



# Cruising for a Daddy: An MM Daddy Novella

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Ollie

I'd worked hard to earn my degree so when my best friend suggested we treat ourselves to a cruise for graduation, I felt like I'd earned it

Fun, sun, and a good drink package... what more could a boy want other than maybe a Daddy of his own?

Adam

I hadn't taken a vacation since I couldn't remember when, so when my loving but interfering sister gifted me a cruise for my birthday, what could I do but accept? Of course, she chose well and picked a special cruise being hosted by a local kink dating app.

Worst case, I could swim, read, and maybe find a boy to play with for the week.

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# Page 1

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Adam

“This has to be the most insane scheme you’ve ever come up with, Harper. I can’t believe I agreed to it.” I looked around the current disaster that was my bedroom, but I couldn’t help but smile at the tiny little pixie of a woman who sat in the middle of the mess, grinning at me.

“It isn’t a scheme, brother dear, it’s a vacation, and one you desperately need. It’s not my fault you don’t have appropriate cruise attire.”

“I don’t have appropriate cruise attire because I never planned on going on a cruise.” We’d spent most of the day going through my wardrobe because she insisted that if I were going to do this, I had to do it right, which meant I had to have the right clothes. “And this isn’t any ordinary vacation. It’s more like one giant blind date, which you know I hate.”

“Don’t think of it as a blind date. Think of it as a big playdate like the ones I take Sammy to. Except instead of being at the local park with tons of other little kids, this one will be on a ship filled with yummy boys for you to hang out with and possibly get to know.”

“Except I’m not Sammy,” I insisted. “I’m not four years old, and I don’t need you setting up playdates for me. I’m a grown-ass man, Harper.”

“You’re just grumpy cause you need to get laid.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes, really. When Bree and I saw the flier for this trip, we knew it was the perfect birthday present for you. You’ve been alone too long, Adam. It’s time you moved on, and this is the perfect way for you to do it.”

I knew she meant well, but from the moment she and her wife, Bree, had presented me with the Daddy/boy cruise for my birthday, I’d been trying to find a nice way to get out of going. It didn’t help that we both worked for the family business, which made it impossible to use work as an excuse since she knew I had time off. Plus, she and Bree were going as well. Not as part of the Daddy/boy cruise, of course. But because she knew if they didn’t, I would have found some way out of it.

It wasn’t that I didn’t want a boy of my own. I did, but I wanted to meet someone in a normal way, not on some matchmaking cruise put together as an advertising stunt for a dating app.

“I agree with you. It’s time. I’m just not as sure as you are that this is the way to go about finding someone.”

“Because your current method is working sooo well. Of course, for it to work, you’d have to actually have a method, now wouldn’t you?”

“Whatever. I guess I’ll just go shopping.”

“I think that’s a perfect idea! You need some more casual clothes anyway, something besides jeans and t-shirts.” She motioned to the stack of jeans that sat on the bed. “And good lord, Adam, I swear you’ve had most of those t-shirts since college.”

“I never go anywhere where I need anything else. I’m either at work, or I’m hanging out here at the house, and Rupert doesn’t care what kind of clothes I wear.”

“That cat’s more spoiled than most children, and he’s such a damn diva that I’m

pretty sure he's appalled by your normal attire."

"Ru is not a diva." I turned to look at the beautiful Siamese cat that was lying sprawled out in the middle of our mess. He slowly opened his eyes and lifted his head, looking at me lazily when I said his name. He stood and stretched out his long body, then plopped back down and went right back to sleep. Okay, maybe he was a bit of a diva. "Now, are you coming with me to help me buy cruise clothes or not?"

Ollie

"I can't believe we're doing this," I told my best friend, Carey, as I put the last of my clothes in the bag. "Buying ourselves this cruise as a graduation present was the bestest idea ever."

"It was, wasn't it? And the timing couldn't be better. We'll just grab your stuff here, then swing by my apartment and get my stuff. We'll have just enough time today to make the drive to Fort Lauderdale. Then we'll only have to find a place to sleep for one night before we can board the ship."

I was on a full scholarship, so my room and board were covered, which is why I was a sad senior still living in the dorms, but needs must, and it made no sense for me to waste the money on an apartment as long as I was in school, even if living in the dorm sucked. That was how I'd been saving almost every penny I'd earned over the last year from the server job I'd had all through college. I knew I would need money to support myself while job hunting.

But then Carey and I had come across the ad for the cruise on the BDSM dating app we both used, and for once in my life, I felt the need to treat myself. My parents hadn't taken my coming out well, which meant I'd been on my own for the last few years. It hadn't been easy, but I'd done it. I'd pushed through, and I'd graduated, and damn it, I deserved this week.

Besides, it was a cruise specifically for people who were part of the BDSM lifestyle. One of the reasons Carey and I had become such close friends was because we were both looking for the same thing. We both wanted a Daddy, and now that we were done with college, it was time for us to move on from occasional hook-ups and start living our best lives.

“I can’t believe we did it, Carey.”

“I know, Ollie, and we’re going to celebrate in style.”

“Yep, one week to party and then back here to job hunt. Are you sure you don’t mind me staying with you until I find a job?” At first, I’d insisted I couldn’t afford the trip because I needed to hold on to my savings to cover my living expenses until I found a job, but he’d insisted I could stay with him until I found a job, removing some of the burden and allowing me to feel okay with spending the money on the cruise.

“Are you kidding me? I’ve been telling you for a year you could move out of this dorm and stay with me, so a few weeks won’t hurt. Maybe you’ll find a local job and just stay here. That would be amazing!”

“We’ll see. Who knows where I’ll end up?” I didn’t honestly expect to find anything local. This was a college town, not a big city, and because I majored in web design with a minor in business, there really wasn’t much for me here. Besides, I’d never planned on staying here forever, there was a whole lot of world out there, and I wanted to see it.

Starting with this cruise.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

We'd driven straight through to Fort Lauderdale and then crashed in Carey's car since it was only a few hours until we could board the ship. A friend of ours from school had been on a couple of cruises and gave us all the deets on how everything worked. He told us that our rooms may or may not be ready early on, but that was okay. We would drop off our luggage with the porter before we boarded, and then we could wander around the ship until it was ready. He said there would be food and drinks available from the start, and plenty of lounge chairs for us to chill on until it was time to go to the Sail Away party, which he insisted we didn't want to miss.

I was so glad we'd talked to him because the whole thing was a little overwhelming, exciting, but still overwhelming. Once we'd gone through security and gotten completely checked in, we received the bracelets that were how we would pay for everything on the ship as well as get into our rooms when they were ready for us. We boarded and wandered around a little bit to make sure we knew where we were going. It didn't take long for me to realize that it would take more than a quick walkabout to learn where everything was, and I was sure I would get lost more than once. I also noticed there were what I assumed were crew members scurrying about everywhere, getting the ship ready to set sail. Jimmy had told us if we ever had any questions or got turned around just to ask one of them because it happened all the time.

We found the hallway that led to our cabin, but it wasn't open yet, which didn't surprise us since, when we checked in, they'd told us they probably wouldn't be but that they would be ready by one PM at the latest.

Next, we found our way to the area where our group would be meeting tonight after

dinner for the first of the Daddy/boy events. Once we'd located that, we made our way up to the lido deck to see where the Sail Away party would take place.

"Dude," Carey said, taking it all in. "This is going to be the most awesome week ever! Hell, I may not leave the ship at all."

I looked around at the massive swimming pool, the lounge chairs with the huge screen hanging up above, all the people already wandering around with drinks in their hands, and chuckled. "This all looks right up your alley, no lie. But I can't wait to go ashore. I mean, seriously, the shops and the food, not to mention the culture and the people."

"Just don't forget why we're here, Ollie. It ain't for the kallaloo soup and fungi, my friend. We're here to meet the Daddies, and they're on the boat, not on an island."

"Believe me, I haven't forgotten. But that doesn't mean we can't enjoy the other parts of the trip as well. Now, speaking of food, let's go grab something to eat while we wait for the Sail Away party to start."

Adam

The driver dropped us off a little before three. Harper had pushed me to get here earlier, but I didn't see any need. I figured a seven-day cruise meant plenty of time on the ship without us spending hours on the ship before it even left the pier.

Once our luggage was with the porter, we got checked in and made our way to our suites. I walked over to the balcony, opened the sliding door, and stepped outside. It was really nice, and I was sure I'd enjoy it for the week that we'd be on the cruise. But for today, all I felt was the oppressive heat and humidity of south Florida. I went back inside, shutting the door to keep the heat outside where it belonged, and I sat down on the couch in the sitting area in my room. I stretched out my legs, putting my

feet up on the coffee table, and searched for something to watch on the big-screen television that hung on the wall opposite the couch.

I figured I would sit here and watch a little TV and relax until they delivered my luggage to the room. Then I could put everything away. Hopefully, before all the linen items that Harper insisted I buy for this trip wrinkled too badly. If not, I'd have to send them out to be ironed. And that was why, before our shopping trip, I'd chosen my clothing based on ease of use, not style. Of course, my plan was not to be. I didn't even manage to find a show that interested me before someone was banging on my door. I sighed and rolled my eyes. Harper. She'd never done a blasted thing halfway, including knocking on a door.

I got up from the couch and walked over to the door, jerking it open mid-knock. "What, Harper?"

"It's time to go up to the lido deck for the Sail Away party. We didn't sign you up for this cruise so you could spend it in your cabin. Come on."

"I wasn't planning on spending it in my cabin, for your information. I have the meet and greet tonight for the Daddy/boy group, remember?"

"I remember, but meeting a boy isn't the only reason I wanted you to come. You need to let loose and have some fun, and the fun starts in"—she paused and looked at her phone—"about fifteen minutes. So come on."

"Fine." I sighed. I'd never been good at telling Harper no, and she knew that. "Lead the way."

Harper and Bree had been on cruises many times, so it was no surprise to me that she'd have no problem finding her way around. "Bree's waiting for us. She and I went up there first thing to try and grab us a table, which we wouldn't have had to do



if you hadn't insisted on making us so late getting here. Luckily, we were able to snag one when a group left."

It didn't take long for us to make our way up to the deck, and sure enough, the party was getting started. I followed her through the crowd who'd assembled until we came out on the far side where Bree sat at a table drinking a fruity cocktail of some kind and eating off a plate piled high with food.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing at the drink.

"It's a Miami Vice. It's the drink of the day for the party. You want one?" She turned around, looking for the server.

"I guess I could take one." She waved at the girl who was walking around with a tray of drinks, and she made her way to us. She scanned my bracelet and handed me the drink. I sat back and watched as more and more people made their way onto the deck for the party.

"Come on, everyone!" a voice boomed over the speaker. "Let's get this vacation started!" The heavy beat of a dance song started as a group of performers came out onto a platform and began a choreographed performance. The crowd erupted in a cheer, and a bunch of the guests started to dance, really getting into the music and the spirit of the day.

I had no intentions of joining in, but I sure didn't mind sitting, enjoying my drink, and watching while other people danced. There was a good mix of all kinds of people out there, but of course, my eyes were drawn to the men. The song had a fast beat that was designed to get everyone pumped up, and it seemed to be working. I scanned the crowd, but I didn't see anyone who really did it for me. But hadn't that been my problem back home when I went to the clubs? Even guys I found attractive just didn't appeal to me somehow.

At least that was the case until the couple right in front of me burst out laughing and moved to the side, opening the way for my eyes to land on the most beautiful young man I'd ever seen. He couldn't have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three, which was younger than normal for me, but he was stunning. I watched as he danced with such abandon it made me smile. He was obviously having a great time dancing with another guy who I was guessing was a friend. They didn't move together in a way that made me think they were more, but they didn't seem like strangers either. The other man grabbed him by the hand and twirled him around, both of them laughing, and man, his smile was stunning.

Even if I didn't want to go on a cruise, it was worth it just to get to sit here and watch him dance for a while. I took a drink of my cocktail as his friend spun him around again, and our eyes met. I felt an immediate pull, almost like our gazes somehow connected us. Which was ridiculous. For one thing, he was way too young for me. And next of all, we hadn't even set sail, yet. There was no way I would find someone before we even left the pier. I chuckled to myself at how ridiculous I was being when I heard Bree say my name in a tone that let me know she'd already said it more than once. I reluctantly looked away from the young man to see what she needed. It was hard to hear her over the music, so I leaned closer to catch what she was saying.

"I was asking if your get-together tonight was before or after dinner?" she asked.

"Oh, it's after."

"You should join us for dinner, then."

"I'm sure you and Harper don't need me tagging along all week. You should go by yourself and enjoy your time away as a couple."

"We'll have plenty of time to be together just the two of us. So for tonight, at least join us."

I nodded in agreement and then turned back to watch the young man dance, but unfortunately, he was gone. I scanned the crowd of dancers looking for him, but he was nowhere to be found.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

Well, didn't that just figure? The most interesting man I'd seen in...well, ever, and he was here with a woman. An absolutely stunning woman, because what other kind of woman would a man like him be with? If I were guessing, I would say he was in his mid to late thirties, with just that touch of gray starting on the sides of his dark hair that looked distinguished, not old, or at least that's the way it looked on him.

I'd noticed him sitting there drinking his drink when the party first started, but I hadn't even noticed the gorgeous Latinx woman with him until he broke our connected gazes to lean in close to her to hear what she was saying to him. Until that point, I'd been sure he was watching me pretty intently.

I didn't know if he was bi-curious, or if they had an open marriage, or if he was just trying to learn a few new dance moves to impress his lady, but if there was one thing I didn't need in my life, it was to get involved in any of that.

"I want another drink," I said as an excuse, grabbing Carey's arm and pulling him towards the other side of the deck.

"Sounds good. I need a break anyways."

We found the girl with drinks just as I heard the loudspeaker again. "Here we go, ladies and gentlemen... We're almost ready to blow the ship's horn. Are you ready?"

Then she began a countdown starting with nine. "Come on, Carey," I yelled, grabbing his arms and tugging him with me as I headed for the stairs that led to the open deck

on the side. “We have to get to the side of the ship.”

“What? Why?” he asked, but he didn’t resist, which was good because we’d be lucky to make it.

“Because you have to wave at the people on the shore as you leave,” I called back over my shoulder.

“Ollie, you’re ridiculous. We don’t have people here seeing us off. There’s no one we know there to wave at.”

“Carey, I’m gonna need you to get in the spirit with me here. I’ve always wanted to wave at the people as I set out to sea. Now, move it.”

We made it to the top of the stairs just as she said one, and we rushed to the rail as the ship’s horn blew announcing our departure, and sure enough, there were people there, some even with towels or scarves or something waving at us as the ship began to move. “Here we go, everyone,” the voice announced. “We’re now sailing!”

I waved at the people watching us leave like some of them were actually there to see me off. It may have been stupid, but it was fun.

“So what now?” Carey asked when we were both all waved out.

“We could go back down to the party, or we could check and see if our rooms are ready. I bet they are. I’m really curious what it’s going to look like. I know we got the cheaper rooms, and they’ll be small, but I still want to see it. Plus, we have the meet and greet tonight.”

“Right, and I want to be fresh for that. I don’t know about you, but grabbing a few hours of sleep in the car doesn’t have me at my best right now.”

“Same, dude, totally the same. I say we go up to our rooms, catch a quick nap, and then we can head down for food.”

“And to meet the Daddies,” he added, and I laughed.

“Yeah, Carey, and to meet the Daddies.”

Adam

By the time we’d finished dinner, I was feeling more relaxed. Maybe Harper was right, and I did need a vacation. I wasn’t sure when the last time was that I’d had one. I’d taken time off from work, sure, but I hadn’t gone anywhere or done anything fun in longer than I could remember. That said, I still wasn’t sold on the idea that this was a way to meet the perfect boy for me.

Mostly for the same reasons that I wasn’t a big fan of meeting people online. It felt too calculated. But there was nothing saying that just because I didn’t believe I would meet the boy who was supposed to be mine forever on this cruise that I couldn’t have a little fun. Odds were whoever I hooked up with wouldn’t live anywhere near me, so it couldn’t be anything more than a week-long fling, anyway. And while what I really wanted was a boy to come home to after I worked all day, a boy to take care of, a boy who would be mine, it wouldn’t be the end of the world if, for just this week, I could find a boy to have some fun with.

I made my way down to the meeting room that had been set up for the group’s meet and greet and was met at the door by a representative from the service that had set up the cruise.

“Are you here for tonight’s Daddy/boy meet and greet?” he asked.

“I am.”

“Wonderful. My name’s Cameron, but you can call me Cam. We’re going to have so much fun this week! Now, let me just get a little info from you. I need your name, and I need to know if you’re a Daddy or a boy, and if you’re a boy, are you a little? We have different colored name tags.”

I paused for a second because no one had ever asked me if I was a boy or not. One look at me, and everyone just assumed I was a Daddy. I liked that Cameron didn’t just assume.

“I’m a Daddy, Cam, but thanks for asking, and my name’s Adam.”

“Well, you know what they say. Never judge a book by the cover,” he said with a wink. “Now, would you prefer Adam or Daddy Adam on your name tag?”

“Just Adam will be fine for now.”

He nodded and pulled out a sheet of name tags and used a black marker to write my name on the tag, then he handed it to me. “Red is for Daddies, blue is for boys, and the ones with the rainbow stars are for littles.”

“Got it,” I said, putting the sticker on my shirt.

“Tonight’s just to give everyone a chance to be in the same room so you can get a feel for who all’s here. You read the rules for the group, yes?”

“I did,” I confirmed.

“Good. We take our members’ safety very seriously, so be aware that if you violate the rules, not only will you not be allowed to attend any other activities on this cruise, but you’ll be banned from the site, and all future events as well.”

Honestly, I'd actually been very impressed when I'd read over the rules. They were all about honoring everyone's boundaries and treating each other with respect, something that should go without saying, but sadly didn't.

"I understand."

"Okay, then. Drinks are on us for tonight, so go on in and enjoy yourself."

I left him standing at the door to greet others who were here for the event and went on inside. There were more people here than I expected this early in the evening, and there was already a crowd at the free bar. I wandered over there and ordered a beer. I didn't want to start off with anything harder just in case I met someone who piqued my interest.

I wandered around for about an hour and had conversations with a few of the other Daddies. We talked about what they were looking for in a boy and what they did for a living, but none of the boys had caught my attention. If I was going to call it a night, I figured I might as well have a drink with a little more kick to it, so I made my way back over to the bar and ordered an Old Fashioned. I was waiting for the drink when I noticed a boy in line at the far end of the bar. I stood there for a second and just stared, trying to decide if I was really seeing what I thought I was seeing. It was the boy from earlier. The one who was dancing at the Sail Away party. What were the odds the first boy to catch my eye in forever was also here for the Daddy/boy event?

He wore different clothing, but I was pretty sure he was the same boy. Any doubts I had were removed when he looked over and saw me watching him. Our eyes met, and just like on the deck earlier, the pull I'd felt between us was palpable. His eyes widened in recognition, and a small smile pulled at the corners of his lips.

I'd hoped I'd see him again, but I didn't really expect to on a ship with over two thousand passengers, and yet here he was. And even better, I thought, glancing at his



blue name tag, he was a boy. Too perfect. One thing was for sure—I wasn't letting him get away without talking to him this time.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

I couldn't believe it when I looked up and saw the man from up on the deck here at the meet and greet. I'd been so disappointed when I thought he was with the woman sitting at the table with him, but here he was at the Daddy/boy meet and greet so that must not have been the case.

I wasn't sure what it was about him that drew me in the way it did. There was a room full of Daddies here, but there was something about him that made him different from the rest.

"He's here," I hissed at Carey.

"Who?" he asked, looking around, trying to spot someone he knew.

"The guy from up on the deck that I thought was so hot. He's here."

"Which one? Point him out."

"I'm not going to point at him. He'll see. But it's the hot guy in the blue shorts and the shirt with the stripes." Carey looked around, trying to be casual, but when he spotted the man I was talking about, he let out a little whistle.

"He is hot."

"Right?" I said, just as our eyes met. I could tell by the way he looked at me that he recognized me from earlier as well, and if I were a braver boy, I would go right over

to him and introduce myself, but I wasn't brave at all. As a matter of fact, when he started walking towards me, I had to fight the urge to run and hide. Which was ridiculous because meeting a Daddy like him was the whole reason for this trip. So instead of running, I pulled myself up and tried to look confident instead of like a scared rabbit.

"I'm gonna make myself scarce, but don't leave without letting me know." Carey gave me a kiss on the cheek, and then he was gone.

I watched as the man made his way across the room to where I stood, and as soon as he was close enough, I looked at his name tag. Adam. That fit him somehow. Luckily for Adam. I didn't think I looked anything like an Ollie and even less like an Oliver. But Adam, yeah, that fit him with his dark hair, masculine build, and confident stride. If I was to guess, I'd say he was in his late thirties, which was perfect. I'd always been attracted to men who were a little older and who knew who they were and what they wanted. Like Adam at that moment, for example. He just walked right up to me with no hesitation.

He glanced down at my name tag with an amused grin and then looked back up at my face. "Well, hello, Ollie."

"Hi," I squeaked. So much for being confident.

"I saw you up on the deck earlier, but before I had a chance to speak to you, you disappeared." I wasn't about to tell him I took off because I thought he was with someone else.

"Yeah, I wanted to get to the side to wave at the people as the ship pulled off. They always do that in the movies, and it looked fun." Way to go, Ollie. Now he probably thinks I'm stupid.

“And was it?”

“Was it what?” I asked. “Oh, was it fun? Yeah, it was.”

“Good. I’m glad you made it up there then, but I’m also glad to see you here tonight. It never occurred to me you might be here as part of the Cuff’d cruise, as well.” He stopped and looked around. Then he held out his hand for me to take. “I see an empty spot over there. Would you like to go sit down and talk a little?”

I looked over to where he indicated, and there was nothing I wanted more in that moment than to go sit with him. I placed my hand in his and let him lead me over to the table.

Adam

At first, when I held out my hand for Ollie—what an adorable name, and it totally fit him—he hesitated for just a second, and I thought maybe I’d overstepped. I do that sometimes at work. I get an idea or direction in my head, and I just move forward and don’t really give the people around me time to catch up. Harper says I’m like a bulldozer moving forward, and people can either get on board or get run over.

She wasn’t wrong, but that was in business, and it worked there most of the time. But people were different, so I didn’t want to jump ahead with Ollie. We’d been on the cruise for all of five hours, and while the goal may have been to find someone to spend some time with, I imagined convincing him that he should go with the first Daddy who came his way would be a hard sell.

We took our seats at the small round table. We were on opposite sides, but the tables were small, so our knees touched underneath. Which was fine by me. Contact with the boy was exactly what I was craving.

“So, Ollie, tell me about yourself.”

“What do you want to know?”

“I don’t know, whatever you want to tell me. How old are you? What do you do for a living? Where are you from? How did you end up on a Daddy/boy cruise?” I shrugged.

“Well, I don’t do anything for a living yet. I just graduated from college this month. So, I’m about to start the job hunt.”

“That’s exciting. What’s your degree in?”

“Computers. Web design specifically, but I just have an infinity for computers and the way they work. They’ve always kind of been my thing, and that’s also how I ended up here. This cruise was my graduation present.”

“From your parents? That was pretty open-minded of them.” I mean, this cruise was a gift for me from my sister, but I couldn’t imagine my parents buying me a cruise that was advertised on a hook-up app.

“Not from my parents. It was my graduation present to myself. My parents aren’t a part of my life anymore. They couldn’t hang with the gay thing.” He’d said that so casually, like it was no big deal, but there was a sadness in his eyes that told a different story. “So anyway”—he cleared his throat—“my friend, Carey, and I decided real life would be coming at us pretty quick, so we splurged and treated ourselves to this trip.”

“Y’all are right, you know. Life will be coming at you pretty hard. Do you know where you want to work?”

He shook his head. “No, basically, the town we live in is a college town, and there aren’t a lot of jobs in my field there. I sent out some inquiry letters and things before graduation, but I worked all year to save up enough to live on for a few months while I figured it out. How about you? What do you do?”

“I work for my family’s business. I went to college and got a degree, but I always knew that was where I would work. I practically grew up in the halls of the business, and I love it.”

I got us another drink, and we sat there and talked for a couple of hours. He told me stories about the stuff he and his friend, Carey, got into in college, and about the stuff he hoped to do on this cruise. When I’d first seen him across the room tonight, my thought had been wouldn’t it be awesome to get laid the first night on the cruise? But at some point in the evening, those thoughts had switched to wouldn’t it be fun to have someone to spend the week with. If instead of a week of casual fucks I’d have a full-blown vacation fling, and not just with any boy. With Ollie. Which meant I saw no reason why either of us needed to spend tonight alone.

“It looks like the meet and greet is winding down,” I looked into his eyes. “How about if we continue this in my suite.”

“You have a suite?” he asked.

I nodded. “I do. Would you like to see it?”

He looked at me and grinned. “You know what, I do believe I would.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

I just about died when he suggested we go to his room. It had been amazing enough that he'd come over to talk to me, much less that he'd suggested we get a table and sit and talk. Then he'd spent the rest of the evening just sitting listening to me ramble on about the stupidest stuff, and he didn't seem to mind at all. I mean, there was a room full of boys there looking for a Daddy, so why did he spend the whole evening with me? But he didn't even seem to notice anyone else.

Not that I noticed any of the other Daddies once he came over. But why would I? He was everything I'd ever wanted in a Daddy. He was kind and handsome, and he listened to me when I talked like he actually cared about what I was saying.

“Do you need to get anything from your cabin?”

“No, nothing I can think of. I do need to text Carey, though, and let him know where I am. We have a no running off without telling the other one where you are pact.”

“I think that's a really good idea. You should give him the suite number as well so he won't worry. It's important to think about your safety.”

I pulled out my phone and sent Carey a text telling him I was going to go up to Adam's suite and sent him the number that Adam gave me. I got a text back right away calling me a lucky SOB followed by an eggplant emoji.

I looked over at Adam across the table and smiled. We both knew what we were there for, and there was no reason to be self-conscious about it, so I figured we might as

well just lay it out there. “Okay, Daddy, I’m ready to go if you are.”

He took in a sharp breath when I called him Daddy, and for just a second, I thought maybe I’d mis-stepped, but then he stood up and held out his hand. “Oh, I’m ready, baby boy. Let’s go.”

He held my hand all the way to his suite. He used his wristband to open the door, and then he stepped back, allowing me to go in first. “Oh wow! This room is amazing.” It wasn’t just nice for a room on a ship. It was nicer than any hotel I’d ever been to.

“It is pretty nice.” He walked over to the wall of curtains and pulled them back, revealing a balcony with two lounge chairs on one side and a small table with two chairs on the other.

“Is it okay if I go out there?” I asked. “I’ve never been out to sea on a ship before.”

“You go right ahead, baby boy.” He grabbed the sliding door and pulled it back so I could step out.

It hadn’t been that long since we’d pulled out of port, but still, we were far enough out that there was nothing to see. Just the moon reflecting off the water and nothing else. “It’s like we’re the only people left in the world.”

A strong, warm body stepped up behind me, and I relaxed back against him. “It’s peaceful. And in the daytime, you’ll be able to see dolphins swim with the ship. That’s my favorite part.”

We stood there for a few minutes, looking out over the ocean. Then I felt his lips brush against the nape of my neck and around to just below my ear. I tilted my head to the side to give him better access, and he didn’t disappoint. I turned around and smiled at him. “Take me to bed, Daddy, please.”



Adam

“Whatever you want, baby boy. Whatever you want.” I took him by the hand and led him back inside to the bed. “I’m going to get what we need out of my shaving kit, but when I get back, I want you naked and on your hands and knees waiting for me on that bed. You hear me?”

He nodded his head yes and reached for the button on his shorts while he kicked off his shoes. I chuckled to myself at how eager he was to do as I said as I went to the bathroom to get condoms and lube.

And when I came back, he was waiting for me just as I’d requested. “Is this the way you wanted me, Daddy?”

“Mmhm, you look perfect there waiting for me like that. Now, elbows down.” He quickly dropped his elbows to the bed, pushing his ass even further up. “Good boy.”

I quickly removed my clothing and climbed up on the bed behind him. I rolled on the condom, opened the lube, poured some on my hand, and coated my fingers. I ran my index finger between his ass cheeks, and he let out a little whimper. Oh yeah, this was going to be fun.

I teased the rim a little bit and slowly slid in my finger. I watched as I moved in and out of his body. Then I added a second finger and moved them slowly in and out until I felt the muscles around my fingers relax. “You’re doing so good for me, boy.”

Once I had him ready for me, I pulled my fingers out and lined up my cock. I slowly slid inside him an inch at a time until I was buried all the way, then I paused to give him time to adjust. When he pushed back against me, I knew he was ready, so I grabbed his hips and held him there against me, enjoying the feel of his tight, hot channel around my hard length. “Fuck, baby, your ass feels so good.”

I could feel his body pulsing with the need to move, but I held him there until he started to beg. “Oh, fuck. Daddy, please move,” he moaned. “I need you to move.” I began to thrust in and out of him hard and deep, letting the whimpers and moans coming from him direct me as I learned what he liked.

“I’m not going to last long, baby boy. This is too perfect.”

I reached around him, wrapped my hand around his cock, and began stroking him in time with my thrusts. “I’m going to come, Daddy. Please, I can’t wait. Can I come?”

I felt the tingling sensation in my balls that signaled my pending orgasm. I used my free hand to grasp him, pulled him hard against me, forcing my cock deep inside him, and held him there. “Now, baby boy, now.” I held his body against mine, and his body shook as his orgasm coursed through him. I felt hot, wet cum flow over my hand as I continued to stroke him. The muscles in his ass tightened on my cock, squeezing it and sending me over the edge as the force of my own orgasm spread through my body.

We both collapsed on the bed, heaving and trying to catch our breath. “That was...wow,” he said between breaths.

“It was, wasn’t it.” I really hadn’t planned on it being quick and dirty. Normally, I tried to take my time and draw things out a bit for both my partner and me. I didn’t know if it was just because it had been too long since I’d gotten laid or if it was that I’d wanted this boy so badly, but what I did know was that I wanted to spend the next week finding out.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

I woke up the next morning wrapped up in pair of strong arms, and trust me, I wasn't complaining. Well, except for the fact that I had to pee, and that meant I had to leave the warm cocoon of Adam's arms. That was something worth complaining over. I moved to get up, but he wrapped his arm tighter around me and pulled me back.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Just the bathroom."

"Okay, but you come right back. I'm not finished cuddling you."

I nodded and rushed to take care of business. I wished I had a toothbrush here I could use cause morning breath is not exactly sexy, but I settled for swishing my mouth out with the mouthwash on the counter. I returned to the bed, and he opened his arms for me to crawl back into. I slid into his arms and snuggled in close.

He brushed a kiss across my temple and released a contented-sounding sigh. "So, do you and your friend, Carey, have plans for how you're going to spend the day?"

"No, we really don't. I mean, I hope I get to spend some time with him at some point on the trip, but that isn't really why we're here, you know?"

He nodded. "Right, well then, did you look at any of the things the group has to offer? I know they have a couple of different activities planned on the ship since we'll be at sea all day."

“I didn’t. I know Carey did, though. He’s more of a planner. I thought I’d just kind of play it by ear.”

“Well, I have a better idea. At least I think it is, anyway.”

“Oh, and what’s that?”

“Well, you came here looking to spend a week with a Daddy, and I came here hoping to spend the week with a boy. So what if we skip all the speed dating sessions, get-togethers, and games they have planned to help us find someone, and instead, we just spend the day together? Then, if that goes well, we can see how the rest of the week goes.” He reached over and ran his hand down my hip. “What do you say?”

“Really? You want to spend the whole week with me? As my Daddy, I mean?”

He chuckled. “If, at the end of today, that’s what you want, then yeah, let’s spend the week together.”

“Hmm,” I said with a grin. “Then maybe we better spend the whole day in bed, you know, just to be safe.”

“Just to be safe, huh?”

“Yep,” I said, nodding enthusiastically.

“Well, we did get along pretty good in bed last night, but I’m thinking maybe I should at least feed you first. How about if we go get some breakfast, and then we can figure out what to do from there?”

“I guess that’ll work. I need to go to my room and get changed, though.”

“Sounds good. You go get changed and then meet me up on the lido deck. We can get something to eat off the buffet.”

Adam

I purposefully chose the breakfast buffet because I knew my sister wouldn't be up there. Not that I wanted to avoid her the whole cruise, but just for today, I wanted the day to be about me and Ollie. I wanted a chance to really get to know him, and to do that, I didn't need Harper butting into our business.

I took my time in the shower before choosing an outfit and heading up to the lido deck. Ollie and I should have traded numbers to make it easier to find each other, but I didn't think of it until I was standing near the buffet with what looked like half of the ship's passengers.

I was starting to get concerned and kicking myself for making such a silly mistake when I spotted him coming across the deck towards me. Then I was kicking myself for not taking him up on his suggestion that we just stay in bed all day because, damn, my boy was gorgeous. He was wearing a pair of swim trunks with a bag tossed over his shoulder and nothing else.

He spotted me and waved, then hurried over to where I waited. “I thought maybe I would take a swim after we eat. I would have texted you to tell you to wear your suit, but we didn't exchange numbers.”

“I was just thinking we should have done that myself. Why don't we do that now and then after we eat, I'll watch you swim.”

“Are you sure? I can wait while you go get changed.”

“No, I'll just watch this morning. We can go for a swim together later if we want to.”

We traded numbers and got in line for our food. Once we both had our plates full, we found a table and took a seat.

“I can’t believe I’m sitting here eating breakfast on a cruise ship.”

“Well, it sounds to me like you earned it.”

He sat up straight and smiled at me. “You know what? I did.”

“So what do you want to do today? There are tons of things to do on the ship.”

“There’s actually so much to do I’m not even sure what to choose. There’s mini-golf, an arcade, an art exhibit, good heavens, there’s even a place to make a stuffed animal. How are you supposed to choose between all that?”

“How about if we just wander around and see what we find? I’d be up for doing any of the things you listed.”

“Really?”

“Sure, any of those sound fun to me. Or we could just hang out by the pool, whatever you want to do. I can see if one of the cabanas is open, and we could have a place to chill all day.”

“Do you think you can get one?”

“I don’t know. I can try and see if one’s available.”

“Let’s do that.”

I found someone who could check for me, and she was able to find me a cabana for

the day. When I told Ollie, he acted like he'd won the lottery, and I decided right then that I was going to do anything I could for the rest of the week to keep that smile on his face.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

This was the very best day ever. Adam got us the cabana, and we spent the morning just hanging out by the pool. At one point, his sister, Harper, and her wife, Bree, stopped by and hung out, and I liked them so much. They thought it was especially funny when I told them when I first saw Adam I thought he was with one of them. The three of them joking around and teasing each other was fun and was exactly what I'd always imagined it would be if I'd had any siblings. They didn't stay long because they'd both signed up for a massage and spa treatment, but for the time they were there, I could tell they were excited that Adam had found someone to spend the week with.

We'd been sharing one of the chaise lounges while Harper and Bree sat on the other, but when they left, I didn't bother to get up. Instead, I just turned around and leaned against him so that I was reclining against his chest while he laid back against the chair. "Daddy, is it okay if I see if Carey wants to come join us?"

"Absolutely," he said. "I think that's a great idea."

I sent him a message, and he said he would be right up.

"He's going to come right up. Maybe he'll want to go get lunch with us."

"You know if you need to spend time with your friend, I understand. I'm enjoying your company, but I don't want you to miss out on anything you two might want to do."



“No, we talked about this beforehand. Neither one of us is expecting the other one to be around a lot. I mean, sure we have fun together, but we do that all the time. This trip is about experiencing other things, and finding a Daddy was the main thing we were both hoping for.” I felt my cheeks flush. “I just didn’t really expect to find one right away.”

He reached around me and took my hand in his. “Sweetheart, if you think this is too soon, or if you want to go to some of the other events and see who you might meet, I’ll understand.”

I gasped at the idea and shook my head. “No, Daddy, I didn’t mean that in a bad way. I don’t want to meet anyone else.”

“Okay, good. Because so far, this adventure is better than I’d ever imagined.”

I wanted to tell him that I felt the same, but before I had a chance, Carey walked up.

“Hey there, Ollie.”

“Hey Carey, this is Adam.”

“Hey,” Carey said, flopping down on the chaise lounge. “This is really nice up here.”

“It is,” Adam agreed. “Help yourself to a snack or a soda from the refreshment area over there, or if you want a drink, there’s a bar to the left of the pool.”

“I’m good for now, but thank you.”

“So, how are things going for you?” I asked. I was disappointed for him that he hadn’t found a Daddy yet, but I knew it wasn’t reasonable to think that just because I’d found Adam so quickly that Carey would be that lucky.

“Good. I slept in this morning and then went to a brunch that the Cuff’d group had planned. There were a bunch of nice Daddies there, but none that caught my eye right away. Tonight, I think I’ll go to the karaoke night they have planned. Maybe I’ll get lucky there.”

“We can go with you if you want,” I said.

He chuckled and shook his head. “That’s sweet of you, Ollie, but you hate karaoke. Besides, I’m guessing you and your Daddy here have better things to do.”

He stayed and chatted for a little bit, but there was a cooking demonstration he was planning to go to with a couple of the other boys he’d met at the brunch this morning, so he couldn’t stay long. It was about mid-day by the time he left, and I was starting to get hungry, so we went for lunch and then took a walk through the art gallery and discovered a shared love of art.

After the art gallery, we wandered around the ship a bit and eventually decided to play a round of mini-golf. I’d never played golf, mini or otherwise, but it was fun. Adam was insanely patient as a teacher, and he really didn’t seem to mind stepping right up behind me and showing me how to swing the putter just so to try to make the shot. He seemed to take his mini-golf pretty seriously, and I got a kick out of him trying to explain the geography of the perfect shot for each hole. It was hard for me to even imagine how this perfect Daddy had found me our very first night here, but I sure wasn’t complaining.

We had the cabana for the whole day, so after the round of mini-golf, we went back there to finish out the day. We swam and ate off the buffet again, and then we spent a little more time under the cabana listening to the band play.

“So are you having a good time?” he asked.

“The best. Today was exactly what I needed to decompress and actually get ready to enjoy the rest of the week. This last year of school was super stressful and just relaxing for a change was perfect. How about you?”

“Same here. A day of just laying around with you in my arms was exactly what I needed. Can’t think of a better way to spend my vacation. As a matter of fact, I think our test was a complete success, how about you? Do you want to spend the rest of the week with me?”

I spun around in the chair to face him. “Yes, Daddy, I can’t think of anything I want more.”

He took my face in both his hands and pulled me to him for a kiss. “I think we should call it a night. What do you say? Want to spend the night in my suite again?”

I hadn’t spent any time in my cabin, but I didn’t care about that at all when Adam asked me to go back to his suite with him for the night. I nodded my head. “I think that sounds like a great idea.”

Adam

We rushed up to my suite, and as soon as the door closed behind me, I pulled him to me and kissed him. I swear I couldn’t get enough of this boy, and spending the day with him hadn’t made me want anything but more.

“Ollie.”

“Yes, Daddy?” he said sweetly.

“Take off your shirt,” I ordered.

He didn't hesitate. He reached for the hem of his shirt and pulled it up over his head. I ached to touch him, but I wanted him naked first. He stood there and let me look, neither of us speaking.

"Take off the swim trunks," I ordered in a firm, no-nonsense tone.

He bit his bottom lip in an attempt to hold in a groan as the outline of his erection visibly lengthened. He reached down, and at first, it looked like he was going to do as I commanded, but instead, he reached into his pants and cupped his cock, never breaking eye contact as he rubbed his hard-on. I shook my head and clicked my tongue.

"Boy," I said firmly.

"Yes, Daddy?"

"I told you to take them off, but I didn't tell you to touch yourself, did I?" Things had moved so quickly, we hadn't really discussed submission, but I loved to be in control. I watched him, waiting, and when he realized what I wanted, one side of his mouth lifted with a smile.

"I'm sorry," he said sweetly as he pushed his trunks down his legs, freeing his swollen cock. Then he stood up in front of me and didn't move, waiting for my next command. I looked at him, starting with his face, taking in his perfect skin, beautiful blue-green eyes, and sexy lips. Slowly, I let my gaze drop to his chest, and then trail down to his toned abs. I imagined the taste and feel of those muscles as I licked my upper lip. I pushed down my shorts just past my balls, and with Ollie standing naked and silent in front of me, I began to stroke myself.

"Do you want to touch me, Ollie?"

“No,” he said, licking his lips. “I don’t want to touch you. I want you in my mouth. I want to taste you, Daddy. Would that be okay?”

A slow, wicked grin spread across my face. Damn, he was perfect.

“Absolutely, go right ahead.” He stepped forward and dropped to his knees in front of me.

He placed both hands on my thighs and leaned forward, licking me from the base of my hard cock to the tip. A groan escaped my lips, and he looked up at me and smiled. Then he took the head in his mouth, dipping his tongue into the slit.

“Mmm, Daddy,” he hummed. “You taste amazing.” Using his tongue, he licked, swirled, and sucked. The whole time he made the sexiest little sounds, and I knew he was enjoying this as much as I was. I bucked my hips up involuntarily, and he quickly pulled off. I was afraid I’d gone too far until he gave me a sultry smile. Then without dropping his gaze from mine, he wrapped his lips back around my shaft and took me down his throat to the root.

“Oh my god,” I moaned, the muscles in his throat contracting around my cock as he swallowed. That this boy was absolutely perfect, was the last thought I had before my brain stopped functioning as he began to move up and down my shaft, swallowing and sucking until my balls clenched, and I couldn’t hold back my orgasm.

“I’m going to come,” I warned, but instead of pulling off, he took me deeper. My body tensed, and waves of pleasure moved through me as I shot down his throat.

“Come here.” I reached down and pulled him up, then I stumbled over to the couch and collapsed, taking him with me so that he was straddling my lap. His hard cock lay against my softening one, and I ran my hands up and down his bare back while I caught my breath. I wrapped my fingers in his hair and brought his mouth to mine in

a long, hot kiss. Our tongues tangled, and I could taste myself in his mouth.

He started to move, rubbing his cock against me, trying to get some kind of relief from his swollen erection. There was something so erotic about his naked body moving shamelessly against my partially clothed one.

I reached between us and wrapped my hand around his cock, and he moaned. “Yes, Daddy, please. Touch me.” I pulled his mouth back to mine with one hand and kissed him as I used the other hand to stroke him. He was leaking pre-cum, and I used it to slick his cock as he began to thrust into my hand. I reached behind him with my free hand and ran my finger up and down between his ass cheeks, teasing his hole.

“Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!” he chanted as he came all over my shirt.

I carefully peeled it off and tossed it to the side. I pulled him down to me and wrapped my arms around him.

“Somebody was feeling a little bossy tonight,” he said as he wiggled around, trying to get comfortable.

“Yeah, I was. Is that okay?” I hoped it was because that was only a little of my bossiness, as he called it. I liked to be in control, and I liked having a partner who was good at taking direction.

“Did I give you any indication it wasn’t okay?” he asked.

“No, you didn’t. If you had, we would have stopped.”

“Well, it was more than okay. It was perfect. Except now I’m all sticky, and I need a shower.”

“I’m pretty sure the shower’s big enough for both of us, so why don’t we find out?”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

I didn't really have any plans for our visit to the island. Like I'd told Carey, I just wanted to eat some of the food and experience everything. Besides, most of the stuff like snorkeling or parasailing was expensive, and I might have splurged on the cruise, but I didn't want to spend the rest of my savings if I could help it.

I messaged Carey after breakfast to check and see how his evening went and to make sure he was all set for today. I had my fingers crossed that he'd found someone to hang out with because I really wanted to spend the day with my Daddy, but I wouldn't leave my friend to explore the island alone.

To my delight, he said he'd met a really nice man last night at the karaoke party, and that he and a few of the other people were planning to go out on a catamaran for the day. He said he was going to message me and see if we wanted to join them, but honestly, I didn't really want to. Adam left it up to me, so I told Carey to have a great time but that we had other plans.

The island hadn't been anything like what I expected. Not that I was disappointed because I wasn't at all. I guess I was just picturing some little town with huts and seaside stands selling trinkets. Not that I thought the whole island was that way, but I figured they played it up for the tourists. But instead, this was a full-blown city.

We had six hours to kill, and we started out just by wandering around the shops and taking it all in. I learned pretty quickly not to admire anything too much or comment about how cool something was, or the next thing I knew, Adam would be haggling with the seller and buying it for me. I'd tried to protest the first time he did it when I



stopped to look at a bracelet that caught my eye. It wasn't anything expensive or fancy, but it had a really cool island vibe that I liked.

"That suits you," he said when he saw me looking at it. "Let's get it." He motioned to the guy who was manning that booth to come over.

"No, Daddy, you don't have to do that," I insisted.

He leaned over and kissed me on the temple. "Baby boy, I don't have to do anything. I want to." Once he was done negotiating and I had the bracelet on my wrist, I tried again.

"Really, you don't have to buy me things."

"Listen to me. This is a special trip for you, and I know you're on a budget. Do you know who isn't on a budget? Your Daddy. Which means, you need to just go with the flow. Buying you things brings me joy, so come on, you don't want to deprive me of that, now do you?"

I would have continued to press my point, but something in the way he looked at me when he said that stopped me. I wasn't asking for anything, and if he wanted to do it, then why shouldn't I let him. There had never been a time in my life when I could have whatever I wanted, and probably never would be again, so while I refused to take advantage, I could let him spoil me just a little.

We wandered around until it was time for lunch. I had a whole list of food I wanted to try, so we made our way to a nice little restaurant with outdoor dining that one of the merchants had suggested. We sat at a table that overlooked the water, and we ordered a little bit of everything just so I could try it.

I couldn't imagine a better companion to travel with. Adam enjoyed everything, and I

told him so.

“Baby boy,” he said, laughing. “This is all you, not me. I never go anywhere or try anything new. Do you know why my sister bought me this cruise for my birthday?”

I shook my head, eager to hear why.

“She bought this for me because she said I was in a rut and needed to have some fun. Hell, she said she thought I’d forgotten what fun even was.”

“Seriously? No way? You’ve been having fun since the minute I met you!” I mean, at least he’d seemed like he had. I don’t know when I’d laughed as much as I had with him yesterday and today.

“Like I said, baby boy, you’re good for me. With you, I’m having fun. Now, what shall we do for the rest of the day?”

I shrugged, not wanting to admit that I couldn’t afford most of the things I’d like to do.

“Come on now, don’t be silly. When are you going to do this again? Let’s make the most of it. So what do you want to do? Parasailing?”

“Oh, Lord, no. I’d be terrified,” I exclaimed.

He chuckled and shook his head. “Okay, note to self, no heights for Ollie.”

“I don’t mind heights, as long as there’s a nice firm floor of some kind below me.”

“Gotcha. How about snorkeling?” I thought about that for a minute. I wouldn’t mind snorkeling. “Or, how about swimming with the dolphins? That sounds fun.”

I tried not to let it show, but that was the one thing I wished I could do but decided not to because of the cost. I must have done a poor job of hiding the thought because he laughed and said, “Ah, so you want to swim with the dolphins, then. Let’s do it.”

I mentally calculated how much that would cost me, but then I figured since Adam had purchased the souvenirs for me at the shop, I could maybe swing it.

“Hey,” he said, firmly, almost like he could read my mind. “My treat. That’s the first rule you have to learn about being with me. Daddy always pays.”

“But...” I started to say that he wasn’t really my Daddy and that this was only for the cruise, and he shouldn’t have to shell out a bunch of cash just because he’d agreed to spend the week playing Daddy for me, but the look on his face stopped me. “Okay.”

“Okay, what?” he asked sternly.

“Okay, Daddy.”

“Much better, now let’s go find you some dolphins.”

Adam

I hadn’t really ever given any thought to swimming with dolphins, but I was more than happy to do it if that was what Ollie wanted to do. I made a couple calls and found out where we needed to go and made the arrangements, and then we made our way to the facility.

I purchased our tickets, and then we got changed into our swimsuits before walking down a set of stairs to a beach where the trainer waited for us. I wondered what exactly the plan was. The area where the dolphins were was massive, so I didn’t know if we’d have to swim out or if we’d be taking a boat out to where they were. I

wondered about all of that and thought I really should've taken a minute to look into everything so I'd be prepared when I heard a splash as Ollie squealed beside me, grabbing my arm. I looked around to see what had happened, ready to grab my boy and pull him behind me if there was a threat, when a dolphin leaped up out of the water right in front of us. Then as it went back down headfirst, it waved its tail at us.

"Oh my god! Did you see it? Did you see it?" he asked.

"I did," I said, chuckling.

The dolphin popped back up out of the water headfirst this time and swam just a few feet in front of us.

There was a woman just ahead of us dressed in swim gear. She was grinning at Ollie obviously enjoying his enthusiasm. "Hi, My name is Trina. I'll be your guide. We're going to go out there and swim with her, but first, I want to teach you a few hand signals and gestures that she knows and that you can use to play with her."

I knew I probably needed to know the signals, but I was too busy watching Ollie to pay attention to what she was saying. He was watching her and mimicking everything she did so carefully it was like he was preparing to take a final exam. I was so happy I'd insisted on giving this experience to him. From there, my mind went to all the other incredible life experiences I not only wanted him to have, but I realized I also wanted to be there with him to watch as they happened. My boy and I were going to have to have a serious talk before this cruise was over because, in a very short time, that was exactly what he'd become, my boy. And there was no way I was going to let it all end when we pulled back into port in Fort Lauderdale.

"Okay, are you guys ready to swim?" she asked as she jumped into the water and moved a little further out, with the dolphin following her and swimming around her in circles.

“Are you ready?” I asked.

“So, so ready,” he answered as he jumped in and swam towards them.

I went with him, happy to just be there with him, watching as he spun in a circle, and laughed as the dolphin did the same.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:40 am*

Ollie

I'd thought yesterday onboard the ship had been perfect, but today was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Not only had I gotten to swim with the dolphin, but there had never been a time in my life when I'd felt so cherished or cared for. Adam was the most perfect Daddy in the world, and I didn't know how I was supposed to walk away from him at the end of the week. I'd literally known the man for just short of three full days, and I already couldn't imagine my life without him.

We made our way back on board the ship and stopped by my cabin to drop off my bags and to get me clothes for tomorrow. I chuckled as I tossed the bags on the bed because at least it was good for something. Other than a short nap, I hadn't slept in it and didn't plan to.

We were both too full from the food we ate after my swim with the dolphins to eat dinner on the ship, so we headed straight for his room. Once there, we both stripped off our clothes, and he pulled me with him to the bed. He kissed me, his hands running over my body, driving me insane. We hadn't been together but a few times, but my body already recognized the feel of his and reacted accordingly.

I knew if I gave him half a chance, he would have me underneath him on the bed, but as much as I loved having my Daddy on top of me, his body holding me down while he fucked me senseless, I had something else in mind tonight. I hoped he would let me take the lead this time.

I put my hands on his shoulders, pushing him back. I swung my legs over him, pinning him beneath me, then I leaned down over him and kissed him.

“Somebody’s feeling unusually bossy tonight,” he said.

“Nope, you’re still in charge, Daddy. Always. But I want to make you feel good tonight. If that’s okay?”

He gave me a wicked grin and nodded his head. I tore open the condom package and quickly rolled it over him, then I picked up the lube and poured some into my hand. I grabbed his cock, gave it a couple strokes to make it slick, and positioned it at my hole. I met his eyes and watched his face as I slowly lowered myself down, taking him inside me. He groaned, dropping his head back against the pillows. I rode him slowly at first, gradually picking up speed.

“This is my favorite position, Daddy. I love when I get to ride you.”

“I like it, too, baby boy, but honestly, I like you any way I can have you.”

He placed his hands on my hips, flexing them, and I could tell he was fighting the urge to take control and direct my movements. I leaned down and kissed him. I said, “Do it. Take control. I know you want to.”

He moaned as he gripped my hips, holding me still, and he started to thrust up, hard, over and over. His breath caught, and his body shuddered as he came inside me. He relaxed his grip on my hips so I could move, and I slowly rocked my hips, riding him through his tremors.

I leaned down and kissed him, melting against him. He wrapped his arms around me, flipping us over. “Mm, that was great, but now, it’s your turn.”

He slid back so that he was kneeling between my legs. I heard the flick of the lube bottle. I let my legs fall open, giving him more room as he ran his finger down my taint to my hole, teasing the edge. He wrapped the fingers of one hand around my

cock and began to stroke as he slid first one finger and then two into my hole. He continued finger fucking me while he stroked me slowly.

He lifted my hips, pushing his fingers in deeper, curling them, and finding my prostate. I whimpered, arching my back. "Oh, Daddy, right there, oh, fuck." It wasn't long before I felt the telltale signs of my climax. "Oh, shit, I'm coming," I gasped.

He stopped stroking me and dropped his head down, swallowing my cock and sucking hard. I cried out as I came in his mouth. He swallowed as much as he could and then licked up any that he'd missed.

"Shit, baby boy," he gasped as he crawled up beside me and collapsed.

"I know," I agreed, wrapping my arms around him.

Adam

On the fourth day, we would be spending time back out to sea. I woke up with a precious boy snuggled up against me like he belonged there. And damn if I didn't think he did. I also knew that we would be crazy busy tomorrow on the second shore excursion, and I didn't want to leave our future to a last-minute thought as we pulled back into port. Which meant today was the day for me to convince my boy that we could be more than a vacation fling.

I just had no idea how to go about it. Which meant I needed a plan. My sister had raved about the spa treatment she and Bree got, and I needed a little time to figure things out, so I made arrangements for my boy and his friend Carey to spend the morning at the spa. I shamelessly used the fact that they'd barely seen each other all week to guilt him into going without me, but I included lots of kisses and promises that I was planning something special for us for later on, so he wouldn't be worried I was tired of him.



Then I called Harper and Bree and convinced them to come spend a little time with me out on my balcony while we made a plan. They both arrived shortly with wine, food, and all kinds of ideas.

“You could take him to dinner at the captain’s table,” Harper suggested.

“No,” Bree countered. “That’s awesome and extravagant, but it wouldn’t give you any privacy. Plus, from what you’ve told us about your boy, I’m not sure extravagant is the way to go.”

Harper sighed. “You’re right, as always. It’s an awesome experience, but it isn’t exactly romantic.”

Bree shook her head. “Actually, maybe that’s exactly the thing. What he wants is the experience, right? Like yesterday when you took him to swim with the dolphins. When you guys came back on board, I swear he was still glowing from that. I mean, I can see what it is about him that you want to keep. He’s adorable.”

“He is,” I agreed. “But it isn’t just that. I have fun when I’m with him, no matter what we’re doing. I feel alive in a way I haven’t since I don’t know when. He’s sexy, he’s sweet, and he’s just a genuinely good person. I don’t want to go back to spending my evenings alone watching boring television or working until I can’t keep my eyes open anymore. I want to spend my evenings with him.”

I looked up, and my sister was looking at me with such love in her eyes. “And that’s what I’ve been wanting for you for a long time now. And honestly, I don’t think you need some elaborate plan or some crazy scheme to win him over. I’ve seen the way he looks at you. I think all you need to do is tell him exactly that, and you’re going to be golden.”

Ollie

I didn't like it at first when Daddy suggested I go spend some time with Carey. I was afraid maybe he was getting tired of me, but by the time I left, he'd convinced me that that wasn't the case at all. I still thought he was up to something, but whatever it was, it didn't have anything to do with getting rid of me.

And he was right. Even though Carey and I had come on this cruise planning to meet Daddies to spend time with, it seemed weird that we had hardly seen each other at all. So some time in the spa was the perfect way for us to catch up, and Carey agreed.

"It was really nice of your Daddy to pay for my spa treatment," he said. We were sitting side by side in the pedicure chairs, both of us with masks on our faces. It was like something you would see in a movie, but not something I'd ever expected to experience in person.

"I just wish you'd found a Daddy of your own."

"Hey, don't worry about it. I've had a blast, and I met some really interesting people. It kind of opened my eyes to what I want after graduation. Maybe it's time for me to think about widening my job search instead of settling for where I am."

"I hear you. It's sure made me rethink things."

"What do you mean? What are you thinking?"

"It's probably silly," I said.

“Well, personally, I think some silly would do you good. You’ve been way too serious for way too long. Now tell me.”

“I just want what I’ve had this week, you know. The fun and adventure. But mostly Adam. I don’t want to go back to my boring old life looking for a corporate job and working myself to death just to get to the point I can branch out on my own. I’ve been telling myself that I had to do it that way, you know. Like get the degree, put in my time in that world, but now I’m thinking maybe I was wrong.”

“I can see that. Have you two talked about what comes after the cruise?”

“No, I’m afraid to bring it up. What if he doesn’t want anything but a vacation fling? That would be...crap, I don’t even want to think about what that would be like.”

“Well, you have today and tomorrow to figure it out, and after that, we’ll be headed back to Fort Lauderdale.”

“I know,” I wailed. “Believe me, I know.”

“So you’re going to have to say something or else walk away, never knowing if he felt the same way.”

“I just keep hoping maybe he’ll say something first, so I don’t have to.”

“And if he doesn’t?”

“If he doesn’t, I’ll just have to man-up and do it myself, but not until the cruise is over. I don’t want to spoil what time we have left if he doesn’t want me that way.”

Adam

I was waiting on my balcony when Ollie came back from his spa treatment with his friend. He came right to where I was reclining on the lounge and joined me, snuggling right in beside me.

“Did you have a good time?”

“I did. You were right. It was good to spend some time with Carey.”

I chuckled and squeezed him tight. “Well, as you’ll eventually figure out, Daddy’s normally right.”

“So, what are we doing the rest of today?” he asked.

“I don’t know. What do you want to do?”

He turned to face me and looked at me suspiciously, probably because I’d told him I had a surprise for him later, but I wasn’t ready to tell him about that.

“There’s only one more full day on the ship after the shore trip tomorrow, so there has to be something you wanted to do that you haven’t done.”

He settled back down beside me and sighed. “I don’t know, there’s a cooking demonstration that sounds fun, and I kind of wanted to go back to the art gallery. Mostly, I just want to spend the rest of the day with you.”

Hearing that made my heart swell and gave me hope that he’d be on board with what I was planning for our future, and I realized in that moment that Harper was right. I didn’t need to do anything that required some elaborate plan. All I needed to do was to make sure my boy knew what was in my heart. “I think the cooking demonstration sounds like a great idea, but if you really enjoyed the art gallery, you should let me take you to my favorite gallery back home. They have amazing work from all over

the world, and some stunning pieces from local artists.”

He pulled back and stared at me. “You would want me to visit you back home?”

“Sweet boy, I don’t want you to visit me. I want you to come with me. I know this is crazy, and I know it’s fast, but I don’t want to go home without you.”

I watched as tears welled up in his eyes and a smile spread across his face. “Really, Daddy? You want me to come with you?”

“I do. It’s a big city, and there are tons of opportunities in your field. Or, if you want to branch out on your own and start your own design business, you could do that, too. I just want you with me.”

“Like permanently? You want me to be your boy?”

“Sweetness, as far as I’m concerned, you’re already my boy. So yes, I want you to go home with your friend, Carey, pack up all your belongings, and tie up any loose ends you have. Then I’ll have your stuff shipped to our home, and I’ll buy you a first-class plane ticket so you can get back to me.”

“You’re serious, aren’t you?” he asked.

“Totally serious.”

At that, he spun around to face me and kissed me. “Then yes, Daddy, I’ll come home with you.”

Adam

When he'd said yes that he'd come home with me, I'd never been so happy in my life. It was the funniest thing. I'd spent the last few years convincing myself that I didn't want or need anyone. Thanks to my sister's interference, in just a few days, everything had changed.

I scooted him off me and stood up beside the lounge chair. I reached out my hand to help him up and pulled him to me. "I think this deserves to be celebrated. What do you think?"

"I do, and I can think of the perfect way to celebrate it."

"Yeah, me, too." I gripped his ass and lifted, and he went willingly up into my arms. He wrapped his legs around my waist as I walked us to the bed. We kissed until we were both out of breath and gasping for air.

When we were beside the bed, he slid down, and as soon as his feet hit the floor, I started taking my clothes off.

"You, too, boy," I instructed, "I want to see you." I pulled off my shirt and dropped it to the floor. I reached for my belt buckle next but got distracted as Ollie pulled his shirt over his head. "My god, baby boy, you are gorgeous. I can't believe you're mine," I whispered in awe. I reached out and ran my finger down his chest to his abdomen. I leaned forward and chased the trail of my finger back up with my tongue, stopping on a nipple to lick and suck.

“Oh, yes,” Ollie groaned as he wrapped his fingers in my hair and held my head where he wanted my attention. “That feels so good, Daddy.”

I pulled back and grinned at him. “If you think this feels good, wait until I get you back home.” Stepping back, I undid my pants, and in one swoop, I pushed off both my jeans and my boxers, standing there in front of him completely naked. He didn’t waste any time in doing the same. Then I was back against him, skin to skin.

I ran my tongue from his collarbone up to the hollow behind his ear and then gently bit down on his earlobe. “You get on the bed. I’ll get the supplies,” I growled.

He did as I asked and hurried to get into a position. I tossed a bottle of lube and a condom on the bed.

I stood there looking at him and, for a moment, trying to wrap my brain around the fact that I’d been lucky enough to find such a perfect boy and that he’d agreed to come home with me. I leaned down over him, kissing him deeply. Then I moved slowly down his body to sit between his legs, leaving a trail of light kisses as I made my way to his hard cock. The sight of him naked on the bed in front of me was enough to take my breath away. His cock twitched in response to my obvious hunger as I licked my lips and prepared to take what I wanted. Leaning down, I started at the base and slowly licked to the tip, lapping up the bead of pre-cum that had formed.

When I did it a second time, he groaned and thrust up, searching for more. I looked up at him with a wicked grin and licked up his cock for the third time. When I reached the tip, I sucked it into my mouth. I swirled my tongue as I added my hand and bobbed up and down on his cock, licking as I went down and sucking as I came up, over and over. I continued until he was close, and then I pulled off, chuckling at his whimper.

“When you come, I want to be inside you,” I growled.

“Yes, Daddy,” he whimpered again. “Inside me. Now, please.”

I rolled on the condom, flipped open the lube bottle, and poured some into my hand. Then I moved to the side and lay down beside him. He watched me hungrily as I lay there beside him, stroking my cock, getting it ready for him. When I’d made him wait long enough, I motioned for him to come to me. He crawled up my body and positioned himself over me, never breaking eye contact. Then I lined my cock up with his hole and sucked in a breath as he slowly lowered himself on me.

“Oh, Daddy,” he gasped. “I love the burn as you stretch me.” He continued down until I was fully seated inside him. He leaned forward and placed his hands on my chest for leverage. “We fit together perfectly, Daddy,” he said with a grin.

“We do, boy, in every way. Now move, dammit,” I growled.

He laughed but began to rock back and forth. “Can I touch myself, Daddy, please?” he asked. I nodded my head, and he gripped his cock and stroked himself in time with his movements. It was one of the sexiest things I’d ever seen, and I knew I wouldn’t last long.

I knew he’d said riding me was his favorite position, but my need to be in control took over, and I sat up, grabbed him, and flipped him over on his back. Then I began to pound into him hard and fast. “I’m close, baby boy, so close.”

“Me, too, Daddy,” he said as he grasped his cock and stroked it.

“Then come for me, boy,” I ordered as we both shouted out our release at the same time.

Ollie



I laid there basking in the afterglow of our lovemaking and tried to convince myself I wasn't dreaming. My Daddy wanted me to come home with him. It was hard to believe that just a week ago, I was worried about finding a job that I thought I would probably hate and figuring out how I was going to pay my rent, and now, everything I'd always wanted but had been afraid to even dream of was right here in front of me.

"Did you mean it, Daddy, when you said I could try to start my own business doing graphic design? Because that could take some time to get started."

"That would mean you could work from home, right?" I nodded my head against his strong chest and had to resist the urge to lick him. We were having a serious conversation here, and now was not the time. "Well then, I think that would be perfect. I know we haven't talked much about this, but, baby boy, I have more money than I could spend in two lifetimes. As far as I'm concerned, you don't have to work at all. But I already know you well enough to know that you wouldn't be happy that way. You've worked hard to earn your degree, and you didn't do all that for nothing. So yes, I think you starting your own business and taking as long as you need to get it started is a fabulous idea."

"I do have money saved up to cover my living expenses, you know," I said. The last thing I wanted was for him to think I was using him for his money. I mean, up until now, I didn't know for sure how much he had, but I'd suspected. He was way too quick to pay for stuff not to be loaded.

"Well, why don't you let me worry about living expenses, and you can use that money to start your business. I'm sure you'll need advertising and maybe some good equipment."

"Maybe, or maybe I could get a job for a while to get experience."

"You could. Baby boy, here's what I want you to know, I'm in your corner no matter

what you decide.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” I leaned over and brushed a light kiss over his lips.

“No, thank you for agreeing to this. I’m asking a lot from you. You’ll have to move across the country and leave everything and everyone behind. I’m just grateful you’re willing to take a chance on us.”

“I’m so willing,” I said, laughing. “Carey was saying he was rethinking his plans, so who knows, maybe I can convince him he should move, too. That would be awesome.”

“I think it would be great for you to have your friend close by. Just let me know if there’s anything I can do to help. But either way, I think the best thing is for you to come and take a few months to get settled. Then you can decide what to do from there.”

“Daddy,” I asked softly. “Do you think it’s too soon for me to tell you that I love you?”

“I hope not, baby boy, because I feel the same way.”

“You do?”

“I do. I’ve known it since yesterday afternoon when I watched you swim with the dolphin, and I realized all I needed in life to be happy was to have you by my side.”

I snuggled in closer, and he wrapped his arms around me. I knew we still had a lot to figure out and a lot to learn about each other, but I also knew everything was going to work out fine because I’d found the perfect Daddy for me.

## Page 12

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Three years later

Ollie

“Are you sure you hadn’t rather go on a cruise this year?” Adam asked.

“I’m sure. The cruise was a once in a lifetime opportunity, and it was a lot of fun, mostly because that was how I met you. I don’t think cruises are really my thing.”

“Well, baby boy, what do you want to do for vacation then?”

I couldn’t believe this was the same man everyone said he never took a vacation. I’d heard all about his workaholic ways from Bree. But from the moment I’d moved in, he’d set some firm boundaries in his work life. Gone were the sixteen-hour days and seven-day work weeks. Not that he wasn’t still dedicated to his family’s company, or that he didn’t still have some pretty aggressive plans for their growth; he just learned to delegate a lot of those tasks to make sure he had plenty of time for me.

“I was thinking, maybe this year we should make a trip to the mountains. Ideally, someplace with no internet.”

He chuckled and pulled me into a hug. “My baby boy’s thinking he needs a chance to disconnect and decompress, huh?”

“Planning the launch of your own business is a lot of work.”

“That it is. But I have to say, you are doing one hell of a job.”

“Thank you, Daddy. Bree has been a big help.” I had known that Bree’s position in the family business was to facilitate the startup of new projects. But I hadn’t known just exactly what that meant until I agreed to let her help me with mine. That woman was a force of nature.

“Yes, my sister is very good at what she does. And I have no doubt that when we return from vacation, wherever we go, your new business is going to be a huge success. And not just because of Bree. You have worked your ass off for this.”

He wasn’t wrong. I’d spent the last two years working at a design firm and learning all the ins and outs of the business world, and I had to say I learned a lot. When Adam had told me it was up to me if I wanted to get a job or to just launch my business, I had been tempted. But I knew that all the schooling in the world wouldn’t prepare me for what it was like to run a business. And now here I was, three years later, with much more experience, and ready to give it a shot.

You know what? Actually, a cabin in the mountains sounds great. As a matter of fact, maybe we should buy one. Especially with you starting this business, it might be good for us to have a place where we could get away.

“Daddy, you don’t have to buy me a cabin.” It had taken me some time to get used to the fact that Adam was prone to buying me anything he thought I wanted. And even though I had adjusted for the most part, buying me a cabin so I would have a place to retreat to was maybe a little over the top.

“It wouldn’t be a cabin for you. It would be a cabin for us. I’ll call Joel and get him started on the search. I bet he could find us a place that’s close enough for us to use it for weekends, even.”

I chuckled and shook my head. The man was absolutely hopeless. I swear, I had to be the luckiest boy in the world.

“Maybe we could find one with a big deck and a hot tub,” I said, feeling myself get excited about the idea.

“Maybe someplace on a lake,” he said, looking thoughtful. “And with a place to dock my boat.”

“What boat, Daddy?”

“The boat. I will need to buy if we have a cabin on the lake.”

“Makes sense I guess. You know, people always name their boats. We can call it the boyfriends’ escape. It’s funny because most people would think it was an escape for the boyfriend, but really it means a place we could escape together.”

“We could call it that,” he said, seriously.

He walked over to his dresser, pulled open the top drawer, rummaged around for a minute, and then turned around and coming back over to where I stood, before going down on one knee, and holding out a small black jewelry box. I gasped, my hand covering my mouth.

“But I’d much rather call it the husband’s escape.”

I nodded my head and tried to hold back my tears. I couldn’t even talk to tell him, not only yes, but a thousand times yes. This man was absolutely everything I ever wanted, but had never dared to hope for.

He slipped the ring on my finger before standing up and pulling me against him.

“I love you, baby boy. Meeting you on that cruise is the best thing that ever happened to me and I plan to spend the rest of my life making sure you know it.”

“I do know it, Daddy,” I mumbled against his chest. “How could I not when you show me every single day?”