



Seeking Daddy (Princess Boys #1)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: All play, all the time.

By day, Bryce goes by Princess Valeria, a fierce dungeon dueling RPG sweetheart, but when night falls, he's the DJ at a hot Brooklyn nightclub. His world is fast-paced, chaotic, and full of late-night sets, but deep down, he's yearning for something more—a Daddy strong enough to break through his icy defenses.

Everett is the opposite. A confident and successful tech entrepreneur, his life is all about control and order. He's in bed before midnight and runs on precision—until one night when he stumbles into Bryce's world. Sparks fly, and Everett's undeniable dominance calls to Bryce's hidden desires.

In a secret world of princess friends who host tea parties, book clubs, and games, Bryce isn't alone in his search for a Daddy. Each of them, beneath their glittering gowns and sharp tiaras, longs for a protector, someone to cherish and claim them.

Bryce and Everett are from two different worlds, but as they collide, their chemistry is off the charts. Can Everett embrace the wildness of Bryce's chaotic life? And can Bryce let down his walls to find the love he's been searching for?

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Surrounded by twinkling lights and draped pink chiffon, we gathered. I sat on the floor as one corner of my small friend group. My poofy blue dress threatened to knock over the playing pieces on the board in the middle of us.

Most weeks we gathered around at one of our apartments to play a tabletop, or floor RPG. We were starting a new campaign.

“I worked hard on these,” Princess Lysa, aka Cristian said. He was sat across from me, dressing in a flowing yellow dress. He always had the nicest princess dresses, and he always knew how to pair them with different fabrics to make them stand out better. This campaign had been his creation, we took it in turns. “Princess, are we ready to quest?”

Princess Zahra aka Jai made a hum as he stuffed his face with a pizza slice. “I’m ready to find a hot Daddy and force him to save me,” he said through a mouthful of food.

“We always save the Daddies,” Princess Mari aka Hugh said.

“Not this time,” Princess Lysa said. “If you’ll all be quiet, I’ll read the quest.”

Sometimes it felt like we were playing together for the first time all over again. We’d been friends and hanging out as princesses for almost two years now. We all met through one of the clubs in Manhattan, and realized the men there just watching us didn’t really do anything for our desire to be taken care of, or at least my desire. I was Princess Valeria, and each quest we did built on the randomness we’d encountered before, or something we’d seen on TV or in any one of the princess books we’d come

together and read. As much as we were all questing for Daddies in the real world, in our shared princess world, we only really needed each other.

I cuddled my companion, a large stuffed brown bear named Cuthbert. “I need to know what you’ve got in store for us,” I said. “You’ve been teasing it in the group chat for days.”

Princess Zahra giggled. “Has everyone got juice and pizza? I don’t want to go in for another slice until everyone else has already had one. I worked through lunch.”

Our roleplaying tabletop sessions were also an excuse to throw tea parties, which were less tea, and more juices with a little alcohol and pizza. Depending on whose apartment we were in, the pizza was cut with cookie cutters into cute shapes. We were in my apartment today because I had work later on tonight.

Princess Lysa stood and handed out small printed cards.

‘You are cordially invited to The Celestial Court.’

“What’s The Celestial Court?” I asked.

He pressed a finger to his lips. We fell into quiet giggles. Princess Lysa was in storytelling mode, and very serious about it too.

“Four invites fall from the sky to the feet of the four absolutely precious and magically gifted princess,” he said. “The princesses were fresh off battling the purple dragon of Scorn, and winning, saving the hamlet of Scorn, and the very single Prince who they fought over as the prize for saving his life was marrying him. Unfortunately, since the Prince of Scorn couldn’t decide which of the gorgeously cute and absolutely sweet princesses, he decided to stay single forever.” Princess Lysa shrugged. “His loss, I guess. But it’s for the best because the princesses were required

for a new adventure. The Celestial Court beckons them. Cue gasps.”

We each gasped on cue for him.

“The four princesses, Lysa of the Moonlit Realm, Mari of the Crimson Isles, Zahra of the Sand Seas, and Valeria of the Crystal Kingdom glance to each other,” he said, as we acted it out. Princess Mari putting more flair into it, the drama queen ahem princess. “The Celestial Court was believed to be a fiction, but as our princesses inspect their invitations, one of them decides to roll for investigation.”

“Me!” I raised a hand. “Princess Valeria will do an investigation roll. I have the highest modify. It’s intelligence, right?” We used Dungeons and Dragons as the base for our character sheets and information, but everything else was whatever we wanted. I grabbed my twenty-sided dice and rolled it in the small velvet dice tray.

“Thirteen,” Princess Mari said, gasping. “I’m not sure if that—”

“Plus my modifier,” I interrupted him. “That’s plus three. Sixteen.”

Still standing, Princess Lysa walked around the three of us, his gorgeous princess dress swishing by us. “You learn that the card is made from star dust. The Celestial Court is a real place. And as we all learn that information, four beams of bright light strike us where we are and teleport us.”

In character we all let out screams and wobbled back and forth.

“After the light forced everyone to close their eyes, you open them,” Princess Lysa said. “Blinking away the pain of the light, you all look ahead and see a large throne where a woman sits, her entire being is covered in yellow light. She’s at least twenty feet tall from her seated position. She had a light brown wooden staff in hand where you can see the faint dark cracks appear at the base.”

“Oh my god, she’s so tall,” Princess Zahra said in character.

“I’m obsessed with her,” Princess Mari said.

“Is it just us five here? And are we going to be rolling for initiative? I really don’t think I want to fight her,” I grumbled.

Princess Lysa giggled. “The woman claps once, sending a single boom through the air. It feels like all the air is being sucked out of room. It sends the four princess to bend and bow. After bowing, she speaks. I am Giselda the Goddess of Magical Matter, your four princesses have long since been bestowed with magical gifts. It is now time to repay your Goddess. ”

“Approaches the Goddess,” Princess Mari said. “Introduces myself, bows again. How can we help?”

“The Goddess thanks you,” Princess Lysa said on her behalf. “ As you can see, the crystal from my staff has been stolen. With my power as creator of magical matter in the hands of someone else, stars will begin to vanish, power between realms to weaken and threaten the stability of all the kingdoms. Together, you must investigate and find out who stole the sun and moon crystal from my staff. We don’t have long until the world is thrown into chaos. You four princesses have a reputation for excellence, you are my last hope . And then she does a dramatic cough that sprays the room in glitter sparkle dust. She says, a last blessing to help you travel, a pinch of dust between your fingers and point to a space on a map. I wish you all the luck. She coughs a final time before disappearing in a large dust of glitter.”

The scene was set, the story was out there now.

Princess Lysa took her seat, filling the spot between me and Princess Zahra. “Ok,” he said. “I told you all it was going to be a fun storyline.”

“And what if fail?” I asked. “Do we lose our powers? Do we stop being princess?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. We’ll have to find out.”

“Did she just die?” Princess Zahra asked. “Because people don’t just explode into glitter.”

“She didn’t explode,” Princess Lysa said. “She teleported and left us more glitter dust. We need to gather it. Fill our pouches with it. We need to formulate a plan.” He pulled out a deck of cards. As a day job, Cristian was a graphic designer and had access to creating high end looking equipment, like cards.

We played by our own rules and format. We took elements from our favorite tabletop RPG games. We didn’t have a dungeon master, or dungeon Daddy as we giggle about. Instead, we generated what happened next through randomly picking at cards to decide encounters and rooms we found as we dove through dungeons.

Each of our characters had unique gifts. Princess Valeria in her regal blue gown from the cold and icy Crystal Kingdom had abilities over ice and some abilities over time, specifically causing a single enemy not to move for a number of turns determined by a dice roll. My character also had high intelligence and used it to figure out what secrets rooms held.

After four hours of playing, we’d defeated four dark sprites, the minion enemy of the campaign, and we’d gone deep into a dungeon out of The Celestial Court. We paused when we found a secure room to take a long rest in and recoup HP. It was perfect timing too, it was almost time for me to head out to work.

I was a freelance music producer and a DJ. I worked with a lot of drag queens to create music and mix tapes for them to perform, and quite a few of them had even appeared on drag competition TV shows. My main source of income was a regular

DJ set I had at Hive in Brooklyn, a nightclub.

Out of their princess dresses, Cristian, Hugh, and Jai helped me get ready. I didn't do drag, but I did DJ in princess gown and with a light touch of make up and glitter.

"I'm always jealous of your place when I visit," Jai said, heading over to the red draped off area in the corner of the loft apartment. "And I know I'm not allowed to touch, but I can't help wanting to."

"After the amount of slices you are, you better not get your greasy mitts on anything," I told him. "Hands off the drapes too! In fact, please go wash them."

It was a converted industrial space with very high ceilings, large windows, and an open layout that I used sliders on the ceiling and drapes to section rooms out. It worked for me, although sometimes it felt like I was living in an art installation, and there was absolutely nothing wrong with that..

"I already did," he groaned. "They're clean."

Cristian was carefully dotting glitter like it was his life's work to my cheeks. "Don't be mean," he whispered. "He left a grease stain once on those hideous skin colors drapes and you've never forgot."

"Oh my god. They were cream, not skin color."

"I agree!" Jai said, walking back. "Skin color is a bit of a loaded term."

"Obviously, not your skin," Hugh said. "But if he installed some gorgeous brown drapes, we'd say the same for your benefit."

He laughed. "Ok, but I actually agree, those cream colors were skin color," Jai said,

flip-flopping. “I think it’s because they had like a pink tint to them as well.”

“Should we be worried that you took Princess Valeria out for a spin and came back after flaying some poor townspeople?” Hugh snorted, the back of a hand to his head. “Oh, the horror, as Princess Valeria turns on the other princess in the party. And they never saw it coming. After a while, the drapes begin to look a lot like—a lot like—ahhhh, former friends.” He dipped to the ground, letting out a wailing scream.

Cristian went in with a brush, tapping it on the tip of my nose. “You’re glowing,” he said. “Just need to set it in place and you’re ready to go stand in a room of sweaty people as they do drugs and dance.”

“Not everyone who comes to the nightclub does drugs,” I said. “I’m sure some of them do, but I’m not in charge of what they do. I’m just there to spread vibes through music, and look like a princess while I do it.”

“Ok, I’ve gotta go,” Jai said, gathering up his coat and bag. “Or I’ll miss my train home. I had so much fun today. Thank you, Cristian for the new campaign, I’m excited to see what happens when the princesses return. But I swear, if the encounter card uncovers another owlbear, I’m going to scream.” He wrapped a scarf around his neck.

We’d all had our near character deaths from owlbear encounters. They were not for the faint of heart. “I’ll probably see you sometime in the week,” I said. “If we’re still on for lunch. And text the group when you’re home safe.”

“I will,” he said. “And yes, lunch. I’m seeing my parents on the Tuesday for dinner, so I’ll see if they’ve got any leftover samosas.”

My mouth watered at the offer. “Please do, and tell your dad I need the recipe.”

“And you know he’s not going to ever part with it,” he said. “I don’t think he’ll even tell me until he’s one foot in the grave.”

Once Jai left, Hugh soon followed. It was a Friday, and none of us had boyfriends or anywhere else to be. It’s why it was perfect to spend it role playing as our fabulous alter egos.

“Tell me the truth,” Cristian said when we were alone. He was still precariously applying dots of shimmer to me. “How was the story? I didn’t want it to be too OP, you know, but the idea of being transported and facing mega powerful people was so exciting.”

“I loved it. Are you kidding? I thought it was great. Although I wish Hugh, Princess Mari would use more weapons. They don’t have the strongest magic like we do, so failing fire ball twice was annoying,” I grumbled.

He laughed. “Hugh said the other week about hating all the blood Princess Mari got on their dresses. I think that’s why he’s choosing to put the sword down.”

“Well, can he pick it up again? He has the crimson sword, crimson, red, blood. His dress is red.”

“Don’t say that in front of him. It’s deep pink.”

“He’s so dramatic,” I laughed.

“But that’s what makes him perfect as Princess Mari,” he said. “Speaking of him being dramatic, he invited me to the preview of his performance in the play. Apparently, he invited you and Jai too, but you’ve got a DJ set that night and it’s across town, and Jai has family coming from India, so he can’t.”

I understood his pain. I'd once attended a preview for a local playhouse Hugh performed at and it was full of theatre people who gave me a migraine. Together, as friends, we loved hanging out, but we also had things in our lives that we didn't cross over into so well. I had music festivals, Hugh had the theater, Cristian had comic book conventions, and Jai had Ren Faires. As a four, we were a support system that could attend those things together, but only as a solid four.

"Perfect," Cristian said, holding a mirror up to me. "You're gonna catch the light wherever it hits you. Make sure to take pictures in the booth, or whatever it's called."

"Will do."

"And maybe when you're spinning fire on the deck, it'll catch the eye of a hot guy desperate to use his firehose on you," he said, snorting. "That's what you say, right. Spinning fire."

I laughed so hard, I almost shed a tear. "Manifesting it now," I told him. "If it happens, it happens. And you can say spinning fire, but please, don't say it to any other DJ."

Cristian gestured with a small tick in the air. "Ten out of ten, will say again."

Cristian lived closest than the others, and close to the venue I was performing at. Once I had my kit packed up for the night to take with me, we took an Uber together, dropping me off at Hive, the nightclub. There was already a very long queue forming. The Uber almost dropped me off into the queue.

"Good luck," he called out as I got out of the car, hauling my bag on my back. "And don't fuck it up."

A small cheer erupted from the queue.

The blue princess dress and plastic silver tiara were well-known in the scene. I also had a small wand that I attached a pot of glitter too and would dust the crowd closest to the DJ decks when I was in the booth.

The unpredictable New York City September weather was warm with a cool chill. I knew tonight was going to be a great night. There was no doubt about it. Fridays had a certain energy about them, it was inspiring.

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I worked at Hive three nights a week as one of their main DJs, I was even on the fliers they handed out and the little posters they plastered around some of the advertising spots in the city. It was just my name, DJ brYCE with a small tiara by the name.

And it wasn't until the group said I should show up in one of the princess dresses and tiara that I actually began booking more gigs. It was strange, at first, taking something I only did in private out into the open sphere where the world could stand and watch. To me, it satisfied a core part of my being, to play princesses, and it satisfied the rest of me too with a source of income. People came from all over the city to one of my club nights, and some of them even came to me just to be sprinkled with glitter.

Most of my sets began with an ode to the nineties, bringing out some Spice Girls and Britney, mixed in with R&B or a little drum and bass depending on the night. Most of my time was spent thinking up ways of mixing, and I did all of that from the comfort of my apartment and the very expensive equipment.

Fridays were exhausting though. Everyone went hard on a Friday. It meant the venues were packed full of sweaty bodies. Thankfully, I had an entire DJ booth on a stage to call mine, and even a nice, industrial fan to keep me cool.

Usually, I went unbothered in the booth. The occasion person came up and asked for a song, and then they'd pester me until I agreed, or I was asked for glitter. Rarely were people showing up behind me and standing all over the back of my cute princess dress.

It happened for a third time when I turned to see a man, taller than me, which was nice. Dressed in a suit. I looked him up and down as he mouthed something now that he'd caught my attention.

"What?" I shouted, pulling the headset over my neck and leaning in to him.

"Sorry," he said. "For standing on you."

"What are you doing?"

If he'd inched forward a little, he might've actually been standing on top of me. "I was told to wait here."

"Listen, if you're waiting for your friends, you can't do it behind me," I grumbled, growing annoyed.

It wasn't until I noticed the venue manager, Theresa approach, when I realized he looked over dressed, and he might've been here to see her.

"I'm sorry for standing on your dress," he said. "Let me get you a drink." He glanced to his wristwatch as Theresa made her way into the booth.

"I'm working," I told him.

He nodded as Theresa grabbed his arm and mumbled something.

I took his other arm. "I finish my set in fifteen minutes," I said, flashing my free hand three times hoping he'd catch on to the figure I was attempting to tell him.

Accepting drinks from strangers wasn't something I did often, but after being stood on by the stranger, and feeling an odd magnetism toward him, I actually didn't mind

getting a drink out of it.

Watching the man and the venue manager walk off through one of the concealed doors in the back, I got back into the zone with the headset secured around the back of my head. There wasn't room for it over my head, that was strictly reserved for the tiara. But as I went back to the music, the man's eyes, so calming and blue were all I could think about.

As my set wound down, I handed over to DJ Dami, he played deep house music to see the people through to the very early hours, the type of hours that had people walking out of the venue with the first light of the day.

It took me another fifteen minutes after finishing to pack away my things. And by that point, I'd forgotten what I'd told the man who'd been nearly rubbing himself up against me.

However, he hadn't forgotten at all.

In a VIP booth beside the packed bar, in the corner of it, under a halo of light, he locked eyes with me and gestured to the glasses on the table. Two tall glasses filled with something orange and carbonated.

It took me five minutes to wade my way through the little crowd area to him, carrying my kit on my back. It was still fairly loud in the booth area, but not so much I couldn't hear him as he stood and welcomed me.

"I'm Everett," he said, leaning in and kissing the back of my hand. "I hope that's allowed, princess."

My entire body would've melted right there and then if I didn't know how dirty these floors were, and the last thing I wanted was to have my nice princess dress ruined by

the sticky spilled drinks in the surrounding area.

“I’ll allow it,” I said, scooching myself into the booth seating. I placed my bag in the spot beside me.

He smirked. “It’s way past my bedtime,” he said.

“Well, it’s three in the morning, when do you go to bed?”

“Ten,” he said. “I have a business to run. In fact, the entire reason I am awake is because of that business, and the Red Bull I drank.”

“Oh, I’m Bryce.”

“I know, Theresa mentioned your name. Also, I wanna apologize for standing on your dress again earlier. I was there because, well, it’s my job to scope out venues from all angles.”

I continued to stare at him, I couldn’t quite put my finger on it, but I couldn’t place what his job would be. He clearly wasn’t here to be event security, as someone proclaiming to be up past his bedtime.

“Ask the question,” he said.

“What is it you do?”

He gestured to the glass. “I didn’t know if you drank alcohol, so I grabbed some orange soda, whatever they had on tap here,” he said. “Plus, I don’t think princesses drink.”

“Smart,” I said, taking the glass and quenching my thirst with the icy drink. It was

refreshing after walking through all the sweaty bodies. “So, Mr. Private, what do you—”

“I run a cybersecurity firm,” he said, taking his glass and tapping the rim of mine. “They’re thinking of upgrading operations here. There’s a lot of blind spots from the existing security cameras, and you don’t have any real advanced tech.”

I gestured with a hand over my head. “I have no clue.”

“So, what do you do? Besides be a princess.”

“Nope,” I said, taking another sip of soda. “You got it right. I’m just a princess.”

“Is it your schtick? Looking like a glitterball, wearing the dress, the tiara? I always feel old, thinking about jocks in college cross dressing for some banal attention seeking event.” He looked away, his upper lip curling. “To each their own I guess.”

“I enjoy dressing like this,” I said. “It’s freeing. If you asked a therapist, they’d probably tell you I was healing my inner child, or something. But if I could let you feel what I felt, I think it would blow your mind.”

Everett sucked in a deep breath, pulling in his bottom lip with his teeth. “I would say try me, but I’m too hopped up on caffeine to actually allow you.”

I couldn’t tell if he was flirting, or genuinely apologizing for getting too close earlier. He was difficult to read, and my reading comprehension skills were pretty good. I rarely stumbled over my words anymore.

“Well, I should be off,” I said. “It was nice to meet you, but I’m desperate to get home and hang my tiara up for the night.”

As I shuffled to leave the booth, he grabbed my hand. “Before you go, I’d love to see that wand you were shaking over the crowd,” he said. “Not for security reasons, but curiosity.”

“You want me to sprinkle glitter on you with my wand?” I asked. It was in the side pocket of my bag. “It’s actually just a stick painted silver with a star on top and then I have a—” I grabbed it to show him. “It’s a small pot filled with fine glitter that only lets out a fraction when shaken.”

He held a hand out. “I don’t mind a little glitter.”

I dusted him with it. “That’s the thing about glitter. You don’t get to decide where it goes, it goes where it wants, and from there, it duplicates. You’ll never get rid of it now.”

Everett flashed me a smile. “I think I’ll survive.” He held his hand up in the light above him. “It was nice meeting you, Bryce. And what’s your princess name?”

“Princess Valeria,” I said, throwing back non-existent hair over a shoulder.

“Well, Princess Valeria, I hope we meet again,” he said.

“Maybe not. You said you’re always in bed around this time.”

He shrugged. “The city has a way of connecting people. Unless you’re also a hermit, or look so completely different out of that pretty blue dress, we might not meet again.”

Now he was absolutely flirting, well—partially confirmed. He called my dress pretty. “You know where I work,” I said, shuffling out of the seat a little more.

“And when you’re not working here?” he asked. “What if I wanted to find you?”

“Then Mr. Cybersecurity man, I’m pretty sure you have all those fancy tools at your disposal to help you,” I said.

It wasn’t until I was out of the venue when I realized how cocky I’d played it back there. I should’ve handed my number over to him and begged him for a date. He was the only solid lead on a proper date in a while. In all fairness, I was just a mirror, reflecting his energy back onto him. He was playing it cool, and I interpreted that as one foot in the world of flirting, and another in the world of potential friendship.

In the Uber back to my apartment, while on the receiving end of the driver making sure I wasn’t making a mess in his car, I searched Everett online. Mr. Cybersecurity was actually pretty easy to find. The lighting in the nightclub didn’t do him justice. His eyes, his hair, his smile. I let out a giggle, prompting the driver to question me again.

Screenshotting Everett’s picture from his company’s website, I sent it into the group chat. Everyone was fast asleep. I continued to deep dive into everything Everett once I was back home. I didn’t even care to unpack my bag. I put soft lo-fi beats through the surround sound speakers.

I’d uncovered social media that proved Everett was gay, and was more than likely hitting on me. I wondered if he was good at his job and wanted people finding his online profiles, or bad at it and couldn’t keep his digital footprint clean.

After undressing from my dress and hanging it up inside a garment bag, ready to be cleaned. In the diffused soft light of my apartment, I could see all the dirt built up around the edges of the dress, and even some of the drink I’d accidentally spilled down the front of it. But as soon as it was off, I went to make a grilled cheese in nothing but my boxer briefs.

Against the splash tile on the counter of the kitchen, I propped my phone up to keep re-reading Everett's profile on his company website. It was a fun game of what I could pay attention to the most, this gorgeous man who'd potentially wanted to go on a date, and the oil in the frying pan spitting at me and the melted cheese coming out the sides of the toasted bread.

His company was located in Tribeca, which was a little trek away, but surely if I wanted to, I could wonder around outside and wait for the opportune moment to bump into him, go for coffee, and then see what he really wanted from me. Or maybe he just wanted Princess Valeria. I didn't mind that either, some guys were into the fantasy, I was very much also into the fantasy and desperate to find a Daddy King to satisfy those needs.

I took a shower shortly after, knowing I would still be covered in small speckles of glitter. My bathroom had the industrial exposed brick wall on one side with the chrome and white counter of the vanity and sink, and the other side was an open shower room with a single sliding glass door.

Behind my eyes every time I closed them as the warm water washed over me, I pictured Everett's cool blue eyes staring back at me. Sliding down the bath tile wall, I sat on the floor with the shower hitting my back.

With my cock in a fist, I worked it hard. I cupped my balls with the other hand and toyed with my hole slightly, just a slip of the finger from the angle. It was all I could while massaging my balls in the center of my palm.

Tonight was different to a regular night. I wasn't hauled up in bed with internet porn, and some lotion in one hand as I relaxed into a slightly spiraled fantasy dildo that tickled my insides. I was raw dogging my imagination now, pinpointing elements of Everett, from the touch his hand on my wrist, to the way he spoke. The patter from the shower, almost imitating the gravel in his voice.

I last another five minutes with a finger teasing my ass. But that wasn't what did it for me, it was the complete overstimulation of the shower on my skin.

As soon as I came, it was washed away. I laid my head back into the shower, defeated in relief. I knew my imagination was a powerful place, and I was building Everett up in it. I really needed to see him again, in the light of day, post-nut with an extra dose of clarity.

Once I was out of the shower, I nearly passed out in bed. I'd done things out of order. Masturbation was usually after showering and already being comfortable in bed. I'd spent every last ounce of energy I had rolling on top of the bed and wrapping myself in the comforter like I was a burrito.

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After not getting much sleep, I should've been grouchy, hunched over my office desk with a triple shot concoction nestled in my hands. Instead, I was standing with my view from the office out into the gloomy sky take over the city and a smile on my face.

A gentle tap came at the glass door behind me before the swoosh of it opened. "Surprising you're in, it's a Saturday," Sophie Blake, the head of client relations at Zyber.

"It's a good day," I told her, turning on a foot.

She was young, recruited fresh out of college and had worked here for a short time but proved herself to be an asset. "I've got venue paperwork, waivers, and everything else you requested from me at five in the morning." She sat the large stack of files on my desk.

The world of cybersecurity operated every day, around the clock. When we stopped, everything went to shit. "I hope I didn't make you come in on your day off," I said.

"I'm working until lunch, and then my fiancé is taking me out to some fancy restaurant," she said.

I sat in my black leather office chair and tucked myself into the glass desk. "This could've waited until Monday," I said. "But thank you."

"It's really no problem," she said. "Is there anything else you need while I'm here?"

“No, no, you should go and enjoy your day,” I told her. “I’ll get through this.”

“You should also go and enjoy your day,” she said. “Have you even been to bed yet?” She chuckled. “I saw the report you sent through as well.”

“No other CEO has as much hands on control as I do,” I said, waking my computer with a tap of a key. “Companies trust me, and I trust me to give our clients the best possible treatment, well, I trust you too.”

“And it took you a long time for that to happen,” she said. “So, if you really don’t need me, I might actually head out. I’ve been wanting to buy some new heels before the stores get busy. Oh god. You don’t want to hear about that.”

I waved her off. “Please, go. I’m going to be in here busy.” Although the reality of it was waiting on her to get to me with the files for the venue last night.

Pulling a USB drive from an attachment dangling on a chain around my neck up over my head, I plugged it into the work computer. It was my personal drive that unencrypted all my personal passwords, as long as I entered the right passcode and gave the thumb pad a full rolling print read. There was a lot of information on my computer, and perhaps it was just the cybersecurity CEO in me, but I was paranoid about it.

The company owned a lot of propriety tech, some of which I’d created, and others we’d acquired and developed. We offered a full three-sixty digital protection service that included cameras which could scan faces and store them on local data banks, great for on-site protection, but our main focus was computer security and keeping companies safe from having their data hacked or stolen.

From the file, I was given a list of employees at the company. I didn’t care for any of it, except for one name. Bryce. Bryce O’Conner, 29, lived in Bushwick. He was right

there, listed as a disk jockey three nights a week.

I cracked my knuckles. “Let’s see what else I can find out about you, Bryce.” He’d spiked my curiosity, and I liked to vet guys I met, even through accident or coincidence. It was part of the paranoia, I suppose. He was all the things I looked for in a partner. A soft side, submissive hints, and the princess was the cherry on top. Role play was my favorite.

It took my computer a couple minutes to pull up all the information the internet had to offer about Bryce O’Conner. I paused before clicking on any of the links. The rush of realization that this was potentially a rather large betrayal of future trust. That assumed there was a future.

Another knock came at the glass door. Dressed in an oversized hoodie, baggy jeans, and a large bag over his shoulder, my childhood best friend, Daniel wasted no time walking inside my office. “I just saw Sophie,” he said. “I can’t believe you’ve got her working on the weekend.”

“I don’t,” I grumbled.

He laughed, throwing himself into the seat across from my desk. “Yeah, yeah.”

“What are you doing here anyway?”

“You were supposed to meet me for breakfast like two hours ago,” he said. “I obviously didn’t hang around. I figured you’d forgot.”

I recalled a little reminder flash up on my phone earlier, but I was so focused on not being focused that I’d forgotten all about it. “Something came up.”

“I guessed,” he said, sitting his feet up on my desk, almost knocking the files. “You

have any work for me?”

“Right,” I mumbled, a smile on my face. “That’s why we had breakfast scheduled.” I glanced at his feet, a growl in my throat.

He quickly laughed it off and slipped his feet off. “Relax, Rett,” he said. “They’re not dirty.”

“It’s Everet. Nobody but my dad called me that. And yes, they are dirty. I’m guessing you’ve walked through the city, on the subway, and amassed a bit of filth on your soles,” I said. “They’re not clean. And please, try and dress up when you come into the office. Even if it is the weekend.”

“I’m freelance,” he said, shifting his weight in the seat to lean forward. Now, pressing his greasy fingers and face to the glass. “I’m not confined to those stuffy suits with corporate nooses.”

For thirty years it was the same thing, ever since we were kids. I was orderly and clean, while he would seek out every dirt path and roll around in it. But it’s probably why we were good friends, he offered me fresh perspectives.

“While you’re here, there is one thing,” I said, glancing at the links on the monitor. “I met a guy.”

“And sucked his soul out with your stellar personality?” he laughed.

“Whatever. I’m not—”

“No, go on,” he said. “It was a joke. Tell me about this guy.”

“It was brief. We met at a nightclub.”

Daniel cackled, pushing himself back from the desk. “Shut up. You didn’t meet a guy in a nightclub. You’ve never even been to a nightclub.”

“Well, I did meet him there. And now I’m trying to decide whether or not to go through everything he’s ever posted to the internet,” I said.

Daniel grabbed the sleeve of my suit jacket. “Fuck. You weren’t kidding,” he said. “That’s glitter.” He came around to my side of the desk. “Is this him?”

“Don’t touch it.” I yanked the mouse away from his hand. “I just don’t know what to do yet.”

“I always search up my dates before we go out,” he said. “I like to know what her interests are, and slip them into conversation, you need to know how to play it cool though. I don’t think you’ve got that in you. You just play it cold.”

“I shouldn’t have told you,” I grumbled, raising an arm to block his view of the monitor. “We only spoke for a couple minutes, but I felt something. Like a spark.”

Daniel touched my shoulder. “Was it a dream? You know, the whole nightclub thing and now a spark. I’m actually beginning to question your mental state.”

“I’ve barely slept as well, but that’s what happens when I drink coffee too late, and then force myself to keep drinking it so that I don’t crash in the middle of the day,” I said, my fingers agitated in wrapping tap on my glass desk. “So, it looks like I’m either going to drive myself insane thinking about this guy, or I’m going to satisfy my primal urge to find out every detail about him and spoil all the fun we might’ve called a future.”

“Whoa, hold on, Everett,” he said, whacking my arm. “You actually have some feelings in that cold heart of yours.”

My teeth sank into the tip of my tongue. I didn't like that I was considered calculating, cold, or even meticulous. Sometimes, there was fun to be had in the chaos and disorder of a wand that sprinkled glitter in every which way.

"Relax," I said, mostly to myself in a deep breath. "Will you have a look for me?"

"Why do you need me to look?"

"I just—" I glanced at the screen and his name, hyperlinked. "I don't want to waste my time on someone who I'm not compatible with."

Daniel shrugged. "Compatibility is subjective. You might not go together on page. You know, you said you met him in a nightclub, and the last time you went to one of those was when I forced you, with Mark after securing the first multi-million dollar contract."

A smile touched my lips. That had been a fun night, a fun night when we were all a lot younger. I was thirty-eight now, and I needed a sleep schedule with custom Tempur-Pedic mattress in order to feel refreshed.

He tugged on my chair, wheeling me out from under the desk. "I'll check for you, make sure there's no glaring red flags, like minor stalking charges, or access to databases that crawl the web for entire life data," he grumbled.

I knew what I was planning on doing had been a little over the top, in a way, it was doing a background check on someone who was coming into the fold, and he worked at the venue that had employed me. Although, the reason for my search was purely selfish, I wanted to know if he was playing princess as a joke, or whether he was into the role of a princess, a sweet submissive princess looking for a king or master.

"Do you even know what you're looking for?" I asked as he stood in front of the

monitor and started clicking. “Because you might not know what’s going to stick out like I would.”

“Turn around,” he said. “Bryce O’Conner, works at a nightclub, a bunch of credits on songs as producer. TV shows I’ve never heard of, The Drag Goes On , and Drag It Up. ”

I couldn’t control the smile burning into my cheeks. “Competition TV shows,” I said. “I’ve never watched them, but we did cybersecurity for their production company.”

“It says here his driving license is almost expired and he’s never been out of the country,” he continued. “But he’s never been in any trouble. And yes, I know what to look for. I think you might be forgetting that I helped design a lot of these databases.”

“Is he—” I didn’t want to know the answer, my tongue once more fighting for its life after my teeth sank into the tip. I sucked in a deep breath, staring out of the ceiling to floor window and the gloomy sky outside.

“Single,” he said. “Lives alone, nice apartment from the old listing I found as well.”

“Ok, ok.” I spun around. It didn’t really inform me of anything. “I don’t think—”

“Ahh, you’ll like this one,” he said, turning to me with a big smile. His body blocked my view of the monitor. “He belongs to that kinky club you invested in.”

“The Playhouse Club?” I mustered, near breathless from surprise. “Are you sure?”

Daniel slowly nodded. “Yep. Is that what you wanted to know?”

“Yeah. You can close the window,” I said, shying my head down. “I guess I’m gonna have to try and bump into him again.”

“I’m turning it off,” he said. “ You should probably be in bed, instead you’re here, covered in glitter and I can see those bags under your eyes. Anyone else would say you looked insane, but we’re friends, and I’d never say something so hurtful.” He laughed, pushing my expensive chair with his dirty shoe.

Daniel was right though. I must’ve looked absolutely maniacal. “I’m not going to sleep just yet,” I grumbled, dusting the seat where his shoe had been. “It would ruin the rest of my sleeping pattern.”

“Time to give that up,” he said. “If you’re pursuing a piece of ass that works during the evening, your schedule is going to take a turn, but on the plus side, this place runs itself mostly.”

Grinding my teeth, I glared at Daniel. “This place needs a leader. Me. And I’ve always been hands on.”

He shrugged. “I was just suggesting that you can afford to take a break, it’s not like you need to use any PTO, you run payroll,” he said. “Speaking off, the reason I came by. I need a little work. If you have anything for me. Maybe a server maintenance gig.”

I stood. “There’s always work for you here,” I told him. “But you’re also right. I shouldn’t be here on the weekend. I should be making myself look like I had hobbies and fun outside of work.” I’d worked myself into a mundane habit it seemed, and my immediate thoughts were on what Bryce would’ve seen if he searched for me.

“I mean, you can still assign me somewhere before you go,” he said.

“Monday,” I told him as I marched toward my office door.

“Then what about an advance?”

“You blew through a hundred thousand already?”

“That was four months ago,” he said. “I was taxed on it, and then I might’ve splurged a little.” Daniel grabbed his large bag and approached me.

“You have your apartment, right?” I asked and he nodded. “You have food.” He nodded again. “Then what do you need an advance for?”

I saw the apprehension in his eyes.

“If you don’t tell me, I can fire that computer up again and see,” I said.

“I owe some money out, bad investments,” he huffed. “You know I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t need to.”

“What I do know is that you wouldn’t ask me during the week. You know Mark would talk me out of helping you.” Mark was the COO at the company and someone I considered to be a good friend. We’d known each other since college. He graduated while I dropped out when I saw my tech take off.

“Just ten grand,” he said. “And I’ll work it off.”

There was a reason Daniel was no longer fully employed here, and it was because of his habit of getting into trouble. The company couldn’t risk him anymore. He called himself an ethical hacker, which was a kind way of putting it, he stress tested software for the company, and he was good at it.

I pulled my phone from my suit pocket. “I’ll transfer it over,” I said. “But I want you here on Monday morning, clean shoes, nicer clothes. Please. I don’t want security attempting to escort you out before you’re even in the elevator.”

He nodded. “You’re a life saver, Everett. I swear, naming my first child after you.”

“You’ve said that before.” Going through several security checks to get into my online banking, I eventually transferred over the funds to Daniel. I didn’t know for sure what he needed the money for, and the less I knew, the better actually. “I’m just glad your apartment is paid off.”

“And it’s in my mom’s name,” he chuckled. “I don’t need anyone finding me there.”

“Yeah, well, just make sure it’s put in a trust before she—you know, you don’t want to be stuck footing the tax bill for the inheritance on it,” I said.

Daniel let out a groan. “Relax,” he said. “I know what I’m doing. We should really be more concerned with your thing. Like, come on, you’ve got a crush. And I don’t think I’ve ever seen you have a crush on anyone, other than Project Obsidian, which net the company a tidy profit.” He gave me a wink.

“Aren’t you still under NDA for that?” I asked him.

“Relax, it’s just you,” he said, gently whacking my arm.

“Well, I’m going to take your advice and actually take the rest of the weekend off. I don’t know what I’ll do, but something active to keep me from searching up Bryce,” I said.

Daniel placed an arm around my shoulder as we walked out of my office. “Listen, between friends, I think he sounds great for you,” he said. “And now you have a clean conscious, you didn’t search him on your super computer.” He snort laughed. “But a regular web search is normal. Besides, you met him last night, you wanted to find out more information. If anything, this is the most normal behavior I’ve seen you exhibit.”

I was an overthinker by nature. I liked to be two steps ahead of every move I was going to take. The thought of being behind a curve or allowing someone to have an upper hand sent me into a tail spin of anxiety. I needed control.

“I think I’ll take a walk,” I said aloud, but mostly to myself.

“Good luck, I think it’s going to rain.”

“I hope it does,” I mumbled.

As we stood at the elevator together, Daniel grabbed his phone. I saw relief on his face in the reflective metal panels. I liked helping him when I could, but Mark had warned me a couple times about how he could become reliant on me, even though he had the skillset to be making the money I make.

From the offices to the entry level, it took about thirty minutes.

“Good luck out there,” he said.

“I don’t need luck, I just need to be alone with my thoughts.” I knew if I stopped for even a second, I’d be searching Bryce’s name, or asleep and ruining my sleep pattern for good.

I realized quickly. I was lust sick.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:20 am

Surviving and thriving off five hours of sleep. I wished I'd been able to recall my dream. Instead, all I recalled from the night was hip thrusting a pillow and squeezing my thighs around it like I was sharing my bed with someone.

The entire group had sent through their thoughts. Once I was vertical with a coffee, I read through the conversations in the chat. Each of them had done their own search for him, some of them pulling out articles from Forbes and Time Magazine. It turned out, Mr. Everett Harper was actually more known than I thought. Hailed as a savant in the tech security space, I was going through all the stages of grief at once, knowing he would've rifled through my life if I'd given him my name.

— His picture is hot. Was he as hot IRL? Cristian asked.

— Yeah. Please tell me you exchanged numbers. Jai added.

—Let's not get ahead of ourselves. Bryce probably scared him off. Hugh joked.

It made me giggle.

— I sprinkled glitter on him. I might have scared him TBH. I'm not sure if he was even into me. He complimented the dress, which he stood on, so I need to attack that was a cloth today. But he practically served himself up for me. There was even this halo light from the booth he was in like a character selection screen and he was being hovered over. I blurted out to all of them.

The princess dress and all of its glitter gave me confidence. Outside of that, I was a ball of spiraling anxiety. It might've been because Princess Valeria's kingdom was

made of ice, and everything around was so strong and beautiful.

— Maybe we should've gone last night. Cristian said.

— I wish. I'm at my parents place and they are going through a photo album of all my father's family and their marriages. Jai said.

— Although secretly glad not to be so involved. He added.

Jai's Indian heritage had ties to arranged marriages. He'd openly spoke to us about how if his mother had also been Indian or they lived anywhere else, he might not have felt so comfortable to come out as gay to them.

— We're princesses! I reminded them.

—We get to decide what we do with our lives. At least we do as our alter egos.

It was a massive appeal, especially on days like today when the clouds threatened to plunge the city into those early fall blues. For me, there was one quick fix. Music. I blasted a fast paced mix of pop music beats with the lyrics faded and interpolated into each other. It was a work-in progress mix I was in the middle of, but it was enough to keep my brain from groaning about the mistake I made on passing up Everett.

A quick clean of my apartment and a little rearranging of the draped that kept areas of the open space a little more confined. I also kept a large window open to welcome in the cool breeze after I'd worked up a sweat from all the moving around I'd done.

It was noon and I was out of things to do.

Saturday afternoon and I was sat in my leather beanbag in front of the TV, debating on either video games or TV. I didn't want to do either option, both of them were

going to have the same eventual fate of me growing bored and stalking Everett online more.

I crowdsourced advice, as per usual, and none of them were helpful.

— You could try chaining yourself outside his office building. That way he has to pay attention to you. Hugh obviously wanted the most dramatic option of everything he could think.

— Maybe call the company, ask if he's there. Jai came in.

— It's a Saturday, and he's a CEO, he's not at work. Cristian added to that.

— Alternatively, you could come by the coffee house. It's only a couple blocks away from his office. Hugh actually had a decent idea, which wasn't unusual.

It was an easy decision to make once Cristian said he'd be down to meet for coffee since he'd been to a nearby stationery store for more of the thick glossy card stock we used for our procedurally generated princess RPG.

— Not fair you're all meeting without me. You better not talk about the campaign. Otherwise Princess Zahra will not roll for arcana checks the next time we meet. Jai's obligations outweighed everything else, and we all understood it as part of his culture.

In a tie-dye blue white and green shirt, colors of the gay male pride flag, a happy accident of tie-dying with only two colors. I paired it with a pair of beige cargo pants, the more pockets the better, and some stylish brown Chelsea boots, but all brought together by my olive green parka with the insulated insides and the fluffy white-grey trim on the hood. I was sure to some I looked a mess, but to me, I considered this a full look that had heads turning.

I took the subway, taking the L Line, changing at Broadway to get the A and getting off at Chambers where Hugh was at work in a small coffee house. All in, a forty minute journey where every man I saw in a suit I thought could've been Everett.

The coffee house, named The Roast of Manhattan was popular spot during the week, more so on the weekend, and even heavier when the smell of rain was in the air. From outside, I spotted Cristian seated at a table by the window and relief swept through me.

"Oh my god, I totally forgot this place was going to be packed," I said as my first words to Cristian.

"Don't thank me," he said. "Hugh was fighting people off to save this when I got here like ten minutes ago. Plus, there's a socket. I figured you'd be bringing your laptop to work."

"In this weather," I sighed, glancing out of the window and taking my parka off. "I'm not going to risk it."

Cristian had almost finished his coffee, the foam sticking to the sides of the cup. "I went on a little spree this morning. I bought a new cologne, and it's got this raspberry musk scent to it. Androgynous, unisex, I can use it every day."

"Musky raspberry. Let me have a sniff."

He held his wrist out in front of my face. "I won't blame you for not being able to immediately smell it," he said. "Hugh couldn't, but I think all the coffee has blasted his sense of smell."

It was faint, the smell, but it was nice. "Likely," I said, taking his wrist and really getting my nose in. "It's really Princess Lysa." I let go of him. "You know I prefer

my musky tobacco type scents, the feeling like my head is being cradled in a handsome Daddy's chest." A shiver ran down my back.

"So, I wanna know what you were like when you first met him," he said.

"First, coffee."

Hugh arrived at the table mere seconds after mentioning it. "Made these accidentally, just the way you both like them," he said.

"They're gonna fire you, we can pay for our coffee," I said, attempting to stay hushed. "But thank you."

He sighed, relaxing on the table in a crouch. "Tell us everything," he said. "How did you actually meet? Was he tall? He has tall eyes."

"Tall eyes?" Cristian repeated.

"He's like a little taller than me," I said, unable to hide the excitement. "So, he was behind me in the DJ booth, right. And I was pissed because I hate people in my space like that. He'd like stood on my dress also, which I was double pissed, but trying to keep composure because I was listening for the perfect beat to mix into the song. Anyway, I turned around, and I was tongue-tied. Maybe he'd been hit by a beam of light from the glitterball and highlighted him, but his first words were quiet, but he apologized for standing on me."

"And then you both went into the back room or something and fucked, right?" Hugh said, nodding his head as if willing it into existence.

"No, jeez, then he invited me for a drink, which was non-alcoholic, so I appreciated that, you know, he didn't automatically assume I drank," I said.

“But you do,” Cristian said. “In fact, I’ve seen you single-handedly polish off a bottle of white wine for dinner before, almost like it was a juice box.” He giggled.

Hugh joined in the giggling. “Are you talking about that time we went to Ricco Mora’s the Italian place to celebrate my small stint on Broadway?”

“Oh, here we go,” I laughed. “I don’t think anyone is listening to us, let alone scouting in a coffee house.” Hugh had a habit of mentioning Broadway and acting as frequently as he could possibly when we were out in public, and the busier the place, the more it was mentioned.

“Well, they stopped me from handing out my headshots with attached resumes on them here,” he said. “But continue with your story that doesn’t end in sex.”

“Yes, yes, my sexless story,” I said, dipping a finger into the foamy cappuccino top. “He was there to scout for security blind spots or something, which makes sense, but also, not really cybersecurity, is it?”

Cristian hummed in agreement. “His company website actually mentioned other types of security. You know, his company developed an algorithm that could detect malice on people’s faces. Like through micro expressions.”

“Firstly, he’s mine,” I said.

“Actually, you just said your story ends without sex, not even a hand or a little oral,” Hugh sighed, standing up and stretching, nearly going into a full ballet tiptoe pose.

“But I think he liked me,” I said. “So, yeah, consider him claimed. Anyway, he had this smile that I wanted to get sucked into. And I could feel him want to ask more questions about the dress.”

“You can have him,” Cristian said. “I think it’s a little scary, technology is taking jobs. And don’t get me started on design work. My company has lost like a quarter of business because people are just cutting corners with generative bullshit.” He got a little red in the face, heated by the topic. It was a sore subject, and I felt the same way about music production.

“I think they’re trying to do the same with actors too,” Hugh said. “Well, voice actors. I keep seeing these videos of celebrity voice overs that the celebrity didn’t even say. It’s fucking weird. Ugh. Ok. I’ve got to get back, but I’ll come back over with a muffin you can share soon.”

“Oo I’ll take a brownie,” Cristian said.

“Make that two,” I added. “And charge us. If you lose this job, none of us can take you in.”

Hugh threw his head back and groaned, mumbling something to himself as he walked back to the other people working behind the counter.

“Could you imagine him being fire?” Cristian let out a squeak. “I mean, his closet alone wouldn’t be able to fit anywhere. And you know Jai isn’t taking in strays.”

“Is that a joke about his cat allergy or Hugh becoming a stray?”

He shrugged. “Didn’t he audition for Cats ? So, same thing pretty much.”

It was awful, but funny. “Good job he didn’t hear that.”

“I’ve already made that joke to him,” he said. “Besides, could you imagine if he actually got the job? He’d have been insufferable. I think the universe was blessing us more than anything.”

“It’s not like he’s out of work,” I said, looking around.

Hugh had regular theatre work at a local improv group, and once a year for as long as I’d known him, he’d get a role off Broadway in the ensemble for something. It was always a huge deal and we celebrated accordingly.

“So, finish your story,” Cristian said. “He was there to do security, but hard to believe a CEO would actually do that hands on type of work. Right.”

He was putting words to the thoughts I was scared to say. “It makes me wonder if he’s actually successful, which I don’t mind if he’s not, but it would’ve been a lot of work and effort to leave breadcrumbs around the internet with his name. Right?”

“And he gives you Daddy vibes, right?”

I took a sip of the cappuccino in front of me. I replayed the moment over and over in my mind, I was beginning to wonder if I was retelling myself different details with each passing. I knew that seemed unlikely because of how fresh it was but there was doubt.

“I think so,” I said.

Cristian kicked me under the table. “You need someone to bring you out of that icy shell.”

“Princess Valeria is my icy shell,” I said. “And happy to serve as my front.”

“Princess Valeria needs dick too,” he whispered, turning into a giggle.

As we talked and Hugh brought over the brownies, trying to catch up on what we were talking about before being called back to work, something caught the corner of

my eye from outside the coffee house window. It was a sparkle, a glitter.

Rain came thundering down just as my eyes and brain caught up with the rest of my body.

“It’s him!” I squealed.

A small group of people around us turned to me, all quiet.

“What?” Cristian asked.

“Making a scene,” Hugh whispered. “Proud of you.”

“Fuck. Oh.” My hands were shaky as I clung to the edge of the table. Walking on the other side of the street in the opposite direction on the sidewalk, seemingly embracing the rain, it was him , Everett.”It’s a sign.”

They didn’t even need to encourage me. I left my parka on the chair and ran outside. Rain immediately drenching me. I ran to the crossing and was blessed with the bright green man on the pole allowing me passage.

“Everett!” I shouted.

He didn’t look.

I’d clearly had too much caffeine to realize this wasn’t sane behavior.

Slowly, the man in a suit turned. It was him. It was Everett. He smiled.

Like magnets we were pulled together until meeting on the sidewalk.

“I hope you’re not stalking me,” he said.

“I—”

“You’re getting wet,” he said.

My teeth chattered. “Sorry. I—I saw you, and—”

He removed his suit jacket and placed it above his head and covered me. “I’m not sure if I’m hallucinating,” he laughed.

“What? Why?”

We moved together in a huddle, his body radiating heat that expelled the caramel cologne on his clothes and skin.

“Because I haven’t slept since last night, since I met you,” he said.

“I was kinda cold last night, but I was tired and you had stepped on my dress,” I said.

“I wanted to thank you for the drink, and entertaining me for a little while. I don’t usually know if someone is trying to make advances on me, and I’m not even—”

“Can I take you out on a date?” he asked, blurting.

“When?”

“I want to say right now, but I haven’t been home, and I still have your glitter on me.”

That’s what had caught my eye through the window, almost as if a stray ray of light hit the glitter through the gloom, just to reflect and show me where he was. It was the

halo light above him all over again. And now, the rain, forcing us to cuddle close, I had to thank mother nature for the blessing.

“I don’t have my phone on me,” I said. “I ran from that coffee house over there.” In the distance, Hugh and Cristian had their faces planted to the window. “But before that, I need to know if you—” Even the speed of light. “Do you know The Playhouse Club?”

He smiled that gorgeous smile. “I’ll do you one better. I’m an investor. So, do with that information as you will,” he said.

Scrunching my lips together as I held back the pure bliss of his answer, I knew this was something special. “How about I give you my email, and then we can exchange numbers, or you can come back to the coffee house and we can talk?”

“My card,” he said. “Put your hand in my suit pocket above.”

I reached into his silk lined jacket pocket and pulled out a card stock. Company logo, name and number. “I’ll text you, or call you.”

“Good. Let me walk you back over,” he said. “And then I’ll finally head home. I feel like the universe was telling me something when I decided to work my sleep deprivation off with a walk.”

Under his arm almost, he walked me across the road and back to all the staring faces in the window. Before leaving we stared into each other’s eyes.

“I just want you to know that I’m resisting the urge to kiss you,” he whispered. “I’m very tired, but I hope you’ll accept that admission of my current mental state.”

“That’ll give you something to look forward to on our date,” I said. “Thank you for

covering me, Mr. Everett Harper.”

“My pleasure, princess.”

If all eyes hadn't been on me, I would've been a melted mush. It was a good job I wasn't as dramatic as Hugh, otherwise I'd have been on the ground with each interaction with Everett.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:20 am

It was fate. There was no other way to put it. Although if he had some knowledge about him, he would've been able to put together the clues I'd given him yesterday about who I was, which would've led him to my neighborhood of the city.

Bryce called me immediately, I answered in the rain in the middle of the street. His voice was distance, immediately recognizable as being on speaker phone. I didn't mind it too much, but the entire coffee house seemed to be listening in.

I continued to walk in the direction of my apartment, my jacket on my head now, letting the raindrops slick off easily.

“ So, this is my number. You can save me as Bryce, or princess, and make sure there's a little crown emoji right by my name as well, you know, just in case your phone is full of other Bryce's, ” he said.

“Don't worry, I won't forget you,” I told him. “And with that being said, keep your evening free tomorrow for that date.”

His soft giggle had me on edge, a delicate sound that I desperately needed to have on repeat somewhere. “ I'm at Hive again tonight, if you dare to handle another trip there. ”

“It's not my scene,” I said. “I do prefer the scene where it's just the two of us, a nice dinner, a bottle of wine, and a different type of music.”

“ How about I provide the music if you provide the food. ”

“You don’t want to go to a nice restaurant?”

He giggled again. “ You’re right. I do, and for a man with your connections, I have big expectations. ” He paused often, almost like the group around were coaching him on what to say. I didn’t blame them, or him, I had a flashy suit, quite literally with the glitter still there, and I handed him a company card where an easy search would glean the multi-million deals we were closing.

“Ok. Done. I’ll speak to you later,” I told him as I reached my apartment and the doorman nodded. “Make sure not to burn all your energy tonight though. I’ll need you to save some of it.”

The sound difference when he came off speakerphone was nice. His voice clearer. “ You don’t have to take me anywhere expensive,” he whispered.

“But I do,” I said, waking into the nice, dry foyer of the apartment building. “You’re a princess. You deserve to be treated like a princess.”

As he rushed to say goodbye, I heard him squeal and giggle.

I regretted not asking for a kiss, and maybe he thought the same thing. I was having an out of body experience, not made any better because of the lack of sleep. Half of it felt like a dreamscape where I could fall and find myself in an alternate universe.

My hands were shaking as I looked at the call end screen on my phone. My entire body was shivering, the adrenaline of seeing Bryce out in the wild, while not being completely convinced he hadn’t stalked me, or vice versa. I didn’t know what my subconscious knew about him.

“You’re soaked, Mr. Harper,” Noreen the lady at the front desk said. “You should’ve taken an umbrella out with you.” She was in her sixties, an absolute gem.

“I know, I know,” I said. “But in my defense, I didn’t know it was going to rain.”

“Oh, what are you like,” she said with a chuckle. “Well, now that you’re here, I have a package for you. It arrived this morning but you must’ve been out already.” She walked around her desk area into a tiny backroom.

I didn’t have the heart to tell her this was the first time I was home since last night. I didn’t want to scandalize her. “Thanks,” I said. “You know if there’s anything good in it?”

“You know I don’t check any of the mail,” she called out from the back room. “But it wasn’t big. A small box. Ah.” She went through the motions of what she was doing until coming back out with a small brown box.

“Oh.” It was something I’d ordered online the other day. “Nothing important.”

She clicked her tongue. “Not what I like to hear.”

It was a fancy wine bottle opener, the type that kept the freshness of the wine in the bottle. It had some mechanic that stopped the air getting into the bottle and ruining it, especially if you didn’t finish entire bottles in one sitting. I told her about it. She just looked at me with a wide eyed blank expression and nod.

“Sound wonderful,” she said. “You should get yourself out of those wet clothes. You’ll catch your death in those. Go on.”

Noreen had worked here for as long as I’d owned my apartment. It was a large apartment, all minimalist from what I’d asked of the interior designer. High ceilings, large windows, and the walls were covered in contemporary art. Each piece worth quite a bit of money, but not enough to turn my apartment into an art gallery. Everything was a shade of white-beige, I liked how it gave everything an air of

cleanliness, although the cleaning ladies who came by hated it because every speck of dirt was highlighted. I also had scent diffusers placed around distributing sweet citrus scents.

Immediately kicking my shoes off by the front door and peeling my wet socks off with them, I could finally find some peace. There was no greater stress than the squelch of wet socks. Home was where I could relax, even if it wasn't everyone's idea of relaxation.

Most people considered my space cold or frigid, unable to find comfort in the hard cream leather sofa, or fear of putting drinks on what they might consider an art installation for the coffee table between the sofa and the TV unit pressed flush against the wall.

Undressing out of my wet clothes and heading into the large open kitchen-dining space, I placed my wet shirt, jacket, and slacks each over the back of three different dining chairs.

Grabbing a bottle of wine from the wine cupboard in the kitchen, I used my new gadget, a wine preserver as per the highlighted subtitle on the packaging. The wine of choice was Italian, a bottle of Serragghia Fanino Catarratto Pignatello from 2010. A red wine. I plunged the device through the cork and operated it as instructed, tipping the bottle toward the glass and pressing the release on the device.

It worked a treat. I'd never been a big wine snob, not until taking classes in it. Part of being a CEO was schmoozing other companies, and that meant knowing your wine.

Cherry red in the glass, I swilled it around a little. It had a nice body. I pressed my nose to rim and inhaled. Hint of spice. And the taste. Citrus fruit, like orange, but only slightly. There was a smoothness to it, going down a treat with a tingle of spice on the edges of my tongue as an aftertaste.

I only had the one sip before releasing I needed to eat. After the excitement of my evening into morning and being thrown into an afternoon where I met Bryce again, my nerves were shot. I knew after a single meal and the rest of my wine, I'd be out for the count.

And I wasn't wrong either. After frying up a little steak, boiling a little pasta, and then covering it in an Alfredo sauce. A meal that was quite frankly all over the place. I devoured it all, then found my way to bed where I stayed until nine the next day. I'd never slept for so long, not since I was teen and did all-nighters after playing video games.

My bedroom was the only space that had color to it, and that because I liked to sleep in complete darkness. The furnishings from the bed to the bedding were all black, even the walls were papered in a navy and with flecks of silver pattern the wall in swirls. The designer's choice.

On my bedside table, my phone flashed with notifications.

Saved in my phone under Bryce/Princess and crown emoji, I had several texts from him, starting from late last night.

— I might have stalked you online a bit. I just wanted to tell you. I don't want it weighing on my mind.

—Does that sound weird? I bet you think I'm a stalker now.

—Well, I did admit to stalking. But like online. I didn't know you would be outside. it's where my friend works.

—Oh god. Please disregard what I've said. I'm not weird. I just haven't met anyone who takes the princess thing serious, and I got carried away.

—One last message before I go and jump off a cliff because you clearly think I'm insane already.

—Me again, hi. Let's start over. I'm Bryce and I'm an overthinker. I'm also not super open with my emotions.

—Actually last message, what if I said my friend took my phone and sent you all of that? Would that reset the way you saw me?

It brought a smile to my face. I related to him hard. I was an overthinker and an over blurter. I could see the timestamps for all of it. None of it had woken me, surprisingly. All it did was make me like him more. Bryce was a ball of anxiety, and his Princess Valeria side was the confident one, considering the way I'd seen him in that blue dress the other night with the tiara and wand.

I sat upright in bed and looked around the completely dark room. The one benefit of blackout blinds was never waking to streams of light hitting you. I used the remote by my bed and the blinds retracted up, illuminating the room with another day of clouds.

— That was thoroughly entertaining to wake up to. If you're going to admit to that, I will admit that I had a friend look you up as well, on a computer at work. Don't worry, it didn't reveal any skeletons in your closet. In fact, it revealed what I knew about you all along. You're a sweet, precious princess and my invite to dinner still stands. I hope you'll accept it. I'm also an overthinker, it's a blessing and a curse. Thank you for blessing me with that information about you.

It took me a moment to craft the message. Going back and forth trying to find the right words to say to him. The truth was, I'd never been more drawn to someone the way I had been to him. I hadn't been behind him at the nightclub for no reason. Part of it was to see him viewpoint, and another point was to be close. It's not every day you see someone in a poofy blue princess dress hyping up a club of people and sprinkling

glitter on them. I was a sucker for the infectious energy had had over them.

Bryce messaged me back, although I was in the shower at the time, discovering glitter on my arms. He'd really gone to town with those shakes on me. And when I thought I'd washed them all away, another caught my eye in the overhead lighting.

His message was broken up in several shorter messages. Maybe a sign of our age difference.

— Are you fucking with me?

—I mean, I bet you think I'm an absolute mess.

—I'm not a mess, I promise. I just don't do emotions.

—Sorry. I do emotions, but they're overwhelming.

—Overwhelming because I like to know what people are thinking at all times.

—If that's something you're like, it's not for me, then ok, cool, we can just lose each other's numbers.

—Now it sounds like I'm trying to convince you not to date me.

—That's not it! I want to go on a date with you.

—Ahhhhhh! Brain be quiet.

It was genuinely nice to see the raw emotions come right out of him, out of anyone really, but specifically him. It was refreshing.

Drying my hands off first to message back.

— Relax. Being overwhelmed is natural. I want to take you on a date. But you've got to save some stuff for me to find out for myself. But since you've offered so much of yourself up already, I'll let you know that I was in therapy for years for mental health reasons, and through that, I've come out stronger.

I never told anyone about my mental health stuff, but I needed him to know that I related to what was happening in his brain right now. That anxious need to overshare in order to assuage the anxiety beast.

— Thank you. But you're you, sorry, I deep dived you online. And I've not been on a date in years. He sent.

— I'm the one who should be anxious because you're a princess. I don't know how I'll be able to impress you. And the last date I went on wasn't actually a date but someone trying to get a job at my company. I sent back.

Bryce was a relative stranger, but Daniel said he hadn't seen anything worrying on the search, so I didn't feel too scared to share more about myself with him.

I finished drying myself as three dots appeared in the corner of the texting app. Bryce might've been compiling his thoughts before spilling them all now.

The lights above my mirror was warming, almost like a ray of sunshine themselves. They were part of a plan to help alleviate potential seasonal affective disorder. They paired well with blue light therapy too.

— Don't worry about that. I have a job. I'm gonna stop screaming my every thought at you now. Let me know when and where to show up tonight.

—I will do. Also, I still have glitter on me. But I’m not mad about it.

A couple of years ago, someone posted an article online about me and my company losing it’s sparkle. It was safe to say I’d found it again, but that was something published by a company trying to build their reputation on the back of putting mine down.

Just as I was caught reflecting, a call came through from Mark, my COO. He’d heard that I’d loaned Daniel money and then given him work. The two of them butted heads often at the company, which was a spot of contention and I was in the middle of it.

I changed the topic, telling Mark about my date.

“ Seriously?” he responded.

On speakerphone as I applied moisturizers to my skin and tried not to get up close and personal with every pore on my face. “Yes. You remember I went to the nightclub.”

“I offered,” he said. “Before you start.”

“You were going Upstate,” I reminded him. “And I didn’t need Gen bringing me a bottle of passive aggressive bodega wine to the next dinner I had you over for.”

He laughed. “Gen would never. Except for one time. And in her defense, You added extra salt to her food.”

It had happened once, and I never wanted it to happen again. I loved Mark and Gen, they were the epitome of a perfect couple together. And she actually made it up to me with a special vintage wine the following week.

“Anyway, back to this date,” he said. “Who is he? I know how you met, but was he in the crowd or was he the manager? Although I thought that was a woman.” I could hear his tone become pointed.

“He’s a DJ and a music producer,” I said.

“I can’t picture it. Someone that cool, there’s got to be a catch,” he said, continuing to laugh. “Did you lie and tell him you were into his type of music as well?”

My sex life and areas of kink I was into weren’t public knowledge, even within my small friend group. Looking at myself in the mirror, I didn’t have an immediate response. “The beat of the music was good,” I said. “You know I listen to that sort of stuff when I’m working.”

“Oh the lo-fi stuff,” he said. “Honestly, I’m glad you’ve got a date. You might quit going into the office on the weekends.”

“I’m not going to get carried away with it,” I told him. “And I’ll work whenever I want to work.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m just saying and I have been for years, a relationship or a hobby would be good for you.”

It was true. I had tried both, but hobbies were a pain because I needed to be an expert in them overnight, and relationships were worse because I never found the perfect middle ground with them. I needed someone to play with, and not all types of play are for everyone. But I had high hopes that Bryce was into my type of play, and that was a hope I clung to currently.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:20 am

The moment Everett messaged me with the location and time of our date, I went back into panic mode. I'd been spiraling slightly this morning. I rarely stayed at the club after my set, but last night, I'd sat around and had a couple cocktails. One of my favorite DJs, DJ A-Swiss was playing, she was incredible, and I might've been biased because we shared a similar taste in music from the 90s to 00s, around the time I was a kid.

— Le D'Or Blanc. I sent into the group chat.

— Babes! I'm coming over. Cristian immediately sent back.

— That's a boujie place! Have you got the funds? Hugh asked.

—I wish I could come over and help you get ready but Sunday is improv night. He continued.

Jai was typing. I wasn't expecting any of them to come over.

— Wow. I'm getting the train now. Do you have a suit to wear?

That panic was right there, daring me to spin out of control.

— I have that one suit and that one designer shirt. I sent back.

We had a couple of hours until I was supposed to be collected in a car. Another detail I'd left out of the group chat. We'd all seen the articles about Everett at this point. A man with that much money was going out of his way to pull me into his life, and take me

to a fancy dinner. It was one way to treat me like a princess, I suppose, but I was far removed from an actual princesses world where things like exclusive restaurants and car services came into play.

Cristian was first to arrive, carrying a garment bag in his arms, and two coffees in a carton holder. “You have one opportunity to make an impression,” he said. “As my mom says, put your assets in their face and they’ll forget your flaws.” He chuckled. A saying I’d heard before, we’d all heard it. His mom was a huge supporter. She was probably on the sidelines rooting and reminding us to wear clean underwear, or better yet, fresh out of the box underwear.

I took a coffee and slumped myself into the leather bean bag. “Yesterday, I don’t know who that was, but someone took over me. I’d like to think it was Princess Valeria, doing me an absolute solid. You know, running out there into the rain and—”

“I know,” he said. Behind me, Cristian peeled the drapery back to reveal my bedroom. “I watched it. I’m still in shock. You know, I’m the one with Latin blood, I should be out there wearing my heart on my sleeve and making big gestures to get into the pants of hot, handsome, rich men.” He gently placed the garment bag down. “Now. I brought over two suits. You’re a couple inches taller than me, but that’s fine because the hem of the slacks are rolled and pinned up anyway.”

Sipping my coffee, I knew it wasn’t a good idea. I’d already nearly given myself a coronary this morning reading back the texts I’d sent to Everett. “I do have a suit, but it’s a couple years old.”

Cristian snapped his fingers. “Get up,” he said. “These suits are thrifted from a place on the Upper East Side, designer, maybe even vintage. So, let me see which one looks better on you. One is darker than the other. I don’t want the color to wash you out.”

I sighed, taking heavy steps toward my bed. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“I don’t know, but I know it wouldn’t be as fun,” he said, clicking his fingers at me some more. I had to be stood straight for his fitting.

Cristian loved to play around with fabrics and design. We all liked to play at it, which is one of the reasons we could get such beautifully crafted princess gowns, but Cristian had an eye for it, again, his mom’s influence.

“I’m jealous,” he mumbled, pulling a tape to measure the inside of my leg. “I’ve been on all the dating apps for the longest time. I just need someone.”

“You need a Daddy,” I told him. “We all do.”

“I will find one, eventually, but I want one now.”

“The moment you stop looking, one of them might fall into your lap.” I clung to the coffee in my hands, both for the warmth and the jittery chaos energy it caused inside. “But I don’t even know if Everett is into that life.”

“He knows about the Playhouse Club.”

That was true. Half of me assumed he knew because he was a rich, gay, businessman. If he didn’t know about it, I might’ve been a little worried. It didn’t mean he was interested in the lifestyle, but it also meant he might be. I tried not getting carried away with my thoughts. There were too many of them to keep track of.

“Are you going to take anything with you?” he asked, finishing his quick measure of my body. “Is this an overnight thing?”

“Oh god. What if it is? I won’t be able to eat. I should probably go find some fiber tablets. You know, I have some somewhere. And I’ll need to clean out .”

Cristian took the coffee from me. “Okay. Enough of that.”

On cue, Jai buzzed, arriving at the apartment. He had a garment bag slung over a shoulder and a couple of his father’s homemade samosas. He shook the Tupperware in my direction like I was a cat being called over for a treat.

“I can’t even eat them,” I sighed.

“Why?” he asked, placing the second garment bag on my bed. “Some more shirt options.”

“Because he might be getting laid tonight,” Cristian said.

Jai laughed. “That’s not very princess behavior,” he said. “I’ll put them in your fridge.” He called out from the kitchen area. “You have absolutely nothing in here. What have you been eating?”

“I’ve been working,” I called back to him. “I’ve been living off grilled cheeses.”

A gasp came from the kitchen. “And pizza! Oh god. Did you devour a full twelve inch pizza last night?”

Cristian and I locked eyes before bursting into laughter.

Jai came back into view, carrying the large empty cardboard pizza box. “This is not healthy,” he said.

“It’s not that,” I said, feeling my warm cheeks from laughter. “It’s the twelve inches.”

“The only twelve inches I’ve seen lately is on a computer screen,” Cristian said, making prayer hands. “I’m not a size princess, but I bet it feels good taking that much meat. Right? I wonder what the prep for monster that size is.”

“Maybe it can part of the next campaign,” Jai suggested. “I know I’d like to go up against a beastly with tentacles.” He let out an exaggerated moan. “Speaking of. This man better not get in the way of our regularly scheduled hangs. And I include Wednesday evening when we princess pillow fort. I know it’s not an officially schedule hang, but we usually do.”

It had been a while since any of us had been in a relationship, so he was getting a little carried away. This was just a date. Nobody had to go out picking fabrics for the wedding just yet.

We had a couple hours to get me ready for the date. It might’ve seemed like a long time to get ready, but in reality, when anxiety was involved, time flew by and there was no stopping that beast once it was on the tracks zooming forward fast.

I wore one of Jai’s shirts, it was the nicest, and one of Cristian’s suits.

All three of us huddled around the mirror as I looked at myself.

“I’m a miracle worker,” Cristian said.

“It’s weird,” Jai grumbled. “It’s weird seeing you look so formal. Like, I couldn’t imagine you in an office setting either. You’ve just get that laid back, hoodie and sweats vibe.”

“Is that a read?” I asked.

Cristian snapped his fingers. “If it sounds like a read, then I’m—”

“No,” Jai interrupted him. “It’s just that you never wear this sort of stuff.”

There was an uncomfortableness to the clothes, and the more I thought about it, the more they started to itch. Thankfully, there was no tie in this scenario, or I might’ve thought I was being choked as well. “Someone go get me the wine,” I said. “I need a little something before I go.”

As Cristian went off to grab the cheap wine he’d brought over. I glanced at Jai in the mirror.

“You’re gonna be fine,” he said. “The astrology app told me to fake it til’ I make it the other day, so I’ll say that to you.”

My phone buzzed on my bed. It was a text from Everett.

— The car will be at your apartment to pick you up in twenty minutes. If it’s too much, let me know, I didn’t want you getting the subway all this way.

I read it aloud as Cristian poured wine into pink princess cups and Jai laid on my bed and played with a single stray peacock feather.

“Just how much money does he have like in his bank account?” Jai asked.

“Don’t ask him,” Cristian said, handing me a plastic cup. “He’s employed. Which is more than can be said for some of our exes.”

“It’s just a date,” I reminded myself. “We might not even be compatible.”

As much as the friendship group was like having multiple versions of myself around, they were great at being distractions, but sometimes helpless about putting my mind in a different direction.

The wine was sharp and acidic, I drank it quick. “Princess Valeria give me strength.”

Before the twenty minutes were up, I did a final check. “Teeth brushed, cologne on, not too strong, someone sniff me,” I said. “I’ve got my keys, wallet, ID, and phone.” I pulled my phone from the suit pocket.

“Location share,” Jai said, snatching the phone from my hand. He placed it in front of my face to unlock it. “Just so we know where you’re going.”

“Smells good,” Cristian said. “Also, don’t let him keep topping your drinks up. Make sure to always have water on the table. Oh, and an umbrella, in case you have to leave and it rains.”

Jai slipped the phone back into the inside jacket pocket

“And what would Hugh say?” I laughed.

“Jazz hands!” they said together. It wasn’t so much Hugh said that phrase, but his favorite emoji was the two hands in that gesture.

The moment I received the text to tell me the car was waiting outside, I sensed Princess Valeria coming through me, telling me to be strong and if it didn’t go anywhere, I wasn’t losing anything. In fact, if it all went wrong, I’d send him an exaggerated invoice for the cleaning on the princess dress he’d stood on.

It was a fancy black car with cream interior. It had that new car smell. And I was glad I pulled out my formal black dress shoes, even if they were currently killing my ankles and heels. They’d been worn a maximum of three times. I hadn’t learned my lesson.

Cristian and Jai waved me off like parents. I glanced back to see them part ways.

The driver in his fancy hat looked to me in the rear view mirror. He nodded. “We’ll be at the location in thirty minutes,” he said before the partition lifted between us.

Everett had texted me again, making sure I’d gotten in the car.

— Let me know if any of this makes you feel uncomfortable. He added.

It took me a moment to formulate a response. I didn’t want to come across as ungrateful. This man was about to show me a really good time in an exclusive restaurant I’d never be able to get into.

— My feet hurt. But the shoes were the smartest I owned. I told him.

— You can take them off when you’re inside. Maybe I shouldn’t have picked somewhere with a dress code. He sent.

— Not unless that dress code was princess chic.

He sent a heart reaction to the text.

— Second date idea can be all yours. He sent.

—First date hasn’t even started yet and you’re talking about a second.

It was nice. It gave me butterflies from reassurance. I felt like he knew what he was doing, and that was a Daddy’s job. I just hope he knew that.

We reached the destination. A gorgeous Upper East Side street. There was something in the air about the part of Manhattan, perhaps it was the faux riches in their fancy parfums, or even the real riches, maybe it was just the threat of rain yet to descend here like it had done already on the rest of the city.

Everett was waiting for me under the awning of the entrance. He had his gray trench coat over an arm, probably to show off how fancy and tailored to within an inch of its life his suit was. It hugged him in all the right places. I couldn't pick a focal point, but the bulge was right there on display.

"I'm glad you made it," he said, holding a hand out to me.

"You sent a car, it was pretty easy," I said, taking his hand. He swooped his arm under mine and we turned to enter as the doorman welcomed us inside.

"I hope you're ok to walk to the top floor," he said.

"What? There's no elevator?" I clung harder to his arm.

"I'm joking. I mean, it is on the top floor, but we'll get the elevator up."

I puffed out all the air in my chest. "It was either that, or—"

"I'd carry you," he said, on the same page as me.

The restaurant was at the top of a building and I held Everett's hand all the way up. It was the two of us and a man pushing the buttons in there. I didn't want to say anything while there was someone listening, but I had so many thoughts and not a single one of them needed to be heard by an audience. I'd never been in somewhere so rich before. I caught Everett's eyes on me in the mirrored elevator. I'd been smiling, but not for the reason he might've thought. I'd played at a lot of venues, and they were all so grungy and industrial.

The doors opened with a ding and an announcement. 'Welcome to Le D'Or Blanc' in a robotic voice. The same words were repeated once more by a woman who greeted us. It was dim outside the elevator with spotlights illuminating spots on the walls and

barely making the ground beneath our feet visible. I was a fish out of water, on dry land and flip flopping around.

“Mr. Harper,” she said. “I’m Jeannie, your personal attendant tonight. I have a booth for you waiting. If you’d follow me.”

I glanced at Everett, my jaw almost locking as my teeth grit with the reestablished pain in the back of my ankles. I didn’t let him know I was in pain, but if I forced my jaw down any harder, I feared I’d force myself into an unbearable headache.

Every place setting was inside a booth and each booth faced out to the open views of Central Park. Small rainbow refracting chandeliers hung above each booth as well, throwing down a colorful dance of light over everything within range.

We were seated at a table with a bucket and ice, a bottle of champagne and two glasses beside it. The booth was a plush purple velvet that excited my fingers as I ran them across it. Everett scooted closer.

Jeannie took the bottle. “Complimentary Dom Perignon,” she said, pulling a small cloth from a pocket. “I would like to let you known about our special being served today. Chef is calling it imperial fantasy. It is a Matsuzaka wagyu and bluefin toro duo, delicately seared and presented together. It is paired perfectly with a truffle foam, a yuzu-soy reduction, and black truffle shaving.”

I stared at her slack-jawed. Only half of her words went in my brain. “Is there a translation anywhere for people who don’t know what that mean?” I asked.

She smiled, popping the cork of the champagne into the cloth with a tiny bang. “It’s a meat and fish tasting dish, but please, take a look at the menu and I’ll be happy to answer any of your questions.”

In front of us there was a small black binder that blended into the darkness of the table cloth, mostly only visible through the candle and the crossing of the chandelier light.

“I can also answer them for you,” Everett said. “I come here frequently.”

We were from two different worlds. I opened the menu to see four items listed on each page. Not a single mention of price, and more of the fancy words Jeannie had been throwing around. She poured the drinks into our champagne flutes before giving us a moment to look at the menu.

“It’s so dark in here,” I whispered to him.

“I’ll ask another candle,” he said. “It’s supposed to be intimate.”

“You come here all the time?”

“Alone,” he said, slipping his hand into mine. “The view of the sun setting in the city is beautiful from this view. Watching the sky go through all those colors. Shame it’s so dark and gloomy outside, otherwise I might’ve scored some points.”

“Points?”

“Yeah, brownie points,” he chuckled. “I should’ve asked you where you wanted to go, but I wanted to show this place off. I guess that negates some of the points, feels like bragging now.”

“And the menu has no prices either,” I grumbled.

He squeezed my hand lightly, pulling my gaze in his direction. “You don’t have to worry about that,” he said. “A princess never pays for dinner.”

He had the right words to settle me somewhat. “You don’t have to.”

“I do. You searched for me online. You know. Besides, what good is money if I can’t give a princess what they deserve. Shall we drink to that?”

The champagne went down so smooth. I nearly finished the glass off. “Can we also get some water?” I asked him. “My friends said I should stay hydrated too.”

“Good call. I’ll make sure we get some. Let’s look at the menu. I’ll let you know what’s good. Some things they sell, I don’t agree with, like the foie gras. It’s awful. And I also don’t get the appeal of caviar either. It’s like those drinks they sell with the tapioca pearls, but salty.”

As we went through the menu together, I could tell Everett was actually just like me, we chuckled about the same things, especially the wording of some of the dishes and how they made them sound majorly fancy.

“They do that to charge extra,” he whispered to me just as Jeannie came back.

“How’s the champagne?” she asked.

“Great. Thank you,” he answered on behalf of us both. “Could we have a pitcher of water too? Tomorrow is a work day and I’d like to see it without a hangover.”

“Of course,” she said, beaming her service smile back at us. “And the menu. The chef has informed me we also have a king crab and beluga caviar, these are Alaskan king crab legs paired with Beluga caviar, resting on a saffron and champagne-infused risotto with edible 24-karat gold leaf.”

Everett took over, it was nice to give him control. “Thank you,” he said. “I’ll be having the lobster carpaccio, he’ll have the truffled artichoke and parmesan soup,

then we'll take two of the A5 wagyu beef fillet. I'd also like to know which red wine you feel would pair best. I noticed you had a Domaine de La Romanee-Conti 2005 and a Petrus 1995."

Again, more words that went right over my head.

"The Romanee-Conti Grand Cru is an earthier red, while the Petrus has a sweeter, velvety taste," she said. "If you're looking to pair something with the wagyu, I would suggest the Romanee-Conti."

"Perfect," he said, closing his menu. "Oh, and dessert has to be the golden chocolate sphere, just the one though."

She collected the two menus and left.

"Just one?" I asked him.

"I'm hoping you'll share," he said. "It's a large portion."

"Only if I can take my shoes off," I said, feeling the back of them continue biting into my heel. "I think they might have made me bleed too."

He whipped a napkin from the table. "I can't have that," he said. "Lift your feet up. I want to see. I told you I'd carry you if I needed to." He flashed a smile as the chandelier lights tickled across his face. "Or attempt to carry you."

Sitting my feet on Everett's lap, I was nervous waiting for Jeannie to arrive. "It feels much better not being in those shoes."

"I see one problem," he said. "Your choice of socks. What are these?"

“They’re my invisible socks. They’re in fashion. Or they were.”

“Well, aren’t you the most adorable thing,” he said, tying the spare napkins around my ankles.

“Me or the socks?”

He winked. “You decide, princess.”

If he did that, I couldn’t be blamed for the actions I would take, or the table that would be ruined from jumping on to get to him. I still needed clarity on things from him, like how far he was willing to take this princess thing, and whether it was just a playful pet name, or he actually knew how to make me his little princess.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

I regretted showing off a little with the fancy restaurant and all of the lavishness it brought. In the moment, still on the high of not having slept, I'd thought it was the greatest idea. Bryce was a princess and a princess deserved to be treated to the best wines and food the city had to offer, but Bryce was visibly uncomfortable in the constriction of the clothes and the tight shoes he'd had on his feet had done a number on him too.

Once our starters and glasses of red taster wines were introduced into the mix, conversation flowed, loosening the idea that everything had to be perfect. Bryce unbuckled his belt and untucked his shirt. The jackets had already been taken off and hooked to the exterior of the booth.

"This food is amazing," he said, licking his spoon clean. "I've never been a soup person, well, except for tomato soup and that's usually served with grilled cheese. In fact, my diet consists mostly of grilled cheeses."

"Mine is mostly pasta," I told him. "I don't make it from scratch, but I do buy fresh. I tried a cooking class once but I'm the type of person who makes their entire personality whatever it is they're doing. So, I nearly quit working on this facial scanning software to just make pasta in my apartment full-time."

"What?" I laughed and snorted. "Serious?"

"Semi-serious," I said. "It's my company, I could take as much time off, and some people wish I would."

"You work a lot then?"

“My friends say I need to work on my social life,” I admitted under the influence of the champagne and red wine.

“Is that why you were eager to go on a date with me?”

“Honestly, I hadn’t even thought about what they had to say about my lack of social life until just now.” It was partly true. Sophie had mentioned it to me yesterday. “When I saw you DJ-ing on Friday, I knew I needed to know more. You were on stage in a dress with a tiara, and the crowd love you, sprinkling glitter at them. I lied to the venue manager about needed to be on the stage area to scope the place. I just wanted to see what it all looked like from your eyes. The people. I bet your social calendar is busy.”

He took his glass of champagne, not quite a fan of the red wine I’d noticed. “It is a high on stage being in the zone, the only issue is when people come into my space and stand on my dress. Was that to get my attention?”

“No, well, not on purpose,” I told him.

Bryce tapped the rim of his glass to mine, forcing me to drink. It was bad luck not to drink when that happened. “As for my social calendar, I work Friday and Saturday night, and some weekdays. Well, that’s actually a work calendar. I have a small friendship group. We hang every Friday and Wednesday. Friday is our games night which is an amalgamation of Dungeons and Dragons and some other RPGs, we’re all princesses, so we fight monsters and things depending on the campaign. Then, Wednesdays are tea parties, which is less intensive, and more of a fun play.”

I reached out to hold his hand. “Like age regression play?”

He nodded. “Sometimes. We don’t label it. It’s just a place of make believe and pretend, so whatever that would be classified as, littles, or boys, perhaps.”

There was a shared sigh of relief between our bodies. “I wanted to ask that since I saw you, sometimes I don’t know if someone is dressing up to get eyes on them, or if it’s a part of who they are.”

Bryce shuffled up closer to me, his leg overlapping mine. “And what’s the verdict.”

I placed a hand on his face, caressing the defined curvature of his jaw. “You’re a princess, and you’re searching for your King, or perhaps a Daddy.”

Immediately his lips locked with mine. “Daddy,” he whispered, pushing his leg between mine and then hooking the back of it. “I knew you were.”

We exchanged a couple kisses. Both my hands on his head, I stared at him. “I thought I was being obvious about it,” I said. “The Playhouse Club. I thought that was going to be the giveaway in all of it.”

“You’re a businessman,” he said. “I don’t know what you invest in.”

I suppose that was true. I had invested in a lot of companies that weren’t my typical thing, but only because I had Mark who recommended regularly business that he thought were good investments. He was the one that went to business school after all.

Jeannie came back and cleaned the plates from our starters away. “I know I recommended a red wine, but if you’d like to choose between any of the ones I recommended, I can get those sorted for you with your next course.”

“Your recommendation was great,” I said, lowering my hands from Bryce’s face, but desperate to touch his cute blond stubbly face again.

“I actually think I preferred the sweeter one,” he said, his confidence growing. “If that’s ok.”

“A bottle of both,” I said.

“You don’t—” Bryce started.

“Please,” I continued. “We’ll take one of each.”

She left with the plates and a smile. “Of course, sir.”

“I can’t let you pay for a bottle of wine I’m not going to finish,” he said. “How much is it?”

“Firstly, I enjoyed it, and secondly, I don’t think we should talk about that.” I knew how much it was, ballpark figure at least, and I knew money was a sore spot for many people. The last thing I wanted was to turn this situation into an uncomfortable one. As a good Daddy, it was my responsibility to protect and provide.

“Pretty please, just tell me,” he said, pouting. Already putting that princess card to use. “Or I’ll search for it online and I can find out that way.”

“Restaurants add a premium to their bottles, so you wouldn’t see an accurate figure,” I told him. “And I wouldn’t let you pay for it. In fact, give me your wallet, I won’t let you even attempt it.”

He looked at me, his eyes blinking slowly as he continued to pout. “I’m curious.”

“Upwards of ten thousand a bottle,” I said, unable to resist his charm.

Bryce’s immediate response was to burst out into a fit of giggles. “Oh god. Well, I don’t even have that available in credit, so don’t you worry about me trying to pay any of it.”

“And this is why I don’t mention money.” I wanted to tell him that once you had a certain amount, it didn’t feel real. I’d been told I was out of touch with reality once before, and that threw me back into place. My relationship with money had been strange. There were periods of time I didn’t dare spend a penny of it in case someone said, we’ve made a mistake, that money wasn’t meant for you .

“Thank you for being honest about it,” he said. “I have to keep reminding myself that people come here basically to throw money at the experience, right?”

“You can’t see it, but it’s a hot bed for celebrities and politicians too,” I told him. “They’re also paying for the privacy.”

“My friends are going to be so jealous,” he said. “When she brings out the next bottle, I’m going to take a picture to send to them.”

I took his hand. “They tell people not to take pictures in here.”

And in return, he offered up his adorable pout. “I won’t use a flash. But also, are you saying we can’t take a picture together?”

“Together?”

“I mean, my friends will want an update,” he said. “And they’ve really only got your headshots online to go off. I like the way you look in this light. You’re really hot.”

His words had started to get me a little hot under the collar. “I am?”

With his leg still hooked around mine, he tugged on it. “But a hot Daddy would let me take a picture of us together,” he said. “And since I am a princess, you should let me.”

I leaned in and gave him a kiss. “You’d already convinced me when you said you thought I was hot,” I said. “And I’m a little nervous about all your friends.”

“You only have to worry if you try and take me away from our Wednesday or Friday princess parties,” he said, pulling his phone out of his slacks. “If you’re not going to do either of those things, then they’ll like you, as long as I like you. And I do.”

“Then make it quick,” I whispered, my face close to his as I pressed my lips into his stubble. It was like applying a sugar scrub to my lips. It made me desperate to keep doing it for the textural sensation.

Bryce took the picture, without flash as I was kissing his cheek. He showed me it, we were mostly in darkness with two candles framing our faces and the glint of rainbow from the chandelier prism above our heads. It might’ve been the wine brain, but I was ready to have it framed and hung in my living room.

“You can just about make both of our faces out,” he said.

“Send me it,” I told him. “I have friends I wanna show I can do things outside of work to as well.”

“Oh, you sound so determined,” he giggled. “I liked it when you sound like that.”

Bryce’s phone buzzed a couple times after his text was sent to his friends.

“Popular,” I said. I’d sent it to Mark and Daniel, telling them I was on that date. Mark was telling me to enjoy myself and take tomorrow off. Daniel was telling me not to drink too much and make sure I was still in work tomorrow, he didn’t want to deal with Mark.

As things stood, I didn’t know where this was going, but if it was going through the

night, I could be sure that I'd be late to work. I could've probably been sure of that now since we were getting two bottles of wine to the table.

"My friends reminded me to keep drinking water," he said. "I told them about the expensive bottle of wine."

"Oh no, don't tell me what they said." I could already imagine their comments. It was what I'd told myself. This could've paid for a year of rent, or something along those lines.

"They asked when they were getting a bottle," he said.

"If we don't finish it, we can take it for them," I said, feeling myself getting carried away. "I mean, you can take it. I don't want to assume anything about where—"

He placed his cool hand at my face under my chin, his fingers pinched at my mouth, making me pout. "My friend does this to me when I'm speaking myself in circles," he said. "Except, I really wanna kiss you like this."

"Oh, do I look attractive like this?" I asked through the limited movement of my lips.

"Or I'm just searching for a reason to kiss you again. And try discover what that scent is on you." He leaned in and kissed me. "I can't place it." He removed his hand.

"It's my moisturizer," I told him. "It's scented with a spice that helps stimulate the skin. It keeps it from getting dry and red in the colder months. One of the wonders of aging. An absolute pain in the ass."

Bryce's big eyes grew wider at the word, but before either of us could hoke about the word ass, Jeannie was back at the table with wine, not long before arriving with our main course.

It had felt like having a first date all over again, there were moments when that wasn't the case, like wrapping his ankles with napkins, and taking control over the menu, but making sure to order what he'd wanted. I wasn't going to force any of the fancy food on him. I didn't force it on myself either. But the wagyu was basically steak and mashed potatoes, with some extras and it tasted unlike the meal my mom would make, most notably because of where the beef came from.

Bryce moaned from his first bite. "Fuck," he let out.

"It's that good?"

"It has to be illegal," he said, holding another slice of wagyu on a fork. "I wanna marry it."

"Wow. Our first date and you're proposing to a piece of meat," I joked. "I'd say I was hurt, but I feel the same way. It's delicious."

"And what's in these potatoes?"

"Truffle, I think."

"I wanna marry that as well."

"Hold on, princess, you've got to save room for dessert," I reminded him.

"We're sharing that. A threesome," he giggled.

I wasn't sure if he was making a comment about himself. "I'm a monogamous man myself," I said, throwing it out there. "I can only handle one princess at a time."

"Oh yeah, me too. But if you don't want to share dessert with me, that's fine."

“No, I do.” Although I couldn’t think of that right now. My tongue was still dissecting all the flavors of the meal, washing it down with wine and overwhelming my palette. If my tongue could orgasm, it would have done so.

By the time we finished, we’d each drank a glass and a half of our respective bottles of red wine. It was the most fun I’d had in a long time. I had been worried this would go awfully, considering the music offering was smooth jazz in the background and formal clothes.

“I’m stuffed,” Bryce said. “You might have to roll me home.”

“I live closer,” I said.

He perked up slightly. “But all my things are at home.”

“Are you—” I paused. I was clearly the king of mixed signals. “We still have dessert yet before we think about that. But I’d be happy to continue this.”

He nodded. “As long as you’re happy coming to Bushwick.”

“If it’s for you, then absolutely.”

“I can show you my other dresses,” he said, grabbing his glass of water. “But warning. I live in a fairly open plan apartment and it’s kinda industrial, so it might be very different to what you’re used to.”

I didn’t mind what his place looked like, as long as we got to continue this somewhere else. And somewhere he felt comfortable was a massive bonus all-around. I wanted my princess to be comfortable.

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The natural progression of a date was to go to either his place, or mine. And I knew already I didn't want to be in someone else's apartment, even this place would probably have panoramic views and be worth millions of dollars.

Dessert was a performance piece almost, the chocolate sphere came out with it's gold flakes covering it. Jeannie poured the hot sauce across it in a pattern, melting it all and revealing the pistachio and caramel insides.

I didn't know if Everett, or Daddy thought he was going to be getting lucky tonight, but I'd eaten more than I'd told myself to. I suppose I didn't have a choice, from the starter, I was hooked, licking every utensil clean like I could get anything from it to linger on my tongue.

Once it was over, I didn't see him pay or anything, we just left for a car he said was waiting. With my shoes on, standing on the backs of them, and the lightly blooded cloth napkins stuffed into my suit pocket, we were both spent.

In the back of the car, we held hands and he had my legs across his legs. My shoes hanging on by the tips of my toes.

"How was that?" he asked.

"I can honestly say I've never experience anything like it," I said, resting my head back on the comfortable car interior. "I feel like a real princess after that."

"And we got through all that wine," he reminded me. "I hope you didn't tell your friends you might've brought something back."

I'd spaced on even taking the picture of the label, let alone telling them they might find their lips at the tasting end of a ten-thousand bottle. "No, just the picture," I said. "I think it looks really cute."

Everett took his phone out. "Your smile is so cute."

"No, yours is."

"And I like the way you make my lips feel."

I giggled. "How do they feel?"

"Maybe I can show you." He kissed me, but I don't think the feeling transferred. He made my lips needy, begging for a second and third kiss. "Or I can show you later how they really make me feel?"

My legs were over his lap. I had a clue to how they made him feel, and I wasn't mad about it either. "Are you being naughty?"

"I'd never be naughty." He placed his hand on my leg, directing it almost across his cock to feel the chub hardening in his slacks. "Well, maybe a little."

My cock was getting harder too, mostly because I needed to pee, and it seemed like the best defense against pissing myself. "I need to use the toilet," I whispered. "I know I should've gone earlier."

"It's ok. I should've asked."

"If you can't hold it, we can pull up somewhere and find a restaurant or something," he said.

I pressed a hand against my crotch. “I think I can hold it.”

Everett placed his hand over mine. “If it gets too much, I can hold it too.”

A giggle came out, and if I’d laughed any harder, I might’ve wet myself. “I don’t think it works like that,” I told him.

I lasted the journey back to my apartment, making excuses and apologizing for the mess my apartment was going to be in. The moment the elevator dropped, I raced to the door, jammed my key in the lock and nearly brute forced it open. Not my finest moment. I ran to the bathroom, and that’s when I realized how much I’d had to drink. The bright light against the stark white tile. I chuckled it off, kicking the slacks off, and then folding them because they weren’t mine. I’d been in the bathroom for a while, examining myself in the unbuttoned shirt and my tight white briefs.

“Hope everything is ok in there?” Everett asked. “I love your place. You really prepared me for the worst. But it’s actually nice.”

“I’m in my underwear,” I called out. “Um.”

“Oh. I—”

“I needed to get undressed and I didn’t have anything to change into.”

“I can go hide behind a drape somewhere so you can come out and get changed,” he said, his voice growing distant.

“No, it’s fine. I’m just warning you that I’m almost naked,” I said. If there was ever a way to come onto someone, coming out of the bathroom would’ve been high on that list. I just didn’t want to give him that first lasting impression of me.

“Well, I’ll look away,” he said.

“You can look at me,” I told him. “Besides, the shirt covers a lot of it anyway.”

“I’m gonna sit on your sofa.”

I could recount in a single hand the number of guys I’d brought back here, and most of them were just flings where the itch of certain things wasn’t scratched. So, I was nervous now that Everett was here and promised me all the things I’d been feeling strongly about for the longest time.

The way the apartment was positioned, I had a view of the sofa from the open bathroom and the back of Everett’s head. He seemed tempted to turn, paying attention to the patter of my feet on the floor behind him. I got on my knees behind the sofa and placed my hands around his face and eyes.

“They’re cold,” he said.

“I washed them,” I told him.

“Good boy,” he said, rubbing his warmer hands against mine. “Or good princess.”

“I don’t mind. Good boy, good princess, as long as you fill me up with all those positive affirmations, you can put good before anything,” I said, leaning over the sofa to hug him. “You wanna see some of my dresses?”

“I wanna see if you managed to take care of those vicious cuts on the back of your ankles,” he said, turning to look at me behind him, my crotch in his face as I stood. He had hold of both my hands, keeping me from recoiling and covering myself. “I can see a little pee spot.”

“Oh no.” I turned my hips. “I was always told that more than two shakes is considered playing with yourself, so I—”

“Relax,” he said in his calm tone. “I’m not going to judge you. But I would love to see you in a dress. And I hope I didn’t ruin the blue one.”

“It needed cleaning anyway,” I told him. “I have another blue, it’s got more sparkles on it, or a yellow one.”

He kissed each of my hands before letting me having them back. “You choose. You’re the princess.”

“Ok, but no peeking,” I said, walking off around the sofa. I was giving away all my secrets as I moved the drapes to his surprise. “This is how I section the apartment off into different rooms.”

“Genius. And—where the bedroom?”

I shrugged. “Somewhere. You have to work yourself up to that type of knowledge.”

Behind the drapes, I changed into the yellow dress. It was the loosest of them all, and I’d spent the evening in the tight suit, I didn’t want to be suffocated in a dress too. I put on a little show at the same time, showing off little bits of the dress at a time and pulling them back.

“I look forward to the big reveal,” he said. “Also, I noticed that piece of tech in the corner. Is that where you do all your music stuff?”

“Yeah. I can put something on if you want. I make lo-fi beats, which I also think set a great mood.” I projected my voice, knowing how the drapes muffled sound.

“You don’t have to, I don’t want you to ruin the surprise,” he said.

He had a lot to learn about my place. I tugged on the drape and walked across the length of the room toward the window where my music mixing equipment was. I’d left behind my underwear on the ground where I’d been, in front of the clothes railing where I kept my clothes bags and now, Jai’s shirt.

A soft symphony of lo-fi beats played out through the surround speakers. I wished I could’ve seen Everett’s reaction to them, I’d heard him mumble something, probably from the sudden boom of music coming from them.

“I’m ready!” I announced, fixing the tiara in my hair from the reflection in the window. The outfit wasn’t complete because I didn’t have my knee-high socks on. I didn’t want them getting my ankle blood on them. Princess Valeria had a clean look to keep.

The yellow dress, almost floor-length was paired with a lighter yellow-cream colored glove and a wand, but not one with any glitter throwing capabilities. The chest area of the dress was covered in Swarovski crystals that tapered out down. It was one of my nicer dresses. I never wore this one out to our any of the clubs I performed at.

“You are breathtaking,” he said, patting the seat of the sofa beside him. “I’d be honored if you’d sit beside me.”

“Anything for you, Daddy.” I waltzed over, and sat on beside him, both legs across him. “I like stories, tea parties, teddies, and most of all, I like cuddles.”

“Please, allow me to show you a cuddle,” he said, scooping me up in an arm and pulling me further onto his lap. “I didn’t bring any books or teddies. But I know for next time.”

Kicking my legs around all giddy. “There’s going to be a next time?”

“Assuming the princess wants a next time.”

“If Daddy wants a next time, then I’d be a willing princess.”

His hand slipped up my dress, stroking my leg. He reached my knee.

“Any further and you’ll have to buy me dinner,” I giggled.

He kept his hand on my knee, stroking me. “If you ask Bryce, he’ll tell you all about the amazing dinner we shared together.” His other hand touched the corner of my lip. “I just found a little chocolate there.”

My tongue licked at the corners of my mouth. “It was good chocolate cake.”

“Do you have any books I can read to you?”

“Of course, I have so many books.” There was an entire shelf of books and collectables behind another carefully draped section of fabric. I left his lap and he followed me.

“How big is this place? I feel like it keeps getting bigger and bigger,” he said.

“These are not toys though,” I said, showing off the shelf of collectables. They were princesses from different cartoon franchises. Each one still in the original packaging. “One day they’ll be worth a lot of money. Oh, and then there’s this one. This one but 3D printed for games night.” It wasn’t painted yet either.

Daddy took a book from the shelf. “What about this?” he asked. “The Princess Goes on Vacation.”

“Yes, yes! It’s a lot of picture books, the princess goes books are my favorite ones.” I gestured to the collection of them on the shelf. They weren’t all those, but most of them were. “Oh, and that’s my bedroom, well, bed.” It was half on view from the spacing in the drapes. “And Cuthbert!”

“Cuthbert?”

“My teddy.” Cuthbert was on my bed, tucked in, supposedly waiting for me to get back, but I wasn’t back alone, so he needed to meet my friend. “Cuthbert meet Everett aka Daddy or King Daddy.”

“I’ll take it,” he said. “Hi Cuthbert.”

I grabbed Daddy’s hand and took him back to the sofa, making sure to swing my hips and skip to give the dress the most movement. I knew how cute it looked when I did that.

“I think I might’ve seen under the dress,” Daddy said. “I promise I would’ve closed my eyes if I’d known. But I looked respectfully.”

“Oopsie!” I giggled. “It’s ok. I should’ve had underwear on.”

On the sofa, I sat with my legs over him again. I hugged Cuthbert as Daddy placed his hand under my dress on my knee again and with one hand, he held the book open.

“That’s Princess Gert,” I told him. “She does a lot of things, and goes to a lot of places. Her best friend is a cat named Rio, and she also has loads of other princess friends. Ok, now you can read.”

Daddy went through the book, it didn’t take long. I hadn’t been too focused on it. His other hand was taking all my focus, the way he circled his finger on my knee and then

as it went lower, drawing intricate patterns on my inner thigh. I knew where it was going, and my cock rock solid. I'd squished it up against my belly button with the help of Cuthbert's plush body.

"It's been so long since I've read anything that wasn't a work email," he said, closing the book and placing it on the arm of the sofa. "Did you like it?"

"You have the best voice for reading stories. And I've got some on audio."

"And you are my favorite princess," he said. "Maybe we should write some stories about you?"

Little did he know, there were stories about me, but in all of those I was battling monsters. They weren't exactly cute, they were full of possessed orcs and the worst creature ever, the mimic.

"What kind of stories?" I asked. "Naughty? Nice? Sweet? Spicy?"

"Is that my choice? Or yours?" he asked.

"Daddy choices, obviously."

"Then I choose sweet and spicy, and I think we've hit our quota of sweet." He removed his hand from my thigh and took mine. "You make my heart go wild." He placed my hand on his chest. "Feel it." He unbuttoned more of his shirt, revealing his white body hugging tank top. I shoved my fingers inside the tank top, over his heart, his hairy chest all warm. I resisted the urge for a singular moment before tugging the hair on his chest between my fingers.

"You're so warm," I whispered. "I want to feel all of it."

“All of it?” he asked, his hand once more on my inner thigh, deeper until his finger grazed the bottom of my balls. “Because I’d love nothing more than to give my princess what you want.”

Gulping at forced breaths, I nodded. “I want it.” My hand leaving his skin to go down his body, maintaining eye contact like it was a request for permission to land somewhere else on him. I reached his belly button and he slowly nodded.

“All yours.”

“I’m nervous,” I whispered.

“It won’t bite,” he said.

“I’m not worried about that.”

“I’m worried you won’t be able to handle all of me.”

He chuckled. “Is that so?” His hand now cupping my balls, cradled gently in his palm as he softly massaged them. “Because I’m not worried about that. I’m pretty sure I can meet you precious princess needs.”

I placed Cuthbert on the coffee table, allowing my hard cock freedom to move. It mostly stayed upright with a slight curve. My hand explored Daddy’s hard bulge in his slacks. He smirked as I became ravenous for it, using both hands to unbuckle his belt and get to the warm throbbing from inside.

Squeezed through the fly of his boxers, his pink-topped cock appeared. Thick and veiny. The moment I took his cock, he grabbed mine. I sucked the saliva collecting on the tip of my tongue as a droplet of precum came to his tip. I rubbed it across the head with my thumb. He applied the same one-handed massage technique as he had to my

balls. He'd been trying to make eye contact while I was more occupied with his cock.

"Tell me what you want, princess," he said, removing his hand from my cock and licking his finger. "You taste so nice." He salivated between his finger and thumb before going back inside the dress, using it as lube across my cock.

My entire body was processing his hand and even my own. "I wanna taste."

"Yourself? Or me?" he asked, leaning in close. His tongue out. "I can offer you both."

I touched his tongue with me, his tongue showing more movement as it forced my tongue into submission against his. If tongues were wrestlers, he would have won the heavyweight trophy. It was long but also flared slightly appearing thicker than it was. It got to the point where he'd laid me back on the sofa and positioned himself between my legs.

"Are you a princess that needs saving?" he asked, removing his shirt. On his knees, between my legs, his slacks had come undone further while his cock still curved up through the fly of his boxers. "I'm not sure if you know this about me, but I'm in the security sector. I can save you." His hard nipples on show through the tank top, the bottom of it still tucked into the band of his underwear.

"Yes, Daddy. I need to be saved." I pouted. "Pweese, I'm just a princess, scared of the nasty dragon that's going to eat me."

"Oh, there's a dragon now," he asked, removing his tank top.

I audibly gasped at his slim toned physique and the formation of his body hair, the pillows of his chest and the treasure trail, leading to a treasure bush.

“I’m not really into shaving,” he said, chest out as he rested both hands on my knees. “I hope that’s not a problem.”

I shook my head. “I love it.”

“Tell me more about this dragon,” he said.

“My eyes glanced at his cock. Well, it’s big,” I told him. “I don’t know how you’re going to deal with it.”

He lifted my dress up slightly. “I heard dragons like warm holes.” He had complete view of me. I knew what my naked lower half looked like. “And I think I might’ve found the perfect hole for this one.”

I licked my lips. “I wanna see taste him first,” I said, desperate to suck his cock.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get plenty of face time with him.” He lowered himself to his arms and placed the dress over him. His hands on my cock, then his tongue, I guessed.

Clutching the edge of the sofa with one hand and the back cushion with the other, not seeing the pleasure I was getting was a new experience. But I liked it. It was also a reminder that perhaps two people over six foot weren’t suited for a sofa of this size.

His tongue worked itself on the tip of my cock, down my shaft, and from my balls to my hole. He pulled me from my hips, getting a better angle of my ass with his tongue. I continued to grip at the sofa from whichever angle I had access to, and brace myself as the moans rolled out of the back of my throat.

Daddy came up for air. “I think we might need to move this to the bed,” he said.

“Yeah.” My head had been angled weird to my neck. “And I have lube, you know, so you don’t have to go—”

“I like eating my princess’s ass,” he said.

“Then continue.” I giggled.

“I will. Maybe I should try carrying you now. I kinda promised it earlier.”

I needed to have confidence in my Daddy, but obviously, I was over six foot, nobody had been able to carry me for a while.

“Plus, it makes those early morning gym sessions mean something,” he said, flexing his chest just as my cock throbbed, and I could feel it leave precum in on the inside of the dress. “Only if you’ll let me.”

Daddy carried me from the sofa to the bed with no issue. I didn’t know why there would be, it was only a couple paces away. I might’ve been able to throw myself into it from the same distance.

He laid beside me on the bed, the draping cocooning us in the same type of darkness from the restaurant. I took my opportunity to taste him. I pulled his boxers down, his cock springing back after being pulled through the fly again.

“Let me see what your tongue can do.”

I’d been known to lick a lollipop to the stick, but I’d also been known to bite right into a icy popsicle. Between his legs, I ran my hands up and down his hairy legs. I rubbed my face against them all the way up to his cock. I teased myself, licking his shaft, working my way up to his tip. Precum leaked out of him in a sticky little string from his belly button to his tip now. I lapped it up, making sure not a single drip

remained.

“Ten out of ten,” I said. “Not better than the dessert though.” My mouth ached to open wide for him, but it was the sacrifice I was willing to make for Daddy’s thickness. I tried doing his tongue tricks around his tip, but I wanted to touch everywhere with my tongue and I couldn’t. I went deep until gag reflex was initiated and I had to pull back. Tears in my eyes, I went back in for a second attempt.

“Turn yourself around,” he said. “I want to play too.”

In a sixty-nine position, my dress covering his top half almost entirely, he went from eating my ass and applying a finger to sucking my cock all while I tried to train my mouth on opening wider to get his cock in without my teeth touching every time he throbbed.

Every other attempt, I heard his voice beneath my body call out. “Good princess.” He knew my sweet spot, each time I was applying more of my body on him.

From there, we switch positions again, me on my back, dress pushed to my chest, collected in my arms.

“I have lube and condoms in that drawer,” I told him. “I was gonna say earlier.”

“You have lube, and I just spent all that time playing in your ass getting you ready for me,” he said. “I’m kidding. I would’ve done that anyway.” Armed with lube, he squeezed a little on his thumb, and inside my ass it went.

I clenched on it. “Got your thumb.”

Daddy bit his lip in a smile. “You are—” he paused, keeping eye contact. “Precious.”

“I’m ready for the dragon now,” I said, not completely convinced. He might’ve needed to excavate a little inside before I was truly ready, perhaps removing an internal organ or two.

He rolled the condom over his cock and within seconds of him directing it to my ass, he was inside me. The dildos I had were much skinnier than him, I was not prepared at all for the sensation of him stretching my little princess hole like that.

Every thrust he made, he stared into my eyes, his arms around me, his hands caressing. It was a full body embrace as his slow fucking had me moan and gasp.

“Harder,” I begged.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he said, dragging his hands down my body. He slipped them up the dress, one grabbed my cock while the other pulled at my cheeks, parting my ass a little more for his cock to get deeper access. If I had the room, my head would’ve been further back stretching. My hands were already digging into the bedding, collected in fists I eventually wished to cocoon our bodies in forever.

It didn’t take me long to cum. I’d been drinking, his hand tugging on my cock was the only motivation it needed before shooting cum into the bunched up dress on my chest. It was worth it for the sensation my skin felt, oddly ticklish and prickly. Now, he fucked harder against the post-orgasm clench my hole had over his cock.

“Inside me,” I said.

The feeling of both our bodies operating in sync with each other was a dream. His filled the condom inside me, his throbbing cock against my hole almost had me shooting whatever was left inside.

Once he was done, he pulled out and laid on top of me. Not a single care about

getting cum all over his hairy body. He kissed me. “That was nice,” he said, wrapping me in a hug. “I think you defeated the dragon, princess.”

My internal voice said. It’s officially been zero days since you last had sex. Yay. Not like I ever had an actual countdown. “You want to stay over?” I asked, immediately wishing to take the words back the moment they were uttered. “You don’t have—”

“If you don’t mind,” he said, kissing my cheek. I think he’d aimed for my mouth. “I rarely share my bed. But I’ve read studies that say you get a better night of sleep, something about deep REM cycles.”

“Deep,” I giggled. “Was that not deep enough?”

“Very deep,” he said, kissing me again. “You ok if I take a shower?” he asked. “With you, of course. Only if you want.”

He was officially the perfect Daddy. The bar was low for me, but the bar was passed, and that’s all I could’ve asked for.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

I used to have a tough time asking for what I wanted. I just did things without the help of anyone else. My brain was so self-centric, I could often forget other people were around. I had to take full blame and accountability for that, but with Bryce, I wanted to do things with him, or for him. We shared a shower, he washed my back, I washed him, no need for a large back loofah and do it alone. And then we shared a bed, our bodies entwined for an entire eight hours of uninterrupted bliss. I was usually a restless sleeper, moving around, left and right, trying to find comfortable positions. Bryce eliminated all of that. Unless he moved in the night, we'd slept undisturbed.

Bryce continued to sleep when I woke. I left him in bed as I gathered my clothes and went through my phone, getting back to the texts I'd ignored from Daniel and Mark. They both wanted updates on where I was going to be this morning. I was just after eight. A later start for me than usual, but I wasn't planning on going anywhere, unless Bryce asked me.

Daniel was immediately responding back to me.

— Mark isn't going to let me work unless you're there. Come on. You got laid. You can come in now. You've done the good part.

Sexual intimacy was a bonus, but it wasn't everything.

— I'm not coming in. Mark has my support when I'm not there. But I offered you work, so do the work. You're both adults. Don't make me come in. Otherwise I won't be anyone's friend. Got it.

I left my phone as Daniel appeared to type up a storm from the appearance of the bubbles at the bottom of the screen.

Usually, I'd warn myself off snooping, but that was when it was online. For his apartment, I allowed myself some leeway to snoop for coffee, or at least some food. I had an idea of what I wanted to present to Bryce when he woke up. Unfortunately, his cupboards were bare, except for cans of tomato soup and his fridge only had bread and cheese.

Just as I received Daniel's message, I switched out of the app. I knew how to do one other thing that might put a smile on Bryce's face when he woke up. A breakfast order, except, I didn't know what his breakfast order was. From the delivery app, I scrolled through items. I made sure to order a couple different coffee drinks, with some marshmallows and sprinkles separately. To the order, I added a couple breakfast bagels. I wish I could've got a clue to the type of breakfast he ate. He didn't milk or cereal so they both seemed to be off the menu.

Daniel's text flashed up as a notification again.

— Please send him a message then. Send someone a message to let them know I'll be there. I don't want a repeat of last time when I was escorted out of the building. I had to come back an hour later as well, and it would save everyone a lot of time and money.

Of course, he mentioned money, but I wasn't going to respond. I hadn't had my morning coffee yet, and I'd just had the best night of my life in a while. There was no room for anyone to ruin that, it didn't matter how long they'd been friends with me for.

As the delivery got closer and I got dressed in yesterday's clothes, I looked around for a key. I'd ordered the delivery to his building, but I'd left the floor and apartment

number off the order. It was far too early to think of that and the address was still fresh after giving it to my driver last night.

Without a key, I wouldn't be able to let myself back in. I used the genius idea of keeping the door propped open with a shoe while I went down to meet the delivery driver with the food. What could wrong?

The delivery driver handed off the brown bag of food and a cardboard carrier with four small coffees of differing variety. It wasn't until I reached the top floor that I realized I didn't remember which apartment was his, and none of the doors were being propped open by a shoe.

My idea of breakfast was a bold one, the execution of it fell only slightly flat. My eye twitched as I looked up and down the hallway. I had no clue which apartment was his, nothing discerned it from the others. Not even a trail of—the light hit the ground just right, showing me the glitter that took me right to the front door.

I knocked once.

No answer.

I knocked twice.

Wrapped in a blanket, Bryce answered the door. "Yeah?" he rubbed his sleepy eyes. "Oh. You—"

"I went for breakfast," I said. "And coffee. Well, I actually only went downstairs."

"Downstairs?"

"Yeah. I ordered. I couldn't find your key to—"

He chuckled, pulling the door open wider for me to enter. “I heard the door bang, and I just assumed you’d left,” he grumbled.

“That would be awful way to leave,” I said.

“I guess I’ll delete the text I was about to send my friends,” he said with a big smirk. “I’m kidding. I figured you were a busy hot shot anyway.”

“Well, I tried to keep a shoe in the door.”

“The door is heavy, I think it’s a fire one. You can’t really prop them open with a shoe.” He cocked his head, looking at my hands. “Uh.”

I placed the bag and drinks on the counter. “I know what you’re thinking. Four coffees, what a caffeine junkie. That’s not the case. I didn’t know what to get you. I should’ve asked. So, I got a double espresso shot. A cappuccino, a latte, and a mocha. All the varieties. And—” I opened the bag. “Ta-da!” Two see-through containers with mini-marshmallows and sprinkles. “I figured if it was all wrong, these would help.”

“All coffee is good coffee,” he said, hugging the blanket tighter around his naked body. “And you’re right, those do help. What else is in the bag?”

“Breakfast bagels.”

“Mhmm.”

“So, I got two things right.” I gave myself a pat on the back, as much as I could touch my back, which wasn’t a lot.

Bryce got dressed in some sweatpants and a t-shirt before sitting on the sofa with me. I prepared the bagels on plates for us. “I’m sure you’ve got somewhere else to be

soon,” he said.

“Unless you want to do something else,” I said, trying not to appear desperate. I wanted to explore what we had, assuming there was actually something there. “I’m open all day, if you do.” I handed him a plate with the sliced bagel. The cream cheese and salmon threatening to come away from the bread.

“Really?” he asked, grabbing my arm. “Ok, so if you want, there’s this vinyl sale happening at a record store I wanted to check out. I do most of my mixing digitally, but obviously, nothing beats the way music sounds on vinyl, in my opinion, it’s got texture to it.”

“I don’t know much about music,” I admitted. “But I’d love to come and see it.”

“Assuming you want to go and get changed first,” he said. “Or, you can raid my clothes. We’re a similar height and stuff.”

What Bryce was wearing now had been a style I was heavily into when I was just starting out. It was comfort clothing. I didn’t own much comfort clothing now. Everything was tailored. “I think I’d like to see what clothes are hiding in your dresser,” I said. “In the spirit of being open, I did go around your apartment, but in fairness, I was looking for food or coffee.”

He laughed. “I can be like a maze when all the drapes are down.” He took his first bite of his bagel and moaned. My cock twitched, recalling the sounds he was making last night while I was inside him. It should’ve been criminal to have these feelings so early in the morning.

“You’re telling me.” I wiped the cream cheese from the edge of his lip and licked my finger clean. “You’ll have to show me the parts of the apartment I missed.”

“It’s deceptively big,” he said. “I mean, you’ll see what I mean. Did you look at my music equipment?” He asked between bites. “Not sure how much you know about music tech.”

“Absolutely nothing. The music you played last night sounded familiar though,” I said. “It’s like something I listen to in my office.”

“I made those beats myself,” he said. “I have a beat machine. It looks like one of those dance mats with like colorful buttons. You push them and obviously beats come out.” Bryce was visibly excited talking about music. He finished his bite and rushed off to the corner of his room where all his tech was neatly laid out. “Usually, I have the output set to my computer or to the equipment I’m using.” It was a large rectangular object with small square buttons laid out across it in all directions. Some of them had torn pieces of white tape and symbols written over them. The moment he turned it on in his lap, all the buttons lit up in an array of different neon colors.

“I’m not going to lie, it looks fun,” I said. “Like one of those memory games.”

“Sometimes it feels like one. Trying to remember what’s programmed where. I know this one is a kick drum. And there are a couple settings. One is looping, another is echo. It just helps create beats.” He gestured with it in my direction. “Press something.”

I wiped my mouth before putting the plate on the coffee table. “I’m not creatively inclined,” I admitted. “I don’t think it’ll sound good.”

“Lucky for you, you’re just pressing buttons.” He giggled.

There was some weight to the item as it sat in my lap. As I pressed a button, it lit up yellow and a sharp tisk came out. “Ok. And you know what they all are?”

He shrugged and nodded, filling his mouth with more bagel.

I went across the pad, pressing each of the buttons. Some of them were vocal, others instruments. Some were fast, others drawn out. It must've taken real skill and talent for him to do this. I was impressed. "I guess this makes more sense for what I saw about you online."

"Oh, we haven't talked about that. What did you find out about me?"

Spilling my truth to him, I told him all about the computer which operated background checks on a smaller scale. He stared back at me, unblinking before a big smile formed across his face.

"Can you do that on my friends?" he asked. "I think it would be funny to pull up pictures of them from like their high school graduation or something and sprinkle into conversation stuff. I bet they'd be super shocked. But I could just play it off like psychic abilities."

"You're missing the part where I got a friend to look at your information," I said. "In all honesty, I hate surprises, I like to know what I'm letting myself in for. My mind was made up about you when I saw that you'd been a part of the Playhouse Club before."

"And I left," he said. "Out of curiosity. Do you think we would've ever met if I'd kept going?"

An easy answer. I shook my head. "Nope. I never went. Well, a handful of times, but it was always overwhelming for me. Too many people were there at all times. And I much prefer my one-on-one time with people."

Bryce wore his emotions on his face, which was nice, because I could sense where

the direction of any conversation was going, or he was just good at wearing a mask like that. “Yeah, plus, there was a lot of voyeur stuff happening there. The men were mostly watchers, and sure, it’s nice at first, but then, you quickly realize that it’s a bit uncomfortable when you’re just there with friends trying to play.”

“I think that’s another reason I didn’t enjoy it as much as I’d hoped,” I said. “And I’m an investor. But I consider it a good one still because it does create a safe space for our community to interact and play.”

He nodded. “I agree. Some people love it, and they go all the time. I think I like to play on my own terms though.”

“Well, I have the entire day, so, if you can think of anything you’d like to do, I’d love to know,” I said. “It’s probably the first day I’ve had off in a while too.”

“I think it might also be the longest date I’ve ever been on too,” he said. “After we’ve played a little dress up, as in, me dressing you in my clothes, we’ll hit up the record store, then maybe go for coffee somewhere local, they have all these fancy places, but some of them are too weird for me. I’m not sure if you’ve heard, but there’s a place that sells egg coffee.” He puffed out his cheeks in a fake wretch.

“Egg coffee,” I repeated. “A Vietnamese specialty. Never had it myself, but I’ve heard about it.”

“Oh. Well, I can’t get passed the idea of hot espresso scrambling egg and all that textural nightmare stuff,” he said, shuddering. “Anyway, it’s your day off, what sort of things do you want to do?”

On the spot. I considered myself quite boring. Routinely boring in comparison to Bryce’s ability to decide what he wanted to do on a whim. I suppose I was doing the same by not going into work, but I was also in a position to just decide that.

“Honestly, just spending time with you.”

He whacked my leg, blushing. “I don’t know where you’ve been hiding all my life, but you’re smooth, I’ll give you that.”

Now I was blushing. I’d never considered myself smooth, or even someone who could talk themselves into a date. “Personally, I’d love to play some more with you. I heard you like tea parties.”

“Who told you that?” he laughed.

“Princess Valeria,” I said. “I hope I got that right.”

“Take your pants off.”

“What?”

He wiped his mouth. It was impossible not to get cream cheese everywhere. “Because you deserve head for remembering so much about me. And it’s the only way I can think of rewarding you.”

I shook my head. “I’m the Daddy,” I told him. “I reward you.”

“Then give me head.”

My hand on his knee, I went slowly up his thigh. I leaned over in my best attempt at being suave. And in the process, I pressed my chest into the remaining bagel, squashing it and squeezing the cream out. My shirt was covered and even some of my exposed chest had a stripe of cream through it.

Bryce laughed. “Now you have to get undressed,” he said, clapping his hands.

I put my plate back on the coffee table, beside his music machine. “It’s my fault. Well, the place I ordered from. I didn’t realize they were putting an entire thing of cream cheese on it.”

Bryce went around his apartment, pulling at the drapes and with the partitions removed, the space opened up with unimpeded light flow. “I’m going to go out on a limb here and say your usual style is formal.”

I followed him, trying to the cream from my chest hair without matting it in. “Usually, but please, dress me as you see fit.”

He turned to me, squinting. “How about a crop top and some cargos?”

“Or we stick to full length t-shirts?” I said. “You’d look great in a crop top though.”

“You’re right, I do.”

Bryce had clothes railings scattered around the apartment with garment bags hiding the clothes away. And a single dresser where he seemed to only keep underwear. I found most of the fun in there. It didn’t take me long to dig around and uncover a realistically colored dildo hiding amongst his socks.

“Oh my god!” he raced over to me.

I pressed the shaft of it with a finger. I couldn’t recall touching a dildo before. The plasticky silicone texture of it was strange in my hand, and very bendy. “I don’t have anything to worry about,” I said.

He took it off me and buried it back into his sock drawer. “I rarely use it.”

I pulled him into an embrace. “I’m not judging. But it explains why you’re so tight,” I

said, riding a hand down his back.

“It’s my little princess hole, of course it’s tight.” He squeezed me in his grip. “Oh balls. If we don’t leave soon, all the good stuff might be gone.”

“Good stuff?”

“Yeah, every Monday, they restock, and sometimes the stock is exclusives or like limited edition first prints that haven’t been around in twenty years,” he said.

I had a lot to learn, and I was willing. It was nice to be out of my usual rut, even if routine was everything. There was something about Bryce that warmed me, and I was desperate to cling to it.

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After overcoming the embarrassment of Everett finding my dildo in a drawer, I wondered if he'd uncovered any of my other toys. I enjoyed, on occasion sticking things with flared bases inside my ass. It was natural, human nature even, that's exactly where my prostate and g-spot were. I derived absolute pleasure from it.

We spent the rest of the morning at Groove Haven , a nice little store tucked away. It was this unassuming gem that only those in the know went. Unfortunately, more and more people knew about it. I actually worked there for a brief period of time a couple years back.

The record store had no windows looking in, only boarded up wooden slats in front of thatched ironwork grids. It was a former industrial space, like most places in the area.

Everett played the part of doting boyfriend well, even if this was still our first date. All dressed in my clothes. Sweatpants, hoodie, graphic tee, and a pair of my very comfy sneakers. He followed me around and helped carry the vinyl I plucked out of the rows of crates.

I managed to snag a promo-only live album of a band's early show, an obscure Japanese jazz-fusion record from the '70s that had some great music to sample, and a misprinted copy of The Beatles' White Album , the one with the infamous apple label error. I loved finding gems like that. Everett was so clueless about it all, it was fucking adorable considering he was incredibly intelligent.

We took my new vinyl to a nearby cafe. Midnight Brew was a block away from my apartment with a graffiti-adorned entry. It was a moody lit spot with brick walls, Edison bulbs, and reclaimed wood furniture. The interior walls resembled the outside

with the graffiti murals that changed monthly. I loved coming in here to work. The art in the space was always so inspiring to me. Plus, they also played some of my lo-fi beat mixes too which was nice.

Everett immediately noticed the music as we sat at a table with our Bushwick Blackout , a signature coffee. It was a double-shot espresso topped with molasses syrup. “This sounds familiar.”

“Where do you think you’ve heard it?” I asked, placing my tote bag filled with vinyl on a spare chair at the table.

“It’s yours, right?”

“You really noticed?”

“Well, we did have sex to it last night,” he said. “I remember thrusting to it. Specifically the dum then the dum .” He gestured with his hand as he made the sound.

He was a nerd, or a geek, whichever one recalled stuff like that. “Next time, I’ll put on something with a faster beat.”

“I like this talk of a next time,” he said, grabbing the cuffs of the sleeve.

“What would you be doing if you were in work right now?”

“I’d be in a meeting, maybe. Or trying to resolve the issue between Mark and Daniel, my COO and my childhood friend, who both dislike each other, but I’m forcing to work together,” he said. “My phone is on silent for that very reason.”

“Then I’m glad I could steal you away,” I said. “I wanna know more about you. Like, your favorite color, your star sign, are you a cat or a dog person?”

Everett smiled and nodded. "I guess we're doing all of this backwards," he said.

"Nothing in my life has ever happened the normal way," I said with air quotes. "I'm an Aquarius, born February first. My favorite color is blue, and I am probably more of a cat person."

"My birthday is July fourteen, I don't know what that means, but it's summer, so it's always nice out. And I like blue, a cool, silvery blue. I'm also allergic to cats and dogs, so I'd have to say only through pictures and videos." He lifted his coffee to his lips, his eyes rolling back a little as he sniffed it.

"You're a Cancer."

He choked on his sip of coffee. "Sorry. What?"

"Your star sign. Cancer."

"That's an unfortunate shared name," he said. "I hope it doesn't have any correlation."

I took a napkin from the table and wiped the droplet of coffee from his chin. "I hope not."

"I'm supposed to be the one who takes care of you, princess," he said, glancing at my hand. "For a second, I forgot I wasn't in my suit."

"You can get coffee on that, I don't mind. It'll add character to the top."

"The top?" he smirked. "I have a name."

I kicked him under the table, whacking my knee instead. "I know it well. So, what

questions do you have for me?”

His smile faded a little as he looked away then back at me. “Whenever I think of questions, it just makes me think of this as like a job interview. The only pressing question I have is, whether you’re still considering this as one long date?”

“I did, but now I’m beginning to think of it as date number three, you know, last night was dinner, this morning breakfast, and now,” I said. “And by the way, next time, you should order from this place.”

Back to full pearly white smile on full display, he nodded. “I’ll make a mental note of that,” he said. “And I think it’s probably our fifth by those metrics. First date was when we met at the club, I got you that drink. Second date was you chasing me down in the street and we exchanged body heat under my jacket.”

“And by all of that logic then, you should be on one knee.”

He laughed. “I love your sense of humor.” He reached out and took my hand away from my drink. “I know our date happened suddenly, but you should know that I’m not usually the decisive type, there’s just something about you that I felt like if I didn’t shoot my shot, I’d lose it forever.” He kissed the back of my hand.

“You liked me when you first saw me,” I whispered.

“And you didn’t?”

“You stood on my princess dress. I was actually pissed at you when I first looked back,” I admitted.

He kissed my hand again, smushing his lips harder into my knuckles. “You wouldn’t be the first person I offended just with my presence.”

“Don’t say that.”

“Nobody has got so much out of me like you have, my friends always say it’s like getting blood from a stone.”

I sensed some of that, but he was so open with me, it was strange. I didn’t completely believe him, even if the headlines of the articles I’d read about him said he was a calculating CEO or ruthless tech entrepreneur, it was hard to believe they were even about the same person.

“Why exactly do they think that?”

“Because I don’t speak my emotions.”

“Liar.”

“Wow,” he chuckled. “I actually don’t lie, on purpose. Emotions are messy things.” He kissed my hand again.

“But you’re so affectionate.”

“I’m affectionate with you, because I like you,” he said. “Unless you know, you don’t want it.” His grip loosened.

His touch gave me tingles, I loved every sweet toe-curling tickle. “I guess I’m just surprised because people see you one way, and I’ve only seen you like this. The guy who saved me from the rain, or who bought me a ten-thousand bottle of wine.”

“I might’ve been showing off a little when I got you that wine,” he said. “I don’t regret it. It was a good bottle of wine.”

Just as the world around was enveloping us in a circle where my music was the background, and the customer's voices were white noise. A loud boom blasted through as my name was called out from the top of Cristian's lungs. I saw him, raising both arms up.

"You know him?" Everett asked, holding back a smile.

"Cristian," I said, kicking out the other chair at the table. "You never come here."

Out of breath, Cristian slumped into the chair at the table. "You weren't responding to the group. Your location share was still on. I figured, I had to come down on my lunch break and see what exactly it was that stopped you from responding to us." He nodded to Everett, squinting at the man in my clothes. "I see now, that you're still together."

"Nice to meet you," he said, extending his hand. "Everett Harper. On a date with your friend."

Cristian placed a hand to his face like a barrier, trying to obscure it from Everett's view. "Hot," he mouthed, yet still audible. "You should've texted us back. Anyway, I'm gonna go get a coffee, and then the two of you can tell me about what you've been up to."

I apologized for Cristian when he left the table. "My friends aren't usually that overbearing."

"Your friends care for you," he said, pulling my hand into his. "But I definitely won't get between you and them."

"He's going to come back and interrogate you about that."

And Cristian did. He came back to the table with his coffee and immediately made Everett aware of the weekly plans we had as a group. He held himself well in the conversation. Cristian was being protective over me, we all were the same when it came to dating. I knew how precious my friends emotions were, just as they knew about mine.

After that, Cristian went back to work, and we went to my apartment. Cristian had broken a lot of ice between us, more than we had already. We laughed about his interrogation and how much Cristian had found out about him online. He'd addressed the article headlines that called him callous, cold, and stunting the growth of new companies in the sphere.

We both laid on my bed as clouds parted streams of light from the large windows over our bodies. I laid my head on his chest, listening to the thump of his heart.

"Every day without a plan, or schedule must be wild," he whispered, stroking the side of my face.

"I could say the same for you."

"You haven't really seen my schedule," he said.

"I want to."

"Every morning, I wake up from between five-thirty and six. I use my home gym for a solid thirty minutes. I drink a smoothie, then a coffee, and then I head to work. I spend my entire day there, going through paperwork and meetings. And some evenings I'll take myself out to the restaurant, or I'll cook, maybe see a friend, but I'm usually in bed for nine and asleep for ten." He ran his fingers through my hair as he explained.

“And where do you have time for me?”

“I’m sure I could schedule you in,” he said, pulling me further onto his body and tickling me. “But it looks like my schedule is about to get a makeover. And everyone at work is going to be happier for it.”

“Things like that make it sound like you are a bit of a hard ass.”

“Hey!” he said, tickling me until I was straddling his body. “There’s nothing hard about my ass. It’s firm.”

“Maybe, just maybe, I know how to lighten your load.” I shimmied my shoulders as I went further down his body. “I think the reason your employees think you’re strict is because you don’t release yourself.” I hooked my fingers into the sweatpants. Sliding my fingers across, his thick bulge was up against the waistband. “Can I get it out?”

“Mhm, you wanna play hide the wand?” he asked, tipping a finger under my chin.

“Did Cristian mention my other toy?”

He laughed. “No, but now I need to know.”

I pressed a hand on his crotch and squeezed his chubbed cock. “I want to keep some mystery about myself.”

“Princess, you don’t need mystery, all you need is someone with a playful hand and a want to please,” he said. “And if I’m not being clear, I’m the playful had that wants to please.” He stroked a finger to my bottom lip and stuck his thumb into my mouth. “You want to go get your wand for me, princess?” With his thumb in my mouth, he lead my head to a slow nod.

“You’ve seen one toy,” I said through the finger in my mouth.

“And you have more?”

Pushing his thumb out of my mouth with my tongue, I rolled off him. “That’s for you to find out.”

“I’m trying.”

My wand was a glass toy, delicately ribbed and dotted with a pink heart of glass as the flared base. It was unassuming. You wouldn’t have guessed it was a toy for insertion if you were seeing it on face value. It had a little weight to it, and the bumps were definitely great on the senses. From a small box and a velvet pouch, which is where I kept it, I revealed the toy to Everett.

“That is a wand,” he said, lifting himself up on his elbows.

“I keep this one for special occasions.”

He patted the bed. “I think now is a special occasion,” he said. “Date number six, since we’ve come back to your place.”

I rubbed my fingers up the thick stem of the wand across all the sensory textures. “At this rate, you’ll be moving in.”

“You haven’t seen my castle in the sky yet,” he said. “Let me see your toy, princess.”

A little moan escaped me. “Yes, Daddy.” I presented the wand to him with a pout. “But you gotta let me go get ready. I have a cute jock I wanna put on this time. And another dress.”

He cooed as he rubbed his hand up and down the wand shaft. “Don’t take too long,” he said. He cupped the heart base, like two pink balls. “Which way does it go in?” He gave me a wink.

The idea of him trying to brute force that end inside me stirred excitement in my stomach, a swarm of butterflies. I bit my lip. “You’re funny.”

“Go on,” he said. “I need to see the effect this has on you.” Up and down he went with a fingernail on the ribbed stem.

“I wanna surprise you.” I grabbed at a drape, ready to create a makeshift bedroom.

“More than you already have?”

“You’ll have to wait and see.”

He threw his head back and let out a loud groan. “Five minutes,” he said. “And I’m timing you.”

I enjoyed a challenge, I enjoyed it more when the outcome was going to be sex and pleasure.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

It was good to get out of routine sometimes, a vacation I was constantly putting off but around Bryce, he had that spark about him that summoned my tenderness and it consumed me. To see him, smiling under my touch and moaning with my strokes was heaven. With Bryce, I was Daddy, in control, while my brain was constantly in calculation and CEO mode, it lent itself to the caretaking responsibilities I had over satisfying my princess.

“Ta-da!” he said, pulling the drapes back to reveal himself all dressed in a different blue dress. Covered in glitter shimmering as it caught the natural light. His body sparkled too with flecks covering his shoulders and collarbone. “I’m ready for my close up, Daddy.”

Holding the glass toy wand, I patted it on the palm of my hand like a baton. “I’m ready to slay more dragons,” I said.

He giggled. “I don’t have the highest strength modifier, but I’m great with magic.”

“Oh, that’s right.” I’d seen the roleplaying items around, from the maps of fantasy lands attached to thick card to the odd card I’d flipped over to see telling me I’d stumbled upon a necklace and had to roll a dice. “What else can you do?”

Climbing onto the bed, he lifted his dress to flash me, showing off a bright pink jock. “I can project ice ball, not snow balls, and I can create weapons from ice, but only in cold environments. And—” he huffed and fanned his face, “—this is far from a cold environment.”

I gestured with a finger, hooked and wiggling in his direction. “I just so happen to be

a rogue drow, so I've got you covered." As a teen, I'd played my fair share of D&D with friends in high school. "Level ten, I think."

"Level ten," he giggled, crawling the length of my legs and laying just shy of my groin. "Tell me more, Daddy."

In the recesses of my mind, I knew the basics, but it had been so long so I'd thought about it that I was just making things up. It was worth it to see the glow on Bryce's face, enthralled with another thing we had in common. "I was a reformed evil-doer, great with a bow, an excellent shot with an arrow. It's why I know I can protect you. And when I can't protect you, I can set traps up for monsters to fall into."

"You deserve a reward for being so protective," he said, reaching for my chubbed cock inside the sweatpants. He had cock-seeking missile hands, and knew just where to grab. "Can I?"

"All yours," I told him.

Last night, he seemed surprised by the thickness of my cock, going as far to gag on it. He was over that now, jerking my cock harder, his tongue over the tip, licking the precum. I squeezed the glass toy in my hand, knowing I was thicker than it.

"Princess," I said through a heavy breath. "I've warmed it up." The toy in my hands had warmed significantly since I'd been given it. "It's my turn to please you."

On his back, Bryce braced by bunching the dress up slowly. I knew what was hiding under there, but it didn't mean I wasn't still surprised by how sexy he made it. "Don't forget the lube," he said softly.

His cock pressed against his jock, curving it down to fit inside the pouch. I cupped it, teasing him as I used my other hand to tug him down the bed and gain better access to

his ass. It looked like he'd run a razor across it while preparing himself, there wasn't any hair around it, but a small dot of blood.

"I can help you do that next time," I told him. His ass was a lot smoother. "The shaving." I was still forming ideas of what it meant to be a Daddy. I didn't know what it was he needed from me, and I felt like I was missing a trick by not offering him things.

"Is it ok? I—"

"It's perfect," I said, applying a little saliva on a finger and placing it at his hole. "But I'm going to open it up and maybe bury myself inside."

Bryce let out an excited chuckle.

I teased his hole with my finger, then two. It was time to lube up the toy and see just what those little glass ribs and dots could do. Bryce gathered the sheets up in his hands, prepared for what pleasure this toy would rain down on him.

"I'm going to go easy," I said as the tip went inside.

The muscle of his hole made it look like it was chowing down on the glass pipe. With each of the sensory dots that went inside, he moaned harder. His ass pulled and pushed on the glass with throbs.

With a little pressure and a whole lot of moaning, Bryce's princess hole almost got down to the base. Tugging on it, against the resistance of his hole trying to cling to it, his soft words barely audible.

"I'm gonna cum," he let out, and it was too late. We'd flown too close to the pleasure center of playing with the toy. His hole went crazy around the glass as a wet patch

appeared on the front of his jock. He let go of the bedsheets which had pinged off the corners of the bed.

Slowly and with the sensitive jerking motion of his limbs, I removed the toy from him. “That was hot,” I said, laying beside him. The toy had warmed to Bryce’s internal temperature. I placed it on the bundle of bed sheet at his other side.

“I’m sorry I came before you could fuck me,” he said, turning his head on the pillow to me.

“Don’t be sorry. I know now that your ass is delicate.” I wiped a finger across his chest. “That’s a lot of body glitter.”

He lifted the front of his jock to see his cock, still firm, now covered in cum. “That wasn’t how it was supposed to happen,” he whispered.

“Which part?”

“All of it.”

“Whose to say what’s supposed to happen?” I could answer that, because usually, it was me who was supposed to say something should happen with certainty. “Because if you asked me, I’d say I did a good job. And I didn’t get any glitter on me.”

His giggle gave it all away. His plan all along was to get his glittery body all over me. It would’ve given us another reason to shower together, and allow him to use my chest hair as his personal loofah again. “I wanted you to have something to remember me by when we have to eventually end our date.”

“Dates, plural.”

“Date ssssss .”

I wrapped an arm across his chest area in a hug. “I already got something to remember you by,” I said, pressing a kiss to the side of his face. “I’ve got your t-shirt on, your underwear, and I know which cologne you wear. I plan on spraying a handkerchief with it just to sniff it for the dopamine hit.”

“You have a handkerchief?” he snickered.

“Complimentary with most suits,” I told him. “Well, the type I buy.” And I knew it was only a matter of time until I had to leave and deal with reality, but to know I could escape it at any moment with the idea of Bryce and his need for a Daddy.

“I need something from you then,” he said.

“My suit,” I said. “That way you’ll have to see me again to give it back to me.”

“And what if I don’t want to give it back to you?”

“That sounds like another reason to see each other.”

“Why are we even talking about ending the date s ?” he asked. “I still didn’t make you cum yet. I don’t want you to leave with blue balls as a reminder of me as well.”

I stroked his face as he spoke. “I don’t plan on leaving just yet anyway, it was just a thought. The inevitable really that I’d have to leave.” Sometimes I said things without revealing every other thought that had contributed to it. “We should get you out of that jock.”

“Mhm, are you gonna change me?”

Planting a kiss on his lips, I lingered. “It’s a Daddy’s duty to keep you clean.”

“And it’s a princesses duty to make sure Daddy is covered in glitter.” His hand went up my t-shirt before going all the way through the hair on my torso.

I lifted the t-shirt to see the flecks of glitter twinkle back at me. “I guess I’ll never be able to get rid of that.” The staying power of glitter was magic. It should’ve been studied.

Bryce rolled around on his bed as I explored his underwear drawers. I was hoping to find more toys hiding in there and reveal more of his secrets. There were things that he might’ve considered secret if they weren’t already clues and outright discussions about his love for princesses and roleplaying. He had colorful boxer briefs with days of the week on them. “Monday,” I mumbled, grabbing the blue pair from the chaos that was his underwear drawer. “Look what I’ve got.” His eyes lit up as he wiggled around on the bed. “Do you often forget your days of the week?”

“Not really, but it’s confusing when I reach for a pair and accidentally wear some on the wrong day,” he said. “Today is Monday, right?”

“That’s what the underwear says.”

After cleaning Bryce’s cum-covered cock off with the dry fabric of his jock, I dressed him in the clean underwear. Stroking up the inside of his thigh, I didn’t want to let go of him.

“Do you want to play?” he asked, jumping on his knees around me on the bed. Touching the edge of age regression, he was desperate to play.

“What type of play?”

I didn't want to speedrun my way through everything a potential future dynamic like ours could offer. I also didn't want to push any idea of what I wanted, which was to please his mind and body in every way possible. The little pleasures in life were derived from the flash of a smile and the bite of a lip when you didn't think anyone was watching. I wanted to be the watcher.

He shrugged.

"You mentioned a tea party."

"You want to play tea party with me?" he put on a more innocent voice, calling the Daddy protector up from inside me. He wrapped his arms around my shoulders.

I nodded. "I'd be honored. And to meet your tea party friends."

"Not the other princesses," he said.

I'd already met Cristian. I wasn't sure I could handle the others just yet. "Oh no. Just your teddy friends."

"You've met Cuthbert. I'll get the others. You make tea party. Ok!"

"Ok."

Bryce bounced away on his knees then jumped off the bed. "Everything is in the box under the bed," he said before running off.

I dipped to look under the bed. There were so many boxes. Another hiding space in his apartment. Thankfully, all the boxes were labelled. I grabbed the closest one with 'Princess Valeria' scribbled on the side of it in marker pen. There was some heft to it. Inside, I discovered why. There were a full ceramic tea set in pink with gold

accents. Packed with bubble wrap cushioning each of them so they didn't touch. I wanted to ask him if he meant this, but I was Daddy, I was making the decisions. These would be great.

Exploring the box further, I discovered a metal box of tea bags and a tea pot. I didn't want to admit that I'd potentially bitten off more than I could chew as a Daddy for his little princess. I'd never made actual tea before in my life, but that's why the internet was a gem.

In this instance, the internet was up in arms. Certain practices required a tea kettle, others required a pan to boil water in, and nobody could agree on the best practice, even the Brits were arguing amongst themselves in the online forums and threads. And to add to the confusion, there were also several types of tea. But since my princess didn't have any milk, or anything really. I had to act accordingly.

The tea set was organized on the coffee table. Five cups, matching saucers, and small spoons. Amongst the collection in the box, I'd also uncovered a ceramic square pot that contained sugar cubes. I had questions, like why the sugar was kept under the bed, and how long it had been there. I set it out in the center as I waited for a pan to boil water on the hob.

Bryce was in the corner of the room with his arms filled with teddies, talking to them. From the snippets of conversation I'd heard, he was making them audition for their spot at the tea party table.

Once the hot water was boiled, I carefully poured it into the tea pot, and then as per the internet's guide, I added two tea bags, careful to tug on the strings and keep them dangling through the lid of the pot. I felt like I was the one getting an education on etiquette at the same time.

"Who is ready for some tea?" I asked, standing, my knees creaked from the position

I'd been in. "There's four more spaces, so you've got to be quick. Unless I'm not joining."

Bryce threw a bunch of stuffed plushies on the bed and raced over with a smaller collection in his arms. He slid around the apartment floor on his thigh-high pink socks. "Of course, you're joining. You have to know my friends."

I placed a cushion from the couch down for my knees, and a second beside me where Bryce was going to sit—except, he took the cushion and sat across from me instead. It was the first time being face-to-face with him since he'd ran off. He'd gotten glitter all over his face and his dress.

"I wish I could've had small sandwiches and cakes for a real tea party," I said.

"That's ok, next time," he said, giggling. "You need to meet my friends." The largest, he pulled from his lap was Cuthbert. We'd already been formally introduced. He followed it up with two smaller purple bears, stitched together at the hands. "Twins. They only take up one space though. This is Mavis and Marco."

"Nice to meet you," I said, nodding at them. "There's plenty of tea to go around."

A large pink caricature blobfish plushie took me by surprise. "And this is Nogi. Do you remember a couple years ago, on social media, people were making fun of this, and I was obsessed because it looked like a human. Anyway, my friend surprised me with it."

"Nice to meet you, Nogi." The eyes on it were eerie. "Do you like tea?"

He raised Nogi to his head and made a bunch of nonsensical sounds. "That means yes," he said, offering excellent translation services for his friends. He sat them around for each of the place settings.

“I’m not a huge tea drinker,” I told him. “But this one smells fruity.”

With a hand to his mouth, he whispered. “It’s raspberry tea. I don’t like the other stuff either.”

“So, who wants some tea?”

Bryce immediately raised his hand. “Me!”

This was the real test. I hadn’t seen anyone pour tea before. It went well, surprisingly. The tea poured without problem. I hesitated over the cups that wouldn’t be used, but Bryce insisted that his friends required tea as well. I made sure that everyone got some.

It took me back to the whole reason I’d invested in the Playhouse Club. I’d needed an escape for so long, and I hoped that would’ve been it. It turned out, Bryce was the escape. We went around, talking about ourselves, and Bryce doing most of the talking. It was a real insight into who he was, and how much being able to play had an affect on him. I was like experiencing a cold wind on the hottest day of the year. A relief.

I’d found someone who matched me in so many ways.

Next step was not to come on too strong and ruin it.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

My hierarchy of needs were all satisfied from being a princess and having a Daddy host a tea party to get to know some of my stuffie friends. It was a trial run for him meeting my other princess friends, and I think he was going to do well. But Cristian had come on too strong earlier at the cafe, I didn't know if Daddy even wanted to meet the rest of them.

I wished I could've spent all day and night with him, but I knew he'd have to leave. And at least he left with pieces of me all over him. So much glitter.

It was around six when I was alone again, but never really alone with an imagination as active as mine. It was also perfect time for the group chat to blow up with questions about how it had been, as well as Cristian's comments.

— I wish he could've stayed another night. I told them.

— He's hotter in person. Cristian added.

— And when do we get to meet him? Hugh asked.

— Well, when do we get to meet him? Not you Hugh. I don't think he'd be able to handle you right away. Jai sent with several laughter emojis.

— Nobody is meeting him until he's ready. Cristian ambushed us, so that doesn't count. I sent.

— And yes, to reiterate, he knows about Wednesday and Friday, but from what I know, he's usually super busy and scheduled anyway. I just hope that doesn't get in

the way of us hanging out more. I added, my insecurities resurfacing with him gone. My gut told me to stop the thoughts, but my brain was not co-operating.

The group reassured me as best they could. They'd also continued to deep dive information on him and send me the headlines. It was a lot to take in. I couldn't relate to what I was reading and the man I'd met and spend the night with. They were two different people.

— If he even wants to continue seeing me, there will be rules on when and if you all meet him. I told them.

— Not mentioning money and those headlines is rule one. I'll think of the others when I can.

This is what it was always like when any of us had a date, and I didn't want to fall into the trap of getting carried away. It was an easy trap.

— He also told me that he played D&D when he was younger too.

—But don't worry he's not joining us.

—I'm just saying that it's another way we connect.

Before Everett left, he'd made my bed and cleaned the tea cups and pot away back into the box under my bed. It was yet another way he was caring and the opposite of the man responsible for laying off a company he bought out several years ago. The disconnect between that information and the reality of my experience with him was night and day.

— When are you going to see him next? Jai asked.

I stared at the question. We'd spoke about setting a time or date to see each other again, but never put any dates down. That added to the internal stress.

— And if he ghosts you, we know where he works. Hugh said, already gearing up to do something dramatic I feared.

— Not sure. I'm gonna wait for him to ask. I don't want to come across as desperate.

Just as the spiral was ready to begin, I recalled the plan. He left his suit here, and I let him wear my clothes home. We had to see each other again.

Grabbing his suit, I undressed out of the dress and put his clothes on. They smelled exactly like him. I got all cozy in them before snapping a couple pictures. I sent them all over to him with the caption. 'How do I look?'

He texted me back immediately with a mirror selfie of him lifting the t-shirt up to show the glitter trail I'd left in his body hair. He captioned it, ' Much better than I do in it. What about me?'

All of my anxiety melted away, but curiosity piqued as I examined the picture. He was in a bathroom and it was huge. I zoomed in on the products around the sink and the shower in the back. It looked like there were jets in the walls, I bet it felt like a human car wash in there. And I was desperate to try it out.

— Not that good then. He texted again.

— I was inspecting your picture. I think I'd consider it a thirst trap.

The way Everett lifted his shirt to show off his slutty hip bones and cum gutters in all of that man fur. I wished I'd given him head again before he left. He hadn't manage to empty his balls all over me like I'd wanted.

— I'm adequately hydrated. Thanks to all that tea I drank. He sent.

— No, a thirst trap is a picture you see that makes you want to ride someone. And I want to ride you.

He was typing up a storm from the way bubbles at the corner of the screen were unmoving.

— Oh. Well, I suppose that was the intention. I really liked spending time with you, and wearing your clothes. It's weird because I usually feel my belt around my waist, and these clothes make me feel naked because there's no tightness to them. I like the tightness. Wink wink. And I hope to feel it some more. Let me know your schedule, I want to fit inside your schedule at every possible opening.

I saw the flirtation in his texts, but I didn't know how much of it was intentional. He even used the word wink over the emoji. There was something about that which had me hot under the collar of his shirt. And as I began to sweat, the cologne soaked into his clothes began to musk in the air.

— I also want to do more than have sex with you. I don't want you to think I'm only interested in sex. In case that's how my message came off.

So, he was flirting. I laid on my bed in his suit, my breathing becoming labored as I pulled a pillow into my arms and looked at the ceiling. I recalled the sensation of his body on mine, but unable to replicate it with my pillow. My toes curled as I turned on the pillow, squeezing it between my legs. I re-read his texts before responding.

— Pick a day and on that day, I'm all yours to do with as you please. Play with me however you want.

— I'll see what my week looks like, and then I'll let you know. Maybe you'll accept

my invite to my apartment, or perhaps we can go somewhere together.

— Daddy's choice. I'm just a princess, waiting to be swept off my feet.

—Then prepare to be swept away.

I understood how people become absorbed and obsessive with the people they were seeing. The rush of happy hormones flowing through my body in the moment of seeing his messages had me ready to open a window and scream my excitement to the city. I didn't want a noise citation though, so I kept the scream internal.

With his comments about my week, I knew I worked Tuesday this week for a student party, that meant I only had Thursday and Sunday fully free. I couldn't wait nearly an entire week to see him again.

Amongst my other freelance work, I mixed tapes for local drag queens and even helped with the production of their music. I wasn't lyrically inclined, but I could create a catchy beat. That type of work wasn't steady at all, and often revolved around the production and airing of the reality drag TV shows, but they shot during early summer and aired in the new year, so work for that had dried up significantly right now.

I occupied my time with new mixes for my set and getting some of them uploaded to social media where people streamed. I didn't have a huge following, but enough for people to be interested locally, especially as I was most visually noticed as the DJ guy who wears a dress and tiara.

Over the next two days, it didn't feel like there was an entire city between me and Everett because we kept in constant contact, texting each other and snapping pictures at each other throughout the days. His pictures were mostly of his view, or the multiple times he'd find glitter on himself despite washing and rewashing himself.

We'd also agreed on Thursday evening, meeting at his apartment, for him to surprise me. Which meant Wednesday's princess hang was necessary to discuss all things Daddy, and all things princess. It was the first time we were all back together as a group.

We were all meeting at Cristian's place in Williamsburg. He lived alone in a cozy studio apartment on the third floor of an older building with exposed brick walls and large windows. His space was filled with plants, books, and artwork—most of which were his own fantasy drawings. It had a bohemian feel, with an earthy color palette and bronze metallic accents. But my favorite part of his place was the corner dedicated to princess costumes, complete with a mannequin displaying his latest dress.

We arrived at different times. I was first, bringing the pizzas. Two, one cheese and another pepperoni. Hugh arrived after me, in his dress, and with two bottles of white wine clinking around in the bag on his back. Jai arrived the latest, which was just after I'd changed into my dress. He brought mini brownie bites and other smaller desserts.

Princess Wednesdays were the best. They were an elevated tea party, except the tea was wine, and we never used the good tea party porcelain.

Once we were all ready, we gathered on the bean bags with our poofy dresses and our stuffed teddies tucked to our chests. Pizzas were in the center of the floor, our cheap gem-adorned plastic wine glasses were being filled, and we had a pick of coloring crayons and sheets to choose from.

"Princesses," Princess Lysa aka Cristian said, raising a wine glass. "We've had an exciting week so far. Let the catch up commence."

We cheered and sipped wine. My immediate thought to it was how Everett would

react. I wondered if he'd spit it right back out because there was no way this bottle was over five dollars, especially since Hugh had brought it.

"I've decided I'm no longer interested in finding a boyfriend," Princess Zahra aka Jai said. "I heard that when you stop looking or wanting something, it'll come to you."

"In that case, I'm no longer interested in becoming a Broadway superstar who has fans flocking the stage door waiting to shower me in flowers and ask for my autograph," Princess Mari aka Hugh said, flicking fake hair over a shoulder. "Let's see if it works."

"I don't actually think it works like that," I told them. "I met him at work, and I was mad at him first. He got my attention by being so close. Otherwise I'd have been absolutely hopeless." And it was true, none of us were doing anything to find partners. We'd been through the apps, the clubs, and we were over them. Hugh was probably still into it given he lived for the drama of being a topic of gossip.

As the tea party got into full swing, we chowed down on pizza and drank wine while cartoons played on the TV. These playdates every Wednesday were much needed, especially after adulting most of the week. I'd had my mental fill of playing with Everett as Daddy over the weekend, so I was mostly at ease.

Cristian provided all the coloring sheets and crayons. On them, outlined figures of men. We were drawing our ideal Daddies, including what type of person they were. It was easier for me to draw my ideal Daddy now because I think I'd actually found him.

He was tall, a little taller than me. With a blue crayon, I gave him the brightest blue eyes, and with a brown and grey crayon, I went in together to give him his unique salt and peppery hair I was desperate to rub my glittery fingers through for fun. I drew and colored to the best of my ability, a navy blue suit. Around the edges, I added in

all the things he was. Funny. Smart. Caring. And an arrow pointing to his crotch with ‘thick’ beside it.

I finished before everyone, so I went back to my page with some glitter glue pens. I knew how much my Daddy loved being covered in glitter, and if I had anything to do with it, he’d never get rid of it ever again. I added dots and stripes to his clothes and even some of it in his hair, which made him a little more grey than he actually was.

In little princess space, my feelings were huge, probably much more than they were when I was in adult mode. Little me was obsessed with the way Daddy accommodated for me with a tea party of his own, and he’d gotten to know all my teddy friends too. It was special moments like that which I’d been searching forever for.

“Me first!” I said. “I wanna show you all my ideal Daddy.”

“Thick!” Cristian giggled, closest to me as he noticed the word scribbled large with both crayon and glitter pen. “I hope you didn’t need sewing up after.”

“Ahhh.” We all chuckled.

Once we calmed down, I returned to presenting my piece of art for them. “He’s probably six-three, he’s got a natural dominance to him, he’s funny, but not like he cracks jokes all the time, he’s just someone who always makes you smile. Oh, and yes, he’s blessed in that area.” I winked at them.

They applauded me with finger snaps.

We didn’t always draw our ideal Daddies, but when we did, we usually drew whichever celebrity was our man crush of the week as our future, hopeful Daddy. We went around the circle, showing off the drawings we’d done around the stencil

bodies. Cristian's were always the best, he was the artist, his were always so much better, even as a little princess, he took pride in the art work he was creating.

Show and tell was always fun. During the week, we spoke as adults and caught up with each other, but this was our weekly little catch up. Much different to the Fridays when we only regressed a little to play in the dangerous dungeons and rescue Daddies, rather than them rescuing us.

"I have a new plush coming soon," Cristian said, pulling out his phone. "A reward from adult me." On the screen, a slightly blurred image of a green-blue long-necked monster with an adult-sized human sitting on it. "It's from an anime I watch. It's a zabre dog, they're not a dog though. It's an animal the main character rides."

"All adult Jai has done is work," he grumbled and pouted. "But at least he's going to have the weekend free, yay."

"Oh, adult Bryce said thank you for the samosas." They had been absolutely divine, as they always were.

"Did adult Bryce have anything else to say?" Hugh asked, going in for the final slice of pizza. "Like, what his plans were tomorrow?"

I giggled. "I'm not allowed to say. It's a secret. Well, I'm allowed to say that I'll be having a sleepover."

"I miss sleepovers!" Cristian said.

"It's going to be fun, I think, I hope." The nerves, even in little princess space were all coming out because I wouldn't have my things with me.

Jai was the first to squeeze me in a hug. "I'm jealous. It'll be fine."

We all came together in a big princess hug pile. Hugh being the last one as he was munching on pizza. And the moment a single crumb fell from his lips and onto our princess dresses, we panicked as a collective. Our gorgeous gowns were prized possessions, and Hugh was a messy eater. But I wouldn't change my friends for anything in the world.

These hangs also used to be sleepover nights, but that's when they were on the weekend. Everyone was far too busy during the week to keep the sleepover part. It was fine though because I preferred my bed at home, and I was still clinging to the distant smell Daddy had left behind from his stay.

I didn't know where I'd be without my princess support system. Maybe I'd be panicking alone about my date night tomorrow.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

My mood changed on the drop of a dime the moment I was in work around people and their problems. The only thing that got me through the week were Everett's text messages, often throughout the middle of the night, claiming he couldn't sleep, and asking me about what plans I had for him.

The biggest spot, daring to be picked in the office and bubbling under tension happened between Mark and Daniel. They avoided each other as much as possible, but since they were in the same building, they were close enough to leave snide remarks.

Zyber was a company that operated twenty-four-seven. I had a reputation for being a hard ass, what I said went, and as Wednesday evening crept upon the office space, I called a meeting for three, which turned out to fit four in a large meeting room with the swanky black leather seats. Myself, Mark, Daniel, and Sophie, wanting to make sure if my mediation didn't go over well, that she could offer up her customer service voice, which went from sweet to downright demonic when she was getting a point across.

I arrived first as one of the assistants was putting out a small selection of pastries. They always did when the meeting room was booked, but unlike the morning or afternoon, this was a small gathering, and my idea had been to hopefully sweeten them up with pastries.

"I don't know why I'm here," Daniel said, slumping into a chair. Second to arrive. He spun around in it and scoffed. "I'm working through the queue of security updates like I'm supposed to. Jeez. What's Mark putting in your head now?"

At the head of the table, I stayed quiet and stared my friend of thirty years down. I knew my glaring wouldn't have much effect, he'd seen me without all the icy smoke and mirrors. He knew I could be unserious and have fun, and that's probably why Mark hated having him around, I was different around Daniel.

Mark walked into the meeting room with a file pressed to his chest. "I'm not sure why this couldn't be done in the day," he said.

Sophie swiftly followed behind and closed the door. "Sorry, I'm late, I was dealing with a couple of last minute emails."

It was hard to keep a stern face when I was gearing up to meet Bryce and play princess and Daddy with him. "I'm not letting the two of you leave until you've sorted your shit out," I said in a calm tone. "I'm being serious. Daniel isn't here full-time, but even if he was here full-time, I'd expect the two of you to get on."

"He's a liability," Mark said.

Daniel spun around in his chair before standing. "I'm not sure what you mean by liability, but you have liability insurance, and enough money to cover it," he said, grabbing a croissant from the table flush against the wall. "I'm actually here to do what the work needs. You're here as a figurehead with a fancy title." He sat himself back in the chair and swung his legs up on the table.

"You disrespect everything," Mark snapped. "You're putting your feet up, you're—you're—you're messy, and you've been absolutely disrespectful to everyone and the process. Employment here isn't something you should feel entitled to, you should go through the proper channels to gain employment. And—and—and the whole thing of Everett giving you money out of his personal account for work you're doing at the company. It's wild."

I bit my teeth into my bottom lip. Mark had a point, and it was a massive grey area. All I wanted to do was force them into a common ground where they would stop creating tension and stressing me out. The only thing I wanted was Bryce, and the longer I stayed silent, the more they bickered, back and forth while Sophie's voice came into the mix on occasion.

"Enough!" I shouted. Standing, I placed my hands down on the table with a thump. "Daniel is temporary, but if he wanted something permanent, I wouldn't mind. Mark, you're practically my right hand, helping me make all of our plans happen, and I know Daniel can help with that. Daniel, we are not back in Boston, treat the company with respect. Please. Feet off the table." He immediately swept his feet off the table and rolled his eyes.

Sophie also stood. "I actually have a solution," she said, walking around the table. "Daniel needs an actual written contract, a freelancer agreement. Everett, I know you have a blind spot when it comes to Daniel, and Mark, you're going to give yourself a coronary if you keep stressing out. I'm not sure if you remember, but Daniel has gotten us out of many binds."

Two fingers on my neck, I felt my pulse attempt to break free from my skin. "Daniel doesn't like contracts."

"We need one," Sophie said. "And you have plans this evening. I'll deal with this, you go and get ready for your thing."

I'd wanted to deal this was now. I didn't want to take all the stress of dealing with two friends fighting into my date night with Bryce.

"A second date," Daniel said. "Is this the first time you've moved past the first date?"

"If you do what Sophie asks, I'll let you know how it goes tomorrow," I said.

Mark opened a file on the table. “Who do I go over this with?” he asked. “He’s been attempting to go over my head with some of the developers and tech staff. He’s not the boss, or in charge. He needs to understand the chain of command.”

“Agreed,” I said.

“And with that,” Sophie said. “I’m going to go over your head right now and tell you to go enjoy your evening. I’m serious, Everett.”

I appreciated her help with it, but I didn’t want to have everyone know all of my business, even if I considered them all friends. And Sophie was using that friendship to her advantage and getting me to leave. “I will go,” I said. “But I’m only leaving because I know you’ll do a better job than me. And I made someone a promise.” Sophie was actually a great choice of mediator between the two, they couldn’t use their friendship as a tactic like they could with me.

Before I left, Mark and Daniel had tried getting my attention but a single snap of Sophie’s fingers were enough to quiet them both. It was sudden, even catching me off guard. But the moment I was out of the office, I knew I’d be seeing Bryce.

— Get yourself ready. I’m going to get a car to come pick you up. I messaged.

— I’ve been ready for ages! He sent back.

— Is it presumptuous if I bring an overnight bag?

That was nice to hear. I’d been preparing for his visit the moment I left his apartment on Monday evening. I’d bought a lot of new things for him, and was hoping I wasn’t going overboard or coming on too strong with it all.

— Please. Bring whatever you want. Maybe not so much glitter though.

—I'm going to double the glitter now!

There was something exciting about the way he was a whirlwind of color and sparkles coming into my life. But I was worried he'd find my apartment lacking. It wasn't exactly little princess friendly, but I'd made a couple of accommodations for his stay.

Between getting to my apartment and Bryce's arrival, there was about thirty minutes. It wasn't a lot of time to get ready, but it was certainly enough time to open a bottle of red wine, decant it and let it breathe long enough to get the full body of flavors out. After the day I'd had, wine was a requirement. And Bryce was a necessity.

I poured two glasses of wine, ready for him.

My nerves were on edge as I waited. It was exhilarating, feeling nervous like this again. I hadn't been this antsy since I was in my twenties, pitching to intelligence services to utilize my company's tech. After the first success, the product practically sold itself. People came to me in droves.

The notification of his arrival dinged on my phone. I waited by the front door for him with one foot out in the hallway and wine in both hands. As I waited, I felt slightly silly. He might not have even wanted wine. He might've preferred a soft drink. And before I could stop myself, the elevator dinged.

Bryce was dressed in my suit, the one I'd left behind for him, the one I didn't mind if he'd kept. A large rucksack swinging on a shoulder as I ran toward me. "I've missed you," he said, pausing in front of me. "I—"

"I made a mistake."

"What?" the word came softly from his mouth.

“The wine,” I said quickly. “I should’ve left them inside. I really want to hug you.”

Bryce pressed a hand to his chest and gasped. “You gotta speak all your thoughts at once because you worried me then.”

“I’ve had a bit of a day at work. I need your warm ice melting energy around me,” I said, still holding both glasses of wine awkwardly. “And I didn’t even ask if you wanted wine.”

He took one of the glasses. “If it’s anything like that wine you got in the restaurant, then yes, I’ll take one.”

And with a hand free, I was able to embrace him in a hug. A nice, long hug where I was able to inhale a mixture of our colognes together from his body and the remnants from my suit. “I’ve needed this,” I told him. “And now, I’m going to warn you about my place.”

“Warn me?” he asked, pulling his head back to look at me. “You’re scaring me.” He giggled.

“If you just come in, you’ll see,” I said, with an arm around his side. I led him into my apartment. Observing his reactions as I led him down the hallway into the living room, his bottom lip dropped slightly. “I hope you’re not going to judge me too harshly.” I didn’t know what exactly it was he was reacting to. “But I will say, please don’t touch the art. It’s the only rule I have.”

Bryce stumbled over his words. “Is this really your apartment? It looks like an art gallery. And if it is, I’d like a blank canvas and some paints so I can contribute to it. Even though I’m not the most artistic, I just think I could do something similar.”

He was probably right. Most of the art was abstract color splashes. “I’ll make a note

of that.”

“And this view!” he walked over to the window, dropping his rucksack on the floor. “Oh my god. I need to take pictures of this. Are you sure this is really your apartment?” He pulled his phone out of the suit pocket, like he’d been wearing it his entire life.

I sipped on my wine and watched. The way Bryce moved in my suit, a little too big for him. I wanted to rip it off his body and ravish him. “You want me to take a picture of you with the view in the back?”

“Yes, please. I am shook.” He looked around, placing his glass on a white coffee table. “You have any coasters? Or is this an art installation?”

“I’ll be honest with you. I’ve never used this table. I should have coasters, but I don’t.”

“I don’t want to be mean, but that’s wild,” he said. “I mean, you work a lot, and you’ve got a reputation as someone who doesn’t do much else, so I understand a little.”

I stared at him and his face flushing pink. “I suppose that’s one of the reasons it doesn’t get used. I’d say another reason is because I usually eat and drink in the dining room.”

His jaw grew even more slack. “Uh, yes, let’s continue the tour. Well, picture first.”

I took the pictures for him as he posed with all different types of faces. “You don’t have to keep wearing my suit.”

“Don’t I look good in it though?” he asked, popping the collars of the shirt.

One more picture snapped for good measure and posterity. “You’re adorable. But I might have soothing else for you to change into.”

“You do?”

“Of course. I tried my best to get you all the things you needed for the best six or seventh date ever,” I told him.

“You don’t have to buy me anything,” he said. “I brought all the things I needed to play.”

“Princesses need to be treated like princesses.” I nodded, slowly, looking him up and down. “And more toys equals more fun, right?”

“Right,” he giggled.

That was exactly what I’d wanted to hear. “Are you ready to continue the tour?”

“Yes!” Bryce jumped around as he came to me. “But first, I need to show off the pictures you took.” He took his phone and looked through them, giggling to himself. “This suit is serving all types of corporate slay.”

“Serving what?”

“Corporate slay,” he said. “You know, like it’s giving fancy day job with a 401k.”

I didn’t completely understand what he was saying. Isolated, I knew the words, but together, it was like he was speaking a foreign tongue. “And that’s a good thing, I hope.”

“Yes,” he said. “It also kind of looks like I’m a tourist. They’re gonna think I’m at

another restaurant or something.”

“Speaking of, have you eaten yet?”

“No, I’ve been nervous and excited all day, too much actually, so I’ve had like four coffees.”

His behavior was making a little more sense, no food and a stomach full of coffee.”Then maybe no wine until I’ve put a little food in you,” I said. “It’s one of the surprises. And I hope you like it.”

I continued the tour of my apartment with Bryce snapping pictures of every room. Everything he saw was a revelation. And there I’d been thinking he’d hate my place. We ended the tour in the kitchen, where I revealed to him food I’d bought for the occasion, and if he hated it, there was a quick solution on my phone.

“You’re gonna have to turn around for this part,” I instructed.

“A surprise!” he laughed. “Or do you just wanna see how good my ass looks in your clothes?”

“Can’t it be both?”

“It absolutely can be.” He turned around to a window with a view to the rooftop of another building.

“And no peaking in the reflection either.”

I’d had to deep dive a couple websites in order to fully formulate what I assumed my sweet little princess would want for dinner. It wasn’t me idea of dinner, at least not a dinner I’d have made for myself in the last fifteen years, but it was certainly food I’d

had as a kid. From the freezer, potatoes shaped in the form of circles with smiley face hole and chicken tenders. I'd also managed to find tinned spaghetti in tomato sauce in princess shapes; tiaras, stars, bows, and castles. Alongside it, a choice of fruit juices.

"You can look now," I said.

He didn't say a word.

"You hate it, that's fine. We can order in. Or I can show you what else I have in. I just—"

"I love it," he said. "Ok. I should probably get changed because being in a suit and having all these princess feelings is all types of wrong."

"Then let me tell you about another surprise I have. Remember how I got you nice blue dress all scuffed. I bought you a new one."

"Shut the front door!"

He was exactly what was required after a day like today. He was the relief my soul required.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

All of my friends were going to be jealous when I told them Daddy had bought me pasta princess shapes. When we all got together on our Wednesdays, we sometimes made those types of things, but we needed several tins to share them amongst all four of us. But that wasn't what they'd be most jealous of. I also had a new princess dress.

Daddy took me to the bathroom through his bedroom where a garment bag was placed over a towel rail. "I have a designer friend who my company does security for. She does costuming, and while this isn't a custom piece, it's definitely something that will fit you."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm absolutely sure," he said.

"What if I get food on it?"

"I have some princess-themed napkins that should keep that from happening," he said. "But that was supposed to be a surprise."

I wrapped my arms around him in a deep squeezing hug. "I don't know how to thank you." I kissed him on each cheek, feeling his stubble. And then his lips, where they lingered over the fruity wine taste. "But I'm pretty sure I can think of a couple ways."

"Let's start with you feeling cute," he said, his hand down my back to squeeze my ass. "Go on. Try the dress on. I'll get started on food."

"Oh, actually, I need my bag. It's got my tiara and wand," I said.

“Mhmm. Your wand.”

“Not that type of wand.” I’d told my friends about him finding my adult toys in my underwear drawer, apparently it wasn’t as embarrassing as it was hot that I was getting laid. “But maybe later.”

Once Daddy left me alone in the bathroom. I didn’t know where to start. On the tour, I’d seen the bag and assumed it was a suit. Although I tried not to snoop, I did. The mirror medicine cabinet in his bathroom had toothpaste, floss, and even a spare toothbrush still in packaging. His hand soap was sweetly scented, as were his body washes and hair products. Coconut and vanilla. It all went with the sleek pearl white expensive aesthetic of his apartment.

— He bought me a princess dress. I’m too scared to look at it. I sent to the group.

— I think it’s a Jana Timm original. Oscar winning costume designer.

The immediate replies were for me to see what the dress was. I’m nervous as heck. If it was what I thought it was, then I didn’t want to ruin it.

— That’s unfair! Send it to me, I’ll put it on a body form and we can just admire it. Cristian responded.

— He has connections to the film world? Hugh asked, predictably.

— Enjoy your night! But send updates. Jai sent.

I was right. Opening the bag, there was a blue dress, silk and chiffon. The designer’s name, ‘ Jana Timm ’, Oscar-award winning costume designer from historic movies she dresses princess characters. This wasn’t from one of those movies that won an Oscar, but one of the fairytale movies that appealed to my little side.

All dressed up in the cute blue number ending just above my ankles, I swished around, looking at myself in the mirror. Daddy knocked to say he'd left my bag on the bed. The fit of the dress wasn't the best, most probably because it was made with someone else in mind, but I loved the twinkle of occasional sparkle in the light from the fabric. But once I had my tiara and wand, equipped with glitter shaker, I made my grand reveal.

Daddy was in the kitchen with an apron on. "Oh wow."

"I should've got you to close your eyes and turn around, like you did to me," I said.

"Is that thing loaded?" he reached out for the wand.

"I know you said you didn't want anymore glitter, but—"

"Spread your glitter," he said. "It brightens my day."

I gave a sprinkle above his head. "You're gonna be all sparkly now."

He shook his head. "Perfect. You are perfect in that dress."

"I am?"

He took my hand and kissed the back of it. "Have you had a look at the table setting? There's another surprise."

I turned to see the dining table which faced out onto the city as it grew darker and twinkled with city lights. There were two place setting opposite each other with the two wine glasses. A pink plate with sections and decorations around the rim in one place and a white plate with a gold trim in his.

“You like it?” he asked.

“I love it.”

“Also, you’re gonna have to forgive me for this food,” he said. “It’s not what I usually make.”

I took a seat at the table, I had the view of the city in front of me. “Are you telling me you don’t usually eat potato smiles and princess pasta?”

“I know, I know, I’m not living that good life,” he chuckled. “And you’ll have to forgive me if you find glitter in your food. I didn’t put it there, but you’ve infected the place.”

“Infected!” I slapped the table and laughed. “More like infected it with joy.”

“I’d agree.” He came over and poured me a glass of apple juice. “I heard princesses love this stuff.”

“You’ve been talking to other princesses?”

“No, but it’s better than telling you that I noticed the cartons of it in your recycling when I was at your place,” he said.

I fake gasped. “So, you did snoop?”

“Obviously, if I didn’t snoop, I wouldn’t know what to get you,” he said. “And there’s more surprises to come.” He gave me a kiss, then rubbed a thumb on my chin. “I also got dessert.”

My eyes dipped, looking down his open shirt. “I can think about a different type of

dessert.”

“Naughty princess.” He kissed me again. “Ok. Stay put. I’ll make sure I haven’t burned this food.”

“I don’t mind, I like crunchy food,” I said. I was always the first to volunteer to finish pizza crusts, assuming Hugh wasn’t in there before me.

Daddy dished out the food to both of plates. I had the best plate for it, since it was already divided up into different sections for it. With all the food, I looked at either side and then back to Daddy with confusion.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I’ve got something.” From a box on the counter, he pulled out matching plastic cutlery to my plate. “I knew I’d forgotten something.” And from behind me, he fastened a cute pink bib around my neck with Velcro. “So you don’t get anything on that cute dress.”

Sat across from me, the glitter in his hair had travelled to his face, and as he moved it caught the light.

“I’m worried you’re gonna hate it,” I told him. “This isn’t one of those fancy meals you’re used to.”

“You think I’m not about to devour this entire thing of food,” he said, leaning over. He took my spoon. “But I hope you like it.” He scooped some of the pasta in sauce.

Pure comfort food. I moaned as the spoon entered my mouth. “Yummy.”

“My turn now.”

I grabbed his spoon, scooped up so of the spaghetti and dropped it, accidentally, right

down the front of his grey shirt. I froze. Maybe he should've been wearing my princess bib. "Uh."

"It's ok," he said with a chuckle. "Maybe we'll stick to me doing the feeding." He unbuttoned his shirt and stripped down to a grey tank top. "Unless you were just trying to get me out of my clothes. You just had to ask."

My foot secured itself between his legs. "You said we had to eat first."

"I need you to keep your energy up for all the fun things I have planned," he said, squeezing my foot between his thick muscular thighs.

"You're gonna have to let me know what that is so I can be prepared," I said.

He shook his head. "That's for you to find out later. But right now, I'd like to see what all the fuss is about with this princess spaghetti."

"I hope it doesn't turn you into a princess," I giggled.

"I hope not," he said, clenching his thighs around my foot once more before letting it out of his hold. "There's only space for one princess around here, and I wouldn't want to take that from you."

This is what I'd been missing out on for a long time, not having a Daddy who could take care of my needs. Most of the faux Daddies I'd been around wanted sex and that's it. I needed the emotional caretaking component too.

Finishing my entire plate of food, and only getting the sauce on the princess napkin around my neck was a major win. Daddy compliment me on it and even gave me a kiss, to which he said he was just licking away the residue from my lips.

After my princess dinner, Daddy brought out a small box, giftwrapped with shiny blue paper and a ribbon bow. “Tell me if it’s too much,” he said, pulling up the seat beside me at the table. “I had the lady in the department store wrap it too, so yeah, it’s not something I can take credit for.”

I took the box and gave it a little shake. “What is it?” I asked, hearing smaller pieces inside rumble around. “I’m trying to guess.” I hoped it wasn’t an expensive tea set because all the pieces were going to be broken into several, and he didn’t react like they would break.

“Open it,” he said. “I might be something we can do together.”

“Is it a toy ?” I asked, wiggling my brows at him.

“It is something I saw you had in your apartment,” he said. “Not this exactly.” He planted his hand on the box and gave it a small shake himself. “But it’s something I think you’ll love. And if you don’t, I have the receipt.”

Whatever the gift was, I was going to love it. I tore into the wrapping paper like a little at Christmas, shredding the paper and throwing it over my shoulder. It revealed a non-descript brown box.

“Looks like you have to get through a second layer,” he said.

I gave it another shake. “I really don’t know what it is.”

“I’ll help you,” he said, tugging at some brown parcel tape. “Just pull this off.”

With the box open, I saw the larger box and two smaller stacked boxes in their signature yellow coloring. I would’ve guessed them if I’d given myself a little more time. “Legos!” I turned the boxes around to see what they were.

“I saw you had a couple small ones around your place, and this one seems fitting for you,” he said.

“My friend has this one,” I said. It was a castle that you built and could open it. The other two boxes were smaller builds that could be attached to the castle. “They’re gonna take forever to build,” I whispered.

“I hope it doesn’t take forever,” he said, hugging an arm around my side. He smushed his lips to my cheek in a kiss. “But if it does, I don’t mind helping.”

“Good, because I’m gonna need so much help,” I said. “And we’re gonna need to find somewhere to put it. I don’t think it goes well with your art gallery apartment.”

“Art gallery apartment,” he laughed. “It’s been called worse. But, of course, it would look amazing here, a piece of art on that coffee table in the living room. You can always take it with you, this isn’t something I’m forcing you to do here.”

I turned, my lips meeting his from where he’d been facing me. “I want to play with you,” I whispered, the quiet on my lips vibrated and tickled against his lips. “But only if you want to play with me.”

“Playing with you is the only thing that has helped me get through the day,” he said as his hand came up from my back to my neck. His finger drew delicate circles on my nape. “Let me know if you want to play with that now, or if you want to play with something else.”

Our foreheads connected. I wished mind reading was as easy as it was in my games, or as easy as having our heads connect. I owed Daddy some good princess head, and I wasn’t going to be able to think about anything else until I’d returned the favor.

“I wanna play with you first,” I said softly. “Like you played with me.”

“Oh?”

I nodded, sliding out of my dining chair. Daddy’s hand on me left as I was under the table. He leaned back to look at me, and a smile formed as he bit his bottom lip. There really wasn’t anything I wanted more than to thank him with my mouth, and as much of my throat as his cock threatened to take up.

“You don’t owe me this,” he whispered. “I know you’ve been driving yourself crazy over it.”

Outside of little princess mode, I’d spiraled somewhat again thinking Everett would see me as ungrateful for letting him leave without cumming, especially after he’d given me such a glorious orgasm with the prostate pleasuring toy.

“It’s a thank you,” I said, pressing both hands on his crotch to feel his hard cock already sprung to action. “And I was promised dessert after dinner.” I massaged it over his clothes. It was even thicker with all the fabric in the way.

Daddy attempted to skip the fun of fiddling with his belt and zipper. I swatted his hand away and shook my head. “All yours.” He raised both hands behind his head.

I rubbed my face against his clothed crotch, feeling the lump in his pants like a sensory toy. Looking at him with a pout, I did my best at unbuckling his belt without seeing where my hands were. It came free and I pulled the belt out through the loops. “Oops.”

“What now?”

“Am I teasing you?”

“Not really,” he said, sticking his thumb in my mouth and pulling my bottom lip

down. “Are you trying to tease me?”

“Ye th ,” I mumbled, salivating on him.

“Then you’re doing such a good job,” he said, removing his thumb and wiping it on my cheek. “Good boy.”

He knew the buttons to press, except this time it wasn’t my cum button—but maybe it would be responsible for me pushing his.

My hands, fresh from tearing wrapping paper were eager to get into his pants. Unbuttoning then swiftly swiping the zipper, his bulging cock appeared inside the confines of his tight black briefs. I went back in with my face, letting the heat of his crotch radiate against me. I pressed myself harder on him until turning my head had my mouth at his clothed shaft. I gently played with my open mouth over it and teased with my teeth, each constriction against him resulted in a throb back.

“No teeth when it’s out though,” he said, reaching for something on the table. “But you are teasing me now.” He took a wine glass and drank from it. “Don’t tease too much, I might have no choice but to pay it back.”

This was me paying him back, I didn’t want to be caught in a sexual tit for tat, or did I?

Pulling out Daddy’s cock, all those thoughts of teasing went out of the window. I was mesmerized by it, put into a dicknotic trance where the only thing on my mind was phallic shaped and readily inserted in my mouth. Salivating on his cock as it went in my mouth.

He whispered in long moans. “I haven’t cum since the other day.”

It made me suck harder, deeper, as far as it could go before nearly asphyxiating me. Pulling away for a second before going back, deeply desperate to impress him with my skills. Every thought of what I'd wanted to do with him went out of the window when it came. I licked his tip to coax out the precum, and I'd managed to pull his slacks and briefs down completely to play with his balls.

Through watery eyes, a sign of giving good head, I noticed the glitter from my hands was all over him. It was a princess's calling card, to put a claim on their Daddy or King. And I was ready to stake my claim on him.

"Uh," he grunted as his knee jerked slightly, thankfully nowhere near me.

"Are you gonna cum?" I asked, grabbing his thick cock and squeezing it.

"If you keep going," he said, cracking his knuckles together. "Do you want me to cum?"

Without another word I went back down on him, seeking my dessert in the depths of his dick. I tried all the tricks, licking the tip, playing with his balls. I went faster, incorporating swift wrist motion with it. And just as I was about to pull away and ask him to cum, he placed a hand on my shoulder and then unloaded down my throat.

His cock throbbed in my mouth on the verge of giving me lockjaw, but I wasn't going to pull away. I needed every last drop inside me, because I'd taken the bib off and I wasn't going to let this new dress be covered in Daddy's delicious seed.

Soft delicate words like ASMR scratching my brain came from his tongue. I didn't take any of it in. The second he finished cumming, I pulled away and gave his sensitive tip a lick. His stomach sucked in slightly and he let out a snicker. "I tried to warn you," he said.

Tugging on his briefs, I pulled them back up his legs to wipe my mouth on them. “I didn’t need a warning,” I said. “And now we’re even.” I stuck my tongue out licked his cock as it laid across his thigh. His entire body twitched. “Dessert was delicious. Did you make it yourself?” I asked, smacking my lips. “Compliments to the chef.”

“Mhmm. I’ll admit I had a little help whipping up the batter,” he said. “I’m glad there was no mess. My helper was very good. But he missed a spot.” He swiped a thumb against my chin before presenting the stray cum drop to my lips again.

I sucked on his thumb. I could’ve been saving that for later. But I’d be getting more dessert later anyway—my other hole demanded it.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:21 am

My sweet princess's lips sucked the stress right out of me. Maybe I shouldn't have gone so long without a release. Not only did it unleash an uncapped potential of dopamine, but there was also a physical connection I found my body craved. I never wanted to leave it that long again, and from the satisfied expression on Bryce's face, I doubt he wanted that either.

I'd told him that I'd take my dessert later, whether that was tonight, or tomorrow morning, I'd make sure we shared a more intimate moment that wasn't while one of us was on their knees under the dining table.

We took the Lego into the living area and I revealed the large TV which was behind a white panel in the wall. And to go alongside it, I'd also invested in a lot of blankets and cushions wrapped in one of the larger sofa throwovers and shoved to the corner of the room. They were all online purchases, so none of them matched the aesthetic at all, pink, gray, black, blue, it was chaos but they were very comfortable.

"Where were you hiding all those?" Bryce asked, feeling each and every cushion and blanket against his face. "This actually adds a softer tone to the entire room. It's nice."

I sat on the floor with him, only in my briefs and tank top. "They were going to be part of another activity. Again, tell me if I'm doing too much. I don't want to overwhelm you with everything."

"Tell me," he said.

"Pillow or blanket fort," I said. "I didn't know how many things I needed. And the cushions that arrived were actually not the size I'd wanted. I thought they were going

to be sofa seat sized. Or of a substance that could support a fort-like structure.”

He giggled. “It’s ok. You’re not a blanket fort architect.”

That was true, however I was an architect of security systems, and I should’ve been able to foresee the potential pitfalls and errors. “I assume you are,” I said. “Or at least you’ve got plenty of experience.”

“Blanket forts are usually not for building Legos in,” he said. “And I want to build one near the window so I can look outside as well.”

I agreed to everything he wanted. I never wanted to say no to him. If I could do it, I would do it. “So, what do you want to watch while we start this castle. It looks like it’ll take a while, so we might not finish it tonight.”

He shrugged. “Cartoons. I don’t know what channels you have.”

“All of them.”

“Ooh!” he cooed. “Where’s the remote? I wanna see.”

The remote, like everything else in the apartment blended seamlessly with the surroundings. I handed the remote to him as I unboxed the large castle set on the coffee table. I thrived in the organization of all the pieces and instructions. I’d toyed around with buildables before, so I knew the important of everything having its place and following everything in steps, which this set outlined perfectly.

Once Bryce found a channel with bright cartoons, he sat back beside me in the cushion and blanket comfort in front of the coffee table.

“Ok,” he said. “What do we do?” He looked to me. “Daddy’s supposed to know.”

“I do know,” I said, tapping my fingers on the gray tactile board. “This is our base. We build on this.”

From the instructions, he ripped open the first bag and I made sure all the pieces stayed in our nearby vicinity. It was Bryce’s toy, so he placed each piece, I was just there to instruct him and say he was doing an excellent job. It was true.

“Maybe you can use this as your castle for Princess Valeria in your game,” I suggested.

“Well, Princess Valeria lives in the Crystal Kingdom, so it’s mostly ice and stuff. This is more of a castle where we would explore and fight monsters. I wonder if they sell monsters so we could put them inside.”

The base wasn’t even constructed but he was using that imagination of his to talk about it like he could see the entire thing built up to completion. “If not in here, then in one of the turrets.” The other Lego box was a turret that opened with a spiral staircase. “I bet there would be monsters in there.”

“In the game, Princess Valeria would slay them with ice beams easily. But I might need your protection though.” He pouted.

I’d read a study once that mentioned how spending time with someone you really liked stripped the stress hormone from your body. Bryce made me believe it. Stress left my body like it had never been there in the first place. I pulled him into a hug and kissed his forehead.

“How long is it going to take?” he asked.

I wanted to do the obvious and ask how long a piece of string was. “It might take a couple more dates, which means we have to keep seeing each other now.”

“And then we’ve got the other bits,” he said. “At this point, we should be making holiday plans together.”

I didn’t know if he was being serious about the idea, but I would happily incorporate him into my plans—which were currently empty. The only plan I had for the holidays was a sweeping visit to the family home in Boston. Perhaps it was too early to be thinking about any of that, it was only October, Thanksgiving was sooner than that.

“Hope that wasn’t taken as serious,” he said. “I was low-key joking, I’m not throwing myself at you to be introduced to anyone.”

My silence had been interpreted as avoidance. “Oh no. I was just thinking about how I never do holidays. I find it stressful. I was trying to think about how to tell you that without you thinking I was rejecting you.” I had to be careful with my words. I’d seen the texts where Bryce spiraled and they weren’t fun. “You know I’m not.”

“I know,” he said. “It was just a funny thought.”

“Since you mentioned it, why don’t you tell me about your plans,” I said. “In fact, should I go open a fresh bottle of wine?”

He nodded. “Only if it’s sweet though.”

I didn’t have a large choice of sweet wines, and since I’d started drinking red wine, I wasn’t going to switch. I had two bottles of red wine I considered a dessert red wine because of how sweet they were. I’d never open them alone because I rarely ate dessert alone. It wasn’t a fancy bottle of red, but it was nice from previous experience. A red lambrusco dolce.

Bryce’s first taste tinted his lips a gentle pink. His eyes lit up. “Tastes like strawberry juice,” he said, clinging to the wine glass.

“If you like it, I’m ordering a case.”

“No, you don’t have to,” he said, his voice echoing in the glass as he pulled it to his lips again.

“Whenever you say you love something, the mental note has been made and I’m going to make sure you get it,” I said. There was a strong berry scent from it, almost dizzying. The first taste was in fact very sweet. I sucked air through my teeth, almost in an effort to combat the sweetness on my tongue. “But if I buy a case of it, you’ll have to keep coming over to finish it.”

Slurping the drink down, he nodded.

“Maybe I should grab the napkin again,” I said, wiping the pink droplet from his chin. “Or get you a pink dress so that even if you do spill, it won’t show as a stain.”

Quickly, the sugar rush took over both of us, and mixed with alcohol, we were laughing, joking, and making a Frankenstein mess of the castle. Bryce reminded me that the instructions were a guide, and we didn’t have to follow them completely. The imagination was a powerful tool to be used to mix it up. I was in awe at his ability to throw all ideas out there.

It took a couple of hours to fall bored of building and not getting far with it before we stopped altogether. We’d finished a bottle, and opened the second Bryce declared the perfect building spot for the princess fort. It also meant rearranging some of the furniture in the apartment, but I’d been thinking about it for a while.

“The back of the sofa will be a sturdy wall,” he said. “We need to put that over there.” He pointed to the window. “And then we can use the backs of the dining chairs at either side so that the blankets go like this.” His arm made a an angular sloped gesture.

“Have you become a bossy princess?” I asked.

“I’ve been an architect princess,” he said, clapping his hands once. “Let’s make sure we get your duvet too for extra comfort. And pillows. You have those thick pillows.”

Overexcited by it all, I followed his plans in order to create the best princess pillow and blanket fort. I just hoped he wasn’t hoping to spend the night in it. The light through the window in the morning would be a killer, especially when it happened so early.

This was actually the first fort I’d made. I didn’t recall doing it as a kid or a teen. It wasn’t anything I’d thought about, but now that I was doing it with Bryce, it held a special place in my heart. He stocked it with all the cushions and pillows, turning it into a small space completely different to the rest of my apartment.

Dipping to my knees and wiggling inside, Bryce had a stack of books on his lap.

“Where did those come from?”

“I brought them,” he said. “They’re from the same series that you read to me. Now is the perfect time to read more of them. And I can lay on your lap and look out over the city. It feels like a dream.”

It looked like a dream too. “Let’s get comfy,” I said. “I might need to use the flashlight on my phone though.”

“Next time, you need to string some fairy lights up,” he said.

I wiggled my way back out of the fort to find my phone. I didn’t want to be distracted by it, and the first thing I see is messages from both Daniel and Mark. Further surprised when I saw that Sophie had in fact worked her magic and forced them into a civil working friendship.

As I got back to the fort, Bryce's face was pressed against the glass, attempting to look directly down.

"Lose something?" I asked.

"Have you ever had sex against the window?"

"Oh. No," I said. "Unless that's something you want."

"Maybe," he giggled, coming back to sit against the back of the chair. He pulled the thick duvet up around himself. "You've got to come under the covers with me and read."

It was warm under them. Once I was beside him, he handed the books to me. "Can you read while stroking my head while I lay on your lap?"

"Yes," I told him. "I'm very good at multi-tasking."

He laid his head on my lap as I took a look at the books he'd handed me. I used the little light coming in from the window at first, then turned to the torchlight on my phone to actually read to him. It was nice to have this level of peace and comfort. More than anything, it was nice to have a warm body cuddled up against mine and remind me I wasn't alone in this world, or this lifetime.

As I read, I made sure to put on voices for each of the characters. He really responded well to it, giggling to himself. It was the most wholesome sound. I went through each of the books as slowly as possible to savor the moments and details of the time we were together.

"You're a good storyteller," he said, rolling around until he was face up on my lap.

"They're not my stories," I said, "but maybe I could tell you a story. One I'm going

to create right now.”

“Right now?”

“Yeah, and this one is all about a boy, a princess boy.”

He gasped. “Like me.”

“Whoa, would you look at that, he might just be like you,” I said, tickling a finger down the side of his face and neck. “This boy who absolutely loved his dresses, one day, while he was outside doing his own thing, he came across a man, and that man muddled the back of his dress. He was not happy about it. But the princess didn’t know that the man had done it accidentally after being blinded by their stage presence.” It was a very thinly veiled description of our story.

“That’s like us,” he giggled.

“I think it might be us ,” I said. “The man decided he wanted to know this princess, and he tried, but it was very late, and everyone involved seemed disoriented. A day passes, the man hadn’t slept, and outside, in the rain, in non-princess clothing, someone runs up to him, and he thinks the entire world is about to end until he sees the boy’s face and realizes his world is just about to get a whole lot more interesting.”

Bryce nodded. “So, what happened? What did you do?”

“I walked him back to his friends under the umbrella of my suit jacket, and I handed him my business card,” I said. “We set up a day for a date. And—oh balls, I meant, they went on a date.”

Wiggling around he continued to giggle in my lap. “I know it’s about us. But I like to hear it from your perspective.”

It was hard to believe I was even lucid after the lack of sleep. “It was at that moment, the man vowed to rescue the princess from the elements of the city.”

“You did,” he said. “And then you took him into your tower, high above the city where nobody else could see him, ever again.”

“I’d never steal you away from the world,” I whispered. “Borrow, yes, but steal, never. You’re too talented.”

“You really think so?” he asked, letting out a large yawn.

I caught it, yawning back at him. “Of course, I think so.”

“Thank you.”

I hunched my neck to kiss him, falling short of being able to reach him, and not breaking my back. He lifted his head to meet my lips and kiss me. “Mwah,” he sounded.

“Let me know when you want to go to bed,” I said. “We have two options, we sleep out here, or we sleep in my bed, which I would like to preface has a very nice mattress.”

“Obviously the bed,” he said. “The floor is hard.”

“There are plenty of other hard things you can have instead,” I said.

He bit his lip and nodded. “I hope so.” Slipping his hand under the duvet, he reached for my cock. Hard. If he’d nudged his head a little further to his left, he might’ve laid his precious head on it, but he didn’t. “Oh. I think I’d like that second dessert now.”

I rubbed my hands together, making sure they were warm enough for his body. Up

his dress, I touched his inner thigh, going further to feel the softness of his skin. I wondered if he'd shaved for the occasion, or maybe he didn't have much body hair in this area.

"Against the window," he said. "Is it safe?"

"Very naughty," I said, finding his hard cock pushed up inside a tight pair of briefs. "It should be fine. These things are reinforced. But I'm afraid people will see, and I don't want anyone to see my princess."

"Maybe if I keep the dress on," he said. "But I don't want to make a mess in it."

Pushing my hand inside his briefs, I cupped his balls. "If you do, I'll have it dry cleaned. You can't think about that, it's Daddy's job."

Bryce nodded. "Ok, Daddy."