



# No Caller ID (Blue Collar Daddies in the City #7)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Seven years ago, Brayden was too young to get the attention of his woodshop teacher. But he's all grown up now, and the sexy Daddy is exactly who he's been waiting for...

After an incident in a bar with my friends, I wasn't sure I would ever want to start dating again. Going out means potentially running into one of the men who tried to hurt me—or someone even worse. So I focus on my work at the shop, play by myself at home, and try to not to feel envious of the amazing relationship Max has with his new Daddy. It's a lonely life, but it's safer this way.

Ethan thinks he's seen a ghost when a boy from his past—a boy who is now very much a man—walks out of the auto shop he takes his most beloved possession to. He hasn't thought much about Brayden Baxter since the boy graduated seven years ago.

But now, that boy is all he can think about.

And when the nightly hang-ups start, Ethan has a pretty good idea who is responsible for them. He just needs the boy to make the first move, so he can finally pursue the heat that sparked between them long before it should have.

**Total Pages (Source):** 19

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

## Chapter 1

Brayden

Wednesdays were the worst. Mondays and Tuesdays were always busy with all the cars that broke down over the weekend. Thursdays and Fridays were full of cars that needed to be tuned up for road trips over the weekend.

But Wednesdays were generally slow. Just a few oil changes or random maintenance jobs ever came in.

Today was no exception.

There was one car waiting for me when I got in. And then Max asked me to help him install a windshield on a car he was rebuilding. But now, I was basically organizing tools and taking inventory of supplies we needed to either grab from the back or order from our suppliers.

All of which were my least favorite things to do. I wasn't really the "organizing stuff" type.

I was more of a play with toys, leave them scattered all over the place, and hope some kind soul behind me would clean them all up. At work, that kind soul was usually Max. He wasn't the organizing type either, but he did like to have everything in its place at the end of the day. And after a couple days of me leaving a mess at my station, it usually drove him to the point that he had to take care of my station too.

I loved that boy.

I was about to go ask the boss if anything needed to be done in the office when the rumble of an old muscle car caught my attention. Like any car guy worth his salt, I stopped what I was doing and stared at the driveway until a bright orange '69 Plymouth Road Runner rolled in.

Fuck, she looks good.

Max slid out from under the car he had been working on and stood next to me. As the engine turned off, he let out a low whistle and shook his head. "Let me know if you need any help on that one. I wouldn't mind taking her out for a test drive later."

We just watched in awe as Jordan came out from the office to meet up with the new customer.

A silver fox with a nice build and dark sunglasses got out of the car and walked into the lobby with Jordan.

Max and I tried to be subtle, but our attention was torn between the sexy car and the even sexier driver. Max sighed and took a step back. "Good luck with that one. And don't leave a smudge of grease on the paint like you did on that Nova last week."

I smacked at his arm and chuckled as he walked away. In my defense, that smudge was from my knee after rubbing on the tire, and it was barely noticeable. More of a speck, really.

A few minutes later, Jordan and the customer walked into the garage with a work order. "All right, Brayden. You get the pleasure of working on Mr. Rosemont's baby out there."

The man slipped off his sunglasses and cocked his head as he got a better look at me. “Brayden?”

My jaw dropped as I recognized the woodshop teacher from my senior year of high school. “Mr. Rosemont? Wow, that’s your car?”

He grinned with pride. “Yeah, been working on her for a while. She’s mostly done, but I’m hearing some knocking and can’t figure out why. I’m guessing her timing’s off, but I’m not working at the school anymore, so I don’t have access to all the auto shop equipment there.”

That was a surprise. “Oh, I thought you’d be there forever.”

Before we could get too far down memory lane, Jordan shoved the paperwork at my chest. “Well, don’t you worry, Mr. Rosemont. She’s in excellent hands with Brayden. We’ll get the diagnostic done within the hour, and Brayden will call you with the estimate.”

Mr. Rosemont held my stare for a long moment before he cleared his throat and looked away. “Yeah, no rush. I’ve got a car coming to pick me up, and I have an old commuter car I can drive for a few days if I need to leave it.”

“Okay, I’ll call you as soon as I know what needs to be done.” I tried to come off as casual, but I wasn’t sure I sold it as I continued to stare at him.

“Thanks, Brayden.” He grinned and dropped his glasses back into place. “I’ll be waiting for your call.”

My eyes didn’t stray from his ass as he walked to the corner to meet his rideshare.

At least not until Jordan interrupted my little fantasy. “All right then, kid.” Jordan

gave my shoulder a nudge. “Roll up that tongue and get to work.” He handed me the keys and turned back toward his office.

I was practically giddy. “Sure thing, boss. This is gonna be fun.”

And it was. I hadn’t driven a manual transmission in a while, and I was surprised Mr. Rosemont hadn’t switched it to automatic during the rebuild. Then again, I shouldn’t have been surprised at all. I wouldn’t have done that conversion if it were my car.

Over the next hour, I ran all the standard diagnostics and a few extras. He did a great job restoring it, but it had obviously taken a while from start to finish because some parts that looked to be brand-new were already starting to crack from age and exposure, so I made a note to get all those replaced.

Fortunately—or unfortunately, depending on how you looked at it—we had all the parts in stock. After a very brief call to get his approval for the repairs, I finished up Mr. Rosemont’s car by the end of the day.

At least I had a new fantasy to add to my spank bank.

Ethan Rosemont wasn’t some kid just out of school when he was my teacher. He was probably in his mid-thirties at the time, which probably put him in his early forties now.

Although, the streaks of silver in his hair hinted at maybe a few years older than that. Then again, some people just grayed earlier than others. Whatever age he was, he was fucking hot.

I looked down at the work order in my hand as I waited for him to get dropped off by his rideshare and sighed. Maybe I should have dragged out the project a few more days just to keep the dream of seeing him again going a little longer.

In a moment of weakness, I hinted to Jordan that I'd be willing to drive the car to Mr. Rosemont's house to drop it off for him, hoping maybe he would offer me a ride home after that. But Jordan just rolled his eyes and made it clear that was not an option.

He was no fun at all—at least not when it came to letting me stalk our customers.

Max finished up everything in his station and came to my side. "Are you waiting for your new Daddy?"

I smiled and wanted to laugh as if it were a joke, but instead, what came out of me was more like a whimper. "I wish. I had the biggest crush on Mr. Rosemont in high school. If he had hinted in any possible way that he was gay and interested in me, I would've begged for him to kiss me on the day I turned eighteen." I blew a raspberry with my lips and crossed my arms dramatically over my chest. "But he wasn't... And isn't. Clearly." I turned to Max and waggled my eyebrows. "But I got to drive his car."

He looked at her with green in his eyes. "Yeah, I should've taken you up on the offer earlier. Now I'll never know what a '69 Road Runner feels like."

Before we could lament any further, a compact car stopped at the end of the driveway and Mr. Rosemont stepped out.

Max pulled his keys out of his pocket and started walking away. "See you tomorrow."

"Tell Daddy James I said hi."

He waved over his shoulder and kept going.

“Daddy James?”

I jumped, startled that Mr. Rosemont was right beside me and heard what I just said.

“Oh, um. That’s just a nickname we use for Max’s boyfriend.”

“Is it?” He cocked his head and looked at me for a moment before he blew out a breath. “Thank you for working on my car, Brayden.”

“Yeah, of course.” The way he said my name vibrated through me, shooting down my spine and pinging my dick until it was inappropriately hard. I dug his key out of my pocket and took the opportunity to casually adjust myself. “Jordan took care of the payment, so you’re all set. If you have any other problems or any questions, you know where to find me.”

He nodded as he accepted the key and summary paperwork.

It was on the tip of my tongue to offer him my number, but that would’ve been over the line. Not to mention embarrassing when he declined to take it. He had the number for the shop, and that was good enough. “Thank you, Brayden. It was good to see you.”

“It was good to see you too, Mr. Rosemont. And your car really is beautiful.”

He turned to his baby and smiled. “Thank you. And...it’s Ethan. You can call me that now.”

I swallowed hard as if that meant more than it actually did. “Okay, Ethan. Have a good night.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 2

Ethan

Brayden Marshall was a mechanic. And a damn good one based on what the owner said about him. I shouldn't have been surprised by that because he had always been mechanically inclined. When the boy was in woodshop, he spent more time adjusting the lathe to have a perfectly smooth and well-calibrated spin than actually building anything.

I also seemed to recall that he could be a bit of a troublemaker, acting out pretty often—for attention, most likely. At the time, I didn't think much of his bratty tendencies because he was a teenager who thought he knew everything about the world.

But he was a man now. Probably twenty-four or twenty-five. Was he still a brat?

When I heard him call his friend's boyfriend Daddy James, my dick was instantly hard. Was he a kinky brat? Maybe it was fate that had brought me to the shop instead of the billboard on the corner that I drove past every day.

Brayden Marshall was a mechanic...and he told me to call him if I ever needed him.

As I lay in bed with my dick in my hand, I definitely felt some need. I never had any inappropriate thoughts about students when I was teaching, but now that he was all grown up, it was hard not to picture the freckle-faced kid with bleach-blond hair and a skateboard sticking out of his backpack. He looked the same but with darker hair,



more stubble, and an adorable pair of coveralls.

Made it easy to picture him in a pair of full-length pajamas or a onesie. He'd be fucking hot in a onesie. My dick was hot beneath my fingers as I stroked it faster, cupping my balls now and then to mix things up.

The images in my mind shouldn't have been of a certain mechanic bent over my Vitamin C-colored bird wearing nothing but a diaper and a needy smile for Daddy.

"Fuck." I stroked faster, imagining those full lips wrapped around my cock as I came in a thick fountain onto my chest. If only those sweet lips were nearby to clean me up.

My breath was labored for a few minutes while I just lay there, thinking inappropriate thoughts about the boy from a lifetime ago. At least what felt like a lifetime ago. Since Brayden graduated, he'd probably long forgotten the shop teacher he'd had a crush on back in twelfth grade.

Yeah, I knew about his crush. He wasn't the most discreet kid I'd ever met. He was either staring at me, flirting with me, or making inappropriate comments to annoy me. A total brat, through and through.

At the time, it was equal parts annoying and amusing.

Today, it was purely intriguing. I wanted to know more about him. Did he have a partner? Was he single? Was he kinky? What did he think about Daddy James? Did he have a Daddy of his own? If not, did he want one...

I dragged my ass to the bathroom to clean up, and on my way back to bed, my phone started ringing. "What the hell?"

It was close to midnight, and I never got calls that late. My company line only forwarded to my phone during business hours, and none of my friends or family would call that late unless it was an emergency.

With an ungraceful dive across my bed, I grabbed my phone off the opposite nightstand and answered. “Hello? This is Ethan.”

A soft gasp came through the speaker and then silence. Absolute silence.

“Hello? Is anybody there?” I glanced at the screen to see who it was, but it just said No Caller ID.

A few seconds passed before I heard a click and the call was disconnected. Weird. Maybe a wrong number.

I turned off the lights and slid into bed, thinking about the boy who was now living rent-free in my mind but had probably already forgotten about the random encounter with an old teacher from high school.

The next morning, I woke up hard and thinking about Brayden again, so I took care of myself to a different fantasy. This one involved him in the back seat of my car.

I came hard and fast with my eyes squeezed shut so an imaginary Brayden could ride me like a stallion as he chanted his nickname for me: “Daddy.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 3

Brayden

I didn't mean to do it. Honestly, after the first night, I swore to delete his number and never call again. But then I did it again the next day. And then the next.

What was wrong with me?

I was obsessed. That's what was wrong with me.

For several years after I graduated, I thought about Ethan Rosemont and imagined being with him. Laughing with him, going out to dinner, working in his shop, and giving him all of me. I had produced gallons of come from thoughts of that man.

At least until my first real boyfriend came into the picture and I was distracted by a real man instead of the one in my memories. Eventually, Mr. Rosemont faded into the back recesses of my mind.

But he was never fully gone. And now, he was back.

Back when I woke up with a hard-on. Back whenever I heard the rumble of a muscle car. Back when a new customer with a similar build walked into the shop. Just...back.

By the time each night rolled around, I couldn't help myself. I had to hear his voice for real.

As many times as I told myself I was bothering him and needed to stop harassing the poor man, I gave in and ended up pressing \*67 on my phone to block my number before I called him.

If it was just silence and me basically prank-calling him, I might've stopped after the first day or two. But then he started talking to me. Even though I sat silent on the line, barely breathing into the microphone not to give away any hints about who I might be, it was like he knew it was me.

Either that or randos called and breathed into his phone on a regular basis.

No, he had to know it was me. And if not me specifically, somebody like me. Someone who just wanted to be his friend. Who just wanted to hear his voice before bedtime.

It was close to nine thirty, right around my bedtime, when I gave in and dialed his number. I had so many things to say, but whenever he answered, my mind just stopped working and no words could come out.

“Hello?” His deep voice went straight through me, hitting differently each time. After more than a week, I still felt every word—right down to my balls.

I opened my mouth to say something back, but nothing came out. Nothing ever did.

“It’s okay if you don’t want to say anything, but I’m glad you called.” I heard his breathing for a few moments before he sighed. “I finished a project today. The client was really happy with it, and it was something I’d spent a lot of time working on, so I guess I had a pretty good day. Hope you did too.”

What kind of project? Who was his client? There were so many things I wanted to ask, but I just couldn’t do it.

“Well, I hope you have a good night and...maybe I’ll talk to you tomorrow?” He held the line for several long moments before I finally gave him an out and I hung up first.

Tomorrow! Tomorrow I would say hello and apologize for harassing him and explain that... Well, I had no idea what I would say after that. But at least I could say hi.

The next day was Friday, so I made plans with Max and Augie to go to happy hour after work. Daddy James had to work late, so he was picking up Max after we had dinner. Max wasn’t allowed to drink too much with us anymore when his Daddy wasn’t around to supervise.

Not after the incident .

The incident was just a month ago, but it sometimes felt like years in the past, and sometimes it felt like just yesterday. Just a regular night when I went out with Max, Dylan, and Augie for drinks, and we got drugged. Most of us were just sick and scared, but Augie actually got hurt.

He was doing better now, but it was a scary way to learn a lesson in being safe and smart. Daddy James was good at reminding Max to always be safe, and the rest of us just tagged along with his advice. So, we’d all be smart about how much we drank, and Daddy James would decide if we were fine to get ourselves home after dinner or if he needed to drive us.

I was careful to start with a mojito because those never got me drunk. And then we ordered pretzel bites and wings right around the time I felt a little bit of warmth in my limbs. A good kind of warmth that made me relax into the booth, with Augie sitting close beside me. “So, how are things with Roy?”

“Roy?” It took me a second to even realize who he was talking about. Not because I had forgotten about my friend Roy but because Ethan took up one thousand percent

of my mind. “Oh, good. Fine. I mean, we’re just friends. We had lunch a few weeks ago, but I’ve been a little distracted for the past week or so.”

“Yeah, by Eeee-thaaannnn.” Max threw me under the bus and then took a gulp of his pear cider. “His Daddy customer.”

Augie pulled the wing out of his mouth just before he chomped on it and then pointed it at me. “You have a Daddy customer named Ethan? Why haven’t I heard about him yet?”

“He’s not my Daddy. He’s not even my customer anymore. He’s a teacher from high school who came in last week and that’s it.” I rolled my eyes and kicked Max under the table.

“Ow!” He pouted, but I knew he was just faking it. “You can’t kick me when you’re the one stalking the guy.”

“It’s not stalking, per se. It’s more like...pre-talking.”

Augie cocked his eyebrow. “What is pre-talking?”

I shrugged and picked up a pretzel. “I’ve wanted to talk to him, but I haven’t had the nerve.” I blew out a heavy breath through puffed cheeks. “So, I might have called him and hung up...a few times.”

“Like fifty times.” Max scoffed and then swung his legs away so I couldn’t reach him.

“Like...seven times. Or nine. I’m not sure.” I popped the pretzel in my mouth and spoke around it. “Point is, I’m gonna talk to him soon. Maybe tonight.”

“Maybe?” Augie and Max both said at the same time.

Ugh, annoying. “Fine! I will. I’ll say something tonight.”

“Good!” Max finished the last of his cider and then pushed the bottle away. “He’ll probably call the cops if you keep calling and just heavy breathing like a pervert.”

I wanted to be insulted, but Max was right...and kinda funny. “Well, he talks to me now. Asks me questions and tells me about his day. I mean, I don’t respond, but at least he’s not mad. At least, I don’t think he is.”

Augie nodded as he finished the food in his mouth. “That sounds promising. And since you’re gonna talk to him today, you’ll know for sure if he’s interested or not.”

“I don’t think he is. I’m pretty sure he knew I had a crush on him when I was in school, and he never did anything.”

Max spit out his water, splashing Augie as he almost choked. “Dude, you were a kid. He would have gone to jail if he did anything. You’re an adult now. At least drop a hint.”

They were both right. “I totally am.”

With just the one mojito in me and two Sprites, Daddy James gave me the thumbs-up to get myself home. I did and texted as soon as I got inside my apartment. But then...I got bored. It was still early and maybe too early to call Ethan for the talk that was definitely gonna happen...so I went for a walk. I lived just half a block from the main street, so before I knew it, I was in a different bar.

Drinking a different mojito.

My initial plan was just to have one more drink to kill some time and maybe re-catch my buzz before I made my nightly call. But then the music started playing and the cover band was playing all my favorite songs. Sitting at the bar became a lot more comfortable, and the music reminded me of school dances. The prom. Mr. Rosemont, the woodshop teacher I drooled over.

I sucked the last few drops of my watery drink through the straw and then leaned back and waved to the bartender. “One more, please.”

The guy who had been serving me grinned as he grabbed my empty glass to refill it. “You sure, doll? You’ve had a few. Maybe a water first?”

“Nah.” I shook my head, and it spun for a second. Oops. Maybe a water after this last mojito. “One more and then I’ll head out. I have an important phone call to make.”

“Oh yeah?” He mixed my drink and then slid it across the bar and rested it on a napkin. “What kind of important call do you make on a Friday night?”

“The kind you’re thinking of.” I sighed and then took another sip. “The kind that needs some drinking courage.”

“Drinking courage?” He chuckled as he opened two bottles and placed them on a tray for the waiter who was patiently standing beside me. “I’ve seen a lot of that in my day, and it doesn’t always go the way you think.”

“I know how it’s gonna go, and it’s probably terrible. But I promised to do it tonight. So...” I took another drink and looked at him. “Get that water ready cuz I’m almost done with this.”

He raised an eyebrow, but I sucked it all up, finishing the drink and then hitting the call button to get it right out of the way.



## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 4

Ethan

I was putting the final layer of stain across the body of the rocking horse I'd spent the past week building when the phone rang. It was later than usual for my silent call, so I hadn't been sure it was coming tonight. But since it did, I quickly dropped the rag on the paint tray and reached for my phone. "Hello."

No one spoke, but I could hear music and background noise.

I looked at the screen and saw a number this time. A local number. "Hello, this is Ethan."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rosemont." The voice on the other end of the line was quiet and contrite but definitely familiar.

"Brayden, is that you?"

"Yeah, and sorry for snooping you."

"Snooping me?" I wasn't sure but he sounded like he was slurring a bit.

"Swooping." He giggled. "Spanking."

"Brayden, are you okay?"

“Pranking. Pranking calling. Not talking. Pre-talking.” He belched and then sighed. “Sorry for not talking on my calls. Oh, and I’m the one who called. Sorry.” There was another voice in the background, and then he whispered a thank-you.

“Where are you right now?”

“Hmm?” He inhaled deeply. “Almost gonna go home. I’m drinking the water the nice man gave me.”

“What man?” Fuck. What the hell had he been given? “Don’t drink anything someone gave you. Where are you?”

“Thirst trap.” He giggled. “Oops, dropped my credit card.” Then there was a crash, and his voice was distant in the background. “And my phone.”

Christ, where was he? “Is thirst trap a bar?”

More rustling and then he was breathing in the receiver again. “No, the bartender. He’s nice to me. Yes, one more, please.”

“Can you send me your location?” I was already locking up my workshop and strutting to my car. The quiet one. My baby didn’t go out this late at night. It was past her bedtime and no good happened to muscle cars after dark. “And don’t drink anything else he gives you.”

“Mr. Rosemont?” He was quiet again but still seemed lucid. That was good.

I put the phone on speaker and then opened his text to see his location. “Yes, Brayden?”

“I’m the one who was quiet-calling you all week.” He went silent for a beat, and I

worried he'd fallen asleep. "Wait, did I already tell you that?"

I got into my car and started it up. "Yes, Brayden. You already told me that, and I'm not mad. I kinda suspected it was you."

"You did?" He yawned. "I'm sleepy now. I'm going home. Good night."

"No, Brayden!" The line went dead, just as I was pulling out of my driveway. "Fuck!"

The pin was tagged to a bar about a mile from my place. With the luck of the traffic lights on my side, I was able to pull up to the curb just as Brayden wandered out, steady at first before swaying a bit. He turned right and started walking toward the crosswalk.

I pulled up just a few feet ahead of him and rolled down the passenger window. "Brayden. It's me, Ethan. Let me give you a ride."

He stopped and leaned down to look inside the window, and then he swayed. "Ethan?"

I killed the engine and jumped out to help him before he face-planted on the street. "Yeah, let's get you home, sugar."

Brayden stayed in place until my arms were wrapped around his shoulders and then he fell against me. "You smell good. Like woodshop."

I chuckled softly as I tugged him toward the car door. "I was working in my shop when you called."

"Oh." He dropped into my car as soon as the door was open and reached for the

seatbelt. He yanked it hard enough that it locked so he couldn't pull it around himself, and after a few tries, he let it go and it went flying back into the retractor after the buckle bounced off the B-pillar. "Oops. Dropped it. But I'm fine without a belt. It's close."

"I don't think so, kid." I gently pulled the belt out and secured it around his waist.

"I'm not a kid anymore, Ethan. I'm a man now."

"Yeah." I tried not to inhale near his armpit, but he was a little sweaty and smelled vaguely of mint and rum. Fucking hot. "I've noticed."

I could feel his gaze boring into me as I slowly pulled away and then stood up. "All set?"

He nodded. "Yes, thank you."

After I closed the door and rounded the front to my side, I discreetly adjusted my dick and then climbed in behind the wheel.

Brayden had his calves tucked under his thighs, and he was twisted in the seat so he faced me. "You're gonna take me home?"

"Isn't it a little late to be asking where we're going?" I started the engine and put it in gear. "Where do you live?"

He sat up and looked out the window, then to the right and the left. "Make a U-turn."

"A U-turn?" There were no cars coming in either direction, so I just went straight into a turn until I was facing the opposite direction of traffic. "Why were you walking in that direction?"

He just shrugged and relaxed back into the seat. “Dunno.”

“What’s your address, Brayden?”

It took a few tries to get him to focus, but then he rattled off his address, and I put it into my dash-mounted GPS. I had to make another U-turn to head back toward the bar because we’d gone too far in the opposite direction.

He would have never made it home if he were walking on his own. At least this time, he had me to look out for him, even though he probably wouldn’t remember any of it in the morning. But what would happen next time? I didn’t allow myself to even think about it.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 5

Brayden

My head was pounding, and the alarm blaring from my phone didn't help in the least. Sitting up straight in bed made my stomach roll as I turned off my alarm, but I was able to keep everything down with slow breaths.

After taking a minute to make sure I was good, I slipped out of bed to take a piss. My breath caught when I looked down and saw I was wearing rainbow birthday-cake pajamas.

Why am I wearing the rainbow birthday-cake pajamas?

Those were a gift for Augie because he had a birthday coming up and we always teased him about loving cake. They were expensive, so I never would have put them on...unless I was really drunk. Or if I wasn't alone, which I hadn't been.

Vague memories of the night flashed, and bits and pieces started to form a picture in my mind. I recalled talking to Ethan and telling him I was the one who had called him. Then I gave the bartender a big tip because he was so nice all night. And then I started walking home.

At least, I think I walked home. And then, apparently, I put on Augie's PJs.

After using the bathroom, I went back to my bed and saw two painkillers and a bottle of water on the nightstand. I definitely wouldn't have done that. I hated taking

medicine unless I really needed it. And the way my head was pounding, I needed it, so I took the pills and climbed back into bed.

Opening up the message app was harder than I thought it would be because I was afraid of what I might find. There was a text waiting for me that made my heart beat faster—in both a good and bad way.

Mr. Rosemont's name flashed in my notifications, and I hoped I didn't do or say anything dumb when I was drunk. How are you feeling?

Headache, but I'm okay. I called you last night, right? It could have been a dream, but if it were, why would he be asking how I felt?

You don't remember? He sent his first response back quickly and then started typing again. What's the last thing you do remember from last night?

Leaving the bar and walking home. I think I walked home. But there were painkillers by my bed this morning.

I expected him to say something about what he knew, but he took a while to send his response, and when he did, it wasn't what I expected. Can you eat? I can bring over waffles and coffee if you're up for it.

Was I up for it? I didn't know how much food I could keep down, but if Ethan wanted to come over, I wasn't going to say no. Waffles sound good. And I'd kill for a vanilla hot chocolate.

I'll be there in about thirty minutes.

Do you need my address? I had a feeling he didn't, but I didn't want to make assumptions.

No, I've got it. And don't feel the need to change out of your jammies. You look really cute in them.

OK. Well, that answered at least one of my questions, but it also created about a million more. Like, if he saw me after I was changed, did he see me getting changed? Did he help me? Did we have sex? I didn't think we did because I wasn't sore at all.

But he didn't give me anything else.

After a few minutes of waiting, I forced myself out of bed and tidied up my apartment. It wasn't messy, but there was mail scattered on the coffee table and laundry that needed to be put away on the couch. I threw all my clean clothes into a basket and put it in my closet before needing to take a break on the couch to rest my eyes and my head.

I startled awake when I heard knocking on the door, so I got up and ran my fingers through my hair. This was it. The moment all my questions would be answered, including whether or not Ethan had the slightest bit of interest in me as more than just a drunk mechanic he once knew from school.

My eyes screwed shut for a long moment, and then I unlocked the door and pulled it open.

And there he was. Holding a drink carrier in one hand and a huge bag of food in the other, Ethan looked like a breakfast angel. Saving me from morning starvation.

"Hi." I swallowed hard before taking a step back. "Come on in."

Ethan walked inside and looked between the dining table and the coffee table. "Where do you want this?"



If it were up to me, we'd eat in my bed, but that didn't seem like the right answer, so I nodded toward the dining table. "Can you put everything in there and maybe we can eat on the couch? I'm not really up for sitting straight up at the table."

He glanced at me and then nodded once. "Sure. I'll make you a plate. You can sit down and get comfortable."

Um, huh? He was my guest. Well, kinda. He'd basically invited himself over, but still. I should be helping. Then again, I felt like shit and he knew it, so I took the out and curled into the corner of the couch, facing the middle with my legs folded beneath me.

If Ethan wanted to take charge of breakfast, that was fine with me. More than fine. It was a fucking fantasy to have a sexy Daddy like Ethan bringing me breakfast while I relaxed on the couch.

"You can start with this." He brought my hot chocolate to me but held out his hand to stop me before I could taste it. "It might be hot, so just take a sip first to test the temperature."

I grinned behind the cup and inhaled a tiny sip. "It's not too hot, but thank you for the reminder."

He watched me take a full drink before he turned back to the table to plate everything.

My eyes were trained on him the whole time he pulled out containers then buttered and cut up a waffle with toppings on the side and a separate plate with chopped fruit, scrambled eggs, and hashbrowns.

His ass was absolute perfection. In soft workout shorts, he looked like he might take

off in a sprint at any second, and those hard mounds of muscle would expand and contract with each movement, propelling his body forward like a jet engine.

“I knew he’d be a good Daddy.” It wasn’t until I realized Ethan had completely stopped moving and looked up to meet his gaze did it register in my head that I’d said those words out loud. “Oh, sorry. I didn’t mean to say that.”

He grinned and then picked up the plates and set them on the coffee table in front of me. “Don’t ever apologize for saying something if it’s true.”

Okay, so he wasn’t mad. Maybe he was even a little bit flirty. I could work with that. “Fine, then I take back the apology.”

Ethan just nodded as he went back for his own two plates that looked similar to mine but with a lot more eggs. “Eat up, sugar. We’ve got some talking to do.”

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 6

Ethan

Part of me was amused that Brayden didn't remember anything from last night. But a bigger part of me was concerned.

Anything could have happened to him.

The fact that he knew someone was in his apartment but didn't ask if it was me was troubling, but he had to know. Hopefully.

Then, when he opened the door wearing the same cake-slice pajamas I put him in last night, I couldn't resist a grin. He was so fucking cute.

I'd always known he had an immature side, but seeing proof in his apartment that he was a Little made my heart swell with joy. The pajamas were the first hint, but when I'd asked if he wanted to wear them, he said he only wore Little PJs when he was feeling sad because he didn't have a Daddy to take care of him, and that broke my fucking heart.

Maybe I shouldn't have put them on him, but I had to put him in something. He had puke on his shirt from when he ran into the bathroom and only mostly made it in time.

And then when I saw his Spider-Man underwear, I wanted to wrap my arms around him and promise to be the Daddy he'd been searching for.

Obviously, I didn't.

He had been too drunk to even have a conversation he would remember, so now that he was sober and fully lucid, we could talk like adults. Even if he looked like a sleepy boy who could use a few more hours of nap time.

For several minutes, I sat on the other side of the sofa with my knee bent up on the cushion and my plate on my lap, watching him take tiny bites of his breakfast.

Finally, I couldn't take the silence any longer. "How's your stomach?"

His eyes darted up to mine and held there. "Better. I probably should've eaten something last night."

"I tried to get you to eat some toast, but you wouldn't have it. You said your tummy was in export mode, not import mode." I smiled at the sweet memory.

Brayden's shoulders dropped, and he leaned against the back of the cushion. "So you were here last night. How did you get here?"

I moved my plate onto the coffee table and rested my head against my palm as I looked at him. "You should be asking yourself how you got here. When you walked out of that bar, you started walking in the wrong direction."

He bit his lip and tried to hold in a grin. "Oh, oops." Then he cocked his head and furrowed his brows. "Wait, how did you know to go there?"

"You called me, and I went to pick you up. You really don't remember any of that?"

He moved his plate to the coffee table, and curled his legs up under himself as he faced me. "Not really. I kinda remember talking to you and maybe being in a car with

you, but it wasn't your Road Runner, so maybe that was just a dream."

"No, I picked you up in my other car." I raised an eyebrow and smirked. "Didn't want you puking in my baby."

Brayden's eyes went wide in horror. "Did I throw up in your car? I'm so sorry if I did. I'll clean it up. Or have it detailed or whatever." He buried his face in his hands and hid from me.

"You didn't." I placed my hand on his shoulder and held it there. "But getting drunk alone like that was very stupid, Brayden. You could have been hurt or worse."

He peeked up at me from behind his fingers and then dropped his hands. "I know. Trust me, I do. And I just wanted a few drinks before I called you."

"Why?" My hand slipped down his arm and rested on his wrist. "Why was last night different than the other nights?"

"Because." He threw his head back and closed his eyes for a moment. "I planned to talk to you last night."

"Well, you did." I thought back to the jumbled and slightly slurred conversation. "You told me you'd been calling and some thirst-trap bartender was giving you drinks."

His cheeks went pink, and then he chuckled. "Did I actually say that?"

"Yeah." I took a deep breath, trying not to sound annoyed. "You did."

"Well, he was kinda hot, and he made me drink water before I left. Nice guy." Brayden rolled his head and looked at me. "But not the guy I've been trying to flirt

with all week.”

Now it was my turn to chuckle. “That was flirting?”

“I never said I was any good at it.” He sat up straighter and faced me again, his rosy cheeks lifting slightly. “I’ve been trying to talk, every time I called was with the intention of speaking, but last night, I promised my friends I’d stop stalking you and actually speak, so...”

“You told your friends you were stalking me?” I placed my hand on his knee again and squeezed. “How did that come up?”

He bit the inside of his lip and seemed to be debating whether or not to tell me the truth. “Max was teasing me about my Daddy customer.”

“Daddy, huh?” I had to grin. How had we not crossed paths over the years? “Is that because you’re a Little?”

Brayden grabbed the wristband of his pajamas and tugged it down over his whole hand. “Yeah, but that was just wishful thinking. I don’t know what you’re into, obviously.”

I swallowed hard before locking my gaze with his. “What if I told you I was a Daddy looking for a Little?”

He sucked in a breath and held it. “Are you?”

I reached for the hand that was covered by his wristband and slid my fingers between the soft cotton and his even softer skin. “Yes.”

“Are you flirting with me now?”

I barked out a laugh and scooted a few inches closer to him, still giving him space but making it easier to hold his hand without stretching. “Well, I’m not very good at it either, but yeah, I guess I am.”

A burst of joy and relief seemed to come over Brayden as he sprang up and hugged me. “Yes, I accept. I want you to flirt, and I want you to like me.” His arms curled around my neck, and I wasn’t sure I’d be able to breathe for much longer. “Then, maybe, you’ll want to be my Daddy.”

My palms pressed against his back, one low above his ass and the other high, just below his neck. “I already like you, Brayden, and you’re right that flirting is just the first step, but I’d like to get to know you better, if you’ll let me.”

He released my neck but didn’t go back to where he’d been sitting. He stayed right in front of me, his thighs straddling my knees but his ass on his feet. “I want you to, Ethan. I’ve had a crush on you since...well, you know. First day of senior year.”

I rolled my eyes. “Well, that was different. Nothing real would have happened back then. Now we’re both adults and know better what we want. So why don’t we start with you telling me a bit about what you want.”

He sucked in a big breath and pushed it out through puffy cheeks. “That’s a loaded question.” He turned away from me and stared straight ahead. “If I were meeting someone new at Primal, I’d say that I’m a Little with baby tendencies. I like diapers and bottles in scenes, but I’ve never been in a lifestyle relationship, so I’m not totally sure. I want a Daddy for structure and discipline, but not too much discipline because I don’t really like pain. Just the consequences of stepping outside of boundaries.” He glanced at me quickly to make sure I was still paying attention. “And, best-case scenario would be something long-term, I think.”

I considered everything he said and chose my words carefully. “That all lines up well

with my preferences. I've never been in a lifestyle relationship either. Well, not really. A few false starts before realizing the chemistry wasn't quite right between us, but I think you and I have pretty good chemistry. Do you agree?"

He looked right at me and nodded before sliding farther onto my legs so he was pressed against my semi-hard cock. "I do, but I think we should maybe test it out to be sure."

My hands went to his hips, holding him in place so he couldn't get any closer...but couldn't get any farther either. "How do you suggest we do that?"

Brayden licked his lips and then leaned forward until they were almost touching mine. "You can kiss me."

Fuck, this boy was killing me. Taking things slow was the right move, but with his hard-on pressing against mine, and his maple and cocoa breath blowing on me, I couldn't resist. I closed the distance between us and kissed him.

At first, neither of us moved. We just held together and felt. But then the hand just underneath his neck crept up higher and I grasped him firmly, tilting his head so I could take it deeper. My tongue traced along his lower lip and then pushed inside when his lips parted.

And then all our self-control was lost.

Brayden's fingers curled into my biceps, holding me in place as if he thought I might try to run. I had no intention of running from my feelings for him. Not any more. Seeing him last week sparked some urges that I'd been ignoring quite successfully. But now that I knew he and I wanted the same things, all bets were off.

I was going to see this through...or at least until Brayden asked me to stop.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 7

Brayden

Finally kissing him after all these years of pining was like a dream come true. Literally. I'd dreamt of that moment so many times, and the second his skin pressed against mine, I thought I might melt into a puddle right on his lap.

And then his tongue joined the party.

Pure electrical currents zinged through every inch of my body once he was actually inside me. If that's what kissing felt like, I couldn't even imagine how it would feel when he was inside me in other ways.

I might not even survive it.

But I was willing to try. Right this second, preferably. My hard dick against Ethan's made my head spin a little bit. There was just enough friction to be amazingly good and amazingly frustrating at the same time.

Way before I was ready, Ethan nudged me back and pulled away. Through heavy pants, he looked at me and smirked. "So what's your verdict on the chemistry?"

"I think we get an A+."

He rolled his eyes and groaned. "Enough with the school references. I still feel a little weird about this."

“Why?” I placed my hand over his heart, absorbing every beat beneath it. “You were completely professional when you were my teacher. Even after my eighteenth birthday when I turned up the flirting, nothing changed or happened. And now, we’re both consenting adults.” I raised an eyebrow. “You have my full consent to...everything.”

He chuckled and cocked his head, giving my neck a light squeeze. “It doesn’t work that way, and you know it, but how about this... Maybe we can just plan a playdate. You can be as Little as you’re comfortable with, and I’ll be as Daddy as I’m comfortable with, and we’ll see how that goes.”

“Yes.” I clapped my hands together as the edges of my Big thoughts began to fade to a mist. “I have lots of toys for us to play with.”

Ethan cupped the side of my cheek and brushed just beneath my eye as he smiled. “Perfect. Are you done eating?”

“Yes, Daddy.” That slipped out sooner than I intended, but if he was going to be my Daddy for playtime, then he was my Daddy. Period.

His breath hitched as he sucked in, so I thought it was an okay slip. And it seemed to be just the push he needed to get into his Daddy headspace too. Ethan’s hand lowered down my back until it was cupping my ass cheek. “Do we need to get a diaper on you so you can play without thinking about taking breaks?”

I bounced on his lap, excited by the fact that somebody else was there to help me be Little. It wasn’t nearly as much fun when I had to do it all by myself. “Yes, please. I show you.”

I slid off the couch and crawled as quickly as I could to the bedroom. I didn’t always crawl, but I felt completely uninhibited with Ethan, safe to experiment with all the

aspects of being Little that I hadn't had a lot of opportunities to explore before.

He followed right behind me. As if he knew exactly where to look, he went to the top drawer of my dresser and grabbed a diaper. "Do you want to stay in your jammies or put on something else?"

I looked down at my birthday cakes and hugged my torso. "Stay. I love cake."

"Okay, then." I was sitting on the floor, and instead of asking me to get up onto the bed, Daddy Ethan kneeled down at my feet and pulled my pajamas and underwear all the way off.

I watched carefully, waiting to see how comfortable he was with the diaper or if I needed to offer some guidance. But he expertly opened it up and tapped my hip, so I lifted up off the ground and then Daddy slipped it underneath my bottom.

He gently arranged my hard dick so it was in a comfortable position, but he didn't linger there. It was kinda sweet, and a tiny bit disappointing.

His comfort and ease with this moment made me want to scream in joy and happiness. I couldn't remember the last time I was this happy. The man I'd spent years pining for was my Daddy today. Even if it only lasted for today, I was gonna have the best day of my whole entire life.

He pulled my pants back up and then slipped his hand under my armpits to pull me up to my feet. "Oh, you like to crawl, right?"

I bit my lip and slowly nodded my head, not sure what he thought about that.

"All right, sweet boy." He carefully lowered me until my knees hit the ground and then steadied me as I leaned forward to land on my palms.

I looked up at him, grateful for his flexibility. This was new for both of us, but he was willing to figure it out with me.

“Show me the way.”

We quickly settled into a game of “stack the blocks, then knock them down.”

Mostly Daddy did the stacking, and then me and Barney knocked them down. He wasn’t exactly like Godzilla, but close enough that Daddy laughed every time we came stomping through the living room and crushed his skyscraper, or bridge or wall.

After a long, long, long time of playing, I started to yawn and my head was pounding a little bit again.

Daddy noticed and cocked his head. “I think my sleepy boy needs a nap.”

I shook my head. “No nap. Colors and snacks and cartoons and...snacks.”

“Nap first, snacks and coloring later.”

A nap actually sounded pretty good, but I didn’t want our special day to end. “Daddy nap too?”

“Yes, baby. Daddy will stay and nap too.” He started picking up all the blocks and placing them into the big bin I stored them in.

I helped by adding one block for every ten he put in, and as soon as the floor was cleared, Daddy Ethan stood up and hovered over me.

“May I carry you to bed?” He held his arms out for me, and I almost cried at the gesture. He had at least five inches and fifty pounds on me, so I was pretty sure he

could physically carry me, but the fact that he wanted to was...everything.

“Daddy.” I lifted my arms and sprang up to save his back as he pulled me up and easily cradled me against his chest.

He burrowed his nose in my hair and inhaled as he carefully carried me to the bedroom. When we were at the bed, he lowered me into it, and then I watched as he pulled off his shirt and pants and climbed in beside me in just a pair of boxer briefs.

If all naps were like this, I’d never resist taking one again.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 8

Ethan

Sliding into bed beside Brayden was one thing. But when he curled into me and basically crawled on top of my chest with a leg snaked between mine, I knew I was in trouble. I'd let myself daydream about the boy for the past week, and full-on obsess about him since I tucked him into bed last night.

And now that I'd touched his lips, diapered his bare bottom—not only glimpsed but felt his hard cock in my hand—I wanted more. I wanted all of it.

His thumb migrated into his mouth, and he sucked on and off as he slept, plastered to my body and keeping me in place. When he started sucking and a warmth covered my thigh, I knew he'd wet. But he was quickly asleep again, and I only had my own hard dick to entertain myself with until he woke up.

My fingers teased my balls and the base of cock, but I couldn't do anything more without disturbing the sleepyhead in my arms, so I eventually dozed off too.

We didn't sleep for more than an hour before the sucking started up again, and Brayden was squirming all over me.

“Hey, sweet boy.” I rubbed my fingers through his hair, brushing it out of his face. “Did you sleep well?”

His eyes were wide, and he nodded.

I leaned down and kissed his forehead. “Let’s get you changed so we can have a snack.”

“Okay.” He slowly slipped off me but didn’t move from the center of the mattress. Brayden watched me get out of the bed and head straight to his dresser.

I opened the drawer with his Little clothes and considered the options. “A fresh diaper and a onesie or shorts?” Then I turned to look at Brayden.

“No clothes.”

I grinned and held up the diaper. “Just a diaper?”

He nodded and kept his eyes locked on me.

I went into the bathroom for a warm washcloth then came back to his bed. “Alright, baby. Let’s get you ready for more playing.”

Brayden let his legs fall open and lifted his hips so I could easily slip off his pajama bottoms, and then I carefully removed the wet diaper. I carefully cleaned him up and put on a fresh diaper before pulling him up to a seated position so I could take off his shirt. “Are you sure you’re not gonna be too cold?”

“Not cold.” He bounced on the mattress. “Snack time.”

I took a step back and watched Brayden slide off the bed and crawl to the kitchen. When we got there, I lifted him onto a chair and scooted him in nice and snug. “Want to color while I make some lunch?”

“Mac and cheese, please!” And then he pointed to a box on the corner of the counter. “Colors!”

The box was full of crayons and coloring books, so I placed it in front of Brayden and made myself at home in his kitchen. It was surprisingly well stocked with easy-to-prepare meals and plenty of boxes of mac and cheese.

I got the water boiling and then went to check on Brayden. “What are you coloring?”

“Daddy bear and baby bear.” He showed me the page he was working on. It was a big bear and a little bear fishing in a stream.

“Fishing looks like fun.” I placed my hand on the back of his neck, and Brayden leaned into me. “Do you like fishing?”

“Eww, no.” He did a little shimmy and grabbed a green crayon to fill in the fish. “Yucky!”

“Okay, I guess they’re kinda yucky.” The water came to a boil, so I bent down and kissed the top of his head. “Would you like something to drink? Maybe juice or water?”

“Water, Daddy.” He didn’t look up, but I could feel his gaze on me when I turned to his cabinet and reached inside.

I chose a Barney sippy cup and filled it with cold water from the fridge. “Water was a good choice, sweet boy. I’m proud of you.”

“Barney!” He reached for the cup with both hands and took a long pull from the spout. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Every time he called me Daddy, the walls around my heart seemed to thin, and I just wanted to pull him into my arms. I went back to the stove and finished cooking, giving us both some breathing room. I briefly considered adding some frozen



vegetables to the noodles, but it was only our second meal together and I didn't want to get too fussy with him.

We'd have plenty of time for rules and boundaries and limits later.

Right now, I just wanted to have a great day with my sweet boy. And he was my boy. Whether he knew it or not, he was already under my skin, and I had no intention of letting him go.

I picked a bowl that matched his cup and then served Brayden his mac and cheese. I took a few bites from the pan, but I wasn't really hungry. I was more interested in watching him drop stray noodles from his spoon and pick them off his tummy to eat them.

He was so fucking adorable. I loved it. Every bit of it. Every bit of him.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 9

#### Brayden

My Saturday with Ethan was amazing. He watched cartoons with me while we ate pizza, and then he tucked me in and read me stories until I fell asleep.

But when I woke up on Sunday morning, he was gone. I knew he would be, but still, it hurt.

It was almost hard to breathe.

I felt so alone and scared and...abandoned.

My reaction didn't make sense, and there was no reason for me to feel like I did, but that didn't make my brain connect to my tear ducts and keep them from exploding. And once the waterworks began, I couldn't make them stop.

I just wanted Ethan to come back. I wanted him to hold me and kiss me and tell me he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

But that was silly and unfair to him after just one day together. And it was needy. I hated being needy.

My mom used to tell me I was needy because I was always asking for shoes and cereal and help with my homework. I didn't want to put that kind of pressure on Ethan. It wasn't fair to expect him to devote all his time and energy to me.

I was a lot of work, and I knew it. I wasn't going to put any of my shit on him. He meant too much to me to risk scaring him away.

I could be strong. I would be strong.

After spending a little bit longer feeling sorry for myself in bed, I finally got up and took a shower. I usually spent Sunday doing chores around my apartment, but Ethan had cleaned up everything before he left and even did my laundry. It was folded up and stacked on my dresser, so I put it all away and then went to the kitchen to bake some cupcakes.

It was one of my favorite things to do when I couldn't be Little but needed to have a creative outlet. I picked a confetti cake mix from my pantry, gathered up the ingredients I needed, and turned on the radio so I could sing and dance and bake without being needy.

I was so not needy that when I forgot to put on the oven mitt because I was daydreaming about Daddy Ethan when the alarm went off and burned my hand, I didn't even call him for help.

I dropped the pan and cried out in pain, but I remembered what I'd learned in first aid and ran my hand under cold water for a long time. As the pain intensified, I couldn't help but regress. It just hurted so bad.

When the initial sting stopped being so burny, I crawled to my bathroom for ouchie medicine, and then I went to my bed. It was where I could still smell Daddy's cologne and think about how good it felt when he was there with me the day before.

My phone was still in the kitchen, so I had no distractions for my pity party. I just held the hand that I wrapped in loose gauze on my pillow and lay there until I eventually dozed off.

I woke up a few hours later because my phone was ringing, but I took my time getting out of bed. My hand still hurt, and I needed to put more medicine on it before making a trip to the drugstore for gauze. Unless I planned to take a few days off work, which I didn't want to do, I needed to figure out how to make my hand functional while working with tools and chemicals and grime.

When I finally checked my phone, I had four messages from Daddy Ethan and two missed calls.

The first one came in just after I'd started baking, so I must have just missed it. Good morning, sweet boy. Hope you slept well.

The next one was about an hour after that. Do you have plans for today? Maybe we can grab lunch?

My lower lip popped out when I realized I'd missed an opportunity to go to lunch with Daddy.

Hope everything's OK. Text when you get a chance so I know you're fine.

And about an hour after that was the last message. Brayden, please call me. I'm starting to worry and just need to hear that you're OK.

I immediately texted him back before he called again. Sorry I missed your calls earlier. I had the radio on and didn't hear my messages, then I took a nap. Hope you're having a good day.

Daddy responded immediately. Thanks for letting me know. I was just about to head over to your place to check on you. Sounds like you've been busy today.

Yeah . I didn't know what to say that wouldn't come across as needy, so I kept my

response as vague as possible. Did some baking and now I need to do some cleaning. I added a blushing emoji to lighten the moment.

Do you have dinner plans? That was immediately followed up with the second message. If I'm being too clingy, let me know. I just miss you already. He added his own winky emoji.

I'd love to have dinner. I looked around my kitchen and remembered my hand. I just need to get to the drugstore for some gauze and then I can meet you somewhere.

Can I call you?

Sure . I immediately regretted telling him I needed gauze. That wasn't an everyday item that regular people needed. Just clumsy people like me.

The phone rang, and I answered it on speaker so I could clean as I talked. The kitchen really was a mess. "Hi."

"Are you alright?"

"Um, yeah. Just cleaning up a little mess."

"What kind of mess?" His voice changed, and I could hear his concern. "Is there blood?"

"No, no. I just dropped my cupcakes and they flew in every direction."

"What's the gauze for, Brayden?"

I took a deep breath and sighed. "I burned myself. It's not serious. I mean, it kind of is maybe second-degree..."

“Fuck, Brayden. Why didn’t you call me?”

My heart started racing at his disappointment in me. I was already screwing things up after just one day. “I put medicine on it. I just need more gauze so I can go to work tomorrow.”

“What kind of gauze do you need? I’ll pick it up and come over.”

“Anything. Just not the sticky kind. The stuff I have is gonna hurt when I take it off.”

“I’ll be there in a few minutes. Do you need ointment or anything else?”

“No, I have medicine. This isn’t my first kitchen incident.”

“Just promise you’ll stay out of the kitchen until I get there, wouldja?”

“Okay. But, um, Ethan?” I said quietly.

His tone softened. “Yeah, baby.”

“Are you mad at me?” I tried to keep my eyes from exploding again, but there was a little bit of leaking that I couldn’t avoid.

“No, of course not. I wish you would’ve felt comfortable enough to call me, but I know that trust takes time and we’re not there yet.” He paused for a moment and then took a deep breath. “I want to be there when you need something, Brayden. But I promise I’m not mad.”

“Okay, thank you.” I disconnected the call and did my best to round up the cupcakes. The batter would probably be okay for another batch, but since Ethan asked me to stay out of the kitchen, I just swept up the crumbs on the floor, and then waited for

him to arrive.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 10

Ethan

I hated that Brayden didn't feel like he could call me when he got hurt, but if he valued his independence and wasn't looking for a Daddy to rush to his rescue at every turn, I respected that.

I wanted to be what he needed me to be, because I already knew that he was exactly what I needed from him. Sweet and trusting and fucking adorable. That's all I needed.

If he wanted to negotiate the level of control he gave or kept, I was fine with that. We'd get there in time.

The drugstore was on my way, so I bought three different types of gauze and pads that were specific for burns, some aloe vera just to make myself feel better, and a giant lollipop to distract him and then headed straight for his house.

When I was about two minutes away from his place, I texted Brayden, and he immediately responded back that the front door was open and I should let myself in.

I didn't love that he left the door unlocked, but I was close enough that I didn't scold him for it. There might be some other scolding that needed to happen later, and I wanted to pick my battles. One thing I remembered very clearly about Brayden was that he was stubborn. And if I went down a path he didn't agree with, he would very likely dig in his heels, and that was not what either of us needed today.



Today, I just needed to see that he was okay and hold him in my arms. I hoped that was what he needed too.

I jogged up to his front door and then knocked twice before turning the knob and cracking it open just an inch. “Brayden, it’s Ethan.”

“Come in.”

I stepped inside and kicked off my shoes. Brayden was sitting on the couch quite contrite with his legs crossed on the cushion in front of him and his right hand cradled above his left.

The amount of gauze around his whole hand was terrifying. I immediately went to kneel in front of him. “You said this wasn’t too serious. Maybe we need to get you to urgent care.”

Brayden’s upper lip was pinned between his teeth and his lower lip began to tremble. “They’ll just put ointment and gauze on it too. I promise, it’s okay.”

That wasn’t good enough for me. I carefully lifted his forearm and rested it in my palm. “Can we at least unwrap it so I can take a look?”

“Okay.”

I pulled out the lollipop and held out it for him. “Will this help?”

Brayden smiled and nodded faster. “Yes, please.”

I unwrapped the candy before I turned my attention to his hand. It had been a few years since I’d taken a CPR and first-aid class, but I had to take them annually when I was teaching. I was prepared for the worst while I hoped for the best. As a woodshop

teacher, I was always one immature kid who was trying to impress someone and ended up chopping off a finger away from needing these skills, so I took a deep breath and kept my face as stoic as possible as I carefully unwrapped the bandage.

Brayden did a good job of cleaning his wound, and he was right, it did look like second-degree. The blistering and redness made me cringe on the inside, and he had to look away as it was fully revealed. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I wasn't paying attention."

"I know, sweet boy. Accidents happen, but you can't forget to pay attention when you're working with heat and fire and dangerous things in the kitchen."

He nodded as a single tear dripped down his cheek. "I know."

"But you did a great job of getting this cleaned up. In fact, I'll put an extra layer of ointment on the new pad, but it's not really necessary. After we get you wrapped up again, it'll just be a matter of keeping it clean and dry for a while until it fully heals."

Brayden watched me work, slightly more relaxed now. "I'll be careful at work so it doesn't get too dirty."

His right thumb was basically a big blister, and the pads of his pointer and middle finger were also bubbled. "I don't know how you're gonna work on cars with your hand like this. You're right-handed, correct?"

He tensed up as concern marred his sweet face all over again. "Yes. But I can put a glove over the bandage."

"Can you ask your boss for a couple days off? Even just two or three will help dry out the skin until it either peels or the blisters pop, and then it'll be easier to use."

He dropped his chin to his chest. "Yeah. I can do that." After a moment, he looked up

at me again. “Mondays are the busiest, so I hope Max doesn’t hate me.”

I thought about everything he told me about his friend and coworker Max. “Max has a Daddy too, right?”

Brayden focused on his lollipop, licking it from the bottom to the top. “Yeah, Daddy James. He’s nice and invites me over for playdates sometimes.”

I smiled as I looked at the packages of gauze I brought to see which would be most appropriate for his hand. “What do you think Daddy James would say if Max had a burn like this?”

Brayden kept his eyes averted but his eyebrows furrowed. “I don’t know. Should I ask?”

“If you’d like.” I didn’t love that he was second-guessing my judgment by asking another Daddy, but again, I reminded myself that we were just starting to build trust. Brayden already had that with Max and James. He and I would get there eventually, but I needed to be patient. “Maybe send him a text?”

Brayden picked up his phone and typed with his left thumb and then sent off his message and waited.

It took more self-control than it should have for me not to ask what he said, but when his phone buzzed a few moments later, we both got our answers.

Brayden looked at his phone and then blew out a dramatic sigh. “Max said his Daddy said fuck no.” He looked up at me and grinned. “His words, not mine.”

“Fuck no to what?” I began to loosely wrap the sterile pad over his palm as he picked up his phone and read it to me.

“I said, ‘If you had a second-degree burn on your right hand, would Daddy James let you go to work tomorrow?’”

Now it was my turn to smile. “Daddy James sounds like a smart guy.”

Brayden nodded his head and sighed. “He is.” The phone buzzed again, so he glanced at the message. “Max said he’ll cover for me so I can take this week off work.”

I secured the pad in place and kissed his wrist. “That’s very nice of him.”

“I don’t think I’ll need a whole week, but I’ll tell him thank you and let him know how it’s healing tomorrow.”

There was another buzz, and Brayden had to bite his cheek to keep from giggling as he sent back a response.

I waited for him to share, but when I could see his grin was mischievous, I had to ask. “You look like you’re thinking silly thoughts.”

He looked up at the ceiling, but his smile just got bigger and bigger. “Max said that Daddy James offered to come over and help me with my hand, but I told them I had Daddy Ethan here to take care of me.” His eyes went wide as he looked at me. “Is that okay?”

I brought his uninjured hand to my mouth and kissed the back of it. “It’s definitely okay. I want everyone to know that Daddy Ethan is here to take care of his sweet boy Brayden. Got it?”

All the trepidation and insecurity that had been rolling off him since I walked in the door seemed to float away as he finally relaxed. “Yes, Daddy. That’s what I want too.”

# Page 11

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## Chapter 11

Brayden

Ethan really was the very best Daddy ever to exist. Well, Daddy James was pretty good too. And maybe some others were okay, like Daddy Christmas, a.k.a. Santa Claus. But Daddy Ethan was right up there with them.

He carefully wrapped my owie and told me I did a good job cleaning it, and then he took me out to an early dinner.

Daddy even had the Road Runner, so I got special attention any time we drove past someone who was interested in cars and stopped to admire this beauty.

“Are you up for a sit-down restaurant or do you want takeout that we can eat somewhere or take back to your place?”

I thought about it for a minute and didn’t really want to get out of this awesome ride. “Can we go to Cosmo’s?”

“The drive-in?”

I looked at him and nodded. “Yeah, I want everyone to see my Daddy’s awesome car, but... Oh, we shouldn’t eat in here, huh?”

Daddy made a horrified face that was only half joking. “I don’t normally let food out of the package in this baby.”

I was almost gonna pout even though I agreed it was the smart decision.

But then he reached for my hand and gave it a squeeze. “But we could pick up dinner and take it to the park and eat there.”

Oh, an even smarter decision. “Yes, Daddy. I love that plan.”

“I love it too, sweet boy.” He pulled my hand to his mouth and kissed the back of it. He did that a lot, and it made me feel happy and like I made him happy. Even though I kinda wanted him to kiss me in other places too. More on my mouth and then...everywhere else.

We went to the drive-up window and placed our order. For some reason, Daddy added two side salads, even though I only asked for a burger and fries. But since I got a grape slush to go with it, I was willing to compromise.

We went to a small park in a neighborhood I had never been to before and sat at a picnic table under a pretty tree. “This is nice. How do you know about this park?”

Daddy pointed to a white house with green shutters directly across the street from where we were sitting. “That’s my house right over there.”

My jaw dropped as I recognized his other car in the driveway, and I looked at him. “That’s a cute house. And you’re right by the park. You’re so lucky.”

Daddy chuckled softly as he pulled out our food and arranged it on the paper bags he tore up to use as placemats for us.

I watched him wearily and crossed my arms over my chest. “Why’d ya order two salads?” I cocked my head and gave him the sweetest smile I could muster up, hoping he would have mercy on me and not make me eat one too. I actually liked salads a

lot, but if I ate one first, sometimes I didn't have enough room for all my french fries, and that was a darn shame.

He just cocked his brow and smirked. "I think you know the answer to that."

"Oh." I sucked in a deep breath and sighed. "Fine, but I'm gonna take one bite of salad and eat one french fry so I get an even amount and not too much lettuce in my tummy."

Ethan pursed his lips like he was holding back a smile as he nodded one time. "Fair enough."

It was a beautiful evening, and we watched a family of baby ducklings swim around in the pond while we ate. Once again, I had the best day of my whole entire life. Except for the burning-hand part, but everything else was the best day ever.

When we were done eating, Ethan gathered up all our trash in a bundle and turned to me. "Would you like to see my house?"

"Yes, please. I'd love to." I kept sneaking glances at it, hoping to learn more about him just from the outside. All I could really tell was that he cared about keeping his lawn tidy and his flowers healthy, because there were beautiful flower beds all along the front of his house and down the driveway.

He stood up and held his right hand to take my left one. "Then, let's go."

I felt almost nervous walking into his house. Even though I trusted that he hadn't lied to me at all, part of me expected to find pictures of him with other people or some evidence that he didn't always live alone. But the only pictures I found were of his parents on the mantle at their 30th anniversary party and one of Ethan and his big brother when they were both toddlers. He was a cute kid.

“This is a really nice house.” I ran my finger along the back of his leather sofa, noticing that other than the TV on the wall, there wasn’t much furniture in the room. “Very neat.”

Ethan barked out a laugh. “Okay, now you’re just being polite.”

I smiled and shrugged. “I always try to be polite.”

“Thank you, sweet boy. Actually, I just replaced the floors this week and haven’t moved everything back into this room yet. That’s why it’s so empty.” He pulled me to his chest and kissed my temple. “Normally I have more stuff in here, but now that I’m thinking about it, I might get rid of some of my old stuff and do a bit of redecorating.”

“Really?” I tried not to sound as relieved as I felt. If Daddy was that much of a minimalist, he probably hated when I had toys scattered all over the place. “What kind of redecorating are you thinking of?”

He turned me in his arms so we were chest to chest and ran his palm up and down my back. “I saw this cool coffee table with built-in toy storage that I think I might try to make.”

“Make?” I pulled back to see if he was teasing me. “Do you know how to make stuff like that?”

Ethan chuckled again. “Yeah, that’s my business. I make wood furniture and custom fabricate home decor. You wouldn’t know it by looking around my place, but that’s also because everything I make ends up getting sold before I can bring it into the house.”

“That’s so cool. A table with toy storage sounds amazing.” I looked at the space with



new appreciation for all he could do with it. “I think that’s what you should put in here.”

“Do you now?” Daddy trailed his fingers along my arm until he could grip my hand in his and tug me forward. “Let me give you the rest of the tour.”

“This is the kitchen.” He waved into a kitchen that looked like it just came out of a magazine.

“Wow, do you cook a lot?”

“Not really, but since it needed to be updated, I decided to make it as nice as possible in case I decide to sell.”

I swallowed hard as I thought about what that meant. “You’re going to sell? Are you moving?”

“I don’t think so.” His eyes were sincere as they locked with mine. “But until very recently, I had nothing really keeping me in this town, so I was open to moving.”

“And now?”

“And now, I have a sweet boy in my arms who I don’t ever want to move away from.”

“Show me your bedroom, Daddy.” I couldn’t wait any longer. I needed more. I needed to be claimed in the most primal way possible.

His breath hitched as his whole body tensed against me. “Brayden...”

Before he could try to talk me out of it, I stood on my tippy toes and kissed him. As

soon as I did, all the barriers he'd tried to keep up between us were obliterated and he kissed me back.

Hard.

Daddy's fingers curled into my biceps, and he lifted me off the ground until I wrapped my legs around his waist and deepened the kiss. Our tongues and teeth collided as I humped his abs, trying to merge with his muscular body while he walked me down the hall and up some stairs.

When he finally lowered me onto a bed, I knew it was his by the way it smelled faintly of his cologne. Just like my Daddy.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 12

Ethan

I hadn't planned on bringing Brayden to my bed, but once he was there, I knew he wanted me as much as I wanted him. The needy little sounds coming from him as he kissed my chin and jaw, yanked at my clothes, and rutted against me was all the encouragement I needed.

I smiled against his mouth and pulled up. "Are you sure we're ready for this? I planned to wait a bit longer before getting to this stage."

"Please, Daddy. I need to feel you. I need to know you want all of me."

"Fuck, baby boy." I kissed down his neck and then slipped my fingers underneath his T-shirt to pull it up and over his head. Then I kissed his mouth again before trailing down to his chest and eventually circling around his belly button until he moaned.

"That tickles, Daddy. Keep going lower. You're almost there."

"Am I?" I bit the edge of his shorts with my teeth and pulled it up, letting it snap back onto him. "In here?" My boy was hard, and I needed a taste of him.

As if begging for more attention, Brayden lifted his ass off the mattress and pushed it right against me in his not-so-subtle way. "Almost."

I chuckled as I put the boy out of his misery and removed his shorts and boxers. His

underwear had teddy bears across the front, and I would've liked to spend more time just looking at him on my bed in only those undies, but now was not the time for that. Neither of us had the self-control to wait much longer.

As soon as his beautiful body was fully bare to me, I kneeled down on the floor and tugged his thighs toward the edge, so I could finally get a taste of him. I kissed up his right thigh, tickled the base of his cock with my tongue, and then pointed him down so I could take him fully into my mouth.

The skin on Brayden's head was velvety smooth and already leaking pre-come when I swiped across the head with my tongue. Fuck, he was close, and I was even closer.

It had been a while since I'd been with anybody, and much longer since it meant anything.

This meant something. This meant everything .

As I slowly pushed down over his shaft, Brayden curled his fingers around my comforter and wiggled beneath me. "It's too good, Daddy. I feel too good."

Too good was my specialty. It was the only way I wanted my sweet boy to ever feel.

I circled his head on my way up, then looked up at him. "You may come whenever you're ready, sweet boy."

He nodded vigorously and sucked in a deep breath. "It'll be fast, Daddy. I'm almost there."

I went back down on him, pulling him into my mouth with deep strokes at first and then faster and shallow, mixing it up until he was fucking my throat until he poured his load into it.

I kept my lips sealed around his dick, slowing down my motions once he was too sensitive. I just didn't want to let a single drop of his essence escape. Brayden was my boy, and I wanted everything he had to offer. Every drop of him.

After a few moments, I crawled up beside him and wrapped him in the comforter and my arms, holding him across my body as his heart slowed down and his breathing evened out.

"I want to taste you too, Daddy."

"You know, sweet boy, there are a lot of other conversations we should've had before we got to this point."

He looked up at me from under long lashes and gave me a coy smile. "Sorry, I'm just too tempting." He smirked and then giggled. "But really, I'm clean. I had to get tested recently after... Well, anyway, everything's good, and I haven't been with anyone in months."

"Me too. I haven't been with anyone in a long time, but I'd still like to get tested, because if you're my boy, I don't want anything between us."

Brayden's breath hitched as he nodded. "Me too, Daddy. I want you to fill me up, so you're dripping out of me when I go to work in the morning."

Well, fuck. I hadn't thought that far ahead, but yeah, that sounded good. "How about we visit a doctor friend of mine this week just to get a second set of eyes on your hand and then we'll both get a panel done."

"Yes, please. Tomorrow. But now, you need to take off your pants and let me see what my Daddy's working with."

I chuckled as I rolled onto my back and released my buckle so he could go through the motions of undressing me.

Even when he wasn't in his Little headspace, Brayden was sweet and playful, and I couldn't stop smiling when I was around him.

Once I was finally undressed, he crawled over me and sat on my knees, just staring down at me. If I hadn't spent so much of my free time in the gym or running, I would've felt pretty self-conscious of his perusal.

But I kept my eyes on his and saw nothing but appreciation and adoration.

After a few moments of running his palms along the sides of my thighs and then over my belly and chest, he finally wrapped his hands over my shoulders and leaned down like a stretching cat to take me into his mouth. Brayden was slow at first, swiping my head underneath the glans and then across my shaft until he finally had the nerve to lick all the way up from my balls to my tip and suck me into his mouth.

As good as it felt to have his warm mouth all over my dick, staring down at him was what really turned me on. He was so fucking beautiful, and the way he moved so gently but with genuine excitement made me feel like I was ten feet tall.

For the first time in my life, I understood why some people got teary during sex, because fuck, the lump in my throat was indicative of some emotions I'd never felt before.

Brayden kept one hand on my chest, absentmindedly teasing my nipple as he lowered the other to my balls and rolled them around with his fingers.

"Fuck, baby. You make Daddy feel so good."

As if that was what he'd been waiting for, he readjusted his position and closed his fist around the base of my cock so he could focus his lips and tongue on my head as he worked faster, completely focused on my pleasure.

I fisted his short hair and met the last few thrusts against the top of his mouth as I came hard, filling his mouth with my seed almost faster than he could swallow.

My boy did a great job taking it all down, but a few drops gathered at the corners of his mouth, so I pulled him up my chest and licked his lips, cleaning up any remnants of my cream. Ignoring the lack of oxygen in my lungs, I didn't pull away, needing to breathe him in for as long as possible.

I could live off my boy forever.

Brayden's thickening cock pressed against my hip, humping against me as we kissed. And within just a few more moments, a warm puddle formed on my skin when he came again.

I scooped up his release and used it to stroke our cocks together. We were both spent and barely hard, but fuck, every bit of contact felt so good, I just couldn't keep my hands off him.

### Chapter 13

#### Brayden

I didn't like taking days off work, but Daddy Ethan let me watch him work in his shop and that was awesome. I wanted to help make stuff, but with my right hand out of commission, mostly I just played on my phone and admired his ass and his handiwork from a safe distance.

At lunchtime, he took me to one of my favorite delis, and I had a big sandwich with lots of produce so I didn't have to worry about another dumb salad for dinner.

"Is there anything else you want to get done while we're out here?" Ethan asked as we were finishing up our lunch.

I sucked the last few drops of Sprite from my cup and eyed him. "Not really. But are we going to see your doctor friend?"

Ethan finished the last of his Coke and then leaned back in the chair across from me. "If you're ready, then yes, we can head over to Tony's clinic." He was quick to hold his hand to stop me before I said anything else. "But it's okay if you're not ready. I'm not trying to rush you. Just trying to kill two birds with one stone."

"I'm ready. I don't wanna make another trip to see the doctor, so let's do everything at once."

Ethan raised an eyebrow. "When was your last physical?"



I dropped my jaw at the suggestion. “No, not everything. Just what we need to—for now...”

He kept his eyes on me as he slowly nodded. “Okay, but it’s important for healthy boys to see a doctor every year to make sure they stay healthy. Right?”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, I guess. Maybe we’ll make an appointment for...six months from now.”

He laughed. “Why six months?”

I shrugged. “That’s better than today.”

“Indeed it is.” Ethan planted both his hands on the table and looked like he was ready to stand up. “You all set?”

“All set, Daddy.” I gasped and covered my mouth, quickly looking to see if anyone heard me say that. “Sorry. That was an accident.”

“You don’t have to apologize.” He gathered up our trash on the tray and reached for my hand. “I’m not ashamed by our relationship. But it’s okay for you to call me Ethan in public if that makes you feel more comfortable.”

“Um, maybe. I’ve never done this before, so I don’t really know how to do it. Not full-time, anyways.”

He wrapped his hand around my shoulders and held me close to his side. “I haven’t either, so we’ll figure this out together. Whatever works for us is how we’ll do it.”

Dr. Tony was very nice. He told me his boy owned a doggy daycare that was always looking for friends to play with the dogs and take them on walks, so he gave me

Jason's business card to look into it. I'd always wanted a dog, but I'd never lived in a place with a yard. Maybe if I visited with some dogs, I could pretend I had one of my very own.

On Monday afternoon, with new bandages and a stamp of approval from Dr. Tony for how clean we'd been keeping my hand, Ethan dropped me off at home while he made some deliveries to his clients.

I would've been happy to stay with him for the whole day, but then I remembered my goal to not be so needy. So, I went home and played video games and colored until he came back later in the evening with dinner.

When Daddy said he was bringing me dinner, I thought that meant takeout, but he actually prepared a casserole at his house and popped it into the oven as soon as he got to my place. While it was baking, Daddy sat with me on the couch and asked me what I wanted to do for the next forty-five minutes.

It was so easy to fall into my Little headspace when Ethan was with me. He just seemed to coax Little Brayden out even without me noticing. "Daddy, play with me? Blocks and crash."

Daddy smiled and brushed his thumb across my cheekbone. "Daddy would love to play with you. Would you like to get changed first?"

I nodded and dropped to the floor then quickly crawled to my bedroom.

As if this were already a routine for us, Daddy followed and then pulled a diaper and a onesie out of my dresser to change me.

Taking off my regular street clothes was like shedding armor. When I was finally comfy, the only thought in my head was that my Daddy would take care of me. He'd

take care of everything.

We played for a little while, and then he served me a delicious eggplant parmesan casserole that he cut into small bites and served to me in a bunny bowl. Even though there were a lot of veggies, it was quite yummy.

The cheese got a little unruly, and by the end of dinner, I was a mess. And sadly, only some of that mess could be blamed on Little Brayden. A tiny bit of Big Brayden had been thinking about how much fun bathtime with Daddy would be, so he might have been trying to orchestrate that.

Daddy cleared the table and came back to me with a wet towel to wash my face. After using every corner of the towel, he stood back with a smile. “I don’t think that’s gonna be enough, sweet boy. How about a bath?”

“Yes, please.” I tried to clap and then remembered my hand hurt, so I had to clap my arm. “Bubbles!”

“All right, sweet boy, then let’s get you cleaned up.” I crawled to the bathroom, then kneeled by the tub as I waited for Daddy to make the next move.

He turned on the shower and used the sprayer to rinse out the tub before he began to fill it with hot water. I sat by and watched, ready to tell him where the bubbles were, but he didn’t ask. He just looked under the cabinet and found them by himself and then poured two capfuls of soap under the water for lots and lots of bubbles. He also pulled out my basket of duckies and tossed them in the water too before turning back to me. “Okay, sweet boy, are you ready to get in?”

“Ready.” I lifted my arms up to him.

Daddy placed his hand under my armpits and lifted me up to my feet. Then he

unsnapped my onesie and gently pulled it off over my head. Before releasing the diaper, he placed his hand on the warm bulge in the front to confirm it was wet. "All right, baby. Let's get you in the water."

I climbed in and immediately sank down to my neck in suds. I couldn't even see my duckies, but I felt around with my hands and feet until I found them all and then positioned them in a row. "Look, Daddy, look!" I used my finger to swirl the water so the duckies all swam in a circle. "A whirlpool."

"That's right, sweet boy. Your ducks like to swim fast."

I continued to draw a circle in the water. "Zoom, zoom, zoom."

Daddy put body wash on a towel and scrubbed my back and neck, then he used a cup to carefully pour water on my hair. Not even a single drop got into my eyes. I continued to play while Daddy massaged shampoo into my hair and rinsed it out before the towel he was using to wash me snuck around to the front of my chest and down to my dick. As he leaned over to wash my thighs and casually skating over my balls, I turned and whispered into his ear, "I'm extra dirty there, Daddy."

"Are you?" His lips captured mine as he used the towel to tease around my hard cock. It was soft and rough at the same time, and felt so good.

I didn't want to ruin my bubbles, but I also wanted to keep going until I exploded in his hand. "Yes, Daddy. It's still not clean yet." I lay back against the wall of the tub and thrust up into his hand.

"Do you want to come like this, sweet boy? You can shower off after."

I nodded as my breathing got faster, moving me closer to the moment I loved so much. "Yes, Daddy. Keep doing it."

He slipped his other hand under the water and teased my hole with the tip of a finger until I spread my knees even wider. Daddy took the invitation, pushing his finger all the way inside me. “Yes, there! In my bottom.”

“I’ve got you, sweet boy. Just enjoy the warm water surrounding you and come for Daddy.”

He pushed a second finger inside me and that was enough. I fucked up so far that I almost slid underwater, but I caught myself just in time to shoot a little fountain of cream straight up. It looked silly, but felt so good.

I wanted to do that during every single bath.

Daddy kept rubbing me for a few minutes before he finally pulled the stopper to let them come and bubble water drain out and then turned on the shower to rinse me off. I was so relaxed when we were done that I couldn’t even stand up by myself.

Luckily, Daddy was strong and didn’t even mind getting wet when he carried me from the tub to my bed. My comforter got a little bit wet, but I wasn’t worried because Daddy knew what to do. He dressed me in a fresh diaper and new pajamas, changed the comforter and then tucked me into bed before choosing three books to read to me.

Once again, it was the best day ever, and we hadn’t even gotten our test results back. After that, Daddy promised to put his big dick in me and coat me with his cream so I could feel him inside me all day long.

### Chapter 14

Ethan

By Wednesday, Brayden's hand was much better. It had started to scab and was healing well, so after a quick call with Tony, we all agreed that as long as Brayden wore several layers of gloves over that hand to keep it from getting dirty, he could go back to work on Thursday.

And the second I left him sleeping in his bed on Wednesday night, I already missed him.

As silly as I felt to admit it, I missed not having him around during the day. It had only been a few days, but even in the short period of time that we'd been together, my attachment to Brayden had grown to the point that I just wanted to share everything with him.

I texted him in the morning to see how he felt, and he was excited to go back to work. He wanted to tell Max about all the fun things we had been doing while he was off work. I just hoped he was careful with his hand. At least, that was the excuse I used when I showed up at his house on Thursday night to check on it.

We'd had dinner together every night since Saturday, so me coming by after work wasn't unusual. But with Brayden back in his usual routine, I wasn't sure how or if that changed our budding relationship.

From the moment I walked in the door, all my concern disappeared. Brayden threw

his arms around my neck and didn't let go. When I sat down, he sat in my lap. When I went into the kitchen, he was right beside me, either walking or crawling close enough that I could feel his warmth against my body. I fucking loved it.

"Ooohhh," he said, bouncing in my lap as we watched cartoons after his bath. "I almost forgot the best news from today."

"Oh yeah? What's the best news?"

"Augie wants you to come to his birthday party on Saturday. It's a Little party and Daddies are invited." He cocked his head back and forth as he thought about his words. "Actually, Daddy James is throwing the party for Augie, so you're the only extra Daddy invited."

I chuckled at his logic. "That sounds like fun. I guess we need to go shopping for a gift for Augie, don't we?"

"I ordered a new gift for him online because I used his cake PJs, but I can show you what he likes at the toy store."

"Do you think we should go to the toy store?" I rubbed his back and tickled under his armpits until he was squirming in my lap.

"We should definitely go to the toy store. I'll show you all the stuff he likes and even some stuff I like too."

I wasn't about to say no to that. "Okay, maybe after work tomorrow?"

"Yes." He clasped his hands together. "Oh, can you pick me and Max up from work in the Road Runner? Max wants a ride in it, so Daddy James will pick me up in the morning and drop us off, and then maybe you can take us both home in the afternoon."

Max loves Road Runners, and I didn't get to tell him too much about our week because today was super busy, but we're working on an engine together tomorrow, so I'll get to tell him everything then."

I held my hand up to stop him long enough that Brayden could take a breath. When he was ready, I continued the train of thought. "Everything? Like what?"

He shrugged his shoulders dramatically and was suddenly interested in picking at the collar of my shirt. "Like that you live by the park, and that you make awesome furniture, and that..." He bit his lip and looked up at me. "You want to be my Daddy all the time." He swallowed hard as he watched for my reaction. "Is that okay?"

I held his gaze and made sure he could feel my sincerity as I spoke. "I do want to be your Daddy all the time. Maybe forever, if you'll let me. So yes, it's okay for you to tell your friends that."

His return smile was blinding. "Good, cause I already told him that, but I just realized maybe I should've asked you first."

I tickled his sides. "What else did you tell him?"

Brayden squirmed in my lap, pressing his ass over my thickening dick and then rubbing it more intentionally once he realized what he'd done. "I told him you give good head."

"What?" I tickled him again. "Is that what you and your friends talk about at work?"

"Sometimes. I mean, we don't usually have anything like that to talk about, but now that I do, I want to tell the whole world."

I wrapped my arms around his chest, kissing the top of his head. "All right, sweet



boy. I appreciate the ego boost, but maybe that kinda stuff isn't shout-from-the-rooftops worthy. Talking to your friends privately is one thing, but just be careful when you're at work. I wouldn't want you to get in trouble."

"I won't. Jordan has been to Primal and understands the lifestyle. I don't know how deep he is into it, but he's fine with listening to us talk. And we rarely have customers in the shop area."

"Okay, then. I guess, carry on." What else could I say about that?

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 15

Brayden

As planned, Daddy James picked me up on Friday morning and drove me and Max to work. He even had a box of donuts for us that we started on in the car and kept eating after we got to work.

I made a good choice and stopped after three because I didn't want to have a tummy ache all day, but donuts were one of my favorite breakfast foods.

We had a busy day of work, but at least we were working together and could talk. And I had a lot to talk about. "I'm taking Daddy to the toy store later to buy a present for Augie."

He was tightening a bolt. "What are you gonna get him?"

"I don't know yet. I mean, I got him super-soft pajamas, but I think Daddy will get him a sticker book and a lot of stickers... And maybe a cow."

"A cow?" Max chuckled and turned to me from underneath the hood we were both crouched under. "Why?"

"I dunno. Augie kinda reminds me of a cow. They're all cute and unique and they eat the same thing every single day. Just like Augie."

Max sighed longingly. "I remember when I used to be able to eat the same thing

every day. Now I have to eat vegetables and quinoa and yucky green smoothies in the morning.”

That sounded like heaven. “I hope I get to that point with Daddy Ethan. Right now, he mostly lets me do anything I want.”

Max looked at me like I was talking crazy. “You’re living the dream, man. Why would you want that to change? Quinoa is for the birds. Like, literally, I think it is also used as bird food.”

I giggled because he was just being silly. At least, I thought so. I didn’t actually know what quinoa was.

“You know what I mean. I want someone who cares so much about me that they make me eat healthy. But he’s getting there. He wants me to go see the doctor.”

Max nodded as he put grease on another bolt. “For your hand?”

“No, we did that when we got our tests done. For an annual physical. You know, like when I was a kid.”

“Yeah, I have to do those too. I think Daddy just wants my doctor to tell me to eat less sugar or exercise more, but I’m too healthy. Dr. Tony just loves me.”

“Hey, I went to see Dr. Tony too. He’s my Daddy’s friend.”

Max’s eyes went wide. “He’s my Daddy’s friend too! The Daddies and doctors are conspiring against us.”

We laughed and then went back to our work. “Well, if they’re all that hot, they can conspire all they want.”

Daddy bought Augie a million stickers. I didn't actually count them, but it was a very big pile that looked like at least a million. Maybe two. Me and Max and Augie all planned to wear superhero costumes to the party. I wore my Batman costume under my jeans and T-shirt.

Daddy found a Robin shirt at the toy store, so he wore that and we were a couple.

A couple doing opposites, apparently.

Augie was already there, and he and Max were building a fort when I let myself into Daddy James's house.

"We're here!" I shouted as I shoved my gift into Daddy's hands and started ripping off my street clothes. As soon as everything was off, I turned to run for the living room and barreled right into Daddy James.

He must have known what was about to happen because he grabbed me by my arms before I fell onto my butt, and he kept me upright. "Hey there, Little one. Slow your roll or you're gonna get hurt."

"Can't slow down, Daddy James. I gotta make sure they don't mess up the fort." I pointed my thumb over my shoulder. "That's my Daddy Ethan. You'll like him." I wiggled out of James's grip and dove on top of the cushions that were precariously stacked on the ground.

I could hear the Daddies talking amongst themselves, so I wasn't worried about them. They knew how to make friends. I was more worried about visiting with my friends. I tackled Augie and gave him a raspberry on his arm. "Happy birthday, Augie. We brought you presents."

He giggled and shoved me off him. "Gross, Brayden. But thank you for the presents.

I especially like that you said presents...plural. Plurals are better than singles.”

“Singular,” Max said, carrying more pillows in from the bedrooms. “And I got you plural presents too, ya know. You’re gonna love them. They’re delicious.”

Augie cocked his head and frowned. “Delicious for who? Because I don’t like all the stuff you like.”

“For you, I promise.” Max turned a very serious face to Augie. “I know your list of ingredients, don’t worry.”

Augie didn’t seem convinced, but he was always polite when somebody offered him something edible. Because he was very picky and didn’t like a lot of flavors the rest of us liked, when somebody offered him food, he got anxious. “Well, thank you and Daddy James.” Augie turned back to the blanket he had been smoothing out on the floor. “Now, I want the tea.”

“Eww.” I made a face, surprised Augie would want something so yucky. “Since when do you drink tea?”

“No, the tea. Your Daddy tea.”

My excitement level jumped up by a hundred as I rubbed my hands together in front of my chest. “O.M.G., Augie. He’s so hot.” I briefly glanced at Max. “Max knows. Anyway, his car is awesome, and he’s so nice and sexy and caring and...perfect.”

Max rolled onto his back and tucked a pillow under his head. “Yeah, his car is amazing. I can for sure ditto that.”

“I had a crush on him in high school when he was my teacher. But then I didn’t see him for a long time until last week when he came into the shop.” I paused and went a

little swoony as I remembered the day that changed my life. Well, the first day that changed my life. “It was the best day of my life. Actually, no, about a week after that was. I mean...every day is getting better and better, but they’re all the best days ever of my whole life.”

Augie sighed dramatically and pulled a stuffed penguin to his chest. “I’m never gonna have a Daddy like that, but I’m happy that you do.”

Max and I both jumped in to reassure him. “You definitely will, Augie. You’re so cute and nice.”

“Yeah, your Daddy will find you soon.” Max scooted closer to Augie and grabbed his hand.

He shook his head and his eyes were getting brighter blue by the second. “Probably not, but that’s okay. With my luck, he’d be some foodie who wanted to feed me gross stuff all the time. Like pickles and mustard.” Augie gagged a little just saying those words.

I tried not to smile as I looked at Max, but he was also smiling, so we started laughing.

Augie could be very dramatic. The stuff he didn’t like was mostly the delicious stuff that made food taste good. He was weird that way. Apparently, his tongue didn’t work like ours, so he only liked boring food. Like, the kind that had no flavor. “Maybe you’ll find someone who doesn’t like food.” I patted his back. “And until then, Daddy James and Daddy Ethan can take care of you too. And we’ll do more play dates.”

“Thanks,” he said on an exhale before swiping at his eyes. “Is it present time yet?”

“Not yet. We play first, then we eat, then we have cake, and then we do presents. You know the schedule.” Max liked to have a plan and stick with it, so we let him be in charge of time stuff.

“Okay, how about this game.” I stood up under the sheet, basically destroying our fort, and I held it over Augie and Max so they could still see me. “We can put all the cushions on the ground and take turns jumping off the back of the couch and flying in the air and landing on the cushions. Whoever gets the farthest?—”

Behind us were two deep voices. “No.”

I frowned and turned toward the Daddies even though I couldn’t see them through the sheet. “We’ll be careful, Daddies. They’re short jumps, and you can’t get hurt from like two feet.”

And as if they were timing it, they both said it again. “No!”

Max pointed at my hand, which was still wrapped, but at least it wasn’t covered in a pound of nitrile gloves. “We don’t wanna hurt your hand again. I need you functioning back at work so I don’t have to do all the heavy stuff myself.”

“Fine.” I flopped back down and held my legs straight in the air, acting like a tent pole so the sheet was covering us again. “Then let’s get out all the cars and race them. I want to show my Daddy how fast my car can go.”

Augie and Max looked at each other then nodded. “Race cars!”

We played for another hour before our tummies were too grumbly and we had to stop to eat.

The Daddies put out all of Augie’s favorite foods. A big plate of dino nuggies, a bowl

of mac & cheese from the blue box without anything extra added, mozzarella sticks with no sauce, salted potato chips, and baby carrots. Those were the things Augie loved most. He ate other stuff too, but it was a party, so we just had the yummy stuff.

After that, it was finally time for cake.

Instead of a regular cake, Augie asked for yellow cake with vanilla ice cream and chocolate frosting. It wasn't my favorite flavor combination, but it wasn't my birthday. And Augie was so happy that by the time he opened up his presents, he could have gotten just about anything and been absolutely thrilled.

The fact that he got a bunch of awesome gifts helped with the thrilled part.

Augie's eyes lit up when he saw the mountain of stickers Daddy got him, and when I told him I had pajamas that matched the ones I gave him, Max wanted a pair too so we could have a matching PJ sleepover sometime.

Daddy Ethan promised to host it at his house whenever we wanted. He was a good Daddy like that. Always thinking of ways to help me have fun.

After all the presents were opened, Augie seemed to crash from his junk food high and fell asleep in the fort. Daddy James carried him to their guest room and tucked him in, and then Daddy and I said our goodbyes.

Instead of taking me home, he took me back to his place. I loved being at his house because with all the open space that he had yet to fill with new furniture, it was easy to imagine helping him make some of those choices and maybe living there too someday.

It was silly for me to be thinking like that after only being with him for such a short period of time, but I couldn't help it. I wanted to be with Daddy every second, and he



said things that made me think he wanted that too.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 16

Ethan

Watching Brayden play with his friends when they were Little made me fall for him even harder. He was so sweet and silly and kind and thoughtful that just about everything he said or did, made me smile.

Even when he talked about trying to fly by jumping off the furniture onto cushions, a small part of me was amused by it. Of course, a much bigger part of me knew there was no way in hell it would end well, so he wasn't gonna actually do it, but I still smiled at his commitment to having fun with his friends.

And James was a cool guy.

He and I had a surprising number of friends in common, so the fact that we'd never run into each other before was surprising. But now that we knew about our mutual friends, I expected we'd have a lot more opportunities to get together, especially if our boys had anything to say about it.

I'd already been roped into hosting at least one twin pajama sleepover and some dog walking parties before I walked a sleepy boy out to my car and took him back to my place.

I didn't have any set plans for how the evening would go, but I had a feeling that after dinner, bathtime, and cuddles, Brayden would be open to spending the night.

And I was definitely looking forward to having him in my bed.

I loved staying over at Brayden's apartment, but long-term, I had fantasies of him moving into my house, and I was ready to start planting that seed.

We went inside and kicked off our shoes in the entryway.

"I bought some comfy clothes for you to wear while you're here. Would you like to get changed?"

Brayden pulled up his T-shirt and looked at the costume underneath. "Yeah, I'm kinda hot."

He definitely was.

I held his hand and took him up to my room. We walked into my closet, and I placed my hand on the open shelves there. "I hope this doesn't come across as presumptuous, but I cleared some space for you, just to make it easier when you're here."

Brayden's smile was glowing, and he buzzed with energy. "That's so nice of you. Thank you, Daddy!"

Then I opened the top drawer and pulled out one diaper and a T-shirt and short pajama set. "I also picked up a few things at Primal. What do you think?"

He reached for the shirt and held it up. "Puppies! How did you know I love puppies?"

I chuckled softly. "Who doesn't love puppies?"

He was already tearing off his clothes to change. "Good point. Everybody should

love puppies. Help me, Daddy.” He turned and lifted his arms while I unzipped the back of his leotard. “Hurry. Hurry. I’m really, really, really hot.”

“Okay, baby. I’m hurrying.” I placed my hand on his skin, and he didn’t feel overheated. Just excited to try on his new clothes.

The diaper he was wearing was dry, so he stepped right into his new pajamas and rushed to the mirror to inspect his new look. “I love it so much.” He held out his shirt and looked down at each different type of dog. “Look at this cute Dalmatian. Wouldn’t it be fun to have one just like this, but for real?”

“A real Dalmatian? I don’t know about that. I’ve heard they’re a handful.”

“Let’s watch the puppy movie and see. I think they’re perfect.”

Instead of heading back downstairs, we climbed into my bed and turned on the TV in there. I had all the streaming services, so it was easy to find the Dalmatian cartoon. Within seconds, Brayden was curled up across my chest so we could watch it comfortably.

We both dozed off and didn’t wake up until it was already dark outside. By then, we were both starving. After all the junk food we had for lunch, I had kinda planned to skip dinner, but after a nap, we were both ready to eat.

“You hungry, sweet boy?” I placed my hand over Brayden’s tummy and gently rubbed it.

He stretched out on top of me and yawned. “Yes, but not just for food.”

“Is that right?” I let my fingertips slide underneath the waistband of his shorts and diaper and felt that he was indeed hard. I’d been waiting for the right time to tell him

I picked up our test results from Tony. When we went in on Monday, Brayden authorized me to receive them, but with our busy schedule on Friday afternoon, I didn't mention it. When we finally made love, I wanted to make sure we had plenty of time to enjoy each other without being rushed.

Since it was only eight o'clock and we had napped, we had all the time in the world to play.

"I forgot to mention that I stopped by Dr. Tony's office yesterday."

Brayden pulled up onto his hands and hovered over me. "You did?" He was now fully alert. Fully Big, no longer in his Little headspace. That was good because this was a grownup topic.

"Yup, and I picked up our tests."

He bit his lip and grinned. "So we're good?"

I shrugged. "I didn't open the envelopes yet. They're in that nightstand."

Brayden dove across the bed and yanked open the nightstand to grab them. With both envelopes in his hand, he waved them toward me. "Well, what are we waiting for?"

I laughed and crossed my arms over my chest as I leaned back on the headboard. "Nothing at all. Go ahead and open them up."

Brayden wasted no time tearing up the envelopes. He accidentally ripped the pages in half in the process, but he quickly scanned the charts that listed negative results for every test that was run and then threw them off the side of the bed. "They say we clean, Daddy. Does that mean I get to feel you inside me now?"

I chuckled. “Yes, when you’re ready for that.”

Before I could say anything else, Brayden sprang up and into my arms, straddling my hips as he kissed me like it was our first and last time ever. “I’m ready,” he said as he licked my jaw. Then he nipped back up to my earlobe. “I need to feel you, Daddy.” He kissed down my neck and stopped just above my Adam’s apple. “Fuck me like no one ever has before.”

“Christ, boy. I just can’t say no to you.”

His hands slipped up under my shirt, and he pinched my nipple. “Why would you want to?”

“I don’t.” I sat forward and shifted our weight so he was lying on his back and I was hovering over him. “Never wanna say no to you, sweet boy.”

Brayden slipped his hand underneath my sweats and began to stroke my erection. “Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me hard.”

### Chapter 17

Brayden

I couldn't wait any longer. Daddy was great with his hands and mouth, but I needed to feel his big cock inside me. I needed him to hold me down and watch me break apart into a million pieces as he poured his hot come inside me.

His jaw was tight as he swallowed. "We can still use condoms for now, if you'd like."

"No. Please." I shook my head but kept my eyes locked with his. "I didn't know I was waiting for you until I saw you again. But I was. And I'm ready. I only ever want to have you inside me bare. This time and every time, I need to feel every inch of your thick dick as it slides in and out of me." I placed my hands on his and squeezed them. "I want you to fill me up so I can carry you with me all the time. Please, Daddy. Don't make me beg."

He mumbled something to himself about having strength and then got up off the bed. Without looking away from me, he stripped out of every stitch of clothing he was wearing.

I stayed completely still as his gaze raked down my body, and then he gently pulled down my shorts, removed the diaper, and slipped me out of my shirt until we were both completely naked, hard as steel as we eagerly awaited what was about to happen.

To make sure he believed I was ready for him, I gripped my knees and pulled them all the way back to my armpits, spreading myself open to him. “Is this okay, Daddy?”

“You’re so beautiful.” Daddy opened up the nightstand and pulled out a tube of lube.

I wiggled a little bit. “I’m so empty. What’s taking you so long?”

He smirked and shook his head as he squeezed a big dollop into his palm and coated his cock before rubbing some on my opening. “You look so good for me. I’m not gonna last long.”

“Me either, Daddy. But don’t tease me.”

“I’m not teasing you, baby. Just taking a moment to enjoy the view.” He added another dollop of lube to his finger and pushed it all inside me, efficiently coating my inner walls and most definitely teasing me.

I rocked onto his hand, doing my best to get it deep enough to hit my prostate, but he didn’t let me. He just rubbed his thumb along my taint, tickling the bottom of my balls.

It was excruciating and amazing all at once. “I need you.”

“Me too, baby.” He slipped his hands under my ass and lifted me so he had better access to my opening. “Let me do this slowly. Please. I don’t wanna hurt you.”

I sucked in a deep breath and fisted the blanket as I nodded. I understood why he was worried about hurting me, but he didn’t need to be. I wanted to be sore. I wanted to feel him for days. But I also wanted him to feel good about our first time together.

Daddy pointed his big cock at my hole and gently pushed inside. It felt like he was



moving in slow motion, and he probably was, but I didn't make him go faster. I took deep breaths as he slowly worked his way in, inch by inch until his balls rested against my skin.

I kept my eyes on his face, watching every twitch, grunt, and finally, the faintest smile. "Fuck, you're tight." His fingers held my hips before he loosened up and rubbed the skin there. "So perfect for Daddy."

His words alone were enough to make me want to come, but the sting in my ass was pushing me there even faster. "I'm gonna come in about twenty seconds, so I suggest you start moving."

He pulled out then slowly pushed all the way back in, his eyes drifting shut as if the sensations were too much for him to handle.

I was tight and could feel every ridge and bump along his thick shaft, caressing me from the inside out. As he got into a steady rhythm, my body adjusted and relaxed around him, taking him as if we were two pieces of a single mold.

Every nerve in my body buzzed with excitement and joy that we were finally here. Finally joined in this way that made me feel like I was truly his sweet boy. In every possible way. "It's so good, Daddy. Go faster."

His chest rumbled a bit as he picked up his pace, moving in and out faster, slamming into me harder with each pass.

I slid my hand between us and stroked my cock, chasing my climax while doing my best to slow it down. I wanted this night to last forever, but one orgasm wouldn't be enough for me. We'd be going at it several times before either of us were sated. "I'm gonna come, Daddy. But don't stop. Keep going."

Daddy reached down and replaced my hand with his, stroking me to the same rhythm that his hips plowed into me, coaxing my orgasm to the edge but then holding it back a little bit longer.

As promised, Daddy kept railing into me as I came all over my belly, but I stayed hard, begging for more. After coming once, I had more control to make it last longer. And I wanted it to last a lot longer.

I bit my lip and held on until Daddy eventually whispered my name as he unloaded his hot seed inside me.

Okay, now this was officially the best day ever.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

### Chapter 18

Ethan

I stood in front of my fridge and looked at Brayden over the open door. “Pancakes, waffles, or a breakfast burrito?”

“A breakfast burrito sounds so good!” Brayden hopped up on the center island in my kitchen then reached for his glass of orange juice. “But no sauce. Just meat and cheese and eggs.”

I opened the freezer and peeked inside. “I have frozen hashbrowns if you want me to add those too.”

His eyes were big as he grinned. “Yes. Definitely hashbrowns.”

I made quick work of preparing our breakfast, and then after we ate, we headed out to my workshop. “I want you to see what I’ve been working on.”

Brayden wrapped both hands around my arm and skipped beside me. “Yay. I love watching you work. It’s so hot.”

I kissed the side of his head as I unlocked my workshop and let him in. “Okay, close your eyes.”

“A surprise? I love surprises.” He held both hands over his eyes and bounced on his toes. “What is it?”

“You’ll see.” I wrapped my arm around his lower back and guided him toward the back corner. “Okay, on the count of three, you can look. One, two, th?—”

“You made the table!” He jumped out of my grasp and hugged the top of the coffee table like it was one of his coveted puppies. “I love it.”

“You love a lot of things, don’t you?” I chuckled and pulled out one of the hidden toy drawers.

“I love you!” He was suddenly in my arms again, hanging from my neck and kissing my jaw. “Don’t tell me not to cuz I do and you can’t stop me.”

I held him by his thighs and kissed him back, wet and messy and with all the love bursting from my heart. “I don’t want to stop you, sweet boy. I love you too.”

His breath hitched as he pulled back and looked at me with awe. “You do? Like, for real? Not just cuz I said it first?”

“For real, sweet boy. You make me so happy. When I’m with you, I just smile the whole time. When I’m not with you, I think about you the whole time. I’ve never felt that way before, so I’m pretty sure it’s love.”

Brayden’s eyes were glassy with tears as he absorbed everything I said. “Me too, Daddy. Everything you just said times a billion.”

My lips collided with his as we sealed our pronouncement with long, deep kisses that put all our previous kisses to shame.

When he finally pulled away, Brayden rested his cheek on my shoulder. “Daddy?”

“Yes, sweet boy.” I swiveled from side to side as I held him.

“I don’t want to go home without you. Can you stay with me every night?”

I smiled and kissed the tip of his nose. “I can’t stay at your place every night, but...maybe you can stay here? Every night?”

His arms circled my neck even tighter, almost choking me. “What are you saying?”

I tested out my new table by sitting down on it with Brayden still straddling my hips. “Well, I’m saying you should move in. You don’t have to decide anything now. Take as much time as you want, or tell me if you aren’t interested. Whatever you’re comfortable with is good with me. I just know?—”

“Yes!” His mouth was on mine again, and he was bouncing on my dick, shifting in such a way that his cock rubbed exactly along mine. “Yes, yes, yes!”

I laughed and lightly pinched his side. “You sure about that? You don’t sound sure.”

“I’m so sure! A million sures. Can I start tonight? Now? Let’s go get my stuff.” He was speaking a mile a minute and just reinforcing how damn cute he was.

“Okay, sweet boy. We’ll get your stuff and plan a special night for our first official night living together?”

“Even more special than last night?” He cocked his head in disbelief. “That was the most special-est of all nights.”

I grimaced. “Geez, no pressure or anything.”

“Nope, no pressure. You’re officially stuck with me no matter how special tonight and every other night is.”

I squeezed him and blew a raspberry on his neck. “Okay, then. Let’s head over to your place to start packing.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:54 am*

Brayden

When Ethan first asked me to move in, I wasn't sure if he was serious or not. Even when we brought over my first load of clothes and toys, I was still unsure if he might change his mind at any moment. It just seemed too good to be true.

But as the days turned into weeks, Ethan's excitement to see me every afternoon when I got home and every morning when I woke up just grew and grew. And I was right there with him. Falling asleep in his arms was soothing in a way I didn't know possible. It was just so easy to relax and feel safe when I knew Daddy was always there to take care of me.

And he let me have my friends over all the time.

On Friday, Augie and I made arrangements to see a movie after work, and then he was coming over for dinner and a video game sleepover.

Max and Dylan were also invited, but they both had plans with their Daddies, so it was just me and Augie for the Bigfoot movie and then Daddy picked us up.

"How was it?" Daddy held out sippy cups of juice for us when we got into his car.

"Amazing." I grabbed both cups and then handed one to Augie. "You should have come."

"It was good, Daddy Ethan. Thanks for picking us up." Augie was always super polite to everyone. It was that politeness that sometimes got him into trouble, but

Daddy appreciated polite boys. He told me that all the time.

“I’m happy to pick you up, and I’m glad you had fun.” He pulled out of the parking lot and turned onto the main road toward our house. “I have dinner waiting and a surprise dessert for you boys if you eat all your veggies.”

“Veggies?” Augie huffed and turned to me. “You told him I don’t eat everything, right?”

I placed my hand on Augie’s shoulder to reassure him. “I did, and it’s fine. He knows what you don’t like. Right, Daddy?”

“I was very careful to stick to your list, Augie. And you don’t have to eat anything you don’t like. But since I only made what you do like, I think you’ll both be safe for dessert.”

“I hope so, Daddy, because I really like dessert.” I turned to Augie. “You’ll like it. Daddy is an excellent cooker.”

Daddy chuckled at that. “Thank you, sweet boy. You always know how to stroke Daddy’s ego.”

Augie giggled and leaned closer to me to whisper, but he didn’t have a quiet whisper voice. “He said stroke.”

I giggled too at Augie’s silliness and wagged my eyebrows. “Well, I am a good stroker of all Daddy’s parts.”

“Are you boys behaving back there?” Daddy looked at us through his rearview mirror with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes, Daddy,” I said.



But Augie threw me under the bus. “Sorry, Daddy Ethan. We’ll be good.”

“We don’t have to. Daddy loves me even when I’m being silly or rude or grumpy.” I put my head on Augie’s shoulder. “And when you find a Daddy, he’ll love you all the time too.”

Augie sucked in a deep breath and sighed. “I don’t know about that, but as long as I get to borrow your Daddy sometimes, it’ll be okay.”

It made my heart sad when Augie talked about not finding a Daddy of his own. I knew he would. He deserved to have someone love him and take care of him the way Daddy did with me. But until that day happened, Max and I would share. “Anytime. Whether you need cuddles or play time or even help with a diaper, Daddy will help you. Right, Daddy?”

Daddy coughed from the front seat and then cleared his throat. “Of course, sweet boy. Augie will always be taken care of.”

“See.” I hugged Augie to my side as Daddy pulled onto our street. “We’ve got you, Aug.”

I looked at Daddy through the mirror and smiled. “Thank you, Daddy. I love you.”

“I love you too, sweet boy.” He parked the car in the driveway and then killed the engine. “Now, who’s ready for butter pasta and grilled chicken with asparagus?”

I glanced at Augie and smiled. “I am!”

“Me too!” Augie released his seatbelt and reached for the door handle. “That’s my favorite dinner!”

Daddy helped me out of the car and then pressed me up against the side of his car

while Augie ran up the porch steps. “You’re such a good boy, Brayden. And a good friend. I’m proud of you.”

Tears filled my eyes as I beamed up at Daddy. No one had ever said that to me before. “You’re a good Daddy, Daddy. I’m proud of you too.”

He pressed his forehead to mine and then kissed the tip of my nose. “Alright, sweet boy. Let’s get you fed so you can keep the party going!”

“Good idea, Daddy. You’re so smart.” I held his hand and tugged him behind as I tried to jog up to the porch. Tonight was gonna be another best night ever. I could feel it already.

Next in the Blue Collar Daddies in the City series...

Augie likes what he likes, but trying to explain himself to others almost never goes the way he plans...

Augie has been slow to start dating since his attack last year. He’s physically healed but still nervous about trusting new men. When Ethan, his friend’s Daddy, introduces him to a chef friend, Augie is smitten. The only problem is that chefs like to cook, and Augie is a picky eater. Like, can’t trust anyone to cook for him because it’s never right.

So he tries to hide his true feelings.

Dex is intrigued by the sweet boy Ethan introduced him to, but he gets the feeling there’s so much he doesn’t yet know. Other than the fact that Ethan likes to have Little playdates with Ethan’s boy and a few other friends, he isn’t sure how much of what Augie shares is true or half-truths.

But he has every intention of finding out.

Daddy's Picky Eater is the eighth book in the Blue Collar Daddies in the City series about tough and tender Daddies looking for love and the sweet boys who help them find it. Inspired by the author's own struggle with accepting food without a full ingredient list, you'll find DDLB, ABDL, age play, and a happy ever after.