



Daddy's Little Dreamer (The Lactin Brotherhood)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Trevor Adams had been labeled many things—needy, whiney, too hyper, and too quirky. But he was a happy boy, and eager to please. He just needed to find the one daddy who'd love him for who he was.

Trevor's fetishes were...unique, and while men enjoyed his company in small doses, they couldn't say the same for his kinks. His world would forever change when he replies to a cryptic call out at a local club seeking those who shared his same needs.

For Jayger Carter, nursing littles in college was a fun way to earn money but its also turned into a means of staving off the loneliness. And when this Daddy meets a sweet little at the clubs nursing night, they have no idea how their lives are about to change forever

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“Star light, star bright. First star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might. Have this wish I wish tonight.” I thought really, really hard and hoped that if I got the words just right, my wish would finally come true.

For the thousandth time...

Okay, here goes.

“Star light, can I please have a daddy of my own? One who loves me for who I am. Faults, creepy kinks, and all.”

And my faults were plenty and, sadly, there were more than enough kink shamers in the forms of fake daddies out there to point that out and say my kinks weren’t “normal.” That much I’d learned the hard way.

Or so I’d been told...

“Thought I’d find you out here.” Mom slipped through the open window in my room and joined me out on fire escape. “What are we wishing for tonight, Trevor?”

For as long as I could remember, Mom and I wished for things that never came. From the first moment she taught me the silly nursery rhyme and said, “Hold your breath and wish really hard,” we’d been doing it. Though the older I got, and then became of working age, the less these bonding moments happened.

“My Prince Charming.”

“That’s a wonderful wish, my love.” Mom kissed the top of my head. “But it’s getting chilly and if we don’t slip back inside we’ll be wishing for cold medicine. Besides, we have an early morning tomorrow.”

“K, Mom, just one more minute.”

She left me to my thoughts and as I stared up at the shiny stars I silently wished again before I slid inside and closed the window. With Bumble in hand, a bumble bee stuffie I’d had since forever, I popped my binky in and curled up in bed.

In my opinion, Sundays always went by way too fast.

Though that was partially the fault of my body which refused to sleep for an entire eight-hour period. Maybe I’d hit eight over two or three nights in a row, but I’d never been much of a sleeper. Thankfully I wasn’t a troublemaker either, though it scared the bejesus out of mom the first time she heard the TV come on in the middle of night. There I sat, about eighteen months, old flipping through the channels. She fell asleep on the couch beside me that night. I don’t know how she made it all these years dealing with me, but the woman was truly a saint.

One of many things most daddies couldn’t seem to handle when “dealing” with me was the excess energy. Dealing with me . Such a negative connotation, but it fit given they weren’t very nice to me. None of them ever tried to figure out a way to calm me down.

Was I destined to grow old alone?

Living with mom was always an option, and not a bad one either.

We kept no secrets from each other, except for one.

I felt awful about that, but given the fact the men I'd been with called me a freak when I latched onto their nipples for too long, it was the one secret I would have to take to my grave.

Let's not forget about the guy I fell asleep on while sucking his winky. That did not go over well at all. We definitely had different views of happy endings for sure. The fact that I was jarred awake when he yanked my hair and came all over my face, and then proceeded to tell me to get the fuck out, was a lesson learned the hard way.

And now once again here I was, still beating myself up as memory after memory resurfaced until the morning alarm went off.

L.O.S.E.R.

That was me in a twenty-year-old nutshell.

"Rise and shine, Bumble." I slid out of bed and tucked him back in, then grabbed my clothes and headed across the hall into the bathroom. Mom and I only had the one, but she got up before me and did her thing first. Then we had breakfast together and we'd be off to another fun-filled day at Sunrise Elementary School.

"Morning, Mom."

"Good morning, love. Breakfast is almost ready."

I poured a cup of coffee and took a seat at the small two-person dining table in our apartment. For all my life it had been me and Mom against the world. She never spoke of my father, and I never asked, and to the best of my knowledge she had never dated.

Mom was my biggest cheerleader, never a negative word was said to me, and she encouraged me to be myself. She still hung the pictures I made on the fridge and never batted an eye when I colored her a new one. When I came out to her a few years back she squealed and hugged me and said, “I’m so proud of you, Trevor.”

“Proud of me?” I was stunned, not only at her easy acceptance, which on my part wasn’t bright, but by her words.

“Yes. I raised you to believe in yourself, and you have. You’ve stayed true to you and that’s what matters most.”

My mom was seriously the best.

“Here you go,” She slid a plate of pancakes in front of me with a raspberry smiley face on top. “The bus leaves in thirty minutes.”

The kindergarten teacher in her always shone through in her words. She never cursed, was widely versed on all the popular cartoons and most of her phrases, such as the one she just said, revolved around school-related themes.

I, on the other hand, rolled with the glamorous role of a custodian at the same school. The very one which I had attended. Yes, I too can throw a verse but evidently I don’t wander far from the proverbial nest.

A glamorous career?

It was anything but, but it was a job just the same. And one mom helped me get so I’d do my best not to screw it up and make her, or me, look bad. Plus, I got to play with the kids in the afterschool program while we waited for their parents to pick them up. To me that was the best way to end the day.

Still, nothing assuaged the loneliness when I crawled into bed each night and curled up with Bumble.

During the day I mostly worked alone. My supervisor, Mike, was the lead custodian and pretty laid back. We each had our assigned daily tasks to complete, and he trusted me to do them. First thing when I clocked in I grabbed the pinchers which were used to pick up trash, and a bucket. I'm sure they had a technical name, but the pinchers were fun, and I got to work cleaning up the parking lot. As soon as the class bell rang I'd switch to clearing the playgrounds of any debris.

Sigh ...I wanted to swing and play on the merry go round so bad, but the grown-ups wouldn't be happy if I did. Those are for the kids , Mrs. Mackey, my old third grade teacher said the first time she caught me on it. You're a grown-up, Trevor, act like one.

Mom wasn't a fan of Mrs. Mackey either. But I still wasn't allowed to stick my tongue out at her no matter how badly I wanted to. Spent time in the principal's office for that one as a student. But the urge to do it again was strong.

Can janitors get sent to the principal's office?

Every day it was the same thing. Get up, go to work, have lunch with mom, clock out, hang out in mom's classroom during the afterschool program. Go home, have dinner with mom then do it all over again.

My life was a literal version of the movie Groundhog Day, grade school style.

Don't get me wrong, I loved my mother more than anything in the world and we lived a great life. I had everything I'd ever need. A roof over my head, food in my belly and warm clothes. But was it wrong of me to long for something more? Someone who gets me and my kinks? Someone to hold me? Someone to

just...someone.

“What’s the matter, baby boy?” Mom asked.

My lengthy silence during the drive home was anything but normal. Usually, I played DJ and sang along with every song that came on. But today, I wasn’t feeling it. Even Tay-Tay didn’t grab me.

“Did you know what you wanted to be when you were twenty?”

She took her time, carefully organizing her words. Mom wasn’t one to say things she’d regret. Always careful not to break another’s spirit and was never mean, nasty, or rude.

“For as long as I could remember, I wanted to be a mom.”

I sighed, having heard that many times.

“Seriously, Trevor. I remember all the way back to fifth grade when I knew it. I love kids, I always have.”

“Is that why you became a teacher?”

“It is. Let’s pick up dinner on the way home. We can talk more there. How about a kid’s meal?” Mom had a way of turning my moods around and fueling my fast-food toy collection. Plus, nuggies and dippy sauces were a win-win in my book.

“Kay but it’s my treat tonight and I want two meals.”

“Sounds fair to me.” She winked and pulled into the drive-thru at my favorite place.

I nearly squealed and had to sit on my hands to avoid clapping. Not that mom would shame me for it, but that side of me I still didn't fully understand so how could I even begin to explain it to her?

So much for thinking that kink app would help me. All it did was get the guys I met up with off and diminish any hope I had of finding myself, let alone my forever.

"Trevor, take the bags to the kitchen while I get changed."

"Okay, Mom."

By the time she came back, I had both our places at the table set. My dippy sauces were in the lid of the nuggie box and my fries were ready for dippy, dippy, dippy yumminess.

Mom poured a glass of water and took her seat across from me. In my mind, I was already playing with the new toys that came with my meals, and it wasn't duplicates this time which was awesome. But her words as she finished our conversation stunned me to the point that my brain froze.

"I never knew your father, not really."

Wait. What?

"As you know, I grew up in this very town where everyone knows, well, everyone and everything and I couldn't wait to get out of it and college was my ticket. I wanted to break free far away from here. And believe me, I did."

Stunned silence. That best described me right now so much, so I hadn't swallowed the food in my mouth.

“College was a great experience for me, and I regret nothing. Least of all you. It was my senior year when I got pregnant. We were at the same party, dancing and flirting. Next thing you know, well, you can figure it out from there.” Mom blushed and triggered mine. “One thing led to another and that was that. I never saw him again after that night, nor did I look for him. I made it through graduation with barely a baby bump, then came back home and a few months later, had the beautiful baby boy I’d always dreamed of.

“Grandma and Grandpa weren’t happy, but I was ecstatic. I worked two jobs, and they watched you for me. Then when I finally got on full time at Sunrise, we got our own place. With that position, I was able to cut back to just one job and have more time with you.”

“So, I have a dad somewhere?” Duh, dork . Well, unless...but now I knew that wasn’t possible though for most of my life I figured I was an invitro baby.

“Most likely. I’m sorry I kept this from you. For years I feared you’d ask, and I had no answer for you, and I hated that. But I have no regrets. You are the love of my life and never a day has gone by that I regretted the life we built for a single moment, Trevor.”

“Grandma never said anything to me about any of this.”

Mom laughed. “That was a miracle in itself because telling that woman anything was akin to announcing it over the PA system at the mall.”

Just that quickly the levity Mom and I always enjoyed was back. But can I just say?

Mind. Blown.

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My life was forever changed the first time I lactated. Don't get me wrong, I freaked the fuck out but in the end it all worked out. I didn't dare tell my roommate or anyone else about it. They'd likely have locked me up if I had. Scared the hell out of me and changed literally everything.

An invincible college sophomore, as we all believe in our younger years, sewing his wild oats. I'd just come back to my dorm after my last class of the day, poised to dive into an assignment that was due by midnight. Totally normal for me, cramming to finish at the last minute. There I sat, with the computer in front of me, when the front of my shirt dampened.

“What the hell?”

I glanced around, figuring I'd knocked a drink over, but the soda can was across the desk from me. Purposely. Not my first rodeo into the realm of spilling on my laptop.

Like any fool, I ran my hand through the dampness and felt an odd pressure when it grazed my chest. So, I lifted my shirt and there was a white, milky seepage coming from my nipples. Needless to say, I shouted a few choice curse words, then drove like a madman to the hospital. Outside of getting the required shots as a kid, I'd never been to the doctor and had nowhere else to turn.

The lady at the check-in desk greeted me. “Hello, sir, how may I help you?”

“Something's wrong with my chest.” She had to lean across the desk to hear me, I'd

whispered so low. “It’s leaking or something.”

The kind nurse smiled and patted my hand then handed me a clipboard. “Please fill out these forms, sir, then we’ll take you back to see the doctor.”

Hurriedly, before my shirt got any wetter and people took notice, I filled them out as fast as I could. As soon as I handed them back to her, she led me back to a curtained space. “The doctor will be in shortly.”

Moments later, he came in.

“Good afternoon, Mister...” He gazed down at the paperwork. “Carter. I see you have a concern with nipple discharge?”

My face heated to Defcon five and my head spun like the exorcist. “Ssh, not so loud. Um, yes.”

“Lift your shirt please.” He poked around the tender area. “Jayger, there is nothing wrong, per se. You’re lactating.”

“What? Men don’t lactate. Have you been drinking?”

Was this guy for real? Should I report him to some sort of doctor’s board or to the lady at the front desk?

He smiled, jotted down a few notes, then tore the sheet from the pad and handed it to me. “This website will explain everything. While male lactation is rare, it does occur in some and there is nothing wrong with you, nor will this affect your ability to have children.”

“Wait, I can get pregnant?”

This time he full on laughed. “No, you can’t. Don’t get the two mixed up. Could you nurse a baby? Absolutely, and some in the Lactin community do. They’re called male wet nurses, and from what I understand, the job pays very well. Again, I refer you to the the Lactin Brotherhood website. Information as well as opportunities for assistance, so to speak, can be found there.”

“Do you lactate?” My curiosity piqued, I wondered just how many men I knew did in fact have this gene? Hell, if my old man did he never said anything. But then again, he had very few kind words for me as it was and I sure as hell wasn’t telling him about this.

“No, I don’t, but I can assure you this is normal and nothing is wrong with you.”

“What triggered this, I mean, it never happened before?” Frantically, I searched for the right words or at least ones that made sense. How did he see this as normal? This wasn’t freaking normal.

“Jayger, you’ll find a way to make this work for you. Now, I have other patients to tend to. Listen to the doctor,” he tapped the paper again. “Go to the website. Your path to discovery begins there.”

Dumbfounded. Dazed and confused. All of the above with a side of irritation.

I drove back to school on autopilot. Operating a motor vehicle probably wasn’t wise given my current state of mind, but once I was in my dorm room, straight to the internet I went.

The website the doc gave me was packed with a plethora of information. Everything from wet nursing to clothing and binding agents that assisted with managing leakage to some really off the wall shit. But what caught my eye was an ad on their site for a lifestyle club searching for any gender wet nurses for the littles in their club.

Littles as in children?

I wasn't comfortable with that but to each their own. Given the fact I'd rarely heard children labeled as littles, that led me to believe the word described something else entirely since this was an eighteen and older website.

I clicked on the link for the club and scoured the tabs and there it was.

The Littles Room.

And down the wormhole I went, directly into a very enlightening educational overview of a BDSM lifestyle. Who knew it wasn't all whips and chains?

Littles and their Mommies, Daddies, or Bigs are a unique relationship dynamic within the BDSM community known as age play that is built on trust. Middles, Littles and Mommies, Daddies, or Bigs come in all age ranges and types. In this unique exchange, rules are established by each couple entering into it beforehand. While some relationships do include elements of BDSM, others do not but a firm contract with limits set in place should be enacted before engaging in any form of play.

Age play is when one of the partners digresses into a headspace that's a younger version of themselves knowing that their Dom/Domme—Mommy, Daddy, or Big, will assume the role of caregiver and therefore they are free to trust and let go. For some, being a little/middle is full-time, trusting their caregivers to care for all aspects of their needs from feeding and nurturing to controlling the finances, while others are part-time relationships and the littles/middles have jobs and handle their own finances, etc.

Again, the dynamic is determined by those involved, but age regression is a form of therapy for many. A way to let go and be carefree knowing their partner will be there for them while they seek the desired comfort and solitude they need.

Many of these relationships are sexual in nature though not all are, especially while in their desired headspace. Others are merely playtime, scheduled playdates where each party leaves once the session is over. There is no right or wrong way to live this lifestyle as long as the partners involved consent beforehand.

As with any relationship, open communication and determining what works for those involved will be the key to its success.

So, they wanted me to nurse an adult in an age play relationship even if they had a partner?

Whoa, I had so much to learn.

Why did this prospect excite me?

But, given the fact my scholarships only covered a portion of my fees, and my savings had run dry, it was an occupation, so to speak, to consider while I finished school.

I filled out the endless forms and applications on their site and agreed to provide urine and blood samples. Shortly after submission, was emailed the paperwork with the location to go to for the um, donations. From there, it was a waiting game. Unsure what they tested for, I not so patiently waited while they got the results back because this had turned into a bit of an obsession for me.

“Good evening, Jayger. I’m Headmistress Sage, welcome to our club.” A striking woman with a no-nonsense aura about her met me in the lobby after I’d signed in. I had the overwhelming urge to drop and give her twenty pushups.

“Thank you, Headmistress. I’m a bit, nervous.” I wiped my sweaty palms on the best pair of pants I had. Not easy to find as a broke-ass college student but thrift stores had

become my friend.

“No need to be, Jayger. As long as you abide by the rules, we’ll get along just fine. They were established to protect all our patrons and consent is everything. Follow me.”

That much I knew. It’d been reiterated throughout the documents I read.

I followed her through an elaborate set of double doors and into what I could only describe as a bar type area. Tables and chairs were spread throughout, and along the perimeter were high back benches and tables. Furnishings that were most likely chosen to give an air of privacy to those utilizing them.

“This is our communal gathering area. At any given time, Doms with slaves sitting at their feet or Daddies and Mommies with their littles may be in here. Food and drink are kept to this space and isn’t allowed past the door we’re about to pass through.”

Whoa...

“Normally, as a non-club member, you won’t be in this wing, but I felt it important to give you a full tour so you have a better understanding of what our club offers.”

My inner voyeur was in awe as we walked the two-way glass lined hallway. Naked bodies in various positions and sexual acts were on display for all to see.

“These are rooms for those who not only enjoy being watched but are welcome to others joining them. We do offer private rooms as well for those who don’t.”

It felt all kinds of naughty watching them, but I couldn’t deny how hard it got me, nor could I look away.

“Would you like to see the dungeons? They’re on the other side of this door.”

The door in question was straight out of a medieval movie. How the hell did they even move that thing?

“Um, no thanks. I’m good.” That wasn’t where my interest was and right now I had to chill before prematurely bursting.

“Very well. Next stop is the littles room which can be accessed directly from the open hall off the common area. Since you’re not a club member, though you did have to pass the same background checks as they do, you’re limited to where you’re allowed.” Her words were stern, not harsh, but nothing more needed to be said. Stick to the lobby and the littles area. Period.

“Understood.”

We walked through a space filled with littles playing with various toys and then through another door toward the rear of the room. Hell, this place had more doors than my dorm building. Behind it, there were about a half-dozen curtained areas with a big comfy chair in each.

“Miss Erin is in charge of the littles space and scheduling you as to what works for both your requirements. Welcome, Jayger. I’ll leave you in her capable hands.” With that the Headmistress left us.

“Hello, Jayger. Behind each curtain is where the wet nurses sit. If a Big comes with a little we have additional chairs we can bring in. Not all littles wish to nurse, therefore we ask those that do to schedule ahead of time. Rarely would I call you in last minute. Now, on your questionnaire you don’t mention gender preferences. So, you’re open to nursing any gender?”

“Yes, I have no issues as long as their mommies and daddies don’t either.” Had I said that right? Plus, if it was a female I’d be less likely to get aroused. But I kept that bit to myself.

“You’re the first one here so pick a space and I’ll bring your first little in.”

The furthest chair from the door felt most comfortable for my first time.

A mixture of nerves and embarrassment overwhelmed me and the urge to bolt was high until a little walked in and I saw his cherub face. Something came over me, an urge to calm and chase away his nerves as he stood there in his adorable dungarees while tightly clenching a stuffie. His face marred with uncertainty.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Danny.”

“Nice to meet you, Danny. My name is Jayger.”

Erin slid the curtain closed, allotting us a modicum of privacy though anyone within the room could hear our words. “Would you like to sit on my lap or in a chair?”

“Are-- are you a Daddy?”

“Not yet. But I hope to be someday.”

Danny crawled onto my lap and unbuttoned my shirt, bearing the makeshift medical pads I’d used to absorb the leakage.

“Sorry about that, let me get those out of there.” I hadn’t so much as peeled the tape off before he latched onto a nipple. Relief filled me as the uncomfortable pressure

subsided and I sunk back into the chair which was far more comfortable than I'd envisioned.

And that was my first wet nursing experience. Far more pleasurable than I thought it would be.

After that, I was hooked.

Fast forward fifteen years and here I was, tending to littles once again. Having lost count of the numerous times I'd partaken in nursing them over the years. What once started as a means of income was now done for selfish reasons as the kink was one I, too, enjoyed.

I'd become a club member a couple years after starting here and was a Daddy to my first little even quicker than that. Was my need to nurture due to that lacking in my own life? Quite possibly, but either way, it molded me into the caring man I am today. One I'm proud I became.

Boys, littles of all kinds, have come and gone over the years but the Daddy in me was always there. Many a Saturday night I'd leave the club horny as hell after sating littles who shared my kink. I'd leave with a willing body to sate the arousal. Nursing was an aphrodisiac, foreplay if you will and if there wasn't a boy to fill my bed then my hand did the job when I got home. Could I have partaken with the willing little while nursing? Absolutely, but personally I wasn't much of a showman and preferred the privacy of a room with four walls and no other occupants.

Though now, the revolving door of boys had grown old, and I longed for one of my own.

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OMG! OMG! OMG!

I slammed my laptop shut. Huge mistake. Like, universe size gigantic. Note to self, do not ever google men who like to suck things . I was gonna have nightmares forever after what I just saw.

I grabbed Bumble and screamed into him in the hopes of releasing the demons currently inhabiting my brain.

“Sorry, Bumble.”

He forgave me ‘cause he loved me. But the urge to retreat into my shell and hide was overridden by the desperate desire to find others like me. That weren’t scary porn others whose bodies did these-- these not so human kinda bendy things. I don’t think our bodies were meant to be that flexible.

“Should I try again, Bumble?”

He wasn’t so sure but maybe if I chose better words it wouldn’t be so scary. Maybe. With Bumble tightly tucked against me, I typed into the search bar: men who like to nurse and play with toys.

I hit enter and closed my eyes, then counted to three and opened them.

“Okay, only a little scary, Bumble.” I avoided the picture tabs and the iffy ones.

About halfway down the page I came across something called littles.

“Alright, let’s try that.” If it’s little it can’t be all bad, right?

And there they were. All kinds of people just like me. Some wore super cute footie pjs, while others were in onesies.

“I didn’t know they made those for grown-ups.” Almost everyone had a stuffie in hand. “Look Bumble, lots of friends for you and me.” The more I read and saw, the more I felt like my tilted world had been righted.

But they had mommies and daddies, and I didn’t.

Wide awake now, I took a chance and dove in. Whether that was wise was anyone’s guess but on the slight chance I finally found where I belonged, it would be worth it in the end. Plus, I’d likely not sleep anyway with those icky images in my mind so I might as well do something productive that hopefully shooed them away.

I dove further into the littles scene and landed in a chat room and created an account under the pseudonym of Little Bumble Bee.

“See Bumble, it’s a combination of both of us.”

Excluding Bumble wouldn’t be nice ‘cause he was my best friend.

Actually, he was my only friend...

Poking around, a chat room full of littles and a couple of middles popped up. How could I not create an account so I could ask the bazillion questions swirling around in my head.

“Maybe we’ll make some new friends, Bumble.” Even if they were only online ones, it was better than the zero we had now. And maybe, just maybe I’d finally found my people.

Now, where to dive in?

What if they don’t like me?

What if they make fun of me?

What if. What if. What if.

What if I never try? Then I never find out.

Here goes.

Hi.

Ugh, too simple.

Hello Little Bumble Bee, I’m Daddy’s boy.

Hi.

Ugh, could I be any lamer?

Do you have a daddy or a mommy or a big?

No. Just me but I hope to have a daddy someday.

What club do you go to?

Club?

He sent me a link and another page opened right to the littles tab on the same sight I'd been on earlier.

There's a calendar of events at the bottom. They do lots of fun stuff with littles there.

I scrolled down and there it was.

What's a wet nurse?

Probably should've done an internet search first but I was afraid of what I'd find.

Silly Little Bumble Bee, those are for littles who like to nurse. I prefer my binky, but others want milk. Our club is really open to this and has special nights just for it.

It was like every brake in my brain slammed at once.

They let littles feed from them?

What a concept.

Yup, some of my friends do it.

Daddy's Boy and I talked until his daddy told him it was time to say goodnight so he could read him a bedtime story. Lucky duck. Hopefully, one day I'd have a daddy that read me to sleep. For now, I was so hopped up on this whole wet nurse thing it prompted a new obsessive web search. Though I fell asleep at some point, and woke with a start when the alarm clock blared and I knocked my laptop to the floor.

"That's not a good sign for the day, Bumble."

Dragging my feet, yet still on autopilot, I got ready and met Mom in the kitchen.

“Good morning, my love.”

“Morning, Mom.” I let out a big yawn.

“Someone was up late last night.”

“Yeah. I think I made a new friend.”

“An online friend like a date friend?” Mom worried about me. My track record with men was complete and total crap.

“No. Like a friend-friend. Mom, have you ever heard of littles before?”

She choked on her coffee and her hand went up to let me know she was alright.

“Why don’t you explain your understanding of it to me.”

“Okay, so I kinda saw some really bad, really scary things on the internet. Then I tried again and found some kinda interesting things. Then I poked around and started talking to Daddy’s Boy and he explained some of it to me.”

“Unlike what you’re doing to me now?”

“Oh, um, yeah. Kinda. Sorry.” My brain went fast and squirreled out of control and my mouth just came along for the ride and confused the heck out of my mom. “Long story short, I think I’m a little.”

“Oh.”

Oh? Good oh? Bad oh?

Not the response I expected.

“What makes you think that?”

“‘Cause I’m me. I’ve been told I’m immature and to stop acting like a kid for so long it’s beaten me down. But I don’t want to stop or I’ll stop enjoying life all together. I like my toys and pretending and talking to Bumble. The more I learn about this the more I understand... me.” I think.

“You know I’ve told you a million times you’re perfect.”

“Yes, but you’re my mom and that’s your job.”

“To a point. Trevor, every person on this earth is different and no one should be shoved into a box or molded from another. You are unique, you are special, you are you and don’t let anyone take away your sparkle.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“All I ask is that you be careful. I don’t like it when you get your heart broken. If this is a side of you that you wish to further explore then I say go forth, but proceed with caution and keep your eyes wide open.”

“I promise, I will.”

During my lunch break, I popped into the chat room and found a message waiting from my new friend.

Daddy says you can come to the club as our guest on Saturday night if you want.

Oh my gosh, I'd love that. What time? What should I wear? What do I need to do?

He-he, you're silly Little Bumble Bee. Let's exchange phone numbers so we can call or text more easily.

For some reason, I felt good about Daddy's Boy, like I could trust him. And if for some reason it went south, I always had the block option on my phone to utilize.

Turned out his real name was Brandon. Learned that a few minutes later when his first text came through.

Little Bumble Bee it's me, Daddy's Boy also known as Brandon.

Hello Brandon, I'm Trevor.

Do you want me and Daddy to pick you up or meet you at the club? Also, do you want me to make an appointment with a wet nurse for you?

Did I?

At least if they picked me up they'd meet mom first and if she made an excuse for me to stay home then I wouldn't go. I trusted her judgement more than mine.

Yes to both please. But do I have to-- you know, feed, or can I like just talk to them first when it's my time? How does that work?

You're funny. You can talk to them. I never have but I heard they're all really nice and the men I've seen are really, really, cute. But don't tell daddy I said that.

I won't. I'm super nervous.

Don't be. It'll be fun and we can play with cars and do crafts and stuff.

K. I've got to get back to work. I'll text you later.

TTYL.

I was nervously excited and full of jitter bugs. Come Saturday, I was a wreck. Brandon and I talked a million times that week and he helped me pick my outfit. I didn't have any little clothes, still wasn't sure I fit that mold though the more I talked to him the better it fit. Tonight would be a true test for me, playing with other littles and maybe... maybe... ugh. I didn't know about the whole wet nurse thing.

"Love, you've paced the living room for the last hour. Brandon said he'd text when they pulled up. Sit and watch one of your programs."

I drove Mom nuts, too.

And that was on the best of days, but she was always nice about it.

My phone dinged and I nearly hurled it across the room.

"Deep breath, my love."

"They're," knock-knock. "Here."

I flung the door open and there stood my new friend with his daddy, both smiling wide, and that instantly set me at ease.

"Hi, come in."

Brandon hugged me as he came through.

“This is my Daddy. Adam.”

“Nice to meet you,” I shook Adam’s hand. “This is my mom, Lila.”

“It’s wonderful to meet you both. Thank you for appeasing me by exchanging phone numbers with an overprotective mother.”

“Never a problem. In our lifestyle trust is key and given you don’t know us from Adam,” he winked at his joke, “I’d expect nothing less. Do we have a curfew to adhere to tonight?”

“No. As much as I like to baby him, he is an adult and can make his own decisions. I only ask that he let me know when he plans to stay out all night.”

“Understood. We’ll make sure he keeps you updated, Lila. Shall we, Trevor?”

“Bye mom.” I gave her a hug and bounced out the door with Brandon skipping beside me.

His daddy buckled us both in the back seat, then off we went.

“Trevor, there will be a lot of daddies and mommies there tonight. Some will have littles of their own while others are just there to play. If at any point you feel uncomfortable or you want to leave just let me know.”

“Thank you, Daddy Adam.” Brandon already told me his Daddy wanted to be addressed as such. It was his preferred moniker. Also, Brandon swore he was the bestest daddy in the world.

“Wow, this place is busy.” The line was to the door when we stepped inside.

“Saturday nights always are but they’re super-fast at checking everyone in,” Brandon assured me. “Don’t forget to show your ID and they’ll take your phone, too.”

“I reserved a room tonight, little one, so we can lock up our phones in there.”

That made me feel much better. I understood why they took your phone, but I still didn’t like it. What if there was an emergency?

True to Brandon’s words, we were checked in and inside the small changing room in no time. My gaze was all over the place like a silly bobble head. There was so much to see and take in.

“Hee-hee, your eyes are gonna pop out of your skull, Trevor,” Brandon giggled.

“It’s a lot. Some people are... I just saw a naked butt!”

Now he was full on grab your gut giggling.

“This is a lifestyle club, Trevor, that caters to nearly all kinks but water sports and bloodplay.” Daddy Adam nicely explained, though I wasn’t sure what any of it meant.

Did I even want to know what that was? Nope.

Daddy Adam helped Brandon change into a pull-up and his onesie that said Daddy’s little duckie on the front, and a pair of blue shorts with rubber duckies all over them.

“I love your outfit. Rubber duckies are fun.” I felt overdressed in my slacks and button-down shirt.

“Duckies are the best!” he cheered, and his daddy smiled fondly at him. I wanted a

Daddy to look at me with so much love.

“Okay, boys,” He took Brandon’s hand. “Would you like to hold my hand, Trevor?”

“Yes please and thank you.”

Together we walked down the hall past a big room full of tables, chairs, and people, but when we came around the corner there it was just on the others side of the wall of glass. The littles room I’d read about online. There were many adults just like me engaging in all the fun things I loved to do, and no one was yelling at them to stop. In fact, everyone was smiling and happy.

“Alright boys, I’ll be over there with the other daddies.” Daddy Adam pointed to the couches where they sat.

“Alright, Daddy, kisses.” Brandon made a kissy face at his daddy who happily smooched him right in front of everyone. He was so lucky.

“What do you want to play with first?”

“Anything! Everything!”

These were my people, and I was on cloud nine. I was ready to do laps around the room but figured zoomies wouldn’t go over well. Too many bodies and all that. It was so nice to see there was nothing wrong with me, I just had a preferred kink. I wanted to shout it from the rafters: Hey world, there’s nothing wrong with me!

“What’s your favorite?”

“Blocks and cars and dinos and story time.”

“Hee-hee, you have a lot of favorites, too.” Brandon was my new best friend, and Bumble too of course.

“Daddy will check you in for your appointment while we play. Come on, let’s play dino’s smash blocks. RAWR!”

Brandon dragged me over to where they were. We stacked the blocks and the dinos crushed them to the ground, then we did it all again. I don’t ever remember having this much fun before.

After we cleaned up our mess, we decided to make crafts.

“Daddy needs a new picture for our fridge.” Brandon tore a page from a coloring book and started shading it in.

I decided to make a popsicle stick picture frame for mom that I’d put our picture in when I got home.

“Hey,” I nudged Brandon’s shoulder. “Who’s that?”

“That’s Daddy Jayger, he’s one of the wet nurses.” As if he heard his name, he turned and winked at us as he passed by and disappeared behind a door at the back of the room. “Ooohhh, Daddy Jayger is so hot.”

That was putting it mildly. The man was drop dead gorgeous.

We finished our crafts, and Daddy Adam brought us juice boxes. This place was seriously the best.

“Thank you, Daddy Adam.”

“You’re welcome, Trevor. Your appointment is next.”

I threw my empty juice box in the trash and then he led me over to a lady with a clipboard.

“Miss Erin, this is our guest tonight, Trevor. He has an appointment with a wet nurse.”

“Hello, Trevor. Are you enjoying our club?”

“Yes, Miss Erin. It’s everything I always wanted but never knew was here.”

She smiled. “I’m very happy to hear that. Hopefully you become a member and we get to see your smiling face more often. Now, have you ever used a wet nurse before?”

“No ma’am and...and, I’m really nervous about it.”

“Sweet boy, don’t be. I have a seasoned wet nurse here that will set you right at ease. And if you do nothing more than talk, then so be it. You never do anything you don’t want to do, understand?”

“Yes Miss Erin.” Everyone here was so nice and made me feel welcome.

“Follow me.”

We walked through the same door Daddy Jayger disappeared behind and into a room with a handful of curtained areas. At least they were colorful, otherwise I’d feel like we were in the ER room. She led me to the last one, the only open one, and there he was.

“Daddy Jayger, this is Trevor and it’s his first time here. He’s got a case of the butterflies so maybe you can talk him through them?”

“I’d be delighted. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Trevor.”

His voice was like the really good, super chocolatey milk that slid right down your throat and into your tummy yummy. Mine was currently doing flip flops and my brain went... blank.

“Trevor, will it be okay to leave you in Daddy Jayger’s capable hands?”

“Ye-yes, Miss Erin. Thank you.”

As soon as she left, my brain rebooted and with it came a tremendous mess in the form of a giant batch of word vomit.

“I’m new. I’m a little. I think. Maybe. Brandon said you’re a daddy. Do you have a little? I don’t have a daddy. I’m new.”

His smile widened. “Let me see if I understand this. You’re new?”

I bobbed my head.

“You think you’re a little but you’re not sure?”

“Kinda. Well, I wasn’t sure before I got here but now I feel normal, so I think I am.”

“Someone made you feel bad for being a little?”

“No, well, not exactly. People make me feel bad for wanting to play and swing and be silly.”

“Well, those kinds of people aren’t your people. Have you had fun tonight?”

Back to the bobblehead thing. “Yes, Daddy Jayger, I had so much fun with my new friend Brandon and his Daddy. Daddy Adam.”

“I know them both well. Daddy Adam is a great daddy and I’m glad he brought you here tonight.”

“You are?”

“I am. Now, next question.” He sat back on the big comfy-looking chair. “What made you seek a wet nurse?”

My face heated to a dangerous level and I did my best to hide it from him.

“No hiding from Daddy Jayger, Trevor.”

“I um, I...” How did I say this without-- Gah , those sucking images from the failed web search haunted my brain and I slapped my hands over my eyes to hide them. “I like to suck on things but not like those awful pictures online but like binkies and bottles and fall asleep when I do it.”

“Slow down, Trevor. Take a deep breath.” Daddy Jayger did one, then another and I copied him. “Good boy.”

Oh, how I wanted to be his good boy.

“Now, when you use a bottle at home what do you put in it? Water? Juice?”

“Milk.”

“Ah, now we’re getting somewhere. Next question. Would you like to sit on this chair beside mine or on my lap?”

I knew what I wanted but was it bad to want it?

“Um, can I sit on your lap?”

“Absolutely or I wouldn’t have asked. I don’t want to make your little mad.”

Gods that smirk of his was sexy as heck.

“I don’t currently have a little of my own.”

Dare I dream?

I curled up on his lap and he wrapped his arms around me. If this were my last night on earth, it would be the happiest one ever.

“Trevor, what is it about nursing your binky or your bottle that you most enjoy?”

“It calms my brain. My mind goes and goes and goes and goes and it gets to be too much sometimes. I hardly sleep but if I suck on something it’s like my mind goes...blank.”

“ADHD?”

“Heavy on the H.”

“Understood. Now, let’s get you situated.”

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4

Was love at first sight possible?

This sweet, enchanting, unsure little who'd just claimed his place on my lap led me to believe it was.

“Would you like to give nursing a try? If you don't like it, we stop. No pressure whatsoever.”

“I-I think so, but I don't want to do it wrong.”

“About the only way that could happen was if you bit me. Not that I don't enjoy a hint of pain and nibbling.” I winked and was met with an adorable blush that tinted his cheeks. “But this isn't the time nor the place for it.”

I'd likely come in my pants if he clamped down. I was seriously drawn to this sweet boy that I'd only met mere moments ago. That revelation hit me out of nowhere.

Pump the brakes, Jayger. Don't scare the poor boy away.

“Um, okay.”

“Sit up a bit, sweet boy.”

I unbuttoned my shirt and slid the chest cover down and recalled the first time I'd used cotton pads and how they fell out right in front of the little. How far I'd come

since then. Did I need the money this gig paid? Not at all, but I enjoyed the company and used the funds to renew my annual club membership. My day job more than paid my living expenses but this venture had become more of a hobby and a way to release the pressure and sometimes even hook up afterward.

His eyes widened as he clocked my every move. Absolutely adorable.

“Just like with your bottle, latch on and suck.”

Trevor finagled his body around; my dick shouted for attention as he slid his tiny tush across it. Was he aware of his actions and what they did to me? I thought not. He was far too focused on doing this right.

Tentatively his lips met my nipple. Shudders wracked me as he gently sucked, and my cock hardened to a dangerous level. Counting backwards from ten, I calmed the hormonal surge and opened my eyes. His questioning gaze sought my acceptance and I nearly crumbled. This uncertain boy, so timidly shy. Had he no clue of his worth?

“You’re a natural, sweet boy. Now, let’s get you into a more comfortable position.” I wrapped my arms around his body and shifted him a smidge, then cradled him as he fed. I had nursed two others before him but never had my body reacted as it had to Trevor.

I lost track of time, the sweet boy in my arms fast asleep. My fingers ran through his hair as the gentle angel rested, his mind finally at ease. For most of the littles, the nursing was nothing more than part of their playtime or foreplay for what came after they left the club. But for Trevor, it was more, and to know that what I once considered an embarrassing hindrance gave him such peace had me seeing lactating for the first time as a gift.

Far too soon, I heard Erin’s voice on the other side of the curtain.

“Jayger, it’s closing time.”

So lost in this boy I was, that time had gotten away from us. Generally, I was done well before closing. Ready to find a willing body to head home with depending on how my week had gone. If I was exhausted, I kept my focus on the door, if not, I’d stop and play with a couple of solo boys and see how it went. Tonight though, I wasn’t ready to wake nor leave Trevor. But sadly I had to.

“Sweet boy.”

He stirred.

I pressed my lips to his forehead and tried again. “Trevor, it’s time to go home.”

“Oh my god!” He popped up and nearly clocked my chin. “I’m so sorry.”

“Do not apologize for that ever. This simple act gave you much comfort and warmed my heart. Trevor, would it be too forward of me to ask to see you again?” Was it awkward to ask him out in this setting? No clue, having never done it before.

“Sure, do I need to make an appointment?”

“Only with me and not the club.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’d like to take you out. On a date.”

“Really?”

“Really, sweet boy. Can I walk you out so we can exchange numbers.”

“Yes please.” In a surprise move, he hugged me. “Thank you. This was perfect.”

“I must agree. Now, let’s get you back to Daddy Adam and Brandon.”

With his hand in mine, I led him from the room. Adam was on the couch with a sleeping Brandon beside him.

“I’m so sorry, Adam. We lost track of time.”

“Easy to do with a sweet boy beside you,” he winked. “All is well?”

I glanced down at Trevor. “Better than it has been in a long time. May I walk you guys out?”

“Absolutely. Just need to make a quick stop at the changing room for our things.”

Trevor and I walked behind them, our fingers entwined, and I dreaded the moment I had to let go. Had fate played a part in our meeting? Waiting until I’d played to the point of boredom and was ready to settle down? Or was this a test? Dropping a shiny new little into my lap who had a lifetime of new experiences in front of him?

Would they be that cruel? I’d been a good, kind man with a lot of love and nurturing to give, and my head and my heart said Trevor was the one who not only needed it but deserved it.

We stepped out into the night, phones in hand, and exchanged information. I knew I’d not make it until morning without hearing from him again. As soon as I had him seat-belted in and thanked Adam for ensuring Trevor made it home safely, I got into my own vehicle and immediately texted him.

Trevor, it was an absolute pleasure to meet you tonight.

Me too! Me too! Me too!

His excitement rang clearly through his words, and I chuckled.

Would it be too forward to ask to see you tomorrow?

No, not at all. I'd love that.

Excellent. Text me when you're up and we'll make plans. Sleep well, sweet boy.

You too, Daddy Jayger.

He signed it with a heart.

One nursing and I was a goner...

Good morning, Daddy Jayger. Did last night really happen?

Still in bed, recounting every moment of our meeting, I had struggled to get up until his text came through and reinvigorated me. I had a boy to see and things to plan for our day together.

Yes sweet boy, it did. How did you sleep?

Good, got about four hours which is a lot for me.

We'll have to work on that. So, are you up for a picnic today?

Did you hear me squeal? Oops, I scared my mom. Yes, a picnic sounds wonderful.

Sorry, Mom. Pick you up at eleven?

I'll be ready. Here's my address and Mom said you must come in and meet her first.

That begged the question, how old was this boy?

Not a problem. I hate to ask this, somewhat after the fact, but how old are you?

Twenty. I'll be twenty-one in May.

Whew. Crisis averted. Been down that road before and am NOT traveling it again.

For complete clarity, I'm thirty-five. Will that be a problem?

No Daddy Jayger.

Such a polite boy. Excellent. I'll see you shortly.

Yay!

With a plan in mind, I showered and gathered the basket to tuck in the goodies I'd pick up along the way. Mindful not to forget a bouquet of flowers for the mother I was about to meet as well. Nervous as hell, I'd not had a relationship last long enough to meet a mother. Was the universe sending another sign by having me meet Trevor's at the onset?

Trevor was new to the lifestyle, so a test of favorite finger foods was on the menu for today. I popped into the grocer for a variety of sauces and juice boxes, then over to the deli for the selection I'd ordered earlier. After a quick stop at the floral display, I paid, then opened the trunk and set up the basket and was on my way.

Butterflies the size of Australia swarmed through me. The level of importance in not only creating a successful first date, but impressing the mother veered to the

overwhelming side.

“You’ve got this, Jayger.” Pep talk completed, I grabbed the bouquet from the passenger seat and headed for their door.

“Daddy Jayger, you’re really here!” Trevor excitedly hugged me.

“Of course I am, silly boy. I told you I was coming.”

“Sadly, my sweet boy hasn’t had the best of luck with men.”

I looked up and saw a woman standing just behind Trevor. “I’m sorry to hear that but their loss is my win, Mrs.?”

“Miss, but you can call me Lila.”

“Lila, it’s a pleasure to meet you. I’m Jayger and these are for you.”

“Thank you, it’s nice to meet you as well.”

“I love your shirt, Trevor. Bee Yourself with silly bees all over it.”

“I love, love, love bees. Wait right here one sec. He held a finger up, then took off down the hall and returned with a stuffie. “This is my best friend, Bumble.”

“Hello Bumble, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” I shook his little wing. “Are you and Bumble ready to go?”

“Wait, what?” His eyes teared up and I feared I’d said the wrong thing. “Bumble can come, too?”

“Of course he can, he’s your friend.”

Trevor burst into tears and wrapped himself around me again. I peered up at his mother. “Did I say something wrong?”

“No, Jayger, you said everything right. You two enjoy yourself.”

I buckled Trevor in and when I slid into the driver’s seat, he had Bumble bouncing on his lap.

“Is Bumble excited for today?”

“He is, Daddy Jayger. How long have you been a daddy?”

“Oddly enough, I’ve been in the lifestyle since I was your age, but it was a couple years after that before I became a daddy. Once I played with my first little, I was hooked.”

“So, is um...” He fiddled with the cute bow tie on Bumble. “Is, um, feeding littles your full-time job?”

Was that a hint of jealousy I sniffed out?

“When I was in college it was a job, but no, it’s not now. Now I do it because not only do I enjoy it, but I get my fill of littles.” Let’s try this on and see if I hit the real question behind his words. “If I had a little of my own and they didn’t like me feeding others, I’d stop doing it.”

“But-but, wouldn’t they feel bad if you did that? Gave up something you enjoyed for them. That doesn’t sound fair.”

Yup, hit the nail on the head.

“I’d enjoy having my own boy to nurse more than anything.”

He shimmied his tiny tush as much as the seatbelt allowed in a little dance, and we were back on track.

“Do you have a job, Trevor?”

“I do. I work at my old grade school with my mom. Well, not with her. She’s a kindergarten teacher and I’m a janitor.”

“That sounds fun. You and your mom must get along well to be able live and work together.”

“We do. My mom is the best. What do you do, Daddy Jayger?”

At this point he’d somehow managed to twist himself yet remained in the belt so he could see me without getting tangled up. Quite the Houdini, this one was.

“I’m in marketing. Nothing exciting or glamorous but it pays the bills.”

Seemingly satisfied with my response, he shifted gears.

“Where are we going, Daddy Jayger?”

“It’s a surprise. Do you like surprises?”

Trevor excitedly clapped his hands. “I do!”

We pulled into the parking lot at the park and his eyes widened. “Is this the peacock

park?”

“It is.” This park was well known throughout town due to the number of wild peacocks that freely roamed it.

“Mom used to bring me here when I was younger, and we’d have picnics. I saw bunnies here before too.” He cheered and bobbed in his seat.

“Let me get your belt off before you hurt yourself.”

5

Excitement bubbled up inside me and it was so hard to contain.

A daddy not only took me on a date, but one where we got to be outside with bees and nature and all those fun things. And best of all, he let Bumble come too.

But was he for real or just another poser?

As soon as Daddy Jayger opened the door, I flew out and ran straight for the playground. I didn't know what it was about him, but since we first met all those hours ago, hee-hee , it was like I'd known him forever and the years of repressed fun burst from me.

"Daddy Jayger, this is the best place ever!"

"Why is that little one?"

I took his hand and led him around to all my favorite spots. "A sunflower garden. It's my favorite flower, just so you know."

"Why sunflowers?"

"Because they're a happy flower, Daddy Jayger. They're always smiling at you." I smiled as wide as I could. "See, they make me smile and now you're smiling, too."

"Sweetheart, I can't help but smile when I'm around you."

That might be the bestest thing anyone had ever said to me.

“Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Look at all the bees!”

“Careful, don’t get too close or you’ll get stung.”

“I know, Daddy Jayger, and I’ll respect their space. They make the flowers happy when they pollinate them.”

“Yes, they do. You’re a very smart and a very good boy.”

Good boy. I was somebody’s good boy and if it was only for today I’d be the best boy I could be. Happy memories for everyone! I’d try not to think about how sad I’d be when it was over. Live in the now, Trevor.

“How about we eat first, then we can explore and play on the playground. Deal?”

“Deal. Does everybody call you Daddy Jayger?”

“At the club, yes. I’m one of the handful that prefer the moniker. Is that okay?”

“Yes, makes it easier and more real for me.”

“More real?”

I shrugged. “I’ve played with some daddies that made me call them that, but it never felt right, and they weren’t very nice. With you, it does, and I like it, but I didn’t want to upset you.”

“Dear boy, it would take quite a bit for you to upset me. I’m fairly relaxed when it comes to all but your health and safety.”

Daddy Jayger grabbed the basket, and I followed him over to a beautiful, huge oak tree and watched as he placed the blanket in the shade beneath it.

“Can Bumble and I help, Daddy Jayger?”

“Why don’t you two get comfy and let Daddy spoil you today.”

“Yes, Daddy Jayger.”

Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy—I couldn’t stop saying it.

He set the containers out and removed the lids and revealed the yummy surprises.

“Oh, Daddy Jayger, you outdid yourself.”

“I did, didn’t I. What’s your favorite here?”

While I answered, he scooped out a bit of each and put it on our plates.

“Chicken strips for sure. And fries. And mac and cheese. Oooh, and a teeny tiny eggroll. Umm, I can’t choose.”

“You, dear boy, are adorable beyond words. Now, I selected many sauces for you to try. Do you have any food allergies? Probably should’ve asked that first. See, even daddies make mistakes.”

“No mistakes, Daddy Jayger. You did great. I don’t have any allergies, just stuff that’s yucky but you don’t have any of it here.”

“Good deal. Okay, sweet boy, dig in.”

I didn't realize how hungry I was until that first bite hit my tummy. When Daddy Jayger's face turned green when I mixed ketchup and ranch it made me giggle. Guess it wasn't really funny, but the face he made was.

"I see how you are. You're gonna be a boy to test his daddy, aren't you?"

"Hee-hee, maybe. But I'm a good boy." Whose fingers and toes are crossed Daddy Jayger will want to keep him.

"I'm sure you are. Eat up, then we can play."

Daddy Jayger was super smart, he even remembered juice boxes and bite sized brownies for dessert.

"That was nummy, Daddy Jayger, thank you. Can we play now?"

"Let me clean this up and put it in the car, then I'll be ready to chase you."

"Here, Daddy Jayger, can you put Bumble in there too. I don't want him to get dirty." I gave Bumble a kiss and handed him off. I knew Daddy Jayger would take good care of him as he had with me.

"Will do. Be back in the shake of a lamb's tail."

"You're silly, Daddy Jayger." But it made me wonder, did lambs even have tails?

But having the attention span I did, or lack thereof I should say, a shiny ladybug flew right by me, and I had to find out where she was off to in such a hurry.

"Little one, you didn't wait like daddy told you to."

“Sorry Daddy Jayger, but a pretty ladybug flew by, and I had to follow her. Look, she’s taking a break on the giant sunflower.”

“That sunflower is nearly as wide as your head.”

I giggled. “They’re taller than us both!”

“Some are for sure. Now, let’s let this pretty lady enjoy her siesta . Where too next?”

“To the peacocks!”

“To the peacocks it is.”

Daddy Jayger bought some bird seed from the dispensers they had around the park and we fed them. One of them poofed up and I jumped back.

“That scared me.”

“They put on quite the show but look how beautiful it is.”

At this point, Daddy Jayger and I both had our phones out and snapped a ton of pictures. I couldn’t wait to look through them later and remember all the fun we had. Saying goodbye was gonna be so hard.

“Sweet boy, what time do you go to bed?” Daddy Jayger asked during the drive home.

“Well, I don’t sleep much but I try to be in bed around ten. Sometimes I read or play on the internet until my brain fizzles out.”

“How about when you get in bed at night you call Daddy so I can read you a bedtime

story?”

My brain completely stopped.

“You— you want to read me a bedtime story?” I couldn’t stop the tears if I wanted to. They had a mind of their own.

Daddy Jayger pulled over into the nearest parking lot and handed me a tissue. “What’s wrong Trevor? If you don’t want me to read to you, I won’t. It’s not a must, just something I enjoy but if you don’t...”

“No, Daddy Jayger, it’s not that at all.” I tried to hug him, and the seatbelt stopped me, so I tried again, and it shot me back into place. “Stupid seatbelt.” Now I was full on crying like a big ‘ol baby.

Daddy Jayger unclipped the belt and pulled me across the center console. “Why are you crying then?”

“No one has ever been as nice to me as you are. Well, except for Mom. No one took me anywhere without expecting stuff in return and no one, not even once but my mom, ever offered to read me a bedtime story.”

“Well, if I’m being honest it’s a little selfish on my end. One day I hope to be in bed with you nursing you while I read to you.”

“Me too, Daddy Jayger.” I sniffled as I dragged the back of my hand over my face. “That would be so perfect. Does that mean you want to see me again?”

“It absolutely means that. And just for the record, I hate having to say goodbye to you. I wish our day could go on, but we both have to work tomorrow.”

“Stupid work.”

“Yes, sweet boy, I couldn’t agree more. Stupid work. Now, I need to stay in your mom’s good graces so let’s get you home at a decent time.”

“Okay, Daddy Jayger.” Real quick, I kissed his cheek and slid back into my seat. He snapped my belt on, and we were back on the road. But at least this goodbye wasn’t forever, and I’d get to fall asleep listening to Daddy Jayger’s sexy voice on repeat.

We pulled into an empty parking space at my apartment and my heart went thumpy-thump. I wanted to invite him in but that might be a little weird with Mom there.

“Trevor, may I kiss you goodbye?”

“I’d like that, Daddy Jayger.”

He undid our seatbelts, leaned over the console and cradled the back of my head in his hand. “I’ve waited all day for this.”

As soon as his lips touched mine it was like... whoa.

Daddy Jayger pulled back and kissed the tip of my nose. “Trevor, I could get so lost in you but now is not the time or place. I fear we may have an audience.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Words escaped me. Right now, I was a puddle of goo and my mind was fixated on what it would take to have his lips back on mine.

“You, my dear boy, are too adorable. Come on, let’s get you checked in with Mom.”

“Someone’s got stars in his eyes,” Mom said as soon as the door shut behind me.

“Best. Date. Ever.”

“From what I remember, you haven’t had that many.”

“True but he was so nice to me. We saw the peacocks and the bees, and a ladybug flew right by me. He got me all kinds of finger foods. Did I say he was nice?”

Mom grinned. “You did, love. I’m so glad it went well. He seemed very nice. A bit older, but nice.”

“He’s thirty-five and is in marketing and wants to read me a bedtime story.” I twirled around with Bumble and landed on the couch with a bounce. “I really, really like him, Mom.”

“I’m glad, sweetheart. You deserve to be treated like the prince you are. You have a big heart and no one has the right to stomp on it.”

“Thanks, Mom.” I hoped I wasn’t in over my head and that Daddy Jayger wouldn’t end up being just as shady as the others, but it didn’t feel that way. He felt like the real deal.

“I ordered pizza for dinner. How about dinner and a movie living room style?”

“I love that, Mom. What can I do to help?”

“Why don’t you pick the movie while I answer the door.”

The Secret Life of Bees for the win! What a spectacular ending to a fantastic day, though it wasn’t over yet. I still had a bedtime story coming.

After the movie, Mom kissed me goodnight and then I got ready for bed. I popped out

on the fire escape for my nightly wish, then hurried inside to cuddle up with Bumble and call Daddy Jayger. Throughout the movie, Brandon and I had been texting, and he was super excited for me.

Right at ten, I facetimed Daddy Jayger.

“There’s my sweet boy. How was your evening with Mom?”

“Hi, Daddy Jayger.” I waved at the phone. “It was nice. We had pizza and watched The Secret life of Bees?”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me?” He winked. “Do you have a favorite bedtime story?”

“I do but it’s one Mom wrote for me when I was younger. It’s about a sweet prince. I don’t have a printed copy, though.” I needed to get her to write it down and try to publish it.

“Well, I have one here.” He waved a book with a blue cover and lots of shiny night stars on the front. “It’s got magic and fun new friends. It’s called Genie’s Boy by TL Travis.”

“Ooohhh, that sounds fun. Will you read it to me?”

“I’d love nothing more, sweet boy. Get you and Bumble comfy.”

Once we were situated, he began. “This book doesn’t start out happy, but I promise you it has a happy ending.”

“Okay, Daddy Jayger. I trust you.”

By the time he finished the story, I was sitting up straight, Bumble clutched tightly in

my arms.

“That was so sad. I can’t believe he lost his parents, but he had a new magical daddy and lots of new friends and the bad guy was gone forever.”

“He did. This story just goes to prove that love can heal. You never forget the ones you loved but your heart can learn to love and trust again.”

“Still, I can’t imagine being without Mom. She’s the best.”

“From what little of her I know, I see that too. Now, tuck in, sweet boy, it’s time for daddy to say goodnight.”

“Night Daddy Jayger. When can I see you again?”

“How about next Saturday? Want to come to Daddy’s house and play?”

Did I? That hadn’t worked out well before. Better to know now rather than later once my heart went too far.

“Sounds fun, Daddy Jayger.”

“Until tomorrow night, sweet boy.”

“Tomorrow night?”

“Yes, our nightly bedtime story time.”

“You’re gonna read to me every night?”

“That’s the plan unless you don’t want me to.”

“No-no, I do, it’s just that this feels too good to be true.”

“I feel the same way. Sweet dreams, Trevor.”

“Sweet dreams, Daddy Jayger.”

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“Earth to Jayger?” My coworker, Jack, teased as he knocked on my open office door.

“Did I wake you?”

“Funny guy. How can I help you?”

“The bossman just called a meeting. Conference room in ten.”

“Thanks for the heads up.”

Had he not come in I’d have likely missed the meeting all together. Daydreaming about a certain little was going to get his new daddy into trouble. I fired off a text to let him know I was thinking about him.

Hello sweet boy, I hope you’re having a great day.

Hi Daddy Jayger! It’s okay, kinda boring but I can’t stop smiling.

What’s made you so happy?

You have.

You say the sweetest things. I have a meeting to get to now, just wanted to let you know I was thinking about you.

Me too. TTYL

Good thing I was well versed in the lingo of today's youth.

As usual, the meeting ran over and by that I meant two hours longer when a simple email would've covered everything. Corporate America and their need for meetings to have meetings about meetings. Meanwhile, the rest of us worked a ridiculous amount of overtime to make up for it.

By the time I got home it was so late cooking wasn't happening. I microwaved leftovers, not the healthiest of choices nor what I'd feed my boy if he were here. But I had to make do at this late hour though my guts might scream later. I had just enough time to eat and shower before I called Trevor. That was the highlight of this shitty day. Seeing his adorable face and hearing his voice before bed would carry me through tomorrow.

Until we reached the point where we lived together. Then I'd have all the reasons in the world to get home at a decent hour and cook healthy meals. For now, eating alone left a minimal desire to rush home, let alone cook for one.

Was I surprised by this sudden change in me? The longing to be under the same roof, eventually. I should have been concerned. It'd only been three days. That would scare the shit out of any normal human and send them running, yet it rested well with me. Contented even. Now I just had to make it through this week until I got to hold Trevor again come Saturday.

"Daddy Jayger, how was your day?"

His smiling face righted everything in my world when he answered the call. "It's perfect now that I get to see you. How was your day, sweet boy?"

"Same as always, nothing exciting happens in the life of a janitor."

“Well now, that just can’t be true. I’m sure you could regale me with stories of chewed gum and lost retainers.” Albeit gross, it was worth the giggle that burst from him.

“Yes, it never fails at least once a week we get stuck digging through the cafeteria trash cans for a retainer. Super gross. Gum isn’t allowed on campus, but we all know how that goes. He rolled his eyes. “But we do find the occasional piece underneath tables and shelves in the library.”

“Alright, I know I started this, but no more work talk. Are you and Bumble ready for bed?”

He held up his beloved stuffie for me to see. “Excellent. Now it’s story time.”

I was happy to see Trevor yawning by the time we’d reached the end.

“Sweet dreams, little bee. Daddy will talk to you tomorrow.”

“Night, Daddy Jayger.”

“I’m your daddy now, so you can drop the Jayger.”

He bolted upright, eyes wide. “You’re keeping me?”

As if he was an old shoe on the verge of being tossed out. “You’re not an object to be kept. You’re a boy who deserves to be treated like a prince. But yes, I’d like for you to be my boy.”

“Your only boy?”

“My only boy for his only daddy.”

More tears. Would I ever get used to this gentle soul? This boy would be pleased with the simplest of things. Reading books, cooking, playing – all things we can and will do together. He just wanted to be loved, and love him, I will.

“Happy tears, I hope?”

“Very happy tears, Daddy.” There was that adorable blush. “Thank you.”

“You never have to thank me for taking care of you. That’s in the Daddy job description.” Another giggle. “Goodnight, sweet boy. Daddy will talk to you tomorrow.”

“Night, Daddy.”

Our new routine flawlessly fell into place. During the days we texted as time allowed and each night I read to my sweet little bee at bedtime. In between, I’d done a bit of online shopping and all Trevor’s gifts were due to arrive by Saturday. I might’ve gone a bit overboard with them, but he was more than worth it.

“Sweet Bee, would you like to sleep over at Daddy’s on Saturday night?” A big ask after only a week, but if I didn’t ask I’d never know. “I have a spare bedroom you’re welcome to.”

“But—but, I want to sleep with you, Daddy.”

“I’d like that too, but didn’t want to assume or make you uncomfortable. Just because we share a bed it doesn’t mean anything has to happen. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy, and thank you for considering my feelings.”

To every so-called daddy who wronged this boy, I’m gonna line you up one by one

and smack the shit out of you.

“Now, what would you like for lunch.” I’d cook a nice dinner for sure, but a littles lunch was in order.

“Mmm.” He thought long and hard. “Corn dogs. Have you ever seen the little ones? They’re so cute. I dip them in mustard and buzz them around cause they’re shaped like bees. Have you ever noticed that?”

“No, I’m afraid I haven’t.” This boy’s happiness was infectious. He spoke with his entire body and sucked you right into his world. “I’ll definitely look for them at the store.” Along with a few other things. It was like I just couldn’t help myself when it came to him.

“Yay! Can I bring Bumble to our sleepover?”

“Always. Anywhere we are Bumble is welcome. Okay, sweet bee, Daddy needs to log out at work and run a couple of errands. I’ll call you tonight for your story.”

“K Daddy, drive safe.”

I might’ve overdone it at the store. Between corn dogs, pasta, salad and bread for dinner, plus snacks, juice boxes, and a few more goodies I couldn’t resist, the cart was full as was the back of my SUV.

“Good morning, little bee.” I was ready for it this time when Trevor launched himself at me. “Good morning, Lila. How are you this fine morning?”

“Morning, Jayger. I’m doing well, thank you for asking. Trevor mentioned a sleepover?” The cocked mom brow-- was it a warning or I know what happens at these things?

“We are. I have many fun activities planned and there is a giant gift bag sitting atop my dining table for a certain little bee. I wonder who that is?”

Trevor’s eyes widened as he excitedly danced. “I’ve got prezzies?”

“Indeed, you do. Grab Bumble and bring me your bag.”

He ran down the hall, allotting Lila and me a few moments alone.

“Treat him well, that’s all I ask.”

“Lila, that’s an easy promise to make you. Trevor deserves the world, and I intend to give him as much of it as I can.”

My happy little bee came buzzing down the hall, Bumble under one arm and his backpack dangling over the other.

“Here.” I slid it off his shoulder. “Let me help you with that.”

“I can’t believe you still have your old bag, Trevor,” Lila said.

“It still works and it’s not that old. Just from high school” He shrugged.

“Alright, we’re off. Lila, you have my number, please don’t hesitate to use it. We’ll only be a quick fifteen minutes away.”

“Thank you, Jayger. You two have fun.”

Trevor gave her a big hug. I adored the relationship they had.

“Bye, Mom.”

“Goodbye, my love.”

“Daddy, Bumble and I are so excited for this weekend.” My happy boy bounced in the seat beside me as we pulled out of the drive.

“Me too. I may have gone a bit silly with all the prezzies, but I just couldn’t stop.”

“Silly Daddy.”

“Question, do you have your driver’s license? I keep opting to pick you up without even asking if you wanted your own vehicle with you. My apologies.”

“No worries, Daddy. I do have my license, but Mom and I only have one car and I don’t like to leave her without one.”

“Such a sweet boy, always thoughtful.”

“I don’t mind you driving if you don’t mind.”

“I do not mind at all. Why don’t you play DJ while I take care of getting us there?”

“Yay!”

What we listened to, I hadn’t a clue, but his delightful serenade, though slightly offkey, was quite entertaining.

The garage opened as we pulled up to the house.

“Oh magic.”

I pointed to the visor. “More like a magic button.”

“Your house is nice with a big front yard. Do you have a dog?”

“I don’t. I work a lot but maybe someday when someone special lives with me we could pick out a dog together that they would help me take care of.” I almost added, “when you live here,” but that was too much too soon and he’d probably run all the way back home. I didn’t dare look at him out of fear my thoughts would give me away.

We pulled into the garage and as the door shut behind us, I grabbed his backpack, then unbelted Trevor.

“I can’t wait to see your house.”

“You mean you can’t wait to see your prezzies,” I teased.

“Maybe both?”

“Come on, silly boy, let’s get inside.”

Through the laundry room and into the kitchen we went. His gifts were impossible to miss and given the excitement on his face, he didn’t.

“Let’s drop off your bag and I’ll give you the twenty second tour.” Trevor followed behind me, Bumble tightly clutched to his chest. I sat his bag at the foot of the bed. “This is my room, and over here is the bathroom.”

“Oh, that’s a big tubby-tubby. Can we have tubby time, Daddy?”

“Tubby time is one of my favorite things. I believe I even have some new tubby toys for you.” I was glad I’d invested the money I had in the remodel when I bought the house and went for the comfortable tub for two. “Across the hall is the spare bedroom

and a home office with another bathroom between them.”

“Your house is nice, Daddy.”

“Thank you, sweet boy. How about a juice box?”

“Yes, please and thank you.”

The silly boy skipped down the hall behind me and into the kitchen.

“Why don’t you open your prezzies and I’ll bring your drink to you.”

He’d already paused in front of the table, eyes glued to the giant bag.

“Well, what are you waiting for?”

Evidently, nothing more than that direction. No sooner had I said them then a tornadic whirlwind of crepe paper flew through the air.

Trevor was gonna be a fun boy for sure.

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I couldn't believe daddy got me prezzies let alone a bazillion of them. My body buzzed like a bee with all the excitement. And he said he was gonna keep me which was better than all the prezzies in the world!

"A bumble bee head band. Look Daddy, the wings spin like a windmill." I spun them a few times and slid them on. "Now I've got antennae, too."

But there was more.

"Two different farm animal coloring books and coloring pencils?"

"They were the only ones I could find with bees in them and they came with stickers."

Oh my gosh, Daddy dug through the coloring books at the store to find the right one for me. My heart was doing silly swoopy things, now.

"Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome, keep digging."

I felt bad, Daddy ran around cleaning up the scrunchy paper mess while I got to open gifts. But he was smiling so it must not be all that bad. I'd make it up to him later though.

“A miniature Bumble!”

“That’s a new friend for Bumble.”

“You thought of Bumble, too?” Tears welled in my eyes, like always. Why did I always have to cry? Stupid tears. “Best. Daddy. EVER!”

“Silly boy, Bumble is family, too, and it’s my job to make both of you happy. Now, I believe there are two more presents buried in that giant bag.”

How much did this bag hold? It was so tall that I had to move it to the floor to get what was in the bottom.

“Squee!” I squealed so loud Daddy jumped. “Sorry, Daddy, but I’ve looked all over for bumble bee pjs and never found them in my size.”

“Well, I guess it was lucky I knew a super-secret place that had them.” He put a thinky finger over his lips. “I take it by the jolt my ears just got that you like them?”

“Like them? I love, love, love them! Can I wear them now?”

Daddy laughed. “How about you try them on, then if daddy guessed your size right we can take the tags off and wash them so you can wear them after your tubby tonight?”

Ohhh, I’d forgotten about tubby time.

“K Daddy.” I grabbed them and headed for the bathroom.

“I believe there is one more gift. Daddy may’ve gotten a bit wild shopping this week.”

More?

“They’ll be nothing left for Christmas.” Please keep me that long. Please, please, please.

“Already have a few things earmarked for that holiday.”

Yay!

I reached into the bag, removed all the rest of the paper so nothing else could hide, and there it was. Something I never knew existed yet had to have. “A color your own sippy cup! Daddy, you’re the bestest!” I threw myself at him and he groaned when I knocked the wind out of him. “Sorry, Daddy.”

“Never apologize for hugging me, and now I know to watch for an incoming boy. Go try your jammies on while Daddy fixes lunch.”

Up on tippy toes I went to give him a kiss. “Thank you for everything, Daddy.”

“You are more than welcome.”

Sure enough, the pj’s fit perfectly.

“Daddy, I think you have magic in you.”

“How is that, dear boy?”

“These new pj’s fit like they were made for me.”

He took them and gave me a kiss. “Maybe they were and maybe I am.”

All my new goodies were neatly stacked on the table. I really wanted use my new sippy cup, but I couldn't wrangle the packaging apart. "Stupid plastic clamshells." I gave it a good yank. "Ouchie! Ouchie! Ouchie! Blood Daddy. Oh no."

"Trevvvv...."

Was the last thing I heard before down I went.

Forgot to tell Daddy that me and blood didn't get along so well.

"Trevor, Trevor," Daddy's sad voice came through the brain fog. "Please be okay."

"Da-daddy?" I was wrapped up tight in his arms, lying across his lap on the couch.

"Thank heaven. Dear boy, you scared the you know what out of me."

"Sorry, Daddy. I forgot to tell you I don't do so well with blood." I glanced at my finger which now had a cartoon bandage on it. "Thank you for taking care of me."

"Again--" He kissed the tip of my nose. "You never have to thank me for taking care of you. Are you ready to eat or do you want to wait a bit?"

"I want to eat but I wanted to use my sippy cup."

"That's okay but Daddy will open it. Deal?"

My head bobbed up and down. "Yes, please and thank you."

Daddy stood while still holding me and something on the shelf caught my eye. "Daddy, is that a picture of me?"

We walked over to the shelf so I could get a better look.

“It is. I took that picture on our first date. It’s the perfect shot of you sniffing a sunflower with a ladybug on it. She didn’t so much as flinch given how close you were to her.”

“She knows I’m a good person. They can sense it just like dogs and cats.”

“They can, can they?”

“Mmm hmm. They’re super smart like bees.”

Daddy sat me down and opened the cup for me.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome. You color while I get our plates together.”

I used some of the bee stickers that came with my new coloring book and put swirly dashes between them like they were flying. Then I drew pretty sunflowers and even added a ladybug. Reminded me of Daddy’s favorite picture of me. When it was all done, I slid it in place and snapped the plastic cover over it.

“All done, Daddy.”

“And just in time, here’s your lunch. Let me take a look.” Daddy rolled it around, inspecting all of it. “I have to say, this is the best sippy cup I’ve ever seen.”

“Thank you, Daddy. It was a fun thing to make. I love crafty stuff.” He took my cup and filled it with juice. “Yummy! Mini corn dogs and tater tots. My favorite.”

“I remembered. Tonight, we’ll have a healthy dinner.”

My face scrunched up at that yucky thought.

“Don’t you scrunch up at me.” He shook his finger and tried not to smile, but seriously failed. “I promise it will be yummier than these little bite size dogs.”

“Nummy.” I did a little happy wiggle. “Yummy, yummy, yummy.”

“Have enough mustard?”

“Oh shoot, no. I need more for my tots.” Daddy laughed and added more to my plate.

“Your tots can now swim in mustard as your mini dogs did.”

“Snarky Daddy.”

“I’ve been known to snark with the best. So, what should we do next?”

Daddy was letting me pick. When had any Daddy ever asked me what I wanted?

“Umm, do you have a swing set?”

“Sorry, no.”

“How about coloring and watching cartoons? Will you color with me?” It would be a first but like Mom always said, you don’t know if you don’t ask.

“I would love that, sweet boy. Cartoons and covering Daddy’s fridge in fancy art for the win!”

“Yay!”

“Sweet boy, why don’t you go find the program you want to watch while Daddy cleans up.”

After I put my dishes in the sink, I grabbed my bag of goodies and Bumble, plus his new friend, and set everything up on the coffee table. Daddy had the same channels that Mom and I had which made it easy to find my favorite show. But I paused it so Daddy didn’t miss anything.

“What do we have here?” Daddy slid down on the floor beside me. “Which picture shall I color?”

“Do you want me to pick it for you?”

“I have a better idea. What if you color one for Daddy’s fridge and Daddy makes one for you to take home.”

“Best. Idea. Ever!” If I had pom poms I’d have swung them through the air. I was sooo super excited.

Daddy mixed up the two coloring books like a deck of cards. “Silly Daddy,” I got a case of the giggles. “You can’t mix up only two.”

“I can’t? Hmm. Well, then, pick your poison, err, book.” Daddy gasped. “Did you just roll your eyes at your Daddy?”

“Noooo.” Big humungous fib.

“Punishment by tickles!”

I giggled and wiggled and squirmed until my insides hurt.

“Gotta pee! Gotta pee!”

Daddy stole a quick kiss. “Okay, I win. Go pee.”

“You win?”

“Yup.”

Not sure what he won but if he was happy, I was happy. Who was I kidding, this was way better than all the Christmases in my life all rolled into one day.

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“You’re really gonna hang it on the fridge?”

That statement shouldn’t surprise me given what his mother and he shared with me about his past daddy fails, but it did.

“Of course, I am. Are you going to hang up my picture when you get home?”

His head bobbed up and down so fast I wasn’t sure it’d ever stop.

“Then why wouldn’t I hang this one up?”

He shrugged, disbelief marring his adorable face.

“Come with me.”

Trevor followed me over to the fridge, his eyes glued to my every move as I selected the perfect magnets and hung it in place. “Perfecto!”

“Daddy, don’t make me love you if you’re only gonna break my heart.”

“Sweet boy, I can promise you that won’t happen or mine would break right along with yours.”

Constant affirmation. Something I prided myself on giving to my past boys, but this one required it to be tenfold. And that was a challenge this Daddy was more than up

for.

“Now, what shall we do next?”

Me personally, I was ready for a nap and at thirty-five, that was saying something. But this little one had an abundance of energy.

I was gonna need more toys.

Possibly a playground.

Lightbulb.

“Alright, sweet boy. Let’s go for a walk.” With Bumble tucked tightly to his side, he took my hand, and we walked down the street toward the neighborhood park. It wasn’t as big as peacock park was, but a great place for him to run off some of this excess energy before dinner. Afterward, it would be tubby time and hopefully he’d find that same peace nursing tonight as he had at the club.

Trevor skipped alongside me as we made our way along the sidewalk, happy as anything, and chatted away.

“I hope there are bees and flowers and lots of toys to play on. I love playgrounds, they’re my favorite. Do you come here a lot?”

“That was a lot of words in one breath, dear boy.”

His face fell and I knew I’d said the wrong thing. “Let me see if I can answer them all. There are some flowers and plants so there may be bees. There aren’t as many toys as the other park we went to but what they have is still fun. And no, I don’t come here a lot. In fact, I’ve lived in my house about seven years now and I think I’ve been

here twice.”

He was back to skipping so I’d count that recovery as a win.

As soon as we crossed the street and entered the park, Trevor squealed and did a lap around it. I guessed he was assessing where to start which unsurprisingly began with the flowerbeds and bushes. Then he was off to the swings. I’d bet this sweet boy would like to plant a garden at Daddy’s house.

Just added that to a fun future weekend date.

“Push me, Daddy!” he called out. We had the park to ourselves like we were the only two people on earth and this daddy was happy to oblige his boy. “Wheee!” Trevor giggled. “Higher, Daddy, higher!”

When he’d had enough of that he jumped off the swing and over to the merry go round. “Spin me, Daddy!”

By the time this tired daddy could hardly stand up anymore, Trevor had played on every toy in the park.

“Sweet boy, Daddy needs to rest and it’s getting close to dinner time.” The sun was on the verge of its descent into night, and there was a stiff cocktail with my name on it waiting in the liquor cabinet at home.

He wasn’t as pumped up for the walk home as he was coming over, leaving me to believe we’d worked off the zoomies. Thankfully this morning I’d prepped for dinner before I picked him up, so I only had to bake the chicken and cook the pasta, then toss in the veggies. Salt, pepper, and lemon juice and our healthy dinner was ready.

“Daddy, this is nummy, and it doesn’t even need any dippy sauces.”

“Whatever shall we do?” My fake sigh had triggered his laughter. “I’m glad you like it, but guess what?”

“What?”

“It’s healthy and you said it’s nummy. So I win.”

“Silly Daddy,” he rolled his eyes. “But I’m the real winner cause I had the best day ever!”

“You said that last time.”

“That’s cause every day I get to spend with you is the best.”

Trevor and his big heart rendered me speechless.

“I’m done!” Thankfully he wasn’t a messy eater or he’d have slung food everywhere when he threw his hands in the air. “Is it tubby time, Daddy?”

“Almost. Let me get the kitchen cleaned up and then it will be.”

Trevor was running around, singing and dancing and having a great time. What I didn’t expect to find when I turned around was his naked ass streaking through the house while still wearing the bumble bee headband. Evidently he had zero issues with self-nudity. Gotta say, it made my day watching that cute little bee-hind dance around. A memory that will forever be at the forefront of this daddy’s mind. Both adorable and adorably sexy.

A giggly squeal filled the room when I swatted his butt as he streaked by me. “Tubby time, little one.”

He followed along, singing his silly song. No clue what it was, and it really didn't matter. He was a happy boy and that was my only goal.

"Here, open these while daddy gets everything ready."

"Yay! Tubby duckies!"

Trevor played with the rubber ducks, lining them up along the bathroom counter while I ran the water and poured in the bubbles. "Okay, sweet boy, time to step in." He took my hand as I guided him in and sunk down into the water.

"Daddy, I forgot the duckies. Can you get them for me, please?"

"Incoming!" I bombed him with the duckies from overhead. Bubbles flew through the air carrying his giggles with them. My home had never been this full of life. Though other boys had been here, no one had ever had such exuberance for the simplest of things as Trevor had, nor had any been as appreciative.

I knelt on the fuzzy rug just outside the tub and pretended one of the ducks was a shark. "Da-dump. Da-dump. Da-dump, da-dump, da-dump. Whoosh." I sunk one of the ducks.

"Noooo, not my sweet duckies. Bad sharkie!"

We played and played until he finally yawned and held up his hands. "I'm pruney, Daddy."

"That you are. Let's get you washed and dried off, then into your new jammies you go." Glad I'd had the forethought to grab them from the dryer before we got started.

Dried and dressed, he slid his headband back on and took off. So much for being

worn out. He wasn't kidding when he said his brain never stopped. The zoomies were alive and well in this boy.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, I'm a bee, Daddy."

"Yes, you are, and the cutest one I've ever seen."

His arms spread out as he flew through the house. "Be careful, sweet boy, you don't want to slip and fall."

I'd dried the floor as best I could, but let him run it off while I cleaned up and got myself ready for bed. With the house locked and the lights off, it was time for Trevor to wind down.

"Alright, Daddy's little Bumble Bee, it's time for bed."

Trevor came to a stop so abruptly it scared me to death.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"How-how did you know?"

Huh? "Know what?"

"That was my name."

"That Trevor was your name?" He lost me and my brain was challenged with keeping up this late in the day.

"No. Little Bumble Bee. How did you know?"

“I’m sorry, but you’ve lost me. Should I not call you that?” What had I missed?

He shook his head. “No, never mind. I like it, especially from you.”

There was a story there, but pushing it might not be wise. Not to mention the fact I was a bit overloaded and more than ready to settle down for the night. More toys would be wise for our next date.

Maybe less sugar, too. Wait, the only sugar he had were juice boxes.

Note to self, replace with sugar free.

“You got Bumble and his new friend all sorted?” He had tucked them into the pillow behind him, then snuggled up to me.

“I do, Daddy. Bumble is so happy with his new friend. He said to tell you thank you.” He fidgeted with the rim of my t-shirt.

“Something wrong?”

“No, but I was um, wondering if I could.” He pointed at my chest. “You know.”

Ah, now he was talking my language. “Nurse?”

“Yes, please.”

“Is it okay if I take off my shirt? This one doesn’t have buttons?” Making him uncomfortable or assuming I expected sexual favors in return wasn’t how this worked. Trevor had to be alright with everything we did.

“Yes, Daddy.”

I tossed my shirt and the padded elastic band to the ground. Trevor's eyes clocked my every move.

"Come here." I tucked him against my side, and he threw a leg over mine. His head rested in the bend of my arm right where I wanted it. As soon as he latched on it was like instant relief for both of us. My head lay back on the pillows and his entire body relaxed, as did mine. The perfect end to a busy day. He closed his eyes and Daddy's Little Dreamer was down for the night.

Had I had the forethought to do this earlier, we both might've snuck in a nap.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! I’m so sorry, Daddy!”

“Wha-what?” Daddy rubbed his eyes.

Shoot, now I woke him up by freaking out. He was gonna be so mad at me. “What happened?”

“I forgot to take care of you last night. I fell asleep.” I burst into tears knowing this was probably the last time I’d see him, and I really liked this daddy. Like, right on the ooey gooey verge of falling in love with him kind of liked. “Daddy you were so good to me, and I wanted to do something nice for you and I fell asleep.”

“Take care of me? What’s wrong with me?”

“Sex stuff, Daddy. Please don’t get rid of me. I can do it now.” I yanked the covers off and dove for his winky.

“Trevor, Trevor. Stop. We both fell asleep, and our relationship is about far more than sex. Yes, sex will be nice when we get to that point. Last night we were both tired. Sweet boy, please stop crying.” Daddy hugged me tight, but I couldn’t help it. I felt really bad. He did so much wonderful stuff for me yesterday and I didn’t give him anything in return.

“But-but.”

“No buts, Sweet Bee. The sun isn’t even up yet which tells me we shouldn’t be either. Please, take a deep breath and lie down for a while longer.” Daddy curled around me and hugged me tight. “There, see how nice that is?”

“Y-ya,” I sniffled and felt like such a fool.

“Sex isn’t everything and I’m sorry others treated you so poorly. You’re worth more than that. Did you have fun yesterday?”

“Yes, a lot.”

“Great. Did you sleep well?”

“Better than I usually do.”

“As your Daddy, I couldn’t ask for more. I wanted you to have fun and relax and snuggle with me.”

“Snuggle with you?”

“Yeah, Daddy loves to snuggle.” He buried his nose in my neck and his whiskers tickled. “And hear his little bee giggle.”

Wiggle, wiggle . Ohhh, Daddy was awake. Well, his winky was.

“Little Bee, you’re being naughty wiggling the way you are.”

Was I? Naughty, that is.

“Mayyybbbeeee.”

Daddy said such sweet things and now instead of offering myself in payment I wanted to play 'cause, well, my winky was awake now, too.

"Trevor, this in no way is a form of payment. This is because we both want it, understood?"

"Yes, Daddy." Wiggle, wiggle.

"Alright, but just something to take the edge off."

Behind me, Daddy pulled down his sleep pants, so I hurried and did the same and heard the distinct sound of a cap opening.

"That's slippery," but it felt so good as his winky slid between my thighs.

"Keep your legs as tight as you can, sweetheart. You feel so perfect. Such a good boy for his daddy." Daddy's lubed hand wrapped around my winky, and I shivered. "Easy now. Relax, and let Daddy do all the work."

When had I ever heard those words? Like, um, never.

Daddy's hips thrust forward while his hand slid down my shaft. Back and forth. Up and down. I was trapped in place and never had it felt so insanely good. He wasn't holding me down to take what he wanted. He was taking care of both of us while I was safely secured in his embrace.

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy." The words came out in a mindless chant. So many feels and emotions ran through me.

"I know, baby," he nibbled my shoulder. "I feel it too. Like I'm coming apart. You'll put Daddy back together won't you?"

“Yes, Daddy. Anything for you.”

And I meant it... even if it risked my heart.

Daddy’s hand went faster, and his thrusts longer. The glide between my legs was insanely hot.

“Sweet boy, tighten your legs.”

The muscles flexed and shot straight to my...

“Yes, just like that. Daddy’s ready, baby.”

“Yes daddy, yesss.” I’d been ready since we started. “Now Daddy? Now?” I wasn’t above begging.

“Yes, sweet boy. Come for Daddy.”

Daddy throbbed between my thighs, the warmth spilled over and ran down my legs and triggered my release. Daddy peppered my shoulder with tiny kisses as we came down from that fantastic high.

“Let Daddy catch his breath, then I’ll make us breakfast.”

I was perfectly content and ready to nap. That was... yeah, too late. My heart was already involved.

“We made a mess, Daddy.” It was all over me and the bed.

“Totally worth it. Let’s take a quick shower before we eat.”

Eating was one step closer to going home and I wasn't ready to leave.

"You're awfully quiet, Little Bee." Daddy was drying me off. I'd kept my thoughts to myself while we showered 'cause I didn't want to come across as a whiny baby. Again.

"I'm okay."

"Little boy." Daddy tilted my chin until I faced him. "Don't lie to your Daddy. What's wrong?"

Ugh, he got me on that one. "This was the best weekend of my life and I don't want it to end." I just left off. Usually after this, it's over and I never see or hear from them again. My texts, calls, and emails all went unanswered. Shut out. They got what they wanted, couldn't handle the rest of what it included, and they shut me out. Like I didn't even matter.

"Sweetheart. God help any of those men if I ever meet them." Daddy knelt in front of me. "This isn't a one-time weekend. We are dating, not hooking up. We are building what I hope is a lifelong relationship, Trevor."

Daddy was getting frustrated with me. My self-esteem was crap, and I didn't know how to fix it.

"Trevor, from the first time I saw you at the club, I was hooked. Every day a new piece of my heart belongs to you. Do you know how much I have left? How much I still control?"

"N-no."

He held up two fingers with barely a sliver of air between them. "This much. We're

only a couple weeks into this and I'm ready to toss in the towel, scream I love you and move you in with me and that is saying a lot coming from a previously confirmed bachelor."

Wait. Did he just say? "You-you love me?"

"I did. Did it hit me hard and fast? Absolutely. Have I said those words to another? Never. I live for your giggles and your smiling face at the end of a long day. I adored watching you run around naked, dancing to whatever song played in your head. But most of all I love you and the way you lie in my arms and nurse as your head finally goes silent and you're able to sleep. You are it for me, Trevor. I want it all and I want it with you."

I tackled him to the floor. I couldn't help myself.

"Cold! Cold! Cold tile!"

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry Daddy." I tried to help him up, but he was a heck of a lot bigger than me.

Daddy stood and pulled my naked body against his. "So now, Sweet Bee, will you take a deep breath and instead of focusing on me leaving, focus on my staying?"

"Yes, Daddy. I promise, Daddy." I'd replay that in my head on an endless loop. "Daddy." I wrapped my arms around his neck. "I love you, too. So, so much."

When Daddy's lips met mine it felt different than before. Not quick and onto the next anything. He took his time, really kissing me. It was like he tasted my lips and savored every bit of them, nipping and soothing away the sting. I was in heaven. Never had my mouth or me been so treasured.

Like I mattered.

I finally mattered to someone. It hit me like a ton of bricks when I felt it, felt it in his words and in his touch.

“Easy there.” Daddy steadied me as we pulled apart. My legs were a bit wobbly. “Let’s get dressed and eat.”

“K.”

How easily I’d gone from unsure Trevor back to my happy, silly self. Right now, nothing could wipe the smile from my face or the happiness in my step. Daddy was for real and the stars finally let me have my wish.

“Being a grown-up sucks.”

Daddy laughed as we turned into my complex. “When it comes to times like this, I must agree. Only seeing you on the weekends is hard but at least I get to read to you each night.”

“Yeah, but I slept all night with you.”

“Well, how about next weekend I pick you up on Friday and take you home on Sunday. Then we can see how two nights and two days go. What do you say?”

“I say yes, yes, yes!”

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Daddy parked in front of my building. “Give me a kiss, sweet bee.”

“Yay! Kissing is my favorite.” Though that was the first time I ever kissed someone

who smiled the whole time.

“I thought I’d find you out here.” Mom climbed out of the window to join me. “You got your wish, so what else are you asking for?”

“Not asking, thanking this time. Don’t want the stars to think I forgot my manners.”

“Never, love. Anyone who knows you knows that. I take it that it’s going well with Jayger?”

“Better than I ever imagined. I just hope I don’t mess it up.”

“I doubt that could happen. That man looks at you like you’re the only man on earth. He better treat you right, that’s all I’ve got to say.”

“He treats me like a prince, Mom. I had so many gifts waiting for me at his house. He makes sure I eat well and cooks for me. He took me to the park, and he even played with me. No one but you have ever done that.” How sad did that sound? Further proof I was a freak with no friends.

“This, plus you have your new friend, Brandon. I’d say things are finally going your way.”

“He um, he told me he loved me.”

Her eyes widened and I couldn’t tell if it was surprise or fear.

“Wow, that’s kind of fast isn’t it?”

“No clue, but I feel the same. He’s everything, Mom. Jayger doesn’t think I’m a freak, he doesn’t use me f—” How did I say the word sex to my own mother? “You

know.”

“Sex. You can say the word, Trevor.”

“Yeah, sex. It’s like, he actually wants to be around me. Zoomies and all.”

Mom smiled. “That’s all I’ve ever wanted for you, and I knew you’d find him someday. I just wish you didn’t have to go through so many bad apples first. But my dear boy, you get a big fat A and a gold star for all your efforts.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“What are you doing on your day off, sweet boy?” They had a school holiday today and while I wished my company shared in celebrating it as well, I was stuck at the office instead. The weeks were getting far too long and moving far too slowly without my boy sharing my bed each night.

“Hi, Daddy.” I could see him waving at the phone even though we weren’t facetimeing. “I’m just playing with my cars, and I made a special frame for the picture you colored for me. How’s work?”

That boy had such a pure heart. “Boring, but I have good news. At least, I think it’s good news. We got invited out on Saturday night?”

“We did? Where are we going?”

“To Adam and Brandon’s for dinner. What do you say?”

“I say yes, of course. I haven’t seen him since the night we first met at the club. It’s been too long but that explains why Brandon texted me earlier and asked what my favorite thing to eat was.”

Trevor and I had spent every weekend together and while we were both ready to take it to the next level, he had a hard time leaving his mom, which I understood. Frustrated? Yes, but never angry. I enjoyed Lila and to be quite honest I was envious of the relationship Trevor had with his mother. I wished I’d had the chance to do the same with mine when she was around.

“Are you leaving soon?”

“I am. I’ll be over in about an hour. Are you all packed?”

“Bumble and I are ready to go, Daddy.”

“Excellent, Sweet Bee. I’ll see you soon.”

After I hung up, I stared at my overflowing inbox. Would I accomplish much in an hour? Likely not, especially not with a certain little on my brain.

“Fuck it.” I logged off and purposely left my laptop at the office and called it a day.

“Daddy, you’re early.” Trevor hugged me as soon as he opened the door.

“I couldn’t stand to be away from you any longer. Where’s Mom?”

“She said she had errands to run so she’s out doing mom stuff.” He grabbed my hand and tugged me down the hall. “Look, Daddy.”

There it was above his bed in the cutest popsicle stick frame. “I love it, Trevor. It’s perfectly us.” He had these little wood bees and ladybugs he’d glued to the frame. “I’m glad you like Daddy’s artwork.”

His room was tidy, simple, yet cute. His few toys were nicely tucked away in open baskets on a shelf. “Your room is very clean. Such a good little bumble bee. Speaking of which, are Bumble and his new friend ready to go?”

“Yes, Daddy.” He scooped up both while I snagged his backpack and clipped his bumble bee binky holder with the binky onto his shirt. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome, Little Bee. You have your key and phone?” A quick pat to his pockets confirmed that. “Great, then we are off and daddy has a big prezzie for you.”

“Are we still going to Brandon and Daddy Adam’s house tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow night, we are. But during the day this weekend you and I have a fun project we’re doing together.” He locked up the door and we loaded up in the car.

He’d barely just refrained from squealing realizing we’d likely end up in a car crash if he did. “I love doing project and crafts and really everything with you, Daddy.”

This boy warmed my heart through and through. “And I you, Sweet Bee. This one will be a lot of hard work and we’re gonna get dirty but in the end it will bring your love of many things together.”

As the words sunk in, his face scrunched up.

“Don’t hurt yourself over there,” I teased as we pulled into the garage. “Your thinky face is thinky intense.” I couldn’t wait to see his face and dodge the millions of questions headed my way when he saw the piles of random stuff out back.

“Daddy, what’s going on out here?”

“That, my beautiful bee, is most of your surprise.”

“Construction was something I love?”

My laughter echoed through the house. “No, Sweet Bee. You don’t love construction that I’m aware of, do you?”

He shook his head. “But a gift as big as this one requires a hammer and tools and

your daddy just doesn't work well with those. Open your present on the table."

Trevor ripped into the paper far more cautiously than he did with the crepe paper from his first gift. "You found dungarees with bees on them and the cutest straw hat. Thank you, Daddy."

These were perfect for the work we'd get dirty in tomorrow. Dungarees were built for it and would easily wash up.

"You are very welcome. Are you ready to hear about the rest of your surprise?"

"Yes, please."

"Follow me."

We went out into the maze of messes, and I watched as he wandered around, picking up random things here and there. Trevor was organized if nothing else and I figured this would drive him mad.

"See the 'U' shaped raised beds over there?" I pointed over toward the area where the contractor had built the raised beds.

"Yes."

"Those are the beginning of our new garden. We'll have sunflowers and lots of other flowers plus some fruits and veggies so all the bees and ladybugs can land here for you to enjoy."

"OMG! Daddy. Seriously?"

"Seriously, my little bee. And over there." I pointed across to the other side of the

yard. “That wood frame is filled with sand and inside it will be your new jungle gym. The contractor will be back tomorrow to put it together for you while we fill the flower beds with all those bags of soil and plant the seeds. It’ll be a really busy, really dirty day that will end with us playing in the sprinkler.”

“Yay!” He jumped up and down, cheering and clapping. “My daddy is the best.”

“You deserve all the happiness in the world, my love.”

This was something I’d wanted to do for some time now. It took a bit of planning because I wanted it to be just right. Eventually we’d live here together, and I already pictured my little bee out here with the hose watering everything and talking to all his little insect friends. Gods, I couldn’t wait for that. Trevor was my everything. Now next on the list was converting the spare room into his playroom. Though the shelving and bins in the living room would work for now, it was important he have his own space within our future home.

After dinner, we ran to the plant store to pick out all the plants for our garden so we’d be ready to get to work early tomorrow morning.

“I have an idea, Daddy. What about the middle section is sunflowers then one side is fruits and the other our veggies?”

“That’s a fantastic idea. Why don’t we pick out a couple of planters to put flowers in and set them on the porch?”

“I love that.”

We ended up with raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, and strawberries for our fruit side. For the icky veggie side, Trevor’s words not mine, he picked tomatoes and basil while I chose carrots, bell peppers, chives, and squash. I promised Trevor I’d make

dishes he'd enjoy, though I saw the doubt in his eyes. My boy was not a fan of vegetables at all.

"The pansies look happy, Daddy, let's get those for the pots. The lavender smells wonderful, too."

We ended up with both and a lot of sunflower seeds. "Daddy, can we get another pot for these really pretty Gerber daisies?"

"Good choice. I love how vibrant the colors are. These can go on the front porch if you'd like."

"Mmm, let me think about it. Whatever is out back we'll see more of."

"True and now that it's summer we'll grill and eat outdoors more often."

"Daddy." He wiggled, beyond excited. "We are going to have so many bees."

"Yes, sweet boy, we are. Now, let's pay for all this and get it loaded up."

By the time we got home and unloaded, both of us were wiped out. We showered, crawled into bed and into our normal sleeping positions. As soon as he started nursing I watched as his mind shut down and my sweet bee was out.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! Wake up. It's time to build our garden."

I knew this was coming, but at the butt crack of dawn I was unprepared. Trevor was excited for manual labor though I wasn't sure how long that would last once we dove in. Knowing that we were turning what was once merely a house into a home and our life together was everything.

“Dear boy, what is it with you waking before the sun? Come and cuddle daddy.”

“No, Daddy.”

I bobbed up and down as my silly boy bounced on the bed.

“I’m too excited. It’s like Christmas summer style.”

“Ha-ha, there’s no arguing that logic.” I took my time stretching and waking up.

“You do realize you have to eat breakfast first, right?”

“Argh!” He plopped back on the bed. “Okay.” He tried to sulk off, but I pulled him back into bed and peppered his face with kisses until he was breathless. Then I hopped out of bed.

“Time to get up, Trevor. What are you still doing in bed?”

He jumped off the bed and ran after me.

Daddy – 1

Overly excited boy – 2

11

“Daddy, hurry!” He was snapping my dungarees. It was so hard to stand still.

“Little Bee, with you dancing it takes twice as long. Now, hold still.”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

“No need to apologize. Why is it I’m repeating those words to you so often?”

“Some bad habits are bad to break.”

“More like some bad people from your past need to be broken.”

“Hee-hee, you love me, Daddy.”

“More than life itself, Sweet Bee.”

I leaned down and kissed Daddy.

“There, now we’re ready to roll. Oh wait.” Daddy ran into the bathroom and came back out with a tube of something. “Sunscreen. It may not be one hundred outside, but the sun is still brutal and I won’t risk your delicate skin.”

“Thoughtful Daddy.”

“Always, my love. There, let’s go.”

I skipped ahead of daddy and straight outside. There was a strange man working where my playground was to go.

“Little Bee, that’s Chuck, our contractor. He made all this possible for you.” Chuck smiled and waved but kept on task.

“Thanks, Chuck!” I called out as Daddy and I crossed the yard to our project. I was super excited.

“I’ll handle the heavy bags of soil but look at what Chuck did for us.” He pointed at the hosey thingies in the bottom of the boxes. “This is an automatic watering system. We’ll only have to water the pots we bought last night by hand.”

“I can help, Daddy.”

“And that go get ‘em attitude is why I bought you these.” He handed me a cute little garden tool set, a watering thingy and matching garden gloves.

“Thank you, Daddy. These are so cute.” They had all my favorite things on them. Sunflowers and lots of ladybugs.

“Okay, Little Bee, put on your gloves and let’s get to work.”

Daddy opened all the big bags of dirt and filled up our new planter boxes, I followed behind and put our plants inside.

“Diggy, diggy, dig.” I scooped out the dirt with my little scooper and set it aside to pack the plants nice and tightly in.

“So pretty, you’re gonna bring lots of bees and ladybugs. I was so in the zone I had all the fruits done in no time.

“Just as neatly lined up as you keep your toys and organized by what they are. Utterly perfect, my love.” Daddy kissed my head. “I’ll start on the sunflower seeds while you finish our veggies.”

“On it, Daddy.” I glanced over at the playground and noticed Chuck was almost done. “I can’t wait to play.”

“I can’t wait to watch you play, Little Bee.”

That gave me more pep in my step as I got to work planting our veggies. “Don’t forget Daddy, you promised no yucky stuff with these.”

“And Daddy always keeps the promises he makes to his bee.”

With Daddy and me working together on everything we were done pretty quickly. Well, it felt quicker than it was. Chuck finished up at the same time.

“All right, gents.” Chuck’s voice surprised me as I put the last Gerber daisy in its new home. “Why don’t you give it a spin, little man, and see how it fits.”

“Yay!” I glanced at Daddy, making sure it was okay.

“Go on, Little Bee. What are you waiting for?” At Daddy’s words I was off.

I swung on the jungle gym part, climbed the rock wall, slid down the slide, but when it came time to try out the swing set part, Daddy had to help me.

“This is the best. Thank you, Chuck and thank you, Daddy!”

“You are welcome. Jayger, I’ll show myself out. Holler if you need anything else.”

Daddy shook Chuck's hand. "Will do. I have another project in mind, but we'll talk later."

"You got it. Bye Trevor, enjoy your new toys from Daddy."

"Bye Chuck, thank you a million, bazillion times." I ran around the playground and tested everything until I was ready to pass out.

"Time's up, Little Bee. Are you happy with our backyard?"

"Oh my gosh, yes, Daddy. It's the best!" I flung my arms around him. "I love it, and I love you so much."

"And I you. Now, let's hit the shower, eat a quick lunch, and get a nap in before you and Brandon get silly together tonight."

"I almost forgot about that. What's for lunch?" My tummy was grumbly and empty.

"Daddy ordered pizza."

"Mmm I love pizza. But when did you get it?" I didn't remember seeing Daddy leave.

"My love, you were so into your little song as you plant, plant, planted away." Daddy winked at me. "I was able to meet the delivery person at the door without you so much as noticing I was gone."

Huh, guess we found another way to keep my overactive brain occupied.

Our tummies were filled with wonderful pepperoni and gooey cheese. By the time we finished showering, I was already yawning. Tucked up under Daddy's arm and with

my favorite binky in the form of Daddy's nipple in my mouth, it didn't take much for my eye lids to grow heavy and my brain to completely shut down.

"Time to wake up, sleepy bee."

"Five more minutes, Daddy."

"We'll be late to Daddy Adam and Brandon's house. I hear he has a really cool playroom."

Playroom? That got me up.

"Thought that might work. Let's get dressed then while Daddy gets the dessert we're bringing together you can pack up your bumble bee backpack."

I was so excited when Daddy gave it to me. He finds the bestest gifts, but I was running out of room for all these goodies on the toy shelves in the living room.

Daddy got me dressed in my Daddy's Little Bee T-shirt and shorts while I packed Bumble and his friend Humble. Daddy laughed so hard when I shared the name with him. They rhymed and a bumble bee was a humble bee, so it just made sense to me.

"Oh, I almost forgot Brandon's gift." I snagged it off the entry table right where Daddy left it and snugged it into my bag. "All ready, Daddy."

"Right on time, Sweet Bee. Let's go."

"You're here!" Brandon screamed as he ran outside right when we pulled up.

"Little boy, what did Daddy tell you?"

“Not to run. Sorry, Daddy.” Brandon’s face didn’t match the apology at all. Maybe he liked getting into trouble, but I sure didn’t.

“Adam, good to see you.” Daddy and Adam shook hands while Brandon squeezed me super tight.

“Come on, boys,” Daddy Adam said. “Let’s head inside.”

“I’ve been so excited for you to get here today. It took too long for you to get here, and waiting was sooo hard. Come see my room.” As soon as we walked inside, Brandon took my hand and practically dragged me down the hallway.

“Little boy, remember your manners.” Daddy Adam’s voice echoed behind us.

“Sorry, Daddy.” Another fake apology but I was equally as excited to play with my friend.

“Oh, I brought you something.”

He squealed and nearly put his head in my backpack. “I can’t get it out with your head in the way. You’re so silly, Brandon.”

“I love prezzies.”

“Me, too. Here you go.” I handed him the giftbag. “I hope you like it.” I didn’t remember ever giving a friend a gift. Did I even have any friends when I was younger? Or really, at all?

Brandon was honestly my first friend ever.

“Oh. My. God.” Brandon squealed so loud I jumped. “Sorry. But I love it. The Little

Bumble Bee brought me a bumble bee stuffy of my own. Daddy!” He took off running down the hall with me following him. “Look what Trevor got me.”

“That was very nice of Trevor. Did you tell him thank you?” Daddy Adam reminded him. Brandon blinked a couple of times.

“Shoot, I don’t remember. I was so excited he gave me a bee stuffie. I’m sorry, Trevor. Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome.”

Off to the room we went, both stealing a quick kiss from our daddies while they returned to daddy talk.

“I love your room. I take it you like ducks.” I’d never seen so many in my life. I’d also never given them much thought outside of tubby time but seeing this many with different themes was kind of cool.

“I dooooo. Duckies are so much fun. Look at this huge one Daddy found.” He tried to move it but on the carpet it was hard. “You can ride it.” Brandon sat on it and rocked it like the metal riding toys on the giant springs at the park.

“It’s ginormous!”

He had a duckie rug, duckie pictures all over the wall. It was duckie overload. Who knew there were so many.

“I know, wanna play with my duckie fishing game?”

“Sure, sounds fun to me.” I was up for anything and honestly, just happy to be here.

“First we roll the dice and whoever has the highest number goes first.” Brandon rolled a three and I rolled a five. “That’s you. What you have to do is take the little fishing pole with the magnet and touch it to the magnet on the duck without tipping the duck over or you lose your turn.”

“Got it.”

Slowly, carefully, I lowered the stick just above the blue duck and it was like the magnet jumped up and latched on.

“I got one! I got one!”

Brandon clapped and cheered. “My turn.”

“The boys sound like they’re having a great time.” Their giggles echoed down the hall. “We are two lucky daddies for sure.”

“That we are. I’m glad you found your forever boy, Jayger.”

“Me, too, my friend. Me, too. What’s on tap tonight?”

Adam was known throughout the Daddy world for his home brews. While beer wasn’t my alcohol of choice, not that I partook all that often, I was always down to sample a friend’s concoction. He once tried to explain the ins and out of the process to me, but I was more of a taster than a creator.

“Tonight, I’ve got a pale honey ale. First time I’ve tried this blend, so I’m interested in your take on it.”

Adam and I walked over to his keg set up and he pulled a pint for each of us. He held his glass up and turned it from side to side. “Color is on point, but I sampled so much of it earlier I’m not sure my tastebuds are to be trusted.”

“Understood.” I took a sip and swished it around inside my mouth, allowing my tastebuds to fully absorb and savor the flavors. “Not too hoppy. I know lights tend to be which is why I lean more toward darker beers, though this is one I’d drink again.”

“Not sure if that’s good or bad. But now that I know you enjoy dark beers and our boys seem to have adopted one another, I’ll work on a special one just for you.”

“Sounds great to me. This one is quite tasty.”

“I think that line is reserved for fruity drinks.” At Adam’s smart ass comment we both laughed.

“ Touché, my friend. Well, played.”

Adam chuckled and finished off his beer. “Let’s feed our boys.”

“Yummy. Mini corndogs and chickie nuggies.” Trevor happily announced as I set his plate in front of him. “Thank you Daddy and Daddy Adam.”

“You’re welcome,” Adam and I said in unison.

“Lots of dippy, dippy sauces.” Trevor and his enthusiasm for dippy sauces made meals much more entertaining.

Adam and I dug into our steaks while the boys enjoyed their selection of what I considered to be finger food and happily chatted away. This was the life I’d always dreamed of. The perfect boy for me, friends in the lifestyle with boys of their own that got along with mine. Trevor was such a kind soul, the notion that anyone would dare to damage it gutted me. Never again. Never would another get the chance to hurt my boy.

“You look at him with so much love, it’s almost overwhelming to bear witness to,” Adam whispered to me.

“I’d apologize but it would be a lie.”

“We share the same problem, though it’s not one for us.”

“No, Adam, it’s the exact opposite.”

“Daddy and I made mini desserts for lunch. We have pudding in tiny cups and mini brownies.” Brandon was so proud of their sugary confections. He reminded me of his Daddy’s pride with his beer.

“Ohhh, nummy, nummy.” Trevor’s eyes were alight at the mention of dessert. He worked hard today so a little sugar had been earned.

“Psst,” Adam whispered to me. “It’s all sugar free.”

“Praise the sugar gods. Thank you, my friend. My boy battles hyperactivity and sugar this late would have that little body up all night.”

“Mine doesn’t eat much sugar as a rule and I don’t want to find out what it would do to him this late, either.” Glad Adam had the forethought with both our boys in mind.

With dessert finished, both boys were yawning and after the long day Trevor had he’d likely fall asleep during the ride home.

“Adam and Brandon, thank you for a lovely evening. Maybe next time you can come to our place?” Hopefully by then it would officially be our house.

“We’d love that. Did you have fun, Trevor?”

“Yes, Daddy Adam, I had a great time. Thank you for everything.”

The boys hugged, then we were on our way. What I thought would be a quiet ride was anything but as Trevor recapped. Everything from what Brandon’s playroom looked like to his toys to the fishing for duckies game. This boy more than deserved a room of his own. Looked like I’d have Chuck back sooner than originally planned.

“And I’ve never seen so many different duckies in my life, Daddy. There was even a huge one he rode on.” Finally, he paused for a breath. “I can’t wait for Brandon to see our garden and my playground. You did really good, Daddy.”

“I did, did I? How’s that?”

“You came up with all those fun things for me to have outside.”

With all this energy flowing through him, I questioned Adam’s sugar-free version versus mine.

“All things I knew you’d enjoy. So tomorrow, how about a picnic in our own backyard?”

“Yes, Daddy. That sounds wonderful. Think we’ll have bees and ladybugs on our flowers yet?”

“Anything is possible, Sweet Bee, and the weather is perfect. You picked all the best flowers and plants to welcome them in.”

“Yes, I was a very good boy.”

“You always are. Now, let’s get inside and get ready for bed.”

The drive went so fast with Trevor excitedly chatting away. As far as our first couple’s outing went, I’d say it was a huge success.

“Little Bee, why are you stripping your clothes off?” His giggle followed his naked ass as I trailed behind him picking up his discarded clothing dotting the tile floor to our bedroom. “Someone is feeling sassy tonight.”

“Winky wants some love, Daddy.”

Did he just say?

“What in the world has gotten into you?” Never in all the time we’ve been together has my boy been so sexually vocal. I tossed his clothes in the hamper we kept in the closet, then tackled his naked ass atop our bed he currently bounced on. “Whatever shall I do with you now that I’ve caught you.”

Trevor tugged at my shirt. “You have too many clothes. It’s no fun when only one of us is naked.”

“Says who?” Not that I didn’t want to be, but personally I found it quite enjoyable when he was.

“Me, Daddy. I want sexy time with both of us naked.”

“Your wish is my command, sir.” In came that giggle I adored. Trevor’s hungry gaze wandered my body as each piece of clothing fell to the floor. The hunger in his gaze fueled my desire. No matter how many times Trevor and I made love I could never get enough of him.

I nibbled his toes and the inside of his soles and worked my way up. My sweet bee wiggled and hissed and slowly stroked his cock. The prize that lay between his thighs, the hole I’d long ago claimed as mine was well within my sight. Trevor loved when my tongue worked its magic, easing the nerves and relaxing enough for me to slide inside. I loved tasting my boy, watching and listening to him come undone.

“Sweet Bee, those precious sounds. Let Daddy hear them all. Don’t hold back.” I smacked his hand away. “This belongs to Daddy.”

In a single motion, I drew his cock in to the back of my throat and he arched off the bed. He was already on edge, and I wanted to be buried deep inside him when he came. “Now, leave that alone while Daddy gets a taste.”

“Yesss.”

My tongue slid around his crown and down the shaft, laving each ball in turn. Along his perineum, which tickled him. Giggly moans fast became one of my favorite sounds. Trevor was the first partner I’d ever had that happen with.

With the prize in sight, but bearing in mind how close to the edge my boy was, I didn’t dawdle long. Trevor’s excitement only served to feed mine and I too felt the familiar sensations building at the base of my spine.

I loved how the ring of muscle trembled and contracted with every swipe, opening just enough for my tongue to slip inside. But tonight, I needed more.

“Daddy,” he whimpered as I withdrew and reached for the lube.

“Ssshhh, Sweet Bee. Daddy’s got you.” Quickly I lubed my fingers and cock, prepared to thrust inside his tight channel as soon as I’d worked him open.

Three fingers in, my boy shamelessly writhed beneath me as he rode them. “Please, Daddy, please.”

Such sweet pleases that only I could soothe. Inch by inch, I slowly slipped inside, carefully gauging my beautiful boy’s body’s acceptance of the discomfort. If the slightest bit of pain crossed his adorable face, I’d stop. His comfort and happiness were always at the forefront of my mind and there was no deviation of that.

“Trevor,” I stared down at him, utterly amazed at the beautiful gift fate had brought

my way. “I love you more than words can say.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

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“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy.” The familiar chant came from me in a needy voice.
“Please.”

It ached to wait. The pressure was nearly unbearable and only Daddy could make it all better when he let me come. But I loved the control, handing it all over to him was perfect. Like I was finally living my dream.

“I love to watch you come undone and know I’m the only one who can put you back together.”

“Me too, Daddy.”

Quicker, shorter thrusts as Daddy pounded away. It wouldn’t be long now for him either. I loved how I learned Daddy’s ways and how his body reacted when we made love. He never came before I did, always putting me first. His face was so full of love as he watched me, and I him.

“Come, Little Bee. Come for Daddy.”

My body reacted to his soft command. I latched onto his nipple and as soon as I sucked, I felt Daddy throb inside me, filling me with his come and claiming what was his.

Me.

Heart, mind, body, and soul.

There would never be another man for me.

Daddy gently rolled us over and let me continue to nurse until I drifted off to sleep.

“Daddy, you promised a picnic in our new yard today?”

Another weekend came and went and as much as I loved my mother it broke my heart to leave Daddy on Sunday night. Somehow I managed to sleep better with him; my brain was not as busy and more settled.

“Sweet Bee, why is it you can’t let Daddy sleep in?”

“Cause, it’s our last day together.”

Daddy sighed. I knew he wanted me here with him and it was me dragging his feet, not him. I just dreaded having that conversation with Mom and then leaving her alone.

“My love, have you ever thought that maybe your mom might be ready for a bit of alone time.”

I sat back on the bed, absorbing his words. “Huh, no, I hadn’t.”

“She’s always welcome over here anytime, you know that. Hell, I’d offer to give her a key but have a slight fear she may burst in at the wrong time. If you know what I mean.” Daddy wiggled his brows.

“Sexy times, huh, Daddy.”

“Exactly. And while I know she’s seen your naked ass before, I’m sure it hasn’t been often since you became a big boy. Has it?”

“Not at all since I turned like twelve or thirteen.”

“And if she walks in when you’re favorite toy is awake. That may send her screaming.”

I crossed my arms and huffed. “That’s not my favorite toy, Daddy.” Though it was fun to play with, but I purposely left that off.

“Could’ve fooled me.” Daddy winked. “But, back to the first order of business. It’s still early for our picnic. How about we start with breakfast first?”

“K, Daddy. Can we have waffles with bacon smiley faces?”

“Absolutely. Let’s get dressed first.”

“Ohhhh! You used raspberry for the eyeballs, Daddy.”

“Yes, yes, I’m a very cleaver Daddy indeed. Know what else?”

“What?”

“You didn’t notice any raspberries on the plant yesterday when you planted it, did you?”

“Hmm? Nope.”

“I plucked them off before you planted it so we could eat them before the birds did.”

“Naughty birds. They can’t have my raspberries.”

“Then we may want to consider putting wire fencing around them so only the bees and ladybugs can get to them.”

“You’re so smart. That’s why you’re the Daddy.”

“That’s the whole reason, huh?” Daddy shook his head and chuckled. “I hope there’s more than one reason.”

“A million, gazillion, catrillion reasons why. Brandon thinks he has the best daddy but really I do.”

“Yes, but we don’t want to hurt his or Daddy Adam’s feelings, so it’ll be our secret. Deal?”

“Deal, Daddy.” I finished my nummy breakfast and put my dishes in the dishwasher.

“Sweet Bee, why don’t you go play while Daddy gets our laundry washed and does some house stuff.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

I didn’t have anything to pack to go home except for Bumble and Humble. I had clothes that stayed at Daddy’s and clothes at Mom’s for during the week so there wasn’t much for me to do other than play. I even had special books here that Daddy read to me at night.

I was one lucky boy.

When I was done playing cars, I cleaned them up and grabbed my coloring books and

pencils and turned on cartoons.

“Here Bumble and Humble,” I sat them on the couch next to each other. “You can watch from here.”

With everyone situated, I got to work making a new picture for Daddy’s fridge. I was never bored at Daddy’s. My mind was always occupied here. I had toys and crafts, and a really cool fidget spinner and popper thingies. Now I had my backyard jungle gym to run and play in. Daddy really did think of everything.

“Okay, Little Bee. Time to go outside.”

“Here, Daddy.”

“To Daddy with all my love, your Little Bee.” He read what I wrote on it. “You did so well coloring in the farmer’s scare crow. Thank you, I love it.” He tacked it up with magnets.

“There’s no more space, Daddy.” That made me sad. I loved making pictures for Daddy.

“We’ll just rotate them. New on top of old. How’s that sound? Then we can just flip the pages and see the surprises beneath them.”

“I like that. You’re so smart, Daddy.”

When I stepped outside it was like I was in a whole new world.

“Whoa, Daddy. When did you do all this?” There were fairy lights strung across poles outlining the giant sandbox and along the porch and planting area.

“While you played. They’re solar so they’re charging now but should be on tonight.”

I sighed. “I won’t be here tonight.”

“You’ll see them next week and tonight when we facetime I’ll come outside so you can see them.”

“Thank you, Daddy. I love them. You got a little diggy-dig-dig set and a bucket for me.” I ran over to the sandbox and started digging away.

“If you fill the bucket with water and use the plastic castle pieces, you can build stuff with sand.”

“I love that.” I ran over to the hose and filled up the bucket and started building. Daddy walked around, taking pictures of everything while I got to work.

“This is gonna look so amazing all lit up at night.”

“Yes and now next weekend you’ll be able to play out here after the sun goes down.”

“Can we have dinner outside too?”

“Of course we can. Speaking of food, let me get our lunch going.”

By the time Daddy came back and laid out our picnic blankie, I’d made four different sized castles. “Look, Daddy.”

“I am, those are wonderful. Such a good boy for your Daddy. You played while I did grown-up stuff. I bet you’re hungry. You’ve been hard at it all morning.”

“Yes, my tummy is grumbly.”

“Well then, let’s fill it up.”

Daddy made these cute little sandwiches he called finger sammies. One had ham and cheese, another was cucumber. “Sneaky Daddy, slipping in veggies.”

“Just give it a bite, Little Bee, you may enjoy it.”

For Daddy, I guessed I’d try...

“Little Bee, you only got the tip of the corner of bread in that bite.”

“Ugh.”

“Don’t you huff at your Daddy. You don’t have to eat it if you don’t like it. I’m only asking that you take one bite and try it. Please.”

“Is that ranch dressing, Daddy?”

“It is. What do you think?”

I took another bite. Should I tell him it was nummy? No, he’d make me eat more veggies, but this was yum-yum-yummy.

“Given you’ve now taken two bites but refuse to say anything, I choose to take that as a win.”

I’d never tell, hee-hee.

“Look, Daddy, Look.” I ran over to the flowerpot. “Shoot, I scared the pretty butterfly.”

“Indeed, you did. I know you’re excited for all your new insect friends, but they don’t know you’re not going to hurt them. It’s best to keep a safe distance and not rattle them.”

“I know. I just got excited and forgot.” I hoped it came back, then I could apologize.

“Let’s get cleaned up and get you home.”

It wasn’t forever but every time I left it sure did feel like it.

“Come on, Bumble.” I decided to hold him and Humble instead of putting them in my backpack. “Time to go home.”

“My Little Bee, I don’t like it when you’re sad.”

“I know, Daddy, I just hate leaving you.”

“I don’t like it either and you know I’m ready for us to live together when you are, but I refuse to rush you. But yes, this is very hard for me as well. When you’re ready, I’ll be waiting.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” I had already made up my mind today to talk to mom about it.

“Huh, your mom’s car isn’t here.” Daddy parked in an empty space beside our building. “Let me get you inside.”

After Daddy left I looked around for a note from Mom but found none. I double checked my phone for a text but nothing. It wasn’t like her to not let me know where she was.

Me: Hey Mom, are you picking up dinner?

Mom: Hi honey, are you home?

Me: I am.

Mom: Sorry, you're on your own for dinner tonight. I'll be home later. Love you.

Had I just entered an alternate universe?

I did some laundry and hunted around in the cupboards for something to make but nothing sounded good. It was so much easier when Daddy picked and made it. Less choices worked best for me. In the end, I ordered Chinese delivery with plenty for Mom and me to take for lunch tomorrow.

Tummy full, laundry done, into the shower I went but when I came out Mom still wasn't home, and she hadn't texted again. I was getting kind of nervous. I mean, she was a grown up and all but this was so out of character.

Bumble and I got ready for bed but had time to pop out onto the fire escape for a quick shoutout to the stars. I had so much to be thankful for and it felt like I owed it all to them. It was a gorgeous, clear sky tonight. I took a couple of pictures and texted them to Daddy.

"I thought I'd find you out here."

"Mom." I jumped and almost dropped my phone. "You scared me half to death."

"Sorry, my love. What are you wishing for tonight? I thought you got your wish months ago."

"Just saying thanks again and taking pictures of the stars." Was she gonna tell me where she was or did I have to ask?

“You um, you miss Jayger when you’re away from him, don’t you?”

“I do. So much my heart and my stomach hurt. Is that weird?”

“No sweetheart, that’s love. I’ve been selfish keeping you to myself. Foolishly, I always figured it would be the two of us against the world forever. How silly was that?”

“Not silly at all, Mom. It has always been us, but I guess at some point I grew up and we both forgot about that. Jayger and I um, we want to move in together at his house.” How would she take that? Breaking my mother’s heart would absolutely gut me.

“I figured that was coming soon, especially after you sent me the pictures of the back yard. You’ve made a great home together and I can’t wait to see it in person. I’ve um, I’ve got some news myself.” She played with the hem of her shirt, twisting it around. “I’ve started seeing someone myself.”

“What? When? Who? How did this happen?”

She held her hands up and laughed. “I’m just as surprised by this as you are. No one ever really caught my eye for more than, well, you know, and even that was a million years ago. I figured, well, maybe I’m asexual but dismissed that idea as soon as it came. Leaning more towards demisexual. Just never found someone I had a strong enough connection with before now.”

“So, tell me all about him.” It was girl talk time and dang it if I didn’t miss this with Mom.

“Her.”

“What? Way to go, Mom!” I high fived her and she actually giggled. It was so freaking cute.

“Yeah, a mom of one of my students. We just, you know, hit it off. I mean, nothing has happened sex wise.” Yeah, don’t need those deets. “But we talk all the time. I guess I’m finally understanding a bit of what you’re feeling because when we don’t talk or see each other I’m having withdrawals.”

“Ooohhhh, Mom’s got it bad. Go Mom!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don’t you have a story time coming from your Daddy?” She winked.

“I do.” She cracked up like I had floaty hearts around my head. “Seriously, Mom, I’m so freaking happy for you. No one deserves to find love more than you.”

“And no one deserves to move in with their boyfriend more than you. Look, Trevor, I know you worry about me, but I’m gonna be okay, I promise.” She gave me a huge hug right as my phone rang.

“Mom’s got a girlfriend. Mom’s got a girlfriend,” I sang into the facetime call.

Mom stood behind me waving at Daddy. “Jayger, he’s all yours. Good luck!”

Daddy found that far too funny.

“Hey, no fair.” I mock pouted, but my two favorite people were happy, so I’d take one for the team.

“Wow, that was some hello.” I teased my boy, though Lila’s news escalated my need to have my boy and me under the same roof.

“Right? It surprised me too. But she, um, basically gave us her blessing and said she can’t wait to see the home we’ve made together.”

“Wow. That’s the second time I’ve said that in just as many minutes. Does this daddy dare get his hopes up for a quick move?” I hadn’t shared I’d taken tomorrow off but if he said he was ready, I’d be at their apartment at the crack of dawn.

“I’d like to say yes, but there are logistics to with work and transportation. Remember, Mom and I carpool, and we also share a car. I need to figure out the bus schedule until I save enough for one of my own.”

“How much do you have saved now?” He might already have enough for a down payment, but I’d have to put my foot down if he was shopping for a beater car. There would be no compromise on his safety.

“Like, seven or eight thousand. All the cars in that range were nasty. I don’t want a payment because I’ll need to pay my half of our living expenses.”

“Little Bee, you forget who’s the daddy here. Daddy pays our living expenses, not his boy. That is a great downpayment on a nice car with a warranty. I would feel much better with you in something newer with a high safety rating.”

“Then I’ll have a payment plus car insurance and gas. I can’t let you pay all the bills. It’s important to me to contribute in some way.”

“Deep breath, Trevor. Again, Daddy pays our living. I can add you to my car insurance, then yours won’t be as high. I have excellent credit, I’ll co-sign on your loan and you’ll get a better interest rate.”

“That doesn’t sound fair to you.”

“We’re partners, not strangers helping each other out. Moving in together means combining households, incomes, bills, and buying what we need when we need it. You need a car. Let’s spend this coming weekend looking at a few. What are wants or must haves for you?”

“Um, I haven’t really thought about that but not a stick shift for sure. I can’t drive one.”

“I don’t even think they make those too much anymore. Do you want a car? Two doors or four, or would you rather an SUV?” I was alight with excitement, and it was hard to contain it.

“What do you think is best. I don’t really know anything about cars.”

I figured as much, and this was right up my alley. “If I have a say in the matter, and ultimately what we buy in the end is your choice, but I feel better with you in an SUV.”

Had all my wishes come true in a single day? My boy was moving in, and we were shopping for a vehicle for him. I’d spend the rest of the week comparing safety ratings and warranties and I couldn’t have been happier about it.

“Daddy, you look far too happy.”

“That, my love, is because I am. This is right up my alley. I shopped for months before I bought my vehicle and marketing research is what I do for a living. While this isn’t marketing, it’s research just the same. Do you care about brand? Color? Anything?”

“Mmm, not really. Is that wrong?”

“Not at all. This is where Daddy gets to shine and impress you.”

Trevor rolled his eyes. “Daddy, you always shine, and you always impress me.”

For some reason I pictured my boy driving a bumble bee yellow SUV.

“Why are you laughing, Daddy?”

“Daddy just remembered something silly is all. Question, do you have a lot of stuff to move?” Mentally, I scanned what I remembered of his room, and it wasn’t packed by any means, but storage could be elsewhere. “Will we need a moving truck, or will it fit in Daddy’s vehicle?”

“It will fit. I don’t need my bed or dresser. You have all that. Just my clothes and toys and that kind of stuff. I’ll grab a few empty boxes from work and start packing this week.”

“Let me know if you need any help.” Though Chuck was at the house this week working on Trevor’s birthday gift it was best to keep him away. The smell of paint might trigger a snoopy boy. “Doesn’t someone have a birthday soon?”

“Me! Me! Me!” He cheered. “I do, Daddy.”

“Yes you do, and Daddy is working on something special for you.”

“You already are. You’re helping me get a car and letting me move in.”

“My love, there is no letting to any of that. I’m thrilled. This is like my birthday and Christmas all rolled into one.” Well, hell, that got me thinking about Christmas already and it was over six months away.

Time to tug the reins, Jayger. One step at a time. You just got a huge win.

Ya, ya, ya. When has that ever stopped me?

“Okay, sleepy boy.” His yawning face filled the screen and I looked forward to a lifetime of bedtime stories while my boy nursed away. “It’s story time so Daddy can virtually tuck you in.”

It was nice to see Trevor doze off as quickly as he did, though I knew he’d be up in two hours again. At my house, he stayed down for the night after nursing. Hell, we both did. The pressure relief helped me and the belly full of milk did the same for him. Granted, he was up at a horrendous time the next morning, but he got an average six hours a night with me.

“Good night, my love.” No response was needed. He was sound asleep, and our day ended on a high note.

But now this excited Daddy was wide awake and ready to research. This week would be spent clearing out the spare room and painting it, then once the items I’d ordered for it arrived, Chuck would be back to put it together before Trevor’s birthday at the end of the month.

Which reminded me, I had a birthday party to plan as well.

“Good morning, Chuck. Right on time.” Nine a.m. sharp just as he’d stated. Chuck and I met years ago at the club. He was a regular contractor for Sage as well as for many of its members.

“Morning, Jayger. So, what’s the plan?” He rubbed his hands together like the magician he was. Chuck’s work was top notch.

We headed down the hall toward the spare room and stepped inside. “I’d like to donate the bed. Got any places in mind that’ll take it?”

“I do. I’ll take it to the shelter. Dresser?”

“I think it can stay, but do you know of anyone who can hand paint some of Trevor’s favorite things on it?”

“I absolutely do. My boy Tae is an artist.”

I’d met Tae a few times. He was very quiet and shy, and Chuck adored him. I had no clue that he was an artist. Contractors always had the best hook-ups

“Excellent, does he have a website?”

Chuck pulled out his wallet and handed me a card.

“Now I’m even more excited. Let me share the theme with you.” Intently he listened as I explained everything.

“What would you say to having Tae hand paint a mural in here that depicts all you just described.”

“Huh, I hadn’t considered that. What a wonderful idea and so much more personal

than slapping decals on the walls. Let's do it."

Chuck and I went through the paint swatches he brought and settled on a pale blue which would make for the perfect sky behind the murals. I was just as excited as the boy receiving his new playroom would be. He and Tae would be back tomorrow to get started. Meanwhile, this daddy had a car and playroom shopping to do.

I'd lived a simple life. My only real extravagances were my club membership, which the nursing paid for, and my vehicle. Outside of that, my life was pretty basic. Really, until Trevor came along, it was dull beige and, quite honestly, mundane.

I purchased my home at the right time and for a great price many years ago so spending what I'd saved on Trevor really didn't hurt. Would I be the million-dollar daddy so many in the lifestyle were? No, not at all, but that wasn't who Trevor needed me to be.

How easily Trevor and I slid into each other's lives was a clear sign of just that.

As packages arrived, I hid them in the garage away from prying eyes and as an extra precaution, locked the soon to be playroom door. The progress Chuck and Tae made was nothing short of amazing. Two truly gifted men helping make the dream for another little come to fruition.

On Friday night when I picked up my Sweet Bee, Lila was out so Trevor and I loaded up the few boxes he had packed.

"Are you excited for this weekend, Little Bee? Car shopping?"

"Excited and nervous. These price tags might give me a heart attack."

"They'll be none of that and there's no price tag worth your life. I've narrowed it

down to three so we'll hit auto alley tomorrow morning when the dealerships open."

"Auto alley? Is that the name of the place we're going to?"

"Kind of. Most of the larger dealerships are lined up in a row along the same stretch of road that everyone has lovingly nicknamed Auto Alley. It's not the real name of the street but it sure does make hopping from one lot to the next easier."

"Can you do the test driving, Daddy? The thought makes me nervous, and I totally trust you."

"Absolutely, Sweet Bee. I'd have asked to take the vehicles out for another drive even if you had."

We stopped along the way home to pick up a dinner treat. My boy was so excited he danced and sang in the passenger seat after we went through his favorite drive thru.

"Let's eat first, then we'll bring the boxes in. We'll leave them in the living room for you to unpack." I'd help if he asked me to but in my opinion it was important for him to decide where his things fit.

Trevor dove right into his kid's meal, singing his dippy song as he saturated the poor nuggets in a mixture of ranch and barbeque sauce. He turned the house shaped box his dinner came in as he read each side and used a finger to complete the puzzles.

"Ready to unload?"

"K, Daddy." He hopped down and threw his trash away. "Ready."

It only took a few minutes to unload. "Why don't you put your clothes away in our closet? I also emptied a few dresser drawers for you."

I queued up his favorite station over the Bluetooth speakers. Never had I enjoyed helping anyone move as much as this. Trevor danced around, stacking old toys with new, making sure everything was just right. Such a gift this bright light was.

I broke down the boxes and put them in the recycle bin and went back through the plan of attack for tomorrow. Dealing with car salesmen wasn't high on my list of wants, but for my boy, I'd battle the commission-based dragons.

“Daddy, why are all these people staring at us?” We’d just stepped out of the car at the first dealership on Daddy’s list and like five people disbanded and immediately flocked to each customer. It was kinda overwhelming.

“That is the downfall of car shopping, my love. Daddy will deal with them.” Daddy squeezed my hand as the vulture approached.

“Good morning, gentlemen. How can I help you?”

“Good morning.” Daddy glanced at his name tag. “Lane. Shopping for a car for my partner. We have a few models in mind, and you have one we’d like to test drive.”

Straight to the point. Don’t try to sell us anything Daddy didn’t ask for cause he knows what he wants.

“Excellent.” They talked about car stuff which flew right by me while I walked around the showroom. Thankfully, no one approached me for I’d have squealed and run back to Daddy.

“Ready, Trevor?”

“Yes, Da...errr, Jayger.” That felt so weird to say but our lifestyle wasn’t anyone’s business but our own.

Daddy and Lane sat up front and chatted about the car while I was in the backseat. I

loved the smell, new car smell , I heard Lane call it. Wait, was this a brand new-brand new car or a used one?

No, no, no. That was too much. There was no way I could afford that payment. Had Daddy lost his mind?

We circled around the neighborhood, then back to the dealership. I waited until we were back in Daddy's car on our way to shop two of three before I said anything.

"Daddy, was that a brand-new car or a used one?"

"New. All the ones we're driving today are. They have bumper-to-bumper warranties and high safety ratings. Why?"

"How in the world do you expect me to afford a new car payment? That will be like all my paychecks a month." I couldn't do this. No way. It would kill me. This was too much all at once. Was this what hyperventilating felt like? Why was it so foggy? I couldn't...breathe...

"Deep breath, Trevor. Breathe in, breathe out. Focus on Daddy's voice." Daddy rubbed my back. His soothing voice grounded and drew me out of the fog. Wait, when had we pulled over?

"Daddy." I burst into tears, beyond overwhelmed. "I can't do this. This is too much all at once. Just let me take the bus, please."

"I'll make you a deal. How about you get this car that we're in now, and Daddy buys a new one for Daddy."

"Isn't this car one of those rich, fancy names?"

Daddy laughed. “It’s a BMW and it’s a couple years old. Would you feel better in this one? It’s paid for and Daddy wouldn’t mind getting a newer version.”

“I can’t take it for free. That’s not right nor is it fair.”

“Sweet Bee, I’m trying to compromise here, and it is fair. Daddy gets a shiny new toy this way.”

Guess I hadn’t seen it that way and Daddy did like expensive things. At least, expensive beyond my means which was saying a lot.

“Okay, I guess that’s alright. But I’m buying groceries from now on.” And I wasn’t budging on that one.

“Deal, Little Bee.” Daddy snagged a kiss, then pulled out onto the road. “Now we’re off to a whole new dealership. Whoop! Whoop!”

He was way too happy about spending money. I wasn’t sure I’d ever reach that comfort level. But Daddy deserved it ‘cause he was the best Daddy ever who always put his boy first.

“Looking to trade that one in?” The guy who approached us asked.

“Nope, it belongs to my partner here,” Daddy took my hand in his. “Looking for a new one for me and here’s what I want.”

He already knew what he wanted. Had I just been played?

“Jayger,” I glanced at the salesman then back at Daddy. “Did you play me?”

“No, my love, I did not. I gave you another option when the others weren’t to your

liking. While I researched vehicles for you, I also peeked at what my next one would be, and it just so happened you made that possible for me to get now.”

Okay, so it felt like I did something nice for Daddy. I saw how he worked. Way to turn it back around and make me all gooey inside. Besides, Daddy’s old vehicle was super nice and already comfy and broken in. He kept it spotless, and I had all my favorite radio stations already programmed. Winner, winner! That was me.

We test drove a couple different cars, then Daddy and the salesman, I think he said his name was Gordon, went to his office to discuss what options Daddy wanted. I wandered around, got a snack from the vending machine and snuck into the empty kids play area for a bit. I kicked back in a bean bag chair and played games on my phone which was where Daddy found me when they were done.

“Did you get what you wanted?” I hopped up and ran over to him.

“Nope, had to order it so they offered me a loaner while I wait.”

“That sounds nice. Do we get to go home now?” I was so bored. I wanted to check on our flowers and play in the sandbox.

“We are. Let’s get you situated in your new car while they wash the loaner.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

Daddy showed me how the keyless entry and start system worked. Then we set the seats and mirrors to my liking.

“Here are the keys and on there is your new house key as well. The garage remote is built into the visor so you get to open the magic door yourself now.”

Right as Daddy said that the salesman pulled up in freshly washed, and still drying, vehicle beside us.

“Jayger, here are the keys. I’ll keep you updated on the progress of your new vehicle as it makes its way through the plant.”

Daddy was so excited by what Gordon said. If it were me who was waiting I’d have no clue what language he spoke. I would’ve just picked something they had on the lot and been done with it. Getting Daddy’s old car ended up being the perfect one for me. Finally this nightmare was over.

“Excellent.” Daddy shook Gordon’s hand. “Thank you, I’ll be in touch.”

Gordon trotted off. Now it was time to get the heck out of here.

“Okay, my love, let’s head home. Follow me.” With a quick kiss, Daddy jogged around the SUV and slid into the front seat. Once he backed out, I did the same and trailed behind him and sung along with the radio in my first car.

I was so spoiled. I made a promise to myself right then and there to never take advantage of that and to always make sure Daddy knew how much I loved and appreciated him and that he was always taken care of, too.

It had been far too long since I drove anywhere. I’d forgotten how much I enjoyed it, and Daddy gave me this freedom back. I was super careful when I pulled into the garage, parking exactly where Daddy did every time.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you, Daddy.” I nearly knocked him over when we got inside the house. “I forgot how much I love driving unless I’m with you. Then I like to focus on other things.”

“You are welcome, my love. I’m glad you’re happy.” Daddy gave me a kiss.

I loved being in his arms and staring up at him. I loved him more than I ever thought possible.

“I’m sorry it took so long today but thank you for appeasing your Daddy.”

“I don’t understand why it takes so long to buy a car. It was like-- forever.”

Daddy smiled. “Lots of paperwork and Daddy may have gone a bit overboard with the options he chose for his new toy.”

“Silly Daddy.”

“Yes, your silly Daddy and the one who needs to feed his happy boy.” He gave me another quick kiss and was off to the kitchen.

I changed into shorts and went outside to peek at the flowers and see if they had any new friends on them today.

“Howdy, Mr. Sunflower.” I sniffed him even though they didn’t have much of a scent. “You look well today.”

I’d read somewhere that talking to your plants was good for them, so I said hello to each one. “Yay, we almost have a whole cucumber. I can’t wait to see what Daddy does with you.”

“Daddy will probably add him to our salad with some ranch for my dippy-dippy boy.”

“Nummy.” When I turned, Daddy had just finished setting the patio table for lunch.

“I love eating outside, it’s my favorite place to be.”

“I know, Sweet Bee. Come sit and eat and tell Daddy how our garden is doing.”

We talked and ate wonderful nummy fish tacos Daddy had made. Butterflies and a couple of bees sampled our plants and made my day. As soon as we finished, Daddy set me loose and I ran and played until my legs gave out and he found me sunbathing in the sand.

“Silly boy, what are you doing.”

“I’m tired and the warm sand felt so good.”

“Come on, let’s take a nap. It was indeed a busy, but productive day.”

Moving and car shopping. Who knew it’d take so much out of you?

“Daddy, you have to wake up. It’s my birthday today!”

“No.” I wiped my eyes, playing along with him thinking I’d just woke up, but truth be told, I’d been up for a couple of hours already. We had guests coming this afternoon and I had to put the final touches on his room. “It can’t be. Isn’t that next month?”

“What? No, it’s today. Did you really forget?” He dropped to the bed and his bottom lip jutted out. Tears were sure to follow which wasn’t part of my teasing plan.

“Of course it’s today. Happy birthday, Sweet Bee! Daddy has so many surprises for you.” One by one was the plan for today. A gift at breakfast, one at lunch, then all the rest as soon as our guests arrived.

We’d been living together for nearly a month and, while there were a few bugs to work out, nothing major had come about. Considering countless weekends were spent together beforehand, we’d ironed out most of the challenges already.

“Let’s get up and get ready. Prezzie number one awaits you on the dining table.”

“Can I wear my dungarees today, Daddy, with my headband? I want to be a bee.”

“A bee for your twenty-first birthday? Sounds about right to me.” My sweet little bee would be adorably Trevor for his party. Little did he know the extra fridge in the garage held the party food and his birthday cake so as long as he kept busy, the

surprises wouldn't be found.

I dressed my birthday bee in his favorite outfit and added a new shirt beneath the overalls.

"Daddy's Birthday Bee." Trevor read it upside down. It took a minute to sink in, then he cheered. "Yay! I'm Daddy's Birthday Bee. Thank you, Daddy." His lips landed on mine with a loud smack.

"You are very welcome. Let Daddy get dressed then we'll have breakfast." Which I had made and warmed in the oven, waiting for me to put the finishing touches on. "Let's go."

He danced down the hall in front of me and straight to the table where number one sat.

"Go ahead, birthday boy."

Trevor ripped into the bag with even more vigor, if that was possible, than he usually did.

"Bumble bee and ladybug rainboots and a matching umbrella. Thank you, Daddy." he puckered up. "Kiss me."

"Birthday boy is a sassy boy."

He giggled but won his desired kiss.

"You are very welcome. Now on a rainy day you can still check on the garden."

"You think of everything, Daddy." This time, he cleaned up his own paper mess

before I could.

“Now, take a seat and Daddy will serve the birthday boy.” My attempt at making bumble bee birthday pancakes, colorful sprinkles in the mix and all, was passable. “Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Little Bee. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, my love. Make a wish and blow out the candle.”

He took a moment, closed his eyes and filled his cheeks with air, then blew.

“Yay! Look at the bees. You made bee pancakes. Best. Daddy. Ever!”

If he was this excited over pancakes, he’d likely pass out later when the bigger surprises were revealed. All the gifts tied in with the big room reveal at the end. Hell, even the cake was garden themed.

I was gonna be one tired Daddy tonight, though. But Trevor was more than worth it.

“What would you like to do today, Birthday Bee?”

Our guests were due to arrive at two. My plan was to have him racing around the garden while I snuck them inside. I was excited to meet Lila’s girlfriend. From what Trevor told me, he’d never seen his mother happier. He’d met her when she picked up her daughter from the afterschool program.

“I want to play outside.”

Zero surprise there. I was glad I had Chuck come back and install shade sails over the sandbox area to protect my Little Bee’s delicate skin from the sun.

“Play away, Birthday Bee. Daddy has some house stuff to take care of.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

Off he went while I tidied up the last few things for today’s festivities. For dinner, Chuck, Adam and I decided grilling was easiest and while I supplied the meat they each brought a side dish. Lila made Trevor’s favorite deviled eggs. With all of this, lunch would be kept simple.

As soon as I stepped outside to check on him he jumped off the swing and ran over to me.

“Daddy, take my picture.” He threw his arms in the air and posed while I snapped away. “Thank you.” And he was off again. But his question reminded me to make sure and take lots of pictures to fill our home.

“Daddy?” He hollered as he ran inside shortly after. “Where are you?”

“In the office.”

“I want to color and watch TV.”

“Have at it. Daddy has a couple of bills to pay, then I’ll be out.”

He ran over, hopped into my lap and threw his arms around my neck. “I love you, Daddy. You’re the best birthday present ever.”

With the simplest of words, he’d reduced his Daddy to tears.

“Happy tears, Daddy?”

“The happiest, my love.”

Trevor pressed his lips to the tip of my nose, climbed off and skipped down the hall leaving me stunned in his wake.

I was somebody's best gift. Something I'd never been before.

It was so hard to keep the room from him. I couldn't wait to see his face alight with the joy of having his own space and all the fantastic toys it was filled with. He'd talked about Brandon's room for weeks after our first visit. Now he'd have his own to share and show off.

I finished up what I had to do and found him coloring away. He'd taken to leaving many of the pictures in the books, only removing favorites to replace the old ones on the fridge. I bought magnet clips so each could now hold countless works of art, so all were still on display; you merely needed to flip through them.

"How's it going, Birthday Bee?"

"Really good, Daddy. But I'll probably go back outside after lunch."

"Sounds like a well thought out plan. Are you ready to eat?"

"After I finish this picture. Is that okay?"

"It's your day, my love. Of course it's okay."

I made a couple different sandwiches and used some of the cookie cutters to cut them into various shapes. Trevor would get a kick out of these. With Daddy's version of art complete, I set the plates on the table alongside gift number two.

"Daddy these are so cute. Little bunnies and flowers. Can you do this again sometime?"

“Absolutely, my love. Now, open your gift.”

“Ha-ha, you got the matching raincoat. Can I wear this to work when it rains?”

“Completely up to you, Sweet Bee.” He folded it over the chair and sat down.

“Don’t tell Mom, but I don’t remember having this much fun on my birthday like, ever.”

I mimed zipping my lips. “I’ll take your secret to the grave.”

His little bunny sandwich hopped around the plate, taking a bite out of each flower and chip. When it was down to only the bunny, he said his goodbyes. “You’ve been a good bunny but it’s time to say goodbye.” Trevor sighed and shoved the entire thing in his mouth at once. Guess it was easier to part that way.

“Bye, Daddy,” he waved as he passed by me. “I’m going outside.”

If I pitched a tent in the backyard he’d likely sleep out there as much as he loved the outdoors.

He hadn’t so much as shut the door before the texts of our guest arrivals came.

“Welcome, thank you all for coming.” One by one I greeted our guests and slipped their sides into the fridge. “Let me show you the room and introduce you to each other.”

They followed me back and as soon as I opened the door a round of oohs and aaahs filled the space.

“Jayger, this is amazing.” Lila was the first to speak up. “You’ll never get him out of

here.”

“Hi, I’m Amity and this is my daughter Pressley.”

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry,” Lila blushed. “I was mesmerized by the room. Yes, this is Amity and Pressley.”

“It’s wonderful to finally meet you. This is Adam and his partner Brandon, and this is our friend and contractor who did this amazing work though, all the painting was done by his partnerTae.”

“Wow, there are no words. Tae, you hand-painted this entire mural?” Lila was enamored. “My son will be overjoyed with what you’ve done.”

“Thank you, I um, I did the dresser, too.” All eyes darted to it.

“Oh Daddy, can Tae paint something for me?” Brandon asked.

“We can see if he has time, sweet boy.”

Knowing Adam, plans would be made before they headed home today.

Just then, I heard the back door shut.

“Okay, he’s coming. I’ll be right back.”

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“Daddy?” Where did he sneak off to now? “Where are you?”

“Coming, Birthday Bee!”

I grabbed a juice box from the fridge which was full to exploding with food. Daddy sure had been busy cooking today.

“Are you ready for your last present?”

“You are so silly, Daddy.”

“Silly for you. Follow me.” Down the hallway we went, but he stopped in front of the guestroom door. “It’s inside. Go ahead, open the door.”

What was he up to? He was being awfully sneaky. “Okay.”

Slowly, I opened the door, then flung it all the way open.

“Happy Birthday, Trevor!” the entire room yelled.

“Mom!” I squealed and ran straight for her.

“Did you think I’d miss seeing you on your birthday? That’s never once happened in twenty-one years. Happy birthday, love.”

Then Brandon hugged me next.

“I can’t believe you’re here.”

“Trebor.” Pressley ran over to me and I picked her up. I adored the way she mispronounced my name. “Hello, sweet girl, how are you.”

“Good. Happy birfhday.”

“Thank you so much.” I set her down and finally looked around.

“Is this?”

“Yes, Birthday Bee. This is your new playroom.”

“Ohmygodohmygodohmygod! Squee!” Everyone covered their ears. “Sorry.”

“Let’s step out so he gets a good look at it.” Mom kind of ushered everyone but me and Daddy out.

“Who did all this? When? Look at all the bees? Ohmygod! Look at the cute dresser. This is the best!” I threw myself at him. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re very welcome. You know who did all this magnificent art?”

“You?”

“Boy, you’ve seen me color. I barely stay inside the lines.”

Sadly, that was true, but I wasn’t about to say it out loud.

“Who?”

“Tae, Chuck’s boy. Tae, can you come in here please?”

The shy boy I'd kinda saw before sort of hiding behind Chuck came in the room and waved. "Hey, I'm Tae."

"You did all this? It's beyond amazing. Can I hug you?" At least this time I remembered to ask first. I tended to invade others' personal spaces without asking, something I was working on.

"Yeah. Do you like it?"

"Like it?" If my eyes got any wider they'd pop out my skull. "I love it. It's amazing. You are so talented. The bees. So many bees. I love bees, did you know that? And ladybugs."

The entire room was a scene from a farm. A fence lined the bottom of the walls with lush green land and gardens galore behind them. There were bees and butterflies, a smiling sun, birds and even a scarecrow.

"You literally have all my favorite things in there." One wall behind the fence was nothing but a sea of sunflowers. "Daddy, there's a ladybug on the sunflower like the picture you have of me."

"I'm glad you like it." Tae smiled.

"Tae, would you like to meet the other boy here?" Daddy asked him.

"Brandon? Yeah, we met a long time ago. But um, the room looks really cool with everything finished. I only saw it painted but empty."

"I just saw the big farm playset. That is so cool." I didn't know where to start first. My eyes darted around taking it all in. There was so much to play with.

"Do you want to play in here or take your friends outside?" Daddy asked me.

But I was still in shock. “You choose.” It was always better when Daddy picked for me plus my brain was on overload.

“Let’s start outside. Then you guys can work your way back in. Sound like a plan?”

My head bobbed up and down. Daddy and Tae left but I was still in awe.

“Sorry I couldn’t give you everything you wanted like this.” Mom’s voice surprised me.

“Mom, you gave me all that and more. I grew up in a loving home and never went without. You took care of me like a mother should and you were my best friend. I literally had everything.”

“Love is most important, Lila,” Daddy joined us. “I wish I could’ve had with my own mother half the bond you and Trevor share. It’s a beautiful thing to bear witness to and because of you, Trevor became the wonderful loving, caring adult that he is.”

“I feel like I was the burden, and you had to put your life on hold to raise me.”

“Never a burden. You’re my life and my entire world, Trevor, and I wouldn’t trade that for anything.”

“You’re the best mom anyone could ask for and I wouldn’t change a thing about the life we had together. I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, baby boy.”

When we hugged I realized it’d been far too long since we had, taking each day for granted after having spent so many of them together. From now on, every time I saw my mom I’d hug her like it’d been forever.

“Trebor.” When had Pressley come in? “Can we pway outside?”

“Absolutely, sweet girl.” She took my hand and did her best to pull me, so I played along.

“Come on, guys, let’s play on the jungle gym.” I called out to Brandon and Tae.

It was so much fun having friends, regardless of their ages, to play with. We swung and built sandcastles and helped Pressley up the rock wall. Down the slide she’d go, giggling away, then she’d throw her arms in the air and shout “again” and one of us would take her through it.

“Anyone want a juice box?” Daddy Adam shouted above our laughter, holding four in his hands. We sucked them down so fast like we had some sort of record to beat.

“Thank you, Daddy Adam.” Daddy was working the grill with Chuck, and inside I saw Mom and Amity setting out all the food I’d seen in the fridge. Good thing everyone was here to help us eat it because we’d never get through all that and I didn’t like wasting food.

“Alright boys, come get your food,” Daddy hollered, and we lined up. “Burger or hotdog.”

“Hot dog, please.” He handed me a plate.

“Go inside to get all the other goodies, then come back out to eat.”

“Thanks, Daddy.”

Mom put a scoop of all my favorites on the plate. “You brought deviled eggs. Yay!”

She smiled. “Of course I did. They’re you’re favorite.”

I sat outside with my friends, eating all this yummy food, and as I saw all the smiling faces it hit me just how lucky I was, blessed even. I must've been a really good boy for the stars to grant me such a humongous wish. And a forever one at that.

After dinner my new friends and I decided to play inside. I immediately went for the giant wooden farmhouse.

"My dad made that." Tae sat down beside me. "And I painted it. It was a lot of fun to make."

"Are you a professional artist, cause if not, you totally should be." Everything was perfect from the tiny yellow ducks to the cow eating hay. There was even a barn cat.

"I am. Mostly abstract art, but when Daddy asked if I wanted to help with this it woke another side of my gift. I think I'm gonna help him out in more littles' rooms. He does a lot of them."

"This is so awesome." I picked up the matching box they made that also held farm animals and wood people. "I can't believe you guys made all this."

"That's our birthday present to you."

I tackled Tae in a hug. Thankfully he laughed cause, well, the work in progress failed with his personal space.

"I so love it! Thank you."

"You're welcome. It was fun and gave me ideas for some of my own. Daddy thinks we may be able to make them to sell at the craft fairs we do."

"That's a great idea. Let me know next time you have one so Daddy can take me. Let's exchange phone numbers."

We pulled out our phones right as Brandon joined us.

“Me too. Let’s make a group chat with the three of us. This is gonna be so much fun. Now we have two best friends, Trevor.”

I loved Brandon. He had so much energy like me.

“Wait, I already knew both of you so all three of us have two best friends.”

He was so silly.

“Boys, time for cake,” Mom called out as she popped her head in.

Lately she was all smiles. Not that she wasn’t happy before, but there was an air about her, something completely different now. I was glad she found her person and I really liked Amity and Pressley. Huh, if they got married would that make Pressley my sister? Would I finally be a big brother?

As soon as I stepped into the kitchen, the group began singing to me.

“Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Trevor. Happy birthday to you!”

“Blow out your candles, Birthday Bee, and make a big wish!” Daddy shouted above their cheers

I wished this day would never end. Though I knew it would, the friendships I’d made and the love of my family would last a lifetime. Which was perfect for me.