



Little Bedtime Snack (The Lactin Brotherhood)

Author: *Della Cain, Aria Grace*

Category: LGBT+

Description: My Daddy was the snack all along.

When the hot Daddy I've been crushing on at Club Primal asks me if I want a bedtime snack, I don't ask questions. He might not be asking for forever or even a date, but that's fine with me. I've been dreaming of him forever, and if this is all he wants to give me, I'm grabbing it with both hands.

But when I get there, the offer isn't what I thought... it's better!

Total Pages (Source): 16

1

ELI

My feet swung out over the shimmering water of the bay as I chewed my PB and J. The best part about working on the bridge was getting to take lunch with my best friend as we watched sunlight dance across the waves while cars whizzed by behind us. The scent of salt and diesel was a familiar mix that always seemed to center me when I was feeling stressed.

It reminded me of summers with my grandfather. I used to go to work with him and sit on the bench as he fixed whatever vehicles needed repairs. The best days were ones where he finished early and we stopped at the beach on our way home. It was funny how smells could bring back feelings and memories so intensely.

"Earth to Eli!" Jeb snapped his fingers about a centimeter from my nose and brought me back to the present. He had zero sense of personal space. With most people I minded, but with him—it was just Jeb. "You in there, buddy?"

Jeb chuckled beside me.

"Sorry. Just zoned out for a sec."

He nudged my shoulder with his. "Dreaming about your Prince Charming again?"

"No, nothing like that." I took another bite of my sandwich to avoid having to answer any more questions. "Just spacing out." I didn't want to open any wounds for Jeb by

talking about my grandfather. He had a strained relationship with his entire family, especially his grandfather on his mother's side.

"Well, I've been dreaming about mine, and I've got some news!" Jeb clasped his hands together and practically bounced on the edge of the girder we were sitting on. It wasn't the safest place to spend our breaks, but unless someone actively pushed us off, there was zero percent chance we'd fall in. Well, five percent, tops. "Guess what's happening at Club Primal this Friday?"

"What?" I swallowed hard as my heart rate picked up at the mention of the kink club we'd only managed to go to a few times.

"It's Little Night!" Jeb's eyes sparkled with excitement. "We gotta go, E. It'll be awesome, and maybe we'll find a nice Daddy for the night."

My stomach fluttered with nerves. Club Primal catered to all kinds of kinks and dynamics and was known for having an active Little community. The handful of times Jeb and I had gone, it was both thrilling and intimidating. It was unlike any place I'd ever been and one of the only places I could be myself.

"I don't know, Jeb..." I blew out a long breath and looked up at the steel holding the bridge together. "It's so expensive, and I'm saving up for a new bike."

Why did money have to be such a deal breaker? Maybe I'd win the lottery and be able to buy one of their elusive lifetime memberships. I'd have to play the lottery first, though, and each dollar spent there was one less for my savings. Money and adult responsibilities sucked. Good thing I was Little. It helped me escape all that adulting, if only for a few hours.

Jeb waved his hand dismissively. "Dude, Littles get in free on Little Nights. When's the last time you let loose and had some fun?"

Why didn't I know that? Free was my favorite price. But it was also everyone else's favorite, which meant that it was going to be crowded. Very crowded.

Money was the easy reason to say no, but not the only one. "But you know how overwhelmed I get in those situations. What if I freak out or something?" It was a very real possibility, and even if I didn't, I'd be worried I would, and that would keep me from getting into Little space, as I called it. What would be the fun in that?

"I'll be right beside you the whole time." Jeb reached for my hand and held it on his thigh. "I'll keep an eye on you, and if you start to melt down, we'll leave. I promise. But seriously, Eli, you need this. With all the overtime you've been working, a night off will be good for you."

He wasn't wrong. With all the extra shifts at the toll booth I'd been taking, I barely had time to breathe, let alone indulge my Little side. I could refuse the extra hours, of course, but I was one of the last humans doing the job now that automated machines were used on most bridges. But if I said no to a shift, it might be a long time before I was asked again, since everyone was vying for the opportunity to bring in some extra cash. "I guess it would be fun..."

Jeb's face lit up with excitement. "That's the spirit! Okay, so, we gotta coordinate our outfits. What do you think for colors? Pastels or primaries?"

I did love to coordinate. "Pastels, definitely. Maybe... baby blue and mint green?"

"Perfect!" Jeb clapped his hands together before he scooted back to stand up. "I've got some mint-green short overalls that I've only worn once. They'll be perfect. You should wear that sailor outfit you showed me last time."

I nodded as a smile tugged at my lips. "Yeah, that could work. With my white knee socks and light-up sneakers?"

"Now you're talking!" Jeb pulled me to my feet, and we collected our trash. "We're gonna be the cutest Littles there. None of the Daddies will be able to resist us!"

I was giddy at the mere thought of catching the attention of a Daddy, much less multiple Daddies. As we got closer to the event, nerves would take over and I'd want to be invisible. But for now, it was like Christmas Eve knowing the next day would bring presents, only the presents in my scenario were hot Daddies who wanted to play with the adorable boy in a sailor suit.

And Daddy or no Daddy, I couldn't wait to slip into my Little headspace and play with my friend in a safe space. Being encouraged to be small and carefree for a night would be amazing, but on the other hand, I couldn't stop myself from worrying about all the things that could go wrong.

"What if..." I hesitated to voice one of my deepest fears. "What if no one wants to play with me?"

Jeb's expression softened, and he placed his hand on my shoulder. "Eli, you're so sweet and adorbs. Trust me, you'll have Daddies lining up to dote on you."

I blushed and shook my head. "I doubt that, but one or two might be nice."

"Very nice." Jeb chuckled as he turned toward his lane. "And hey, maybe you'll finally meet that special someone, huh?"

How nice that would be. I'd been longing for a Daddy of my own for so long. Someone to take care of me and make me feel safe. Maybe Jeb was right. Maybe this was my chance. "Yeah, you're right. Let's do it."

Jeb whooped, drawing curious glances from a few passing motorists. "That's my boy! This is gonna be epic."

We waved goodbye as we each headed to our booths.

Suddenly, I was so excited for Friday night. It couldn't come soon enough.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:58 am

2

MASON

I glanced up from the mountain of paperwork littering my desk as Jeff sauntered into my office. He had a triumphant grin plastered across his face as he plopped his ass on the edge of my mahogany desk. "Well, it's done."

Leaning back in my leather chair, I smiled wide. I'd been nervous about this one. "The Baxter deal closed without a hitch?"

"No hitches in sight, my guy." Jeff nodded. "Those jackasses tried to play hardball, but in the end, we killed it!" He reached over for a high-five.

I slapped his palm. It had been a grueling few months putting together this massive commercial development deal, and I was glad all those long nights, working weekends, and endless meetings were behind us. It had been worth it, but there were nights when I wondered if we were spinning our wheels for nothing.

The few million in brokerage fees heading our way was going to be nice.

"We deserve to celebrate, Mase. Whad'ya say we hit up Club Primal tonight? Unwind, grab a drink, scope out a playmate. I hear it's Littles Night." Jeff waggled his eyebrows and patted his chest. "You know how much they love warm milk."

My mind instantly flashed to tousled hair, wide innocent eyes, smooth skin, and lithe limbs. I didn't think of Caleb often, but any mention of Littles brought his memories

to the surface. It had been far too long since I'd indulged that side of myself. Ever since Caleb and I ended things last year, I'd thrown myself into work, ignoring the Daddy in me who yearned for a sweet, obedient little boy to care for and share my milk with.

I rubbed a hand over my stubbled jaw and considered his offer. "I'm kinda beat and was looking forward to a quiet night of junk TV and sleep."

Jeff shook his head. "Bullshit. You need this. We both do, and I won't take no for an answer." He fixed me with the pointed look that he had perfected with his boys.

"Don't give me your because I said so glare."

"I have no idea what you're talking about." He totally did. "You haven't been to the club in ages, and it's time to get back out there." That part was true.

"Fine." Arguing with him wasn't going to get me anywhere. When he got like this, he won. It was great for work—not so great for when he was asking me to bend to his will. "I'll meet you there at eight?"

"Hell yeah!" Jeff pushed up off the desk and stepped back. "Wear the black button-down that makes you look like sex on a stick. You'll have the boys falling all over themselves to call you Daddy tonight."

I rolled my eyes and chuckled. "Get the fuck out of here, man. Some of us still have work to do."

Jeff danced his way out of my office. "Lock up your Littles. These Daddies are goin' huntin'!"

"Dork." I turned back to my computer and tried to focus on the email I needed to

respond to, but my traitorous thoughts kept wandering to the possibility of soft skin, needy whimpers, and worshiping eyes gazing up at me from my chest.

Shit . I palmed my half-hard cock through my slacks and tried to clear the vision from my mind. My eager dick was awake and excited for our plans. But I couldn't go walking into the club fully torqued. I blew out a breath and willed myself to concentrate.

Just get through the next few hours, Mase. Then you can let the beast out to play.

The key clicked in the lock as I pushed open my front door on auto-pilot. My mind was completely focused on the night's possibilities. I tossed my bag on the entryway table and loosened my tie with one hand while I kicked off my shoes.

"Daddy's home," I muttered to myself. The thought of having a boy waiting for me to come home and shower me with kisses sent a jolt straight to my cock. It had been semi-hard since I'd made the decision to hit up Little Night, and I needed to take the edge off before going out.

As I made my way to my bathroom, I was already taking off my clothes, leaving a trail of designer suit pieces in my wake. They were ready for the dry cleaner, anyway. By the time I reached the shower, I was fully nude and fully erect.

The hot spray felt heavenly as it cascaded over my muscular frame. I braced one hand against the tile wall and reached down to grasp my dick with the other. A low groan escaped my lips as I began to stroke.

"Fuck!" My hips rocked into my fist as I focused on what I wanted to happen tonight. It had been too long since I'd indulged in the club scene. It was easier to just work and be alone, but images of boys in onesies and diapers, coyly glancing at me and wondering if I would choose them or if they should approach me, instantly ratcheted

up my arousal.

Not wanting to finish too quickly, I forced myself to slow down and take deep breaths. There was something else I needed to take care of first.

Releasing my cock, I brought both hands up to my chest and gave a tentative squeeze. I rarely bothered to stimulate my milk production since Caleb left, but tonight, I wanted to be prepared. Just in case.

It took a few minutes of firmly kneading my pecs before I felt the familiar tingle of letdown. A bead of white appeared at my left nipple but was quickly washed away by the shower spray. I increased the pressure, milking myself in earnest.

"That's it." I imagined eager lips latched onto me, and my dick twitched at the same time that milk sprayed from both sides. "Drink up for Daddy."

With a steady stream going from both sides, I felt better about being able to provide tonight as I watched milky rivulets disappear down the drain. Littles usually went wild for this particular party trick.

With my milk supply where I needed it to be, I returned my attention to my throbbing erection. It only took a few swift pumps before I was spilling over my fist with a guttural moan.

I leaned my forehead against the cool tile as I caught my breath. At least I wouldn't scare anyone with a raging boner or milk-soaked shirt the second I walked into the Littles' Playroom.

As I finished washing up, I wondered if tonight would be the night I finally found a Little of my own. Someone to nurture and care for beyond just a casual scene. For a long time, I tried to convince myself I didn't need that and I was happy with the way

things were. But the truth was, I did need it. Even if tonight wasn't the night I'd find it, putting myself out there was the first step, and that was something I was ready for.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Mason." I pulled myself back to reality as I stepped out of the shower. "One step at a time."

After briskly toweling off, I padded naked into my walk-in closet. Deciding what to wear was always a delicate balance on nights like this. I wanted to project authority and maturity while still appearing approachable.

I settled on dark wash jeans that hugged my ass just right and paired with the black button-down Jeff suggested. It was specifically designed dry wear that would absorb minor leakage, but it was fitted to my body so there was little left to the imagination. On a whim, I left the top few buttons undone.

As I styled my salt-and-pepper hair into its usual messy coif that would only look better if slim fingers ran through it during a feeding, I allowed myself a moment of vanity. At 35, I was in the best shape of my life. The only priority I had outside of the office were the regular workouts that kept my body toned. My years of success in commercial real estate had given me a boatload of professional confidence, but I still cared about looking good. For myself and for my future boy.

"Looking good, old man." I smirked at my reflection and rolled up my sleeves twice. Wrists showing but not elbows was my signature look. I just hoped there was a boy out there who agreed.

3

ELI

I shifted nervously on the plush velvet couch, tugging at my sailor suit which was maybe a little too short. Or maybe it was the right amount of short. If I wasn't careful, my balls slipped out from the leg holes, which meant I had to keep adjusting the fabric.

Jeb told me to put on a diaper like him, but I was too shy to do that by myself.

Diapers required a Daddy's help, and until I had one, I didn't allow myself the other. My gaze darted around the playroom, and I quickly assessed the people there. Several boys and girls played at various stations and a handful of caretakers were scattered around the room. Honestly, it was a bit overwhelming, but I tried to focus on Jeb's presence beside me. He was a good friend and my anchor at events like this when I didn't have a Daddy to look after me.

"You okay, E?" Jeb put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me closer to his side. "You need to go or hit the changing room for a breather?"

I shook my head and hugged my stuffed rabbit tighter to my chest. "No, I'm fine. It's just a lot to take in, but thanks for bringing me here."

Jeb smiled and gave me another squeeze before leaning away. "Of course. There are so many fun things to play with, and look at all the Daddies in here." There were Mommies, too, but that wasn't my jam. I liked women and dated them before I

discovered my Little side. But when I was Little, only a Daddy would do.

As I scanned the room, taking in the colorful play areas and groups of people chatting, my gaze landed on two men standing near the painting easels. They stood out from the crowd in the best of ways. Both men were tall and handsome with an aura of confidence, but it was more than that. Their entire presence shouted Daddy. One wore a crisp white sweater while the other was in a fitted black shirt that showed off his muscular build. Even though they were both objectively hot, he was the one that made me want to run over and ask him to play. I wouldn't. But the want was there.

Jeb followed my line of sight and leaned in close. "See those two by the easels? They're the milk Daddies."

I wasn't sure what he meant, but I didn't take my eyes off them. "The what?"

"Milk Daddies," Jeb whispered. "They can lactate."

My eyes widened at the possibility of meeting one in person. "Really? How do you know that?"

Jeb giggled and a light blush covered his neck. "Well, um... I may have tasted the one in the white sweater last year. At the Christmas party."

It was weird how much relief I felt when he indicated the Daddy in white.

"You what?!" My jaw dropped. I was shocked that I hadn't heard about this before. That's not the kind of thing you just forget to tell your best friend. At least, it's not the kind of thing I'd forget to tell Jeb.

"His name is Jeff. He was playing Santa and giving out milk and cookies to all the

Littles." Jeb wagged his eyebrows. "It was pretty amazing, actually."

My cheeks flushed hot as I stared at the men with a new appreciation for them. The one in the black shirt had especially caught my attention. He was incredibly sexy, all broad shoulders and chiseled jawline. If he really could produce milk, that would make him the best Daddy option on the planet. Was he looking for a boy for the night? If not, maybe just to share a drink with?

"That's... wow." My dick stiffened instantly at the thought, and I squirmed in my seat, making sure it was pointed up and not out of my clothes.

Jeb grinned. He didn't bother trying to hide his amusement as he watched me adjust myself, squirming despite my best efforts not to.

"Want me to ask Jeff if we can have a taste? I'm sure he'd be into it."

"No!" I shook my head quickly and then realized I'd said that a little too loud when several heads turned in our direction. "I mean...he's hot, but...what about the other one? The guy in the black shirt looks nice."

So much for being cool and nonchalant. But given what I was wearing, that ship had already sailed.

"Ooh, good eye. He's super yum." Jeb turned to me and looked me in the eye. "You should go talk to him, Eli. That's why you're here...and why he's here."

I bit my lip. He was right, but also, it wasn't as easy as that. Or maybe it was. Ugh, why was this so hard? "I can't. He's probably got his eye on someone else."

But even as I said it, I noticed the man's gaze drifting in our direction. When our eyes met, he gave me a small smile that made my heart skip. Could it be that I was the one

he had his eye on? I wouldn't blame him if it was Jeb. He was objectively hot and ridiculously adorable. And on top of that, he had the confidence I lacked.

"Dude, he's totally checking you out." Jeb shoved my thigh. "Come on, where's that brave little boy I know?"

I squirmed again, torn between wanting to hide and wanting to march right up to the handsome stranger and ask for some milk. Unfortunately, my nerves won out and there was no brave boy in sight. "Maybe next time. I'm not ready yet."

Jeb sighed and his shoulders drooped. "Alright, no pressure. Want to go play with the playdough? We never do that at home."

"Yeah, that sounds good." Playdough was too messy to play with at home so I was happy to have a good excuse to look away from the enticing milk Daddy that I couldn't stop stealing glances of.

We made our way to a table covered in blobs of brightly colored dough, and I plopped down on the floor and crossed my legs in front of me. My knees still hit the bottom of the low table, but I was comfortable as I grabbed a hunk of blue.

I loved the feel of it between my fingers, and after warming it in my hands, I shaped it into a long rectangle. Usually I started with snakes. They were quick and easy and didn't require too much thinking. Perfect for Little space. But I was too focused on the Daddy to fall deeply into that headspace and decided it might be time to try something new. A building maybe. I imagined strong arms wrapped around me, holding me close as I worked the dough. And somehow, that made my daydream morph into a deep voice murmuring soothing words as I suckled sweet, warm milk...

So much for putting him out of my mind. I shook my head to clear the naughty image and focused on my building project. Maybe someday I'd work up the courage to

approach one of the milk Daddies.

But for now, I was content to play and fantasize in my own Little world.

MASON

The soft glow of pastel-colored lights illuminated the playroom. I really liked the way the warm hues softened the space. There were lots of Littles playing, but my attention kept getting drawn back to the adorable boy in the sailor suit across the room. He was probably in his mid-twenties, with tousled brown hair and innocent eyes that kept darting in my direction.

I shifted from one foot to the other, sipping the bottle of water I picked up just to have something to hold. As badly as I wanted to go over and introduce myself to the boy, the rules of the club were clear. On Little nights, caretakers had to wait to be approached by a Little. So now matter how badly I wanted to scoop that sweet boy up and shower him with affection, I had to wait and hope.

The purpose of the rule was safety and that was something I was 100% behind. No Little should be uncomfortable in this space, but that didn't make it less frustrating when the Little you wanted to get to know was so shy they blushed simply from meeting your eyes.

Jeff nudged my arm, getting my attention. "See something you like?"

I nodded toward the boy, not taking my eyes off him. "The guy in the sailor suit is cute. I just wish I could say hello."

"Patience, big guy. Let him come to you."

I sighed, watching as the boy and his friend talked quietly amongst themselves before they left the couch they were on and made their way to a craft table. My little sailor boy and his friend in green overalls sat down and began playing with colorful playdough. The sailor boy was beyond adorable as the tip of his pink tongue poked out of his mouth in concentration.

I would have given anything for an invitation to go over there. I wanted to ruffle that soft hair and hear his sweet voice. The Daddy in me just wanted to hold him close and make him feel safe and loved.

After a few minutes, the friend in overalls stood up and wandered in our direction. My sailor boy continued working on his blue sculpture without even noticing his friend was gone. When I realized the guy was heading straight toward me, I tensed and prepared to politely decline his offer if he asked to spend time with me. I wasn't a dick, and as much as I'd love an introduction to his friend, I wouldn't use him in that way.

But then, to my surprise, he stopped in front of us with a conspiratorial grin. He wasn't here for me, at least not in the way I originally thought.

"Hi, there, Mister Daddies." He crossed his arms over his chest and steeled his shoulders. "I'm Jeb, and my friend Eli over there would really like a snack of...you know. But he's way too shy to ask, so I'm asking for him." He gave me an exaggerated wink.

My heart leapt. "So, it's okay for me to go introduce myself?"

The boy nodded. "Yep, you're being invited by me...so it counts. Just go say hi."

While I stood there with my mind racing, Jeb turned to Jeff. "You probably don't remember me, but you were Santa, right?"

I barely registered their conversation as my eyes locked on Eli. He was still focused intently on his creation, unaware of what was transpiring over here. I was technically toeing the line of what was permitted today, and there was a chance I'd be kicked out for what I was about to do. It didn't even take a second for me to decide it was worth the risk.

My palms were sweaty as I approached the craft table from the other side of Eli and crouched down on my knees. I was never nervous like this. There was something special about this boy. "Excuse me, but you're Eli, right?"

His head snapped up, and his eyes went wide. "Yes."

"Your friend, um, Jeb, mentioned you might be ready for a snack?"

Eli's cheeks flushed pink, and he looked past me to his friend. "He did?"

"Yeah. I hope it's okay that I came over."

He gave a single nod, and I picked up a piece of dough and rolled it between my palms. "Was he right?"

Eli cleared his throat and nodded. "Y-yes." He pulled his bottom lip in with his teeth. "Please." His voice was so low, I barely heard it.

Relief flooded me at his acceptance. I wanted nothing more than to wrap him in my arms and never let go. "Well then, little one." I looked down at his work. "Would you like to finish up here and then we can go to one of the private rooms?"

Eli fidgeted with the dough in his hands and then put it back in the pile. "I'm done. I was just making a skyscraper. It's not important." He glanced up at me through long lashes. For a split second, I thought they might be false or possibly enhanced with

that fancy mascara that was all the rage. But they weren't. He was born with those beauties.

I cocked an eyebrow and held out my hand. "May I take a look?"

A small smile tugged at Eli's lips as he handed it over. "It's not very good. The windows aren't even straight."

"It's awesome. I work in commercial real estate and sell buildings just like this." I put it back in the pile and held out my hand to him. "I'm Mason, by the way. It's very nice to meet you, Eli."

"Nice to meet you too," Eli mumbled shyly.

He grabbed my hand and let me pull him to his feet. "I better tell Jeb that we're going to a room." He looked up and his friend wasn't around. Neither was Jeff.

"He might be with my friend, Jeff." I chuckled. "He seemed...interested."

Eli's tight grip on my hand relaxed. "Yeah, he's definitely interested. He, um, met Jeff before. At a milk-and-cookies party last Christmas."

"He did bring up Santa." I half remembered that he mentioned that earlier because my focus had been on Eli, but that explained a lot. And it answered some of my questions about what Jeb was referring to when he mentioned a snack. "Were you at that party as well?"

Eli shook his head. "No, I wish. Sounds like it was..."

"Was what?" I squeezed his hand as I waved to one of the room monitors to let them know we were going into room three.

“Special.” He stopped in front of the door and looked up at me. “Are you special, like your friend?”

I grinned and guided Eli inside the room that had a bed with a plain white sheet on one side and sofa on the other side. There was also a stack of sheets and towels for our use. “Well, I guess there are some special things about me.”

His gaze went from my face down to my chest, and it was clear what he was asking. “Yeah, I think there are probably lots.”

5

ELI

I sat down beside Mason on the plush sofa with butterflies going wild in my tummy. The dim lighting of the private room cast shadows across his face that made him even more sexy. I'd been in private rooms before, but they had been designed with Littles in mind, complete with changing tables. This one was different, and I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not.

Mason's large, muscular frame shifted slightly toward me. He was masculinity personified, and yet he was the one who was going to be letting me drink from him. It was that hot juxtaposition that ticked off every button, including ones I never realized I had.

I fidgeted with the hem of my sailor shorts, wondering if he would offer what I desperately craved but was too shy to ask for. Knowing Jeb, he'd likely spelled out exactly what I was interested in. But also, my balls were close to popping out of my shorts, so he might think I was here for a quicky, and I misread this entire situation. Not that I'd turn that down. Nope. Whatever he was offering, I wanted two.

Mason's intense blue eyes burned into mine as he slowly undid the top button of his black shirt. Was this really happening? If it was a daydream, I didn't want to snap out of it, that was for sure.

My gaze was locked on his fingertips until they moved away, revealing a glimpse of his firm chest. It was all I could do not to reach up and trace the bare skin as it was

exposed. But he hadn't given me permission to touch him and asking was...scary.

"Eli, did Jeb tell you why he thought Jeff was special?" His deep voice sent delicious shivers down my spine.

I nodded and swallowed hard, my throat suddenly dry. Was this really happening? "Um, he said Jeff can make milk." I looked up at his eyes and held his stare. "Can you make milk too?"

"I can." An amused smirk played at the corners of his lips. "Would you like some milk, Eli?"

I nodded again, more vigorously this time as need and lust blazed through my veins in equal measure.

Mason's smirk widened into a grin as he undid the rest of his buttons and shrugged the shirt off completely, exposing his chiseled torso and two full pecs topped with erect nipples that were already beading with milk. "Come here, baby boy." His arm opened up, inviting me closer as he patted his denim-clad thigh.

I scrambled onto his lap, facing his chest with my bent knees against the back cushions.

Mason wrapped a strong arm around me and guided my eager mouth to his left nipple.

My eyes fluttered closed as I latched on immediately, sealing my lips around the nub and suckling greedily. Warm, creamy milk filled my mouth as if coming straight from a bottle.

I'd never tasted anything so delicious. Moaning in pure bliss, I lost myself in nursing

from this sexy and powerful man.

Mason cupped the back of my head and his fingers threaded through my hair, holding me close to his chest as I drank down pull after pull of his delicious nectar. "That's it, baby. Drink up. Daddy's got you."

Arousal surged through me, and I couldn't stop myself from squirming on his lap. My hard, aching cock strained against my shorts, and I realized I wasn't entirely covered anymore. My dick had slipped out the leg hole and my balls were probably exposed too, but I didn't care. I had no control over my body's intense reaction to the glorious act of nursing from this man who called himself Daddy.

My hips bucked against the couch cushion at the same time that I realized the soft lap I'd laid down on was suddenly sporting a thick rod of steel. He liked it too. I was making this Daddy feel as good as he made me feel.

A deep growl rumbled through Mason's chest as his free hand slid down my back to cup my ass, helping me get better friction. "It feels so good to have you on me, Eli. And it looks like you enjoy it too."

The tips of my ears burned, but that only inflamed my desire to keep going. I whimpered around his nipple and wantonly stroked myself with my sailor suit shoved to the side. I couldn't believe I was jacking off on this stranger, but he liked it and I liked it, so I didn't let nerves slow me down.

I sucked harder, needing more of him in me as I savored every creamy mouthful. Mason's milk in my belly, his hands on my body, and his scent surrounding me were all that mattered in the world. Just the act of suckling made me regress even deeper.

But I was safe with Daddy, so I kept going.

Mason's strong fingers slid under the curve of my ass and teased the bottom of my exposed balls.

I whimpered around his nipple as every nerve in my body began to sing. Before I could warm him or stop myself, I was coming in my fist, shooting up onto my thigh as I kept drinking.

Mason didn't skip a beat as he continued to tease my balls with the faintest pressure possible. I was still shaking against him as his deep voice sent shivers down my spine. "Such a good Little boy. So eager for Daddy's milk."

I blushed at his words but couldn't deny they were true. My body was completely at his mercy, craving everything he had to offer. When the flow of milk suddenly stopped, I pulled back and looked up at him. "More, Daddy. Please."

Mason chuckled and leaned down, gently kissing the shell of my ear before whispering, "Anything you want, baby boy."

And like magic, he shifted his weight so his right nipple was dripping onto my chin. I accepted his offering without hesitation, suckling more of his sweet nectar like a starving boy.

Maybe I was.

Starving for a Daddy like Mason.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:58 am

6

MASON

The heat of Eli's mouth on my chest sent a rush of pleasure through every nerve in my body. His lips were soft and full, his tongue skilled as it swirled around my nipple like he'd nursed a hundred times before and knew exactly what I liked.

I closed my eyes, surrendering to the intimate moment with this adorable boy who was giving as much pleasure he was getting. My fingers tangled in his silky hair as he nursed greedily, taking all of me in.

"Good boy," I murmured, my voice thick with desire. "Daddy has lots of milk for you."

Eli hummed contentedly and pressed closer against me. The tickle of his warm breath against my skin made my throbbing cock strain even harder against the rough denim of my jeans. We had too many clothes on, and had we been at one of our homes and knew more about each other than our names, I'd have remedied that.

Each subtle movement of his body on my lap sent electric shocks coursing through me. It was a wonder that I didn't come right there in my jeans.

I'd always enjoyed the sensual pleasures of having someone nurse from me, but this was different. This was a carnal need that completely consumed me. Every touch between us was heightened, like an explosion of sensation that went on for miles.

Finally, Eli released my nipple with a wet pop and gazed up at me through heavy-lidded eyes. "Thank you, Daddy. That was the best snack I've ever had."

"You're welcome, sweetheart." I brushed a stray drop of milk off his forehead. "Did you get enough?"

Eli nodded eagerly and sat up. Then his gaze dropped to the obvious bulge in my pants and a mischievous smile curved his lips. "What can I do for you now, Daddy?"

My throat went dry as I struggled to keep it neutral. "Well, you don't owe me anything, sweet boy." I gestured toward my lap. "But if you're still thirsty..." I'd never push, but since he was offering, I wasn't going to hold back.

"I am." Eli's eyes lit up with excitement. "I really am, Daddy! Can I really? Are you sure?"

"I'm sure." His enthusiasm was everything.

With a quick movement, he slid off my lap and onto his knees in front of the couch. I groaned in anticipation as I unzipped my jeans, freeing my aching cock.

Eli licked his lips with his gaze fixed hungrily on me.

"Go ahead, sweet boy." I was barely able to keep my voice steady. "It's all yours."

Eli didn't need to be told twice. He took me into his hot, wet mouth with the same enthusiasm that he sucked my nipples.

It was so good I couldn't hold back a low moan as his tongue swirled expertly around my shaft. "Oh fuck, baby." My fingers threaded through his hair. "That's it. Just like that."

Eli's tongue swirled around the head of my cock again and I almost melted into the couch. No one had ever made me feel so good with their mouth before. It was like he was made for me. I wanted to burn every second of the experience into my memory to have for all time.

I gazed down at him, taking in the sight of his pink cheeks and fluttering eyelashes. My sweet Little was so eager to please Daddy.

"You're doing so good for Daddy." There were so many words to describe how I felt. I wanted to encourage him, but getting out that complete sentence had taken all my concentration.

Eli hummed around my length, sending vibrations up my spine. His hand gripped the base of my shaft as he bobbed his head, taking me deeper with each pass.

"Fuck, sweet boy, I'm getting close." I moved my hand from his head as my hips started to thrust into him. I started out close to coming, but now I was at the brink of no longer being able to hold back.

Instead of pulling away, Eli doubled down and gripped me tighter, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked me deep. The sight of my cock disappearing into his perfect mouth was almost too much to bear.

"Eli, baby, I'm gonna—" Before I could finish the sentence, an intense, mind-blowing orgasm crashed over me. My whole body shuddered as I emptied myself down Eli's throat.

He swallowed every drop, just like he had lapped up the milk from my chest earlier. When he finally pulled off with a soft pop, he looked up at me with adoring eyes. "Was that good, Daddy?"

I cupped his face in my hands, overcome with tenderness. "It was perfect, sweet boy. You're perfect."

Eli beamed at the praise, nuzzling into my palm. "I like making you feel good, Daddy."

"And you do a wonderful job of it." I pulled him up for a tender kiss. I could taste myself on his lips and wanted to deepen it, but we both needed to take a beat.

We cuddled close, basking in the afterglow of this amazing night together.

"What are you thinking about, Daddy?" Eli's fingers traced idle patterns on my chest.

I smiled and pressed a kiss to his forehead. "I'm thinking that I've really enjoyed spending time with you tonight, and I'd like to see you again. If you'd like to."

"I'd like that." Eli's eyes were wide as he nodded and then buried his face in my neck. "I'd like that a lot."

I held him close, savoring the feeling of his warm body pressed against mine. I'd like that a lot too, sweet boy.

After a while, Eli sighed and sat up. "I should go look for Jeb."

"Yeah." I'd almost forgotten about his friend and wondered if he was still with Jeff. "Let me just get you cleaned up."

I wet a towel with hot water and then cleaned the dried come from Eli's leg. His cute sailor outfit was a bit rumpled, but by the time we walked out of the private room, we were both presentable.

The Little room had gotten crowded, and I saw Jeff on the couch with a boy in a diaper and nothing else.

“Where’s Jeb?” Eli looked around, and we both spotted his friend at the same time. “Oh no! I’ve got to go to him. Bye, Mason.” He gave me a peck on the cheek and ran off.

I stood there in disappointed silence, and before I knew it, both boys were gone.

7

ELI

I rushed back into the playroom with my heart still pounding from my time with Mason. I wasn't sure what to expect, but when I saw Jeb hunched down in the corner with red-rimmed eyes, my heart broke for him.

"Jeb! What's wrong?" I hurried over and crouched beside him. "Are you hurt?"

He looked up at me and shook his head. "Can we go?"

Not being hurt was almost worse. That meant someone had stomped on his heart. He might seem brave and confident on the outside, but he was tenderhearted. It was one of the things I liked best about him. It was also one of the things that made him most vulnerable.

"Of course, Jeb. Let's get outta here." I helped him up as guilt gnawed at me for leaving him alone for so long. I really thought he'd be fine. Instead, I focused on my own desires, and he was the one paying the price.

As we headed for the exit, I caught Mason's eye across the room. He looked concerned as he started walking toward us, but I just shook my head and waved goodbye while I guided Jeb out to the parking lot.

Jeb sniffled quietly as I pulled out of the parking lot.

The suspense was killing me, and I needed to know if he was really okay. I wanted to respect his privacy, but if it was something the club needed to know about, I wasn't gonna mess around. The car would be back in their lot in a flash. "Do you wanna talk about what happened?"

He wiped his nose on the sleeve of the hoodie he'd put on. "After Jeff left, I was coloring with some of the other Littles." He took a deep breath and his breath stuttered. "And Tommy said my drawing was the worst he'd ever seen."

My hands tightened on the steering wheel. "That wasn't a very nice thing for him to say. You're a great drawer."

That sucked, but at the same time, it was a relief. No one tried to take advantage of my friend. It was a jealous Little being a dick. I hated that it happened, but also, it wasn't as bad as it could have been.

"Am not." Jeb crossed his arms over his chest and rested his forehead on the dash. "It doesn't matter or anything. I shouldn't let it bother me so much, but I just felt embarrassed, I think."

"Hey, your feelings are valid." I reached over and squeezed his hand. "It's okay to be upset when someone's mean to you."

We drove in silence for a few minutes as I tried to think of how to cheer him up. "You know what? I bet Tommy was just jealous of your awesome art skills." I glanced at him to see if he was even paying attention to me. "We should invite him over for an art party to see if he's any good. I bet you're way better than him."

That got a small smile out of him. "I don't know about way better...but maybe a little bit."

"A ton! I'm sure of it."

By the time we pulled up to Jeb's apartment, his mood had lifted. He unbuckled his seatbelt and opened the door. "Thanks for going with me tonight, Eli. I had a great time until the end." He turned back and looked right at me. "And you haven't even told me what happened with you and Mason."

"Mason..." I sighed as I thought about the sexy Daddy, and then I realized something awful and my stomach dropped. "Oh no. I totally forgot to get Mason's number. He wants to go out again, but I got distracted when I... Well, anyway, I forgot."

"Because of me?" Jeb sighed with his hand on the door handle. "Sorry about that. But I have good news." He dug around in his backpack and pulled out a small white rectangle. "Daddy Jeff gave me both of their business cards earlier. He and Mason work together at the same company."

My eyes widened as Jeb held out the card. "Jeb, you're amazing!"

He chuckled and all the sadness he'd been holding was wiped away. "Here, you take Mason's. I'll keep Jeff's."

That was a good sign right there. If he wanted to keep Jeff's contact information, maybe they might have another playdate in their future. Stupid Tommy, always needing to be the best at everything by putting others down.

Despite Jeb having his own rough evening, he was still looking out for me. He really was the best friend I could ask for. "Thanks, Jeb." I leaned across the center console and gave him a hug. "And thanks for trusting me enough to tell me what was bothering you earlier. You know I'm always here if you need to talk, right?"

He nodded before hopping out of the car. "Night, Eli! Let me know how it goes with

Mason!"

The whole drive home, I kept telling myself I'd wait until the morning to text Mason, but by the time I got into my small apartment, I just needed to send a quick message so he had my number. I tossed my keys onto the hook next to the door and then hopped onto the couch.

I hesitated as soon as my phone was in my hand because I wasn't sure what to say. I didn't want to sound too eager or needy. An idea came to mind, so I scanned through the image gallery until I found the perfect meme and sent it to him with just a simple message. The gif was a stuffed bunny who was sucking his thumb and had cute Zs floating above his head. Thanks for the milk. Good night. -Eli

I didn't expect a response until morning, but within seconds, my phone vibrated with a reply. It was my pleasure, sweet boy. I'm glad you found my number. Hope you and your bunny sleep well. And instead of a silly meme, he added a kissing emoji.

My cheeks flushed when I saw it and my tummy flipped as I thought about kissing him.

Before I put my phone down, Mason sent another message. I know it's short notice, but would you like to go to the French fry cart for lunch in the park tomorrow? If you haven't tried their truffle oil fries, you don't know what you're missing.

My heart was racing with anticipation to see him again. Not only did Mason want to see me again, but he also remembered that I said I loved French fries. I leaned back on the cushions and kicked my legs in the air as I typed my response. I'd love that! Can I bring some oats for the duckies too?

Of course. If you send your address, I'll pick you up at 11. He added a winky-face emoji.

Can't wait! Nighty night, Daddy! I was giggling to myself as I nestled into the couch cushions. Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough.

MASON

The pounding of my feet on the pavement echoed around me as I rounded the halfway point of my morning run. Normally I counted them, not for any reason other than it kept me going. Not today, though. Today, I couldn't stop thinking about Eli. His shy smile and those innocent eyes. Not to mention the adorable way he'd fidgeted with his sailor suit at the club.

I couldn't wait to see him again for our lunch date. When Jeff told me he gave our cards to Jeb, I crossed my fingers that would lead to Eli contacting me. He'd left in such a hurry that we didn't have time to exchange them ourselves. Jeff said his time with Jeb was fine and he thought there had been an altercation with another Little. Sadly, that wasn't as uncommon as it should be, especially on Little nights when jealousy sometimes came into play.

As I jogged through downtown, a flash of color in a boutique window caught my attention. I slowed to a stop to get a closer look at a small display of porcelain figurines. There was a "Daddy" bunny standing protectively next to a smaller "baby" bunny in blue shorts. The color was a perfect match for Eli's outfit from the club.

"It's meant to be." A smile spread across my face as I headed into the shop. There was no way I'd pass them by without bringing them home.

A bell tinkled above the door as I entered, and the shopkeeper looked up from behind the counter. "Good morning! Can I help you find anything?"

"Yes, actually. I'd like to purchase those two bunny figurines in the window display."

She came around to pull them out for me. "Oh, those are darling, aren't they? A gift for someone special?"

A flush of warmth spread in my chest. "You could say that. It's for a first date, actually."

"How sweet! Well, these are a perfect first-date gift." She was ever the salesperson. I couldn't think of very many first dates where they'd be the ideal gift. But they would be perfect for Eli. At least, I hoped they would be. But her goal was sales, so I couldn't blame her.

As she carefully wrapped the bunnies, I checked my watch again. I was hours away from meeting up with Eli, but I was even more anxious now to give him this gift. Would his eyes light up? Would he love it or think it was silly? "Here you are, sir. Hope you have a wonderful date!"

"Thank you." I tucked the package under my arm and headed out. "I have a feeling it will be."

My pace picked up on the way home, eager to get cleaned up so I could finally see Eli again.

My skin was slick with sweat when I stepped into the shower, but the hot water cascading down my body quickly loosened my tense muscles. I soaped up and allowed my thoughts to drift to Eli once again. His soft skin and delicate features, the way he looked up at me through those thick lashes with such trust and adoration as he drank like he was starving.

Before I knew it, my cock was rock hard and desperate for attention. I wrapped my

hand around my shaft and began a slow pull. It had been a long time since I'd felt this level of excitement and anticipation for a date. As I stroked myself, I imagined Eli's pouty lips, his slender body, the sweet little sounds he might make as he drank from my cock before moving up to my chest.

"Fuck, yeah. Like that, baby." My orgasm built rapidly, almost catching me off guard as I released a strangled cry. I came hard, spurting against the shower wall as my whole body shook from the pleasure.

Once my breathing steadied, I turned my attention to my chest. My pecs were swollen and tender because my milk ducts were full. Gently, I massaged and expressed some of the creamy liquid, watching it swirl down the drain to keep from experiencing an embarrassing leak during our date. The relief was instant, and I was happy to release some of the pressure before getting dressed.

After drying off, I pulled on a soft gray sweater and my best-fitting jeans. I wanted to look good for Eli but still be comfortable and approachable. Daddy shouldn't be intimidating.

With the gift and my keys in hand, I headed out to pick up Eli. When I got to his place, I stopped at the door and took a deep breath. There was nothing to be nervous about. Either we would hit it off or not. And after our night at the club, I had a feeling we would.

My shoulders were tight as I stood straight and knocked on his door. When it swung open, a smile immediately spread across my face.

Eli stood there in a pastel-yellow sweater and white pants, looking absolutely precious. His curls were tousled adorably, and he was clutching the same stuffed rabbit he had at the club.

"Hi Da—um, Mason." He peeked up at me through his lashes and crossed his ankles.

"Hello, little one." I cocked my head and tugged on the hem of his sweater. "You look very handsome today."

"Oh." He blushed, fidgeting with his rabbit's ear. "Thank you. You look nice too."

"I have a little something for you." I held out the wrapped gift for him to take. "Would you like to open it now or wait until we get back from the park?"

Eli's eyes widened and his breath hitched. "A present for me? Can I open it now, please?"

"Of course, sweet boy." He ran to the sofa and hopped into the middle of it, so I followed him and closed the door behind me.

"It's not my birthday." With his tongue poking out of the corner of his mouth, he carefully unwrapped the tissue paper like it was a special part of the gift. When he saw the figurines, he gasped softly. "Bunnies!"

I stood beside him with a beaming smile, so damn happy he liked them.

"They're so cute!" He traced a finger over the baby bunny's blue shorts. "Look, it almost looks like he's wearing a sailor suit like mine!"

"I noticed that too." My heart was melting at his reaction, and I wanted to pull him into my arms, but we needed to go slowly. "When I saw them, I thought of you."

Eli clutched the small bunny to his chest, as he looked at the big one. "Is this the Daddy bunny?"

I shrugged. "I think so. What do you think?"

He stared at two side by side and nodded. "Yeah, I think so. The little bunny definitely needs a daddy."

My willpower was waning as I slipped my hand behind his neck and down his back. "I agree."

After another minute of just staring at them, Eli looked up at me with both pressed against his heart. "I love them. Thank you so much."

"You're very welcome, little one. Now, are you ready to go get some yummy French fries?"

He nodded as he patted his tummy. "Yes, please. I'm starved."

As we walked to my car, Eli slipped his hand into mine. It was a natural move that didn't cause me to hesitate or pause in any way. I just gripped his securely in mine as the touch sent an internal thrill through me.

I opened my car door and held out my hand to help him inside. "In you go."

"I'm really excited for our date." He giggled and quickly hopped into the car. "And for fries."

"Me too, sweetheart." I grinned as I helped him buckle his seatbelt. "I have a feeling these could be the best fries I've ever had." And even if they weren't, this was already starting out as one of the best dates I'd ever had.

ELI

The sun was bright overhead as we walked through the park to the area where the food carts were set up. The scent of freshly cut grass lingered in the air, mixing with the savory aroma of sizzling oil that led us to the infamous fry cart. I'd always wanted to go there but never had a reason to go, beyond my love of yummy fries.

Finally, I did.

Mason's hand was gentle on my back as we approached the cart. "Look at all these dippers," I murmured to myself, in awe at how yummy everything looked. There was no way I could pick just one. "There are too many to pick from."

Mason chuckled beside me, a deep sound that resonated with warmth. "Good thing you don't have to choose." He winked and then turned to the man in the window. "We'll take the large flight with all the dipping sauces."

All of them? He didn't look at me like I was being silly or weird. He heard my desire and made it happen. It would be so easy to fall for this man.

The first dip was a thick gravy with curds melting from the heat of the fries. I'd never tried a poutine like that, but it was my new favorite. The creamy sauce dripped from the crispy edges of my fry, so I leaned over and tried to catch every drop. Of course, I still ended up with splashes of gravy on my fingers and chin. "Oops."

"Here, let me." Mason's hands were steady as he reached for a stack of napkins and dabbed at my face with a tenderness that sent a shiver down my spine. His thumb brushed against my lower lip, wiping away a stray smear of gravy, and I instinctively leaned into his touch.

"Thank you, Daddy. I mean, Mason." The word slipped out before I could catch it, and heat rushed up my cheeks immediately. "Sorry."

A moment of nervous silence hung between us, but then Mason's smile softened. "Don't be sorry, Eli. If you want to call me Daddy, you may. In fact, I'd like that. But there's no pressure to. Not until you're ready...if you're ready. I know that's a title I have to earn." His voice was calm and reassuring, making something within me relax.

He was right that it wasn't something to throw around willy-nilly. And I wasn't. It fell naturally from my lips in a way it never had with anyone else before. I tried not to read too much into it.

"Well, you did earn it last night." I stared into his eyes and smiled, thinking back on how well he took care of me.

"You made me very happy last night." Mason waggled his eyebrows and reached across the table to hold my hand. "And I'm so glad to be with you right now. I'd be honored to be your Daddy, whenever you're ready for that."

It was too soon, of course. But apparently, my mind, body, and heart didn't think so. I was ready for Mason to be my Daddy. More than ready.

I turned back to our feast and dug in. It was nice not to have to be super careful because Daddy was there to clean me up. Together, we dipped our way through garlic aioli, tangy barbecue, and an exotic mango chutney. Each one was better than the previous one.

Daddy told me a joke about a red newspaper that I didn't really understand, but before he could explain it, a rabid goose appeared. Okay, maybe it wasn't actually rabid, but it sure acted like it when it came for our fries. Geese were not nice.

With only a honk to warn us, the beast snatched one of the cone-shaped fry baskets and made a run for it.

"Hey!" I leapt up, giggling at the feathered thief, and gave chase. "Those are ours!"

Mason was quick to follow me, his laughter booming as we zigzagged across the lawn, playing tag with a bird. The goose left a trail of fries in its wake and eventually dropped the basket on the grass before stopping to indulge in a feast of its own.

"Litter bug!" I picked up the basket, and we walked back to our table. "Can you believe that goose? How rude."

Daddy grinned as he reclaimed his seat on the bench and gestured for me to sit beside him. "A worthy opponent with good taste."

I plopped down and plucked a fry from one of our remaining baskets. It was nice to be sitting right up beside him instead of on the other side of the table. "Good thing I'm getting full and can't finish the rest or he'd be in big trouble."

With our appetites satiated and the sun dropping lower in the sky, we decided to walk around the lake. The water mirrored the trees and clouds up above as we strolled along the path.

When we finished the loop, Mason's arm snaked around my shoulders and pulled me close. "Did you have fun, sweet boy?"

I nestled into him and sighed. "Yes, Daddy. Today was awesome." Being close to

him felt completely natural, like I was meant to be his boy.

Our conversation flowed easily as we talked about work and our childhoods and movies we liked.

Mason leaned into my head and pressed a kiss to the top of it. "Are you ready to head back?"

"Yeah." Part of me wanted to stay wrapped in this moment forever, but if we were in the privacy of my apartment, maybe we could fast-forward to the naked part of our date. "Sounds good to me."

Mason intertwined our fingers together, and we walked to his car. Unlike at the club, I was going to need to be brave and tell Daddy what I wanted. I could do this.

We drove back to my apartment with the radio playing softly in the background. When we arrived, Mason asked me to wait in the car while he got out and opened my door. It was old-fashioned and sweet. And it let me know he wasn't ashamed to be seen romantically with a man, even in a place we'd surely be recognized.

He even released my seatbelt and helped me to my feet. "I'll walk you to the door."

I closed my eyes and blurted out. "Will you stay for a while?" I did it. I was brave.

It was still early, and I wasn't ready to say goodbye. Even if it was late, I wouldn't be ready to say goodbye. I loved being around Daddy, and while it was probably too new for me to be so comfortable with him, I was.

"I'd love to." Mason kissed the top of my head, and my eyes popped open. "Maybe we can watch a movie."

“Yes, please.” I unlocked my door. “Anything is fine, as long as it’s not scary.”

“Not scary.” He kicked off his shoes by the door and then grabbed the remote. “Got it.”

I didn’t have a ton of television options. I tended to cycle through one streaming service and then another instead of stacking them all, but we found an older comedy about a thief who was horrible at his job and all his antics. It had me in stitches as I snuggled against Mason.

So often, my dates mentioned movies as a code for sex. It was refreshing that he only wanted to spend time with me. But also, I was down for the naked fun, and when the credits began to roll, I found my bravery once more and crawled on his lap so my knees were straddling him and we were face to face.

He reached up and cupped my cheek. “Did you enjoy that?”

I nodded and leaned into his palm, loving his warmth.

“I’m guessing you’re done watching movies for now?” His thumb ran a line along my cheekbone.

“We can watch the sequel if you want.” I started to climb off him, but his hands held my hips in place.

”I definitely don’t want to.” He pressed a sweet kiss to my lips. “I’ve been hard since we sat down, and all I can think about is putting my lips on you everywhere and hearing you call out my name in pleasure. Do you want that, sweet boy?”

“More than anything, Daddy. More than anything.”

“Then I vote we take this to the bedroom...after a kiss, of course.” His hand held the back of my head and he leaned forward, taking my lips with his and stealing my breath away.

10

MASON

The dim lighting coming in from Eli's bedroom drapes was enough to guide us as I led him by the hand. The trust Eli had placed in me was palpable, and I was careful not to take advantage of that. But we both needed this physical release as well.

Eli's fingers squeezed mine as he stopped in front of the bed. "Please, Daddy."

I reached for the hem of his shirt and lifted it up. With each inch of skin that was revealed, my cock grew in equal measure. Eli mirrored my actions, fumbling slightly with my shirt until it hit the floor with a soft thud.

Our eyes locked for a moment, and then his gaze traveled down to my chest, unabashed and hungry.

We continued to undress each other until every garment was discarded, leaving us completely vulnerable to one another. When we were both naked, a hum of energy bounced between our exposed bodies, pulling us together like a magnet to steel.

"I need you, Daddy."

"I'm here, sweetheart." I kissed him softly and then pulled back the covers so we could slide in. The cool sheets were a stark contrast to the heat radiating from our skin.

Eli wasted no time before he latched onto my chest. Within seconds of lying back, a quiet moan of contentment vibrated through him as he suckled.

My heart swelled at the sight of him finding so much peace and pleasure from my milk. The act of feeding him in this intimate way ignited a fierce protectiveness in me that was matched only by my arousal to him. Fuck, he was beautiful.

This nurturing aspect of our dynamic was a delicate balance with our carnal needs. Yet, feeling his lips working gently against me, rhythmically pulling and releasing, only intensified my desire to breed him.

The sensation of his mouth on me and the heat of his body flush against mine was too much. I couldn't ignore the primal response stirring within me. It was too intimate, too arousing.

We were rutting against one another before I fully registered what was happening. Our movements were desperate and uncoordinated as we both sought friction from any place we could find it.

"Slow down, baby." I gasped out loud, doing my best to calm my body that was buzzing from every nerve. This wasn't how I expected our first time to be, but I was right there with him.

But Eli deserved better than a frenzied mesh of dicks on limbs, and I needed to give him that.

With a deep breath, I pulled back just enough to look into his eyes, grounding us both in the moment. "Are you sure you want more, Eli? We can wait."

"I don't want to wait." He cleared his throat and made sure to give me his full attention. "I want you inside me."

Fuck. I reached down to my pants and pulled out a condom at the same time that Eli pulled a tube of lube from his nightstand. The foil packet crinkled loudly in the quiet room as I tore it open and sheathed myself with only slightly shaky hands.

For the next few minutes, we did slow things down.

I kissed him all over—learning his skin, his tongue, his lips—as I worked slick fingers into his tight hole, opening him up until he was malleable and loose enough to take my cock. When I was sure he was ready, I slicked up my dick and moved into position above him. "I'll go slow, baby, but tell me if you need me to stop."

"I will. I promise." Eli's confirmation that he was still on board was all I needed to move forward, to bridge the gap between caretaking and claiming my boy.

I guided myself to his opening, pausing as I pressed my skin to his most intimate spot with just a tiny bit of pressure. Once we crossed this line, I was sure my feelings for Eli would be even stronger, an unbreakable bond that might be too soon to undertake. But there was no fear on my part or his. No hesitation as he looked right at me and tilted his hips to encourage me deeper.

Gently, I pushed forward. The resistance of his body gave way to a snug warmth that enveloped me. The feeling of being inside him—connected in the most intimate of ways—almost made me come from that first thrust.

After I was fully inside him, I stayed completely still, allowing us both a moment to adjust and acclimate to all the sensations flowing through us. Then, when Eli began to fidget, I began to move.

Each thrust was measured and deliberate as we slowly learned each other's bodies. I watched his reactions and the way he opened up to me, accepting me and urging me on with subtle shifts of his hips.

We quickly found a smooth rhythm that echoed our dynamic. The push and pull of dominance and submission, so similar to the balance of care and affection we'd already explored.

I leaned down and pressed kisses along his shoulder and neck, whispering words of encouragement and adoration to my sweet boy. "You're doing so good, baby." I stroked his dick to the same rhythm that I moved in and out of him. "You make Daddy feel so good."

Eli's responses grew more fevered, his breaths coming in quick gasps as he approached his climax. "Yes, Daddy. Yes!"

I adjusted my angle, pumping into the spot within him that made him fall right over the edge of his self-control. When Eli finally came between our bodies, it was with a shuddering release that pulsed around my shaft, bringing me right along with him.

We laid there together in each other's arms, sweaty and coated in his come as we caught our breath.

Eli looked up at me with a serious expression. "Daddy, was that okay?"

Poor sweet boy was nervous that he wasn't enough. "That was better than okay." I ruffled his hair. "How about we get cleaned up and grab some dinner?" Lunch had been great, but he had to be hungrier for more than the milk I supplied.

He froze at my words.

"Tell me what you're thinking, sweet boy."

His lower lip popped out. "Does this mean you're going to leave?"

I hugged him closer. “I was hoping you wanted me to stay.”

“I do, Daddy.” He pushed himself up. “All night, if you can.”

“Then all night it should be. But before we settle down for the night, a shower and food are in order.”

His eyes lit up. “Can we have chickie nuggies?”

“We can have anything you want.” I had a feeling I’d never be able to say no to him, especially not when he looked at me with his eyes open wide like that, like I was his world.

11

ELI

There was something so peaceful, calming, and safe about falling asleep in Daddy's arms. Most nights it took me a while to succumb to sleep, and of course, I needed my stuffie before I could even try. My mind wasn't great about shutting down for the night, no matter what I tried.

But with Daddy here, his warm embrace enveloping me and an exhausting couple rounds of awesome naked fun, I slipped into a deep sleep quickly. I'd been talking to him about a new waffle maker I saw online that had a bunny design in it, and then suddenly I was in dream land.

Even though I fell asleep on him, he was still looking out for me. When I woke up, my bunny was in my arms and I was in Daddy's. The only explanation was that Daddy had gotten it for me, knowing I would want it. We didn't know each other well, but he looked after me with such care. I was falling hard.

Blinking a few times to adjust my eyes, I glanced at the alarm clock on the dresser. I learned long ago that if I didn't have something loud and requiring me to get out of bed, I was going to sleep through every alarm. This one could wake a neighborhood.

3:02. It was nowhere near time to get up yet, but unfortunately, my body said I needed to at least hit the restroom. I may have fallen asleep once, but once I got out of bed, I was usually done for. Oh well, at least I was refreshed.

I set my bunny down, climbed out of bed as carefully as I could, and took care of business.

When I came back in, Daddy was sitting up. Crap. I woke him.

“You’re awake, sweet boy.” His sleepy voice was somehow sexier than his everyday one. How was that even possible?

“Yes, Daddy. Sorry I woke you. I needed to use the bathroom.”

“Don’t be sorry.” He patted the spot beside him in bed and slid down, making sure my Daddy-pillow was ready for me.

I padded over, and the entire time he watched me, studied me. As I climbed into bed he asked, “Do you wake up every night?”

Coming from a random date, that would have been an odd question. But from a Daddy, it was sweetness. Mason was looking out for me, taking care of me, trying to see if there was an issue that needed to be addressed. And in this case, there wasn’t. I just drank too much milk before I fell asleep, and I’d never be mad at that.

“Not usually, but I usually don’t sleep as hard as I did either.” I wasn’t going to mention the milk. I never wanted him to feel bad about sharing his with me. “Even with getting up, it’s already the best night’s sleep I’ve had in a long time.”

His face said he didn’t like the sound of that. Oops.

I grabbed my bunny and hugged him close. “Thank you for getting him for me.”

“Anything you need, sweet boy. Always.” It was too soon for always and forever, but also, there was a truth to his words.

I laid down and cuddled into Daddy.

“You know, if you get up a lot at night when we’re together, it might be a good idea for us to try diapers so you don’t have to worry about it.”

I popped my head up, my jaw dropping. Really? How had I not seen where his line of questioning was going. Diapers weren’t something I disliked. In fact, I quite enjoyed it. It allowed me to fall into Little space deeply, but for some reason, I didn’t think he’d be into it.

I wasn’t into round-the-clock age play. That wasn’t something I needed all the time, or even wanted. But every once in a while, it was nice to have that freedom to fall so deeply into Little space that I didn’t need to worry about a single thing, not even using the bathroom.

“Yeah, maybe we can do that one day. I don’t need it, but it could be nice.” I glanced up at him, trying to meet his eyes, the darkness thwarting me. “I mean, if you want.”

“I want to do whatever makes my sweet boy happy.” He pressed an awkward kiss to the top of my head. “Now get some sleep. You had a lot of exercise last night and have to be exhausted still.”

I blushed at the memory of the exercise in question.

And this time, when I settled back to go to sleep, I couldn’t, because my mind was thinking about adorable diapers and how snug I’d feel in them after Daddy cleaned me up and tucked me inside. How caring he would be if I needed a change. Scenario after scenario played through my head, and that was the enemy of sleep.

“My sweet boy, you’re not sleeping.”

“I know, Daddy. Sometimes my brain doesn’t shut down.” Rarely ever.

“Would some milky help?” His offer shouldn’t have caught me off guard and yet it did.

“You don’t mind?” I didn’t want him to feel like all I wanted him around for was his milk or to make his nipples sore, but now that he mentioned it, my mouth was watering.

“I want nothing more than to provide for you. Take what you need, my sweet boy.”

I didn’t need another invitation. I wrapped my arm around his waist and angled my body so that my mouth came down right at the nipple, licking a circle around it before latching on.

The first time I nursed, I’d been nervous. I worried that I would hurt him or make things weird or do it wrong. But instead, instinctively, my mouth knew exactly what to do. And even now, as I started to draw long pulls of milk, my body started to relax, and as I did, I kept going as if on instinct.

I never got to the other side, instead drifting off, sound asleep as I filled my belly with warm milk and my entire being with the love of my Daddy.

I didn’t wake up again until the morning.

Only this time, I was alone.

There was a brief moment of panic, and then I heard the beep of my waffle maker.

Daddy was cooking me breakfast.

I rushed to clean up enough to go out there, throwing on a pair of joggers, brushing my teeth, that kind of thing. And when I walked out, there he was—plate full of waffles in one hand, coffee and juice on the table, and wearing my favorite thing of all, his smile.

“Good morning, sweet boy. I thought you might be hungry.”

“Waffles are my favorite.”

He chuckled. “I suspected so, since there were three different brands in the freezer, two different brands of mix, and you told me about different kinds of makers.”

“They’re all different,” I said, not even feeling bad about it. People like what they like, and for me, my current hyperfocus for breakfast was waffles.

It was no different than people who had preferences when it came to what kind of bread they ate, or what kind of cheese, or what cuts of meat. For me, waffles were where it was at.

“I should be the one cooking for you. You’re the guest.”

“But I am the Daddy, and Daddies always get to take care of their Little boys.”

“Be careful, a boy could get used to this.”

“That’s the entire point.”

MASON

Eli and I had been dating for just over a month and things had been going great. I'd go to his place. He'd come to mine. We'd grab dinner, go to the park, and even hit up the arcade a time or two. But one thing we hadn't done was go back to the club.

He didn't have a membership and said he felt bad about using one of my guest passes. I got it. The club was expensive. There was no denying that. But also, I had the guest passes, and there was no one I'd rather use them on than Eli. And unlike him, I had the money. If he told me he wanted to go every week, I'd have already purchased him his own membership—which was probably over the top, considering we weren't even in a formal relationship.

But who did that anymore? Who says, "Will you be my boyfriend?" like they were still in high school? No one. And yet, it was starting to bug me a bit that we hadn't had that conversation yet. And ultimately, it was my fault. I was the Daddy. It was my job to foster communication.

Maybe today, after we spent some time playing in the club where we met, I'd bring it up. I said "maybe" not because I was nervous about being rejected and was scared. Now that I'd decided it needed to be done, it would be. But maybe because I didn't know how deeply he was going to fall into Little space. I didn't want to yank him out too soon just because I was starting to feel insecure. What kind of a Daddy would that make me? A bad one.

I picked him up, grabbing his backpack with one hand and intertwining my fingers with his with my other.

“I’m really excited about tonight.” He leaned into my side. “I had fun last time, but this one’s gonna be better.”

I gave his hand a quick squeeze. I wasn’t sure it would be better—because last time, it brought me him—but we were going to have fun. Lots and lots of fun.

We arrived fairly early. I wanted to make sure that I was able to get a private dressing room for us. The fancy ones you could pre-book were already reserved for the evening, leaving only a few first-come-first-served ones left. I had a surprise for him—one I wasn’t sure he wanted, but whether he did or not, I was going to offer.

It was something that needed the privacy of our own room, that was for sure. And whether he liked the gift or not, my feelings wouldn’t be hurt. I’d rather he be honest than try something he wasn’t into.

“Daddy, this room is so big and so different from our last one.”

Our last one—where he drank from me for the first time and couldn’t prevent himself from coming all over—had been the first one I stumbled upon. It had done the job, but this room was 100% better.

I had to push the vision of that night back, or I was going to be spending the night hard and needy instead of attentive, the way my boy deserved.

“This one’s designed for Littles. They even have a changing table.” I pointed to the corner.

“Do Daddies have to pick their Littles up?” His eyes went wide.

I could easily pick his small frame up, but I understood the shock. Not all Littles were small, not all caregivers were strong, and not all people took play to that completely immersive level.

“No, there are pull-out stairs. It’s good for boys and girls who use diapers.” Of course he’d figured that part out, but I wanted his mind on the diapers more than the table.

He shoved his hands in his front pocket. “I thought about bringing one, because that night you mentioned it, but I didn’t know if it was too forward.”

I put my finger under his chin and guided him up until he looked me in the eye. “I want you to be able to tell me everything. Nothing is too forward.”

I pressed a sweet kiss to his lips. “Can you do that for Daddy?”

“I’ll try, Daddy. I promise.”

“Well, since you mentioned it, I do have a surprise for you and might as well bring it out now.”

I opened up my duffel bag and pulled out the brand-new cloth diaper I picked up. It was covered in bunnies and his initials.

“Would you like to try this today?”

He snatched it from me and ran over to the changing table. I couldn’t help but laugh.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

“It has an E. You bought this just for me.” His wonder and joy were contagious, and any apprehension I had about introducing it at the club vanished.

I pulled out the stairs, set the diaper down, and slowly pulled off his clothes. There was nothing sexual about the act. We had time for that later. This was all about getting ready to play. Still, his cock was stirring a bit, and either he was going to be really snug all night or I was going to have to take care of that soon. I'd let him decide.

Once undressed, I held his hand as he climbed the stairs and settled on the table.

“Did you bring cream, Daddy?”

“No, but there are single-use packets here for us to use.” I hadn't known what kind he would like, if any, and they had options. Once I knew his choice I was going to stock up, that was for sure. “Which one?”

He pointed, and I tore it open and set it beside him.

“Now let's get your adorable bunny on.” I tapped his hips, and he picked them up enough for me to slide the cloth underneath him. “That's my good boy.”

I reached for the cream packet. “Do you want Daddy to take care of your hardness or do you want to be extra snug tonight?”

Not a single beat went by before he replied. “Snug. I want to feel it all night long.”

That was all I needed to hear. I put the cream on him, making sure to get him fully erect before tucking him into the diaper. It was snug alright and now so were my slacks.

“Let's get the rest of your clothes on so we can go play.” I dressed him in the outfit that he picked out, including his knee-length romper filled with bunnies and even a pair of bunny ears. I hadn't expected those, but they were adorable.

“Ready to have some fun.”

He nodded, and I took him by the hand. We made our way to the Little room, and as we did, he got more than a few adoring looks. I didn’t blame the Mommies and Daddies—he was absolutely stunning.

“What did you want to do first?” The room was still fairly empty, which gave him his choice of anything.

“Maybe we could paint.” He pointed to the craft area.

“That sounds fun.”

The craft area was always well organized, and tonight they had set up all the supplies you needed for various kinds of painting—from watercolor to finger painting to tempera painting.

Of course, Eli grabbed the glittery pink paint first.

“Help me make a bunny.” He held his paper out to me.

“Sure. How do you want my help?” An artist I wasn’t, but I’d do my best.

“Draw the outline, and I’ll paint it.”

“I can do that.” Probably.

Surprisingly, when I was done, it didn’t look like it would go in any art gallery, but you could tell it was a bunny. And best of all, he was happy with it and eagerly began painting.

I watched as he slathered on thick stripes of the glittery paint. If I were to guess, we'd be adding glitter to that in the near future. He did like things sparkly.

The chair beside me was pulled out, and when I glanced over, it was another Little boy with a piece of paper in his hand.

“Draw me one?”

And that was the second I knew that Eli and I didn't need to call each other boyfriends. Me calling him my sweet boy, and him calling me Daddy, showed our commitment. We'd still be talking about it, because communication was what would keep us going long-term.

But his response to that Little would forever fill my heart.

“He's my Daddy. You can find somebody else to do your drawing.”

The Little boy apologized and went to find someone else to play with.

I reached off the table, grabbing Eli's hand. “Little possessive of your Daddy?”

He froze, met my eyes, and must've liked what he saw because he shrugged with a smirk. “I know what's mine.”

And back to his painting he went.

It was true.

I was his.

Completely.

13

ELI

When Mason told me he had to go away for work, I didn't love the idea. What boy would? We'd been spending time together nearly every day. We often shared a meal or went for a walk, but sometimes we simply occupied the same space. And on the good days, we spent the night at each other's houses.

But now, not only was he going to be a thousand miles away, but he was going to be working for most of it. And thanks to time zones, we weren't even going to be able to video chat as much as I wanted. It was going to suck.

I missed him before he even left, but I tried to be brave and not show it. It wasn't like he was going on vacation without me. He didn't need to be worried about me when he was trying to close a deal, or whatever it was. I didn't fully understand his job still, but I was trying.

Being the sweet Daddy that he was, he invited me to go with him. He offered me a flight, a fancy suite for us to share, and even a rental car so I could go out exploring while he was in meetings. I wanted to accept so badly.

The problem was, it was a busy time at work, and no one was getting approved for PTO. Unless they were actively dying in the hospital, sick days were being refused. I wasn't sure how they could legally do that, but they did it anyway. If you could stand, you came to work. There were only a few times a year when this was the case, and of course, it had to line up with his trip.

So, I stayed behind.

The first day he was gone, I beyond missed him. And because he was traveling and dealing with opening-night meetings, checking in, and networking, I was barely able to text him, much less have a full conversation. I tossed and turned all night, unable to get any real sleep.

When I woke up in the morning, he had sent me a video message wishing me a great day, and I felt better. Well, better-ish

Off to the toll booth I went for another long day.

At least the day was busy, which worked for distracting me. One person after another came through, and all of them seemingly with issues with payment or directions or the fact that toll booths existed. It was always interesting to see the types that passed through and that was exceptionally true on weeks like this. There was a big music festival up north, and my plaza was one of the main travel routes, keeping me busy as well as slightly entertained.

But then I got home, and once again, the loss of Daddy was there.

It was ridiculous. I was a grown-ass man. I didn't need someone by my side 24/7.

Except, I sort of did.

The next night, when we talked, I did the one thing I swore I wouldn't do—I told him exactly how I was feeling.

“You look tired, sweet boy.” Probably because I had bags under my eyes the size of a monster truck tire.

“I’m not sleeping. It’s not the same without you here.”

And I knew better. All it was going to do was make him sad. It wasn’t like he could do anything about it.

But he tried, which only made me feel guiltier.

“How about I call you after my last meeting, and you can listen to me tell a story as you fall asleep?”

“I... I like that, Daddy. I’d like that a lot.”

And when the time came, I did enjoy it. But it didn’t help me fall asleep. Not even the bottles of milk he pumped for me did that.

It wasn’t the same as having him there.

The next day, I did feel slightly better. After work, I drove through and got chicken nuggies, thinking maybe I’d be Little for the night.

Only...

As I reached my door, there was someone there in a courier outfit, but one I didn’t recognize. I had no idea who they were or if they were legit, and it set me on edge.

“Are you Eli?”

I nodded and then second-guessed if I should’ve replied.

“I have a package for you that needs signing.” By package he meant a cardboard envelope.

“Okay—oh, sorry.” I didn’t take any steps closer.

“No. I’m sorry. I’m new at this. I should have started with, ‘I’m from Armand Courier Service, and I just deliver packages. Not like subpoenas or anything.’”

That took me aback. If that was how he had to start every day, I couldn’t imagine what his job must look like. It had me less on edge.

I signed for it and watched him walk away before I went inside with my food, ready to collapse and be a slug.

But before I had the door shut completely, my phone was ringing.

It was Daddy.

“Hi.” Daddy had called me. Already, my night was looking up.

“I got a notification. You got my present?”

“This is from you? A present.” That was a thousand times better than anything that had gone through my mind, especially after the whole subpoena comment.

“Yeah, I thought you might like it.”

I dropped the food where it was and plopped onto the floor, criss-cross applesauce, to open it—not willing to wait long enough to even get fully into the room.

Inside was a plane ticket.

“You...you got me a ticket to come be with you?” And first class too.

“My boy needs to sleep.”

“But I can’t—I have to work tomorrow.” And I couldn’t be fired, even if I wanted this trip more than anything.

“You don’t, though.”

“My boss disagrees.” Stupid work.

“Think about who has tomorrow off.” His voice was light and completely unbothered. He figured out something I’d missed.

It took me a few seconds, but then I realized what he meant. “Jeb.” It was his one day off this week.

“Yes. Jeb. Not only does he have tomorrow off, but when I called him to see if this was something you might like, he offered to take over for you.”

I really did have the best friends ever. I was going to make it up to him.

“You did all of that for me? Both of you?”

“Of course. You need some sleep, and besides, I miss you. Please say you accept.”

“Yes, Daddy. I accept. I can’t wait! What should I bring?”

We spent the next hour going over details, and then he had to get to a meeting. Only this time, I didn’t mind because in the morning, I was going to board a plane and finally see my Daddy.

MASON

Seeing Eli wearing himself out to the point of exhaustion while I was a thousand miles away was crushing me. I knew why he had been holding back letting me know how bad it was, not wanting me to worry. What would be the point, practically speaking. From where I was, I couldn't really do much to help him.

Understanding his reasons and liking them were two very different things. I wanted him to come to me no matter what and was glad when he finally did. I told him as much, and he promised to try and be better about it. It wasn't like I was one to talk. There had been times I hadn't been as open with him as I should've been. This kind of love was new to me. It wasn't me enjoying spending time together with a like-minded man. No, this was a relationship, one I wanted to last forever.

When I got the idea to fly him out here, I called Jeb first to make sure that it was doable. His bestie was the reason I met Eli in the first place, and since they worked together, he had the intel I needed. Their work wasn't what you'd call overly employee-friendly, and I didn't want to put Eli in a position where I was asking him to choose me over work—which I had inadvertently done when I invited him on my trip.

But also, it was either I cut my time here short and messed up some very big deals to go and take care of him, or I flew him here, gave him a fun adventure, and took care of him here. Obviously, I liked one of the options much better, but if it meant risking his job, I'd take the other without a shred of disappointment. My goal was to be there

for Eli, whatever that looked like.

Jeb surprised me by letting me know that it was his day off and that he would gladly help cover his shift. He, too, was an adorable Little. I was hoping he was going to find a Daddy of his own soon. The two of them were great friends, and it would be nice for him to find what he wanted in life.

In between meetings, I drove to the airport and waited at the door to baggage claim for Eli to walk out. Every time the door swished open and a new group came through, I looked eagerly for him.

And then finally, there he was.

I saw him before he saw me, and I got to witness the exact moment he realized I was there. His face lit up, and, carry-on in hand, he started to run in my direction, dropping it and throwing his arms around me.

“I missed you so much.” He hugged me so tightly.

“I missed you too, sweet boy. I missed you too.” More than words could describe.

The ride back to the hotel was short, and he spent it telling me all about his travels—about how he kept his bunny in his hoodie pocket the entire time, how the person next to him said he reminded her of her grandson, and how he learned far more about said grandson than he knew about some of his own friends.

But in between talking points, he yawned.

My sweet boy was exhausted.

I’d already checked into a new room, getting us a suite with a nice bath, a place

where we could dine if we chose to stay in, and an amazing view of the city. My boy deserved to be pampered.

“I’ve never been in a place like this,” he said, twirling around, taking it all in. “Wow.”

“I thought you’d like it.”

“When do you have your meeting?”

I looked down at my watch. It was soon—and it wasn’t going to happen. Now that he was here and I saw firsthand how badly he needed sleep, that was my priority.

Before I set my phone down for the afternoon, I texted my apologies, telling them I was stuck in another meeting and would see them at dinner. Then I did something I rarely did to my boy: I lied.

“Tomorrow, sweet boy, and I don’t have to be anywhere else today until happy hour.”

“Did you want to go someplace?”

Did I, yes, but not yet. Eli needed to be taken care of first. I didn’t bring him all this way to make him more tired.

“Nope. You, my darling boy, need a nap and a shower.”

He scrunched up his nose. “The lady next to me bathed in perfume before she got on.”

“How about this? I do one better than a shower. How about a bath?”

“I love baths.”

I began to fill the tub and helped him get set up in the room, placing his suitcase on the stand for easy access. They even had some bath bombs that made the water all fizzy and blue. Inside was a little rubber ducky, making it extra adorable. I wouldn't exactly call it a bath toy, but it was something to play with.

I got him undressed and helped him into the hot water.

“Are you coming in with me, Daddy?”

I hadn't been planning on it, instead hoping to pamper him. But I couldn't say no to my sweet boy, so I got undressed and climbed in.

As much as I wanted him to be able to relax in the hot water, he did need a good scrubbing. The perfume scent had saturated his clothing.

I started by washing his hair and his body, and then we played a silly game of Make the Duck Go. The entire time, he kept starting to close his eyes, catching himself before he fully drifted off.

“It's nap time,” I announced.

I didn't waste time getting him out of the water and dried off before leading him to bed and covering him up in the warm blankets.

“Is it your happy hour now?”

“No, not yet.”

“Can I have milkies then, before I go to sleep?”

“Of course.” I climbed into bed beside him, and he latched on, sucking greedily for a couple of seconds before almost instantly dozing off.

He slept in that position until my phone alarm went off, letting me know it was time to get ready to go.

“Daddy has to get ready to go to happy hour. Did you want to come with me?”

He looked up at me sleepily. “To a work function?”

“Yeah. What do you think?”

“Am I allowed?” The fact that he asked made me grumpy about his past relationships. Who was with such a wonderful man only to keep him in private?

“Of course you are. You can be my date.”

His eyes went wide, his smile wider. “I could be your date for work?”

“You can be my date for every occasion.”

I pressed a sweet kiss to his lips. “I love you, Eli. And having you on my arm makes me the happiest Daddy there is.”

“I love you too, Mason.” He hugged me tight. “Help me pick out an outfit for the event?”

“Absolutely.”

An hour later, I walked into the bar with him on my arm. I got a couple of knowing looks from people who knew me best. They understood why I missed the meeting,

and not a single one of them looked upset about it.

Everyone he met at the function liked Eli. It was impossible not to.

And by all accounts, the event was a success. There were even some soft closes on a few contracts I'd been working on. And then, as people moved on to go to dinner, we bid our goodbyes.

I brought him back to our room, where I had a wonderful steak dinner set up for us so we could have our date night, just the two of us, to make up for all the lost time from the week.

15

ELI

“What do you think?” Mason’s breath tickled my ear as he spoke low, not wanting the realtor to hear him. I understood why he was being secretive—the more the listing agent knew you wanted a place, the less negotiation room you tended to have.

But I didn’t care the reason, I loved feeling his words brush against my skin, having his lips so close to me. Yeah, I was here for it.

“I think we should talk about it later.” This wasn’t a house that we had on our list, but when we passed by and saw it on our way to a different showing, it caught my eye. In turn, Mason asked the realtor if we could take a look, and here we were.

I knew it was going to be higher priced than most of the places we’d been looking at. How could it not be? It was gorgeous—an old Victorian, completely refurbished, filled with built-ins, carved woodwork, tin ceilings, and that wonderful reading nook. I was floored at what it had to offer when I read the listing and disclosures.

And then I saw the price. This wasn’t a little outside of our price range. It was a whole lot outside our price range. What made that worse was that I’d already fallen in love with the place. It was everything I wanted in a house and more.

The kitchen was open and well organized without being too commercial. It even had a walk-in pantry. A three-season back porch that looked out into beautiful gardens and the library. Add to that all of the updating had been done, meaning it wasn’t

going to be a money pit the way some of the older homes tended to be.

Even with all of that, I'd have been able to turn it down. It was the main bedroom when I completely fell in love, and there was no turning back. I might not have been able to afford this place, but it was going to live in my heart for years.

Off the bedroom was a huge space they called a dressing room—basically a closet without closet features. And when I said huge, I meant huge. The second I walked in, I knew what it needed to be—a nursery. Right now, when we wanted Little time, we took everything out and put it back when we were done. But this space? We could just shut the door and be done.

At least we'd be able to if they cut the price by a quarter.

“I think we need to move faster than that.” Mason kissed my cheek.

I couldn't deny that he was right.

In theory, if we wanted the house, we were going to have to move much more quickly than let's discuss it in details and sleep on it. But we couldn't jump at it.

When we decided to finally move in together, we'd considered moving into his place, but it was far from my job, and it would always be his place to some extent. So instead, I moved in when my lease was up, and we began searching for homes. Every weekend, we checked out a few new listings, and every weekend, they were fine—but nothing great. Nothing that said we needed to live there.

“Hey,” he whispered. “She's talking to that other person over there. Come with me.”

He took my hand and led me upstairs to the main bedroom and into the room I already thought of as my nursery, shutting us in. He cupped my cheeks, pressing his

forehead against mine.

“Tell me, Eli. Talk to me. Is there something about this place that feels off? Because that’s legit.”

There had been a place we looked at where I didn’t feel comfortable. There was nothing particular about it that should have set me off—I just felt uneasy. But this wasn’t that. This was 100% about my crappy job.

“I’m a toll booth agent. I work at a toll plaza, not even in the offices. That’s not a career, and that is not enough money for a place like this.”

“Oh. I got so excited about everything, I hadn’t considered that you might?—”

Which was fair, and I didn’t blame him for it. He had money and had a knack for making more and more of it. Me? I needed overtime to do car repairs.

“I’ve been meaning to have a talk with you about money anyway.”

My stomach dropped. I leaned into his chest, not wanting to look at him but needing to feel his warmth. I wasn’t going to make more than I did, at least not for a long time, and I hated that my job might be getting in the way of his new home.

“I checked with a realtor. My place is gonna go for a lot more than I paid for. If we throw all of that into here as a down payment, the mortgage will be about what you were paying in rent.”

I knew his house was nice, but I didn’t realize it was that nice. Although, given the location, it did sort of make sense.

“Yeah, but that’s not fair.”

“What’s not fair? That we’re combining our strengths to build a home together? That’s 100% fair.” How could he look at my lack of contribution that way?

“But that would make this your house.” Which had been the entire reason we had looked to move. “We can live in your house already.”

“No, it wouldn’t make it my house.” He kissed the tip of my nose. “You’d be paying the mortgage too.”

“You know what I mean.” Paying half of my old rent wasn’t close to covering my share of expenses.

He took a step back and waited for me to meet his eyes.

“See, that’s where you’re wrong. If I sell this house now for this profit, the reason why I’m able to make that money is because we’re choosing to leave now. It was our decision. For all we know, in another two years, that neighborhood is going to crash in value, and instead of making money, I’d lose it.”

I rolled my eyes. “You forgot to stretch before doing those gymnastics.”

It was his turn to roll his eyes.

“The real estate market isn’t like that, Daddy.”

“Remind me to give you a history lesson,” he said and rubbed his cheek against mine. “But seriously, can’t you see this room filled with a craft corner and blocks and maybe a changing table?”

I shrugged. “I guess. But I don’t like feeling like I’m not contributing.”

“But you will be. You’ll pay your part of the mortgage every month.”

“I— ” He put a finger to my lips.

“Let Daddy take care of you.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m more than sure.”

I stepped into his embrace. “So...we’re gonna buy this place?”

“We’re going to try.”

When we got downstairs, someone else was talking about putting in an offer, but from the sounds of it, there were a ton of pretty intense conditions—needing immediate occupancy, a delayed closing, and using a kind of mortgage I had never even heard of.

It had me worried, until Daddy assured me that people like that often got turned down if the homeowners had another option, and we were going to be their other option.

We went back to the realty office and wrote our offer letter. That was when both my nerves and excitement kicked in. It was a good thing Daddy was there to distract me.

The next morning, we got the call.

The house was ours. In one month’s time, we were going to be living in our very own home. I could hardly wait.

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:58 am

MASON

Eli's nursery was done, and as a happy new-nursery present, I arranged for him to have a playdate with Jeb at our home.

My sweet boy was thrilled and spent the morning planning everything they were going to do. He picked the menu. He picked the activities. He even sent Jeb an email telling him which outfit to bring. They were going to have a blast.

Jeb didn't have a Daddy, Mommy, or caregiver of any kind, and Eli and I discussed in detail what he wanted my role to be today. At no point in time did I want to make him feel uncomfortable. And as a rule, he wasn't so great about sharing his Daddy.

But this was Jeb.

And, of course, he and Jeb had different boundaries than he would with a stranger.

In the end, we decided that I was his Daddy, just like always, and more of a babysitter for his friend. I couldn't really tell Jeb what to do, and I definitely didn't dress him. But I could play with him or make him meals—those kinds of things. It was a pretty good compromise, and if it worked out well today, I could see a lot of playdates in the future.

The nursery had turned out beautifully.

It was a space that didn't have a ton of natural light, with a row of short windows along the top of the one wall and nothing more. I think that's probably why they

called it a dressing room instead of a nursery in the listing.

We painted it Eli's favorite color—a light bluey-teal. Ultimately we opted to keep the carpet that was there and used a throw rug over it to change the theme. We already had a closet full of them—one with a jungle theme, one with an ocean theme, one was decorated with geometric shapes, and another with a castle.

The one that was there now was designed as a race track for his cars.

On the ceiling, we had rows and rows of LED lights that Eli picked out. We were able to make the room look like a night sky—minus the whole being-accurate component. We could make them look like fairies dancing in the wind or just shining a bright, cheerful light. It was amazing, all the different settings they had.

“Daddy!” Eli called from our room.

“On my way, sweet boy.”

When I arrived, he had his clothes set out, ready for me. He was also standing there completely naked.

“So I’m guessing you have a plan here?” I chuckled.

“I need a tubby so I’m good and clean when my friend comes over.”

“Well, obviously we need to make you nice and clean.”

I went ahead of him and ran the water in the clawfoot tub. It was a great one for having a nice soak or playing with toys, but it wasn’t conducive to two people. That we had to save for my business trips.

Once it was ready, I helped him in and cleaned him up while he played with his ducks

and some rubber trucks that I'd found online. But as soon as the bubbles were done, so was he.

Normally, he'd stay until his fingers turned wrinkly, but today was different. Jeb was coming over.

I dried him off and helped him get dressed, including putting on his bunny diaper. He was ready to go—a solid hour before Jeb was arriving.

“Cartoons?” He needed something quiet to help settle him down before his friend arrived.

“Yes, Daddy.”

We went downstairs to the family room—since there were so many rooms, they all got their own name—and put on his favorite cartoon. He had a nice, long drink of my milk while we waited for his friend.

That was another thing completely off the menu for his friend. My milk was Eli's and that was that. There was no room for negotiating.

And honestly? I kind of liked the possessive side of him.

My sweet boy started to doze mid-drink, and I gently woke him, not wanting him to be sleepy—or worse, grumpy—from being woken up too soon.

“I think you were slipping into a milk coma.” I ruffled his hair.

“It's because you make the best milk, Daddy.”

The doorbell rang, and I went to get it.

Eli wasn't embarrassed about who he was or what he liked, but that didn't mean if he opened the door to a random postman, they wouldn't be uncomfortable with it. Best I just took care of it.

Standing there was Jeb, his backpack slung over his shoulder, holding two kids' meals—one in each hand.

"I didn't know you were bringing lunch." Eli had planned one out for me to make with his new waffle maker, but getting a present from a friend was going to be fine by him.

Probably.

If not, I could still make waffles.

"I wasn't going to," he said, stepping inside. "But then I heard on the commercial that they were doing Bunny Friends from the cartoon, and there was no choice. Here." He held them out to me. "I'm gonna get changed. I'll meet you in the kitchen before this gets too cold."

"Works for me."

I went and grabbed Eli, who recognized the kids' meal box instantly and giggled as he grabbed it. Safe to say he was fine without the waffles.

"I thought this didn't come out till next week!" And off he ran to the kitchen.

He sat in his seat, the box in front of him, waiting patiently. He knew we needed to wait for his friend and that I always put the food onto a divided tray for him—not wanting him to miss out on the experience of eating off his favorite dishes just because his meal came in a bag or a box.

Jeb was barely through the doorway before Eli dug in, grabbing one of his chicken nuggets and dipping it into an ungodly amount of ketchup, taking a big bite and speaking long before he swallowed.

“I didn’t open my toy yet,” he mumbled. “I was waiting for you.”

Jeb sat across from him and started on his lunch while the two of them talked back and forth about the cartoon.

When they were both done eating, they asked me to help open their bags. Inside, they each had a bunny from the cartoon—one the schoolteacher, the other the firefighter. They swapped bunnies and were happy as could be.

“Jeb, do you think they would fit in my car?”

“I don’t know. I wanna find out.”

Eli turned to me. “Daddy, can we go upstairs and play?”

“Absolutely.”

The two of them scurried away, and I cleaned up.

It was a balancing act—giving them their privacy while being there if they wanted or needed anything. I checked on them a few times, brought them sippy cups of juice, but mostly, I stayed close by just in case.

But all too soon, it was getting close to dinnertime, and I wanted to see if Jeb was staying—and if so, what he wanted to eat.

I stood in the doorway, watching the two of them play for a few minutes before going inside. They were having such a blast.

“It’s almost time for dinner.”

They both looked my way.

“Are you staying with us, Jeb?”

He shook his head. “Nope. I have plans.”

“Plans?” Eli smirked. “Care to tell me what those plans are?”

“On my way here, Corey called and asked if I would cover his shift. My plans are hanging out at the toll plaza.”

It would be nicer if he had plans with a friend or family or even a date, but sometimes you needed to work.

“That was nice of you.” Eli leaned forward and hugged his friend. “I’m glad you came.”

“Me too.” Jeb stood up. “I’m gonna go get changed now. Thanks for a good time.”

He crossed over to me. “Thanks for having me over, Eli’s Daddy. I was a good boy. Maybe I could come back again?”

“Anytime Eli wants,” I assured him.

As soon as he left the room to change, I squatted down beside Eli.

“Did you want to play more? Or did you want to be big after Jeb is gone and maybe go out to dinner?”

He pulled in his bottom lip with his teeth. “I think I wanna be big. Then we can try

that new Chinese place.”

“That sounds good to me.”

He tilted his head, eyes playful.

“Any ideas for after that?”

“I have plenty of them.” He pulled me closer. “And spoiler alert—all of them require being naked with you, Daddy.”

I could hardly wait.