



Trained By His Little: A Daddy Kink M/M Romance

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Sometimes a little bit of training is all that's needed to find a whole lot of love.

As a thirty-five year old foreman on a construction site, Tad has a great life...but he's lonely. And after spending time with his buddy and his Little, Tad is even more aware of how badly he wants a Little of his own. When something is triggered in his biology, he goes from living a quiet and normal existence to needing to deal with a near-constant flow of milk. It's a crazy change that he's not sure how to handle.

Oliver works at home and keeps mostly to himself. As much as he wants to find a Daddy to take care of him, he's afraid to open up to a stranger. So he orders fresh milk from The Lactin Brotherhood and takes advantage of their in-person resources when he needs extra comfort.

When Oliver is asked to help out Tad, a new member of The Lactin Brotherhood who isn't handling his changing body very well, he's eager to step up. Not only for the yummy reward but because he genuinely wants to help the man who is probably very confused about what's happening to him.

Neither of them expect to find more than friendship, but the connection they form is better than they could have ever hoped for.

Total Pages (Source): 14

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

“Hey, Jim. Make sure you pick up those bolts that just spilled before you take off.” The job site had been getting messier and messier as time went by, but with more of the trades on site at any given moment, it was getting hard to keep track of everyone. My crew was pretty good about staying tidy, but everyone gets lazy sometimes. “And let me know if you need help with the sheetrock. It’s usually a two-man job.”

Jim scoffed at my suggestion that he couldn’t do it himself. As the burliest guy on my crew, I knew he had the strength, but it could be unwieldy to manhandle giant sheets of drywall and get them screwed in place without something going wonky. “I got this, boss. Go check on the new guy. He probably needs your help more than I do.”

Ugh. I almost forgot about our new guy. Ben was fresh out of high school and just learning the ropes. Which I usually liked because I could make sure they learned good habits instead of having to unteach bad habits. But Ben spent a lot of time checking his social media feeds, which meant not a lot of time getting shit done.

He was laughing when I walked up behind him, squatting with his phone in his hand.

I nudged the bottom of his boot. “Hey, Ben. How’s it going?”

“Huh?” Poor kid actually tossed his phone as he flinched and fell forward. “Oh, hi, boss. Sorry, just needed to check something real quick.”

Right. Something urgent was going on with his people every ten seconds. “You know we need to get this whole set of window frames cut before we take off tonight, right?”

He looked at the stack of two-by-fours that were waiting for him. “Yeah, I got it. No problem.”

“Do you need one of the other guys to help measure?” I slipped my hands into my pockets and stood over him, hoping he took the hint that he either needed to prove he could be independent, or he would have a babysitter.

“No, I got this. You can count on me.”

“All right, kid. Shout if you need anything.” I knew he wouldn’t ask for help, so I hoped he would buckle down and get the work done. He had potential if he was willing to put his damn phone away.

I headed back into my makeshift office in the trailer we kept parked in the lot. Most of my day was spent ordering supplies and managing all the subs we had coming on and off site every day. But for the past few days, I’d been feeling a little off. Maybe I was coming down with something, but it wasn’t quite taking hold.

“Tad, you got a sec?” Bruce poked his head in the doorway.

I looked up and waved him in. “Yeah, of course. What’s up?”

“Joey’s been bugging me about inviting you over for a play date.” He laughed and rolled his eyes. “I promised him pizza tonight, so if you don’t have other plans, you should stop by.”

I never had any plans, and I did enjoy hanging out with Bruce and his partner Joey. Especially when Joey was in his Little headspace and wanted to play and cuddle and be silly. Maybe that was what I needed to get my own head back on straight. “Yeah, I can stop by. What time?”

Bruce glanced at his watch. “Is six thirty good?”

“Yeah. That gives me time to pick up dessert.” I raised an eyebrow at Bruce. “Can I bring chocolate pie?”

“This is why he loves it when Uncle Tad comes over.” He chuckled and shook his head. “Yeah, I’ll make sure he doesn’t have any sweets before dinner, and I’ll order veggie pizza for him.”

Now I chuckled. “This is why he doesn’t like you to limit him.”

Bruce just smirked. “The boy can’t live off junk food alone. Though, Lord knows he tries.”

Bruce took off, and I immediately felt better, grateful to have a distraction. My biological clock, or whatever it was, had been ticking lately. Being alone in life was starting to feel more like a permanent situation. I’d spent the past fifteen years building my career and focusing on my bank account...not on finding a partner.

And that was starting to catch up to me in a physical way.

Ever since I turned thirty-five a few months ago, I’d been starting to feel ancient and wondering if maybe it was too late for me to find someone. Someone like Joey who enjoyed being Little and needed me to take care of him. I’d never really had a strong desire to have children of my own, but the Daddy in me was only getting more impatient.

I even built an entire playroom in my house, just in case. I told myself and Bruce that it was for when Joey wanted to come visit Uncle Tad, but in my heart, I hoped to have my own boy to play with in there someday.

As promised, I showed up with a chocolate cream pie. Joey's favorite.

When Bruce opened the front door, Joey practically leaped into my arms. "Uncle Tad!"

Bruce took the pie out of my hand before it tumbled to the ground, and I gave Joey a big hug. He was dressed in a onesie with the edges of a diaper poking out the leg holes. Sweet as ever. "Hey, cutie. You look comfy."

"Yeah." He immediately dragged me over to the race track he had set up in the middle of the family room. "Play cars, Uncle Tad."

"Okay, let's see who's got the fastest car."

"Me. Me. Me."

Bruce patted my shoulder and gestured toward the table. "When you get hungry, the pizza is hot and the beer is cold."

"Yucky pizza." Joey pouts and gives his Daddy a cranky look as he holds out four cast-iron cars for me to select one.

I grabbed a red Corvette and raised my eyebrow at Joey. "It's yucky?"

"It's healthy." Bruce chuckled beside me. "To him, they're one and the same." Then he looked at me. "You and I get meat lovers."

"I like meat." Joey stomped his foot in the most adorably bratty way.

"Veggies first, and then, if you're still hungry, you can have some meat lovers... But don't forget that Uncle Tad brought pie."

As if he didn't notice it when I walked in, his gaze locked on the pink box that was now on the table. "Pie first."

I had to laugh as Bruce gave him a stern look. Maybe my boy wouldn't be quite so much of a brat as Joey. Then again, he was so adorable that I guess it wouldn't be so bad to have a bratty Little now and then. As long as he was up for cuddles and plenty of playtime. "All right, kiddo. Let's see if I can win on this track of yours. It looks kinda slow."

"Not slow, Uncle Tad. Fast, fast, fast!"

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

“Sorry, Josh, I’m not sure what went wrong. I always move receipts to the shared folder as soon as I receive them.” My reply was calm as I desperately tried to mask the irritation in my voice from the throbbing headache I had. “So if they aren’t there, I never received them.”

We had been going at it for over an hour. I didn’t understand why he was so insistent that I was the reason behind the missing receipts. After working for him for almost a year, helping him keep his records neatly organized and easy to find, he was being unreasonable. I just wanted to be done so I could watch my favorite movie *Stitch* while I colored my pretty pictures.

“You must have forgotten this time because I know I emailed them to you last week.”

“If they were in my email, I’d be able to find them. Can you check your drafts folder to see if maybe they’re still in there?” My arm jerked up, but I placed my hand in my lap to make sure my thumb didn’t creep up toward my mouth. It wasn’t easy fighting the urge to suck. My oral fixation had always been quick to surface when I was tired or stressed.

Josh huffed, seemingly annoyed but trying to keep his cool. “I’ll double-check, but I would never make such a simple—” His words were choked off as he groaned, and his face turned bright red. “Oh.” He smiled nervously. “I’m sorry, Oliver. I found them. You were right. I must have gotten distracted and never hit send.”

I wiggled in my chair, my muscles aching after sitting in my desk chair for so long. I heard my laptop ping, indicating new files had been added to our shared folder. Forcing a big smile, I nodded, hoping to hide how tired I was as pain radiated through

my skull. “It”s okay, Josh. I”m glad you found them. Is there anything else we need to discuss today?”

“No.” He sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. “Sorry again for the mixup. I”ll see you at our next meeting. Have a good night, Oliver.”

My leg started bouncing in anticipation of letting go of my adult thoughts and just being Little for the evening. “Bye, Josh. I”ll see you next week.”

When we disconnected from the video call, I shut my laptop harder than was necessary.

“Ugh, finally!” My thumb quickly found its way to my mouth, and the first few comforting sucks had my body melting into my desk chair as I contemplated what to order for my movie night.

I didn”t make a habit of ordering in food, but I was already running behind from my meeting with Josh, and Little Ollie was eager to come out and play.

After some thought, I pulled out my phone to order chicken tenders and mac and cheese. But right as I placed the order, I heard a knock at the door.

I wasn”t expecting anyone, so I stood up on my tippy toes to check the peephole before opening the door. “Yay! Just in time.”

Collin was standing at the door to deliver this week”s milk supply. “Hey, Oliver. Sorry, I”m a little later than usual. I hit some bad traffic on the way over.”

I rocked back and forth on my heels with a big smile on my face. Seeing Collin always got me excited because it meant I had more yummy milk to drink before bed.

“It’s okay, Collin. I’m glad you made it here safely.” My voice came out higher than usual. Just the thought of fresh, warm milk had my Little barreling toward the surface.

Collin’s face softened at hearing my excitement and noticing I wasn’t completely big at the moment.

Not very many people knew about my Little side, but Collin was a Daddy Dom, so he knew what to look for. Sometimes, I wished he could be my Daddy, but while we got along just fine for the past eight months that we’d known each other, there wasn’t a real connection there.

Just a trusted friendship. Which was nice too.

He always made sure I was doing well when he delivered my milk supply. On the rare occasion I was able to spring for an in-person session with him, things never turned sexual. Just comforting as he let me drink straight from the source.

I’d never managed to fully regress with him, but I could get close. Usually, we were just two guys who helped each other out. And when he found the right boy for him, Collin would make a great Daddy for his future Little.

As for me, I was still waiting too. Someday, I’d find my own special Daddy who was just right for me, but in the meantime, Collin’s milk was yummy and exactly what I needed. I was more than ready to eat dinner and curl up in bed with my warm bottle.

“Thanks for understanding, Ollie. Even though I use a cooler to transport, the traffic had me nervous.” He reached out and scruffed the top of my hair. “Spoiled milk isn’t good for little boys.” Collin chuckled as my face scrunched up in disgust at the mention of spoiled milk.

“That”s yucky.”

“Very yucky, and that”s why I need to get going. I have one more delivery today, but they aren”t too far from here. Have a good night, Ollie.” He handed me a paper bag that had enough milk to last me for the week. Each of the smaller plastic baggies inside was neatly marked with dates written at the top.

“Thank you, I will. Drive safe.” I smiled and waved bye as he got in his car and drove away.

Then I headed to the kitchen to properly store my fresh milk, so that I could get dressed in my comfiest jammies and color while I waited for my dinner to arrive.

After dinner, I rubbed my full belly, enjoying the soft fuzz of my jammies that matched my favorite movie I had playing while I ate and colored. It was getting late, so I picked up my mess from dinner and went to the kitchen to throw it away.

My headache had receded significantly while I relaxed and ate dinner, but I was still anxious to hop in bed with my stuffies and warm milk.

I reached into the cabinet to grab a clean bottle and filled it with milk then popped it in my bottle warmer. The urge to just grab my bottle and head to bed after a long day was strong, but even though I didn”t currently have a Daddy, I wanted to be a good boy. So I went to the living room to clean up my coloring book and crayons.

After cleaning up and turning off all the lights, I gathered my blankie and bottle and headed down the hall to my bedroom. I got under the covers, making sure all my stuffies were in the right place, and instantly melted into the soft sheet when that first trickle of warm milk coated my tongue.

I wished I had a Daddy to take care of me and read me stories while I suckled on my

bottle. It was so hard to hold a book and drink at the same time. So, instead of a story, I imagined my Daddy was with me, cuddling me and stroking my hair as I drank.

I was pulled out of my thoughts of my amazing dream Daddy when I sucked in air. It always made me sad when I was out of delicious milk. I sleepily placed the empty bottle on my nightstand and rolled over under the covers, my thumb quickly replacing the soft silicone nipple as I succumbed to a much-needed sleep.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

Whatever had been trying to take hold within me finally did, and I was officially sick. It didn't feel like a flu or a cold, but there was a general achiness that seemed to emanate from my chest. Maybe a lung infection, though I wasn't coughing or wheezing. I considered going to the doctor, but it wasn't that bad. Nothing a day of lazing around in bed wouldn't cure.

Or so I thought.

Turned out, ignoring this particular problem wasn't the right answer, and when I woke up on Friday morning, I was oozing...something. Something bad. My sheets were wet and sticky, and a white discharge covered my chest. My first thought was that some kind of cyst or tumor had erupted and would probably be my demise.

But then I took stock of how I felt, and everything that had been sore and achy was now...better. Like, totally fine. None of the tension or weird pressure that I'd been experiencing for the past two days was present. And with the exception of some discharge bubbling out around my nipples, I was pretty sure I was fine.

Okay, a milky discharge was never fine, but I hoped it was just an infection that needed some antibiotics. A Z-Pak could cure just about anything.

After texting the guys to let them know I needed one more day and would be back on Monday, I headed to my general practitioner for a script. He always left a few slots open in his schedule for walk-ins, so I only had to wait in the lobby for twenty minutes before being brought back to the room.

The nurse was an older woman, around my mom's age, who held a pen to her lip as

she waited for me to explain the reason for my visit.

“Um, I might have an infection.” I didn’t know how to explain to her what was happening, and trying to describe what I’d woken up to was out of the question. “I’d rather just tell Dr. Dale about it myself.”

“I see.” She made a note on the page and nodded as if it all made sense. My guess was that she was writing down “chunky urine” or “missing sex toy,” but that was fine with me. She could think whatever she wanted. “He’ll be right with you.”

When Dr. Dale finally came in, he had a smirk on his face. “Okay, so what’s really going on?”

I grinned. “What did she say it was?”

“Don’t ask.” He just chuckled. “So, what’s up, Tad?”

After blowing out a deep breath, I told him about everything. The aches. The pressure. The wetness. The relief when I woke up that morning.

And once it was all laid out, I clasped my hands together and gave him a hopeful smile. “So, you think a Z-Pak will clear it up?”

He held my gaze but didn’t smile this time. “I’m not sure yet, but let’s do a few tests.” He swabbed my throat and nipples, made me piss in a cup, and even sent me to the lab next door for a blood sample.

And when I got back at almost noon, I was ready for my damn pills so I could go grab lunch and maybe use my free afternoon to clean out the garage. I’d been meaning to do that for months and never wanted to spend my weekends in the hot and stuffy garage.

When Dr. Dale finally met with me again, it was in his office, not the exam room. That couldn't be a good sign. Desk conversations weren't needed to hand over antibiotics. They were for serious diagnoses. Life-changing news.

Maybe a tumor really had erupted.

"Thanks for your patience while we did a little research, Tad." Dr. Dale had a stack of printouts under his hand like he expected me to read a bunch of journal articles.

No, thanks. I was a face-to-face-conversation kinda guy. "Just tell me what it is, Doc. It's cancer, right? A tumor?" I shook my head. "I knew I was feeling too good today. That's what happens, right? You feel good right before the end?"

He held up his hand when I finally took a breath. "It's not cancer, Tad. It's not anything life-threatening. You're fine. Well, there is a condition we need to discuss, but it's not dangerous or bad. Just...unusual."

"Unusual?" Once I knew I wasn't dying, I was able to relax a bit and hear him again. "Unusual, how?"

He looked me right in the eyes and said the words that I never thought I'd hear in my lifetime. "The discharge is milk. You've started lactating."

I leaned back in the chair, waiting for the punchline to his weird joke. But it never came.

And when I didn't respond, he just kept going. "We're seeing this more often in healthy men like yourself. It's the result of the hyperproduction of prolactin and sometimes an environmental or emotional stimulus. It's nothing to be concerned about, but it will require some minor changes to your lifestyle."

“Minor changes to my lifestyle?” Was he joking? “What does that even mean?”

He finally handed over the stack of papers that he’d been straightening and tapping since I sat down. “You’ll need to pump or otherwise express the milk on a regular basis. Probably a few times each day or else you’ll get that achy feeling and leak, like you did overnight.”

“Pump?” I pictured my neighbor lugging around a giant pump when she was nursing her daughter. “Like nursing moms do?”

He nodded and gave me a weak smile. “Basically, yes. Your milk is the same as what a nursing mom produces. It’s nutritious and can be donated to the local milk banks or just poured down the drain. I’ve printed out some resources for you, including a flyer for the local chapter of The Lactin Brotherhood. They can help connect you with other men in your situation.”

“There are other men like me...around here?” Why had I never heard of this before?

“Absolutely. It’s more common than you might think. The Lactin Brotherhood was formed as a network for support, advocacy, and education. They can even connect you with buyers if you’re interested in going that way.”

“Buyers?” None of this made any sense, but shocking news rarely did. I needed some time to sit with his words and his paperwork before I could fully process what this meant for me. For now, I needed some air. It suddenly felt stuffy in that tiny office. “So, I’m not sick. I’m not dying?”

He grinned and shook his head. “You’re not sick or dying. Just dealing with a new stage of your life. And if you have any other questions, you know I’m just a phone call away.”

I stood up and clutched the papers to my chest, then immediately pulled them back, hoping they didn't get wet. "Yeah, okay. Thanks, Doc. I'll...call you."

He rounded his desk and placed his hand on my shoulder. "Call the brotherhood. They'll be your best resource for getting past the shock I can see you're feeling. It's gonna be alright, Tad. I promise."

There was almost zero chance that I'd be alright, but at least I wasn't dying. I just nodded and let myself out, debating whether or not to actually reach out to this group of guys like me. Then again, who else would I ever be able to talk to if not them?

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

I loved my job. It was fulfilling to help freelancers and small businesses succeed in their work. Most of my clients ran their businesses out of their homes and wanted to avoid the trouble of having an on-site bookkeeper.

The freedom of working from home and setting my own hours was great because it allowed me to pace myself so I didn't risk getting burnt out.

But I learned very early on how important it was to schedule lunch breaks and Little time so I didn't accidentally overwork myself like when I first started this job.

It was so easy to get lost in files and meetings and not even realize how much time had gone by until I had a headache from looking at my screen for too long and my stomach threatened to turn into a monster and eat me from the inside out.

While I liked cute monsters, I didn't think my tummy would be all that cute, especially if it were trying to eat me. So I quickly found a system that worked for me, which involved setting alarms on my phone so I didn't lose track of time.

This week's schedule had been more packed than usual. Several of my clients had deadlines coming up which meant putting in extra time to make sure everything was ready to be sent in.

So, even though it was Saturday, I still had some work to finish before I could call it quits for the week.

As the day went on, my thoughts kept drifting off to promises of fuzzy blankets and warm milk. I really needed to reach out to Collin soon to schedule an in-person

session.

I loved my bottles, but nothing was more rewarding after a long week than latching on to warm skin and drinking from the source. I decided to send Collin a text as soon as I was done for the day.

Right as I was finishing my last task, my phone rang. I reached over to where I'd left it sitting on my desk and let out a small gasp when I saw it was Collin calling. Neither of us liked to speak on the phone unless we had to, so we usually stuck to texting...which left me wondering why he was calling.

I answered the call, quickly bringing the phone to my ear. "Hi, Collin."

"Hey, Oliver. Sorry for bothering you, but do you have some time to chat?"

"Of course. Just give me just a second." I shut my laptop and headed to the living room to sit on the couch. I needed to put my legs up after sitting at my desk for so long.

"Sure." Collin sounded like he had something important to talk about, and I wanted to get comfy so I could pay attention and not be distracted by my stiff muscles.

"Okay, I'm ready." I stifled a groan as I stretched my legs out across the plush couch. This was so much nicer than my hard chair.

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything." He sounded tired, and I hoped everything was okay with him.

"You didn't. I just finished working and was going to text you about scheduling a suckle session as a reward for working so hard this week. So, you have perfect timing."

He let out a soft chuckle. “You’re precious, Oliver. Your future Daddy is going to be wrapped around your finger.”

I wiggled in excitement at the thought of having a Daddy and being his precious boy.

“That’s actually why I’m calling. I was wondering if you’d be interested in receiving some free sessions as a favor to our newest member.”

I let out a squeal as Little Ollie burst to the surface. “Free sessions? Like, milk sessions? Wait, how is that a favor if I’m the one receiving such an amazing gift?”

He laughed and then mumbled something about cuteness overload. I wasn’t exactly sure because I was still focused on the free milk part.

“Tad is a special case. He recently joined our chapter after his doctor referred him to us for support. He just started lactating for the first time at the age of thirty-five.”

I could only imagine the shock Tad must have been feeling. It had to be frightening and probably a little painful for him. At least, that was what some of the milkmen told me. As far as I was concerned, they were the luckiest people in the world. I’d gotten to know Collin and a few other members of TLB pretty well and saw their ability to lactate as one of the most special parts of them. It wasn’t something most people knew was even possible and was probably quite upsetting when it first happened. “Wow.”

“Yeah. By that age, most of us have had years to adjust to the changes and have even used our milk as a way to better our lives.”

I curled up on the couch, pulling my blankie over me because I needed the soft comfort. “Poor Tad must be so scared.”

“He is. We thought it might help to have someone show him that while his new condition is different and can feel isolating at times, it can also be a good thing and even help others.”

I took a slow, deep breath, gathering my thoughts. “You think if I nurse from Tad, it’ll help him feel better about his milk?”

“I do. The chemicals our bodies release while feeding are very calming. Just as it soothes you, it does the same for us, just in a different way.”

I knew what it felt like to feel different and alone, and if I could help Tad even a little bit, I wanted to try. “I’ll do it, and not just because you’re offering free milk. No one deserves to feel scared and alone.”

“Thank you, Oliver. I knew you’d be the perfect person to help. You have a big heart.”

I kicked my feet and wiggled. His praise made me do a happy dance even while I was reclined.

“I’ll text you his number so you can reach out and set up a time to meet. Thanks again, and don’t work too late, okay?”

I giggled. He was such a Daddy, always worrying. “I won’t, I promise. Night-night, Collin.”

“Good night, Oliver.”

After the call ended, I immediately got a notification from Collin with Tad’s information. I opened the text and saved his number so I didn’t lose it.

Talking to new people always made me anxious, but he needed me, so I took a deep breath and typed out a text message. Hi Tad. This is Oliver. Would you like to get coffee with me so we can get to know each other? Things always seem less scary when coffee and sweets are involved.

I realized that might sound rude so I sent another message. Not that you're scary, I'm just shy. Then I thought about it some more. Wait, are you scary?

Great, my nerves had taken over. He was gonna think I was crazy and never message me back.

When I felt my phone vibrating, I jumped, breaking through my mental spiral.

Tad had texted back. Hello, Oliver. Thank you for messaging me. I know this is a new situation for both of us. I have to admit I'm quite nervous too and think coffee sounds like a great idea.

I was about to respond when he sent another message. I don't think I'm scary. If we meet and I am, you can throw muffins at me. I'm free tomorrow if you are.

I kicked my feet, giggling. He was silly. Tomorrow's great. I'll send you the address. Is ten o'clock okay?

He responded immediately, making me smile even bigger. 10 is perfect. I'll see you then, Oliver. Have a good evening.

Thanks, you too :) I sent him the address for my favorite coffee shop and headed to my room to get dressed in my jammies so I could have some Little time.

Tomorrow was going to be a big day.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

As I poured another gallon of milk down the drain, I shook my head in annoyance. Okay, maybe it wasn't a full gallon. It was probably closer to a pint, but it felt like a gallon. Actually, it felt like ten gallons the way it had been dripping from me all day.

Maybe I should cancel my appointment with Oliver? Or postpone it until I had a better handle on my situation. Then again, if Collin was to be trusted, Oliver was a great person to help me with this.

The information Collin shared about how he resells his milk was like discovering a new language. It totally blew my mind. I had no idea there was an entire industry built around chest milk and that it was so lucrative.

Reselling wasn't something I was interested in because I hated the damn pump almost as much as it hated me. But it was nice to know that something good could come out of this shit show that had quickly become my life.

If I couldn't leave the house for more than two hours at a time without becoming a sticky mess, at least I knew I'd always be able to make a few bucks if I ever needed to.

Collin gave me a link to a company that makes clothing to absorb leaks. But since their shipping time was two weeks out, I had to shove maxi pads inside my shirt and double-layer it just to get through the day.

How did people survive this?

I glanced at my watch and had to make a decision. It was just after nine. If I was

going to flake on Oliver, I needed to do it now before he got ready or left his place.

After staring at the horrific pump for a solid minute, I grabbed it and strapped on the cups. It hurt and didn't seem to fully empty me, but at least I'd be able to get through the day without pouring down my shirt.

Hopefully.

And I was going to meet with Oliver. I couldn't bail on him after he was so sweet in his text, and I really needed a friend who understood what I was going through. Or, at least someone who understood my situation and I could speak freely with.

According to Collin, Oliver was a perfect customer who truly appreciated the milk he provided. I wasn't entirely sure what that meant for me, but I needed to find out. If I had any hope of surviving this situation, I needed to know exactly what my options were.

All my options.

I walked into the coffee shop a few minutes before ten and ordered one of each muffin and two cups of coffee with room for milk. An errant thought of me squirting directly into the cup made me grin as I picked a table by the door.

Oliver would be arriving any?—

The door swung open and a guy with a light yellow t-shirt and jeans walked in, and his eyes instantly locked with mine.

“Oliver?” I stood up and took a step away from the table.

He nodded and smiled widely. “Tad?” His thumb went to his mouth, and he bit the tip

of it as he gave me a quick once-over. “You’re even older than Collin.”

My jaw dropped, and I wasn’t sure how to respond to that. Did he expect me to be young? Did Collin mislead him into believing I was...different? “Oh, sorry...”

“No, don’t be.” He lowered his head, and his tongue slipped between the seam of his lips as he stepped closer. “That’s a good thing. I love a silver-fox Daddy.”

A what now? Granted, I had a few grays coming in around the sides, but...silver fox? Although, the fact that he recognized me as a Daddy was pretty awesome.

“Sorry. That was supposed to stay in my head.” His cheeks pinked up at the same time that his arm shot out, stopping at exactly the right height to shake mine. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Um, it’s nice to meet you too, Oliver.” I shook his hand and then pulled out the chair across from mine. “Please, have a seat.”

“Thanks, Tad.” His eyes seemed to bounce from my face to my chest, and I wondered if I was leaking through.

Fortunately, I was saved from that humiliation when the barista called my name, and I had to excuse myself to get our order. “I’ll be right back.” As I left him sitting at the table, I snuck a peek down at my chest and everything seemed to be dry.

For now, at least.

With a tray of muffins and two black coffees, I returned to the table. “I promised you self-defense muffins and coffee.”

He grinned and reached for a double chocolate chip muffin. “This one is for eating.

I'll save the carrot cake for throwing, just in case."

"Fair enough." I lifted a hot mug from the tray and placed it in front of him. "I didn't know what kind of extras you like, so you might need to doctor it up."

"I love the way black coffee smells, so I'll just breathe it in for a minute." He wrapped both hands around the wide mug and pulled it closer for a whiff. "But yeah, I'll need a bunch of milk and sugar to make it drinkable."

There were a few jokes on the tip of my tongue, but I let them stay there. I wasn't sure how to break the ice on this topic I was still uncomfortable with, but it was probably better to just rip off the band-aid. "So, thanks for coming. Collin said you're an expert on...the situation."

"Well, expert is a bit generous but..." He coughed out an embarrassed groan. "I guess I am a bit of a connoisseur."

I wasn't sure how to respond to that. "I'll be honest, I'm still in shock that any of this even exists. I didn't know it was possible for me to make milk, for guys like Collin to sell it, or for boys like you to want it."

"I really do." Oliver nodded vigorously and picked a piece of muffin off the top before he popped it into his mouth, no longer making eye contact with me. "I love it. And when Collin said you needed some...um, training, I guess, I was really happy to help."

"Yeah, I'm kinda winging it." Instinctively, I rubbed across my chest, soothing the pain and confirming that it was all still dry. "The pump hurts like hell and doesn't fully work. I'm just not sure what I'm doing wrong."

"Probably nothing." He finally met my gaze again. "But the pump will only go so far."

It's not as good as..." He shrugged, and his eyes dropped to my chest. "Well, the real thing."

The real thing? "So, you mean...human to human?"

He was quiet for a moment before he seemed to muster up his courage and just laid his cards on the table. "Yeah, exactly. Collin suggested that some personal sessions might help you feel better but also become more comfortable with, well...your milk."

I swallowed hard, knowing he was right. "If you're willing to help, then yeah, I'd appreciate that. I'm not sure how to do...anything, basically. So I'll take all the help I can get."

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

I was overcome with nerves and excitement as I sat in my car outside Tad's house. I had so much fun on our coffee date... I mean, he bought me self-defense muffins. He was the sweetest.

I usually struggled with talking to people, especially when we first got to know each other. But Tad was so easy to talk to.

Something about him just felt safe. I wasn't sure if it was because he was also quite nervous and unsure about his life being turned upside down...or if he was just an easy going guy.

After chatting for a bit while we munched on our pastries, we decided tonight at his place would be the best place to meet up. Tad was struggling with his new supply and couldn't fully drain the milk by himself. If he went too long without relief, it could cause blockage, or even worse, an infection.

Just imagining the pain made me shiver. That would be a horrible way to be introduced to the first few days of his new situation.

That thought gave me the push I needed to get out of my car and walk up to his house. Tad needed me to help him.

I went to the door with a bounce in my step, and my worries started to fade as I focused on helping Tad and getting to drink his precious gift from the source. I could feel my Little space creeping up on me at full speed with nothing but warm milk on the brain.

Ugh, this is going to be hard.

I was supposed to be helping Tad learn the basics of chest feeding. I didn't need Little Ollie distracting me. But somehow, Tad already made me feel like I could just be myself. Not to mention the fact that it didn't help that he was so hot.

"Hi, Oliver..." Tad pulled the door open as I approached, startling me. "Sorry, I heard your car door close and wanted to come get you."

"Uh, hi... You look fine, I mean... you're fine." I groaned, annoyed that my stupid filter was broken. But how was anyone supposed to think when there was a sexy older man in front of them? Tad was dressed in loose-fitting sweatpants and a tight black tank that looked like it had padding over his chest, showing off his muscles that he no doubt got from working hard.

"So cute." Tad chuckled as he gestured me inside. "I just finished making dinner. Are you hungry?"

My tummy rumbled at the delicious aroma filling the house. "Mm, yes, please. It smells so good."

Once we finished eating, I noticed Tad was subconsciously rubbing his chest. That had to mean he was full, and my mouth watered at the thought.

I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my belly. "Dinner was very yummy. Thank you!"

He stood up and started clearing the table. "You're welcome, boy. I'm glad you enjoyed it."

My face flushed, and I shivered at the pet name.

“Why don’t you go get comfy on the couch while I clean up, and then I’ll come help pick a movie for us to watch while you... Um, you know.”

I smiled at his words, knowing they were difficult for him to say. “Mmm, a movie and dessert? I can’t wait.”

Tad smiled and blew out a breath as he shook his head before disappearing into the kitchen.

Hoping he was starting to feel more comfortable with what was about to happen, I went to the couch as instructed. My body melted against the soft cushions as I sat down.

He was back a few minutes later. “Is there a particular movie you want to watch?”

I pondered that for a moment, trying to decide what movie would be best as Tad settled on the couch next to me. “Maybe something we’ve both seen before, so we won’t miss out on anything if we...get distracted.” My gaze flicked down to his chest, and my tongue peeked out, licking my lips.

“That’s a really good idea.” He flipped through the movie channels until he found something he liked. “What about this one?”

My eyes widened at his choice. It was an animated movie about a rat who becomes a chef. “Yes, please. I love this one.”

He reached over and ruffled my hair, making me blush. “You’re so sweet. Is there anything we need before we get started? I don’t mean to rush you, but I’m getting quite full, and it’s starting to get uncomfortable.”

I swayed back and forth and hummed thoughtfully. “Oh! Maybe some pillows?”

They'll be nice if either of us needs the support to get extra comfy."

"Perfect. I'll start the movie and grab some from my room. Wait here, and I'll be right back."

I got off the couch and stood up just as Tad came back into the room carrying a couple of pillows. Then I took charge in getting us into position. "Why don't you sit down first? This will be easier if I'm...well, lying across your lap." I wrung my fingers together nervously. "Is...that okay?"

He slowly reached for my hands, stopping my fidgeting as he rubbed his thumb soothingly across my palms. "That's more than okay, sweetheart. I want both of us to be as comfortable as possible." He let go of my hands, and the loss of contact immediately made me miss the warmth of his touch.

But I didn't have much time to sulk as he pulled me onto his lap, cradling me against his chest.

My cheek nuzzled his swollen pecs as I breathed in his warm scent, and my body melted against his.

"There you go. Get comfy, sweetheart." His hand slid over my hip in a soothing gesture. "So, how do we start?"

While remaining in his lap, I pulled away slightly to give him some space. It wasn't easy to focus because he just smelled so good, but I remembered what came next. "Um...you should probably take your shirt off."

"Oh. Yeah, that will definitely get in the way."

That made both of us chuckle, easing some of the tension that suddenly filled the

space between us.

He removed his shirt, exposing his chest and stomach. His job kept him fit, but he wasn't cut, so he still had some soft pillows over his hard muscles. Perfect for cuddling.

I lay my head back on his chest with my fingers grazing the soft patch of hair nestled between his pecs. "Mmm, that's nice." A happy hum escaped me at the feel of his strong fingers as they softly carded through my hair.

His body stiffened as I flicked my finger against one of his hardening nubs. The motion caused beads of pearly white to bubble to the surface in the most inviting way.

I licked my lips and glanced up at him. "Can I drink now?"

He groaned, looking slightly embarrassed by the whole scene. "P-please do. It's starting to h?—"

His words were choked off as I wasted no time wrapping my lips around his right nipple and flicking the tip with my tongue.

A whimper tore from me when the first burst of warm liquid trickled over my tongue. It took a few tries to find the right rhythm to get a consistent flow, but soon enough, there was a steady stream of sweet milk filling my belly.

Once the initial shock wore off, Tad cupped the back of my head, gently supporting me as I suckled. "Wow. That feels...amazing. I thought my chest was gonna explode, but I already feel so much better." He let out a long sigh as his body was finally able to fully relax.

Warmth bloomed in my chest, and his words erased the rest of my worries as a fuzzy calm started to wash over me. I always enjoyed my sessions with Collin, but something about nursing from Tad was just...different. Better. I felt so small yet so safe in his arms.

I hummed happily around the perky flesh when his fingers soothingly scratched at my scalp. My shoulders shifted in his lap as the flow started to taper off, making me whine. His hand immediately started rubbing circles on my scalp. "Does it taste good, sweetheart?"

A small wet pop sounded as I broke my firm latch. My tongue poked out as I rooted around for his neglected pec. I definitely didn't feel big right now, and I was reacting purely on instinct. It was amazing. "S'good. Want more, Daddy."

My body tensed, stilling as what I'd just said broke through my hazy thoughts. "I mean, crap... I'm sorry." My eyes widened in panic, afraid I'd scare him off or make him uncomfortable. How could I allow myself to regress when I was supposed to be helping him?

"Shh." Warm, calloused hands cupped my head, guiding me back to his chest. As if he knew exactly what needed to be done, he brushed my lips against his other wet, leaking nipple. "It's okay, little one. There's plenty more on this side."

His warmth calmed me as I melted into him once again, latching around his tight bud. His milk was so yummy and sweet, it was no wonder I couldn't keep it together.

"There you go, little one. Just relax and listen, okay?"

I hummed nervously, agreeing to listen as I let the rhythmic suckling soothe me. As I drank, I prepared myself for his words, really hoping I didn't freak him out.

“I’m not going to lie, sweetheart. When you called me Daddy, it did shock me. But not because I’m upset.” He paused for a moment, then cleared his throat. “You shocked me because I am a Daddy who has been looking for my special boy.”

I looked up at him in disbelief, trying to calm the tidal wave of hope that settled in my gut. “Do you want to be my Daddy?”

“We’ll need to talk more about this later when you’re in a big headspace, but for now, if you’d like, I can be your Daddy while you...train me.”

Free milk and a Daddy? I couldn’t believe I was so lucky. Tad wanted to be my Daddy! Maybe it was only temporary, but I was still the luckiest boy in the whole world.

Even though my chest ached with happiness, I whined in frustration, unwilling to give up Daddy’s delicious milk, so I nodded slowly, careful not to break the latch.

Tad chuckled, softly ruffling my hair again. “I’ll need verbal consent once you’re done drinking your milk, sweetheart. But you look so precious like this...and god, your mouth feels so good. Especially after days of trying to use that torture device they call a pump.”

He started scratching at my scalp again, lulling me back into the familiar fuzzy calm as everything else faded away.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

When Collin told me it would feel good, I didn't believe him. I understood that the relief would be instant and more significant than with the pump, but I had no idea the kind of bond I would feel with Oliver.

Although, that might have been building even before his lips closed over my nipple and he began to drink from me as if I offered the last drops on earth.

I looked down and watched him peacefully close his eyes with his throat working to pull a steady flow of milk from me, and there was another flood building within me.

A flood of affection and adoration flowed right from me to him, traveling through my milk to his very core. And my whole world seemed to shift when he called me Daddy.

Okay, he wasn't calling me Daddy. He was mostly just using the term in the heat of the moment. But the fact that it was what he asked for when he was in his most vulnerable state made me want to promise all my love and protection to him for the rest of my days.

My mind drifted to the nursery that I kept hidden from him, and I wondered what he would think about it.

Was that something he would be interested in exploring or was he here purely for the milk?

For now, it didn't matter.

All that mattered was that I finally felt like I could breathe again, no longer weighed down by a never-ending supply of milk that was just being poured down the drain.

When I was empty, Oliver dozed off, and his lips eventually relaxed enough to break the seal against my skin. His head rested in the crook of my arm with his lips parted and a light flush across his cheeks, wearing the sweetest milk-drunk expression on his face.

Fuck, this boy is perfect.

I was prepared to stay in that position until the moment he woke up, even if that wasn't until morning.

But just thirty minutes after falling asleep, Oliver licked his lips and opened his eyes, finally coming out of the foggy state of his regression and looking up at me with a smile. "How long was I out?"

I smiled and glanced at my watch. "Maybe a half-hour."

"Ugh." He turned his head and rested it against my stomach before pulling himself upright and sitting beside me. "Sorry about that. I should've warned you that milk usually makes me sleepy."

"Don't apologize. I loved every minute of having you in my arms."

Oliver slowly turned to me, locking his gaze with mine. "Did you mean what you said? About...being my Daddy?"

I shifted my body so I could face him better, and then I clasped the back of his neck with my big hand. "I meant every word. I never dreamed I'd find a boy who was so perfect for me. Of course, I don't know where this might lead, but if you're up for it,

at least for now, this is exactly what I want.”

Oliver threw his arms around my neck and squeezed me tight, eventually throwing his leg over my lap and straddling me. “Thank you, thank you, thank you. I promise I’ll be a good boy. I won’t brat. Only good boy things.”

I dragged my nose through his silky hair and inhaled. He smelled like baby shampoo and cinnamon. I just wanted to eat him up. “Be yourself, little one. You’ve only been a good boy so far, so I don’t expect anything to change.”

Over the next few days, Oliver and I got into a bit of a routine.

After work, I ran home to shower and then headed to his place for dinner and bedtime. Oliver offered to come to my house every night, but I didn’t want him to have to drive home when he was sleepy after a feeding.

As the days went on, it became more evident that even though he was draining me completely after each suckle session, I still had tons of milk leaking throughout the day. The padded shirts helped, but they were no match for the amount of milk that steadily flowed.

I had to change my shirt and pads every few hours while I was at work, and by the time I got to Oliver’s, he usually had to take a few gulps before dinner just to take the edge off me, and then finish me off afterward.

I kept trying to make the pump work, but it just never attached right. Either my muscles weren’t shaped right or my hair kept it from sealing properly, but the airflow never seemed to allow full suction.

Trying was a waste of time and energy, not to mention the pain it caused. Especially when Oliver was so eager to jump in any time I needed him.

And that boy brought me nothing but pleasure and relief. Well, that wasn't true. He brought me a lot more than that. In just a few days, he brought me a sense of purpose and joy that I'd never felt before. The relationship I'd always envisioned with a Little of my own was becoming more clear in my mind, and Oliver very easily completed that picture.

Saying goodbye every night was tough, especially when I tucked him in and left him sleeping with his thumb in his mouth, all alone in that big bed.

To make up for it, I tried to text him randomly throughout the day. I sent him a good morning text about twenty minutes after I knew he was set to wake up, and then later in the morning, I reminded him to stay hydrated and have something healthy for lunch. On the days I was busy and couldn't reach out to him until the afternoon, we would exchange selfies and tell each other how excited we were for our evening to come.

It was bliss.

On Thursday night, I showed up at Oliver's with calzones from a food cart that we both liked.

While we ate, he asked me about my day, and I asked him about his. It was very domestic and intoxicating, to the point that I knew we needed to plan something a little more long-term.

"What are your plans for the weekend?" I looked up at Oliver and waited for his response.

"Nothing really. I'll probably hit the farmer's market tomorrow and maybe do some cleaning." He looked up at me with a semi-eager expression. "What about you?"

I shrugged, quickly searching through the calendar in my head. “I’ll probably have to spend a lot of time with the pump, figuring out how to actually make it work, unless...”

His eyes went big, and he waited for me to finish that thought. “Unless, what?”

“Well, I was thinking that if you would like, maybe you can stay at my place this weekend. It would help me out, and there’s something I’d like to show you.” I considered just telling him about the nursery, but it made more sense to show him and hope he understood. It wasn’t an easy concept to grasp if you weren’t familiar with kink or the lifestyle.”

“Okay.” His response was quick and decisive.

“Yeah?” I grinned, and a huge weight lifted from my shoulders, grateful to have all weekend with my boy. “Are you sure?”

“Definitely. I was going to suggest that from the beginning, but I didn’t want to come across as greedy.”

I chuckled, happy with how this conversation was going. “Please be greedy.” I held my hands over my pecs and gave them a squeeze. “I need you to be greedy until my production levels out to something a little more manageable.”

He cocked his head and thought about it. “Have you considered selling it like Collin does?”

I exhaled deeply. “Maybe, if I could get the damn pump to work, but so far, it’s either hand squeeze or mouth suck...and only one of those two is actually effective.”

The corners of his lips pulled up into a subtle smile as he nodded. “Yeah, I have a

feeling I'm gonna be gaining some weight."

"Oh, yeah. I guess you're right." I was probably producing more than a gallon every day, and I couldn't expect Oliver to drink that much. "I can talk to Collin about seeing if anyone else is interested in taking some of my milk. I don't want you to feel pressure to always be the one to empty me out."

"No. It's mine!" Oliver's lower lip poked out, and it looked like it was quivering. "I mean, I have some suggestions on how we can get the pumps to work for when I'm too full or...you're too full."

I smiled even wider now. "Sounds like a plan. Now, who's ready for dessert?"

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

“ME. ME. ME. I’m ready for dessert, Daddy!”

I jumped up from my seat at the table and ran to the couch to get comfy.

Daddy let out a chuckle. “No running in the house, boy.”

When I heard his stern voice, it made my dick start to stir in my pants. I quickly adjusted it, hoping he didn’t notice. “Sorry, Daddy. I’m just so excited.” My body instantly relaxed when he came over to the couch and I felt his strong arms wrap around me.

“I know you’re excited for milk, but you need to be more careful, little one.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy. I’ll be good.”

He pulled me onto his lap. “I know you will, my sweet boy.”

Daddy brushed my hair back and placed a soft kiss on my forehead. “You ready for your milk?”

My cheeks turned pink as I wiggled in Daddy’s lap. “Mhm. Yes, please.”

My mouth watered as Daddy removed his shirt, and I saw that milk was already starting to trickle down his gorgeous skin. After scooting onto the sofa cushion and getting into position, he cupped the back of my head and guided me to his chest. “Go ahead, little one. It’s all yours.”

Mine. Daddy's milk was all mine.

He let out a strangled moan as I licked the droplets off his nipple, making his bud harden.

My dick jumped because Daddy's moans were so sexy.

Neither of us got hard during our first few sessions, and if we did, it was merely a reaction that we both ignored. But we were becoming more comfortable with each other, each session building the bond between us stronger and stronger, making it even more difficult to ignore the stiffening cock underneath me.

I ground my shoulder onto his cloth-covered bulge as I latched on and began to suckle.

Daddy's hand tightened in my hair as he groaned. "Is my sweet boy feeling naughty tonight?"

I suckled faster, bringing my hand up to tweak his other nipple, pinching the hardening bud. I hummed happily when Daddy sucked in a sharp breath.

"Mmm, yes. I think my boy is feeling very naughty."

I slowly looked up into Daddy's eyes, nervous I was crossing a line, but all I found was heat and desire. I popped off, ready to switch to the other side, and when Daddy grabbed my chin, the want in his eyes made me gulp. "Is that okay, Daddy? If I'm feeling naughty."

He pulled me farther up in his lap, cupping both sides of my face. "That's definitely okay, baby boy. Daddy wants to kiss your wet lips. May I?"

“Yes, please.”

We both groaned when his hot lips descended on mine. The kiss was soft and sweet, our lips fitting together perfectly.

His tongue quickly swiped against my lips, licking some of the milk off and making me whimper. “You taste so sweet, baby.”

I giggled, moving back down to his chest and licking more milk off him. “I think that’s you, Daddy. Your milk is very sweet and yummy.”

His lip quirked into a smile. “Nothing’s as sweet as you, little one. Now, be a good boy and finish your milk. You make Daddy feel so good.”

I quickly latched on, loving the way his warm milk felt as it slid over my tongue. I didn’t think I’d ever get tired of tasting him—his milk or his lips.

Maybe Daddy would let me taste his other milk soon... My hips bucked at the thought, my hand quickly palming over my cock and giving me the friction I needed.

My hips stilled when Daddy grabbed my wrist. “Can I help you, sweetheart? You’re doing such a good job. Let me take care of this so all you have to do is drink. Is that okay, baby?”

I carefully nodded, not wanting to stop suckling as my hand was replaced with Daddy’s big, strong one. My hips jerked as he palmed my dick, making my whole body feel like it was floating.

“That’s it... Fuck, baby. You’re so gorgeous for Daddy.”

His hand felt so good pressed against my cock while his warm milk flowed across my

tongue in steady spurts. The combination was euphoric, making me feel things I didn't even know were possible.

I whimpered, my hips bucking frantically as the pleasure lit up my spine.

"Is your cock aching to spurt its hot milk while you drink Daddy's milk, like the sweet, greedy boy you are?" His hot, filthy words made my brain stop working.

I couldn't do anything but suck and take everything Daddy gave me. I suckled faster as he increased the pressure on my dick.

"You're not the only one who's greedy, baby. I want to suck your sweet cock and have my turn milking you."

Gasping, I broke the latch and my body shuddered as an orgasm crashed through me.

His hand was still rocking against my bulge, drawing my pleasure higher and higher.

"Ahh, D-daddy... It's so good." My words slurred from the pleasure, making it hard to form thoughts.

"You're beautiful when you come for me, sweetheart. Let's get you all cleaned up and cozy."

I felt so heavy yet small as Tad picked me up to carry me to my room. "But what about you, Daddy?"

"Don't worry about me, sweet boy. We'll have plenty of time for more this weekend."

That little reminder made me smile even wider. I was spending the weekend with my

Daddy.

He was the best ever.

Tad tucked me and read me a story, not that I remembered much of it. I wanted to listen, but he took such good care of me and made me feel so good. His calm, soothing voice pulled me under as soon as he started reading.

Everything was perfect, except that when I woke up, he wasn't there.

It was strange, really. We hadn't known each other for very long, but I already found myself never wanting to leave his side. Daddy was perfect. If only I could be with him all the time.

The day seemed to drag on until I finally finished the work I needed to get done before I could close up my computer.

I packed my bag, excited to get ready to stay at Tad's for the weekend. I couldn't wait to wake up in my Daddy's arms.

Tad came outside to greet me as I walked up the front path to his house.

I immediately threw myself into his arms, so happy to see him. "I missed you, Daddy. I'm so excited." I stuck my bottom lip out, pouting as I felt myself already starting to regress just by being in his presence. "I missed you. I don't like waking up without you."

His arms tightened around me, his cheek nuzzling my hair. "I missed you too, little one. I hate leaving you too, but we don't have to worry about that tonight, do we?"

I shook my head, burying my face in his neck and inhaling deeply. Tad always

smelled so yummy. “Nope. It’s going to be the best night ever!”

“That’s right, sweetheart. It’s going to be perfect. Just. Like. You.” He placed soft kisses on my face between each word, making my skin heat and my heart pound. Then he pulled away and led me into the house.

No one had ever made me feel so special. He thought I was perfect. Not only did he make me feel like I was perfect, he also made me feel so...loved.

I bounced on my toes, planting a sweet kiss on his lips. “You’re perfect too, Daddy! I love spending time with you.”

I was so happy that my body felt like it was floating as I headed over to the couch. Tad was usually ready to burst by the time we got together, so we always started with a quick suckle to help drain his milk.

Daddy stopped me by gently grabbing my hand, looking almost nervous but also excited. “Sweetheart, I have a special room just for you when you stay here with me. It has a nice bed with lots of stuffies and pillows that will let us get extra comfy while you nurse. Would you like to see it?”

I stared at him with wide eyes, my words caught in my throat as my brain processed what he said. He had a whole room in his house just for me? “Y-you... I have a room?”

He nodded, smiling at my excitement. “I do. Remember when I told you I’ve been looking for my special boy?”

I nodded as he led me down the hall, my hand still in his as he stopped in front of a closed door.

“I made this room so that when I found him, he would have his own special place meant just for him. And now that I’ve found you, it’s yours if you want it.”

I rocked back and forth on my heels, excitement and nerves bringing Little Ollie to the surface. “Please! I want to see it, Daddy.”

He stepped forward and opened the door as he pulled me inside.

My breath hitched as I took in my surroundings. The room was...amazing. It was every Little’s dream. Soft and comforting, bright and exciting. In one corner of the room, there was a full-sized bed covered in the fluffiest plushies and blankets I’d ever seen.

The opposite wall had a dresser and cubbies lining the space with different-colored bins. “D-daddy... It’s beautiful. This is for me? Are you sure?” My words were choked as tears gathered in my eyes.

“Oh sweet, Ollie. C’mere, little one.”

I sniffled loudly, trying to get my emotions in check as he wrapped me in his arms and placed us on the bed so I was in his lap.

I cocked my head in surprise as he removed his shirt. “Do you wanna suckle, baby? I know this is a lot to take in all at once. Maybe some warm milk will help you calm down.”

Tears streamed down my face as I latched on to him, the liquid and soothing rhythm instantly helping to calm my mind.

Tad always knew what I needed. He’d only known me for a short time and was already so attuned to me and my needs. It was overwhelming to think about how

perfect he was.

My tears started to slow as he gently rocked us from side to side, his fingers scratching softly at my scalp. “I’m so happy you like the room, sweetheart. It means so much to me that you enjoy your time here with me. I thought my life was over when I started lactating, and while I still have to figure some things out—like how to use that stupid pump—I’m so thankful it brought me to you.”

My heart was so full of love that it was about to burst out of my chest. I switched to the other side, still unable to form words, but I didn’t need any. Daddy had me and was going to take care of me.

He continued stroking my hair, soothing me as I drank. “It may not seem like much to you, but to me...everything you’ve taught me and helped me with has kept me sane through all these changes. So, this room is my gift to you, sweet boy.”

Once I felt the stream of milk start to lessen, I lazily popped off, looking up at him and finding so much love and care in his warm gaze. Daddy was right. In just a short amount of time, he’d gone through so many changes.

“Thank you, Daddy. I lo— I love it so much. I can’t wait to play in here...and there are so many plushies to snuggle with while I suckle. It’ll be like we are lying on clouds!”

I worried it was too soon to tell him how much I’d already grown to love this amazing man, so I just wrapped my arms around him and smiled wider than I ever had before.

“I’m so glad, little one. If you want, you can stay in here and play while I make our dinner.”

I jumped out of his arms, spinning in circles and feeling so happy that I had to get the energy out of my system before I exploded into a million pieces. “Yes, please!”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

It wasn't easy to pull Ollie away from his toys when dinner was ready, but after I told him his dino nuggets were going to wander away if he didn't hurry, he scurried right to the table and ate them up like a champ. He even ate the cheesy mashed potatoes that had a fair amount of broccoli and cauliflower mixed in because he wanted to earn one of the cookies I had baking in the oven for dessert.

After dinner, we played together for a while. I was so happy that Ollie loved his new room and all the little surprises he continued to discover, but when his yawns were longer and closer together, I knew it was time to get ready for bed.

"I think it's time to start cleaning up, little one." I looked at all the toys spread across the floor. "In here and on your body."

"Bath time?" He was pushing a dump truck across the race track carpet, with a stuffed frog in the bed of the truck.

"Yup, bath time." I started collecting the stuffies that had managed to land in every corner of the room. "But we have to straighten up in here first."

"Aww..." Ollie sighed dramatically and slowly pushed his truck to the shelf he found it on. "Everything?"

It was a lot. But this was a rule that needed to be enforced from the beginning or this room would become a disaster by the end of the weekend. "Everything. Daddy will help, but you need to move faster if you want a special kind of bath."

"A special bath? What's that?" He stopped moving and dropped to his bottom, ready

to hear more.

“Keep cleaning. You’ll find out if we get this room back to the way we found it.” I set a ten-minute timer on my watch knowing we wouldn’t need that much time. “Before my timer goes off.”

“A race!” That got him moving. He made a quick lap and picked up every stuffed animal and tossed them onto the bed, then he grabbed the bucket his blocks had been in and scooped every block into it in just two motions.

“I’ll take care of the bed.” I arranged each of the animals by size and straightened the mussed comforter, so it was ready for him if he wanted to sleep there at night.

“I’m gonna beat you, Daddy.” He picked up the books that were splayed in front of the shelf and neatly stacked them by size.

“You sure are, sweetheart.” I was actually impressed by how well he did when he was properly motivated. “Great job.”

He stood in the center of the room and spun in a slow circle, looking around. “Anything else before my special bath?”

I stood beside him, wrapping my arm around his back and pulling him against my side. “Nope, I think you’ve earned a special bath.”

We went into the bathroom, and I turned on the tap in the bathtub, getting the temperature warm without being too hot. Then I added a moisturizing bubble mixture and jostled it with my hand to get the bubbles going.

“Bubbles!” Oliver was already pulling off his clothes, ready to climb in.

“Hold on.” I placed my hand on his chest, stopping him before he stepped into the water. “Do you need to go potty first?”

He looked up and to the left as he considered the question. “Actually, yes. I have to pee all the time now.” He rubbed his tummy before stepping up to the toilet and lifting the seat. “Too much milk.”

“Do you want help, sweet boy?”

He bit his lip and nodded. “Yes, please, Daddy.”

I turned him toward the toilet and held his cock for him. “Okay, baby. Go ahead.”

Oliver rested his head against me and sighed as he relaxed enough to go. He did have a full bladder, and as soon as it was empty, he climbed into the tub and dropped into the clouds of bubbles and immediately got immersed in playtime.

I’d left a line of tub toys along the edge and he found those too, pulling them into the water one by one.

While Oliver was distracted by his toys and bubbles, I started to undress. He didn’t look back at me at all until I slipped one leg into the water and gently nudged him forward.

“Scoot up a little bit, little one. Daddy needs a bath too.”

His eyes got wide and his jaw dropped open as he slid to the center of the tub. I couldn’t help noticing that his gaze was locked on my cock as it passed by his face before it disappeared behind him. “You’re a dirty Daddy?”

I laughed, knowing he was well aware of what he was saying, even in his Little state.

“I just want to make sure you’re an extra-clean boy, and I can reach you better if you’re resting in my arms.” I stretched out my legs on either side of him and pulled him against my chest.

All toys were forgotten as Ollie leaned back, melting against me as I lathered up a soft towel and gently rubbed it over his chest. With slow and even strokes, I washed everything I could reach above the waist before we were forced to change positions.

“If you want me to reach everything, you’ll need to turn around.”

“Okay.” Ollie pushed up onto his knees and twisted in my arms. “Like this, Daddy?”

The bubbles had cleared enough that I had a clear view of his perfect cock as it jutted out of the water. “Just like that, baby boy.”

I used the cloth to wash down the front of his thighs and then up the back, cleaning his bottom before pulling the soapy rag forward from between his legs. I cupped his balls, carefully kneading them between my fingers, testing their weight, learning their shape.

Ollie’s eyes closed as he placed his hands on my shoulders, bracing himself against me as he enjoyed the intimate touches.

My fingers dragged forward, the towel now at the bottom of the tub as my fist closed around the length of his rigid cock. “Is this okay, sweetheart?”

He nodded, and his breath hitched. “Yes, Daddy. More.” He thrust into my hand and then pulled back, essentially fucking into my stationary grip.

After a few moments of just staring in awe at the beautiful boy in front of me, I stroked in an opposite rhythm of his movements, pulling off to the tip as he backed

away and then pushing all the way to his root when he came toward me. My thumb teased his slit before tracing the head of his glans, eliciting the most precious sounds as I reached for my own cock.

I was so close to the edge, and Oliver was too. The silky water acted as lube as we both fucked my hands until pushing over the edge. “That’s it, baby. Come for me.”

His fingers dug into my shoulders as he put all his weight into each forward thrust, pushing with his full strength as he shot right at me, splashes of his jizz landing on my chest and neck and lips.

“Fuck, boy.” I licked the drops I could reach and came too, throwing my head back in ecstasy as I exploded into the water in thick streams. “You taste so good.”

After he was able to recover, he collapsed in my arms, spreading his spunk on our skin as he panted for breath. “I think I’m dead.”

“I hope not, sweet boy.” I rubbed down his spine and over one of his round cheeks. “I’m not through with you yet.”

He sighed and held me tighter until the water cooled enough that we were forced to stand up and shower off our mess.

When we were done, I got out and quickly dried off before wrapping a towel around my waist and then turning off the warm water. “Time to get out now, little one.”

Ollie pushed out his lower lip and dropped his shoulders. “This was the specialist bath ever. I don’t wanna get out.”

I held the towel wide and raised an eyebrow. “It’s getting late, and good boys don’t brat at bedtime.”

I was almost certain I heard some mumbling, but Oliver got out of the tub and let me dry him off before wrapping him up like a burrito in the oversized towel and directing him back to the playroom.

“Lie down on the bed so we can get you dressed for sleep.” His bag was waiting for us there, but I had everything he needed in the dresser. “One piece or two tonight?”

Ollie unwrapped himself from the towel and lay naked on the comforter. “None. I’m hot.”

I dug to the bottom and grabbed a pair of race car PJs that consisted of shorts and a T-shirt. “Two piece, it is.”

Ollie huffed, but when I held up his shorts, he lifted his legs and then his bottom so I could slide them on.

“Sit up, sweetheart.” I bunched up the sides of the shirt and angled the neck opening at his head.

Ollie ducked his chin and aimed for the shirt, immediately diving into it and poking his arms through the armholes. “All dressed.”

“Yes, you are.” I grinned and kissed him. “Would you like to sleep in here tonight or in Daddy’s big bed?”

He didn’t hesitate at all. “Daddy’s bed. Always Daddy’s bed.”

Always sounded pretty damn good to me too. “Grab a book and one stuffie, if you’d like, and let’s go.”

After a quick sweep through the house to lock up and turn off the lights, we climbed

into my bed. Ollie didn't wait for an invitation this time, immediately curling against me and taking my nipple deep into his mouth as he settled in for his story. With just the light from my bedside lamp, I read a board book called Daddy Snuggles.

Ollie was done on one side and fast asleep by the time the book ended, so I carefully tucked him against my side and turned off the light, feeling a level of love and contentment that I'd never experienced before.

A few times throughout the night, I woke up to find Ollie rooting around against my chest until he was able to latch on and settle again.

It was truly the best night of my life.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

I woke up tossing and turning. My whole body felt on edge as I tried to settle. I wiggled in anticipation of latching on to Daddy's leaking nipples. My thoughts were hazy as I tried to break through my sleepy stupor.

The room was dark, so it was still early.

I should have gone back to sleep.

Even after a few sucks of Daddy's warm milk, I still couldn't calm down as confusion and panic started to overwhelm me. I quickly unlatched and flopped onto my back, not wanting to wake Daddy with my restless wiggling.

Then my whole body went rigid as I landed in a wet spot on the bed.

My eyes instantly welled with tears when I realized my pajamas were wet as well. Did I pee? Oh no... No. No. No. I couldn't believe it. I was an adult, and adults didn't wet the bed at night.

Today was supposed to be perfect. It was the first morning I got to wake up in Daddy's arms, and I ruined it.

My body stiffened when I heard Daddy mumble sleepily, "Sweetheart, it's too early. Come snuggle."

Daddy grabbed my hip to pull me closer, and I jerked away trying to get out of his grasp.

He propped himself up on his elbow, looking at me with a worried gaze. “Little one, what’s wrong? Wait, you’re wet. Did I leak on you?”

I felt small as my body trembled before heavy sobs tore out of me. “I-I’m s-sorry... Daddy, please don’t h-hate me. It was an accident.”

“Baby, shh. It’s okay.” He pulled me closer, rubbing soft and soothing circles on my back as I tried to take slow, steady breaths. “Deep breaths, please. Daddy’s here, little one.”

“I’m s-sorry.” I clenched my eyes shut, unable to look him in the eye.

“What has you so worked up, baby?”

My words were soft as I tried to talk through soft sobs. “I r-ruined everything. Daddy, I-I’m so sorry I wet the bed. I-I don’t know what happened. I’ve never?”

“Oh, sweetheart, it’s okay.” He pressed his lips to my forehead. “I know this is probably really embarrassing and scary, but I promise I’m not mad.”

I sniffled as he used his hand to cup my face. “You have nothing to be sorry for. I should have thought about this.”

My eyes widened in shock. Thought about what? This was all my fault. Daddy couldn’t have known what I would do.

“I wanted to mention this to you earlier when you said you had to pee more often, but I didn’t want to rush you.” He kissed my forehead softly as I nuzzled into his palm. “You drank a lot of milk in your sleep. I usually leak a lot during the night, but every time I started to drip, you were right there to take care of me.”

My face heated. “Oh. I didn”t realize I was doing that.”

Daddy softly chuckled. “Thanks to you, I was finally able to get a good night”s sleep. And considering how much you drank, I”m honestly not surprised you wet the bed. I was thinking you might like to try wearing diapers when you”re Little.”

I”d thought about diapers before, but I”d never tried them. I knew some Littles who liked to wear them, but without a Daddy to help me, I didn”t see the appeal.

But things were different now that I had a Daddy who took such good care of me. If he thought it was something that could help me, I was willing to try. “Are you sure? Because we don”t have to. I can just be more careful.”

“I”m sure, little one. I want to take care of you and all your needs. I think you”d enjoy wearing a diaper... especially on the weekends and at night when you”re suckling so often.”

He was right. I loved suckling Daddy. It was perfect in every way, but it did make me need to use the bathroom constantly. That was definitely becoming a problem. Daddy was so smart.

“But only if that”s something you want. I know it”s a big step.”

I swallowed hard, trying my best to keep the tears at bay. No one had ever gone to such lengths to ensure my comfort. “I”ve never tried diapers before, but if you”re okay with it, I want to try. I trust you, Daddy.”

He smiled brightly, his eyes softening and showing so much care and affection it made my breath hitch. “That means so much to me, little one. Thank you. It”s still pretty early, so why don”t we get you diapered and change the sheets so we can go back to sleep. You”ve already had a big morning.”

“Yes, please, Daddy. This is gross.”

Daddy chuckled, pulling me out of bed and leading me to my special room.

I tried not to pout as he released my hand and walked over to the dresser. He shuffled around in the drawers and then pulled out a diaper, some wipes, and a thick piece of cloth that I assumed was a changing pad.

He laid everything out on the bed and returned to the dresser. This time, he came back with another two-piece pajama set. It was a T-shirt and pants that had little dragons on them.

I gasped in delight. “Those are so cute!”

He ruffled my hair and placed a soft kiss on the crown of my head. “I’m glad you like them, little one. Now, let’s get these icky clothes off and get you cleaned up.”

I buried my face in his neck, trying to hide from my shame.

“None of that, sweetheart. There’s no reason to be embarrassed.” He kneeled in front of me, carefully pulling my shorts off before tossing them in a nearby hamper.

I went limp, letting him do what needed to be done.

He stood up and pulled on the hem of my shirt. Automatically, I lifted my arms, and the cool air made my nipples harden as I squirmed.

“Lie down on the mat, baby.”

I lay down on the bed, making sure I was on the mat so I didn’t get my special bed dirty. My thumb crept up into my mouth. I trusted Daddy to take care of me without

being angry, but I still couldn't help being nervous.

Daddy crouched in front of me, running his hands down my sides. Between sucking my thumb and his soothing touch, the tension soon started easing out of me.

"That's it, sweetheart. You're being such a good boy for me." He reached over to the pack of wipes and patted my hip. "Raise your legs, baby."

I blushed as I raised my legs for him. I felt so exposed as Daddy leaned over me, watching me so closely like I was something precious.

As the cold wipe moved over my cock, I winced.

"Sorry, baby. I'll be quick." He continued wiping me, keeping his touch light and caring as he cleaned my ass and thighs almost methodically.

The way he took care of me, so matter-of-factly, like it was something we did every day, helped me relax even further as I just soaked up his attention.

My dick plumped as he gently applied lotion, massaging it into my skin. I was afraid he would be upset about that, but Daddy just ignored it.

He patted my hip, signaling me to lift as he slid the diaper underneath me and fastened the sides. "There we go. All nice and clean. How does that feel, sweetheart?"

I wiggled my hips, testing how the material felt against my skin.

A soft, wet pop sounded as I removed my thumb. "It's softer than I thought it would be. It's nice."

He put my hand in his, helping me stand up. My gait was a little awkward at first as I

adjusted to the extra padding between my legs, but I got used to it.

Daddy grabbed my cute jammies and started dressing me. “If you end up deciding you don’t like wearing it, that’s fine. You’re such a brave boy just for trying. I know this was a big step, and I’m proud of you.”

I blushed, smiling sheepishly from his praise. “Thank you, Daddy.”

When he finished dressing me, warmth flooded me as he pulled me toward him and kissed my nose. “You look so cute in your jammies, baby. Why don’t you pick out another stuffie to bring back to bed with you while I go change the sheets? Then we can cuddle.”

I nodded as I thought about which stuffie I wanted.

Daddy smiled as he rubbed at his chest. Small beads of white started to gather at his nipples.

I bounced on my toes, licking my lips. “Mmm, milk.”

He shook his head, chuckling. “Yes, little one. Snuggles and milk.”

The next time I opened my eyes, the sun was streaming through the windows, and I was snuggled against my Daddy’s side. Warm and dry.

His heat made me feel like I was melting, but nothing mattered except being there with my Daddy. It was amazing.

I buried my face in his chest, inhaling his sweet scent. Drool pooled in my mouth as I wrapped my lips around his nipple and flicked it with my tongue. Then I hooked my leg over his hip, wanting to be as close to him as possible.

Just thinking about this morning and how he cared for me like I was the most precious thing in the whole world made me feel drunk and hazy with lust.

Daddy's milk flooded my mouth in steady streams as I moaned around his hot flesh. The intoxicating taste made my cock rapidly fill against the cotton of my diaper. My hips bucked into Daddy, chasing the tight friction that was quickly becoming slick with pre-come.

"Fuck, such a good boy. Your mouth feels so good, sweetheart."

I whined, my hips moving faster as I kept sucking, loving the way his sweet milk coated my tongue.

Daddy's hand reached around to cup my ass, rubbing his hard cock against my hip.

I whimpered at the contact, becoming more frantic with need. His cock felt so good against me, but I wanted to feel him inside me.

When his milk started to taper off, I unlatched from his nipple and looked up at him in frustration. "Daddy, please. Need you to fill me up. In my bottom."

"Are you sure, baby?"

I'd never been more sure of anything. "Yes, Daddy. Please."

He pulled away from me and slipped out of bed, quickly returning with a bottle of lube and a condom. Once he was back, he sat up beside me and helped me remove my clothes and diaper.

I lay flat on my back, and my chest heaved as I watched Daddy remove his pants and boxers, his hard cock bobbing when it was released.

We both had to provide The Lactin Brotherhood with clean test results, so I knew we were both safe.

“Daddy, please. You take such good care of me, but I’m greedy. If it’s okay with you, I don’t want a condom. I want all your milk to myself. Want to be yours.”

“Fuck, sweetheart.” He closed his eyes and rested his forehead on mine, considering my request. “You always do such a good job draining me dry. I want nothing more than to make you mine and fill all your holes with my milk.”

My hips bucked into the air as I watched him lube up his fingers.

He leaned over, capturing my lips in a hungry kiss and wasting no time as he plunged his hot tongue inside my mouth and made me moan.

“Daddy.” I ground my cock against his stomach.

He kept kissing me as he reached between us, slowly swirling his finger against my pucker before slipping it inside as he started to stretch me. “Such a good boy for Daddy.”

I writhed and moaned as one finger became two.

He took his time opening me up, using his curled fingers to apply the perfect pressure against my prostate to make my back arch off the bed.

“Ahh, Daddy. It feels so good. I-I need more.”

“Damn, sweetheart. Your little hole is so hungry for me. You take my fingers so well... Do you need Daddy to fill you up?”

I rocked my hips, grinding down on his thick fingers. I felt so deliciously full, but it wasn't enough. I needed to feel his cock inside me as he pumped me full of even more milk. "P-please, Daddy. N-need you."

His fingers slipped out of me and I hated how empty it made me feel as I watched with hungry eyes while he lubed up his cock.

When he was ready, he bumped my opening with his slick head. "You're so sexy, baby. My perfect boy. So hungry and needy for Daddy."

A guttural moan was ripped from me as he slid his thick cock inside me, bottoming out in one thrust. "Yesss..."

"Oh, sweetheart. I wanted to take things slowly, but you just sucked me right in. You're so damn perfect, baby boy."

"P-please, I need— I want... Ahh, Daddy." Pleasure wracked my body, leaving me unable to form words that made any sense.

But Daddy always knew what I needed. "Shh, precious boy. It's okay. I've got you. Just let me take care of you." He pulled back until just the head was in me, and then he slammed into me with such need it left me breathless. He brought his mouth to mine, devouring me as his cock filled me, perfectly hitting my prostate with each wild buck of his hips.

I loved how sweet and caring he was when I needed that. But this version of Daddy was driving me crazy in the best way. He fucked into me like I was everything he could ever want, but at the same time, he could never get enough.

I loved it. "Daddy, I-I'm gonna come. You fill me up so good."

He let out a deep moan as his hand reached between us, wrapping around my leaking cock and giving it a few quick tugs. “Do it, Oliver. Come for Daddy. Be my good boy and come.”

“Ahh, Daddy.” I threw my head back, moaning as he ripped an orgasm out of me. My cock pulsed in his hand as thick ropes of cream painted my chest and stomach.

“Shit. You’re milking my cock so good, baby. I’m gonna fill you up even more. You want that, sweetheart?”

“Yes, Daddy. Please.”

Daddy buried his face in my neck, thrusting deep inside me with his moans vibrating my skin. He unloaded his other Daddy milk deep inside me, always giving me everything I wanted.

Eventually, he slowly pulled out of me, lying down on the bed and holding me against his chest. He didn’t seem to care about the sticky mess that now covered our skin.

As I caught my breath, I latched onto the side of his chest that I’d neglected earlier, letting the rhythm of my sucking bring me down from the high of our pleasure.

Daddy let out a contented sigh, threading his fingers through my hair as I suckled. “You are absolutely perfect, baby boy. My good boy.”

I melted against him, feeling more loved and cherished than I ever had before. I was Daddy’s perfect boy. I hoped we could stay like that forever.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

Over the next week, Ollie barely left my side unless I was at work.

Every night, he slept beside me in a diaper so he could drink freely, and every morning, we made love before he drained me out again and I headed off to work.

It was perfect. We had both found what we were looking for, and what started out as a temporary arrangement was feeling more and more like destiny as each day passed. We had no reason to be apart.

At least until Collin invited me to speak at one of the workshops in Vegas during the upcoming conference.

My situation of coming into my milk so late in life was unusual, and he wanted me to speak to others who were in a similar situation. Without even thinking, I agreed to go, mostly because I was so damn grateful that I found The Lactin Brotherhood and that they were able to connect me to Ollie.

Besides, a weekend in Vegas with my boy sounded like a fun first trip for us.

What I didn't know at the time was that Ollie had a debilitating fear of flying. When he was a kid, he was involved in an emergency landing that ultimately didn't result in serious injuries, but scared him and his mom so badly that they promised each other they would never get on an airplane again.

We considered driving, but with several storms in the forecast, there was really no way that was a safer option. Which meant I had to go without him.

I hated leaving him alone. We had only been together for a few weeks, but I already felt like I was letting him down by not being there to take care of him if he needed me.

But Ollie assured me that he would be fine. “I know you find this hard to believe, but I did take care of myself until you came along.” He crossed his arms and smirked as we waited for my rideshare to arrive.

Remembering the way he tried to mush his broccoli into tiny little pieces so he didn’t have to eat the night before made it a little bit harder to remember that he was a grown adult. But he was grown, and if he wanted to prove that he was not only independent but that we could survive a few days apart, I felt like it was an important test for our relationship.

I never wanted him to be fully dependent on me, and I was already becoming completely needy and dependent on him in so many ways that a couple days of space felt like the right thing to do. I held his cheeks in my palms and looked right into his eyes. “You promise to call me if you need anything. Anything at all?”

He stepped closer, pressing his chest to mine. “I promise I will. And you need to promise me the same thing. I hate that you’re gonna be stuck using that dumb pump.”

I grimaced at the reminder, definitely not looking forward to that either. We’d been practicing, so I knew I could basically make it work, but I still hated it. “I will.”

“And if...” He looked up at me and bit his lip, clearly uncomfortable with whatever he was about to say as he cleared his throat. “I mean, if the only way to get empty is to let someone else help you, that’s okay.” He pursed his lips as if trying to keep them from quivering. “I understand you need to do what you need to do.”

“That won’t happen, baby. You’re the only one who gets to touch me that way.” I

lifted his chin and waited for his gaze to lock with mine. “I promise.”

All the tension was released from his body as he nodded. “You don’t have to promise. I just want you to know you... Well, you have my blessing.”

I kissed him hard, trying to ignore the car that had pulled up to the curb behind me. My ride to the airport was ready, but I wasn’t. “I’ll call you as soon as I get to the hotel.” It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him how I felt, but it was still too soon.

I worried I was putting too much pressure on Oliver to keep me comfortable. It was only fair to give him these few days of space to really think about what he wanted out of a relationship. And if I told him how much I loved him already, that might cloud his judgment, which was the last thing I wanted.

“I miss you already,” he said quietly before I gave him one last kiss and then turned toward my car, unable to look back because I was afraid I’d see tears that would only cause me to shed some too.

Despite missing Oliver with my whole heart, I was really grateful I went to the convention. My talk was standing room only, with over a thousand people crammed into a banquet hall to hear me talk about my geriatric lactation, as they called it.

Most men started in their teens or early twenties, so being in my thirties when it first happened was extremely uncommon...but not unheard of. Most of the people in that room either knew of somebody who started late or expected a loved one to start lactating at some point and wanted as much information from me as possible.

I spent almost two hours in the QA session, making sure every last person was able to ask whatever questions they had for me.

I just wished I had better information to share. I wasn’t exactly a poster child for the

cause, but I did my best to assure the attendees that a late diagnosis was not a curse or something to fear.

Quite the contrary. In my case, it had been the greatest blessing of my life. And the only reason Ollie was now mine.

As soon as I was able to sneak away, I went back to my room to pump. But as gentle as I tried to be with it, the damn thing just wasn't doing what I needed it to do. It provided enough relief to keep me from pouring out, but the discomfort never eased up.

I did my best to hand express in the shower, but that was still just barely enough to take the edge off. I needed my Little Ollie with me to help me out.

As if he could hear my thoughts, the phone rang, and it was Oliver.

"Hey, sweetheart. How are you doing?"

"Fine, but I miss you. I wish you were home."

I poked one of my pectoral muscles and winced at the spike of pain that went through me. "Me too. So badly."

"How was your talk?"

"It was great. Lots of people showed up and had a ton of questions. I'm really glad I came, even though..." I paused, not wanting to unload on him while we were so far apart. "Well, anyway, I'm glad I came."

Ollie didn't miss a beat. "Even though what? What's wrong?"

“Nothing, it’s fine. How are you doing?”

“I’ve got my toys and my books and all my special presents from you, so other than not having you here with me, I’m great. But I wanna know what’s wrong with you. Please tell me, Daddy.”

I couldn’t keep something like that from him. Not when he sincerely wanted to know. “I’m just having trouble with the pump. You know how bad I am with that thing.”

Ollie giggled softly. “You really are uncoordinated when it comes to getting those things in place.”

I chuckled, trying to appreciate the humor in the situation. “Yeah, which is why I always need you to help me. I don’t have to try to hold you in place. You just know where to go, so it never hurts.”

Oliver sighed into the phone. “I wish I were there to help you, Daddy. I don’t want you to be in pain.”

“I’ll be okay, little one. I’ve got a lunch session scheduled for tomorrow, and then I’ll try to change my flight and head home early. I’ve done what I need to do here.”

“Isn’t there another talk tomorrow night that you wanted to attend?”

“Yeah, but I don’t think I’ll make it. I just need to get back to you. I’ll try again next year. By then, maybe I’ll have figured out how to make the damn pump work.” I chuckled, trying to lighten the mood. “Or we can plan a road trip so I don’t have to leave you behind ever again.”

“I’m sorry I’m not there, Daddy. I hate that you need me and my silly fears are keeping me away.”

“No, baby. Your fears aren’t silly, and you are not responsible for me. I take care of you, remember? This is my problem to deal with, and I don’t want you to worry about me at all. Just enjoy your toys. I’ll try to be home before bedtime tomorrow night.”

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

I let out a long sigh after I ended the call with Daddy. He was so smart and always knew what I needed, but when it came to what he needed, he was a big dummy.

Daddy was wrong. While it was his job to take care of me, it was also my job to care for him. Daddies sometimes needed help too, and I couldn't just ignore him when he needed me.

Of course, I was going to worry about him. I loved him, and I no longer cared if it was too soon to admit that. We may not have known each other for very long, but the bond we had was stronger than anything I'd ever felt before. I couldn't just sit there knowing Daddy needed me, because I needed him too.

I tried playing with my toys and reading the books he got for me, but it just wasn't the same without him. I missed him so much. I just wanted to curl up in his lap, wrap my lips around his perfect buds, and drink the pain away.

Thankfully, Daddy had sent me the information for the hotel he was staying at in case I needed it. So, I went online and quickly booked a flight. I found a super early flight so I could arrive at the hotel later in the morning.

The idea of flying made my body shake and my chest tighten, but then I thought about Daddy and how it felt to be wrapped up in his arms and how cherished he made me feel. My thumb crept up to my mouth, and I opened up, allowing the rhythmic motion to soothe my nerves.

I took deep breaths through my nose as I sucked my thumb, wanting so badly to feel the warmth of Daddy's milk gliding over my tongue. Everything was going to be

okay. I was going to be brave, and then I would get to see Daddy.

Being apart from him made me realize how complete I felt when we were together. Suddenly, my fears of flying paled in comparison to the urge I felt to tell Daddy how much I loved him. I never wanted to leave his side again.

I stifled a yawn as I arrived at the hotel. My extremely early flight meant I only got four hours of sleep. Oh well, losing sleep to conquer my fears and see my Daddy was more than worth it. I made my way inside and headed to Daddy's room.

My phone vibrated in my pocket as I arrived at his door. I pulled it out, smiling when I saw it was him.

Good morning, little one. I hope you slept well. I'll try to be home soon. I miss holding my sweet boy in my arms.

Tears threatened to spill down my cheeks. I loved how open he was with his feelings. It made me even more sure that I had to tell him how I felt. My knock echoed down the quiet hall as I shifted my feet, anxiously waiting to be back in his arms.

"Hello, can I?—"

My legs moved on their own as soon as the door opened, launching myself into Daddy's arms.

"Oof." He stumbled back slightly as I crashed into him, his arms instantly wrapping around me.

"Ollie, sweetheart. You're here. Are you okay?" The concern and care in his voice brought all my feelings barreling to the surface, overwhelming me.

I lost the battle with my tears and my voice was shaky as I spoke. “I-I did it, Daddy. I faced my fears to come see you.” I buried my face into his shirtless chest, inhaling his scent as I cried sobs of relief. Nothing felt better than being in Daddy’s arms. He was perfect, and I wanted him to be mine forever.

“You flew here?”

I nodded against his chest. My big thoughts started to slip away because the comfort of being wrapped in Daddy’s arms made me feel safe to let go.

“Baby, that’s amazing. I’m so proud of you. But why are you here, did something happen?”

“I missed you so much, Daddy. I needed to see you. I have something very important to tell you.”

Daddy’s arms tightened around me as he nuzzled his cheek against my head. “Oh, my sweet boy, I missed you too. Let’s go inside so you can sit in my lap, and we can talk.”

We reluctantly pulled away from each other and hurried into the room. Daddy climbed into the bed and propped himself against the headboard. I licked my lips as he patted his leg, signaling me to come over. “Come lay on Daddy’s lap, little one.”

Daddy was so hot, and I could already see milk starting to leak from his nipples. I wanted nothing more than to crawl up there and wrap my lips around his tight buds, but I couldn’t let myself get distracted.

I hopped up and down excitedly then climbed up into the bed. I plopped down beside him and rested my head against his chest.

He let out a content sigh and his arms came around to envelop me in his warmth. “There you go, sweet boy. Now, what do you need to tell me?”

I looked up into his warm eyes and lifted my hand to cup his cheek. “You’re wrong. Yes, it’s your job as my Daddy to take care of me. But Daddies need care too. I may be your boy, but I will also care for you and worry about you because I love you, Daddy.”

He placed his hand over mine, nuzzling my palm. “My precious boy. I love you too, sweetheart. I thought my chest was gonna explode from how much I missed you, and not because of my milk but because I just wanted to be with you.”

“Me too.”

He placed a kiss on the center of my palm. “Ollie, I’m so happy you came into my life, and I want to wake up every morning and see your beautiful face. Will you move in with me?”

My face became wet with tears of joy. “Yes, Daddy! I want that too. So much.”

Daddy cupped the back of my head, pressing soft kisses on my forehead and then the tip of my nose. His tenderness made my breath hitch and a whimper escaped when his soft lips met mine.

The kiss was slow as his tongue swiped against my lips. He deepened it, licking into my mouth at a torturous pace.

I moaned into his hot mouth as my hand cupped his pec, squeezing his already leaking nipple between my fingers.

The extra fullness from not being emptied properly made the milk flow out of him

like a broken faucet.

I whimpered because the wet warmth felt so good against my skin, but I couldn't stand letting it go to waste. "Daddy, please." I whined into his mouth, desperate to get a taste. It had only been two days, but I missed his sweet milk and the bond that seemed to grow with every suck.

He broke the kiss, his eyes blown with lust. "Please what, baby? Tell Daddy what you need."

"You're making me all wet, Daddy. I don't wanna waste. Please, can I suckle?"

He looked down, and his eyes widened at the mess on his stomach. "Yes, baby boy. Daddy needs you to take care of him."

I eagerly made my way down his body, sticking out my tongue to lap at the milk coating his skin as I went.

"Such a good boy cleaning up his Daddy."

My tongue swirled around his puffy nipple before I latched on.

"Fuck, sweetheart, your mouth feels so good."

His milk flowed easily down my throat, and that first gush made me crave even more as I sucked faster.

Daddy carded his fingers through my hair, rubbing my scalp as he cooed in pleasure. "Shh, it's okay, little one. Slow down or you'll hurt your tummy. I'm not going anywhere."

I took deep breaths through my nose, trying to pace myself.

“That’s it. Nice and slow. Good boy.” He continued rubbing my scalp as I suckled, showering me in praise and affection.

I drifted off as Daddy’s delicious milk warmed my belly, making it too hard to stay awake as the lack of sleep and stress from flying finally caught up to me.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

I had one last meeting to attend, and after that, I was all his. I put a diaper on Ollie so he'd sleep better, tucked him into the bed, and left him to sleep. The relief I felt at not only having an empty chest but also having Ollie close by was tremendous, and I felt a hundred pounds lighter throughout the morning.

It was nice to have one more opportunity to meet with some of the guys from The Lactin Brotherhood. I was truly grateful for the way they were able to help me when I was at my most vulnerable point in life, and more importantly, that they connected me to the most important person in my world.

My sweet boy.

I slipped back into the room just before one in the afternoon and found Ollie sitting up in the bed with his stuffed frog in his lap and a cartoon playing on his phone. "Daddy! You're back." He jumped up to his feet and practically knocked me down when he landed in my arms. "I'm so glad."

Laughing, I spun him around and flopped backward onto the bed, pulling him against me as I went. "I'm glad you're glad. Did you get some rest, baby?"

"Yeah, I just woke up a little bit ago, and now I'm hungry." His palms flattened on my cheeks and pushed them together then planted a sloppy kiss on my scrunched-up lips. "Let's eat."

"Okay, okay." I chuckled against his mouth and tickled his sides. I loved it when Little Ollie was silly and playful like this. It was what I'd been missing in my life for so long. And now that I knew he loved me and was moving in with me permanently, I

was walking on air. “There’s a place I think you’ll like. Let’s get you dressed, and we’ll head out.”

“Okay. Help me, Daddy.” Ollie flopped onto his back and kicked his legs up. The diaper was puffy so I knew it was full, but he had quickly overcome his self-consciousness about it and was completely comfortable just wearing that and the t-shirt he had on when he arrived.

After getting him cleaned up, I pulled a pair of clean briefs out of his bag and grabbed his discarded joggers then slipped them both past his fidgety feet and over his thighs. “Bottom up, sweetheart.”

Ollie lifted his butt off the mattress so I could get his undies and pants all the way up, and then I pulled him to a sitting position. “Ready for some yummy mac and cheese and donuts?”

His eyes went wide as he nodded and clasped his hands together. “Is that what we’re having for lunch?”

I wagged my eyebrows and kissed his nose. “There’s a place called Bucket List that has them both, apparently. And...” I tugged him up on his feet and held him to my chest. “They might even have snow cones for good boys. Do you know any good boys?”

“Me, me, me.” He bounced in my arms, making sure I noticed him. “And I love snow cones.”

“All right, then.” I walked him backward so he could sit on the bench while I put on his socks and shoes. “Let’s go get my good boy fed.”

Ollie was definitely hungry and ended up finishing his mac and cheese, some wings,

and half a dozen mini donuts. In fact, he was so full that instead of hitting the zipline or roller coaster afterward, we decided to walk up and down the strip, checking out the interesting people and casinos along the way.

I had a list of fun activities on my phone, so as soon as Ollie was feeling better, we wandered to a glow-in-the-dark minigolf place and played two games.

He was surprisingly good at golf and won both games, but only by a few points.

“So, what’s my prize, Daddy?” Ollie hung from my arm as we walked back toward the hotel. “Because when you win at mini golf, you get a prize. Right, Daddy? I get a prize?”

My smile just got bigger at his slight regression. He had never been so free and so Little in public before, and I took that as a sign that he was happy and comfortable. Which was all I ever wanted for my boy. “Yes, you do. What would you like your prize to be?”

“Hmmm...” He tapped his lips with this finger as we continued to walk. “Maybe a tickle fight?”

“A tickle fight?” I burst out laughing and reached for his side. “Is that a prize for you or for me?”

He shrugged and leaned his head on my shoulder. “Me...and you.”

“How about we have a tickle fight, get you in the bath, and then we can order dinner in the room and watch some movies tonight? Sound good?”

Ollie nodded against my arm and squeezed me even tighter. “Sounds like the perfect night, Daddy. But you forgot about one thing.”

I raised an eyebrow, pretty sure I knew what he was gonna say but always happy to hear it from his lips. “Oh, yeah? What’s that?”

“Milkies!” He grinned up at me and then licked his lips dramatically, being silly without regard for any random stranger on the street who might see him.

“I could never forget that, baby.” I kissed him on the lips, and we kept walking. “Especially when you’re so sweet and lovey, and I just want to pull you into my lap right this second.”

He started walking faster, dragging me behind him. “Well, hurry up, Daddy. We need to do that.”

I barely kept up as we rushed back to the hotel to begin one of the best nights of my life. The first night of the rest of our lives together.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:16 am

“Hey, little one, we’re home.” Daddy reached across me to unbuckle my belt. He ruffled my hair and placed a soft kiss on my hairline. “Come on, sweet boy. It’s time to wake up.”

I tried to reply, but my thumb was in my mouth. I must’ve started sucking it in my sleep. Being in Vegas with Daddy was amazing, but all the excitement wore me out, and I fell asleep the second we pulled out of the airport.

A wet pop sounded as I pulled out my thumb and whined. “I sleepy, Daddy.”

“I know, sweetheart. But right now, I need you to be a good boy and wake up because I have comfy jammies and yummy milkies just for you.” Daddy gave me a wink and squeezed his pec through his shirt.

I licked my lips and giggled, suddenly very awake and very thirsty. “Mmm. Yes, please, Daddy, m’ thirsty.” I loved how confident he’d become with his lactation. It was so sexy.

I got out of the car and discreetly adjusted my rapidly growing cock.

“Ah-ah, little one. None of that.”

Oops. He caught me. “I’m sorry, Daddy. You’re just so yummy. I can’t help it.”

Daddy leaned down, his hot breath ghosting against my ear, and his voice deep and breathy. “That’s mine, baby boy. Be good, and I’ll make sure that pretty little cock of yours gets plenty of attention while your thirsty hole milks it.”

“Daddy!” I whimpered as my cock became painfully hard in my jeans.

He let out a deep chuckle as he led me inside, obviously enjoying the way his words scrambled my brain. “Welcome home, sweetheart.”

Home. This was my home now. I giggled happily as I slammed into Daddy, wrapping my arms around his waist. “I-I’m home, Daddy.”

“Yes, you are.” His arms wrapped around me, squeezing me tightly. “I love you, Oliver. I’m so lucky I get to call you my boy.”

Tears dampened my cheeks as I bounced on my heels so I could give him a quick kiss. “I love you too. You’re the bestest Daddy ever!”

His gaze was full of love, and it warmed me to my core. “Always for you, sweet boy. Now, come on. Let’s get to it.”

I jumped up and down with excitement. “Yay! Do I really get to suck your other milk out with my bottom?” My dick was already fighting against my zipper as I raced down the hall.

“Yes, but no running in the house, little one. I can’t make love to my sweet boy if he’s hurt.” He growled sternly in his sexy Daddy voice, making me slow down even though my cock throbbed even more.

“Sorry, Daddy. I’ll be good.” I stood next to my special bed, rocking back and forth on my heels. Desire coursed through me, making it impossible to stay still.

Daddy walked into my playroom and started shuffling through the drawers to get my jammies and diaper, then he set them by the bed.

If I thought my dick was as hard as it could get, that changed the second Daddy

started taking off his clothes. I whimpered when he removed his boxers because his hard cock was leaking from the tip, twitching as his gaze raked over my body.

“You’re so fucking sexy, boy. So needy you can’t even stop wiggling.” Daddy closed the distance between us and started slowly removing my clothes. He placed soft kisses on my skin, his hot lips making my whole body alight with pleasure.

His breath ghosted over my hard cock as he placed more kisses on my thighs then peeled my briefs off. He stood up, instantly bringing his mouth to mine in a heated kiss.

My lips parted and a low moan escaped when his tongue dove into my mouth, licking and sucking more as he completely devoured me. When we finally broke for air, I whimpered, already missing his lips. “Daddy, your kisses are so good. Need more.”

“I’m going to make sure you get as many kisses as you want for the rest of our lives, but right now, I need to be inside you, baby. Lie down on your stomach and show me your pretty hole.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I slowly lowered myself onto the bed, tucking my knees underneath me so he had full and complete access.

The bed dipped under his weight as he settled behind me. “Fuck, baby. What a thirsty little hole you have for me.” His big, rough fingers grazed down my spine, making me shiver.

My head jerked to look behind me, gasping as warm liquid trickled down my crack and coated my opening. “Daddy?” My eyes widened, and I moaned obscenely when I processed what I was looking at.

Daddy was fisting his fat cock while his other hand rested over his right pec. Those thick fingers pinched and pulled his swollen bud, spraying my backside with his milk.

“Your pretty hole was so thirsty, baby. I needed to get it nice and wet so I can feed you my cock.”

He stopped pumping his dick but continued milking himself as his thick digit swirled the liquid around my pucker.

“Daddy, please.” I gasped and whined, the circular motion of his finger teasing me until my hips bucked into the mattress.

“I’ve got you, baby boy.” His finger breached my first ring of muscle as the milk dripped down my sac and pooled underneath me.

“I n-need you, Daddy. Please.”

“Such a good boy...begging to be filled. You like Daddy making you all wet and sticky, don’t you, sweetheart?”

Daddy took his time stretching me, slowly adding two more fingers, driving my desire higher and higher until I was about to burst.

“Now, Daddy. I feel too empty.”

He removed his fingers from my ass and squirted a bit more milk onto my hole before using it to lube up his cock.

“I love how needy you are, baby. Your polite begging has my balls about to burst.” His heavy sac swayed as he lined his milk-coated cock up to my hole. His thick fingers had loosened me up enough that he quickly buried himself inside me in a single thrust, and we both cried out in ecstasy.

“F-fuck, sweetheart. You were made for me. So perfect.” He grabbed my hips and held me as he slowly ground into me. After a moment, he pulled almost all the way

out and then plunged even deeper inside me. Each thrust hit my prostate with such precision, shooting electric pleasure up my spine.

My hips bucked wildly, trying to get any kind of friction on my throbbing cock, but Daddy's words kept me still. "Not yet."

"Daddy, please. My cock is so hard it aches."

He squirted more milk into his palm, allowing the warm liquid to coat his skin.

I moaned as he wrapped his hand around my length and started pumping me hard and fast. The warm wetness made my head spin as my balls drew up to my body. "Daddy... Ah, I-I need— Please."

"Do it, boy. Let go for Daddy. Come for me."

My hips jerked, my cock erupting with thick ropes that coated his fist while he worked me through my orgasm. "Need your milk inside my hole. Please, Daddy."

"Such a dirty boy. You're milking me so good I'm g-gonna... Fuck." He slammed into me as his rhythm faltered.

It was amazing to feel his cock pulsing as he released his thick creamy milk inside me.

After several long moments of shaking and panting, he pulled out and watched his come drip from my hole and land in the puddle of milk. "I love seeing my boy's thirsty hole so wet with all my milk."

Daddy was just as dirty as he was sweet, and I loved it so much. He was so sexy yet so soft and caring. It made me feel like I was floating. "I love you so much, Daddy. You make my heart so full. You're everything."

He scooped me up, laying us both on the bed to snuggle, neither of us caring that we were still covered in come. “You’re my whole world, sweet boy. I love you too.”

I swooned as he kissed my nose. Then he cupped the back of my head and guided me to his chest. “Drink up, little one. You relax now, and let me take care of you.”

My body melted into his touch, and I wrapped my lips around his nipple and took a slow pull to steady my breathing. All my thoughts slipped away, and nothing else mattered except the love I felt, safe in my Daddy’s arms.