



Echoes of the Past (Obsidian MC #8)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Ollie has always struggled, surviving day by day without ever feeling truly cared for. But when Ryker, a powerful man with a soft heart, enters his life, everything changes.

Ryker offers Ollie the safety and love he's never known. As they explore a tender and passionate relationship, Ollie begins to trust that he's worthy of love and protection. But can he overcome his past and embrace the future Ryker is offering?

In this heartwarming romance, Ollie learns that with Ryker, he's not just cared for. He's cherished.

While Ollie's story is his own, it's best if you read the previous books in this series to best know the characters. Ollie is first introduced in *Echoes of Fear* and is mentioned at least once in all the books that follow.

Total Pages (Source): 13

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Ollie

I'm sitting on a giant beanbag chair in the corner of the Littles' room at Oasis. It's the BDSM club I visit at least twice a month to slip into Baby headspace. Usually, being here helps me let go, but sometimes, even in this safe space, it's hard to fully relax.

Most of the Littles here regress to ages between three and ten, but I'm different. I never regress older than one. It makes me feel isolated, knowing I don't quite fit in even here, where those who don't fit in thrive. Most of the time, I just sit here and watch, unable to fully dive into my headspace.

There's another Baby here, Ceecee, but she's a girl. Being male and gay makes it harder to find someone willing to take care of me.

I used to have a Daddy, Brad, but he passed away. We weren't in a romantic relationship. Just two friends who felt safe with each other. I was his Baby, and he was my Dom. No kisses, no "I love yous," and no sex. It wasn't about that for us. And even if it were, I wouldn't engage in anything sexual while in Baby headspace. That's for Big Ollie to deal with.

When Brad got sick and passed away, it left me completely alone. I know it sounds selfish, but I miss him terribly. He was my best friend, my rock. Without him, I've felt more lost and alone than ever.

After Brad's death, it took me a while to gather the courage to come back to Oasis. At first, I hated it. I was surrounded by Littles with their Daddies and Mommies, while I had no one. Occasionally, a Dom would ask if we could play, and that was fun until

one time, a Dom punished me for using my diaper.

Before that, using my diaper was always part of my Baby headspace. But after that experience, I haven't used one again, not even when I'm alone.

For a long time, I prayed that Steel and Blaze would want to be my Daddies. They were so kind and protective of me, but in the end, they chose Raven. And honestly, I'm glad they did. They deserve someone like her. It took me a while to realize that I wasn't drawn to them romantically; it was just the way they treated me, with the kindness and care that I craved.

Now, I've decided I won't be with another Daddy Dom unless I truly have feelings for them.

About seven months ago, I saw a familiar face at Oasis. My boss, Steve Harvey. He was just as surprised to see me as I was to see him. Instead of going in, he asked me to dinner.

I was shocked when he revealed he was a Daddy Dom. He said he'd always wanted a Baby/Daddy relationship and asked if I'd give it a try. Feeling desperate to matter to someone, I said yes.

At first, everything seemed perfect, but it didn't take long for his true colors to show. He was a bully. He wanted me to act like a Baby, but he got angry when I did Baby things. He especially hated that I didn't talk, but in Baby headspace, I don't talk. Heck, when I'm Big, I hardly talk.

The night he hit me was the night I walked away. After being rescued from beneath a building, long story, I told the Obsidians what happened.

I haven't seen or heard from Steve since. But I quit my job at Starlight Inn,

regardless. I just couldn't work there anymore, knowing that he could walk through the doors at any moment. I mean, he did own the company, after all.

Honestly, I hate being an adult.

"Do you wanna come play?" Knox asks.

"No, thanks," I smile.

Tilting his head, he studies me for a long while before going back to his Legos. Knox sure does love his Legos.

"Do you want me to read you a story?" The Domme asks. She's usually in here to watch over the ones who have no one.

Aka. Me.

I shake my head and snuggle further into the bean bag. I know that everyone is trying, but I just know I won't be able to regress.

I shouldn't have come.

Ceecee crawls over and climbs onto the bean bag with me before cuddling in and sticking her thumb in her mouth.

Jealousy flows through me, and it makes me feel like a horrible person.

"Ceecee," her Daddy, Mike, says. "I don't think Baby Ollie wants to play right now."

"It's okay," I tell him. "I don't mind a good cuddle buddy."

Mike, too, studies me carefully. I get it. I don't normally talk. Mostly because I'm normally in Baby headspace.

They all know something's wrong.

And they're right. Something is wrong, and I'm trying very hard to pull myself out of it.

After the incident with Steve, I lived with Knox and his Papa for a few months. But I could see that my depression was pulling Knox down with me, and that just couldn't happen. So, I moved into a small apartment. That wasn't a fun conversation, and Taylor tried everything in his power to get me to stay, but I just couldn't taint them with my life any more than I already had.

They check on me every day, but I simply smile and tell them I'm fine.

But I'm not.

I'm not fine.

Not at all.

Mike brings over a bottle of juice for Ceecee and raises his brows in question.

I shake my head. I'm not in the right headspace for a bottle.

I can see his worry, but I can't help it.

I lay back fully and let Ceecee use my chest as a pillow, and I watch the cartoons on the tv mounted on the wall.

Even when I'm not a Baby, I'm not fully grown either. I can spend all day watching cartoons and coloring. Knox once told me that sounds like his Little.

Steel seems to think I'm a Baby when regressed and a Little when not.

He may be right.

I really hate being an adult.

So, right now, I'm not going to be.

I'm going to cuddle my friend and watch cartoons.

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Ollie

“Oliver Kieth,” my dad yells over the phone. “What is the meaning of this?”

“What is the meaning of what, dad?” I sigh.

“I just received notice that my internet is getting shut off.”

Oh, that.

“I can’t afford your bills anymore,” I tell him softly. “I’m barely able to keep myself alive.”

“You ungrateful bastard,” he screams. “I spent all of my money raising you, and you can’t take care of your old man when he’s down on his luck?”

I don’t remind him that he spent all of his money on beer and not on raising me. I pretty much raised myself. Even had to get a job when I was nine just to buy food. I can mow a yard better than the best of them.

“Sorry,” I mumble. “If I get extra money, I’ll send it to you. Right now, all I have is fifty dollars, and that’s to get some groceries.”

“You’re fat enough. Send me the money. Now.”

I look down at my too-slim body and feel the tears forming. I know I’m not fat. I’m looking at the outline of my ribs. But his words still cause me pain. Which was his

plan.

“Alright,” I whisper. “I’m sending it to your account now.”

“Damn right, you are.”

The line goes dead, and I open my bank app and transfer the last of my funds.

As soon as I get the notification that the transfer went through, my stomach growls.

Looks like I’m having crackers and ketchup for dinner.

Again.

Even though I quit my job at the Inn, I still had to work in order to survive. So now I’m working from home as an editor.

Books are my escape from reality. I read so much that most of the time, I’m not even Ollie. I’m someone else.

Those worlds, those Baby/Daddy books that I get lost in, make living in the real world even more difficult. But I can’t stop because I’d rather be anyone other than me.

I learned a few years ago that I was really good at editing. Not just fixing words and commas. But finding holes in the author’s stories and fixing them.

I make decent money, but with my bills and my dad’s, the money never lasts.

I could stop paying dad’s bills, but I know exactly how that will end.

And I don't have the energy to deal with it.

I could cancel my membership at Oasis. But it's only sixty dollars a year. Well, unless you're a Dom who likes to scene. From what I understand, they have to pay to use the equipment and for their drinks. But, in the Little's room, we're pretty much just paying for the snacks and drinks the Daddy's and Mommy's give their Little's. Most of us bring our own things, but the rooms there are stocked with things like bottles, sippies, diapers, and toys.

My favorite spot is the adult baby bed in the nap room. But I've never been in it. It's cute, but I want one of my own.

Even when I was with Brad, I never had one. It's far too expensive.

My cell rings, pulling me from my thoughts.

Knox.

"Hey," I answer.

"Ollie, want to come to Oasis with me?"

"It's closed today, silly," I smile, adding some ketchup on top of four crackers. "I'm pretty sure it would be too scary to go when it's empty and dark."

"Agreed," he says, a shiver in his voice. "But Steel, Blaze, and Papa will be there, too. Please, come with me. They're talking business and I don't want to sit there for hours all by myself. I'd die of boredom."

So dramatic.

“Alright,” I agree. “What time?”

“Five.”

“Knox, that’s in twenty minutes,” I say, looking at the clock on my wall.

“I know,” he says. “That’s why you need to hurry. Want us to come pick you up?”

I don’t drive, and he knows I’ll have to take the bus.

“Never mind,” he says. “Papa says you don’t have a choice. We’ll be there in ten minutes. Bye, Ollie.”

I glance down at my worn jeans and the faded dinosaur T-shirt I’ve been wearing all day. There’s no time to change, but it doesn’t really matter. Nobody at Oasis cares what I wear, least of all Knox.

Still, my stomach twists at the thought of showing up with barely anything to eat today. My reflection in the small mirror on the wall shows tired eyes and a thin face. The idea of being surrounded by Steel, Blaze, and Taylor, all intimidating, makes my anxiety spike. Not out of fear. They would never hurt me. Just out of acceptance that I’m not anything important to my very own powerful Dom.

The honk of a horn outside breaks my thoughts. Ten minutes, my butt.

I quickly eat the crackers, grab my bag, and rush out the door, locking it behind me. A sleek black SUV waits by the curb, Knox waving enthusiastically from the backseat.

“Get in!” he chirps as the door swings open.

I slide into the seat next to him, offering a small smile. Taylor is at the wheel, a calm but imposing figure.

Knox leans close, grinning. “Thanks for coming. I thought I was going to die of boredom if I had to sit there alone.”

“You’re so dramatic,” I tease, though my voice is soft.

“True, but you still love me,” he says with a wink, and for a moment, I forget my worries. Knox has that effect on me. Lighthearted and carefree, like the polar opposite of my life.

We pull up to Oasis fifteen minutes later. The parking lot is empty except for a few scattered bikes and cars. The sight of the club, usually bustling with energy, feels eerie in the fading daylight.

As we step inside, the familiar scent of leather and wood greets me. The main lounge is dimly lit, the absence of people amplifying the quiet.

We make our way to the main office, where Steel is sitting at his desk, and Blaze is relaxing on one of the comfy-looking couches.

“Hey, Ollie,” Blaze smiles. “I didn’t know you were coming. Glad to see you.”

“Do you two want to play in the Little’s room?” Steel asks. “I’ve already turned the air on.”

“Without supervision?” I ask, suddenly terrified. Even though I don’t regress much anymore, that room is a place where I know there are safety measures all around. Not to mention, Knox has this uncanny ability to get us into trouble.

“We’ll be watching,” Blaze smiles, pointing a remote to the large TV. With a click of a button, the Little’s room shows on the screen.

Good.

“We had this installed for days just like this,” Blaze smiles. “But this camera is never active during club hours.”

I get it. There are people that come here that don’t want the world to know they have a Little kink. One of those people being our ex-mayor.

“See?” Knox says, pulling my arm as he races out of the room. “This would have been miserable without you.”

Knox pulls me down the hallway, his energy as relentless as ever. My nerves ease with every step. Oasis has always been my escape. A place where I can let the weight of the world roll off my shoulders, even if it’s just for a little while.

He shoves open the door to the room, and I take in the familiar sight. The pastel walls and soft, oversized furniture greet me like an old friend. Toys are scattered across the floor that weren’t cleaned up, and the faint smell of baby powder and lavender fills the air. For the first time today, my chest doesn’t feel so tight.

Knox doesn’t waste a second, darting to the corner where a stack of colorful blocks is waiting. “Race you to build the tallest tower!” he calls, already stacking with lightning speed.

I linger near the doorway, my eyes drawn to the nap room where I know the oversized baby bed sits. My fingers twitch at my sides as I imagine curling up in it and letting the world disappear, just for a moment.

“Ollie!” Knox snaps me out of my thoughts. “Don’t make me win by default. That’s no fun.”

I let out a soft laugh and join him on the floor. Knox’s energy is contagious, and for a moment, I forget the ache in my stomach and the hollowness in my chest. We stack blocks together, Knox deliberately making his tower wobbly just to see how long it’ll stay standing.

“What’s eating at you?” he asks casually, not even looking at me as he balances another block.

I freeze, the block in my hand feeling heavier than it should. “What do you mean?” I ask, trying to sound light.

“You’re quieter than usual,” he says, glancing over at me. “And considering you’re always quiet, it’s scary. And you’re not even trying to beat me. You always try to beat me.”

I shrug, keeping my eyes on the tower. “Just life. Same old stuff.”

Knox doesn’t push, but I can feel him watching me. “Well, life sucks sometimes,” he finally says, knocking over his own tower just for fun. “That’s why we come here. To make it suck less.”

Before I can respond, the door opens, and Steel steps in, holding a tray with two cups of juice. He looks every bit the intimidating figure he always does, but his expression softens when he glances between us.

“Thought you might want something to drink,” he says, setting the tray down on the low table. “Blaze is grabbing snacks. You two doing okay?”

Knox grins. “We’re awesome. I’m totally winning.”

Steel chuckles, but his sharp eyes linger on me. “How about you, Ollie? You doing okay?”

I nod quickly, avoiding his gaze. My throat feels too tight to speak. Steel doesn’t press. Instead, he gives me a small nod, like he understands, before heading back to the door.

“Let me know if you need anything,” he says, smirking as he adds, “And try not to destroy the place.”

As soon as he’s gone, Knox nudges me with his elbow. “See? I told you it wouldn’t be boring.”

I give him a small smile, and for the first time in what feels like forever, I let myself relax.

Just a little.

Here, in this room, surrounded by softness and safety, it’s easy to pretend that everything might actually be okay.

I’m good at pretending.

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Ryker

“Ryker,” Steel greets as I walk into his office. “Thank you for coming. Please, have a seat.”

“Steel,” I say, shaking his hand.

“It’s good to see you again,” Blaze says from beside his brother. I know he’s Blaze because he’s smiling. Something Steel only does around their woman.

Or, if he’s pissed off.

“This is Taylor,” Blaze says. “He runs security.”

I’ve seen him around before, but this is the first time we’ve officially met.

Shaking Taylor’s hand, I walk over and take a seat on one of the many chairs in this room. Blaze, Steel, and Taylor all join me. A small table sits between us. They on one side, me on the other. If I were a lesser man, I’d be intimidated as hell.

But I’m not.

“Can I get you a drink before we start?” Steel asks.

“I’m good, thanks.”

“Well, let’s get into it,” Blaze claps. “We’ve agreed to allow you to build on. But,

under one condition. You use the same security team that we use.”

I take a moment to gather my thoughts before answering. “I can agree to that,” I nod. “I think it would be a good investment on my part, but I do have questions.”

“Fair,” Taylor says.

“My main priority is safety,” I start. “I want men I can trust to run security.”

“I have you covered,” Taylor says. “I would trust my team with my husband’s life.”

“And that’s saying something,” Blaze says, glancing over my shoulder.

“Taylor has plenty of men who work for him to cover this club, the Cage, and your club if you choose to accept our arrangement.”

“What are your rates?” I ask.

“Rates depend on the level of security you need,” Taylor says, his voice calm and steady. “We can go over the details based on your club’s requirements. For a place like Oasis or The Cage, we run a full-scale operation. Bouncers, camera surveillance, and background checks on all employees. If that’s what you’re looking for, I’ll provide a comprehensive package.”

I nod, leaning back in the chair. “I want something similar. My club is... different, but the risks are the same. The people who come through the doors need to feel protected, and my staff needs to know they’re working in a safe environment.”

Steel folds his arms across his chest, his intense gaze locked on me. “We wouldn’t have made this offer if we didn’t think they could handle it. Taylor’s team is the best. You won’t find a better security expert than the one we use for all of our clubs.

Including the Obsidians MC.”

“Not me,” Taylor grins when I raise a brow in question. “I know a guy.”

Blaze laughs. “And neither of them comes cheap. But you get what you pay for.”

I glance between the three of them, considering their words. “I’m not concerned with the cost,” I start. “I own several businesses and have plenty of money. It all comes back to trust. I don’t cut corners when it comes to security. I’ll need contracts in place. Non-disclosures, liability agreements, the whole nine yards.”

“Already drawn up,” Taylor says, sliding a folder across the table toward me. “Take your time going over it. If you have changes or additional clauses you want added, let us know.”

Opening the folder, I skim through the neatly organized documents. It’s thorough. Exactly what I was hoping for. Still, I’d have my lawyer give it a once-over.

“I’ll review it,” I say, closing the folder. “If everything looks good, we’ll move forward.”

Taylor leans forward slightly, his expression serious. “If you’re in, and once construction is complete, we’ll start with an initial sweep of your club. Once we know what we’re dealing with, we’ll tailor the setup to your needs.”

I appreciate the no-nonsense approach. “Sounds good. What about timelines? How many men can you spare each night?”

“I have enough men for full security at all three clubs and then some,” Taylor replies. “I already have a team set aside for you. They’re just waiting for the go-ahead.”

“Efficient,” I remark, a faint smirk tugging at my lips. “I like that.”

“Your clientele will too,” Blaze says, his grin widening. “Nothing screams professionalism like a seamless security operation.”

I glance back at Steel, who keeps glancing behind me. As a matter of fact, all three men have looked back there at least once. Turning, I see a mounted TV. On it, there are two people sitting on the floor in a brightly colored room. Must be the area for Little’s. I’ve been here countless times but never went into that section. Most of the Little’s that come to places like this are women. And I have zero interest in women. “And you’re confident this partnership will work?” I ask, bringing my attention back to the three men. “No surprises?”

Steel’s lips twitch into something resembling a smile. “The only surprise will be how smoothly things run with Taylor’s team in place.”

I chuckle. “Alright, gentlemen. I’ll take this to my lawyer and have an answer for you by the end of the week.”

“Fair enough,” Taylor says, rising from his seat. “Let us know if you have questions.”

Blaze and Steel both stand as well, Steel extending his hand. “Welcome to the family, Ryker. Whether you take the deal or not, we’ve got your back.”

I shake his hand firmly. “Appreciate it. I’ll be in touch soon.”

“PAPA.”

“Fuck,” Taylor says, rushing from the room.

Sighing, Steel follows.

“Let’s go see what those two brats got themselves into this time,” Blaze laughs. “Knowing Knox, he’s probably tried to spiderman his way across the room. Come on, Ryker,” Blaze says, clapping my back. “Want to see a Little get the lecture of his life?”

Intrigued, I follow.

“What the hell were you thinking, Pup?” we hear Taylor say as we enter the room a few doors down from the office. “You could have fallen and broken your neck.”

“I didn’t mean to, Papa,” the Little one says. “It was an accident.”

“You accidentally made a tower out of blocks, climbed on top of it, and shouted, I’m the king of the world?” Taylor says dully.

“Yes,” he smiles. “I knew you’d understand. But then I accidentally gotted stuck. So, you’re my hero, Papa.”

“And did you accidentally bully Ollie into climbing up there with you?” he asks.

“Ollie’s a Baby,” he tells his Papa. “He cants climb this high. So, he was my spotter.”

“Your... Spotter?”

“Yeah, see. He had to keeps an eye out, and if anyone came in, he had to spot them and lets me know. You didn’t spot them, Ollie, but that’s okay. You tried your best.”

I try not to smile, but the Little one is so cute that I can’t help it.

“I hope you realize that when we get home, you’re going over my knee.”

“Rats,” he says.

Taylor steps out of the way, and I can finally see Ollie. His little body is sunk into the large bean bag chair. He’s rubbing the bottom of his lip with his thumb. I wonder if it’s a tik or if he wants to suck his thumb but isn’t comfortable doing so with a room full of Doms.

“Knox, this is Ryker,” Taylor says, nodding in my direction. “If everything works out, he’s going to be opening a gay nightclub.”

“Wow, really?” Knox says, running to me and looking up. “Can I come and dance?”

“If it’s alright with your Papa,” I smile down at him.

Out of the corner of my eye, I notice Ollie digging himself deeper into the bean bag.

“Papa, are you going to be working there, too?” he asks.

“On rotation,” he says. “But I’m going to need you to set up the security system. We’ll talk more about it when you’re Big.”

“Your security expert?” I ask.

“The very best,” Knox smiles.

Ollie slides his thumb in his mouth but, just as quickly, removes it. I’ve noticed him glancing my way several times, but I try not to look over and scare him.

What’s his story? Why does he seem so lost?

“Alright, Pup,” Taylor says. “Part one of your punishment is to clean up all the toys

by yourself. Including the mess someone left from before.”

“Ah, dang it. Wait, part one? What’s part two?”

“Ten pops on your ass,” he smiles. “Now, get to cleaning, or we’ll make it fifteen.”

Screeching, he rushes to clean up the toys.

“That’s Ollie,” Steel says quietly beside me. Instead of turning toward the frightened Little, I look at Steel. “He’s had a rough life. I won’t give you his life story, but if you’re going to partner with us, then you’ll need to know how to handle him in case he decides to come to your club. He’s a Baby. He had a Daddy at one point, but he died from Cancer. Since then, he’s been abused by two other men who said they wanted a Baby but couldn’t handle what that meant.”

“Who?” I ask, shocked by the anger coursing through my body.

“They’ve been dealt with,” he says softly. “Now, he’s having trouble regressing. The first person got angry that he used his diaper and the second one punched him because he wouldn’t talk when regressed.”

“What the fuck?”

“I know you’re a Daddy, and I know you’re looking for your Baby,” he says, a clear warning in his voice. “I’m not saying that Ollie is off limits. I’m just warning you that he’s family. It was my pleasure to deal with the last two pieces of shits who hurt him. I won’t hesitate to come after you. Partner or not.”

“I hear you, Steel,” I say, keeping my voice low. “If I ever give you a reason to doubt me, you won’t need to come after me. I’d deal with myself first.”

Steel studies me for a long moment before giving a single, approving nod. “Good.”

Blaze joins us, his grin a little softer now. “Let’s not scare him off before he signs the paperwork, yeah? Ryker, you’ve got the look of a man who takes care of his own. That’s all we ask for. Protect the family. That includes Ollie. I’m sure Knox will be dragging him to your side of the building quite often.”

“Understood.”

The plan is to build onto Oasis and add my nightclub, Eclipse. I brought the idea up about a year ago. Blaze and Steel were worried at first about the security of their members. Which is understandable. There’s a lot of high-profile clientele that come to Oasis. But, after many meetings, we think we’ve found a way for it to work.

I wanted to be attached to this building for a few different reasons. It’s a good part of the city and not surrounded by businesses and homes. But the main one was security. Gay clubs get hit too often. With my club in the shadow of Oasis, people may not even realize it’s there.

There is a building near the Cage that I can buy, but that area is too popular because of the club. Actually, come to think of it, I think Ghost already bought the place to set up Obsidian’s new base of operation after their last building collapsed.

If this doesn’t work out, I might have to talk to him and see if he would be willing to sell before he gets started.

“He’s getting too thin,” Blaze says softly. “I don’t think he’s taking care of himself.”

“Maybe we should make him come and live with us and Raven for a while,” Steel says.

Blaze nods as he turns a worried eye to Ollie.

“Would it be alright if I talk to him?” I ask, wanting to be respectful.

“Heed my warning, Ryker,” Steel says carefully. “Don’t go after him unless you’re in it for life. Treat him with respect and gentleness. Don’t raise your hand to him in anger.”

I respect Steel. But right now, I want to punch him in the fucking face. How dare he even accuse me of shit like that.

Steel gives me a knowing look before I turn and make my way to Ollie. The closer I get, the more beautiful he is. He has shaggy brown hair, porcelain skin, and green eyes. He looks so young. Much younger than my forty. Why the fuck did I never come to this room?

When I’m a few feet away, I sit on the floor and cross my legs. His beautiful eyes are wide, and he’s, once again, rubbing his bottom lip with his thumb.

“Hello, Little one,” I smile.

He has a small toy container in his lap. On the bean bag are a few rattles, a toy duck, some soft books, and lots of stuffies.

Ollie glances up at me, his green eyes flickering with a mix of curiosity and uncertainty. He doesn’t say anything, but I see the way his thumb slows its rhythmic motion across his bottom lip as if he’s trying to figure me out. I give him space, not wanting to push him too hard or too fast.

“Are you cleaning up or just... supervising?” I ask, trying to keep my tone light.

He hesitates, then nods, his gaze dropping to the duck as if he's not sure how to answer. "I... I was just about to," he mutters, his voice soft, almost inaudible.

I smile softly, trying to ease the tension I feel hanging in the air between us. "No rush," I say. "You don't have to do it alone. If you want, I can help."

He looks up at me, his eyes meeting mine for a fleeting moment before quickly darting away again. He's unsure. Maybe even scared. Steel's warning is still fresh in my mind, but I push it aside for now. I'm not here to hurt anyone. Especially not him.

"You know, I'm good at cleaning up. I have a pretty decent track record with messes," I smile, reaching out my hand.

Ollie hesitates again, his eyes flickering to my hand, then back to his lap. I can feel the weight of his uncertainty, the wariness that comes from being let down too many times. His thumb continues its anxious rhythm on his lip, but this time, it slows further, almost to a stop.

For a moment, I wonder if he's going to pull away. But then, with a soft sigh, his fingers twitch, and he reaches out, his hand trembling slightly as he places it in mine. It's tentative like he's testing the waters, unsure if I'm going to yank away or drag him somewhere he doesn't want to go.

I squeeze his hand gently, giving him a small, reassuring smile. "Good boy," I say softly, my voice barely above a whisper. The words feel right. Too right. His hand tightens around mine just a little, and I can feel the small crack in his wall forming.

Ollie looks up at me with wide eyes as though the praise caught him off guard. He blinks rapidly as if trying to process my words, but I can see the subtle change in him. This Baby likes being called a good boy.

“Let’s get this mess taken care of, yeah?” I say, gesturing to the small mess around him. A few toys have spilled off onto the floor, but it’s nothing we can’t manage. “I’ll help you clean up the chair, and we’ll call it a win.”

He glances at the toys, then back at me, his expression unsure but still hopeful.

“I’m going to scoot a little closer, alright, sweetheart?”

I wait for his nod before I scoot up to the beanbag. He still has plenty of room around him, so I know he doesn’t feel trapped.

I let him set the pace. I’ll pick up one toy and wait for him to do the same. When all of the books are in the toy bucket, Ollie goes for the stuffies. Not once does he say a word. But I don’t mind a single bit. His fingers brush over the soft fabric of a bunny, and he looks almost... tender. Like the toys hold some kind of importance to him.

I watch him quietly as he begins gathering the small mess of toys, only focusing on the area around his body. I don’t push him. I let him do what he’s comfortable with, and I don’t rush him.

He pauses for a moment, glancing at me like he’s checking to see if I’m still watching. When I offer him a quiet smile, he goes back to his task, gathering the remaining toys into a small pile and placing them into the small toy bin.

When he’s finished, he sits back, wiping his hands on his pants and looking at me for approval.

I nod, stand up slowly, and look down at his small form. “Good boy,” I repeat, my tone firm but gentle, and this time, I see the faintest flicker of pride in his eyes. He’s done well.

Ollie doesn't say anything, but the soft smile tugging at his lips is enough. He might not trust me completely yet, but we're making progress.

I glance over at Steel, who's been watching from across the room, and see a brief flicker of approval in his eyes. But I don't need his approval. I only need Ollie's. Because I'm going to make this Baby mine.

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Ollie

“So, they’re going to build this special section for people like us,” Knox says. “Little’s who want to come and dance, but our Papa’s won’t let us dance around large groups. I’m so excited. And my security system is top-notch. It will be the safest gay club in the entire country.”

“It sounds like it’s going to be fun,” I say, placing my phone on speaker. “But don’t you already go to the Cage to dance?”

“Of course,” he says. “But, that place is mostly single women and horny men. Have you never been to a gay club before, Ollie?”

“Can’t say I have,” I answer, putting the milk away.

One of my clients sent her payment for the book I have to edit. Luckily, this four hundred dollars was enough to pay my electric bill and get some groceries.

I lean against the counter, glancing at the receipt in my hand before slipping it into the drawer. I’ll need to send my dad some money before he calls again. Or worse, decides to come for a visit.

Knox’s voice brings me back from my thoughts. “You’ve never been to a gay club?” he asks, sounding surprised.

“No. I haven’t,” I say softly. “I don’t really go out much. You know that. Your house, Oasis, and home.”

“Well, that’s going to change when this place opens,” he says, enthusiasm in his voice. “It’s a whole new world. You’ll love it.”

I smile, though it doesn’t quite reach my eyes. I want to believe him. I do. But every time I think about going somewhere new, about being around people I don’t know, that knot in my stomach tightens again.

Ryker’s face flashes before my eyes, and I feel my whole body blush. God, the man is... something else . He’s big. Not just tall but thick with muscles in a way that makes him look powerful, dangerous even. But there’s this softness about him, too, something I didn’t expect from a man who looks so powerful. Maybe it’s the way he talked to me, slow and careful, like he was weighing every word. Or the way he held himself. He’s not intimidating, even though he could easily make anyone feel small.

And man, do I want him to make me feel small. Even during our brief encounter, I could feel my mind letting go. Any longer, and I would have had him running away as I slipped into Baby headspace. A man like that would never want a Baby. He probably thought I was Little, like Knox.

His eyes are intense. Like they could see straight through you. But when they focused on me, I swear there was a gentleness behind them that made my heart stutter. And then there’s his smile. It’s like the room lights up, like suddenly, it’s okay to be there, to exist in that space with him.

I can’t quite pin down how he does it, how he makes me feel safe and on edge all at once.

He looks like he belongs with the Obsidians.

“Ollie, are you listening to me?”

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Were you off in la la land again?”

“Guilty,” I sigh, grabbing a pack of ramen. “Hey, if I make ramen in the microwave, do I have to add water or milk?”

“Water, I think,” he answers. “We’re having chicken casserole. Do you want to come over for dinner?”

My mouth waters at the thought alone.

“No, thank you,” I say, trying my very best to not let him hear the disappointment in my answer. “I have two books to edit. I don’t want to get behind.”

“Tomorrow?” he asks. “You coming to Oasis?”

“I thought Taylor worked the Cage tomorrow?” I ask. I know his schedule because I don’t ever go to Oasis without Knox there with me, and Knox only goes the day his Papa works. I used to go a lot on my own after my Daddy died, but then I met Knox and realized how boring it was without him.

“The Cage is closed tomorrow,” he says. “They’ve got a team coming in to update the floor. Want to come with me?”

“If I can get enough work done between tonight and tomorrow, I’ll meet you there,” I reply, sliding my bowl of ramen into the microwave.

How long does this take? Usually, I settle for cans of soup, pot pies, pizza rolls, or chicken nuggets. This will be my first pasta.

Twenty minutes sounds about right.

I set the microwave and head over to my computer.

“Well then, get your sexy ass to work,” he laughs. “Love you. Bye.”

“Love you, too, brat,” I laugh back.

While my food cooks, I make sure my laptop is plugged in. I’d seriously cry if it died after hours of work.

Deciding to grab a drink, I shuffle to the small kitchen corner of my apartment. I open the cabinet and glance longingly at my bottle. I don’t have many Baby things, but I love that bottle.

But that’s only for bedtime. It’s my reward. I’m thinking chocolate milk.

With a nod, I grab my favorite tumbler and fill it with iced tea. It’s not a bottle, but it’s the next best thing.

The microwave dings, and I rush to get my food. However, all of the water is now gone, and there’s a large burnt spot in the middle of the still-hard noodles.

Either I didn’t add enough water, or I cooked them for too long.

Sighing, I toss the noodles in the trash and make myself a bologna sandwich. It will have to do.

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Ryker

“I think we should add an extra soundproofing layer between these sections,” Steel suggests to the contractor overseeing the construction of Eclipse. “This area back here is our Blue Room. It’s where Doms take their Subs for aftercare when things get overwhelming. It needs to be as quiet and calm as possible.”

“It’s already soundproofed from your end, right?” the contractor asks. Steel nods his answer. “Alright, adding an additional layer wouldn’t hurt. It’ll provide extra insulation against noise from the adjacent areas. According to the blueprint, this section will house one of the restrooms. With the hand dryers and toilets, we might also want to reinforce this part of the wall with soundproofing. That will help reduce noise bleeding into your side. Does that work for you, Mr. Cross?”

“Absolutely,” I reply. “And once the walls are up and the soundproofing is installed, I’d like to test the music volume levels before we move forward. It’ll be loud, and I want to ensure it doesn’t disrupt Oasis.”

“We can make that happen,” the contractor assures me.

“When can you start?” Steel asks. “Also, on the nights my club is open, I’d prefer no work past seven in the evening.”

“We can start in about a week,” the contractor says. “I need to wait for some supplies to arrive. As for the hours, that’s no problem. My team will start early and wrap up by six. Does that work?”

“That’s perfect,” I reply. “I’ll see you then.”

The contractor gives a firm nod before heading out. Once he’s gone, I turn to Blaze and Steel.

“Put ‘er there, partner,” Blaze says with a grin, holding out his hand.

Laughing, I shake his hand. Technically, we’re not business partners in the traditional sense. We don’t share profits between Oasis and Eclipse. But since both clubs will operate in the same building, with the same security system and overlapping clientele, we’re partners in every other way that matters.

“Partners,” I say, smirking.

“We’ve been away long enough,” Steel says, checking his watch. “Taylor hates when we leave him in charge. You coming, Ryker? It’s been a while since you’ve come to play.”

“I never played,” I remind them. “I only watched. Some of your Doms are idiots. They could use proper training.”

“Yeah, we’re working on it,” Blaze sighs. “So, are you coming?”

“Yes,” I chuckle. “I find myself eager to attend tonight. I might hang out in the Littles’ room, though.”

“Eager to find a Little to call your own?” Blaze teases, walking backwards.

“No,” I reply with a sly smile. “I’m eager to find a Baby.”

“I fucking knew it,” Steel mutters. Then, suddenly, Blaze stops in his tracks. His grin

fades, and his demeanor turns serious.

“You interested in Ollie?” he asks, his finger landing firmly on my chest. “He’s delicate, Ryker. Find someone else.”

I hold his gaze, my voice calm but firm. “I’m only going to ask you once to remove your hand.” I wait until he complies, then continue. “As for Ollie, you’re going to have to trust me. If he agrees to give me a chance, that Baby will be so fucking loved, so safe, that he’ll never want to be Big again. I know he’s been hurt, but you both know me. Do you honestly think I’d ever hurt him?”

Steel’s jaw tightens, and Blaze glances between us, the tension thick in the air. For a moment, no one speaks.

“Fine,” Steel finally mutters, though his eyes remain sharp. “But one tear, Ryker, just one, and I’ll break your fucking face.”

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Ollie

“Movie night!” Knox sings, spinning around the room with exaggerated flair. His energy is contagious, but I just smile softly. Usually, I wear soft pants and a fun shirt when I come here, but Steel called earlier and said tonight is pajama night. So, here we are, all of us in our jammies.

Knox’s pajamas are dark blue with little space shuttles blasting across them. Ceecee is wearing a princess nightgown, and mine is light blue, covered in duckies. This pair is my absolute favorite. Blaze and Steel bought it for me right after I got out of the hospital. They were perfect for slipping on over the thick cast I had to wear back then. Breaking an arm isn’t fun, but these jammies made it a little better.

The lights dim, and the room glows with soft, twinkling stars hanging from the ceiling.

“Woah,” everyone whispers in unison.

Ceecee claps her hands in delight, and I just stare up in awe. They’re so beautiful. If I lay back, it’s almost like being in a baby bed, staring up at a mobile.

I might need to get some of these stars for my own room.

“What are we watching?” someone asks. “I hope it’s a scary movie!”

“No way!” Knox shouts, jumping up and down. “Baby Ollie and Baby Ceecee will be scared. Not me, though!”

I want to roll my eyes, but I don't. Knox hates scary movies. Probably even more than I do. I would say that to him, but I don't feel like talking. Tonight, for the first time in almost a year, I want to be Baby Ollie.

I wonder if someone would make me a bottle?

Glancing around the room as the movie starts, I notice everyone is snuggled up. Littles and Baby Ceecee are all cuddled with their Daddies and Mommies. The Domme is sitting in the corner talking to someone on her phone. No one's looking this way. My favorite bean bag sits in the far corner of the room, so I guess I shouldn't feel left out. It's where I chose to sit.

Knox is the only other one here without someone tonight, but that's because his Papa is busy keeping everyone in the building safe.

He's a good Papa.

With a quiet sigh, I get up and walk toward the snack section. I wanted to crawl because that would feel more right, but I wouldn't be able to reach anything if I did.

Looking back, I confirm what I already know. No one notices me. Knox is sitting near the middle of the room, way too close to the TV. If he saw me, he'd come help.

He's a good friend.

The door creaks open behind me, but I don't pay much attention. It's probably one of the guards checking in. There's a camera in here, but I know that it's not currently on, so the guards do regular rounds to make sure we're all safe.

We have good guards.

I grab a bottle from the counter, but as I hold it, something shifts inside me. Suddenly, I don't want it anymore. Putting it back, I wipe at the tears welling up in my eyes and walk back to my bean bag.

Snuggling into the soft chair, I grab my favorite stuffie that's always here waiting for me and pull a blanket over my body. I want my paci so badly, but I didn't bring it tonight. The club has extras, but only Doms are allowed in the supply room. With a heavy sigh, I roll onto my side and slide my thumb into my mouth instead.

It's dark.

No one will see me.

No one ever does.

I really wish I didn't come tonight.

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Ryker

My heart fucking breaks as I watch Ollie go to make his own bottle. Then I watch him deflate when he changes his mind.

I don't move a muscle as he makes his way to his bean bag, wiping his face. He then lays himself down. Gets his own toy. Covers himself up. And sticks his thumb in his mouth.

Pulling out my phone, I shoot a very angry text to Steel.

“Why the fuck is there no Domme in here to take care of Ollie? He was going to make himself a fucking bottle and then seemed to lose interest. What the fuck, Steel? He comes here to relax and fall into Baby headspace, but he can't do that because there isn't any fucking one here to fucking help him.”

I'm so angry I could spit fire.

“There is a Domme there. She has long black hair. Wears glasses. Tall. She fucking better be in there.”

I look around the room until I spot her. She's in a chair in the far corner of the room, looking at her fucking phone with a smile on her face. Holding my phone up, I take a picture and send it.

“Is this your Domme? Because if it is, she isn't doing her fucking job. She's nothing more than a shitty babysitter.”

I send the message and just watch the woman for several moments. Not once does she look up.

“I’m not paying her to fucking babysit. Damnit. How often does she neglect them? Mother fucking son of a bitch. Who else is there without a Daddy or Mommy?”

Glancing around, everyone apart from Ollie and Knox seems to be cuddled against a Dom.

“Just Knox. But he seems perfectly content in front of the TV.”

I take a picture and send it to Taylor.

“Your Little boy sure does love this movie.”

Walking over, I lean down and whisper in his ear.

“Back up, Little boy. You’re going to get a headache sitting that close.”

Knox looks up and smiles.

“I has a hard head,” he whispers back. “Papa tells me that all the time.”

“I’m sure he does,” I chuckle. “But scoot back anyway.”

Sighing, he does as I say. The fact that this room has about seven Daddys, Three Mommys, and one Domme currently here, and not one of them told him to scoot back floors me.

“Scoot his ass back some. There isn’t anything wrong with his vision.”

“Already did. However, out of the ten Doms/Dommes in this room, not one of them has told him to do so. I think some of these asshats need to be re-vetted.”

“Agreed. Steel is fucking livid right now. I’m glad you caught what you did. Even if it is heartbreaking. Ollie needs a strong Daddy to take care of him. Know anyone who might be interested? I could probably talk to a couple of friends and see if they are.”

“Fuck you.”

He doesn’t respond, but I just know the fucker is laughing.

I look back at Ollie, and he’s staring at me with wide eyes. Gasping, he removes his thumb and tucks it under the blanket. Is he afraid of getting in trouble?

My poor Baby.

Walking over, I smile down at him.

“Would it be alright if I watched this movie with you?”

Please, don’t say no. I hold my breath and wait for him to work through his thoughts.

Then he nods. Thank fuck.

I want to crawl on the big-ass bean bag chair and pull him close, but I won’t push it. I sit down on the floor and lean against the side of it.

“Thank you, Little one,” I whisper. “I love your duckie jammies. They’re very cute.”

He smiles.

“I haven’t seen this one yet,” I whisper, pointing to the movie. “Is it any good?”

Moving his thumb back up to his lip, he rubs it back and forth before nodding.

I adjust myself to where it looks like I’m watching the movie, but I can still see Ollie’s face. It takes a few minutes before he fully relaxes. He slides his thumb close to his lips several times before pulling away.

He’s licked his lips twice and keeps swallowing.

He needs water.

An idea comes to me, but it’s risky.

“I’ll be right back, alright,” I say. “I’m just going over to the kitchenette.”

His eyes widen, and sadness flows over his features.

“I’ll be right back, baby boy,” I say. “I promise.”

He nods, but I can tell he doesn’t believe me. How many people have abandoned this boy?

Taking a chance, I lean in and kiss his forehead.

“Just a few minutes,” I promise.

“Be quiet. We’re supposed to be watching a movie.”

Ollie’s eyes lose light, and he digs himself further into the chair. I send my most pissed-off glare toward the voice, the fucking Domme, but she doesn’t even look up.

She's still smiling down at her phone.

I've never hit a woman, but I am damn close to it right now.

Fucking bitch.

Smiling down at Ollie, I jump up and head to the kitchenette. I grab the large baby bottle and fill it with water. Then I grab some soft cheese puffs and some wipes.

Time to show this Baby how he's supposed to be treated. Before heading back, I send another text to Steel.

"If I kill this bitch, can one of your buddies get rid of the body?"

"Don't fucking talk like that over the phone. And yes. But no killing in the Little room. It would be a bitch to get blood off those colorful walls."

Shaking my head, I walk back to Ollie. I place the bottle and snacks on the floor next to me, and Ollie's eyes widen.

"Alright, baby boy," I whisper. "I know you don't know me, and I know you're scared, but would it be alright if I took care of you for a while? You don't have to say yes, Little one. I will still lie beside you and watch the movie. But, if you do say yes, I promise to be very good. And I'll have you know that I'm a champion at cuddles. What do you say?"

He's reluctant. He's scared.

"Will you gets mad if I don't talk?" he asks so quietly that I almost missed it.

Right now, he sounds like a Little. I wonder if he drops to Little Headspace when

he's too scared to go deeper.

"Not even a little, baby," I say. "As long as you don't get mad if I talk too much."

Giggling, he shakes his head.

"Shhhh."

This time, I catch her fucking eyes as she looks our way. Fear clouds her face, and she knows she messed the fuck up. I hold her stare until she looks away.

I'll deal with her later.

"Can I pick you up?" I ask as I return my attention to Ollie.

Again, it takes him several moments before he nods.

He starts to move, but I shake my head.

"Babies can't stand, silly," I remind him as I lift him into my arms and flop us both down on the bean bag chair, him sitting sideways on my lap. "Let me take care of you, Ollie. You fall as deep as you need."

Adjusting us so we can both see the TV, I grab the bottle and press it to his lips.

"Drink your water, baby," I say. "Drink the whole bottle, and you can have a cheesy snack."

Ollie hesitantly opens his mouth and reaches for the bottle.

"No," I say. "Let me, sweetheart. You just settle in my arms and watch the movie."

Everything is going to be alright. I've got you now."

Lowering his hands, I place the nipple in his mouth and relax back.

"Such a good boy," I praise, kissing his forehead. "Such a very good boy."

For Daddy. But I haven't earned that title just yet.

Nothing has ever felt so... Fucking... Right.

When the bottle is empty, I set it aside and grab a puff.

"Open up, Little one."

He does, and I gift him with a cheesy puff. Even in the dark, I can see his blush. Hell, I can feel it.

My body reacts to his closeness. He's so sexy as a man and so fucking adorable as a Baby.

After his snack is gone, he rubs his bottom lip with his thumb, and I smile.

Using the wipe to clean my hands, I gently shove his away from his lips.

Time for a little test. I've always dreamed of a Baby boy who would let me control absolutely everything while they're in Baby headspace. Let's see if he would even be willing.

"Your skin is much too delicate for you to be sucking on it for a long time," I whisper against his head. "Use mine, baby. Use my thumb."

Glancing up at me, I smile and nod.

Use me, baby boy. Fucking use me. I'll take care of you in all ways. I'll take care of your Baby, and I'll take care of your Big.

I don't say that to him, but I sure as fuck plan to.

I cup his face with my left hand and rub my thumb against his bottom lip the same way he did. I press gently, not forcing the issue but asking for entry.

I can tell he's nervous.

"Open for me, Ollie," I beg. "Let me inside."

I mean that in more ways than one. Let me inside your heart. Let me inside your mind.

Finally, he opens. I slide into his mouth and can't help it as my cock hardens. I would never do naughty shit while he's in Baby headspace, but my cock doesn't seem to care.

Bastard.

Ollie's lips close around my thumb, and his eyes flutter shut as he takes a tentative suck. My heart squeezes in my chest. He's trying so hard to let go, to trust me.

"That's it, baby," I murmur, stroking his cheek with my fingers. "Good boy. You're such a good boy for me."

His shoulders relax slightly, and I can feel the tension melting away as he leans into my touch. I stay completely still, letting him set the pace. His lips form a seal around

my thumb, his soft sucking slow and hesitant at first, then growing steadier.

I don't move. I don't rush. I just stay present for him, watching the way his body shifts, the way his breathing evens out.

"You're safe with me, Ollie," I say softly. "Always safe."

He peeks up at me through his lashes, and there's something raw in his gaze. Something fragile but also hopeful. It's like he's testing me, seeing if I'll hold steady or crumble under the weight of his need.

"I've got you, baby boy," I whisper, pressing a soft kiss to his temple. "All of you. Anytime, anywhere."

He sucks a little harder on my thumb, and I feel his hand clutching the edge of my shirt. It's a small movement, but it's everything.

"Do you want to lay down?" I ask after a few minutes, my voice low and soothing. "I can hold you while you rest."

He hesitates for a moment, then nods, his grip on my shirt tightening.

Gently, careful not to remove my thumb, I roll us onto our side, his head resting on my arm. He curls into me like he belongs there, and my arms instinctively tighten around him.

I can't see the TV, but I don't fucking care. Ollie can, and I can see him. That's all that matters.

"You're doing so good, Ollie," I murmur against his hair. "Just relax. I've got you."

He hums softly, and for the first time tonight, I feel him completely let go.

Big Ollie is gone, and I have an armful of Baby.

My Baby.

The movie eventually ends, and everyone moves around to go potty. Ollie is fast asleep, and I have half the mind to wake him up. If he's in Baby Headspace, he might accidentally pee himself. Carefully, I reach down and stroke his ass. The crinkle sound makes me smile.

I don't know if it's a good diaper, but it doesn't matter. If my Baby wets himself, I'll just clean him up.

So, I let him sleep.

Once everyone returns, snacks and drinks are grabbed, and a second movie starts. Knox glances down at Ollie on his way back, and tears fill his eyes.

"Thank you," he says.

That wasn't Little Knox talking to me. That was Knox crying for his friend.

I nod, and he heads back to his spot right in front of the TV.

"Knox," I say, trying not to wake Ollie. "Back it up."

Sighing, he scoots, but I catch the small smile before he turns back around.

Halfway through the second movie, Blaze and Steel sneak into the room and head straight towards me. This is the same spot Ollie was sitting in when I first saw him.

Maybe it's his favorite spot, seeing as how these two knew exactly where we were.

They both sit on the floor but don't say a word. They simply look at their little friend in my arms, my thumb in his mouth. He's no longer sucking, but occasionally, he'll latch back on. So, I keep it where it's at.

"Fuck, brother," Steel says. "I've never seen him look so at peace."

"If he wasn't in your arms, I would kiss you right now," Blaze says. "Holy fuck, man. He needs a man like you."

"No," I glare. "He doesn't need a man like me. He just needs me."

"Last warning, and you'll have to leave."

"I'm going to shoot her," I tell the men. "Right in the fucking face."

I look over and beg the bitch to look this way. Just a small glance.

"I love this movie," Blaze says out loud. Ollie jumps a bit but latches onto my thumb and falls back to sleep. I'd be pissed if I didn't know what he was doing.

"Alright, out."

The woman stands and waltzes right over to us. Not once looking up from her phone. When she gets to the bean bag, she sighs and looks right at me.

I smile when she notices her bosses sitting on the floor, looking massively pissed.

"I'm so sorry, sirs," she stammers. "I didn't realize it was you."

Ollie stirs and I hush him and slightly rock until he's back to sleep.

"Why are you touching that boy?" she asks as if she's only just noticing Ollie. "He's to be left alone at all times. Right, bosses?"

"By left alone, do you mean not taken care of?" Steel asks quietly but no less angry. "Our office. Now."

Steel stands and ushers her forward, but Blaze takes another look at Ollie.

"You'll take care of him?" he asks. "You'll love him like he deserves?"

"On my honor, Blaze," I answer. "He'll never again be afraid to be himself."

He spends a few moments searching my eyes. Finding his answer, he nods and walks away.

Holding Ollie a little tighter, I chuckle when he latches back onto my thumb. When I have my Baby in my home, I plan to fall asleep just like this for the rest of our lives. My Baby doesn't need a paci. He can fall asleep sucking on my thumb.

Or my cock. Yeah, if he wants to use my cock as a paci, I'd be okay with that too. Not in a sexual way. But in a Daddy/Baby way. I wouldn't expect him to suck me off, just for comfort.

Well, his comfort. Fucking torture for me.

I can't wait. I hope it's something he wants.

When the second movie ends, all the Little's get up and stretch. The lights come back on, and the chatter picks up. A few couples leave, but it's still loud enough that Ollie

wakes with a start.

I glance down at him and smile, but I don't remove my thumb. He's latched on, and I'm trying to figure out which Ollie I'm dealing with.

"Do you want to go play?" I ask.

He nods but doesn't say a word.

"Do you want to try and go potty first?" I ask. "I know that you're wearing a diaper, and it's okay to use that instead."

Fear fills his eyes, and I want to kick my ass. Steel told me that one of those so-called Daddies punished him for using a diaper.

"Don't be scared, baby boy," I say. "Whatever you're comfortable with. Do you want to go potty?"

He nods, and I gently remove my thumb.

"Such a good baby boy," I praise.

His eyes light up. Something I've noticed happens when he's told he's good.

My Baby has a praise kink, does he? That's okay. So do I.

Standing, I lift him in my arms and carry him to the bathroom.

Hmm, how am I going to do this? He can't stand right now.

"I need to lay you down on the changing table and remove your pants and diaper,

alright?”

He’s scared again. But that’s okay. I can work around it. I want that Daddy title so badly I can taste it. I’ll give him the sun if that’s what it takes.

Laying Ollie down on the changing table, I cover his ears and yell.

“Knox.”

“Yeah?” he says, rushing into the room. “Did he has an accident? Please, don’t be mad. He’s a good Baby.”

Fury.

I wonder if Steel killed the man who hurt him for using his diaper. I’ve never actually killed someone, but if he was standing here right now, I’d put a bullet between his eyes.

“He is a good Baby,” I say. “I just need to get him out of his pants and diaper so he can go potty. But he’s a bit scared. Would you hold his hand for me?”

Nodding, he walks to Ollie’s head and holds his hand.

Some of the fear leaves my Baby’s face. Good.

Making quick work, I remove his pants and diaper.

“Up you go, baby.” Lifting him, I place him down on the toilet. “You go potty and Da... And I’ll wait for you right here.

Nothing happens, and I catch him glancing at Knox. Is this too intimate to do with his

friend?

“Knox, can you go get some toys ready for us to play with?” I ask.

“Can it be Legos?” he asks excitedly.

“Ollie is too small for Legos,” I smile. “Maybe blocks. But, as long as we’re careful to keep them out of reach, I’ll play Legos with you and blocks with Ollie. Sound good?”

“Is that okay, Ollie? Can your...uhm... Can Ryker play with both of us?”

Ollie gives his friend a look that says, what a silly question before nodding.

“Yes,” Knox cheers as he leaves the room.

“Go potty, baby boy,” I chuckle.

Almost immediately, he pees a sigh of relief.

“You were holding that for a while, huh?” I chuckle. “Alright, back on the table. I’m going to clean you up real quick and put your diaper and pants back on. Do you want me to get Knox for you first?”

Thinking it through, he shakes his head.

Good boy.

Once he’s on the changing table, I take a wipe to his penis and balls, making sure all the urine is cleaned off so it doesn’t dry on his skin. Then, I grab one of the diapers stored below the changing table and quickly secure him back up.

With his pants back on, I lift him and carry him back to the play area.

“It’s midnight, so I’m thinking we play for an hour, and then you need to go home and get some rest.”

His eyes tear over, and I want to scream.

“You’re tired, baby,” I explain. “You need to eat a big dinner and sleep a good sleep. But first, let’s play.”

I spend the next hour playing with both Knox and Ollie. Tonight is the most relaxed I’ve been in a very long time.

“Let’s go, Pup,” Taylor says around one in the morning. “You’re going into the office and sleeping. If I let you stay in here, you’ll play the whole time.”

“Oh, man,” he whines. “Wait, what if Big Knox wakes up? Can’t he stay awake longer?”

“I don’t care if you’re Big, Little, or suddenly become Baby Knox,” Taylor says. “You’re going to sleep. Have a good night, Ollie. Call us if you need anything. Be sure he eats before he leaves.”

“I’ve got him,” I say.

Knox quickly picks up his Lego mess before following his Papa.

“Is it alright if I take you home?” I ask Ollie. “I want to make sure you’re safe.”

Sighing, he rotates his shoulders and cracks his neck. It’s almost as if he’s shaking off the Baby.

I don't like it. But I also can't let him go home alone when he's fully regressed.

"Hey there, baby," I smile when I see the man before me. It's in his eyes. I can just tell he's not my Baby right now. He stands, and for the first time, I can see how massively different we are in size. He really is my little Baby. "I don't believe we've actually met."

Blushing, Ollie accepts the hand I hold out.

"I'm Ryker Cross," I say.

"Is that your real name?" he asks. His voice is still soft but much clearer than I've heard so far.

"Yes, it is. And what's your name?"

"Ollie Anderson," he says shyly.

"And is Ollie Anderson your real name?" I tease.

"No," he giggles. "It's actually Oliver Keith Anderson. But I like Ollie better."

"I think I like Ollie, too," I say. "Let's go eat, and then I'll take you home."

"Here you go," Knox says, bursting through the door and handing me a takeout bag.

"Papa ordered burgers. Bye, Ollie. By Ollie's... uhm... Ryker."

"Bye," Ollie waves.

"Yum," I say, guiding Ollie to a table. "I hope there's onions on mine."

Ollie makes a face and shakes his head. He rubs his thumb against his lips.

I fucking hate what I'm about to do.

"You can't regress again, baby," I tell him as I pull out his burger. I'm not helping, considering I'm checking his food to make sure he doesn't choke on something. "I can't allow you to go home alone while you're regressed."

Sighing, he drops his hand.

"I know," he says softly. "I hate being Big."

"Oh, I don't know," I tease as I hand him his food. "Being Big has its advantages."

"Name one," he says.

"Easy. I get to hear your voice. While I loved playing with your Baby, I'm just as happy to get to know you. I can't do that without your voice. Shall I name another?"

A small smile tugs at the corner of his mouth, and he nods.

"When you're Big, you can stand up," I say. "Which means you can dance with me. Another?"

His face turns a beautiful red, and he nods.

"Big Ollie can eat things like burgers and fries," I say. "Baby Ollie most definitely can't. Another?"

Giggling, he nods.

“Baby Ollie is my baby,” I say. “I’ll play with him, take care of him, and make him feel cherished and safe. And while I’ll do the same thing to Big Ollie, there’s one huge advantage.”

“What?” he asks.

I lean in, letting my voice drop, slow and smooth. My lips are so close to his ear that I feel him shiver.

“Big Ollie can handle things Baby Ollie can’t.” I move my hand across the table, brushing against his, and I see the way his breathing hitches.

“Like what?” he whispers, his voice barely audible.

“Like the way I’d kiss you,” I murmur. “Deep and slow, tasting every part of your mouth until you’re trembling against me.”

His cheeks flush a deeper red, and his eyes dart down to his burger, but I don’t stop.

“When you’re Big, I can press you against a wall,” I continue, my voice just above a whisper, “pin your wrists above your head and claim you in ways that’ll leave you breathless.”

I slide my hand over his, holding it gently but firmly, my thumb brushing slow circles against his skin.

“I’ll take my time, Ollie. I’ll explore every inch of you. Your body, your thoughts, your desires. I’ll learn how to make you moan, how to make you beg.”

He swallows hard, and I catch the way his thighs shift like he’s trying to steady himself.

“And when I make love to you, I’ll give you everything. I’ll worship you, Big Ollie. I’ll make you feel so damn loved that nothing else in the world will matter but us.”

He finally looks up at me, his lips parted, his pupils blown wide.

“Still hate being Big?” I ask, smirking slightly.

He blinks at me, utterly speechless, and I reach out to tuck a strand of hair behind his ear.

“Think about it, baby,” I murmur. “Because when you’re ready, I’ll be right here.”

And with that, I lean back and take a bite of my fry, acting as if I didn’t just set his whole world on fire.

“Eat your burger, baby. I need to get you home.”

He nods, picking up his burger and taking a bite. I watch him closely, telling myself it’s for his safety. But that’s a lie. A bold-faced one. I’m mesmerized by the way his jaw moves when he chews, the soft curve of his lips against the bun.

“You’re so damn sexy, Ollie,” I say, grabbing my burger to distract myself. “Stop messing with me, boy. I’m starving.”

Laughing, he throws a fry at me.

“You’re something else,” he says, a hint of amusement in his voice. “But you should probably know something about me.”

“I want to know everything about you,” I say, leaning in slightly.

“I’m scared of you,” he admits softly.

“I know, baby.” My voice gentles as I offer him a warm smile. “But it won’t take long for you to realize that all I want is to make you happy. I’m drawn to you in ways I can’t even put into words. I want to hold you, protect you, love you. I want to be your Daddy, to chase away every fear you have. Do you think you can be brave enough to give me a chance?”

“I’m a Baby,” he says, his voice quiet but firm. “I’m clingy. I don’t talk much. And I hate being alone. Those are just a few reasons people have left me in the past.”

“Well, I’m a Daddy,” I say, my tone steady. “I’m easily jealous. I talk way too much. And I’d want you attached to my hip all day long. Literally. You’re small enough that I can just carry you everywhere. Sounds like the perfect match to me.”

He looks at me, something unreadable in his expression. “I had a Daddy once,” he says finally. “But he died.”

“I know, baby. I’m sorry you lost someone you cared about.”

Jealousy flares for a moment, but it fades quickly. Someone else had him first. I’ll just have to make damn sure I’m his last.

“I didn’t love him like that,” Ollie says, shaking his head. “I mean, I loved him, but we weren’t in love. We were just friends. He was my caregiver. We were comfortable, but that’s it. We never kissed, never even snuggled.”

Relief washes over me, though my heart still aches for him.

“Do you think he would’ve liked me?” I ask, testing the waters.

A small smile tugs at his lips. "Mmmhmm. I think I like you, too."

"Is that so?" I tease, leaning forward. "Does that mean you're going to give me a chance?"

"Yeah," he whispers, looking down at his food.

"To be your man and your Daddy?" I ask, needing to hear it again.

"Yeah," he says, barely audible.

"Thank you, baby." I reach out, gripping his chin gently and tilting his face up until his eyes meet mine. "I'm going to earn both of those titles. I hope you're ready for me, Ollie. I'm not easy, and I sure as hell don't plan to go slow. But I promise to be careful with you. Trust me?"

His lips part, his voice almost a whisper. "I don't even know you... but yeah, I do."

A slow smile spreads across my face as I lean in, savoring the moment. Finally, fucking finally, I get to taste him.

I pull back from the kiss just enough to look into his eyes. He's breathless, his cheeks flushed, and I know I need to stop before I devour him right here. But damn, he makes it hard.

"You're making this impossible," I say, voice low and rough as I sit back. "I'm starving, baby, and not just for food. But I need to eat if I'm going to have the energy to keep up with you."

He giggles softly, his cheeks turning a deeper shade of red. "I didn't mean to distract you."

“Yeah? Well, you’re too damn good at it,” I say, reaching for my burger with a pointed glare at him. “Now eat, or I’ll have to feed you myself.”

He picks up a fry and nibbles on it, still watching me like he’s not sure what’s happening between us. Hell, I barely know either. All I know is that I want him in every way.

When we finish, I glance at him, my resolve tightening. “Let’s get you home.”

“Okay,” he says, his voice soft, almost hesitant. “I uh. I don’t drive. I’ll need to get to the bus stop.”

“Yeah, that’s not happening, baby,” I growl. “Just give me your address, and I’ll take you home.”

I watch the uncertainty in his eyes and kick myself.

“Text Steel and Blaze and tell them I’m taking you home,” I tell him. “They know everything about me. They’ll be ready to kick my ass until you call them when you get home and tell them you’re safe.”

Exhaling, he picks up his phone and does just that.

“Steel says I have to call as soon as I get home,” he smiles. “You were right.”

“Let’s go, baby,” I chuckle.

I walk him to my truck, and we drive in comfortable silence. The city lights blur around us, but all I see is him curled up in my passenger seat, stealing glances my way when he thinks I’m not looking.

When we pull up to his place, I turn the engine off and shift in my seat to face him.

“Listen to me, Ollie.” My voice is firm, but my hand is gentle as it cups his cheek.

“This is the only time I’m letting you go home by yourself.”

His eyes widen, and he opens his mouth, but I press a finger to his lips.

“I’m giving you a couple of days to think this through,” I say. “I need you to be sure about us. Not because you’re afraid of me. We’ll work through that. But I don’t want you to feel pressured simply because you’re a submissive. If you’re still in, still willing to try after those two days, then I’m going all in. Hard. No holding back. No going slow. Do you understand?”

He nods, his gaze locked on mine.

“This isn’t a game for me,” I continue. “I want you, Ollie. All of you. But I need to know you’re ready for what that means. For who I am. I’m not just a man. I’m a Daddy. And when I take care of someone, it’s for real. No half-measures. My Baby needs to be with me always so I can take care of him. You’ll move in with me. Or I’ll move in here. I honestly don’t give a fuck. Just as long as I’m with you to keep you safe.”

His lips tremble, and he whispers, “I think I’m ready.”

“Good,” I say, brushing my thumb over his bottom lip. “Take these next couple of days to be sure. Because once I have you, baby boy, I’m not letting go. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he says so softly I almost miss it.

And just like that, my heart is his.

“Go inside,” I say, my voice rough. “Before I change my mind and steal you away.”

He blushes, fumbling with the door handle before stepping out. As he reaches his front steps, he glances back at me.

“I’ll call you,” he says.

“In two days. Not a minute before,” I reply, watching him until he disappears inside.

As I drive away, my mind spins with thoughts of him. Two days. That’s all he gets. Then he’s mine.

I have forty-eight hours to get my house Baby ready. Because even if he decides he’s not ready for me, I’ll simply wait until he is.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:49 am

Ollie

I hate being Big. I hate responsibility. I hate adulting. I hate cooking. And I hate my father.

“Dad, I won’t get any more money for a month,” I beg. “This is all I have to survive on.”

“So, you’d let your old man starve?”

Starve my butt. He just wants more beer.

“How much do you need?” I ask, trying my very best not to cry.

“How much you got?” he asks.

I could lie, but I’m not very good at it, and he knows that.

“Three hundred and one dollars,” I admit.

“Three hundred should cover it,” he says firmly. “I’ll be waiting.”

He hangs up the phone, and I stop trying to be brave. My eyes are blurry as I send my father the rest of my money. I didn’t even get to go grocery shopping yet.

My phone rings, and I let the tears fall as I see it’s my father.

“You stingy bastard,” he yells.

“What?” I ask. “I sent everything I had.”

“Well, I only received two hundred and ninety-five dollars. Where’s the other five?”

“Dad, there are transfer fees,” I remind him.

“Well, next time, take that into account before ripping me off.”

Next time? My next client’s book won’t be ready for two months. I don’t accept payment until after I finish the work. By the time I get paid again, I’ll be dead from starvation.

Dropping my phone, I lay on the floor and curl into myself.

I hate being Big.

I want to call Ryker but it hasn’t been two days yet.

I think back to Oasis when he was so gentle with me. My heart races as I remember how he took care of me. I remember the relaxing look in his eyes as he did so.

Would I be too much for him?

I wipe my face on my sleeve, the salty taste of tears lingering on my lips. My stomach growls, a sharp reminder that I didn’t even get groceries. I hate this. I hate everything about this.

The thought of Ryker creeps into my mind again. It’s like he’s a lighthouse, cutting through the storm of my life. Just thinking about him makes me feel... safer. But it

hasn't been two days. I don't want to bother him. What if I call and he changes his mind? What if I'm too much for him, just like I've been too much for everyone else?

I grab my phone, fingers trembling as I scroll to his name. I shouldn't. I shouldn't. But I can't stop myself.

"Hi, baby," his deep voice rumbles through the line, warm and familiar.

My breath hitches. "Hi."

"You okay?" he asks, concern lacing his tone. "You don't sound okay."

I squeeze my eyes shut, the words tumbling out before I can stop them. "I know it's not been two days, but I just... I didn't know who else to call."

There's a pause on the other end, and I panic, ready to hang up.

"I'm glad you called, Ollie," he says, his voice softer now. "Tell me what's going on."

I break. The whole story pours out of me. My dad, the money, the hunger, the way I feel like I'm drowning in this thing called life. By the time I finish, my voice is hoarse, and I feel drained, like I've spilled the last pieces of myself.

There's silence, and for a moment, I think maybe I've scared him off.

"Listen to me," he says finally, his voice steady and firm. "You're not doing this alone anymore. You hear me? I don't give a damn if it's been two hours, two days, or two years. When you need me, you call me. Period."

My heart clenches, a sob escaping before I can stop it. "I don't want to be a burden."

“You’re not a burden, baby,” he says fiercely. “You’re mine, and that means I take care of you. Now, do you have food in the house?”

I shake my head, even though he can’t see me.

“Words, Oliver.”

“No.”

“I’m on my way,” he says, leaving no room for argument. “You’re not going hungry, and you’re not dealing with this crap on your own. Got it?”

“Ryker, you don’t have to...”

“I said, got it? ”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whisper, the word slipping out without thought.

“Good,” he says, and I can hear the smile in his voice. “Now sit tight, baby boy. I’ll be there soon. I hate to hang up, but I need to make a call. Stay brave for me, baby.”

I hang up, my chest feeling a little lighter. For the first time in a long time, I don’t feel so alone.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am

Ryker

I'm gripping the steering wheel so tightly my knuckles are white. My jaw aches from clenching it, but I can't stop the rage bubbling inside me. I hit the button on my steering wheel to call Blaze. It rings once before he answers.

"Yo, Ryker," Blaze greets.

"Did you know?" I bark, my voice sharp enough to cut steel.

"Know what?" he asks, his tone shifting to cautious.

"About Ollie's piece-of-shit father," I spit, barely keeping my temper in check. "Did you know that bastard's been bullying him into sending every damn cent he has? That he isn't eating enough because he can't afford to buy groceries? That the only thing he's eaten in seven days is crackers with ketchup and half a fucking burger?"

"Whoa, whoa," Blaze stammers. "No, man. I didn't know any of that."

"Put Steel on," I demand. I want them both to feel my fucking rage. The rational part of me knows that it's not their fault. Ollie isn't their responsibility. But the irrational part of me doesn't fucking care.

"Ryker, calm down," Blaze tries, but I'm not having it.

"Now, Blaze," I growl, leaving no room for argument.

There's a shuffle before Steel's voice comes on. "What's going on?"

"I'll tell you what's going on," I snap. "Ollie is starving, Steel. He's been giving every last dollar he earns to his drunk-ass father. Now, he's been scared into sending the last of his money again and he's sitting in that tiny apartment of his, crying and hungry." My voice breaks, but I cover it with more anger. "And you're telling me neither of you knew a damn thing about it? You guys even mentioned how he was losing weight. Did you ever once think it was because he was fucking starving?"

"Ryker," Steel says, his tone level but serious. "We didn't know. Ollie keeps shit like that to himself. We've tried to talk to him. He won't let us in. He doesn't even talk to Knox about his personal life."

I let out a frustrated growl, my foot pressing harder on the gas. "Yeah, well, that ends now. You hear me? I don't care what he tells you or doesn't tell you. He's mine now, and I'm not letting this happen again."

There's silence on the other end for a moment before Steel sighs. "Understood. What do you need from us?"

"For starters, I'm getting him out of that apartment and into my home," I say. "I want his father dealt with. Or just find me his fucking address, and I'll deal with him myself. No one hurts my Baby."

"We'll handle it," Blaze says, his voice unusually serious.

"Good," I grunt, ending the call without another word.

I pull up to Ollie's apartment complex, barely registering the rundown building as I park. My chest tightens as I think about him inside, probably curled up in that little ball he retreats to when life gets too heavy.

I take the stairs two at a time, my heart pounding in sync with my anger. When I reach his door, I knock firmly.

No answer.

“Ollie,” I call, trying to keep my voice soft but firm. “It’s me, baby. Open up.”

The lock clicks, and the door opens a crack. When Ollie’s face comes into view, my heart shatters. His eyes are red and puffy, his cheeks streaked with dried tears. He looks so damn small, so fragile.

“Oh, my baby,” I whisper, stepping inside and pulling him into my arms.

The door shuts behind us, and I hold him tightly, my hand cradling the back of his head. “I’ve got you, Ollie. I’ve got you now.”

He doesn’t say anything, just melts into me, and I swear right then and there that no one, not his father or anyone else, will ever hurt him again.

“Let’s pack you a bag, baby boy,” I say.

“Why?” he snuffles.

“Because we’re going home, baby,” I tell him. “I’m taking you home.”

Ollie pulls back just enough to look up at me, his eyes wide and glassy. “I can’t just leave,” he says softly, his voice trembling. “This is my home.”

I cup his face, brushing a thumb over his damp cheek. “No, sweetheart. This isn’t a home. This is a prison. A place where you’re trapped, where you’re hurt. Home is where you’re safe. Where you’re cared for.” I kiss his forehead, lingering there.

“That’s with me.”

He bites his bottom lip, his eyes dropping to the floor. “I can’t lose this place. I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

“You do now,” I say firmly. “I’m not giving you a choice, Ollie. Pack your bag, or I’ll pack it for you. But you’re coming with me. Actually, you just stay close to me, and I’ll pack everything you need.”

His hesitation is palpable, but after a moment, he nods. “Okay,” he whispers, his voice barely audible.

“Good boy,” I praise, my voice softening as I press another kiss to his temple. “If you’re too scared, I know that Blaze and Steel would let you live with them for as long as you need. I just don’t want you being here by yourself.”

“I want to be with you,” he says shyly.

Sighing in relief, I boop his cute nose. “Show me where your things are.”

He leads me to his tiny bedroom, and the sight of it makes my blood boil all over again. It’s bare. Nothing more than a bed, a dresser, and a few scattered items. No photos, no signs of a life lived. Just survival.

I find a bag in the corner of the room and start tossing in clothes. Ollie stands frozen by the door, watching me like he doesn’t know what to do.

“Do you have a toothbrush? Shampoo? Anything like that?” I ask, trying to keep my tone even.

“In the bathroom,” he says quietly, pointing.

I nod and move past him, grabbing what he needs and adding it to the bag. When I return, he's sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at his hands.

I kneel in front of him, taking his hands in mine. "This isn't forever if you don't want it to be, Ollie. Just until you're back on your feet or you agree to be mine. Whichever comes first. I'm hoping you agree to be mine, though. But I'm not letting you starve or cry yourself to sleep anymore. Do you understand me?"

He nods again, still not meeting my eyes.

"Look at me, baby," I coax, tilting his chin up. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," he whispers, his voice cracking.

"Good." I glance around the room. "Where's your Baby stuff?"

That finally gets him to look at me, his cheeks turning pink. "I... I don't have much."

"Show me what you do have," I say gently.

He hesitates, then gets up and opens a drawer. From inside, he pulls out a worn-looking pacifier, a single bottle, a small stuffed cheetah with matted fur, and two diapers.

My chest tightens as I take in the sight. "Is this everything?"

He nods, embarrassed. "I haven't been able to get more. It's... expensive."

I hand him the cheetah and place the rest in the bag. Then I turn to him, placing both hands on his shoulders. "You'll never go without again. I promise. Even if you don't agree to be my man. My Baby. I'll never let you go without again."

“But I do want to be yours,” he says softly. “I’m always so sad and scared. Even when other Doms try to soothe me. But, when I was with you, I felt safe. I haven’t dropped that far in Baby Space for years. I’m just scared I’ll be too much. Too needy.”

His lower lip trembles, and I pull him into my arms again. “Never, Ollie. You’re mine now, baby boy,” I murmur. “I’ll make sure you’re taken care of.”

Once the bag is packed, I zip it up and sling it over my shoulder. “Let’s go.”

As we head for the door, I notice him hesitate again. “What’s wrong?” I ask.

“What if my dad comes by?” he mumbles.

I step closer, towering over him. “If he comes by, he won’t find you. And if he tries to bother you again, he’ll deal with me. Got it?”

Ollie nods quickly, his eyes wide, and I soften immediately. “I’m sorry, baby,” I say, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. “I didn’t mean to scare you. I just want you to know I’ll protect you. Always.”

He leans into me, and I guide him out of the apartment, locking the door behind us. As we walk to my truck, I keep a hand on him, grounding him, reminding him he’s not alone anymore.

Lifting him into the truck, I reach across his body to snap the belt in place. Before I can pull back, Ollie cuddles into my neck.

“Such a good Baby,” I soothe.

I hold him for a few moments before reluctantly pulling back with a kiss to his

temple. I shut the door and race to the driver's side.

Once we're on the road, I glance over and notice his head resting against the window, his stuffed cheetah clutched in his hands.

"You're safe now, Ollie," I murmur, more to myself than to him. "You're safe."

Ollie

The truck comes to a stop, and I blink, realizing I must've drifted off at some point. My body feels heavy, but I force myself to sit up, my stuffie still clutched in my arms.

"We're here, baby boy," Ryker says, his voice softer than before.

I look out the window, and my breath catches. The house is beautiful. Two stories, with dark gray siding and white trim. The porch stretches across the front, lined with rocking chairs and hanging plants. Warm light spills from the windows, making it look like something out of a dream.

"This is your house?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

"It's our house now," Ryker tells me, climbing out of the truck. He walks around to my side and opens the door, holding out a hand. "Come on, baby."

I take his hand, letting him help me down, and my feet feel unsteady as we walk up to the door. Inside, the house smells like cedar and something faintly spicy, like cinnamon. The entryway is open and inviting, with hardwood floors and a cozy rug.

Ryker doesn't let go of my hand as he leads me through the house. The living room is warm, with a large, overstuffed couch and a fireplace that makes me want to curl up and stay forever. The kitchen is spotless, with dark cabinets and sleek countertops. Everything feels sturdy and safe, like Ryker himself.

“Let me show you to your room,” he says, steering me up the steps and toward a hallway.

We pass a couple of doors before stopping at the last one. He pushes it open, revealing a room that feels both simple and comforting. The bed is made up with soft gray blankets, and there’s a dresser, a nightstand, and a small armchair in the corner. The walls are a soft, creamy white, and the window overlooks a garden in the backyard.

“This is your room,” Ryker says, stepping aside so I can take it in.

I hover in the doorway, unsure. “This is for me?”

He nods, his expression gentle. “Of course, baby. I want you to be comfortable.”

I sit Mr. Cheetah down on the bed, my fingers trailing over the soft blanket. It’s more than I’ve ever had.

“Let’s get you settled,” Ryker says, pulling the bag off his shoulder and placing it on the bed. “I’ll heat up some food while you unpack, okay?”

I nod, my throat too tight to speak, and he gives me a small smile before leaving me alone.

After unpacking my few things, I wander back to the kitchen, where Ryker is setting two plates on the table. It’s grilled cheese and tomato soup, and it smells amazing.

“Sit, baby,” he says, pulling out a chair for me.

I slide into the chair, and he sits across from me, watching as I take my first bite. The food is warm and comforting, and for a moment, I forget all the bad things.

When we're done, Ryker takes my plate and washes up while I sit at the table, feeling too full and too tired to move.

"Time for bed, baby boy," he says, coming back to me. Instead of asking me to stand, he simply picks me up and cradles me against his hard chest.

Safety.

Once I'm tucked into the soft bed, he sits on the edge, brushing my hair back. "Sleep tight, Ollie," he murmurs, leaning down to kiss my forehead. "I'll be just down the hall if you need me."

"Okay," I whisper, my heart aching as he leaves the room.

I stare at the ceiling, trying to let the warmth of the blankets and the safety of this house soothe me, but it's no use. I need him. My Daddy. My safety.

I clutch Mr. Cheetah to my chest, curling up into a ball. The bed feels too big, too empty, and I can't stop wishing I was in his arms again. But I'm too scared to ask. What if he says no? What if he's already regretting bringing me here?

Tears prick my eyes, and I press my face into Mr. Cheetah. I'm too tired to think straight, but I can't stop myself from wishing for him. Wishing for the one thing I'm too afraid to ask for.

Ryker

Lying in bed, I stare at the ceiling, my arms crossed behind my head. The guest room. I shouldn't have put him in the guest room. It felt like the right move at the time. I was giving him space to breathe and adjust, but now it feels like I've abandoned my Baby when he needs me most.

I've been here for over an hour, but sleep isn't coming. My body feels restless, like it knows something's wrong.

Then I hear it. A muffled noise. I sit up, straining my ears.

There it is again. Quiet and soft but unmistakable. Ollie's crying.

My chest tightens, and my jaw clenches. No. Absolutely not.

I'm out of bed in a flash, my feet carrying me to the guest room without a second thought. I open the door quietly, and the sight makes my heart ache.

He's curled up in a ball on the too-big bed, his stuffed cheetah pressed against his chest. His shoulders are shaking, and I can hear his soft sniffles in the silence of the room.

"Oh, my baby boy," I whisper, my voice cracking.

I move to the bed, scooping him up without hesitation. He gasps, his teary eyes snapping to mine, but I don't let him protest. I carry him to my room, tucking him under the covers before climbing in beside him.

His small body melts into mine as soon as I pull him close, his head resting against my chest. My arms tighten around him, one hand cradling the back of his head.

"I've got you, baby," I murmur, kissing his temple. "Daddy's got you now."

Ollie lets out a soft sigh, his body relaxing completely. His thumb slipping into his mouth. My heart squeezes at the innocent gesture, and I can't help but smile.

"Is this what you wanted, baby?" I ask softly.

He nods, but he doesn't take his thumb out to answer.

"Why didn't you just tell me you needed me?" I press gently, brushing my hand down his back.

He shrugs, his face burying deeper into my chest.

"Were you afraid I'd say no?"

Another nod.

"Oh, sweetheart," I whisper, my lips brushing his hair. "I would never say no to you, Ollie. Not when you need me like this. I'm your Daddy, remember? My job is to take care of you, to love you, and to give you what you need. Always."

He lets out another soft sigh, and the sound tugs at my heart. I reach down, gently pulling his thumb from his mouth and replacing it with my own.

"Here," I whisper, my voice tender. "Use me instead, baby boy. Daddy's got you."

Ollie makes a small, content noise, his eyes fluttering closed as he sucks softly. I hold him tighter, feeling the weight of the moment settle in my chest.

This is it. This is everything.

His breathing evens out, and it isn't long before I follow him into sleep, my Baby boy safe in my arms where he belongs.

Ollie

“Baby, I have to go to work,” Ryker says at breakfast the next day.

I look up from my plate, the half-eaten pancake sitting forgotten in front of me.

“Work?” I ask softly, feeling a pang of anxiety hit me in the chest.

Ryker’s eyes soften as he notices the hesitation in my gaze. “Yeah, baby. I have some places to check on today. Some businesses. But it won’t take long.”

I nod slowly, trying to swallow down the nervous lump forming in my throat. “Do you have to go?” I whisper, trying not to sound too needy.

He stands up, rounding the table, and crouches down beside me, lifting my chin gently with his finger. “I do. You wanna come with me?”

My heart jumps at the offer. He’s giving me a choice. I don’t have to be alone. I don’t have to stay here by myself, stuck with my thoughts. A feeling of relief floods over me.

“You mean it?” I ask, my voice trembling a little. “I won’t be in the way?”

He smiles, the warmth in his expression making me feel safe. “Of course I mean it. You can come with me, and I’ll take care of you the whole time. As for you being in my way. I sure as hell hope so. I hope you’re always close enough to be in my way.”

I almost leap from my seat, excitement bubbling up in me at the idea of spending the day with him. I don't care if we're just checking on his businesses. I don't want to be without him. "Okay," I say, my voice small but full of hope. "I'll come."

The truck ride is quiet, but it's a comfortable kind of quiet. Ryker's hand rests on the gearshift, his eyes focused on the road, while I sit beside him, watching the world go by. It's still early, and the streets are quiet, just the hum of the vehicle and the occasional chirp of birds filling the air.

Our first stop is the gun shop. I've been here a few times with Taylor and Knox. Is this Ryker's shop? The moment we walk inside, I feel the familiar rush of tension that comes with the place. Guns. Weapons. They're not unfamiliar to me, but they always make me nervous. Ryker notices my unease and squeezes my hand, giving me a reassuring smile.

"I've got you, baby," he murmurs, his thumb brushing over my knuckles.

I let out a breath and nod, trying to calm myself. I trust him. I trust that he won't let anything happen to me.

We spent half an hour there while Ryker talked to some people. I plastered myself to his side and tried not to listen. It's an easy thing for me to do. I just go inside my head and play.

After that, we head to a restaurant. Another place he owns. It's sleek, modern, and always bustling. Ryker spends a few minutes talking to the staff, checking in on things, and making sure everything's running like it should. I follow him, my hand still in his, staying close enough to where I'm constantly touching his skin. The smell of fresh coffee and grilled food fills the air, and I can't help but feel a sense of comfort in this space, knowing it's another part of Ryker's world.

Next, we meet the contractor about Eclipse, the gay nightclub Ryker's building behind Oasis. I can tell this place means something to him. There's a different kind of energy in the air when we walk around the space where the building will be. It doesn't feel like his other businesses. This one feels personal. Ryker listens closely as the contractor talks about the progress of the equipment, and I can see the spark in his eyes. He's excited, but there's a quiet intensity about him.

They talk about the plans, the designs, and when construction can start. "We can begin tomorrow," the contractor says, giving Ryker a firm handshake. "We're ready to roll."

Ryker nods, pleased. "Good. Let's get this started."

I watch the exchange, feeling like I'm intruding on something important to him, but Ryker's hand is still wrapped around mine, pulling me into his world and making me feel like I belong.

Not once during any of his meetings did he push me away. Not once did he ask for space. Not once did he make me feel unwanted.

After the meeting, we make our way home. The ride back is peaceful. Ryker's been so attentive today, making sure I'm okay, asking me if I'm comfortable and if I'm happy. It feels strange to not be afraid when he's around.

When we finally pull up to the house, he turns to me with a smile. "How was your day, baby?"

"It was good," I answer quietly, looking at him with a smile of my own. "I liked being with you."

He chuckles, leaning over and pressing a soft kiss against my lips. "I'm glad, baby

boy. I like having you with me.”

I feel a warm flutter in my chest, a sense of belonging settling deep inside me. I’m still scared. But with Ryker, maybe that fear doesn’t have to control me. Maybe I can finally let myself trust him completely.

We walk inside the house together, hand in hand, and I know that for today, for now, everything feels okay.

Ryker

The quiet of the evening surrounds us as I watch Ollie, lost in the work he's been so focused on. It's been two weeks since he's come to stay with me, and while we've found comfort in each other's presence, the demands of life and business have kept us from sharing the intimate moments we both crave. Eclipse is demanding more of my attention than I ever anticipated, but tonight... tonight I want to give Ollie something more.

"Baby boy, I have to ask," I say gently, my voice low and filled with affection, "Would you like a Baby night tonight?"

His eyes lift from his work, the sparkle of curiosity dancing in them, and a soft smile tugs at his lips. "I... I'd like that," he replies, his voice a little quieter than usual. It makes my heart swell with relief and warmth.

Ollie shows his Baby to me throughout each day. He's never fully Big. But I need a night where I have my Baby completely here. And I know Ollie needs it, too. But before I let him regress into the comfort of Baby space, I want to show him just how much I cherish him as the man he is.

I move closer, cupping his face in my hands as I look into his eyes. "Before we go there, baby," I whisper, "Let me worship you. Let me love you the way you deserve to be loved."

He leans into my touch, a silent invitation for me to show him, to take my time. I take a deep breath, feeling the need to savor every moment.

Lifting him into my arms, I rush to our room. I kiss him softly and carefully, savoring the feeling of his lips against mine. The kiss deepens as I gently guide him toward the bed, urging him to relax into me. His body yields to mine, and I take it slow, undressing him with reverence, as if every part of him is precious.

“Let me take care of you, Ollie.” I quickly remove his shirt so I can access his skin. As my lips trail down his neck, over his collarbone, to the soft skin of his chest, I can feel his heartbeat beneath my mouth, steady and calm, but I want to make it race. I want to make him feel adored, every inch of him.

I make sure every touch is deliberate, my hands gliding over his skin, exploring every curve, every line, taking in the beauty of him. His body reacts to mine, soft sighs escaping his lips as I trail kisses down to the delicate place where his skin meets his hips. He shivers at my touch, and I smile against him, knowing I’m doing exactly what he needs. I make quick work of his pants before leaning back on my knees.

When I finally meet his eyes again, they’re soft, dazed in a blissful, affectionate haze. I can see the trust he has in me, the quiet surrender, and it fills me with warmth.

“I’m going to suck your cock, baby,” I smile up at him. “Are you okay with that?”

His nod is all the permission I need. I take his full length into my mouth and worship him. I take my time, not wanting it to end too soon. My baby tastes like heaven. But I need more.

“Come for me, baby boy,” I say. “I want you to come for me, and I’ll swallow all of you.”

His groan causes me to smile, and I take his long, slender length back into my willing mouth. It doesn’t take long before warm jets of my baby’s pleasure spill down my throat.

When I make sure he's thoroughly sated, I kiss my way back up to his mouth and kiss him deeply, forcing him to taste himself on my tongue.

"Do you want my cock in your mouth, baby?" I ask softly, my voice low, almost a whisper.

Ollie nods enthusiastically. But I see the hesitation in his eyes. He's asking for permission, and I want him to know that he has it, all of it.

"You can, baby," I assure him, my hands brushing through his hair as I lean down, pressing my forehead to his. "You can take care of me too if that's what you want. Or I'll be more than happy to take care of myself while you watch. Either way, that will be fucking happening soon. The idea of you watching me as I pleasure myself is so fucking hot. Then, when the time is right, I'm going to fuck you, Ollie. I'm going to mark you so deep that everyone will know who you belong to."

"Will you belong to me, too?" he asks quietly. My baby is always so quiet.

"I already do, baby. Now, are you touching me or watching me?"

Ollie shifts closer, his hand slowly reaching out to undo my jeans and I close my eyes, feeling his gentleness, his care. It's more than just physical touch, it's his way of saying he trusts me, that he's ready to share himself with me in this way.

I let him take the lead as much as he wants, letting him explore and feel, making sure he knows that nothing will ever be forced. He's safe with me, and I'll never take advantage of that.

I help him remove my pants, and as he's bending over to push them down, my cock flops out and bounces on his chin.

“I don’t think he’s as patient as you are,” Ollie giggles. “You’re so big. That will never fit inside me.”

Laughing, I pull him up and kiss him deeply. Our cocks doing their own dance together.

“I ordered plugs to stretch you out, baby,” I grin evilly. “It will take a couple of weeks, but we will eventually have your ass ready for me, don’t you worry. Now, I’m almost ready to beg for you to wrap those sexy ass lips around my aching cock.”

With a final hard kiss, I flop back on the bed and put my arms behind my head.

“I’m all yours, baby,” I smile. “Do with me as you will.”

Ollie lays between my legs and grabs my cock. His soft little hands are like fire as he strokes me a few times.

“Can I taste you?” he whispers.

“I might die if you don’t,” I groan.

It takes a moment, but then I feel his tongue reach out and lick the head of my cock.

Fuck.

I let him explore at his own pace. Never before has my strength been tested as it is right now.

After he’s done licking, kissing, and nibbling on parts of my cock and balls, he finally takes me into his warm wet mouth.

I look down at him, needing to see the image and burn it into my mind forever.

“You look so beautiful with my cock in your mouth, baby,” I groan. “So perfect.”

Again, I let him go at his pace. It’s a slow pace, but it helps me hold out.

For only ten fucking minutes.

“I’m going to come, baby,” I tell him. “You don’t have to swallow me. Just move back.”

But he doesn’t. He sucks with vigor now. Bobbing his head at just the right speed.

He moans, and that’s all it takes.

I... Fucking... Explode.

“That’s it,” I grunt. “Drink me down, baby boy. Take what’s yours.”

Once I’m spent, I lean down to pull my man up to me, but I freeze.

Ollie is resting his head on my thigh and is sucking the head of my cock. I look at his face, but he’s no longer with me. Did he regress that quickly? Or is he in a state of aftercare?

Either way, it doesn’t matter. I grab a pillow and shove it under my head, then grab the edge of the blanket and toss it over Ollie.

I relax back, my hands in his hair, while he simply lays there and sucks my cock the same as he does my thumb.

I feel myself getting hard again, but I ignore that fucker. My baby needs this, and he's going to get it.

It's the most delicious torture I've ever been through.

Closing my eyes, I drift off to sleep, knowing that Ollie is already there waiting for me.

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Ollie

“Finally.”

I lean back in the computer chair and wince at how many things popped and cracked in my body.

“You finished with that book, baby?” Ryker asks.

I nod.

I really hope he doesn’t get upset over how much I don’t talk. I just don’t like doing it if I don’t have to.

“Come here.”

He opens his arms, and I run into them.

“Oh, my baby boy.”

I snuggle against his chest, perfectly content to stay right here for the rest of the day. I’ve never been this happy in my entire life.

“I love you, Daddy,” I whisper.

Closing my eyes, I hold my breath. I don’t expect him to say it back, but I am expecting rejection.

When he doesn't say anything, I open my eyes and glance up.

"There's my Baby," he smiles down at me. "I wanted to see your eyes before I responded. I love you, too, Ollie. So much so that if you knew the extent, you'd run away screaming."

"Silly," I laugh.

"Baby, I don't want you to ever leave my sight," he says. "I want you glued to me every second of every day."

"I want that, too," I admit. "I don't ever want to be alone."

"And you won't be. Now, we didn't get to do our Baby Day last night because you sucked my brain cells out through my cock, but as soon as Knox and Taylor leave, I want my Baby, alright?"

"Knox is coming over?" I ask excitedly.

"Yeah, baby, but it's to bring news."

"HONEY, I'M HOME."

"Pup, you can't just waltz into another person's home without knocking. I have half the mind to redden that ass right here."

"It's Ollie's house, Papa. Since when do I knock?"

"Starting now. Now, get your ass out here and try again."

"Dang it."

Ryker shakes his head and gives me a soft kiss.

“Your friend is a nut,” he whispers.

Three very loud and frustrated bangs later, we open the door with a smile.

“Sorry,” Taylor sighs.

“Don’t worry,” Ryker chuckles. “Come on in. Can I get you anything to drink?”

“I’ll have a scotch,” Knox says.

“What he meant to say was, no thank you.”

“Dang it, Papa, why do you have to suck out all my fun?”

“Keep up the sass, and I’ll edge you until you’re about to explode. Then I’ll lock your cock up in the cage. Do you really want to spend all day tomorrow with your cock in prison and no release in sight?”

“So mean,” Knox says, his face turning a very bright shade of red.

“I know. Now, tell Ollie what you came to say so we can get out of their hair.”

“Your dad’s in jail,” Knox says, causing me to gasp. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to blurt that out like that.”

“It’s fine,” I shrug. “It was just a shock. What’s he in jail for?”

“For being a dick.”

“Pup,” Taylor warns.

“I mean, for tax fraud. At least, that’s what I think I did. It’s either that or impersonating a federal agent. Either way, he’ll be out of your hair for a long while.”

I look at my friend and shake my head. He spent his precious time getting my dad out of my life. Rushing forward, I pull him into a hug.

“You’re the best friend someone like me could ask for,” I say, hugging him tightly. “Thank you.”

“You’re not mad?”

I shake my head, stepping back.

“Good. Okay, also, the Domme at Oasis? She’s been fired and banned from the club. That was all Blaze and Steel, though. So, you’ll have to hug them later.”

“Fired? Why was she banned?” I ask. I always thought she was nice. She never even talked to me most of the time. Wonder what happened?

“Because she didn’t do her fucking job,” Ryker growled. There’s a story there, but I’ll find out about it some other time.

“We’re heading out,” Taylor says. “Call us if you need us, Ollie.”

He always says that when he leaves, but I also know he means it. I wish I would have talked to them about my dad a long time ago.

“Thank you guys,” I say. “For always being there for me.”

With a final wave, they leave.

“Can I be a Baby now?” I ask, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

“I want to show you something first.”

My stomach churns with a mixture of curiosity and uncertainty as Ryker leads me through the hallway, his hand warm and reassuring against my back. He’s always told me to stay out of this room, the one at the far end of the hall, the one he never mentions. I never questioned it, just assumed it was storage or something he didn’t want to deal with. But now, as his hand guides me to the door, I see something different in his eyes. There’s an intensity, a tenderness that sends a shiver down my spine.

When Ryker opens the door, I freeze. My breath catches in my throat. I step inside, my heart skipping a beat, and my eyes widen as I take in the sight before me.

The room is nothing like I expected. It’s not some dusty, forgotten corner of the house. It’s perfect. It’s a nursery. A nursery meant for me.

There’s an oversized changing table, diapers stacked neatly, and bottles lined up in perfect order. But the thing that catches my eye, the thing that steals my breath, is the baby bed. It’s soft, plush, and inviting. A bed that I used to dream about. Something that could make me feel safe and cared for, a place where I could rest without worrying about the world outside.

I’m frozen in place, unable to look away. My chest tightens, and for a moment, I’m not sure if I’m even breathing. The room is warm, cozy, full of softness and care. A stark contrast to the life I’ve known. A life that’s always been hard, always made me feel like I wasn’t allowed to be anything but tough.

“Ollie,” Ryker’s voice is soft, like a comfort amid the storm of thoughts racing through my mind. He steps closer, his hand warm on my shoulder. “Do you like it?”

I swallow hard, my voice shaky as I finally find the words. “I... I didn’t expect this.”

Ryker smiles, his expression full of tenderness, and it melts my heart. “I know,” he says, voice low. “I told you to stay out of here for a reason. I didn’t want you to see it until you were ready. Until that fear left your eyes But this is yours, Ollie. All of it. This is for you.”

His words hit me like a wave, and my chest tightens as emotions rise up inside me. I’ve never had a space like this. I’ve never been cared for in a way that feels real. Feels like someone wants to give me everything without asking for anything in return.

I step forward slowly, taking it all in, the changing table, the soft blankets, the plush toys, all things I never knew I needed, things I’ve always dreamed of but never let myself believe would be mine. It feels like a dream. One I’m afraid to touch, afraid it’ll disappear the moment I do.

“How did you do this?” I ask. “I’m always with you. I would have noticed if you left.”

“Well,” he smiles. “I ordered it and had it delivered to Oasis. Then, while we went out each day to check our businesses, Blaze, Steel, and Raven came in and set everything up.”

Ryker stands back, watching me with soft eyes, giving me the space to process it all. “It’s for you, baby,” he says quietly. “Whenever you’re ready, we can make it your place. We can change whatever you want. Add or take away whatever you want. I want to take care of you, Ollie. In every way.”

His words hit me harder than I expect, and I feel tears well up. My heart races, and I can’t hold them back. I’ve never thought I’d have a place where I could just be me. Where I don’t have to hide behind walls, don’t have to pretend to be someone I’m not. This room... it’s a gift. It’s a promise.

I blink back the tears, turning to Ryker. My Daddy. My voice is small but full of emotion. “I didn’t think anyone would ever... I didn’t think I’d get this.”

Ryker’s eyes soften, and he steps closer, wrapping his arms around me gently. “You deserve it, baby boy. You deserve all of it. And I’ll be here every step of the way to make sure you feel safe, loved, and taken care of.”

I lean into him, feeling the warmth of his embrace. I’ve never had anyone care this much. I’ve never had someone offer me everything I’ve always wanted. This is real. This is mine.

As I stand in the middle of the room, still trying to take it all in, my eyes drift to the corner. There’s a desk there, an office desk, sitting inconspicuously beside the pastel-colored walls. It doesn’t match the softness of the room, the plush blankets, or the baby bed. It’s a dark wood, sleek and professional, almost out of place.

I glance back at Ryker, confused. “What’s that for?” I ask, pointing to the desk.

Ryker chuckles softly, his smile full of affection as he moves to stand beside me. He runs a hand through my hair, his touch gentle, before turning to the desk with a small sigh. “That’s my office desk,” he says, his voice warm but with a hint of something else in it. Like there’s more to it than I’m seeing.

I frown, still confused. “Your office desk? But why here? Your office is downstairs.”

Ryker meets my gaze, his expression soft but determined. “Because when my Baby’s ready for a nap, I’ll feed you, change you, and place you in your baby bed, and then I’ll be right here,” he says, gesturing to the desk. “I wasn’t lying when I said that I don’t want you out of my sight, Ollie. So, if I have business to do, I’ll work right here while you sleep. Or, if I don’t, I’ll wear headphones and watch a movie on my computer. Either way, I’ll be close, and if you need anything, I’ll be there in only a second.”

A flutter of warmth fills my chest as I absorb his words. I've never had anyone care this much, never had someone so focused on keeping me safe and cared for. His devotion wraps around me like a blanket, comforting and steady. He's already thinking ahead. Thinking of ways to keep me close, even when he needs to work.

I glance at the desk again, this time with a new understanding. "You really want to be near me that much?" I ask, my voice quiet, almost unsure.

Ryker smiles, a deep, loving smile that makes my heart race. He steps closer to me, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me into his chest. "Always, baby," he says softly. "I'll always want to be near you. I'll always want to take care of you."

I let the words sink in, the weight of them making me feel safe. Cherished. For the first time in my life, I'm not alone. Ryker's here. He's present, and he's showing me that I'm worth all the care, all the attention he's giving.

"Thank you," I whisper, my voice shaky.

Ryker presses a kiss to my temple and holds me tighter. "You don't have to thank me, Ollie. You're my Baby. I'll always take care of you."

And for the first time, I believe it. I believe I'm worthy of the love, the care, and the safety that Ryker's offering me. And I realize, for the first time in my life, I'm finally home.

The End