



Self Expression (The Lactin Brotherhood #15)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Lincoln hates being one of the last people in the office. The old building creaks and sways and it gives him the creeps. But with only a few days left before his big presentation, he's putting in long hours and not taking care of himself the way he should. He's not sure when his last meal was and he hasn't even had time to refill his huge water bottle since emptying it hours ago.

Enzo forgot his travel pump and can't wait until he gets home to pump. He's been leaking more than usual but got stuck on video calls with his team in India and now he's in pain. Like, actual pain. So when he gets into the elevator on Thursday evening with someone from the fifth floor, he hopes the guy doesn't want to engage in small talk. With as full as he is, he can't focus on anything more than a simple nod in acknowledgment when he gets in the car.

But when the power suddenly goes out and the elevator is stuck between floors, they have to figure out how to get through the night without food, water, or heat during the cold winter night.

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LINCOLN

Since when did the Thursday before a long weekend end at 3pm? Since today, apparently, because that was about the time everyone in my entire company bailed, leaving me alone with the enormous task of preparing Monday's presentation.

There were plenty of excuses and reasons why they needed to get ahead of traffic and on the road to their weekend destinations. That was great for them, but as one of the few single guys in the office, I was left with the responsibility of putting the “final touches” on a presentation that needed proofing, formatting, graphics, and a timed rehearsal before Monday. And because we had three days off, our brilliant IT department planned a company-wide outage starting at midnight while our servers were being updated, which left me on a timeline too.

If it really were just a few final touches, I could have been gone by five or six. But everything was a mess, and darkness fell much earlier than I expected.

My stomach growled, reminding me that I hadn't eaten in a while. Did I eat at all today? I couldn't remember. Breakfast had been some coffee, and lunch... Did those strawberry candies from Jessica's desk count?

It was almost nine when I finally emailed my file to the entire team and said it was in their hands to review before it was shared with the board of directors on Monday morning. I'd done everything I could, and my bed was calling me.

Exhausted, I closed my laptop and packed up to leave. My water bottle was empty, so I tossed it in my bag and checked my phone. Dammit, I forgot to put it on the charger and it was almost dead. I just couldn't catch a break.

As the last person on my floor, I passed by a sea of abandoned desks that seemed to be mocking me for being the sucker who had basically worked a double shift before a holiday so everyone else could take a half day. Damn, I envied everyone who had gotten out.

Fuckers, the lot of them.

But they all had something I didn't. A life. A partner. A family. Someone or something worth going home to. Without any of that, I deserved to be stuck carrying the load for everyone else. I was basically paying it forward on the off chance I ever had any one of those things. The odds weren't in my favor, but it was nice to think that maybe someday I'd have a reason to rush home.

My eyes were heavy and bleary as I shuffled to the elevator. Normally I took the stairs, but it was too late to be in the dark stairwell alone, and I didn't have the energy to heave myself down five flights. All I could focus on was sleep and taking some time over the weekend to unwind. I didn't indulge often, but maybe I'd have a Little day tomorrow. I could order in junk food, set up a fort in front of the TV, and stay in my PJs all day.

That was my favorite way to turn off my brain and not think about responsibilities. I hated being responsible all the time. Maybe that guy in Accounting was right and I should just let everyone else fail instead of always bailing people out. That was how people learned, right?

After pressing the button to call the car, hunger gnawed at my stomach, and I started to consider takeout options that were still open. Sushi was always good, but they

stopped taking orders at eight. Maybe a burrito. Or pizza. As long as it was fast, I didn't care.

The elevator must have been in vacation mode too because it took forever to get up the five flights.

The doors finally opened, and the entire building seemed to exhale as if it were grateful to be rid of me. Trust, the feeling was mutual.

Exhausted and starving, I stepped inside and let the doors close behind me as a heavy feeling of relief overcame me. I was officially done with work. I could enjoy a few days and refresh before starting it all over again on Monday morning.

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ENZO

A hot gush of milk broke through my shirt, so I slumped forward before anyone could see the dark spots blooming over my chest. Fuck!

The throbbing in my chest had been constant for hours, but leaking was a new and particularly annoying development. Even my damn suppliers in India were startled by the way I jerked out of the frame and pointed the camera up toward the ceiling. Continuing the call was torture, but I couldn't just walk away. Three of our main ports had shipments under investigation, and our customers were starting to get pissed. We were the first supplier for several major manufacturers, but we weren't their only option. If we couldn't find a way to get parts to them, they would move on to their second or third supplies until they found one who could.

The clock in the corner of my monitor showed it was a quarter to nine. I'd been doing this for almost fourteen hours, and I couldn't do it for much longer. "Get pricing for alternate options that are already in-country. It'll be expensive, but it'll be a lot more expensive to lose these accounts."

"Yeah, agreed." My procurement director heaved a heavy sigh and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "We'll do that and get back to you by morning. Go get some sleep."

"Yeah." I positioned my cursor over the 'End Meeting' button. "Talk to you later."

This was the third meeting with the same issue I'd sat in over the past ten hours, and I

couldn't do one more. They needed to find a damn solution. That was what we paid them to do.

Besides, I needed to pump. My milk had never released unexpectedly, so I was on borrowed time before I was dealing with a full flood. I'd forgotten my portable pump at home, and I hadn't had time to run out and buy a manual. I'd spent five frantic minutes in the bathroom after lunch, manually expressing enough to take the edge off, but it wasn't enough.

My chest hurt, and I almost embarrassed myself because the leadership team had recently decided to make "back to the office" the theme of the year, and everyone was expected to work on-site three days a week. And with the random social holiday tomorrow, I had a three-day weekend ahead of me, assuming the port shit got resolved. At least those calls would be at home where I could deal with my predicament as needed.

The pressure I felt was intense, and I needed to get out of here. "Keep me posted. I gotta go. Sorry." I slammed the laptop closed without even signing off.

I slipped on my jacket and then darted from my desk, hoping to Christ I was alone in the building. The lights were mostly out on my floor, and everyone else seemed to have gone home hours ago.

The hall was silent as I waited for the elevator doors to open. Despite not seeing anyone in any direction, I held my jacket tight to my chest as though hiding it would hold off the next bout of leakage. In just a few minutes, I would be in my car. Fifteen minutes after that, I would be home with my pump whirring and that deep sense of relief that came when I was finally empty. I never missed the rhythmic tug as badly as I did right now.

The elevator took forever, and when it finally opened, I was shocked to see a guy

staring at me with startled eyes.

“Oh, hi.” He was crouched in the corner, balancing an armload of files on one knee with a laptop bag slumped at his feet. When he stood up, the files tumbled to the floor. “Shit.” His frame was narrow, and he looked one all-nighter away from disappearing completely.

“Hey, there.” I cocked my head, trying to remember his name. I’d seen the guy at the coffee machine a few times, but we didn’t work in the same department, so I didn’t run across him often. But the few times I’d seen him stuck with me. With a face like that, it was hard to forget. “You doing okay?”

“Yeah, just surprised to see you. I didn’t think anyone else was still around.” He gathered up his files and slipped them into his bag. “I’m Lincoln.”

“Enzo.” I stepped around him and leaned against the wall, giving him as much space as possible so he didn’t feel threatened. Lincoln didn’t seem afraid, but he was distressed enough that I considered stepping out and waiting for the next car, but the doors closed before my brain caught up with my good intentions. “I guess we’re probably the last two chumps working late before a long weekend.” I adjusted my jacket against myself without putting any pressure on my chest that might stimulate another letdown.

“Probably.” He yawned as he collected all his paperwork and shoved it into his bag. “I’m just so glad the servers will be down, and I have an excuse to not work over the next few days.”

“Sounds nice.” I chuckled. “I’m just moving my work to my house so I can get a few hours of sleep before this all starts again.

“Wait, did you hit the button?” He turned to the panel then looked at me. “Cause I

don't think we're moving."

"Maybe not." I reached past him and hit the button for the underground garage. "If you weren't here, I'd probably be standing in place for a while before I realized we weren't moving." I rubbed the back of my neck, trying to focus. "I need some sleep."

"Me too." He backed into the corner and made himself as small as possible. "And a cozy blanket and some warm milk and my remote." He sighed. "Not necessarily in that order."

The milk reference made me smile as I glanced up at the floor numbers while they ticked down. "Sounds like a perfect evening." I fixed my gaze above the door and kept my breathing even. I didn't dare look anywhere else.

And then, right as the elevator was about to hit the lobby, it stopped, and the lights flickered before going into a low-voltage mode. The red emergency light near the ceiling came on, and Lincoln gasped. "What happened?"

"Fuck." I hit the Lobby button a few times, as if that might spark it back to life. "We're stuck." The emergency lights kicked on, casting us in a dim glow. "I really don't have time for this." I leaned against the wall and closed my eyes, praying for the ground to open and swallow me before I had to do something humiliating.

My chest throbbed as I considered my options. There was a phone number for emergencies, so I pulled out my phone.

A strange wheezing sound pulled my attention up from my phone, and I realized Lincoln was crouched on the floor with his head leaning against his knees.

"Shit." I crouched down beside him. "Are you okay?"

He took a shuddering breath and rubbed his eyes on his knees before looking up at me. “Sorry, I’ve had a really long day, and I’m hungry and tired, and I fucking hate elevators to begin with, so this is basically my worst nightmare coming true.” He inhaled again and blew it out slowly. “No offence or anything. I’m grateful not to be alone here.”

“Please don’t cry.” I didn’t know how to handle emotions. Certainly not in extreme situations. “I’ll call maintenance. I’m sure we’ll be outta here in a few minutes.”

He gave me a single jerky nod and swallowed hard. “Yeah, okay. I’m fine. I just... I’ll be okay.”

LINCOLN

I dug through my bag, hoping to find a rogue granola bar or hard candy, but there was nothing.

The emergency Snickers I usually kept for moments like this had been sacrificed yesterday during an exceptionally long and boring meeting, so I had absolutely nothing to snack on, and my stomach felt like it was gonna start eating itself.

Enzo was talking quietly on his phone, and I tried not to eavesdrop, but I could tell by the way he pulled at his hair and pressed his forehead against the wall that the conversation wasn't going well.

“Everything okay? Are they coming?” The second he hung up, I was tossing questions at him as I opened up my big water bottle, hoping there was at least a little bit left, even though I was fairly sure I had emptied it a couple hours ago. As expected, it was bone dry. Great. I could feel the tears beginning to well up again, but I held them back. “How long till it's fixed?”

Enzo heaved out a heavy breath and turned to me. “There's a city-wide outage, and the generator isn't kicking in the way it's supposed to. They've got a maintenance team on the way, but the dispatcher told me to prepare for four to twelve hours of waiting.” He closed his eyes as if it was as painful for him to say as it was for me to hear. “I guess we're in it for the long haul.”

“The long haul? I can’t stay here for one hour, much less twelve. Can’t we call the fire department or something? There must be some way out of here.” I looked up at the ceiling, wondering if all those action movies I’d watched were realistic enough that maybe we could pop out the ceiling tiles and climb up some sort of wall ladder.

Enzo followed my gaze and shook his head. “We’re not climbing outta here, if that’s what you’re thinking. I mean, if the building’s on fire, I guess we can try, but we’ll be okay for a few hours.” He leaned on the wall opposite me and slid down to the floor so we were at eye level and yawned after a few minutes of just staring at me. “Maybe if we try to take a nap, time will go faster.”

I nodded, definitely ready for a nap. “I guess I can try to sleep.” There was no way I was actually gonna fall asleep, but at least lying down would be more comfortable. I pushed my computer bag to the corner and lay on my back, using it as a pillow, even though it was not even remotely comfortable. I didn’t know what to do with my hands because I usually wrapped them around one of my stuffies, so I crossed them over my chest like I imagined a mummy would have been positioned and stared up at the ceiling. “Do you seriously think it’s gonna be more than a few hours?”

Enzo didn’t lie down, but he stretched out his legs and reclined against the wall. “I fucking hope not. I’m about to burst over here.”

“Oh, that’s ironic.” I chuckled. “I’ve got the opposite problem. I’m so thirsty, and I’m really beginning to regret being too lazy to refill my bottle before I left my desk. I just wanted to get home, so I rushed out.” The tears began to escape again, and I sniffled loudly. “I don’t know why I’m being so emotional. I’m not usually such a baby at work.”

Enzo scooted across the back wall so his hips were near my feet. He placed one hand on my calf and gave me a squeeze. “Don’t be sorry, Lincoln. You’re fine. Trust me, I’m in so much pain right now, I might start to cry too.”

That caught my attention. I leaned up on my elbow and looked closer at him. “Why are you in pain? What’s wrong?”

He shook his head as if he didn’t know how to answer the question, but since we were stuck together for a while, I guess he realized he’d have to fess up at some point. “I, uh, have a condition... Well, I need to empty myself on a regular basis, and I haven’t been able to do that today.”

Horror filled me as I tried to piece together his words. “Like... IBS?”

“No. God, no. Not that kind of empty.” Enzo looked at me and laughed and then took a cleansing breath. “Have you heard of men who lactate?”

My jaw dropped, but I did my best to reset my shocked expression. “Yeah, I have. I’ve even met one at a... club. Is that your condition?”

“Yep.” When I didn’t freak out, he visibly relaxed and pressed his hand over his chest. “I haven’t pumped all day, and I’m leaking and... I may have to self-express in the corner or something.” He screwed his eyes shut and tilted his head toward the roof. “I’m so fucking sorry. This is beyond embarrassing, but I don’t think I can go much longer without relief.”

Poor guy. Did he think I would be grossed out by that? “It’s no problem at all.” I reached for my bottle and handed it to him. “You can use this if it’ll help. I finished it earlier so it’s empty. I figured we may have to use it for a pee bottle, but this sounds more urgent.”

Enzo reached for the bottle, and his fingers brushed over mine. He held them there and looked me in the eye. “Thank you, Lincoln. I appreciate this. I promise to replace it unless it’s particularly sentimental. I’m sure you don’t want it back after I’ve...you know.”

I shrugged, not commenting either way. The truth was, warm milk sounded amazing, and I would be more than happy to take my bottle back after he filled it.

Suddenly, my empty tummy was the last thing on my mind, and now my dick had my full attention. It was thickening at the mere thought of watching this man express his milk.

Fuck, who knew getting stuck in an elevator could be so damn erotic?

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ENZO

Am I actually gonna do this?

I unscrewed the lid to Lincoln's stainless steel Yeti and contemplated my life choices. Why didn't I just do this in the bathroom before I left? Stupid, stupid, stupid.

But here I was, stuck in an elevator with very limited options.

Lincoln wasn't freaked out by what I had told him. In fact, he'd met someone like me in a club. That was an interesting bit of information. What kind of club was it? The Lactin Brotherhood had milkman events at kink clubs throughout the world, including some local ones that I'd participated in a couple times. Could he be talking about one of those? Or had he just been randomly talking to someone who mentioned that they lactate? I wanted to dig into that story, but between his tears and the open bottle in front of me, my body was ready, and I couldn't put it off any longer.

I released the top button of my shirt and glanced up at Lincoln. "Do you want me to turn my back? If this bothers you, please tell me."

"No, not at all." He cleared his throat and tried to be casual as he shifted from his back to his side, but I could clearly see the outline of his erection in his snug pants. "Like I said, I hooked up with a guy who lactated, and it was pretty awesome."

What the fuck? He definitely didn't mention hooking up with the guy and being into

it. That changed everything.

I kept my head down as I fully unbuttoned my shirt, grateful not to have the cold, wet fabric against my skin any longer. Then I positioned the open mouth of the bottle near my nipple. As my hand cupped my pec, I gave Lincoln one last out. “You’re sure this is okay with you?”

He nodded with his eyes glued to my chest, but then he quickly looked up at me. “Oh, do you want me to look away? I know I’ve said I’m thirsty, but I don’t mean to be so... thirsty like that.” He chuckled and then bent his knees, further masking his hard-on. “God, ignore me. I’m getting a little delirious now.”

Fuck, now I was getting an erection. That just made the milk begin to drip out on its own. I inhaled a deep breath and focused on aiming into the bottle. “You don’t have to look away. Whatever you’re comfortable with is fine with me.”

I began the familiar process of kneading my chest muscles until a steady flow of milk sprayed out, hitting the stainless steel bottle in a rhythmic sound. The only other sounds were from Lincoln’s steady breathing and my own labored breaths loud in my ears.

I took a chance and glanced up at him, hoping I wouldn’t find disgust or revulsion on his face. Instead, there was the distinct gaze of lust and desire that I’d only personally experienced with a few past lovers. My own dick was hard and pulsing, but I couldn’t do anything to relieve that pressure with both hands occupied.

“Does that feel better?” he whispered.

“Much.” I continued to manually express, even though the most immediate pain had subsided. “I shouldn’t have waited so long to do this. Thank you for being so cool about it.”

He chuckled softly and moved his hand over his dick, no longer trying to be discreet. "I'm not sure if cool is the right word. Horny is probably a better way to describe it." His gaze lifted and he caught my stare. "Sorry. That's completely inappropriate. It's just... past my bedtime." Lincoln moved his other hand to his mouth and bit down on the tip of his thumb with his eyes glued to my chest.

"What's making you horny, kid?" He was probably only a few years younger than me, but curled up in an almost fetal position with one hand over his cock and the other in his mouth gave off a heavily Little vibe. "Me or the milk?"

He stuck his thumb fully in his mouth for a moment then pulled it out. "Both."

Well, fuck. I lifted the bottle and gave it a shake, estimating it was about 30% full. "I'm done with one side if you want some." I took a slow breath and looked him in the eye. "From me or the bottle."

Lincoln's thumb popped out of his mouth, and he sat up again. "Really?" His eyes bounced from my bare chest to my face. "You'd let me?"

"Yeah, sure." I put the bottle down, not sure which of the options he was going for. "It'll help me and nourish you, so...go for it."

He pushed up onto his knees and grabbed the bottle. A wave of disappointment filled me until he put the cap on it and moved it out of his way. Then he turned toward the back of the wall and faced me, his face just inches from mine. "So I can just...drink?"

I nodded and placed my hand around my left pec, stimulating a few drops to form at the tip of my nipple. "Have you done this before?"

"Once." He lay across my lap and positioned his arm around my left side so he was clinging to me. "Best night of my life." He bit his lip and then licked the drops

bubbling off my skin. “Until tonight.”

Fuck me. The best night of his life? The night in which we were both trapped in a dimly lit elevator?

Then his lips closed over my taut skin, and I groaned, unable to hold back the instant relief I felt when he sucked in a long pull and filled his mouth with milk. I’d only nursed people a few times in the past, and it was always a million times better than using a pump.

Just the sensation of having a hot, wet tongue lick and wrap around my skin was beyond anything I’d experienced sexually.

Watching his eyes shut and his throat work made me almost come in my pants.

After a moment, I fully relaxed. Since I no longer needed to apply pressure manually, I threaded my fingers into his hair, holding him to me so he didn’t have to strain his neck and he could fully enjoy this moment.

This moment that had quickly claimed the spot of being the best night of my life too.

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LINCOLN

Damn, he tasted good.

I purred like a kitten as I drank from this gorgeous stranger. He wasn't kidding when he said he was full. Milk flowed into my mouth as if I were drinking from a straw. Sweet and warm and more delicious than I remembered from the one time I had tasted it before.

It was nothing like the milk I bought in the store. It was both light and filling at the same time.

I'd always had an oral fixation, and my thumb or a pacifier was usually enough to fill that need. But having warm skin in my mouth was way better than either of those. I could drink from Enzo's chest all night...and I wanted to. But as he cradled me to his body and filled my tummy with his warm milk, I finally gave in to my exhaustion.

Minutes or seconds later—I had no idea which—I fell asleep without a care in the world. I was warm and safe and sated.

* * *

When I was roused later, my lips were still loosely pressed to Enzo's skin as he brushed his thumb along my cheek. "The power's coming back on."

“Hmm?” I pulled away and sat up, making the pressure in my bladder known. “We’re moving again?”

“In a few minutes.” Enzo buttoned his shirt and relaxed against the wall. “I just got a text that they have to run a few tests first and we should be on the ground in about ten.”

“Oh.” I looked around and noticed my water bottle, wondering if it was still full of milk. Unless Enzo drank it himself, it had to be. “How long was I asleep for?” I reached for my phone, but it was dead.

“Almost two hours. They were able to fix things faster than expected.” He put his hand on my ankle and held it there. “I’m glad you got some sleep. You needed it.”

I stretched my arms wide and arched my back through a yawn. “I really did.” My hand instantly went to my tummy, and I grinned. “And thank you for sharing. I wouldn’t have been able to sleep at all without your help.”

Enzo nodded toward my Yeti. “Do you want to take that or would you prefer I replace it with a new one?”

My jaw dropped at the suggestion, and I grabbed my bottle before he could get near it. “I’m taking this with me. It’ll be my bedtime snack tonight.” I curled it to my chest, making sure he knew how much I cherished the contents inside. “I’ll probably finish it off the second I get into my jammies.”

He grinned and brushed a strand of hair off my forehead. “I bet you look adorable in your jammies.”

I could feel a flush in my already-warm cheeks. “I think so, but I don’t know if you’d think so.”

“I think I would.” Enzo dropped his hand and leaned forward with his elbows over his crossed legs. “Can I ask you a question, Lincoln?”

As if he needed permission for that. “What is it?”

“You said you met someone like me at a club. Which club was it?”

I grinned, wondering what he’d think about my response. “Club Primal. Have you heard of it?”

“I have. I’ve been there a few times.” He nodded and took a shuddering breath. “I’ve mostly visited the nursery on Daddy/Little nights.”

“You’re...” I didn’t know how to respond to that. “Um, are you a Daddy or a Little?”

He chuckled and squeezed my ankle again. “If you have to ask, I haven’t done a very good job tonight, but when I’ve gone to the adoption nights, it was to meet a Little. Someone who likes milk and jammies.”

A smile blossomed across my face when I realized he might be talking about me. “So, um, did you meet someone or are you still looking?”

“I did meet someone.” Enzo stayed completely stoic. “But not at the club. It was a few hours ago in an elevator.”

“Oh.” My face flushed again. “Cool.”

Before Enzo could respond to that, the lights blinked, and the familiar whirr of the electronics panel sounded. “Looks like it’s time to go home.” He hopped up to his feet and then held out his hand to pull me to mine. “And not a minute too soon cause I’ve gotta piss like a racehorse.”

I giggled and lifted my bag to my shoulder. “Me too. And now that you’ve reminded me, I really have to go.” I bounced from foot to foot, more anxious than ever to get out.

Then the doors opened and we were in the garage, ready to part ways. I stepped out with Enzo right behind me.

“Well, thanks again.” I turned to him, unsure how to ask for what I wanted next.

Luckily, he knew. “Can I get your number, Lincoln? Maybe we can have dinner sometime.”

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ENZO

I couldn't stop thinking about Lincoln and the amazing hours we'd spent on the floor of that elevator.

He barely hesitated when I offered him my milk. And when he crossed the floor and nuzzled in my lap, I didn't think that kind of relief and contentment was possible. But as he lay against me with my nipple deep in his mouth, all I could think of was how badly I needed that in my life.

The first thing I did when I got home was peel off my clothes and toss them in the corner of the bedroom. Lincoln's cologne with just a hint of sweat still clung to them from when he was lying in my lap as he covered my nipple with his mouth.

Lincoln connected with me in a way that was almost more intimate than sex, suckling at my chest with such eager hunger. While I was on the floor in my work clothes, the strangest mix of tenderness and raunch, innocence and obscenity warred within me. What we were doing wasn't wrong or dirty, but it felt that way, and I fucking loved it.

And by the hard-on he was sporting the whole time, he loved it too.

Would he want to do it again now that the need to take comfort in each other was less spontaneous and more like a real decision? I wanted to believe he would, considering we'd both hinted at our proclivities and they were in perfect alignment.

In the shower, I coaxed a different kind of release from my body. With my fist around my dick, I wished Lincoln's warm mouth was on me, this time milking my dick until I unloaded down his throat.

The next morning, I woke up early and immediately opened my laptop. The first few hours were spent with my phone cradled between my shoulder and ear as I checked in with all my teams. "How are things looking at the port?" I tried to focus, but it wasn't easy to hide how distracted I felt. "Are we good?"

"Yeah, I think so." Megan, one of my supply chain managers in the UK, sighed from exhaustion or frustration or both. "We've been back and forth with everything they've asked for, and I just got a notice that we're cleared."

"Thank fuck!" I could finally breathe knowing business wasn't coming to a crashing halt. "Good work."

There was a slight ache in my chest, but I didn't want to pump yet. I'd get to it in a few hours and then leave the second session for the evening. Just in case. I rubbed at my pecs and thought about the boy who drank me dry, then went radio silent.

Fuck, I wanted to hear from him.

The fourth cup of coffee gave me the final burst of energy I needed to put my computer away and head out for a jog. Just being outside in the fresh air gave me the perspective I needed to let work be work and life take a front seat again. For way too long, I'd been going through each day as if I had an unlimited number ahead of me and I could wait for some time in the future to find happinesses. But after the taste of happiness I felt in that elevator, I knew I couldn't deny my needs any longer. I didn't want to.

The muscles between my shoulder blades untensed as I finished my fifth mile and

ended up back in front of my house. It was almost noon, but I'd already put in a full day of work while our logistics issues were resolved, so I considered myself completely clocked out. Especially since I was supposed to be taking a paid day off from work.

Once I was inside the house, I stripped off my shirt, pulled the shades down, and leaned into the pump as I drained everything that had built up since Lincoln emptied me just over twelve hours earlier. Normally, I saved the milk in jars to take to the milk bank or just dumped it down the sink. I had no real use for it myself and didn't know anyone personally who might want it.

But now that I knew Lincoln might want it, it felt wasteful to just waste it. Instead, I expressed every drop I could and then filled a thermos of my own with the warm milk.

The way Lincoln had cradled his water bottle like it held liquid gold gave me the courage to reach out to him. I snapped a picture of the thermos and sent a text. I've got some extra. Interested?

When my phone buzzed with a response, I held my breath and read Lincoln's reply. Definitely. I already drank what you gave me. Couldn't save it. It was so good.

How about food? I haven't had lunch and was thinking of picking up something. I can bring it over. I wasn't directly asking for a date, but a meal and a snack was hard to misinterpret.

I'm watching cartoons in my jammies. I could eat, but my apartment is a mess. If you don't mind that, come on over.

Send your address. Pizza, burgers, or noodles? I'm up for anything. Just knowing I would see him soon had my anticipation in overdrive.

I'd always imagined having a Little in my life, a boy who relied on me for companionship and care, but I never expected to find one at work. Lincoln and I didn't work closely together, but we were in the same building, which was almost too good to be true. If it worked out. If it didn't, that could be awkward. But I was a glass-half-full kinda guy, and I wasn't going to sabotage my chances with Lincoln before even trying.

I was gonna order chicken tenders and fries from Cluckers, but I'm not picky.

I grinned as I imagined him digging into nuggets and fries. Cluckers it is. It'll be about an hour.

After a shower and quickly tidying up my apartment, I headed to Cluckers for enough food to feed us for the weekend. I didn't expect to stay for more than an hour or two, but I wanted to be prepared for anything. Just in case he wanted me to stay for a while...or forever.

When I finally pulled into a guest parking spot at Lincoln's complex, my nerves were tight again with anticipation for how the afternoon would go. I sent a text to let him know I was here.

He'd given me the apartment number, but I didn't want to startle him. As I was walking up the steps to his door, I got a response. Just in time.

Lincoln answered the door in a dark blue romper that was covered in stars and moons and waved me inside. "Don't judge my mess. I'm anti-adulting this weekend."

I chuckled and slipped off my shoes as soon as I was inside. I wasn't sure if he cared or not, but since most of the floor in his front room was covered in blankets and pillows and stuffed animals, I didn't want to track in any dirt. "No judgment here. This looks like a great way to spend the day."

“Weekend.” He reached for the bag of food in my hand and dropped it onto his coffee table. “No computer. No car keys. And no big decisions until Monday morning.” He opened the bag and inhaled. “Mmm, this smells yummy.”

“Great suggestion, by the way.” I stood on the edge of his little nest and waited for an invitation to invade his space. “I haven’t been to Cluckers in years.”

“You’ve missed out.” Lincoln patted the space beside him. “Have a seat unless you need a plate or silverware.”

“Nope, I’m good.” I dropped down next to him and propped a big pillow behind my back for support. “This is all finger-food, all the way.”

A Disney movie was paused, so it didn’t interrupt us as we divided up the food and tucked in.

“I don’t know if you want to save this for later...” I slid the thermos I’d brought across the table so it was in front of Lincoln. “But it’s warm now, so...”

“Now, please.” He unscrewed the lid and took a big gulp from the bottle. “I shoulda got the spicy tenders. The milk woulda been even better if my mouth was on fire.”

I shook my head and smiled as my heart squeezed in my chest. “Maybe we can do spicy for dinner? There’s a great Thai place nearby that doesn’t know the meaning of mild.”

Lincoln ran his tongue across his lower lip and grinned. “You’re gonna stay for dinner too?”

“We’ll see how things go.” I winked. “You might be sick of me by the end of our chicken.”

His eyes were locked on mine, completely open and vulnerable. “I don’t think I will be, but I’m glad you’re planning for our future.”

LINCOLN

A squirt of ketchup hit the cardboard lid and spread in a puddle. “Do you think they’re too hot?” I waved a chicken tender as if cooling it before I dipped it in the red sea.

“Take a small bite, just in case.” He took a bite of his sandwich and immediately wiped a dot of sauce from the corner of his mouth. “I don’t want you to burn your tongue.”

“Kay.” I took another bite and felt some ketchup on my chin, but I didn’t wipe it. That wasn’t my responsibility at the moment. Also, it was a good test to see what Enzo did about it. “How’s yours?”

“So good.” He grinned and used his napkin to dab at my chin. “I forgot how much I liked these.”

The warm tenders and fries, Enzo’s kindness, and the possibilities that were ahead of us made me feel loose and happy as I continued to eat. Had I ever just sat with a Daddy and watched a cartoon? Maybe at the club, but never in my own space, where I felt completely safe and cared for.

By the time we finished with our late lunch, I was already thinking about asking Enzo to stay for a nap. My nap in the elevator was the best sleep I’d had in a long time, and if he let me fall asleep on his nipple again, that would be the cherry on top of a pretty

amazing afternoon.

I took a long drag from the thermos and then capped it up, not wanting to risk spilling a single drop.

After licking the salt and grease from my fingers, I wiggled them toward Enzo. “All done!”

“Good boy.” He cleaned up our mess, gathering all the wrappers in the bag and taking it to the kitchen.

I burped, and my stomach gurgled, feeling heavy and floaty at the same time. “Thanks.”

Enzo gave me a wide grin and came back to my side. “What are we watching?”

“Beauty ’n Beast.” I rolled onto my side, then my back. It was the best way to move when I was full with a million pounds of lunch.

“Moving slower, huh?” Enzo pulled me up so my head was resting on his lap, and then he leaned back against the couch.

I wrapped my arm around his thigh like a pillow, and sighed as he combed his fingers through my hair. “So sloooooo...”

“Still wanna watch your movie or do you want a nap first?”

“Now.” The word spawned a yawn that I hoped Daddy didn’t see. I mean Enzo. He wasn’t Daddy. Yet. Maybe he never would be. “Pweeze.”

“Okay, sweet boy.” I felt the soft rumble in his chest as he grabbed the remote off the

couch and pressed play.

The last thing I remembered was the touch of his fingers on my neck, and then I was asleep.

Enzo probably noticed I'd passed out, but he didn't wake me up.

When I finally opened my eyes again, it was just in time to see Belle and the Beast in the ballroom. My favorite part.

He kept combing through my hair with his fingers, not saying anything about me missing part of the movie or that we'd be more comfortable in my bed. He just let me do what I needed and wanted to do.

I sighed and settled back in, nestling even closer to him just to get more of that warm and loved feeling. And yes, I knew love probably wasn't what he felt for me, but I was already thinking it about him.

And then the pressure in my bladder hit me all of a sudden. One second, I was totally fine. The next, I really had to pee. Like, painfully bad. But I didn't wanna get up. I was so comfy and the movie was getting to my favorite part. Besides, I could hold it for a long time.

As slowly as possible, I stealthy moved my hand from where it was resting on my knee down to my crotch so I could pinch the tip of my dick. It didn't reduce the urge in my bladder or the discomfort I felt, but it gave me a sense of control. That, and bouncing. Bouncing made me feel like I could buy a little bit more time and maybe even make it to the end of the movie without Enzo noticing.

But my plan was quickly squashed because my pinching and squirming might not have been as stealthy as I thought. Enzo slid his hand from my hair to my hip and

paused my bouncing as he hit pause. “Time for a potty break.”

“Nooo... It’s the best part!” My voice got whiny and urgent, like I could make him agree if I complained loud enough.

It didn’t matter that Enzo was already lifting me from our little nest and setting me on my feet. “The best part will be even better when your tummy isn’t hurting.”

My lower lip popped out, and I crossed my arms over my chest as we started walking toward the bathroom. “Fine.”

His hand went to my shoulder as he guided me forward. “Good boy.”

When we got there, Enzo didn’t say a word. He was patient as he stood right behind me, waiting for me to make the next move.

I looked at the toilet, then at him, and I just stood there too.

After a moment of silence, he took the hint that I wanted him to help me. “Would you like some help?” He stepped closer and reached for the zipper of my romper.

I nodded without saying anything else. My mindset was sinking deeper into my Little headspace and wanted to embrace it while I could. I’d never had someone in my home to take care of me like this, and I didn’t want to miss a single opportunity.

Enzo pulled my jammies down past my knees, not letting his gaze linger on my bare cock before he turned me toward the toilet and took hold of my shoulders again. “Go ahead.” This time, he wasn’t just trying to steady me. He was holding me in place to remind me he was there.

Instead of reaching for my dick to aim, I left my hands limp at my sides and

whimpered as the pressure built even more. “Help.”

Enzo didn't miss a beat as he placed one hand on my chest to pull me against his torso and used his other hand to hold my dick and aim it so I could go. My cheeks burned, but the relief was instant as I relaxed my whole body in his arms.

I peed until I was fully empty, and then he shook me off and pulled my romper back up. My brain was fuzzy, and it felt so good to not have to do things on my own. It felt good to have someone take care of me.

“Let's wash our hands, bud.” Enzo turned on the faucet and moved my wrists under the flowing water. He soaped both of our hands together and rinsed us off like it was completely natural for him to help me wash up.

By the time he got me back to our little nest on the floor, I was ready to melt into him for the rest of the afternoon. He pulled me onto the floor and turned on the movie as I snuggled up into him, feeling small and loved. “You're a good Daddy.”

He leaned down and kissed the top of my head. “You're a good boy. Maybe I can be your Daddy and you can be my boy?”

I swallowed back emotion as I turned in his lap and nodded. “Can we?”

Enzo cupped my cheek and lifted me up so I was just an inch away from his mouth. “I'd love nothing more.”

And then he kissed me.

It was just a soft press of his lips to mine, but it woke up all the sleepy parts of me, and I scrambled up his body until I was straddling his hips and licking his mouth like it was as tasty as his nipples.

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8

ENZO

The afternoon had taken a significant turn, and although it felt like things might be moving too fast, I had no interest in slowing them down.

The dichotomy of helping Lincoln in the bathroom one minute and making out with him the next was messing with my head. But more than that, it was igniting a heat in me that I hadn't felt in a long time. Maybe ever.

"Slow down there, boy." I held Lincoln's hips in place as he grinded his cock over mine. "You make me feel too good."

He licked up my jaw, flicking his tongue along my earlobe. "Me too. I feel too much. I have to let some of it out."

Fuck . I released his hips and let my hands slide around his ass, cupping his soft skin as he moved rhythmically over my hard flesh. "Tell Daddy what you need."

Lincoln whimpered and yanked down the zipper of his romper. "Inside me. I need some of you inside of me."

I couldn't hold back my grin at his choice of words. "I've got lots of parts, sweetheart. Can you be more specific?"

His hand went straight to my cock, and he rubbed my length through my jeans. "This,

Daddy. Your dick in my mouth or my bottom. Hurry.” He pressed his palm over me as he rubbed his own dick against his arm for some friction.

I moved my hands up to his neck and steadied his head so he was looking right at me. “Are you sure you’re ready for this, Lincoln? A lot has happened in a short period of time. We can slow things down if?—”

“No, Enzo. Please. You said you’d be my Daddy, and I need my Daddy’s dick.”

I couldn’t argue with that. “I’d love to feel your hot mouth on my cock, baby. It felt so good on my nipple.”

He groaned and hopped off my lap, landing on his knees as I quickly released my jeans and pulled them down far enough for him to have full access to my cock.

Before we could discuss anything else, Lincoln’s head dropped into my lap, and he sucked me deep into his throat, kneading my thighs as he desperately chased the feelings flowing through him.

I understood that desperate feeling.

I was in awe of his ability to switch between vulnerable and assertive so effortlessly. I’d been feeling like I was walking a delicate balance between being too forceful and too weak with Lincoln. But I was learning to read him and recognize when he needed me to take charge and when he needed me to let him hold the reins.

This was one of those moments when I was happy to let him go for it. As he moaned over my cock—pulling all the way up to the tip with his velvet tongue and then dropping down again—the only thing I could do was lean back and enjoy it.

When Lincoln drank from me, I was aroused, but I’d had to ignore it because he was

a stranger. The offer of milk didn't have a sexual undertone, at least not a deliberate one. And as a manager at the company, I had to tread lightly. Not just for legal reasons but because I didn't want to frighten him or make assumptions about his interest.

But now that Lincoln's interest was abundantly clear, I didn't have to hold back at all. I threaded my fingers through his hair and gently cupped the back of his neck. I wasn't holding him in place but grounding him to me, allowing him to move freely while I kept him close.

He was exactly where I wanted—and he needed—to be.

“Fuck, boy. You've got excellent suction.”

He lightly dragged his teeth along my cock until he was able to kiss the tip and look up at me. “Sucking is my favorite thing to do. And I love that you give me so many options for it.” He pushed back down, moving his hand underneath my balls and gently rolling them in his fingers while teasing my taint.

“I'm almost there, baby.” I moved my hands to his shoulders and lightly rubbed them. “Are you ready for more of Daddy's milk?”

He nodded without releasing me and started moving faster over my length. His left hand dropped down to his cock, but I squeezed his shoulder to stop him.

“Not yet, baby. I'll take care of that after.”

Lincoln whimpered in frustration and wrapped his fist around my cock, meeting each stroke in a fast back-and-forth motion until I was erupting in his mouth, shooting thick cream down his throat.

“Yes, baby. Swallow all of Daddy’s come.” I slowly rocked into him as he sucked down every last drop.

When Lincoln was satisfied he’d finished it all, he kissed my hip and then climbed back into my lap. “Was that good, Daddy?”

“So good.” I kissed his mouth, tasting myself on his tongue as I explored one of my new favorite places. “Such a good boy for Daddy.”

He melted against me, loving the praise. But praise wasn’t all I had in mind for him.

“My turn.” I stood up and shifted positions, lowering him back to the couch. “Let me take care of you too, sweetheart.”

“I’m ready.” His romper was open and the head of his hard cock was peeking out, but I carefully removed his pajamas so they were out of the way.

“Now you’re ready.” I kissed his mouth and then his chin, slowly working my way down his chest and abs before I got my first taste of his dick. I’d briefly held it in my hands but not in a sexual way. This time, I was able to appreciate its beauty, its weight. Its perfection.

I kissed along his length, dragging my lips and tongue on his firm skin until I could pull him into my mouth. From the moment my mouth closed on him, Lincoln was a mix of squirming desire and tense muscles. He was vocal without saying any recognizable words. Just moans and needy cries for relief.

As much as I loved the taste and feel of him on my tongue, he’d been hard for hours, and I didn’t want to make him suffer any longer. He was a good boy and deserved to come for me. I moved faster over his cock, licking and sucking as I rubbed some of my dripping saliva over his asshole.

“Yes, Daddy.” He lifted his ass off the cushions, trying to get even deeper down my throat. “I’m coming.”

I kept up the fast pace and pushed my thumb into him just as Lincoln went stiff and unloaded into my mouth. I fucked his ass with my thumb as he fucked my face with his dick, and it was magical. I drank down his offering until he was fully limp on the couch and then climbed up beside him to hold him in my arms. “You doing okay, baby?”

His eyes were closed as he sighed. “Yes, Daddy. But I’m still thirsty.”

9

LINCOLN

I didn't fall asleep right away.

It was more like a system shutdown as my body sank into Enzo's lap the instant I was back in his arms.

Daddy stroked my hair while I drooled into the soft hair of his thigh. Luckily we were both such good dick cleaners that there wasn't a drop of mess to worry about, so I just closed my eyes and relished the moment.

I only remembered I was still naked when Daddy pulled a throw blanket off the back of the couch and covered me with it. I wouldn't have minded being chilly because I was too busy feeling safe, but the blanket was nice. And the fact that he wanted me to be warm without me asking was even nicer.

He let me linger there until I drifted off. I didn't sleep for long, but it was nice to get a little rest time in with Daddy.

When I finally had the strength to lift my head, Enzo was still smiling down at me. "You awake, baby?" His voice was low and sexy. "We should get dinner soon."

"I guess." I didn't ever want to get up, but Daddy's tummy rumbled, so I couldn't keep him from eating. "You're just so comfy."

“I’ll be just as comfy tonight.” He grinned and eased my head off his lap and stood up. “Let’s get you dressed so we can take a walk and pick up something.”

“Walk?” I let him pull me to my feet and then wrapped my arms around him. “We’re leaving the nest?”

“We can have something delivered, but I thought it might be nice to get some fresh air and maybe check out the ramen place on Fourth.” Enzo raised an eyebrow, waiting for my response.

“Fresh air is for the birds, but I do love ramen.” I glanced down at my discarded romper. “I guess I need real clothes, huh?”

“I prefer you with no clothes at all, but Mrs. Kurimoto might be a bit scandalized.” He picked up my clothes and headed toward my bedroom. Daddy tossed my romper onto the chair and went straight to my closet.

I just sat at the edge of my bed and watched as he pulled clothes out for me. He found my favorite hoodie and carried it to me. It was light blue with thumb holes and a little bear patch I’d sewn on the sleeve.

“I bet you look adorable in this one.” He held it up. “What do you think?”

“It’s my favorite.” I slipped it over my head and watched as he pulled out boxers, socks, and a pair of sweatpants that actually matched. “Thank you.”

“Of course. Now up you go!” Daddy knelt down beside me as I stood up so I could step into the underwear and sweats. There was a hint of embarrassment creeping into my cheeks, but it was a nice kind of embarrassment. The kind I wanted only him to see.

* * *

We walked to the noodle place with Enzo holding my hand the whole time. It was sweet and romantic and made me fall for him a little harder. The city was in that golden hour where everything looked soft-edged and gentle. Even the cracked sidewalks held a certain charm that I'd never noticed before.

After a quick discussion about the merits of staying or taking out, we decided to stay and grabbed a booth near the back of the small restaurant.

"What are you in the mood for?" Enzo looked at me over the top of his menu.

"Probably the basic chicken ramen. No veggies." When he opened his mouth to protest, I held up my finger to stop the lecture before it started. "I'll get a salad, and I do like vegetables, but not in my soup."

Enzo smiled. "Good boy."

They were two simple words, but they carried the weight of the world with them. They suddenly became the two most important words to me. The words I wanted to hear from Enzo all day. Every day. "Thank you."

When the server came a few minutes later, we ordered, and then I sank into the vinyl seat. I wouldn't get my milk with dinner, but Daddy promised I'd get as much milk as I wanted once we were back at my place.

Our food came out quick and I dug right in. I didn't realize how hungry I was until I burned my tongue on the first bite and had to hold my mouth open for a minute to cool it off. Enzo noticed, of course, so he plucked a couple noodles out of my bowl and blew on them before offering them to me with his chopsticks.

I opened my mouth and let him put the cooled noodles right on my tongue. “Thank you, Daddy.”

He winked. “As you learned last night, I like feeding you.”

My cheeks burned as I thought about his milk and how yummy it would be when I was comfy in my bed. “That’s good to know because I like feeding from you.” I wagged my eyebrows dramatically. “From all your parts.”

He chuckled at my silly joke and dug into his own bowl of stinky truffle ramen.

For the next hour, we ate and laughed and shared secrets and funny stories. It was a perfect date. And even though it was technically our first date, I didn’t think of it that way. Whether Enzo would have agreed or not, I considered our time in the elevator as our first date.

Those hours that could have been terrifying if I’d been alone but ended up being the start of something amazing.

When we were ready to leave, Enzo paid the bill and then led me out into the grayish dusk. The walk back was unhurried as I cuddled into his side. I’d put my sexual needs aside through dinner, but as we got closer to my place, my libido inched higher, along with my thirst for my Daddy.

When we got to my apartment, I barely made it inside before climbing Enzo like a monkey. He laughed and held me in his arms as I kissed him hard. “Whoa, where did that come from?”

“I remembered how much I want some milk, and that made me hard, and then that made me climb you.”

“I see.” He leaned against the door and kissed me for several minutes before pulling back and resting his forehead on my shoulder. “How about bathtime first. Then milk. I promise.”

I sighed heavily and pouted. “But I wanna?—”

“Bathtime.” He raised an eyebrow and started walking toward the bathroom. “That way we can climb into bed and be ready for...anything.”

“Anything sounds good.” I slid down his body and dragged him toward the bathroom. “Hurry up, Daddy. We need to be ready for anything.”

As was already becoming a routine for us, I watched Daddy turn on the tap and get the water just right as I hopped from foot to foot, anxious to get cleaned up.

He took his time, fussing with the bubbles and making me wriggle with excitement. “It’s warm enough.”

“It definitely isn’t.” He smiled and shook his head. “Let’s go potty first.” He didn’t have to remind me, but I liked that he did.

“Yeah. Okay.” He undressed me with the same care as earlier and then helped me pee. The attention was pulling my Little side to the surface, and I felt myself quickly sinking into the regressed state I loved so much.

Once I was naked, Enzo ran his hands up my arms and then guided me into the tub. The water was perfectly warm and only served to further relax my limbs until I was basically floating in the bubble clouds.

Enzo squatted beside the tub with his sleeves rolled up and lathered up a washcloth with my body wash. “How is it?”

I sighed and cracked one eyelid open to look at him. “Floaty and warm.”

“Then I got it just right.” He lifted one of my arms up and ran the cloth over it. “We’ll make it quick.”

“Mm.” Quick was good. Quick meant milk and maybe more Daddy dick inside me. Maybe even inside my bottom. ““Kay.”

Enzo clocked my mood immediately and started moving faster. As soon as he’d at least run the towel over me in a cursory gesture, we were finally done. “Ready for milk?”

“YES!” I almost screamed, so excited that it was finally time. “You made me wait so long.”

Daddy laughed and leaned over to kiss my shoulder. “Sorry for trying to get you ready for anything.”

“I’m ready. I’m ready.” I held both arms up so he could help me to my feet. “Let’s go!”

My towels were a bit on the scratchy side, but that didn’t take away from the fact that it felt so good to have Daddy drying me off in slow circles and gently rubs. He kissed the top of my head once he deemed me dry and then led me to my bedroom.

Thankfully, Daddy didn’t try to dress me. He just pulled his own shirt over his head and dropped it to the floor before shucking his pants off in two quick tugs. I couldn’t help frowning when he left his underwear on, but I was confident I could separate him from every bit of clothing he’d been wearing.

Enzo pulled back my comforter and climbed in before patting the spot next to him.

“Come keep me warm, baby.”

There wasn't an ounce of hesitation before I crawled in as naked as the day I was born and turned to his chest. I pressed my face against his warm skin and immediately found the right spot—the ring of pebbled flesh that already had a drop of milk waiting for me—and I latched on.

The first pull was a delicious surprise of sweetness that flooded my mouth. I moaned around him as my eyes shut and I suckled. It was a slow motion at first and then greedier as the milk flowed faster.

Daddy stroked my back and murmured sweet words into my hair.

I drank, and drank, and drank until my tummy felt heavy and my head felt light. I switched sides when Daddy nudged my cheek and smiled sleepily as milk dribbled down my chin.

He wiped it away, then tucked me tighter under his arm.

I drank from him until I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer and the quiet thump of his heart lulled me to sleep.

I drifted off with his nipple still in my mouth and his nails lightly scratching my back.

10

ENZO

When I first started lactating, it wasn't a sex thing for me. It was just my body doing its thing. As I became more comfortable with my situation, I was less self-conscious and allowed some of my partners to include my milk into our playtime.

But none of those early experiments prepared me for the complete desire and admiration I felt from Lincoln. He practically begged to nurse and was willing to do just about anything for the pleasure of drinking from me. That worked for me because I fucking loved the way he looked nuzzled to my chest with his eyes closed and his tongue and throat working to get nourishment from my body.

After he passed out at my nipple, I continued to just stare at him until I finally fell asleep too. It had been a long week—and an even longer few days—so I expected to sleep in the next day.

What I didn't expect was to wake up with a tongue on my balls and something cool rolling down the length of my cock.

The AC had kicked on, coaxing a shiver from me as my mind caught up with the tongue and hand that were caressing my cock.

Lincoln was between my legs with my morning wood in one palm while he balanced a bottle of lube and an unopened condom on my right thigh. He was so focused on getting my dick wet that he didn't notice my eyes were open.

Nothing was sexier than watching his tongue lave the thick vein of my shaft and then the sensitive seam behind my sack. He moved with the hunger of a man who'd spent the night obsessing about this moment.

"Fuck, baby." My voice was still raspy from sleep. "You weren't even gonna wake me up?"

He froze and then grinned up at me with a smirk. "I figured you'd wake up eventually." He rested his chin above my pubic bone as his tongue poked out to lick my skin. "But since my dick was awake, I wanted to finish the dream I was having...but for real."

I reached down and pulled him up my body for a proper kiss.

My boy went pliant, melting into me as his jaw dropped open to accept my wandering tongue and sucking it with a full-body whimper that made my chest tighten.

I kissed him until he was squirming on top of me, and then he pulled away. "Will you fuck me, Daddy?"

Holy shit, that sounded dirty and hot. And fucking amazing. "If that's what you need."

"It is." He pulled back just far enough to grab my thumb between his teeth. He released my skin and reached for the condom. "Since you were asleep, I was gonna use this."

"Good boy. That was smart." When he frowned I kissed his shoulder and tore open the package. "I get tested regularly to donate my milk, and I'm clean, but you shouldn't ever assume someone is without proof. We'll get tested together so we can get rid of these things." I shifted his weight so I could roll the condom down my

length.

“Let’s do it soon.” Lincoln planted his feet on the mattress and squatted above my cock, ready to drop down onto me.

“Wait.” I slipped my finger over his opening, and it easily slid inside. “Oh, you prepped yourself?”

“Mm.” He shook his ass, working his way back to my cock. “Of course I did. You were asleep.” He shrugged and then pushed down just far enough that my glans was tightly inside him. “I had a really good dream before I had to pee.” He chuckled. “You were...mean. But nice mean.”

Fuck, this boy was killing me.

I flipped him onto his back and pinned his wrists above his head.

Lincoln gasped and pretended to fight me as he writhed beneath me. “Daddy!”

“Tell Daddy about this dream, sweetheart. What did I do that was nice mean ?” I bent down to his ear and breathed into it, letting my stubble rasp against his jaw.

“You, um, wouldn’t let me come when I was drinking from you, even though I really needed to.” Lincoln was turned away, as if embarrassed to admit such a thing. “And then you fucked me while I was drinking, and I couldn’t stop it from happening.”

“I see.” I nipped at his earlobe then kissed his jaw. “You’d have to be pretty flexible to make that work.”

“Can we try it, Daddy? Please?”

I let go of his wrists and then slicked up my cock with more lube before sliding into my boy's tight channel.

Lincoln spread his knees as wide as they would go to give me better access as the tip of his own dick began leaking onto his abs. "You're so thick, Daddy."

I wasn't super long, but I was above average in girth, so I moved slowly as he continued to stretch around me. "You've got this baby. Your body was made to take mine." I said it with complete confidence that it was true. And when I finally bottomed out inside my boy, I knew it was.

He looked up at me full of trust and want as he slowly exhaled. "I'm good, Daddy. So good."

After waiting a moment for his muscles to relax, I pressed forward, moving slow enough that he could stop me if he were in pain. Of course, Lincoln wasn't interested in slow. He arched into the pressure and rocked with me, seeking out the sting of friction I was trying to lessen.

"Fuck, you feel good, boy." I leaned down to kiss the side of his throat.

His hands gripped my shoulders, holding on to me like I was the last solid thing on earth. "Yes. Faster."

Lincoln shivered underneath me with his cock pinned between our bellies and made a low, keening sound in his throat. I wrapped one arm around his shoulder and cupped the back of his head. "You okay?"

He nodded against my neck. "I feel it everywhere." He pushed back on every thrust, meeting me with equal pressure as we alternated from fast to slow. Gentle to rough.

“Daddy!” His breathing hitched, and I knew he was getting closer. “Even your tummy feels good on me.”

I chuckled and pressed tighter to him. “Come when you’re ready, baby. Feel good with Daddy’s cock inside you.”

That seemed to kickstart his energy, and Lincoln began to buck wildly, jerking over my length as a slick of precome coated my belly.

I grunted and drove deeper, nipping at his shoulder as I picked up speed.

He reached between us and stroked his cock, matching my rhythm as we writhed and panted with need. When the heat began to gather at the base of my spine, I knew I was there. Right there.

And then Lincoln pushed my shoulders up so my chest was right in front of his mouth. He licked each nipple and then latched on to my left side, pulling deeply as my whole body exploded within him.

I’d never come so hard as a roar of ecstasy rolled out of my lungs and my hips snapped to him.

Lincoln was right there with me, sucking and stroking and shooting a thick ribbon of cream across his chest. I held him to my chest as he shook and inhaled through his nose while the waves of his climax rocked us both.

After several minutes of just breathing and coming down from our highs, I slowly pulled out of him and removed the condom.

Lincoln rolled into my side and placed his head on my shoulder as one hand splayed across my chest where my milk was still leaking. “Getting filled from both ends is hot

as fuck.”

I grinned and wrapped him tight against me. “Agreed.”

11

ENZO

I could tell when Lincoln woke up because he went from heavy breaths to the little huffs of a boy trying not to smile. He'd fallen asleep with my nipple in his mouth again, and one arm was still draped across my belly and his leg was tangled between mine.

Lincoln flexed his foot against my calf and burrowed his nose into my neck. "Mornin', Daddy."

"Mm." A sigh of pure contentment rolled out of me as I gave him a squeeze. "Good morning, sweetheart."

Lincoln licked down my throat until he found the puckered disk he was searching for. Without another word, his mouth locked around my nipple again. His grip was lazy and unhurried, like it was more for comfort than hunger.

I rubbed up his spine, and he arched into my touch as if seeking more of it.

He didn't have to seek. I wasn't going anywhere.

I'd never met anyone who wanted me as constantly as Lincoln did. It was a heady feeling to have that kind of influence over someone else, and I didn't take it lightly. It was an honor to hold that space for him, and I was becoming as addicted to him as he seemed to be to me.

Lincoln seemed to thrive off affection, praise, and milk. Especially milk. He liked to joke about it, but when he was latched on, he went soft and wordless in his safe and happy place.

I did too.

The rhythm of his tongue on my skin, working to pull the nourishment that my body produced for his enjoyment and comfort lulled me just as much as it did him.

I ran a thumb over his soft hair and traced the ridge of his ear. “Ready for breakfast?”

He pulled off and raised an eyebrow. “I just had mine.”

I kissed his forehead and pulled him up for a proper morning kiss. “We can go get cinnamon roll pancakes.”

Lincoln grinned and wiped the dribble off his chin with the back of his hand. “Oohh, that sounds yummy.”

“Get dressed.” I rolled him onto his back and stretched out beside him. “The day’s half over.”

“Weekends are supposed to be spent in bed.” He reached for his dick and gave it a cursory tug. “Naked and covered in milk and come.”

“You, my sweet boy, are dangerous.” I got up and headed to the bathroom. I left the door open so he could see me brush my teeth. Within seconds, he met me at the sink. “Wanna shower?”

He looked at us through the mirror and chuckled at our disheveled states. “Guess we should.”

His shower stall was built for one, but we made it work. Lincoln pressed up against me under the spray and let his hands roam free. He kneaded and fondled my balls like he was trying to get me back in bed, but we didn't have time for that. But since we were both hard, I took care of us quickly and efficiently by kissing his mouth while jacking us with a firm grip of my hands.

It didn't take long for us to come together in a slippery mess, but once that was out of the way and we could focus, we rinsed off and jumped out of the shower.

Eventually, we managed to get dressed and head out for the day.

We took the long way toward downtown as Lincoln held my hand. With our fingers laced together, we silently claimed each other for the world to see.

When a woman walked past us and gave me a lingering look, Lincoln huffed and wrapped his arms around me, making sure she knew I was taken.

"Don't worry, sweetheart." I put my arm across his shoulder and held him close. "You're all I want in this world."

"Are you sure?" His lip popped out as he looked at me. "It's only been a few days. You don't know all my annoying habits yet."

"I know that I can't stop thinking about you and I want to spend every minute with you, as evidenced by the fact that I haven't left your side."

Lincoln giggled and nodded. "Yeah, I was hoping you wouldn't remember that you have a different house and would just stay at mine forever."

I rolled my eyes at his silliness, but the truth was, I loved how much he wanted me around. And I really loved the possessive side that didn't want anyone else to even

look at me. “Don’t tempt me or I just might.”

“So...you won’t be mad if...” He let his thought trail off without finishing it.

I stopped walking and turned Lincoln to face me. “I won’t be mad. I promise. Now what were you going to say?”

He sucked in a big breath and blew it out through puffy cheeks. “Don’t freak out or anything but...I think I’m already in love.” He held up his hands to stop me from responding. “And I know it’s fast and crazy and all that, but that doesn’t make it untrue.”

He was right. It was fast and crazy and...not untrue.

I leaned forward and kissed his lips softly. “I’m definitely not mad, and I feel the same way, sweetheart.”

The diner wasn’t much more than a greasy old holdout from before the neighborhood got fancy. We could smell the cinnamon rolls well before we got to it, and the forty-minute wait outside was totally worth it once a plate was set in front of Lincoln and his eyes were huge with excitement.

Despite usually having a steady flow of conversation between us, we ate in companionable silence, only slowing down to swap bites or offer teasing glances at each other. It was nice that neither of us felt like we had to fill every moment with words. We were just happy to be together.

After breakfast, we wandered over to the farmers’ market.

Lincoln led me from stall to stall, sampling cheese and fudge and little cups of fresh-squeezed juice. It quickly became a routine for him to offer me a bite, and then lean

in for a quick kiss when I took it.

It was the best kind of treat.

We bought flowers for Lincoln's apartment. The bunch of bright orange lilies were wrapped in pink paper and made me smile every time I looked at them. Just like I smiled when I looked at him.

Before heading back, we took a seat on a bench at the edge of the park and just watched people passing by. Lincoln put his head on my shoulder and cradled the flowers in his lap. "This was the best day ever." He pressed a kiss to my shoulder and then burrowed back into me. "Can we live here now?"

I squeezed him closer. "It might get cold at night."

He shrugged. "You'll keep me warm."

I looked pointedly at all the strangers around us. "When would you get your milk?"

He twisted around and buried his face in my chest. "Good point. I wouldn't want anyone around for that?"

"No?" I was surprised by that. "Why not?"

He scrunched up his eyebrows indignantly and huffed. "It's mine. Only mine. No one else gets to know that part of you."

"Fair enough." I brushed a kiss over his head. "I can live with that."

"Are you sure, Daddy?" He pulled back and looked me in the eyes. "For real?"

“Very sure, sweetheart.” I held him tighter and let the afternoon happen around us. In just the blink of an eye, I couldn’t remember a time when this didn’t feel like everything I’d ever wanted.

* * *

There was a breeze in the air on our walk home from the park. He made me hold the lilies and grinned every time a passing stranger caught us in their peripheral vision.

“So, ‘member how I said I don’t want you to go home?” Lincoln asked casually as we hit his block. He phrased it like a joke, but he gave me this sidelong glance.

“Yeah, I seem to recall something about that from, like...three hours ago.” I tickled his side and kissed his temple.

“Well, how ‘bout we do that? I need my Daddy all the time.” He pretended to trip off the curb, so I would catch him. And as soon as he was in my arms, I could see he was being genuine. “See, like that. If you weren’t here, I would have fallen on my face.”

My heart stuttered as I considered how I could give him everything he ever wanted. “What if I promise to come back tomorrow?” Before he could protest, I held up a finger to quiet him. “But you’ve gotta do your chores first.”

“Chores?” He perked up at the idea. “I have chores?”

I chuckled. “Well, I have chores at my house, so I’m sure we can come up with a few for you too. And if you’re all done by lunch time, I’ll bring you lunch and a liquid dessert.” I wagged my eyes dramatically.

Lincoln smiled. “Lunch and a treat. I can live with that.”

“Good.” I pinched his ass and we started walking again. “Because I’ve only got one thing to motivate you with.”

“Not true!” His jaw dropped. “You have a million things to motivate me with. Your mouth. Your cock. Your fingers. Your milk. Your cuddles.” He looked up at me. “Shall I go on?”

“You can...” I winked and then shook my head. “Okay, I get it. But if you get all your laundry done and vacuum, maybe I’ll pick you up for a sleepover at my house.”

“A sleepover at Daddy’s?” He said it to himself as if testing out the words. “Yeah, I’ll be ready super early.”

* * *

Saying goodbye was tough but I waited until Lincoln was asleep before slipping out of his apartment so he barely noticed we were apart.

And he was right when he said he’d be done early.

The first photo came just after ten. It was a laundry basket with clothes folded in neat piles. “Chores are fun.”

The second photo was of the vacuum with his bare cock peeking out in the corner. Apparently someone liked to clean in the nude.

I responded back with an eggplant emoji. Be careful not to vacuum up any of my favorite toys.

The third text was a screenshot of an online grocery order confirmation. SEE, DADDY! I’M RESPONSIBLE AF.

Instead of texting back, I called him and he picked up on the first ring.

“Are you proud of me, Daddy?”

“Extremely.” I grabbed my keys and started heading toward the door. “You’re such a good boy.”

“I am?” he whispered. “What’s my prize?”

“I’ll be there in ten minutes, baby.”

LINCOLN

Three months after that night in the elevator, Enzo invited me to move into his house.

The ceilings were higher and there was a lot more space in his ranch house, but it immediately felt like home.

Because my Daddy was there.

Sometimes I'd wake before the alarm so I could get my morning milk before Daddy was fully awake. At least, he pretended to be asleep as I latched on and curled into him, wrapping his light chest hair around my finger and just enjoying the quiet with him.

The sheets were navy and not exactly my style, but I loved how the color made Enzo seem like a god of the ocean. Claiming his space in the dark sea with me at his side. Or on his chest.

“Good morning, sweetheart.” Daddy's voice was always the first thing I heard in the morning and I loved it. It was all I truly needed to start my day with a smile.

And when we drove to work together, we chatted about our days, and more importantly, our nights before we had to get into professional mode.

But there was one bright spot about going to work.

Every time we got in the elevator at our office, we grinned at each other. That was the

elevator where it all started. Where we were forced to bond in the most intimate way. Where we shared an experience that we likely wouldn't have found any other way.

But we did. We found each other and came together like magnets and steel. Yin and yang. Milk and cookies.

And when I got out of the elevator every morning, I kissed his cheek and whispered the words that meant more to me than any others in the world. "I love you, Daddy."

And then I heard the words that I lived to hear back. "I love you too, baby. Have a great day."