



# Jobe (A Daddy for Christmas 2)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Jobe. What to say about Jobe...

Snarky, fiercely independent, makes stupid decisions. His own worst enemy.

Yup, that about summed up Jobe.

What Jobe failed to notice was his off-kilter antics while fun for some, they were not so much for others. Namely Stanley Grainger. The one Daddy Jobe tirelessly tried to lure in, and each attempt was denied.

How could he get Stanley alone so he could show him his best...asset?

And how did he not know his best friend was a little?

Stanley frequented Cordes and on occasion took in a scene where Jobe was a willing participant. Jobe starred in many a, ahem, mind clearing sessions for Stanley though he'd never let the out-of-control twink know that.

Sitting across the bar from the dance floor, a needy boy under each arm as they did their best to make Daddy Stanley happy, both failed to miss the one boy Stanley's eyes were glued to. He'd watched Jobe work through many dance partners, accepting drinks from random bar patrons and it wasn't until Jobe became sloppy that Stanley's Daddy instincts kicked in.

A boy in need of a firm hand and a Daddy in need of a new boy. Would these two be a match or each other's worst nightmares?

**Total Pages (Source):** 18

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

## Chapter One

### Jobe

I made my last round through the common room at Cordes before calling it a night, pretending my body didn't hurt as badly as it did, and my balls didn't ache from coming as much as I had. Master Simon was angry tonight and chose me to take it out on. Guess he knew I could handle it.

But still...

The one man whom I wanted to add to my collection of bed partners but continually ignored me was here. Watching as I flittered through the room and likely when I was tied to the St. Andrew's cross as well. My naked body in all its beautiful glory was on display as they watched the Dom lord over me. I swear, I could feel his eyes on me, but he made no move. Never did. Two times around then I'd leave was my rule of thumb for any gathering. Make your presence known and make them want you.

Only he didn't.

No matter how hard I tried.

What was Stanley Grainger's problem anyway?

There he sat in a corner booth facing the bar, one of his beloved littles playing at his feet. He had a couple of different boys he played with, occasionally leaving with one or two but none were his, per se. Not that they didn't want to be, but Stanley was a

self-personified bachelor.

I flittered past and winked. “Still time to take me up on my offer but the train leaves in five.”

Stanley’s facial expression never changed as he replied. “Enjoy your evening, Jobe.”

As far as brush offs went, his were the politest though they still hurt. But I refused to let him see that. I was Jobe Worthy for fuck’s sake and I was worth every dime any Daddy ever spent on me.

Worthy by name.

Worthy by trade.

Worthy between the sheets.

“Your loss.” With a wink and a flourish, I was out the door and into the awaiting Uber.

I fired off a text to my neighbor and fuck buddy, Beck, to see if he was free.

“Jesus, Jobe.” Beck met me at the front door to my condo. As soon as we stepped inside I peeled my clothes off and he spotted the gashes from the flogger. “This has to be against the rules, or whatever it is you call them.”

“Drawing blood is. Are they bleeding?”

“Fuck yeah they are. Your shirt is ruined. Go lie face down on the bed and I’ll grab the salve.” This was a familiar song and dance between Beck and me. He’d soothe my wounds then soothe my soul while he fucked me into the mattress. Too bad we

weren't compatible outside of the bedroom. We'd have made one hell of a power couple.

"I actually gasped out my safeword and nearly passed out. Master Simon had the vibrator as far up my ass as it would go, pegging my prostate until I was drained and yelled, Red!"

"Dude, that's super fucked up. Can't you report him or something?"

"I could but then I'd look like a whiney baby." Hopefully one of the Daddies watching would do it for me.

Who know, maybe Stanley would...

Was he my knight in shining armor?

Likely not. That guy hated me and why, I had no clue. Besides, I wasn't a little.

It took a lot for me to safeword. To this day I'd only ever used it one other time and that was the result of the permanent scars that covered my back and ass, not that tonight wouldn't add to that collection. I lost a lot of gigs because of them which pissed me off. I sued the fucker that did it, just as I'd sued my parents for mismanaging my money. Never heard from them again. My parents, that was. The so-called Dom who'd ruined my money-making body I could care less about. He got what he deserved.

I'd been modeling since I was seven. My parents dragged me to an audition in my hometown of Las Vegas, Nevada and I was snatched right up and straight into a contract. Being a minor, my parents made all the decisions for my career and with my money.

Huge mistake. Who knew parents could be evil enough to abuse that power?

The first time I gained access to my accounts and saw their lavish expenses, the agency I modeled for assisted me with finding a lawyer and suing them for the rights back to what was rightfully mine. Haven't heard from them since.

Now at the age of twenty-seven, I should be in the prime of my life but for a model, especially one who'd made a name for themselves first in back-to-school ads then in lingerie, it was a career ending age. Plus, the scars no longer afforded me the ability to model fetish wear, gave off a bad vibe they claimed, which I understood. The BDSM lifestyle already got a shitty wrap as it was. Having a damaged model would only bring the haters out full force.

They wanted fresh and young. Sometimes, scary young. I was no kink shamer, that's for sure, but morals were morals. Said he who enjoyed physical pain to tamp the internal pain.

What once could be covered by concealer—shadows under your eyes after a night of partying—could no longer be. There wasn't enough makeup in the world to hide the years of torture my body had been through.

Was I too old to do porn?

Not that I hadn't already starred in a few of those. A couple knowingly but some I was unaware of until others brazenly pointed my naked ass out to me and usually at the most inopportune of times. For me, of course, but in doing so they garnered the attention of the crowd that surrounded us and I was labeled the outcast.

Yes, my career was well and truly tainted and no, outside of Beck I had no other friends. Trust issues, now that I had tenfold.

“Fuck, Jobe. This ass of yours is addicting.”

“You know where the supplies are.” Beck would be the one to shut these errant thoughts down. That big ass cock of his knew it’s way around my hole and right now, that was the medicine my brain called for. To forget and pass the fuck out. Alcohol did the trick too but tonight I wanted to feel the burn. Pain slut I’d been called more than once but if it worked, then so be it. It was hella cheaper than therapy.

As I lay there, Beck went through the familiar ritual. Draw the condoms and lube from the side table. Tear the wrapper, open and roll it down his shaft. Lube up and double check I was ready. I’d been stretched to hell and back already tonight so it wouldn’t take much.

“Ass up, Jobe. I know just what you need to unwind.”

That he did.

One good thing came from tonight, well two for one really. Master Simon had me well prepped and Beck slid right in. No unnecessary foreplay. No unnecessary emotions.

“Thank you,” I whispered as he pounded me hard and fast. After this, I’d surely pass out and get a couple hours of the sleep my body craved.

Beck would make a great husband for the right man someday. Just not for me.

Not twenty-four hours later I was at a local gay bar dancing and drinking the night away like last night didn’t happen. That was me for you, always on the hunt for the next party and the next cock to ride. I’d lost count of how many drinks I’d consumed but hell, I wasn’t driving so it didn’t matter.

I let the music take me away. Men came and went, grinding all over me but I didn't care. Tonight wasn't about getting off, which surprised even me. Tonight was about letting go and being free from the demons that haunted me.

If only for a little while...

Only shortly thereafter, things took a turn. And not a good one. Fuck me and my dumbass decisions.

The guy I was dancing with got aggressive and grabby. When I tried to push him away my hands slid off his chest and dropped to my sides. Having been drugged before I knew I only had moments to get to the restroom before I lost all use of my limbs and tossed everything inside my stomach all over the place.

Of course he followed me in there. My words were slurred, and I no longer had any control over my body to fight him off as he unfastened the jeans I had on.

"I'm gonna wreck your hole. This ass is mine tonight." His hands slid down my pants and he gripped my cock. Fighting was futile and impossible. I knew better than to accept drinks from strangers but as usual, my stupidity would result in another bad mistake to add to my endless list.

"Get your hands off him!"

That voice was so familiar, but my vision was blurred and even squinting didn't help. Whoever this was wasn't alone, but they were both super fuzzy. I tried to focus but that was the last thing I remembered before I dropped to the ground and threw up, then passed out.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

### Chapter Two

#### Stanley

Here I sat with two adorable littles under my arms, yet my eyes hadn't left Jobe as he danced the night away. Had he known I watched his every move? Given the show he put on it was highly possible.

Master Simon had been far too rough with him last night and if you asked me he overstimulated Jobe's prostate and made him come until I and everyone around heard Jobe safeword.

I knew for a fact I wasn't the only member who reported Simon to the head mistress that ran Cordes. I hoped like hell his sorry ass got banned. If not, I was ready, willing, and financially able to escalate the issue and see to it he never practiced as a Dom again.

As the night wore on, Jobe's actions became sloppier and the guy dancing with him was far too handsy. Something was wrong.

"Excuse me, boys, stay here." I slid from the booth and followed Jobe down the dark corridor that led to the restrooms.

When I got there Mr. Handsy was having his way with Jobe until I shouted. Jobe dropped to the ground, crawled into the nearest stall and proceeded to vomit. I knew what that asshole's plans were for Jobe and that wasn't happening. Not on my watch.



“None of your fucking business, old man. Get the fuck out.”

Devon, the security guard, had followed me in and was currently radioing for backup. This overgrown gorilla had no right to do what he did to Jobe, and I hoped to fuck the club had him arrested. Jobe was nearly passed out and the fucker was determined to take what he wanted and would’ve succeeded had I not stepped in.

“Get him out of here! I’ll tend to Jobe,” I shouted at Devon. I’d apologize later, it wasn’t his fault this happened. Not entirely at least. Some of these clubs had become way too lax. One of many reasons why I no longer frequented as many.

Devon and the other mammoth bouncer grabbed Jobe’s assailant’s arms and pinned them behind him before they escorted him out while I wetted a handful of paper towels to wipe Jobe down with.

“Daddy?” Jobe drunkenly stuttered, though I knew he wasn’t drunk. He’d been drugged by that asshole.

“I’ve got you.”

“You’re outta here permanently!” was the last thing I heard from Devon as the door shut behind them. Had security not stepped up I may have been the one getting arrested for assault after I beat that guy’s ass.

I ordered an Uber and fired off a message to the two boys I’d been with. Apologizing for cutting our evening short and letting them know a car waited outside to take them home while I waited for Jobe to stop vomiting.

There were a few clubs such as this one where I possibly got away with a bit more than most, but this was Vegas, after all, and everyone had their price. Right? Besides, I never did anything to hurt another nor did I take what wasn’t mine. No meant no

and that was a rule I'd never bend on.

When it appeared that Jobe had nothing left in him, I helped him stand and walked him over to the sinks to help rinse his mouth out. He stared up at me glassy-eyed, and I kept a protective arm around his waist as I finished cleaning him up.

“Daddy Stanley?”

“Yes. Let's get you home.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” His words were sloppy, but I could still make them out.

Normally he would've taken that as an offer and been all over me, but not this time. When he came to in the morning he'd realize how badly he fucked up, and not just with me but with himself. Even though he'd thrown up, the drugs were still running through his system and he was in for one long night and an even worse morning.

He was barely lucid as we waited for the valet to bring my car around. Devon helped me get him inside and seat-belted in, and I tipped him handsomely for his assistance this evening.

“I made sure the boys got into the car you ordered for them.” Devon nodded as I handed him another hundred, though I knew that wasn't what he was after. He was a good guy and protective of the boys who passed through this establishment's doors.

“Thank you, for everything. I'll make sure Jobe is taken care of.”

Jobe was non-responsive at this point so asking where he lived was a waste, so I had no choice other than to bring him to my penthouse.

The bellman at my building, William, helped me inside and into the elevator, each of

us with a protective arm around Jobe.

“Please, wait here,” I told William.

I scooped up Jobe and carried him into the spare bedroom and laid him down then returned to a waiting William.

“Thank you for your help,” I handed him a large tip. “I appreciate it.” With a nod, William left, and no further questions were asked.

I stripped Jobe down to his tiny, sexy as hell lace panties and tucked him in. The fresh wounds on his back were a staunch reminder of what had taken place the previous night. The anger reignited as rage coursed through my veins. I was a protective Daddy by nature but something about this wayward soul pushed my limits.

Once Jobe was situated I went to my own room and slipped into a pair of silk lounge pants and a T-shirt. I was in for a long, uncomfortable night in the bedside chair while he slept. The chances he’d choke on his own vomit were high and I wasn’t about to let that happen.

On the way back to the room, I grabbed a bottle of water and aspirin. He’d need to take these first thing in the morning. The way these date rape pills worked left those who’d ingested them with a hell of a hangover the next day. Plus, all the alcohol he’d consumed would only serve to exacerbate that.

As Jobe slept, I checked emails on my iPad until I finally dozed off.

“Well, well, well, look who came to the party.” I woke to Jobe’s sarcastic words and all too familiar attitude. “And I’m all naked. Whatever shall you do with me?” He wiggled his ass beneath the sheets.

“Cut the crap, Jobe.” I groaned as I stood and stretched, popping every inch of my body. “You know damn good and well that’s not why you’re here.”

What was it about this boy that brought out this side of me? I was a firm but fun Daddy who generally preferred age play to dominance. Yet everything in me wanted to take Jobe over my knee and make him submit. Though in hindsight, that would likely serve as foreplay to him and not the intended punishment.

“Get showered and meet me in the kitchen. Towels are in the cupboard and new toothbrushes are in the drawer in the bathroom.” I turned and left, not stopping until I reached my own room and shut the door behind me.

As much as Jobe drove me to the brink, the fear of seeing his name on the news, and not for positive reasons, kept me from choking him. Beneath the rainfall showerhead I stood, willing my heartrate back down as I sought the desired Zen to pull myself together. Only once I reached it did I dare proceed to deal with Jobe . Make breakfast and take him home. You’ve done all you can do for the boy.

But had I really?

Don’t second guess yourself. This one may be beyond repair, Stanley.

“Sit. Eat,” I barked at Jobe when he entered the kitchen.

“Sir. Yes, Sir!” He mock saluted me and I growled. “Oooh, a growly Daddy. Jobie likely.”

“Knock it off, Jobe. Eat your oatmeal then I’m taking you home.” I slid a bowl of it topped with fresh berries in front of him. Without another word from the smart-ass, he dug in. “Coffee or milk?”

His eyes widened. Was he surprised I asked, or had it been the selections that threw him off? “Um, coffee with cream if you have it, please, otherwise milk will do.”

I started the Keurig and watched as he ate, his head down the entire time. How quickly this boy went from sarcastic to submissive. “Here you go.” I handed him a cup and finished making my own meal.

Jobe ate and then rinsed his dishes. “Handwash or in the dishwasher?”

“Dishwasher is fine.” He stepped aside as I did the same. “Let’s go.”

I started the car, and he plugged his address into the onscreen GPS. Oddly enough, and much to my surprise, his place wasn’t far from mine. Given Jobe’s name brand wardrobe, this shouldn’t have surprised me as it had. I knew very little of this spoiled man and I suppose that was totally on me. I mean, the annual membership fee at Cordes wasn’t cheap so I should’ve figured he had money.

I parked in the loading zone in front of his building and put the flashers on. I’d only be gone long enough to see to it that this troubled boy found his way inside his own place. Then and only then would I bid him goodbye and be on my way. After that, whatever he did was on him. I’d done my due diligence as a Daddy. Well, not his Daddy but this would assuage any guilt that may come.

“Aren’t you coming inside?” Jobe flirted as he opened the door, and I took a quick peek inside.

“No, Jobe, this is as far as I go. Alone time to reflect on what you’ve done will hopefully do you some good. It was dangerous and idiotic.” My blood pressure rose with each word as I recounted the incident that led us to this uncomfortable predicament.

He rolled his eyes. “Yes, Master.”

“That right there is exactly why you’ll never be my boy.”

“Why don’t you like me?”

“Because you’re a prissy little twink in desperate need of an infinite time out.”

Without another word I turned and left before I said or did anything I’d regret.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

### Chapter Three

Jobe

Self-reflection.

What. Fucking. Ever.

Grouchy Daddy. Who needs him anyway.

“Wow,” Beck said as he shut the door behind him. “Who was tall, dark, and super angry?”

“Ugh. That was the one man who continually ignores my passes and evidently hates me.” I kicked off my shoes and fell back onto the couch.

“You were gone all night. A hot man brings you home and yet you don’t have that freshly fucked let me spill the deets air about you. What gives?”

He had a point. I always shared my conquests with Beck—good and bad.

Sadly, as of late, he was the only good one I’d had.

“I didn’t get laid. I got drugged, molested, and the guy nearly had his way with me. Had it not been for grouchy Daddy and the security guards at the club, who knows where I’d be right now.”

Fuck, reflection without wanting it.

Fuck. Me.

I hated that someone who wasn't me was right.

"What the fuck, Jobe! How many times have we talked about this? Do. Not. Take. Drinks you didn't watch with your own two fucking eyes while the bartender poured them." He balled his fists and paced in front of me. "Never have I met someone in more dire need of a Daddy to keep them in line than you."

"Says he who is Daddy-less, too. What do you know about having a Daddy anyway? I'm my own man and I don't need or want a man to take care of me or my finances." Immature much, Jobe? You just reached a new low.

As though last night hadn't achieved that unwanted goal.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Beck rolled his hand as he mocked me. "Same old song and dance. We get it, you're independent. But, Jobe, you can't let your past dictate your present and just because you have a man in your life it doesn't mean you hand over your finances to him." They'd have to peel my bank information from my dead, rotting corpse before they'd get it. I'd never give that part of my life over to another again.

"Plus, you're a top so what would you do with a Daddy?"

"I'm a top with you."

Blink. Blink.

"And assuming all Daddies are tops is a huge mistake."



Huh, who knew?

“All right, let’s get more salve on your back. I need to get some sleep before I have to work tonight.”

I rolled over while Beck played doctor and before he left he handed me the remote. “Stay like that for as long as you can. Sorry I don’t have time to take proper care of you.”

“No worries. Not much in the mood.”

“Who are you and what have you done with Jobe?” He shook his head. “I’ll text you later.”

Yawning and flipping through the channels, it wasn’t long before I dozed off. By the time I woke, it was dark outside, and my stomach was trying to eat itself.

With a quick order shot off to my favorite Thai place, I stood and stretched. Cooking wasn’t an option. Not only did I have little to nothing in the fridge, but I was a horrible cook. The kind who forgot water was boiling and eventually burned the empty pan after it evaporated. Not my strong suit.

I changed into a pair of comfy pajamas and grabbed my sketch pad and charcoal pencils. The urge to draw, something I hadn’t felt in far too long, called to me. Once upon a time my dream was to become a fashion designer. With no formal training, I couldn’t find a single soul to even flip through the numerous books I’d filled with endless sketches, let alone take me seriously.

Guess I was only good for my body and not my brains.

Considering I wasn’t getting anymore gigs, my body was only good for one thing

now...

The doorman on duty brought my food up and I tipped him then poured a glass of wine and sat on the floor in front of the couch. Dinner for one on the coffee table while binging *The Holiday* for the millionth time, even though Christmas was still a couple months away.

One of my many go-to movies when I was down, and right now I was about as low as I could go.

It'd been so long since I'd spent a night in, partaking in my own version of Netflix and chill. But tonight, a harsh reality hit me—my life was pretty fucking sad and lonely.

Was that why I filled my hole with any willing dick and my liver with alcohol?

Damn that self-reflection shit.

The road less traveled is often times the path to choose.

Shut up, brain!

“Enough!” I slammed down the rest of the wine. “No more of this depressing shit. No more bad decisions where men and my body are concerned. No. More. When had I crossed the line into pitiful?”

Might just be the wine making these life changing declarations, but I'd find out for sure tomorrow. Give or take a potential hangover and a vat of coffee...

“Ugh, my head.” I rubbed my temples as if that would help. Wasn't like I didn't see the hangover coming. “Why in the hell did I think it was okay to drink an entire bottle

of wine?” My eyes landed on the empty devil, silently cursing it as though it poured itself down my throat. Then the flashbacks of the promises I’d made to myself, though a bit foggy, returned.

“Coffee. Need. Coffee.”

No way was I hashing out that mess until fully caffeinated.

I stumbled into the kitchen, quite literally. Had the counter not been there I’d likely be on my ass. Still might have a bruise where my hip met the corner anyway. I loaded my trusty machine and inhaled the heavenly aroma as it filled my favorite mug, “E-koala-ty for all,” with a cute koala and rainbow handle on it. Beck got it for me a couple Christmases back.

Blowing on my hot coffee, I had an epiphany of sorts. “No more. It’s time to grow up, Jobe. Take life by the horns and make it your bitch.”

Now, to put a game plan into place.

And actually stick to it...

Therein laid my biggest issue. Lack of follow through and drive. Heard that lovely comment more times than I cared to recount. But the damn squirrels were so cute, I had no choice but to chase them.

Such a pretty boy.

Too bad he’s all looks and no brains.

Just a few of the negative comments said at shoots about me over the years. They never cared if I heard and didn’t bother to whisper. I’d smile for the camera and bite

back my retort, banking on the paycheck it came with, though those words hit me deep.

Fuck the haters. I was my own man now. Or at least, I would be.

Periodically, I logged in and checked my investments. For the most part, my portfolio manager handled them. But one stipulation with anyone who touched my money was I had complete and total access to it. If I saw one of their choices wasn't doing well, I'd fire off an email and ask them to reassess it.

Just because I was basically homeschooled while traveling the world, that didn't make me an idiot. Far from it, truth be told. If anything, I received a better education than I would've in public school given I had a personal teacher.

As for seeing myself with a regular nine-to-five job, not gonna happen. I wasn't a cubicle guy but I was the set my own hours kind. Besides, I lived off the interest in my bank account. One of the first things I did when I got the rights and my money back was invest in this condo. It was a fixer upper, but affordable and I liked the up-and-coming area of Vegas and the fact it had a doorman. Safety first and all that.

Could I do this?

There was only one way to find out.

I grabbed a granola bar then headed down the hall to the sewing room and opened the door. The only person who'd been in here in months was my cleaning lady so thankfully I wasn't hit with a face full of dust.

Did I even remember how to cut a pattern, let alone use the sewing machine?

I sat down at the desk that held my beloved seamstress tools. "I can do this. They

may never sell but sewing is always therapeutic for me.” I situated myself, set my phone on the charger and called upon my girl for motivation. “Alexa, turn on my workout playlist.” Right on cue, she fired it up as the surround sound piped in throughout my place was filled with the fabulous voice of Lady Gaga.

I danced out into the living room and grabbed the notebook I was working in, my hangover long since forgotten in the wake of the excitement. I flipped through a few pages in search of the design I wished to test out. Lace manties with a matching crop top. Simplicity at its finest but sensual and sexy.

“Now for the color.” I perused the selections of lacey fabrics and landed on a soft turquoise. I always loved that color.

As I sat at the drafting table across the room next to my sewing mannequin, I cut a fresh sheet of pattern paper from the roll and got to work. I’d let this room, and my dream fall to the wayside for far too long. It was time to get back to the real me.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

### Chapter Four

Stanley

Two weeks and no sighting of Jobe.

Hadn't been seen at Cordes.

Texted Devon, no sight of him at that club, either.

Asking for his number from the Head Mistress at Cordes was against the rules.

Showing up at his condo could be construed as stalking.

What the fuck was wrong with me and why the hell did I even care what's going on with Jobe?

So, what did I do after that enlightening revelation? I circled the block a few times until a parking spot in view of the main doors to his building came into view and snagged it to wait.

Soon enough, a familiar person came into sight. The same one who popped out from the door beside Jobe's as I left the morning I drove him home. That day when I'd turned just before the elevator and peered back, that guy emerged from his place and stepped into Jobe's.

"Hey!" I called out as I jogged across the street, narrowly missing a car that honked

at me. He turned just then, and his eyes widened. “You’re the guy who lives next door to Jobe, right?”

“Yes, and you’re that grouchy Daddy.”

Okay, not off to the best start.

“Honestly, I’m not grouchy. There’s just something about Jobe...”

“I get it but why are you here?”

“I wanted to check on him. He hasn’t frequented his usual haunts which concerned me.” He cocked a brow and I retraced. “Sorry, that didn’t come out right. I just want to make sure he’s okay.”

“Why didn’t you just call him?”

My face flushed, not the norm for me for sure. “I don’t have it. If I give you mine will you give it to him, please?” Too much?

“Look,” he chewed on his nail and side-eyed me. I nearly told him it was a bad habit and to stop, but I wasn’t his Daddy. “This goes against my better judgment. Jobe is okay, but he isn’t. If that makes any sense? Give me your phone and I’ll put his number in but under no circumstance are you to tell him I gave it to you. Deal?”

“Deal and thank you. I promise not to abuse this power you’ve bestowed upon me.” He grinned and I mentally cheered, having chosen the correct verbiage. I wonder if he has a Daddy.

Stay on track, Stanley.

Not for me, brain, but another Daddy.

Focus!

“Thank you. I’m sorry, I’m Stanley.” I shot my hand out and he shook it though reluctantly.

“Beck. And, Stanley,” his gaze met mine. “Don’t fuck this up. Jobe is my best friend and what he wants isn’t what he needs.”

“Noted.”

Beck stepped inside and I crossed back over to my car. It took a few minutes to talk myself out of texting right away and in the end, my brain won out when I realized I’d be checking for a return message while driving. Not safe by any means.

Not long after I got home, I fixed a drink then sat out on the balcony and stared at the phone.

“Fuck it. Worst that happens is he tells me to piss off and blocks me. At least I’ll know he’s fine.” Though Beck’s words pretty much confirmed that.

Me: How are you feeling?

Jobe: Who’s this?

Well, at least he asked who it was before he responded. Did I say Daddy Stanley? No, I wasn’t his Daddy, even though it’s my inner Daddy currently running this show.

Me: Daddy Stanley



The dots appeared, then disappeared, then appeared again. I could only imagine what was coming next.

Jobe: Right...he won't give me the time of day. Now, who the fuck is this?

Sassy boy in dire need of a firm hand for sure.

Me. Watch your mouth.

Jobe: Let's both watch it while it's wrapped around your cock.

And just like that, he was back to being a jackass. What was it about this boy that triggered me?

The need to make him submit without causing bodily harm.

Me: Was only checking to make sure you were fine and obviously you are, so I'll leave you be. Enjoy your night.

"Fuck, why did I do that?" I slammed down the rest of my drink but by the time I got to the desk in my home office I was no better off. As soon as my laptop woke I searched for Jobe. Far too much came up to narrow it down, then it dawned on me. Beck put Jobe's last name into the contact profile.

Jobe Worthy, twenty-seven, born in Las Vegas, Nevada. Child model.

I clicked on the first article and by the time I finished it I was angrier than when I'd started. At the young age of twenty he'd sued his parents for the rights to his own money after years of negligence and overspending by the two people he should've been able to trust.

The second article was no better than the first, recounting a lawsuit against a local Dom for damages bringing Jobe's private life to the forefront. The pictures were horrific but given the last time I'd seen his back it was covered in blood, there was no way to see the scars that lay beneath the angry, crimson-stained skin.

"I remember that asshole." That Dom was banned from every club nationwide. If these wannabe Doms didn't think the club owners talked, they were fools. No wonder Jobe's walls were thicker than Fort Knox. He'd been through hell and back at such a young age.

Proceed with caution , my brain lit up in neon red flags.

From there it was a series of less than desirable inebriated shots the paparazzi got of Jobe coming and going from various gay bars around town. Not his finest moments for sure. Along with some model shots for various clothing companies he'd contracted with over the years. He'd had quite a lucrative career for as young as he was.

Did I risk it and give him a chance and hope for the best, or did I heed the warning signs and run?

Well, Fuck it. Couldn't call myself a caring Daddy if I didn't reach out to a boy I felt was in need. Even if he was his own worst enemy.

Me: I'll pick you up Friday night at seven.

Jobe: What if I already have plans?

Me: Do you?

Jobe:...No. But what makes you think I'll go out with you?

Me: You've been trying and failing for months and now you have an opportunity. Take it or leave it. The choice is yours and I will not ask again.

Jobe: If this is just for sex, I'm down to fuck. No dinner required.

Was I up for the task of completely reprogramming a human?

Past me who created the multi-million-dollar app in my younger years would be all over that challenge. Forty-year-old me, not so much.

Me: No sex. Real, adult human date and conversation.

Jobe: Oh. Umm, okay?

Me: Don't worry about it. Sorry I asked. Go back to whatever you're doing.

Jobe: Sewing

Me: Excuse me?

He shot me a picture of a sewing machine surrounded by cuts of materials.

Jobe: See, sewing

I had no words. It was like the entire English language had been erased from my brain.

Me: What are you making?

A few minutes later pictures of various lingerie pieces filled the screen. I had to admit, they were sexy as hell.

Me: Wow, those are incredible. Are those outfits you're modeling?

I could already picture those long, sexy legs bared with the skimpiest of lace covering his private bits. Jesus, down boy. I won't deny I've always found Jobe attractive but once he opened that mouth of his and turned on the snark I checked out. Sweet littles were more my style, though peeling back the layers of Jobe had become my latest obsession it would seem. No denying the boy required a leash and muzzle, though.

Jobe: Those days are long gone. I take it you've googled me and landed on my tainted past.

Me: Something along those lines.

Jobe: And yet you still asked me out?

Me: I did.

Why did it feel like we were talking in circles?

Jobe: Now I'm intrigued, Daddy Stanley, as to why a man I so clearly do not fit the requirements for is interested in little 'ol me.

And now I questioned my own sanity.

Jobe: All right, I'll bite. I'll be ready and waiting Friday at seven.

Too late to turn back now, Stanley. Remember, you started this and if it goes south you have no one to blame but yourself.

Me: See you then.

Now to figure out what to do with him.

If he were one of my littles it'd be a no brainer. I had a fantastic playroom in my place they all loved. Dinosaur nuggies and tots in the freezer, the whole deal, but with a boy as clearly jaded as Jobe was I'd have to wing it.

Shit, how long had it been since I went on a real date? If this could even be considered that.

## Page 5

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### Chapter Five

#### Jobe

“Jobe, try to remember this is a real human and you’re going on a real date and not one where you end the night tied up and whipped into submission,” my soon-to-be ex-best friend Beck pleaded with me for the millionth time.

“Therein lies my problem, how to be a fully functioning adult on a non-sex-related happy-ending date.”

Sex I could do. Actual human feelings, not so much.

“There’s no way in hell I won’t fuck this up.” I had a gift for fucking up without even trying.

“My fingers, toes, and nuts are crossed for you. I think this guy is the real thing. You need someone who won’t take your shit or try to beat it out of you.” Beck helped me pick out something nonrevealing to wear out tonight, though I did manage to slide into a sexy undergarment of my own design. “I wish I had half your wardrobe.”

“You know you’re welcome to borrow anything you like. Hell, you have a key so let yourself in.”

“What if I spill something on it? The shit you have is expensive.” His eyes filled as he glanced through my massive walk-in closet. I’d taken space from the sewing room to expand it when I had the condo remodeled before I moved in.

“Yes, and most came from the companies I modeled for.” One of the perks of modeling, though the lack of anonymity overshadowed those at times.

“Stop fidgeting, you look amazing.”

Too bad I didn’t feel as put together as I looked, but the bigger question was why was I so fucking nervous?

Beck perched himself in the window seat of my corner unit, keeping an eye out for Stanley. “Do I call him Stanley or Daddy Stanley? He’s not my Daddy so that seems inappropriate.”

“Well, you better figure it out fast or better yet, ask him when you get into the car because he’s here.” Beck gave me a quick hug, careful to not mess my makeup and shoved me out the door. “I want all the deets tonight. Love you!”

“Love you, too.”

I almost sprinted down the stairs then realized it wasn’t wise given the heeled ankle boots I’d chosen and shifted to a subtle step. Keep your cool, Jobe.

“Good evening, Jobe,” Stanley greeted me and opened the car door. “You look fantastic.”

And cue in flirting Jobe... “And you are devilishly handsome, Daddy Stanley.”

Guess I only had one switch—on or off.

“Thank you,” he said as he shut the door then got in the driver’s side.

“Nice car.” This had to set him back a pretty penny. Daddy Stanley had money

because this wasn't the same car he brought me home in.

"Thank you. I probably should've asked if you were vegetarian before making reservations at a steak house."

"I partake in the occasional carnivorous meal." He smiled and it was like I just couldn't help myself as I gripped his thigh and slid my hand up. "But I'm a sure thing, Daddy. No meal required."

His facial expression changed to an all too familiar one. He peeled my hand off his leg and set it back on mine.

"Take it down several notches, Jobe. A happy ending tonight won't come in the form of an orgasm." And stern Daddy was back.

We pulled up to the valet and Stanley came around to get the door for me. His hand touched my back and I flinched.

"Sorry, Jobe. Are you still sore?"

So he had watched me that night.

"A little." It had been a couple of weeks and for the most part I was healed. This was more of a mental flinch if anything.

"Good evening, Mr. Grainger," the hostess greeted us. Obviously Stanley was a regular here.

"Good evening, Stacia. Is our table ready?"

"Yes, it is. Please follow me." She led us back to a corner table away from the



crowded main room and handed us our menus after we sat. “Your waiter this evening is Sylvan. Enjoy your dinner.”

I’d barely glanced at the menu when our waiter appeared.

“Good evening. I’m Sylvan and I’ll be your waiter tonight. May I start you gentlemen off with a drink from the bar?”

“Wine, Jobe?” Stanley asked.

“Yes, please. You pick.”

Stanley chose a wine then Sylvan left and returned moments later with it. Service was speedy here and I was no closer to selecting a meal than I was before he walked away.

“Are you gentlemen ready to order?”

“You look lost, Jobe. Would you like me to order for you?” Stanley asked and I breathed a sigh of relief.

“That would be divine. Thank you.”

?? Turn up the charm

?? Flirting, got that down.

?? Let him order for me. Based upon his smile, that was the right choice.

I’ve got this.

The waiter filled our glasses and Stanley held his up in toast. “To new beginnings.”

I tapped mine to his and repeated his words. “To new beginnings.” The delicious red he’d chosen was slightly sweet and dangerously smooth.

“So, I have to know. Why do you do it?” Stanley asked.

“Do what, exactly?” There were far too many things I’d done. Many I regretted while others I stupidly repeated.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m no kink shamer but I heard you safeword. Why did you let it get that far before you tapped out?”

Oh, that...

“Didn’t you hear? I’m a pain slut. Everyone at the club knows that.” While I didn’t like the words, I chose to wear them like a badge of honor to show them I was...was what? A pain slut? A slut? A fucking dumbass?

All of the above.

“I don’t buy that for a second, Jobe, and I reported it. Trust me when I say I wasn’t the only one who did.”

I sighed and slunk back in the chair. “It’s all I’m good for.” How I wished I could take those words back. “A better question is, why are you always there to save me, Daddy Stanley? Better watch it or someone might think you’re stalking me.”

“Stalking is a strong word,” he replied, though he didn’t refute it.

“So,” I leaned on bended elbow and batted my lashes. “Why are you always there to

catch me?”

“Somebody has to. You’re reckless, Jobe.”

Back to serious Stanley.

“Your preference is sweet littles which I clearly am not, nor am I a boy. So why did you ask me out?” Was this a guilt date? A way to assuage his Daddy side? I was no science experiment.

“Honestly, I don’t have an answer for that.”

Huh, interesting.

“I see you at the club with the giddy littles. You enjoy them and clearly I piss you off. You’ve denied my advances for months and now suddenly you’re into me? What gives?”

Littles crawled all over him, sitting between his legs playing. Sliding around on his lap. There was no way he wasn’t getting off on those tight asses gliding all over his junk. I downed the rest of my glass and reached for the bottle to refill only he moved it away.

“Pace yourself, Jobe.”

“You pace yourself. You’re not my Daddy and I’m not your boy, and this boy wants more wine.”

“Jobe, this conversation, while uncomfortable for both of us, is unfortunately one that must be had. Preferably without overindulging in alcohol.”

Stanley didn't appear any happier to have this conversation than I was.

"Here it is. I don't know how or why, but something about you has drawn me in and I can't get you off my mind."

Blink. Blink.

"For months I avoided you and your advances. Snarky, overconfident, and reckless. It wasn't until I saw your vulnerable side that it hit me."

"Hit you?"

"That's not the real you. It's a facade you put on for others. Pretend that you don't care what they do to you or how they use you, but I don't buy that at all."

I laughed. What made him think he knew me when I didn't even know myself?

"And if you're wrong?" I'd been used all my life. First as a paycheck to my parents then as a punching bag to men.

"I'm not and you'll learn I rarely ever am."

"Overconfident much?"

"You tell me."

Fucker.

Dinner arrived and the conversation ceased, thank the food gods. I'd had enough analyzation for one night. I didn't know who I was madder at, Stanley for being so, argh , right. Or me for letting my guard down enough for another to see inside.

“Huffing and puffing will get you nowhere. I’m onto you, Jobe.”

“Not helping.”

“Finish your dinner then we can order dessert.” He was far too pleased with himself. This only served to deepen my hostility, though dessert did sound... No, no dessert, Jobe. Finish eating and then he can drive you home.

End. Of. Date.

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### Chapter Six

Stanley

Well, that was a complete and total bomb.

A real Daddy fail.

Was Jobe so jaded that pointing out what I saw set him off? Who was I kidding, no one enjoyed when another pointed out what they wanted no one to see.

It had been days since our date and not a word from Jobe.

Think, Stanley. What would you do to cheer up one of your boys?

Got it. I hoped...

Me: Wanted: A boy for Christmas

Christmas was only a few weeks away. Would he play along or tell me to get lost?

Jobe: I think you meant to send this to one of your boys.

Well, strike one didn't go as planned.

Me: Tell Santa what you want for Christmas.

Jobe: Are you drinking? It's only ten am.

Strike two.

Me: No. This was a feeble attempt to get you to laugh and talk to me. Look, I'm sorry for whatever I did to offend you during our date. I assure you that was not my intention.

When in doubt, try the truth.

In lieu of a text, Jobe actually called me.

"Hi."

"Hi," he sighed. "Look, it wasn't so much what you said but more what it made me realize."

"And what was that?" Okay, so maybe I didn't descend into flames.

"Honestly, what a mess I am. I've never had a real relationship. I have zero direction in life. How could I ever expect anyone to want me when I don't even want myself?"

"Jobe, don't say such awful things about my boy." A bold move, I admit, but time to see where it went. Given the fact I couldn't get him off my mind, I was already half in this non-existent relationship.

"Your boy?" he scoffed. "I'm not a little, Stanley. We've been over this."

"I'm well aware of that but what I see is a boy in need. What are you doing today?" With Jobe I got the feeling it was better to show rather than tell. But ceasing the attitude and unkind words about himself was key.

“Nothing.”

“I’ll be over this afternoon, and I’ll bring dinner.” What the hell was wrong with me? How did my warped mind, not to mention my heart, find such joy in helping this lonely boy find his?

Because you’re a Daddy and that’s your gift.

It was unseasonably cold for Vegas this time of year, so I erected a plan to have an indoor picnic with Jobe. I pulled the long since used basket from the closet and dusted it off. After making a list of foods, I headed off toward the grocery store but had a couple other stops to make along the way. I had a feeling it’d been some time since Jobe received any gifts and there was nothing I loved more than spoiling a boy.

Having never seen the inside of his place, I opted for light and silly. Though Jobe claimed he wasn’t a boy, instinct told me otherwise. With everything purchased and my plan in motion, I spent a few minutes in the parking garage putting the gift bag and basket together and carried both along with a fluffy blanket I kept in the car inside.

“Stanley Grainger to see Jobe Worthy in apartment four-A.”

The doorman eyed me and paused at my full hands before he called up to Jobe’s place. “You’ve been approved. Please proceed, sir. The elevators are behind you.”

“Thank you. Have a good day.” With a nod, I was off and caught the elevator just as another exited.

Deep breath, Stanley. This one won’t be rushed. Watch the signs and act accordingly.

“Noted.”



When I exited the elevator there stood Jobe.

“Good afternoon, Jobe.” I nodded, doing my best to keep my cool.

“Hello, Stanley. What is all this?” He almost smiled then caught himself as he reached for the basket. “Let me help you.”

So far, so good.

We stepped inside and Jobe sat the gift bag on the glass top dining table, and I carefully placed the basket beside it.

“Your place is amazing.” He had a large white leather sectional that faced the wall of windows. In the distance you got a glimpse of the strip. I could only imagine how beautiful the picturesque scene was when lit up at night. Various pieces of art adorned the walls but there were no pictures of Jobe nor anyone else. While his place was nice, and quite clean, it lacked the warmth a home should have.

“Thank you. One of my wiser investments. Here, let me show you around.” He stood where he was and pointed to each space. “Living room, dining room, kitchen.”

“And down the hall?”

“Three bedrooms and two bathrooms. A couple of closets. Not much else.”

“Why don’t you show me your favorite room.” I meant the sewing room and hoped he didn’t misunderstand.

I followed him down the hall and he paused outside one of the closed doors and pointed ahead. “That is my bedroom, the one at the other end is a guest room that has never been used and here,” he tapped the door, “is the sewing room.”

“Can we take a peek inside?”

He sighed. “Yeah, but just don’t make fun of me.”

“Dear boy,” when he didn’t respond I tilted his chin up, so we were nearly eye to eye. Jobe was everything my past boys were not, including tall. “I would never dream of doing such a thing. This room is important to you and therefore it’s important to me.”

He nodded and slowly opened the door.

“Wow.” The room was filled with materials and containers of colorful bits and baubles. There were two desks, one was a backlit drafting table. The tilted top was covered in sketches and the other desk held the sewing machine and a mound of swatches. “This is amazing.”

“Would be more amazing if my creations matched the aesthetic. He walked over to a mannequin wearing a sexy lace ensemble. “I’m having a hell of a time with this one.”

“What seems to be the sticking point?” Was that the right way to verse it? I really must read up on seamstress lingo.

“The outfits are starting to feel mundane, lifeless. Like I’ve lost my touch or maybe I never really had it. Stupid dream, really.”

“I beg to differ. First off, this is fantastic and I bet it looks even better on you than this plain old mannequin.” That got a slight blush to his cheeks. “No dream is stupid if it brings you happiness.” The light in his eyes had dimmed and while I wasn’t a fan of snark in a boy, without it, Jobe was lost. A defense mechanism it would seem.

He slid his fingertips along the mannequin. “So, you brought a gift?”

Ah, now we were getting somewhere.

I took his hand in mine. “I did, though you’ll probably think it stupid of me.” I didn’t mean it but having him feel what his words just did to me felt appropriate in return.

“Gifts aren’t stupid, they’re nice.”

His whispered words drew my Daddy out and I led him to the bag. “Go ahead, rip into it.” And that he did. Mentally, I patted my own back for selecting colorful crepe paper to pack it with as opposed to shredded. He might not have been as wild with tiny papers flying all over his immaculate space.

“A teddy bear?” he questioned while simultaneously cuddling it. “Thank you.”

“There’s more.”

His face lit up as he dug deep and pulled a plush blankie from the bottom.

“It’s so soft,” he rubbed it against his cheek. “Thank you.” Jobe traced the teddy’s bow. “I’m not a boy.”

Not a boy, huh?

“You’re not a little, big difference, but I do believe you’re a boy. You just have to allow yourself to let loose and enjoy the things that truly make you happy.

“You’re welcome. Now, where shall we set up lunch?” I spied a spot directly in front of the windows that was ideal and set up. Jobe handed me the basket then proceeded to drape his new blanket over the back of the couch and propped his bear against it. I pretended not to notice and kept to the task at hand.

“You had me at wine,” Jobe slid down beside me as I set up our appetizer, a charcuterie board.

I picked up a chunk of gouda and slid it between his lips. “Glad to hear it, but this is only the beginning.” I poured us each a glass of wine while we enjoyed our snacks and the amazing view. For me, that was Jobe. With each crack of his shell, I saw a new piece of the boy he’d never been allowed to be.

“Am I just a project to you? A version of build your own boy?”

“Far from it. Projects are strictly for business, in my opinion. What I seek is the real Jobe, the one no one ever met before.” He was silent for a few moments, and I feared I’d once again gone too far.

“I began modeling when I was seven. Traveled the world for most of my life. Birthdays, holidays, all of that was forgotten in lieu of the limelight. My nanny, paid for by my earnings, traveled with us and homeschooled me while on the road. As far as friends went, she was the closest I ever had, though she was paid to deal with me.”

Jesus, my heart broke for him.

“My parents were hardly around. Only came and went long enough to sign the next contract and get me set up then they were off spending my money. I shouldn’t complain. I was fed and had a safe place to sleep. Nice clothes, courtesy of the brands I modeled for. Wasn’t like they abused me, just...ignored me.”

“That’s a form of abuse, Jobe.” He was nothing more than a paycheck to them. Killed me how some who shouldn’t have children were able to while others who’d make fantastic parents were denied.

Nothing in this life would ever make sense to me.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

### Chapter Seven

#### Jobe

How was it that being around Stanley relaxed me when nothing and no one in my life besides Beck ever had?

Nor had I ever shared so much of me with anyone—including Beck.

“This wine is delightfully elegant. I’ll have to get a picture of the label and buy a couple bottles.” Honestly, it tasted like the one Stanley ordered at dinner the other night.

“No need, I brought an extra one for you. See, further proof I don’t think you’re a little because I’d never give one alcohol.”

Good to know.

“But you still believe I’m a boy?”

“I do but more in the form of guidance and having a Daddy you know is there to emotionally support you no matter what.”

“I guess I’ve misunderstood that and took it as more of a means to control.”

“No, sweet boy,” Stanley took my free hand in his. “It’s a means to nurture and love. Help ease worries and show you how much we Daddies care. For me being a Daddy

is everything from packing a boy's lunch for work to making love to him after a tough day. Taking away the fears and worries and replacing them with happy memories. Doing whatever it takes, within reason, of course, to make my boy happy and know he is loved."

When had I teared up? Before I could wipe them away, Stanley reached up and did it for me.

"Have I said something wrong?"

"No, you've said everything right. I guess I've just never known love." Was I capable of reciprocating or would I remain cold and standoffish? Even cuddling after sex was a hard no for me. I'd always refused aftercare. How many nights had I cried myself to sleep after a scene?

Far too many...

"Let's eat." I appreciated Stanley's abrupt turn in conversation. He'd given me much to mull over later.

Stanley unpacked multiple containers. "How did these stay hot?"

"Insulated packs. Half the basket is cold, and half is hot. The lid holds all the serving ware."

I peeked inside at the silvery linings. "What a cool concept."

He smiled and got to work filling the two plates he'd brought with. "There's plenty more if you wish. Just wanted to give you a few samples of some of my favorites."

"What's this with the noodles in it?"

“Cold noodle salad. There’s a specialty grocer near my place with the most fantastic deli in it. I find myself ordering takeout from there far too often.”

Each dish I tasted was better than the last. How that was possible I had no clue, but this feast was fit to tantalize and tease every tastebud.

“Wow, I’m stuffed. Everything was wonderful.”

“Plenty of leftovers for you to reheat later.” Stanley rose and began cleaning up. As he put the food into the fridge, I reassembled the basket.

“Would you like to watch a movie?”

“A movie sounds wonderful. Choose whatever you’d like. I’m going to the restroom first.” As Stanley disappeared down the hall, it hit me that I hadn’t once flirted with him. So unlike me.

“What did you pick?” Stanley’s voice surprised me as he took a seat beside me. “Sorry, didn’t meant to startle you.”

“No worries, I just got lost inside my own head.”

“If you’re tired, I can go. I don’t want to keep you up.”

“No!” At my harsh word Stanley paused. “Sorry, please stay. I promise I’m not tired.”

I settled back as the movie started. Stanley slid his arm around my shoulder and gently tugged me against him. Warm, safe . Feelings I’d not felt while in the presence of anyone other than Beck. Midway through the movie, he covered us with the new blanket which I had to admit was ridiculously soft and beyond thoughtful.

That was the last thing I remembered before Stanley carried me to bed.

“Sweet dreams, dear boy,” he kissed my forehead. “Call me tomorrow.”

“Night, Daddy.” I rolled over and curled up. Somehow my new teddy bear ended up in my arms. I snuggled it tight and drifted back to sleep.

“Tell me everything!”

I woke to Beck bouncing on my bed.

“Turn in your key and your best friend card. You’re fired.”

“I brought coffee and donuts.”

“You’re unfired but on probation so tread lightly, mi amigo .”

Beck hopped off and ran toward the kitchen. Morning person, I was not, but clearly my overzealous BFF was.

“Coffee,” I stumbled into the kitchen much as the zombie I sounded like. Beck thrust a warm cup into my hand. “Goddess, I love you.”

“Right back at cha, babe. Now get caffeinated and fess up.”

I shoved half a donut in my mouth and washed it down with a gulp of hot coffee.

“Hot. Hot.” Probably should’ve gone slower. “Not much to tell. He came over, set up a picnic dinner in the living room and gave me a present.”

“Not much? Not much?” Beck repeated and I wondered if his internal record got stuck. “That was only the single most moving, beyond sweet event of your life.”



“It was nice. Then I fell asleep, and Stanley tucked me in and left.”

“Oh. My. Freaking. Gawd. How do you not see it?” Beck mock-swooned. “He’s the one.”

“There’s no such thing.” Beck had watched one too many romance movies.

“Watch, I bet if you look at your phone you’ve already got a message from Stanley checking on you.”

Just to appease my overzealous bestie, I grabbed my near dead phone from where I’d left it on the coffee table last night. Sure as shit, the biatch was right.

“Ha! I can tell by the look on your face I called it.” He did some ridiculous I told you so dance.

“Ugh.” I fired off a text thanking Stanley for last night. “I don’t know how to do this, Beck.”

“Yes you do and obviously he likes the real you, not the sex-crazed maniac begging to be whipped so he forgets how lonely he is.”

“Gee, thanks for that not so friendly reminder of how freaking sad my life was. Jackass.”

The butthead giggled. “You know what this gives me?”

“Scabies?”

Beck stuck his tongue out at me. “Hope. This gives me hope. Maybe someday I’ll finally have a Daddy of my own.”

How had I not known how much that meant to Beck? Fuck, my shallow ran deep.

“I’m sorry. Do you want him?” Did I want to give up Stanley? No, actually, I did not and the idea stirred unfriendly waves through me. “Maybe he has a friend.”

“Do you really think so?” The hope that filled his eyes in turn filled me with a fierce determination to see Beck get his forever.

Forever.

Did I even have mine and better yet, did I want one?

“Let me ask.”

Me: Hey, Beck is over here going on about finding a Daddy of his own. Do you have any Daddy friends with a want ad like yours?

Stanley: You know, I just might. Let me make a couple of calls.

Me: Thank you. Dinner tonight at your place? My turn to buy?

Stanley: You’re on. Here’s my address.

“Okay, don’t get too whackadoodle but...he may have a Daddy friend for you.”

Beck danced around the kitchen again, not as well as he did on stage given he was an erotic dancer by trade. This was more of a joyous boy emerging in the form of self-expression. Shimmy, shimmy, arm wave, shimmy, shimmy. Not methodical but adorkable just the same.

“When can I meet him?” He spun around. “Just not tonight, I have to work.”

“I’ll let you know. I’m going to Stanley’s for dinner tonight.”

“Ooh la, la. Do tell,” Beck batted his lashes. “How is the sex?”

“I wouldn’t know,” I sighed as I sat. “We haven’t even kissed.”

“Um, exsqueeze me?”

“I’ve literally not had sex since the last time we did.”

The blank look on his face and lack of movement gave me pause and I almost smacked him to ensure he still breathed.

“Whoa.”

“Whoa is right.” Stanley had googled me so he had to know about the scars. He’d seen me naked and tied up probably more times than he cared for. So, what was the hold up?

“Well, maybe tonight’s the night.”

I hoped Beck was right and just in case, I’d pack an overnight bag.

“Ciao, babe, I’m off.” Beck blew air kisses as he breezed out of the condo.

Meanwhile, I got back to work on the latest ‘Scantables’ lingerie while a load of laundry washed. I’d come up with the name for my business venture a couple days ago. Hopefully, my sexy goodies would one day be in adult stores everywhere.

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### Chapter Eight

Stanley

There I stood, just inside the entrance to the playroom that took me years to perfect. Everything a little could want or need was housed inside these four walls, though it no longer held the familiar sense of contentment it once had.

Would it become a sewing room in the future?

It was larger than the one Jobe currently had.

You're getting way too far ahead of yourself, Stanley. Take it down several notches.

An all too familiar argument with myself. Again. But the older I got the less patience I had for waiting for the right boy to come along.

I shut the door behind me, determined to not worry about this part of my life. Jobe wouldn't be easily won over, nor would he likely be willing to give up his freedoms as he saw them and move in. But maybe...

No, Stanley, step away from the room and move along.

"Crispin, my man, how's it going?" I'd reached out to my friend and fellow Daddy, Crispin, to see if he was in the market for a new boy. No clue what kind of boy Beck was, but that was for Crispin and Beck to determine.

“Doing well. Currently in Europe. On the hunt for a London office.”

Crispin was an international real estate mogul and a damn good one at that.

“I’ve got a boy for you to meet when you return.”

“I’m listening. Tell me all about him.”

“Well, he had a hand in getting me and mine together.”

“Wait, you have a new boy?”

“Well, sort of. You remember Jobe from Cordes?”

“The one who pissed off every Dom in sight? Five-eleven-ish, holier than though attitude and a bit of a pain slut?”

“Sadly, yes, but there’s more to him than that. We definitely have to get together when you get back, it’s been far too long.” I hated that was once how I too viewed Jobe, but he did paint that awful picture of himself and warded off every Daddy for miles. “It’s his best friend. I’ll be honest, I don’t know much about him other than how he looks and he’s fiercely protective of Jobe. Five-eight, maybe five-nine. Short brown hair, fit. Really cute.”

“You have my attention. If you can get his full name I’ll run a background check. Gotta go, I’m walking into a new build site right now.”

“Talk later.”

No wonder I hadn’t seen Crispin around, he’d been globetrotting. Hell, when was the last time I got away myself?

In my younger years after the app first sold, I traveled the world. Something I'd promised my younger self. My parents never took family vacations, and both worked themselves to death. Quite literally. As soon as I had the money I filled my passport up but by the time I got home it hit me just how lonely traveling solo was.

Having someone to do things with was the key. Only, none of the boys I ever played with struck me as forever. Sure, I did repeat play sessions with them but sadly that's all it was.

Is that why I had latched onto Jobe as hard as I did or was this, whatever this was between us, for real?

Some kind of Daddy I was. I'd done nothing but second guess myself for weeks.

Enough.

He'll be here shortly so it's time to put the questions behind you and focus, Stanley.

A couple bottles of the wine Jobe liked chilled in the fridge and the appetizers were set out right as the knock came.

"Welcome, Jobe." I kissed his cheek and took the bags he had in hand. "Come in."

"Wow, this place makes mine look like a shed. It's huge."

"I love your place. I think it's great. Speaking of great, whatever this is smells wonderful." I emptied the bags and pulled down a couple of plates. "I love this Italian place. Good choice."

"What can I help with?"

“Why don’t you take our plates to the table, and I’ll grab the wine.” I’d already set two places with silverware and napkins out. “Here we go. We can do the grand tour after our stomachs are filled. Sorry, I was so involved in menial tasks today I forgot to eat.”

“Same. I, um,” Jobe shifted nervously in his seat. “Brought an overnight bag.”

“I was going to suggest that but wasn’t sure we’d reached that point.” Subject change was warranted. No need to make either of us more uncomfortable. “How are the new designs coming along?”

That perked him right up. “Actually, well. Designing and sewing are the easy parts. Reaching out to those I know in the industry from my past life to try and get a leg in, so to speak, not so much.”

“Is there any sort of social media groups you can join that might have insight or could possibly guide you in the right direction? Sorry, computers and apps I can do but clothing is a foreign language to me.” Explained why most of my wardrobe was black.

“Not sure but that’s a great suggestion. I suppose I could reach out to fetish wear manufacturers as well and see if they had any interest.”

“I’d recommend signed disclosures before sending tangible goods out, though. General lack of trust and all that. I’d hate to see your creations ripped off by other designers.”

“You really are a Daddy, aren’t you?” His grin was on the salacious side, so I’d take that as a win.

“Thank you for dinner,” I leaned back and considered unbuttoning my pants given

how full I was. “That was fantastic.” Instead, I chose to clean up. “Let me get the dishwasher going and we can take that tour.”

“So,” Jobe leaned against the counter as I rinsed and loaded. “Tell me about this app you sold.”

“Which one? I’ve sold several to date.”

His eyes widened. “Are you some sort of child prodigy?”

“Something like that. My only wish was that my parents would’ve lived long enough to enjoy the fruits of my labor with me.”

“I’m so sorry, Stanley. I can’t imagine.”

Another layer of Jobe peeled back. There was a nice boy in there.

“But the one that started it all was pretty basic. The company that bought it from me expanded on it and it’s one of the largest game tracking apps there is.”

“Game tracking?”

“Yes. Games you download on various devices, this app will track your progress and rankings. It’s like one stop shopping for gamers to see how they rank and serves as an additional platform to save your progress on as well.”

“Wow, that’s pretty impressive.”

“Why thank you, kind sir.”

“Now, how did you become a Daddy?”



I laughed. “That was kind of by accident. I’d always been interested in kink but hadn’t had the opportunity to explore it and find how it fit for me. So, I bought a membership to Cordes. Call it research or voyeurism,” I winked at him. Couldn’t deny I didn’t enjoy watching others come undone. “I was intrigued when the new littles wing opened and followed my curiosity to there and instantly fell in love, and down the wormhole I went. What I learned from others living the lifestyle only served to heighten my curiosity and desire. And that’s how the Daddy that stands before you was born.”

“Not what I expected but still very interesting.”

Jobe didn’t elaborate on how his need for pain came to be, but he didn’t have to. As I spent more time with him I filled in the blanks for myself.

“Ready for that tour?” I dried my hands and took his as I guided him through.

“I love the art you have, it’s eclectic.”

“Yes. I don’t collect any one artist’s work. I collect what calls to me when I see it. Some are worth a fair penny while others aren’t worth much at all. It’s not about money for me, though I do love to support the arts when I can. If it makes me feel, makes me think, I buy it.”

“I can see that, and I love it. What is art without emotion?”

“Exactly. Well, you already saw the kitchen and dining room which is hard to miss given the open concept. This is the main living room,” I waved a hand around as we walked through. “My favorite part of the place is the wraparound balcony and wall of glass.” I opened the sliding panels so he could get the full exposure. “Great for parties, though I’ve never had any. Most evenings I sit out here with a drink and watch the sunset.” Unlike Jobe’s partial view of the strip, I had a near dead on view.

“Unbelievable. This view is to die for.”

“Please, don’t.” I kissed his knuckles. “Shall we?”

“This is my home office and library.” I loved this room and often got lost between the pages of my collection. I’d bought the most insanely comfortable couch and put it in there. Fell asleep on it many a time. “The corner is my bedroom.”

“Whoa. This room is the size of my place. I love how your bed faces the windows. Sunset and sunrise with how the corners face. You have the best view in the house in here.” I nearly had to pick Jobe’s jaw off the floor, but he wasn’t wrong. With this being the corner space, the glass walls faced both east and west.

“Wait until you see the shower.” It was like a human car wash. You walk into a three-foot-long waterfall shower head. There were two wall-mounted shower heads on each side to keep you warm and a bench on each end.

“I’d drain the hot water tank with this one. It’s like a full-on water massage.” Jobe released the most salacious moan.

“The walk-in closet is the same size as the bathroom.” I’d taken the fifth bedroom and extended the existing bathroom and closet. A decision I’d never regret.

“Oh, now I’m jealous.” He spun around in the center of the closet and looked right at home to me. “This is beyond amazing. If you’d like to adopt me, I’m totally game for it.”

“Ha-ha, I’ll keep that in mind.” Back out into the hall we went. “This is a playroom.”

“Playroom? Do you have kids and forgot to tell me?”

“No. Children haven’t ever been a part of my life plan.” Huh, maybe that was what drew me to littles. “Open the door.”

Jobe stepped inside and glanced around. “Ah, you’re beloved littles. I’m afraid to blacklight this room.”

“I think you’re under the wrong impression here.”

“You mean to tell me this room wasn’t all about sex?”

Was that a hint of jealousy I detected?

“No and neither is the lifestyle. For some, they just want a Daddy or Mommy to watch over them while they slip into little headspace. For others, they enjoy rubbies or taking care of Daddy and while at times the relationships do involve sex, I can promise you I’ve never sexually penetrated any of the littles I’ve played with in this room. Actually,” I paused, carefully considering my next words. “I’ve been thinking of repurposing the playroom.”

“Hmm,” was all I got out of Jobe before he turned and left the room. Did he have issues with littles or with the thought of me being with one?

“There are two more guest bedrooms, each with an en suite and a hall bath as well. Four bedrooms and five bathrooms in total.” My place had plenty of room for guests. Maybe if things worked out with Jobe, and Beck and Crispin hit it off, we could have them over for dinner parties and such.

Slowing my roll obviously would not happen.

## Page 9

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### Chapter Nine

Jobe

What the hell had gotten into me?

I didn't do jealousy.

Hell, I'd been passed around so many times I was the token party favor. Yet the thought of a little in that room commanding all of Stanley's attention made my blood boil.

But after this much time dating someone and they'd made no moves I started to question things. Either he didn't find me attractive, or something was seriously wrong with his... libido .

I had no problems with Stanley partaking in a little blue pill, or two.

“Want to watch a movie or have drinks on the balcony?”

What I wanted was to mark that damn playroom with our come like some sort of primal animal scenting its territory.

Who was this and what happened to Jobe Worthy?

I followed Stanley back into the kitchen where he proceeded to pour us each another glass of wine. I chucked my down and filled it again while he watched, wide-eyed

and curious.

“Drinks and conversation on the balcony it would seem,” Stanley determined.

I grabbed the bottle and carried it out ahead of him. Conversations never went well for past me and drunk me would likely handle the inevitable denial better. Maybe...

For several long minutes, we sat there silently staring out at the lights. Stanley was the first to break the uncomfortable moment.

“Want to tell me what’s going on in that beautiful head of yours?”

“Wish I could. The more thoughts that enter it the angrier I feel inside.” I stood and paced. “I don’t do relationships. I fuck. End of story. Yet I now find myself in a precarious predicament and one I don’t know how to maneuver.”

“What was that exactly?”

I clenched and unclenched my fists and drew in several deep breaths. “Trying to figure out how your past boys fared so well when I can’t so much as get you to flirt with me let alone fuck me.” Most Daddies didn’t allow their boys to curse, or they’d be punished. Was I fishing for a punishment or? Bodily pain? I could handle that but this wrecking my heart shit, not so much.

“I’m not sure what you want from me, Jobe.”

With a sharp turn I faced him. “Are you broken? Do you not find me attractive? Or is this a game of cat and mouse where the cat never catches the mouse?” What the fuck does that mean? I was too far gone to assess it and just kept spewing nonsense. “I don’t know how to do whatever this is, but we’ve been what, dating? Becoming friends? What the hell are we doing, Stanley, and will it ever end with mutual

orgasms?”

Stanley sat his glass down and went inside, returning a few minutes later. The time apart only further pissed me off. How dare he walk away.

“Inside now, Jobe.”

That was the first time he’d used his stern Daddy voice since I’d agreed to go out with him, and I instantly regretted my outburst, though I still lacked self-control.

I crossed my arms and rooted my feet in place, daring him to do something. Anything. Just show a fucking emotion. “You’re not the boss of me.”

He cocked a brow. “Strip down to your underwear, fold your clothes and set them nicely on the coffee table, then kneel on that pillow facing the couch.”

Okay, this I could do, though I wasn’t sure I was still down to fuck. Way to fucking blow it, Jobe, but I did as he ordered. The only saving grace was watching the heat in Stanley’s eyes as I stripped down to a silky creation of my own.

Stanley sat on the couch, the pillow between his feet on the floor. I knelt before him and awaited his next directive.

“Jobe, unzip my pants, remove my cock and wrap your lips around it.”

Now we were talking my language.

“Do not under any circumstance play with it or yourself nor make either of us come or there will be repercussions you will not like. Sit there, be quiet, and reflect on your negative actions and attitude.”

Well, shit. There went my idea of a fun time but playing Daddy's little cock warmer wasn't all that bad.

"Do not move your tongue or your lips. Do not do anything but breathe and listen to me. If you understand, tap my leg twice." As soon as I did it, he proceeded. "Jobe, I can assure you I want you more than you know, but you must learn to use your words instead of your body. You're worth more than that."

I settled in for the rest of his speech, the urge to come long since gone. How he'd concocted the perfect timeout for me and my big mouth was beyond me.

"Jobe, you do not need to act up to get my attention." His fingers threaded through my hair, and I swear I purred. "You have it, sweet boy. I care about you. This, us, isn't all about sex for me. You mean more to me than you know and I'm sorry if my lack of bedding you made you feel less than you are. I promise that was not my intention."

So, he wasn't broken, and it wasn't me. For once I was finally with a nice guy, the mythical dating unicorn. His words filled me with a warmth like no other as the last piece of glass surrounding my heart shattered.

"I'm falling for you, Jobe, hard and fast."

Tears filled my eyes as the depth of those words, ones no human had uttered to me, hit. Comfortable in Daddy's care, the soothing strokes through my hair. Contently I sighed and I must've drifted off in the safety of this capable man's hands. After that I barely recalled being carried and tucked into bed but was too emotionally exhausted to respond.

Now, waking with strong arms protectively wrapped around me, the reality of last night hit. Please let me get used to this. Please, please, please, if there are any

relationship gods out there, don't let me fuck this up by being me.

"Is my sweet boy stirring?" Stanley, Daddy , hell, even my mind questioned what to call him, pressed his lips to my forehead.

"Mmm, good morning." It really was. Who knew waking in a man's arms could feel so wonderful. Well, I'm sure who the man was had everything to do with that.

"How do you feel?" He trailed his lips along my jaw and paused before pressing his to mine. His breath ghosted across them then it dawned on me.

"I need to freshen up." Toothbrush, makeup, hairbrush. Where did I leave my bag last night?

Stanley took my hand and firmly gripped his erection with it. "Feel that, Jobe? You did that. Not your hair, not your makeup, not your clothes. You and you alone. Though I must admit that hot silky number you stripped down to last night was deliciously divine."

Now this, I was fully on board with.

As I stroked him, his lips finally met mine. Our first kiss was monumental and quickly escalated. Our tongues danced together as though they had a million times over. The feel of his tongue gliding around mine was more than worth the wait.

"This will go smoother if we're both naked."

"What? Oh, yeah. Yeah." Stanley chuckled as I stuttered. "Sorry, my mind was elsewhere."

Stanley helped me out of my silky two-piece then slid out of his boxers. Finally, flesh



on flesh. His firm erection against mine. How many nights I'd dreamed of riding him, watching his face as he chased the orgasm I brought him to. I couldn't wait to see if he was as beautiful in real life when he came as he was in my mind.

He wrapped his hand around our cocks and stroked them, the foreskin sliding up and down as his lips once again descended upon mine. I could kiss this man for hours. Kissing wasn't something I often did, far too personal, but with Stanley I never wanted to stop. My legs widened and he never missed a beat, or a stroke, as he slid between them. Fuck, if I didn't pace myself I'd come too fast.

"Stanley. Daddy." My mind swirled as it searched for words. "Gonna come too fast."

"I was banking on that. My personal goal was to make you come twice before breakfast."

Holy hell, this man would soon have my heart if he didn't already.

Stanley slithered down beneath the sheets, nipping and sucking my flesh along the way. When he reached my cock I drew in a breath as he slid his warm mouth over it.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck," I chanted and firmly gripped his hair as my hands glided along with the movements of his head.

Not long after, I gave a single warning just as I released. "Daddy." I couldn't have stopped if I tried and neither did he as he proceeded to swallow every last drop of my come.

I barely had time to catch my breath before his tongue slid down my perinium and circled my hole. Every nerve ending in my body was on edge as he slowly worked me open. When he hit that magical spot, my cock reawakened.

“There’s my boy.” He reached into to the nightstand to pull out the supplies. Any previous questions I had of how Stanley felt about me evaporated as I watched this wonderful man roll a condom down his shaft as he prepared to enter me for the first time.

“Jobe, consent is everything. Are you sure this is what you want?”

“More than anything, Daddy.”

Stanley’s face lit up as he lined up with my hole and slowly pressed inside. His eyes never left mine. The enormity of what I saw reflected in them would’ve knocked me on my ass had I not been lying down. This wonderful man cared for me. Not my ass. Not what I could give him, but for the real me.

What did I ever do to deserve him?

“Jobe, sweetheart,” he paused as he bottomed out. “You’re perfect.” Stanley brushed the hair from my forehead. “Mine.”

“Yours for as long as you’ll have me.”

“Forever.”

No more words were said as for the first time in my life a man, the one man I wanted more than my next breath, made love to me. I basked in the feels, no racing to cross the finish line then get dressed and go home. He owned me, mind, body, and soul. And when my name ghosted past his lips as he came, I melted in his embrace and did the same.

Without a shred of doubt, I was in love with Stanley Grainger.

### Chapter Ten

Stanley

“I have an idea for that room,” Jobe said one morning during breakfast.

I pretended I didn’t know which room he spoke of, but it wasn’t lost on me when he growled each time he passed the playroom.

“Which room, sweetheart?”

“That blasted playroom.”

“Blasted, huh?” I glanced up at him. “What do you plan to do with it?”

“Donate everything in it and make it a remote sewing room for when I’m here. I seem to be at my most creative when we’re together.”

It was difficult to school the smirk my face was insisting upon. In the end I managed, though only just.

Over the past few weeks, he’d silently moved a handful of his things in, and I pretended not to notice though secretly, I loved it. I’d already planned a playroom makeover as his big Christmas present. The contractors were lined up and ready to roll but I had to get Jobe out of here for a few days to make it happen in time.

“Hmm, that’s an idea. Hey, aren’t we tree shopping today?”

“Yes, and I almost forgot. Beck and I are Christmas shopping tomorrow.” Jobe slid off his chair and onto my lap. “Whatever will you do without me for a day, Daddy?”

He knew that word coming from him shot straight to my cock. I thrust up to remind him just what it did to me.

“Naughty Daddy.”

“Yes, but I’m your naughty Daddy. Sweet boy, may I ask why that room bothers you as it does?”

“Hmph.” A feeble protest from my now pouting boy. “Cause it means someone else was here with my Daddy.”

“That sounds a bit possessive.” Which filled me with joy, though I’d never let him know that.

“Possession is nine-tenths of the law, though in this case it’s one hundred percent.” His fingers traced along the V line of the t-shirt I wore.

“Hmm. Don’t forget we have dinner with Beck and Crispin tonight.”

“How could I forget? Beck’s been texting me every thirty seconds. I better get home soon and deal with him.”

“Let me pack a bag. We can crash at your place for the next couple of nights in case Beck needs us.” Hoped that went over without a hitch.

“Good call.”

It wasn’t often we stayed at Jobe’s place as he seemed to prefer mine. I shot off a text

to the contractor and let him know I'd already cleared the room and he was good to go. All the more reason to keep Jobe away from it and here. The contractor was the same one who'd done the other renovations and was familiar with the building's construction protocol. Security had been given the all clear to let him and his team in. Three days tops he'd assured me to complete the minor rehab, though I hoped he'd be done in two.

On the way back to Jobe's we stopped by the tree farm and selected a large one for my place and a smaller one for his, both would be delivered tomorrow. We'd ordered a ridiculous amount of decorations for both trees and houses which had already arrived.

"You're home!" Beck screamed as we stepped inside Jobe's apartment and scared the shit out of us.

"Jesus, Beck, give me the key back. Damn near had to use your CPR training on us." Jobe held his hand out for the key which Beck ignored.

"But I'm sooo excited." The boy wiggled in place. This one without a doubt was a little, the more I got to know him the clearer that became. "Sorry, Daddy Stanley."

"It's okay, little one, but might I suggest a change of clothes before we leave for dinner?" He was currently in the most adorable bunny one-piece footed PJs. "I take it you like bunnies."

"Silly Daddy, I love bunnies!" he squealed. I'd forgotten how excitable littles were.

"I'm so sorry but I do believe the restaurant has a dress code. Maybe you could sneak a onesie on underneath your big boy clothes?"

"Ohhhh, good idea, Daddy Stanley. Jobe, will you help me get dressed. Pleasseeeee?"

Jobe gave me the look what you've done glare, but I ignored him. "Go help him, Jobe, I'll get things situated here." If I wasn't mistaken, my boy flipped me the bird on his way out. Hmm, I'd have to remember that for later when he wanted to come but got denied. My cock could use a little warming this evening.

While the boys were gone, I did a bit of online shopping for Christmas and included Beck in that. While Jobe had been honest with me and told me he and Beck used to hook up, I held no ill-will to either of them over it. Clearly they were not meant to be as a couple and were better off as best friends, and since I entered the picture they'd ended the sexual benefits part of their relationship.

My only fear was how Crispin would handle finding out what Beck did for a living. I hoped my dear friend wasn't that shallow, but I also knew how that would look to some. I didn't run in the millionaire circles, didn't care for most of them, and this was one of those things we'd never agree upon. What one did with their body was their choice and if they chose to take off their clothes for fun or income then so be it. But my gut told me Beck would happily forego his current occupation in lieu of being a full-time boy for the right Daddy.

Oddly enough I'd never frequented Beck's place of employment even though I'd been to most of the gay bars in town. I was thankful for that. Seeing this cute little in his birthday suit would feel all kinds of wrong. I preferred to see him as Little Beck, Jobe's best friend.

"How did I not realize my bestie was a little?" Jobe plopped down on the couch beside me an hour or so later. "I nearly had to sedate him to get him dressed. That boy has far too much energy for me."

"It does take a special Daddy for that job. Speaking of Beck, where is he?"

"Feeding his goldfish Goldie and leaving a light on for it." Jobe rolled his eyes. "All

these years. I kinda feel like a dick for never having realized this about him. I just used him for my own benefit and now I feel bad.”

“Awe, my Jobe is all growed up,” I teased. “Hopefully we’ve found him the perfect Daddy so he can have his happily ever after.”

“That would be wonderful because now I feel overly protective of him. Like the best friend I should’ve been all along.”

“Well, we’re staying here for a couple of nights and can keep an eye on him. You know you’re welcome to have him over to my place anytime you want.” I nearly said our place and spoiled his gifts.

“Really? You’d be okay with that?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Well, because, you know.”

“Because of your past? I’m not programmed like that. I trust you both and now that Beck knows we know his secret his little is out more. Have you not noticed that?” There was no way he hadn’t given what he just said.

“For sure. Thank you, Daddy, for trusting me.”

“I love you, Jobe. I have no reason not to trust you.”

“I love you, too.” He popped up and kissed me. “Gonna go freshen up, be right back.”

Seemed my boy got hit with his own burst of energy. I shook my head and did a bit

internet browsing until Beck came bouncing in.

“Where’s Jobe?”

“Getting ready.”

“Ugh, we’re never gonna leave and Daddy Crispin is gonna get mad and I’ll never get my chance. Jobe takes forever,” he sighed.

“Little one, we have a bit of time. Besides, Crispin isn’t like that. If he had a mean bone in his body I would know, and I wouldn’t have suggested you meet him. I’d never let anyone hurt you and I hope you know that.”

His head bobbed up and down like an excited pup. “I do and thank you.” He gave me a big hug then skipped off down the hall toward Jobe’s room, returning with my boy a few minutes later.

“Okay, absolutely no—as in zero—sugar for Beck tonight. He’s already wound up,” Jobe complained, though it fell on deaf ears when I saw what he chose to wear tonight.

“Jobe, you’re absolutely stunning.” White slacks that cut just above his ankles with a matching white blazer and pink silk shirt beneath it. Heels on those gloriously long legs was nothing short of amazing and I couldn’t wait to peel every piece off him later.

He spun around and winked. “Guess what I’m wearing beneath it, Daddy?” The flirt sent my imagination places it need not visit right now.

“Let’s go. Please,” Beck pleaded as I finally broke eye contact with my boy and adjusted the massive erection he’d given me. “You can play hidey hole later.”



Well, that was like a splash of ice water to the crotch.

The car awaited us downstairs, and we pulled up to the restaurant valet right on time as Crispin emerged from the car in front of us. Hiring a car was the right choice, then Jobe and I could partake in a worry-free adult beverage, or two.

“Crispin, great to see you.” We embraced. “I’d like to introduce you to my boyfriend, Jobe, and his friend, Beck.”

“Jobe, I believe we’ve crossed paths a time or two.”

“Please tell me we didn’t do a scene together. No offense but it would make this night far too awkward.”

Crispin released a hearty chuckle. “No, I assure you we have not. I’m a bit fixated on,” his eyes darted to Beck. “Littles. But it’s wonderful to finally meet you.” They shook hands then Crispin held his out to Beck and kissed the top of Beck’s once it touched his. “Beck, I’m pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“Me, too,” Beck blushed and giggled, and Crispin’s face lit up.

“Gentlemen,” Crispin held onto Beck’s hand, “shall we step inside?”

“Welcome back, Mr. Grainger, we have your table ready. Please, follow me.” The hostess handed us menus after we were seated. “Your server tonight is Andre. He’ll be by shortly. Enjoy your meals.”

“Good evening, gentlemen. I’m your server tonight, Andre. Can I start you off with any appetizers or drinks from the bar?”

“Wine, my love?” I asked Jobe, knowing his answer already.

“Gods, yes, please.” I got the feeling Jobe was on edge about what would come from his filterless friend’s mouth tonight.

“I’ll have a bourbon, neat,” Crispin ordered. “Beck, would you want a drink?”

“Blech,” he stuck his tongue out. “I don’t drink alcohol, but I’ll have a soda if that’s okay?”

“That’s very okay, sweet boy.” Crispin was quite smitten with Beck already.

“So, Beck, how do you and Jobe know each other?”

“I live next door to him, and we used to play hidey hole before he found his Daddy.”

### Chapter Eleven

Jobe

“Jesus Christ, Beck.” I was gonna choke the shit out of him. “Filter.” Daddy had just taken a sip of his water and choked on it. “Stanley, are you okay?” He held his hand up to let me know he was.

“What’s the big deal?” Beck shrugged. “It’s true.”

“Yes, but there are better ways to deliver such information and over dinner isn’t one of them.”

Crispin’s eyes still hadn’t fully made it back into their sockets.

“Sorry for my friend’s crass delivery, Crispin. Yes, my best friend and I used to have a benefit to our friendship that no longer exists. Stanley is well aware of this fact as we keep no secrets from each other.” See, I could be a mature adult when the time called for it.

“I only topped for Jobe ‘cause he was sad, but I don’t like topping.”

Mother fucking hell. I’d progressed past the desire to choke him and straight into full-fledged murder. Hopefully Daddy had a great attorney on retainer ‘cause I’d need it.

“That’s quite an opener, little one. Maybe those are private time conversations,” Crispin calmly suggested. “What do you do for a living, Beck?”

Shit.

“I’m a stripper at Tails Up.”

And Daddy choked again. By this point, we’d garnered the attention of half the damn restaurant. What had gotten into Beck?

“Oh, um, do you like it?” At this point, I wouldn’t be surprised if Crispin went to the restroom and never returned.

“It’s okay,” Beck shrugged. “I love dancing, and I have rent to pay, but I don’t like it when guys think it’s okay to touch me ‘cause it’s not.”

“You’re right, little one, it is not. Does security help keep them away?”

“Sometimes. But some of the guys do extra things for extra money so security always waits for our signal if we need help.” He flashed his fingers in what I imagined was their signal. “I don’t do extras. I don’t like touching yucky people.”

Before Daddy, I’d not seen this side of Beck but since he’d become more comfortable with his little it rarely hid from us. But hearing this from him caused concern for what went on inside that club. But then again, this was Vegas.

“I make good money. I’m one of the best dancers there. Ooh, breadsticks.” He grabbed one right as the waiter set the basket down and dipped it into the sauce.

“Gentlemen, are you ready to order?” Thankfully Andre broke the awkward conversation.

I hadn’t even glanced at the menu. “Stanley, will you order for me, please?”

“Absolutely, my love.” Daddy placed both our orders then the waiter turned to Crispin.

“Beck, would you like me to order for you?” Crispin asked.

“Yes, please and thank you.”

Where was the man who used to fuck me into the sheets like a total fucking badass? I was at a loss for words.

“So, Crispin, how was the trip to England? Fruitful, I hope?” I could hug Daddy for steering us in another direction.

“You went to England? Lucky. I have a huge bucket list,” Beck chimed in.

“You do, do you? Maybe you can go with me someday?” Crispin offered and Beck’s eyes widened as did his smile. His head bobbed up and down so fast I feared it may pop off.

“I’d like that. You seem like a nice Daddy. Daddy Stanley said you were, or he wouldn’t have let me meet you.”

“Well, thank you for that, Stanley,” Crispin smiled. Was it possible he enjoyed this behavior from Beck? “England was great. I opted to go with a new build rather than rehabbing an existing building in London. Too many rules and most are historical so there’s even more hoops to hop through.”

“Makes complete sense. Will you still be based out of Vegas?” Daddy asked.

“Yes, I’ll fly back and forth until the building and the team I’ll have to assemble are up to par. Then I’ll leave it in the capable hands of the manager I put into place. I

love visiting England, but London is far too busy for me. Like the strip on steroids.”

Daddy chuckled. “Very true.”

At this point, I’d already sucked down two glasses of wine and felt a bit more at ease. Plus, I couldn’t think of a single thing more Beck’s lack of filter could shock us with.

“Do you like to give rubbies?”

I stood corrected.

“I do, but isn’t that a private time between a Daddy and his boy?” Crispin whispered to Beck, though Daddy and I were meant to hear. Just not the nosey table neighbors hanging on to our every word.

“Are you going to be my Daddy or are you going to leave me, too?”

Fuck, that sound was my heart breaking for Beck. Shallow. That’s the kind of friend I was. Always worried about my own needs and forgetting to ensure my best friend was taken care of as well. And not just sexually. How little I knew about this adorable man and I had no one to blame for that but myself.

“Their loss is my win. Yes, Beck, I would like to see you again. So maybe save some of those questions for our next date? Can you do that for me?” The calm manner in which Crispin spoke to Beck was perfect. He’d make a great Daddy for him.

“Yes, Daddy Crispin, I can.” Beck grinned. Happiness was on the horizon for my dear friend, though I had a lot of making up to him to do.

“So, Stanley, what wonderful new app are you working on now?” Crispin asked Daddy as the waiter served our meals.

“Actually, I just finished one and tweaked another. Nothing fancy but something to occupy my time with. Probably won’t take on too many more projects now that I have my boy.” Daddy’s smile lit me up inside. Before Stanley I never knew what love felt like. He adored me and I him, and I refused to imagine my life without him.

“That’s wonderful. I’m happy for you, my friend.” As Crispin spoke, he steadily cut up the food on Beck’s plate. What’s funny was Beck watched in awe of Crispin fulfilling his needs. Was it possible my friend found his forever, too? I didn’t want to get too far ahead of myself nor share that with Beck for fear of Crispin letting him down. But a man who would do this for another in a five-star restaurant spoke volumes.

“Beck, have you played with the other littles at Cordes?” Crispin asked as he handed Beck his fork.

“No. It’s too expensive. I’ve been to a few munches and met a couple guys who claimed to be Daddies on a kink app. I don’t recommend it at all.” Beck shivered as he took a bite.

Crispin turned to Daddy. “There’s one for you, not that I want Beck to utilize it. But maybe you could create a safe app for Daddies and Mommies to meet littles. One where they are vetted in some way first.”

Daddy pointed his fork at Crispin. “You’re onto something and I may have a couple contacts to assist. It’ll be time consuming and doing any sort of background checks will have its fair share of challenges, but I think it’s doable.”

“Maybe you’d like to go as my guest to Cordes, Beck?” Crispin asked him.

“I’d like to see it, but I don’t think I’d be happy if you played with other littles and ignored me.”

Had to give Beck credit, he wasn't holding back.

"I can promise you that I would only play with them if you asked me to play with all of you at the same time. We would be there as Daddy and his boy. How about tomorrow night, are you free?"

Beck shook his head. "No, I have to work. It's a Friday night. I'm not off again until Monday, which reminds me. Jobe, instead of shopping tomorrow can we do it on Monday, so we're not rushed?"

"Absolutely."

Crispin was disappointed but shook his head in understanding. "If you're not too tired maybe we could go on Wednesday. Do you always work the same days each week?"

"Usually, it's Thursday through Sunday but I got someone to cover my shift today so I could come to dinner." Beck was sliding out of his fun little and into his serious grown-up.

I'd love nothing more than for Crispin to be the one so Beck wouldn't have to work anymore. At least not like this. I wasn't shaming but seeing the vulnerable side of my bestie had brought out my protective beast. So many new things I'd learned about myself since finding love.

What an eye-opening evening this has been.

"Would it be all right if I escorted you home tonight, Beck?" Crispin asked as Daddy paid the bill. "Dinner is on me next time, Stanley."

"Deal."



Beck still hadn't answered. "I live next door to Jobe, though he's not home much since he got a Daddy."

Ah, so many friend fails fell on my shoulders. Done but not forgotten and I'd find a way to be a better friend to Beck moving forward.

"We'll be there for the next couple of nights, Beck, and you are always welcome at my place," Daddy assured him, but I was glad he said we'd be at mine for a bit. I didn't like sleeping without Daddy, but I wanted time with Beck, too.

"If you want to ride with us I guess that would be okay," Beck shyly smiled up at Crispin.

"I'd like that. Thank you for trusting me, little one."

"I have an idea," Daddy smiled. "Crispin and Beck, why don't you join us at Jobe's tomorrow to help decorate. The tree is being delivered in the morning and we bought enough decorations to light up the mall."

My Daddy was a genius!

"Ohhh, I haven't had a tree in like forever. What do you say, Daddy Crispin?"

"I say yes. I have a car waiting for us if you're all ready to go." Crispin held Beck's hand all the way out. "The driver will take the four of us wherever we tell him to go."

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

### Chapter Twelve

#### Stanley

Thank fuck Crispin was due any moment with breakfast. Jobe and I were on our second espressos, courtesy of his fancy machine and Beck was running around dancing and singing to the carols he'd insisted we put on. Now mind you, he was still in his footed pajamas and sliding all over the tile. I may have a coronary before Crispin arrived to take over little Daddy duties.

You'd have thought it was Christmas morning and all the boxes were for Beck as he'd tore into each one, and I hadn't the foggiest what he searched for. The tree arrived but Beck insisted we wait for Crispin before decorating it.

My dear boy wasn't a morning person by any means and thus far had done nothing more than grumble. Likely things I didn't want to hear so I was glad he'd kept those thoughts to himself, though I was certain they were directed at a certain little.

As soon as the knock came, Beck squealed, ran for the door and threw it open.

"Daddy Crispin, you're here!"

"Of course I am, sweet boy. I promised I would be." Crispin kissed Beck's cheek after he sat the bags down.

Beck definitely had separation anxiety, and I wondered what his story was, though it really wasn't any of my business. He was a sweet boy with a lot of love, and energy,

and Crispin was just the man to spoil him as he deserved.

“Yay! Hot chocolate and nummy French toast sticks with icy dippy sauce!” Beck announced from the dining table.

“Sugar?” I asked Crispin.

“Sorry, it was slim picking this morning. Don’t worry, if we keep him busy with tasks he’ll run it off. Trust me.”

I did trust my friend but this little was already an endless bound of energy.

With breakfast over and Jobe somewhat more alive, I got to work stringing twinkle lights on the tree while Crispin hung them wherever Jobe and Beck pointed throughout the condo.

“We bought too many, why don’t we take some over to Beck’s to hang?” I suggested.

“Great idea, what do you think, Beck?” Crispin asked him.

Beck spun around in a circle. “Yes, please. Can I borrow your foldy ladder thingy, Jobe?”

“Of course.”

Beck and Crispin grabbed a box of lights and headed next door while my boy and I hung the ornaments on our tree.

Our tree.

Or trees in this case. How refreshing that felt to think.

“Make sure to save a couple for Beck to do,” Jobe suggested.

“Do you know anything of his past?” Curiosity got the best of me, and I was unable to hold back.

“Bits and pieces. He’s never shared much, and I get the feeling it’s because it’s not good. I feel awful that after all these years he’s taken care of me when it should’ve been the other way around.”

“It should’ve been both ways. It appears you two may have more in common than you knew. He’s a sweet boy and if he ever needs anything from me please don’t hesitate to ask.”

“I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you too, Jobe, and by extension your best friend.”

By midday Jobe’s apartment was an explosive version of Christmas gone wild. There wasn’t a surface that didn’t sparkle with either lights or glittery baubles. Beck had come down from his sugary high and was currently asleep spread out across Crispin’s lap. Crispin was the epitome of content, running his fingers through Beck’s hair and half out himself.

“What time does Beck work?” I whispered to Jobe.

“Usually, he heads out around eight for a nine pm shift. He’s got plenty of time to sleep. Let’s get cleaned up and take a nap.” He waggled his brows suggestively.

“I have a better idea. How about we actually nap now then tonight we take a nice hot bath, bottle of wine, and explore each other’s bodies.”

“No rushing, lots of playing, perhaps multiple orgasms. Hmm,” Jobe tapped a finger to his chin. “That could work.”

How far my boy had come since I finally pulled my head out of my ass and asked him out. Long gone were the days of pain to work through tough memories. He’d learned a lot about himself since we got together and the therapist he’d began seeing was able to help put some of his challenges into perspective for him. Pain was used to forget rather than deal with the issues, not a path she recommended. She’d given him homework, exercises really that had helped him tremendously.

Did he still enjoy being led around on a leash when we frequented the club? Absolutely, but that part I didn’t mind so much. Ownership, Jobe had called it, and while I’d never admit he ran the show, I’d let him verse it as he chose. No longer did he eye the dungeon equipment as though he missed it but instead proudly walked beside me as we passed the rooms by. Often I wondered if we were only there as a way for Jobe to work through his anxiety. We never partook in anything more than conversations with other couples. But if this was what Jobe required, I’d be there to support him one hundred percent.

At times he’d get a bit wound up and would ask me be rougher than I’d like, I’d accommodate as much as I could and then we’d talk about what had triggered him. We were on a great path to a solid future with an open line of communication which was key. Not only for us as a couple but for Jobe’s personal growth as well. Learning that love shouldn’t hurt was a hurdle for him and one I’d make sure he worked past.

Though I couldn’t deny the overwhelming urge to choke his parents. Hopefully we never crossed paths.

I wasn’t sure how long we slept for but woke when the bedroom door flew open, and a sleepy Beck wandered in. A firm signal nap time was over.

“Jobe, I gotta go. I have to work tonight. Thanks for a fun day,” he gave Jobe a kiss then came around to my side and kissed my cheek. “Thanks, Daddy Stanley.”

“You’re welcome, sweet boy. Where is Daddy Crispin?”

“I’m right here,” my friend said from the doorway. “I’m going to Beck’s work tonight after I get a real sugar-free meal into him. I want to make sure the powers that be know he has a Daddy, and ensure he gets home safely. No more touching what’s mine or this riding the bus in the middle of the night nonsense.”

Beck giggled. “You’re so silly, Daddy.”

I was beyond happy for our friends and had a feeling they’d move fast, especially after witnessing their instant connection.

Jobe rolled over and cuddled up to me. “I’m so glad Crispin makes Beck happy. I know it’s new but he’s so full of life again.”

“I ordered some fun prezzies for him for Christmas. I probably should’ve asked you first, but I couldn’t help myself.” At least there would be a little in our life to spoil. That was always the fun part. Having Jobe fulfilled all my wishes but Beck would be akin to having a nephew to spoil.

Jobe hopped on top of me and peppered my face with kisses. “You are so freaking amazing. I got him some presents, too, but I bet yours are more up little alley than mine. I wanted to ask, if he isn’t spending Christmas with Crispin can he spend it with us? I know it’s our first and all, but I can’t bear the thought of him being alone.”

“You, my boy, have a big heart. I have no problem at all with that, you know Beck is welcome anytime. They are so new to each other that Beck may feel more comfortable if they both spent Christmas with us. Why don’t we ask if they want to

come over on Christmas Eve and stay the night? We can have dinner together, maybe each open a gift then when Beck goes to bed we can fill the stockings. Did I forget to mention I had stockings made for him, too?" I'd order one for Crispin today with rush delivery.

"I fall more and more in love with you with each passing moment." Jobe pressed his lips to mine in the sweetest of kisses.

"Right back at cha, baby."

### Chapter Thirteen

#### Jobe

Who knew spending Christmas with a little would be both exciting and exhausting? I'd need a case of wine to get through this, but Beck's excitement would make it worth it in the end. I hoped.

Even at the cost to my liver.

Thank the Daddy gods I didn't have one who prohibited his boy from drinking. A glass of wine at the end of the day was the perfect way to relax, in my opinion. Followed by an orgasm or two and you've got yourself one happy boy!

Today Beck and I were shopping for presents for our Daddies and I now understood how some parents used those leashes disguised as cute backpacks with their kids. I'd lost count of the number of times I had to reel Beck away from toy displays and redirect his attention to items more Crispin's style.

"What about a nice tie?" I suggested.

"Mmm, I don't know. I haven't been to his house yet, so I don't know what he really likes."

"Why don't we go have lunch and social media stalk him? That may enlighten us." I hoped.



“Good idea, but I don’t have a lot of money to spend.”

I fired off a text to Daddy for suggestions.

Me: Mayday! Mayday! Sad Beck with very little budget to spend on Crispin. Send affordable Daddy ideas STAT!

Daddy: The one thing Daddies of littles love most are gifts made by them. Hit the craft store and use the credit card I gave you.

Me: Good to know and easy to achieve though he may get lost in the aisles. I really need a leash for him.

Daddy: ?????? Good luck! I love you.

Me: Ugh...love you too.

“All right, Beck. Lunch is on Stanley, and he gave me the perfect ideas for your Daddy. Let’s order our food and get a plan together.”

“Yay! I love your Daddy, but why don’t you call him Daddy all the time? It’s so much fun.”

“The kind of Daddy-boy relationship Stanley and I share differs from the ones you’re familiar with. Daddy is a special word between us, and I reserve it for when we’re alone. Everyone in our small circle knows of our dynamic, such as you and Crispin, but outside of that it’s no one else’s business how we choose to live our lives.” Plus, anytime I called Stanley Daddy it aroused him and that led to fun, private times.

He scrunched up his face. “I get it. I think. I’m just so excited that I finally have a Daddy. I just hope he doesn’t leave me.”

“Have you had other Daddies do that to you? Leave, I mean?” Now seemed like the best time to open that potential can of worms and learn more about him. With no one else around he may be more apt to share.

“Yes. They say they want to be my Daddy then when I let them do grown-up stuff to me they leave after they get what they want and block me on the app. I hate that app. I deleted it and gave up on ever having a Daddy of my own.”

I had the urge to ask Stanley to hack into that app and get the names of all the Daddies on Beck’s profile so I could hunt them down one by one.

“Well, that’s all behind you now. Stanley says Crispin is enamored by you. How did it go with him watching you work?”

“He-he,” Beck covered his mouth as he giggled. “He was no-nonsense Daddy all night and every time I danced for him he tucked a hundred in my shorty shorts. I made rent already. He got growly when anyone stepped near me. One guy threw his hands in the air and backed away. Daddy made sure security knew I had a boyfriend. I can’t believe I get to use that word and we’ve only been together four days.” Beck beamed. I was ridiculously excited for my bestie and surprised he got all that out in a single breath.

“I’m so happy for you, Beck. I love you so much and I just want you to be happy.”

“Daddy has taken me to work and back home every night and he hasn’t pushed for sex either, though I did get rubbies last night.” Back to giggling but how fun was this? Glad I figured out what rubbies were without having to ask.

“Fun!” No use denying it. Who didn’t enjoy a handjob?

“I now understand why you want to be with your Daddy all the time, I just hope I

don't screw this up by being me."

"Beck," I reached over and covered his hand with mine. "This is the one time where being you is exactly who you need to be."

"I hope so. I really, really, really like Daddy Crispin. He's nice to me." I took a moment to absorb his words as our food was served, but I owed Beck an apology.

"Beck, I must apologize to you. All these years I've been selfish and took our friendship for granted and for that, I'm sorry. You've been nothing but kind to me and did things you'd prefer not to." No need to elaborate, he understood what I meant.

"I did that for my friend and 'cause I love you."

"I love you, too, but that doesn't give me or anyone else the right to take advantage of you or anyone for that matter. For so long, you've been my only family, and I need you to promise that if I'm being a dick or you don't want to do something, you will tell me. Promise?"

"Promise. But it wasn't all that bad, I mean, well, you know. I don't want to say it out loud and make you mad like I did at dinner."

"I wasn't mad so much as embarrassed. But no matter what, you're my best friend and I love you. We just need to work on that whole brain-mouth filter." I smiled so he'd see I wasn't mad.

"Yeah, Daddy Crispin said something similar. You're my only family, too, Jobe. I never knew my real one because I was raised in foster care and got bounced around a lot." Beck said no more, and prodding felt all kinds of wrong. There was trauma hidden there and it was up to Beck who he shared that with. Maybe sometime soon

I'd suggest my therapist to him. She's been nothing short of amazing.

"Come on, " I stood and took Beck's hand. "You're gonna love Daddy's suggestion."

Time to turn Beck's frown upside down. Nothing like a good night of arts and crafts to do that.

"Oh my gawd! Squee! A craft store!" Beck squealed as we pulled into the parking lot. "I love crafts. Your Daddy is a genius!"

"Yes, he is, if I do say so myself. Come on, let's pick out some fun stuff for you to make Daddy Crispin."

"You'll make stuff with me, too, right?"

"I'll do my best." Mostly I'd be sipping wine, but hey, can't blame a guy. I was a rather crafty person so who knew what the night would bring.

Two very long hours later and a cart full of shit I hadn't the slightest clue what to do with, we filled the remaining space in my SUV with bags and headed home.

I texted Daddy as we pulled into the parking garage to help us with the bags, and he met us at my parking spot.

"Wow, did you two buy out the mall?" he teased.

"Well, if not the mall then definitely the craft store." Beck giggled beside me. "This one had far too much fun in there."

"Good, I'm glad. Both of you deserve to let loose and have some fun. Now, what bags go where?" We gave him the craft store bags to take up to my place while Beck

and I ran the Daddy gift ones up to his.

“Whew,” I kicked off my shoes and Daddy handed me a glass of wine when I finally walked through the door. “I love you more than you know.” Daddy winked and gave me a kiss.

“That was a long day. How about I order a pizza while the two of you get to crafting?” Daddy asked and Beck cheered. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Beck pulled the stuff from the bags and lined each item up across the dining table, carefully assessing them.

“Hmm, where should I start?”

“May I make a suggestion?” Daddy asked him.

“Of course, Daddy Stanley.”

“I’d recommend beginning with these concrete steppingstones you got because they’ll take time to set.” Daddy picked up one of the boxes and read the back. “Yes, start with these. Let me give you a hand.”

It was adorable watching Beck follow Daddy around as he gathered what was needed to pour and set the molds.

“Now, while these firm up let’s get you started with the,” Daddy paused. “Um, Jobe, you bought glitter?”

“We did.” What was I missing?

“Glitter was banned from the littles room at Cordes for good reason.” Beck’s head

bobbed back and forth as he took in our exchange. “And I’m fairly certain a glitter explosion won’t be welcome in your home.”

“Oh, fuck.”

“Ohhhh, Jobe said a bad word.” The tattletale heard me say that word millions of times and suddenly it was a problem for his delicate ears.

“Yes, he did,” Daddy agreed, “but I was thinking the same thing. Jobe, do you have any tarps or a smock of some sort for Beck to wear and so we can cover your floor?”

I grabbed some pieces of material I was willing to sacrifice along with an old shirt to put over Beck’s clothes but there wasn’t anything large enough for the floor. Meanwhile, Daddy got him set up with his first project.

“Beck, we need you to be very careful with the glitter, please.”

“Yes, Daddy Stanley, I promise.”

I swear the first container he touched, my heart rate elevated. Why had I thought white furnishings and expensive throw rugs were the way to go? Now, the image of glitter contacting my beloved furniture had me shaking with fear.

“Jobe, come paint with me.” Beck’s tongue darted out as he concentrated hard to stay inside the lines. While the paint was wet he’d sprinkle glitter on it to make it sparkle and shine. His words, not mine.

Daddy was a nervous wreck, moving each container of glitter out of Beck’s way as he’d finish with a color. But Beck’s hopeful face had me taking a seat beside him, albeit reluctantly.

“Yay! Pick one to paint for your Daddy.”

“But he’s standing right there, he’ll see it.”

“Turn around, Daddy Stanley.”

Stanley’s eyes met mine, both reflecting the fear we held for a missing set of eyes on the potential forthcoming glittery-pocalypse.

“I’ll just make sure I don’t look at Jobe. Would that work, little one?” The plea in Daddy’s voice wasn’t missed by me. “I’ll go check and see if the stone mix has set.”

That meant I was on glitter duty...

“This is fun,” Beck shimmied in his seat, dancing in place.

I’d barely painted, my eyes glued to the devilish containers.

“Well, it would appear we have a lot to learn about each other.” I’d never done this even as a child. I was a mini-adult thrust into the limelight at a young age while other kids were out riding bikes and coloring.

“I need the blue glitter.” Beck reached across the table just as I glimpsed his sleeve grazing the purple container. Before I could stop it, POOF! Like a cloud of smoke, it filled the air and covered my face and the front of me.

“Oopsie.”

Had it not been for Beck’s bottom lip quivering and his eyes filling with tears I’d have lost my shit.

“Stay!” the frantic tone in Daddy’s voice kept me rooted in place. “Where is the vacuum?”

“Hallway closet,” I gritted out, unsure if I should brush this off or what the fuck to do.

Daddy returned, vacuum in hand. “Stay still, love. Let me get as much off as we can before you attempt to move.”

I couldn’t bear to watch and closed my eyes until the vacuum shut off.

“I got most of it. I recommend showering next while I keep working on the rug.”

I glanced down at my once gloriously plush white rug beneath the dining table and cringed. Even from up here the evil sparkles reared their ugly heads.

“Thank you.” The vacuum turned on again as I shut the bedroom door. I caught a glimpse of myself in the full-length mirror across the room and slowly made my way over to it.

“Fuck. Me.” The whole front of my platinum blonde head was doused in purple glitter along with my forehead. Did plumbers find this shit in drain lines years down the road? Well, the building maintenance team was about to find out how long the glittery cockroaches’ life span was.

Once the warm water hit my shoulders, I relaxed. Beck and I had a great day, but it’d been so long since I’d walked that much or actually shopped in a physical store versus online and I was exhausted. He didn’t mean to spill the glitter, that much I knew, but nonetheless he had.

Deep breath, Jobe. It’s just glitter.



Remember how happy Beck was today and reflect upon that.

I love my best friend. I love my best friend. I repeated the chant until I felt at peace with a calm serenity.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

### Chapter Fourteen

Stanley

“Any idea why my sweet boy just called me crying?” Crispin immediately dove in as I answered his call.

“Glitter mishap.”

“Say no more. Through the sobs his words were indecipherable. I grabbed my keys and hopped in the car and figured calling you first would be best before I stormed the gates.”

Yup, smitten.

“If it’s any consolation, Jobe is on his fourth shower.”

“Oh no.”

“Oh yes. He was the lucky recipient of the deadly dust.” I got most of it out of the rug, at least. You’d have to be down there with a microscope to find the leftovers.

“Is it safe to whisk my boy away? I’m thinking a night at the Carnival Midway at Circus Circus is in order.”

“Good call. I’ll have him get cleaned up and ready.”

“Thanks, Stanley. I owe you one.”

You owe me twelve , though I didn’t say that. His very sad boy currently sat beside me, still sobbing.

“Sweet boy, we need to get you cleaned up. Your Daddy is coming to get you.”

“Am-am, am I in trouble?” Beck stuttered.

Crispin was in for it with this one. His crying face was one for the books and not easily ignored. Hell, I nearly handed him the container of sugar and said have at it just to get him to stop. He was equally as adorable sad as he was happy.

“No, you’re not. Your Daddy has fun things planned for you.”

“Is Jobe still mad at me?”

“Not mad at you at all, Beck.” Jobe surprised us as he came around the couch. “I love you, Beck, and this wasn’t your fault. You were having fun, and I just wasn’t quick enough, that’s all. Did you finish your stuff?”

Beck hopped up and hugged Jobe. I was so proud of my boy for the way he handled this. The old Jobe would’ve likely strung an interesting line of curse words together while flipping out.

“Most of it. Daddy Stanley helped me put it away so my Daddy wouldn’t see his surprises. He’s on the way to take me somewhere fun. I have to shower. Thanks again for everything today,” Beck hollered as he ran out the door.

“Jobe, my love, I must commend you. You’ve learned how to handle a little.”

“If there’s an award for that, you can keep it.” Jobe plopped down on the couch, completely done.

“Ha-ha-ha, cheeky boy. No, no award it’s just a proud Daddy moment.”

“I can think of better things than that to make you proud, though sadly I’m far too tired to perform any of them tonight. Rain check?”

“Absolutely. I’ve got it all cleaned up and put away. I also hid the glitter.” Probably should’ve warned him not to buy it in the first place.

“Can we just throw it out? That shit’s evil.”

“I think that’s the technical description for it.”

“I can’t believe you had one of those full-time. That’s a lot of energy and babysitting,” Jobe sighed.

“Technically, I never had any little full-time. I frequented Cordes off and on and had a couple I played with as time allowed, but I’ve never had a permanent or semi-permanent one of my own.” Now I saw it in a different light. One of the reasons it never worked with a little was because I was meant to have a sassy, spunky boy.

“Well, that explains how you survived. I have a whole new respect for Crispin.”

I locked the door, slid out of my shoes and joined my boy on the couch. He snuggled in and I wrapped my arms around him.

“This is heaven,” Jobe nuzzled my chest.

“Agreed.” No music, no TV. Nothing but Jobe and me as we stared out at the city

lights.

Then eventually the backs of our eyelids.

My eyes slowly opened as Jobe stirred beside me. “This has become a habit for us.”

“It’s a sign we’re comfortable with one another. Are you hungry, my love?” He hadn’t had any of the pizza earlier so he must be.

“I could eat. Is there any pizza left?”

“Yes.” I snagged a kiss and slid out from under him and stretched. I swear, every bone popped.

“Wow, you okay, old man?”

“Old man?” I flipped him over and paddled his ass and the snarky boy laughed the entire time, so I switched to tickling him.

“I give! I give!” he breathlessly surrendered.

“This old man can still take you.” Should’ve made him get his own food after that comment. But one of the many things I enjoyed about being a Daddy was taking care of my boy. The duties were less with Jobe so I’d take what I could get. What I lost in Daddy duties I gained in so many other ways when my heart chose him.

“Here you go,” I handed him a plate with a couple pieces and a bottle of water.

“Thanks, Daddy.” Jobe turned the TV on and found a new series for us to binge.

This comfortable domesticated routine we’d fallen into was complete and total bliss.

Give and take from both in an equal partnership. My only fear was that giving him keys to my place for Christmas may be too forward and potentially send him running.

Guess I'd find out soon enough.

The days leading up to the big day were hectic. I received a call from the contractors that they'd completed the room and met them at my place to do a final walkthrough one afternoon while Jobe was off doing stuff with Beck. There were a few last-minute details I had to tend to myself. Final touches to the room, scheduling the catering for Christmas Eve dinner and breakfast for Christmas morning to be delivered ahead of time.

I locked the door to Jobe's new sewing room just as he arrived.

"Daddy, where are you?" he called out, his voice echoing down the hall.

"Coming." He stood in the foyer surrounded by shopping bags. "You should've called, I would've come down and helped you."

"No worries, the doorman came to the rescue. I wanted to bring the presents over. Beck left with Crispin, so I headed over here."

"These are all presents?" I counted a dozen large shopping bags in all, packed to the gills.

"No, I brought more of my things over. I figured I'd be here at least through New Year's. Unless you kick me out sooner."

"As if I'd do that. I love having you here." It'd been so long since we hadn't shared a bed I wasn't sure I'd be able to sleep without him again and I didn't want to find out.

I set the perfectly wrapped packages under the tree while Jobe put his stuff away. I loved opening my closet and seeing his clothes hanging with mine. Co-habiting at its finest. Well, almost, and I looked forward to the day my boy was here with me full-time.

The keys I had made for him were burning a hole in my pocket. Actually, they were in my dresser drawer but driving me insane just the same. One to the front door and another to his new sewing room. I'd purposely locked it to keep prying eyes and the little who'd be joining us from spoiling the big reveal.

"Daddy, the tree is naked," Jobe sighed, "we have a long night of decorating ahead of us."

"That we do, but I look forward to it." I hit the app on my phone and queued up the music. Catchy carols played through the Bluetooth surround sound speakers as we got to work.

"Daddy, you're on lights duty while I get the hooks on the ornaments."

"Sounds like a plan, my love." Given this was the second tree we'd decorated in a week, we worked together like tree decorating champs. By the time the dinner I ordered got here I'd just finished placing the stockings over the fireplace. Not often used in Vegas, but Christmas day it generally was. Nothing like unwrapping gifts in front of a roaring fire.

"I'm famished." Jobe filled his plate with a myriad of the Thai dishes I'd selected.

"Ditto. I was so busy wrapping my boy's presents today I'd forgot to eat." Gifted with the skills to properly wrap, I was not. Hopefully Jobe overlooked that.

"What time did you tell Crispin to be here tomorrow?"

“Four. The catering will be delivered just before then.”

“Perfect. Beck is excited, and I want it to be special for him. He told me he grew up in foster care and never really had a family or holidays. He didn’t say much more so I’m guessing it wasn’t great,” Jobe shrugged. “I just want him to be happy, you know?”

“I do, sweet boy, and Crispin is just the man who’ll ensure that happens.”



### Chapter Fifteen

Jobe

Christmas Eve

“Merry Christmas Eve!” Beck sang as he entered the condo. “Holy moly, this place is huge!”

Beck shared the same sentiment as I did the first time I came over to Daddy’s place.

“It is but it’s super comfy,” I hugged my bestie. “Come see the tree.”

“Merry Christmas Eve, Daddy Stanley!”

“Merry Christmas Eve, little one.” Daddy hugged him and ruffled the Santa hat Beck wore. He hugged Daddy as we passed him by and left our Daddies to chat. Beck’s enthusiastic excitement was infectious. You couldn’t help but be happy around him.

I adored how Daddy talked to Beck and Beck’s face lit up when he did. Such a sweet boy who the Daddies readily accepted. Obviously something Beck lacked in his life and I was glad he was able to be his true self now.

“Whoa,” Beck stopped when he spotted the tree. “That’s the biggest tree I’ve ever seen. Look at all the prezzies under it!”

“Yes. Daddy has fourteen-foot ceilings which allowed for a taller tree. Had to borrow

a taller ladder from building maintenance to get the star on top. Took us forever to decorate it.” More than worth it in the end.

The living room with the wall of windows behind the tree was a scene straight out of a holiday movie. If only it snowed in Vegas then our living room would be Christmas card-worthy with it falling in the background.

“You have a stocking for me?” Beck’s eyes widened as he saw the four stockings hanging above the blazing fireplace in between the pine garland. There was one for each of us Daddy had custom made.

“Of course we do, silly.”

“I’ve never had a stocking I didn’t buy for myself.” Gently, his fingers traced the embroidered letters of his name on the crushed red velvet stocking. Both his and mine were red while the Daddies’ were hunter green.

Each time Beck opened his mouth it gave me another glimpse into his past. Sadly, as much as I wished I could, I couldn’t take away the pain. What I could promise was that I would do my best to see to it he endured no more.

“Sweet boy,” Daddy Crispin called to Beck, “why don’t you place the prezzies we bought under the tree?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Beck tilted up on his tip toes and kissed Crispin’s cheek before he grabbed the bags. He placed each elegantly wrapped package under the tree with precision. Each time he glimpsed one with his name on it he did this adorable shimmy, but didn’t say a word.

Crispin watched him, eyes full of awe. How quickly he’d fallen for my friend. This Christmas couldn’t be more perfect for us.

“All done!” Beck announced as he hopped up and handed Crispin the empty bags.

“Very well done, sweet boy.”

“Let me show you to your room, Crispin. There’s another guest room if Beck would like his own?” Daddy asked them. I wasn’t sure which Beck would choose, but I waited with baited breath for his reply.

“No thank you, Daddy Stanley. I want to snuggle with Daddy Crispin.”

Whoosh, out it went on an exhale. In my mind I’d pictured Beck sneaking across the hall to Crispin’s room after we all went to bed if he’d chosen his own. Might as well start the night already in there with him.

While they got settled in, Daddy and I set up the smorgasbord of food he’d ordered for dinner along the long eat-in island in the center of the kitchen.

“You ordered enough food to feed the entire building.” A full traditional holiday feast of turkey, ham, stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, fresh cranberry sauce, and rolls was present and accounted for. There were also a section of various other foods such as chicken nuggets, fries, and a couple of vegetables. Plenty to choose from. No doubt there would be yummy leftovers for tomorrow. I had a feeling the nuggets and fries would be going home with a certain little.

“I wanted little Beck to feel welcome and not be forced to be an adult. This is a special Christmas for him.”

“It honestly sounds like it’s his first.” Not that I had many in the traditional sense, but my nanny always remembered me.

We’d kept a few more presents for Beck hidden in the bedroom closet to sneak under

the tree tonight when we filled the stockings. I had a hell of a time shopping for Daddy but in the end came up with a surprise I was damn proud of. Hopefully, it went over well... Maybe I should reconsider doing it in front of our friends and wait until we were alone.

“Dinner smells fantastic,” Crispin announced as he and Beck came around the corner. “I’m starved.”

“Me, too. I was too excited to eat this morning.” Beck eyed the edible line-up. “You got me nuggies, Daddy Stanley.”

“I did and fries, too, with lots of dippy sauces. Would you like to go first?”

“Yes, please and thank you.” Beck moved to the front, grabbed a plate and loaded up.

“Such a polite boy, I hope Santa treats you well.” Daddy glanced over at Crispin and winked.

“I’m sure he will,” Crispin chuckled. “May need a rental truck to get it all home, though.”

Beck just sang to himself and wiggled around the kitchen, not paying us any mind. He knew every silly holiday tune as it played through the surround sound.

“I didn’t know there were any fireplaces in Vegas.” Beck dipped his nugget into one of the many dipping sauces he had on his plate, including gravy.

Daddy, Crispin, and I joined him at the table. “There are a handful. Can’t use them too often and the new ones are required to be gas,” Daddy replied. “How are the dippy sauces?”

“Nummy!” He licked, I had no clue what, off his nugget then popped it in his mouth. Who knew food could be fun?

“Excellent. Crispin, Beck, Jobe and I are elated you could join us for the holidays.” Daddy picked up his glass of wine and Crispin and I did the same. “To great friends we are proud to call family!”

“Hear! Hear!” We clicked our glasses together, Beck’s juice box included, then dove into our meals.

When was the last time I had a traditional holiday meal at the actual time of the holiday? Hmm, how about never. At least not that I recalled.

“Dinner was fantastic. Thank you, Stanley and Jobe.” Crispin stood and gathered the empty plates.

I flipped my hair back and feigned exhaustion. “I worked my fingers to the bone over that hot stove all day, Crispin.”

“Ha-ha, very funny,” Daddy laughed. “I love my boy to death, but cooking is not a gift he possesses.”

“He once burned macaroni and cheese from a box,” Beck tattled.

I stuck my tongue out at him. “Tattle tale. I’m calling Santa.”

“Liar, liar, pants on fire,” Beck sing-sung while dipping away.

“There are pumpkin and apple pies with vanilla ice cream for dessert later,” Daddy shared as we collectively cleaned the kitchen.

The Judy Garland version of “Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas” came on, my favorite rendition of the song.

“May I have this dance, my love?” Daddy held his hand out to me.

“I’d love nothing more than to dance the night away with you, Sir.”

Daddy spun me around and right into his arms while our feet fell into timely movements as we swayed to and fro. Beside us Crispin and Beck danced. Daddy and I were near the same height, give or take an inch or two. But Crispin towered over Beck not only in height but stature. My guess was he never missed gym day but what a sweet papa bear he made.

“Oh, I have a present we each need to open tonight.” I grabbed theirs from under the tree and handed them out. Mine was already in the bedroom.

“Ha-ha, matching pajamas,” Daddy laughed.

“Yes, for us to wear tomorrow morning.”

“Yay! I love them. Thank you, Jobe.” Beck hugged me as he held the red and green plaid PJs up to himself. I happened to find one for him in his favorite one-piece footed style.

“How about pie and cocoa?” Daddy announced. And that was how we ended the night. Full stomachs, cocoa and toasty warm in front of the fireplace.

No Christmas Eve would ever outdo this one.

### Chapter Sixteen

Stanley

Christmas Day

“Jobe, Daddy Stanley! Wake up. It’s Christmas day!”

“Sweet boy, it’s not nice to bang on someone’s door like that.”

“But, Daddy, I’m so excited. They need to get up.”

That was the conversation Jobe and I woke to taking place on the other side of our bedroom door. It was hard to get mad at the intrusion when it was cute as hell.

“Is it too late to hide?” Jobe whispered. “I’m gonna need a vat of coffee to get through this day.”

“Merry Christmas, my love. Daddy already hooked you up. I had a feeling this might happen and preloaded the coffee machine for you.”

Jobe opened one eye and stared up at me. “Now there are a million and one reasons why I love you. Merry Christmas, Daddy.”

“Merry Christmas, my love,” I snagged my morning kiss. “Let’s put on our matching jammies—fun idea, by the way—and start the caffeine-infused IVs.”

We dressed and no sooner had we opened the bedroom door when Beck came barreling down the hall and straight into Jobe. Thankfully I was behind him and braced them so they didn't hit the tile floor.

"Sorry, Jobe, but Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Beck. Merry Christmas, Daddy Crispin," Jobe said to my friend who stood nearby, smiling fondly and shaking his head at his silly boy.

"Merry Christmas. Beck, you've got to work on your delivery," Crispin said, "had Stanley not been there you and Jobe could've been hurt."

"Sorry, Daddy, but this is a big, like beyond huge, totally ginormous day! It's Christmas and I'm not spending it alone."

Crispin and I made eye contact, both likely thinking the same thing.

"It's okay," I assured Beck. "Why don't we make some cocoa while breakfast heats up."

"One step ahead of you, my friend. This one," he squeezed Beck tightly, "had me up before the sun."

"Jobe, the stockings are full. Santa came!" Beck cheered.

Glad Jobe and I snuck out to do that last night before we rang in our first Christmas between the sheets promptly at midnight.

Beck grabbed my hand and did his best to drag me down the hall. "Daddy Stanley, how do you turn the music on?" I opened the app on my phone and hooked him up. "So cool. Thank you!" The excited elf danced off toward the tree.



“He’s not going to last much longer,” Crispin whispered to me as he dropped a few marshmallows on top of Beck’s hot chocolate.

“It would appear that way. Let me pop breakfast into the oven to heat up then we can at least get the stockings done.” I set the oven to preheat and pulled the tray of prepared omelets and hash browns from the fridge. The caterers said they only needed about twenty minutes to heat up and melt the cheese inside.

Jobe and I fixed our coffees and followed Crispin into the living room. Beck currently sat cross-legged in front of the tree staring expectantly at it. Was he summoning the presents to come to him? Crispin and Jobe both snapped a couple of pictures before Beck realized we were there.

“You guys scared me.”

“Sorry, sweet boy. Here’s your cocoa.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Crispin sat in the chair nearest the tree and Beck slid back against his legs and sipped his cocoa. Jobe removed the stockings from their hooks and passed them out.

To simplify things, or to get at his stash faster, Beck dumped the entire contents on the floor and sifted through them.

“Cars! Oh, gum. A candy bar, Santa’s coal gum. That had to be from Jobe.” Jobe snickered beside me. “Crayons and a little bunny stuffy. Thanks, Santa!”

“You’re welcome,” the three of us said in unison.

“Daddy, what are these keys for?” Jobe held up the keychain I’d slipped in there.

“Well, one is to the condo door and the other is to your last surprise.” He eyed me curiously.

“Okayyyy. Wait. You gave me a key to your place?”

Sweat beaded on my forehead, my pits sweated, and my mouth nearly failed me as our friends watched wide-eyed and curious. Was it hot in here or was it just me?

“I’ve watched you slowly move your things in over the last few weeks, and I just thought that maybe it was time you moved it all in. At once.” Did I stutter or sound unsure? Jobe would surely nail me to the cross if I had.

“Hmm, I’m not so sure. Let me think about it while you finish with your stocking.”

Fuck.

Total and complete humiliation.

I didn’t dare make eye contact with anyone. Surely the pain of rejection was reflected in them. I couldn’t tell you what I pulled from the stocking as I set each piece aside. Until I got to the last trinket.

“What’s this?” I opened the rectangle container that would normally hold a ring but instead held a folded note.

When I finally glanced up, there was Jobe down on bended knee. Tears fell from both our eyes as I reached for my boy and lifted him onto my lap.

“Jobe, I’m the luckiest man in the world because I got my forever boy for Christmas. I love you and nothing would make me happier than to marry you.”

“So that’s a yes?” he sniffled.

“My love, that’s the biggest yes I could ever give you.”

Beck cheered and Crispin clapped but all that I cared about was the boy in my arms and his lips that were currently pressed to mine.

“Is the food done, Daddy Stanley? I want to eat so we can get to the prezzies.”

Jobe laughed. “Let’s feed him before his head explodes.”

“Wait, let’s take a couple pictures of the four of us in front of the tree,” Crispin suggested.

“What, without Jobe’s hair perfectly coiffed?” Beck blurted out.

“Coiffed?” Crispin questioned.

Beck shrugged. “His words, not mine.”

“Ugh, I guess I can take one for the team, but I better not find them on the internet. I have a reputation to uphold after all.”

“You used to, you mean.” I pinched my sassy boy’s bottom, and he yelped. “Hop up, let’s get to snapping.”

Enjoying our food wasn’t happening now while watching Beck inhale his then ask every twenty seconds, “Are you done yet?”

Had I not known Beck as well as I did I’d fear a temper tantrum was on the horizon.

“Deep breath, sweet boy. Let them swallow their food first,” Crispin pleaded with his boy, but we were pretty much done eating.

“I nominate Crispin to play Santa and Beck to be his elf.” There, that should keep the boy in check for a bit.

“Ready, Beck?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“This first one is for Jobe.” Crispin handed the gifts to Beck and he passed them out, building a pile for them on the side of the couch where they’d been sitting. Once they were done we all dug in.

“Bunny slippers! Thanks, Jobe and Daddy Stanley!”

“Sorry you don’t have much to open, Jobe, but there’s a reason for that.” His only gifts were from Crispin and Beck because all of mine were in his special room.

“Daddy, you got Goldie a new tank. You love Goldie, too!”

Jobe swirled the keyring around his finger. “I’m banking on it, Daddy. Besides, this is a lot of fun watching how excited Beck gets.”

“Real funny, Jobe. A bunny backpack with a leash.” Beck wasn’t too thrilled though he did start loading it with toys he’d opened.

“That’s actually a gift for me for the next time we go shopping together.” Beck wadded up some paper and threw it at Jobe. “You missed.”

“Stuffies!” It was fun how Beck announced every gift as he opened it.

Jobe bought me some new clothes, a new ergonomic desk chair and he had a picture of us he'd taken blown up and framed. I loved it all, most of all the proposal.

"Oh, sweet boy, did you make this picture frame for Daddy?" Crispin ran his fingers along the glittery seashell frame and Jobe cringed beside me. Likely had a flashback of that glittery nightmare. "And the stepping stones are perfect for the garden."

"I did, Daddy. I made all your gifts."

"And I love them just like I love you."

"You-you really love me?"

My heart fell as those words spilled from Beck.

"More than anyone in this world, sweet boy."

Beck burst into tears and slid onto Crispin's lap. "I love you so much, Daddy. Two lucky boys found their Daddies for Christmas."

"Yes, we did, Beck."

"Ready for your surprise, Jobe?"

He shook the keys. "Yes I am. Lead the way."

### Chapter Seventeen

Jobe

Best Christmas Ever

Daddy led me to that dreaded littles' room which was the first thing I was getting rid of once I'd officially moved in.

"Unlock the door."

"Why this room and why today?" I huffed but did as he said.

"Turn the light on."

"Shouldn't Beck be doing this instead of me?"

"Are you getting sassy with your Daddy on Christmas?"

I hated the thought of disappointing him with bad behavior, especially today.

My arm felt like concrete as it slowly lifted so my fingers could flip the switch.

"What the?" I stepped farther inside, taking it all in. "Where's all the stuff that was in here?"

"Donated."

It was a designer's paradise. For the most part, it was a larger mirror image of the sewing room at my place but with state-of-the-art—everything.

“Daddy,” I gasped as I ran my fingers over the most amazing digital sewing machine. There were rows of bolts of fabric on bespoke shelves that housed them. Two brand new dress mannequins were in one corner. The closet doors had been removed and the interior fitted with drawers that held numerous supplies. Pins, needles, bobbins, extra scissors and a myriad of goodies. The sewing desk and drafting table were both ergonomic and electronically controlled and much longer and wider than my current ones. Additional lighting had been added over each station.

“I can't believe you did this for me. When did you have the time?”

This room had to cost a small fortune.

“I had the contractor ready to go and as soon as we decided to stay at your house for a few days he did it. He has a client in the clothing industry that put together a must have list of what you would need and helped us get it ordered. Her card is on the desk, she's expecting your call after the first of the year.”

“She wants me to call her?” How was this possible?

“Well, I may have sent her a few pictures of some of the things you've made and let's just say she was impressed. The word collaboration was mentioned, but I'll let you iron those details out with her.”

I picked up the card and read it twice before it sank in. “This is Tasha Colby.”

“Yes, she's very nice and helpful.”

“Daddy,” I pivoted around to face him. “I idolize her. Most of my fetish wear is

modeled after hers just with a Jobe twist.”

“Did I do okay?” Unsure Daddy wasn’t something I’d ever associate with Stanley.

“Did you do okay?” I waved my arms around. “This is insanely awesome. No one has ever done anything this nice for me. It’s amazing. I love it.”

“I’m so happy. We can paint the walls another color if you want. I chose this pale yellow because it was neutral and well, kinda happy.”

“I love happy yellow, and I love you.”

“I love you, too, Jobe.”

Only problem now was that I was ready to dive right in and start creating. I can’t believe out of all the designers in the world he found my favorite one and she wants to work with me. Holy crap, he literally thought of everything.

Was I crying? Again? Twice in one day when I hadn’t cried in forever. No one cared when I did and it only served to hurt me more. You toughen up fast when you’re ignored.

“Are you all right, Jobe?” Daddy’s voice jarred me.

“Yes, sorry. Just got lost in thought.”

“Crispin and Beck are cleaning up the wrapping paper. Want to tell Daddy what’s really going on in that gorgeous head of yours?” He sat in the fancy new chair and pulled me onto his lap.

“How weird is it that I suddenly wondered why my parents were, well, not good



parents and then in the same line of thought I wondered what they were up to?”

“Even though they hurt you they are still your parents, and you can’t help but wonder. But I believe your therapist may have a better answer than that.”

“Smart, funny, handsome, huge heart, and thoughtful. You really are the entire Daddy package.”

“I try to be which is easy to do with you.”

“Mushy much?” I teased as I tried to lighten the mood. “Seriously, this room is beyond amazing.”

“I’m glad you like it. Jobe, if you ever want me to investigate your parents all you need to do is ask.”

“Thanks. That part of my life is probably best buried.”

“Understood, but know that I am here for you always, no matter what you need.”

“What do you think about dressing up for dinner and having a stay-at-home Christmas dinner date tonight?” It sounded silly and fun but sexy, too.

“That sounds wonderful,” Daddy snagged a kiss. “We still have guests for now. I’ll pick you up at the bedroom door, say seven?”

“You’re on.”

“I’m gonna miss you, Jobe.” Beck didn’t miss a beat when we came back out.

“You’re hardly home now that you have your Daddy. You won’t have time to miss

me. Plus, Daddy said we can have sleepovers, and your Daddy can come, too.”

“Ohhh, that will be fun. We can stay up and watch movies and make popcorn and wear our fuzzy slippers.” Beck was clearly planning our next one.

My phone buzzed and when I glanced down there were a series of pictures from Beck.

“You got the proposal pics. You are freaking amazing. I totally forgot to ask you to take pictures.” I flipped through them and even though I wasn’t up to Jobe standard hair and makeup wise, Beck managed to capture the moment perfectly with the tree in the background. “These are really good.”

“You’re welcome,” Beck beamed and skipped over to his Daddy’s waiting arms.

“We’re going to leave you two love birds alone to celebrate your engagement.” Crispin had their stuff together and sitting next to the front door. Jeez, how long were we in my room?

My room.

At Daddy’s house.

I nearly squealed like Beck did.

“Let me get the food for Beck. Did you want some of the other leftovers?” Daddy asked as Crispin followed him into the kitchen.

“I’m so happy for you, Jobe. Daddy Stanley is perfect for you.”

“You called it right from the start.”

“I’m also the one who gave him your phone number. Please don’t be mad at me.”

“How could I be mad at you when you made my life perfect? I have Stanley and the bestest friend in the world.”

“Me, too,” Beck hugged me. “And now I have a Daddy, too, and we can do all kinds of coupley things.”

“I promise we will.”

“Merry Christmas, Jobe. I love you.”

“Merry Christmas, Beck. I love you, too.”

“Now that is a picture to frame,” Daddy’s said. “I got a great shot of the two of you hugging.”

Daddy and I helped Crispin and Beck down to Crispin’s car with their stuff and said our goodbyes with promises to get together again soon.

“I love that we’re still in our pajamas,” Daddy smiled. “Let’s stay in them until we get ready for our date.”

“Sounds good to me. I say we put our gifts away and take a nap. Beck had us up at the butt crack of dawn.”

“Yes, littles are quite excitable. Especially where prezzies are concerned. He really liked his gifts, and it felt so good to give them to him. I foresee him and Crispin moving in together soon. He’s got a gorgeous house with a huge yard. I wouldn’t be surprised to hear he added a swing set and jungle gym for Beck soon.”

“He would be ecstatic. I feel kind of bad that I’m not into the same things he is.” Maybe I could start playing with his toys with him to make it more fun.

“I don’t believe Beck needs that from you. You’re great with him and he adores you. The relationship the two of you have works perfectly for you guys.”

We had a wonderful, lazy afternoon then showered together and while I got ready, Daddy said he would take care of everything else. I happily left our evening in his more than capable hands.

I may have overshot just a tad, but it felt like forever since I got to play dress up and I had all these wonderful clothes to still model for Daddy. Besides, as soon as I saw his face light up when I entered the room, it made the two hours it took more than worth it.

“Absolutely stunning, my love.” Daddy greeted me with open arms when I entered the kitchen. I snagged a quick kiss then did a slow spin for him to take it all in.

“You don’t look so bad yourself, handsome.” I was a lucky boy to have a Daddy who was not only easy on the eyes, quite edible if I’m being honest, and equally as loving and caring. I truly believed with all my heart there wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do for me and me for him.

“Your table awaits, sir.” Daddy bowed as he swept his arm out.

How he managed to find a dozen red roses on Christmas day I’d never know but my Daddy was magical. Perfectly displayed in a gorgeous crystal vase between two lit tapered candles in matching crystal holders. Two place settings were set atop an elegant tablecloth.

“You pulled out all the stops which wasn’t necessary. You’ve heard the rumors, I’m a

sure thing,” I winked as I sat.

“I’ve only heard the new rumor that you’re only a sure thing for one lucky Daddy.”

“That is the truth. The only one who will have me.”

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:44 am*

Stanley

Epilogue

Shortly after we rang in the New Year, Jobe moved in the rest of his stuff but opted to leave his furniture behind. Renting fully furnished in this market was ideal. Many were looking for a place in Vegas to occasionally visit and not necessarily live in full-time.

“Daddy?” he called out when he got home.

Home. Our home.

What a wonderful ring those words had to them.

“There you are.” He found me in the study, I’d spent the morning on call after call assembling a team to get to work on the new app Crispin had previously mentioned. My sassy boy came in and plopped down on my lap.

“Oomph.” Once I caught my breath I gave him a kiss.

“Guess what?”

“Um, the rest of your boxes were just delivered?” He’d been in a meeting with the condo management team to see how to go about renting his condo. He was one of a handful of tenants that outright owned theirs and weren’t renters.

“Duh, silly. I watched as they loaded them in the moving truck and drove away. But, I got my place rented and they want to move in the first of February.”

“Wow, that didn’t take long.”

“No. It’s a prime area and it helped that the management team had a list of vetted potential tenants who wanted to be in the building. Well, and the fact that it was furnished helped, too. The cleaning crew is coming in next week to do a top-to-bottom scrub and the property manager is putting the lease together for me to review.”

“That is fantastic news. We are off to a very happy New Year, aren’t we, my love?”

“Yes we are, but now we have something even bigger to plan.” Jobe fiddled with the buttons on my shirt. “Our wedding.”

“I can’t wait. What did you have in mind? We still need to get rings made.” Adrenaline coursed through me and the words came out in a rushed tumble.

“Excited much?” My boy’s face was lit up like the Vegas strip. He was just as excited as I was. “For sure we are not having a Vegas wedding.”

“Agreed. We see the strip every day. Destination wedding then?” I was game for just about anything.

“I would love that, but I only have one person to invite and to be honest, I haven’t met anymore of your friends so how many will you be inviting?”

“I have acquaintances. Really Crispin is my only friend.” Was that sad? I was more than happy with it so to me it wasn’t. There were some you just didn’t want to mix business and pleasure with.

“Actually, that’s perfect. How about the four of us spend ten days in Aruba for Christmas this year? We get married on Christmas day, may cost a pretty penny to pull off but we can handle it. Then honeymoon there and Crispin and Beck can do whatever they want the rest of the time.”

“That sounds idyllic, and I bet they’d enjoy it. Why don’t you run it by Beck, assuming you’re asking him to be your best man?” Given what he already said it wasn’t much of an assumption.

“Yes, of course.”

“And I’ll do the same with Crispin.” Just then my phone rang. “Ah, speak of the devil,” I answered as I put him on speaker phone.

“My ears are burning, and I have a favor to ask.”

“Same. You go first.”

“I have to dash off to Europe to save a big account and fire the idiot who nearly lost it for us. I’ll be gone a week, and I don’t want to leave Beck alone. Would it be possible for him to stay with you guys?”

Beck. The one person I’d forgotten would now be alone since Jobe moved.

I glanced at Jobe who’s head bobbed much the way Beck’s did when he was excited.

“Absolutely. When should we expect him?”

“I have an early flight tomorrow, but I’ll deliver him tonight and sleep at your place with him. I’ll call him each night to read him his bedtime story. He’s grown to love that, as have I.”



“We’ll be here unpacking the massive boxes filling our entryway.”

Crispin laughed. “I imagine most if not all are filled with designer clothing?”

“You assume correctly, Daddy Crispin,” Jobe replied.

“Oh, and a second to that favor, would it be possible for one or both of you to usher Beck to and from work? That club is not in the best part of town, and he doesn’t drive. I hate that he takes the bus in the middle of the night. It makes me nervous.”

“If we can’t get him we’ll send a car service,” I assured him. “But it’s only four nights a week so I can promise that your boy will be well cared for in your absence.”

“Thank you, my friend. Now, pray tell, enlighten me as to why my ears were burning.”

“Don’t tell Beck because Jobe wants to, but we set a date and would like the two of you to be our best men.”

“Absolutely honored and delighted to. Just tell me where and when.”

“Aruba for Christmas. Our treat. Ten days of beach and crystal blue waters. What do you say?”

“You had me at Aruba,” Crispin laughed. “We will be there.”

“Excellent. Must go and dig a path to the door. We’ll see you tonight.” I disconnected the call and watched my boy squirm.

“Daddy, I’m so excited.”

“I can tell. But there will be time for naughtiness later. For now, we need to get

organized before that adorable tornado arrives.” I hadn’t thought of keeping any of the little stuff I had given Jobe’s reaction to it but now I wished I’d have kept some of the toys at the very least. “Do you think we should consider buying some toys to keep here for when Beck comes over?”

“I think that’s a great idea. You’re better at that stuff than I am so why don’t you get whatever you believe he needs, and it can stay in the sewing room since I’m sure he’ll be in there with me and if I don’t keep him busy it’ll be hell.”

“Ha-ha, understood and on it. Now, get to hanging up those clothes and fill our closet.” The smile on my face was likely permanent given how happy I was. My life had been filled to the brim and I couldn’t wait for our new chapter to begin.

I was able to get a few toys for Beck delivered same day and the rest would arrive throughout the week. The soon-to-be very spoiled little would be over the moon. Then I joined my boy in breaking down boxes. Our place had been a revolving door of deliveries and boxes. Maintenance kindly picked the empties up for recycling and as the last were hauled away, Crispin and Beck arrived.

“Hey, guys, glad to see you,” I greeted our friends. Beck wore the rabbit leash backpack Jobe got him for Christmas and it was packed to the brim. Crispin pulled an oversized piece of luggage along with a smaller one and had a gift bag in hand.

“I think my boy will be set for a week, or for life given the size of his luggage. Are you planning to move in, sweet boy?” Crispin asked him and Beck rolled his eyes.

“Silly Daddy, of course not. But I couldn’t leave all my stuffies home alone.” His eyes darted from the gift bag to Crispin and back again. “Who’s the prezzie for, Daddy?”

“It’s for you. I wanted you to have a new friend to cuddle while Daddy’s away.” Crispin handed him the bag as we all watched while he tore into it.

“A new teddy bear and he’s in a suit like Daddy wears.” Beck cuddled it tight. “I’m calling him Daddy Bear. Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome, sweet boy. I’ll stay here with you tonight, but Daddy has to leave bright and early when the car he ordered comes.” Beck teared up. “Please don’t cry, little one. I’ll be back in a week, and I’ll call you every night for story time.”

“Promise, Daddy?”

“I promise and we can text, too, don’t forget. Anytime you feel sad or miss Daddy, text me and I’ll either call you or text back as time allows, but know that I’ll be thinking of you all the time and I love you.”

“I love you, too, Daddy.”

“This is so sugary sweet I may vomit,” Jobe broke the spell cast upon us, though I knew his words held no malice. He was truly happy for his friend. “Save it for Aruba.” Ah, his segue in.

“Who’s going to Aruba?” Beck asked, still gripping his bear.

“We all are for our wedding. Oh yeah, you’re my best man.”

“I’m what?”

Jobe played it up, rolling his eyes and striking an attitude-filled stance. “Who else would I ask? You are, after all, my best friend.”

“Oh. My. Gawd!” Beck squealed and attacked Jobe. “I’m so excited. When do we get to go? Congrats, Daddy Stanley!” While those two hugged, and Beck came back down to earth, Crispin and I stood off to the side grinning like a couple lovestruck teens watching our boys.

“Thank you, Beck. We have some boxes we need your help with after dinner.”

“Okay, Daddy Stanley. I’m a good helper.” His cheery disposition was a pleasure to be around.

“I bet you are, little one. Let’s eat and then we’ll get to it.”

“You just won Daddy-Uncle of the year with Beck,” Jobe whispered as we gathered everything to set out for dinner.

“That’s the fun part. It’s like having nieces and nephews. We can spoil Beck when he’s here then we send him home for Crispin to handle.”

“That is freaking brilliant,” Jobe kissed my cheek and spun off to deliver our friends their food.

But yeah, I’d been told I was brilliant a time or two but it’s always sweeter coming from someone you love.

“All right, dinner is done. Shall we convene to the living room and get to work on those boxes?” I couldn’t wait to see the confusion on Beck’s face as he opened each one.

“Beck, help me with the big one first,” Jobe suggested, and they got to work while I grabbed a screwdriver.

“Huh, these legs seem short for this table.” Beck’s confusion made it hard to keep a straight face. “Daddy Stanley, I think they sent you the wrong box. These chairs are way too small for you.”

“Could be. Let’s double check the rest of the order.” I’d filled Crispin in, so he was in on it, too.

“A tea set?” This just got better with each package. Beck’s face scrunched up like he thought I’d lost my mind, or the shipper had really messed up.

“Play food? Okay,” he stood, hands on his hips. “What is going on here?”

I nodded to Jobe for him to tell. “Well, with you coming over here more and me working on my designs, we thought it would be fun if you had a play area in the sewing room, too, so we could still be together.”

Blink. Blink . Understanding dawned and tears welled.

“You guys did this for me?”

And full-blown happy tears. At least, I hoped they were...

“Yes, sweet boy. You’re a part of our life and we want you to have your own toys when you’re here.” My affirmation seemed to cement the reality of it for Beck.

Beck bowled Jobe over with a bit of an aggressive hug, but Jobe laughed it off. Then it was my turn. Had I not been prepared for it I’d have likely fallen over, too.

“Thank you, Jobe and Daddy Stanley,” he wiped his eyes as his Daddy hugged him tight. “I love you guys.”

“We love you, too. Let’s get it set up in the sewing room.” Jobe helped him carry the food and tea set back while Crispin and I finished attaching the legs to the table and chairs then carried them into the sewing room.

“I can’t wait to play tomorrow,” Beck squealed.

“It’s time for Daddy to say goodnight, sweet boy. The car will be here early. Did you want to stay up and play for a bit?” Crispin rubbed Beck’s shoulders. I loved how

whenever Beck was near, Crispin lovingly touched him.

“No, Daddy, I can play with Daddy Stanley and Jobe tomorrow. I want to have as much time with you as I can before you leave.” Beck’s bottom lip jutted out and I feared tears would again ensue.

“Goodnight and thank you both for what you’ve done for Beck.” Crispin nodded then the two of them headed toward the guest room.

“We did good, didn’t we, Daddy?”

“Yes, my love, we did, but it’s important Beck feel comfortable in your new home.”

“Crispin, how’s Europe?” He’d only been gone four days, so the call surprised me.

“Going well. In fact, I just landed and am headed over. I want to surprise Beck.”

“Great. He and Jobe have been holed up in the sewing room for the most part. He’ll be ecstatic to see you.”

“Thank you again, I’ll be there within the hour.”

I finished up a few emails until Crispin texted he was headed up in the elevator and met him in the foyer.

“The boys still in Jobe’s room?”

“They are. Jobe is currently making clothes for Beck’s bears who oddly enough are in the middle of having a tea party.”

Crispin laughed. “I hope you took pictures and will text them to me.”

Before I forgot, I sent them to him.

I peeked around the door, into the boys' room. The scene, albeit a familiar one, still warmed my heart to witness. The boys were putting the new clothes on Beck's bears.

"Hi, Daddy Stanley," Beck said when he spotted me and sighed.

"What's the matter, little one?" Crispin stood beside me just out of sight though he could hear our conversation.

"Did I make my Daddy mad?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"Cause he didn't call me last night to read me a bedtime story."

Crispin came around the other side of me so Beck could see him. "That's because I wanted to do it in person."

"Daddy!" Beck launched himself at Crispin who thankfully caught him midair. "Daddy, I missed you so much."

Crispin kissed him and squeezed him tight. "I missed you, too, sweet boy. But it's time for us to go home. Daddy has lots of prezzies for you."

"You do?"

"I do. Tell Daddy Stanley and Jobe thank you for everything."

Beck hugged Jobe. "Thank you for everything. My bears love their new clothes."

"You're very welcome. Now that I have patterns made I can add to their wardrobe."

“You’re the bestest best friend.”

“Right back at cha, BFF.”

Beck gathered his bears and handed them to Crispin then hugged me. “Thank you, Daddy Stanley.”

“Any time, little one.”

They gathered Beck’s things and headed down to the car Crispin had waiting.

“That was a lot of energy,” Jobe sighed and leaned into me. “But he’s so much happier now, as am I.”

“My goal in life is to ensure your happiness.”

“That you do, more than I ever thought possible. I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, too, Jobe.”

Sometimes life throws you a curve ball by way of a boy whose needs meet yours and you find your forever.

Even if it is a bit sassy on occasion, don’t overlook what could be yours.