



# Only One Cabin: An MM Daddy Romance

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** What could go wrong? How about meeting the Daddy of your dreams...

And Daddy is yearning hard for a love connection. But Boy is scared to show his true colours for fear of not being accepted.

Their fates are weaved together when they're find out they're sharing a cabin on the Pride Odyssey Cruise.

Against the backdrop of rainbow-hued skies, Daddy and Boy navigate the unpredictable seas thrusting lust, love, and all things fun in their lap.

Can Daddy find his love connection, or will the magic of the cruise not travel home with them?

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## Page 1

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The last place I expected myself to end up was hungover at the cruise terminal with my best friend and his partner. Every thing up until this point had been a blur, and I was beginning to question every decision I'd made up until this point.

“Oh look, that’s our ship,” Ryan said.

I'd never seen a cruise ship before. They were enormous. It almost felt like they weren't real at all. I could only stare at them through my sunglasses, trying not to let my brain implode with the headache brewing.

“I knew we shouldn't have gone out last night,” Thom said, Ryan's boyfriend of three years, and nearly fifteen years older than him.

Ryan was far too peppy and upbeat, even if it was the afternoon. “We're in Barcelona, of course we should take advantage of it.”

I had to agree with Ryan, we were out of the US and in a country where the men were hot, spoke Spanish, and anything they said was considered flirting to me. “I just want to board already.”

“Once we're through passport control,” Thom said. “It'll be plain sailing.”

“Literally,” Ryan snorted.

That wasn't even my biggest worry.

This trip was an adults-only pride cruise. A thousand LGBTQ+ people were

descending on the port to board this annual cruise of the Spanish coast all the way to Portugal and back again.

My current worry was taking part in a scheme where your ticket was discounted if you took part in their matchmaking scheme. It wasn't technically matchmaking, but so many people got together from it that it was informally known as such. I was solo on this and rooms were two-person occupancy, so it was much cheaper to book alone and share a room with someone else. Of course, you got to choose certain specifications, like, who you want to be sharing a room with.

I chose a guy, mostly from the pressure of Ryan telling me it could be a great opportunity to find either a new friend, or a new romance. And I was stupid enough to fall for it. My anxiety now was sky high and that was probably mostly to do with the alcohol in my system.

There was no saying who I'd be paired up in a room with, but what I did know was I'd purchased the drinks package on board and that was going to keep my pretty busy for the next nine days.

Once we were through the passport people, wheeling our luggage along, I finally took in the immense view of the ship. This was my first cruise. Ryan and Thom had been on this cruise last year and bragged about it for months after. I hated missing out, so the minute they were booking their tickets, I decided I should see what all the fuss was about.

"There are two pools, several restaurants, bars, and so many event rooms," Ryan went on like he was working for the cruise. "My fave night is definitely going to be the pride party at sea night, and we can't forget the kink nights, but you don't have to attend those if you don't want."

I didn't know what I wanted, other than a nap, pain killers and a tall glass of ice

water.

The one thing nobody warned me about was how much walking would be involved. I didn't mind, I was fairly fit through no effort, but this was supposed to be a vacation, and on a vacation, I expected to be doing as little as possible, unless it was fun, in which case, I was expected to maximize the experience.

It wasn't long until we boarded and an intense vertigo washed over me from the view of the sea far below. It all felt kinda surreal, like at any moment, the ship could spin and turn, and I'd be directly facing the water itself.

"Come on," Ryan said, snapping his fingers at me. "You can get seasick once we're settled in and you find out who you've been paired with."

"Don't you think it's a bit strange, being paired with someone I've never met?" I asked, trying not to succumb to the sudden bout of nausea and hangover headache.

"You signed up for it," he reminded me. "Besides, you could meet the man of your dreams." He offered in a sing-song voice. "And the man of your dreams will be a total Daddy and a total bottom. Trust me, the cruise has paired up so many of our friends, you are about to meet the man of yours."

I'd heard the stories of Ryan's other friends coming on these cruises with him and finding their boyfriends, fiancés, and future husbands. I was looking forward to that idea. I'd been single a long time, but that was an occupational hazard. I was always travelling for model gigs. I just got done with a six month stint in Japan, and they were continuously trying to set me up with their daughters and sisters. I didn't come out to any of them, it was safer that was for my work as a model. People wanted the fantasy, and the fantasy was all very hetero.

Of course, I knew that everyone part of this program the cruise line had rolled out

were fully vetted and verified, and if there was nobody they could set you up with, you got the full cabin for only half the price. It was a win either way, I got a cabin to myself, or I was about to meet the love of my life.

The man of my dreams could be waiting behind the cabin door.

“Ok, so this is the reception deck,” Ryan went on, excitedly. He’d been so excited to bring me on this thing, all the information went in through one ear and out the other. I didn’t know the difference between port and starboard, or what all the different decks meant, some of them numbers, and some with names. He’d explained them to me, but I was never going to remember it. “Embarking is always the best part,” he said. “Everyone is so full of energy, and the smell of poppers hasn’t consumed the air yet.”

One of the workers chuckled at the comment as we walked by them. I made eyes at him. He was hot. “I wonder what he’s doing later,” I mumbled, wheeling my case beside me.

Ryan swatted my arm. “No. Save that energy for your cabin mate.”

Thom chuckled. “Don’t worry,” he said. “I’m sure you’re used to his antics by now.”

We stopped at the elevator and looked at the keycards. They were slotted inside paper slips with the itinerary and our room numbers on. “What deck are you on?” Ryan asked.

“Eight. Eight-one-three-six.”

“That’s your room number,” Thom said. “We’re on deck ten. Eleven twenty-eight.”

“How do you keep these things on you?” I already had trouble remembering to keep my phone, wallet, and housekey on me, never mind a little plastic card.

“I slip mine in a lanyard,” Ryan said. “The seas change you as a person. I have a spare one.”

He caught me snarling. “Around my neck? At all times? But that’ll pull guys attention from the fun zone.” My pec bounced, although not visibly from my shirt. “Next you’ll have me wearing Crocs.”

Another conversation we’d had earlier. Ryan and Thom were comfortably in a relationship, and with that comfort came the outward comfort of never sacrificing yourself for the pain is beauty. I had blisters on my ankles from my boots, but they looked great, and they had a little lift in them too.

With our carry-on luggage, we wheeled it into the elevator. We were one of the earlier boarders, and I hated Ryan for that. I wished we could’ve boarded later and given me a touch more time to get over this hangover. I was thankful that our actual suitcases were delivered to the rooms ahead of time, but that was where all my painkillers were stored, and I needed an aspirin bad.

“It feels weird,” I said inside the elevator, looking at the mirrored surfaces all around. “We’re on the water right now, but using this.”

Sometimes, they might not have figured I was as well-traveled as I was, but sometimes, I had a thought and needed to let it out.

I got out on my floor, and was easily guided from little metallic wall plaques to my room. Anxiety spiked in me, another painful downside to having drunk as much as I had last night. I was never a heavy drinker, but last night woke a beast in me that couldn’t say no to shots in Spanish bars where the bartenders were downright too hot to handle.

There were two ways this could go. Either my roomie was in there, waiting for me, or

I'd be in there waiting for him. I slotted the keycard into the door, it beeped, unlocked and I couldn't avoid the hangxiety any further.

I was first.

The cabin wasn't spacious. There were two single beds pushed against the wall with two bedside tables between them, and that space was currently occupied by two suitcases. One of them, I knew was mine, the other one had to belong to him. It was a plain, silver case. Boring. Mine was neon blue and covered in stickers, there was no chance I was ever going to lose that.

Swept with relief. I threw myself on the bed to the left, right across from the small dresser and chair. I'd seen the interior to the room before on a three-sixty view they offered on their website, but nothing could've prepared me for it. I was tall, and this was not tall friendly.

After a minute of laid on the bed, I picked myself up and took in the surroundings a little better. I suppose I could understand how these things would push two people together because the room itself was so small, and the only way to get more space was to push the two beds together.

There was a name tag on the bag. His name was Russell Scott. A perfectly ungooglable name, there were bound to be hundreds if not thousands of them. It wasn't worth the search, or the ordeal of connecting my phone to the onboard Wi-Fi just yet.

I threw my suitcase on my bed and opened it up to get my painkillers. I desperately needed something to take the edge off. On the chair, pushed under the vanity there was a case of water, ready for consumption. I nearly downed an entire bottle with my painkillers.

Russell Scott was supposed to be compatible with me. On the form, they asked for all types of details, includes top or bottom, and I was just hoping and praying this was going to be my type instead of one of those cock-hungry bottoms. That just wasn't for me.

I took my time to go through my suitcase, knowing it would be a couple of hours until this Russell boarded. I wanted to get my clothes in the closet, and hopefully from the time they spent on the hangers, some of the wrinkles in the shirts I'd brought would iron themselves out, and failing that, I knew there was a clothes steamer on board.

An hour later, and the door beeped before opening.

It was him.

I peered out down the narrow aisle from the door to the bedroom. The bathroom was to the left on my perspective, an area I hadn't yet managed to get my toiletries in. So, he was early.

He had black hair with specks of grey at the side, dressed in a light blue button down, grey pants, and sported a golden tan. "Hey," he said, tugging on a stubborn smaller case over the threshold. "I'm Russell, I—"

"Tall," I mumbled. Fuck. He was tall. I didn't know how they'd found someone taller than me, but they had. Maybe they were miracle workers on board. And a bottom.

"Sorry?"

"Hi," I said, wiping my palms on my pants before greeting him. "I'm Griffin. I guess we're paired together."



“I guess so,” he said. “Nice to meet you. Did you—” his tongue stuck between his teeth as he looked me over. “Did you book this ticket to meet someone, or because it was cheaper?”

And with that, maybe this wasn’t a pairing made in heaven and just a very convenient booking. “Well, my friend, Ryan, he comes on these things all the time with his partner, so I figured I’d take him up on it, and you know, this came up. He advocates massively for these set-up things, so I—” I gulped hard on my drying out throat. I was panic talking. I never did that. I was known for confidence and being as cool as an iced glass of sangria.

He chuckled. “Similar story, actually,” he said. “My friend on-board, Mick, he’s constantly telling me to come on one of these to get laid.” He rolled his eyes as he said it. “But I’m kinda just looking forward to getting more sun, reading a good book, and showing up to the parties long enough to be photo’d.”

“Not big on parties then?”

“Sometimes, but I get a bit self-conscious about my age and being at parties with a bunch of guys half my age,” he said.

I’d put my age all the way up to fifty, so he could’ve been on the money with that observation since I was twenty-five. But then, he had to have put my age down as well. “I’m twenty-five,” I said, forcing that conversation.

“I’m forty-four,” he said, sitting on the edge of the bed. “These things aren’t that comfy, are they?”

“I guess they’re hoping people are going to be too preoccupied getting their party on to think about the comfort of their bed,” I said. “And for what it’s worth, I don’t think you look old.”

He smiled at me. “Did you look through the itinerary?” he asked. “There’s an event for people sharing rooms, like us, well, not an event, a date. In case you were hoping to meet someone.”

I didn’t want to come across eager, but it couldn’t hurt, especially since his first words weren’t, I recognize you from somewhere, and having to tell him I’ve been on fashion billboards globally. “I’m down to have fun on this trip, it’s why we’re here, right?”

“Then I guess we should push these beds together,” he suggested.

I clicked my tongue, a tic, almost. “Jumping the gun a little there,” I said. “We should get to know each other first.”

Russell shrugged. “I figured you already know me, based on what we both put on our roommate requests,” he said. “But I’m curious to see how much of that is true.”

There was only one real way we’d know our compatibility. The one question that could turn on, or turn off this entire conversation. “Top or bottom?”

## Page 2

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I never really bought into the whole matchmaker thing the cruise offered up for single guests. Of course, that was also after all the pages of legal documentation to say they weren't liable but would be willing to switch out roommates and absolute incompatibility. It always put a smile on my face to look at the small print on these things, of course, they could never do these things legally, they were things they considered for fun or extracurricular to their cruise.

And I went to my room with that in mind, knowing I could switch my roommate out and hopefully get myself a room alone without paying any exorbitant upgrade fees. That idea left my head once I set foot inside the room and met him.

Griffin was tall, but a little shorter than me, and he might've been my exact type of guy. From the look of his half-emptied suitcase, I could see a couple of choice items still inside. A onesie with a hood and tail, I couldn't figure out which animal, but it was a sign he was into some age regression. The final clue was the teddy's head bulging out of the comforter by the pillow.

All that needed figuring out now was whether or not we were actually compatible.

"Top or bottom?" I mulled his question over. "How about you answer first, since you asked it."

Griffin chewed on the inside of his cheek, highlighting his cheekbone structure. "Well, I top. I'm not sure if—"

I smiled, catching me off-guard. "That's good to know. I definitely prefer to bottom, but I can top in case of an emergency," I said, a joke that landed sometimes. This

time, not so much. Griffin stood, wavering on his feet. He reached for his mouth and raced for the bathroom. “I didn’t think it was that bad of a joke,” I said, hearing him vomit.

“No,” he called out. “It was—” he vomited once more, “—funny.”

From the doorway of the confined cabin, I looked at him on the bathroom floor, head in the toilet bowl. “You get seasick?” I guessed. “I have some seasickness tablets.”

His bloodshot eyes and rosy cheeks looked up at me. “Please,” he said. “I’m also a little hungover. Don’t hold it against me.”

“At least it wasn’t about me,” I said, catching him chuckle.

After fifteen minutes, Griffin came out of the bathroom. I’d got a better look inside the shared closet during that time he’d told me he didn’t want me to see him spewing his guts. There were a couple more onesies folded and tucked in the corner, with an array of fancy decorative shirts, some of them covered in cute designs. My favorite was the yellow duckies on the dark blue. It made me want to go into the bathroom and stroke his head and back until he felt better, but we’d only just met and I didn’t want to overstep.

“I don’t usually get seasick,” Griffin said, still holding his stomach. “In fact, I’m pretty good with travel. I’ve been on boats before, but never a cruise ship. I keep calling this a boat, and my friend, he keeps shouting at me about it.”

I could understand. These people were strict on that. “My friend, Mick, the one who coerced me onto this because I don’t go to enough gay functions, apparently. He’s a drag queen on the ship, and he gave me a rundown on the rules.”

“Is he the one who also gave you the seasickness tablets?”

“He recommended them, just in case,” I told him. “But since we’re not venturing out too far, I don’t think we’re going to have to worry that much about the ship being beaten by waves.”

“That’s a relief,” he said, clenching his arms around his stomach and sitting on his bed. “We should probably get ready for the champagne toast before we set off.”

“You sure you want to drink?”

Griffin held his head in his hands. “I was also promised food.”

“That, I can get behind,” I said. “I hope you don’t mind that I took up the other half of the closet.”

He looked up for a moment to offer a smile and a nod. “Please, I left it for you, or whoever was going to take up that second bed,” he said.

That reminded me of what we were talking about just before he started spewing his guts in the bathroom toilet, but it wasn’t the time to bring it up again. The mood had struck, and quickly vanished. I was just glad he was ok.

I continued to unpack some of the clothes I wanted to hang in the closet.

“I should change, I got sick on my shirt,” he said, and as I turned, Griffin was standing behind me, unbuttoning his shirt. He had a slim physique and a little hair on his chest, and smaller patches drawing my eyes down to the belt and the two slutty cumgutters sitting on his waistline. He caught me looking. “You can look,” he said.

“When a cute guy undresses in front of me, it’s almost a disrespect not to stop what I’m doing to pay attention,” I said, wetting my dry lips with the tip of my tongue. “You know, I think you’d look cute in this one.” I grabbed at the navy shirt with

yellow duckies on.

He accepted it. “Just so you know, I look cute in everything I wear, so you’re not wrong.”

And I certainly wasn’t.

Griffin was confident. He had a look I felt I’d seen before. I wanted to touch him, just to see if I’d touched him before. We definitely hadn’t hooked up before, not unless he was a masked participant at one of the Playhouse Club events in New York. “Where are you from?”

“Originally, I’m from New Hampshire,” he said. “Nashua. I moved to New York for work, but now I travel a lot for work. So, my apartment is there, but I rarely am.”

“What work?”

I caught him lost for words, and for a second, I thought he was going to vomit again. “Marketing,” he said.

“Nice. I’m originally from San Diego, California,” I told him, even though he didn’t ask. “Now, I look after a couple properties in New York.”

“You’re a landlord?” he asked, raising his brows at me.

“Commercial properties,” I said. “And no, I don’t own them. I work for a company that deals with property investments, so I help queer spaces get up and running.”

“Oh, that’s actually a really good thing,” he said.

“My friend, Mick, drag name, Carcin O’Gen, he performed at Ruby Slipperz, a club

in Manhattan. I helped them secure space and funding. There's a lot of spaces I actually helped. Playhouse Club is another."

He gave me a look, curiosity in his eyes. I knew I'd caught his attention, and I knew that he knew exactly where I was talking about. It added all my suspicions together, and solidified that whoever put us together was involved in some form of witchcraft because we matched each other.

"How do I look?" he asked, brushing his hands down the front of his buttoned shirt. "It's a little creased still."

"You look great. How do I look?"

"Like you did when you walked in," he said. "Which is to say, you look—hot."

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me, thank whoever put us together." He winked.

He must've been thinking the same thing. It was a good sign.

There was disembark call. We were all going to meet on the top deck for the champagne toast and to get our first look at everyone else on board. I didn't have any experience with cruise ships, but from boarding alone, I knew this was going to be full of tanned twinkies freshly waxed and older men who had enough money to stop caring about their looks. At least that's what the cynic in me had been touting before I walked in and met Griffin. Now, I didn't care that everyone else would be throwing their bussy in the crotch of every stuffed Speedo they saw. I had my own chance of some summer loving.

We went to the deck together. Griffin still occasionally clenching at his stomach. We

grabbed our drinks from the large table and joined everyone else in the huddle on the deck.

“You should eat,” I told him, watching as he hesitantly sipped from the glass.

“I will,” he said. “I was told they’d have snacks out.”

Inside a fanny pack around my waist, under my shirt, I reached inside and pulled out a wrapped granola bar. “Have this,” I said, pushing the warm bar in his hand. “It’ll help put a layer down on your stomach.”

“You just carry these around?”

“It’s essential,” I whispered as more people joined the crowd. “You never know when someone will get a little hungry.”

“Thank you.” He handed me his glass of champagne to get into the granola.

I could see people looking at him, but I didn’t have enough to give everyone. Although I wondered what would’ve happened to him if I hadn’t been paired up with him. Would he have ran over to the side of the ship, threw his head over and vomited further every step he took?

Once the crowd occupied the entire deck, two figures in blue blazers appeared at the front on step stools. They both had microphones. A man and a woman.

“Good afternoon,” the woman shouted. “And welcome to Pride Party at Sea, Olympia Cruises annual pride cruise,” she said. “I am Deana, one of your cruise party coordinators.”

“And I’m Antonio,” the man said. “We will be making this the loudest, most colorful



party at sea this summer. Every single day and night, we will be hosting several events to cater to all our crowds. Remember, there are almost one thousand guests on board today.”

As Deana went on talking about inclusivity, I looked around. There wasn't a thousand people on this deck, but I assumed some people were getting it announced in their rooms, like the super expensive suites. The cruise workers boasted about catering to all colors of the rainbow, and it was clear from those who came out repping the colors of their respective orientations. It was nice to see, even the bear tribe was being repped with their flag of brown to yellow to white to black with the paw print in the corner.

“I feel much better now,” Griffin said, scrunching the wrapper in his hand.

I handed him the champagne back, taking the wrapper and stuffing it into my fanny pack. “That’s good, but you should probably get something to eat when you can,” I said.

“I will, don’t worry, my friend promised me I’d be able to get some good food out here,” he said.

Reaching a thumb to his face, I brushed crumbs from his mouth. He leaned into my touch and smiled at me. “Instinct, I guess,” I said, but I’d just wanted a reason to initiate physical contact with him. “And for what it’s worth, I don’t think cruises get their rep from serving great food.”

“Greasy food, I should’ve said,” he laughed, clinking his glass to mine. “I rarely indulge, so I’m making the most of it for the next ten-eleven days, whatever it is.”

“Ten days,” I said.

He shrugged. “I’m on vacation now, it’s not my job to keep count of the days.”

“You got a wild side, huh?”

“You haven’t seen anything just yet.”

The event coordinators announced something and the crowd began to disperse.

I hadn’t even noticed that the ship had started moving while we were out here. It was nice to see the city becoming smaller as we moved. I’d never been at sea before, the truth was, the sea had always fascinated me in a scary way. I’d watched so many horror movies about the open sea that it both calmed and raised my blood pressure.

“My friends,” Griffin said, hooking an arm around mine. “They’re gonna want to meet you. Make sure you aren’t a killer.”

Two guys approached us, both with the same rainbow lanyards around their neck.

“We know he’s not a killer,” the shorter of the two said, catching what Griffin had announced to the entire cruise. “Hi, I’m Ryan,” he said. “You know, Griff was super nervous about meeting you.”

“I thought it was his hangover anxiety,” the other said. “I’m Thom, Ryan’s partner, and cruise aficionado. I think this is our sixth pride cruise, but only our third with this cruise line.”

I felt like a bad gay not knowing there were multiple pride cruises. I barely even know about this one. “I’m Russell, or Russ,” I introduced myself to them. “This is my first cruise, and the first time I’ve ever—ever been set up with someone.”

Ryan squeed. “Both of you are cruise virgins,” he said. “That’s so precious. I

remember my first time. Just know, the natural sway of the ship is great for bedtime activities.” He winked at us.

Griffin loosened his grip on my arm. “We’re still in a twin room,” I said. “It doesn’t mean something is going to happen.”

“Beds can be pushed together,” Thom said.

I got that Griffin didn’t want to be pressured into doing anything, and likewise, I didn’t like the idea of being forced into it either. I was much more of a fan of the route of meeting by chance, and striking something from that. At least we both knew we were compatible from the get go this way, so there was some of the awkwardness removed.

“Have you both had a chance to look at the activities itinerary?” Ryan asked.

“No, I was actually busy being sick,” Griffin said.

“I have.” There were a lot of parties over the next several nights. “Tonight’s the mixer, right?”

“Yes, that one if a given. They’re going to be playing reggaeton as well, which I freaking love. Don’t ask me anything about Spanish, but when that music starts up, my hips just understand,” Ryan said, gyrating in front of Thom.

“Like Shakira said, the hips don’t lie,” Thom said, placing a hand on one of Ryan’s legs while sipping champagne with the other.

I locked eyes with Griffin, the two of us sharing a similar expression.

“I don’t dance,” he said. “I just get real drunk and hope my body is alluring.”

Ryan and Thom laughed.

“That’s so accurate,” Ryan said. “But he doesn’t need to be able to dance well, he’s a catalogue model, his looks sell what his moves don’t.”

“Model,” I repeated. “I can teach you some dance moves, I’ve been known to break it up and throw shapes.”

“Throw shapes,” Ryan screamed laughing. “You are hilarious.”

Thom shrugged. “Don’t worry,” he said. “I have to deal with him. He doesn’t get some expressions, thinks they’re hilarious.”

“Ryan,” Griffin said. “Where’s this food at? I need something to line my stomach.”

Ryan wiped his eyes after laughing do hard it drew tears. “I’ll take you,” he said. “I think the room match has done it again. You two should break the ice and go join the sea level club. You know, that’s when you—”

“I think they got it,” Thom said.

“Sea level club,” Griffin repeated, looking at me. “Maybe later.”

Maybe after I was sure he wasn’t going to throw up again. “Later, but only if you’re sure.”

Ryan hooked his arm around Griffin’s, leading him off and for me and Thom to follow behind.

“They’ve been best friends for years,” Thom said.

“How long have you known Griffin?”

“Not long,” he said. “He’s always flying out. Ryan is always doing the most to spend more time with him. But from some of the stories I’ve been told, Griffin falls in love fast and hard, so if you’re not into anything serious, don’t lead him along.”

“Understood.” Griffin was a man after my own heart it seemed. A romantic.

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

Ryan took me to get some food from one of the onboard food stands. It was a tour of the worlds via taste. Some had sushi, others baked goods, but I went straight for the pizza stand. I'd been promised something greasy, and the way I imagined the oily pepperoni pizza dripping down my chin was semi-sexual.

The personal pizzas could become a problem. They didn't take long and they were the perfect size to eat in one short sitting.

Russell and Thom were talking as I sat with Ryan and relived the horror of what happened in the cabin earlier.

"So, do you think the two of you are compatible?" Ryan whispered.

"I do," I said between bites of pizza. "I think I'm going to test the waters, so to speak. But I don't want the illusion to have been broken because he saw me throwing up."

"Relax, if he like you then he won't even think about that," Ryan said. "But also, you didn't even tell him what you do yet?"

"It's not something I announce to people. I don't go around telling everyone I've been in catalogues and billboards for clothes brands," I said, looking around. I didn't want anyone knowing who I was. If my agent was here, she'd be slapping the pizza from my mouth and reminding me that there was a gym on board. "They'll be thinking I'm made of money, trying to see if I'll be their sugar Daddy, well, I'm not." It had happened before. Just because I was a top, people assumed I was a dominant. It was far from the truth. I was a submissive top, and I wanted a Daddy.

Ryan snatched a pepperoni from the top of my pizza. “Did he see any of your onesies yet? Or Snug Bug?”

“No, Snug Bug is under my pillow, and I don’t want to introduce him until I’m fully sure he’s into that type of play,” I said. “But I know he’s a bottom. So, the crew got that right when they were assigning the rooms out.”

Ryan wiggled his brows at me. “So, even if he isn’t interested in the Daddy play, he looks like a Daddy, so that’s halfway solved. I think you should just go back to your room with him, get your sea legs, break the ice, and by the time you’re finished, we’ll be getting ready for the mixer tonight.”

The hangover anxiety had turned into a hangover horn, and that was just as dangerous. I didn’t want to go into this thinking solely with my dick. I still had to stay in the cabin with him for the next ten days. “We’ll see how it goes,” I mumbled before shoving the remainder of the pizza in my mouth. It was accepted with pleasure, but nothing to compare with the pizza I’d had in Milan or compete with the smell of the streets of Rome by the restaurants.

Russell was everything I’d thought about in a Daddy. He was tall, which was often hard to come by as I stood six-foot-one. He had a natural caring attitude, from giving me his granola bar to the seasickness tablet, and further yet, he radiated warmth, maybe that was because he’d absorbed so much of it in his tanned skin.

He placed his hand on the back of my chair, almost begging him to touch me again with the way he’d caressed my cheek to remove the crumbs earlier. “I was talking to Thom about the schedule, and I think I might end up joining on some of the nights,” Russell said. “And maybe you as well.” He nodded to me. “The only night I won’t be able to make it is when we’re at port in Lisbon, that night, my friend is hosting his drag cabaret event, it’s a—”

“Is that the audience participation one?” Ryan perked up. “I was thinking about that. I love a good wig, but I think that’s the same night as the top deck pool party.”

“It is,” Thom said.

“Are you being put in drag?” I asked.

He smirked. “Mick’s been begging to put me in drag for years, so I told him I would, but only here, no phones, no pictures,” Russell said, staring at me and nodding.

“I do love some good dress up,” I said.

“Playing pretend is fun,” he said, like he was speaking directly to my soul.

“Playing in general,” Ryan came in. “There are plenty of events here where play is the theme. You know, there’s a lot of things two people can play alone together in their cabin.” He ended in a sing-song.

I hadn’t really taken a look at the events or itinerary. I was relying on Ryan and Thom to guide me through the entire thing. I didn’t even know if Russell was going to be compatible with me, so I hadn’t left a lot of room for things to do with him, but that was the beauty about the entire thing. Nothing was set in stone, and I could absolutely do whatever I wanted, even go get another drink, then head back to the cabin and do some flirting.

“We’re going to this cocktail bar before it gets busy,” Ryan said, speaking to my mind. “They do the best frozen daiquiris, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, peach.”

“That sounds like a lot of competing flavors for one daiquiri,” Russell said.

“No, those are individual ones,” he said.



“I’m down for a daiquiri,” I said, ready to indulge. I looked to Russell behind me. “What’s your drink of choice?”

“Anything, really. But since we’re on the sea, I’m feeling rum, like a pirate.”

“That’s one of the theme nights,” Ryan said. “Pirates and Booty. That’s after our night in Porto.”

“Are you a pirate or a booty?” Russell asked, touching my shoulder.

“Maybe we should go get those daiquiris and find out,” I said, reaching up and touching his hand. His warm touch had me begging to melt, but I kept my composure.

Every time I was taken anywhere on this ship, I was remixed about the sheer size of it. It was a floating city. There was no other explanation to it, this place probably had its own GDP that would match some smaller US cities. Thankfully, I had drinks and food packages paid for the trip, but some of the boujie places on board required bookings and were more expensive than some Manhattan bars.

The cocktail bar was tiki themed with small bamboo sticks everywhere and little pirate swords stabbed into the slushie cocktail drinks. It was all theatre here, and I could see how Ryan and Thom had become obsessed with taking these trips. Not only that, but everyone was part of the rainbow brigade and they showed out with their colors and body glitter. It was only the afternoon, and the glitter was already out, followed swiftly with the smell of poppers.

I sat at a table with a view of the sea and the sun rays bowing down on us.

“Wow.” I sucked on the bamboo straw in my drink, getting an immediate hit of alcohol, followed by brain freeze as the icy slush went down. “Oh—oh—”

“Press your tongue to the roof of your mouth,” Russell instructed, trying not to laugh. “It should help get rid of it faster.”

I could barely process what he was saying. Whenever brain freeze hit, it was like the world ended and time froze. And I didn’t learn my lesson either for the second suck of the cocktail. It was delicious, but freezing. I was enjoying the way Russell took care of me in my vulnerable brain frozen state.

“We’ll leave you two together,” Ryan said. “You can bond. Text me later, we’ll meet up for the first night mixer. It’s gonna be so much fun. Remember, don’t get lost in any of the lesbian parties. It’s usually signposted as girls only, just so you don’t get an eyeful of boob.”

“Got it,” I said, screwing my eyes as I tried my best to avoid another hit to the brain from the icy drink.

Russell got his first brain freeze after that as we both raced to finish our drink first.

“I’m gonna be honest with you,” I said, nearly slurring.

“Ok,” he said. “You have a boyfriend, or something?”

“No, no, I—” I turned my head, my brows twisting together. “I like things, and I want to know if you like them as well.”

Anyone around us could’ve been listening, and I suddenly didn’t care about it. The alcohol had given me a tipsy hyper focus, casting a cone over the two of us, making me believe we were the only two people here.

He placed his hand on my knee under the table. “I might like them,” he whispered. “I’m pretty open to trying new things as well. You don’t get to my age without seeing

a thing or two. Lay it on me.”

I placed my hand on his knee, mimicking him, and before I could say anything else, I placed my lips against his. I hadn’t been physically aware of how close our heads were, but that didn’t matter. I was curious and cautiously attached to the way his warm face felt against mine, and his cold tongue was against my cold tongue. The taste of his pineapple lips around my strawberry mouth was delightful.

Usually, I wouldn’t be so quick to make out with someone, but Russell was handpicked for me. And that earlier hangover horn was rearing it’s pulsating head once more.

“We should take this downstairs,” I said.

“You wearing saying something,” he said. “Tell me what it is you like, I promise I won’t judge you.”

“Downstairs,” I whispered. I didn’t feel too comfortable revealing intimate details of my life now that I’d crossed out of the cone and into a state of hyper awareness about the people sitting around us. “Although you might already know.”

He raised his brows and increased his hand grip on my inner thigh. “I think I might.”

I hadn’t been completely secretive of it, but I also just assumed people ignored obvious signs, however that probably said more about me and my ability to ignore the obvious.

We finished our drinks, giggling with each other as we got brain freeze again. I tried his, he tried mine, and together, as we kissed again, we exchanged the flavors from our lips and tongues. I hadn’t imagined I’d have been this frisky on the trip, but here I was, replaying Ryan telling me, what happens at sea, sometimes stays at sea.

The cabin didn't seem as small when we got back to it. Our arms wrapped around each other at the waist, holding each other steady.

"Tell me," he said, once the door was closed. He held me against the wall, his leg between my legs, parting them. "What couldn't you say upstairs?"

"I'm into age play," I whispered, like a secret shame. If it got out, people wouldn't understand. It wasn't something people would consider a normal kink, which I considered to be something like feet. "It's—"

"I know what it is," he said. "I've been a Daddy before." He leaned in and kissed me on the forehead. "You're a soft top, looking to play, and then—" He gulped, breathing heavy against me, his fruity breath was intoxicating, I wanted to stick my tongue in his mouth again.

"Yeah." He understood me. "I just want someone who doesn't just equal top to being dominant. I'm a submissive. Tell me what you want from me."

"I want you to be true to yourself," he said, kissing my cheek and down my neck. "And I kinda put that together. You've got cute, little onesies, a teddy under your pillow, and I saw you trying to hide coloring pages and crayons with the other onesies in your suitcase."

His affirmations and reassurances sent shivers through me. I was burning up for him, and I needed to get out of these clothes. It seemed his hands had the same idea as he unbuttoned my shirt for me, and I slipped my hands up his shirt, feeling his warm torso and hairy Daddy chest. I didn't want to stop playing around in all his body had to offer.

"How do you usually do this?" he said, pulling at all my erogenous zones and senses; my neck, my chest, a slither of my waist, right around where my muscle dips into the

V-shape. “You like to dress in your onesie, lay on your back, and let me do all the pleasure work?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, gasping for air in all the excitement. “I want you to pleasure me.”

“Good boy. You want to pleasure me too?”

“Yes. Yes.” I helped him out of his shirt, seeing that he’d been hiding a series of black and white outline tattoos all across his torso and upper arms. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with him, and it wasn’t completely sexual in nature.

We were both naked. I was on my knees, exploring Daddy’s body. He was uncut, the skin tight around his tip, but it was still my favorite type of cock. I licked and sucked on it like it was going to give me more strawberry daquiri, at least I knew the reward for this oral fixation wasn’t going to leave me with brain freeze.

“Let me push the beds together,” he said. “You put your onesie on. I wanna see how cute you look in it.”

I didn’t need to be asked twice to wear a onesie, especially not when he was already calling me cute. As Daddy rearranged the cabin, moving the bedside tables and pushing the beds together. I picked a onesie, a dark blue one with light blue spots, there was a hood with puppy ears and even a tail. I didn’t zip it up the front because my hard cock needed space to show and wag around as I swung my hips, left to right, my cock thwapping at the onesie, getting Daddy’s attention.

“There you are,” he said, patting the bed now they made a double. “I want to see how much power those little hips of yours hold.”

Getting close to him, I continued to wag my cock around until he took control, both

hands on my hips, he direct my cock into his mouth. I was on cloud nine, and the sway of the ship hadn't bothered me once. In fact, it only helped push us together.

Daddy stood. His tanned naked hairy body in front of me. Not a single tan line. He was a naughty Daddy, tanning naked. I bit my bottom lip. "What do you want me to do?"

"Lay on the bed," he said. "I want to ride that cock."

I giggled. "I'm on PrEP."

"Me too. And recently tested, so, what do you wanna do?"

My devilish smile said everything. "Raw," I whispered. "I have lube."

"There's lube all of this ship," he said, and he wasn't wrong. There was a welcome box of lube packaged up for us in the bathroom too. "You lay down, I'll do all the work." Music to my ears.

I laid down on the bed, finding Snug Bug under the pillow. I pulled him into my arms as Daddy came back, but we were too late for introductions. I needed to put my dick in something warm immediately.

Daddy climbed on top of me, sitting on my thighs in front of my cock. He applied a little packet of lube to my cock, making sure to coat every inch, his warm touch helped the lube glide across it. And within seconds, he shuffled forward, playing a game of hide my meat as he positioned my cock at his hole, and accepted it with a warm embrace.

I moaned my hands coming up to take Daddy's face and hope he'd meet me half way for a kiss. He did more than that. He took control. Taking my hands, he placed them

on his shoulders and leaned in against me, gently riding my cock like he'd been a professional at dressage. It worked, because I was the horse, and I was incredibly obedient to my rider.

"Good boy," he said, signaling my cock to throb in him. "You like the way Daddy feels?"

"You're so warm," I said, gasping through moans.

Picking my head up from the pillow with my hands still on his shoulders, he leaned in further to kiss me. I couldn't focus on any one part of his body. His lips, his tattoos, or his warm cock and balls as they resting on me, slapping down every time it seemed his horse was going over a hedge.

I couldn't control myself, and soon, Daddy was going to learn that this was all a culmination of hangover horn, a little alcohol, and encouragement from a friend. There was a couple minutes as he kept calling me a good boy and my cock was now throbbing with the purpose of readying itself for orgasm.

There was no speaking through the moans, masking my attempts at telling him what I was about to do. But he knew.

He stroked my face, increasing the rhythm of his back and forth on my cock. "Do it," he said. "Cum."

I filled him up, and he didn't stop. I continued cumming until my entire body grew sensitive. He grabbed his cock, and one tug later, he directed his cum on my stomach. It was warm, just like his touch, and tingled from the overstimulation on my skin.

I laid there, half giggling and half moaning as I continued to let the last droplets inside him.

“Look at that,” he whispered, licking his lips. “We both made a mess.” He was gentle, lifting himself off me. “Let me clean you off. Don’t move. I feel like we’re not done. We’re gonna need to cuddle it out.”

He was perfect. Cleaning, and cuddles. Where had he been all my life?

Was it too soon to claim him as completing me?



## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

Griffin was everything I never imagined happening. I'd told myself it would've been fun to hook-up with my roommate, as long as we were compatible, and after what we'd just done, we were very compatible.

Laid on the bed together, stroking each other's bodies and enjoying the silence of the world the ship swishing.

"We should thank whoever put us together," he whispered, his fingers tracing the lines of the tattoos on my chest. "Unless it was all random."

I took his hand and kissed it. "I want to think one guy was putting us all together, but I feel like they added everyone who submitted to this thing into some spreadsheet and then they let a computer match us."

He chuckled. "You could pretend it was a little more romantic than that," he said. "Unless you're not a—"

"I am a romantic," I said, squeezing his hand to my lips and kissing them once more, harder. "I just don't want to put too much pressure on this thing from the start. You knew your friends are going to be asking."

"And I'll have to tell them," he said, biting his bottom lip and holding back his excitement. "We have another ten days or whatever, so I'm going to enjoy every day."

I could get behind that. I wanted to ask him questions. I was curious, but I knew, from age and experience that I couldn't jump into those things immediately. "Should

we test the shower?” I asked him. My hand touching at the dried spot of cum on his belly.

“Noooo, I just wanna stay like this.” He wiggled his hips on the bed like he was burrowing.

Wrapping an arm over his chest, I held him in a cuddle. “Ok,” I said. “Ten minutes, then we should start getting ready to get back out. It’s my first cruise, there’s a lot I want to see and do out there.” I kissed his cheek. “If that’s ok with you.”

I knew it was Griffin’s first cruise, but he hadn’t mentioned any more seasickness.

Even though I worked with a lot of queer establishments for work, this might’ve been the most concentrated population of queer people in any one location right now, and we were all on a ship. The idea brought a chuckle right out of my chest, startling Griffin.

“What happened?” he asked.

“Just thinking.” I couldn’t even accurately explain my thoughts to him.

“About me?”

“About the ship. About how many people are on it. When I was a teen, these sorts of places didn’t exist.”

Griffin snuggled close. “I always wonder what it would be like to grow up gay in the nineties.”

“Fun, sometimes hell, people were scared,” I said. “I’m not that old though, but I had some older gay mentors, huge activists, people who had friends that died. I’m sorry, I

didn't mean to bring it up, it doesn't set the right mood."

"No," he said. "It's important. It's history and culture. Maybe that's why I wished I lived back then, so I could understand better."

I kissed his forehead. "One thing I always remind myself is never to wish your life away," I told him. "The path you're on is the path you're supposed to be on. I mean, I hope so, because if you weren't, we might not have met."

His big smile had a look of familiarity to it, like fate was telling me we might have met each other regardless of coming on this cruise. He mentioned having an apartment in New York, after all. But there was something else about his smile. It was like putting a central line in my arm and filling me with warmth.

I hadn't completely committed myself to a schedule for the cruise, except for the evenings when my friend was working as a drag queen. The first night on the boat was the kick-off event. It was going to be one of the first nights I was going to be letting my hair down, so to speak in months. After being swamped under paperwork for business dealings, it was my time to celebrate.

Earlier, I thought Griffin had a wall up, and he had, but that wall came down quickly once there was a drink in his system and the promise of playtime in the bedroom. It happened so fast, I was scared it happened too fast. It wasn't like either of us were rushing into a relationship, it was fun, mandatory and regularly scheduled fun.

All fresh from the shower and dressing smart, Griffin mentioned something that I caught myself needing clarification on.

"A model?" I peered out of the bathroom, slicking a little hair pomade into my hair, flattening it back.

“Yeah,” he said. “I thought my friend said that earlier. I’d rather he didn’t, but I like being honest.”

I looked him over. His face and body, the way he held himself. It had all the clues and makings right in front of me. Of course, he was a model.

“Mostly commercial stuff,” he continued. “But like, it’s not anything major. Catalogues and stuff. Which is basically just playing dress up for a job.” He spritzed himself in cologne. “It’s a lot of fun, but sometimes, it’s annoying because only a couple times I get to keep the clothes.”

“You’ll have to show me some of these pictures,” I told him. “I guess it makes sense why you have great style. You’ve probably been working around stylists forever.”

“Since I was sixteen,” he said. “I was scouted from social media. My friend made a post of me, it was a video, and then someone contacted me. I thought it was a joke at first, but then this agency send me a casting location and a time. My mom took me, thankfully as well because if I’d gone alone, they wouldn’t have let me take part.”

At sixteen. That was nine years ago for him. Nine years ago, I was thirty-three, closing million dollar deals on commercial properties. It was wild to put those numbers out there in my brain. I didn’t want to do it again.

“And then from there, I guess everything just snowballed. I traveled, I got paid, and then I—” he continued, but there was a distant look in his eye. “I—”

“What’s up?”

Sharing a room together was a little bit like a pressure cooker situation. We’d already both popped our corks, and now we were simmering together, both of us getting lost in the sauce of such a temporary situation that the things we might have kept secret if

we'd met outside in a bar or from a dating app.

"I haven't always been the best gay," he said, seemingly forcing himself to smile. "There are so many gay models, but you've got to sell straight. You've got to sell the 'fantasy'." He put in air quotes and rolled his eyes. "It fucking sucks, I'll be real with you."

"Same in business, when I was first starting." I came out of the bathroom fully and sat with him on the bed.

All the bottled up words we hadn't said to anyone came out of both of us. He was excited and nervous about this trip, and confessed to being very hungover this afternoon. And I confessed that being open to people was new as well. It had only been in the last ten years that I'd managed to gather the courage to stand up my community in business.

We both had anxieties, and it's why we stuck around so long in the cramped quarters of the cabin room, sniffing cologne and rifling through each other's products to see what we used. For someone as young as Griffin, he had so many face products. It put me and my three-step face washing regime to shame, soap, wash, and moisturize.

"We should probably head up and make an appearance," Griffin said. "I'm going to try and not be so obvious about what we've been getting up to, but my friends will know. Ryan just has this sixth sense about sex."

The idea was funny. I patted a hand to my chest as I chuckled. "Then his senses must be overwhelmed on this ship. We probably weren't even the first couple on board to fuck." I picked out a nice, light gray dinner jacket that matched my slacks.

"Couple," he picked from the sentence.

“For the purposes of this stay, we are two people, and two people together in such close proximity are a couple,” I said, getting comfy in my suit jacket. “Also, I think it’ll make the next ten days go by nicely.”

Griffin held out his hand. “I don’t need to be asked twice to enjoy myself.”

There were gatherings happening all over the cruise. People were meeting up with friends, groups of queer people cliqued together, which was hardly surprising to see. They were all probably gathering to talk about how they would secretly do poppers which were a prohibited item. They weren’t technically illegal all over the world, but in Spain, they were, and port of origin dictates the law, or something my friend, Mick had said.

Walking with Griffin, I hadn’t noticed how eyes naturally gravitated to him. Or perhaps now I was just recognizing it a lot more since he’d come out to me about his job. We met his friends in the large entertainment lounge. There were chairs scattered around the edge of the room, and in the center, from the ceiling, a disco ball was raining reflective colors all around the room. It was like something from a dream with the little smoke coming from the machine on the stage.

“It doesn’t even feel like I’m on a boat—shit, I mean ship,” Griffin giggled, tugging my hand as we walked around the room. “Oh. There’s my friends.”

I caught his friend, Ryan waving us over.

His friends were nice, and it was a difference pace to what I was expecting from this. I had thought I’d meet my cabinmate, we’d talk, and then go on with our separate ways. There was always the what-if we were sexually compatible, but I wasn’t counting on it. It had changed my entire mental plan. I probably wasn’t even going to finish the book I’d bought in the airport, one of those large thrillers with bold yellow text on the front.

“You two fucked,” Ryan’s first words to us when we met them.

Ryan and Thom were both dressed in nice shirts. Thom had a rainbow bowtie and Ryan some rainbow suspenders, probably a matching pair.

I looked to Griffin. He was grinning away. “What gave it away?”

Thom held Ryan from behind. “Baby,” he said, kissing his cheek. “Let them have their fun.”

“I’m just surprised,” Ryan continued. “Griff is selective.”

“I know,” I said, wrapping an arm around him. “What’s the plan for tonight?”

Ryan seemed to have the entire booklet of events happening onboard memorized. He listed event rooms and numbers, decks, all from memory. None of it went in. I was off the clock, I didn’t have the capacity to be retaining information right now. The only information I wanted to know was how to keep Griffin happy.

“There’s also a littles event,” Ryan said, catching my attention.

“We should go to that,” I said, hugging my arm tighter around Griffin. “If you’re interested in that.”

He held onto my arm. “It would be fun,” he said, leaning his head back against me. “I also have some ideas of how we can play in the bedroom too.”

“Yay! I’ve already got my onesie and stuffie picked out,” Ryan said. Hewas giddy, nearly spilling his drink as he gestured wildly. It reminded me I was thirsty. I had a nice drinks package on board, and I was ready to milk it for everything it was worth.

“I briefly met Griffin’s stuffie,” I said, kissing him on the neck. He was doused in a sweet, fruity cologne. I wanted to devour it off his skin. I’d been to the Playhouse Club enough times to know how events worked with littles, middles, boys and all those age regression types of play. I hadn’t seen much from Griffin, but I wanted to. I loved playing caretaker, and I knew Griffin needed someone to take care of him, even if that was just his little side, the part that was underfed and starved of attention.

He didn’t have to worry anymore.

Daddy was here.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

Every previous relationship I'd had was fleeting. It was a temporary piece of time that I would reflect on. I tried not to look back on all those times while I was with Russell, who for all my little needs was Daddy.

I had a lot of work to do in myself, and every step forward I took, my brain was making me take two steps back. This wasn't my first rodeo, and I was beginning to let it cloud my mind the closer and more cuddly Russell grew with me.

As the kick-off event started and we all had drinks, I allowed myself a moment of quiet outside. It was overwhelming when all I could see were couples together, holding hands, kissing, and some of them getting their exhibitionist side on.

I'd never been part of a gay scene, even in New York, I was rarely there to do anything more than brunch. That was about as much of the gay scene as I saw, and even that wasn't inherently gay, but where Ryan lived in the West Village, it absolutely was.

There was peace outside, looking out over the water as the sun was almost completely set. I took a seat on one of the benches and sipped at the last of my cocktail. Ryan knew I was easily overwhelmed in some social situations, but Russell didn't, and the last thing I wanted was for him to think I bailed.

"Don't stress," I mumbled to myself. In modeling, I sometimes had to pep talk myself into getting things done, like forcing a smile, being happy, and pretending like I wasn't having a crisis because everyone else was comfortable, confident, and had no secrets to hide.

Russell waited for me by the arched doorway into the room. “I figured you’d gone to get some air,” he said. “It’s a bit stuffy in there.”

“Yeah, I—”

He took my hand, locking his fingers with mine. “Let’s go for a walk upstairs. I heard they put on these light shows in the evening and they look the best from the deck above the pool. Whichever one that is. Do you want to figure it out with me?”

And after all that doubt and self-talk, he wiped it away. I wondered if he even knew what effect he had on me. “Yeah. I’d like that.”

We were quiet in the elevator, finally figuring out the deck we had to get off at. In my brain, there was a symphony playing, soft and sharp, violin strings like the throb of my heart as it raced, wondering why Russell had an effect on me.

“Look,” he whispered once we were outside. “A rainbow.”

The sun had set, and now the ship was projecting lights into the sky. All the colors of the rainbow, one by one went from left to right in the sky. “I needed this,” I told him. “I guess today has been a fucking whirlwind. Not that I regret anything,” I quickly said. “I just—I take a longer time to come out of my shell to people.”

“It’s ok,” he said, cuddling me in at his shoulder. “In fact, I’m the same. I don’t open up. I focus on work too much, blah blah, you know. All the things people have told me before.”

We were similar. I wondered if that was another thing that pushed us together so quickly. “It’s like one of those times when the world around me feels like it’s stopped. And I don’t feel myself breathing.”

“That doesn’t sound good.”

It wasn’t good. It was a sign of my internal organs panicking. “I’m trying not to let this overwhelm me.”

“Good. Don’t let it. It’ll ruin you if you do,” he said. I wondered if he was telling himself that as well, since we were similar, I assumed he was going through the same thing. “I want to get to know you. What else do you do for fun?”

“I—” Biting my tongue, I didn’t know what to tell him. I seemed pretty boring when I thought about it. “I—I don’t do much, actually.”

“Of course, you do.” He nuzzled his nose in at my neck and kissed me. “You like to play. Right?”

I did like to play. I just wasn’t something I had on the my mind all the time. There was a real fear in my life that I would accidentally bring up something about age play or Daddies, or how much I love my stuffies. “I do love to color, and be in that state, but I don’t get to be in it as often as I’d like.”

“How about the two of us go back down to the cabin and see what we can do to help figure out what things you like,” he suggested. “Or—you go down, and I’ll see what I can find around this shop that might make you happy.”

My eyes lit up. He appealed to the part of me that needed to play, and I was in desperate need of some little time. “Ok,” I said. “I should tell my friends that I’m going back down for the night. Oh—oh, but we didn’t even have dinner.”

As he showed this caretaker side, he became Daddy, and Daddy winked at me. “I already thought of that,” he said. “It was going to be part of the surprise. They offer room service.”

Now I understood why people called these things hotels on water, and they were slowly growing on me, even if I felt both claustrophobic and free. Being trapped on a ship, but also surrounded by the freedom of the open water.

At the elevator, we parted ways. I went back to the cabin, my stomach and chest swelled with excitement. It had been a while since I'd had someone to play with. The idea of playing with a Daddy was nice. I'd played with other littles, but those were purely friends. I liked to play and play in the sheets.

I made a mess, trying to figure out which onesie I wanted to wear. It was warm, so all of the extra fluffy ones were out of the question. I ended up in a blue onesie that the back opened. It wouldn't be getting any use there other than the bathroom.

Before Daddy came back, I'd shoved the mess of clothes I'd made into the closet. It reminded me of how I had a floordrobe back home in New York. It wasn't like I actually spent much time there anyway to keep it clean.

I was sat on the two beds pushed together, playing with my stuffie and organizing the coloring crayons into the rainbow. I was ready to start on some of the coloring pages I'd brought with me. They had been reduced to use on flights and long car journeys now, but since people gave me weird looks sometimes, I'd resorted to using apps on my phone, and they didn't give me nearly half the satisfaction as pens, pencils, crayons and some good paper stock did.

Daddy had a tote bag on his arm. "I found so many things," he said. "It turns out, when they're not doing these pride cruise events, they're catering to kids, so my friend who works here went back into the little supply closet and he got us supplies."

"Supplies?"

He kicked his shoes off and sat at the bottom of the bed. "He asked me what types of

things I wanted, and I didn't know. I should've asked you properly before going. But, it's trial and error, so let me know if you like anything in here."

Inside the cloth bag, there were plastic animal toys, more coloring pages, and so many colorful pens, even some glitter pens. My hands shot for them immediately. As a teen, I'd gotten into so much trouble in school for coloring all over my hands with glitter pens, making five-letter words on my knuckles and then attempting to press each knuckle down like I was a human printing press.

"Do they smell like anything?" I didn't wait long enough to answer, removing the top of the pen and sticking it below my nose to take a whiff. It wasn't a flavored scent, just inky, which wasn't really a scent at all.

Daddy started to undo his shirt buttons. "I saw the way you looked at my tattoos earlier," he said. "Maybe I can be your paper and you can color me in."

I squealed, bouncing on my knees and clapping. "Yes, please."

"And while you do that, we can think about room service," he said. "There's a menu somewhere. I—" he looked around, moving objects on the desk. "It's under the bottles." He pulled out a black folded binder. "Can't believe we missed that."

And on cue, my stomach grumbled. "What do they have?"

"Let me guess," he said, flicking through the binder. "You want tenders, fries, and plenty of dip."

He spoke to my soul, and my soul was sitting in my stomach right now. "Please." There were other things I could use to get into my little space, like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with all the crusts cut off and some chocolate milk. Then there were tater tots, but I figured asking for these on a cruise ship in Europe would've had

people giving me the side eye. I didn't count on them having any child options for food because this was an adult only cruise.

Now that we'd sorted one of my comforts out, it was time to get onto the next.

Daddy laid still as I sat on his chest. Snug Bug was under me, secured in position to watch as I used the glitter pens. They were really good quality not running out or stopping like some pens did when they were used on skin.

"I got these tattoos in my late twenties," he said. "But I never had the money to go back and get them colored, so I just left them outlined. I think it's the best decision I made."

Hyperfocus took over, my tongue peeking out of my mouth as I pressed it between my teeth. I colored within the lines, very careful about making sure I didn't make any mistakes. There were abstract shapes and one of them made up a lion face, another a panda, and a third one created a bird of some type.

"Why these animals?" I asked.

"One time, I went to the zoo and I saw this lion there, sad, looking. I wanted to work in a zoo, but then I didn't. It's the story of my life, really. Always wanting to do things, and then never. But that was in my twenties, I manage to see things through now."

"What's your favorite animal?"

"It changes," he said. "I love otters, they're so cute when they're in the waters swimming with their mate. And I love blue whales. I just can't comprehend how large they are. It's exciting to think about. And what's your favorite?" He tapped a finger at my chin.

“My stuffie,” I said, wiggling around on top of them both. “He’s a bear.”

“A teddy bear,” he said, tickling my sides. “A real animal.”

“A teddy bear is a real animal,” I giggled.

Before I could finish coloring, a heavy knock came at the door with food.

As Daddy went to get the food. I thought about what my favorite animal was. It must have changed since the last time I’d thought about it, because animals were so free, I would sometimes think about living like them. Right now, blue whales seemed pretty exciting, but I also liked the idea of being a panda, just living carefree and munching through tons of bamboo every day. I was easily influenced, apparently.

The food arrived on a small cart. They were covered by metal cloches. It was exciting, like Deal or No Deal getting ready to see what was hiding inside out boxes.

“Don’t get your hopes up,” he said. “I’ve heard people complain about the food on these things.”

“I guess that’s because people only come here for one thing,” I said.

“And one thing only,” he chuckled, finishing my sentence. “After three, we say it.”

“Ok.”

“One, two, three,” he said.

“Dick!” I shouted.

“Alcohol,” he said.

I guess we weren't on the same page about things, but they definitely went hand-in-hand.

My food was a handful of chicken tenders, a small bowl of thick fries, and four small paper caps with sauce in them. I wasn't mad about it, but it looked like I'd get one dip out of each. Daddy had a rice dish with chicken.

This was the perfect way to spend the night. Tenders, coloring, and a warm Daddy making sure all my needs were being met.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

I didn't want the evening to end. My day might've started off rocky trying to figure out all the cruise terms and boarding, but it quickly turned into a highlight, and then getting to spend it with Griffin in his onesie, all cute and cuddly. I knew we had so many more days and evenings ahead, but I wanted to savor every single one of them, even the ones with Griffin as sleep on my chest.

That morning, Griffin was already awake, showering in the bathroom. His singing woke me up, but I didn't mind. He had a nice singing voice. I couldn't fault him for using it. He had it all, the voice and the looks.

I stayed in bed, just wondering what my life was. It was a dream, and for this entire trip, I wasn't going to let a moment slip me by. My pep talk had a big smile on my face, and then I noticed the smudged glitter pin on my body, and the transfer from my skin to the sheet.

"You're awake," Griffin said, walking back into the room, a towel clinging to a thread around his waist. His body glistened with the water droplets. "I went to go pee and I had pen all over my face." He gestured to his cheek. "It might look like I'm wearing a glittery highlight today." His towel dropped, revealing the perfectly manscaped triangular shape of his hair like it was directing traffic from his treasure trail.

"And you're awake," I said at his quickly chubbing cock. I smacked my lips. "Come over here and let me get a little breakfast."

He pouted. "Ok, Daddy."

“Good boy, that’s right,” I said, patting the side of the bed. “Come up beside me. I wanna taste your sweet skin.”

He stuck his tongue out. “Only if I get to taste yours too.”

“Baby, you can taste me whenever you want.” I puckered my lips, air kissing toward him.

Griffin came over, doing a little dance with his hips as he approached, thrusting and giggling. “Come and get it.”

I reached out, grabbing him by the hips and pulling him close. His cock was harder now, in my face. I did all I could to play a game with it, putting his cock in my face and licking the tip before taking it in my mouth.

He stroked the top of my head, brushing his fingers through my hair.

It turned into a full fumble on the bed as we sucked each other’s cocks in a sixty-nine. I didn’t want to stop tasting his skin, and he was ravenous, wrapping his hands around my cock like it was producing the last drop and he absolutely needed it in his mouth.

Our faces together, I noticed the glitter he’d mentioned shimmer on his cheeks. It was a reminder that I still had it on my chest, and it was spreading with the heat of our bodies, sweating.

I cupped a hand at his face, stroking at the stubble on his chin. “Fuck me, baby,” I said, pulling his face close to kiss me. “Fuck me.”

From the side of my body, Griffin climbed on top, and shimmied himself between my legs. “Yes, Daddy. You don’t have to ask twice.” He pushed my legs up to his chest,

my ankles resting on his shoulders around his neck. “It’s gonna make me dirty again.”

“We have plenty of time to shower together,” I said. We weren’t on a set schedule. In fact, we were on vacation. The only activity we really should have scheduled in was to have fun with each other, an activity I was long overdue for. “Let me feel you up in Daddy’s insides.”

Griffin reached over the side of the bed, taking me with him as my legs were attached to his upper body. He grabbed a bag. Inside it, the bottle of lube and the animal toys I’d brought for him last night. The lube hadn’t been in there, but I guess it fell in last night. It brought a smile to my face, seeing the lube and the plastic animals, like he was going to make a toy chest out of my ass with them.

“What if—” he began, and I knew he thought the same as me. He held the whale toy, the least amount of ridges and sharp edges. “I wanna play with both of you.”

“I’m yours to play with baby,” I told him. Apparently, I was the anomaly when it came to Daddies. I liked my ass being played with, being fucked, and pumped full of cum. At least that’s what I’d been made to believe by the other Daddies I’d met at the Playhouse Club. “Go on.”

Griffin spread my legs, excitement in his eyes as he looked at my hole. He compared the size of the whale to his cock. His cock was a little bigger, which seemed to disappoint him as he sighed. “What if I get it stuck?” he asked, holding the whale up by the tail end.

“Don’t put it all the way in,” I said. “Just the tip.”

He giggled. “Just the head.”

And with lube applied to the toy, he pushed the head inside my ass. It was amazing. Like a strangely shaped dildo, except I could feel where the fins were stopping him inserting it any further. It was either he stop, or he attempt to slice me. He knew my limit, but I didn't mind him trying again with another toy.

"My turn," he said, slowly pulling the toy out. He held it up once more, showing me how much had gone inside. It felt like I'd taken more than I had, but everything felt bigger when I was being inserted in your ass.

He was gentle, taking care of me as I took care of him. As he pushed his hips down into my ass, I moved my legs to wrap around his hips and waist. I didn't want to let go of him, squeezing around him. I kept him in position as I thrust my hips and ass on him, back and forth, feeling the good type of thickness that the plastic whale hadn't given me.

Entangled in each other, the pen on my body rubbed off a little more on his, and the soapy scent he carried from the shower rubbed off on me. I kissed his neck, and those kisses turned quickly into sucking as the carnal desire to be one with him took over. I left my little marks on the side of his neck, and in return, he left his mark on mine.

Once we were worn out, nearly cumming at the same time. We cuddled on the bed, pointing out the marks we'd made. It was like a post-fuck debrief.

"You did a really good job," I told him.

"Thank you."

"Like, I wanna present you with a little certificate that says, great at sex on it or something."

Cuddled with his head at my chest, he looked up at me and smiled. "Now I want

that,” he said. “And I’ll make you one. Something like, could fit this much of a toy inside.” He gestured with the space between two fingers.

“Hey,” I said, taking his fingers in my hand. “I can do more than that. You just need to find a better toy. But you know that means I can’t give them back.”

He gasped. “I thought they were mine to keep forever.”

“They are now.” I kissed his forehead.

I didn’t know what I’d have to tell my friend, but they weren’t going back to whatever store room he’d pulled them out of.

Once we were both showered. Griffin for the second time, we were in a rush to get to breakfast to meet his friends. He had this quality that I saw disappear in him when he was around larger groups of people. It was that wonder in his eyes that lent itself to his little state. It was always a shame to watch as it faded.

At breakfast, I was quiet, contemplative as I stared at Griffin, trying to think about how the next ten days were about to go. I had no real concept of how long these things felt, but I knew, like all vacations, they were temporary, and they’d be over before I felt they’d had any real chance to start.

Tuning back into the conversation, Griffin was talking.

“My agent booked me for this catalogue gig on the 22nd, which means I’ll have to be back in New York the day before,” he said.

“We dock back in Barcelona on the 20th,” Ryan said, clicking his tongue. “We’re supposed to be going travelling around Spain.” He swatted Thom’s arm. “You can’t cut it short.”

Thom, Ryan's partner seemed to be in a world of his own, staring out of the panoramic view windows. "Oh—uh—yeah." He had no idea what was going on.

I slipped a hand on Griffin's knee. He was wearing cornflower blue shorts. It was nice to feel him. "Spain isn't going anywhere," I told them. Ryan didn't seem pleased.

"Ry," Griffin grumbled. "I told you the cruise was pushing it. My agent has me booked solid. Summer is big business. I've got to model for some winter clothing brand. And yes, I knew about this beforehand. I just wanted to tell you now, because we're all together, and you can't get mad at me when I'm happy."

Ryan rolled his eyes then set them on me. "I suppose I have you to thank for making Griff happy then," he said. "I'm just—ugh. We had a tour of one of movie locations set up in Girona, and everything."

"Listen," I said, butting in. I should've let it be, but I was in my forties, and I had been in my twenties before, so I knew that drama was made from the little moments. "You and Thom can go on the trip. Griffin has to work, but then you can always make another trip. It's not the end of the world."

Ryan took in a big breath and I knew I'd stepped in it. Thankfully, there was enough coffee in my system at that point where I wasn't phased by a rant. It was evident that he wanted to spend time with his friend, and his friend didn't keep a regular schedule. Griffin slipped his hand over mine. He turned to me and smiled.

"I have to deal with this all the time," Thom said as Ryan took a break to drink his orange juice and pick at a croissant. "He's a planner. You should've seen him yesterday trying to get Griffin out of the hotel with a hangover. I thought we'd be dealing with manslaughter charges before we even boarded."

Ryan pouted. “I just like order.”

“I’m ok with some disorder,” Griffin said, turning to me.

There as something cozy about him that made our instinctual head turn to each other romantic. We kissed. And Ryan’s stressy demeanor turned into cooing, almost forgiving.

I went to grab another coffee, forcing myself to walk off the heat that had built in my body. I didn’t want to walk around with a chubbed cock, but it probably wasn’t even the hardest cock guys were walking around with here. This place was horned up to the maximum, and its influencers were felt through all corners and spheres of the queer community on board.

Back with a coffee and a juice for Griffin, I noticed Ryan had a binder out on the table. He flicked through pages, mumbling something as Griffin and Thom nodded like they understood.

“Thanks,” Griffin whispered, taking the glass orange juice. “Ryan is telling us the plan.”

“Obviously, this doesn’t apply to you,” he said, looking up from the pages at me. “But there are some things in here that Griff would like, and I think since the two of you are partners for the cruise, you should do things together.”

It wasn’t news to anyone that we’d been intimate already, and the only plan I had was to visit my friend’s drag show. “I’m easy,” I said. A poor choice of words as all three of them chuckled. “Not that easy.” Although that was a lie, I was partially easy, but only to the right type of person.

“Tonight, there’s a costume party, which is down on my yes section,” Ryan said.

“That sounds good with me. My friend will be at that,” I said.

He immediately shut the binder. “Then it’s settled,” he said. “I did hear something about there being a winner for best dressed and best couples costume, but I couldn’t find that in the brochure, so I’m going off past experience.”

I didn’t have any costumes prepared. In fact, I hadn’t planned for any of the events here. Meeting and getting along with Griffin threw a spanner in my vacation. A very good spanner, that I couldn’t complain about.

“I have the perfect onesie,” Griffin said.

“We brought a couple costume, right?” Thom said. “It’s Peter Pan and Captain Hook.”

“Are they a couple?” I asked.

“Enemies to lovers,” Ryan said. “Obviously.”

“Obviously,” Griffin giggled. “What are you gonna dress up as?”

“I—” This is where I froze. Not a single idea. And they all waited for me to say something.

Ryan cut the silence, as he often did. “We have a spare costume,” he said. “It’ll be a surprise.”

“Oh no, I—”

“It’ll look good on you,” Thom said.



“What is it?” Griffin asked.

That was telling, especially if he didn’t know.

And they didn’t appear to let up, but I had no other options, and I wasn’t going to be the only one at a costume party in a shirt and slacks like a stiff. I suppose this is what Mick meant when he’d told me to let my hair down, I just figured he meant it. about his drag performance.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

We spent the rest of the morning and afternoon out on the deck by the pool. It was nice to sit outside on a lounger, shirtless, catching rays. Russell, in all of his bed Daddy skills had applied sun lotion to my skin and made sure I was rotating to tan my back as well as my front.

I loved Ryan and Thom, but I was glad they had something else to do without us. I could see Russell getting a little overwhelmed by it all, and he had every right to as well. He didn't sign up for that. The only thing he did sign up for was to room with someone, there weren't strings attached, but it was nice that we had a common ground that enjoyed being hoed and plowed.

"What do you think people do on these things?" I asked, laying on my front, unable to see out.

"On those? Probably just sunbathe."

"No, on cruises," I said, turning to face him beside me. "Like, what are people doing all day? Just sitting around?"

"People watching, maybe," he said. "It's a weird concept to me. I'm always working."

"Same. It feels strange not being given instructions on things to do. Like, I'm usually told to be at some location at some specific time, and it's my whole day. Then I either go home and binge TV or go out and network with a lot of alcohol."

Griffin reached out to me, stroking a hand down my cheek. "And to think we hadn't

already met before, because that sounds exactly how I spend my days and nights. People in business always want to schmooze in bars.”

“We might have met,” I said, my brow furrowed in thought as my eyes caressed his face, like I was carving it out in my mind. “But never under the right circumstances.”

“Right. The right circumstances were being forced together, sharing a bed, and having all our secrets thrown out at each other, hoping one of them sticks and we bond. And—I guess that happened,” he said.

“Good job as well,” I admitted. “Otherwise, I’d have been third wheeling with those two, and then I’d need a vacation from my vacation.”

“I’d actually support that,” he said. “Ryan is a bit full on, but I think his heart is in the right place.”

“Yeah. He’s been telling me about these cruises for years, and we’ve been friends for so long. I’m actually excited to see what he’s got for you for the party tonight.” I couldn’t remember if he’d mentioned it before, because I hadn’t even been able to remember their couple’s costume until they’d said it.

“If all fails, I put on a shirt, collar up, a little red pen near my mouth and go as a vampire,” he said.

“One year, for Halloween, my mom had these white trash bags. She tore holes in the bottoms and at the sides. She painted my face white, and I went as a ghost. I got so much candy, like, my mom scheduled me in for a check-up at the dentist the following week.”

“That—is much worse than my Halloween experience,” he said. “I mean, not worse.”

“Oh, no, it was awful. I was bullied for it. My mom’s forgetful, so she didn’t even remember it was Halloween until the neighbor came over and asked if we wanted a spare pumpkin to carve,” I said, trying to hold back my laughter. “What was your worst then?”

“My worst was being forced to go with my younger sister. We wore one of those XL t-shirts together, and we were supposed to be conjoined twins. Anyway, my sister put up a fit about splitting the candy, and she got all the good ones while I was stuck with raisins and fruit. And a little candy.”

“You were being a good big brother,” I said.

“I should’ve been a little more selfish,” he added. “But it turned out ok because she’s a pre-K teacher now.”

“I could never. All those kids. Teaching all those kids that can’t pay attention for longer than a minute. It sounds like a strange method of torture.”

We laughed about it for a moment. I turned around on the lounge, making sure to sun my front.

“So, what age do you like regressing to?” he asked. “I have experience, but it’s different for everyone.”

“No specific age, I just like being back to that time of playful wonder. Where everything is magic and nothing matters. It’s a safe space and sometimes, depending on who I’m playing with, a hot one.” I rarely spoke about it with anyone. I didn’t advertise it, and that’s possibly why I’d been single for so long. It didn’t matter to me, as long as I was able to go back to that space safely and relax.

“I was just checking,” he said. “You wanna go check out that pizza place again for

lunch?”

“Yes,” I almost screamed. “Then I’ll need to get a work out in before tonight.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

I was never on any regimented diet plan or exercise schedule, but it didn’t mean I could eat whatever I wanted and never step foot in a gym. It would’ve been nice, but it wasn’t reality.

The evening came around fast, which was strange for such a relaxing day. It almost sprung itself on us to the point where we were rushing around to get dressed. Thom and Ryan came to the cabin with a plastic bag and inside it, Russell’s costume. They were both already dressed. Ryan as Peter Pan, all green and spandex, while Thom as Hook, hat, hook, and large poofy shoulder pads. They had to win.

My costume was simple. I was a bear, a teddy bear. It was a near match to Snug Bug, my actual teddy bear, but I wasn’t taking him out with me. If I lost him, I might as well just throw myself overboard. He would stay behind, being all snug in bed, hence the name.

Ryan and Thom waited in our cabin, cramping it further as Russell occupied the bathroom, making strange noises as he changed into the outfit. They giggled away, knowing what was about to come out, and they made me wait to see.

“What if he wins best dressed?” I asked them.

“Then we split it,” Ryan said.

“No, I don’t—”

“Shh,” Ryan placed a finger at Thom’s mouth.

Out of the bathroom, Russell was dressed in a tight skeleton costume. It looked familiar, like Ryan had worn it one Halloween.

“Was it cleaned first?” I asked.

“Yes, obviously. It was dry cleaned to be precise,” he said.

“Why was it—”

“You don’t need to know,” I said before he could ask it.

The answer to that question was sticky, very sticky, and then dry and stained because apparently cum did that.

There were a number of events happening onboard the ship tonight. The costume party was just one, and while many people were going to it, others were in solid colors as they attended the rainbow party in another function room. I had no preference because I was a brown teddy bear and could’ve easily passed for brown in the rainbow, at least, the progressive rainbow flag.

It was like Halloween in the middle of summer. There was one thing I knew about queer people, and that was how much we all loved dressing up. I wonder if part of it stemmed from wearing masks and trying to pass as straight throughout our teen years and early adulthood. I knew that was at least true for me. Although nobody ever said anything, modeling as a man meant playing it straight and selling that fantasy.

My eyes grew wide at all the costumes, taking in every single reference I spotted. There was a Marilyn Monroe walking around with a hand fan trying to recreate the subway steam ventscene, others were dragged up as Britney, it seemed a popular

choice, and there were a lot of iconic outfits and hair styles to choose from.

But my people were there in their onesies, some of them with their teddies, and others with pacifiers and Sippee cups. I wished I was as prepared as they were, but I tried not to think of my shortcomings, I was still a little, it didn't matter if I didn't have all the cutesy accessories.

Ryan and Thom went off to mingle and get themselves seen by whoever was judging this. They were adamant about scoring something from this event, even if they didn't win, they wanted a mention at least.

Russell's skintight skeleton costume was giving him problems. He kept adjusting himself in it, not like anything was notifiable as it was black on white, and the black was almost invisible in the dimly lit events room. The most light in the room came from the glittery colors reflected on the disco ball.

"I should've got myself a dance belt," he chuckled.

"I once modeled underwear, and someone once said to flatten a slice of bread, put it over the dick and when it's in the underwear, it doesn't show the outline of it," I said.

He chuckled, leaning in and giving my cheek a pinch. "That's adorable, but that's not what I'm worried about," he said. "The bottom of this is going right between my legs getting my balls."

I offered him a pout for his troubles, then held my hand out. "I can support them for you if you want."

"Well, I wouldn't say no to that offer, but we should enjoy the event, and try spot my friend," he said.

I hadn't met his friend, the one who'd gone out of their way yesterday to get us those toys, the very same toys that now had no business going back. As Daddy took me around the room, we drank fruity cocktails and talked about all the different costumes. Some of them were incredible, like they'd planned well in advance. The only part of the itinerary I looked at were the days we docked. Tomorrow we were in Cadiz with an excursion to Seville, and the following day we were in Lisbon. All in, we weren't travelling far, but that didn't matter because the location was the cruise, which I found a little strange sometimes because it almost felt like a departures lounge at an airport.

"Griffin. I want you to meet Mick, uh—or Carcin O'Gen," Daddy said, pulling my attention from staring at the small congregation of littles who'd gathered in their onesies and cuddled their teddies.

Carcin O'Gen was tall, seven foot in heels, and her hair was huge and white-blonde. "Nice to meet you, Griffin, was it?"

"Yes. Hi." I craned to look at her.

"Any guesses who I came as?" she asked. "And who the heck put you in that thing, Russ? If you were stuck for costumes, you should've come to me. You know I've got plenty of cheap wigs and stuff."

"Uh—I—" I stuttered, truly in awe over her appearance.

"I like it," he said. "Nobody else is a skeleton."

"For good reason. It's not Halloween, babe. Anyway." She gestured long pink nails at her hair, followed by a long swipe down the front of the pink shirt and gingham skirt. "Come on," she said. "I'm a singer and I have my own—"



“Dolly Parton,” I said, snapping my fingers.

Daddy chuckled. “If you drew the beauty mark on right, he might’ve got it faster.”

In all honesty, I’d been far too distracted by the appearance. I’d seen drag queens, I lived in New York City, of course, I saw drag queens, but I’d never found myself within touching distance of one, and Carcin O’Gen was absolutely gorgeous.

“Or maybe these younger gays need to learn about Dolly, Cher, Madonna, Celine, etc.,” she said, popping her tongue with a sharp click.

“I do know those,” I said. “I was just admiring you.”

“Oh.”

“Calm down,” Daddy said. “Griffin isn’t stupid. And you’re not much older than him.”

“How old are you?” I asked.

“You never ask a woman her age,” she said.

I could do sass, and for a second it was a thought, and then it came out. “When you see one, let me know.”

Carcin laughed, snapping her fingers up and down. “Ok, read me,” she said. “I’m twenty-nine, but I’ve got an old soul. Forgive me for thinking you were another dumb twink.”

Glancing at Daddy, I wondered what she’d meant by that. “Another?”

“Oh, sweetheart, not him,” she said. “Russ has been single for years. In fact, I should be commending you for getting him up and out here. He threatened to spend the entire trip reading.”

He nodded. “And I also agreed to go to your show,” he said. “Which I can totally not do.”

“You’re invited too,” she said to me. “And I love this cute get up you’ve got on. It’s low effort, but comfort is key for these things. You have no idea how many pairs of pantyhose and tucking tape it takes me to get like this. It’s a full production, and it hurts.”

I believed her as well. I just couldn’t stop staring. There had to have been some type of magic involved, or the slush mango rum drink I had was impairing my vision.

“So, what is your event?”

“It’s called Drag Up Your Life, and there’s me, Nicky Knacks, and Rushing Doll. All three of us are going to pick someone and we’re going to put them in drag, but it has to be their first time. I’ve already pre-picked Russ.”

“I wouldn’t mind doing it,” I said.

“Everyone wants to take part,” she said.

“You can take my spot, happily,” Daddy said, placing a hand around my waist.

“No, no,” I said. “I’m not going to miss out on seeing you look like this. I don’t think you could get much taller though.”

Carcin snapped her fingers again. “Trust me, he can. I’ve got a pair of chunky heels

in just the right size for you.”

Just as Carcin turned, Ryan and Thom were there, both staring up at her. I didn’t know if the drag night was part of their schedule, but after seeing the drag queen glamazon in front of us, it was going to be.

Drag was playing pretend, and I loved that. There was freedom in their pretend. A strange warm comfort to being out around people who didn’t scowl or look you up and down with strange expressions. Everyone on this cruise and in this room was accepting, and I really wanted to find more people like me. But that might have to wait until the actual little event onboard. I didn’t want to leave Daddy’s comfort zone to scope out the other littles already playing.

Daddy kissed my cheek and cuddled me. “She’s only sassy in drag, out of it, she looks like a plumber,” he chuckled. “You want another drink? I think these are deadly, but amazing.”

“Don’t let her hear you say that,” I giggled before slurping at the melting ice in my glass. “Yes please, one more.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

I never won the costume contest, and neither did Griffin. It wasn't like either of us wanted it, even if there was a two-hundred euro prize for the best costume. Ryan and Thom were both pretty pissed that they didn't win either. The best dressed went to someone in Britney Spears drag. And there was plenty of that happening.

We went to bed soon after the results were announced. Tomorrow was the trip from Cadiz into Seville. I was excited by it, only because it would feel like a date with Griffin, rather than waking up beside each other, going to breakfast and immediately being a couple, I'd get to see him in an element outside of the ship.

But before any sleep happened, we engaged in some sleepy drunk conversations with each other. It was strange to admit my entire life story to anyone, but I was so comfortable around Griffin, and in a way, being on the cruise felt like being in a zone where time and space stopped.

We learned a lot about each other, but once we woke up, I couldn't remember half of the slurred words we uttered.

Griffin was up before me, again.

"It's gonna be hot outside," he said, rifling through his suitcase on the ground. "I need to find the perfect pair of shorts. I don't want my denim ones, and I don't want these black ones. Have you seen my light blue ones?"

I'd barely been able to rub my eyes or let out a yawn. "Did you unpack them?" I gestured wildly at the open closet.

“Yeah, I might’ve checked there,” he said.

“Are they the ones you wore yesterday afternoon.”

“Oh.” His eyes lit up with realization. Of course, they were the ones he wore yesterday.

I laid my head back on the pillow before glancing at my wristwatch. We had two hours until we docked in Cadiz. Since looking at the trip and booking it, I did a lot of searching on the internet. I hadn’t realized that Seville, the excursion spot had so much rich history, which probably just made me sound uneducated just to think it.

“We’re gonna be there all day,” I said.

“And evening,” he said. “There’s that flamenco event.”

“Right, so make sure you’re not gonna be cold.”

“You’re kidding, right. I checked the weather, it’s going to be pretty hot even through the evening.”

For a hot second, I’d forgot where we were and the season we were in. It was an easy mistake to make when the air conditioning was blasting the room.

Griffin jumped on top of me in the bed. “I hope I didn’t wake you,” he said. “I woke up and I was super excited. Like, I just knew today we’d get to have a fun day out together. Just the two of us.”

“Just the two of us?”

“Yeah, Ryan and Thom are doing their own thing. They’ve been talking about the

orange trees of Seville for ages,” he said. “And I’m not too bothered about those. We’ll see them, but like, it’s an orange tree. How special can they be?”

“Maybe really special if you can eat them,” I said.

He opened his mouth and placed his teeth on my cheek. “I can eat you.”

“Do your best.” I tried gnawing him back. “Nom, nom.”

It was both nice and strange to fall into this behavior. It was definitely forced on us from sharing a cabin, but I was happy to accept that as part of the terms and conditions. Plus, it was basically a given that a vacation romance should feel like you’d been with them forever, that was the beauty of it.

I learned a lot about Griffin. Whether it was what he’d mentioned last night coming back to me now, or through seeing him in action. As we finished putting together our things before heading out, I took a peek inside Griffin’s large backpack and in it, what he said were the essentials. I took a peek inside to see sunscreen, moisturizers, cologne, a water bottle, trail mix, a clean pair of underwear and socks, and then I spotted a binder, similar to Ryan’s.

“What’s this?” I asked, taking the binder out.

“I forgot that was even in there,” he said. “It’s my portfolio. I use that bag for castings. Open it up.”

“Wow.” The first image, a black and white headshot. His eyes were striking. Tucked into the elastic, there were sheets of paper with his information printed on them. It was filled with all his measurements; height, weight, shoe size. “I’m surprised they don’t have you list your blood type as well.”

“O positive,” he said. “And I don’t have any allergies, I’m just a little scared of snakes.”

“So the Britney VMA’s performance is out of the window then?”

“I can see them, but I don’t wanna touch them.” He shuddered. “They can stay in their own little slithering world. The same with those tiny gecko things, you know, the tiny ones that climb on the walls and drop their tails when they’re scared.”

I gestured him over and tucked my hand into his. “Well, you don’t have to be scared anymore. I’m going to protect you for this trip. And I don’t think we’re going to need to take your portfolio with us.” I folded it shut. “Unless you’ve got a casting.”

He smiled. “I wish, then I could’ve expensed at least part of this trip,” he said. “And I don’t want to carry it around with me.” He took it from me. “We should take extra water, just in case they don’t have any shops.”

“We’re going into a city, they’ll have shops,” I told him. “It’s not like we’re going back in time.” Although from some of the images I’d seen on the internet about this place, we were going to be looking at a lot of architecture that would have us believe we were stepping back in time.

With a packed bag and plenty of water, we listened to the announcements of our port and all the information they threw at us about transport into Seville. An hour away. It was on that note when Griffin rushed around looking for something to use as a hand fan. A piece of card stock folded on one side like an accordion.

Thom and Ryan were both already up at the deck to departure from the ship once it was in port. We only saw them briefly as a queue had formed and we were near the back. Considering there were close to a thousand people on the ship, it didn’t appear that many of them were getting off right away, but those that were represented all the

colors of the rainbow, forgoing practical walking shoes for aesthetics.

“I’m kinda glad they’re ahead,” Griffin said. “Ryan is a little much.”

“I’ve met people like him. He’s a planner. And when a planner doesn’t get their way, they freak,” I said. “Are you a planner?”

“I live in chaos,” he chuckled. “I have a planner, and her name is Jill. She’s the one who makes sure I’m where I’m supposed to be.”

“Ok, so I need to get in contact with Jill then once the cruise is over,” I mused, staring into his eyes. “You know, to schedule a—”

“I knew where you were going with that.”

“Good. Because I’d like to see you after the cruise.”

“It’s only been two days, you might get fed up of me by the time it’s over.”

I didn’t see myself ever getting fed up with him, but it was too early to tell. Griffin relaxed me, and it had been a while since I’d been this relaxed, he was like the haze in your eyes when you wake up from a dream. Maybe it was too good to be true, but I wanted to experience it for as long as possible. “Never,” I mumbled to myself.

When we made it off the ship, I turned back to look at how big it was. Now I could see how a thousand people could fit on it. It was like standing right beside a high-rise building in the city.

There were several tour guides waiting at the end of the docks by the parking area. Some of them were offering excursions, others were from the cruise itself. We avoided all of those. We were headed straight for the coach so we could solo sightsee.



“Wouldn’t you prefer going on a guided tour?” I asked as we navigated the parking lot to find the right coach or bus.

“No,” he said. “I got a ticket for the flamenco, but other than that, the best way to discover a city is to get lost in the city.”

“How about I take charge of directions then?” There was one thing about me that Griffin should’ve realized. I hated getting lost. I was someone who checked the map in a zoo whenever I came across it just to make sure I could see the you are here sign.

He smiled and nodded. “Happily. You can direct, but that won’t stop me from letting myself get lost.”

It was the freeness in his approach to life that seemed to balance me out. A feeling I now craved, and the reason I was already trying to make a plan to meet up with him when we were back in the States.

The coach had comfy seats that reclined, a very small screen you could only surf select webpages and stream music, and air condition that had an odd smell to it. It felt like this would’ve been the height of luxury ten years ago.

“Write down all the places you want to see, and I’ll map them out,” I told him. “It means you can get lost, but I’ll always have an idea where we are.”

“I already know,” he said. “I’m just following this site. It’s ten sights to see in Seville, or something. I’ll send you the link.” He pulled his phone out of his shorts. “Wait. Did we even exchange numbers?”

“No, but we can now.” Maybe that was the plan all along to get his number. “Do you have international data?”

“Of course, the amount of time I spend travelling, I’ve got to have data,” he said, sharing more of his freeness. I envied more of it now. I hadn’t even thought of it at the time, and so I fell for my network’s extortionate travel data plan.

“How often do you travel?”

“We spoke about it last night, didn’t we?”

I wished I could remember. “Maybe. Where’s your favorite place been so far?”

“London,” he said without hesitation. “You don’t need to learn a new language, and they do things so different. It’s fun.”

A couple things clicked. We had spoke about it. Griffin’s voice was soothing. He was a talker, and once he started, he wasn’t going to stop. I remembered snippets of him playing pretend with the toys, making voices and characters for each of them. I liked listening to him and the stories he told.

“How many times have you been?”

“For work? Maybe two or three times. There’s a clothes brand there and they’ve invited me to their head office a couple times.”

“Wait. Are these—” I tugged at the side of his shorts.

“Everything I wear out is clothes I got from a company,” he said. “I don’t have to wear them, but they were free, and they’re usually expensive, so of course, I’m going to wear them.”

“What about the onesies?”

“There aren’t any onesie fashion brands,” he said, rolling his eyes. “But if there were, I’d one-million percent try a casting for them.”

I wished I’d looked through more of his portfolio before closing it. “Do you have any campaigns in Spain?”

He shrugged. “I have no idea. Maybe. I could ask my agent, she’ll know. I hope not. I kinda get a little anxious seeing myself with other people around.”

“How about I show you some businesses I’ve worked with and you can show me some of your campaigns?”

He opened a social media and handed me his phone. “You can just look through my account. It’s just full of pictures. Business really.”

On the account, there were over ten thousand followers. Most of the images were artistic, black and white. “Wow.” Seemingly all I could ever say when I was looking at pictures of him. “I can take pictures of you when we’re out today. You know, if you want to mix this up.”

“These are mostly professional stuff, but you can take pictures of me,” he said. “As long as I can take pictures of you.” He winked at me. I’m not sure those were the right type of pictures to be taking in public.

“We’ll save those for later,” I said, handing him his phone back and slipping my hand between his thighs.

“Promise?”

“Absolutely.”

That was one promise I had no intention of breaking, not that I had a habit of breaking them at all.

“I still need to send you all the places I want to visit,” he said.

And I still needed to think of all the poses I could put him in to take pictures of. It seemed we both had things to do for the next hour on this coach ride into Seville.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

I was cosplaying as someone who didn't have to constantly be thinking about my next casting or networking event. It was a different side to the Griffin that I'd allowed people to see over the years, well the exception being Ryan, but he was off with Thom. I was letting Russell in now, and it might've seemed like it was all going too fast, but I reminded myself that we were in a relationship pressure cooker, and under those circumstances, I was bound to get to know him and luckily, we both matched each other.

This wasn't my first trip to Spain. I'd been to the country a couple of times. There were a couple fashion brands I'd managed to get casting calls for. But a lot of the time I'd been in the country, I hadn't been able to explore and travel.

Seville was bright, yellow stone buildings reflected the light, almost giving it an ethereal effect. In a way, it was like basking in pure sunlight.

"Did you manage to get sun protector on your face?" Russell asked.

I turned to him, nearly spinning on a foot. "Yes, Daddy."

Either he blushed, or the heat had got to his face fast. "Good," he said.

There weren't many people around us in the street, and those that were passing by might not have understood, but it was nice to call him that in public. It filled my belly with all the gooey tingles. "Have you put protector on?"

"Yes, but we'll need to reapply again soon."

I trusted him. He had nicely tanned skin, although I shouldn't have been aiming for a tan as nice or as dark as his. I needed to land the catalogue gig once I was back in the States, and since it was for winter clothes, it wouldn't matter if I had a little sun kissed look.

Seville was beautiful, and after Russell with my hand in his, took me down a couple streets lined with orange trees, I definitely saw the appeal. It was like nothing I'd seen before. And there was a strange fragrant smell in the air that made me smack my lips.

"Can we eat them?" I asked.

"I knew you were going to say something about that. The answer is no. They're apparently very bitter and they don't recommend eating them."

"Or, they tell people not to so that they can keep all the orange and vitamin C goodness to themselves." It was a solid theory.

Russell chuckled. "You might be onto something with that, but I don't think so. It's on all the tourism pages."

"Sounds like a conspiracy to me, and it must be going deep if all of the city is in on it."

"If that was the case, you'd see people reaching up to grab them," he said. "And I'm not talking about Ryan, because we both know he's probably already tried eating one."

He had a point. I could just message Ryan, but then he might want to merge the group, and I was enjoying our plan to stroll and stumble on all the places I wanted to visit. It was nice not having my vacation planned like my life outside.

It was also probably a good idea not to take fruit from random trees, the last thing I needed were stomach issues and an inability to ask for the bathroom in a foreign language.

Daddy Russell was a great tour guide, especially on the fly. He kept referencing information on his phone, but it felt natural, not like he was throwing facts at me, but more that it felt like he learned the information from living here. It was nice.

“And I think if you stand on those steps, I can take a picture of you,” he said.

Maybe it was vanity, but hearing him say it gave me butterflies. I took instruction well. Standing by the steps with my back to the architecture. I didn’t have normal picture poses, so I stuck two fingers up in a peace sign, it was very basic of me, but it felt right in the moment.

“You want me to take a picture of you both together?” a woman walking her chihuahua asked, it was painfully obvious we spoke English to them.

“Yes,” I said, gesturing Daddy to come stand by me. “Thank you.”

He wrapped an arm behind my back, pulling me in at the side. “I wonder if they think we’re just friends, related, or dating?” he whispered.

“Let’s see,” I said, turning my head up at him. We kissed.

The woman taking the photo cooed. “Gorgeous,” she said.

He kissed me back. “She was talking about you,” he said.

“She was talking about both of us,” I said, kissing him again.

As she handed us the phone back, she said something in Spanish and made squeak.

“I have no clue,” Daddy said once she was gone.

I took his phone and looked through the pictures that she’d taken. She was right. They were gorgeous. It really felt like we were a couple. And I was excited to let it play out for the next week we would be spending together .

Daddy continued to lead me around with his hand in mine. At points, I thought we were walking around in circles. The city streets all looked similar with their white-yellow stone cobbles, the walls, and the street names in the mosaic plaques they had artistically varnished to walls.

I would’ve been sure we were going around in circles if we didn’t keep coming out at different places around the city. The architecture was incredible, both stepping foot into the past, but then being surrounded by Starbucks and McDonald’s. That’s how it was everywhere in big European cities.

We came to a pause halfway through the trip and settled at a nice cafe with a outdoor seating and fans that misted cold air on you. There was something special about Europe, well, the continent, not the UK. That was a different kind of special to me. Spain had a homely feel, perhaps the warmth of the weather, or maybe it was the embrace the Spanish language felt.

Many coffees and wines were had, alongside tapas of tasty salty ham, some other types of meat in sauce, and of course, chips. I wasn’t a picky eater, but in little space, I was only going to eat nuggets, tendies, chips, and anything sweet.

“We have enough time to visit the rest of the places, then make it in time for the show, and catch the last coach back to the ship,” he said. “And also to apply more lotion. I saw you getting a little red on the tip of your nose.”



“Oh no.” I flinched to touch my nose.

“It’s fine. We’ll apply a little more cream, and then look for somewhere that sells aloe,” he said. “I once got horrible burn and the best thing for it is aloe, and not an overpriced cream, we should get the actual plant.”

“Got it,” I nodded like I understood. “Wait. What does—”

“One of those plants with the spikes, not—not spikes, well, yeah, they do spike, but they don’t have spikes.”

“A cactus?”

“No, not spikes. Lemme grab a picture of one. But they should sell them somewhere, maybe at a Whole Foods or something.”

It wasn’t big on my list of things to do, but if it was going to help with potential sunburn, then I was desperate for it. The last thing I needed was Jill breathing down my neck about a change in appearance.

We continued to venture through the city streets, stopping and snapping pictures wherever I thought looked nice. Although every part of this place could’ve been pictured and it still wouldn’t be enough.

Daddy found a nice, little vegan food store down some alley. I was sure we were going to be murdered, but inside it, they sold all types of trinkets and incense, but most importantly, a small aloe plant with a pot. It didn’t look like it could help, but he explained that you cut a spike off and rubbed the insides on your skin. I’d definitely heard of weirder beauty regiments.

As we went through the city, seemingly deeper into the spiral of all the streets, we

eventually met up Ryan and Thom. They'd been shopping by the looks of all the bags on their arms. Of course, Ryan could never go anywhere without turning it into a shopping spree.

"It was just some essentials," he said before I could ever ask him what it was. "A shirt, because it was pride themed, and some underwear. Supes cute."

"Supes," I repeated.

"Is that some new trendy lingo?" Russell asked.

"If someone could tell me, please do," Thom added. "He's been coming out with all types of weird words all day. What was the one you said earlier?"

"I learned it online," he said. "Ate and left no crumbs."

Russell looked at him with deep brows, knitting together. "Like, you finished your plate of food?"

"No," I said.

"See, Griff gets it."

"I mean, yeah, you finished your plate, but like it means something someone does so well there's no room for improvement," I said, hoping it was used right.

Ryan snapped his fingers up and down in the air. "Exactly that. Like your friend in drag last night. She ate that look and left absolutely zero crumbs."

From the look on Russell's face, I could tell he was still processing the information.

"Ok, I'll let him know."

“Do you think he’ll pick me to on stage for the drag cabaret?” Ryan asked.

I guess he hadn’t got the memo that the decision was already made, and Russell would be going on stage. I wished it was me too, but I suppose the fun of it was putting someone in drag that you couldn’t imagine, and Russell was that guy. Rugged, beardy, and a definitive Daddy. But he was mine. I was gatekeeping him for the next week.

The four of us continued to wander around the city until it was time to go to the flamenco show. The audience was mostly made up of other passengers from the cruise, all of which were dressed in an ensemble of rainbow and pride colored clothing.

I should’ve searched information about flamenco beforehand. I knew it was a dance, but I didn’t realize it was so intense or romantic. Women in large flowing red dresses with polka dots and tight corseted tops. Black hair scraped back with gel into tight buns. They looked print photo ready.

I think I was the only one focused on the dance. Everyone else was far too interested in drinking the flowing locally sourced wine. It was incredible. Like witnessing a historical event and something clicking in the back of my mind. I wanted some of that passion I saw in the dances. The men, also dressed in fine ass suits with gold buttons on the waistcoat. I couldn’t stop looking at them.

“I wanna dance,” I whispered, placing my hand on Russell’s lap.

“We can dance,” he said, kissing my neck. “But maybe alone, in the bedroom. I’m not really a dancer.”

“In bed,” I giggled softly, turning to him and taking his kisses on my lips. “I want to—to fuck as well as they dance. Can you offer me that?”

He broke contact with me for a moment, looking at the dancers as their sharp shoes clacked on the flooring and the music played with hands clapping around to the same beat.

It was magic. The atmosphere with the crowd. The moving warm air like flames licking you. I kept my hand on Daddy's inner thigh, my breathing becoming shallower as I squeezed a little harder, edging right toward his cock as it was getting hard.

"We can't do that here," he said, a stifled moan in my ear.

"I know, but it's fun."

His hand on my inner thigh, slowly sliding up the opening of my shorts.

Nobody was watching. Not a single soul was paying attention to us as we took each other's cocks over our shorts in hand. Rubbing at each other, I knew there was going to be an eventual climax, and we were going at the beat of the music and the claps, the faster it got, the more aggressive our hand action became

Until it was too late, and we were both sat, slightly slouched in our chairs. Wet patches of cum dotting the outsides of our shorts. They were barely visible in the dark, but we knew they were there, and there wasn't much either of us could do until the show was over.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

Griffin took me by surprise. I hadn't thought he would've tried to make me cum, but he did. I think it took us both by surprise. We didn't want to stop rubbing each other, and the sensation of the parts of my shorts, rubbing against my cock had driven me insane. My body had no other option but to cum.

After the show that drove our hormones insane, we managed to get a moment to clean ourselves off in the restroom. Nobody noticed the little cloudy patch on our shorts, but it helped that we were able to wet them to hide it.

Neither Thom nor Ryan noticed either. The show had absorbed everyone's attention. I wished I could've gone back for a second watch, just to experience Griffin all over again, but then we'd be late for the ship, and it could take off into the night without us.

"Did you see the way they looked at each other?" Ryan asked as we headed to the coach pick-up point.

"Who?" Griffin asked, his hand snug in mine.

"Either they're madly in love," he continued. "Obviously the dancers. They had crazy chemistry."

"Would you say they, ate it and left no crumbs?" Thom asked, laughing at using the new found phrases. "Because I think they did."

"Oh yeah, absolutely." If I had to use the new language, I would use it for this exact situation. "Ate and left zero crumbs. In fact, if they did, I bet they would've ate them

too.”

Ryan snapped his fingers at me. “Yass! You get it.”

“I do?”

“He does?” Griffin asked. “Wow. I think what we did ate too.”

“And what did you do?” Ryan asked.

I swooped a hand around Griffin’s side, embracing him before wrapping an hand around his mouth to keep him from spilling our saucy little secret. “We went to a cute little cafe and bought an aloe plant.” I gestured with a thumb to my back where the backpack resided.

Griffin was super sleeping on the coach ride back, hugging my arm and trying to stay awake by talking to me. None of it made much sense, slurred a little as he mentioned his favorite animals and toys. My eyes perked up at the talk of toys. I was still thinking about him pushing the tip of that whale toy inside me. I was desperate for more of that type of play.

“I don’t think I’m gonna make it to whatever Ryan wanted to do,” Griffin said into a yawn. “Can you tell them?” He looked up at me, pouting.

“Sure.” I looked behind in my seat. They were several seats away from us. “I’ll tell them when we get off. But I hope you have enough energy inside you to have a little late-night entertainment.”

He tugged my arm, pulling himself up to whisper. “Of course, I’m ready and waiting for that.”

“Good.” I kissed his forehead.

Reboarding the ship wasn't as much hassle as it was the first time. For starters, there weren't nearly as many people coming onboard. Griffin was a little more tired, but it might've been an act to show his friend that there was no possible way for him to go back out for their light evening entertainment plans.

They didn't seem mad by the decision, although we left them as they mentioned us being awake early for breakfast. We couldn't be held accountable for meeting them for breakfast, especially since we still had plans for the night.

“I got a new toy,” he said as we were alone in the elevator. “When you were buying the plant, I bought a toy.”

“You did?” I swung the bag around my shoulder to search for it. He hit my hand away. “Let me look.”

“It's a surprise. But you're gonna love it. I promise.”

“Oo, a promise.” I liked the sound of it. “Are you going to give me a hint?”

“It isn't a whale,” he giggled. “So, there aren't going to be any jagged bits.”

“Boy, you're gonna ruin my ass.”

“Yes, Daddy.” He grabbed my ass, squeezing it.

In the short walk back to the cabin room, I wondered what he could've possibly picked up and bought. I didn't know if I'd seen any toys at all on the shelves. They sold all types of things there, but maybe there had been a toy area I hadn't seen, but if anyone was going to be drawn to a toy area it was going to be Griffin.

There was a little more sway in the cabin room when we walked in. It was getting ready to depart again. Tomorrow we were going to be in Lisbon, Portugal, and that was another place we'd be exploring, taking pictures of and no doubt, catching more sun in.

I sat on the bed and Griffin was between my legs on his knees. "My feet hurt," he whispered, his hands pulling at my shorts to get to my cock. "Let me in." He tugged at the zipper.

"You're going a great job," I said, keeping my hands on my hips. I stared at the bag by him, wanting to see his new toy.

"Thank you, Daddy." He pulled my shorts down my thighs, boxers too. My cock chubbed up against my inner thigh. "I wanted to do this earlier. Under the table."

"Oh, what else did you want to do?"

"I—I—" he was quickly occupied with my cock in his mouth, immediately hard as he pushed it to the back of his throat like a push pop. "Mhmm."

Staring down at his cute face, pouting lips wrapped around my cock. "Can you taste Daddy's seed from earlier?"

He moaned harder before pulling it out and licking the tip. "It was wasted, but it was still mine."

"That's right. It's all yours." I turned to grab a pillow for my back and discovered the portfolio on the side of the bed. "I think some of those pictures Dad took of you earlier would look good in here." I went through the portfolio, my cock getting much harder in his mouth with every single picture I saw of him.



While holding the portfolio, slightly obscuring Griffin's face, he tugged the shorts and boxers all the way down to my ankles and off. "Maybe I can create a new one," he said. "Of all the pictures you took of me."

I looked over it at him and those big, wonderful eyes. "And the pictures we're still going to take," I reminded him. "Let's not forget that. I still want pictures of you in your onesie with Snug Bug."

"Snug Bug!" he squealed. "Can I have him?"

I leaned back and grabbed the teddy from under the pillow. "You're lucky I'm not the jealous type."

"Jealous of Snuggly?" he giggled. "He's just a little teddy." After I handed him the teddy, he hugged it tight and got back to sucking my cock.

His portfolio was different to the boy I had on his knees right now. There was that same playfulness in his eyes, but not the same wonder. He was attractive in every single photo taken of him, and I really wanted some more of my own.

We moved to the bed. I undressed him until we were both naked and making out, our bodies warm and sticky pressing against each other.

"I wanna show you that toy I got," he said. "Are you ready?"

"I'm still trying to think what toy you got from that store," I said, stroking his chin. "Go get it."

It wasn't anything I could've guessed. Dangling over the side of the bed to rummage through his bag, Griffin brought out a smaller white plastic bag. He must've been sneaky putting it in there. And from it, the toy. It was green with a brown base. A

cactus.

“We were talking about them earlier,” he said. “It’s plastic. No ridges. No spikes. And it’s got a flared base.” He wrapped a hand around the brown pot around it. “I don’t think they intended it for this use, but I look, it’s perfect.”

My mouth salivated. “Anything is a dildo if you’re brave enough, or whatever the saying is.”

“Except, this one is a plastic toy,” he added. “So, not exactly dangerous, and very much dildo shaped.”

I spread my legs. “Then come show Daddy how that thing works, but put a little lube on it. You don’t want to hurt me.”

“I’d never hurt you,” he said, pouting innocently.

There was a small mechanical buzz to it and then I felt it. It pulsed and moved around inside my ass. The further he pushed it, the more I could feel the strange pulses until I nearly pulled up the edges of the bed.

“Are you sure this isn’t a sex toy?” I asked, clenching my ass around the toy. “Because it—” I sucked in deep. “Moves like one.”

Griffin smiled, flashing a big grin. “It’s just a toy,” he said. “The fact that it moves is a bonus.” He giggled, but there was no more further it could go inside me. The toy had reached its limit, and that was mildly disappointing.

It didn’t last long until he pulled it out and teased me with it again, but by then, I wasn’t interested in being teased again by the toy. I wanted the real deal.

“Come on,” I said, reaching out to grab him. “Fuck me.”

His body fell on top of me, spreading my legs out a little further. “What if the toy wants to stay inside you?”

I slowly shook my head and watched as his head mimicked me. “I want you,” I whispered, kissing him. “Now.”

“Yes, Daddy Sir.” His knees against the inside of my thighs spread my legs wide.

I’d grown used to the sensation of the vibration inside me, mixed with the jolting movements from left to right of the machine. It was nice to feel, but nothing could replace the feeling of skin on skin, and I needed his skin inside me desperately.

“I’m going to take care of you like you took care of me today,” he said, slowly pulling the toy out of me and dipping his head. His lips met my ass and he kissed it. There wasn’t a sensation like it, a full body fizzle as he ate my ass. His tongue, like a part of his body I couldn’t place, even though I knew it was his tongue, it felt completely foreign as I tried placing the sensation. From my ass, he went up my taint to my balls, counting on all the little spasms breaking out in my body to signal my excitement. My thighs almost came in around his head.

Griffin was sweat to please me, but I knew it was pleasing him just as much. “You want my little dick in you?” He asked, sitting upright on his knees, giving my ass a break from stimulation. He whacked his large, thick cock against mine as it throbbed against my stomach. It was far from small, but he wasn’t talking about size.

“I want every little part of you,” I told him. “Now.” It was a command, and I didn’t want to wait around it.

He nodded as his cock bounced around like it was giving me a salute. He teased my

ass with the tip of his cock, and then applied a blob of lube from a height. I knew he was making a mess of the sheets, but I wanted him to make a mess inside me instead.

There was a little force from his hips, but he didn't need to push too hard. I was well prepared after the toy and his tongue had played around in me. Every inch of his cock was in me, and I didn't want to let go. I wrapped my arms around him tight and controlled the rhythm.

"Good boy," I whispered in his ear, getting his hips to jolt a little. It was his play word, a rush of excitement was all he needed.

"Daddy," he said in a whispering moan. "I don't wanna cum yet."

"Don't cum," I said. "Keep going. I want to feel you."

Of course, I didn't have control over his body, and he wasn't telling me that he couldn't cum yet, but that he was going to, and he didn't want to. A moment passed where his body stopped moving on top of mine, and even that wasn't enough to stop it. He came inside me, his cock throbbing like the cactus toy had. He filled me up.

"I'm sowee," he said through a pout.

I brushed a hand through his hair. "You don't have to be sorry," I said. "You let your excitement get the better of you." I kissed his forehead. "We'll learn how to control it."

"But—but you didn't cum," he said, his cock slipping out of me as he moved around on top of me.

"Let's take it into the shower then," I said. "If we're going to get dirty, we might as well do it somewhere we can get clean at the same time."

“Ok!” He pulled away and jumped off the bed. “I get the showerhead first.” He wiggled away, revealing some telling tan lines on his body, and his little booty shaking. I caught myself stranded on the bed, lost in thought over the moment and how connected I felt towards him. It could become a problem if I wasn’t careful with my feelings.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:40 am*

I'd never had the boyfriend experience before, but that's exactly what Russell gave me. It was mixed in with the Daddy experience, and I'd definitely had that before, but they were usually two different things. Boyfriends went on dates with you and took pictures. Daddy's helped you play and access the little side. Russell was managing to do both.

Maybe it was because my agent hadn't ever scheduled time in for me to have much of a personal life, or maybe it was myself not wanting to have much of one. It was scary to be gay sometimes, the idea that it would get out and someone holding it over my head like it was a bad thing, but that's how I was still thinking of things, even if it wasn't like that anymore.

Daddy moisturized me and applied the skinned aloe plant to my skin before we went to bed that night. It was probably the best night of sleep I'd had in a long time. It was a mixture of exhaustion from the walking and then the exhaustion from playing and sex. It was a great feeling, I wanted to experience it more, and lucky for me, we were porting in Lisbon, and this would be my first time ever in Portugal.

That morning, Daddy was awake before me. It was the first time since we'd been rooming together that he woke before me. He was right beside me in bed, fully clothed, holding Snug Bug in my face and speaking through him.

"Good morning," he said, putting on a squeaky voice. "We've got another big day ahead. Daddy wants to know where you want to eat breakfast?"

In my sleepy daze, I tried to grab Snug Bug and accidentally pushed him into Daddy's face. "Oh, I'm sorry."

“It’s ok, it’s just plush,” he said, pulling him away. “So, where do you wanna eat? And what do you want to eat? There’s a couple of breakfast options we haven’t checked yet. I was thinking maybe the oat bar they have open. Great for getting in fiber and fruit.”

It sounded like he had his Daddy hat firmly on, and also like he’d just received a memo from my agent telling him to remind me I needed to be staying healthy on my trip. ‘A vacation for the mind isn’t always a vacation for the body,’ Jill’s words every time I went somewhere.

“I like the sound of that,” I said. “As long as I can get chocolate chips and syrup with mine.”

“Absolutely. Go wild!” He tickled me, climbing on top to make sure his fingers could get in all my tickle spots. “Chocolate syrup. Caramel syrup. Strawberry.”

“Yep, yep, yep!”

“But you need to get dressed first,” he said. “And I picked your clothes out already.”

I was dressed up for a living, but I loved it. I loved it even more when someone who knew all parts of me dressed me up.

Daddy picked out a pair of navy shorts with little anchors on the upturned bottom. He paired it with the sea life themed briefs and a plain navy polo shirt. But we couldn’t go anywhere until I had my sun lotion on, even if we weren’t going out into Lisbon until later that afternoon.

There wasn’t ever a big breakfast crowd, which might’ve had something to do with this being a party ship, and everyone on here was going through the motions of a hangover.

Ryan joined me after breakfast, Russell was back in the cabin preparing for the day, and Thom was at the onboard spa.

“If it wasn’t for me, you wouldn’t have met,” Ryan said, already listening to the little devil resting on his shoulder. “All I’m saying is, when the two of you make it official, I want to make a speech at the wedding.”

“You’re jumping like fifty steps ahead there.”

Ryan was my best friend, but also worst antagonist. “Surely the two of you are gonna want to make it official,” he said. “Russell isn’t getting any younger, and there’s like only so much youth left in you.”

Lucky for me, I knew Ryan’s love language was teasing and I took it as the compliment it was meant to be. “You’re lucky Thom settled for less,” I said.

“No, he didn’t.”

“Yeah, he definitely settled.”

“You’re a bitch,” he said, throwing his head back in laughter.

“I learned from you.”

“You know, I hope you and Russell do become a couple because at least that way you’ll spend more time in the city,” he said. “I’m serious. I miss you when you’re not around. And I get jealous when you’re out hanging with those supermodels.”

“Why? They’ve got nothing on you. At least around you I don’t feel self-conscious about eating.”



Ryan raised his brows and wiggled them at the two empty bowls on the table. “I can see that.”

“One of them was Russell’s,” I said. “Don’t be silly. Although I almost went for seconds because they must have crack in that caramel sauce.”

“Go on,” he continued. “Tell me more reasons why I’m better than your model friends.”

“They’re not friends,” I said. “They’re just people I’ve met through networking. We help each other out at castings, and it’s good to know people. But they don’t know me like you do. And if they find out half the stuff you know, I’m hiring a hitman.”

“I’d never, not unless I was given a six-figure advance, but even then, I’d probably make sure it was close to seven figures.”

I couldn’t even argue with that, my secrets weren’t worth that much, but if he could get it for six figures, then more props to him. “But we’d split it.”

“As long as it’s not taxable income,” he grumbled. “I don’t want to end up with pennies.”

“You’ve thought hard about it then.”

“No. But everyone knows like the government take like half of any winnings, even if it wouldn’t be a winning, right? It’s not like—”

“You’re complicating it now,” I told him. “So, what do you and Thom have planned for Lisbon? I’m thinking of that wine tour some rep was selling earlier.”

Perked up, almost jumping out of his seat, Ryan nodded. “Yep. Absolutely. Wine

tour. Get your tickets now, and we can have our first ever double date.”

“It’s not a—” I started and quickly realized that I’d be lying. It would be a double date, because in the moment, me and Russell were dating, in close proximity to each other and enjoying every single second of it. “I’ll text Russell now.”

Wine was one of those drinks I used to hate, but then since a lot of celebrations had wine at them, I eventually grew to enjoy the sometimes sour and bitter taste of it. I couldn’t discern any type of wine or understand regions, and I didn’t quite get how people could pair them with things because to me, all wine went with everything, like water.

More people came out once the afternoon approached, but since we were in Lisbon for two days, there wasn’t such a rush to get off and explore the city. At the front of the queue there was Ryan and Thom, arm in arm, and me and Daddy. He had the bag on his back with the lotions and water inside.

We hadn’t discussed much about Lisbon or the sights I wanted to see there, but that was because I hadn’t searched much about it like I did with Seville. So, I was going with the flow, and the flow was taking us directly to wine town. We were also lucky that the port was in Lisbon and we didn’t have to travel to and from the city.

“I just want to put this out there,” Daddy said, squeezing me in at the side. “I’m not great with wine. So, I’ll probably just nod, smile, and pretend.”

“Me either,” I said in a relieved breath. I’d thought he would’ve known all about wine given his background in corporations. Those were the types of people I pictured going to visit wine shops on the weekend and being taken to those little downstairs rooms where they sell those bottles for a couple hundred thousand. “So, I’ll just nod, smile, and pretend as well.”

“That’s a good boy,” he whispered to me.

It filled me up with a little full body shimmy. “Thank you.”

There weren’t a lot of us heading to the wine tasting tour. Six couples. Split evenly guys and girls, three couples women, and three guys, with two of those being mine and Ryan’s. We all headed for a small mini bus, and that’s when we realized we were all going together. They were super chatty. And talk turned to last night at one of the parties.

“That man did box splits right on the dance floor,” a woman said.

“I know how we could do that,” her partner added. “But doesn’t a guy’s—you know, balls get in the wall of that. Like, it surprises me he didn’t split from the center.”

My hand went to my waist. I’d never done the splits, but imagining the pain of being kicked in the balls as the sensation of what it would be like banging them against a hard floor made me a little nausea.

“Same with drag queens,” one of the guys added. “The way they can tuck their dicks is a work of magic. Like, where does it go?”

Ryan was quick to hand with knowledge, although he wasn’t a drag queen, he did have knowledge on it from TV. “There are many different techniques,” he started. “But the main one is when they push their balls up into the little sockets they originally descended from. That way, when they bounce down on their tuck, they’re not going to be bouncing on their balls.”

“It must still hurt,” another voice added.

“I can ask my friend,” Russell said. “He’s one of the onboard drag queens.” That was

a mistake to let on, because he became the topic of conversation. I was only a little jealous that all eyes were on him, I liked it when he was giving me his attention instead of sharing it.

The tour guide rep quietened us all. "So, we're heading to a winery, it should only take fifteen minutes, but this is our first stop on the tour," she said. "There's going to be plenty of wine, but if this is your first ever tasting, then you should be made aware that we swill and spit, we do not swallow."

"I do!" Ryan announced, raising a hand.

I burst into a fit of giggles.

"I've been know to swallow," one of the guys added. "But on occasion, I'll spit."

"Well, make sure this is one of those occasions when you spit," the tour guide said, a huge smile on her face. "There will be chance to purchase any of the bottles we sample today, so if you taste one you enjoy, make a note of it."

"Question," I said, raising a hand.

Ryan burst out into Destiny's Child Independent Woman, Part 1 lyrics.

"Yes," she said.

"Do they offer the same stuff like they do in Spain?" I asked. "You know, the wine with Fanta or cola."

"Sangria," she said. "They do, but I'm not sure if these vineyards will be accommodating to it. They want you to make sure you get the flavor of the wine and not the orange juice and flavorings."

That made me a little happy to find out. There was something special about sangria, almost like it was summer in a glass. And I was inclined to believe it contained magic.

I'd never been to a vineyard, so I wasn't sure what to expect, other than what I knew of them from Lindsey Lohan's version of *The Parent Trap*. And surprisingly, it was just like that. Rows of land with trees. It was almost an optical illusion, trying to figure out when it stopped.

There was a large house at the center of it all, and it was at that moment, I decided my new life dream was to own a vineyard and live in a cute house with the exposed brick and wood. A man and woman stood at the door, greeting us. Andre and Carolina, they were lovely. They accompanied us on the tour, the two of them, alongside the cruise guide.

"Whoa, it's a whole operation," Russell noted.

We were lead into what looked like a storage shed on the outside, and inside, it was where the large casks of wines were aged. They lined both the walls and at one end of the room, there was a long table right beside a cabinet filled with wines and glasses.

We sat around the table, enough seats for all of us.

Caroline started talking. "This is our famous white wine grown right here in the Bucelas region. It is a light and fruity wine made from the finest Arinto grapes. We are going to let you taste some fresh and some aged to see if you can pick out some of the things that aging does."

I knew from the get go that I wouldn't be able to figure out what the differences between the tastes were, but I was happy to give it a go, and exercise some of those spit techniques they talked about. I was a swallower, and the joke didn't get less

funny the more it was told throughout the evening.

For the rest of the day, we visited two over vineyards. They all merged to one by the time we visited the third. Their wines did all have different tastes, some were more fruitier, like peaches, and others had a tarter taste that made the taste buds on my tongue want to shrivel up.

Daddy ended up buying a bottle of each I expressed the slightest enjoyment in. But Ryan bought the most, after being told he could only spit, he was almost the most drunk afterwards. But we were all tipsy in some form. It turns out, spitting wasn't completely effective.

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We were all fun drunk. This wasn't my first wine tasting. I'd been on a couple of them to schmooze clients, but this was definitely the most fun I'd ever had at one.

Once we were back on board with our wine, we wasted no time in getting into them. I'd noticed Griffin take a like to a couple of them, and to him, he said it was basically just fruity juice anyway, and I couldn't disagree with that.

I took responsibility and didn't let him get through too much of the wine before taking him upstairs for dinner. His eyes were a little pink and glassy from the wine, as well as being hit with a bout of giggles. He was infectious, his energy had that effect on everyone around him.

He had tenders and fries, I had pasta. I dripped his tenders in the ketchup and fed him them. It brought him so much joy, even if he didn't verbalize it.

"Tomorrow is the little's meet up," I reminded him, gaging the excitement levels from what I'd seen earlier.

"I'm so nervous," he said after chewing and swallowing his food. "What if I don't fit in with the other littles?"

"Being different is good," I told him. "But you all share the same common interest in age regression, playing with toys, teddies, and dressing up."

He hooked the back of his foot around mine under the table. "You're coming with me, right?"

“I will be there, but not with you.” I assumed there was probably going to be a different area for the Daddies, Masters, Sirs, and Doms. I couldn’t be completely certain about that, but right now, I didn’t need to be certain, I just needed to give him reassurance and confidence.

“Ok,” he said, grabbing my leg with both feet now and tugging. “Tonight, I wanna color on you again. But not with glitter. I have pens. I don’t like the way the glitter pens looked. They were too light.”

“Consider me your personal coloring book,” I said. “And let me know if you want any additional pages added?”

“More tattoos?” He perked up, sliding in his chair.

I dipped another tender in sauce before feeding him. “Yeah, absolutely. I like to keep it corporate, so as long as it’s not on the hands and stays above the knee, I’m pretty easy. I go to this one guy in the city. Gael, he has his own studio.” He was someone I’d met through the Playhouse Club, that place was a great networking spot for queer business owners.

“I could never get a tattoo,” he said, before taking the tender off the fork with his teeth.

“Because of modeling?”

He nodded. “It’s also just not something I think I could do. Like, what if I hate the design I’ve picked out. I don’t want to live with regrets about it.”

“You don’t have to get one, and they’re definitely not for everyone.”

“You think I’d suit one?”



“There’s no way of knowing until you get one. But you could absolutely pull off any look you tried. Probably why you’ve got a success career.”

His excitement got the better of him as he kicked his legs around under the table. “Maybe I could get one of those temporary ones. But like on my ass or something, nobody ever sees that.”

I reached out with a napkin, wiping sauce from his mouth. “I see that,” I told him. “And I’d like to keep seeing it. If that’s ok with you.”

Griffin’s face grew red, either the overhead lighting was changing, or he was blushing. I liked to believe it was the latter.

When we got to the cabin afterwards, we were both exhausted, drunk, full on food, and in the middle of finding everything funny. We held each other up from slouching too far and falling, and thankfully we made it back to the cabin in one piece without any bruised knees.

The stumbling happened as we undressed, but we couldn’t be held accountable for the swaying I was sure had been the ship. The ship was stationery so that was unlikely, but in the moment, I made a joke about it.

We settled on the bed together, naked and radiating a mix of drunk heat and the heat we’d collect from the sun that day.

“I wish we could stay on this cruise for a month,” Griffin confessed, laying on top of me like a cat almost. A set of felt coloring pens in a baggy at my side for his convenience. “Or maybe just like this.”

“It would be a lot of fun,” I said, combing a hand through his hair. It was so soft and springy, like running your hand through a field of conditioned grass. “And we have room service, a view, sure, it’s only a small porthole, but it’s a view outside.”

“Have you seen the view Ryan and Thom got?” he mumbled. “A full balcony. Two chairs.”

“I bet it was double the cost as well.”

“Yeah. I think so, this room was one of the cheaper options.”

I couldn't help but smile at his words. “It's one of the reasons I'd gone for it as well. It made good business sense to pay less and rooming with someone I matched with.”

“Oh. I actually booked it because of the matching option,” he said, switching out pens. “Ryan has been on at me to find someone for ages. I've never been in any rush to find a—anyone really. In fact, I've just considered myself romance averse.”

“I don't believe that. Not for a moment.”

“Well, believe it. You're getting a different side of me here. Once I'm home, it'll probably change.”

I understood that. I knew this wasn't going to be a forever thing, we'd only just met, but it was nice to think the cruise had done something good. And I was different. I found myself falling in love again and again, and perhaps that was my problem. I was a romantic. I loved to care for those I considered a partner. Being a Daddy, or a Dominant figure was always something that brought pleasure to me, but like all pleasure, I knew it had to be temporary.

There was a constant reminder happening in the back of my mind, telling me to savor every moment. It was better to have experienced this and let it go in a week, than to have not shared the experience at all.

Griffin was in a world of his own, head going side to side as he sang a little and continued to color within the lines of my chest and arm tattoos. I didn't recall falling

asleep, but I had, and when I woke up, Griffin was snoring beside me on the other side of the bed hugging Snug Bug.

It was too early to wake up, so I cuddled up beside him. Both of our bodies were radiators. The comforter and any sheets that had been on the bed were eventually kicked off. It might not have been the best practice, but the only way our bodies were cool were from the mattresses themselves. The AC only touched the top of our bodies.

My dreams were telling of the situation running around in my mind. The way I was chasing Griffin around New York City, and the city itself had life, moving us further from each other, but keeping us within watching distance. I knew we both wanted to see each other after our time together, but it was impossible to say what was going to happen in the future, or where Griffin would find himself through modeling, and I wasn't going to hold him back from that.

Eventually I woke to Griffin coloring on my skin, bright light streamed in through the porthole window, making his tanned skin appear to glow in my face. "Morning," I said in a yawn.

"Morning, Daddy," he said, not breaking concentration from his coloring. "You were moving around so much last night. Were you having a nightmare?"

"No," I said, touching at the glow on his skin. It warmed him. "It's just warm. We might need to request a bedding change," I told him. "I think I kicked off the rest of the sheets last night."

"Good idea. And I already know what I want for breakfast," he said. "I want to go to the oat bar again. I think I'm going to get the strawberries, as much as they can give me this time."

"What time is it?"

“Um—like eight.”

“Then we best get up, unless you want to miss out on all those strawberries.”

Griffin grasp dramatically. “No, no, no. I can’t miss them. I need those strawberries in my life.” He pulled away from my body and cocked his head, looking at the art he’d created on my body. I couldn’t crane my neck to see.

“Did you do a good job?”

“Yes,” he said, blowing and fanning the colors on my skin. “Go look. But don’t wash it off.”

“No?”

“No, don’t wash it. I want you to have it on you all day today. That way, when I’m playing later, I’ll be able to figure out who my Daddy is.”

I nodded along like my tired brain was processing his words in real-time. “Right.”

I was a good Daddy. I wasn’t going to let him down by washing it. In the bathroom mirror, I got a good look at the mural he’d painted on my skin. It was a little claustrophobic in a way just looking at it, like my skin couldn’t breath, but I knew that was nonsense. I dressed in a button up and a tank top, making sure some of the colors were showing through on my skin.

Griffin got a kick out of seeing the colors at breakfast, like it was secret we shared together, even if some people could also see it. He got what he wanted from the breakfast bar, another large bowl of oats with strawberry toppings and all the sweet sauces.

I was never going to deny him of any of it. In fact, I wanted him to have as much of

them as he could. I needed him to think of me as a positive, and give him a reason to seek me out once we were off this boat.

“What if nobody likes me?” he said, out of the blue, although he’d mentioned it last night about the play date event.

“I told you, you’re gonna be great.” I caressed the back of his hand on the table. “What prompted that thought?”

“Just—just seeing people and wondering if they’re like me on the inside, or maybe they’re more open with it.”

People around the ship weren’t afraid to let their freak flag fly. In fact, it was encouraged. People engaged in all types of play onboard, from pet play, to adult baby, and even some servant submissives. It was fun to see it in action, even if it wasn’t something I got involved with.

“You know, if they don’t like what you bring, then we can go to the Playhouse Club, have you been before?”

His head perked. “I’ve heard of it.”

The first time I’d mentioned it, he hadn’t had that type of reaction. “It’s a lot of fun there. I’ll take you when we’re back in the city.” And that was step two, put a plan in motion. Something tangible.

“Is it just a weekend thing?” he asked. “Because that would be best for me.”

“I’ll check,” I told him. “But that’s a yes, right?”

He brushed his leg up against mine. “If we can meet up when this is over, I’d like it, but I feel like I won’t be the same person.” His voice turned soft as he looked down at

the oats remaining in his bowl.

“I think you’ll be the same person,” I reassured him, brushing my leg back up against his. “In fact, I’m absolutely sure of it.” I understood a lot of stuff Griffin was going through. He was younger, and at that age, he was career focused, trying not to make any wrong steps. I wanted to hold him tight and tell him that it didn’t matter what steps he took, because they were all the steps he were meant to take. “Have you picked your onesie out for tonight?” I asked, quickly changing topic so his mind didn’t get bogged down thinking about the future.

“Yep. The bear one that matches with Snug Bug.”

“Didn’t that get something on it?”

“No, well, maybe. I have two.” His smile was back, and that was a relief to me.

“Good. Ok, finish up your breakfast. I think we’ll have enough time to take a quick trip into Lisbon and grab a couple of those famous pastries.”

He smacked his lips at the idea. “Mhmm.” I knew that would convince him. I just wished there wasn’t an end date to this trip. I needed more time with him.