



Thrust Me Daddy (The Construction Boys #2)

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Category: Sport

Description: Driving a big truck across the country, I meet all kinds of men. But now I'm ready to settle down and meet the man I can call my Daddy...

The Construction Boys are my brothers, and we're all Littles together in this macho construction world. We fear no one and will stand together until the end – or at least until the beers run out LOL! Drive

But now I'm craving a Daddy to be there for me when I park my truck at home. I want to be bathed, changed, and given my milk. And if I deserve a spanking, then I need a Daddy strong enough to put me across his lap!

Trent Thomas is a surfer who loves the ocean, beach parties, and showing boys like me who the real Daddy Dom in town is. Trent is a sexy as hell free spirit who hasn't settled down with a boy yet – but I might just change all that...

The spark between us is electric and we share the same kinks too. But will our busy lifestyles allow us to finally find our Forever Love together?

Total Pages (Source): 16

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Chapter 1

Mikey

The trees and forest around me are some of the most spectacular you could ever wish to see. But for me I guess it's all pretty normal and part of a day's work.

Not everyone would want to be a long distance truck driver, but I just love it...

'A hundred miles down, only another hundred to go,' I chuckle, dropping my truck down a gear as the incline takes me up the long, winding hill. 'And thank fuck it's not all like this.'

I take a deep breath and bring the speed right down as I maneuver my large delivery truck around the s-bend before flooring the accelerator to give me enough power to push on up the hill.

Being the delivery driver for the Construction Boys always seems to throw up these kinds of long distance driving challenges. We only use the best materials, and if that means a two hundred mile round trip, then that's what we're going to do.

And it's not even like this is the longest delivery journey I've made!

I think my record is a total trip, there and back, of nearly four hundred miles. Of course, that involved several stops and about half a dozen pick-up and drop-off spots – but who's counting, right?

All in all, my hours are long and the work can be highly demanding on my time and my concentration. Driving my truck ain't the same as jumping into a Tesla and letting all the computers and gadgets do the work for you.

No, my truck requires real driving skill.

You can never relax, and you have to always have your wits about you. Take it from me, you don't want to be at the wheel of a large truck unless you're fully aware of the responsibility you have to keep yourself and other drivers on the roads safe.

But don't get me wrong – I freakin' love what I do.

Sure, the hours may be long and I might be away from home for a few days a week... but I always have a great time when I'm out on the road.

Whether it's discovering a new diner or finding a super-cute little town to take a break in, I always see each and every long-distance delivery mission as an opportunity to experience something new.

Oh, and about those roadside diners...

I've pretty much become the unofficial Construction Boys breakfast and late night coffee guide for the whole crew.

If there's a top class pancake stack or premium specialty coffee on any of our great American roads then I'm pretty much guaranteed to know it – and my fellow boys don't hesitate to come to me for recommendations.

That's the thing with my crew, we all have our strengths.

Xander and Lane are the two founders, and they bring with them a whole heap of

construction experience, business knowledge, and some of the biggest triceps and biceps in a tri-state area.

Then you've got Zane and Kurt, two guys who know everything there is to know about welding enormous pieces of steel together and putting up some of the most pin-point accurate residential framework in the business.

The rest of the guys in the crew all bring their own specialties too, and it's always a great day when we can get through the work together and then party afterward.

A Construction Boys party might involve a ton of ice cold beers and some seriously competitive games of 8-Ball pool before heading back to someone's house and partying way into the early hours.

Or sometimes it might be another kind of party.

A very different kind of party in fact...

Despite being just about the most typically macho and big built construction crew you could ever dream of, what truly bonds us all is the fact that we're Littles.

We might all be well over six feet tall, but we still want nothing more than our onesies, warm milk, and our stuffies to snuggle with.

One of our favorite spots to hang out together is Morning Milk . It's the safest environment you could imagine, and no one in there cares that we're all way bigger than the average Little.

The very thought of being in Morning Milk with my best friends is enough to get me through the second half of my journey today too.

It's been a fairly straightforward journey, but I've learned over the years that you can never truly relax on the road until the goods have been collected and then taken back to the site.

But it's not like I'm doing the journey totally by myself...

'How's it going, Atty?' I say, turning and looking at my beloved seahorse stuffie Atty – short for Atlantic, like the ocean.

I could never imagine doing a long haul drive without Atty sitting next to me on the passenger seat. He may be a pink, green, and yellow seahorse, but Atty loves nothing more than a road trip – and he's certainly been on enough of them with me to know!

'Don't worry buddy, we'll be home soon enough,' I giggle, reaching over and ruffling the strip of fuzzy hair at the top of his head. 'But first, it's time to collect this cargo and then power this big old truck all the way back to the boys.'

With that, I negotiate the final corner for a while and then put my foot down and pick up some speed as we power on toward our destination.

Maybe it's a psychological thing, but the ride home is always feels so much quicker. And with the boys planning on going out for some beers tonight, I want to make sure that I'm back in town with enough time to spare so that I can hop into the shower and have a nice, relaxing soap and clean to freshen myself up.

'Jeez, this ain't good, Atty,' I say, grumbling as the shower turns into a heavy downpour. 'This ain't good at all.'

We're about a third of the way back home and suddenly the innocent light rainfall has turned into something like a tropical monsoon.

My truck has been through more than its fair share of extreme weather over the years. I might only be twenty-six years old, but I've been trucking long enough to have seen the most intense heatwaves and the coldest of cold snaps too.

But this rain is something else.

Every time I think it's about to stop, it just comes down even harder.

I'm actually at the point where I think it might be the best idea for me to pull over at the side of the road and take a break so that hopefully the rain can die down enough for me to be able to drive safely.

'What are you thinking, Atty?' I say, a concerned look on my face as the truck's normally unassailable windscreen wipers struggle to keep up with the heavy, thunderously hard rain. 'There's a diner about half a mile away. Keep going and then take a hot chocolate break there until the weather clears?'

I smile... it's pretty obvious that Atty is totally behind my idea to stop for some hot chocolate. A good stuffie always knows what's best for his special boy, right?

'You got it!' I chuckle. 'Next stop, hot choccy and maybe a cookie too...'

Despite seriously reducing my speed due to the horrible downpour, it doesn't take long before I'm pulling into the diner's parking lot.

I put Atty safely in my backpack and make a quick dash from the truck and into the diner.

Despite the fact that I run pretty much as fast as my heavily muscled body can carry me, I still end up getting soaked.

Luckily for me though, I'm a fairly well known face in the diner...

'My big boy got all wet!' Cheryl-Anne cackles, a broad smile on her face. 'Don't worry, Mikey, I'll fetch you a towel to dry yourself on.'

'Thank you, Cheryl-Anne,' I say, wiping my face dry only for more rain to drip down from my closely cropped but still thick dark-brown hair. 'I think I'm going to need that towel.'

Cheryl-Anne laughs and quickly pops back to the staff area behind the counter before returning with a suitably fluffy white towel for me to use.

'Now, you get dry and I'll bring over the menu,' Cheryl-Anne says. 'Look, your favorite booth is free too. I guess we must have known you were coming today.'

I smile and walk over to the booth on the opposite end of the diner.

With the large window that looks out onto the parking lot and then the mountain range in the distance, I love this spot more than any other in the diner.

There's something about the panoramic view that makes each sip of my drink and bite of my food taste even better.

Speaking of which, it's probably time that I ordered.

'Usual?' Cheryl-Anne says, hollering over from the counter as I turn to face in that direction.

'Yeah!' I laugh, not surprised that Cheryl-Anne is one step ahead of me. 'Maybe with some extra-'

‘Marshmallows on the hot chocolate?’ Cheryl-Anne interjects, yet again proving why she’s the best diner owner and server I’ve probably ever encountered. ‘Be right with you. Just have to finish another order first.’

‘No worries, take your time,’ I reply, not wanting to rush Cheryl-Anne.

I reach over to my backpack and open up the zip.

While I’m comfortable in my identify as a Little, and I know I wouldn’t get any kickback from Cheryl-Anne, I don’t know the diner well enough to get Atty out of the backpack entirely.

Not everyone in the world is as understanding and non-judgmental as they could be, and the last thing I want is to end up in some type of confrontation with a stranger who doesn’t think that big boys should be allowed stuffies too.

‘There you go, just enough so you can check out the view too,’ I whisper, giving Atty a nice stroke as his hair and eyes pop over the top of the backpack.

The rain outside looks like its easing off, but I’m not ready to make any big predictions about the weather just yet. I’ve driven in enough bad conditions to know that the weather can change at any time – either for the better or the worse.

Instead, I decide to err on the side of caution and send a message to Xander to let him know that I might be running a little late...

MIKEY: Hey... so we need to talk about the fuckin’ weather. I’m talking heavy, HEAVY rain. I’ve pulled over at a diner until it slows down. Hopefully I should be able to get back on the road in a half hour. But some of these clouds look seriously DARK. Anyway, worst case scenario is I’ll be back after you’ve shut the site down for the night. In that case, I’ll take the load to the storage facility. Speak later.

It's not long before Xander replies to my message. And showing what a good boss and friend he is, he's got nothing by sympathy for my weather-related predicament...

XANDER: Yo! Mikey! Don't worry bro, it's all good. We've got you covered. You don't need to haul ass over to the storage unit, just give me a call when you're a half hour away and I'll come to the site. It'll save you time today, and the rest of the crew time tomorrow. AND it'll mean that you can still come for some beers with us. Safe journey!

I smile and put my phone back in my pocket. Xander is a great friend and an even better boss. Xander is always looking out for what's best for the whole crew and not just himself – and I don't think there's a better man in the business when it comes to bringing a job in on deadline either.

All in all, I'm so lucky to have found the Construction Boys.

We're friends, we're family... and we get to work together too – what's not to love?

Speaking of love, Cheryl-Anne is walking over with a big mug of marshmallow-loaded hot chocolate and one of the biggest choc-chip cookies I've ever seen...

'Wow!' I say, my eyes wide and my tummy rumbling just at the sight of Cheryl-Anne's tray of tasty goodness.

'Hey, they don't call this the best diner for fifty miles for nothing,' Cheryl-Anne laughs, carefully placing the drink and cookie down on my table. 'Now you enjoy that and get yourself ready for the rest of your journey. Although judging by the forecast, I think you might be here for longer than you might have hoped.'

I cast my eyes outside the diner and see that the clouds have got even darker and the rain is pelting down on the ground even harder than before.

It looks like Cheryl-Anne is right.

But if I'm going to be here for longer, that does give me an excuse to get my Kindle out and catch up on some reading as I tuck into my hot chocolate and cookie.

'Looks like it's just you, me, and a good book,' I say, peering over at Atty and smiling. 'Don't worry though, I'll get us home before midnight.'

With that, I take a small sip of the piping hot drink and load up my Kindle.

Being a truck driver means I spend so much time on the road that actual downtime is pretty limited. Typically I'm either driving, working with the boys, or socializing.

I love to read, but I just don't get enough time for it.

The exact same thing could be said for my desire to settle down with a Daddy too.

I've seen how happy Xander has been ever since him and Reece found their Forever Love together. Xander was great before, but ever since meeting his Daddy he's been an even better friend to have.

At first, I was worried that having a Daddy might mean we'd see Xander less or that he would be distracted and not as focused on work.

But the reality is that Reece has helped Xander build the business even better, and that's meant even more time for us to hang out at Morning Milk or at one of our bars of choice.

Sigh .

I'd love nothing more than to meet a Daddy who would look after me and offer a

guiding hand when I need it most. But given the amount of time I spent out on the road, I don't know how it would ever work out.

I've had a couple of short-term relationships, but each time it felt like my other half was put off by the amount of time I spent away from home.

I mean, I can't help it that my job involves long distance travel – and there's no way I'm giving that up, not for anyone .

Having wanted to drive big, heavy trucks ever since I was in grade school, I was so happy to get my license and then eventually find The Construction Boys.

The way I see it, if a Daddy wants me to give up my passion then he's not the right Daddy for me – and not by a long shot either.

Anyway, I don't want to end up wasting my precious reading time thinking about an imaginary Daddy who may or may not be out there for me.

I take another sip of my hot chocolate and let my mind slip into the world of wolves, bears, and a certain heroic boy who wants to find his mate...

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Chapter 2

Trent

So far, I've ridden some tasty waves today.

For someone who's surfed across each and every continent and seen some of the wildest waves you could ever dream of, I'm not easily impressed.

But always knowing that the rain and wind was on its way, I knew that today would bring some wicked tubes to ride – and I wasn't wrong either.

Sadly though, it's looking more and more like the weather is going to end up bringing a premature end to my fun – and I'm not impressed.

'You have to be God damned kidding me,' I say, slapping my hand down on my trusty surfboard as me and my surfy-buddy Ranger paddle in the water. 'A little rain I can handle, but this is ridiculous.'

'Bro, I don't even think this is the worst of it,' Ranger says, casting a wary look over toward the deep, dark clouds that appear to be heading over from the East. 'Rain is one thing, but those look like storm clouds to me.'

As much as I hate to admit it, I think Ranger's right.

I've surfed in some crazy conditions all over the globe, but I don't mess with thunder and lightning. Well, I may have done once or twice in my twenties... but I'm forty-

six now and a whole ton wiser.

The days of me risking everything to chase a wave are over, and I know that me and Ranger have little option but to swim back in to shore and get ourselves packed up as quickly as we can.

‘Urgh . We’re calling it, aren’t we?’ Ranger says, a resigned and frustrated tone in his voice.

‘Yup,’ I reply, equally unimpressed. ‘But fuck it, we got some killer waves under our belts today. It’s not like it was a total wash-out.’

‘True, true,’ Ranger replies, flashing his wicked smile and blue eyes in my direction before he begins to paddle back to the wet sand and not so dry land.

As I’m paddling back alongside Ranger, I feel grateful to have surfed at all. After all, not many people are able to live their lives so freely and go on road trips to chase a wave.

I know I’m one of the lucky ones.

But that said, sometimes you make your own luck – and a big part of that for me was making some very solid investments when I was working in the city and bringing home a big salary.

While my office colleagues were out spending their sales bonuses, I was investing my money in property and quietly building up a portfolio that lets me live me life how I do now.

Every day is an adventure for me.

I wake up in the morning and I don't know which state I'll be in by midday. Sometimes I surf local, but sometimes I'll find myself travelling for eight hours just to find the most radical wave.

Most of my colleagues from my old city days are probably a lot richer than me now. Had I stayed on the corporate ladder I might have had a lot more money and lived in some fancy penthouse.

But that's just not what I wanted. And that's cool.

My old colleagues can do them, and I'll keep on doing me .

Anyway, with this rain coming down harder by the second I know that the last thing I should be doing is reminiscing on my old life. I need to live in the moment and haul my ass off this beach and into the safety of my SUV.

'Yo, Ranger, let's sprint,' I say, whipping my surfboard up and carrying it underneath my arm. 'We'll dry off in the car and try and find a spot to get some coffee and maybe a slice of pizza.'

'Hell yeah,' Ranger replies, duly grabbing his board and powering on ahead of me. 'Last one to the SUV buys the pizza!'

'Asshole!' I laugh, noting how Ranger is streaking ahead of me. 'It's almost like you planned this whole thing!'

As expected, Ranger does arrive at the SUV before me, but to be honest all I care about is getting the heating turned up to max so that both of us can dry off.

With our boards secured on the roof rack and the heating system pumping out enough hot air to power a hot air balloon, I strip down to my pants and allow myself a

moment of relaxation.

‘Damn, you’re looking good,’ Ranger says, his eyes all over my body. ‘Too bad you’re a Daddy...’

‘Ha!’ I retort. ‘We’ve been over this. I’m strictly a Daddy only. Unless you’re a boy, I ain’t interested.’

‘Pffft , whatever,’ Ranger replies, grabbing a towel and roughly drying his bleached blond hair. ‘I’m the same bro. Unless he’s a baby boy, I’m not going there.’

The two of us laugh together.

It’s undeniable that there’s a little bit of attraction between us, but it’s more like two bros mutually admiring one another than anything real.

Ranger and I are the same age and have the same outlook on life.

In many ways, it would make sense for us to get together as a couple – and I certainly don’t mind admitting that he’s got one hell of a body on him to go with a face that wouldn’t look out of place on the red carpet.

But ...

Ranger’s as pure a Daddy as I am.

So that’s a big no-go as far as both of us are concerned.

Anyway, mine and Ranger’s friendship goes back over fifteen years at this point and if something was going to happen it would have done many, many years ago before we both got to fully understand the whole Daddy thing.

‘Come on, let’s let Google do its magic and point us in the direction of the nearest café or diner,’ I say, taking my phone from underneath the driver’s seat. ‘I’ve worked up an appetite. I’m hungry. And thirsty too.’

‘What’s new?’ Ranger laughs. ‘But, yeah, same .’

With that, the pair of us finish off drying our bodies and get into our dry clothes.

It’s time to hit the road and get something big and hot in our mouths.

And if we’re extra lucky, there might even be a cute boy or two serving up some thick, juicy pancakes for us to devour...

‘This is some crazy ass weather,’ Ranger says, gripping the sides of the passenger seat as I take a corner a little too quickly. ‘I’m happy to wait an extra few minutes for my pancakes if it means we get their alive too...’

‘I hear you,’ I reply, slowing the SUV down a touch as the sound of thunder draws closer. ‘But what we don’t want is to get stuck out on the road when the lightning comes. Trust me. I’ve been exactly there in Costa Rica. It ain’t good.’

Ranger nods.

We don’t need to say another word and I pump the accelerator again, the SUV’s handling being pushed to the limits as I navigate a steep downhill bend that winds itself from left to right and back again.

‘How about we set up a cross-country rally car team?’ I laugh, relieved but full of adrenalin. ‘You on navigation, me behind the wheel.’

‘I’ll pass,’ Ranger replies. ‘I’ll be sticking to the water. No offence.’

‘None taken,’ I reply, the road straightening up ahead of me and a slight respite coming as the thunder eases off. ‘So... any new boys on the scene?’

I glance at Ranger and see a big smile breaking.

That means one thing, and one thing only...

‘Right, so I’m guessing three weeks into the month and there’s already been at least three hook-ups?’ I say, rolling my eyes.

‘Hey, you’re not in a position to judge,’ Ranger bellows. ‘Last time I saw you on Saturday night you were carrying a boy on your shoulder into the spanking room at Tool Box.’

I feel myself blushing.

‘Yeah, yeah,’ I say, trying to brush it off. ‘That was... cool.’

‘Cool but...’

‘Doesn’t it get to a point where spanking a cute new boy every week just gets a bit... repetitive?’ I say, the sound of the words out loud making me realize just how much this has been bothering me in recent months. ‘I mean don’t get me wrong... a perfect peach is something I’ll put my hand to any time, but...’

I look at Ranger to see what side of the coin he’s coming down on.

For a moment, I can see that Ranger is giving this some real consideration. But then, just as I’m about to start thinking that Ranger is in the same place as me...

‘Ummmm ... nope,’ Ranger roars. ‘I know what you’re saying, but I just ain’t in that

headspace my brother. As far as I'm concerned, I'll spank a fresh booty every night of the week and twice on Sunday!'

'I respect the honesty,' I laugh, shaking my head. 'And part of me wishes I was still there too. But something's been going on with me. I don't know. Maybe I'm getting old or some other stereotypical shit. I guess I've started looking at the world differently recently.'

Ranger nods and we quickly fist-bump.

My oldest friend might not be ready to join me in the hunt for a Forever boy just yet, but I know that he's got my back all the same.

Now all I need to do is navigate the final stretch of road and get us to the diner that Google tells me is the best in the business...

'All I'm saying is that the 911 would have gotten us here quicker,' Ranger says, holding the diner door open for me as we enter.

'Right... but if you think I'm putting both of our boards on the 911's roof then you must be out of your mind,' I reply, shaking my head and laughing. 'But, forget that, how about this place?'

I look around and take in the sight of a classically All-American diner.

With a strong brushed metal look around the service counter and around the booths, I'm already thinking that this place will live up to its online reputation.

But all the interior décor flourishes in the world won't count for shit unless the coffee is up to standard – and it's time to put that to the test.

‘Two coffees, please,’ I say, making eye contact with the lady behind the service counter. ‘And a large stack of maple pancakes each too, if you would be so kind.’

The sweet lady smiles and tells me and Ranger to find a booth.

I’m liking this place... a lot .

There’s something about the classic look and friendly service that is ticking my boxes right now.

Sure, it’s always nice to eat out at whatever fancy new restaurant just opened, but sometimes you simply can’t beat the down to earth, family run joints that have been going for generations.

Family is a big deal for me – but not how you might think.

Growing up, my family life was nothing less than chaotic. My Dad ran out on me and my mom when I was five, and sadly my mom passed away when I was ten.

After that, I was sent to live with a series of well-meaning but totally uptight aunts and uncles. All I wanted to do was live my life, but none of them seemed to get that I was a free spirit, and it took me every last drop of effort to stick to their rules.

So when I left college and got a job in the city, I felt like it was time to break free and start to build my own family. That’s where Ranger comes in. And my other Daddy friend, Reece.

Together, the three of us have been through a lot together – and even though we’re not biologically related, I would argue all day and night that we’re just as close as any other brothers in the whole world.

Even so, I still look on with longing when I see family businesses thriving and being passed from generation to generation. It makes me feel warm and at the same time a little sad too.

I know that I'll never have a business to inherit and take over.

In much the same way, I know that I'll never be able to turn to an older parent for advice or to reminisce about the old days.

Still, I'm not about to let that get me down – hell no I'm not.

I take my seat in the booth and wait for the server to bring the coffee over. I know it's going to be a good brew just by looking at the faces of the other patrons in here...

'If you ever want to know if the coffee is good, just look at everyone else's faces,' I say, directing Ranger to the sight of two older gentlemen glugging their coffee down with gusto.

'Damn, I'm getting hyped for this,' Ranger laughs. 'And...'

'What?' I say, noting Ranger's eyes being drawn to something behind me. 'What's up?'

'Holy shit...' Ranger says, his eyes widening. 'There's a boy over in the corner.'

'Hot?'

'Hotter than the damn sun,' Ranger says. 'But... not for me. For you.'

I do my best to turn around as subtly as I can.

I can't quite get my head at what I'm looking at. The boy must be at least six feet three inches and have enough muscle on him to put a Hemsworth brother to shame.

With a dense, trimmed beard and an all-weather tan, this boy is doing things to me – and that's even before I notice the sight of a stuffie just about poking its head out of his backpack.

'Fuck... me...' I say, turning back to Ranger, the words barely able to escape my mouth. 'That is one big slab of beautiful baby boy.'

'Told you,' Ranger says, a knowing look on his face. 'So... what are you waiting for, Daddy?'

Ranger laughs and leans back in his seat.

I cast another quick look back toward the boy.

Yup, he actually is real.

With my heart pounding in my chest and my cock suddenly straining inside my jockstrap, I know that I need to get this introduction right.

But before any of that, I need an injection of caffeine.

If I'm going to be approaching just about the sexiest boy I've seen in forever, then I need to bring my A-game.

I've shown all kinds of boys exactly how much of a Daddy Dom I can be, but something tells me that this particular boy will prove to be a much bigger challenge – and it's a challenge that I'm all here for.

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Chapter 3

Mikey

‘Wow, that cookie was too good,’ I say, pushing my finger down on the plate to try and pick up each and every last cookie crumb. ‘Sorry Atty, it was just too good to share!’

I giggle quietly to myself and look out at the terrible weather outside.

It doesn’t look too hopeful that I’ll be heading home any time soon to be honest. This is far from ideal. Even though I know that Xander and the rest of the crew have totally got my back, I don’t want to feel like I’m letting any of them down by being late with my delivery.

With a rumble of thunder in the air and a flash of lightning in the distance, I sip on my hot chocolate and think back to my early days of working for the Construction Boys.

Even though I was shy and not entirely sure of exactly what the Little scene entailed, I was made to feel super-welcome and included in all of the banter and out of work activities too.

Ever since I was a kid, I always knew that I was a little bit different – excuse the pun.

While my friends grew out of their stuffies and playing with toy cars and trains, I insisted that my mom let me keep my bedroom just how it had always been.

There was something so reassuring about my Disney themed bed sheets and my carefully arranged selection of toy cars, stuffies, and coloring books.

Every day after school my mom would make me a hot milk and cookie and I would take them up to my room and just lose myself in play and fun.

My bedroom was the one place where I felt I could truly be myself, and I was so grateful to my mom for allowing me to be myself.

Even as I began high school, I kept the same routine.

Even as I grew, both in height and in body composition, I still wanted to play with my toys and have snuggles and nap times.

But I knew I was different to my school friends.

Instinctively, I knew that I had to keep my other self a secret. High school could be a pretty brutal place, where any kind of point of difference could be seized upon by bullies or kids looking to make a name for themselves by putting someone else down.

I think what saved me from any unwanted attention was the fact that I was simply so much bigger than everyone else. I had a strong body too, and I know that even if I didn't feel intimidating personally, I was definitely seen that way by most of the kids in my class.

I had my first growth spurt young, and just kept on growing.

I barely had to work out and yet found myself in possession of big arms, strong shoulders, and the kind of thighs that a professional football player would gladly take.

But over time, I grew tired of hiding who I was.

It didn't feel good to have to keep part of my identity a secret.

Yeah, I was playing an important role on the school football team, and I was an important part of the wrestling squad too. But the fact that I had to conceal a huge part of my identity slowly began to gnaw away at me.

By the time it came to graduate high school, I was ready to leave any thoughts of being a Little behind me. The strain of living two lives had gotten so bad that I was willing to bury my Little-self so deep that he'd never come out again.

Then I met the Construction Boys... and the rest is history.

I realize that I've been staring out onto the parking lot for a long time and give myself a shake to bring myself back into the real world.

With the rain showing no signs of stopping, I decide that it's only right that I treat myself to another cookie.

Oh, and if Cheryl-Anne happens to have any tasty savory snacks on special order today, then I guess I'll probably allow myself some of those too.

'You keep our seats nice and safe, Atty,' I say, standing up from the booth and walking over toward the service counter.

'What can I get you, Mikey?' Cheryl-Anne says, her smile looking as warm and radiant as ever. 'I'm guessing... another cookie. And... how about... a fully loaded hoagie?'

'Wow, yeah, that sounds too good ,' I laugh. 'I think I might be here for a while, so if I can get my daily calories topped up to the max then that's something at least.'

‘Don’t forget the awesome taste,’ Cheryl-Anne replies. ‘You big boys always want to know about your protein, calories, and what is it... macros?’

‘Ha, yeah, that’s it,’ I say. ‘Sometimes though it’s just about eating a big old hoagie too.’

Cheryl-Anne smiles and makes a note of my order.

Just as I’m about to head back to the comfort of my booth, my eyes flash over toward a man walking across the diner in my direction.

‘Holy hot sauce,’ I mutter, my jaw practically on the floor at the sight of the man as he strides toward me, full of laid back confidence and a hint of swagger too.

With dark hair and the greenest eyes I’ve ever seen, this man is the very definition of hot . He’s older than me, probably in his forties by the looks of things – but I can see from the way his surfer dude t-shirt fits him that there’s one tasty body underneath.

I’m taller than him, and bigger physically overall, but this is a true athlete and I’ve got no doubt that he’d be more than a match for me...

‘Hey,’ the man says as he stands next to me at the service counter. ‘I wouldn’t normally open with a comment about the weather, but... this weather, right? Looks like we might all be here for a hot minute.’

‘Right, yeah,’ I reply, desperately trying to figure out a million things at once.

Does he know I’m a Little?

Is he a Daddy?

What's inside those sexy-as-all-hell faded blue denim jeans?

And did he really just open with a line about the weather?

'The name's Trent,' he says. 'Trent Thomas. I'm not from around here, and I'm guessing you're not either?'

'What gave it away?' I reply. 'Oh, and I'm Mikey.'

'Well, Mikey,' Trent replies, flashing me just about the hottest smile I've seen. 'I'm guessing that big truck outside is yours. You're travelling with a big backpack too. And if you lived close, you'd probably just brave the weather and get your big butt home instead of waiting here.'

'Hmmm , not bad,' I reply, my heart thumping in my chest at a million miles an hour. 'And I guess you're not from here either?'

'That's correct,' Trent says, a warm look in his dazzling green eyes. 'So...'

'So.'

'Well you just enjoy your food and maybe we'll talk later,' Trent says, my heart sinking as he smiles and walks back to his booth with the fresh cups of coffee that Cheryl-Anne hands him. 'Bye-bye, Mikey.'

I watch Trent sit down at the booth with another man – a total hottie too – and wonder what the hell just happened.

Trent was flirting with me.

He absolutely, definitely was flirting with me.

There was no way that I could misread the signals he was sending squarely in my direction... is there?

But the way that Trent cut short our conversation as soon as he got his coffee was just plain weird.

I look at Cheryl-Anne and she seems just as confused as me.

‘Hey, I’ll throw in another cookie while you wait for your hoagie,’ Cheryl-Anne says, her auburn hair and perfectly applied lipstick looking immaculate.

‘You’re too kind,’ I reply. ‘But thank you Cheryl-Anne... I’d love that.’

With that, I walk back to my booth and sit down with nothing but Atty, my Kindle, and a whole ton of rain to keep me company.

The weather wasn’t looking any better, so all thoughts of jumping back in the truck and heading back to my home comforts were still very much on ice.

After devouring Cheryl-Anne’s perfectly presented hoagie, I tried to do some more reading – but I just couldn’t concentrate.

As hard as I tried to battle it, I couldn’t stop myself from thinking about what happened between Trent and me.

‘Get a grip, it was nothing,’ I grumble, shaking my head.

The reality of the situation was that I’d had a brief conversation with a handsome man who briefly seemed like he was into me.

Nothing more, nothing less.

And if this had happened in a bar or at a specialist Little club, I wouldn't have given it much more than a second thought.

But somehow, this felt different.

I can't put my finger on it, but there was a connection between me and Trent that felt totally real. There was no way I was making this up, unless of course the stormy weather and being stuck in the diner was already giving me cabin fever - LOL!

Everything from the look in Trent's eyes down to the way he was standing so proudly in front of me with his shoulders pushed back was giving me the signal that he was into me.

I've flirted with enough men to know when the feeling is mutual.

But now I think about it, I did notice Trent cast an eye toward my booth. Maybe he noticed Atty's head poking out from the backpack and got freaked out?

After all, some guys just can't wrap their head around the whole concept of Littles, stuffies, and everything else that comes with the DDlb lifestyle.

Well, I'm not going to lose too much sleep over it.

If Trent thinks I'm hot but doesn't like the fact that I'm a card-carrying Little, then he can simply go about his day and not bother me for a single second longer.

'Hey, Atty, we don't need that surf doofus, right?' I say, giggling as I stroke Atty's colorful fur.

'Surf doofus?' the voice behind me asks.

Oh shit. Oh hell no. Please tell me that's not who I think it is...

'Trent,' I say, blushing furiously and trying my best not to look as guilty as sin. 'I didn't see you walk up behind me. I, um, did you enjoy your coffee?'

I'm totally blowing this.

With my cheeks on fire and my brain refusing to come up with anything that makes any kind of sense, I feel like I want the world to swallow me up whole.

'Relax, boy,' Trent says. 'The coffee was good. But, listen, I've got a question for you.'

'Okaaaay,' I say, totally not knowing what direction Trent is about to take things in.

'I live near Los Torros Canyon. You know it?' Trent asks.

'Wow. Yeah. I actually live and work there,' I reply, my heart racing even harder and my eyes scanning Trent up and down his rock-hard surfer's body.

'Well, that makes this a whole lot easier,' Trent says, a knowing smile on his face. 'Here, take my number. Send me a message when you get back and maybe we could hang out some time?'

'I...'

'No pressure,' Trent replies. 'I've been around the block enough to not worry about rejection. If you don't want to message, don't. But... I sure would like it if you did.'

'No, I definitely will,' I say, any attempt to act all cool being immediately blown out of the water. 'I'd like that.'

‘Well, that’s good,’ Trent replies. ‘And by the way, sorry if I seemed a bit abrupt earlier. It’s...’

‘Yeah?’

‘Well, I’m not looking for quick hookups,’ Trent says. ‘I’ve been there, done that. I’m thinking it might be time for a change.’

‘No, no, I get it,’ I reply, the pair of us sharing a warm smile. ‘I’m the same.’

With that, Trent smiles and walks back to his booth.

I don’t know what just happened – or how – but as I look at Trent’s phone number in my hand, I know that this is one late delivery that might just work out for the best.

And speaking of deliveries, the package at the front of Trent’s jeans looked very special indeed... and I might just spend some time thinking about unwrapping it as I make the drive home tonight.

‘ Mmmm , that’s good,’ I say, my mind running wild as I drop the truck down into second gear, then first, and pull into a lay-by.

But it’s not my truck’s surprisingly smooth ride that I’m approving, it’s the feeling of my rock hard cock slapping up against the inside of my thick, pure-white briefs that’s making me purr with delight.

Try as I might, I simply haven’t been able to keep Trent off my mind for the whole journey. In fact, it’s taken pretty much everything I’ve got to not unzip and whip my big, hard cock out while I’m powering along the road.

The truth is, I probably could have done it too. After all, the truck more or less drives

itself when it comes to the kind of long, seemingly never-ending freeway that I've been on.

But... I guess I'm too much of a Sensible Sally for that. And to be honest, it's simply not worth the risk. I would never forgive myself if I was indulging in some fun and ended up causing an accident.

Anyway, as I was saying...

With thoughts of Trent's naked body on my mind for the entirety of the journey, and the fact that my truck has the classic low-hum vibration thing going on underneath my seat, it was more or less assured that my dick was going to be as hard as steel. And so it was.

'Okay, just about there should do it,' I say as I park the truck at the furthest end of the lay-by, with not another truck or car in sight. 'Better to just get it out of my system right here and now...'

I close the blinds on my side windows and then move from my driver's seat into the bed of seats just behind and quickly unbuckle my belt, unzip my jeans, and pull them down to my knees.

'Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I'm hard,' I say, almost laughing as I pull my briefs down and watch my thick, long dick slap up against my stomach. 'This isn't going to take very long...'

As hard as I am, I'm also so horny that I think a single touch from Trent would send me over the edge right now. But because it's me, I figure I can at least extend the pleasure just a little bit longer.

I reach over to the small storage unit at the side of the cabin and quickly pump so

lubricant into my palm.

I gasp in delight as I clamp my wet, sticky palm over the base of my cock and work it up and down. I keep it slow, tight, and in control. The temptation might be there to go all out and get my rocks off in double quick time, but I want to make sure that this is the only time I do this on the journey.

‘Make me yours, Daddy,’ I say as I imagine Trent holding me down, working his cock into my mouth, my ass, and anywhere else he wants to put it. ‘Make me your biggest Little cock hungry boy...’

Speaking such horny words out loud is definitely not going to help me make this last. And with my wet hand squeezing, pulsing, and pumping on my cock I quickly realise that I’m fighting a losing battle...

‘Oh shit!’ I groan, my strong ass clenching and my quads flexing and stiffening as my dick erupts like a volcano and shoots four thick, hot ropes of cum up into the air and onto my stomach. ‘Jeez. Wow. What the hell.’

I can feel my heart thudding and my mind running wild with all the things that a Daddy like Trent could do to me. For a brief second, I think I might even need to keep on wanking my cock and go straight into a second orgasm.

‘Urgh . No more,’ I say, giggling to myself as I drain the last drops of cum from my love stick. ‘OMG.’

I’m not sure if I’ll ever see Trent again, but if I can keep him in my memory bank I certainly will. I haven’t had a release like that in as long as I can remember.

And as my heart rate begins to settle I’m satisfied in the knowledge that at least I’ll be able to get through the remainder of the journey in a less horny state.

‘Daddy Trent...’ I say, a wry smile on my face. ‘If only...’

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:27 am

Chapter 4

Trent

Seeing Mikey at that cute diner really did something to me.

I spent the journey back home with Ranger talking about how sweet Mikey seemed, how adorable his stuffie was, and how God damned hot the boy was too.

We finally decided to make a break for it when the storm eased, and just about managed to avoid the worst of the weather. It wasn't exactly plain sailing though, and I was definitely glad to be in the relative security of my SUV rather than my Porsche 911.

Either way, after dropping Ranger off at his place, I felt pretty lucky to return home to a warm and comfortable house in the hills.

And now here I am.

My house has all the modern comforts you'd expect from an architect designed home. It's sleek, well-crafted, and has just about the best energy saving and environmentally conscious design you could imagine.

But no amount of elegant styling and top of the range gadgets can make up for the fact that it's just me, myself, and I that lives here.

Sure, I've got a good group of friends and during the day and evening I'm never short

of company. But when it comes to nighttime, there's simply no escaping the fact that I've only got myself for company.

Maybe this explains why in the past I've found myself partying and hooking up with a series of boys. I'm someone who needs human contact, and if that contact happens to be a spanking or a sixty-nine, then I've never been one to complain!

As I spoke to Mikey in the diner, a part of me was tempted to flirt harder and see whether I could make a quick connection with the boy. After all, there's no denying the fact that the baby boy is one hot piece of big, strong, muscly ass.

But then something stopped me.

I'd been thinking about how tired I was of quick hookups a lot, so why was I about to go down that road again?

So I backed off, gathered my thoughts, and then gave Mikey my number along with an explanation of how I was feeling in that moment.

The way I see it, if the boy wants something a little more serious from me, then he'll get in touch. If all he's after is fun and frolics, then he can get that in the club and I'll feel happy for him.

Anyway...

It's late, I've just washed down a cold beer to take the edge off the day, and I think I might just get into bed and put a movie on to fall asleep to.

One of my true guilty pleasures in life is the ridiculously expensive curved TV screen in my bedroom, and most nights I find myself searching for a movie to put on there as I gradually let my body and mind shut down before a good night's sleep.

I know that people say you shouldn't look at a screen for at least an hour before bed, but there's no way I'm giving up my nightly movie.

'Okay, let's see what we've got,' I say, jumping up into my king sized bed and picking up the TV remote. 'I'm thinking... hot guys... fast plot... a healthy dose of action too...'

As I scan over the seemingly endless array of movies on offer, my mind keeps shooting back to Mikey.

'Fuck, the boy was hot ,' I say, my spare hand wandering down the front of my jet-black trunks. 'Those arms... those shoulders... those thick, strong legs...'

Before I know it, I'm putting the TV remote to one side and pulling my trunks down toward me knees.

With one hand gripping my cock and the other reaching for the lube in my bedside cabinet, I'm thinking that my movie night must just be delayed by a few hot minutes this evening.

I know that I've got a big cock. I'm not ashamed to say that it's pretty much always the biggest dick whenever I'm getting changed before or after surfing.

And as I lube my manhood up, I can't help but imagine how that sweet and sexy boy Mikey would react to seeing it. Maybe he's got a big dick too. Perhaps we should get together and find out...

' Mmmph ,' I grunt as I imagine standing toe to toe with Mikey, the pair of us naked and with the hardest, strongest erections a man could wish for.

Mikey's a big boy, but as my brain conjures up all the fun I could have with him, I

know for sure that he would submit to me. The boy wants a Daddy, it's written all over his face.

As I begin to pump my hand quicker, I decide that I need to make this even better. After all, this is my first bout of self-pleasure over Mikey and I want to make it count.

'Here it is...' I smile, my eyes now wild with lust as I reach into the nearby drawer and pull out a vibrating butt plug.

It's thick.

It buzzes.

And it's going inside my ass just as soon as I get it all wet and sticky.

I raise my hips enough so that I can easily push the plug inside my tight hole. Typically, I'm always on top. But when it comes to the plug, I love nothing better than having it inside me while I either fuck myself or take my manhood to a boy's juicy ass.

With the butt plug's low hum working overtime inside my booty, I know that I'm good to go and I can allow myself permission to lose myself in thoughts of the boy and his delicious body and handsome face...

'Shake those cheeks for me,' I demand, my eyes shut and an image of Mikey in nothing but a white jockstrap, on his hands and knees and offering himself to me. 'Do it, boy. That's Daddy's Orders...'

I'm breathing heavily now.

I know I'm not far away from climax.

‘Clap those cheeks,’ I growl. ‘Or let Daddy do it for youuuuu ...’

With that, the combination of the vibration in my ass, my hand on my cock, and the thought of taking Mikey and making him mine is enough to send me well and truly beyond the point of no return.

And as I shoot what feels like an endless supply of seed all over my thighs and lower abs, I can’t help but wonder what the boy is doing right now - and how he would react if he could see me this very second...

‘Yo, guys! Good morning,’ I say, a smile on my face as I walk into Dark Beans , my new favorite coffee spot in town. ‘I see that for once, you’re both actually on time.’

‘You mean you’re late ,’ Reece says, his sandy blonde hair looking fresh after a recent cut.

‘Always making excuses,’ Ranger laughs, sipping on his espresso. ‘Here, it’s still hot.’

Ranger passes me a double espresso and I know he’s telling the truth the second that the strong roast hits my tongue.

‘Damn, that’s good,’ I say, taking my seat at the table with two of my closest Daddy friends. ‘I might have been late, but without me you guys would never have discovered this place.’

‘Whatever,’ Reece laughs, shaking his head in mock-disgust. ‘But now that you’re finally here, I think it’s time you filled me in on Diner Boy...’

‘Diner Boy?’ I snort. ‘You’ve given him a nickname already?’

Reece loves coming up with nicknames for people, especially boys. Being a former professional soccer player, locker room culture has always played a big part in Reece's life – and there's nothing that screams locker room more than nicknames!

'I think it suits him,' Ranger adds, a hint of mischief in his voice. 'As I was saying to Reece before you arrived, you definitely wanted to take a big bit out of the boy's cake...'

Ranger and Reece laugh together, and it's not long before I cave and break out into a big smile too.

Ranger is right, Mikey is all kinds of hot – and I definitely want a taste of his strong, round booty.

But I think I need to explain to my Daddy bros where I'm coming from right now...

'It's not about the quick hookup for me now,' I say, motioning to the barista for another round of coffees. 'I've got that feeling like I want to settle down. Reece, you must know what I mean right?'

Reece nods.

It wasn't too long ago that Reece himself was the playboy retired sports star who would make his way through boy after boy.

But ever since he met Xander, Reece has only had eyes for one boy and one boy only.

'I know what you mean,' Reece says. 'Since me and Xander got together, I've not looked back. All jokes aside, if you think that Diner Boy is the one for you, then I think you should go for it.'

‘Reece, you haven’t heard the best part yet,’ Ranger laughs. ‘Go on, tell him.’

I grimace.

Reece’s advice for me to go for it with Mikey sounds great. Except for the fact that I’ve got no way to contact him – I gave Mikey my number, but I didn’t ask for his. This seemed like a good idea at the time but all of a sudden I’m beginning to regret it in a big way.

I explain what happened to Reece.

And if I was expecting any sympathy, then I really shouldn’t have been...

‘Talk about dropping the ball!’ Reece laughs. ‘Boy oh boy, I would never have put the great Trent Thomas down as making the wrong play when it came to a sexy baby boy.’

‘First time for everything,’ I say, wistfully. ‘I guess this is one situation I might just have to put down to experience. Hey, it’s not like the boy was that cute.’

I see Ranger and Reece exchanging a quick glance.

They don’t believe me for a second – and I don’t blame them either.

‘Okay, okay, the boy was gorgeous,’ I say. ‘Big, strong, but with the sweetest smile. Fuck. I screwed this one up.’

My two buddies can see that I’m not fooling around, and Ranger swiftly changes the subject so that I don’t feel too down.

That what I love about my relationship with Ranger and Reece. We’ve got a shared

respect for one another that allows us to rip into each other one moment, and then be there emotionally the next.

I value my brothers so much.

I guess I just wish that I had a boy to bring into my life too...

Still, even if I don't have a boy, I know that I've got some of the finest coffee I've ever had – and speaking of which, it seems like Ranger has taken a shine to the new barista.

'Don't do anything I wouldn't do,' I laugh as I watch Ranger get up from his seat and make a beeline for the boy.

'He's cute,' Reece says. 'As you know, I'm all about the macho boys, but Ranger knows how to pick the sexiest petite boys, I'll give him that.'

The pair of us laugh and our conversation soon turns to some TV work that Reece is doing to promote the local soccer franchise that has recently been launched.

I love seeing Reece so inspired, and it reminds me that even though I'm a free spirit, I do sometimes have a desire to do something more substantial with my days.

Don't get me wrong, there's no way I'm ever going to stop chasing waves across the world, but if there was a way of combining my love of surfing with contributing something to society then I'd certainly be interested in seeing how I could work it into my life.

But this isn't about me right now, this is about Reece.

After retiring, he found himself lost and lacking direction. But since him and Xander

moved in together, I've seen Reece go from strength to strength.

I'd love to be able to go on a similar kind of journey, but that of course would mean finding a boy first.

'Hey, are you listening?' Reece says, rolling his eyes.

'Yeah, of course,' I reply, smiling. 'I was just... thinking.'

'Sure,' Reece says, rolling his eyes. 'Anyway, just in case you missed it... I was saying that you should come down to the new soccer training facility that my boy is building. It's linked to the Torros Tornados franchise. It's a big job for Xander's crew, but they're doing some fucking incredible work.'

'Yeah, that sounds awesome,' I reply. 'I mean, I'm free this morning if that works for you?'

'Hell yeah,' Reece replies, smiling and looking over toward Ranger. 'But something tells me that our friend might be a little busy to come with us.'

The pair of us laugh and finish off our new drinks.

With Ranger deep in conversation with a cute barista, I'm happy to be going down to the training ground to see exactly what kind of work Xander and his crew have been getting up to.

I can tell from the pride in Reece's voice that it's going to be something good, and even more than that I'm actually relishing the prospect of being on grass rather than water for once!

'Hey, you actually kept up with me for once,' Reece says as he steps out of his

Ferrari.

‘Right, it’s not like I didn’t smoke you on that track day a few months ago?’ I reply, turning the engine of my 911 off and stepping out into the parking lot. ‘Wow. This place looks great.’

I take a moment and take in the sights and sounds.

The new training complex hasn’t been finished yet, but I can tell that it’s going to be a top class facility for the Tornados to train in every day.

Along with the immaculate training pitches and sleek, glass-faced buildings, I listen to the thunderous diggers and general hubbub of the construction workers getting on with the central training hub.

‘Lockers room, analysis centers, physiotherapy,’ Reece says, a proud smile on his face. ‘Whatever the players need, they’ll find it in here.’

‘But only if we finish on time,’ Xander says, walking over toward us with a big smile on his face. ‘Hey, Daddy. Hey, Trent.’

I watch as the hulking Xander wraps his arms around Reece for a snuggle. There is a tenderness to them that makes my heart ache a little – but my overriding feeling is one of happiness.

Reece and Xander are perfect for one another and I’m glad to have played a small part in them finding their true love together.

‘Come on, I’ll give you a tour,’ Xander says, his triceps flexing and his tan looking immaculate under the morning sun.

As Xander shows me the fruits of his labors, I can see how proud Reece is of his boy. It's truly wholesome to witness and I'm just about to comment when out of the corner of my eye I spot someone...

'Wait... is that... Mikey?' I say, focusing my eyes on a group of three guys. 'I'll be...'

I walk up toward Mikey and decide not to announce myself until I'm right there with him. But as I approach, and with Mikey's back to me, I find that I'm stumbling into a rather interesting sounding conversation...

'So the guy gives me his number like he's some big shot,' Mickey says, full of sass and sounding cocky as hell. 'Like, you expect me to call you ? Pffft . Whatever. A Daddy does the calling. Just because I'm macho it doesn't mean I want to be the Daddy. I mean, come on...'

The other construction guys laugh along with Mickey until they see me standing behind him with a distinctively less than impressed look on my face.

The truth is that I'm furious.

If this boy thinks he can cockily smack-talk me in front of his workmates, then he's got another thing coming.

'Turn around boy,' I growl. 'Let me see the face of the boy who dares to talk shit about Trent Thomas.'

Mickey might be bigger than me, and he might have an attitude to match – but that won't count for anything by the time he's over my lap and having his naked bottom tanned by my stern hand.

And as a horrified Mickey duly turns around to face me, I can see that he knows full-well what's headed his way!

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:27 am

Chapter 5

Mickey

I was up early in the morning knowing that after such a shocking delay on the journey the previous day, there would be a lot of catching up to do.

Being a delivery guy for the Construction Boys carries a lot of responsibility and I know that everyone relies on me in a big way.

Still, as expected the gang were all happy to see that I had arrived home safely and fortunately not brought the bad weather with me to Los Torros.

As I'm standing with Lane and the other guys, I quickly flash my mind back to Trent.

He was hot, there is definitely no way of denying that.

To be honest, if I was designing a Daddy in a laboratory there's a strong chance that the end product would look pretty much exactly like Trent.

Initially I was happy that he gave me his number too. After all, it's not every day that a truly handsome and honorable seeming Daddy wants to give you his cell phone number.

But on the drive back home from the diner, my mind began to play the whole thing over and over in my head.

The more I thought about it, the less appealing I found the idea of being given a phone number and then somehow be expected to be the one who made the first move.

I'm a Little – it's not up to me to be the dominant one who makes all the decisions.

I want to be looked after and cared for by my Daddy.

The idea that Trent thought he was just going to give me his number and then casually tell me that it was up to me to do all the chasing was actually not that great at all.

So while Trent might have been all kinds of hot, I knew that I was going to give it a lot of thought before calling him. And not before I had some fun by making him wait.

But speaking of waiting, Xander was now ready to address the crew for the morning's schedule.

'Some good news,' Xander says, a smile on his face as he removes his bright yellow hard hat. 'Mikey pulled it out of the bag and got back home through some terrible conditions and brought with him the goods. We've got at least a week of uninterrupted good weather here, so believe it or not we're actually about as close to finishing on schedule as we can get.'

This was good to hear.

And as the various Construction Boys began to slap my shoulders in appreciation at my driving, I felt a sense of belonging that I wouldn't have swapped for anything else in the whole wide world.

'Hey, guys, it's good, it's my pleasure!' I cried out, not wanting too much attention but secretly kind of loving it too.

‘With all this said,’ Xander continued, a more serious tone in his voice. ‘What I’m suggesting is that we work our asses off today so that we can finish early at three. I know there’s a fun play event going on at Morning Milk this week, so why don’t we kick ass on site today and make sure that we can quit by three?’

The roar of approval gave Xander a very definitive answer.

As far as I was concerned, I had no more deliveries to do but was more than happy to help out in any way I could on site. With my solid general understanding of construction work, I was happy to lend a hand in any way I could.

I didn’t have to wait long before my talents were called for either...

‘Hey, Mikey, come and help me,’ Lane says, smiling and putting his arm around me. ‘We’re working on the solar panel installation for the rehab building’s roof.’

‘Awesome,’ I reply, more than happy to help. ‘I can’t wait for the Stuffie Surprise at Morning Milk. Have you got Claws with you?’

‘Hell yeah,’ Lane replies, opening up his backpack and showing me his gorgeous bobcat stuffie. ‘And I assume Atty is with you as always?’

‘You know it,’ I giggle, indicating that Atty was safely snuggle dup in my backpack too.

As we walk over to Nico and Jamie, I begin to explain what had happened with Trent in the diner.

Despite thinking that I was about to give a brief overview of events, I soon find myself slipping back into the frustration I had felt when Trent had so casually given me his number.

And it isn't long before I'm in full flow either.

But in one sudden fateful moment, I feel the rug being pulled from underneath my big, black workboots...

'Turn around boy,' comes the voice from behind me. 'Let me see the face of the boy who dares to talk shit about Trent Thomas.'

I can't believe it.

I know it's Trent but part of me hopes that if I don't turn around then the problem will go away.

However, the looks on Lane, Nico, and Jamie's faces are telling me that I have to turn and face reality.

'I... um... it wasn't how it sounded,' I say, my heart racing and my guilty eyes unable to look at Trent.

But Trent isn't about to let me off the hook. Far from it, in fact.

'Boy, look at me when you speak,' Trent growls. 'We need to sort this out, and we need to sort it out right this second. Follow me.'

'Y-y-y-yes, sir,' I stutter, my submissive side coming to the fore and my sass disappearing into thin air. 'I-'

'Save it,' Trent says as we walk over toward the temporary office room at the rear of the construction site. 'Safe it and tell me your safeword.'

'Kansas,' I reply, not even questioning why Trent wants a safeword from me. 'I can

explain, honestly, I promise I wasn't-

'Boy, unless you want an extra ten spansks I would recommend that you keep quiet,' Trent replies. 'Your booty is already in enough trouble as it is, I hardly think you want to make things worse?'

'N-n-no, sir,' I reply, my cock hard and my mind all over the place.

Am I really about to have my ass spanked at work?

And by Trent of all people?

This is wild – and judging by the look of quiet anger on Trent's face, I don't think this is going to be a playful butt warming either.

'Now, do you agree to this punishment?' Trent says, his green eyes full of wolf-like desire and ferocity. 'Because once I start, you will know that you're being disciplined by a real Daddy.'

'I agree,' I say, feeling compelled by Trent's truly dominant nature.

If I had been unsure about his credentials as a Daddy over the whole phone number incident, those doubts are well and truly being put into the shade now.

'Good,' Trent says, holding the office door open for me to enter. 'As I say, you've got your safeword. But unless you use it, I will not hold back. You were sassing me with no due reason. And while it may have been bad luck for you that I was in earshot, it's not going to cut it as any kind of excuse either.'

I don't reply.

Right now, all I can do is try to balance my excitement with my fear.

Trent's strong and lean surfer body is making itself very clear through his tight ocean-blue t-shirt, and his fitted jeans are leaving little to the imagination too.

'Hands on the desk and spread your legs for me,' Trent barks, waiting with his arms folded as I trudge over to the desk. 'Quicker!'

I scurry along and put myself in position.

It's not long before I feel Trent's hands reach around and unbutton my blue work trousers and yank them down to the top of my work boots.

I'm wearing a white jockstrap and my cheeks are already full on display for Trent. I don't know if he's going to let me keep my jockstrap on or take it off – but all I do know is that Trent is totally in control, and my role is solely to be a good Little and take my punishment like a good boy.

'Push those cheeks out,' Trent grunts, firmly gripping my hips and adjusting my body shape.

I might be big, but it's clear that Trent had no problem in handling me.

I can't help but feel turned on by his every touch and it's evident that Trent doesn't feel even in the slightest bit intimidated by my size.

'Now hold still,' Trent says, his voice stern but with a hint of care too. 'This is going to sting.'

I brace myself and wait for the first spank.

CRACK!

‘Owwwww !’ I cry, the feeling of Trent’s hand landing with force on my exposed cheek making me whimper.

CRACK!

‘OMG!’ I bleat, Trent landing a second spank on my other cheek with equally accurate force.

‘Quieten down, boy,’ Trent barks. ‘This room isn’t big enough for that kind of squealing. I could always take you outside and tan your ass in front of the whole crew if you’d prefer?’

‘No, Daddy!’ I say, losing myself in the moment. ‘Please, I’ll take the spanking inside and try and keep quiet.’

‘Thank me for each spank,’ Trent says, his voice full of control. ‘Say Thank you, Daddy .’

‘Yes, Daddy,’ I reply. ‘Thank you, Daddy.’

With that, Trent begins the spanking in earnest.

I follow Trent’s orders and thank him after each and every spank. Even when I can feel my cheeks beginning to burn with pain, I continue to stick to Trent’s instructions.

I know it’s only a first spanking, but perhaps that’s why I want to impress Trent so much.

As the spanking continues, I begin to relax a little.

It might sound like an odd thing to say, but I'm finding something comforting about the spanks as they land on my glowing butt. Giving myself so willingly to a naturally dominant Daddy like Trent is like nothing I have experienced before.

This is definitely not the kind of spanking I've taken in a club or a Daddies and Littles party.

This feels... real .

I'm clutching onto the desk now and beginning to wonder if the spanking is ever going to end. But just when I think I might be about to tap-out and use my safeword, Trent delivers one final double spank and immediately turns me around to face him.

'Well done, baby boy,' Trent says, softly kissing me on my forehead. 'You've got one red booty, so how about you let Daddy apply some cooling gel to make it all better for you?'

'Yes, Daddy, I'd like that,' I say, my voice quiet and full of emotion.

Trent proceeds to take a slender tube of cooling gel out of his pocket and squeeze it all onto my cheeks as I turn and present my ass for him once more.

'How does that feel?' Trent says, gently massaging the cream over the red handprints on my butt cheeks.

'Good. It feels... nice,' I say, my mind clear and a sense of real wellbeing slowly coming over me. 'I think I was really silly for talking about you like that. I'm sorry.'

'What's done is done,' Trent says, working his fingers into the crevices of my ass to ensure that no part of my spanked behind goes untouched. 'You took your punishment like a true Little, and I'm glad to say that I feel proud of you.'

Trent's words fill me with pride too.

I might be bigger than most other Littles, but my needs are just the same – and I can tell that Trent understands that.

We might barely know one another, but I'm already getting the feeling that we have a great understanding about how we each feel.

'Now, pull those trousers up boy and get back out to work,' Trent says, a hearty laugh following his words. 'No boy of mine will ever be accused of slacking off at work.'

'Yes, Daddy,' I say, thrilled by his words.

Am I truly his Little now?

And is Trent my Daddy?

I'm sure we'll figure that out later, but right now I know that I need to listen to what Trent is telling me – after all, after that first spanking I don't think I'm anywhere near ready to take any more discipline from Trent.

Whatever happens between us from here on out, I think it's safe to say that any doubts I had over Trent's authenticity as a Daddy have been put to bed once and for all.

And speaking of beds ... I wonder how long it will be before I end up face down and ass up on Trent's bed?

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:27 am

Chapter 6

Trent

‘The boy’s got something about him,’ I chuckle, putting my Porsche in gear and pulling away from the Torros Tornados new training complex.

As I drive away, I’m already replaying the sight and sound of Mikey’s strong, round ass taking the full force of my spanks.

What made the whole thing even more appealing was the way Mikey’s cheeks were so perfectly framed by his bright-white jockstrap.

Seriously, there’s something about a fresh jock that makes any boy’s butt look an extra level of delicious – but Mikey’s ass was just insanely appealing.

I drive down the freeway and decide to make a quick pitstop at Dark Bean to have one final coffee for the day.

Unsurprisingly, there’s no sign of the cute barista or Ranger – and it wouldn’t take a genius to work out exactly what they’re up to right now either!

But as I take my seat with an iced, sea-salt infused maple latte, I let out a big sigh of satisfaction – and not just because I’ve managed to order such an elaborate and non-Daddy drink without being caught by my Daddy friends.

No, the truth is I’m still high from dishing out the full-on spanking to Mikey. The

way the boy took my best and hardest spanking was like nothing I'd experienced before.

But it wasn't just a case of me letting rip and hoping for the best.

The whole time, I was making sure that Mikey was able to handle it, and to my very pleasant surprise I could see that he was dealing with everything just fine.

Of course, that isn't to say that my spansks weren't pushing him close to the limit by the end, but there was a clear resilience and determination to take his punishment like a big boy that I really enjoyed seeing.

But a morning spanking is one thing, what I need to know now is whether me and Mikey have a possible future together.

The prospect of the spanking being a one and done situation is something that does not appeal to me at all. I know in my heart that there's something else, something deeper, between me and Mikey but at the same time it's still way too early to even be thinking along those lines.

I might want a deeper relationship, but that doesn't just mean I can summon one at the click of my fingers. These things take time and work from both sides, and right now I barely know anything about Mikey let alone whether he's long term boy material or not.

I'm not going to get hung up on that right now though, as I have a beautifully frivolous coffee to drink away from the judgmental eyes of my espresso-only Daddy friends.

As I'm sipping on my ice-cold coffee, I take my cell phone out of my pocket and see an email that sends me into something of a spin.

‘You’ve got to be kidding me...’ I say, the words tumbling out of my mouth as I see that for the first time in what must be seven or eight years, I’ve received an email from my Uncle Peter.

I lived with Uncle Peter and his girlfriend Clarissa for a couple of years in my teens and it was very much the case that we just butted heads for pretty much every single day over those two years.

It wasn’t that Uncle Peter was cruel or violent or anything like that, but he had such a stick up his ass. In the end, he decided that my rebellious ways were just too much for him and I ended up being passed on to another Uncle and Aunt across on the East Coast.

Since then, our contact has been sporadic emails and the occasional text at Thanksgiving or Christmas – and even those have dried up in recent years.

So to say I’m surprised to see his email is an understatement.

But before I can get too involved in my feelings, I know that I need to read what he has to say...

Dear Trent,

I hope life is treating you well. I’m emailing to say that my wife, Clarissa, died last month. I know that you and I never got on all that well – and we’re probably both responsible for that to some degree, although I take the most responsibility as I was the adult at the time – but I always remember you and Clarissa having a great relationship. Now, as per Clarissa’s instructions, she didn’t want a funeral. But she did request that I arrange a gathering where friends and family could celebrate her life. It would have meant the world to Clarissa for you to be there, so it’s only right that I get in touch and make the invitation to you. Please see the attachment for the

logistics. Best regards, Uncle Peter.

I can't quite believe what I'm reading. Uncle Peter is right, me and Clarissa did always get on pretty well – and it was certainly a welcome break from the endless lectures that Peter would give me.

I suppose it's good to read that Peter is showing a degree of regret for how mine and his relationship played out too. That takes a lot, and I respect him for it.

But...

The prospect of going to a family event really isn't something that appeals to me. I spent my life not fitting in with any of them, and some harsh words were exchanged fairly regularly over the years.

I'm so happy in my life now that I don't know what I would gain by going to an event that might bring back a lot of pain and bad memories from my childhood.

It doesn't feel like the right thing for me to do.

But on the other hand, it makes no sense to flat out refuse right now in the heat of the moment.

Even though I know that the answer will almost certainly still be no, I think the best move for me is to let the invitation sit there for a moment and then get back to Uncle Peter when I'm ready to make a clear, well-thought out decision.

'Some coffee this turned out to be,' I sigh, the enjoyment of my sea-salt extravaganza of a coffee disappearing into thin air.

I need something to cheer me up.

And it's at times like these that there's only one answer.

It's time to grab my board, hit my favorite cove, and ride some gnarly waves.

'You should have seen the waves,' I say to Ranger as he hands me a cool beer. 'Honestly, I might even be about to say the unsayable... I think Midnight Cove might be even better than Chase Cove right now.'

Ranger gasps and shakes his head.

'Noooooope ,' Ranger says, holding his ground. 'Chase Cove is the number one spot in Los Torros, and I won't hear a single other word on the matter.'

'We might have to agree to disagree on this one brother,' I laugh, the pair of us toasting our beers.

We're at an evening event at Morning Milk , the Little-friendly café that often runs fun party nights.

Reece is over in the corner giving his baby boy Xander some milk from a bottle and there are plenty of cute boys running and crawling around the play area in their onesies.

I haven't spotted Mikey yet, but Xander mentioned that Mikey had said he was coming down once he was all showered and freshened up after work.

In the meantime, I think it's way beyond due that I find out exactly what Ranger got up to with the barista from Dark Beans .

'So... the barista boy,' I say, a wicked smile on my face. 'Are you going to spill the coffee beans or...'

‘Okay, first off: that’s a terrible pun,’ Ranger says. ‘And second... yes, I will spill the beans, but you might want to first turn around and check out the big bundle of baby boy that’s right behind you.’

With that, I turn and see a glorious sight.

Wearing a pale blue onesie and carrying his adorable seahorse stuffie, Mikey is looking very much like he needs a Daddy to play with.

‘What can I do for you?’ I say, smiling at Mikey and offering him my hand.

‘I want to play!’ Mikey says, his voice already a little bit regressed in line with his super-cute onesie. ‘There’s a stuffie train in the corner but some other Littles are playing with it thought.’

Mikey stomps his foot on the ground.

I think I need to put a stop to this kind of sass before I have one grumpy baby boy on my hands.

‘That’s quite enough, boy,’ I say, my voice firm. ‘It’s perfectly acceptable that other boys are playing with the train. And I won’t have you stomping your foot like that. But...’

‘Y-y-y-yes, Daddy?’ Mikey says, hope in his voice.

‘That doesn’t mean we can’t have plenty of fun together,’ I say, taking Mikey’s hand and walking over toward the pillow fort that looks like it needs a full-scale demolition and rebuild. ‘Now why don’t you show me how a Blue Collar Boy would build a proper pillow fort?’

‘Yay!’ Mikey replies, a look of glee on his face. ‘Atty can be the site manager, you can be the builder, and I’ll deliver the pillows to the site. Okay?’

I smile and show my approval.

I’ve never played second in command to a seahorse stuffie before, but I’m not about to start complaining. The look of sheer joy on Mikey’s face as he toddles around with pillows in his hand and brings them to me is worth its weight in gold.

‘Delivery finished!’ Mikey exclaims. ‘And Atty is telling me that I have to work with you now to build the new fort. Is that okay?’

‘Of course it is,’ I reply. ‘We’re going to build the best fort that Morning Milk has ever seen.’

As we get to work, I notice how much Mikey is enjoying stacking and arranging the pillows.

At the same time, I can’t help but run my eyes over his body – he might be all snug inside his onesie, but I can’t help imagining what he would look like if I unzipped him at the back and pulled the whole thing off.

‘Does my butt look cute?’ Mikey says, noticing my eyes wandering. ‘Here, watch me shake it!’

I laugh as Mikey does a cute dance. He’s so sweet and wholesome, but I’m pretty sure he’s got a naughty side too.

‘Hey, enough dancing,’ I say, glancing up toward Atty the seahorse. ‘I don’t think our boss approves of us slacking off. Let’s get back to work.’

Mikey smiles and we set about finishing the pillow fort.

I can't remember a time that I felt so happy, and a big part of that is coming from the fact that Mikey is so clearly having a great time too.

I'm not saying he wouldn't have had a good time here either way, but part of me feels like me stepping up and acting like a Daddy when Mikey appeared to be inches away from a tantrum has really helped him get the most out of the party.

And with the pillow fort nearly done, I can see that Mikey might be getting a bit tired.

It could be time for some hot milk and a nice snuggle-nap – and that'll be on Daddy's Orders...

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Chapter 7

Mikey

‘Things are moving fast ,’ I say as I munch on a triple-choc-chip cookie. ‘Was it like this with you and Reece?’

I know what Xander’s answer is probably going to be, but I want to hear him confirm it to me anyway.

We’re at work and it’s the first morning cookies and milk break.

After the party at Morning Milk last night, there are plenty of tired Littles on the crew, but we all managed to get in at sunrise to begin work. That’s just what you have to do as a member of the Construction Boys.

We work hard.

We party hard.

And we never finish a job behind schedule.

‘Yeah, it was kind of fast with me and Reece,’ Xander giggles, his mind obviously tracking back to the early days of their relationship and no doubt coming up with some fun and naughty memories. ‘Do you think you and Trent might...’

‘Might?’

‘You know, take things to the next level,’ Reece says, taking a big gulp of his milk. ‘Remember, even though Trent’s a Daddy, you can still decide when you’re ready. If he’s a good Daddy, which I’m sure he is, then he’ll understand and be happy to wait.’

‘Yeah, I think he’s a good Daddy,’ I reply, thinking back to how incredible it felt to play with him as Daddy and boy last night – and then of course have milkies time with him afterward. ‘To be honest, if he arrived here today and told me to get on my knees... I’d be down there in less than three seconds!’

The pair of us giggle together and I feel all warm and tingly.

Before Trent left Morning Milk the previous night, we held hands outside and he kissed me on my forehead. It felt good. In fact, it felt better than good.

But what I really wanted was Trent to kiss me on my lips.

With his square jaw, stubble, and perfectly pink lips, I know that it’s going to feel incredible when the time comes for us to have our first proper kiss – but I’m already getting impatient!

I know that Trent has his whole thing of wanting to take his time, but personally I think that if we both know that we like each other then there’s no reason why we can’t move forward and see just how good things could be between us.

But now’s not the time for me to be thinking too much about Trent – no matter how sexy and safe it felt to be given my milkies by him last night.

‘So... another delivery for me today?’ I say, finishing off my cookie.

‘Yeah, we’ve got you going about fifty miles west to pick up some steel,’ Reece says. ‘And then on the way home a small diversion to pick up some customized seat covers

for the rehab room. Sounds good?’

‘Sounds perfect!’ I reply, my mind already planning out my day.

I’ve got a new audiobook downloaded and ready to dive into, plus I know a great diner that I can stop off at just across the road from the steel supplier.

Today is going to be a great day, I just know it.

And if I happen to hear from Trent, then that might just make it even better...

‘Hey, Xander,’ I say, my cell phone on speaker as I pull into the construction site. ‘I’m back and I’ve got the full load. There’s a couple of boys still here and I’ll unload it with them. Catch you tomorrow.’

I park the truck and let out a long, satisfied sigh.

After a delay at the initial pick-up, I was able to gain back most of the time I lost. That’s the thing with being a driver, you can never truly plan for delays. It might be roadworks, or it could be that something wild is happening at the supplier, but typically there’s always at least one situation to handle each day.

But I’m feeling good and more than ready to get the steel and customized seat covers unloaded and ready for tomorrow.

It doesn’t take me and the guys long to do the work, so I decide that my plan for the evening will be a nice long bath back at my place.

But just as I’m arriving home, I see a message pop up on my cell phone – and it’s from Trent...

TRENT: Hey, boy. I hope you've had a good day. I caught some waves and now I'm thinking it might be fun to see the cutest boy in all of Los Torros. I'm chill with whatever you feel like doing, so no pressure. But it would be good to see you.

I smile and take a brief moment to think. It would be fun to go out and maybe have a couple of beers with Trent. We could really sit down and get to know more about one another.

But on the other hand, my plan of having a long, hot bath is also still on my mind. After a long day of driving and plenty of heavy steel lifting too, what my body needs more than anything is to feel some hot water and relaxing bubble bath all over it.

Maybe...

No, it's too soon.

Screw it, why not...

MIKEY: Hey! So... I'm not in the mood to go out tonight. But, maybe you could come over to mine? I've hauled so much weight today and I need a real soak in the tub. Maybe you could help out hehe? XoXo

I feel myself blush as I type the message, but before I have second thoughts and hit the delete button, I swipe my finger and get the message sent.

Luckily for me, I don't have to wait too long for a reply either.

Trent replies and says that he'll be over at my place in half an hour. I send him my address and feel a surge of adrenalin come over me.

I'm still having my planned bath night – but bath night with a Daddy is a whole other

thing...

The water is perfect – hot but not too hot.

The bubbles are in full effect too, and the lit candles are giving off just the right light for a relaxing soak.

The only thing missing is Trent...

‘Hey, Atty, you don’t think he’s backed out?’ I say, picking Atty up and carrying him in my arms as I walk into the kitchen to make myself a nice cool drink of water to have with my bath.

I don’t need to worry for too long though as I hear my buzzer go.

‘It’s me,’ Trent says as I press the button and buzz him inside.

‘Here we go,’ I say, my voice trembling a little as I walk toward the door and take it off the chain.

I’m wearing my thick white robe with the yellow duck patterns and nothing underneath. Luckily, my excitement at Trent coming round hasn’t manifested itself into a hard cock, yet .

‘Hey, it’s good to see you,’ I say, opening the door and letting Trent step inside.

‘Nice place,’ Trent replies, looking around the entry lobby of my ground floor apartment. ‘I’ve driven past this building so many times. And now I’m inside it...’

I blush.

Even Trent talking about being inside my apartment is making me want to giggle like a schoolgirl with a huge crush.

‘The bath’s all ready,’ I say, quickly getting straight to business so as to keep my embarrassment to a minimum. ‘Can I get you a drink first?’

‘I’d love some water,’ Trent replies, smiling and placing a reassuring hand on my shoulder. ‘Don’t worry, we’ll take everything at a pace we’re both cool with.’

Before I know it, the pair of us are in my cozy bathroom.

‘I’ll turn away and let you get yourself in the water,’ Trent says, putting his hand over his eyes and turning away from me. ‘No peeking, I promise.’

Trent laughs and it puts me at ease.

I know that I haven’t known Trent for too long, but there’s something about him that makes me feel like I know who he is and what he stands for. It’s important for me that my Daddy has clear values that define him, and even though it’s still early days I feel like I can definitely say this about Trent.

‘Okay, I’m in!’ I giggle, my hefty body fully submerged underneath the plentiful bubbles. ‘It’s hot!’

‘Now where does Atty go?’ Trent says, turning to face me and spotting that Atty is over by the toilet.

‘He’s got a special stool, look,’ I say, pointing to the small wicker-topped stool next to the bath. ‘That’s his favorite spot!’

‘Perfect,’ Trent says, gently placing Atty down on the stool and then picking up a big,

yellow sponge and dipping it into the bubble-covered water. 'Now how about you lean forward and let Daddy ease that back of yours. You've had a long day, baby boy. I think it's time you relaxed and let Daddy take the load off for you.'

I lean forward and right away feel a thrill of excitement as Trent gets onto his knees and begins to rub the sponge over my back.

I feel overcome with emotions as Trent continues to work the sponge.

On the one hand, I'm highly aroused – after all, it's not every day that a smoking hot Daddy gives you a sponge bath, right?

But I feel super-nourished and cared for too. I know that Trent is doing this to make me feel good. He might be enjoying himself and getting a kick out of bathing me, but I can tell that I'm his number one concern in this moment – and it feels good.

'How does that feel?' Trent says, dipping the sponge into the water and beginning to work it over my tired shoulders and then down toward me pecs.

'It feels soooo good, Daddy,' I say, the D-word coming easily to me.

I can feel my body temperature rising now, the hot water around and over me doing its job.

But my temperature isn't the only thing that I can feel rising...

'Ooops , sorry,' I say, the sight of my hard cock poking up through the bubbles making my come over all shy.

'Hey, don't worry about it,' Trent laughs. 'Get me in the bath and I'm as hard as a rock within the first two minutes. It happens.'

‘But... I think it’s happening because of you,’ I say, my voice soft and shy.

‘Well if you’re happy, then I’m happy,’ Trent says, continuing to sponge my pecs and working it over my strong stomach too as I lean back in the bath and allow my bubble-covered cock to put itself on full display. ‘Now, how about this...’

I gasp and moan in pleasure as Trent moves the sponge down toward my dick and gently rub it up and down the full length of my shaft.

‘That... feels... awesome,’ I say, my heart racing and my body in a state of bliss – half relaxation and half arousal. ‘I... I... I want more .’

With that, Trent leans over and plants a kiss on my lips.

From the second our lips meet, it’s electric.

We continue to kiss and Trent continues to work my cock with the sponge, applying more pressure as my rock-hard dick strains and pulses with pleasure.

The combination of the kiss and the stimulation down below proves too much for me to handle, and before long I’m writhing and thrusting in the bath, the water splashing down onto the tiled floor.

As I shoot my load into the sponge and onto my stomach, Trent smiles and makes sure that every last drop of my seed is drained.

‘OMG , wow, that was... incredible,’ I say, short of breath and my eyes feeling sleep. ‘Thank you.’

‘Trust me, the pleasure is all mine,’ Trent laughs, a look of delight on his face as he wipes my stomach clean. ‘Now that you’re feeling totally relaxed, how about I pull

up a chair and you can tell me all about your day? I want to get to know you baby boy.'

'That sounds great,' I reply. 'Or even better... you could get into the bath with me?'

Trent smiles and before long, he's removing his clothes right before me and getting into the bath.

I feel my eyes widen at the sight of his lean, muscular body and long, thick cock as they slide underneath the water.

It's a good job that I have an extra-large bath, but even with the two of us in, there's still enough room.

I certainly didn't plan for this evening to go like this, but right now I'm thinking that I might just have stumbled upon the best Daddy in the whole world.

The only problem is that I've got an overnight delivery tomorrow.

Still, there's always the rest of the night for us to have some fun...

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:26 am

Chapter 8

Trent

That might just have been the best night's sleep I've had in a long time.

After a wonderful bath with my boy, the pair of us got ourselves wrapped up in some thick, fluffy robes and went straight to bed.

The temptation to take things further was there on both of our parts, but after already moving things along in the bath with Mikey, I felt like it was time to slow things down again – after all, sometimes part of the fun is in the waiting!

We ended up snuggling and talking together for what felt like hours.

In reality though, I think we were both asleep by ten thirty. I needed my sleep after my day of surfing, and I know that Mikey needed to rest up after a hard day.

But now I'm lying here at six in the morning and all I can hear is the light snores of the biggest, cutest boy in town.

I'm one of these guys who just cant lie in bed and do nothing though. So as adorable as Mikey's snores are, I'm going to have to get my ass out of bed and do something.

‘ Mmmmm , Daddy?’ Mikey says, rolling over and opening his sleepy eyes. ‘What time is it?’

‘Six,’ I reply, leaning over and kissing Mikey on his forehead.

‘I need to get up,’ Mikey replies. ‘I’ve got a long haul drive today. We made some specialist framing for a client and it’s going to take me all day to get there.’

‘At least it shows how in demand the Construction Boys are, right?’ I reply, offering my hand and gently helping my boy out of bed.

‘Yeah, but I want to spend the day with you!’ Mikey protests, stomping his foot.

I love the fact that Mikey wants to spend more time with me – and I certainly would love nothing more than spending the day with him, especially after we had such a good time yesterday evening.

But what I do not love is this foot stomping.

This isn’t the first time I’ve witnessed it, and I’m not about to let it become a habit.

‘Six spansks, right this second,’ I say, taking Mikey by his hand again, but this time spinning him around and bending him over the edge of the bed. ‘I will not have a foot stomping boy who thinks he can act out.’

‘Poop!’ Mikey says, stomping his feet again, but this time harder. ‘I don’t want to work today!’

‘Make that eight spansks, four on each of your big, round cheeks,’ I growl, whipping Mikey’s snug sleep-shorts down to his ankles.

I can see that despite his pouts, Mikey knows that this is the right thing.

It might be early in the morning, but as a Daddy I’m still ready to put my foot down

over bratty behavior.

‘One! Two!’ I growl, bringing down my hand in quick succession, one spank on each cheek.

‘Thank you, Daddy,’ Mikey replies, still a hint of sass in his voice.

‘We’ll start again,’ I say, unimpressed. ‘And this time, I want to hear some remorse in your voice.’

My next two spanks are met with a far more respectful attitude, one that I hope will continue as I work my way up to the full eight.

THREE – FOUR!

FIVE – SIX!

SEVEN – EIGHT!

‘Now, what have we learned?’ I say, my handprints looking nice and clear on Mikey ample butt.

‘No more foot stomping,’ Mikey says, turning and looking genuinely apologetic. ‘I know I shouldn’t do it, but without a Daddy in my life I’ve kind of let it become a habit. I want to stop it.’

‘Don’t worry, we’ll work on it together,’ I say, bringing Mikey in for a hug. ‘But right now I think we need to get your cheeks lathered in some cooling cream and then how about a big plate of bagels filled with PB, and jelly?’

‘Yay!’ Mikey says, gripping his cheeks to try and take the sting away.

‘Come on, over my lap,’ I say, sitting down on the bed and patting my thighs. ‘I’ll have that lovely butt cooled down in no time.’

Mikey passes me a tub of cooling cream and duly lays across my lap.

He might be the biggest of big boys, but the feeling of having a remorseful and happy Mikey over my lap is something that I cherish. The boy knew that he was acting out of turn, took his spanking, and now the pair of us can feel happy and closer than ever.

With the prospect of some fully loaded bagels on the near horizon, I’m determined to make this the best early morning either one of us has experienced.

‘Hey, boy, it’s okay,’ I say, the pair of us standing outside his building. ‘You’ll be back tomorrow, and we can arrange to do something then.’

I can see that Mikey really doesn’t want us to go our separate ways.

Breakfast was great, and I honestly don’t think I’ve laughed so hard in a very long time – and that includes on my beer and whisky fueled nights out with Ranger and Reece.

‘I know, but...’

‘No buts,’ I reply, placing my hands around Mikey’s waist and kissing him on his soft, plump lips. ‘You love your work. We’ve got all the time in the world to hang-out.’

‘I guess so,’ Mikey says, taking what I’m saying on board but evidently not totally convinced. ‘What are you going to do today?’

‘You know me,’ I reply, flashing my smile in Mikey’s direction. ‘Another day,

another wave to catch. I'm hitting a cove about fifty kilometers along the coast. By all accounts, we'll be getting some gnarly waves.'

'I'd maybe like to try surfing,' Mikey says, a look of vulnerability in his eyes. 'It's just...'

'It's just?'

'Someone told me I'd be too big,' Mikey replies. 'This was in high school, and he was a jock, and I felt kinda dumb. So, I guess I just put it to the back of my mind.'

'Urgh . This guy sounds like a total asshole,' I say, shaking my head. 'Surfing is for people of all shapes and sizes. And don't worry, I'll have you up and riding the waves in no time. Just you wait and see if I don't.'

Mikey smiles and we have a wonderful hug.

But time is ticking, and the last thing I want is for my boy to be late.

We kiss once more and go our separate ways.

As I walk down the street toward my car, I can't help but feel that I'm ready for our relationship to go up a level. Mikey is pretty much everything I'm looking for in a boy – and I'd go as far as to say that he's perfect for me.

We both have our lives on track, and we love what we do too.

The only question now is whether we can blend our lives and make them work as one?

So far, I'm thinking the answer is a big, strong yes .

With Ranger back on the beach and getting his alternate surfboard ready for the waves, I'm enjoying the feeling of sheer freedom that comes from lying on your board and doing absolutely nothing .

The ocean can be an exhilarating place.

It can be dangerous too – sometimes fatally so.

But the ocean is often a place of peace and mindfulness, and right now that's exactly how I'm feeling.

As the gentle waves move me slowly and rhythmically up and down, I think about how everything seems to be falling into place in my life.

Yes, I'd still like to find something else when it comes to my day to day life, but the introduction of Mikey into my life has made such a difference.

It's as if Mikey was the missing piece all along.

I know we haven't gone all the way together yet – jeez, I sound like a highschooler – but I'm glad that we're waiting and taking each day as it comes.

There's no doubt that the connection is there between us in a sexual sense, but there's something delightfully hot about stretching that along and getting every last drop of tantalizing tension out of it.

'Yo! Quit daydreaming, slacker,' Ranger says as he paddles toward me on his new board. 'The waves are coming, and we need to be riding the hell out of them.'

I laugh and promptly turn my board to face the waves again.

‘You still haven’t told me about you and the barista from Dark Bean yet,’ I say.
‘Don’t hold out on me. I want all the details.’

‘Later, over whisky,’ Ranger replies. ‘I can’t be getting all down and dirty in the water. I need to focus if I’m going to shred these waves harder than my best bro and long-time surf rival.’

‘Rival?’ I roar. ‘To be a rivalry, you’d need to be close to as good as me!’

Ranger belly laughs and paddles harder.

The pair of us are excellent friends who have each other’s back at all times. But right now, all friendship is about to be temporarily put to one side.

Some premium waves are heading our way and both of us want to take the best ones for ourselves.

It’s time to let loose and ride the waves harder than we’d ride our best boys...

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Chapter 9

Mikey

‘Yeah, yeah, that’s right,’ I say, happily chatting away to Xander on speakerphone as I navigate the freeway segment of my journey. ‘I’m on schedule and loving every second.’

‘I love to see my crew in a good mood. Sounds like someone had a good time last night,’ Xander says, a knowing tone in his voice. ‘You can fill me in on all the deets when you get home.’

‘Will do, over and out!’ I giggle.

‘Over and out!’ Xander replies, ending the call.

I’ve been driving for five hours and I’m making good time. So far I’ve driven through the countryside, freeway, and am about to head back into a more rural road for the last leg of the journey there.

The fact that this happens to be the longest leg of the journey is probably a good thing.

I’m totally fine with driving on the freeway, but it’s just not as fun as hitting the backroads and discovering all the hidden gems that small towns and old school diners bring.

My plan is that once I pick up the goods, I'll rest up and have a nap in the truck. Ideally, I'll do this at a nice roadside layby somewhere, preferably with a nice view of a lake or mountain range.

Honestly though, all I'll need to do is find somewhere relatively quiet and I'll probably fall asleep within ten minutes.

I slept so well last night with Trent in the bed next to me, but for whatever reason I don't feel that well rested. I guess it might take some getting used to having someone else in the bed with me – not that I'm complaining!

From the second that Trent began to bathe me, I knew that it was going to be a good evening. But when things took a naughtier turn, my mind was made up... it was going to be the best evening.

And I wasn't wrong either.

All I can think of now is getting home and seeing Trent again.

The fact that Trent is totally cool with my job is just great. In the past I've had issues with Daddies not wanting me to be away for so long with work. Maybe it's a trust thing, or maybe it's all about attention, but somehow my job has always caused problems with other Daddies.

I guess I was just looking in all the wrong places.

Either way, I've found Trent now and things are looking like they're well and truly on the up as far as my love life goes.

I feel my tummy rumble and reach down to pick up a protein bar from the passenger seat.

‘Boy, that’s good,’ I say, the oats, sugar, and chocolate coating hitting the perfect spot as I devour the protein snack in three quick bites. ‘I could eat another ten of those... easily !’

With that, I turn up the volume on my car stereo and ease my foot down on the accelerator.

It’s time to make some serious inroads into this journey.

After all, the quicker I can get this delivery done the quicker I can be back home and in the strong, sensual hands of my Daddy.

‘Wait... what time is it?’ I say, opening my eyes and sitting up in the rear block of seats that I use as a makeshift bed. ‘Is it still... night?’

I haul my ass into the front seats and see that it’s still very much dark outside.

A quick look at the red, flashing digital clock on my dashboard tells me that it’s actually 2:15AM, and I’ve only been asleep for a couple of hours.

Despite this, I now feel fully awake and rested.

‘Okay Atty, we’ve got a choice to make,’ I say, cradling my warm stuffie in the crook of my arm. ‘We go back to sleep and wake up at five as planned. Or... we get back out onto the road now?’

It’s been a while since I’ve driven through the deep, dark night.

I feel confident in my driving ability, but I’ve never actually taken this route before so it’s not like I know the roads that well.

Of course, I've got the trusty Google Maps to give me the general directions, but even with my full-beam lights on I know that there will be some bumps in the road and twists and turns that will be a whole heap harder to deal with in the dark.

'I think I'm going to go for it,' I say. 'With you as my co-driver, I'll be fine.'

I give Atty an extra snuggly squeeze and carefully place him down on his little cushion on the passenger seat.

I take a quick sip of water, demolish another protein bar, and put the keys in the ignition.

It's time to pound the road and get back to Los Torros – and if I'm extra lucky, my Daddy might just be free to see me for some late night, or maybe early morning, fun too.

It turns out that driving in the dead of night has its upsides.

Not only was the road surprisingly lacking in any potholes or problematic corners, but there was barely another car on the road.

I was able to get back to Los Torros way quicker than I'd imagined, and even better – Trent told me to stop off at his place.

'Wow, this is nice,' I say as I step out of the truck and walk up the steps toward Trent's hillside home. 'I haven't seen this many glass walls since the last time I was at the mall...'

Trent's house is like a unique blend of surfer shack and sleek modern design. It's very Trent. It's also exactly the kind of place I'd expect a Los Torros Daddy to live.

It's not cheap around here, and I know that from having worked on Reece's home build a few months ago. Prices in this area are crazy, so I'm guessing that Trent must have had quite the career before he dropped it for a life on the waves.

Suddenly, I feel a little bit insecure about being a truck driver.

But before my cold feet get the better of me, I see Trent standing at the door in nothing but a pair of red trunks.

'Come on, don't be shy,' Trent calls down. 'The water in my pool is warm, I've prepared you a drink, and if you come now we'll catch the sun rise together.'

A sunrise in my Daddy's private pool?

Talk about the Los Torros Hills lifestyle... LOL!

Before I even get a chance to properly take in Trent's garden or house close-up, I'm finding myself being taken by the hand and led round to the side of the house.

'An infinity pool?' I say, raising my eyebrow. 'Okay, I need to get in there.'

'Well let's do it then,' Trent says. 'You want to just wear your boxers?'

'I could,' I say, a mischievous look on my face. 'But I could also just... go nude?'

'Sounds like a challenge,' Trent laughs, his deep voice echoing around the surrounding hills. 'Last one butt naked and in the pool sucks first!'

We both laugh and I giddily start removing my clothes.

'Hey, you only have your trunks to take off!' I complain. 'No fair!'

‘Hey, no one said this game was fair,’ Trent laughs, stepping out of his trunks and letting his semi-hard cock spring up.

I lose even more time as my mind melts at the sheer thickness of his cock. Before I know it, Trent is already in the water and I’ve still got my boots and briefs to take off.

‘Cannon ball!’ I call out, finally naked and ready to get wet.

I make a huge splash and as I come up, I’m greet by Trent’s smiling face.

‘You’re a big boy, but that splash was insane!’ Trent says. ‘I love it.’

Within seconds, our hands are all over each other’s bodies.

There’s something so sensual about being naked in the water with someone else, and the feeling of Trent’s now fully erect cock banging up against my own dick is making me even hornier than I already was – and that’s saying something!

As our wet mouths meet and our tongues lap and swirl, I feel Trent grabbing my ass cheeks and squeezing them together and then shaking them.

‘I want to see my water baby clap those cheeks for me,’ Trent says, pulling away and guiding me toward the edge of the pool. ‘Climb up and make that booty bounce.’

I’m so hot for this, and quickly pull my body up so that my butt is above water level.

‘Like this, Daddy?’ I say, flexing and twerking my cheeks for his delight, the cool air hitting my ass and making me move quicker.

‘Just like that,’ Trent says. ‘Now let me take a closer look at that cake. I’m feeling hungry...’

I gasp as Trent parts my thick cheeks and plunges his tongue down onto my tight, wet ass hole.

Trent has definitely done this before, but right now I feel like the only Little in the whole world. It feels incredible to have this level of attention all on me.

I let out a long groan of pleasure as I feel Trent work his tongue and reach beneath the water and pull on my heavy balls.

‘Good boy,’ Trent says, momentarily breaking from eating my ass and giving my glistening butt cheeks a good, hard slap. ‘Make them move!’

‘Yes, sir,’ I moan, shaking my butt and feeling super-naughty as I put on a real show for my dominant Daddy.

‘No it’s your turn,’ Trent grunts.

I watch as he swims toward the shallow end and stands up to proudly display his thumpingly hard cock. The water is up to Trent’s thighs and as I swim close to him, I see just how magnificent his body he is.

A man half Trent’s age would kill to have the kind of lean, strong body that he does – and right now I feel like the luckiest Little in the whole world to have the privilege of pleasuring him.

‘Swallow it,’ Trent commands, the tone of his voice leaving no room for misunderstanding.

I open my mouth wide as Trent grips his cock and pushes it down far enough that I’m able to go on my knees and take it inside my mouth.

Everything about this feels so good.

Even as I gag on the full length of Trent's dick, I know that I'm doing something that I've spent the last few days dreaming of.

We'd both already discussed that this would be a monogamous relationship and we'd already decided between us that we wouldn't need to use protection.

I feel comfortable in sucking Trent's naked cock, and I'll feel just as comfortable when he takes me in his mouth too.

But before I can think about Trent going down on me, I need to make sure that my sucking skills are on point.

'Work it faster, boy,' Trent grunts, holding my head and encouraging me to bob and bounce quicker.

I can feel the saliva building up in my mouth, and it's the hottest feeling imaginable as I reach my hands around to Trent's perfectly hard, incredibly peachy ass.

I want to keep sucking until he cums in my mouth, but Trent has other ideas – and he is definitely in charge, so I follow without question.

'Crawl behind me,' Trent says as he wades through the shallow water toward the steps that lead out of the pool. 'Now lie on the floor and jerk that big, fat dick of yours for my pleasure.'

'Yes, Daddy,' I say, breathless and incredibly aroused by Trent's order.

I begin to work my cock faster and faster, spreading my legs wide and raising my hips so that Trent can see my butt too.

The look on Trent's face is telling me that he's enjoying it – and I'm loving the sight of him slowly gripping and pumping his own rock-hard cock too.

But just as I'm about to get a little bit over excited, Trent notices and tells me to stop.

However rather than this signaling the end of our poolside fun, I think this might just be the beginning...

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Chapter 10

Trent

Fuck, I think I need to double-check that I'm not dreaming.

The sight of Mikey pleasuring himself poolside has been pretty much the basis for all of my fantasies since the first time I put my eyes on him back in the diner.

That big, strong, hulking body...

Those soulful brown eyes...

And that big old dick between his muscular thighs...

'Enough!' I growl, noticing that Mikey is enjoying this a little bit too much.

The last thing I want is for my boy to shoot his load before I get the chance to make him mine.

I've been in that situation before, and there's nothing worse than fucking a boy who's already cum and just wants to lie there passively as I drive my cock inside him.

No, I want Mikey all pent up and full of lust.

'I said enough ,' I bark. 'It's time for me to pay another visit to that big booty of yours.'

‘Yes, Daddy,’ Mikey replies, his breathing heavy and a look of sheer desire in his eyes. ‘Anything you say.’

‘Follow me, and stay on your hands and knees,’ I command, walking over toward the all-weather outdoor couch. ‘Bend over and rest your upper body on the cushions. Stick that butt in the air. Spread your legs. I want full access to all the good bits.’

Mikey giggles and I can’t help but laugh too.

I love sexual intensity and getting down and dirty – but if I can do it with a smile on my face and some cheesy Daddy jokes too, that’s even better.

I’m loving how submissive Mikey is too. Despite his size, he’s a baby boy through and through. I know that plenty of less secure Daddies would be put off by just how big and strong Mikey is, but not me.

As far as Mikey’s physicality goes, I’m all there for it.

Hell, if I can ride the biggest waves across the globe, then I’m hardly going to back down when it comes to dominating a chunky Little – even one as magnificently put together as Mikey.

‘Now let’s see about getting this sweet hole ready for something big,’ I say, a smile on my face as I get down on my knees behind Mikey and plunge my fingers into a tub of lube before teasing them over Mike’s exposed ass hole.

‘W-w-w-wow,’ Mikey says, his voice trembling with excitement as I trace my fingers over his hole in a circular motion before gradually easing them inside. ‘That... feels... nice.’

‘Good,’ I reply, two fingers becoming three as I push them deeper inside his ass.

‘Push back for me. It’ll be good practice for what’s ahead.’

I grab my cock with my spare hand and pleasure myself as Mikey follows my commands and begins to push back and forth on my three fingers, his ass adapting and getting more comfortable with each movement.

‘ Mmmph , I want more,’ Mikey says, tensing his body and pushing back harder. ‘I want you inside me. Properly.’

‘I wouldn’t normally take instruction from my boy,’ I say, my cock hard and my eyes wild with desire. ‘But on this occasion, I might just make an exception.’

With that, I pull my lubricated fingers out of Mikey’s booty and take a step back.

I’ve never wanted a boy so much in my whole life.

This is a big moment for both of us, and I want the connection between us to be absolutely perfect.

‘Get up onto the couch and lie on your back,’ I say, my voice gruff but my heart thumping away at a hundred miles per hour. ‘Hook your legs up for me.’

I step up onto the couch too and move a cushion underneath Mikey’s ass so that the angle is just right.

Taking Mikey’s ankles and easing them further back toward his head, I begin to push my throbbing dick head against his wet, thoroughly prepared ass hole.

‘Fuck me, Daddy,’ Mikey says, letting out a loud moan as I push my wide head inside him.

‘Your wish is my command,’ I reply, easing my shaft inside the tightest of tight hole.
‘Now let’s see just how much you want this.’

I begin to work my cock backward and forward, increasing my depth of stroke gradually until I can see that I’m hitting Mikey at his most pleasurable spot.

‘Beg for more,’ I grunt. ‘Tell me you want it harder. Deeper. Faster.’

‘All of those things! I want all of them!’ Mikey moans, his body relaxing into the pleasure as I begin to fuck him harder, deeper, and faster too.

‘It’s so... wow ,’ Mikey cries out, his eyes shutting as I leave my cock pressed up against his g-spot and allow him to revel in the moment.

I’ve got total control of the situation and I’m loving the way that Mikey is so totally submissive and trusting of me.

But as hot as this is, I don’t want to bring Mikey to orgasm just yet.

I’m hungry for more – much more , in fact.

I pull my cock out of Mikey and firmly flip him onto his front. Mikey instinctively grabs his ass cheeks and pulls them apart, ready for his Daddy to drive inside him again.

‘Good boy,’ I say, casually slapping Mikey’s ass cheeks as he holds them in position.
‘I think you want me to fuck you even harder now, don’t you?’

‘I do, I do,’ Mikey says, his words melting into a long, loud moan as I drive my cock deep inside him once more.

I grip Mikey's strong thighs and begin to increase the speed of my thrusts, going harder and harder – and if I'm not careful I think I might push myself beyond the point of no return way quicker than I want.

'More, more,' Mikey says, kicking his feet onto the couch cushion's as I continue to fuck him, any thought of taking my time now a distant memory.

As I build up to my crescendo, Mikey's body tenses up and tells me that he is close too. If I play this right I can make sure that both of us orgasm at the same time, or near enough the same time.

'Let it happen,' I grunt. 'Shoot that hot, sticky load for me, boy.'

It seems like my words are enough to take Mikey to where he needs to be, and they do the job for me too.

As the pair of us rock together and orgasm hard, my mind goes blank and I feel nothing but the purest pleasure that comes from the most intense releases.

'I'm not stopping until I've got every last drop out,' I roar, Mikey's booty cheeks wobbling and shuddering as I continue to crash back and forth into them.

'Good!' Mikey exclaims, burying his face deep into the cushion and grinding his cock into the luxuriously padded couch.

When I'm done, I pull my dick out of Mikey and flop down next to him.

'Good job I went for the extra-large couch, right?' I laugh, the huge six person couch having enough room for us both to lie down together.

'I think you always knew you wanted a big boy,' Mikey says, wiping sweat from his

brow. 'That was... amazing.'

'Yup, it was for me too,' I reply, my heart rate only beginning to slow down. 'I'll be replaying that in my mind for a long, long time.'

'Hehe , same,' Mikey says, a cute smile on his face as he blushes. 'I was worried that I might be too big. I know Daddies like smaller boys usually.'

'Hey, I'm not one of those Daddies,' I reply, tracing my fingers over Mikey's incredible pecs and bulging abs. 'Everything, and I mean everything , that I look for in a boy... you've got it.'

We don't need any more words.

With the sun beginning to rise in the distance, I pull a cover over us and we watch the sun come up together.

I know that my whole mantra now is about finding a boy to settle down with and not taking things too quickly... but I'm rapidly getting the kinds of feelings for Mikey that are hard to ignore.

I won't use the L-word just yet.

But that doesn't mean it's not crossing my mind either.

Mikey's the whole package – and the fact that it's an especially large package is just the icing on the cake.

As hot as the sex was – and it was seriously fucking hot – there's something so comforting about lying together now, simply enjoying being in our feelings and not having the kind of awkward post-sex conversations that come with one night stands

or quick hookups.

I never had anything like this kind of stability growing up.

It was almost like my entire life was a series of one night stands, constantly moving home, no consistency in my life and having to deal with people telling me what to do or where to be.

But here, with Mikey, everything feels right .

I'm still a free spirit, but I've got someone with me who makes me feel complete in a way that I've never felt before – or certainly not since I was a very young child before chaos became the norm.

I want to express this to Mikey, tell him how special he is and how much this whole relationship could be for me, and hopefully for him too.

'Hey, kid,' I say, my words trailing off as I see that Mikey is pretty much fast asleep next to me. 'It doesn't matter. We'll talk later.'

I bring my body even closer to Mikey and let myself drift off to sleep too.

Right now, there isn't a single other boy in the whole world who could tempt me off this couch.

In fact, you could offer me the whole world and I wouldn't change a single thing about this moment.

The sun is rising over Los Torros – and I think it might just be the beginning of a brand new life for me and the boy too.

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Chapter 11

Mikey

The open road is ahead of me, the cool breeze is blowing in through the open window, and I've got my favorite rock and roll nursery rhymes pumping on the stereo.

I'm three hours into a delivery pick up for my crew, and I'm going to be able to stop at my favorite diner on the way home. Really, I couldn't have asked for a better day's work.

So why am I feeling so sad?

After Trent and me shared a magical early morning together at his place, I was expecting everything to fall perfectly into place for us.

As far as I was concerned, the sex was the best I'd ever had – and it wasn't even a close call thing either!

Not only that, the way Trent and I fell asleep together all snuggled up under the cover as the sun rose was like something from one of the romance novels I love to read.

When we both woke up, everything was still totally cool and awesome too. We ate breakfast together and Trent even walked me back to my truck.

But then it was like something changed.

I still can't put my finger on it.

First, Trent had an overnight surfing trip with Ranger. This was fine, because I knew that surfing was a big part of Trent's life and totally respected that.

But just as Trent got back from his trip, I was given a last minute long-haul drive across country that actually took the best part of seventy-two hours to complete.

When I got home I was way too exhausted to hang out with Trent, and as it turned out he wasn't even home anyway. Trent had gone on a business trip with Reece to look at some property that the pair of them were considering buying near Chase Lagoon.

So far, so frustrating, right?

We met for a coffee together a few days later, but both of us just seemed distracted. Trent had a surf exhibition he was taking part in later that week so he was conscious about getting enough practice in on the waves to do himself and his reputation justice.

Meanwhile, I knew that Xander was prepping a busy few days for me in terms of deliveries and also some site work so that the Tornados training facility could be signed off as complete and on time.

All in all, it meant that not only was mine and Trent's coffee date a rushed affair, we couldn't even make any concrete plans to meet later.

And all this was over a week ago now too...

'Atty, I don't want to say it out loud,' I say, reaching out and stroking Att's fluffy head. 'But... maybe me and Trent just aren't meant to be?'

I take a deep breath and try not to get too emotional.

After all, I'm driving a super-powerful truck and need to keep as focused as I possibly can. It's not just my life at risk when I'm behind the wheel, it's everyone else on the road too.

'Okay, I think I need to pull over,' I say, knowing that I'm coming up to a roadside layby.

As I ease on the break and take the truck offroad, I feel a slightly manic energy coming over me. All of my thoughts and feelings toward Trent are bubbling up and I'm finding it harder to think with a clear head.

As I turn the truck's engine off, I immediately reach for my cell phone and begin tapping out a message to Trent...

MIKEY: Hey. I don't know how to say this but I think maybe we need to think about things. It's definitely not you, or me either. But... this just isn't working, is it? Please don't call. I don't want a big conversation. I just... I need some time alone. I'm sorry.

I hit send and immediately turn my cell phone off and toss it into the rear seats behind me.

'Was that the right thing to do?' I say to Atty, a tear rolling down my eye. 'I thought me and Trent might be forever, but...'

I try to slow my breathing down and stop and more tears from forming, but it's a hopeless task.

I'm not sure if sending that message was the right option, or totally crazy. But I've done it now and I'm going to have to live with the consequences.

Trent is a good man, certainly one of the best I've ever met. He deserves a boy who

can be there for him and give him all of his time. I just don't see how I'll ever be able to do that.

Trucking is a huge part of who I am – it's what I've always wanted to do, and I can't ever see myself not doing it.

Yuck , this sucks ass – and not in the good way.

But despite feeling like absolute crap, I know that I've still got a job to do. I've only lost a few minutes, and with a clear road ahead it shouldn't be long before I'm powering ahead and making that time up again.

Yes, things may have gone wrong with Trent. That's horrible and I know it's going to take a while for me to get over it.

However that doesn't mean I'm about to let Xander and the rest of the Construction Boys down.

No, I'm going to get my truck moving and put my heartache to one side.

As I pull out onto the road and put my foot to the floor, I wipe away one last tear and try to think of the future – namely making this delivery on time and proving to my fellow Littles that I'm the best truck driver a construction crew could dream of.

'Usual, dear?' Cheryl-Anne says as I walk up to the service counter of her delightful diner.

'Yeah, sounds perfect,' I reply, doing my best to sound as cheerful as I can.

The delivery collection went to plan and I was actually a half hour ahead of schedule by the end. So as far as work goes, everything is looking good. But of course there's

still a certain Daddy on my mind...

‘Don’t tell me, man trouble,’ Cheryl-Anne says, a knowing look on her face. ‘Well why don’t you just let me handle that.’

‘Huh?’ I reply, not entirely sure where Cheryl-Anne might be going with this.

The last thing I want right now is to be set up with the nearest Daddy for a blind date!

‘Don’t look so worried,’ Cheryl-Anne laughs. ‘I’m going to make you the tallest attack of maple syrup pancakes you’ve ever seen. Even a big boy like you might struggle to finish it. Now how about that for a challenge to take your mind away from what’s troubling you?’

I smile.

Cheryl-Anne is a saint, and I wouldn’t ever hear a word spoken against her. And as far her pancake stack challenge, I’m certainly up for it...

‘Bring it on,’ I say, a real smile coming over my face as I temporarily put the situation with Trent out of my mind. ‘I’ll grab my usual booth.’

With that, I walk over toward the booth and take a seat.

I unzip my backpack and let Atty peak out from the top.

This might have been the diner where I met Trent for the first time, but I’ve been coming here a lot longer than that – and I’m going to keep coming here for even longer, even if Trent is no longer part of my life.

As I’m waiting for Cheryl-Anne to bring over what promises to be a legendary

pancake stack, I think back to all the years I spent as a teenager, not truly grasping who I was or what I was all about.

I realize that deep down, I've always known what I wanted for my life but it wasn't until I met my friends at the Construction Boys that I was able to truly embrace who I was.

I take my cell phone out of my pocket.

The cell phone's blacked-out screen stares back at me. I know that if I turn the phone on, there's a good chance I'm going to have received a series of messages and voicemails from Trent – and right now, that's the last thing I want to deal with.

On the other hand, it's likely that Xander or Lane have been checking in on me and trying to make contact to ensure that everything is going as planned with the delivery.

'I need to turn this thing on, don't I Atty?' I mutter, knowing full well that the answer is a resounding yes .

And within moments of turning my phone back on, I am confronted by a ton of messages – but not a single one of them is from Trent.

XANDER: Hey! What's up? Tried calling but straight to voicemail. Later, XoXo

LANE: Yo, Big Mikey! We're trying to call, but I guess you've got no service? Let us know everything's good. XoXoXo

XANDER: Mikey... is everything okay? Seriously, message or call when you get this. I called the supplier and he said you'd picked everything up okay. Hit me back, ASAP XoXoXo

‘I need to make this right,’ I say, glancing over to Cheryl-Anne and catching a glimpse of her completing the pancake stack. ‘And I need to do it before the yummy pancakes arrive.’

MIKEY: Hey guys, I’m SO sorry. I had a thing that I needed to deal with and... I’m okay now. Kinda. I’ll explain later. But the delivery is good, and I’m safe. We’ll definitely talk when I’m home. Sorry for causing any worry XoXoXoXo

I immediately feel better for having sent the message, and the last thing I ever wanted was to cause my fellow Littles and workmates to worry about me.

‘Here we go!’ Cheryl-Anne says, placing the huge stack of pancakes down on the table. ‘Hot. Sweet. And ready to be demolished. I think you’re going to enjoy this!’

‘I think I am,’ I reply. ‘Thank you, Cheryl-Anne.’

Cheryl-Anne smiles and walks back to the counter to serve a new customer. As for me, I’ve got a big stack of pancakes in front of me that’s big enough for two large appetites to share.

But sadly it’s just me, myself, and I.

And with no messages coming through from Trent, it looks like that’s the way it’s going to stay for the foreseeable future too...

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Chapter 12

Trent

‘I just don’t get this at all,’ I say, shaking my head as I sip my espresso. ‘I mean... why?’

I look across the table and show Ranger my phone screen.

Mikey messaged me on my way over to meet Ranger and Reece at Dark Beans . To say that it wasn’t a good message would maybe be understatement of the millennium.

The worst thing about Mikey’s message was that it seemed so final.

I could handle it if Mikey had an issue that was upsetting him and he wanted to talk about it. But the way that he seemed to go from zero to a hundred so quickly really shocked me.

‘I take it you haven’t replied yet?’ Ranger says.

‘No, I just don’t know...’ I say, my words trailing off momentarily. ‘Part of me is pissed off. I mean, we’ve had a busy couple of weeks. It’s no big deal.’

‘Yeah, but you have to remember that Mikey’s a Little,’ Ranger says. ‘He hasn’t got your age and life experience to fall back on. Chances are, he’s probably feeling quite emotional having only recently found you. Right?’

I know that Ranger is talking sense.

To be honest, I kind of suspected that this was coming as I'd sensed Mikey getting more frustrated by our clashing schedules – but what I hadn't expected was just how far Mikey would take things in his message.

'You're right,' I say, nodding. 'And when the hell did Mr. PlayDaddy get so wise?'

'Hey, you know me,' Ranger says, his charismatic smile lighting up the room. 'I'm a man of many hidden depths.'

'Sure, sure,' I laugh, Ranger's humor briefly illuminating the situation. 'Oh, hey, Reece's here.'

I watch as Reece strides over, full of purpose as ever.

'Guys, sorry I'm late,' Reece says, looking as dashing as ever in his fitted pale-blue suit and open collared white shirt.

'Let me guess, sale at the Armani store?' Ranger bellows, prompting more laughter from the three of us.

'No, actually, not this time,' Reece replies. 'I had some business to do over at the Los Torros Tornados training complex. It's looking good. Those Construction Boys have done another great job so far. I mean, I'm biased of course...'

I attempt a smile but can't quite force one out.

Even the mention of the Construction Boys is taking me right back into the center of my apparent drama with Mikey.

‘Errr , something I said?’ Reece says, placing his iced flat-white down on the table and taking a seat in one of the high-backed armchairs.

‘Boy trouble,’ Ranger says, arching his eyebrow. ‘If you don’t mind, Trent?’

‘No, be my guest,’ I say, more than happy for Ranger to sum up the situation.

‘Mikey and Trent have been having something of a scheduling conflict,’ Ranger explains to an attentive Reece. ‘So much so that Mikey’s called the whole damn relationship off.’

‘Damn, that sucks, bro,’ Reece says, leaning forward with a contemplative look on his face. ‘But...’

‘Yeah?’ I reply, unsure as to what Reece might be about to say.

‘I know you want to show respect to Mikey’s wishes,’ Reece says in between glugging down half of his iced drink. ‘But since when does a Daddy like you let the boy call all the shots? I mean, Mikey gave you his side of the argument. Surely you need to put your side across too?’

I lean back in my chair and take a deep breath.

Reece is talking a lot of sense. He’s right that I truly want to respect Mikey’s feelings and ensure that our relationship is based on mutual respect.

But it’s also only right and fair that I get to try and make things right.

After all, what kind of Daddy would I be if I just allowed my boy to feel sad, send me a message ending the relationship, and then just walk away from the whole thing we had together.

That doesn't sound right.

That doesn't sound right at all.

'Okay, I think our man is formulating a plan,' Ranger says, exchanging glances with Reece. 'So you gonna call Mikey? Make things right?'

'No,' I reply, my voice full of controlled passion. 'I'm not calling him. Or messaging either. I'm going to see him face to face.'

'But...he's out on a delivery?' Reece says.

'He is,' I continue. 'But going off the time he sent the message, and the route he's on, I'm guessing that my boy is going to be making himself comfortable in his favorite out of town diner in a couple of hours from now.'

'Oh hell yeah,' Ranger says, high fiving with Reece. 'We're into romcom territory here, brother.'

'Maybe,' I say. 'But I need to restore my baby boy's faith in me. And what better way to do that than prove to him that I'll travel any distance to make time for us to spend time with one another.'

'Holy shit, you've really fallen hard for Mikey, haven't you?' Reece says, a knowing look on his face. 'You want him to be your Forever Boy.'

'See you guys tomorrow,' I say, not wasting a single second. 'I've got some serious ground to cover. It's time I filled the 911's tank and took her out on the road like I used to back in the day.'

'Good luck, brother,' Ranger says, raising his coffee to toast me.

‘Go get your damn boy,’ Reece adds, raising his glass.

I don’t need any further encouragement.

It’s time for me to get back to mine, fire up my Porsche, and get this show on the road.

‘Should I stop and send at least a text...’ I say, pushing ninety on the freeway as I power on toward the turn off that will bring me closer to the diner – and to Mikey. ‘No, no time. And I need to surprise Mikey. He needs to see me with fresh eyes.’

As I continue to drive, I think back to one of my first friends in the surf world, a wise man by the name of Paolo Jacobs. I was a fresh faced twenty-one year old and Paolo was in his early fifties, but as fit as any man on the water.

Paolo saw that I was a bit of a lost soul, and quickly took me under his wing. At that stage of my surfing career, I had all the flash but none of the substance.

For me, surfing was purely about self-expression and pulling off the wildest trick or doing the most flamboyant move.

But Paolo showed me the real truth of surf life.

Paolo had been surfing for the best part of four decades and had forgotten more than most other people would ever know about surfing – me included.

As I learned to respect the ocean and treat it as my best friend, I came to understand that I could find peace in the water in a way that had never been possible in my life up to that point.

So rather than being the rebellious surfer that many saw me as, I came to understand

that I was actually a deeply respectful, calm person who was able to find solutions, feel peace, and live his best life in the water.

Sadly, Paolo passed away in his sixties.

And maybe at times since his passing I've lost track of his teachings too.

My years spent chasing boys and looking for the quickest, hottest hookup would probably be an indication of my failings. And my inability to find something to work alongside my love of surf too.

But as I drive toward the diner and hopefully a meeting with Mikey, I can hear some of Paolo's wisest words come flooding back into my head.

In fact, it kind of feels like Paolo's here in my 911 with me right now.

'Talk to me, Paolo,' I say, a wistful but hopeful tone in my voice. 'Help me. Give me the words I need.'

I don't know what I'm expecting, but I certainly don't hear any ghostly whispers from the afterlife.

Instead, the only sound that fills my ears is that of the 911's engine as she roars along, each second getting close to my surprise date with Mikey.

All I know is that when I set foot in the diner, I know that I need to be confident, calm, and hold nothing back when it comes to telling my beautiful baby boy exactly what I feel.

It's time for me to step up and ride the biggest wave of my life.

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Chapter 13

Mikey

‘One... last... pancake,’ I say, almost groaning as I cut up the final pancake in Cheryl-Anne’s epic stack.

Maybe it was the extra-syrup, or the additional sprinkling of walnuts, but this might just be the pancake stack that beats me.

I’ve eaten some big plates of carb-heavy foods in the past, but even for a big Little like me, this is something else.

‘See, not as easy as you thought, is it?’ Cheryl-Anne giggles as she walks past my booth. ‘But I think you can do it if you really go for it.’

‘I hope so,’ I say, taking a deep breath as I push my fork into the final pancake. ‘I’ve never failed a food challenge before!’

Then, just as I’m about to put the pancake in my mouth, I hear a voice from behind me.

Immediately, I know who it is.

How could I not know...

‘And you’re not going to fail today,’ Trent says, walking into view. ‘No boy of mine

quits.'

Despite sending the breakup text a few hours ago, my head is still spinning. I don't know how to react to seeing Trent. The fact that he's driven hours to be here with me is a big deal, I know that beyond doubt.

'You've got this,' Trent says, a smile on his face but a firm tone in his voice.

I don't wait a second longer.

I put one half of the final pancake in my mouth and gulp it down.

The second half of the pancake soon follows.

As I wash it down with my glass of milk, Trent takes a seat opposite me.

'I... I... don't know what to say,' I mumble, barely able to make eye contact with Trent. 'I think I sent that text way too quickly. I don't know... I panicked. Sometimes I get a bit overwhelmed by my feelings and my go-to is to duck out.'

'I hear you,' Trent replies, his eyes full of warmth. 'Believe me, I've been there plenty of times in my life too. But...'

'Yes?'

'Well, you've got me now,' Trent says. 'If you still want to be my boy, I can promise you that I'll always be here for you. In good times, and in the tougher times too. That's a big part of being a Daddy as far as I'm concerned. I want to be the man you turn to. Any time you feel like things are getting too big or tough to deal with, I promise I'll be ready.'

Listening to Trent, I can tell that he means every word he's saying.

I can feel myself getting emotional, but I can't just forget the fact that since our night together it's been nearly impossible to arrange any time together.

I know that I need to bring this up and see what Trent thinks.

It wouldn't be responsible to bury my head in the sand just because Trent made a romantic gesture coming here to see me.

'But...' I say, struggling to find the right words.

'It's okay, take your time,' Trent replies, placing his tanned hands on mine and smiling warmly. 'I've got a hot chili avocado on toast special on the way, we've got time.'

I giggle.

Right away, I feel more at ease and think I've got the right words for what I need to put over to Trent.

'Okay, it's... we're both so busy,' I say. 'I'll always have my long-haul deliveries and you'll always be chasing the waves. I wouldn't ever want you to even think about limiting yourself just so we could see each other. But... I think I need to be in a relationship where there's regular contact. Date nights. Sleepovers. Brunch at Morning Milk . I want all the things that other Littles have with their Daddies. Is that selfish or silly of me to think?'

Trent looks like he's about to speak, but he pauses.

I don't know what Trent is about to say, and I'm a bit worried that I've annoyed him

or said something that he didn't want to hear.

I needn't worry though, because Trent's face soon breaks out into a broad, handsome as all hell smile.

'It's not silly at all ,' Trent says, his voice reassuring and full of love. 'The truth is that I want all of those things too. I know we're both busy and love our lives as they are, but I'm thinking that if we both sit down and work out how to make sure we get enough time...'

'You think we could work it out?' I say hopefully.

'I'm sure we can,' Trent says. 'Maybe I should have spoken sooner about my concerns too. I'll try to do better in future. But, either way, I'm positive that we'll be able to work out a schedule that means we get more than enough time together. Hell, we might be seeing each other so much that you'll end up asking for extra drive time to get some alone time!'

' Hehe , never!' I giggle. 'I'll never get bored of you, Daddy.'

'And the same goes for me too,' Trent replies, reaching over and wiping a smudge of maple syrup off the corner of my mouth.

'I love you, Daddy,' I say, the words coming out so quickly that I don't have time to stop myself.

'I love you too, boy,' Trent replies, his eyes full of emotion. 'To be honest, I think I knew that from the first time I saw you. We've come a long way in a short space of time. We might have just got over our first speed bump, and there will be more in the future. That's just life. But I know that my love for you won't ever change. I want us to be forever .'

I want to pinch myself just to check that this is really happening.

Everything Trent is saying makes perfect sense to me, and I just can't quite get over the fact that such an incredible man told me that he wants me to be his forever.

'I love you, I love you, I love you forever too!' I squeal, leaning over and meeting Trent's lips in the middle.

As we kiss, I feel adrenalin surging over my body.

This is an incredible moment, something that I never actually believed would happen to me. And I certainly didn't think that I would make my true love declaration in a roadside diner either – but I'm not complaining!

'Okay, I think this might call for free milkshakes and coffees all round!' Cheryl-Anne calls out from behind the service counter. 'We celebrate true love at my diner in whatever form that might take. Hey everyone, how about we show some love to our newest couple!'

With that, the other guests in the diner break out into cheers and applause.

I feel myself blushing intensely, but with Trent holding my hand and taking the attention on himself, I feel safe and secure – and I gradually begin to enjoy the moment too.

I'm enjoying the moment so much that I do something I've never done before at the diner.

I take Atty out of my backpack and hold him above my head.

'Don't forget my best friend Atty!' I call out, totally losing any feeling of being self-

conscious at the attention.

‘Hell yeah!’ a burly truck driver calls out. ‘Let’s hear it for the cutest damn seahorse I’ve seen!’

As another wave of cheers goes up, I look at Trent and smile.

To say that this delivery drive got off to a sticky start would be a huge understatement. But that’s something to be put well and truly in the rear view mirror from here on in.

Me and Trent are back on the right track, and there’s no turning back now.

I’ve found my Forever Daddy and I couldn’t be happier – even if my belly feels like it might burst from Cheryl-Anne’s epic pancake stack!

The drive back to Los Torros has been eventful, that’s for sure.

Daddy let me drive his Porsche and I let Daddy drive my truck!

While I enjoyed driving a much smaller vehicle, I definitely prefer my usual truck driving experience – and I think Atty does too!

As I pull up at the cove, I see Daddy pull in shortly behind me.

‘Well that was an experience,’ Tret says, smiling as he hops down out of the truck. ‘I think we’ll probably both stick to our usual rides from now on, right?’

‘Yup, I think so, Daddy,’ I giggle, clambering out of the 911 with Atty. ‘But one question... why this cove?’

‘Ah, right, I guess I haven’t told you about Captain’s Cove before,’ Trent says, a knowing glint in his eye. ‘Come on, follow me.’

‘Captain’s Cove?’ I say, intrigued. ‘Okay, Captain Daddy! I’m right behind you.’

With that, I follow Trent as he walks down a partially concealed track.

It’s steep and I can tell that not many people know about this place. There’s no sign of other people coming here whatsoever – no signage, no official walkway, nothing.

‘Woah... is this... yours ?’ I say as we suddenly walk into a small clearing with a beautiful little beach and an equally charming surf shack.

‘Well, it’s mine, Reece’s, and Ranger’s,’ Trent says. ‘We used to come here all the time until the old owner passed away. When the place came up for sale, there was no way in hell we were going to pass on our own private cove.’

‘OMG , I love it!’ I squeal.

‘You’ll love this too, boy,’ Trent says, walking to the shack and opening the door to the surfboard store. ‘This right here is your first surfboard. Daddy’s going to give you your first lesson today. Right here and now. The waves are just perfect for a first time paddle.’

‘Yay! A million yays!’ I reply, totally losing my cool and running over toward the board.

‘Quick, let’s strip down to our pants and get in the water,’ Trent says. ‘Trust me, no one will see. And there’s not much better than a dip in the ocean after a long drive.’

With the sun in the sky and the water lapping up onto the shore, I don’t waste a single

second and quickly strip down to my pants – and then remember that I’m wearing a jockstrap.

‘Hey, it’s not like I haven’t seen those sweet cheeks before,’ Trent says, noticing me shyly covering my butt cheeks. ‘Anyway, the extra flexibility will help on the board.’

I giggle and watch as Trent fetches my new surfboard and hands it to me.

‘A boy always remembers his first surfboard,’ Trent says. ‘Consider this my first gift to you as your full time Daddy.’

‘Thank you so much, Daddy,’ I say, delighted as I look my board up and down. ‘I promise to look after it.’

‘Good, you’d better,’ Trent laughs. ‘Because if you don’t, I’ll have you bent over it for a good, hard paddling – and not the kind of paddling you do in the water, either!’

‘Hehehe , I’ll try my best,’ I laugh.

With that, the pair of us run into the shallow water together.

I’m looking forward to my first ever surf lesson, and the fact that it’s with my Daddy is just the icing on the cake.

The only question is whether I’ll be able to concentrate with Daddy’s semi-naked body on display the whole time!

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Chapter 14

Trent

‘Good, that’s perfect!’ I holler, watching with pride as Mikey hops up and manages to stand on the board for the first time. ‘Hell yeah, I’m proud of you, boy!’

My words turn to laughter as Mikey inevitably loses his balances and crashes into the water. This happened to me many times as a kid learning to surf, and I reassure Mikey that laughter is the best way to deal with it – not that Mikey needs much persuasion.

‘ Hehe , that was cool!’ Mikey says as he clamber up onto the board and sits on it as the gentle waves make him bob up and down. ‘Falling in was nearly as fun as standing up!’

I smile wryly.

‘That’s the spirit,’ I say. ‘Don’t worry, you’ll be doing plenty more falling as you learn.’

I paddle closer toward Mikey.

We let the waves take us into shallower water and as the sun beats down on us, I can’t help but drink in Mikey’s tanned body as it glistens in the sun.

Beads of water drip down Mikey’s impressive pecs and abs.

My eyes flash toward the big pouch at the front of Mikey's jockstrap. The soaking wet material makes the outline of Mikey's cock clear for me to see, and I don't even try to hide my admiration.

'How does that feel?' I say, reaching across and squeezing Mikey's shaft.

'It feels good,' Mikey replies, his eyes suddenly full of desire.

Judging by the speed at which the size of Mikey's dick is growing, I can tell that he's more than happy with this turn of events.

But if Mikey thinks this is going to be a quick tug in the water, he's got another thing coming...

'Enough... for now,' I say. 'I want you bent over the width of the board, face down and ass on display. Dangle your arms over one side and your legs over the other. That's Daddy's orders.'

Mikey doesn't hesitate to follow my commands.

After a surprisingly nimble maneuver, Mikey is in position.

'You know there was no way you we're wearing a jockstrap in the water and not getting your ass eaten, don't you?' I say, lustfully slapping my hands down on Mikey's wet, wobbly cheeks.

'Well, I was hoping...' Mikey giggles, gasping as I squeeze his meaty buttocks and spread them wide.

I move closer and plunge my tongue onto Mikey's exposed ass hole.

Probably the only thing better than eating ass is doing it in the wild ocean water, and today marks the first time I've done it with someone I love – so, perfection just got a little bit more perfect.

‘That’s too good,’ Mikey groans, his hulking thighs tensing and squeezing as he feels my tongue flicking, flexing, and teasing his ass hole.

I continue to work on Mikey, giving him everything I’ve got.

It feels incredible to pleasure him like this, out on the water and without a care in the world.

I know that Mikey had a wobble about our relationship, but I’m determined to do everything to convince him that both of us are better off together – and it seems like Mikey’s already in full agreement with this.

‘ Mmmph , can we do this every day?’ Mikey groans, squeezing his chunky ass cheeks around my tongue as I bury myself deeper inside him.

‘I can’t promise we’ll do it every day,’ I say, pulling my face temporarily out of his delicious cake. ‘But I can promise that we’ll find the time to make each other feel special every day. It might be a kiss. Or even a message. But you’ll never doubt for a second that your Daddy loves you.’

‘But I want my boot eaten!’ Mikey giggles, sassing me in a way that I can’t help but love.

After all, I hardly need any more motivation to slap my hand down on his rounded bottom.

But my spansks are purely playful, and I decide that it’s time to move on to the next

part of our water fun.

‘Boy, I want you lying on your back now, the full length of the board,’ I say, happily helping Mikey keep his balance as he twists his body and lies down facing up. ‘Good, now lift your hips and pull your jock down. I want to see my boy’s big, hard cock in the flesh.’

Mikey whips his jockstrap down and his cock duly springs up to attention.

I playfully splash it with water before slowly easing myself up onto the board too.

‘Daddy... what are we going to do?’ Mikey says, his hands reaching out and stretching at the waistband of my briefs.

‘Something I’ve always wanted to try,’ I reply. ‘But it wasn’t until now that I had the right boy to try it with.’

Without wasting another moment, I wriggle and get my briefs down to my ankles before quickly wrapping them around the Velcro foot loop at the bottom of the board.

With both Mikey and me now naked and as hard as hard can be, I turn and present my cock to Mikey before lying down and finding my face millimeters away from Mikey’s throbbing snake.

‘A surf 69?’ Mikey giggles. ‘This is wild.’

‘Sure is,’ I say. ‘But less talk, more cock sucking. As I said, I haven’t done this before so I don’t know how long we can keep our balance.’

Mikey heeds my words and before I know it, he’s taking the full length of my dick into his mouth – and I’m doing the same at the other end too.

As Mikey sucks and slurps, I feel his wet hands reach up and tease and trace over my wet ass hole. This feels every bit as incredible as I'd imagined it would – and so far we've both managed to keep a strong enough core so that we don't lose our balance and crash into the water.

The feeling of Mikey's cock bouncing in and out of my mouth is making my own cock edge closer and closer to the point of no return – and something tells me that Mikey is feeling the same too.

I reach down and run my hands over Mikey's balls and feel that they have tensed up, ready for an imminent release...

'Give me everything you've got boy,' I say, momentarily releasing Mikey's thunderously hard dick from my wet mouth. 'And I'll do the same for you.'

'Yes, Daddy,' comes Mikey's muffled reply, my cock bouncing off his lips.

It only takes a few more moments and we both find ourselves shooting our seed deep into one another's mouth – and it's such an exciting moment that we both finally lose our balance and fall off the surfboard and into the water.

'Fuck, we nearly went all the way,' I laugh, my head bobbing up and my cock still twitching and releasing the last of my seed.

'Hehehe, that was crazy!' Mikey giggles, his hands under water and jerking the final beads of cum out. 'I hope this doesn't count as water pollution?'

I shake my head and roll my eyes in mock disgust.

'No, I think we're okay on that score,' I reply. 'Come on, if you're all done draining your dick, let's get inside. You haven't seen inside the shack yet. And I think you're

going to like it a lot...’

With that, we wade back to shore with one surfboard and two very satisfied, swinging dicks.

The surf shack might not compare to my home in the hills when it comes to modern luxuries and underfloor heating, but that’s not to say that it’s not cozy.

In fact, as I pull up the thick blanket and climb into the extra-large hammock next to a happily naked Mikey, I feel about as snug and cozy as Mayor Cozy of Snugsville.

‘This is the life, boy,’ I say, my strong chest pressing up against Mikey’s big, perfect baby boy body. ‘How about we just live here? We’d never have to work again.’

‘That would be awesome,’ Mikey says.

‘No, we love our busy lives too much,’ I reply. ‘But just think, when your forty hours into a long-haul, or I’m making the journey back from riding a wave a hundred kilometers away, we’ll both know that there’s the coziest snuggle at the end of it for us.’

‘In some ways, us being busy makes our time together more special,’ Mikey says, dreamily turning his head and looking into my eyes. ‘I should have realized that before I sent that silly text.’

‘Hey,’ I say, sternly. ‘I said you need to let go of that text. We all say and do things that we regret from time to time. But the secret is letting go of it all and moving on with your life.’

Mikey looks at me and I can see that he’s trying to figure something out.

‘You’re talking about yourself too, aren’t you?’ Mikey says. ‘Come on, Daddy, share with me too...’

I feel myself momentarily clam up.

It’s not that I don’t want to share with Mikey, but I’m not used to having a boy to talk to like this.

But I battle through my fears and begin to talk. I explain the situation regarding my uncle’s wife passing away and how he invited me to the memorial service in her honor.

I also explain to Mikey how this has brought up old feelings of being estranged from my family and never truly fitting in with them.

‘It’s totally valid to feel like that,’ Mikey says, his chest rising and falling as he speaks. ‘But I think you’ve got me as your family now. And your Daddy friends. You can go to the service and honor your aunt. And if things don’t go well with your wider family, then that’s on them. You know that you’ll be driving home to me, and Reece and Ranger too. I think you should do this.’

I smile and kiss Mikey on his lips.

The boy is right, and I know he is.

‘You’re pretty damn wise for a boy,’ I say. ‘I’m going to go. But there’s something else I need to say to you.’

‘Okay?’ Mikey says, an air of apprehension in his voice as if he’s fearing more family drama being brought up.

‘It’s milkies time!’ I laugh, reaching down to the floor and picking up a bottle of warm milk that I had prepared as Mikey dozed in the hammock. ‘And I think after his first surf lesson, my baby boy needs the full bottle too.’

‘I think I do too,’ Mikey says, his voice already regressing a fraction as I bring the milk bottle up and gently place it on his lips. ‘I want my milkie...’

I smile with pride and love as Mikey begins to suckle on the plastic teat and glug the milk down.

I’ve got a big boy, and he needs his milk more than most.

‘That’s it, not too fast,’ I caution. ‘Take it a bit slower and let those beautiful eyes slowly close. That’s it. Just like that.’

Slowly but surely, Mikey drinks down the entire bottle.

And just as he takes his final gulp, I sense Mikey’s body relaxing and his eyes shutting tighter.

‘My boy’s asleep,’ I whisper, tenderly running my hand through his hair. ‘I love you, Mikey. You’re my perfect baby boy, and I’ll be here for you today, tomorrow, and forever.’

With that, I put the milk bottle back down on the floor and gradually let myself drift off to sleep as well.

It’s been an emotional day, and a fun one too – and I think tomorrow might be even better...

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:26 am

It's been a wild ride between me and Trent, a man who I know proudly call my Forever Daddy.

From our first meeting in the diner, to Daddy driving all the way back to that very same location – I know just how lucky I am to have Trent in my life.

It might still be early in our relationship, but I feel confident that we've got what it takes to build something that will last for a very long time.

Speaking of which, it's completion day down at the Los Torros Tornados training complex, and I'm super-proud to have played a part in building this incredible facility.

'Hey, Xander, this place looks wicked cool,' I say, walking over to Xander and Lane with a big smile on my face.

'It sure does,' Xander replied. 'My Daddy said that this could be the project that takes the Construction Boys to a whole new level.'

'And I think he might be right,' Lane adds, smiling as he surveys the magnificent main gym complex. 'Speaking of the boys... there's someone I'd like you to meet, Mikey.'

'Ooh, great!' I reply. 'I love meeting new people.'

'Mikey, this is Taylor,' Lane says, calling Taylor over from the outdoor rehab area. 'Taylor, this is Mikey. He's our biggest and best driver. If the Construction Boys

need supplies either delivering or picking up, Mikey's the man we rely on.'

'Hey, good to meet you, Mikey,' Taylor says, offering his hand.

'Good to meet you too,' I reply, shaking Mikey's hand and smiling. 'Are you joining the BCB's?'

'Yeah, I think I might be,' Taylor replies, a look of happiness in his face. 'I'm new to this whole Little thing, but... it's who I am. I know that now. And I'm ready to embrace the hell out of it.'

'I think Taylor's going to fit in around here,' Reece laughs, handing Taylor a fresh beer and passing me one too. 'We work hard, we drink harder. Beer, juice boxes, or milk, it's all the same!'

The four of us laugh.

I think Lane and Reece are right, Taylor seems like a good guy, and I want to make sure he settles in with the rest of the crew too.

We pride ourselves on being a welcoming and drama free construction crew. Unlike many of the old school crews, we don't really do personal rivalries or toxic crap, and I want to show Taylor just how fun and rewarding it is to be a part of the Construction Boys.

As I walk with Taylor, I look over toward my Daddy and see him laughing and joking alongside Ranger and Reece.

I don't know what they're talking about – probably super-boring Daddy things – but once I've got Taylor settled into the group, I'm going to go and find out for myself.

After all, with such busy lives, me and my Daddy need to make the most of our time together, right?

‘So, wait, Ranger was about to tell you what happened between him and the barista and then... he had to rush off?’ I laugh. ‘This is getting silly now. I think Ranger’s hiding something. Do you think...’

‘That Ranger and the barista are a thing now?’ Trent replies, chuckling. ‘It certainly crossed my mind. At the very least, I think they’re seeing a lot of each other, if you know what I mean. Put it this way, I’ve noticed that Ranger’s had a coffee bean smell on his shirt more than once recently. Make of that what you will!’

‘Do you think Ranger will ever say what’s going on?’ I giggle, imagining all of the naughty things that him and the barista could get up to at Dark Beans .

‘I don’t know, maybe,’ Trent laughs. ‘But Ranger is a Daddy who likes to move very quietly. He’s not exactly an over-sharer, let’s just put it that way. But, hey, whatever works for him. He’ll tell me when he’s ready, I’m pretty sure of that. It just might not be this decade, is all!’

The pair of us laugh as we continue back toward Daddy’s car.

‘So, what’s the plan?’ Trent says, unlocking his Porsche, the gleaming black paintjob looking as fresh and striking as ever. ‘You staying here with the boys?’

‘I could do that,’ I say, teasing a smile in the corner of my mouth. ‘But I’m thinking it might be fun for us to go to the surf shack? Maybe have another surf lesson...’

‘Boy, I think we’re even better matched than I thought,’ Trent laughs, putting his arms around my waist and bringing me in close for a kiss. ‘It’s a date. You drive the truck, I’ll go in my car. Last one there sits on the suction cup dildo!’

‘Wait... what?’ I exclaim, a look of shock and joy coming over me. ‘But wait... a truck versus a Porsche, that’s no fair!’

‘Hey, we all have to play the hand we’re dealt, boy,’ Trent says. ‘And something tells me that you won’t hate losing this particular race.’

I laugh and we embrace once more before getting into our vehicles.

I feel so grateful to have met my Forever Daddy, and I know that with my fellow Littles in the Construction Boys around me, I’m working in the best crew in the whole world.

However, work is the last thing on my mind right now as I’ve got a race to lose... ummm I mean win – LOL!

Anyway...

It’s time to drive off into the sunset and meet my Daddy at our perfect little surf shack. I wouldn’t swap Trent for any other Daddy out there, and tonight is going to give me yet another reason why we’re perfect for one another.

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There's no harder construction worker than me. It probably helps that I'm as tough as nails too. But maybe that's why I can't find myself a Daddy to call me his boy...

Together with my fellow Construction Boys, I'm working on the biggest construction site of my life. The days are long and hard, and when I arrive home all I want is my stuffie, a bubble bath, and my snuggliest romper. *SIGH*I wish I had a Daddy waiting for me at home too...

I need a Daddy to read me bedtime stories, help me with my wooden building blocks, and show me the full force of his paddle when I get too sassy or grumpy!

Harrison Harlow is a major player in the real estate game and has the billions in the bank to prove it. This fearsome Daddy Dom also just so happens to own the construction site I'm working on alongside my Construction Boys. He's demanding, handsome as heck, and seems to have taken a shine to me.

Harrison wants me, and I want him – and it's not long before we can't deny our attraction for a moment longer. But when an old face from Harrison's past shows up, will that jeopardise what might just be the best thing that's ever happened to me?

Power Me Daddy is a full-length, low angst MM Age Play, Age Gap Romance that is high on fluffiness, steam, and has laugh out loud moments that will make you spill your drink! Expect k!nk, cuddles, stuffies and a guaranteed Happy Ever After.

Power Me Daddy is the third book in the Construction Boys series. If you haven't already – check out the first two books: Screw Me Daddy and Thrust Me Daddy. Each book is a standalone, but why not treat yourself and read them all!