



# Daddy on Tap (The Lactin Brotherhood #10)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** My Little side loved a bottle of warm milk... that was until I discovered something better.

When my boss asks me to fill in at a conference in Vegas, I figure I'll have a few nice meals, lose a bit of money on slots, catch a show, and maybe check out the local club. Now that I'm here, all I want to do is stay in my room, wear my footie jams, and watch some cartoons. Everything is... much. The noise, the people, the smoke... all of it. As long as I get through the mandatory work commitments, I'll call it a win.

The opening session moves to a new location, and the text barely comes on time. I manage to get in just as the doors are closing and soon discover I'm in the wrong room. They aren't discussing the newest applications of their software. They're talking about men... Men who lactate, and as much as I know I should leave, I can't. I'm fascinated, curious, and hard as a rock.

As the crowd files out and I'm stuck trying to will my body into submission, the speaker approaches me and says exactly what I need to hear. "Do you need a Daddy's help right now?"

**Total Pages (Source):** 17

# Page 1

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

## Chapter 1

### Riley

Traveling wasn't normally part of my work. I stayed in the office or worked from home and did all the behind-the-scenes stuff. I liked it that way. It was predictable and calm. But when my boss asked me to go to Vegas to fill in for Bob, who was going to his daughter's wedding, I said "sure" without thinking it through all the way.

The second I got on the plane, I realized my mistake. I'd gone through bag check and security with ease and assumed that meant the rest of the trip would be easy peasy. I hadn't considered that I'd arrived at the airport extremely early and the rush was still to come—and come they did.

I was stuck in the back of the plane, not quite to the bathroom, in a middle seat. My boss wasn't a dick, but my trip was a last-minute decision and this seat was all that was left. It wouldn't have been so bad if everyone was watching a movie or playing on their phone. But everyone around me was talking loudly to people in front, behind, and across from me. I couldn't tell if they were a big group or not, but they were discussing everything they were going to do when they arrived in vegas. Details about where they'd gamble, what shows they wanted to see, and which strip clubs were the best.

The energy on the plane was much different from any other trip I'd taken. There was something about Vegas, something about Sin City, that made everyone excited in a different way, and that excitement was already making me feel overwhelmed.

At least the flight was uneventful and my luggage arrived with me—unlike the poor person who was sitting in front of me. I didn't know what I would have done if my suitcase had been one of those missing. Sure, I could buy new clothing. That was easy. But I didn't bring just any clothing. I brought some of my Little stuff because I knew that if the day got rough, I'd need them.

Heck, just being alone in a new place meant that I'd need them.

After waiting for the shuttle for two hours and being cramped inside with more people than was legal, I arrived at the hotel, stood in line for another hour and a half, and finally found my way to my room. I didn't know if it was always like this here, or if I just happened to arrive at the wrong time, or possibly there was some big event in town, but I was itching to get away from all these people so I could decompress.

When I was first thinking about coming, my thoughts were focused on going out to dinner, having fancy food from a celebrity chef, maybe checking out the local kink club to see their Little scene, or possibly grabbing a show. There were so many things I thought might be fun. But now that I was here and in my room, all I wanted to do was take a shower, throw on my footie pajamas, and climb into bed.

Unfortunately, that wasn't in the cards.

First, I needed to go check in with the event people at a “meet and greet.” I didn't want to meet anybody or be greeted by anybody, but this wasn't a pleasure trip. I didn't get to decide what I did or didn't do. This was work.

Being an adult sucked sometimes.

I reached into my carry-on and dug around until I found my pacifier and shoved it in my pocket. It was my comfort item. Obviously, I wouldn't be able to use it in front of everyone tonight, but I could touch it and know that it was there—and that was

something.

The meet-and-greet was in one of the plethora of lobbies, and I went to two wrong ones before I found the one I was meant to be in. The place was a maze, and everything looked the same. It was almost as if they intentionally wanted you to get lost in here and never leave. And maybe that wasn't too far from the truth.

I checked in and grabbed my schedule—which they still printed on paper. Weird. They also gave me a little lanyard and a pen that would probably run out after about ten minutes of writing, if past experience was any indication. But I made nice and went to the bar to get a glass of orange juice, not wanting to exacerbate my tensions with alcohol. Then I walked around—mostly pretending like I was heading to different locations so I didn't have to chat too much, but stopping when I had to.

At least there was food, because by the time I left, I was so over-peopled from small talk, over-touched from handshakes, and over-noised from everything, that I just needed to get out of there. A few people asked if I wanted to go to one of the bars with them, but I told them I already had plans. They didn't need to know what those plans were.

I stopped at the convenience store in the hotel to grab a pint of milk, but all they had was chocolate. It wasn't my favorite, but it would have to do. I needed my bottle tonight and leaving the hotel to go find white milk was more than I'd be able to handle. I'd figure out something for the rest of the week, but for now, I'd make do.

My room was nice enough, nothing too fancy, but it had a love seat, a bed, and a refrigerator, so I called that a win. It was going to be my home away from home for the next week, and if it had smelled like smoke and had questionable stains, I wasn't sure I'd be able to get a wink of sleep or relax at all.

My plans for the night were simple. I'd take a shower, throw on my unicorn pull-ups

and footie pajamas, grab my teddy bear, and then crawl into bed with my pacie and bottle of chocolate milk.

There was a large television, but I preferred watching my favorite cartoon on my phone as I fell asleep. It was going to be a much longer week than I had anticipated. At least I was prepared with my comfort items, and if worse came to worst, I could sneak out to the kink club and find a daddy or mommy for the night. It wasn't ideal because I preferred playing alone or with someone I knew at those kinds of places, but it was an option. And knowing I had a plan relaxed me enough that I fell asleep before the first episode was over.

## Page 2

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

### Chapter 2

Adam

As the plane touched down in Nevada, I mentally ran through the few things I still needed to pick up at the drugstore before my presentation in the morning. Nipple shields, leak pads, and ointment. These were all basic items that I kept stocked in my home office, but when I traveled, it was easier to just buy supplies locally and give them away than to pack a whole extra bag of leave-behinds and bring home an empty bag.

The Lactin Brotherhood's Annual Conference was one of my favorites of the year. Not only was it always in Vegas, one of the funnest cities in the world, but I got to see so many of my friends in one place. As one of the foremost lactation consultants in the country, I got invited to speak all over the country. But there were only a handful of invitations I accepted, and this was one of them.

I had a few sessions this year, but the morning keynote was the one I was most nervous about. Not because I didn't know what to say or how it would be received—I'd been speaking to large crowds for almost a decade, ever since I first started lactating and decided to study lactation as a career—but because it was such an important topic. So many of the guests were new to lactation and feeling scared and confused.

My talk was often the catapult for them to accept what was happening to their body and how they could move forward in a positive and productive way. It was a big responsibility that I took seriously. And when teary-eyed people came to thank me at

the end, I knew I was doing the right thing.

Helping others was just in my nature. Whether it was a little old lady in the market or a little boy in the club play room, I just wanted to make sure needs were met and people felt loved and cared for. Of course, my friends liked to remind me that my caretaking of others resulted in never having my own needs met. And that was okay. I had my work. I had my buddies. And when I could find the time to plan a scene, I had Littles at the club.

That was good enough for now.

It had to be.

The hotel was recently remodeled and huge. Several casinos were all connected by breezeways and trains and hallways, so everything I possibly needed was just a few turns and card tables away. A few of my friends were meeting for dinner at one of the sushi places, so I quickly unpacked and showered and then headed down to the restaurant.

Chad saw me first and stood up to flag me over. “Adam, hey! I saved you a seat by me.”

He was at a long table with several familiar faces looking up at me as I nodded and waved to everyone on my way to the empty chair. “Hey, everyone. Sorry I’m late.”

“Nah, you’re just in time. We’ve ordered a few apps and a ton of sushi. But if there’s anything else you want, just tell the guy when he gets here.”

He held up a glass of sake. “You’re safe to drink, right? No clients you need to stay sober for?”

I chuckled and shook my head. “No clients for me. Purely pump and dump this week. So, yeah, I could definitely use a drink.

“Nice.” He waved to the waiter and asked him to bring me whatever he was drinking. That was fine. I rarely drank, so these trips were my time to indulge. And as Chad so kindly pointed out, I had no one to keep my milk clean for, so I was up to catch a buzz. “I’ve got my boy here, but he likes to get a little buzz from my milk, so he told me to drink up.”

I was just taking a sip of water and almost choked on it. “Seriously. I didn’t know you were seeing someone.”

“Yeah, Ricky.” Chad took a drink and then flashed a goofy grin. “He’s so cool. He’s a Little, and we’re basically in Daddy/Little mode full-time. He loves to nurse and lets me have full control. He’s more than I ever hoped for.”

“Wow.” Chad was one of those guys I expected to be perpetually single because he was a bit of a manwhore. A great guy and sexy as fuck, but not the settling-down type. At least, not that I’d expected. “I’m really happy for you. Surprised, but happy. Truly.”

“Thanks, man. What about you? Anyone special in your life?” He grabbed a piece of edamame and sucked the beans out of it and waved the skin at me. “You’re such a good Daddy. You hiding a team of Littles out there from all your speaking gigs?”

“No, that’s not my style.” The waiter brought my drink and set it in front of me. I paused long enough for Chad to lift his glass so we could toast and take a drink. “I don’t have time to meet anybody. Between hosting classes and traveling, there’s not a lot of time to get to know people.” I glanced around the table. “So which one is Ricky? I’d love to meet him.”



Chad waved to a wall that separated part of the restaurant. “He’s at a meet-up with a bunch of the Littles and subbies. You know how they get at these conventions.” He rolled his eyes and laughed. “I’m glad Ricky is the jealous type and doesn’t let me feed anyone else anymore. As much fun as these used to be, they were fucking exhausting.”

“Yeah, I remember those days.” When I first started coming to conferences, I got wrapped up in all the lactation scenes and lining up the milk sluts who couldn’t get enough. But after a few years, that got old. Lately, I’d basically become celibate, but sometimes that was just how things worked out.

Being alone was okay with me. I could be content to just help others and live without a partner of my own. Maybe when I retired, I’d find someone looking for a companion, but unless somebody walked into one of my classes and begged for my attention, I didn’t anticipate ever meeting someone for myself while I was still working.

“I’m really happy for you, Chad. You deserve to find happiness.”

He cocked his head and looked at me. “You do too, man. And you’re gonna find it. What I’ve learned is that love will sometimes show up where we least expect it.”

Since I didn’t expect it at all, I guessed it could be anywhere. “Yeah, maybe.” I reached for a dumpling with my chopsticks. “Now, let’s eat. I’m starved.”

## Page 3

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

### Chapter 3

#### Riley

The hotel was loud, but that was to be expected. Last night was no exception. As soon as I'd fall asleep, someone or someones would wake me up.

There were drunk people walking through the halls, others giggling as they fumbled to their rooms, and more than one round of arguing with partners or strangers—I couldn't tell. The scariest moment was when someone tried to get into my room. Eventually, they barked out that it was the wrong floor, slammed a fist against it one last time, and then went on their way. As if I were in control of what elevator button they'd pressed.

All that played out with the sounds of horns honking and sirens blaring down on the street below. I never realized how loud those combined sounds could still be even after traveling all the way up to my floor.

It was a lot to block out, and I failed miserably. Once upon a time, I tried noise-canceling ear plugs. They did work at keeping things quiet for me, but it didn't feel safe because they blocked them out too much.

Somehow, my exhausted body gave in, and I managed to fall asleep to my cartoons. I got a few hours of sleep, but once midnight rolled around, either there was an escalation of activity or my brain was rested just enough to no longer be in crash mode. Whatever the case was, it sucked.

I kept dozing off, but I woke up again and again. First at 12:07, then 2:03, then 3:20, then 4:15, and again at 5:31. I tried but just couldn't sleep for long. Finally, right at six o'clock, my alarm went off. It was time to admit that sleep wasn't going to be a thing for me.

Sitting up with a groan, I turned off my alarm and hugged my teddy bear. "It's time for me to go take a shower. You're gonna be good today, right?" I pushed his head so he nodded before I climbed out of bed, taking my bottle with me.

I was beyond exhausted, but even though I didn't have to get up so early, I wasn't going to sleep, so there was no use lying around in bed any longer. Well, maybe tonight would be better after I was used to the sounds, or maybe not. I didn't know. But worrying about it wasn't going to change anything.

My bottle hadn't been rinsed out before I dozed off, and I was paying the price. I went to the sink and rinsed out the bottle as best I could, kicking myself for not bringing any dish soap. Even if I had some, it would still be a pain to deal with. Chocolate milk had a way of clinging to everything. I needed to pick up some soap and a bottle brush in between work crap, maybe during a break... if I got one.

The schedule hadn't been finalized as of yesterday because a couple of the rooms were under construction and changes were being made.

That meant I wasn't going to be able to use my bottle again without a decent scrubbing. In hindsight, I should've gotten up and at least rinsed it before I fell asleep. Chocolate milk was the worst, and I knew better. For now, I set it beside the sink, put my teddy in the drawer, and padded into the bathroom to get ready for the day.

There was a time when I would have been embarrassed by my unicorn pull-ups and I would have done everything I could to try to hide them. I didn't bother anymore.

Hotels were hotels, and the housekeepers saw much more unusual things than a random pull-up in the trash. I hadn't even used it. It was more of a comfort item for me. And really, what was the worst they would think? That I was incontinent? Have at it. It wasn't like I'd ever run into them again, and even if I did, there was zero shame in having a medical condition.

The shower felt great for about five minutes, and then the water pressure dropped. It wasn't awful, but it took extra long to rinse off, and it wasn't quite as hot as I liked. Please, don't let this be a sign of what's to come. I had to be on my A-game today. Big smiles, all professional, doing my thing. Being exhausted, grumpy, or whiny—none of that was gonna fly.

Before long, I was dressed and heading downstairs with enough time to stop at the coffee bar for a bagel and something that had extra shots of espresso because I was gonna need it in order to stay awake.

My phone buzzed in my pocket as I walked off the elevator. The app for the event sent a notification that the room for the opening talks had been switched. Great .

“Need any help?” The security guard at the kiosk probably sensed my confusion.

“Yeah, I'm looking for...” I turned the phone around to show him the location.

“Oh, that's easy.” He gave me directions that included going past specific slot machines and gaming tables. I got lost early on but kept nodding my head as if I understood. I knew the general direction he indicated and crossed my fingers it was good enough to get me there.

The coffee place was out of bagels already, but I did manage to get my \$18 cup of coffee. They really liked to take everything you had at these places, but it had extra shots, so I was optimistic it would be worth it.

I got lost more than once trying to find the new room, but eventually, I did. I even had a couple minutes to spare. I jogged inside and found a seat—one of the very few left—just as the doors were being closed.

Keynotes were always boring and didn't really matter. Usually just a rah-rah session to start off the event. Instead of paying attention, I focused on my coffee as they introduced the first speaker. I wasn't sure who he was or what he was doing when his voice first filled the room over the speakers.

“It is my honor to be here today...” Those words were the beginning of every speech ever given, but there was something different about this time. This time, they were silky, sexy, and pretty freakin' Daddy. I looked up to see that the face speaking was just as Daddy.

Maybe work wasn't going to be so bad.

Only three sentences in, I realized I was in the wrong room. This wasn't work. This wasn't even close to work. This was a meeting for men who lactated.

I'd heard of them, of course. It wasn't an unusual condition. It wasn't overly common, but it wasn't ultra rare like one of those no-one-would-have-heard-of-it kind of conditions. It wasn't a condition I'd ever really given much thought to.

Personally, I didn't lactate, so why would I?

But the more he spoke, the more I realized that I really wanted to know about this. Like, did they lactate and then just sell their milk? I'd heard that was a thing. Bodybuilders talked about it on different news outlets to add some shock value when ratings were low. I assumed some of the guys just pumped and dumped, too. But did they sometimes have people drink their milk? Adults even? Adults like me, who were Little. Was that a thing? I hoped it was a thing. And if it wasn't, could it be?

Not that I knew any men who lactated to dip my toes into this. Or maybe I did. It probably wasn't exactly something they'd advertise. I leaned back in my chair and watched the Daddy up front as he went through his speech. My head filled with far more questions than he was answering, and my pants got a little too tight for a polite conference attendee.

## Page 4

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

### Chapter 4

Adam

“And for so many, the contributions we...” I scanned the crowd, glancing in every direction to make sure the audience knew I was engaged with them. I cared about them. Was there for them. All of that was true until I caught the eye of a guy in the front and couldn’t look away. “Um, the contributions.”

He just stared up at me with his full attention and the biggest eyes I’d ever seen. Like he was hanging on my every word, even though mine suddenly were lost in my mind.

I cleared my throat and tried to focus on what I was being paid to do. “They make a difference in so many lives.” When I finally pulled my gaze away, the speech I’d given a hundred times came back to me. The words began to flow as I spoke on autopilot, pausing when I needed to pause, chuckling when it was right for the moment, and progressing through the few slides I was projecting on several screens behind me.

Although the words came easily, my eyes kept darting to that cute guy up front. I’d never seen him in any previous conferences, and the way he hung on my every word made me wonder if he was hearing some of this information for the first time.

That was an exciting thought. I loved sharing the joy and satisfaction that came with helping others learn about and teach lactation. Whether he was a lactator, a support consultant, or a client, I hoped he decided to stick around and ask any questions he had.

My favorite part of in-person events was meeting new people and shedding light on any of the fears or concerns they had been grappling with, especially if he was new to this world.

As my speech wrapped up, I went off-script and decided to speak to any of the newcomers personally. “With this journey comes a lot of challenges, but in almost every situation I’ve encountered, those challenges were worth the immense gratitude that our clients feel when we can help them fulfill the needs of their body. If you're brand-new to lactating or supporting others in their lactation journey, please feel free to stay behind and ask any questions you have. I’ve got this room for the next hour, so don’t be shy.” I looked right at the boy and smiled. “I love to meet new people, and I’m here to help.”

I ended the talk by inviting everybody to grab samples of some of the products I couldn’t live without from the back of the room. Then I stayed up front as most people filed out. A small group migrated toward the front of the room with questions and to share stories, but the guy in the front didn’t move. He stayed rooted in place, peeking up at me now and then, but pretending to be looking at his phone.

A man who was new to lactation had a million questions about being both a consultant and a wet nurse, so I spent several minutes pulling up resources for him and pointing him to The Lactin Brotherhood for some of the workshops they hosted, but my attention was shifting from curious to concerned when the guy in the front still hadn’t moved at all.

Once I cleared the room of everyone with questions, I grabbed a bottle of water from my bag and went to go check on the guy. “Hey there.” I kneeled down in front of him so I was closer to his eye level, not wanting to intimidate or frighten him. “Do you have any questions I can answer?”

He shrugged and swallowed hard. “No, not really. I’ll leave in just a minute.”



I placed my hand on his calf and gave him a soft squeeze. “No rush. You can sit here for as long as you need.”

He glanced at me with tears in his eyes that immediately began to fall down his cheeks. “I’m so sorry. I came into the wrong room, and I think I’m lost and...” He sniffled loudly and took a shuddering breath. “Now I feel bad because I’m keeping you from your day.”

“Not at all.” I held up the bottle of water in his direction. “Would you like some water?”

“No, thank you.” He shook his head and looked down in his lap again.

I followed his gaze and noticed an erection he was obviously trying to hide. “Is there anything you’d like to talk about? Seems like you might have some things on your mind.”

He scrunched his eyes closed and sighed. “I’m so embarrassed, but I’ve just never heard of someone like you having milk...for someone like me.”

Someone like him? Pieces started to come together, and it was clear that he was a Little on the verge of regressing in the least convenient place possible. “Someone like you? Do you mean sweet boys who listen politely in meetings they don’t have to stay in?”

He grinned and shook his head. “No, more like sad boys who had to drink chocolate milk last night because there wasn’t any plain milk in the store.”

“I see. Well, I happen to know where you can get some plain milk.”

His eyes went wide, and he immediately looked at my chest like I might tear off my

shirt and invite him to suckle. The fantasy was tempting, to be honest. But that wasn't what he needed. "There's a whole conference full of guys like me who can supply you with everything you'll ever need."

He looked around as someone might appear in the empty room with us. "That sounds interesting."

"Glad you think so. And I'm glad you decided to come to my talk today. There are lots of people like me who would love to meet boys like you and chat about...supply."

He sucked in a deep breath and looked me in the eyes. "Supply...as in milk?"

I chuckled again. He was so cute. "Yes, if that's what you're looking for." I put my hand on his calf again and brushed up and down. "Is that what you're looking for?"

"To be honest, I'm not sure what I'm looking for. I thought I was going to a different meeting and accidentally came in here. But this is way better than the dumb work meeting I was supposed to be in. This one was...amazing."

His excitement was infectious, and I wanted to pull him into my arms for a hug. "I'm glad you think so. Usually the people in my talks have been in the industry for years, so it's nice to meet someone with a fresh perspective."

He cocked his head to the side and glanced down at my chest longingly. "Fresh is best..."

Okay, this sweet boy had a silly side too. "I'm Adam, by the way. And where do you need to be next?"

"I'm Riley, and I'm supposed to be..." He tapped his phone and turned it to show me

his schedule. “Here.”

The tower he needed to go to was on my way back to my room. “I think I know where you’re going. I’d be happy to show you.”

He narrowed his eyes. “Like, show me show me? Or ‘give me a million instructions that I’m gonna forget’ show me?”

I laughed as I pushed up to my feet and held my hands out to him. “I’ll walk you to the door and make sure you’re exactly where you need to be. Unless...”

He reached for my hands and let me pull him to his feet. “Unless what?”

Even though I knew I was about to do something I shouldn’t do, I couldn’t stop myself. I held both of his hands in mine and made sure he heard my words exactly as I intended them. “Unless you could use the help of a Daddy right now.”

## Page 5

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

### Chapter 5

Riley

The correct answer was to tell him, “No, I need to get to work.”

It was the responsible thing to do.

It was how a good boy would respond.

My boss had flown me all the way out here for this event. Skipping was not within my work expectations. I had responsibilities. But no part of me wanted to do the right thing. Instead, I bobbed my head up and down. When he just continued to wait, I dug up some courage. “Yes, please.”

He was waiting for the words, just like a good Daddy would. I shouldn’t have expected any less. Everything about him shouted Daddy long before he referred to himself as such.

“Okay.” He let my hands go, and I wanted to cry right there, which—what a big feeling for only knowing him for two seconds! Adam instantly saw the hurt on my face, or at least that was my assumption, because he reached for my hand and asked if that was okay.

I did my best impression of a bobblehead, just like before. And once again, he waited until I used my words, telling him it was more than okay.

He walked out holding my hand, and no one said a word to him or me. People had been filing inside for the next session, so we mostly went unnoticed, although it was hard to believe that Adam could be anywhere and not be noticed. He was not only gorgeous, but he had this presence about him. A commanding, take-charge presence, but also, he was someone you just wanted to hug.

“What did you eat for breakfast, Riley?” He stopped as we reached the end of the corridor, where we had to make a decision about which part of the casino we were going to next. None of the options were good, in my opinion. It was loud, and all the bings and sirens from the slots were overwhelming at best.

I considered lying to him. Telling him I had a bagel or something. It wasn’t a complete lie since that had been my plan. He’d be disappointed if he found out, though. And knowing me, I’d confess. It was better being honest and not even bothering with saying I wanted my coffee first, like I didn’t know it wasn’t actual food. “Nothing.”

“Is that a healthy choice for little boys?” He used his Daddy voice, and damn, it was sexy.

I shook my head. “No, Daddy.”

I hadn’t meant for that to slip out, and I could tell it registered by the look on his face, but he didn’t make a big deal of it. “Well, then, we need to get you some breakfast.”

We walked to the left, and I thought we were going somewhere else in the casino because there were plenty of places to eat, but instead, we walked outside and into the fresh air. It was loud out here, too, but a different kind of loud. There were people talking—or in some cases screaming—horns honking, and cars idling. It was much better than the slot machines, but in no way calming to the sensory overload I’d been dealing with since I arrived in this city.

He stopped just outside the entrance. “Do you need to tell someone where you’re going?”

I didn’t want to answer him because I should have already told my boss I was missing part of the day. The first part was an accident, but this time I’d made the choice to ditch. At least the next session was one I was supposed to just observe and not present, so it wasn’t as horrible as it felt. If I didn’t say anything, I’d probably get away with playing hooky. But I was a confessor, so the odds were good I’d rat myself out. “Um, where are we going?” Deflection for the win.

He pointed across the street. “The best breakfast in the entire city is in that hotel.”

It was one of the older ones, one I was pretty sure was on the block to be leveled within the next few years. Vegas didn’t like to keep anything around once it got dated. But if Adam said it was the best breakfast in town, I believed him. “Sounds good to me.”

He squeezed my hand. “And do you need to tell someone?”

“It’s fine.” In my mind, that wasn’t technically a lie, so nothing to accidentally confess.

We walked hand in hand, then we went up an escalator, across a bridge, and down the other side until we reached our destination. It was an Italian restaurant, which surprised me, but when we sat down, the menu was very brunch-oriented.

He tapped the top of my menu. “You need to eat if you’re going to focus, so make sure you have some protein.”

I looked at the menu to see what it offered. Huge, fluffy French toast was pictured front and center and it was my favorite. Especially when it was slathered in

strawberries and whipped cream. But definitely not protein, so I tried to find something healthy. Something that would make him proud.

It made no sense that I wanted to make him proud. He wasn't my Daddy. He was just some guy I was having breakfast with instead of being responsible and heading to work. In fact, maybe he was a bad influence.

Anyway, I looked and looked at every option on the menu, and when the server came back and asked if we wanted anything to drink, I ordered coffee.

Adam looked at me once the server was out of earshot. "No milk for you?"

"No, it'll be cold from the fridge. Besides, I think I want my next drink to be straight from the tap." I peeked at him even though my face was burning, my entire being in disbelief that I'd just said that.

The glint in his eyes told me it was okay. I'd said the perfect thing.

I made Daddy happy.

"What were you thinking about ordering?" It was as if he saw right through me and understood my French toast desires.

"What I was thinking is that I want French toast with strawberries but that it'll disappoint you because there's no protein, so I need to find something better. But then I keep going back to the French toast."

He wasn't my Daddy. He wasn't even my date. It shouldn't matter what he thought of what I ate. And yet it did.

"Why don't you have a half order of the strawberry French toast, and then have some

eggs and ham on the side?”

My eyes went wide at his suggestion. Problem solved.

I could order what I wanted and make him smile simultaneously. It was perfect. Then again, so much of what had happened since I met him was perfect, but also weird. I didn't get this comfortable with people this quickly, and I sure didn't call people Daddy before I even knew what state they lived in.

Jet lag was an easy scapegoat. So was the chocolate milk I had before bed or not sleeping well because of all the noise...or general travel anxiety or a thousand other reasons. But the truth was, it was all because of Adam. Why did I have to meet him here and not back home? If we'd met at Chained, we could explore something more than just a breakfast and my fantasy of skipping the entire day of the conference to ride him like a unicorn.

The saying was that whatever happened in Vegas stayed in Vegas. I could turn this chance meeting into a one-day bang fest, but when I came out the other side, I wouldn't be okay. That wasn't how I shared my body.

For me, it was always about more.

And gods help me, with Adam, I wanted more.



## Page 6

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

### Chapter 6

Adam

I had no right to be thinking about what Riley should or shouldn't be eating for breakfast, but it was important to me that he had a balanced meal, especially after his rough morning.

But the way his eyes lit up when I suggested ordering both the French toast and eggs, he looked like a Little on Christmas morning. That expression was only second to the way he squealed when the server finally put a plate of whipped cream and a speck of French toast down in front of him.

Riley clasped his hands together under his chin as he stared at it in awe. "That's the most amazing breakfast I've ever seen in my life."

"That's because it's dessert, sweetheart." I chuckled. "May I make a Daddy suggestion to you?"

He perked right up, giving me his full attention as he stared into my eyes. "Of course. Anything."

"Maybe take a few bites of your eggs first, before you dig into that mountain of sugar. That way you don't fill up before you can get at least a tiny bit of nutrition in you."

He tried to hold back a smile as he nodded. "Yes, Daddy." He was teasing, but his

smile only got bigger. “I guess you’re the health-conscious type of daddy.” He stabbed a mound of eggs and then shoved it in his mouth, holding my gaze.

“Are there other kinds of Daddies? I think we’re all pretty concerned about the health of our Littles.”

His smile dropped, and he looked down before scooping up another bite. “No, not all of them. My last Daddy never cared about what I ate or if I ate anything at all. He was just a playtime Daddy.”

My grin dropped too, and I raised an eyebrow. “Like coloring and playing with toys?”

“No. Just bedroom playtime.” He looked at me and shrugged. “That part was fun, but I wanted more and he...didn’t. But I didn’t realize how nice this could be.” He held up his forkful of eggs. “Maybe I’d like a Daddy who fed me.”

The innuendo wasn’t lost on me, but I didn’t outwardly react. I kept my eyes on him as he took the bite and went in for one more. I was fairly certain three was going to be his limit before he attacked the whipped cream. “This is nice, Riley. I’m enjoying myself very much.” I slid my foot under the table and tapped the side of his. “You absolutely deserve a Daddy who cares about everything you do. Your health and happiness should always be his number one priority.”

He put his fork down and stared at me across the table. I could see his eyes getting shiny, but no tears fell as he considered my words. “I don’t know if I deserve it, but I would like that kind of Daddy. I just don’t know where I could find someone like that.” He bit his lower lip, and dammit, a single tear trailed down his cheek.

That was not how I wanted our breakfast to go. The whole point was to brighten his day and set him off to work in a good mood. All I was doing was making him sad.

“None of that.” I held out my hand and waited for him to drop his palm against mine. I pulled it up and brushed a kiss across his knuckles. “We’re here to have a happy breakfast. You’ve done such a good job with your eggs, and I’m very proud of you. Thank you for making a healthy choice. I think you’ve earned some of that delicious French toast.”

Riley half smiled for a second before the other side of his lips caught up. “What about you? You’ve barely touched your oatmeal.”

Touché. I’d been so focused on him that I hadn’t paid any attention to my own food. I dumped the bowl of blueberries into the plain oatmeal and grabbed my spoon. “You’re absolutely right. I’ll eat my fruit if you eat yours.”

Riley was happy again as he cut into his French toast around a slice of strawberry. “Okay, but I think mine’s gonna taste a whole lot better than yours.” He loaded up his fork, and we both took bites.

He wasn’t wrong about the taste. I felt self-conscious adding sugar to mine after teasing Riley about all of his sugary goodness. So, although my boring oatmeal and blueberries wasn’t the most delicious way to start the day, it wasn’t bad. “Mine’s...okay.”

Riley giggled and dug in for another bite. “Just admit it. Yours tastes like cardboard, and mine’s the most scrumptious cinnamony goodness that has ever existed.”

I pretended to sigh dramatically as I relented. “Well, I can’t beat that, so yes, you definitely win the breakfast-ordering challenge. By a landslide.”

Riley’s gaze softened as he looked at me. And when I expected him to go in for another bite, he put his empty fork in his mouth to clean it off and then went back to finish his eggs. “I’m definitely winning at lots of things today. And breakfast with a

nice Daddy is at the top of the list.”

For the next twenty minutes, we chatted about the meetings we were both attending while we finished eating. Before long, I had to get ready for my next presentation and Riley had to join a panel he was volun-told to participate in by his boss.

Once we were both stuffed and couldn’t avoid the clock any longer, I stood up from the table and held my hand out to Riley. “May I walk you to your next meeting?”

Riley took my hand and popped up from his seat. “Yes, please. Tomorrow, I’m gonna map out how to get to each of my meetings so I don’t get lost again. But for today, I really appreciate your help.”

“Today has been my pleasure.” I curled my elbow and brought his hand up to my lips so I could brush a kiss across the back of it. “I can’t remember the last time I had such a pleasant meal.”

Riley looked up at me and scoffed. “How is that possible? You’re the nicest person ever. Every one of your meals should be the most pleasant.”

I chuckled, hoping he was just being playful and not actually regressed to the point that he would struggle for the rest of the day. Instinctively, I leaned to the side and softly kissed the side of his head then slipped my arm behind his back. “It’s possible when just about every one of my meals is eaten alone. So, thank you for letting me hang out with you this morning. Maybe I’ll get to see you again later?”

Riley pressed against my side as we continued walking, every step bringing us closer to our goodbye. “I would like that a lot. My last meeting is at three, and then I’ll mostly just be in my room all night, avoiding the noise and crowds.”

“If you didn’t sleep well, you’ll probably be ready for a nap by three. I’ve got a

meeting until four or four thirty, so if I can avoid getting called into an impromptu outing with some of my colleagues after that, maybe I can give you a call?"

Riley was nodding his head as he pulled out his phone. "Yes, please. Would you like me to put your number in my phone?"

"I would like that." I couldn't help smiling at the way he had worded his question. He didn't ask for my number or offer his. He asked if I wanted to give him mine.

The sweet boy handed me his phone with his contact app already opened, so I added my information with one hand as I led him down the hall to his room. Before I was ready to say goodbye, we were standing in the doorway of a room that was getting more crowded by the second.

"I better go find a seat." Riley looked at me with an expression that I'd only seen from people when they were suckling. That look of longing and contentment and appreciation, all in one.

"Are you gonna be okay today?" I placed my hands on his elbows and then slid up his arms to his shoulders, keeping his attention focused on me.

"Yes, Daddy." His voice was quiet as if he didn't want anyone to overhear us, but I could see that he was teasing me. "Thank you for breakfast and for helping me find my room."

"You're welcome, sweetheart." I should've let go and taken a step back, but I just couldn't do it. I pulled him to my chest and gave him a firm hug, holding him against me.

I didn't miss the fact that he brushed his nose against my pec and took a whiff as his fingers dug into my sides. He held me just as tightly. "Have a good day, Adam."

The fact that he used my name instead of calling me Daddy was like a knife through my heart. I never wanted to hear him say my name again. It just didn't sound right. But that was not a conversation for right now. I pressed one more soft kiss into the side of his head and then pulled back and released him. "Send me a text so I have your number too."

He nodded and took a step back as well. "I hope I see you again."

I turned and started walking, forcing myself to leave before I dragged him back to my room to do naughty things with him.

He would definitely see me again. Hopefully, a lot of agains.

## Page 7

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

### Chapter 7

Riley

It was mind boggling that one breakfast with Adam could highlight how completely shitty my last Daddy James had been. I couldn't even blame it on him either. Not fully. It was my fault just as much as it was his. I allowed him to treat me that way.

When he said that was all he could give, I accepted it and didn't push for what I needed. But now that I'd gotten a glimpse of what it could be like to have someone who actually cared about me the way a Daddy should, I wanted that.

I wasn't gonna settle again.

Sure, I would play at the club and do scenes once in a while—but when it came to relationships, I wanted it all.

It was funny because I'd always known that's what good Daddies did—they took care of their boys. I even had friends who said their Daddies were like that, but I guess I thought it was all pretend. Just for show to get to the playtime fun. The naked playtime fun. Maybe I was just seeing what I wanted to see because I didn't want to admit the choices I'd been making were causing my problems.

And I'd made some really bad choices.

Who would've thought a work trip could lead to so much introspection? Unfortunately, that introspection made the day drag.

And drag.

And drag.

I had multiple meetings and workshops, and every single one of them went on for eons. At least I had a half-hour break for lunch. According to the organizers, time was a premium, and instead of letting us go to one of the nice restaurants in the casino, they provided dry sandwiches we could grab and scarf down quickly.

I'd eaten a lot at breakfast and was still full, but even if I had been starving, I needed to get out of there far more than anything else. A break from the noise and the crowd, and all that annoying peopling .

Walking right past the stacks of boxed lunches, I worked my way outside and found a little spot in the shadows where there was no one else around. I just needed some air. But when a cute couple came and stood beside me, I realized how poorly I'd chosen my escape.

Right beside me was the display window for a children's store, at least I thought it was because the display was 100% Vegas-kid themed. They had tiny T-shirts and cars that said "Vegas" across the front and stuffies all over the place. There were the kinds so ginormous that you couldn't possibly bring them back on a plane to those that could fit in your pocket. It was a really fun display, but also, it made me wish some of the items were for a person my size.

There was a onesie in particular that stood out to me. It said "Las Vegas" across the front, but that wasn't the special part. The words were a combination of prismatic and glitter lettering. I had no idea what that was called, but suddenly, I wanted a ton of it in my life. Without thinking too hard about it, I pulled out my phone to get a picture of it. They wouldn't have anything for me in that store, but maybe it was something I could find online at one of the stores that specialized in all things Little.



And then my head, being the fun place it was, reminded me that maybe me liking those things would be a deal breaker to Adam, which was ridiculous because we weren't anything that could be broken. We couldn't be anything because what happened in Vegas stayed in Vegas and all that.

But having that knowledge didn't stop me from wanting to be something with him.

Before I could think my way out of it, I sent the picture to Adam.

Is this a deal breaker? I regretted it instantly and wanted to dirty delete it, but before I could try, he'd already seen it.

Oh, that looks like you. It wasn't the response I was expecting, but I took it as a compliment and sent back a little gif of a kitty cat smiling—not Cheshire Cat smiling, but kinda along that line. In hindsight, it hadn't been the best choice.

He sent back a gif that said “Deal or No Deal” from an old game show, with the “Deal” side super bright and the “No Deal” side all grayed out. “Not a deal breaker,” was the caption that flickered across the image.

We went back and forth with silly little gifs and memes that didn't really make a coherent conversation, while at the same time, they totally did. It was silly flirting, but procrastinating seemed more prudent than asking what I wanted to ask him.

Finally, I found my bravery and did. Do you like onesies on your Littles? I wasn't going to know unless I boldly asked, right?

You would look adorable in one.

Because I didn't know how to respond like a real grown-ass adult, I sent back a gif of a cute little cartoon cat dancing. Cats seemed to be the theme for the day.

What else do you like? His question was my chance to tell him everything without having to watch his face as I did. If he decided he didn't like me, we wouldn't have to see each other during the rest of my trip. That would be easier than seeing his rejection straight to my face.

At least, that was how I justified it as I told him that I liked binkies and stuffies and footie jammies, towels with hoods, and chicky nuggies—not with words, of course, because apparently those were nonexistent to me right now. But I sent the pictures, one after another after another, and he hearted each and every one of them.

I was acting like a teen with a shiny new phone, but this was also a very adult conversation. One I was enjoying. Sadly, time was winding down. I need to get back to my meeting. Talk to you later?

Absolutely.

I went back inside, but unlike before, the meetings were bearable. My focus was just as bad as earlier, but my heart was a bit lighter. Then, as I walked into my three o'clock session, I was told that the presenter had flight issues and it was canceled. They gave me a list of other talks that I could potentially sit in on, but in the back of my mind, I kept hearing Adam say that I was probably going to be ready for a nap.

Was that what he wanted? Would he tell me to take a nap if he was here? He said he liked taking care of his boys, making sure they had the right food and everything. Yeah, he'd want me to get some sleep.

That's when I decided I was going straight to bed and would make him proud. I went back up to my room, and right before I laid down, I sent him a gif of a sleeping kitty.

He was going to be proud.

I just knew it.

## Page 8

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

### Chapter 8

Adam

I didn't even need to look at my watch to know what time it was. Little boys who ate sugar and carbs for breakfast always crashed around three or four in the afternoon. If not for a nap, their attitudes crashed and they got cranky.

The fact that Riley chose to rest made me smile. He was a good boy. Too good to be all alone in a city like Vegas.

During breakfast, we made a point of avoiding any conversation about where we were from. At least, I did. The fact that Riley never brought up his hometown made me think he was being intentional about it too. Acknowledging how far apart our worlds would be in just a few more days would've broken the spell we were under.

But since we'd gone through the trouble of shielding our hometowns, there was no sense in avoiding each other. We could do a few days of fun together before reality smacked us in the face. I certainly wouldn't be able to rest until I saw Riley again and knew with certainty that he was gonna be okay.

I finished my meetings, and when Chad invited me to dinner with him and his boy, I begged off with a rain check and went straight up to my room. It was close to 5 o'clock, so I sent a text to Riley.

Keeping up with our visual conversation from earlier, I found a meme of a purple hippo and asked if he was hungry, hungry.

He reacted with a laughing emoji and sent back a kitty cat holding up a fork in one hand and a knife in the other.

It only took me a few minutes to search the local restaurants and scan the reviews to see which would be somewhat quiet if we went early. There was a steakhouse in the casino I usually ate at a few times when I was in town, but I wasn't sure if that would be too overwhelming for him. If he needed some time to be Little, dinner was as good a place as any to start.

I considered what kind of gif I could send and quickly shut down the idea. Some conversations needed actual words, and this was one of them. I'd love to have dinner with you tonight, Riley. Are you up for it?

Yes, please. His response was instant, as if maybe he'd been expecting it. I'm hungry like a hippo after my nap.

Do you have a place in mind? Before I hit send, I decided to make it easy for him and provide some options as well. There's a steakhouse I like if you're up for a nice restaurant, but I would also be fine ordering chicken nuggets or pizza to one of our rooms for a more casual night. You could even wear your footie jammies, if you'd like.

The typing bubbles popped up instantly, but after a few seconds, they disappeared.

I furrowed my brow, hoping I wasn't being too forward or presumptuous with him. Instead of panicking and forcing a quick response, I put my phone down and opened up the drawers I had unpacked into to remind myself of what I brought. I didn't usually go out with anyone when I was on a work trip, so my wardrobe was somewhat limited.

Eventually, I decided on a light blue dry-wear shirt that would absorb any leakage if I

ended up staying overnight and a pair of jeans. Just as I was about to change, my phone buzzed with a response. That had taken a lot longer than I expected, but I was happy that Riley had spent a few minutes thinking things through.

Mac & cheese in my room sounds good. Do I have time to take a bath first?

Of course you do. Send me your room information and I'll be there in 30 mins. Does that work?

Yes, Daddy. Immediately after I received that text another came in. I mean, Adam. A third message immediately followed. What should I call you?

Whatever you feel comfortable with is fine, but I love when you call me Daddy.

He sent back a drawing of a cartoon kitty with blushing cheeks and its front paws behind its back as if embarrassed. OK. See you in 30, Daddy.

Looking forward to it. I waited a few seconds to see if he would send his hotel information, and when he didn't, I sent one last text. Send your room information to me then put your phone on the charger before you get in the bath. I don't want you to be tempted to bring it into the tub with you.

He reacted with a smiley and then immediately typed back to me. How do you already know me so well?

The text I had been anxiously waiting for immediately followed. Emerald tower room 734 .

I hearted that message then put my phone on the charger before jumping in the shower. I didn't expect anything to get physical with Riley, but a Daddy was much like a Boy Scout in that he should always be prepared.

## Page 9

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

### Chapter 9

Riley

I'd slept longer than I planned, which was good because I finally felt more like myself. The sensory overload I'd been struggling with had lessened greatly, and I wasn't counting the minutes until I could sleep. It wasn't just the nap that helped, though. Having breakfast away from the hotel and all the chaos that entailed had been great. Sure, it was at another hotel, but it didn't feel like it—not in the restaurant Adam took me to. It was like he knew I needed to be away, just like he knew I'd need a nap and that I'd want to stay in tonight.

Adam saw me...all of me.

He probably wanted to go to the steakhouse tonight. Who wouldn't? But not once did he make me feel bad about telling him what I needed, even if it was mac and cheese in my hotel room. I plugged the phone into my charger like he asked and then took my bath. The tub wasn't as deep as mine at home, but it felt great to soak in the warm water and relax.

I didn't need to worry about anything tonight. I had a Daddy who was bringing me dinner and helping me figure out what to do from there. A movie, probably—that's what he mentioned. But even if it was just snuggling on the couch, it was going to be pretty great.

Once the water chilled, I got out of the tub and dried off enough to go into the next room. And then I saw the time. I'd been in the water a lot longer than I thought, and I

needed to hurry up and get dressed because Adam was going to be here any second.

Of course, Adam picked that exact moment to knock at the door. I wrapped the towel around me, looked through the peephole to make sure it was him, and then let him in.

“Sorry, I’m early. Do you want me to come back?” He closed his eyes, giving me privacy. It wasn’t disgust or not wanting to see me—it was him being respectful, and I appreciated it more than he probably realized.

“No, no, come in. I just need to grab some clothes and get changed. I guess I liked the bath more than I thought I would.”

He came in and put the bag of food down on the desk while I went to my suitcase and pulled out a pair of pajamas and some boxer briefs. They weren’t my footie jams, but I had worn those last night. For some reason, it seemed like it would be better to have clean, fresh clothes. It wasn’t that I thought Adam would care...he wouldn’t. It was a hotel, and you didn’t change your pajamas every night at a hotel. At least, I didn’t, but I wanted to be snugly close to him, so fresh was better.

I ducked inside the bathroom and threw them on. I still looked very Little because my shirt was filled with a kawaii print that always made me smile and the pants were the same fuzzy material as my footie jammies, just minus the feet.

When I came back out, Adam was standing there holding my bottle. “Do you have a bottle brush?”

I shook my head. “I was planning to go out and get some dish soap and a bottle brush, but I took a nap instead. I accidentally fell asleep with my chocolate milk last night and it got yucky.”

He furrowed his brow. “Do you always have chocolate milk before bed?”



I shook my head fast. “No, Daddy. I usually have whole milk, but they didn’t have whole milk in the store downstairs.”

“I see.” He glanced at it again and cringed. “You aren’t planning on using this tonight, are you? Do you have another?”

I shook my head again and sighed. “I only brought one, but I don’t have anything to drink out of it anyway.” I’d missed all my errands, but the nap was worth it.

His shoulders relaxed, and he took a step closer to me. “Do you always sleep with a bottle?”

“Oh yes, Daddy.” I didn’t know why I felt so safe admitting all this to him. He wasn’t interrogating me like he was disappointed, so maybe that was why. At no point did I feel judged by him for anything—other than my lack of protein, and that was fair. A decision to eat French toast with all the strawberries and not adding anything to it wasn’t a good one, even if I tried to convince myself that the egg mixture they dipped the bread in was enough. It wasn’t.

His gaze locked with mine. “I can go out and get you some milk and a new bottle if you want.”

I swallowed as I shook my head slightly. “I don’t want you to leave.”

“Then I don’t have to.” He set it back down by the little sink. “Come, let’s have dinner.”

When I asked for mac and cheese, I meant the kind in a box, and he brought that. But he also brought some real fancy mac and cheese with I don’t know how many different cheeses in it and a serving of lobster mac and cheese. Who knew there was an actual mac-and-cheese restaurant here? It cracked me up that they actually had the

box kind, but then again, there had to be others like me who preferred it.

He also brought salads because, as he said, everybody needs their vegetables. And then, “If you’re really good and you eat all your salad, I brought cupcakes.”

He saw my weakness. I’d do just about anything for a cupcake, especially one that had frosting decorated like a dog. It was the cutest thing I’d ever seen. I was soooo eating all my salad.

We ended up watching a random movie on the television. Although, watching was a bit of an overstatement because we only half paid attention to it.

The two of us ate, chatted, watched the movie, and then I snuggled against him as we continued to watch as a second movie began. As the credits rolled for that one, he kissed the top of my head and said it was time for bed and that he’d be going.

“Wait.” I grabbed his hand so he couldn’t stand all the way up. “Are you leaving because you want to leave, or are you leaving because you think I need to sleep? What I mean is...why are you leaving?”

“Because, sweet boy, I don’t want to pressure you.” For sex was the unspoken ending to that sentence. Did he not see me squirming or notice the slight tenting of my pajama pants? There was no pressure needed. I wanted him naked with his hands on me...and mouth...and any body part he saw fit.

“The only pressure I feel is in my underwear. Please stay. I want you, and I know it’s not forever, and what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, but I want you, Adam.” I was talking a mile a minute, but I wanted to get it all out and was afraid that if I slowed down, I’d lose my courage.

He smiled down at me, still half standing. “My brave boy, telling Daddy exactly what

he needs. How could I turn that down?"

"I don't know." I looked up at him. "But I really hope you don't."

## Page 10

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

### Chapter 10

Adam

Deep inside, I knew I should slow things down. Riley was just horny... And so was I. But the connection I felt to him was real. It wasn't just lust. I'd spent hours with him earlier in the day and several more in the evening and knew with certainty that he wouldn't ask for sex if he didn't want it.

More importantly, if he didn't need it.

"When was the last time you were with someone?" I rolled over so my body hovered over Riley then gently lowered myself so just the slightest amount of pressure had him pinned to the bed. I pressed a chaste kiss to his lips and held there for a moment before looking at him again.

"Because it's been almost two years for me."

"About eight months for me. That's when my last Daddy moved, and I haven't had sex with anyone since then."

"Thank you for being honest." Leaning forward, I pressed my lips to his again, slightly opening them and poking out my tongue to tease across his bottom lip.

Riley smiled and stuck his tongue out just far enough to touch mine.

My lips closed on his tongue, and I held him there for a moment, keeping my eyes

locked on his before pulling off. “You’re gonna be tight. Why don’t we stick to oral tonight with a little bit of prepping so maybe we can try again tomorrow.”

He sucked a quick breath and his lower lip popped out. “You don’t want to be with me?”

My teeth nipped his lower lip and then I sucked it into my mouth, stroking my tongue over his smooth, soft skin. “Of course I want to be with you, sweet boy. So badly. But I don’t wanna hurt you. We both have a few more days here. There’s no rush.”

His arms closed tightly around my neck, and he pulled me closer. “There is a rush, Daddy. I think I might explode if I don’t feel you in my bottom. Please don’t make me explode in a bad way.” His mouth brushed my ear. “I just want to explode in the good way.”

Fuck, this boy . Whether I tried to avoid it or not, that was exactly what I was about to do. I brought a packet of lube with me, but we’d probably need more than that. “Do you have any supplies?”

He bit the inside of his cheek. “There’s oil in my toiletry bag in the bathroom.”

I kissed his jaw and then hopped off the bed to collect everything we needed. When I returned, I yanked my shirt off my body and then dropped my jeans to the floor.

Riley didn’t take his eyes off me as I got naked and then climbed underneath the blanket beside him. “You’re the hottest Daddy I’ve ever seen.” His fingertips pressed into my chest muscles and kneaded for a moment before wrapping his palms over my shoulders. “I want to taste every inch of you.”

“Feel free to explore all of me before I have my way with all of you.” I winked and kissed his cheek.

Riley sucked in a quick breath then tentatively pressed his tongue through my lips, fully entering my mouth.

I reciprocated the move, meeting his tongue with my own and properly kissing him the way I'd wanted to all day. Our kisses were sweet and curious as I helped Riley slip out of his pajamas and froze when his penguin-covered training pants were revealed.

The front was tented with his erection and there was a visible wet spot.

My finger traced the waistband, and I flattened my hand on his hip. "These are cute. I love penguins."

"Me too." Riley smiled widely. "They're so smart and good swimmers. I'm a good swimmer too. And they cuddle. Okay, fine, they call it huddling, but it's basically cuddling. And the very best thing about penguins is that the daddies take care of the little penguins. And also..."

This sweet boy. "And also what?"

Riley's cheeks were pink as he turned away so his eyes were hidden by my forearm. "They make milk too."

I hadn't heard that before, and I wasn't sure if he was just messing with me. "Really?"

"Yeah. I mean, it's not real milk like what you have...but it's called crop milk."

"I guess all Littles need Daddy's milk." I kissed the inside of his neck and then down his sternum.

Riley pushed up so his erection stabbed me. “Littles need lots of things from their Daddies.”

My hand slid down the side of his ribcage and wrapped around to his fabric-covered ass. “What else do Littles need?”

He spread his legs wider and hooked them over my thighs. “I know what I need and that’s to feel you inside me.” He rocked against my muscles to create some friction. “So I can happy explode.”

I chuckled softly and slipped my hand beneath his underwear, cupping his soft cheek before pushing the fabric out of my way. “I can feel how happy you are.”

He reached for my cock and wrapped his silky fingers around me then firmly stroked down to the base then up over my head. “I want you to feel happy too, Daddy. Then maybe you’ll finally let me taste you.”

“You can taste all of me, Riley. Anytime.” I kissed his chest. “May I taste you too?”

“Yes, Daddy. Please.” He squeezed my shoulders, gently pushing me down the length of his body.

I grabbed a condom and the pack of lube as I kissed his belly until I finally licked over the head of his cock.

He was so hard that when my tongue finally made contact, he gasped and thrust deeper into my mouth. I took every inch and let him keep going until I sucked him fully in and my lips were pressed against his soft hairs and his cock tickled the opening of my throat. Riley was close to climax already, so I held still for a moment to give him time to adjust before I gently pulled off.

As I opened up the condom and got myself ready, I continued to suck and lick his firm length with just enough pressure to drive him crazy without pushing him over the edge. I teased his opening with a finger and worked my way up to three full fingers inside him.

He was tight but eager as he relaxed, and his body quickly opened up to my intrusion. By the time I was ready to push my length inside his hot, tight channel, he didn't appear to have any pain at all. Riley pulled his knees back to his armpits and sucked me right into his body until I was fully seated and holding still to keep myself from coming too soon.

After several long moments, Riley wiggled underneath me. "Move, Daddy. I want to feel you moving."

As soon as I put some space between our bodies, Riley reached for his dick and stroked himself as I stroked the inside of his bottom.

I followed his pace, thrusting slowly when he was slow and speeding up when his hand began to move more wildly. Between shallow breaths, I held my lungs and stayed as still as possible to keep my orgasm under control.

The second Riley arched into the mattress, I knew he was there, and I immediately let go too.

I arched my back up and away from Riley as he shot a fountain of beautiful cream between us, splashing along my stomach and his while crying out in pleasure.

It was frustrating how short orgasms usually were, but this one was different. Like rolling waves of pleasure that ended and then started up again at the back of my spine before slowly dissipating. I wanted to stay in that exact moment, but the lights were all on a timer and shut off just as I was filling the condom.



“Oops, even the lights exploded.” We both went still, and then Riley started to laugh, all the tension and anticipation from our day together summed up in that moment. “And that wasn’t just my balls exploding. My whole body exploded, Daddy. Sorry for the mess.”

I carefully pulled out of him and slid a few inches down the mattress so I was in a better position to lick his belly. “Just close your eyes and rest, sweet boy. Let Daddy clean you up so you can have a good night's sleep.”

“But I want...” His words were a mumbled whisper, but I had a feeling I knew what he was gonna ask for. But the poor thing was so tired, he couldn’t keep his eyes open a second longer. Within a few moments, my eyes were adjusted to the darkness, so I got us both cleaned up and slid Riley’s underwear back on before crawling into the bed beside him. The voice in my head was telling me to take my ass to my own room and let him sleep in peace, but a stronger voice reminded me that I’d promised him milk before bed, and I wasn’t about to leave until I made good on that promise.

His whole body felt like jelly as I melted against the mattress. How could something I’d done so many times before feel so different? Every second felt like a chain between my heart and Riley’s was getting thicker. Stronger. As if he had been waiting for me while I had been waiting for him. It was cheesy and cliché, but I just wanted Riley to be my Little... Forever.

“How are you feeling, sweet boy?” I combed my fingers through his hair, brushing some of the sweaty strands off his forehead.

“So good. And for some reason, my limbs weigh a million pounds each. I can’t move.”

I chuckled and drew a heart on his shoulder with my fingertip. “In that case, I better run down to the vending machine to buy you some milk to put in your bottle because

if you can't roll into me to suckle, then?—”

“I can roll.” He was instantly on top of me, sprawled half across my torso with his mouth just inches from my right nipple. “Just tell me how to do it.”

I teased the short hairs at the back of his neck and put slight pressure on him so his mouth lowered over my nipple. “Put your lips around the full areola and then suck, using your tongue along the bottom to stimulate production while you pull the milk out.”

He eagerly did what I told him, and within just a few seconds, I could feel the milk pouring right into his throat. Riley didn't get scared or turned off by what was happening. He was fully on board as he relaxed into a gentle rhythm and settled with his head in the crook of my arm as his eyes fluttered shut.

“That's right, sweet boy. Fill your belly with Daddy's milk so you can sleep well tonight.” I rubbed up and down his back, reminding him I was right there with him. I had his back and he could trust me to protect him.

After a while, the suction against my skin released, but he didn't move away. Riley's tongue rested against the tip of my nipple as he fully gave in to his need for sleep.

As carefully as I could, I pulled the blankets up over us and turned off the side light, holding Riley in place so his mouth didn't lose contact with my skin. As soon as the lights were out, I rolled with Riley still up against me so he was on his back and his mouth was still blowing warm air on me.

Then I just watched him.

He was so innocent and beautiful, and I wanted him to stay right there forever. Forever was supposed to be ending for us in a few days, but that didn't seem possible.

I needed more time with him.

More experiences with him.

More of everything in the world still wouldn't be enough.

### Chapter 11

Adam

I was dead asleep when there was a jolt beside me, and Riley gasped. “Oh no.” He patted the mattress and then sighed. “That was close.”

“Hmm?” It took me a second to wake up and realize Riley was upset about something. “What’s wrong, baby?” I reached for the night light just as he disappeared into the bathroom and shut the door.

He deserved privacy in the bathroom, but every second he was gone felt like an hour. Just as I was about to barge in and make sure he was okay, he opened the door with a towel wrapped around his waist. “Sorry for waking you up.”

“Don’t be sorry. Just tell me what’s wrong.” I held my arm open for him to walk into it, but he hesitated and then went around the other side of the bed and slipped under the cover.

As soon as his lap was covered up, he pulled out the towel and let it fall to the floor. “I had to go potty, and I almost had an accident.”

“Almost?” I still didn’t understand the problem. “It’s okay if you did. I can get the sheets changed, or we can move to my room for a few more hours.”

“I didn’t, but...” He pulled the covers up and gathered them under his chin in his fists. “Usually, I sleep in pull-ups so if I do, it’s not a problem. But I forgot to put one

on last night.”

“I see.” I slipped my arm behind his back and scooted him closer to my side. Having any distance between us was unacceptable, and when he was vulnerable and needed a snuggle, it was physically painful. But once I did, I felt the soft cotton now covering his bottom. “I’m sorry I distracted you so much that you didn’t remember, but I’m proud of you for waking up in time and putting one on now.”

He swallowed and bit the tip of his thumb, not sucking it but keeping it close. “You’re proud of me?”

“Of course I am. Proud of you for making the right decision for yourself, even if you were feeling shy about it, and happy that you trust me enough to share this with me.” I slipped my hand down so I was palming his cotton-covered hip. “I bet you look even cuter than in your penguins.”

He shook his head. “No, the penguins are the cutest. These just have ABCs on them.” He tossed the covers away from his body like they were on fire and then lay back so I could get a better look.

“ABCs are pretty adorable too, sweet boy.” I kissed his tummy, just above the waistband, then up to his chin. “Do you think you can get back to sleep? We have a few more hours until we need to be up.”

“I think I can sleep, Daddy.” He rolled onto his side and slid down so his mouth was in line with my chest. “With some warm milkies.”

“Take what you need, baby.” I tucked my arm beneath his head as a pillow and hiked his knee over my hip so we were fully connected as he began to drink from the side he’d neglected earlier in the night. “Daddy will be right here when you wake up.”

I was just starting to wake up when I felt warmth on my thigh. Not wetness, but warmth. I couldn't help grinning because Riley didn't stir at all, completely out with his entire body melted against mine. The trust he'd given me in just a single day was mind-blowing.

And a huge responsibility.

He was obviously looking for a full-time Daddy, and I wanted so badly to be that for him. But there were a lot of logistics involved. We still hadn't talked about where we were heading when we left Vegas in a few days. Or what we were heading home to.

I didn't have much keeping me in my hometown. I could work from anywhere, and I spent so much time traveling that my house was practically a hotel room I paid a mortgage on. But what was Riley's life like? Did he have a support system he couldn't leave behind? Was he ready to talk about long-term or would that need to wait for another day.

He stirred beside me and his fingers slid across my chest and rolled one nipple between them. "Daddy, are you awake?"

I smiled and kissed the top of his head. "Yes, baby. And if I wasn't, I definitely would be because you're making Daddy hard."

"I am?" He looked up and grinned. "Because of this?" He squeezed my nipple and flinched when milk sprayed out of it and shot him in the face.

I chuckled and licked up the warm drops before kissing his lips. "Yes, sweet boy. That feels good and makes me excited."

He pressed his wet pull-up into my leg and held my gaze. "I'm excited too, but I'm also wet."

I pulled his whole body on top of mine and kissed him more thoroughly until neither of us could last another second without oxygen. “We have a few options, sweet boy.”

“What are they?” He licked down my neck and took a quick sip off me as he waited for my response.

“Well, I can tear that pull-up off you and slide into you right now and then we’ll take a shower.” I arched my back so he could take a deeper pull. “We can both jump in the shower, and I can take you there.” I arched my hips so my cock pressed into his side. “Or I can get a warm cloth, clean you up, and then we can slowly make love.”

“The first one, Daddy.” He was already stroking me and yanking at his diaper. “And the second one too.”

I kissed him hard as I tore open through the thin cotton and finally had access to his soft skin. We both had full schedules for the day, so I needed to get my fill of this boy before heading back to my room to change, but I had more plans for him.

The local kink club was hosting the visiting Lactin Brotherhood chapters, and I’d RSVP’d to attend. At the time, I’d assumed I would be alone. But now that I knew more about Riley and his needs, I hoped to have him at my side the entire night.

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

### Chapter 12

Riley

It had been a long day. No, scratch that. It had been a really, really long day. But unlike the day before, I wasn't overwhelmed. I went from meeting to seminar to exhibit, not once feeling the need to escape or run away and hide for a while. I'd like to say it was because I was getting used to the city—getting used to the noise, the people, the smell of stale cigarettes that permeated everything. But that wasn't it.

It was because of Daddy.

And I shouldn't have thought of him that way. I knew I shouldn't. He wasn't my Daddy. He was some guy I met... while away on a business trip. He wasn't supposed to be more than a “whatever happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas” experience. That was it.

If only it were that easy.

After falling asleep while suckling from his chest, I couldn't think of him that way anymore. I wanted to. I tried to. I simply didn't have the ability to compartmentalize him into just a random experience. Adam was more.

I was fully aware of how deeply I was going to pay for my emotional tie to him when this was all over and we both went back to our lives. It was going to crush me, stomp on me, then kick me around for a while before throwing me into a corner, where I'd sob and sob. I knew this about myself. And yet, I didn't care. Because this time I had



with him—it would be worth it.

My day started earlier than his, and consequently, I got finished an hour before he did, which was perfect. It gave me time to get ready for our date. While my colleagues were making dinner plans, I snuck up to my room to take a quick shower.

Adam and I were going to the club for the night. Neither of us had been to this one, and I was excited. I'd noticed the night before that he really liked my thick underwear, so I dug out one of my favorite pairs—one covered with dinosaurs—and pulled them on. Then I found a matching onesie. Ideally, I'd have changed at the club. There was something about being able to fall into your headspace as you got dressed.

My home club actually had a dressing room that was themed for Littles. It was communal, but it helped getting into the right mindset a lot. Seeing the teddy bears on the walls, the changing tables where Mommies and Daddies could help—it made a difference.

But that was okay. I wasn't expecting to fall into full-on Little headspace today. This was for us to have a fun night out, and we could do that without taking the Daddy/Little roles too seriously. I grabbed a pair of short shorts, my favorite knee-high socks (also with dinosaurs), and then threw jeans and a polo over them. Looking at me, I was a random guy going out to meet co-workers. My shirt was even long enough to cover the extra thickness on my ass.

Adam picked me up right on time, just like I knew he would, and he pulled me in for a deep hug.

I sank into it, loving his embrace.

His lips brushed a sweet kiss on top of my head. "How was your day?" He tightened

his embrace.

“It was long, but it was good.” I snuggled in, content to stay like this the entire night and skip going out.

“Good?”

I pulled back to look at him. “I mean, as good as work can be. But it was better than yesterday. A lot better.” I found his hand and intertwined our fingers. “Are you ready to go?”

I was done talking about work and was ready to play.

“A couple questions first.” Apparently, Daddy wasn’t.

“What’s that?”

“When did you last eat, and what was it?” Of all the questions, he had to go and ask one he wasn’t going to like the answer for.

I flinched. “I had a bag of sour cream and onion potato chips, a cookie, and a coffee at lunchtime.” The sandwiches they gave us looked dry and our time was limited. At least I ate something. That was how I justified it to myself.

“I see. And is that what a boy needs to be strong and have energy?”

“No, Daddy...” That name kept slipping out, and I had to suck it up and realize that’s who he was going to be, at least for the time we knew each other. He didn’t seem to mind, and forcing the name down every time it reached my tongue was going to be a full-time job.

“That’s what I thought. So, we’re going to have dinner first, and then go to the club.”

“Can’t we get dinner at the club?” I wanted to be there already.

“Guessing by that question, you didn’t look at the reviews of their food.”

He was right. I hadn’t.

“And besides, I have the perfect place for you.”

That sounded promising.

We headed out and climbed into the rideshare he had waiting, and the driver took us to a restaurant I hadn’t heard of. But when we got out of the car and Adam led me inside, I understood why he brought me there.

It was dinosaur-themed. They even had animatronic dinosaurs and models of mountains and flying pterodactyls in the air and dinosaurs carved into the chairs. It wasn’t scary—more cheesy than anything—but it was perfect.

And as fabulous as it was, what made it 1,000 times better was that even the food was dinosaur-themed. I got a hamburger that was shaped like a T-Rex. They somehow even cut the bun to be the right shape. And of course, the waffle fries were called Dino Fries, and my drink came with a twirly straw that had a blue light-up base. You couldn’t get much better than that.

We sat and ate, talking about the different dinosaurs we saw and watching the show that came on every twenty minutes. It wasn’t until we were walking out with his hand on my lower back that I realized how much I had already started sinking into my role as his Little.

This was going to be a good night. A very good night.

### Chapter 13

Riley

I'd been really looking forward to playing at the club with Adam, but two seconds in and it was obvious, the club was a bust. We had arranged a tour, and I was grateful we did because we quickly saw the place was more for show than for people in the lifestyle. There were people who were clearly into what they were doing, but there were also a lot of people just gawking. And it wasn't the voyeuristic kind of kink coming through—it was people who probably watched a stupid reality show and thought, “Hey, that sounds interesting.”

In theory, the club was supposed to vet out people like that. The website had been pretty clear that wasn't who their clientele was supposed to be. Their website lied. When they asked if we wanted to get a changing room, Adam looked at me, and I looked at him. We both said at the same time, “I think we're gonna go.”

They probably thought we were in shock from the views we'd seen. And that was fine. We didn't owe them any sort of explanation. We could've tried to play, but with the onlookers, neither of us would've had any fun. This was better. It gave us time—time to explore the city, go back to the hotel, or maybe gamble.

“The car won't be here for eighteen minutes.” Adam wrapped his arm around my shoulders. I leaned into his side. We were standing off to the side where the air was much warmer than it was back home at this time of night.

“It was weird in there, right?” I didn't think it was all in my head, but maybe... This

trip had taught me how easy it was for me to get overwhelmed in this city.

“Oh, yeah.” He kissed the top of my head. “It was like a tourist attraction.”

“What do you want to do next? We have all night.” And I wasn’t ready for it to be over.

“I don’t know. I thought we would do this.”

We both took out our phones and started searching for things to do near and not-so-near our hotel. Eventually, we decided to catch a magic show. There was no doubt in my mind that it was going to be cheesy. They still had tickets left, and the show began in less than an hour and a half.

Great shows were sold out long before they started.

We’d be doing it together, though, and it was Little-adjacent—not quite Little, but not quite Big either. It was going to be a blast. Probably. It was going to be better than the club. That was for sure.

We changed the rideshare’s destination to the casino with the show and arrived forty-five minutes before the doors opened. The two of us walked around the shops until it was time. Adam even bought me a dinosaur squishy.

The magic show was less illusion and wonder and more humor. It worked. We laughed and laughed so much that my belly hurt by the time we were walking out. It had been a great choice to salvage the evening. Not that skipping the club had ruined it. Staying might have, though.

I still wasn’t ready for the night to be over. But we’d already gone to dinner, attempted to go to a club, and then caught a late show. And as much as I hated it, we

both had to get up in the morning, so when we went back to the hotel, I knew it was time for bed—and not the fun kind of bed, either. We needed sleep.

“I’ll walk you to your room.” Adam wasn’t asking, which was good because I didn’t want to make any decisions. Which was funny in hindsight because the second we reached the door, I asked him if he could come in and stay.

“Don’t you need to get up, my sweet boy?” He was in full-on Daddy mode which only made me want him to stay even more.

“Yes, but I can’t sleep without my milkies.”

I couldn’t believe I managed to get the words out. I’d been thinking about it ever since the car ride back to the casino. Not that it had been far from my thoughts since I first met him.

“Mm, I see. Well, I guess if that’s the case, you better let Daddy in.”

Daddy. Not Adam. Not “me.” Daddy.

We went inside, and I took off my clothes, showing him how adorable I looked in my dinosaur outfit. I could’ve stayed in them, it was time for my jams. If I didn’t make a change of attire, I’d want to play instead of what I needed to do.

I started to take my shorts off.

“I’ve got that, my sweet brave boy.” Daddy crossed over to me and pushed my shorts all the way down, tapping one foot and then the other, guiding them off my legs.

Next he unsnapped my onesie. He was so close to my dick, while at the same time being so far away, and my cock stirred as if letting him know it didn’t want to be

ignored, but ignore it he did. He ended by patting the bed to have me sit down so he could pull one sock off and then the other.

“Tell Daddy where your jammies are.”

I pointed to the drawer, and he went over and pulled out a pair with dinosaurs all over them. It was officially the theme for the night, and what a great theme it was. He left my thick underwear on and helped me get my jams up and zipped before sending me into the bathroom.

After taking care of business, I came out and climbed into bed. While I was in the bathroom, he'd gotten down to his boxer briefs, and he joined me on the bed.

I snuggled onto his lap, positioning myself so I could reach his nipple with my mouth. It was a slightly awkward position, but I was determined to get a good latch. Being close to him while I drank was important to me, and if my neck hurt later, so be it. I circled my tongue around his nipple, and when the first drop of milk hit the tip of my tongue, I latched on and began to suckle, drinking greedily.

It was hard to believe how long I'd gone without knowing this existed. Maybe it was for the best because I couldn't imagine a better partner for my first time than Adam. He was so patient, so caring, so... Daddy.

When it was time to switch sides, he had me sit beside him as he laid down. Then he pulled me to his side so I could lie down while I drank.

This time, I fell asleep. Drinking my milkies, I fell into one of the most peaceful sleeps of my life.



### Chapter 14

Adam

My time with Riley passed by way too fast.

On the one hand, it seemed like we had just met five minutes ago and needed so much more time before we said goodbye. And on the other hand, it felt like we'd been close to each other from the second we met and there was something real here. Saying goodbye just didn't feel like an option.

My flight was leaving at five, so after Riley's last meeting ended at eleven, we only had a few hours left together before I had to go to the airport.

We still hadn't had any real discussion about what happened after we went home, but we couldn't put it off any longer. Our time together was coming to an end, and we needed to be smart about how we used what little time we had left.

I checked my bags with the valet near the taxi stand outside my hotel and grabbed some coffee. Then I waited for Riley's meeting to end. There was a bench outside his meeting room, and time seemed to creep forward as I sat there.

When he walked out, his eyes instantly sought me out, and once he found me, a huge smile of relief and happiness covered his face as he jogged toward me. "You're still here."

I wrapped my arms around him and lifted him up onto his tiptoes as I buried my face

in his neck. “Of course I’m still here. I wanna spend every second I can with you before I have to leave.”

“I don’t wanna talk about that.” He slumped in my arms, so I lowered him to his feet and took a step back, using my fingers to tilt his head up until he was looking at me.

“I don’t wanna talk about it either, but we have to. If we don’t, then our goodbye this afternoon will be goodbye forever. Is that what you want?”

His eyes began to well up as he shook his head. “No, Daddy. Please don’t make it forever.”

“Then we have to talk, sweet boy. What do you want for lunch?”

“Mac-and-cheese balls.” He said it almost like a challenge, as if I might not agree.

“Sounds good to me.” I took his hand, and we began to walk through the casino. “I can make that happen.”

There was a restaurant at the other end of the shopping center attached to the casino that was famous for its mac & cheese balls. Riley and I had talked about them once before, and I knew he was excited to try them.

We were both quiet until we ordered our lunch and sat down at a table, waiting for our number to be called.

Riley looked up at me with a quivering lower lip. “It’s not forever, right?”

I reached across the table and took his hand. “I hope not. I guess we finally have to talk about what things will look like when we both go home.” I raised an eyebrow and gave him a questioning look. “Where is home for you?”

Riley sighed and crossed his arms over his chest, doing his best mini tantrum without making a scene. “Tacoma.”

I couldn’t hold back my smile. “Tacoma, Washington?”

“Yes.” He cocked his head, showing off some of his sass. “Let me guess. You’re from Orlando? Charlotte? Washington DC? Australia?”

I chuckled and held out my hand for him. He hesitated for a few moments before finally reaching for me again and letting me hold it. “Seattle.”

His entire demeanor changed and his pout disappeared. “Seattle, Washington? Like, the Seattle Washington that’s near Tacoma, Washington?”

“Yes, baby. We’re less than an hour apart.”

Riley giggled, and I could see so much of his concern rolling right off him. “How did we not talk about this sooner?”

“I guess we were both trying to make each moment last, but now we know it should be easy to make things last a long time.”

Our number was called right then, so I kissed the back of his hand and then released it to go grab our tray of food from the counter. When I got back, Riley was doodling on his napkin with a big smile on his face.

“I guess you really are excited for your mac-and-cheese balls.” I placed his plate and bottle of apple juice in front of him.

He shook his head and pushed his doodle across the table to where I was sitting. “Nope. I just drew a map. So you could find me when you get home.”

I dropped into my chair and took a look at his drawing. Two stick figures with a squiggly line in between and a heart drawn in the center of the line. “This is very nice. What’s the heart for?”

He dragged his lip between his teeth and watched me for several seconds before responding. “That’s my heart. It’s for you. You own it now. And I want you to know exactly where to find it.” He put his hands over his chest. “It’s right here. Anytime you want it, you gotta come and get it.”

I couldn’t resist getting up and rounding the table to give him a kiss and hold him in my arms for just a moment. “I’m honored. I will always cherish this gift you’ve given me, and I promise to protect your heart with my life.”

He smiled and nodded. “I know you will, Daddy. That’s why I pick you to be my Daddy forever. Do you pick me to be your boy?”

My throat was tight, and tears blurred my vision as I nodded too. “I do, sweet boy. Forever.”

### Chapter 15

Riley

It had been two weeks since I said goodbye to Daddy. Two very long weeks. But it was finally the day—the day he was coming here to see me.

We weren't that far apart, not really. It wasn't as if he was in New York and I was in San Francisco, but it might as well have been. Our schedules had been hectic. After being in Vegas, there was a lot on our plates back home. We'd been able to FaceTime and send text messages, but nothing more than that.

And I missed him.

I knew it would be difficult to come back home and just go on with my life like nothing had changed. Because it did change. I met Adam, and maybe it was too soon, too fast, too whatever society decided was the way to foster relationships, but I knew that he was for me, and I was for him.

At least, I did until yesterday, when I had a nightmare that tore me from my seat. I'd woken up hugging my stuffie, sweating, and crying. It wasn't the kind of nightmare I'd had as a kid, where a big bad guy was chasing me or a recreation of some horror movie I snuck down to watch when I shouldn't have.

This one felt real—almost too real.

Adam and I were out on a date. I didn't recognize the restaurant, but it felt like we'd

been there before. We were talking about random things, but I wasn't really interested in what he had to say. Based on the fact that he didn't seem to know anything about the conversation either, it seemed like he felt the same.

Then, when we went outside, he said, "Oh, I guess that means we really weren't meant to be."

And I said, "Yeah, guess so."

We walked our separate ways.

Done.

It was a bizarre dream, and it shouldn't have hit me so hard. I should've woken up and known it was just a dream and not at all real.

Back in Vegas, I'd asked him, "Do you pick me to be your boy?" And he said, "I do, sweet boy. Forever." That wasn't gonna change because we hadn't seen each other in two weeks. It was ridiculous for me to even worry about it.

But what was I supposed to do? Was I supposed to text him and say, "Hey, I need reassurance?" Probably not. I let that sit with me all morning long, and it slowly started to fester. Now, I was on my way home, knowing Daddy would be there shortly afterward, and I was petrified.

What if he got here and things were different? What if suddenly he decided that whatever happened in Vegas, stayed in Vegas and this was all a mistake? Or worse, what if he'd already turned around and decided not to come at all?

When I got home, I realized I shouldn't have worried. He was already outside waiting for me with the hugest smile on his face, a suitcase by his side, and a gift bag in his

hand. That was not someone who didn't want to be with me anymore.

I ran up to him and wrapped my arms around his middle. "It's so good to see you."

He hugged me tight. "I missed you, my sweet boy."

"I missed you too, Daddy." There was so much more to say than that, but first, we needed to get inside.

The door was barely latched behind us when I kissed him properly, loving the feel of his lips against mine and his body holding me close. The feeling of safety, of knowing that this wasn't a vacation fling—this was more.

"How have you been?" He took my hand and led me to the couch to sit down.

"Well...I don't want you to laugh, but..." With other Daddies, I might've worried he'd get mad and punish me, but Adam wasn't like that. He'd appreciate the communication now more than ever.

I told him all about my dream, and then waited for him to laugh or to tell me I should have called him or texted him, because obviously, I should have. Instead, he cupped my cheeks, looked me straight in the eyes, and said, "Whenever you feel like that, remember—I love you, Riley." Then he gave me a sweet kiss. "Daddy loves you."

It was exactly what I needed to hear. "I love you too, Daddy. So very much."

I climbed onto his lap and snuggled into him. "I know we're supposed to go out tonight to hit up the club, but...can I just stay like this all night long?"

"Sweet boy, you can do whatever you want, as long as it's by my side."

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:06 am*

### Chapter 16

Adam

The second I saw Riley, the memory of every moment we spent together in Vegas came flooding back, and I knew I couldn't go on like we had been. Texts and calls weren't enough. They were a reasonable compromise while we continued to get to know each other after we got home, but I needed this.

I needed him curled up in my lap after falling asleep to an animated movie we'd both seen a hundred times.

I needed him grabbing on to my shirt to keep me close when I tried to move him.

I needed him rooting around my chest, looking for a nipple like a hungry kitten.

And more than everything, I needed to hear him call out to me in his sleep. "Daddy, hold me."

"I will, baby boy. Always." It took some core muscles I hadn't engaged in months, but I managed to pop up off the couch with him still in my arms.

Riley didn't wake up, but his arms locked around my neck and he clung to me like he thought I was going to let him go. Apparently he didn't believe me when I told him I never would.

After putting him in his bed, I went through the house to pick up the popcorn bowl



we left on the couch and turned off all the lights. When I got back to Riley's room, he was sitting up in bed, waiting for me.

"Did I wake you?" I slipped off my T-shirt and sweats then crawled into bed beside him. "I'm sorry if I was being loud when I washed dishes."

"You didn't wake me, but the dishes could have waited." He pulled the comforter into a bundle over his lap. "I missed you."

I kissed his bicep and then pulled him onto my lap so he was straddling me. "I missed you too, but if you're tired now, you should get some rest. We can have reunion sex in the morning."

"No, Daddy. I'm not too tired now." He scooted forward so his hard cock was pressed against mine. "I want to reunite right now."

Whining wasn't something I generally considered to be cute, but when Riley did it, I just wanted to tickle him and turn his frown upside down. "We are reunited."

"But the other kind." He wriggled his bottom, making me groan from the friction. "The kind where you're in my mouth and my bottom and then my mouth again."

I chuckled. "That's a lot of ways to be inside you."

He shrugged. "You've got lots of stuff I like to have inside me." His fingers trailed from my shoulder to my left pec, and then he squeezed my nipple until milk squirted onto his chest. "Starting here." Then he leaned forward to lick a drop off the tip of my pebbled skin as his hand went down to my lap and rested over my dick. "And then here."

"Mmm..." My head hit on the headboard with a light thud as I looked up, enjoying

his warm tongue and strong grip on me. “Put whatever you want in whatever you want.”

Riley giggled and closed his lips over my nipple, taking a hard pull before swallowing and moving down my belly. “Does that mean I can put your whole body in my house forever?”

He winked at me as he pushed down my boxers and licked the head of my cock.

I wanted to stop and ask him to clarify what he meant by that. Was it just a cute thing to say or did he actually want me to move in? That conversation was definitely happening.

Later. Soon, but later.

Right now, I was present for Riley as his mouth closed over my cock and he sucked me to the back of his throat. He moved up and down, peeking up at me now and then but mostly focusing on keeping his lips sealed against my taut skin.

“That feels so good, sweet boy.” I ran my fingers through his hair and held the back of his neck in place until he looked up at me. “If you want me in any other places, you’re gonna need to stop with that.”

He moaned against me but pulled off and kissed my head. “I do, Daddy. I want you in all the places.”

“Silly boy.” I pulled him up and kissed his plump lips. “Let me get you ready.”

While I coated my fingers with lube and made sure Riley was loosened up and slick, we kissed gently, teasing with lips and tongues and even laughing some of the time when our teeth got in the way. “I’m ready, Daddy. I promise.”

As much as I loved taking my time, I was ready too. Ready to bury my cock in my boy and let him ride Daddy until we were both spent.

Which he did.

And when we were properly reunited, Riley curled around my body with his knee over my hip and his mouth on my chest as he latched on, filling his belly with Daddy's milk before finally drifting off to sleep in my arms.

The perfect ending to a perfect night. I just needed to figure out how to make that happen every night—forever.

Riley

“Are you ready? Are you ready?” I was bouncing on the balls of my feet, so beyond excited for our trip.

It was hard to believe it had been a year since I accidentally went into the wrong conference room and met Daddy. I never thought there would be a time I’d be excited to go back to the city of noise and crowds, and here it was—my idea to do exactly that. When Daddy said the Lactin Brotherhood conference was coming up, I immediately asked to go with him.

“What will you do while we’re there? Do you want to ask some of your Little friends to come so you have something to do?” he’d asked.

“Nope. I want you all to myself, and if they allow me, I’d like to come to the conference opening ceremony again.”

“You liked seeing Daddy up there speaking, didn’t you?” He tapped my nose. “Who knows, if you’re a good boy, maybe we can do something special.”

“Like get married?” I’d been teasing when I spoke the words, but once they were out there, we both realized that was exactly what we should be doing. We’d already moved in together and talked about marriage, and it was the perfect place and time to make it happen.

Adam came out of our bedroom, rolling our suitcase behind him. “I’m ready, sweet boy. I love seeing you smile so brightly.”

“I was thinking of the day neither of us proposed, and yet, here we are.” I crossed to him. “Best idea ever, if you ask me.”

“Second only to transferring here.” He nibbled on his bottom lip. “Make that third. Walking up to you on the day of my speech has to be number one.”

Six months ago, Adam had been granted a transfer so he worked only fifteen minutes from my office. It was a no-brainer to accept, and within a month, we bought our house.

It wasn't a case of me saying, “Come here, Daddy” or me refusing to move to him. I would've followed him anywhere in a heartbeat. We both applied to random jobs that fit our credentials, and his offer was the best. And it was just in time. The long-distance thing had been rough—not because of communication struggles or the fears so many couples faced. I just missed him, and he missed me. Being together in one house was everything.

This weekend, we were somehow managing to make everything even more.

The trip there was fine—no delays or lost luggage. But even if everything went wrong, I wouldn't have cared. Not really. Because we were getting married, and that made all rain clouds look like unicorns and sunshine.

“Have a big wedding so everyone could come,” was the common response from our friends after the squees ended.

But that wasn't the wedding for us. This was. We'd still have a party when we got home, but for some reason, getting married back where we started felt right.

I attended the same opening ceremony I had when I met Daddy for the first time—only this time, I was in the right place. The theme this year was different, and the keynote speaker wasn't Adam, but the energy in the space, the comradery, the

brotherhood—that was the same. I sat with Daddy as we watched and listened to the speakers. Okay, Daddy listened better than I did. I was too busy waiting for the lunch break. That was when we planned to get married.

We were bucking every tradition, and it was fabulous. I wore the same outfit I had that day, and so was he. Sappy? Probably, but that was okay because we planned to get even sappier.

We drove through the wedding chapel that allowed us to book ahead, gave our vows to Elvis while still in our taxi, signed the paperwork, and that was it. We were married. It was silly and youthful and romantic all rolled into one.

In other words, perfection.

Our wedding celebration brought us to the same restaurant Daddy took me to that first day. Once again, I had a half order of strawberry French toast with a side of eggs and ham. Once again, he looked proud. But even better than that, he looked completely in love, a look I mirrored back to him.

“Is it weird that we’re doing so much the same?” I forked the last of my strawberries.

“Nope. Not weird at all.” He took my hand from across the table. “I like being reminded of the day that changed my life for the best. The day that brought me you, sweet boy. The day that brought me my forever.”

“Me too, only change sweet boy to world’s bestest Daddy.” I intertwined our fingers. “The very best.”