



Danny (A Little Christmas 3)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Daddy hasn't been up for playing with his little, so to get his attention, Danny acts like a brat.

Lee promised to take care of his Little, but Danny's poor attitude is leading to a spanking, and not the good kind. He's going to be on Santa's naughty list this year for sure.

It's Christmas for this established couple, but neither of them seem to be in the holiday spirit. They might just need a Christmas miracle to stay together.

This book is part of A Little Christmas: Season Three multi-author series. Each book in A Little Christmas is a standalone where every little is silly, unique, lovable, and downright adorable, so why not read them all?

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Chapter one

Danny's Night Out

Three Years Ago

I stalked through the office, looking for Skyler. We weren't very close, but anytime I needed a partner in crime—or I should say fun since we worked for a law firm—it was Skyler I wanted. He was young and mischievous and a little on the twink side. Yep. A lot like me. I was double lucky when I found him in the break room. “Sky!” I nearly shouted until he glared at me. So, I sing-songed the rest. “Guess what I got?”

“What?”

I held up what appeared to be a single ticket between my hands. “Afterglow is having an 80s night! And I've got a ticket.” I tilted it back and forth so he could see it.

“Shut up.” He closed the distance between us. “They're exclusive. You can't get in there without a membership.” His mouth hung open.

“Except on special occasions like this and guess what else I've got?”

His expression appeared appropriately stunned. “Danny...”

I slid the two tickets apart so he could see both. “I've got one for you!”

“Shut up.”

“No.” I waved them.

Skyler plopped backward without hardly looking and landed in a chair. “I don’t have anything to wear. What do I wear?”

“Hm...those tight grey slacks that hug your ass. You know the ones. And that thin pair of suspenders you wore last week.”

“Yeah. But what shirt? I have to have a shirt.”

“At least at first...” I wiggled my eyebrows to tease him. This was Afterglow, so there was a chance we would lose more clothing than our shirts. “Seriously, it’s 80s, so something neon.”

“Neon? Get real. I don’t have anything neon.”

“Oh, you poor boy. Well, good thing I do.” Of course I did. I had an insane wardrobe that covered all the basics from work to 80s to costume and kitsch to Little attire—my favorite. But I wasn’t planning on wearing the neon. “I have a blue one that’s perfect.”

“Cool. Thanks.” He practically gushed. “You are so my best friend now. When is this?”

“Friday night.” Then I started singing. Because, of course, I did. “Friday night and I’m feeling right...Oh yes, it’s Friday night. Time to party.” I made a weird hand movement and shook my ass, making Skyler laugh.

There was a tap on the break room window. It was a large glass pane stretching nearly the entire wall. I looked over to see Drew pointing at me. Then he put his finger over his mouth like a kindergarten teacher. Oops. I mouthed, “Sorry, boss.”

Then I turned around and laughed. Drew was the coolest boss I'd ever had. I wasn't in trouble, but I did need to be quieter. This was a law office and clients could be around.

Skyler snorted. "Busted."

"Shut up."

We stood outside about halfway down the line in front of Afterglow. They would be opening any minute, and saying I was excited was an understatement. I wore the tightest white T-shirt I could find, and it fit like a second skin. It was soft and thin. I wore about two tons of antiperspirant deodorant under it too. No way was I walking around with pit stains. Plan B was to take it off, but that was easier said than done. It took me damn near an hour to get into it. But I paired it with rainbow suspenders that attached to a pair of cuffed shorts. I finished my look off with ankle socks and Doc Martins. I probably looked like I was twelve, but that was kind of the point. My friend Skyler, on the other hand, wore what I had told him and kind of looked like a grown-up version of me. We both had golden brown hair and the same body type—twink. Although Skyler was a little taller but not much. It was enough that I looked younger standing next to him. Well, at least in my mind I did. I felt younger. That's what mattered.

He grabbed my arm. "This is going to be epic." He bounced in place.

"Right. I've never been here, but I've heard things."

"I've heard all the things." Of course we had. This was the best and most exclusive gay club in town, and not only gay but BDSM gay. Yep. There were actual dungeons in the back. Not that I wanted to go there, but it was kind of a thrill. What I was most interested in was the Little's Playroom. I was dying to get in and maybe, just maybe, I could score a hunky daddy to play with. At least for the night.

And if not, well, I'd get to dance and drink with Skyler.

Finally, the doors opened, and the bouncers checked for either tickets or membership and let people in. When it was our turn, he took the tickets and tore the perforated part off, giving the rest back to us. "Here." He stamped the back of our hands, winked, and let us in.

The inside was incredible right away. There was a coat check first thing, but it was early October, so we weren't wearing coats yet. Tampa never got cold until almost Christmas, if then. Beyond that front foyer was a large area with booths and tables that circled a bar. People were already lined up for drinks. Off to the right, where it could be seen from the tables, was a stage and a wide-open space in front of it—currently empty. Before I could decide where to go or what to do, music came on. It was I Want Candy from Bow Wow Wow. I knew my 80s music for sure, especially the One-Hit-Wonders. I could thank my mom for that. It's all she listened to, and I learned to appreciate it. Especially for dancing.

Skyler leaned over and shouted. "Let's get a drink, then hit the floor."

"Yes!" I threw my hand in the air to celebrate.

We made our way to the bar, pushing in between two dudes dressed all in black. They were sweet and offered to pay for our drinks. I winked and ordered a Hawaiian mimosa. It was obviously made with Prosecco. And it was pretty. Pink at the bottom and orange at the top. It also had coconut rum. I took a sip. "So yummy. Thank you." I touched the boy next to me who'd paid for it.

"No problem. Happy to contribute to your delinquency." He was a flirt. And cute. "You dancing?"

I held up my drink. "After this, yes."

“Hell yes!” Skyler added.

“Well, all right.” The other boy answered and did a little shimmy.

And I had to assume they were boys since they both wore studded collars. Doms and Daddies did not wear collars. They had their boys wear them. I didn’t know if these guys had either Doms or Daddies, but if they were going to dance with us on the floor, that would be fun. We chatted and finished our drinks, then headed out. Wham’s Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go started up as we hit the floor. We hooted and jumped around.

Then we did what I thought of as the Wham dance. Butts swaying back and forth, arms up and swinging the opposite way. Then, right before the first chorus, we spun around. We were skipping around and having fun with it. All four of us doing it got a few other people into it. Before the song was over, it blended into another. This time, it was Hall & Oates. You guessed it, Maneater . The DJ cut out most of the intro and started with the saxophone. We kept dancing, but we all had a little more hip-thrust with this one. I looked up and saw the DJ nodding and bobbing along. When the first line of the chorus came on, I mimed scratching something or someone with claws. Skyler laughed, but then he copied me.

This was soo much fun. Neither of us gave a shit about what anyone thought. We sang along with the songs we knew. For me, that was most of them. We shook our asses. We shimmied. We paired up with the cute boys who bought us drinks for slower songs. That was better than slow dancing with Skyler. He was my friend, so it made it weird.

There wasn’t a lot of the typical grinding you’d normally find in a dance club. I figured that was because 80s tunes weren’t really grind music. But I was fine with it. I related more to this type of music and dancing. It was why I wanted to come.

After a while, a big guy, also dressed in black, who I had seen behind the bar, stomped out to the floor, pushing his way over to us. He handed me a card with a wink. Without even looking at it, I simply shoved it in my back pocket.

We danced to several more songs before I was too tired and sweaty. I grabbed Skyler's wrist and dragged him to the bar. I ordered bottled water and another mimosa, which I sipped after downing the water. Our boys had disappeared, presumably to find others to play with of the Dom/Daddy variety. I bumped into Skyler's arm, and he bumped back. We were both smiling like loons when he leaned into me. "Having a good time?"

I nodded furiously. Then I remembered the card and pulled it out. It said, "Pass to No Limits – Present to Dungeon Master for entry."

"Hey!" I waved the bartender over and he leaned forward over the counter. "I'm new." I held up the card. "Does this mean I get to go in the back? To the Little Room?"

He nodded and jerked his head up. I saw where a few people were slipping through a door on the far side of the stage.

"Can I bring a friend?" I tugged Skyler's arm and watched his eyes go wide as he figured out what was going on.

The bartender shrugged. "Don't see why not. Y'all are both super cute." When he winked, I realized he had glittery eye shadow on.

"I like your eyes." I pointed to mine and then to his in case he couldn't hear me since a rock song was blasting very loudly. I think it was AC/DC. It made the barman smile.

I sipped some more of my drink.

Skyler jutted his hands toward me. “What? What?”

“You have to go back with me.”

“N-No.”

“Don’t be scared. You don’t have to do anything, but I really want to go.” I gave him the puppy face, complete with wide eyes and pouty bottom lip, stuck way out.

He sighed, using his whole head and maybe his shoulders. Very dramatic. “Fine...”

“Yay!” My internal Little peaked out. I sat my half-finished drink on the bar and clapped my hands. “Let’s go.”

“You’re not going to finish that?” He indicated the glass of pink liquid.

“Nope. I want to go.” If someone had bought me a drink, I would drink it all. It would be rude not to, but when I bought my own, I decided if I finished or not. And in this case... not. “I want to go.” I tugged his arm, and he followed me across the dance floor. We bobbed and weaved our way to the other side, but before I headed for the double doors that promised play time, I checked my shirt. “Pit stains?”

“What? No. You’re good. Me?” He held his arms up.

“Nope. Let’s go.”

I shoved at the door, struggling to push it open, but as soon as we were past it, a big man dressed in leathers stopped us. I held the card up and waved it. “Pwease? Can we come in?”

He grabbed the card and looked at it, then handed it back. “You need to pass a breathalyzer, and I also need your phones, please.” He stuck his hand out expectantly.

“Phones?” Skyler asked, pulling his out.

“Yes. No phones in the back. I keep them here. Please power them down, or at least turn the ringer off. I’ll give you a claim ticket to get them back.” We turned them over as instructed, and he handed us the ticket. “Don’t lose these.”

“Yes, sir.” By the end of the transaction, I was itching to get inside and couldn’t stand still, but we still had to blow in the little device he had.

“No one plays intoxicated. It’s not safe.” He handed the little yellow device to Skyler. “Blow in that nozzle. It’s new. Everyone gets a new one.”

“Ooh. Hygiene is important.” I didn’t know if he appreciated my comment, but he took the device back, nodded, and changed out the nozzle.

“Your turn, little man.”

“Yay!” Everything new was exciting when I was in my Little headspace. I blew in the tube.

“Okay. You’re all clear.” The doorman waved us farther inside. “Have fun.”

I could not contain that part of myself that demanded to come out and play. I skipped down the hall. “Come on, Sky...Let’s go play.”

“What the hell?” It was a question and statement rolled into one. He’d never seen me act little, but he knew I was one. Seeing it was probably different, and I wondered what he thought, but at the same time, I only wanted his support and friendship, not

his comments or criticisms, if he had any.

There were several doors along the hallway, but none looked like a playroom. We turned a corner and another leather daddy was leaning on a stool with his arms crossed over his broad chest. He might be able to help us. “Schoose me. Mr. Letter Daddy.”

“Hello. How can I help you? I bet you’re looking for the Little Room.”

I nodded furiously. “Yes, pwease.”

“Okay. I’ll show you. I’m the Dungeon Master here, and I determine protocol. That means if you have any problems at all, come find me. Okay?”

“Yes, sir.” Skyler echoed my answer, but he sounded scared, so I held his hand, and he smiled at me. Then we followed the Dungeon Master down another hall, and that was when I saw it. I gasped. The whole wall of the next hallway was a huge window and inside the large room were Littles. Some were coloring, some were playing with toys on the rugs, a few were finger painting. There were probably only six in there, maybe seven, but they were having fun. And along the back wall were chairs where daddies could sit and watch their Littles play. It was perfect. Perfect . I loved it so much, I sang it, “Perfect...Perfect place.” And that morphed into the Sesame Street theme song.

Skyler laughed. He’d heard me bust out in song many times. He thought I had a great voice, but it was only average. I knew it. But my enthusiasm often made up for the lack of talent.

“Have fun boys.” The Dungeon Master opened the door for us. “If you come back some other time, we have locker rooms through that other door, where you can change. If you want.” He pointed through the door, and sure enough, another door

was on the far side. A Lockers sign hung above it.

“Yay! Thank you.” I hugged the Dungeon Master. He might have looked scary, but he was super nice. He patted my head before I charged into the room. “Come on, Sky!”

I immediately headed for the stuffies. There were no dragon stuffies, though, so I searched for something else to play with. There was a big bucket of dinosaurs on a low shelf, so I grabbed that. Dragons were my first choice, always. But dinos were also cool. “Come play, Sky.”

He grabbed a plastic triceratops, and I grabbed the T-Rex. I loved the T-Rex. It was the most dragon-like. To me, anyway. Our two dinos proceeded to have a battle. “You sure you’re not little too, Sky?”

“Yeah. Pretty sure, but hey. Anyone can play, Danny. Rawr.” He made his dino charge mine. I didn’t think dinos roared, but I wasn’t going to tell him that when he was being so nice to me.

Being able to play. Let my inner Little out. My heart soared. There was no thinking about work, bills, or responsibilities. Just playing dinos with my friend, Sky.

“Hello there, boys.” A handsome man stood by and watched us. His dark hair was a little shaggy but still in a business-type cut, and those eyes spoke of hot bedroom nights.

“Hi.” Skyler waved. But I bit my lip.

“You look like you’re having fun here.” He squatted next to us and picked up a Diplodocus.

Skyler seemed to be our spokesperson because I couldn't say a word to this handsome man who had my heart pattering faster in my chest. And it was weird because he didn't look at all like the typical daddy I liked. He was younger and a little wiry, while I liked older muscular men, not unlike the Dungeon Master at the end of the hall...but he hadn't done anything for me. This guy, though...ugh. He was making my peen hard. I looked away when Skyler said, "We're playing dinosaurs. I'm Skyler. This is Danny." Of course he was glaring at me.

"Hi. I'm Lee."

I repeated his name softly.

"That's right. Lee. It's nice to meet you, Danny."

I felt the blush all the way to my toes. And just from him saying my name? I could be in trouble. I clutched the T-Rex to my chest.

"Do you have a daddy? Or are you here alone. I don't remember seeing you before."

Again, Skyler rescued me. "This is our first time here, and no, no daddies. I'm not looking for one, either. But Danny here...He could use one."

"Well, I'd like to get to know you better and see if we're compatible. Would you like that?" Lee asked.

I nodded. Because yes, please.

"You have to answer with words, Danny." Lee put the dinosaur he had back on the floor.

I took a breath. I had to be brave. "Yes, please."

“I can’t hear you, Danny.”

I yelled, “Yes, please!”

Lee laughed, but I think the rest of the room turned and stared at me, and that blush flared back. I dropped my dino and covered my face with my hands, but Lee pulled my hands away and got in my face a little. “I’m a good daddy, Danny. I can take care of you. But we should find out if we’re compatible. You’re super cute, though.” He leaned closer and kissed me on the cheek. He chuckled and stood, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out his wallet and fished something out. “Make sure he gets this, please.” He handed it to Skyler. “Call me, Danny. Okay?”

Call him? Did I even dare?

Oh, but I sure wanted to.

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Chapter two

Lee Meets His Little

Danny was so cute. He made me want to hang out at Afterglow longer. But I couldn't. I needed to put in extra time at work the next morning. I had to travel to the client's site next week, and I needed to be ready. But damn, that boy was adorable.

Reluctantly, I flung my Member's Only jacket over my shoulder and pressed down my skinny tie. I had fished them out for this night. Dressing up for 80s night was always a blast. But I'd been here too long. I headed out to my car, hoping Danny would call me. He was so shy, but that could have been his Little and not his normal everyday persona. And he did yell at the end. Which I found adorable. His friend seemed to be looking out for him, though. So maybe he'd goad Danny into calling.

It was rare to see new faces at Afterglow. So when I passed the Little Room. I was very surprised. And surprised he didn't have a swarm of daddies around him begging for his time.

But now, home. I needed a shower and my bed.

Before I got home, an unknown number came up on my phone. I didn't normally answer those, but it might be Danny, so I made an exception. Most likely, at this hour, it had to be Danny. Right? "Hello."

"Uh, hello. Is this Lee? This is Skyler."

“Yes, it’s Lee.”

“Good. Here’s Danny.”

I heard a tentative squeak and then, “Hello? Daddy Lee?” Good job, Skyler.

“Hi, Danny. What are you doing?”

“We just cleaned up our dinos cuz Sky said its time to go home. So we got our phones back from the Letter Daddy. But Sky said I should call you before we left, but I was scareded. So he helpeded me. What are you doing?” I couldn’t believe he said that all in one breath.

“You are so cute. I’m on my way home. I have to work tomorrow.”

“I liked your tie and your shoes.”

I’d been wearing my checkered Vans. “I liked your suspenders. Very cute.”

“Tank you. I don’t work tomorrow. It’s weekend. I want to play. Can you come over and play? I have a dragon stuffie. And you could read me a book.”

“Oh, sweet boy, I’d love to, but I can’t. I do have to work. And I’m going out of town next week for work too. But I’ll call you when I get back, and we can have playtime and dinner. How’s that sound?”

“Woot!” His voice was loud over the speaker, but I loved the enthusiasm and how he came out of his shell. But on the phone was different than in person. I couldn’t wait to see how that went. “I think you’re the cutest daddy, like ever. I hope you call me. This is my phone. Sky tooked it from me to call you.”

I chuckled. “Looks like I owe Skyler for that.”

“Funny. Funny, Sky. Stop laughing.” That last was said as a whisper to the side, so I knew he was talking to Skyler.

“Okay, get home safe, Danny. I’ll talk to you next week.”

“Okay, Daddy.” That phrase made my heart soar. And pound hard enough to send all the blood in my body straight to my dick. Wow. I had a very compelling reaction to this boy. I had to make him mine.

The week away sucked. But I had bills to pay, like my membership to Afterglow. That was important. I only had a tiny one-room apartment because of that bill, but it was totally worth it. But as I drove to the restaurant to meet Danny, I couldn’t help thinking about logistics. If he wanted to play after our meal, we would have to go to his place or Afterglow. That wouldn’t be so bad, but privacy would be better.

I parked and went in, giving my name at the hostess station. Danny wasn’t there yet. I hated waiting. It seemed like an hour later, but it had only been five minutes when Danny finally showed up. I stood and pulled his chair out for him, making him blush. I didn’t think I’d ever get tired of that.

It wasn’t a super fancy restaurant, but nicer than the normal chain. We ordered our drinks and looked at the menu. “What looks good to you, Danny?”

“Um...”

“There’s plenty of pasta or salads...” He blew out a loud breath. That wasn’t good.

“You can order whatever you want, Danny. My treat.”

“C-Can I order off the kids’ menu?” He flipped the leather book over.

“Of course. Oh...” They didn’t have a kids’ menu. “I think I chose the wrong place, but you can get a pizza.”

“I like pizza but,” Danny leaned in and whispered, “this is super fancy. I’m not used to it.”

“Do you want to go somewhere else?”

He put a finger to his chin and looked up in a very dramatic thinking about it pose. “Noo...I’m sure it’s good. But.”

“But?”

He whispered again. “Can Daddy order for me?”

My heart thudded harder in my weakened chest. He pushed all my buttons. “Well, let’s see. Do you have any food allergies?”

Danny shook his head, but it was the lip bite that had my dick taking notice. He was going to kill me.

I adjusted myself a bit. “Okay. Let’s get meatballs for the appetizer. You like meatballs?”

“Yes.” He nodded furiously.

“And a cheese pizza?” The Margarita would fit for that.

“They don’t have pepperonis?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Okay. Cheese, please.” He was trying hard not to dip full-on into being little, and it was cute.

“Next time, we’ll go somewhere with a kids’ menu. Okay?”

His eyes widened. “You already said next time. You like me?”

“So far. I like you a lot.”

He smiled ear to ear. “I like you a lot too.”

The server came by and took our order. With that part over, it was time to get to know him. “Danny?”

“Yes?” I could tell daddy was on the tip of his tongue, and my ego soared, even though he didn’t actually say it. He had before, so he was probably holding back in public.

“Let’s get to know each other better. What do you do for a living?”

“I’m a lawyer with an awesome firm in Tampa. It’s LGBTQ-friendly. The owner is gay and has a boyfriend.”

That was a surprise. “Somehow, I don’t see you in a courtroom.”

“I deal with contracts and business law mostly. I’m pretty good too.” With those big eyes, he could probably negotiate a win every time.

“I believe it.” I took a sip of my wine.

“What about you?”

“I work at a consulting firm. I’m already leading teams and helping other companies solve problems. In fact, I’m up for a promotion.”

“Wow. I know you’ll get it.”

“I hope so.” It was my turn to lean closer, and although I didn’t whisper, I did lower my voice. “My membership to Afterglow is expensive.”

“I can only imagine.”

“You’re not a member?”

He shook his head, and his golden-brown bangs slid over his shiny green eyes. He wasn’t dressed in anything I’d call Little—slacks and a button-up. But his hair looked young, not fashionable at all. But if he used product, he could sweep the top back, and it would look more modern. I liked it as it was and wanted to dig my hands into it. “You could probably afford it. Lawyers make good money.”

He shrugged his shoulder. “Junior lawyer. And I have a nice apartment with two bedrooms.”

I mouthed playroom . He nodded.

“It’s cheaper than a membership. But I don’t have any friends to play with. So it was fun the other night. I had a special pass.”

“Okay. After dinner, we can go see it, or we can go to the club. If you want.”

Danny wiggled in his chair. “That sounds like fun. I want to go to the club. I can see my room any time.”

“Club it is.” It would be a treat for him, and I would thoroughly enjoy giving it to him.

After dinner—which was very good, thank you—we skipped dessert and headed to the parking lot, eager to get over to Afterglow. But once we were outside, Danny tugged my sleeve. “Daddy. I can’t play in my dressy pants. I need to go home and change first. Can I meet you there in like thirty minutes?”

I dropped a kiss on his forehead. “Of course, sweetie. I’ll see you there.”

“Yay!” He threw a hand in the air as he cheered, then skipped, unashamed, to his car. He waved as he drove off.

I needed way more of Danny in my life.

At the club, I filled out paperwork. Well, it was one sheet of paper. To get Danny a pass. Then I waited at the bar, but I only drank water. I wondered how I’d become so impatient, checking my phone every four or five seconds. I couldn’t wait to see him again.

Finally, he showed up and came bounding over. “You left my name at the door. It was like they knew me!”

“Good. Want a drink or play?”

“Pway!” he yelled over the music that had started up. So I grabbed his hand and headed across the dance floor toward the doors to the back. I had to show my ID and the pass they gave me for Danny. We turned in our phones and completed the breath tests. Standard entry to No Limits . Then, we headed down the hall.

Danny was speed walking. “Walk, Danny. It’s not going anywhere.”

He turned around and gave me the cheesiest grin I had ever seen. Then he turned back and took gigantic steps as far as his legs could reach. But it was slow. His antics made me laugh.

Finally, we went into the playroom. Danny bounced on his feet, looking around like he couldn't decide what to do. There was only one other Little in the room, playing by herself in the far corner. "Danny, why don't you go see if she wants to play."

"But she's playing dolls. I don't like dolls." He pouted. I wanted to kiss that bottom lip that stuck so far out he might trip on it.

"Ask her if she'd like to do something else. But be nice."

"Yes, Daddy." He skipped across the room while I made my way over to the chairs against the far wall.

Danny took the girl's hand and walked over to the coloring table. They went through books and found a couple, then started coloring. He was so sweet. I was going to need an extra dentist appointment when I finally ate him up.

After coloring for a while, Danny ran over to me and flung the book in my lap. "Daddy! Look. I colored dis for you. Look."

"It's nice." It was a picture of a knight and a dragon, mostly colored inside the lines.

"This is me." He pointed to the dragon. "And this is you." He pointed to the knight wearing purple armor.

"Why this picture?"

"I love dragons. I'm going to be a dragon when I grow up, and I need a knight to love

and take care of me.”

I hugged him tightly. No dragon slaying for this knight. “I want to keep this. Let me get it out.” I carefully worked the page back and forth until I could tear it out without ripping it. “Thank you.”

“I hope you can be my daddy-knight. I like you lots.”

“Me too. Let’s make another date.”

“Yay!” Danny threw that hand in the air again. Then he started singing a made-up song as he went back to help the girl pick up the crayons. I was already convinced that I needed to be his daddy. That boy made my heart soar.

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Chapter three

Danny's Cruise Invitation

Three Years Later - June

"For me?" I asked, taking the invitation from my boss, Drew.

"Yes. And bring Lee. Of course. It should be a good time."

"Wow. I don't know what to say."

"Say, you'll come." Drew was the most fantastic boss ever.

"I'll come. Who else are you inviting?" I wasn't the only queer at the firm with kinks, including Drew. He had to be inviting some other folks.

"Quinn and his new, uh... boyfriend, Royce. He's a partner in this venture."

"Oh. I didn't know that." Quinn had a pup but that was all I really knew about it.

"Yes, Ward's partner is the owner, along with Quinn's partner." Wow, Ward was one of our biggest clients, not to mention Drew's best friend.

"Small world."

"Well, they were introduced. I guess I'm the common denominator here." Drew

flicked the invitation. “Anyway. It’ll be fun. Join us.”

“Okay. I don’t know what Lee’s plans are, but they’re not going to be better than this.” I waved the pretty paper over my head. It was a pearl white with a subtle rainbow stripe down the side. Well, as subtle as a rainbow could be. A cruise on a yacht for PRIDE was going to be so much fun. I wouldn’t know a lot of people there, but I was up for meeting new friends. I couldn’t wait to tell Lee. “I’m going to go call him right now.”

I raced to my office and called him. And after a short chat, he agreed. This was going to be fantastic.

The cruise was so incredible—beyond my wildest dreams. Royce and Jax, his business partner, put together wonderful activities. I’d never been on a yacht before, and this one was a super-yacht, which was better, but I wasn’t sure why. Maybe the size? It didn’t matter to me. The whole experience was entertaining and enjoyable.

Lee got to spend time meeting other daddies. And handlers because there were pups on the cruise. Pups and boys. And one other Little. And we had a good time together. It was nice meeting Levi, and we were fast friends. He was a new Little but took to it naturally. I think all of us who stuck with it were naturals. Those that were only trying it out and didn’t stick with it, well, at least they tried. But that was just my opinion.

We got to swim and dance at the pool, and Jax had a huge inflatable water park off the side one day and we slid down the giant slide and swam to the playground. I’m a great swimmer. I loved living in Tampa so I could be near water, but this cruise solidified that for sure. I was in the pool more than anywhere else.

There was also a big party one night that everyone was required to attend. Drew’s best client and best friend, Ward, got engaged to the yacht owner. Jax was a bubbly

guy. Very cute. He would have made a good Little, but he was a puppy. They were fun to play with. What Little didn't love puppies? Or kitties? But there weren't kitties on the cruise, only pups.

When we arrived in Key West, Lee and I went ashore. I didn't feel comfortable being little. So it turned into one of the rare times that Lee and I spent together, with me being a regular adult. I did hold his hand, but a lot of couples held hands. First, we went to Smathers Beach. The sand was soft beneath my toes.

"Danny. Here." Lee pulled out sunscreen and applied it to my nose and cheeks. "Don't want to get burned."

"Thanks. You're always looking out for me."

Lee winked at me. "Let's get our feet wet."

"Yeah. Come on." We walked along the edge of the water, letting it lap over our feet and ankles. We didn't want to get too wet, because we hadn't brought a change of clothes, and eventually, we needed to eat.

After a while, we rinsed our feet and put our shoes back on. We ended up eating at a place called Tin Cup. We had peel-and-eat shrimp and fish tacos. And since I wasn't being little, I had a strawberry bellini. It was more tropical, and I liked it better than a regular mimosa. Lee had a beer, and we talked about the cruise and the new people we met. And that was more refreshing than the food and drinks. Normally, we talked about work when I wasn't little. It was almost like we didn't have anything else in common anymore. Work and Little. That was it.

I didn't complain because Lee was the best daddy ever.

We spent the rest of the day walking through Key West. Up and down the shoppes.

Duvall Street reminded me of a more colorful Ybor City. We went into the Island Cigar Factory, and Lee bought a couple. Yuck. But most of the time, he shared those with clients, and he never smoked in the house, so I let him get what he wanted without a fuss. I bought a magnet with colorful flip-flops and the words Key West on it at another shop. I wanted to buy a conch horn, but Lee talked me out of it.

When it was time to go back to the ship, Lee carried our bags and put his arm around me. The last of the day's sun shone down on our faces. And I was happy to be there with Lee. He made everything better.

Back in our cabin, he put our bags away. "Want to grab a shower?"

"Yeah, I'm hot and sweaty. When's dinner?"

Lee looked at his watch. He shook it. "Fuck."

"What's wrong?"

"I think my watch broke."

I grabbed his wrist and turned it to look. It still said twenty after twelve, but that was hours ago. And it also had a crack on it. Small, barely noticeable. "Lee, it is broken. Look."

He took the watch off and tossed it on the dresser. "That sucks. But dinner is at seven." We still had about two hours. "Are you hungry?"

"Nope. More like horny."

Lee lifted an eyebrow. "Oh?" I didn't often instigate, particularly when I wasn't little. But it had been a lovely day, and I wanted some lovey time. And wasn't he sexy with

that expression on his face?

“Yeah. So, maybe quick shower, sexy time, then another shower?”

He grabbed me, kissing along my neck. “Mmm...I don’t mind sweaty boys. One shower afterward.”

I grabbed his ass. “Deal. Now, clothes off.” I worked on his clothes while he worked on mine, and when all of it was on the floor, we climbed on the bed.

Lee flipped me over on my back and crawled between my legs, kissing parts of me as he moved toward my lips—ribs, nipple, neck. Then he kissed me long and deep, chasing my tongue with his. “Mmm...You taste so good, boy.”

“Do I?”

“Mmm...yes, I need to taste more.” Lee grabbed my wrists and held them at my sides as he moved back down my body. He nipped my other nipple and then mouthed at my hip in my tickle spot. I squirmed but he squeezed my wrists. “Okay, I’ll stop. Hold still.”

My laughter ended in a sigh and me wondering what he would do next. I didn’t have to wait to find out, though. He licked the tip of my dick, swirling his tongue over it. “You like, Daddy?”

He moaned. “Yes. Tastes so good.” He stuck his tongue into the little slit at the top. That drove me crazy, and I couldn’t hold still. “Stop wiggling or you’ll get a spanking.”

I didn’t stop wiggling. Lee sucked my cock down and back up. But then he got up and pulled me with him. “What?”

“You know what, Danny.” He tilted his head down, looking at me with his bedroom eyes in that way that let me know I was in trouble in the best possible way.

“Uh-oh. Spankies.”

“Yep. You’re getting spanked.” He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled me ass up over his lap.

“Daddy...” I half laughed and half squeaked. My cock was hard as a board and smashing against his legs. “My peen. Daddy...”

He rearranged me so my dick was between his legs and not getting the life squashed out of it. Then he smacked my ass hard. The crack practically echoed through the room. “That’s one. How many do you think you need, Danny?”

“I. Don’t. I don’t know...”

He smacked my ass again, but not as hard as the first one. Hard enough. It stung. And it made a fluttery feeling in my dick and groin. Just how hard could my little peen get? He smacked me again, several times, alternating cheeks. “Your little ass is bright pink.”

“No more, I sawry, Daddy. I’ll be good.”

“Oh, I think one more. So you’ll remember to be still when I tell you.”

“Yes, sir...”

And he delivered one more good smack. It stung more on top of the others I’d already gotten. “Ow, Daddy...” That one brought a tear to my eye. But it felt so good. I loved getting a good spanking every now and then.

Lee sat me on my feet. “Get on the bed and stay on your hands and knees. I need to see that bright pink ass while I fuck it.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I moved as quickly as I could with my butt still stinging.

Lee got behind me and prepped me without much fanfare. That meant he was super horny and ready to fuck. I wiggled my ass to rile him up more. “You want more spankings?”

“No, Daddy. No spankies. I hold still.”

“Good boy.” He got behind me on his knees and slid his cock in all the way. “Fuck. You feel good, boy.”

“Yes...” I agreed. “I feel full.”

“Mm...” He fucked me then, moving straight into a punishing rhythm. No build-up meant he was super horny. “Your ass. Looks beautiful like this.”

“Thank. You.” I could hardly get the words out, he was fucking me so hard. It felt so good, but he hadn’t hit my prostate much. As soon as he did, I was going to explode.

“Hold on.” He shifted us so that we were more on our sides with me on top of him—mostly.

This position let him reach around and rub my cock. And when he fucked up into me harder, he hit the spot. I yelled out unintelligent noises that I was not ashamed of. He gave me his maniacal laugh and did it again while stroking me. I was done for. “Gonna....”

“Go ahead, baby. You deserve it.”

After another ping to my prostate, I did just that, coming all over the place. After that major orgasm on top of the spankings, I was exhausted. My arms and legs flopped like noodles.

“I got you, baby.” Lee repositioned me and pulled out. He hurried to the bathroom and returned with the warm, wet cloth to clean up, and then he tucked me under covers, crawling in beside me. He held me tight. “Love you, Danny.”

“Mmm...” was all I could manage. I needed the cuddle time, so I enjoyed it, concentrating on the feel of his warm body and strong arms around me. He was bigger than me—practically everybody was—so I felt surrounded and protected. I wasn’t sure I was going to get up for dinner.

I swear my daddy could read me like a book sometimes, though. “Maybe we can eat in the cabin tonight. I’ll order something. In a minute.”

“Yes...”

“Shh...I got you, Danny.”

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Chapter four

Lee Has A Revolution At Sea

I sat at a table with Drew, who seemed to be the central person in the group. His best friend Ward was there, as well as Quinn who worked for him. But there was also a guy named Larry, and I wasn't sure exactly how he fit into the group. We all sipped Old Fashioneds and basked in the sun while our boys played. It had been a fun enough trip. Danny was certainly enjoying it. In fact, he was dancing along the pool with a few other boys and pups, though I wasn't sure who was who. I didn't care much, either. It was nice to watch my Danny shine, while chatting with other adults.

But that was part of the problem. I was more interested in chatting with the adults than my boy. I was afraid we were growing apart as partners. And that was down to me. And my job.

It turned out, that someone else from my company was on the cruise. And her brother was Danny's new Little friend, Levi. I had a hard time wrapping my head around the fact that Brianna's brother was now Danny's friend. They were even setting up play dates for after we returned home. Not that it mattered to me. What mattered was that Brianna was a huge reminder that I had a shit ton of work to do. The only thing I hated about vacations was catching up after them.

I threw back the rest of my drink and raised my hand to get the server's attention. I needed another one to drown those thoughts. There would be time to think about work later.

A huge part of me wished that later would never come. I was enjoying my work less and less over the past few years. I would much rather hang out with Danny. Or these guys.

One of the boys rushed over and jumped in his daddy's lap. I was pretty sure it was the effervescent boy who owned the vacation company. Seeing him cuddle his daddy made me want my boy. I looked around but didn't see him.

"After this cruise, it's going to be boring going home." The boy pouted.

His daddy, who was Drew's client, cuddled him closer. "I'll find fun things for you to do, pup."

That's right, they were into pet play. At Afterglow, the pets almost always wore masks or at least collars. Here, there was no way to tell, so I called them all boy and daddy. That worked well enough.

The server brought a second round for everyone. And the pet went to find trouble elsewhere while we talked. Well, they talked. About investments and banking or the next vacation they were taking. Or how they were going to spoil their boys. And I realized something fundamental.

I didn't belong at this table. Not yet.

These daddies were rich. Wealthy. Billionaires. I knew Drew had money, of course. He was Danny's boss. But the rest of them? Even that Larry guy had money. Though he seemed more down to earth than the others.

Another rich guy came over and joined our group. His boy, Levi, who was Danny's new friend, rushed over and hugged him. "Ugh, Levi, you're all wet."

“Sorry, Daddy.” Then he ran off.

The man shook his head and sat with us. He leaned over and offered me his hand. “Hi, how are you today.” Then he shook a few others. Except the Larry guy. That guy, he shoved. Apparently, they were long-time friends.

“Hudson, dude. Knock it off. Get a drink, man.”

Yep. And that meant Hudson was rich too. Great.

I hated my job and wanted to give it up. But I wasn’t independently wealthy like these guys. I couldn’t do whatever I wanted. I needed to stick with it. Get another promotion and save my money. Make good investments. So that I could have this lifestyle someday. Danny deserved to have a daddy who could give him this. I leaned in and subtly turned the conversation back to investing. I wanted their advice. Who better to give it?

But underneath it all, I hated it. I didn’t want to feel like this. I didn’t want to work so hard. But at the same time, I felt compelled to. I owed it to Danny, right?

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Chapter five

Danny's Christmas Toys

Six months later - December

The best part of Christmas was always the toys. Followed closely by the lights on the tree. There were several prezzies under there for me, and knowing Lee, they were going to be toys. Yay!

But for now, I had to wait. It wasn't time to open them yet. So, I sat on the floor, tucking my bare feet under my knees in crisscross style while I played with Smokey, my dragon stuffie. He was a little dragon and couldn't breathe fire yet. I imagined he got smoke blowing through his nostrils now and then, though. Especially if he was mad. Today, he was Santa-dragon since I put a mini-Santa hat on his head. I sang one of my favorite Christmas carols while I waited for my Daddy Lee to come home from work and made Santa-Smokey dance to it.

Up on the house top, reindeer pause

Out jumps good old Santa Claus

Down through the chimney with lots of toys

All for the little ones, Christmas joys

It was only that chorus over and over since I couldn't remember the rest of the words.

But then I heard the crunch of the keys in the door, and Lee opened it.

“Daddy!” I threw my hands in the air over my head.

Lee sighed deeply. “I’m tired, Danny, and I don’t feel like playing.”

That was not the normal response I got to my Little play. In fact, it was the opposite. The last few weeks though, I’d gotten I don’t want to play more and more. It wasn’t like him. And obviously, I didn’t like it. “Daddy...” I pouted.

“No.” He dropped his messenger bag in the corner and pulled off his jacket. His tie was already gone. I would bet he’d yanked it off the second he got in the car.

I stood, pouting even more, and stomped my foot. “I wanna play. No fair.”

Lee dropped on the couch like a bag of potatoes, rested his elbows on his knees, and put his face in his hands. “I can’t. I don’t have any more to give right now. Can you not understand that?”

“No. Dis is better.” I snatched Smokey off the floor and danced him in the air. “Play with me, Daddy. We need kisses and hugs and lots of love. Don’t be grumpy.”

Then he really surprised me. “Danny!” he yelled. “Fucking stop it.”

I’d show him fucking stop it. He needed to get in the right mind frame. This grumpy bullshit wouldn’t do. If he didn’t want to play, he should have stayed at work.

I started crying. Okay, half fake, but it didn’t take but a second for real tears to follow. Then I squeezed my bladder. Yep. I peed my pants. On purpose. Not something I normally would do, but if he was going to scream at me, I was going to fight back the only way I knew. Plus, I was trying hard not to lose my temper right

along with him.

“Oh, no you did not. Danny. Did you pee your pants?”

My lip quivered.

Lee sighed, but he stood and came over to me, grabbing my hand. “Come on, baby boy. Let’s go get you cleaned up.”

It might have been yucky and uncomfortable, but it sent Lee right where I wanted him—Daddy mode. “I sawry.”

“It’s okay. I shouldn’t have yelled. Let’s get you in the bath.” He started the water and then helped me undress. He checked the water temperature before holding my hand as I got in the tub. “Here you go.” He soaped up a washcloth. “Don’t think I don’t know you did that on purpose.”

There was only one thing to do when caught out. I smiled up at him like the cheeky emoji with the big toothy grin. “I don’t like when you yell at me, though.”

Lee shook his head, but he also grinned a little. “I know. Let’s wash your hair.” He was often the master at changing the subject, but in this case, I let him. I didn’t want to fight with him, and getting my hair washed felt so good. It certainly seemed like the better option.

Afterward, Daddy wrapped me in a big fluffy towel. “Let’s go to bed.”

“Okay…” My cock started getting hard as soon as he said bed . It felt like I’d been waiting for this moment all day. I climbed under the comforter, naked, and got cozy while Lee undressed.

He dropped his clothes in the hamper and crawled under the blanket with me. “Come here, baby boy.”

I snuggled close and poked him with my peen.

“Well, look at you.” He grabbed my dick and stroked it, making me hum. “Feel good?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll love this. We haven’t done this in a while.” He shifted around and grabbed the bottle of lube he kept on his side table. After squirting some in his hand, he positioned us, facing each other, so he could rub our cocks together with his slick-lubed hand.

“Oh... I likey.” I humped into his fist, which also rubbed my cock against his. I grabbed his shoulders to get a better purchase and sped up. “Yeah, yeah...”

“Get it, baby. Come on.” He encouraged me while squeezing us together.

It was so hot. My daddy was the hottest. “Want to come, Daddy. Make me come.”

“I got you, baby.” He moved his other hand lower and slid a finger into my hole. And that was all it took.

I shot off like a geyser. “Woo!”

Lee chuckled. “What about me?”

“Oh, I can make you come.” I flipped over on my hands and knees, shoving my ass up in the air at him. He could do what he wanted with it. I felt so good, I wanted to

make him happy, too. This was way-way better than fighting.

The first thing he did was smack my butt. “How’s that?”

“Oh! No spankies.”

“No? Okay. How about this.” He squirted more lube over my crack, then leaned right up against me so his cock was riding it. He humped against me, sliding his cock up and down along my crack. He could penetrate me if he wanted. He knew that but chose not to. It was kind of hot. And different.

After another minute, he grunted and came, squirting his hot cum all over my bottom. He rubbed it in, then stuck his finger in my hole again. “Keep some of this with you.” He fucked me with his finger, shoving more of his cum inside me, so I wiggled my ass for him.

“Come here, baby boy.” He moved us around and pulled me close to him, so that I was snuggling under his chin. “I love you, Danny.”

“I love you too, Daddy Lee.” I hadn’t called him that in a long time. I didn’t know why, but it felt right now. Felt like he needed to hear it. And I was content.

Meeting up with Levi was one of my favorite things to do. He was so much fun, and even though I only met him a few months ago on the PRIDE cruise, he was rapidly becoming my best friend. Outside of Skyler, but it was different because Skyler wasn’t a Little, and Levi was. We did stuff together every week. And I was pretty happy Drew let me take the afternoon off for it today. We were going to his house to play, but first, we met at Coffee Kraze for a treat. He used to work there, so everyone greeted him by name when we went inside.

He waved at them. “Hey, y’all! Remember my friend, Danny?”

“Yes. Hi.” The tiny twink with platinum blond hair wore a nametag that said Andy , which was good because I couldn’t remember his name.

The other friend was Turtle. That was easy to remember. And he reminded me of a turtle when he slowly poked his head out from the back. “Hi, Levi. Good to see you.”

“You too, Colin.” Oh, yeah, his first name was Colin, and his last name was Turtle. I gave him a little wave, which made him blush and duck back into the back.

Andy didn’t seem to have that shy problem. “What can I get for you? The usual, Levi?”

“Yes, please. What do you want, Danny?”

“Oh, um...how about a caramel macchiato? But no whipped cream.” I made a yucky face. “I don’t like whipped cream.”

“What?” Andy asked. “How do you not like whipped cream? It’s sweet and delicious.”

“It’s the texture.” I wrinkled my nose.

“Well. It’s your drink.” Andy winked at me and rang up the order.

Levi paid. “My treat. Besides, I still get an employee discount, right?”

“No. You get friends and family discount. Because you’re my bro for life.” Andy reached over the counter and gave Levi a high-five.

“Whatever. Same thing.”

It wasn't a huge space, but they did have a few tables lining the front and side of the store. We sat in one of them to wait for our drinks, which wasn't very long because they weren't busy at the moment. They had a fun store, and they'd already decorated for Christmas. Plus, soft Christmas music played from the speakers. It was a great place to take a break from Christmas shopping or whatever else people were doing. I knew their business would pick up again soon.

To my surprise, instead of calling our names, Colin brought them out to us. "Here you go, guys."

"Thanks, Colin. You didn't have to bring them out." Levi took a sip of his. "Mmm... so good." His drink was cold and loaded with whipped cream and sprinkles on top.

"I know but I wanted to ask you a question. Maybe both of you?"

"Sure. What's up?"

Colin shuffled closer to the table, leaned in, and whispered, "You both have daddies, right?"

"Yes," I answered, and Levi nodded since his mouth was full of more drink.

"Good. Then. How do I get one? You know, like, what's the best way?"

We looked at each other. "I met Lee at the club, Afterglow. But it's exclusive and the membership is expensive. When I went, I had a special ticket. But we haven't been members for a while."

"Oh." Colin looked incredibly sad.

"You know how I met Hudson." That was an incredibly funny story. Levi had told

me about it when we first met. He didn't even know he was a Little at the time. He accidentally took a job as a rent boy when he thought he was doing a warehouse job for extra money. I always got the giggles thinking about it.

"Those don't sound like good ways, especially yours, Levi."

"No, I don't recommend it. Thankfully, it worked out for me, but it really could have been bad. Seriously, if Hudson wasn't such a good daddy. I mean, if it had been someone else..." Levi shivered.

"Yeah. I'm not doing that." Colin looked sad.

"I didn't think you were a Little. Maybe a middle?" Levi asked.

"No. I don't know. I just wanted to meet someone who would take care of me. Never mind. Forget I asked. It's stupid."

"No, it's not stupid." I reached out and touched his arm, wanting to offer comfort and reassurance. "If you need someone to take care of you, at least you know what you need and what you're looking for. That's a step ahead of most boys."

"Yeah," Levi agreed. "Maybe you need to put yourself out there more. I know Andy goes to a lot of parties and stuff. You should tag around with him and see what happens."

"Yeah, maybe." Colin looked down at his feet. "I'm not good at people-ing. You know?"

He was so shy. I felt for him. "It takes practice, Colin. And you have to be brave."

Colin nodded and lifted his gaze. "Thanks. I guess I feel better about it."

Andy called him back to work, and he waved as he headed back behind the counter. The line for drinks was starting to grow.

“That’s so sad. I love Turtle. He’s so sweet. I wish I could help him find a daddy.” Levi sat his now empty drink on the table and wiped his mouth with a napkin.

I hardly drank any of mine, so I nodded and took a sip. “I’m not giving advice on daddies right now. I’m having a hard enough time with my own.”

“What? Why? What’s going on?”

I shrugged. “Maybe nothing. Maybe he doesn’t want to be my daddy anymore.”

“How can you tell?”

“He doesn’t want to play with me as much.”

Levi scowled. “He’s coming to pick you up at my place, though. Right?”

I nodded. “Yeah, I think he’s looking forward to talking with Hudson.”

“I think you’re wrong. But I’m not the one in your relationship.”

“I know.” I sat my drink on the table. It was nearly empty, and I’d had enough. “If I drink anymore, I’m going to be all slushie in my tummy when we play. Come on. Let’s go.”

Levi agreed, though he kept side-eying me on the way to his place. He lived in a nice house on the water with his daddy, Hudson. As we pulled into the drive, I grabbed his arm. “Hey. Forget I said anything, okay. I’m sure it’s only my insecurities. Let’s have a good time and not worry about it.”

“Okay. I can do that. I got some new cars. Come on.”

We raced to the front door, and then Levi unlocked it, and we ran upstairs to his playroom. It was a cool room with sports decorations and a tent and a swing. “Oh, can I swing first?”

“Okay. I’m going to climb the wall.” Which he did, literally. “I had too much sugar in my drink. Woah!” He pretended he was going to fall but then grabbed onto one of the handholds attached to the wall. He had obviously done that before.

I kicked my feet and swung back and forth. “I have a swing in my backyard, but not in the house.”

“We don’t have a backyard. It’s all marina.”

“That’s cool too.”

“It is. Especially when we go out on the boat. Oh! We need to take you and your daddy out on the boat sometime. It’s so cool. And we can see dolphins and manatees. I got a stuffie that’s a manatee in a Tee.” He laughed and jumped off the wall. He pulled a stuffie out of his pile. “Look.” Sure enough, it was a stuffed manatee, and it was wearing a T-shirt.

“That’s funny. I like it.”

After that, we played with cars, and Levi showed off his new ones. He had a carpet that looked like a mini city that we drove around on. Then we grabbed coloring books and colors and went downstairs to wait for our daddies to show up.

“I had fun playing with you today, Danny. Thanks for being my friend. I didn’t even know I could have friends that were little like me until I met you.”

“I’ve had some friends before, but we grew apart after we cancelled our membership to Afterglow. Do you go there?”

“No. We have plenty of fun without going to clubs.” He wiggled his eyebrows. “If you know what I mean. My daddy can be very naughty.”

I laughed. “Mine too.”

We fell on the floor laughing, my sides hurting, until the front door opened and both of our daddies walked in. “What are you two laughing about?” Hudson asked.

“Nothing, Daddy. Nothing. Really.” Levi turned a wonderful blushy shade of red.

I took deep breaths to stop laughing but Levi’s reaction was even funnier. Then he was laughing again too.

Lee ruffled my hair. “Goof-balls.”

“Come on, Lee. Let’s go get a drink while these two settle down.”

We lay sprawled out on the floor for a while, calming down, until I finally sat up. “Come on, Levi, let’s go see what the daddies are doing.”

“Okay.”

Our daddies were in the kitchen area, sipping whiskey and talking. I liked that Lee had friends outside of his work. Especially when they were partners with my friends.

“Who’s ready for a juice box?” Hudson asked.

“Me, me, me,” we both called out, raising our hands.

Hudson handed one of the boxes to Lee, who immediately unwrapped the straw and poked it in the box before handing it to me with a kiss on the forehead. The juice was cool and refreshing, perfect for after all that laughing.

“Daddy?” Levi tugged Hudson’s shirt.

“Yes, baby?”

“Our friend, Colin, is looking for a daddy of his own. Do you know any?”

Hudson pursed his lips together. “No. Not really. But I think that’s something he needs to figure out for himself.”

“I guess, but I feel bad for him.”

“Don’t be sad, Levi. He’ll find someone. But I’m not sharing mine.” I don’t know what made me so possessive, but I was feeling it. I wrapped my arms around Lee, not wanting to let him go. There was a new fear building inside. Fear that we weren’t going to be together much longer.

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Chapter six

Lee Has Another Day at Work

After fielding three calls with panicked clients, who were freaking out over nothing and dealing with a mound of paperwork, I needed a break. Some days, I wanted to walk away from it all. Was this promotion worth it? It would only give me more of the same. Running a team wasn't supposed to be this soul-draining. Was it? But. I was good at it. Clients loved me. The team respected me. The prestige and the paycheck were going to be massive. I held on to that as I locked my screen and headed to the break room.

Before I made it to the sophisticated room with wood paneling, sleek countertops, and, more importantly, a fantastic coffee machine, I was interrupted by Jarod. My boss.

“Lee! Glad I caught you. I have a new referral to Rakuten. It's in New York, but I don't want those guys up there to handle it. You know the Rakuten account better. And you know what we've been working on with their security.”

“And?” I knew what he was going to say before he said it, but I wanted him to spit it out.

“I need you to fly to New York.”

“When?”

“Now. Tomorrow. You’ll be up there until next week sometime.”

“Next week? Jarod, it’s Christmas.” There was no way I could leave Danny alone on Christmas. “Surely they want to wait.”

“No. They don’t. Our contact doesn’t have family and wants to keep working straight through. Which is another reason I wanted you—”

“I have family.” I held up my hands. “And this really interferes with that. I have time off already put in. Hell, I requested it six months ago.” He was going to let this hurt my promotion. I knew it.

“Okay. I get it. I’ll send over the stats, and you call him. Today. Set up something before New Year’s. I mean it.”

“Fine.” With that being the only concession he would make and the expression on his face that said he wasn’t happy about it, I turned around and headed back to my office. There was no way I was getting a break now.

It was past lunchtime when I finally made a run for it. I needed food and quiet time without worrying about work, worrying about my relationship with Danny. Not to mention, how the hell was I going to tell him that I was going out of town the day after Christmas? I would be cutting our vacation in half. I wasn’t paying attention to where I was going and ran right into someone. “Oh, sorry.”

The guy backed up and looked at me. “It’s okay—hey, Lee.”

“Levi, hello.” We were at his house the day before. Since meeting on the PRIDE cruise, he and Danny had become fast friends. It was odd seeing him here. “You’re Brianna’s brother, right? Is that what’s bringing you here?”

“Brianna, yes.” He held his hand out for me to shake. “I’m visiting her. Trying to pry her away from that desk for lunch. You know how hard that is.”

“Yes. Good luck with that. Hey...” Inspiration struck. “Can I pick your brain for a minute?” I had enjoyed chatting with Hudson, his daddy, who was a wealthy investor. But it was Levi I wanted to talk to now. To get his perspective as a Little like Danny.

“About what?”

“Well, this isn’t the place for it. Do you have a few minutes to come back to my office?” At least there, I knew we could have a modest amount of privacy.

“Oh, that kind of brain pick. Yeah, sure. I guess. Let me tell Bri where I am.” He thumbed over his shoulder toward her office. Brianna was a hard worker with a fantastic reputation. I would love to get her on my team, but she’d been promoted to project lead when Royce left. He’d been a superstar here and left to invest in that yacht company that had put on the PRIDE Cruise. I was pretty sure Levi knew him too. It seemed like a small world. Or a large network he had tapped into. Either way, I knew they all had their kinks of one kind or another. Royce was a pup, and his daddy worked at the same law firm where Danny worked. What a web. It was confusing, and most probably couldn’t keep half of it straight. I did pretty well, though, because I’d trained my brain to work like that over the last few years. To remember names, faces, and connections. It was one reason I got along so well with my clients.

Levi jogged down the short hall and stuck his head into Brianna’s office, then jogged back. “Lead on.”

“Great.” I mulled over how I was going to start the conversation as we headed the other way toward my office. “I appreciate this. Danny and I have been, I don’t know...having trouble connecting lately.”

“Oh? What do you mean?”

I opened the office and motioned for him to enter. “Sit, please.” Instead of sitting behind the desk, I pulled another chair around and faced him. “Yeah, so he didn’t seem upset at all yesterday at your play date?”

They often got together to play. Mostly, they rolled cars around a big mat and sometimes, Danny added dinosaurs to the mix and had them chase Levi’s cars. It was incredibly endearing. Often, Hudson and I left them to play while we got coffee or fixed lunch. “Uh...no, sir.” Levi’s voice slipped a step into little mode, becoming softer.

“I don’t want you to give up his confidence or anything. I only want to know if I need to worry.”

Levi shook his head, his curly, brown hair bouncing around his pixie-like face. “He was fine. We played. And laughed. Like always. You saw us laughing.” They had, in fact, been hysterical when we walked in. Which was adorable, but I still didn’t know what the heck was so funny. It didn’t matter, though. They should be able to have their private jokes.

“Okay...”

“You look worried anyway. Did you fight with him?” Levi was a pretty perceptive kid. Though, he wasn’t really a kid. He was in his twenties. And he had a birthday coming up. We’d been invited to a party for him right after the holidays.

“I, uh, we had a disagreement. I’ve been really busy with work. And stressed. And I didn’t want to play when I got home. And I know it upset him. I don’t know how to get him to understand...” I’d probably said entirely too much.

Levi's eyes grew wide. Then he sighed and leaned forward with hands on his knees. "I don't know as much about all this Little stuff as you guys do." All traces of his little was gone, and his tone was serious. "I'm new at it. But I think the key thing Da-Hudson and I found out was that we had to balance things. We had to talk and tell each other what was going on. You can't play guessing games or ask their friends."

Wow, I had received a stern talking-to from a kid a good ten years younger than me. Well. "You are one hundred percent correct." I stood and stuck my hand out. I couldn't dispute a thing he said. "Thank you for reminding me of relationship One-Oh-One."

He stood but didn't shake. He looked at my hand, then up at me. "Are you being sarcastic, 'cause I can't tell?"

"No. I'm serious. I've been so stressed and not thinking straight. But you're right. And I appreciate that."

He put his hand in mine. "Thank you, sir."

"Go on. Go have lunch with Bri. Tell her I said hello and to not be a stranger. She's only down the hall, for Christ's sake."

"Right. She gets busy. I'm sure you do to." He smiled sweetly. "Bye." When he turned around, I could tell he wanted to skip, taking a little half-hop, but then he remembered where he was. He waved as he left my office. He was delightful, for sure, and I could tell Hudson was a lucky man. But so was I, and I needed to remember that.

It was a lot easier said than done sometimes.

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Chapter seven

Danny's Busy Day

Being a lawyer at a prestigious firm like Drew's was a dream come true, and I worked incredibly hard for it. The morning was spent reviewing contracts with Drew, which I enjoyed immensely. The man was brilliant and charismatic. I learned a lot from him, and we got along well. We knew about each other's kinks. Hell, Drew never bothered to hide a damn thing. And when his partner, Justin, came to visit, everyone could see the heat between them. Plus, I knew what they were getting up to. Drew was a serious Dom outside of work, and while Justin wasn't a twenty-four-hour sub, he did sub for Drew. And he was now Drew's only sub.

"That's the last one, Danny." He waved me away. "Go get some lunch or something. You've earned a break."

"Sure thing, boss." I gave him a salute and headed to the breakroom.

Quinn was at one of the tables, digging into a salad, and he stopped to wave me over when I came in. I nodded and grabbed my sandwich out of the fridge before joining him. "What's for lunch, Danny?" he asked.

"PB and J." I held up my sandwich.

"Hmm...what kind of jelly?"

"Grape. Of course." Lee had even cut the crusts off for me. I unwrapped it and took a

bite. Quinn was smiling at me funny. “Wha?”

“You’re cute. That’s all.”

I made a noise and took another bite. We chit-chatted about nothing for a minute, but then I got an idea. Quinn was a daddy. Instead of a little, he had a pup. They had been fun to play with on the cruise last summer. But a daddy was a daddy, right? “Let me ask you something, Quinn.”

He wiped his hands on his napkin and then tossed it into his nearly empty food container. “Sure, what’s going on?”

“I...”

He rolled his hand in the air, encouraging me to continue.

Well, I had started this. “Okay. Um, I haven’t been getting along with Lee. Sort of.”

“What do you mean by sort of?”

I put the last of my sandwich down and put my hands in my lap. “He never wants to play anymore. You know? That’s a big part of who we are, but he comes home all grumpy and wants to eat and go to bed.”

“That sounds like a temporary situation. Maybe he’s too stressed at work. You should talk to him. Find out exactly what’s going on. That’s the only way you’ll find out. Then work through it together.”

“That sounds like good advice, but I don’t know. I think he’s going to break up with me. I don’t think he wants a Little anymore.” I looked down at the table and sniffled. I didn’t want to cry in front of Quinn, so I tried to reel it in.

“Danny. You don’t know that. Daddies don’t stop being daddies. It’s part of us, like being a pup or a Little is part of you. Talk to him. Okay?”

I nodded, not trusting that I would sob if I tried to talk.

“Hey. The Christmas party is tomorrow, and Drew’s yacht is fantastic. I can’t wait, right?” Oh, look at Quinn changing the subject and trying to make me smile. Well, I did.

“Yes. It should be so fun.” I wiped my cheek with the back of my hand, then picked up my sandwich and took a huge bite. Maybe Quinn was right. We needed to talk. But I didn’t know how to even bring the subject up.

The rest of the day was hectic. I had to review more contracts and put together some bids on new work Drew wanted to pick up. I didn’t have time to think about anything else until nearly six o’clock. Then, I had a short drive home. We lived in a cute, renovated house north of the city in an older neighborhood. I pulled my car under the patio and ignored all the twinkling lights we’d put up around the outside of the carport because Lee’s car wasn’t there yet. He’d been coming home later and later, and I was worrying immensely.

I maybe shouldn’t worry so much. After all, I could find a new daddy. I’d never worried about breakups or being rejected before. But Lee was different. I adored him. He treated me so special and totally connected with my Little side right from the beginning. He won me over, so jumping in and letting him be my full-time daddy and living together—buying this house together—hadn’t been hard decisions. We’d been together for over a year at that time. Maybe we should have waited. Maybe he was finished with me.

Despite the holiday décor, inside the house felt cold and empty. And lonely. I put my phone on the peninsula, which separated the kitchen from the living area. I wanted to

call and see where he was, but it felt like tempting fate. Instead, I dropped my jacket over the back of the chair and headed for my playroom. We'd bought a three-bedroom house so I could have my own playroom. The other extra room was a combination office and guest room, though we'd never had guests. My family lived locally, and Lee's family wasn't close. His siblings didn't really have anything to do with him, and his father was more of a workaholic than Lee, never having time for anyone. That was a sad path and one I did not want Lee to go down.

Lee had been so good to me. He put up a swing for me in our little backyard and let me decorate my room how I wanted. The walls were Barbie-pink, and my shelves and cabinets were all the primary colors. I had a big, fluffy, multi-colored rug in the center of the room that tied everything together. I plopped down right in the middle of that rug and kicked off my shoes, wiggled out of my pants, and unbuttoned my shirt. I wanted to be comfortable.

Then I heard Lee. I ran out on my socked feet and slid across the hardwoods. "Daddy!"

"Hey, baby boy."

"You look tired. D-Do you want to skip play time?" I held my breath, waiting for his answer.

"No, we can play." His eyes looked strained, and his smile was obviously forced.

"No, you don't want to."

"How about you play quietly while I get dinner."

I nodded and went back to my room. This had all started right after the cruise. He'd spent a lot of that time with other daddies, and we spent a lot of that time not playing.

Like when we went to Key West. It had been more than we had in a long time. Maybe that was it. He needed more adult time. So, that was fine. If I wanted to keep him, I could do less Little. But that made me incredibly sad.

I went back into the living room, and Lee was sitting on the couch with his feet up on the coffee table. I crawled up beside him. “Want a shoulder rub?” I asked in my grown-up voice.

“That’d be great.”

“Turn some.” I got situated and pulled his T-shirt off to get my hands on his bare skin. I worked his shoulders, feeling how tight they were. “You’re super stressed at work. Aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

I kissed the back of his head. “Lee?”

“Hmm?”

I couldn’t bring myself to ask him. I was too afraid of the answer. I didn’t want to break up. “Love you,” I said instead.

“Love you too, baby boy.”

It was clear Lee needed adult time. And maybe if I wanted to keep him, I needed to show him I could do that. Relationships were full of compromises. I could compromise. I rubbed his shoulders until his head was bobbing like he was trying to fall asleep. “Lee. Do you want dinner or to go to bed? I can order something for us.” I put my arms around his shoulders.

“I’m not hungry. Are you hungry?”

“Not really. Let’s go to bed. Come on.”

“Thanks, baby.” He kissed me and got up, holding my hand to lead me to the bedroom. I helped him undress, which was an interesting change, then tucked him under the sheets before stripping down myself.

I cuddled in and moved to kiss him. “Night, baby.”

He kissed me back, and it was soft and sweet. Until it became heated. His hands ran up and down my back and his tongue pressed in. The passion seemed to still be there between us. Taking that as a good sign, I ran my fingers in his hair, kneading his scalp as I kissed him. He moaned into the kiss. “Feel good?” I asked.

“Mmm...don’t stop,” he said with his lips pressed against mine.

I rubbed the back of his head with one hand while the other one searched out his other head to massage. Sure enough, he was hard and getting harder. “Lee...”

“Yeah...”

“What do you want me to do? I want to make you feel good. You’ll sleep better.”

“Mmm...what do you want?” He didn’t want to think about it. He didn’t want to lead. He was tired of being my daddy.

I could take the lead this one time if it meant him sticking around. I knew Quinn had been right that we needed to talk about this, but I was afraid of what Lee would say. Would he confirm my fears? Instead of finding out, I shimmied down his body and mouthed his cock through his boxers. Slowly, I pulled the fabric down, exposing that

thick pole. It was nothing for me to take him into my mouth. I enjoyed sucking him off. I didn't know if it meant the same thing this time, though. It felt different. Desperate.

Lee dug his hands into my hair while I sucked him, up and down. The slurping could be heard throughout the room, and I hummed along, playing with his balls and trying to memorize everything about him in case we never had it again. It didn't take long for Daddy to release, offering me a daddy-sized load to swallow.

"Come here, Danny." I climbed back up and into his arms. He hugged me to his chest. "That was fantastic. Thank you. Want me to finish you?"

"No. I'm good. Just, uh, worried about you."

"I'm great now that I have you here." We cuddled together until Lee's snores interrupted the silence.

I lay there with my head on his chest, thinking about everything. I should have said more. But, maybe after the holidays, things would get better. Maybe he wasn't tired of me but simply tired. Or maybe...too many maybes.

Chapter eight

Lee Enjoys the Christmas Party

Whatever I was expecting for a company Christmas party, this was not it. Drew, the owner of the firm where Danny worked, had thrown the affair on his private yacht. The gangplank had garland draped along both handrails, and Christmas lights had been strung everywhere. As we boarded, we were directed to the back of the ship, where a large outdoor area had more decorations everywhere, complete with a gigantic tree flashing red, green, white, and blue. We walked up to the open bar, which served Christmas cocktails and traditional drinks. “What would you like, Danny?”

“I know it’s not all that cold, but a mulled wine is pretty festive.”

“Go mingle, I’ll bring it to you.” I kissed the top of his head. My boy was all smiles and prepared to enjoy the festivities. And I wanted him to be happy. I ordered his drink and a spiked cider for myself. It didn’t take long to find Danny chatting with Royce and Skyler, his other friend from work. If Royce was here, Quinn had to be nearby. I gave Danny his drink and searched him out. “I’m going to go talk with Quinn, baby.”

Danny turned his face up for a kiss, so I gave him one. “Okay...”

I shook Quinn’s hand and said hello to Drew and his partner Justin who were standing with him. “Quite the shindig you have going on, Drew.”

“Thanks. I only take credit for the idea. I hired people to do the rest.” We all chuckled, though I wasn’t entirely sure why that was a joke.

The conversation turned to yachting as I watched Danny across the deck. Royce’s friend Jax showed up and bounced over to their group while his husband, Ward, searched out Drew. They were best friends, from what I’d learned. And Jax and Royce owned the yacht company that hosted the PRIDE Cruise last June. All the connections linked together in my head like a vast web.

I was more interested in watching Danny interact with his friends than listening to the conversation. He seemed happy. In his element. I was happy for him, but I was also jealous. My work party for the holiday wasn’t until January, and to be honest, I didn’t want to go. It would be utterly boring.

I grabbed another drink at the bar, this time something stronger. Then leaned against the far railing. The salty December air over the water felt nice on my face. Thinking about life was depressing. What did I want? The promotion was dangling in front of me like a carrot, but it was already costing me. What would happen to the rest of my life when I actually got it. That carrot might taste bitter in the end. Especially if it cost me Danny. I had no clue how I would balance it all. But for now, I didn’t have to. I should enjoy the party. The setting was amazing, the drinks were strong, and food was around here somewhere. I searched out Danny to see if he wanted any, but I stopped for a refill at the bar on the way. Or two.

“Danny?” I put my arm around his shoulder. “You good? Need a drink?”

“Uh...Lee, are you okay? Want to sit down?”

I took a deep breath, still enjoying the night breeze. “I’m good.” But I was warm. I rolled up my sleeves. “I’m fine. Don’t worry ‘bout me.”

Danny snickered and leaned into me. “I think you’re drunk, Daddy.”

“Nooo. No-no-no. I’m fine.” I squeezed his shoulder to reassure him. “Let’s get another drink.”

“Mm-hmm. How many have you had?”

“Don’t know. But I’m fine.” I closed my eyes and mumbled, “I’m fine.”

“Excuse us, guys. I think I need to take my daddy home now.”

I started to protest, but I had Danny whispering in my ear, telling me everything was alright. And that was apparently what I needed to hear. I let go for the first time since I could even remember. Although, remembering was not a priority in my brain function at the moment. But I had Danny. Always. Right?

Too many things were said, though I couldn’t quite remember since everything started blurring together.

How did I get to the car? How did I get to bed?

I tried to get up, but my head hurt, and the room spun.

I was not fine.

Chapter nine

Danny's Christmas Party Bust

Lee never drank that much. How did he drink that much so fast? We hadn't been there more than an hour before he was stumbling over, slurring his words. At first, I thought it was cute. But he kept muttering he was fine and leaning on me. Quin ended up helping me get him to the car. I was embarrassed, but worse, I knew this meant something. He talked all the way home, but I wasn't sure he knew what he was saying. He was all about "I'm fine" and "I love you." But then his words changed, and he talked about being trapped.

Trapped.

That was how he saw our relationship. He was miserable. That was way too obvious now. No more guessing how he felt. It hurt me to the core. I loved him so much, but I couldn't stand him resenting me and being so unhappy. I wasn't going to stand for it.

After dumping him in bed, I packed a duffle bag with underwear and socks, jeans, T-shirts and put three of my suits in a garment bag. I loaded them in my car along with my pillow and my favorite blanket. And my dragon stuffie, Smokey. Then I grabbed my messenger bag, which had my work laptop in it. I probably should grab my personal one, but I didn't want to take time to pack it up. I had to get the fuck out of there.

I went back into the bathroom to pack toiletries. Razor, Toothbrush...my electric, polka-dot toothbrush sat on the counter next to Lee's. My life sat here in this

bathroom next to his. How did I even begin to untangle it?

Chapter ten

Lee Has a Terrible Night

I woke up again, and the room was spinning a little less. I wobbled my way into the bathroom and took care of urgent business before going right back to bed. But it was an empty bed. Where was Danny?

Laying quietly, I listened for him. Sure enough, he was in the living room. But. But. He was crying.

Fuck my life.

He was probably pissed that I got drunk at his company party, and really, I couldn't blame him. But crying? Maybe he'd drank too much too. I didn't know. I rolled over. My head hurt too much to think. I wasn't in a good place to talk to Danny. And what the fuck was I going to say? I fucked up. My eyelids felt like they weighed a thousand pounds. We would have to figure this shit out in the morning...

Sitting alone on the couch. The house was dark. This was my childhood home. Once, it had been filled with love and joy, and at this time of year, Christmas lights and a huge tree with gobs of presents tucked under it. But now? Nothing.

Mom had been gone two years, and Leo had left last year to go to college. My big brother with big dreams, and I was happy for him, truly. But today, I was alone and missing him and Fanny. She wasn't around either. She'd gone to her boyfriend's house for the holiday. They were a weird family, but they loved my sister. Too

religious for me, which was surprising. It wasn't what I would have picked for her, but all I really cared about was her happiness. We hadn't been raised in church, but that didn't mean we didn't believe. So?

So that left me sitting here wondering where my father was on Christmas Eve. The big grandfather clock in the foyer struck one. Christmas Morning. Dad wasn't here. And why would he come home? It was only me. No Leo. No Fanny. No Mom.

A part of me was still angry at her. Two whole years later. She died. She didn't choose to leave us. But she was gone all the same. Leaving me to figure out my life on my own. Fanny would marry her fundamentalist Christian boyfriend. Leo would go on to have a career in marketing. And dad? Slowly withered away and shut himself off from the family. But that was the future. I didn't know any of that back then, sitting alone on that couch.

I'd heated up microwave burritos. They were like eating dog food wrapped in a rubbery tortilla that was crusty around the edges because the microwave had dried it out. I ate about half of it, then threw it in the garbage.

Leaving the lights off made it feel better. Or worse. I couldn't decide.

The clock struck two. Dad still wasn't home. Where was he?

Dad was a business lawyer at a large corporation and dedicated to work but always had time for family. He had always been there for us. Whatever that there meant. Helping with homework. Giving advice. Making pancakes on a Sunday morning. Hanging up the lights on the Christmas tree. Until.

After Mom died, everything changed. It wasn't a slow, gradual change either. It was sharp—abrupt. He stopped communicating. The funeral was put together by Aunt Freda because Dad was not functioning. After that, he stayed in bed. A lot. He was

either at work, or in bed, or...out at a bar, maybe? He came home smelling like alcohol and shuffling his feet, head hung. And it looked like tonight—Christmas—he wasn't coming home at all.

The clock struck three.

I sat there on the couch in the dark. The shadows creeping around the ceiling. Alone.

My chest ached.

A voice in my head said, "Remember. Remember this day. The loneliness, the hopelessness. This was the day you truly ended your relationship with your father. You don't even know where he is now. Only assuming your siblings will call if anything bad happens, but will they? You don't talk to them either."

"Shut up. That's not my fault."

"But you didn't try at all. One phone call would go a long way. But you're stubborn. Because they hurt you. On this day." No lights, no tree. This wasn't Christmas.

They had left me alone. "I can't argue with that. They hurt me. They forgot me."

"But what about Danny?"

I didn't have an answer to that. I had been pushing him away. I had been doing exactly what my father had done. Why?

What about Danny?

You are going to be all alone without him. Back on this couch.

“Lee!”

The scream woke me, and I sat bolt upright in bed. I’d never thought about what bolt upright meant, but that was it exactly. That voice calling my name had come from outside that dream—I would swear it. In that last moment, I knew I was dreaming, and that voice had come from...

I looked around. Rubbed my face. Danny was no longer crying.

I got my sorry ass out of bed and went down the short hallway to the living room. It was empty. The Christmas lights had been turned off. Everything was dark.

I sat on the couch. Alone. Danny had left.

And I couldn’t blame him.

Chapter eleven

Danny's Day With His Mother

Yep. I went home to Mom. Well, and Dad, but I was totally a Momma's Boy. People thought that guys like me who played Little and had a daddy had serious daddy issues . But no. I didn't have any childhood trauma. No issues. I loved my parents, and they loved me. They loved each other and were still happily married after all these years, giving me a fantastic example. I was simply built differently.

Being Little meant someone would take care of me. I could relax and enjoy fantasy and playing. Outside of that, reading paranormal romance was my go-to. Sometimes, I pretended to be the dragon. Like my fav-stuffie, Smokey. And all my coloring books were dinosaurs or dragons. Obviously, dragons were better, but dinosaurs were like real dragons who walked the earth once, a long, long time ago. And I loved drawing dragons for my daddy, often with daddy as the knight, but the knight who took care of the dragon, not slaying him. Daddy put them on the fridge sometimes.

But all of that felt like it was over. I fell asleep on my parents' couch in front of their tree. It was smaller than in years past when I lived at home, but it was still twinkly and nice. When I woke, it was to sounds in the kitchen. "Mom?"

"Yep. I heard you come in last night. Want pancakes?"

"Yes, please."

So she made them—with chocolate chips. I ate them. Then she sat next to me, a

coffee mug in her hand. The same blue one she liked the most that had a cat's face on it and said, "Coffee before meows."

"I think I left Lee?"

"Why?" Mom genuinely liked Lee. She liked that he took care of me, even though she didn't get our dynamic. She loved me and accepted it. She was the best.

"Where's dad?" Might as well change the subject, because I didn't want to talk about Lee, even though I'd brought it up.

Mom put her mug on the counter. "Not here. Doesn't matter. Answer my question, young man. Why did you leave Lee?"

"He's miserable. He won't do it because, well, you know, he's the responsible one."

"Whatever. You're still a grown man. Aren't you?"

"Yes, but..." I was grown. And pretty happy with my life, never worrying about too much. I was a good lawyer, good friend, and good boyfriend. There was no need to worry. Until now. "That doesn't matter. He's not happy, and he's not being nice to me. He doesn't want to play with me. And he got drunk last night."

"That doesn't sound like him at all. Something is definitely wrong. But why did you leave? Why didn't you talk to him about it?"

"He's not talking." I threw my hand up, but really...I hadn't tried hard. I'd been too afraid of his answers.

Mom got up and took her mug into the kitchen for a refill. When she came back, she sat it on the counter again and took my hand. "Look at me." When I met her green

eyes, so much like mine, she said, “You’re running away from your relationship. You shouldn’t. Despite all your weird kinks, I know you love each other a lot. You should really talk to your man. Don’t just give up. That is not like you.”

She was right about that. I generally fought for what I wanted. But Lee?

When we were first together, Lee always gave me surprises, though mostly small things like toys and stuff. But he also gave me a swing in the backyard. We owned the house together and had other legal ties, but we weren’t married. And why was that? My doubts crept in. “We might be done. It might be too late. I think it’s a lost cause at this point.” And that made me sad to my soul.

Mom slapped the counter beside her mug and then went back into the kitchen, returning quickly with a tub of ice cream and two spoons. “I don’t think it’s ever too late. Or early.”

I dug into the tub with my spoon. Chocolate mousse. Her favorite, but I liked it too. I just didn’t know if it would make me feel any better.

Chapter twelve

Lee Has To Go To Work

For the first time in my life, I was at a complete loss with no idea of what to do. Surely, Danny hadn't totally left. Maybe he went out and was coming back. But I didn't believe it. He'd left me, but maybe I could ignore it for a while. Right. In order to function.

I picked up the toys in the living room and took them to the playroom. Everything in the room was in its place except for one thing. Smokey. He'd taken his dragon stuffie. Of course. I opened his drawer. Sure enough, some of his clothes were missing too.

The feeling that swamped me was beyond sadness. It was all-consuming, filling me with despair right down to my soul. It was like I was on that couch again. Christmas morning and everything was dark. I was alone.

The house was entirely too quiet. Was that what life without Danny would be like? Empty. Silent.

No more picking up toys. No more playing dinos. No more anything. I picked up one of his binkies from on top of his dresser. He used them when he was feeling overly anxious. If he'd left this, he was probably pissed off. Maybe that meant he would come back when he cooled off.

I couldn't let my life hang on a maybe. I couldn't let this happen. Could I get him back?

My phone rang, and even though part of me didn't want to answer, I found it in the living room and tapped the green circle. "Hello."

"Lee, thank God. I need you to come to the office. I need help with this presentation for Monday. I can't get these numbers to work out." Dana, one of the managers on my team, sounded exasperated.

"Send me what you have, and I'll look at it this afternoon."

"Well, uh...Jarod said you needed to come in and get it done now so he can review it this afternoon."

I wouldn't be surprised if my boss was sitting next to her, telling her what to say. Anything to yank my chain. On top of everything with Danny, he had to be overly demanding of my time. In fact, his demands were probably the main cause of my issues with Danny. It had bled into my entire life. And I let it.

This was the problem.

"No. I'm tired of this. I have issues I'm dealing with at home. If you want me to look at it, send it over, but I can't get to it until later."

"But—"

Then Jarod's voice came on as if he'd snatched the phone from Dana. Of course he had. "You aren't going to get this promotion if you can't deliver on this project. First you won't travel, and now this."

"Right now, Jarod, I don't give a damn." I was ready to punch the asshole in the face. Not that I'd ever take it that far, but that desire was a serious thing right now. "I can review it this afternoon. That's all I have."

“What is so important that you can’t do this now?”

“My personal life.”

“Like what?”

“It’s personal for a reason. I’m not discussing it with you. With all due respect, I don’t have time for this.” I clicked off before he could argue with me anymore. Work could come later. Work. That was the biggest problem in my life, and right now, I needed to put Danny first.

Chapter thirteen

Danny's Distress

I slammed down my last card and yelled, "Nertz! Haha. Gotcha." It was rare that I ever beat Mom at her favorite game. It was like solitaire, only a speed version played with two or more people. It was fun, but we were so competitive sometimes it became intense. Still, it beat the hell out of going home and dealing with Lee's hangover.

As if my thoughts of him had conjured him up, he knocked on the front door as he entered the house. "Hello. Danny? Mom? Dad? Anyone home?"

Mom glared at me from across the table as she sorted through the cards. "In here, Lee."

"Shh...Mom," I protested, but I shouldn't have. I was being a coward. And I didn't even know why since I wasn't the one at fault here. I huffed, "Fine."

Lee walked into the back room where we hung out a lot when at my parents' house. "Danny? Can we talk?"

"I guess so." I stood and planted my hands on my hips, intent on being mad.

"I know you're still mad, but I can't wait for you to calm down. This is serious. I'm really taking it seriously. Okay?"

I turned to face him with a glare. “You wait until I leave to take me seriously? And now you want me to drop everything and talk to you?”

My traitorous mother snorted. “What everything? The ass-whopping you’re getting in Nertz? You can come back anytime for that.” I waved a frantic hand at her, but she was ignoring me. “Ya’ll go outside and talk. I’ll make some coffee.”

“Please?” Lee’s dark eyes were soft and pleading. Well, fuck it.

“Fine. Come on.” I pushed the slider open, and we went out onto the big deck that overlooked their pool. It was too cold to swim, but it was still super nice out and sunny. I sat on the single rocker.

“I’m sorry, Danny. I know I fucked up. And I know it wasn’t just the Christmas party.”

“Do you?” I crossed my arms over my chest.

Lee threw his hands in the air. “Yes. I’ve been ignoring our relationship. I’ve been overly stressed and too busy at work.”

I didn’t say anything at first. He was right, of course. That was the giant pink elephant in the room and in every room we’d been in. Despite my efforts at bringing him back to daddy-space, where he could actually blow off the stress, he ignored me. Maybe it didn’t work the same way for him. I didn’t know. I thought about our situation. “I think it got worse on the cruise. You got to spend time with adult daddies. I think you don’t want to play with Littles anymore. You want me to be an adult all the time. But. But. You know that’s a deal breaker.”

“That’s fair. Yes, it was the cruise, but no, not like you think.”

“Okay. How was it?”

Lee sat across from me on the lounge that was made for two people. “Okay. It was the cruise, but it was because it made me realize some things.”

“That you don’t want a Little anymore.”

“No, Danny. I love you. I love you being a Little. But it’s not all about that.”

I huffed. But waited, giving him space. Maybe I was a little bratty and spoiled. I wanted everything to be about me. But if it wasn’t. I could at least listen. I motioned for him to go on.

“I realized how stressed I’d become over work, and that I’m not successful no matter how hard I’ve been trying. At least not compared to them. So, I needed to try harder. Work harder. But that only sacrificed the rest of my life. Made me more stressed out.”

“You don’t have to be successful like them. I don’t care if we’re not rich. We have each other.”

“I know. I guess I lost focus on what really mattered.”

“Damn shame you had to lose me to figure that out.”

He was up in a flash and darting over to me. He knelt in front of me. “Please don’t say that. I don’t like what my life would be like without you.” He took my hands in his. “Please. Give me a chance.”

I threw myself in his arms. “You already know I’d say yes to that.” I kissed him. “I never wanted to leave.” I kissed him again. “But you weren’t listening.”

“I’m listening now. And I say fuck work. Our life together is what’s important. And I have a surprise.”

“A surprise? For me?”

“Yes. A Christmas surprise.”

I couldn’t wait to see what he came up with.

Chapter fourteen

Lee's Gives His Boy a Surprise

“Merry Christmas, Danny.” I pulled the card Jax gave me out of my back pocket and handed it to him.

“It’s not Christmas yet.” His eyes grew wide as he looked at what I’d handed him. “What is this? Lee?”

“It’s a cruise. At Christmas. We leave Christmas Eve and come back the day after Christmas. Jax arranged it all.”

“What about the staff? They’ll miss Christmas with their families.”

“Nope. No one on board has anywhere else to be and jumped at the chance to work.”

“Wow. I’m blown away.” He fell fully into my arms, and I caught him as I fell on my ass. “Who else is coming?”

“No one. It’s a small yacht. Private. Just us.” I gave him a squeeze, loving how he felt in my arms. Yes, this was what I couldn’t screw up. This is what I had to put first. I’d called my boss and told him I wasn’t traveling or working until January. Oh, he didn’t like that and threatened to fire me if we lost the Rakuten account, but I called my contacts there and smoothed it over already. They were completely understanding.

“Just us as in adult time? Or in Little and Daddy time?”

“Maybe both. Depends on how we feel, but Danny, you’re my Little. Always. My boy. And if you want to be Little, you be it. Don’t ever change.” I had fallen for his Little before I fell for Danny the adult. I loved all of him and especially that adorable Little.

“I have to shop. I don’t have cruise clothes.”

“Yes, you do. You bought a ton of things for the PRIDE cruise.”

“No, I have summer cruise things. This is a winter cruise.” He stood still looking at the card. It was white and the words were embossed. Very classy. “And can we bring our tree?”

“Silly boy. We’re not bringing our tree, but we will bring the presents.”

“Yay!” He pulled his traditional arm-in-the-air move as he cheered. “I can’t wait. I can’t wait.” He wiggled in his seat.

“Let’s go get ready.”

“Now?”

“Yes. Christmas Eve is only a few days away. And you just said you have to shop.”

He squealed and ran into the house. Ran back and grabbed my hand, yanking me up off my ass. “Come on.” Then he ran again, pulling me with him, back into the house. “Momma! Momma! We’re going on a cruise!”

Christmas Eve

It wasn't hard to see the joy in my boy's eyes. Not to mention, he couldn't sit still in the back seat of the limo I'd hired to take us to the docks. The drive was about half an hour, and I didn't want to spend it driving. No, I wanted to spend it watching my boy. The love in my heart for him had only grown from the first second I thought I'd lost him. No, that would not happen. I reached out and fingered a stray strand of hair around his ear. "Danny. I love you and would give you the world."

"I love you too, but you know I don't want the world. I want you. We fit. Well, when you're not being a stressed-out grump."

"Come here." I pulled him to me, hugging him. I fought back the urge to apologize again. I didn't want to drive him crazy with it. I'd said it. He'd accepted it. "It's time to move on from that. No more grump."

"Promise?"

"Promise, baby boy." I kissed the side of his head, and he cuddled in.

"Good."

When we arrived at the dock, it still took the driver a few minutes to get to the right one and park alongside the entrance. The sign overhead read Hoadley Yacht Private Vacations.

Danny squealed. "Oh! This is it." Then he started humming.

"What's that song, Danny?"

He proceeded to sing. "So this is it... Make no mistake where you are...This is it...The waiting is over..." My baby knew all the songs. He stopped himself. "You know that one? I think I'm missing some words."

“I know that one. And it’s perfect. This is it. Come on.”

The captain and crew were waiting in the office. There were only four altogether. They would bunk in two of the rooms that had been kitted out for that purpose while we would have the main berth, of course. The captain had us complete some paperwork, but not a lot because I’d done most of it, including the payment, online.

“Great.” The captain held his cute white hat. “The name of your vessel for this cruise is Apparent Breeze. It’s a play on the nautical term Apparent Wind, which is the wind experienced by a moving object such as the bow of a boat. Before we board, let me reassure you that every one of our crew members has been personally vetted by Jax Hoadly, and all have signed non-disclosure agreements. You should feel free to express yourselves in any way you wish on board. As long as it doesn’t put you or the crew in danger.”

“Thank you, Captain.” I put my arm around Danny. “That means you can be little the entire trip if you want.”

“Yay!” He threw his fist in the air and did a little jump. “Thank you, Captain and crew! This is going to be the bestest Christmas ever.”

“Let’s get your luggage aboard.” The captain directed the crew out to pick up our bags from the limo driver with a cart. Then we headed to the boat. It was a beauty.

The captain gave us more information as we walked up the gangplank. “The Apparent Breeze is an eighty-foot personal yacht. Technically, you can pilot this without crew, but you do have to know what you’re doing.”

“Right. I think we appreciate the help.”

“Most do. She has a hot tub on the back deck, but she’s not big enough for a pool.

You're welcome to use it any time. We are not scheduled for any stops on this trip, so please remain on board. I know you probably don't need to hear this, but it's required that I tell you. Do not climb on or jump over the railings."

"No jumping. Got it." Danny was humming a different song now, and I was pretty sure it was the Love Boat theme.

The captain picked up on it too, and chuckled. Once on board, he turned us over to our porter, Chad. He would help us with whatever we needed, and the first thing we needed was a tour of the boat. It had a big formal dining room but also a smaller, more intimate space to dine, which was good because that big table wasn't our style. We saw the hot tub on the way up the stairs to our room.

"Wow!" Danny walked around with his mouth hanging open as he took in the elegant room. The bed looked comfy, and the entire feel was glowy in warm honey tones, but the showstopper was the wall of windows. The entire wall curved around the room, and there wasn't a place where you didn't have a fantastic view of the ocean. Or rather, the bay where we were currently docked.

"Please make yourselves comfortable and let me know if you need anything. There are phones all over the ship. They don't call out. They're our PA and communication system. If you pick one up, you can get me or one of the other staff twenty-four-seven."

"Thank you, Chad." I shook his hand. He was a nice-looking, professional young man. Jax had done a fantastic job hiring. I didn't tip him because we'd worked that into the payment, and if I wanted to add more to it, I could do that after the cruise.

"What do we do first, Daddy?" Danny bounced on the bed. I'd wondered how long it would take him to do that. At least it was his butt bouncing and not his feet.

“We have thirty minutes before we launch. Give or take.”

“Yeah?”

“So, I think we should put that butt of yours to better use than bouncing on the bed.”

“You want me to bounce on you, Daddy?” The flirty boy leered at me suggestively.

“I have a better idea.” But our luggage hadn’t made it to our room yet. I checked the bathroom for supplies. I wouldn’t put it past Jax to stock the room. He had sure thought of just about everything else. And sure enough...there were plenty of supplies under the sink, from douches to condoms to what I was looking for...a bottle of lube. I put it in my back pocket as I came into the room, not wanting Danny to see it. “Get undressed, Danny.”

“Yes, Daddy.” He kicked his shoes off and started working on his pants while I locked the door. I didn’t want to be walked in on if the luggage came while I was taking care of my boy. “Daddy, I need help with buttons.”

“Come here then.” He hurried over and presented his chest, and I worked the buttons for him, then pulled the shirt off his arms. I leaned in and nibbled at his neck and collarbone, making him squirm and laugh like I knew it would. “Get on the bed.”

He scampered over and crawled up on the mattress and wiggled that bare butt. I dropped my clothes as I stalked toward the bed, only holding on to the bottle of lube. “Make Daddy feel good, baby boy.”

“Yes, sir.” He crawled over to the foot of the bed, where he stopped and licked a stripe up my cock from root to tip. Then he followed it by sucking my cock down. I only let that go for a minute, though, because I wanted to be inside him.

“Mm...very good, Danny. Look what I have.” I held the bottle up, and Danny smiled slyly. “Now turn around and face the top of the bed.” He did as I said, giving me perfect access to his hole. I squirted lube down his crack, and he shivered. “Cold?”

“Mmm...little bit.”

“Not for long.” I rubbed my finger in the mess, taking it down his crack and sliding my finger in his hole. My goal was to prep him quickly so I could fuck him while looking out those fantastic windows. Most of them had low dressers in front of them, but one did not. It went all the way from floor to ceiling. That was the winner. When I finished prepping him, I tossed the pillows from the bed in front of my spot. “Get down there, baby.”

“Really? Woah...” he climbed down and got situated on the pillows.

“Look out the window.” We were pulling away from the dock, but we’d be in the bay for a while before sailing out into the Gulf. We had no destination for this trip. It was only sail out and come back, but that was okay. I wanted the time alone with the love of my life. So when he was ready, I eased up behind him, my knees on the pillows. I grabbed his hips and pulled him back to me and slid inside.

He felt hot and tight, his hole gripping my cock just right. Even though we’d been together a long time, he still felt fantastic, nothing about him had become old. I gave him a minute to get comfortable once I was fully inside. “You ready, baby boy?”

“Mmm...make me feel good, Daddy.”

“You know I will.” I pulled out slowly and then pushed back in again, making sure he was ready.

“Fuck me, Daddy.” Oh, he was definitely ready, and so was I. My new goal was

fucking him silly, and that's what I did. I built speed, faster and harder, all while looking out at the water and the clear blue sky.

Danny slammed his hand against the window, panting hard as he pushed back on me with every pump. And the damn thing opened. "Shit, Daddy!"

It wasn't a window but a door that led to a small balcony. I reached over his head and grabbed it, pulling it shut. "Lock that, Danny. That latch there."

He growled, which sounded more like a kitten than anything fierce. "There, Daddy."

"Good boy." His body was still as sexy and slim as when I met him. I pounded into him harder, knowing he loved it. Knowing what turned him on and what didn't drove me to slide my arm around him and pull him up. His knees were off the ground as I held him how I wanted him.

"Daddy..." he moaned.

"Stroke yourself." I loved the position, too, but I couldn't hold it too long. Thankfully, he was so turned on he came pretty quickly, and I watched his reflection in the glass door as he shot out. What a sight. It had me pushing over the edge as well. The tingling shot through me as I came deep inside him.

I collapsed down onto the pillows, facing him. I ran a finger down his cheek. "You're beautiful."

He closed his eyes. "Mmm..."

"I know you're tired, and the sun is going down, but I'm told we're going to see a boat parade later. Do you want to stay up for that?"

Danny sat up and stared at me with that mouth hanging open again. “A what?”

“Boat parade. Where a bunch of boats decorated with Christmas lights do a parade. Through the water.”

“Woot.”

“Let’s get dressed, grab snacks, and set up on the front bow.” I stood and grabbed his hand, helping him to his feet.

“Sounds perfect except one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Silly Daddy. They didn’t bring our luggage in.”

Chapter fifteen

Danny's Christmas

Lee wasn't kidding! There was a boat parade. We got close to the land in the channel and watched. Chad assured me the yacht would not get stuck and the engines could go in reverse, so everything was fine. It was a little breezy out, even in jeans and a long-sleeved T-shirt, so we wrapped up in blankies and sat on the bow. I wasn't going into little headspace—much. I wanted to drink a glass of wine and enjoy grown-up snacks while watching the decorated boats slowly cruise by. But Christmas lights were fun so...

“Yay! Look at that one, Daddy.” It had a giant inflatable snowman on the top.

“Ooh...nice. But look at the next one.” The one following the snowman boat was so pretty. It had a tree made out of green lights on the top and white twinkle lights around the decks with a bunch of candy canes made of red lights. Then, on the back of the boat was another Christmas tree with all the colored lights.

I wiggled around with all the excitement. “I like it.”

“Me too. Don't spill your wine. You need to be a big boy when you have wine.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I briefly thought about asking the crew for a sippy cup, but surely, I could go a couple of hours and not spill my drink. Even though it leaned into adult time, it was still fun.

“Did you enjoy the parade?” Daddy Lee asked as we headed back inside.

“Yes, but I’m really tired now.”

“Okay. I brought some of your books just in case. Why don’t you get in your jammies, and then we can read before bed.”

“Tomorrow is Christmas!”

“It is. And Santa won’t come if you’re up too late.”

“Shh...I’ll be good.” I skipped down the hall to our room. This boat was nice. I had to remember to thank Jax after our trip. I knew this was expensive, even with the friends and family discount Lee got, so I wanted to enjoy it as much as possible.

I had a new special jammy set just for Christmas and pulled it out of my suitcase, which had finally made it to our rooms. Actually, they’d been sitting outside our door when we finished up our earlier playtime. That had been so sexy and cool. Looking out at the water while Lee plowed my ass good. Just thinking about it got my peen hard again. I giggled a little as I got dressed.

When Lee came in, I was under the covers. “Good boy.” He changed into sweats and a T-shirt and grabbed a book out of his bag. I didn’t know which one it was. “Ready?” He climbed into bed with me.

“Yes. Can I put my head in your lap, Daddy?”

“Yes, you can.”

I used his thigh as a pillow, and he rubbed my hair as he started reading *The Night Before Christmas*. I could almost say every word right along with him. On the one

hand, it was nice. Sentimental. Because it was our tradition. On the other hand, I knew the story too well, which made it boring. Time for mischief. “Daddy...” I put a tiny bit of whine in my voice.

“Yes, baby?”

“I forgot my binky at home.”

“Well, you’re a big boy. You can go without it for now.”

“No...I can’t. I’m too tired and need something to suck on.”

For a minute, Lee didn’t say anything. I wasn’t sure if he got where I was going.

“Cans I suck on Daddy’s big binky while you read? That would help me.”

“You what?”

“Silly, Daddy. I’ll show you.” I turned over, facing his stomach and pulled his sweats down. I knew he was commando, so his cock was easy to access. It was about half-chubbed and growing as I fondled it. “See?” Then I started sucking.

Lee moaned. “Uh...I don’t know if I can read while you’re doing that.”

“Bet you can.”

“Okay...” He only got through two lines before he dropped the book on the floor and climbed over me. “If you’re going to do that. You’re going to do that .” I giggled at his response. “I’m going to fuck your mouth, Danny. Say now if you don’t want it.”

I opened my mouth wide and stuck out my tongue, making it flat.

“Fuck yeah.” He yanked me down, repositioning me where he wanted, and then he shoved his now completely hard dick in my mouth. I didn’t even squirm. I loved it. He got better leverage with his hands over the headboard and fucked into my mouth and throat until I choked. “Fuck yeah...” He pulled out and did it again. Then slid the head of his cock back and forth over my tongue. “Suck me now.”

I closed my lips around him as he shifted his hips, fucking in and out. I grabbed his thighs but let him do all the moving.

He grunted a few times. “I’m going to pull out and come all over your face.” He pumped his hips a few more times, then quickly pulled out. The popping sound made me giggle. Then his hot cum squirted all over my face. I closed my eyes, but otherwise, I didn’t move. He’d done this before and licked it up. He liked cum-play sometimes. My kinky daddy. But since I didn’t know what he would actually do, I waited.

Lee growled. I liked it when he got growly during sex, and I liked it when he manhandled me. Most of all, I liked that he knew all of that and would take advantage of it. He grabbed the waistband of my jammies and pulled them down. And off. I thought I was going to get fucked for sure then. But Lee had other ideas.

He spread my legs and looked at my hole. “I think I know just what to do with that mess on your face, Danny.” He ran his fingers over my face, collecting his semen and then slid his fingers into my hole. He did it several times. Using his fluid to circle my rim, and shoving as much of it as he could inside. Then he licked my face. “That’s good.” He shoved my thighs farther back and stuck his nose against my balls. “You smell like spunk and baby powder.”

That made me laugh. “What are you doing, Daddy?”

“Playing. It’s Daddy’s playtime.” He licked down my taint and into my hole, chasing

everything he'd shoved up there with his tongue. It felt so good. Beyond words.

I flopped back and let him do what he would, taking it instead of watching. I was so hard, I wanted him to touch my dick, but Daddy would take care of me. He always did. So I waited and enjoyed what he gave me. He licked and fucked my hole with his tongue and a finger. Then he continued with his finger while he sucked my cock. He didn't do that a lot, so I was going to enjoy the hell out of it.

I moaned, loving the feel of everything he was doing to me. Until he hit my prostate. I came hard without warning. But Lee was ready for it, swallowing down every bit of my come. "That was way, way better than the book..."

"Cheeky boy."

Christmas Morning

Prezzies-prezzies-prezzies. "It's Christmas, Daddy! Get up! Get up!" There was no containing my enthusiasm.

Lee groaned and pulled a pillow over his head. "Give me a few more minutes."

"Nooo...Is Christmas."

"Danny. After you fell asleep, I was up getting everything ready. Late. Please..."

"Grumpy Daddy." But I did fall asleep immediately after he sucked my cock. So I couldn't complain. And if he'd gotten my Christmas set up, I could understand. Some. "I know!" I padded over to the phone and picked it up.

"Hello. How can I help you this morning?"

“Could someone please bring coffee up to our room, please?” Coffee always got Daddy going in the morning.

“Certainly. And we’ll bring all the fixings, too.”

“Thank you! Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas to you too, young man.” Well, the crew had probably already figured out my kink by now, so I didn’t worry about it.

I went to the bathroom and washed my face. And brushed my teeth. Then I thought about changing, but what the hell—It was Christmas! Staying in your jammies all day was part of that. I did put on my bright red no-slip socks. My green jammies had a big Christmas tree on the front, so I looked very festive.

By the time I finished, there was a knock on the door. Daddy groaned. I giggled again, covering my mouth. But headed to the door and opened it. Chad was there, rolling in the cart. “Did you want breakfast too?”

“Not yet. Coffee first, then prezzies. Then food.” I ticked the things off with my fingers.

To Chad’s credit, he didn’t miss a beat. “Very good. Enjoy.”

“Thank you and Merry Christmas, Chad.”

“Merry Christmas to you too.” He smiled and left me to fix Daddy’s coffee how he liked it.

“Daddy. Here’s your coffee...”

He didn't even groan. I put the coffee back on the tray and jumped on the bed. "Geeet up!"

"Danny..." he whined.

"Now you sound like me, Daddy. Please get up. I promise we can have nappy-time later."

When he still didn't get up, I pulled the covers off. And tickled his bare feet. "Stop. Stop." He nearly kicked me, but I got out of the way fast.

"No. Get up."

"Ugh... okay. Okay. Where's that coffee?"

"Sooo you did hear me!"

"How could I not hear you?" He grabbed me and tickled me, tossing me around, and I squirmed and laughed. "Everyone in the Gulf of Mexico heard you!"

I laughed more, but then Daddy let me up, and I got his coffee for him. He took a big sip. "Mmm... that's good. You can have one cup if you want."

"Yay!" I danced back to the tray. "Ooh...they have chocolate creamer too. Can I have that, Daddy?"

"Yes, you may, but don't go overboard with it."

I poured four spoonfuls of the creamer into a mug. "Was that a boat joke?"

"Not intentionally. Was it funny?"

“No.” And two spoonfuls of sugar. Then coffee. I stirred it really good and took a sip. Rich, bold. With the chocolate and sugar, it tasted as yummy as it smelled. “Mmm...good.”

I did a wiggle dance but only a little one since I didn’t want to spill. “Come on, Daddy.”

“Okay.” He got up and put his mug on the tray. “Pour me another while I freshen up and then we’ll go.”

“Go where?”

“To where Christmas is set up.” He went into the bathroom, and I sipped my coffee as I listened to him run the water. Probably washing his face and brushing his teeth. He came out with his hair wet too. He’d slicked it down, so it wasn’t sticking up everywhere like mine was probably doing. I did not care.

“Can we go?”

“Yes.” He grabbed his fresh coffee, slipped his feet into flip-flops, and opened the door. “Come on.”

“Yay!” For once, I did not throw my hand in the air because I had a half-full coffee in one hand and needed the other to balance. But I followed Lee down the hall and to the stairs. We went down to the next level and into the main living area. It was a big interior lounge space, and at the far end, it opened to the outside. Those doors were closed, and in front of them stood a big tree decorated with lights. And a bunch of prezzies were stuffed under it. “Oh!” I walked closer. It was gorgeous. But a lot of prezzies. “Lee? You didn’t totally drain our savings, did you?”

“No, not totally.” He hugged me from behind and kissed the top of my head. “Don’t

worry about it right now. We're fine. Let's open presents."

"Wait. I have some for you. In my luggage." I handed him my coffee. "Hold dis." Then I took off to go get his prezzies.

"Walk. Danny. Especially on the stairs."

"Yes, sir!" I called, and I did slow down—some. I grabbed the two presents I had for him out of my bag. They were squished up some, but not terribly. I tried to fluff the bows back up, but they weren't cooperating. Well, it was the thought that counted. And he'd like what was inside. I hoped.

When I got back to the lounge room, I handed them over. "Sawry, they're squished."

"They're fine. Thank you." He leaned in and kissed me on the lips.

I wanted him to go ahead and open them, but there were only two and I had a lot more. He sat in one of the cushy chairs in front of the tree and put them in his lap. "Don't worry... some of those are for both of us. Go get started."

I tore into the prezzies with abandon. Fun, fun opening Christmas prezzies. I got a lot of stuff. I had three new dragons. These were 3D-printed, articulated dragons that came inside pretty eggs. I could make them fly and crawl and go back inside their egg home. I loved them. One was blue, one was green, and one was purple. I also got new clothes, including two jammies that had the feeties in them. I'd worn out my last pair, so I like the new ones. Plus, new coloring books and a few matchbox cars.

Then there were a couple for both of us like he said. A date night game where we roll the dice to figure out what we would do seemed like fun. There was also a massage oil box. That could be fun going both ways and gave me kinky, fun ideas.

“Keep in mind, Danny. This cruise was a big present too. For both of us.”

“I know. And all of this is a lot. Thank you, Daddy Lee.” I climbed up in his lap. He’d opened the presents from me. One had three new dress shirts in it. Nice ones that he would look so professional and sexy in. The other was more personal. It was a watch with engraving on the back. He’d broken his on our last cruise, so I wanted to replace it with something special. He’d been wearing his older one but hadn’t liked it as much. The engraving underneath said To Daddy. Love you, Danny . There wasn’t a lot of room for more than that. But he put it on right away and ohh’d over it. I knew he liked it.

“I know this has been a lot. But.” He snuggled under my ear. “It’s not over.”

“What? What else could you possibly give me?”

“Breakfast.” Lee laughed and when I didn’t, he tickled me until I was breathless.

But then the staff did have pancakes ready to go, so I was super excited about that. And I even got to put Nutella on them. I insisted they eat with us, and I wanted to give them presents too. But Chad said they’d had a gift exchange, and Jax had sent other presents for them. They had opened them the night before.

“Okay, baby boy. Let me wipe your hands.” Lee cleaned my hands of all the sticky syrup and wiped the Nutella off my face. “Now. Go get dressed and meet me on the front bow.”

I did as he asked. And quickly. This was not the time to be a bad boy. I even walked when I wanted to run or at least skip. When I got back to the bow, I went around the side and climbed up with Daddy on the cushions. It didn’t seem special at all, and I didn’t see any prezzies.

“Don’t pout, Danny.” He pulled me in a little closer and gave me a hug.

“I thought you said I get more prezzies.”

“You do.” He turned to face me and grabbed my hands. “Danny. I love you. Everything about you. Not one day has gone by since we met that wasn’t made better by your cute face.” He pinched my cheek. “And I don’t want that to ever end.”

“Me either.”

“Good. Then...” He opened one of the little compartments along the front table where we’d put our snacks to watch the parade. I didn’t know what they normally kept in there, but in this case, Lee pulled out a box. It looked like a ring box. And he opened it, showing me. Yep. It was a ring.

“Lee?”

“Marry me, Danny.”

All the squealing. Yes! I wanted to marry him. I jumped in his arms. Thankfully, he expected that and closed the box. “Yes, yes, yes.” I kissed all over his face.

“Do you want to wear the ring?”

“Yes. Duh.” I sat back and stuck my hand out so he could put it on. “When did you have time to arrange all of this? I mean. Prezzies. The cruise.” I waved my hand around. “Now this.” It was a simple gold band, but it fit perfectly, and I loved it. I didn’t need or want anything more.

“I had help. I called Jax and he took care of a lot of it. And I had the presents already. I’ve been shopping since Thanksgiving.”

“How did you get it all here? I didn’t see you have that much stuff in the limo.”

“Again, Jax helped. And that gave me time to get the ring. When I realized I couldn’t live without you, I bought it before I went to your parents’ house to get you. I almost asked you then, but I wanted to have this...” He spread his arms wide, indicating the beautiful water around us.

“What if I didn’t say yes?”

“Then, I guess I’d...” He jumped at me. “Tickle you until you did.” And, of course, I got tickled.

I laughed and wiggled and panted like we were having sex, yelling, “Yes, yes, yes.” That got Lee laughing, but at least he stopped tickling me.

I had to call my parents after that. They were thrilled. Of course, they always liked Lee, especially Mom. But Christmas on the yacht wasn’t over. And we needed more celebrating.

The crew put up twinkle lights all over the boat, and then I took over the PA system. I picked up one of the phones and pushed the button that would announce it over all the speakers. I started singing into the headset. “Chestnuts roasting on an open fire...Jack frost nipping at your nose...”

By the time I got to the folks dressed up like Eskimos line, I could hear others singing too. The chef and Chad, anyway. And then Lee. After that, the captain played his recorded Christmas music. It sounded a lot better. And we all went to the back deck and rocked around, but the Christmas tree was inside. Didn’t matter. I had a blast doing it.

The entire trip was beyond fantastic, but the next day, we were headed into port. I

leaned up against the rails, watching as we made our way in. Not as fun as how we went out, but it was still nice. The sun sparkled on the water, and I saw a dolphin bob up in the distance. It was nearly perfect.

Then Lee put his arm around me and nuzzled my hair—now it was perfect. “You okay?” he asked.

“Yep. I’m good. Just thinking.”

“About our cruise being over?”

“Some. I’ve had the best time. Best Christmas ever. Thank you for this. All of it. And in case I didn’t tell you before. I love you and will be more than happy to be your husband forever.”

“Forever? How many of them do you think we need?”

“Two or three. At least.” I giggled. I was happy. I still had concerns about his working too much and being grumpy, but he promised he would address that issue, and now I had the rest of our lives to hold him to it.

“I’ll take all the forevers you want to give me, baby boy.”

I guess I did get my Christmas miracle after all.

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After unloading the luggage, I was beat. I plopped down on the couch. “Come here, baby boy. I want to cuddle you.”

Danny had no problem with that request and ended up half on my lap. “I tired.”

“Me too.” We didn’t move for a few minutes. We simply enjoyed cuddling on the couch together after a long day.

“Who are we going to invite to the wedding, Daddy?”

“Everybody. I guess.”

“Mm...even your family?”

I hadn’t thought about that. I hadn’t spoken to them in probably a year or more. Probably longer. “I’ll invite them, but don’t get upset if they don’t come.”

“Maybe you should call them?”

“Maybe...” I figured it would be a good time to change the subject. “Maybe it’s time for a nappy?”

“I’m too tired to yay .”

“Aww...come on, Danny. Up.” I shoved him over, but he didn’t get up.

“Carry me?”

“Sheesh...” But I would do anything for him. Including carrying him. I picked him up and slung him over my shoulder, then popped his ass.

“Ouch!”

With a chuckle, I kicked open the playroom door and deposited him on the day bed under the window. The bedding had cute baby dragons printed all over them, along with fluffy clouds, half-moons, and stars. It was a fantastical medley that Danny loved. He climbed in and snuggled down. “Wait!”

“What?” I was expecting a request for a story or a kiss, but no.

“Where’s Smokey?” He needed his favorite stuffie.

“Where did you put him?”

“Um...he’s still in my suitcase.”

“I’ll get him.”

“Okay, Daddy. Thank you.”

I headed to our bedroom, grabbed the first suitcase and tossed it on the bed before opening it. Nothing but clothes. I opened the second one and it had more clothes. My boy sure had a lot of clothes. But then I saw the stuffie peeking out of his tote bag where he’d put most of his Christmas presents. I grabbed the stuffie and took it to the playroom. Danny was already asleep and snoring softly with his binky in his mouth. I tucked the stuffie under his arm and crept back to the living room. I wanted a nap myself, but Danny had been right. I needed to call my family.

I started with my brother. He was easier most of the time. At least he didn’t preach at me like my sister. And he would be easier to get a hold of than my dad. “Hey, Leo.

It's Lee—Maclee.” With a terrible name like that, it was no wonder I went by the shortened version. Hell, only my family knew the full version.

“Lee. It's been a while. Uh, Merry Christmas.” Leo had gone away to college after Mom died, but before that, we'd been as close as any brothers.

“Yeah, Merry Christmas. It has been a while, but I, uh, wanted to tell you I got engaged over Christmas and would like you—all of you—to come to the wedding.”

“Wow. I'm guessing you're marrying Daniel?”

“Danny. Yes.” I picked at my fingernails, nervous about what else he would say.

“Uh, great. I'll come. When is it?”

“We haven't picked the date and all yet. But I'll let you know, alright? I'd love it if you could come.”

“Yeah. I'll try to bring Dad, but that's probably not happening. As for Fanny, well...you'll have to call her yourself.”

I exhaled with relief and anxiety mixed up in one. “I know. I'll call her.”

“Maybe pour yourself something strong first?” Then he laughed, and it sounded like home—a home I hadn't been back to in years.

“I heard that for sure.”

“Little bro, I have your back in almost anything but not when it comes to Fanny-face.” He reverted back to the mean nickname we'd called her as kids. She hated it and would chase us around the house with a pillow, trying to smack us with it.

“I, uh, yeah. Back at you. Bro.” I felt warm inside after the call. He promised to come to the wedding and wished me luck. And with that, I poured a whiskey and called my sister. “Merry Christmas, Fanny,” I said when she answered.

“Who is this?”

“It’s your little brother, Lee.”

“Maclee? No. My brother, Maclee, doesn’t call me.”

“Shut up. And please, you know I hate that. It’s Lee.”

She cackled like a scary witch. “I never liked what you two goons called me growing up, either. Maclee.”

“Fine...” I took another sip of whiskey.

“Well, Merry Christmas, brother. It is nice to hear your voice, so what’s up? I know you’re not calling simply because it’s the holiday.”

“No, it’s not. I got engaged and want to know if you’ll come to the wedding.”

“To that boy?”

“Yes. Danny.”

She made a noise deep in her throat. It sounded a lot like disapproval. “I don’t think I could miss it, but I doubt the rest of my family will come.”

“I’d love to see you there.”

“I know. I love you, Lee. I might not like everything you do or everything you are.

But I will come. Let me know when and where, but don't send a formal invitation." If she came, she wouldn't even be telling her family where she was going. I got it, though.

"Sure. I'll let you know when we figure it out. And Fanny?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you. It does mean a lot to me."

She huffed, "I know. It's...I just wish Momma was here for it."

"Me too."

"Okay. Gotta go. Love you, Lee."

"Love you, too, Fanny."

That had gone a hundred times better than I thought it would. Wow. Getting married to my Little Danny. And. Having my family come. At least my siblings. Well...

That felt like I got my own Christmas miracle.