



Night Latch (The Lactin Brotherhood #13)

Author: *Alex Blaine*

Category: LGBT+

Description: Preston has almost everything money can buy. The cars. The mansion chalet in Aspen. The CEO salary. And an entourage of fake people surrounding him that come with running a billion-dollar software company. But what he values most is hard to come by. Privacy. Comfort. A warm body to fall asleep to. His last partner got him used to a night latch, but since their break-up, Preston hasn't had a good night's sleep, and it's starting to affect his ability to function. With sufficient NDAs and anonymity, maybe he can pay for the nighttime company he's so desperate for.

Otto is a member of The Lactin Brotherhood and has been to a few conferences, but there isn't an active chapter in the resort community he lives in, so he pumps and dumps and doesn't give a whole lot of thought to his milk. His job as a private driver pays the bills and keeps him busy, but the distance between him and his clients means he never makes any real connections.

When an unexpected request from The Lactin Brotherhood comes into his agency, Otto is the only man on staff who is capable of fulfilling the job. A rich guy wants to fall asleep on skin. Simple enough. At least until those pesky feels get in the way.

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PRESTON

Mirrors don't lie, and mine was saying that I looked like shit.

Dark circles under my eyes were a stark contrast to my pale skin. It was practically translucent in places, except for where it was becoming blotchy. Did sleep deprivation cause breakouts?

After another sleepless night in my lonely chalet, I was starting to get antsy. The large house felt claustrophobic despite sprawling across Aspen's mountainside, and no matter how many staff roamed the hallways, it was basically just a collection of walls and windows that kept me isolated from the real world when I wasn't at work and having to interact with people as if I actually liked them.

My phone buzzed on the counter, but I ignored it as I splashed cold water on my face. It was refreshing but didn't help make me look more human. Nothing helped anymore. Sleep was officially my nemesis.

I'd tried everything money could buy to be able to sleep on my own. Custom mattresses, sensory deprivation tanks, hypnosis playlists, and even a damn shaman who claimed he could banish negative energy.

But all my attempts were useless.

Because what I really needed wasn't readily available. I couldn't just order in a night

nurse without risking everything I'd worked so hard for.

Just thinking about asking a stranger for help made my cheeks burn with shame. There I was, a rich, successful man who needed milk to sleep. It was beyond pathetic.

And yet, I was still tossing and turning—night after night—craving the only thing that could soothe me.

I headed to my library and grabbed a bottle of scotch. Not bothering with a glass, I guzzled several gulps before dropping down onto the sofa. As the liquor burned down my throat, my phone buzzed again. “Someone better be dead.” With a growl of frustration, I yanked my phone out of my pocket. “What?”

“Mr. Sinclair, I have the latest projections you asked for.” Ryan was a new ops manager and eager to please, but calling me in the middle of the night was not how to do it.

“That’s what you’re calling about.” I pinched the bridge of my nose and held in the words I really wanted to say. “Just email them. I’ll look in the morning.”

“But sir, you said it was urgent?—”

“I said to email them, Ryan. Is that clear?” Being polite when I was in the office was one thing. After-hours were free game.

There was a long pause before he responded. “Yes, Mr. Sinclair. I apologize for disturbing you.”

Without another word, I disconnected the call and tossed the phone onto the sofa. Guilt gnawed at me for being an asshole to Ryan, but I was so goddamn tired.

This was all Sal's fault. He knew the deal when he agreed to move to Aspen with me. He had a ridiculously large allowance, free use of the house and ski lift that went straight up the mountain, and a life of luxury.

The only thing I wanted from him—needed from him—was access to his chest at night so I could suckle to sleep. Being on the latch had become the only way I could sleep anymore.

Unfortunately, letting me nurse was not all he wanted from me. In addition to the cash and the life of luxury afforded to him by living with me, Sal wanted date nights and romance. In other words, an actual relationship.

Love. Marriage.

All the things I didn't have time or interest for.

And so he left, leaving me high and dry. Literally.

I figured I'd get tired enough after a few days and my body would naturally fall asleep. Unfortunately, after more than a week, that hadn't happened yet, and it was getting harder to function.

I needed to make some decisions, and I couldn't stall for much longer. My body wouldn't allow it.

After hours of staring at the shadows that crossed the walls, the shrill sound of my alarm startled me as the sun came up. Another sleepless night behind me. Maybe my last, if the throbbing in my head didn't stop. My sheets were damp with sweat as I forced myself to sit up.

Fuck, I needed coffee and a miracle. Or better yet, a new night nurse who wouldn't be

so sensitive about wanting a relationship. Someone who understood that it would be completely transactional. He would be well paid for his hours in my bed. And that's it.

I shuffled to the bathroom, grimacing from the achy feeling that was now my norm. "Get it together, Preston."

An hour later, I was showered and dressed in an impeccable suit, ready to fake my way through another day. With my mask of humanity back in place, it was easier to feel like the powerful CEO others believed me to be.

I locked my front door behind me and took a few steps down the walkway, but my driver wasn't there. Where the hell was Otto? My new driver was supposed to be waiting for me five minutes ago. With a clenched jaw, I checked my watch again. "Godammit!"

Just as I pulled out my phone to call him, the sleek black SUV finally pulled up. I wrenched open the door before Otto could get out to open it for me. "You're late."

He shut his door and threw his arm over the passenger seat so he could see me. "I'm so sorry, sir. I had a flat tire on the?—"

"I don't want excuses, Otto. I expect punctuality from my employees."

"Of course, Mr. Sinclair." He nodded and looked right at me. I hadn't noticed how turquoise his eyes were until they were boring to me. "It won't happen again."

I grunted, already scrolling through emails on my phone. The day was off to a spectacular start.

Twenty minutes later we stopped in front of my office building. I finished typing a

text to my assistant, and before I could reach for the door handle, Otto was already opening the door for me. "Watch your step, sir. There's a puddle?—"

Too late. My Italian leather shoes squelched as I stepped directly into a massive puddle. "For fuck's sake!" I hopped out of the puddle and rounded on Otto. "Are you completely incompetent? First you're late, now you can't even park in a dry spot?"

"I'm so sorry." Otto paled and began to stammer out some lame apology.

But exhaustion and frustration had frayed the last of my patience, and I didn't have time for his shit. "Enough! Just get your shit together, or you'll be looking for a new job. Understood?"

"Yes, Mr. Sinclair." He held his hand out to me as if I needed his help to stay upright.

I cut him off with a curt wave and stormed toward the front of the building. As soon as I was away from Otto, I realized the subtle scent of his cologne or shampoo or something was actually...calming. He was lucky for that.

It wasn't until I was in the elevator that the anger drained away and I felt hollow inside. Even more hollow than usual. Christ, I was being a dick. It wasn't Otto's fault I was a sleep-deprived mess. If an opportunity presented itself to make it up to him somehow, I'd try. But first, I needed to address the root of the problem.

It was time to bite the bullet and find a new night nurse. Either way, I had to get some real sleep before I completely self-destructed and took my company down with me.

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OTTO

The way Mr. Sinclair's voice sliced through the air still made me cringe, even though I'd dropped him off almost an hour ago. I just hated disappointing someone who was paying me to be reliable.

Above all things, I prided myself on being reliable.

While Mr. Sinclair seethed at my tardiness, completely ignoring that I even existed, I snuck glances at him in the rearview mirror. He was the hottest CEO I'd ever seen in person, and I saw a lot of sexy CEOs in Aspen. Every time I stopped a light, I stared at his sharp jawline and the way his full lips moved slightly when he read.

God, he was gorgeous. And so far out of my league it was laughable.

Especially since he was likely going to fire me by the end of the day. I was glad to be heading home now. Unless he called me for a mid-day ride, I wasn't expected back at his office until five, and he'd told me that he rarely left before six. During the few days that I'd been driving the CEO, I'd begun to have delusions that he might recognize some great brilliance or leadership traits in me and offer me a job in his company. It was one of the movers and shakers in the tech world, and I'd give anything to a job with some kind of upward mobility.

I enjoyed working in the service industry but dealing with rich assholes was losing its novelty. On good days, the tips were great. But on bad days, I wanted to quit and

head back to Denver where I had friends and a community that actually liked me.

In Aspen, I was completely alone. I moved for a change of pace, but that change hadn't proven to be an improvement so far. And now it was clear this job wasn't going to be my big break.

Once I got home, I stripped off my uniform and collapsed onto my lumpy futon. What a fucking disaster. The TV was a good distraction, but after a few hours of zoning out to boring game shows, I made a sandwich and then took a nap.

When I woke up, I still had some time before I needed to get back to the office and wait for Mr. Sinclair, so I pulled out my phone and clicked the bookmark to my favorite porn site. My body moved on auto-pilot when I was in decompression mode. A little relief was always a sure way to take the edge off before I had to face Mr. Sinclair again.

Just as I was settling into a movie about some cock slut begging to be spanked, my phone rang. It was an unfamiliar number, so I considered ignoring it, but then I worried it might be a colleague or associate of Mr. Sinclair, and I couldn't risk pissing him off even more.

With my dick still in my hand, I hit accept. "Hello?"

"Hello. May I speak with Otto Klein?"

I sat up straighter, surprised by the official tone. "Yes, this is Otto."

"Hi, Otto. I'm calling from The Lactin Brotherhood. We have you listed as living in Aspen and open to gig work. Is that still accurate?"

I hadn't thought about the Brotherhood since moving to the bougie resort town. There

wasn't exactly an active chapter among Aspen snobs and socialites. "Oh, uh, yeah, I guess. I mean, I used to attend meetings in Denver." I cleared my throat and let go of my softened cock. "Is this about a fundraiser or something?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line. "Not exactly. We've had a request come in for an overnight wet nurse job in your area. You're the only registered member within a hundred miles, so we wanted to offer it to you. The pay is at our highest tier, and there's a bonus structure in place for discretion and maintaining the client's stated protocol."

"Protocol?" That sounded formal for letting some rich person drink from my nipples. Just thinking about it made my dick twitch. It had been months since anyone but me had coerced a single drop of my milk that letting someone nurse seemed almost foreign. The almost instinctive feeling of my milk letting down caught me off guard. "Um, what kind of bonuses?"

"If you're open to consider it, I'll send the details to your email. There won't be personally identifiable information exchanged until after the execution of a non-disclosure agreement. But at least you'll have a clear picture of what would be expected."

I gnawed on my lower lip as I sucked in a deep breath. "Yeah, go ahead and send it. I'll take a look and get back to you."

Just the thought of letting someone nurse from me sent a shiver of need through me. That kind of intimacy created a connection I wasn't sure I'd ever find in Aspen. And even if it wasn't real, it would still feel fucking awesome. Nothing was headier than being needed in that primal, visceral way that providing sustenance allowed.

"Of course, but we'll need an answer by eight tonight so we can confirm with the client either way."

“No problem.” Part of me wanted to immediately say yes, but I had responsibilities now. Even though Preston Sinclair was an asshole, I’d still made a commitment to him. If, by some miracle, he didn’t fire me tonight, I would still have to wake up early every day to drive him. Depending on whether I was able to sleep or not overnight, I might be able to get by with just sleeping between driving shifts, but that wasn’t sustainable long-term.

But I didn’t think anything was long-term with Mr. Sinclair.

Shit, Mr. Sinclair. I glanced at the clock and scrambled to get re-dressed. I didn’t think I’d be late, but with my luck, it would be the one and only day he decided to leave work early.

I raced out the door, still buttoning my shirt as the temptation of connecting with someone over my milk teased the back of my mind. But I’d deal with that after work. For now, I had a hot CEO to chauffeur.

While I waited in the loading zone for the call from Mr. Sinclair to tell me he was on his way out, I opened up my email. The message I’d been waiting for was there, so I scanned through the standard contract garbage until I got to the details. The rules that were alluded to but not spoken out loud during the call.

After a quick glance, I understood why.

- 1) Arrive at the client’s house at 10pm, bathed and in comfortable sleeping clothes.
- 2) Silently join the client in bed.
- 3) Leave by 6am.
- 4) No chatting.

5) Complete discretion at all times.

It wasn't exactly bad, but it also wasn't great. It was...impersonal. Just a job. Could I even do it?

Sharing my milk with someone directly from my chest always got me horny. And if I had to be silent and distant for eight hours every night with a hard-on I couldn't relieve, I wasn't sure I'd survive.

Then again, the three-digit hourly rate quickly convinced me that I could survive anything.

I was about to start on the background check paperwork when I got the text from Mr. Sinclair that he was in the elevator. It was only 5:15, which meant he actually was leaving work early.

I just hoped he was in a better mood than the morning or else it was going to be a long drive back.

PRESTON

Making the decision to call the agency who subcontracted members from The Lactin Brotherhood wasn't easy, but I didn't have many options. Sal had left me their contact information on his way out, but I had no intention of ever reaching out to the group of strangers. But after some thought and a vague and awkward contract discussion with my attorney, it seemed to be the best-case scenario for me.

Hiring a stranger to help me sleep eliminated any risk of attachment, and I was sure I could slowly wean and begin to sleep normally at some point. Eventually. But for now, I needed some damn sleep.

As I was finishing my dinner, my attorney sent a text that the executed NDA had come through, as well as confirmation that somebody would be arriving at ten. He confirmed the background check was in progress, and as long as there weren't any issues, he would send over the details for the job.

"Thank fuck!" I responded back with instructions on how to use the key code on the front door and which room I would be in when he arrived, and then I did my best to distract myself with busy work until nine o'clock rolled around.

Every time I thought about how awkward my night was gonna be, I considered canceling the guy. But then I thought about how nice it would be to just finally get some rest...and that kept me moving forward.

By nine thirty, I was showered and freshly shaved to reduce any stubble burn. Just knowing I would be getting to nurse pushed me into a Little mindset that I hadn't been able to explore since long before Sal left me. He wasn't the Daddy type, so I should have known things wouldn't last for us long-term. But the first time he told me about his milk, I was hooked. Not being Little or having a Daddy seemed like a reasonable sacrifice in order to have warm milk fresh from the source every night.

And it was. For a long time. But, eventually, Sal wasn't happy, and if I were honest with myself, I guess I wasn't either.

With only a few minutes left to wait, I curled up in my bed wearing a T-shirt and boxers. Flannel pajamas would've probably been more appropriate with a stranger, but having another body in the bed would create so much heat that I didn't want to risk being uncomfortable. The whole point was for me to be super comfortable so I could sleep, after all.

All the lights were out in my room, so my guest would have to get his bearings from the hall lights that shone in and find his way to the bed without much illumination.

A moment later, a faint chime sounded on my phone to indicate the front door had been opened. This was it. It was really happening. I sucked in a deep breath in an attempt to calm myself as I listened to the movements get closer.

My back was facing the bedroom door and I was wearing an eye mask, so most of my face was hidden. The blankets were pulled up tight, and even under the mask, I clutched my lids closed so I wouldn't risk seeing the stranger and having to face the humiliation that would surely come.

Soft footsteps came up the stairs, and a few moments later, my bedroom door was quietly shut. I tried not to think too hard about what the wrestling sounds meant or how he looked, focusing instead on the soft cologne that was both familiar and

comforting when the mattress shifted and my new night nurse slipped into the bed beside me.

After some silent movements, a smooth hand landed on my cheek and moved to the back of my head.

I'd given instructions for no chatting, and this man was clearly a rule-follower because not a word was uttered as the length of his body pressed up against mine and my face was gently guided to his chest.

I pulled my pillow with me as I scooted closer and got into position. Once I knew I was close enough to feel him, I brushed my nose over a pert nipple and then opened my mouth to it.

As soon as my tongue brushed over the extended skin, my whole body relaxed and I fully latched on.

My hand slid over a bare hip and wrapped around it until I was clinging to the man, drinking his sweet milk that seemed to bring me back to life.

In so many ways, it did.

I felt close to someone again. Cared for. Provided for. As a wealthy and powerful man, it wasn't easy for me to be in vulnerable positions. All day, every day, I was expected to take charge and make sure everyone around me had everything they needed to be successful.

No one had ever done that for me. At least, not for real. In scenes or role-playing sessions, I'd occasionally been able to trust someone enough to fully regress and allow them to take care of my needs. That's what I'd wanted from Sal, but he couldn't give me what I needed, and I certainly couldn't give him what he wanted.

But with this stranger, I didn't have to be strong or powerful or...big. I could just cuddle and drink and pretend to be as cherished as the soft fingers along my neck made me feel.

And as the rhythmic motion of me sucking and swallowing began to slow down and I finally drifted to sleep, I knew I could never wean from this.

I'd never want to.

For the first time in a long time, I woke up before my alarm after more than seven hours of sleep.

The sheets beside me were cool, but when I leaned forward and pressed my nose to the fabric, the vague scent of man, milk, and cologne lingered there.

Fuck, that guy smelled good.

I stretched and felt like a whole new person, ready to tackle the day with gusto.

During my shower, I even had the interest and energy to get off. Nursing had become a significant part of my sexual experiences with Sal, and cuddling up to the stranger that smelled good and tasted even better last night reignited that part of me that had dwindled away with my sleep deprivation.

After fully coating my body in body wash, I wrapped my hand around my already thickening cock and began to stroke it quickly, closer to climax than I should be after just getting in the shower. But it was nice to find a quick release against the wall of my shower, and when my dick stayed hard, I kept going, slower this time until I came again.

My lips instinctively moved as if I were latched on to a warm nipple as the last waves

of my orgasm rolled through me. Fuck, if that's how good I felt after just one night, I would be ready to take on the world after a few more days. It was an exciting thought as I rinsed off and got out of the shower.

Carl, my chef and primary house manager, was making an omelet when I entered the kitchen. He seemed surprised to see me in the room that I very rarely visited. "Mr. Sinclair, I have a spinach omelet almost ready for you. Is there anything else you would like this morning?"

Lately, I hadn't had much of an appetite, so I'd been settling for a slice of toast on my way out the door. But today, my usual omelet sounded delicious. "Just the omelet will be fine, Carl. Thank you. I'll be in the sunroom."

"Of course, sir."

The sunroom was one of my favorite rooms in the house. The view of the mountain was exquisite, and I liked to look for wildlife while I sat next to a roaring fire.

I settled into my chair, and a few minutes later, Carl brought in a rolling tray with my breakfast and coffee. He set it up right in front of me and then stood with his hands behind his back. "Is there anything else I can get you, sir?"

"No, thank you. I'll be leaving for work soon." As I dug into my omelet, I sent a text to Otto. The poor kid probably thought he was gonna be fired after yesterday, so I wanted to make sure he knew I was still expecting him. I'll be ready to leave in 15 minutes.

His response was instant, as if he already had his phone in his hand. I'll be there, Mr. Sinclair.

OTTO

Mr. Sinclair's bed was comfortable but having him pressed tightly against my body was even better. I didn't want to leave him, but I needed to make my escape before the sun started to rise. I couldn't risk him seeing me.

After slowly extracting myself from his grip, I got dressed and let myself out before anyone noticed me.

The evidence of our night still lingered on my skin, and I wanted to leave it there. The mixture of sweat and saliva and the milk that had flowed from me to him throughout the night was enough to keep me hard even as I jogged down the street to my car. Remembering every time Preston's lips clutched my skin and then pulled my milk into his mouth made me wish he was sucking a different part of me down his throat.

His lips had been gentle on my nipples, but his need was undeniable. Every pull sent waves of relief and arousal through my body as I imagined what the scene was like in my head. Of course, Mr. Sinclair was completely unaware that it was me, the new driver he low-key hated, who was in his bed. That secret was already filling me with anxiety, and I wondered if he would have any way of knowing it was me when I saw him next.

I'd gotten enough sleep that instead of going home and trying to catch an hour or two of sleep, I went to an all-night diner, had breakfast, and then obsessed over my

situation.

When I was about to burst from finishing a tall stack of pancakes, Mr. Sinclair sent me a text to say he would be ready soon. At least I wasn't fired. Yet.

I left some cash on the table and jogged to my car so I could get back to Mr. Sinclair's. As soon as I was there, I parked my car and went into the garage to get the keys to his SUV. He had a fleet of cars, and as I pulled the vehicle around and waited outside his front door, I wondered if he ever drove them. I couldn't see the slim man ever driving himself anywhere. He was too powerful.

Preston Sinclair was a man people tended to. Just as I'd tended to him last night. Though I didn't think anyone in the world would believe that the rich and successful CEO by day liked to suckle to sleep at night.

A few moments after I stepped out of the car, Mr. Sinclair emerged from his house. A golden glow seemed to surround him like an aura as he looked up at me and waved. What the fuck? His usually stern features had been softened overnight, and there was a spring in his step that hadn't been there yesterday. "Good morning, Otto." He nodded as I opened the door for him. "Looks like it's gonna be a beautiful day."

"Good morning, Mr. Sinclair. Yes, it's unusually sunny, it seems." I wasn't just referring to the weather. Even with just a quick glance, I could tell that the shadows under his eyes had been erased. Did a good night's sleep actually have that kind of healing power?

As he settled into the back seat, I ran around the car and climbed into the driver's seat. The atmosphere was different from our previous rides. Instead of scowling at his phone like it had personally offended him, Preston looked out the window and smiled at a chipmunk that scurried up a tree.

Unsure if I should try to engage him in conversation, I pulled out of his driveway and just watched him through the rearview mirror. He hummed a tune and tapped the beat with his fingers like he didn't have a care in the world. Did I do that? Was I responsible for the one-hundred-and-eighty-degree change in his demeanor? A smile tugged at my lips as a burst of pride filled me. Maybe I could make a meaningful contribution to the world.

As I navigated down the road toward his office, Preston did something I never expected. He offered me a compliment that was completely unsolicited.

"You handle this beast like a NASCAR driver, Otto. Not everyone can skirt this mountain so smoothly. Great job."

It took me a second to gather myself before I cleared the shock out of my throat. "Thank you, sir." My hands tightened on the wheel as my nerves knotted in my gut. "You seem to be feeling good today."

"I am." He inhaled a slow, deep breath and then blew it out. "I slept better than I have in...a long time. I feel like a new man."

When we arrived at his office, Preston stepped out with a renewed vigor and looked out at the mountain range as if he were appreciating its beauty for the very first time. "Have a great day, Otto. I'll text when I'm ready to be picked up."

My lungs didn't move at all as I watched him disappear into his building. Somehow, he hadn't recognized me or sensed that I was not only his driver but the man who'd cradled him to my chest throughout the night.

Finally ready for a nap, I headed home and got cleaned up. I had plenty of errands to run but the exhaustion of staying up late and waking early was starting to creep up on me. After a quick shower and an orgasm that almost brought me to my knees, I dried

off and slipped into my bed without a stitch of clothing on. I preferred to sleep nude, but I wouldn't be doing that while I was spending my nights in Mr. Sinclair's bed.

As I drifted off to sleep with my phone beside my head and the ringer all the way up so I wouldn't miss a message, I imagined feeding Preston my milk with the lights on and him fully aware of who I was...

I woke up just after twelve and made a breakfast burrito and then headed out to run some errands. If I was going to be playing wet nurse for more than a few days, I needed to get some dry-wear clothing with absorbent chest pads to capture any leakage. When I didn't pump or nurse, I rarely leaked. But once I started that flow on a regular basis, my body was quick to produce way more than I needed, which meant I had to stay ahead of embarrassing wet spots and would probably need to start pumping on days I wasn't with Mr. Sinclair.

Although, if he always reacted that well to a belly full of milk, I couldn't imagine him ever wanting to stop.

Unless, of course, he discovered it was me on the other side of his bed. Someone in his life and connected to him publicly in a way that could destroy his reputation. Not that I would ever do anything like that.

As the afternoon waned, I knew Mr. Sinclair would be ready soon, so I grabbed a new police thriller I'd been meaning to read and headed to his office. I preferred to be in the lot a good hour before I thought he would need me, just in case he decided to leave early.

I'd only gotten to page three of my book when I got the text from Preston. I'm ready to go at any time. No rush if you're not here yet. Just text when you arrive and I'll come down.

Once again, I was speechless. Preston Sinclair did not wait for his staff to be ready for him. Maybe he was actually allergic to my milk and having some kind of reaction to it. I wasn't complaining, but I was definitely...surprised. I'm in the parking structure now. I'll pull to the front and wait. Take your time.

A minute later, I was pulling to a stop in front of his door when I got his response. In the elevator now. And do you mind if we swing by the market on the way home? I'd like to pick up a few bottles of wine for dinner.

Of course, sir. He wanted wine with his dinner. That was interesting. Maybe he wasn't planning on having me back after all. Wine was a great sleep aid, and a person could only drink so much liquid at bedtime without running to the bathroom all night.

When he emerged from the glass doors, he was smiling and just as chipper as he had been that morning. I wanted to make small talk and possibly hint that I was able to lactate to feel out how that conversation could go, but with all the NDAs I'd signed, I wasn't sure if that was allowed. Even in the privacy of his own vehicle, maybe I had to wait for him to broach the topic. In the end, the ride to his home was quiet, with only occasional hums coming from the backseat as Preston smiled down at his phone.

When we stopped at the store, he was only inside for about ten minutes before returning with a paper bag that I assumed was filled with wine. The bag seemed unusually full, but I couldn't tell exactly what was inside. Not that it was any of my business.

I supplied what I hoped he truly wanted, so whatever he was buying at the store was inconsequential to me.

Just as I pulled to a stop in front of the Sinclair residence, an unexpected movement caught me off guard. Mr. Sinclair had leaned forward and was just a few inches away from me. His breath brushed against my neck as he inhaled deeply and closed his

eyes as if savoring the scent like he could sense exactly what was hiding beneath my shirt.

For a heartbeat, time stood still, and I waited for him to make the connection between me and his night nurse. But then, he quickly pulled away and whatever curiosity that had made him take a whiff of me was gone.

"I like your cologne, Otto." He leaned back and waited for me to let him out.

"Oh, thank you, sir." I jumped out of the car and ran to his door to open it for him.

Preston stepped out of the car as I held open his door, and when I offered him my hand for balance, he accepted it and even rubbed his thumb along the raised scar on my hand. "Have a great evening, Otto,"

I cleared my throat and nodded. "You too, Mr. Sinclair. See you tomorrow." Unless I crawl into your bed tonight.

As soon as I was back in the driver's seat, my phone buzzed with an incoming message. It was a notification from the agency confirming my appointment with Preston for ten pm. There was a secondary message that included a fat bonus from the client for my professionalism and discretion.

A thousand dollar bonus for one night's work. Lying silently in a bed had never seemed so lucrative.

More importantly, he wanted me to come back. This was definitely the best job I'd ever had.

PRESTON

The wine swirled in my glass, reflecting a ruby glow against the window of the sunroom as I finished the butter chicken dish Carl had prepared for dinner. I couldn't remember the last time I'd just sat back and looked up at the stars with a glass of wine. My life was never calm or relaxed, but I didn't want to do anything but chill until it was time for bed.

Anticipation for another night of milk and cuddles buzzed through me like a bolt of electricity.

After a few more minutes, I set the glass down because I didn't want my tummy to be too full when my nurse arrived. I had a few hours before bedtime, but I didn't feel the usual pull to open my computer. The day had been unusually productive, so I allowed myself a night off.

Instead of thinking about work or anything that could be stressful, I leaned back and focused on the panoramic view of the moonlit mountain. When I finally headed upstairs, I went straight to my bathroom.

Soaking in my tub was one of my favorite ways to get ready for the night.

The bathwater greeted me like a warm embrace full of bubbles that beckoned my Little side closer. I wanted to be Little when my nurse arrived. I wanted to fully be in that headspace to just cuddle and drink and sleep while someone took care of me.

If I was lucky, I'd dream about a Daddy holding me every night. A Daddy who was there because of me, not because he was paid to be my secret nurse.

It was a strange dichotomy that I still wasn't fully comfortable with. Being a man of wealth and influence while locking away this vulnerable part of myself so it wouldn't hurt my company or my reputation.

Sal had only seen me fully regressed a few times, and he wasn't into it. My nurse might not be into it either, but if I needed to give him a bonus every day to keep quiet and still willing to see me, I would do it.

I'd do almost anything to have someone there for my nighttime needs.

Clearing my head of any thoughts of Sal, I slid all the way to my neck and let the warm water lull me even more. On my trip to the store, I picked up a pack of standard diapers, just in case. But I didn't want to wear those. They were intended for a different purpose. A different person. Not a Little who wanted a soft and cozy way to sleep with a full tummy of milk and not have to get out of bed all night long.

But until the custom diapers I ordered from an online kink store were delivered in a few days, I had limited options. I didn't plan to wear them tonight, but I felt better knowing they were there if I needed them. Although they served as a comfort when I was Little, they were also a practical solution to prevent embarrassing accidents when I was drinking so much at night.

But for now, they remained tucked away in my closet. Out of sight but not off my mind.

Eventually, the water cooled off, so I forced myself out of the tub. Wrapped in a plush robe, I went straight to my bed and looked at it longingly. I was tempted to slide in completely naked, but that wasn't fair to my nurse. Instead, I slipped on a pair

of tight briefs and grabbed my ebook.

The bed sheets were crisp beneath me as I slipped to the side closest to the door, ready to dive into a book. I used to read for pleasure all the time, but I'd been buried in leadership and productivity and sleep medication books for months, so instead of starting one of those, I downloaded a steamy romance and started reading in my dark bedroom. I got lost in a love story that was too sweet to be real and didn't realize how much time had passed until I heard the front door open with a soft click.

I turned off my reader and put it on my nightstand with my heart racing.

My wet nurse's presence filled the room as soon as he entered it. I couldn't see him with my eye mask on, but I could hear him. Every move he made seemed amplified until he lifted the covers and slipped into the bed with me.

I gave him a moment to settle in before launching myself toward him. There was no shame in my game as I used my senses to guide me forward until my mouth found his nipple and instantly drew it in with a hunger that had been building all day.

The man's body tensed for a fraction of a second and then a soft, involuntary sound escaped from his throat. As he arched toward me, his hand began to roam along my back. Each stroke ignited sparks of electric pleasure that traveled down my spine.

Lost in the joy of nursing, I didn't even notice that a rhythm had started to build in my hips. Without any conscious thought, I was rutting against his thigh as I drank his precious milk. When I moved closer, I felt the man's erection angled toward the mattress and wanted to reach for him.

He didn't hump against me, but when my hip pressed against his hard cock that was confined only by the cotton of his underwear, he didn't move away. He stayed still as my movements created friction for both of us.

As I drank deeply, my hips rocked even faster. I was close to coming when the side of his chest I was on emptied and he had to shift to line up his other nipple with my mouth.

“Yes,” I whispered against his skin. As soon as my lips closed over his hard nipple and a fast rush of milk flowed into my mouth, I rutted even harder. My fingers dug into his ass and pulled him flush with my body as I came in my underwear, dousing the cotton with my release and then hearing the man groan as he came too.

The sheets between us were soaked in our fluids, but I didn’t care at all. Like the night before, I fell asleep on the latch, connected to this man I was quickly becoming addicted to.

When sleep finally claimed me, I clung to him, sticky in the evidence of a silent climax but beyond excited to do it again tomorrow.

6

OTTO

Over the next week, my life was perfect. I felt better, I was nicer, and the sexual satisfaction was off the charts. As the clock ticked closer to ten, I snuggled deeper under the covers with heart pounding with anticipation for my nurse.

Soon, he would arrive and give me the warm milk I so desperately loved, not to mention the bone-melting climax that had become a part of my nighttime routine.

Latch, drink, come, sleep.

There was a soft creak as the door opened, and I held my breath while familiar footsteps padded into my room. The bed dipped as his large, muscular body slid in beside me.

As had become our preferred position, his warm arms encircled me and pulled me close.

I inhaled deeply, savoring his subtle cologne that I seemed to smell everywhere I went now, and tingles of arousal raced up my spine. I loved being so close to his bare chest, and I wasn't ashamed to motorboat him.

A soft chuckle rumbled through him, but the mystery man still hadn't made any discernible sounds during our times together.

We didn't need words. Our bodies spoke to each other in subtle—and not-so-subtle—ways.

Firm fingers gently scratched my scalp before putting enough pressure on my head to guide me to his chest. My regression started immediately when I was with him, and the instinct to beg Daddy for milkies was on the tip of my tongue.

But I would never do that. I could never do that.

Despite the darkness, my lips found his nipple instantly and latched on. Rich, warm milk filled my mouth as I suckled greedily.

He released a soft moan in contentment as he held me close, nourishing me in the most natural way possible, and all the stress of my responsibilities melted away.

As I drank from him, his large hand stroked my hair, and I imagined him whispering words of praise and encouragement. Good boy. Daddy's here. Daddy's got you.

Heat pooled in my groin as I instinctively rutted against him, seeking friction so I could find even more relief from this stranger.

The man groaned and thrust his own cock against me twice before pulling away like he'd just remembered where he was and what he was doing.

I rocked faster, chasing my release as the familiar tension built low in my belly. I was so close. The man met my thrusts each time and his own hard length rubbed against my stomach.

Daddy, I'm gonna...

All too soon, the flow of milk slowed to a trickle just as I came in my briefs. Since he

couldn't see them in the dark, he didn't know they were covered in alphabet blocks. That made the lewd acts I was performing with this stranger all the more exciting. I licked and sucked, trying to coax out more, but he gently pulled me away and then guided me to his other nipple.

The warm flow of milk resumed, making me moan against his skin as I drank deeply, savoring every drop.

My eyelids grew heavy as my belly filled up. I fought to stay awake because I didn't want this moment to end. But exhaustion won out, and I drifted off, warm and safe in his arms.

I awoke the next morning alone, as always. But the lingering scent on my sheets and the dried evidence on my skin proved it wasn't just an incredibly vivid dream. I stretched languidly, feeling more rested and relaxed than I had in years. These nightly sessions were worth every penny of the small fortune I was paying the man for his discretion and anonymity.

As I showered and dressed for work, my mind drifted to the stark realization that part of me wanted to know his identity. I wanted to see his face and know what he was thinking when I came against him. Was he handsome? Then again, I really needed the anonymity even more. It allowed me to fully embrace my Little side without fear of my reputation in the business world being harmed.

Besides, having a mystery was half the fun. As long as the milk and orgasms kept flowing, I was content to keep things as they were.

After breakfast and a few minutes watching a doe and her fawn cross my backyard, I went out front and found Otto was waiting by the car. "Good morning, sir. I trust you slept well?"

I fought to keep the dreamy smile off my face. “Quite well. Thank you, Otto.”

If he noticed anything was amiss, he didn't show it. His handsome face remained as stoic and professional as ever when he opened the back door. “Very good, sir. Straight to the office?”

I nodded and slid into the backseat. “Yes, please.”

As Otto navigated through the morning traffic, I couldn't stop thinking about my nighttime visitor. Had it only been a week since he slipped into my life under the cover of darkness? It seemed like much longer than that.

All day, every day, my body thrummed with anticipation of my night latch. It was all I needed to be highly productive, passably pleasant, and completely Little. The image in my mind instantly made me smile. I could almost feel his strong arms holding me close as his sweet milk coated my tongue.

I shifted in my seat and took a deep breath in an attempt to discourage my growing arousal. It wouldn't do to arrive at the office with a noticeable bulge in my tailored slacks.

Focus, Preston. You have meetings to crush and deals to close. You can indulge in your Little and Daddy fantasies later.

But as the day wore on, I found it increasingly difficult to concentrate because my mind kept wandering to what awaited me that night.

By the time Otto dropped me off, I was a ball of nervous energy in need of an outlet. I only wished my nurse was coming earlier. Masturbating in the shower was a bandaid, but it wasn't enough. I needed the release that occurred when I was in the arms of someone who wanted to take care of me and make me feel good.

After rushing through dinner, I retreated to my bedroom early. I wasn't ready to sleep, but I needed to get settled for the night, so I drew a bath and soaked in a mountain of bubbles for almost an hour before it was too chilly to stay in it any longer.

But it did what it was supposed to do as far as helping me relax and regress. It wasn't something that came easily for me, but since having my wet nurse around to help me find that space within myself, it had become easier to access.

For years, I'd repressed my Little side, burying it under the tough persona I liked to project to the world. A CEO who liked to think about spreadsheets and profit margins made people feel confident, so that's what I put out into the world.

And it worked. I was more successful than I could have imagined, but I was also stressed and lonely.

Now that things had changed, I didn't think I could ever go back to how it was. For a few blissful hours each night, I was able to let go completely. I could be vulnerable. I felt cherished and protected.

It was addictive.

And in just a little while, I would have more of the dopamine that seemed to fill me when I was on the latch. I slipped into bed with just my briefs and turned off the lights.

I was already starting to get hard just by thinking about the man who was going to hold me against his body and nourish me, when there was a creak outside my door.

My pulse quickened as familiar footsteps approached my bed and then climbed inside.

It was time for another night of milk and pleasure and comfort.

I closed my eyes as the weight of his hand landed on my shoulder and then slid up to the back of my neck. I was ready.

Ready to be cared for.

Ready to drink.

I'd fallen asleep immediately after coming against the man's thigh, and the cold spot under my hip stirred me awake. That and my full bladder. It was fully dark, and the warm body beside me confirmed it wasn't too late because he hadn't left me yet.

The solid presence beside me in my king-sized bed was something I thought about experiencing even with the lights on.

His breathing was slow and even as he slept beside me. For a moment, I lay still and soaked in the closeness. The intimacy I had with this stranger was deeper than what I'd had with Sal, which made every moment so much sweeter.

Cuddling was my love language, and this man was fluent. But no matter how much I wanted to stay wrapped in that cocoon with him, my body wouldn't let me just lie there. I had to get up or risk having an accident.

The room was silent except for his soft breaths as I silently peeled myself away from the man and rolled out of bed.

No light came into the room at all, but I stumbled to the bathroom and softly closed the door behind me before flipping on the light switch. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust before I went to the toilet to relieve myself. After taking care of business, I left my damp briefs on the floor then headed back to bed.

When I slipped between the sheets on my side of the bed, it was obvious that he was gone. My nurse had slipped out while I was in the bathroom and left me on my own. A glance at the clock revealed it was five thirty and the sun would come up soon anyway. Totally bare, I scooted over to his side and absorbed the last remnants of his body heat and the hints of his cologne.

He was gone because I got up. He might still be holding me against his firm body if I hadn't needed to pee. There was an easy solution that would eliminate my need to get up again, but he might not be comfortable with it.

Then again, I was paying the man to let me come on his leg and suckle to sleep every night, so wearing a diaper would probably not be that far of a stretch. I reached for my phone and pulled up the payment app I used for the nurse and sent him a bonus.

That should help ease any discomfort he might feel the next night.

OTTO

Leaving Preston early was difficult. I usually waited until the last minute before slipping out of his bed, but when he got up to use the bathroom, I knew I had to take the opportunity to sneak out. And the moment I was in his hallway, I missed the smell of his shampoo against my face and his soft lips on my skin.

And after getting him to work and going to sleep for several hours, I baked a lasagna just for something to do. Mr. Sinclair had to stay late for a board meeting, so I didn't get him back home until almost eight and barely had time to eat at home and shower before I was due back in his bed.

Not that I was complaining. I was beginning to love my sessions with Preston as much as he seemed to. And every time he fucked my leg and came against me, I wanted to do the same.

So far, I'd been able to stop myself, but I wasn't sure how much longer that would continue.

When I slipped into Preston's bed the next night, I was determined to keep my shit together. I would give him what he needed and allow him to use me in any way he wanted, but I would control myself better. I had to. I wasn't hired to sexually harass the man.

His smooth body immediately scooted closer, and I almost sighed in happiness. I

wanted to say how much I appreciated being with him and how nice he felt against me, but I kept my mouth shut and just enjoyed his touch in silence.

One arm slipped between the gap in his neck and shoulder to cradle him to me and the other slid from his side to his back, holding him in place.

“Yes, Daddy.” His words were soft and almost inaudible before his mouth latched onto my nipple and sucked it deep into his mouth.

Fuck! Hearing him say that word did something to me. As much as I wanted to hold back, it was too easy to imagine being with him in the light of day. Supporting and nurturing him in the way he needed without fear of disclosing my true identity.

But I didn’t expect that to ever happen. It just wasn’t what he wanted.

Having Preston mold his body against me had become our preferred position as he swallowed heavy mouthfuls. This intimate act represented more than just a business transaction for me. It was a precious moment of being able to take care of and provide for a man who controlled so much of his world but was completely vulnerable in my arms.

As Preston drank, his hands explored my body, gliding over my abs and side and then moving to my back in a soothing caress. His hips began to rock against me as he chased the release he needed. But the pressure against my thigh didn’t feel the same.

I dragged my fingernails down his spine until I felt the edge of his underwear. But he wasn’t wearing underwear. As soon as my fingers slipped under the waistband, I knew my efforts to maintain control were in vain because Preston fucking Sinclair was wearing a diaper.

“Fuck, baby.” I couldn’t keep the whispered words inside me as I thrust my hips

forward until my cotton-covered dick was humping his bulky covering.

Preston rutted against me faster as he doubled the suction on my sensitive skin. He whimpered and whined until he came with almost violent convulsions against me.

My own desire was stoked by the sounds of his climax, and I clung to him as I also released in a climax just after his that left us both breathless.

Preston was panting against my chest as his hand moved to my cock. He traced the wet spot I created in my shorts. One of his fingers coasted down to my balls and then pressed a kiss to the center of my chest, right between my pecs. "Thank you."

It was so hard to keep my mouth shut and not thank him for allowing me the pleasure of being in his bed at night. But this time, I managed to hold my tongue and settle for rubbing circles in his back until he fell asleep.

As he slipped away into unconsciousness, I sank into the pillow with a blissful haze enveloping me. Cool cream dried on the inside of my underwear, and I knew Preston was probably uncomfortable with his sticky diaper, but neither of us considered getting out of bed to clean up. I'd rather wear the tangible reminder of our forbidden moment than to hide it away as if it had never happened.

Besides, the chances of that ever happening again seemed slim to none.

8

PRESTON

As I sat at my desk, reviewing the latest version of the annual report, the intercom on my desk buzzed.

It was the front desk. "Sir, your eleven o'clock is here."

I sighed and leaned back in my chair. I hated interviews, but they were a necessary evil if I wanted to maintain the respect of my team and make sure my team was comprised of top talent.

"Send her in." I glanced through the resume on my desk and jotted down a few notes on what I wanted to ask before the woman who wanted to be my new Chief Marketing Officer walked in.

By the time I was saying my goodbyes, my stomach was rumbling and I needed to eat. I pulled up the takeout menu for my favorite pho restaurant and placed an online order. Then I sent Otto a text and asked him to pick up my food.

As soon as the text was sent, he replied with a thumbs-up emoji.

Before I could even put my phone away, it buzzed with a text, but this time from my personal assistant. There's a situation at the Alaska location. An employee was fatally injured in an accident. You need to get there tonight.

Great, just what I needed.

Unsure what protocol was in that situation, I called my attorney for an update and a recommendation. Apparently, there was an altercation between a past employee and a member of our cleaning staff. "Do I need to be there in person?"

"Definitely, Preston. Expect to be in Fairbanks for at least a week."

A week! A week without my nurse or sleep or...joy.

After a full ten minutes of anxiety finally seeped out of me, I hung up and dialed the agency that handled my household staff placements. I'd hired Otto through that service, and most recently, used them to hire my nurse from The Lactin Brotherhood.

"Hello, this is Preston Sinclair." I was trying to sound composed when the dispatcher answered, but I might have just sounded aggravated. "I need to make a last-minute change to my staffing arrangements."

"Of course, sir. How can we help?" The polite woman on the other end of the line waited for me to figure that out because I had no idea how to fix my problem.

"I won't be needing Otto for the coming week because I'll be traveling." My stomach clenched at the thought of being away from my wet nurse. "However, I was wondering if there's any way my night nurse might be willing to break the anonymity clause and travel with me to Alaska. It's an emergency, and I... I could really use the assistance."

There was a brief pause. "Of course, I can check on that. Please wait a moment." The line went quiet as I held my breath.

"Mr. Sinclair, that should be fine. I'll contact your nurse and ask if he's able to

accompany you to Fairbanks."

"Thank you. I'll send an addendum to the NDA." I breathed a sigh of relief and said a little prayer that my nurse would be able to join me. "I'll have my attorney be in touch, and in addition to expenses, I'll pay his normal hourly rate for 24 hours a day while we're gone. That should be sufficient incentive."

"Yes, I believe it will be." The tapping of her keyboard was loud, even through the phone.

Otto was waiting for me when I got down to the front of the building a few minutes later. "Is everything okay, sir?" He held his arm out as I climbed into the car as if making sure I got in okay.

"Yes, Otto. Thank you. Just an emergency at the office in Alaska that I need to deal with. The good news for you is that you get some paid time off. I'll probably be gone for a week or so."

"Yes, sir. I just got notice from the agency." He seemed uncomfortable or nervous, but I couldn't worry about him. He was getting at least a week off work with pay. He should be ecstatic about that.

"Great. I just need to go home to pack and then after you drop me at the airport, you're on your own until I need you to pick me up there again."

His eyes held mine for a moment before he cleared his throat and took a step back to close the door. "Yes, sir."

There was something almost familiar about the way he spoke when he lowered his voice like that. It was almost a whisper and reminded me of my most urgent priority. My nurse.

A few minutes later, I got a notification on my phone that my nurse had agreed to travel with me. Thank, fuck. I didn't even care about the NDA at that point. The stranger had proven he could be discreet, and a small part of me didn't even care if my world blew up around me. I just couldn't bear the thought of going to sleep without him there.

I fired off a string of emails on the drive home and was surprised when we pulled up to a stop in front of my house and Otto opened the door.

"How much time will you need before we head to the airport?"

I glanced at my watch. I hadn't been able to get clearance for my private jet due to a storm, but there was a nonstop commercial flight that had two seats in first class available, so my assistant booked two tickets for that. "We have about an hour. I just need to get washed up and packed and then we can meet back here."

He nodded, and again, held out his arm for me. That was new. He hadn't done that in the past, and I wondered if I looked particularly frail in my worried state.

"Of course, Mr. Sinclair." Otto's voice was calm as he looked right at me. "I'll be here for you."

I paused and cocked my head. Why did such a simple statement feel like it carried so much weight? Maybe I was more stressed about that incident in Alaska than I realized.

Up to my bedroom suite, I quickly rinsed off in the shower and then threw various clothes in my suitcase. I needed both casual and formal wear because I was likely going to be doing several television interviews and holding press conferences. Just thinking about that made my pulse quicken.

The legal and PR team were already en route to the office, but they needed me to be the face of the updates. It was one of the many things I hated about being CEO.

I debated on what to put in my carry-on. The heightened pressure and stress was likely to get to me after a day or two, so I took a chance and threw in diapers, my favorite soft blanket, and comfy clothes to wear after work that would keep me warm when my nurse wasn't snuggling me to his chest.

I zipped the bag closed and finally allowed myself to think about the fact that I was about to meet him face to face. The man who had held me in the darkest hours and provided sustenance from his own body wasn't gonna be a secret anymore.

He would see me in the light of day, and I would see him.

Would that change things? What if we weren't attracted to each other? That wouldn't matter at night, I didn't think. But on the other hand, I knew I was already attracted to him. He had already won my heart from his loving touches and the few words he'd let slip during our intimate moments together.

If he didn't find me attractive, would he stop letting me use his body as a fuck pillow? I hoped not, but I didn't need to create new worries. I had plenty of those already, and borrowing new "what-ifs" was never productive or useful.

After grabbing a quick sandwich down in the kitchen, I took a deep breath and headed out the front door. In just a little while, my life was about to change. I'd already put so much hope on how this meeting would go that the tiny fears of it not going well weren't easy to squelch.

"Are you ready, Mr. Sinclair." Otto was standing at the car door but hadn't opened it yet when I walked outside. My mind was playing tricks on me because I continued to hear and see things in the man that felt new. Different. Special.

“As ready as I’m gonna be.” I left my bags on the driveway and climbed into the backseat.

The ride to the airport was quiet as I leaned back against the leather seat and allowed myself a moment to breathe. Mostly I stared out the window, lost in thought as I contemplated all the different scenarios for how our first meeting could go.

As we got closer to the airport, Otto cleared his throat and then looked at me through the rearview mirror, his eyes communicating concern that I didn’t expect from him.

“Is something bothering you, Otto?”

“No, sir. Just making sure you’re okay. Seems like you’ve got a lot on your mind right now.”

I barked out a laugh. “That’s the understatement of the year. But yeah, I’ve got to do a few things that could go very well or very badly.” I looked at him through the mirror and smiled. “I’m hoping for very well.”

"Everything will be alright." He spoke with just confidence that I believed him and actually felt better.

"Thank you, Otto," I murmured as the car pulled up to the departure gate. "For everything."

As Otto unloaded my luggage, a sense of unease crept up within me as I glanced around, wondering if any of the men near me were my nurse.

“Do you need help getting checked in?” Otto's deep voice brought me back to the moment.

“No, thanks. I’ll be fine.” I glanced at my watch. “Enjoy your time off, and I’ll let you know when I’m heading back.”

He merely nodded and waited by the car until I was inside the building. As I approached the desk to check in, I saw Otto drive away and a strange feeling of longing surprised me. Since when did I feel so connected to my driver?

OTTO

On the entire drive to the airport, I debated whether or not to tell Preston the truth. I should have. It would have been the right thing to do. But I just couldn't find the words.

And he looked so damn stressed that I didn't want to pile on anything else. But when he said he had a lot to think about, it killed me to know I was probably a big portion of that stress.

After parking the car and grabbing my own luggage from the front, I practiced my speech. But just getting past the "Hey, I'm the guy who's been climbing into your bed every night, dry-humping your diaper, and then picking you up in the morning without another word" part, I was stumped.

Everything depended on his reaction to seeing me. When I signed the additional contract to travel with him, his assistant sent me instructions to contact their travel agent with my name and travel information. I wasn't sure if he would have been sent copies of my boarding pass, but based on his reaction on the drive, it was clear he still had no idea it was me.

I waited until the last minute to go to the gate and was one of the last people to board. My seat was 1B, and I assumed Preston was beside me, so I took a deep breath and got on the plane.

“Otto?” Preston physically startled when he looked up from his phone and saw me standing there. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m going with you.” I took a deep breath and pushed my bag into the overhead bin above his head. “I’m your...nurse.” I didn’t have the courage to look him in the eye as I dropped into the seat beside him.

“I don’t understand.” His voice was quiet, and it was clear he was actually starting to understand. “It’s you?” His hand was wrapped around his armrest like he was trying to crush it.

Hoping I wasn’t being too presumptuous, I gently placed my hand over his and held it there. “I’m sorry for not saying something sooner, but with the contract I signed, I didn’t think you’d want to know. But now...” I gave his hand a squeeze and then pulled it away. “I guess the cat’s outta the bag.”

His jaw was still hanging open, and I wondered if he might be in shock.

“Are you okay, Mr. Sinclair?” I swallowed hard, prepared to have him tell me to get the fuck off this plane and that he never wanted to see me again.

"Yes, and... thank you again for coming with me."

Relieved he wasn’t freaking out, I settled back into the plush leather of my seat. As I secured my own safety belt, I couldn’t help turning my attention toward Mr. Sinclair. The instinct to care for him was now second nature after all the hours I’d spent in his bed, ensuring his comfort and nourishment.

A quick glance confirmed that his belt was tightly fastened, so my shoulders relaxed. "Is there anything else you need before we take off?" My voice was a low murmur meant only for his ears. It was an offer that extended beyond our seats. If I needed to

take him into a bathroom and let him have a drink, I would do it in a heartbeat. I had zero concern over what other passengers or crew might think about that.

If Preston needed Daddy, I would be there for him.

Fuck, was I really thinking of myself as his Daddy? At night, I definitely did. But now everything had changed and I wondered if that did too. Was he wondering the same thing?

Tension still pulled at Preston whole body, keeping him curled forward. Then, as though finally accepting our new reality, he exhaled and his shoulders eased down to a more relaxed stance. His eyes met mine with questions that I was still trying to answer myself.

"Um, no, thanks. I'm good for now." Despite his words, I heard what he was really saying. He was okay with this. For now, at least.

The flight attendants brought us warm cookies and champagne, and I almost made a joke about offering him milk with his cookies, but we weren't there yet. I hoped we'd get there soon because I was curious to learn his sense of humor. I hadn't seen it yet, but I knew it had to be there.

Preston picked up a cookie and broke it in half. A hint of his Little side was in his eyes as he glanced at me. The chocolate dripped from the warm center as he took a bite, and a small smile touched his lips, a rare unguarded moment that warmed me more than the plate of cookies in front of me.

As we reached cruising altitude, Preston leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. Now that I could look at him freely, his stress and exhaustion was evident on his face. Seeing him that vulnerable stirred something within me. A protective instinct filled me, one that I hadn't felt before boarding the plane and revealing myself to him. The

ache in my chest was like getting hit by a truck, and I wanted nothing more in the world than to take care of him in all ways.

As if sensing my gaze, Preston's fingers twitched and unfolded slightly. They rested limply on the armrest between us in a silent invitation.

I stared at his hand and recognized it as a bridge to this new relationship between us. Still employee and employer but without any secrets between each other. Our biggest secret was with the outside world.

In the privacy of the dimmed cabin, I didn't hesitate to take his hand in mine. "Get some rest, Preston," I whispered softly.

He let out a contented sigh and turned his head toward me. "I think I actually will."

10

PRESTON

Why was I so nervous? It was Otto, and he'd already proven over the past weeks that he was trustworthy and discrete. And now that I knew he was the one I'd been calling Daddy while came in my diaper every night, I had to trust that he was okay with all of that.

Maybe the scariest part was that he was so damn sexy. Not only had he seen me act like an entitled asshole when I was completely sleep deprived but he'd also got off on my Little side. He had to be a Daddy.

But did he want to be my Daddy?

There were so many questions running through my head as I tried to calm myself down. The butterflies in my tummy were going crazy and it had nothing to do with being on a plane. I peeked over at him and saw him staring at his thumb as it rubbed across my hand.

He looked...happy.

My eyes drifted back down to our joined hands. We looked good together.

A hand settled gently on my shoulder, and I knew it was Otto before I caught his gaze. His touch was already something I'd become so used to that it was already making me melt. "Hey there, little one," he whispered in my ear. His voice was like

warm honey as he draped a blanket over my shoulders. "Aren't you supposed to be relaxing? Take advantage of this nap time because it sounds like things are gonna be hectic once we land."

My heart threatened to leap out of my chest. He hadn't had a chance to shave before being rushed onto this flight and his jawline was a tempting expanse of stubble. I wanted nothing more than to rub my fingers across it. Then my cheek. Then my lips.

His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, and he was wearing jeans that seemed a bit snug in the center. He'd never looked more attractive, except maybe when he climbed into my bed in nothing but a pair of boxers.

"Mr. Sinclair?" Otto's deep voice brought me back to the present, and I blushed even more.

"Yeah, sorry, Da— Otto." I must have been truly zoning out if Daddy almost slipped out. He was several years younger than me, for God's sake. What was wrong with me? "Just...thinking about the press conference." That was only half a lie. Yes, I was preoccupied by the shit show waiting for me when we landed, but more than that, I could stop picturing Otto in my bed, feeding me from his chest, holding me and calling me baby .

Otto raised an eyebrow, but didn't call me out on my obvious lie. Instead, he adjusted the privacy screen to the aisles so we had a little cocoon of privacy. Then he pushed up our armrests and pulled me closer to his chest so he could hold me and rub my back. "Just close your eyes and think about what's gonna happen when you're in bed tonight." He leaned down so his lips were close to my ear. "And whether you want to leave the lights on this time."

Instinctively, I turned and rooted in his chest, wishing he was shirtless so I could latch on and get a taste. Since he was clothed, I just breathed in the subtle hints of his

cologne and his milk, fully relaxing in the safety of his arms.

Nestled against Otto's broad chest, the hum of the plane's engines lulled me to sleep. His warmth surrounded me in a comforting embrace. The rich leather seat creaked slightly as I shifted, trying to get even closer to him without climbing into his lap. I felt like I was wrapped in the most luxurious blanket, except this one held me back with strong arms.

Otto had quickly proven to be exactly what I needed, and now I couldn't imagine nighttime without the nurturing care he provided. Caring for a Little required a certain amount of effort, and Otto never hesitated to do what was needed to take care of my needs.

As I dreamed of cuddling with Otto in an actual bed, the plane hit a pocket of turbulence and jolted us violently. My eyes flew open and my heart was thundering in my chest as I clung tighter to Otto. Panic clawed at my insides because I hated flying in general, and unexpected bumps in the air were my personal nightmare. The shaking continued and each tremor sent spikes of fear through me.

"Shh, little one. We're gonna be just fine." His voice was a low rumble against my ear as he pulled me closer, enveloping me in his warmth. The assurance in his tone soothed my frazzled nerves, and I instantly relaxed.

A flight attendant appeared beside us with a bright smile. "Can I get you anything to eat or drink?"

"Can I have a double bourbon, please?" I tried to keep my voice level, but the words came out more like a plea than a request.

"Of course, sir." She nodded and looked at Otto. "What can I get for you, sir?"

Otto continued to stroke my arm even when I was sitting upright. "Can I get a sandwich and some orange juice, please?"

"Absolutely. I'll be right back."

I turned to Otto with a raised brow. "You don't want a drink? You can order anything you want. All of your expenses are covered."

"Not while I'm on the clock." He gave my wrist a squeeze. "And definitely not if you're drinking a double shot."

When the attendant returned, I quickly threw back my drink, welcoming the burn as it traveled down my throat. The warmth of the alcohol spread through my body, dulling the sharp edges of my anxiety and stress.

"Better?" Otto murmured, his tone soft yet sexy.

I shrugged and took a deep breath. "Yes, thanks."

Otto picked up his sandwich and held it out to me. "Take at least a few bites of this, please. You need something in your stomach beyond liquor."

I grinned and took the sandwich. "Yes, Daddy." I meant it in a joking way, teasing him for making me eat.

He just growled in response and leaned over so his lips were right by my ear. "Be a good boy and you'll get a special surprise later."

My heart almost exploded as I imagined all the things that could be.

For the remainder of flight, I was practically curled around his arm as he comforted

me. Even though I wasn't sure in the moment, I didn't regret showing Otto my vulnerability. That was part of our arrangement. He was hired to take care of my needs, even though neither of us had any idea what that would ultimately look like.

OTTO

We stepped off the plane into the cool night as Preston fixed his suit and smoothed down his hair. A swarm of PR people from his company descended on us, ready to brief the boss on the tragedy of the day. The housekeeper's death had shaken the entire company, but there was no time for grief, only damage control.

"Mr. Sinclair, we've scheduled a public statement expressing your condolences and commitment to the safety of all employees," one advisor said.

Preston nodded with his jaw set in that determined way of his. "I want to offer financial support to her family." He glanced over at me before turning back to his team. "And get counseling services on site for all employees."

The lawyers swarmed him with their voices hushed and urgent. Clearly, they had some thoughts on that.

I hung back and watched him get swept away by the tide of tailored suits and expensive tablets.

"Mr. Klein?" A man appeared at my side and walked in stride with me. "I'm Josh, one of the communications managers. We have instructions to take you to the hotel you'll both be staying at."

I didn't like getting separated from Preston, but this was what he did for a living. He

didn't need me by his side to lead his company. I just needed to be waiting for him when he finally needed to rest. "Sounds good to me. Thanks, Josh."

"Mr. Sinclair is scheduled to be in meetings for the next several hours, but you have full access to all the amenities of the resort," Josh explained as we walked. "And we'd be happy to make spa or dinner reservations for you."

"Thanks, but I'm fine for now." My eyes tracked Preston as he was being ushered into an SUV. The door closed as I caught a glimpse of his solemn face. He was always so strong for everyone else, but at night, he allowed himself to be vulnerable with me. He called me Daddy and let me take care of in a way the public could never imagine.

Josh gestured toward another vehicle that was parked behind Preston's. "That's our ride."

Sliding into the backseat, I let out a sigh, feeling the weight of the night ahead. Meetings would drain Preston, and he'd need me more than ever tonight.

As the SUV drove through the city, I couldn't wait to finally be able to watch as Preston drank from me. The trust I would see in his eyes as I held him close after giving him pleasure and warmth.

When he was in my arms seemed to be one of the only times he could let go of everything but us.

The suite was something out of a billionaire's handbook, with every inch of the place exuding luxury and wealth. I wandered through it and admired the opulence with a mix of awe and practicality. The three bedrooms were all generously sized, but without an obvious primary room, I wasn't sure which would be mine for the night. After debating for a few minutes, I picked the farthest from the entrance, hoping

Preston would want to claim a space closer to the front.

After quickly unpacking, I ordered room service for myself and placed a food delivery order to stock the room with basics. As I waited for everything to be delivered, I stripped off my clothes and stepped into the shower that was large enough to fit a whole family. The hot water felt amazing as it cascaded down my body and dripped from my dick. My cock was hardened to the point of being painful, but instead of taking care of myself in the shower, I decided to let it build.

The whole reason I was in Alaska was to take care of Preston, and I wanted to be ready for whatever he needed from me.

After my shower, I got dressed in sweats and a t-shirt then went to go check on the food. The dining room was set up with everything I'd ordered from room service, and the groceries had been put away. There was even a bowl of fresh fruit on the counter. I'd never been in such a fancy hotel.

I didn't have much to do, so I sprawled on the couch and turned on the TV. It took a few rounds of going through the entire guide to find something I wanted to watch, but I finally settled on a fishing show that put me right to sleep.

It wasn't until my phone dinged on the table that I roused from the couch. The entire suite was dark except for the TV and my phone.

It was closing in on eleven thirty when I read the message from Preston. Done for the night, see you in 10.

Excited to see him, I turned on the lights and made sure my dinner was all cleaned up from earlier. Then I texted him back. Have you eaten yet? I can order room service.

His response was immediate. Thanks but I ate. Now I just need a shower, a drink, and

sleep.

I was grateful that he'd eaten, but I still wanted to make sure he was feeling good after the day he'd had, so I grabbed a bottle of electrolytes from the fridge and placed it next to a bottle of aspirin on the counter. It was never a bad idea to cover all bases.

In my line of work, preparation was as essential as the service itself.

Finally, I heard the beep of the door unlocking and swinging open, a signal that my job for the night was about to begin. And this time, we didn't have to be in complete silence and darkness.

12

PRESTON

After wrapping up one of the worst days of my life, walking into that suite and seeing Otto standing there with aspirin in his hand almost made me cry.

“Hello, Mr. Sinclair.” He gazed up and down my body. “Can I take your coat?”

“Sure.” I turned and pushed it off my shoulders and into Otto’s awaiting arms.

“Thank you.”

He just nodded. “There are snacks and fruit.” He held up the drink bottle. “Juice.”

I kicked off my shoes by the door and shook my head. “No, thanks. I just need a shower and to get into bed.”

Otto froze in place as if he wasn’t sure how he wanted to handle this. “How would you like me, sir?”

My head was cocked as I gave him a slow once-over. “Can you come into my room in thirty minutes? I’ll be ready for you then.”

“Of course.” He stepped away just long enough to put the drink back in the fridge.

“Same rules apply?”

I swallowed hard as I stared into his eyes. “No rules apply, Otto. I think we’ve

established that trust by now.”

The irises in his eyes disappeared as his pupils dilated. “I’ll see you in thirty.”

I peeled off my clothes and dropped them onto the bathroom floor. My skin prickled with anticipation for how the night was going to go. As always, I was aroused by the prospect of nursing. But now that I knew it was Otto giving me that gift, I was turned on at a whole new level. My desperate dick was impossible to ignore—standing proud and attention-seeking—but I let it be. My focus was on the warm body that was waiting for me to slide into my bed.

The water cascaded over me in a warm deluge as heat penetrated every pore and muscle. My hands roamed over my body, not in an erotic way but with the practicality of someone washing away the day.

It was like shedding an old skin and emerging new and ready for whatever—or rather whoever—came next.

Once I was clean and infinitely more relaxed, I stepped out of the shower with tendrils of water tracing paths down my legs and dripping onto the plush bath mat. A brief chill shimmied up my spine, but I didn’t worry about it. I was about to get warmed up in the most natural way possible.

Body heat and chest milk. Nothing could be better than that.

I padded across the cool hardwood floor of my bedroom, in the semi-darkness. The bathroom light was on, so a sliver of light escaped through the cracked door in case I needed to get up in the middle of the night. No clothes were needed on my body. Not anymore.

Kneeling over my bag, I pulled out a few things that might come in handy. I put the

diaper on the nightstand and lube and condoms on the other nightstand. There were no requirements or expectations from Preston, but now that we didn't have the restriction of darkness or silence, anything was possible.

My hands lingered over the crisp linen before pulling back the covers and climbing in. The sheets were cool against my still-warm skin, but I wouldn't be cool for long. Daddy would be coming in any minute.

I reached over to the diaper and just slid my fingers across the cotton center. The soft crinkle of the material was oddly comforting. Next to the diaper, the lube and a condom were both innocuous yet full of promise. It was an offering to Otto that I hoped he took me up on.

I closed my eyes and waited for Otto.

A soft sigh escaped me as I considered how it would feel to drink from this man I'd previously only known as my driver in full light. Would he still respect me as a successful businessman by day after he'd witnessed all of my Little side?

13

OTTO

Naked as the day I was born, I waited for Preston to be ready for me. Tonight, when I entered his bed without a stitch of clothing between us, I was baring more than skin. I was asking for permission for more from him.

More than he'd asked for but hopefully not more than he wanted.

When thirty minutes had passed, I padded across the living room to Preston's bedroom door. It was slightly ajar, as it always was, in a silent invitation for me to join him.

I hesitated for a moment, gathering the nerve to step inside the dimly lit room. Dim but not fully dark. Enough light came in from the moonlight and the bathroom light that I could clearly see Preston nestled into the mountain of pillows and high-thread-count bedding.

Preston's eyes were closed, but I knew he was keenly aware of my presence. As I lingered in the doorway, those eyes fluttered open and his gaze was on me, hungry and expectant. A shiver ran down my spine from the intensity of that look. It was a look that could strip me bare, even if I hadn't already done the job myself.

There was no rush or urgency in the moment. Just a new anticipation winding tight between us. As my feet carried me slowly toward the bed, Preston lifted the sheets to invite me in. When they were all the way off him, I saw his own nakedness.

Apparently, we'd had the same idea.

"Come, Daddy."

I obeyed, drawn by the magnetic force of his need, and the name that melted my heart every time he said it. Daddy. He wanted his Daddy.

Settling onto the mattress beside him, Preston immediately scooted toward me in slow and deliberate moves.

As I slid under the covers next to him, it was like stepping into a world where only Preston and I existed. Just Daddy and boy. I shifted close enough to feel his breath against my skin.

The air between us was charged with anticipation as we moved together, instinctively finding the position that had become most comfortable for us. Preston's head nestled into the crook of my arm and his mouth was just inches from my chest.

"Ready, baby?" I asked in a low and steady voice.

He nodded and then launched toward me. There was no hesitation as he latched on and pulled in the first drops of milk.

Every time I felt him on the latch, my cock twitched. The sensation was an indescribable mix of the best kinds of pleasure as I cradled his head and ran my fingers through his hair in silent reassurance and support.

His suckling was rhythmic and needy. Music to the ears of a Daddy and a provider.

I could feel the tension draining from Preston's body with each pull as he surrendered to the experience. While he drew sustenance from me, I focused on the act of

providing for him in a way that almost no one else could.

Preston's hand slid down my back, and when he reached my bare ass, he whimpered against me. "Daddy...please."

"Please what, baby?" I'd give him anything he wanted. He just needed to ask.

But Preston responded without words. He just pressed his cock to my thigh and dug his fingers into my crack. Fuck, that boy knew how to get to me every time.

As his sucking slowed down, Preston thrust his hip forward so his dick hit my equally hard cock.

I held still, unwilling to risk hearing his judgment or disapproval. This was our time to be fully present with each other. A sacred space where we both could rest without leaving each other's arms.

Preston moved his hand to mine and then dragged it over his cock. "Please, Daddy."

The warmth and strength of Preston's mouth was a sensation I'd grown accustomed to, yet it still sent shivers down my spine when he was latched. It wasn't just a physical experience, but now that I had a visual element, I was about to come just from glancing at the boy's half-lidded eyes as he suckled.

Preston's fingers traced patterns on my belly while he anticipated what was coming. I could tell by the way his eyelashes fluttered against his cheeks that he was teetering on the edge between contented bliss and aching need.

A low hum of approval was my signal to Preston that I was attuned to his unspoken desires.

Easing my hand around the curve of his bottom, I ventured farther, teasing his sensitive crack with feather-light touches.

Preston moaned into my skin and the vibration sent a jolt straight through me. His body arched back into my hand, silently begging for more.

I paused for a moment when he detached from my chest, but he didn't go far. His breath hit my skin in small puffs as he pointed to the nightstand. "Condoms and lube."

Fuck, he wanted it all.

The foil packet crinkled between my fingers as I opened it up and rolled it onto my cock. The lube was cool, but Preston didn't react at all. There was no fumbling or a break in the rhythm we'd built together.

He shifted closer and slid his own hand around me. As he stroked my length, I slid one slick finger past the tight ring of muscle guarding his opening and pushed all the way in.

His breath hitched, but he pushed back against me like he wanted more. After a full minute, I added a second finger and continued to stretch him slowly while listening to the subtle shifts in his breathing.

"I'm ready, Daddy." The words were tinged with desperation in my boy's plea for fulfillment. It wasn't just about the physical act of making love but also the promise of care and the affirmation of our bond.

Gently, I maneuvered him onto his back until he lay open and willing beneath me.

Then I rolled the condom on. We'd both been tested prior to our arrangement, but

since he asked me to wear it, I didn't mind. The latex was a necessary barrier between us, but not a hindrance to the heat that pulsed from my body to his.

Aligning my shaft with his opening, I pushed into Preston with a tenderness that belied the raw hunger that thrummed through my veins. With his legs wrapped around my waist, he pulled me deeper. I knew I wasn't going to last long, but I couldn't stay still any longer.

I had to bury fully into him and then pull out in a quick thrust as if his channel were a fleshlight. A warm, perfect fleshlight.

We moved in a silent dance of love and lust. Our whispers and sighs filled the air as evidence of our connection. Tension coiled within us and built up as we came together and apart as one.

Preston dug his nails into my back with a delicious pressure that only served to drive me closer to the edge. And when he finally came, spilling warmth between our joined bodies, I followed him over the cliff.

Finally, we were together in all ways.

In the aftermath, as our breathing slowed and our cocks were finally sated, I cradled him against my chest once again. This time, there was no need for nursing because he already had a full tummy of milk. "You okay, sweet boy?"

"Yes. Thank you, Daddy." Preston's voice was muffled against my skin. "The best."

"Good boys get good nighttime surprises." And I meant that.

14

PRESTON

“Can I have something else, Daddy?” I was fully regressed as I inched up his body so my mouth was next to his.

“What’s that?” Otto carded his fingers through my hair to push back the damp strands.

“A kiss.” My voice went from high pitched and playful to deep and desperate in one second. “If that’s okay with you.”

His eyes fluttered shut as he pressed his lips to mine. It started off sweet and chaste, but within seconds, I was ready to push onto his dick again and take the man five more times.

The warmth of Otto's lips pressed against mine felt like the final piece to a puzzle I'd been trying to solve my entire life. I melted into him as my heart burst with excitement. Our first kiss was magical. It started off tentative but ended up hotter and heavier than I imagined possible.

A million times better than any previous kiss I'd experienced.

His large hands cradled my face gently as if he held something precious. Mine gripped his broad shoulders, even more turned on by the solid muscles beneath his shirt as he kissed me again. The kiss deepened, and my Daddy tightened his grip just

enough to make me feel like I was his. Like he was claiming me.

When the kiss ended, I was breathless and wanting more. So many more. But I was so tired and could barely keep my eyes open, so there was no room for disappointment. Daddy pulled me against his body and cuddled me like he was my security blanket.

"Feels like home, Daddy," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

He sighed against my neck, and then kissed my cheek. "You are home, baby." I knew he wasn't literally speaking about the four walls surrounding us. He was referring to the intimacy we'd just shared. The connection neither of us saw coming. The love building between us now that the veil of secrecy had been lifted.

Instinctively, I snuggled closer, drawn to the heat of his body and the tenderness of his embrace. Otto's fingers stroked my hair in a soothing rhythm that lulled me toward sleep. The simplicity of the gesture spoke volumes about his caring nature but was also becoming one of my favorite ways for him to show affection.

My eyes grew heavy as we lay there, but I couldn't fall asleep. I needed to be on the latch for that to happen. After a few minutes of trying, I lowered down his body and got into my favorite position. The one where I was wrapped around Daddy's body and he fed me to sleep.

"Otto?" I murmured, half-afraid to break the tranquility enveloping us.

"Hmm?" His soft voice was drowsy.

"Did you ever think we'd end up here?" I traced patterns on his arm absently.

"Not with the lights on." His fingers paused in their gentle massage of my scalp.

Time seemed irrelevant as we lay there, wrapped up in each other, but before I could fully relax, I had one more question. "Otto?"

"Still here, baby."

"Stay with me." I wasn't just talking about tonight but all the nights. Every night. I wanted Otto to continue to be my caregiver, my protector, my Daddy.

"Always." He probably wouldn't remember anything in the morning, but that was okay with me. It was enough for me to hear him say it. In time, I'd know for sure if it was true.

I closed my eyes and let the word—the promise—wash over me like a benediction.

The last thing I was aware of was the steady heartbeat under my ear and the gentle puff of breath in my hair. It was a song of safety and love that carried me into my dreams.

That was where I belonged.

In Otto's arms.

In a world where my needs were met with understanding and acceptance, and my wealth was secondary to the closeness we shared.

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The soft glow of the Alaskan sunrise shone into our hotel room as I watched Preston sleep. His footie pajamas covered his body from neck to toe, and he was absolutely adorable. His chest rose and fell in a peaceful rhythm that was practically opposite of how I was feeling.

It had been ten days since arriving in Alaska, and the drama Preston had been dealing with at work was finally doused enough for him to head home.

I brushed a lock of hair from his forehead, and his eyelids fluttered. Preston stirred awake and rooted around for the warmth only I could provide. His lips found my skin, and he began to suckle as he slowly woke up.

Watching him against my skin was the biggest turn-on. My cock was already hard, but the visual of him nursing put me in danger zone for spontaneous eruption.

"Good morning, little one." The endearment came naturally to me because it perfectly encapsulated who Preston was to me. He was my little boy. Innocent, precious, mine.

He moaned and pressed his morning wood to my thigh before pulling off my chest. "Morning."

I felt his breath against my skin and was instantly in the role of Daddy, not that I ever fully left it with Preston. Even the way I cradled him to my body spoke of the protection and care I wanted for him.

Nurturing wasn't just a calling to me. It was my purpose. Preston was my purpose.

We settled into the quiet routine that had become our morning ritual. His head rested against my chest, while I wrapped an arm around him and rubbed his back. Then we would rock against each other's body, either dry-humping while we kissed or I'd enter his warm channel and make love to him until we had puddles all over the bed.

"We're going home today, Daddy." Preston was present enough to speak against my skin, but his eyes were mostly closed. "I'm so glad."

"Back home to Aspen." A twinge of sadness at the thought of leaving our haven filled me, but Aspen wasn't just the place we'd met. It was a community we both loved and where we both agreed we wanted to stay. Going home together, fully committed to our dynamic, was the best kind of promise to start a relationship with.

"Home is anywhere with you." Preston had a note of wonder in his voice as if the idea was still settling in and taking root in his heart.

"Always with me." I knew the truth of those words down to my bones. We were bound by more than circumstance or need. We were tethered by the invisible threads of destiny that had drawn us together, making it impossible to imagine a life apart.

Despite any past pain he'd felt, I promised again and again that I would never hurt him. I knew Preston wanted to believe that, but only time would prove to him that I meant every word I said to him.

His grip tightened on me in a silent plea to hold on just a bit longer. He liked to drag out the moments we had in bed before facing our inevitable reality.

Of course, I obliged. I would give him anything, everything.

Time seemed irrelevant as we basked in the warmth of our connection. Eventually, Preston released his hold and his gaze met mine with an intensity that stole my breath away. In his eyes, I saw the reflection of my own emotions. Hope, desire, and

something that had been growing between us for weeks, nurtured by whispered confessions in the dark and laughter shared under the endless sky.

"I love you, Otto." The words were simple but held a universe of meaning behind them.

My heart swelled as the sentiment echoed through every fiber of my being. "I love you, too, Preston." It was both a relief and a homecoming to say those words out loud. They'd been building from the start, but it took the forced disclosure of our identities in Alaska to fully begin the process of combining into a single soul.

It had been there from the start in every touch, every glance, every moment spent entwined in each other's arms.

The words that had taken us a while to accept hung between us—not as an end but as a beginning. They were a vow that whatever the future held, we would face it as one. Our journey hadn't been conventional, but then again, nothing about us was.

Alaska had been our temporary refuge from the world. One of the first chapters in our story, but it was time to flip the page. Aspen was the blank page waiting for us to fill in with memories, laughter, and love.

It was our chance to build something special, and real, and lasting.

"Ready to go home?" I stroked his cheek with the pad of my thumb, soaking in the softness of his skin.

"Only if it's with you." His smile broke through any lingering doubts or fears that had been trying to sneak into my mind.

"Then let's go start our forever." I sealed the promise with a kiss that held all the tenderness of sunrise, all the passion of a storm, and all the quiet strength of the

mountains that surrounded us.

It was a new day, a new beginning, and as we packed up our little sanctuary in the snow, I knew that we were going home and would be there together. Forever.