. "You've obviously done this before."

Simon shrugged. "I took a few PT classes in college, so I understand the pressure points." He squeezed the back of my ankle just right and my dick twitched enough that my little apron actually moved.

"Fuck! I mean, wow." I awkwardly cleared my throat and moved one hand over the apron to keep it in place.

Simon's gaze was locked on my hand over my lap as he slid his fingers back down to my heel. "Yeah, that one always gets me too."

I smiled and relaxed a bit, feeling safe enough to joke around with him. "I guess I should be glad my foot is getting some action. That makes one of us."

He looked up and raised an eyebrow. "No Mr. Elf waiting at home for you with milk and cookies?"

I moaned as his fingers rolled my toes and let my eyes drift shut. "Gawd, I wish. The only thing I love more than cookies is warm milk to go with them."

Simon smirked. "I've usually got the other problem. Warm milk but no cookies." Before I could ask what he meant, he gave my feet a final squeeze with his big palms then patted the sides of my calves. "Soak them in epsom salts tonight or they're gonna feel even worse tomorrow."

I nodded, unable to look away from the caring man. "Okay, thanks." I put my bare feet on the ground then stood up. "Will I see you again tomorrow?"

He swallowed and stood up too, doing some kind of hip-shake-slash-crotch-adjustment that I was sure meant he was at least sporting a semi. "Yeah, same time, same place."

"See you then!" I walked toward the little storage room in the back of the store. Before I ducked inside, I popped my head out and looked at Simon. "Thanks for the rub. I guess I owe you a tug next time." I winked and disappeared before he could get another word in edgewise.

Flirting was fun. Much funner than the stress of dating and getting dumped. Maybe I'd just spend the rest of my life flirting and never have to worry about getting hurt

again.

Just before I hopped into my car to go home, I remembered that I promised to do cookie decorating at work tomorrow. I loved being the activities director for an assisted living community because I had a generous budget to fulfill all my craft and artistic needs without ever having to dig into my own pocket. That was another reason why I decided to move, so I could work on site instead of working remote, like I had been for the past year. It was so much more fun to hang out with the seniors in person.

They were so much fun.

I couldn't understand why so many of them had been all but abandoned by their family members. I'd have given anything to have a grandparent alive and healthy enough for me to hang out with. As the youngest in a huge family, my grandparents were very old and only one was still alive. At work, I was the only grandkid with thirty-seven grandparents dotting over me. It was the greatest job ever.

And to make sure they continued to love me the most, I needed to stop by the market to get some essentials like butter and food coloring. There was no way I could bake cookies and have a decorating party tomorrow without them.

By the time I got home with all the ingredients I needed, I was amped up and hours away from falling asleep.

Instead of waiting to start baking in the morning, I dove right in, whipping up four dozen gingerbread people and four dozen sugar cookie ornaments before I started to get sleepy.

Since I didn't have to be at work until ten, my plan had been to start baking in the morning, but I hated wasting time, and I really loved to be productive.

Before I went to bed, I pre-decorated six of each kind of cookie and put them in a separate container for Santa Simon, even though I knew it was a bad idea.

Taking a gift to the new Santa twenty-four hours after meeting him would probably earn me a restraining order. But I wasn't always known for making good decisions, and Little Cal was always trying to push boundaries.

The rest of the cookies went with me to my found-family of grandmas and grandpas who hadn't decorating cookies in decades. For most of them, they hadn't done anything crafty since their own children were young.

George, Ernie, and Rosemary were at one table with gorgeous cookies plated in the middle.

I wandered from table to table to help where I was needed, but when I came to their table, I dropped into the empty chair. "Wow, those look amazing." I picked up a gingerbread Santa and grinned, thinking about Simon. "This reminds me of a certain hot-ranger-turned-Santa I spent last night with."

All three of my older friends stopped what they were doing and turned to stare at me.

Rosemary was the first to pry, which was surprising because the men tended to be the biggest gossips of all. "You were with the ranger last night? The handsome young man who did that presentation for us over the summer?"

I grinned and rubbed my hands together. "Yes, but sadly, not in the way you're thinking. He's playing Santa, and I'm volunteering as an elf, so we'll be working together for the next few weeks."

George shook his head. "Well, that's a shame. Is there a rule about fraternization amongst the staff?"

“Well, no.” At least, I didn’t think there was. “But it would be wrong for the elf to hook up with Santa, right?”

They all looked at me like I was speaking Klingon, but it was Ernest who spoke up. “Who cares if we think it’s right or wrong? Just go for it, boy. People we want to spend time with don’t walk into our lives on a daily basis. When they do, we gotta dig in and hold on tight.”

I thought about it for a moment and then realized he was right. “Well, let’s hope he was serious when he said he liked cookies with his milk because I’m taking him a box of them tonight.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 4

#### Simon

I left work early because I was hoping to have some time to chat with Cal.

But I didn't think that plan through, and when Santa showed up twenty minutes before the start time, the kids who were already waiting in line started to get antsy.

After a few minutes of awkwardly watching each other, we had to open up early. I felt bad about making Cal and Lucy start early, but it was torture to make all those sweet little faces stare at us when we were just a few feet away and not really doing anything but waiting for the clock to move.

The first kid to hop onto my lap was about three and carrying a stuffed bear that looked like it was older than him. His mother adjusted him on my knee and then stepped back to begin her assault of photos.

"Well, hello there. Who did you bring with you today?" I tapped the bear's foot.

"Bawownie." He held up the bear so I could get an even closer look. Apparently, I needed to feel the crusty fur on my nose to really see it.

"Brownie is a very nice bear." I pulled back to get a bit of fresh air. It seemed Brownie needed a bath. Or twenty. "And what would you like me to bring to you for Christmas?"

“A twain.” He reached for the fur collar of my jacket and cuddled into it. “I wike twains.”

“I like trains too. And candy.” I pointed to Cal, who was holding a candy cane just above the camera lens to make the child smile in that direction. After the first few visits, I learned that with the younger ones, it was more about getting the photo than holding a conversation.

Several cameras flashed and then the child was crawling off my knee and over to Elf Cal for his candy cane as the next kid shuffled toward me. It was a busy night, and we decided to skip our break because we wanted to make sure we got through every person in line before we had to shut down for the evening.

The whole time I was there, I kept my eyes on Cal. I couldn’t help smiling when he smiled and learning his mannerisms. The way he rolled his eyes at rude parents who were trying to force their opinions on their children about what they should say they wanted rather than just letting the kid speak from the heart was endearing. And when he giggled at the kids who asked for baby brothers or sisters or ponies, I knew he was having fun watching those parents squirm.

His youthful joy reminded me how much I missed having scenes with Littles. It had been too long, and as much as I enjoyed taking care of my new community and the wildlife and the forest, what I longed most for was to have a boy of my own to take care of.

Someone who valued my input and wanted me to be a part of his life in a significant way. Someone I could be Daddy to.

I hadn’t let myself think about that since moving to Hermanton, but Cal brought forward some desires that I had managed to repress.

Desires I wasn't sure I could continue to repress even if I wanted to.

Lucy packed up her equipment and was quick to take off, saying something about not wanting to miss her show. Cal was reorganizing a display of nutcrackers that had been knocked over by an unsupervised tween.

I watched as his frown deepened with every scratch and broken button he noticed. "I can't believe some parents just let their kids run wild and break shit." He held up half of a hat that had cracked right off the doll. "These have probably been around for decades without any issues and some little punks who have never experienced consequences come in and destroy them all."

He was really taking this hard. "Let me see that." I held out my hand and closely inspected the painted wood after he gave it to me. "I think I can fix that."

"You can?" His eyes were big, and his features softened. If I didn't know what to look for, I might have missed the hints of regression I was witnessing. "How?"

"Well, I have a workshop at home with paints and glues and all the tools needed to fix these." I reached for one of the smaller nutcrackers and ran my finger over some deep scratches in the wood. "These aren't too bad. And to be fair, some of these dings look like they've been around for a while. Those brats didn't cause all this damage." I looked up at Cal and winked. "Just the major stuff."

"You have a workshop at home? Like the real Santa?"

I cocked my head, wondering if he meant real in the sense that he actually believed Santa had a workshop in the North Pole or if he just meant that it was inline with the fairy tale version of Santa. "I don't make toys, per se. I, um...make miniatures. So, they're sorta like toys but the kind you just put on a shelf and look at. You don't actually get to play with them."

His lower lip jutted out, and Cal furrowed his brow. “Toys you can’t play with? Those shouldn’t even exist.”

“Ouch.” I chuckled and dragged my index finger over his lower lip, making a slight popping sound as the seal broke, and he smiled. “That’s my favorite hobby you’re wishing out of existence.”

“Oops, sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. I just...” He shrugged and took the piece of broken wood from my hand and looked at it with sadness. “I just really like toys, and it makes me sad to think there are so many out there just collecting dust and not being played with.”

My work did collect a lot of dust. I couldn’t argue with him there. “I’ll bring one in tomorrow to show you. You’ll understand what I mean when you see one.”

His eyes lit up and his frown was turned upside down. “You mean it? You’ll bring me one?”

“Sure.” I ran through the collection I hadn’t put up for sale yet. A Christmas morning scene I worked on last year came to mind. “In fact, I have a cookie scene that I think you’ll appreciate.”

“Oh, cookies!” He clapped his hands together and looked back at the storage area. “I almost forgot that I brought you some.”

“You did?” Now it was my turn to be shocked speechless.

He didn’t bother to answer before disappearing into the storage area. “I made them last night for my work and put a few aside for you.” He reappeared a moment later with a glass container of gingerbread Santas and colorful ornament cookies.

“You made these?” I reached for one of the ornaments and immediately noticed the perfect outlining and symmetrical stars. “These look great.”

Cal’s cheeks flushed pink. “Thank you, Simon.”

I wanted to hug him and tell him how proud I was, but that wasn’t my place. He was a colleague who brought me some cookies. That was the extent of it. “Really, you could sell these.” I took a bite and the sugar cookie melted in my mouth. “Damn, they taste even better than they look... I didn’t think that was possible.”

“I don’t think anyone would pay for them, but I’m glad you like ‘em.” He shoved his hands in his pockets and rocked back on his heels. “I just wish I had remembered to pick up milk on the way. They taste even better with milk.”

“No worries. I carry my own.” The joke slipped out of my mouth before I had a chance to censor it. Fuck. That was not a conversation I was having in Santa’s Village in an increasingly empty mall. “I mean, they’re delicious on their own. Thank you, Cal. That was very kind and thoughtful.”

He sucked in a deep breath through his nose as he smiled at me. It seemed like he wanted to say more but he kept the words to himself.

### Chapter 5

Cal

The moment I walked into the rec room, the gossip crew cornered me.

“So, how did it go?” Rosemary literally had a bowl of popcorn in her hand as if she had been preparing for some spicy story.

“It was good.” We sat down at one of the tables, and I clasped my hands over my lap. “He’s so cute with the kids. He’d definitely be a perfect Daddy.” I wasn’t sure if I’d said too much, but the way all three of them gave me looks that conveyed a little bit more understanding than I would’ve expected from this crowd made me think they weren’t as out of touch as I’d previously suspected. “But I don’t totally understand his humor.”

“How do you mean?” George scooted his wheelchair even closer to me so he didn’t miss a word.

“He made a few jokes that I feel like I’m supposed to understand...but I don’t. Like, the first night I said that I love warm milk and cookies, and he said something about always having the warm milk but never the cookies. And it seemed to surprise him when he said it, so he quickly changed the subject. I think that was some kind of inside joke I didn’t get.” I shrugged and crossed my arms over my chest. “And then last night when I said I forgot to bring milk for his cookies, he said he carried his own. But I looked around and he didn’t have any thermos or bottles with him.”

Ernest harrumphed, and Rosemary groaned as she pulled a five dollar bill out of her bra then slid it over to Ernest.

My jaw dropped as I watched their exchange. “You bet on this? What was the bet?”

George cleared his throat and leaned closer to my other side. “When that man came in here to talk about bears and bunnies, I knew he was a fellow dairy boy.”

“Dairy boy?” I looked between the three of them, waiting for someone to explain what that meant.

Ernest scooted his wheelchair even closer. “That’s what we called ourselves back in my day. Now, who knows what the kids say today. Something like milkmen or milk-tenders. I don’t keep up anymore, but I do know there are a lot more of us than there used to be.”

I was still lost, and now more confused than ever. “What are you talking about? What’s a milkman or dairy bartender or whatever you said?”

They all chuckled, and George finally took mercy on my ignorance. “Men who lactate, boy. Chest feeders. That Santa makes milk, and he’s baiting you to see if you’re into it.”

Chest feeders? Milk? My heart started racing when it all clicked in my head. “He’s offering to give me milk from his chest?”

Rosemary burst out laughing, throwing her head back and then reaching up to keep her wig in place. “Well, we’re not telling you to just latch on when he’s changing out of his suit, but it sounds like he’s interested and trying to feel out if you might be too.”

My mind was blown and my cock was hard. If what they were saying was true and Simon was actually flirting with me, I was definitely gonna latch on to him and never let go.

For the rest of the day, I couldn't stop thinking about what they'd told me. During my lunch break, I googled lactating men and was shocked to not only discover it was common amongst more than 10% of society, but that I'd never heard of it even at the Little nights. Granted, a lot of the focus at my last club was on BDSM, and the Little nights were mostly for new doms to learn how to interact with subs during age regression.

But I wasn't joking when I said I loved my milk.

Every now and then, I put warm milk in a bottle and fell asleep with it, but I hadn't done that in a while. It just felt unsafe and lonely to regress when I was all by myself. My ex was only into it every now and then, and I think he was more interested in the discipline aspect of being a Daddy than the actual cuddling and caretaking aspects that I yearned for.

When I got to the mall, it was packed. As we got closer to Christmas, people realized they had lists to check off and visiting with Santa was usually at the top of it. Friday night was our busiest yet, with seemingly every child in the town showing up to visit with Santa. It was also the night we stayed longer, keeping the shop open for an extra hour since there was no work or school the next day.

There were so many things I wanted to talk to Simon about, but we just never had a chance to speak privately. Even still, my eyes never strayed from him, tracking every movement, gesture, and smile as he interacted with the children.

I was still on the fence about the lactating stuff until Santa was handed an infant and cradled her. The baby immediately turned into his chest and started rooting around as

if she could smell the milk hidden underneath. At that moment, I knew my friends were right.

Maybe Simon was dropping hints for me and might actually let me try some of his milk from the source.

Once again, we finished late, and Simon and I were the last two cleaning up after the mall was closed.

“Hey, Cal, I wanted to thank you again for the cookies. I ate most of them at work today and they were delicious.” He smiled as he slipped off his coat and folded it over the chair. “The one with jingle bells going down the front cracked me up.”

I smiled, knowing exactly what he was referring to but glad he brought it up. “Oh yeah? Why’s that?”

He wagged his eyebrows. “That Santa was impressively endowed. I mean, I don’t know if you had anyone in particular in mind when you made that one, but...damn. That Santa knew how to have a good time.”

I almost choked on all the saliva gathering in my mouth. “Yeah, well, I might have been thinking of what a certain outdoorsy-type of Santa might look like in his jammies.”

Simon grinned as his eyes narrowed. “And what does a certain baking-type of elf look like in his jammies?”

I just shrugged. “You’ll have to take a peek when you give me my present on Christmas morning.”

He sucked in a deep breath and then picked up a box that I hadn’t noticed tucked

behind his big Santa chair. “That reminds me, I brought this for you.”

I just stood there and stared as he held out the box. “For me?”

He didn’t respond, just kept his solid gaze locked on me until I took it.

I lifted the lid and my breath hitched at the most beautiful diorama I’d ever seen. “You made this?” It was a scene with Santa sitting in an armchair in front of the fire with a beautiful Christmas tree in the corner and a young man playing with a train on the floor. The boy had the same short brown hair and blue eyes that I had, and I couldn’t help but glance up at Simon with so much admiration. “It’s so beautiful.”

He cleared his throat before crossing his arms over his chest. “Glad you like it.”

My eyes followed his arms but stayed on his chest, suddenly thirsty and horny and wondering how I could possibly sate either of those. Or both. Preferably both. “Can I try it sometime?”

His shoulders tensed, making his arms cup his defined pecs as if presenting them to me for perusal. “What?”

Oh, shit. Did I say that out loud? “Hmm?” I caught his gaze, desperate to come up with a reasonable response. “Your workshop. Um, the way you make these. Ooh, the nutcrackers. Maybe I can help you fix those?”

“Right.” He sighed and his shoulders dropped, along with his arms. “Sure. I was planning to work on those tomorrow after we’re done here. You’re welcome to come over and play around.”

I was more careful to look for his cues and there was definitely some mischief in his eyes when he said that. “I like to play.”

His chin dipped once in a nod. “Then it’s a date.”

Holy shit. It’s a date.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 6

Cal

When I got home, I couldn't get my clothes off and my laptop out fast enough. Searching for lactation porn was enlightening, not to mention satisfying in every sense of the word. And when I found videos and interviews with Daddies and their Littles who had replaced bottles and pacifiers with real-life Daddy nipples, I didn't think my dick would ever be limp again.

It was just so sexy, and I knew there was no way I could survive another day without getting a taste of Simon's milk.

To make sure I was ready if the opportunity presented itself, I watched nursing tutorials to learn the perfect latch and then packed a bag with my most comfy jammies. The fact that I had a pair just like the red-and-white striped jams the boy in the diorama was wearing was just luck. The kind of luck I hoped would be on my side when I finally got some alone time with Simon.

Before I went to bed, I did some research on how to break the ice on a first date. I knew it wasn't technically a real date, that was just the word he used in the moment. But since I had very specific goals for my time in Simon's home, I wanted to make every effort to be successful.

Most of the checklists I came across were silly and wouldn't work for us at all. Questions like where are you from and what do you do for a living that we had already gotten out of the way during the few days we'd worked together. Just before I

got frustrated and gave up, one question finally resonated. And as I thought about it more, a plan came together that I hoped would work. All it required was one quick stop at the convenience store before I got to the mall and a whole lot of hope that Simon wasn't just teasing me with the flirting and innuendo.

If I got to his home and he had no interest in even a quickie, I might never be able to show my face as his elf again.

We were so busy on Saturday that the shift went by quickly, and before I knew it, we were closing up for the day. As soon as we were alone, Simon slipped me his business card. "Here's my address. Come by anytime. I'm going straight home, and I plan to throw a few steaks on the grill later, so if you want to stay for dinner, you're welcome to." He shrugged. "No pressure. If you've got other plans?—"

"I don't have other plans. And dinner sounds nice." I cleared my throat and shoved my hands into my apron, toying with a candy cane just to keep my fingers occupied. "I'm ready now, if that's okay with you?" I couldn't wait another second and hoped he wasn't about to ask me to.

"Yeah, of course. Feel free to follow me." He pointed to the food court exit. "My truck is parked right out there."

"Oh, I'm out there too. Let me just grab my jacket and we can go when you're ready."

Neither of us spoke as we walked to the parking lot and then got in our separate cars. Coincidentally, we were parked in the same aisle, so as soon as he was ready, Simon pulled his truck just past my car and waited for me to pull out behind him.

My pulse was racing once I pulled to a stop in front of the cute cottage that was tucked into the trees at the back of a cul-de-sac. My plan started to seem silly, and I

wasn't sure if I'd go through with it or not. But something was about to happen, whether it was just a tour of his workshop and dinner with a new friend or the best night of my life, I needed to just let things play out as they would.

With my bag tucked safely behind the seat so I didn't come off as presumptuous, I gathered up my courage and followed Simon into his home.

Simon slipped off his boots in his entryway, so I followed his lead and kicked off my sneakers.

I could feel my cheeks warm up when my Santa socks were revealed, but I should've known better.

"Cute sockies." Simon winked then gripped the back of my neck and gave me a little squeeze. "Can I get you something to eat or drink before we head down to the workshop?"

I briefly considered asking for some milk, but it wasn't the right time, so I just shook my head. "Thank you, Simon. I'm good for now." My tummy couldn't handle anything anyway with all the dinosaurs stomping around in there.

He cocked his head and then turned into the kitchen and pulled two bottles of water out of his fridge. "I haven't seen you drinking any water today, so..." He handed me a bottle. "Start with this and let me know if you'd like anything else."

He kept dropping hints that it was okay for me to ask for more, but I also wondered if I was reading too much into his innocent comments. Projecting my own desires with his simple gestures of hospitality.

Simon reached for my hand and guided me through his kitchen to the basement workshop. When he turned on the lights, my breath caught. It truly was a magical

workshop like I pictured a real Santa to have. There were toys lined up along one wall and another wall with paints in various-sized jars. And so many big and small tools that I didn't know where to look first.

At least until I spotted a large rocking horse painted white but with green stripes around the legs like my elf stockings and candy canes painted along the body. "Ohemgee! Is that an elf rocker?"

Simon chuckled. "Kinda. I was painting it the other night and just got inspired."

"By me?" I went to the side of it and placed my hand on the seat. "Can I ride it?"

"Of course." He put one hand on my hip and steadied me as I climbed on. "Let me help you."

I didn't actually need help, but it was really nice to know that he was there if I needed him. Once I was seated on the elf horse, I rocked it back and forth, almost giggling at how fun it felt. "This is the coolest thing I've ever seen."

"This one was going up on my store, but if you like it, you're welcome to keep it."

"Really?" I loved it and wanted to accept the offer, but it was probably worth hundreds if not thousands of dollars to Simon, and I didn't want to accept something so valuable. Exchanging cookies and small gifts was one thing. But this was too much. "Thank you, Simon. That's super generous, but I can't accept it. I would feel like I was taking advantage of your kindness."

He narrowed his eyes but then sighed. "Okay, well, if you want to help with the nutcrackers, I've got everything set up over here." Simon went to a large table in the middle of the room where all the pieces he brought home from Santa's Village were lined up. "Do you like to paint?"

“Yeah, a lot.” I picked up a tiny bottle of black paint. “But I’m usually kinda messy.” Just looking at the paint made my Little side start to emerge. I wanted to finger paint or use watercolors, not have to paint careful lines on important things. “Maybe you should do that part.”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 7

#### Simon

As soon as Cal climbed onto the rocking horse, I knew he was a Little looking for someone to play with. His big side began to melt right off him, and he was regressing right in front of my eyes.

I wanted to be that person for him. The one who was there to take care of him when he needed someone to ease the burden, which was why I offered to let him paint. But I could immediately sense the stress that painting the nutcracker caused Cal, so I gave him something else to work on. “What about this?” I lifted a shoebox from under the table. “I need the inside of this painted black so I can start a nightscape. It’s really easy. Just cover it all in black. You can’t make a mistake.”

“I can’t?” He took the box from me and looked inside. “Are you sure?”

“I’m sure, sweet boy.” I pulled a wide brush out of a jar and handed it to him. “See. Big brush for big strokes. You don’t have to be careful at all.”

“Okay.” His features softened and he smiled. “I’m better when I don’t have to be careful.”

I ran my finger along the collar of his shirt. “Maybe you should change so you don’t mess up your clothes. I can give you a big t-shirt to wear.”

He swallowed hard and then looked down at the box. “I brought some clothes to

change into...in case I needed them.”

“You did?” I needed to touch him, to reassure him that whatever he was thinking wasn’t something he needed to worry about. He was safe with me. I cupped the side of his neck. “What did you bring?”

He shrugged but didn’t look up.

“Cal.” I lowered the register of my voice, calling on my Daddy voice to get his attention. It worked exactly as I expected it to, and Cal looked up into my eyes.

“Yes, sir.”

Fuck me. He was perfect. If I could just swap that sir for Daddy, we’d be in business. I ran my finger along his jaw and whispered, “Tell Daddy what you brought.”

He gasped and stepped forward, practically falling into me. “Comfy jammies, but not because I expected anything. Just...in case.”

I wrapped my arms around him and inhaled the peppermint scent of his shampoo. “That was smart, Cal. I’m proud of you for remembering.”

“And something else.”

I went still, not entirely sure I’d heard him. “You brought something else?”

He nodded against my chest, seeming nestled between my pecs. “Yes. It’s...my secret. I want to tell you something about me that most people don’t know.” Cal pulled back and looked up into my eyes. “And you can tell me a secret about you, if you want.”

That was intriguing. “You can tell me anything.”

He took a deep breath and reached into the side pocket of his cargo pants then pulled out a red tube of candy. “Um, this is how I identify.”

I looked at the package and raised an eyebrow. “As a Skittle?”

He looked down. “Oh, oops.” He turned the tube another forty-five degrees so I could see the rest of the label.

“Skittles Littles?” I cradled the back of his neck. “You’re trying to tell me that you’re a Little?”

Cal nodded and bit his lip. “Do you know what that means?”

I smiled and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “What kind of Daddy would I be if I didn’t know from the day I met you that you had a Little side that was desperate to come out?”

“So, it’s okay with you?” He put his hands on my shoulders and then slid down, stopping short of my chest. “Are you the kind of Daddy who likes Littles? Because not all of them do.”

“I love Littles.” I tugged on his right earlobe. “And I’d love to see you in your jammies.”

Cal took a deep breath and slid his hands lower so they were cupping my pecs. “Is there a secret you want to share with me? Because I promise I’m okay with it.”

That was an interesting word choice. “Okay with what?”

“Anything.” He shrugged and averted his eyes. “Everything.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 8

Cal

I'd said too much. I thought Simon would just blurt it out after all the teasing and hints, but now, he seemed upset that I was asking him to share something so intimate about himself.

"Never mind." I pulled away and picked up the paint brush. "I didn't mean to pry. We can just paint."

"Cal." Simon was right behind me, using his deep Daddy voice that I couldn't pretend not to hear.

I was still, holding the brush mid-air as if frozen in place. "Yeah."

"If you just want to paint and eat dinner, that's okay. We can do that." He placed his hand on my shoulder and squeezed. "But if you'd like to talk and maybe explore something more than that, I'd like that too. But it's up to you. I won't force you to do anything you're not ready for."

"I am ready!" Now I was frustrated for real. "I'm the one who opened up and told you my secret, and you keep hinting your secret, but now you won't even tell me so I can try it." I tossed the brush onto the table and felt a tiny bit of satisfaction as it bounced off and clanked to the floor. "That's being a mean Daddy."

Simon tensed behind me and immediately stepped back.

“Sorry.” I went overboard with that. “That was rude.” I could feel tears coating my eyes, but I was too emotionally drained to be able to stop them. “I do want to paint and I want to talk and have more.” I sniffled, hoping my tears would stay in my eyes and not pour out, but they leaked anyway. “I just can’t stop thinking about it.”

“Thinking about what?” Simon stepped closer again, wrapping his big palms around my neck and tilting my head up with his thumbs. “Please tell me what’s going on in that pretty head of yours because I’m not sure we’re on the same page and I want to be.” He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to my forehead. “I really want to be, sweetheart. I just need you to use your words.”

Could I do that? Normally, I was pretty good about asking for what I wanted. At least, when I was with strangers I could. At the club, I presented a list of limits and preferences before full names were exchanged and that worked out well. I hadn’t been as direct with my ex, and that was probably a big contributor to the fact that we didn’t work out.

So if I had any hope of things working out with Simon, I needed to be honest and upfront with him. I needed to just say it all. “Okay, but don’t look at me.”

“Um, where do you want me to look?” He sounded amused but still used his more serious Daddy voice.

“Maybe close your eyes?” I shrugged, not really sure how to answer that.

“Can we go upstairs to talk? Maybe sit on the couch where we’ll be more comfortable?”

I nodded, relieved he had a plan since I didn’t. “Yes, please.”

Simon grabbed my hand and led me back up the stairs to his living room. He sat

down in the corner with one leg up on the cushions and patted the cushion between his legs for me to sit down.

I sat with my back facing him, and when he wrapped his arms around my chest and pulled me against him, my whole body melted. It felt so good to be safely nestled in his arms.

“Now, let’s try this again, sweetheart. Please tell Daddy what’s on your mind.”

Damn, I loved when he said that. Needing to be even closer to him, I reached for one of his hands and held it to my chest. The temptation to suck his thumb into my mouth was strong, but that needed to wait until I was done talking. “Are you a Daddy who makes milk?” As soon as I said the words, I did in fact pull his thumb into my mouth and sucked on it, hoping he wasn’t angry that I was forcing him to share his secret with me.

“Yes, I am.” My tongue stopped mid suck as his words sank in. “Have you had a Daddy like that before?”

I pulled on his wrist and released his thumb from my mouth. “No, never. I’ve only had one Daddy, but he was a grump. He never wanted to play or paint or snuggle.” I cringed just thinking about him. “We weren’t right for each other at all.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

Twisting slightly, I stretched out on the couch and rested my head on Simon’s elbow. “I’m not. If we had stayed together, I wouldn’t have met you.” I dragged my fingertip down his sternum. “I wouldn’t even know there were milk Daddies out there.”

Simon slipped his fingers through my hair, lightly scratching my head. “How did you figure out my secret?”

I smirked. “You were dropping a lot of hints. I didn’t actually understand what you were saying, but some of the guys at work were dairy guys or something like that.” That reminded me. “Oh, what do you call yourself? They said milk-tenders or cream guys or something like that.”

A chuckle rumbled from his chest, vibrating under my finger. “I don’t really call myself anything. I’m a member of the Lactin Brotherhood, and a bunch of the guys I know there call themselves milkmen or milk daddies, but I’m not particularly active in the industry. I just like to stay aware of the best products and clothing.”

“What kind of products?” All my shyness and insecurities disappeared once I knew Simon was comfortable talking about this condition that was so fascinating to me.

“Well, I pump twice a day, so I go through them regularly. I usually have to replace them every year. And then undershirts. There’s a drywear company that I follow and most of my wardrobe comes from there. But otherwise, it’s just a side note in my life.” He flashed a sad smile. “One that usually scares people away more than drawing them in.”

“I’m drawn in.” I flattened my hand over his pec and rested it there.

Simon’s nipple hardened under my touch, poking me through the thin fabric of his shirt. “What are you drawn to?”

“You.” I closed my eyes, hiding from the world as I poured my heart out to him. “I like watching you smile and laugh. And when one of the kids tells you they’ve been naughty, I like how you get all stern. It’s sexy.”

Simon ran his finger down over my lips and then gripped my chin. “What else?”

“I want to taste you.” I reached for his wrist and moved his finger back up to my

mouth so I could lick it. “And drink from you.”

Simon sucked in a breath and leaned forward so his cock was pressed against my hip as he lowered his mouth to mine. “May I kiss you, Cal?”

“Yes, Daddy.” I closed my eyes and tilted my head, waiting for him to close the distance. “I’ve been waiting for this moment for a long time.”

Maybe a few days didn’t seem like a long time to him, but it was a lot of time to me. Like a billion seconds. At least, that’s what it felt like.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 9

#### Simon

Fuck, I liked how that sounded. I'd called myself Daddy to Cal but hearing him say it to me hit differently. It went straight to my dick and put thoughts in my head that maybe shouldn't have been there.

Our first kiss was soft, tentative—gentle like a first kiss should be. But when his hand went down to my hard-on and he gripped my dick, I knew things were not ever gonna be the same between us.

Cal was everything I'd ever imagined from a partner. Funny and smart and caring, but also sweet and innocent and playful when he gave in to his Little side.

Stroking me through my jeans wasn't enough, so Cal pulled back just far enough to look down at my chest. "May I?"

I'd never let anybody drink directly from me before. No one had ever expressed any interest, and my chest was not a source of sexual pleasure for me. It had always been more of an annoyance than anything else.

But Cal had a strong oral fixation that would definitely be fulfilled by sucking and drinking my milk, and that turned me on more than I imagined it could. I swallowed hard before I found the courage to speak. "Sure. I've never done this before, so I'm not exactly sure of the best way, but you can try."

Cal bit his lip as he looked up at me. "I've been watching some videos, so I think I know what to do."

Say what? That shocked me out of my lust-filled stupor. "What videos?"

He rocked one shoulder. "You know, lactation porn. Daddies and Littles. It's so hot."

What the hell? How did I not know that such a thing even existed? I mean, I'd heard guys in the brotherhood joking about that stuff, but I didn't know they were serious. I'd never bothered to seek out that kind of porn before. "Well, then, you probably know better than I do. How do you want to do this?"

Cal's hand snuck underneath the front of my shirt, sliding up to find my left nipple. "If you're comfortable here, we can just try it here. But the bed might be even better."

"Definitely my bed." I stood up in a fluid motion, cradling Cal in my arms and carrying him to my bedroom.

He kissed along my jaw and earlobe as we walked, telling me how sexy I was and how much he'd been thinking about my milk since discovering I could make it.

I carefully placed Cal on my bed and stood back to get undressed. My shirt was the first to come up and over my head and my jeans were next, dropping to the floor with a thud. When I was wearing only my boxers, I crawled into the bed beside Cal. "Are you comfortable wearing that or would you like to put on a T-shirt and sweats? Or I could run out and get your jammies."

"No." He placed his hand on my bicep and held me in place. "Don't leave me now. If it's okay with you, I can take my clothes off too."

"Of course." I gave him space as he sat up and yanked his shirt over his head and

then shimmied out of his jeans.

Cal was wearing mint-green boxer briefs with little frogs all over them. “This might make me come. Is that okay?”

As if he had to ask. I put my hand over my dick and dropped lower to give my balls a squeeze. “You might make me come too, so yeah. It’s okay.”

Cal carefully positioned my body so he was curled around it and his mouth was lined up with my right nipple. He looked at me with a mix of excitement and trepidation clearly written on his face. “Tell me if I hurt you.”

I leaned forward enough to kiss the tip of his nose. “You won’t hurt me, sweetheart. But I will tell you if I’m uncomfortable.”

He looked down at my nipple again before poking his tongue out and swiping across it.

Fuck . A bolt of lightning shot straight down to my balls and the response my body had was equivalent to having my prostate prodded. Fucking amazing. “Do it again.”

Cal grinned and went back in, licking over my pebbled skin before closing his lips around my full areola and sucking hard. I was surprised that it felt comparable to the pump, and was enough to trigger a letdown. He immediately started swallowing mouthfuls of milk as he moaned around me, drinking what my body produced for him as his hand slipped inside his shorts.

I knew that if I reached for my dick, I wouldn’t last more than a stroke or two, so I wrapped my hands around Cal to support him in place while he worked so diligently to find his pleasure.

“Cal, sweetheart. That feels so good.” My thumb skated up his neck as I focused on the sensations coursing through my body. “I’m so proud of you.”

His hand started to stroke faster, and I knew he was close.

Just before he reached his limit and shot his load, I pinched one of his nipples, giving him that same zap of pleasure and pain he’d been giving me as he arched up in my arms. Cal’s fist didn’t slow down and neither did his tongue as he covered his hand and belly with his own creamy goodness.

Cal’s lips parted and his head fell back against my shoulder. “Daddy.”

“How do you feel, sweetheart?” I scooped up some of his spend with my fingers and brought them to my mouth. He wasn’t the only one who wanted to taste.

My sweet boy watched me as he started stroking himself again, chasing a second orgasm that quickly rocked his whole body. After a minute of just breathing, he kissed my nipple softly. “Why did your milk make me come so hard?” He lazily stroked himself some more even though he was getting softer by the moment and his eyelids were getting too heavy to stay open. “Did you eat turkey?”

I barked out a laugh, knowing he was referring to tryptophan and the drugging effect it had on people. “Actually, my sandwich did have turkey in it, but I don’t think that’s what’s made you so sleepy.”

“No?” He slid his sticky hand down under his balls and rolled them around. “Then why?”

I reached for another fingerful of come from his belly and licked it up. “Because you’ve had an emotional day and now that you’ve finally let go of some of the tension, your body needs to rest.”

“Does your body need to rest too, Daddy?”

My body needed a lot of things but rest wasn't one of them. “Daddy needs to make sure you have what you need, and right now, that's a nap.” I moved down and licked up the remnants of jizz on his tummy then scooted up his body and kissed his mouth. “Why don't you close your eyes for a little while, and when you wake up, you can paint that box while I make dinner.”

Cal smiled and nodded against me, already drifting off.

Whatever plans I'd had about moving slowly with this boy were out the window now.

We were moving full-steam ahead. If Cal wanted any part of being with me on a more permanent basis, I was there for it. No more waiting.

I'd spent long enough waiting and wondering what my future held. Now that I literally held the perfect boy in my arms, I had no intention of ever letting him go.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 10

#### Simon

After his nap, I put a tarp down on the kitchen floor and set out all the supplies Cal might need to paint. He wore a long hoodie of mine that went to his knees when he was standing up but completely covered his body when he sat down on the tarp with crossed legs.

While he got to work on painting every speck of that shoebox with the black chalk paint, I threw a couple steaks on the outside grill and whipped up a salad and some boxed mac & cheese for dinner. It wasn't exactly gourmet, but I knew we would both enjoy it, and that was more important.

By the time I had our food plated, Cal had expertly applied at least five coats of paint to the box. "Is this how you want it, Daddy?"

I was still surprised at how quickly he'd fallen into calling me Daddy. It was clearly a natural endearment for him to use, and the fact that he was comfortable with me so quickly only confirmed what I had been feeling about the strength of our connection.

It was real. Deep.

"It's perfect, sweetheart. Thank you for helping me."

He grinned proudly. "I can help you with other stuff too. Stuff that can be messy." He looked down at my sweatshirt which was covered in lines of black paint. "Uh-oh."

“Don’t worry about that, baby. That’s an old sweatshirt, and it looks better with a little bit of your decoration on it anyway.”

“You think so?” He looked at me to make sure I wasn’t mad.

“I do.” I reached for his hands and helped him up to his feet. “Now you wash up, and I’ll get this put away so we can eat.”

After dinner, Cal brought in his special jammies and asked if he could sleep over. I hadn’t planned on letting him leave, so I was completely on board with the idea. We both had to work at the mall in the morning, but he had his uniform with him, and neither of us wanted to spend any more time apart than we had to.

It was late, and I could see that Cal was getting sleepy, so I locked up the house and guided him to the bedroom. “Would you like to take a bath or a shower before bed?”

His eyes went big. “A bath sounds nice, but I’d probably fall asleep in it. Can I take a quick shower?”

“Of course. And you don’t even have to make it quick.” I went into the bathroom and turned on the hot water to warm it up. “Take as much time as you want.”

Cal was already taking off his clothes, leaving them in a pile on the floor. “Daddy?”

“Yes.” I kept my eyes on his face even though they wanted to drift down and get a better look at the beautifully naked boy in front of me.

“Will you help me get cleaned up in the shower?”

“Absolutely. It would be my honor.” I stepped forward and slid my hand behind his neck as I gently kissed his mouth. “You have no idea how happy you make me.”

He sighed and pressed his forehead to mine. “I do, because you make me the most happy ever.”

The bathroom started to get steamy, so Cal slipped under the spray while I undressed and quickly followed him in.

As much as I wanted to keep this first night together somewhat innocent, that was absolutely impossible. Once I ran a soapy towel over Cal’s body and held the gorgeous erection he sported, there was no way I could ignore it.

“Would you like Daddy to help you with this?” I slid my fist over his length and dropped to my knees.

“Yes, Daddy.” His fingers slid into my wet hair and held there. “Make me feel good.”

It didn’t make more than a few swallows of his thick head before Cal was shaking and moaning that he was coming for Daddy. The sweet cream he gifted me coated my tongue and filled my mouth, reminding me that I needed his milk as much as he needed mine. I sucked his dick clean until it was mostly soft and then stood up. “Ready to go to sleep now, sweetheart?”

“Ready for milkies, then sleep, Daddy.”

### Chapter 11

Cal

I couldn't remember ever sleeping as well as I did with Simon's arms curled around me and his nipple just a breath away from my lips. Several times during the night, I woke up and sought it out, wanting to be connected to him even if I wasn't sucking or actually drinking. But most of the time, I snuck a quick sip too because his sweet milk was just so yummy. Like the last bit in a cereal bowl, it was the perfect temperature and taste to make me fall right back to sleep.

On my way to the mall, I got a text from my mom that ruined my perfect day. And then I felt guilty for considering a text from my mom as a bad thing. I loved my family. A week ago, I'd missed them a ton and worried I'd made a bad decision by moving away from them.

But that was before Simon. Before I had a Daddy to spend time with.

As soon as I got out of my car, Simon could sense my unease. "What's wrong?"

I heaved out a heavy breath and showed him my phone. "My mom wants me to go home for Christmas."

"That sounds nice." He put his arm around my shoulders in a friendly way that wouldn't startle any of the mall-goers. "Do you not want to go?"

"I do, I guess." I didn't know how to tell him I wanted to stay with him because I'd

miss him too much, but I also knew it was silly to be so attached after just a few days. “I mean, I should go see them.”

He smiled. “You should. I’ll miss you, but we can plan a special night when you get back.”

“Okay.” I tried to smile too, but my tummy hurt and I just didn’t feel excited anymore. But we had kids to bring Christmas joy and happiness to, and I couldn’t let my confusing feelings about leaving town for a few days interfere with their visit with the best Santa ever.

We were just about to turn the sign around to say we were closed when three teenagers jogged up to the booth.

“Hey, can we get a picture with Santa?” The girl was wearing an ugly Christmas sweater that was actually super cute and held her hands together to beg for a few more minutes of our time.

I glanced at Lucy and Simon to make sure they were okay with it and then turned back to the girl. “Sure.” The two guys with her reminded me of football players from every high school ever. “Just you or all three of you?”

She looked at the guys and shrugged. “All of us. Definitely.”

The guys didn’t seem as into it as she was, but they let the girl drag them up to Simon’s chair. She plopped down on his right knee and then shoved one of the guys onto Simon’s other thigh. Then she made the other guy crouch down between them and lean back against Simon’s chest.

I didn’t like what I was seeing. A strange anger started to build inside me when the two kids sitting on his legs were suddenly touching his beard and running their hands

over his chest to feel where his muscles ended and his stuffing began.

“Okay, let’s focus on the camera everyone.” I tried to keep my voice light and cheery, but it might have had an edge to it because Simon’s eyes snapped right to me and I could feel him trying to tell me something with his stare.

Lucy might have picked up on the tension or she might have just been anxious to go home, so she did her part to move things along. “Everyone say Santa.”

The guy on the floor smiled and looked at the camera, but the two sitting on Simon were still being inappropriately flirty with my man and not paying attention to Lucy at all.

“We provide pictures with Santa. Not an opportunity to grope him. Eyes forward and hands to yourself.”

By the way they all looked at me and pulled in their hands, I knew my cheery voice was long gone. They smiled for Lucy and rushed out of the shop as soon as their printout was ready, but the damage had been done. I was mortified that I’d let some harmless touching of Santa get to me. I’d embarrassed myself and probably upset Simon by making my obsession with him so obvious.

I couldn’t even look up to say goodbye when Lucy excused herself for the night and it was just me and Simon left in the shop.

“Cal?” Simon had gathered his things and was ready to leave, but I was too ashamed to look up at him.

“Yeah, I’m just about ready. You can go.”

His hand landed on my shoulder, and he turned me toward him. “I think we need to

have a talk. Would you like to come back to my house or maybe have lunch somewhere?"

I didn't want to talk about anything. I wanted to pretend nothing had even happened. Really, I wanted to rewind the clock to morning when I was still wrapped up in Simon's arms, but that was impossible and I'd already messed things up in a way I wasn't sure we could recover from.

Tears formed in my eyes, and I just shrugged.

"Sweetheart." He pulled me to his chest and held me there. "I have no idea what's going on in that head of yours, but I want to know. Please don't shut me out."

"I'm not trying to." I wiped my eyes against his coat and sniffled. "I just feel yucky inside."

"Will you come back to my house so we can talk? Or I can go to your place, if you'd feel more comfortable there."

"Your house is good." I sighed, resigned to the fact that our perfect relationship could already be over because I didn't know how to regulate my feelings or be a grown-up about innocent flirting. "I'll follow you."

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 12

Simon

I'd never been in a serious relationship before, and even though it was new and unexpected, my relationship with Cal was serious.

But I had no idea what was going on with him.

One minute, we were great, and I was already feeling so much love for him that I wanted to shout it from the rooftops. And then the next minute, he was upset and snapping at customers and then tearing up in my arms. I'd clearly missed some cues and wasn't doing a good job understanding his needs, but that would come with time. Until that time, I had to rely on him to tell me what he was thinking and feeling so I could understand. And most importantly, so I could give him what he needed.

As a Daddy, that was my whole purpose. I wanted to take care of Cal in every way, and being his emotional support system was a big part of that. Not just a secondary thought but the most important part. So far, I was failing.

When we got to my place, I sat in the corner of the couch again while Cal took his place between my legs. As he did the day before, he faced away, apparently more comfortable talking about hard things when he wasn't able to see my reaction.

I didn't love it, but it wasn't about what I needed. He was calling the shots.

"Are you ready to tell Daddy what you're feeling?"

Cal sucked in a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. "I felt jealous when those kids were touching you. I'm sorry."

I grinned and felt a wave of relief wash through me when I understood where his stress was coming from. "I'm sorry for not shutting that down sooner. Honestly, I just wanted them to get their picture and leave so we could go to lunch. I didn't stop to think about how you might feel, and that was wrong. I'm sorry for not being more thoughtful."

"Oh, that's okay." He relaxed against me like he'd been holding in his tension too. "It's not your fault you're the sexiest Santa ever. I think I need to get used to people wanting to touch you."

"Thank you for the compliment, but you do not have to get used to people touching your boyfriend. I'm yours and you're mine. No one else has the right to touch us unless we give them permission."

He turned in my arms to face me. "I'm your boyfriend?"

Shit, did I overstep? The smile on his face and in his eyes confirmed I hadn't. "Aren't you?"

He bit his lip and nodded as a single tear dropped down his cheek. "I want to be. I think I want to be even more than that. And for a long, long time."

I wanted that too. Forever. "I'm glad that's settled, because if the man I'm falling in love with didn't even want to be my boyfriend, I'd have a pretty sad Christmas."

He pushed up and kissed my mouth hard as a few more tears streaked down his cheeks. I kissed them away when Cal pulled back. But then his happy smile dropped into a frown again.

“Oh, that’s the other thing I was sad about.” He looked up at me. “Christmas.”

“How can Christmas make you sad? You love Christmas.”

“But I don’t want to leave you. And I really don’t want to take you to visit my family. I just want you all to myself this year. And you want me to leave.” He pressed his head into my neck, hiding from me again.

“I absolutely do not want you to leave, sweetheart. Nothing would make me happier than spending Christmas with you.” This one and every one to come. “But if you want to go visit your family, I’m not going to discourage you from doing that. It’s important to stay close to them.”

“I don’t want to go, Daddy. I want to stay with you.”

I swallowed back my own emotion and nodded. “Then it’s settled. We’ll spend our first Christmas together and maybe you can video chat with your family.

He relaxed against my chest and sighed. “Thank you, Daddy. I don’t feel yucky anymore.”

I rubbed the back of his scalp, loving the way he almost purred in contentment whenever I did that. “I’m happy to hear that. Because I seem to recall you talking about a Christmas boutique at work that I need to have some gifts ready to sell at.”

Suddenly, Cal was wide awake. “You’re gonna sell some of your stuff at my boutique?” He rolled back so he was sitting on his heels. “That’s great. Everyone is gonna love your pieces. Which ones? The dioramas? The trains? Oh, oh. Maybe some ornaments?”

I chuckled and sat up in front of him. “Let’s go down to the workshop and see what I

have. You can pick the things you think will be most interesting to your shoppers.”

“I love helping you, Daddy.” He hopped up and then held out his hand to yank me to my feet. “Because I love you.”

That little rascal bolted into the kitchen and down the basement steps before I could respond. At least I knew there’d never be a dull moment with him.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:05 am*

### Chapter 13

Cal

I went home long enough to pack another overnight bag, this time with clothes for work the next day, and went straight back to Simon's house. Although I didn't feel upset anymore, I did feel like something was still missing from our status upgrade, and I felt that Simon was aware of it too.

After a late lunch, I got up from my chair and straddled Simon in his. My cock was hard as I pressed it into his belly.

Simon's big hands closed around my ass, holding me in place as he tilted his pelvis up and pushed his hard cock against my skin. "Well, hello there."

I grinned. "I think we need to do one more thing before we're officially, officially boyfriends." I curled my fingers into his shoulders and frotted against him.

"Is that right?" His hands slid farther back, meeting in the center of my ass and teasing my crack. "And what's that?"

I kissed his lips until we both needed to take a breath and then pressed my forehead to his. "Make love to me, Daddy."

"Fuck, sweetheart." He stood up, holding me in his arms as my legs closed around his back. "You know it would be my pleasure."

My lips didn't leave his face, skating across his scratchy beard and up to his ear until he lowered me onto my feet. I just stood still as Simon undressed me, pulling my shirt off first and then relieving me of my pants and boxers. I toed off my socks and watched as Daddy yanked off all his clothes too.

He disappeared into the bathroom then came back with a new box of condoms, a tube of lube, and a towel. Everything we needed...and more. Definitely more.

"Daddy?" I reached for the box and looked at it. "I got tested last month when I moved here, and I haven't been with anyone in almost a year."

He looked at me with that stern expression that I was coming to recognize as his thinking face. "I haven't been with anyone since my last test either. And I'm on PrEP."

"Me too." I tapped the box to my chin and looked at him. "Can we skip these?"

Simon stepped closer and held the back of my neck with his big hand. "If that's what you want, sweetheart. I'm comfortable with that. I've never gone raw with anyone before and never wanted to." He kissed me softly then looked me in the eyes again. "But I want to with you."

"Me too, Daddy. Never before." I swallowed hard and dragged my finger down his sternum. "Only with you."

After that, things went from slow and deliberate to fast and desperate.

I flopped back on the bed and lifted my legs to make it clear exactly where I needed Simon's attention. He grabbed the lube and coated his fingers before kneeling on the mattress and taking me into his mouth. I loved having his warm mouth around my cock, but when his thick fingers teased and my opening and then pressed through, I

thought I'd come before we even got started.

Simon kept my focus on my dick as he gently worked my ass open, making sure I was loose and supple before he kissed up my chest and found my lips. I was anxious to kiss him, but that was because I always wanted my mouth on Simon in some way. Whether it was his lips, his thumb, his nipple, or his dick, I just needed a part of him in my mouth in order to feel close to him.

And as his hard cock slid into me, filling me fuller than I'd ever been before, I said the words again. The words that meant even more than when I'd said them a few hours earlier. The words I knew would continue to mean more to me with each utterance. "I love you."

Simon pressed fully into me and dropped his head next to mine. "Fuck, baby. I love you too."

After a moment of just holding still, he pulled out and pushed back in, setting a slow and steady rhythm as he proved that love through his movements. Every stroke, every brush of his chest over mine drove me closer to the release I'd been needing. Not just an orgasm but a true release of myself to Simon, giving him my whole body the way he had already given me all of his.

Before long, we were both breathless. Quicking chasing the pinnacle of pleasure that was just seconds away. And when I finally dug my heels into his ass and held him all the way inside me, my whole world made sense. I was home. Simon was my home. My Daddy. My everything.

At the same time that Simon groaned and pushed me deeper into the mattress, I came between our bodies without touching my dick. The warm flesh of our bellies created enough friction to get me there and display my offering to Daddy.

My thick cream coated our skin, making us slippery as Simon pulled out of me and laughed. “I may need to get you some of that drywear too.”

My fingers trailed between our bodies, sopping up the liquid and taking it to his lips. I spread the cream over his lips then stuck my fingers in his mouth.

Simon sucked them clean and I could feel his dick getting hard again against my thigh before he slid lower down my body. “Better yet, let Daddy get you cleaned up.”

Having Simon as my boyfriend was amazing. He wasn’t like any other boyfriend I’d ever had. He always checked in to make sure I had what I needed, and he let me make decisions if I wanted to. And when I didn’t want to decide on something, he immediately took over and kept things easy. I didn’t know that was what relationships could be like.

Even though we worked together at the mall most days, I still felt physical pain when I had to leave him and go back to my own place. Work and planning the boutique took up a lot of my time when I wasn’t with Simon, but the second he was in my line of vision, my whole world narrowed down and he was at the center.

His smiles. His laughter. His hand on mine when we walked. It was such a great and overwhelming feeling. And when my mom tried to make me feel guilty that I wasn’t coming home for Christmas, I just told her that I was spending the time with my boyfriend and that shut her right up.

My family knew I was gay, but I’d never let a man come before them in the past. The fact that I was putting Simon first was as much of a clue to her as it was to me that this was real. Simon and I were not just a fling or a good time. He was my Daddy, and I was his sweet boy. And that’s what we had both been waiting for. Each other.

The boutique went well, and all my friends at work gushed over the sexy Santa. And I

didn't even feel jealous. I trusted that Simon loved me the most and no one else could bring him the kind of happiness that he got from me. And I knew that to be true because it was the same on my side. When a single parent tried to flirt with me at the mall, I politely played along to get them through the line and out of the shop, but they were all forgotten before they even received their photo.

Because Simon was the only one for me. The only person who could hold my attention just by being present. Could command my obedience with just a glance. And could make me feel loved more than the stars and moon with just a simple touch.

When Christmas Eve finally rolled around, we were basically living together. It wasn't official, but I barely left his home, and if I didn't fall asleep latched on to Simon, I couldn't get a good night's rest at all. I needed my Daddy, and he needed me too.

I will admit to shedding a tear or two when I saw my family all gathered together for dinner when we video called them, but I had no regrets. Being with Simon was my priority, and I wasn't quite ready to share him with everyone else. For once, he was all mine and I was his one and only focus. It felt amazing. My parents loved him, and my siblings all teased us as expected. But by the time we disconnected the call, I knew they loved me and were happy that I'd found my way.

My way to the man I needed more than anyone.

On Christmas morning, I woke up sucking on Simon, instinctively drinking from him whenever I was conscious and within lip reach of a nipple. My dependence on his milk was growing, but now that he didn't have to pump, I was helping him as much as serving my own needs for closeness and bonding.

Simon carded his fingers through my hair then kissed my forehead. "You ready for presents, sweetheart?"

My eyes popped open, suddenly remembering it was present time. “Yes! Always!”

Simon laughed as I pressed a sloppy kiss to his cheek and then slid out of bed.

I was naked from all our lovemaking, so I put on my Christmas footie pajamas and raced to the living room. Simon was slower to get dressed but arrived just as I plopped down in front of the small pile of gifts under the tree. “Here, you go first.” I pushed a small box toward him and wrapped my arms around my legs to watch him.

“Me first?” He seemed surprised as he lowered to the floor beside me. “I figured you’d want to go first.”

“With the giving part, yes. I want to give you your present first. Please, Daddy.” I batted my lashes, knowing he couldn’t argue with those.

Simon swallowed hard and tugged on the ribbon. Then he removed the lid and looked inside. “You made this?” It was a simple friendship bracelet that I made at work during one of our crafting classes. It was mostly white with a single red and a single green strand of thread woven in. “I love it.”

“It’s a reminder of how we met. Our winter wonderland with Santa and his elf finding love.” I shrugged, hoping I wasn’t being too sappy. “You don’t have to wear it.”

“Of course I’m gonna wear it!” He held out his left arm and allowed me to tie to his wrist. “Thank you, baby.”

I leaned forward and kissed him. “Okay, now your turn.”

“My turn to give you a gift?” He grinned at me.

“Exactly. Your turn.”

There were several gifts for me under the tree, but he looked around and picked up one in the back. “How about this one?” It was a small square box, four inches by four inches, and simply taped closed on the sides.

I could almost sense the significance of the gift as I carefully opened it. There was a wooden trunk inside, painted red with candy canes on the lid and my name painted in the center. “You made a box for me? It’s so cute!” I pulled it out and looked closely at the detail, impressed at how precise the lines and tiny nails were. He really was a master at his craft. “I love it.”

“Open it up.” He pointed to the latch in the front. “The real gift is inside.”

My heart started to speed up as I slowly opened the lid. There was a single key inside, and I knew exactly what it was for. “A key to your house?”

“Our house, I hope.” Daddy lifted me onto his lap and wrapped his arms around me. “Officially our home.”

I put the box on the floor and kissed him soundly. “Thank you, Daddy. Now I never have to leave again.”

Simon

I couldn't remember a time being this excited about Christmas since I was a small child. I went to sleep knowing that when my Little Cal woke up, he would celebrate in his favorite way. That was everything to me. I couldn't wait for him to see the surprises I had for him.

Last night, we had our "big" Christmas. We exchanged gifts and had a nice dinner, the typical things many families did on Christmas Eve. But today was about letting him indulge in his Little side and me as his Daddy—giving him the day that he longed for all year...and truly needed.

I should've known he was gonna wake up before me. That was what happened when you were excited about a holiday the way he was. But the feeling of joy that flooded me as I heard him calling out, "Santa came! Santa came! He really came!" from the other room was unexpected and amazing.

Last night, he went to bed in Little clothes, Christmas jammies decorated with all his favorite holiday items. There were elves, Santas, reindeer, presents, and candy canes. He looked so damn adorable all snuggled up against me as he fell asleep.

When I went into the living room and saw him staring at the tree, he'd already slipped deep into his Little headspace, bouncing on his toes and staring at the gifts that I left out for him.

"Good morning, little one."

Cal ran over to me, threw his arms around me, nearly tackling me to the ground.

“Daddy! Daddy! There are presents! Look at all of them! I want to open that one.” He pointed to a large box that unbeknownst to him was filled with a stuffie family of otters.

I slipped my arm behind his back and kissed the side of his head. “What did Daddy say about presents?”

“Stockings before breakfast.” He stuck out his bottom lip to pout, even though I knew he was just as excited about his stocking. “Big presents later.”

“That’s right. So let’s go see if Santa left you a stocking.” Of course he had, but not where Cal would first expect to find it.

He looked around the room and sighed. “Maybe I was a bad boy, and I’m on the naughty list this time...”

Yikes. I hadn’t thought he’d jump to that conclusion. I tickled his side to bring back his joy. “Or maybe Santa put it somewhere else so a certain little boy wouldn’t be tempted before Daddy got up.” I wagged my eyebrows then took him by the hand to the workshop.

Downstairs, I’d set up a Christmas train that went on with the light switch, and just beyond the train was his stocking—and another surprise. The miniature world that was a recreation of the Christmas Village at the mall. It took me weeks of stealthy working to get it done, but the effect was that Christmas magic seemed to have exploded in the workshop.

“It’s a real Santa’s workshop, Daddy!” He wrapped his arms around my neck and hopped up, peppering kisses all over my face. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

I chuckled and held him tightly. “Thank Santa.”

The scene was all wreaths on the buildings, and candy cane walkways, and little elves making snowmen. I was proud of the display but more proud that the Christmas wonderland made my boy so happy. He deserved every smile, giggle, and gasp of joy he experienced.

And there was more to come. “Okay, let’s sit down and see what you have from Santa.”

When I was a kid, stockings mostly held tangerines and walnuts. Maybe a few candies. That’s not how this Daddy rolled. I used Cal’s stocking to hold all the physically small items. And since I went big on the stocking itself, I was able to fit a lot inside.

So that was enough to keep him busy for a while.

The first thing he opened up was a pacifier with a train for the handle. It was adorable. He didn’t need one often, but he’d become so used to sleeping on my nipple that if I wasn’t beside him, he didn’t rest well. That’s how we discovered a paci would hold him over until Daddy was back. It was a cute reminder of how special this holiday was for us and a great way to set up the vibe.

Next he unwrapped some socks that matched his favorite onesie, a video game I knew he would like even though it was more Middle than Little, and a few other little treasures. Beneath those were the special miniatures I made just for him.

“Daddy! Daddy! He looks like me!” He held up the figure that I had painted to look like a Little version of him. “Can I put him on the display? Can I? Can I? Can I?”

I rarely stopped smiling around my boy, but he was especially sweet when he was Little. “Absolutely, my sweet boy.”

He found the perfect spot and then went back to opening his remaining gifts. The next one looked like me, then there was one that looked like his car, and one that looked like our house. He carefully placed them on the display but said he'd decide on the real spot for them later.

Cal stood back and looked at everything for a long time before he wrapped his arms around my waist and pressed his cheek against my torso. "Daddy, this is the best Christmas ever." He looked up at me, his eyes wide.

"I think so too." I kissed him softly. "And this is only the beginning. There are more surprises after we eat."

"I'm not hungry." His voice was serious as he tried to convince me that he could skip breakfast. I might have bought it if not for the rumble in his tummy.

"Good boys need to eat. It keeps them from getting cranky." Nobody wanted that on Christmas.

"But Daddy, I'm thirsty, not hungry." He licked his lips. "Can I have milkies first?"

I should have known he wouldn't miss out on his morning milkies. "Yes, sweetheart. You can have anything you want. It's Christmas, and Daddy loves you."

"I love you too, Daddy. Merry Christmas."

Read all the A Little Christmas books for more sweet and little fun.