



Wylan (A Daddy for Christmas 2)

Author: *Kota Quinn*

Category: LGBT+

Description: Seth and Wylan have been dancing around each other for a year and a half. Ever since Seth first laid eyes on the stunning boy, he couldn't get him off his mind. Only now, Wylan works for Seth.

Through meddling friends and a Christmas charity auction for their local club, Seth discovers his desire for a relationship with Wylan.

Can Wylan put himself out there, even though he knows he doesn't fit into the typical mold of a boy or little? Given his past rejections by every Daddy he meets, what makes Seth any different?

Wylan is a sweet and quick feel-good holiday romance. Its about two people who feel like they dont fit into a box, yet somehow find that special person who accepts them, as is.

Total Pages (Source): 9

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

A year and a half ago...

“Seth, we have an issue at table nineteen.”

I let a deep breath out through my nose and roll my shoulders. There’s another soft knock on my door. “What is it, Scotty?” I snap at my employee. The server’s eyes pop wide, and a wave of guilt hits me. I never... and I mean never, snap at my employees. I have a reputation for being a good, kind boss, but today always gets me in my damn feels.

Fuck. I think I even used my Dom voice. I clear my throat. “I’m sorry, Scotty. It’s been a really rough day.” Every year on this day is a hard one for me.

Scotty’s shoulders relax at my words, accepting the excuse as truth. I give him a small grateful smile. I’m a strong believer in running my business with a friendly yet firm hand, rather than being an overbearing dictator. Keeping my employees happy is important to me.

“It’s okay, boss.”

“Seth,” I correct easily. “Now, what’s going on with table nineteen? Please don’t tell me he’s upset with the dessert menu.”

Tonight is the first night my restaurant, Silk, is featuring an extensive dessert menu. This extra sweetness is a tribute to the boy I adored. The boy I lost all those years ago.

“No. It isn’t the menu, that’s been a wild success. The gentleman at table nineteen has a complaint about the couple at table twelve. He wants to speak with the owner.”

I arch a brow as I stand from my office chair. Scrubbing my hand through my wavy blond hair, I gather it into a bun and tie it in place with a ponytail. “What’s wrong with the couple at table twelve? Did one man steal another man’s wife or something?”

“No, nothing like that. Let’s just say he’s offended by the two men.” Scotty’s face turns a deep shade of red. “The couple is rather...intimate. I didn’t ask him for a reason when he ignored me and kept demanding to speak with you.”

I roll my eyes. Damn it. I better not be dealing with some homophobic assholes. “Thanks, Scotty. Let me get presentable, and I’ll be right there.” Scotty nods, clicking the door closed behind him. In the large mirror attached to my office door, I glance at my white shirt, the sleeves rolled to my elbows. I don’t even bother unfolding the sleeves. Instead, I throw my suit jacket over the dress shirt and check my watch.

I’m making good time. I still have an hour until my demo at Dark Satin starts. I usually like to meditate before each demo I teach, but tonight, I’ll just be thankful for any distraction before I head over to the kink club. Since tonight is the anniversary of the passing of one of the only boys I’ve ever loved, I need to stay busy. I need to keep my mind off of all the what-ifs.

At the last moment, I shrug back out of my suit jacket and opt for the casual, rolled-up sleeve look. Even though this is a fancy restaurant, the townsfolk are used to me in casual wear. I figure that if this asshole is a homophobic prick, then he can get a good look at the pride flag tattooed on my forearm before I kick him out.

As I make my way through the kitchen and onto the floor, Scotty spots me and guides me to the correct table. My face scrunches in confusion when I see an angry-looking

blond man sitting at table nineteen. It isn't the blond that confuses me, though, but the fact he's sitting with a younger man who is currently trying to rub soothing intimate circles on the angry fucker's wrist.

Okay, so he clearly isn't homophobic.

I place a smile on my face and extend my hand out to the grumbling red-faced man. "Thank you for visiting Silk. My name is Seth. I'm the owner of this restaurant. How can I help you today?"

"Carl," he barks. "We have an issue here."

Carl sneers at my hand, eyes bouncing behind me—probably at the table with the couple who's currently offending him. I continue to hold my hand out to the jackass, not dropping it. I'm here to try to help him, and if he's too good to shake my hand, then that shows me a lot about his character. After another awkward few seconds, I'm shocked when tiny, slim fingers slide against mine, and an electric spark jolts through me.

I forgot all about the quiet young man sitting with Carl. My eyes flicker over to the jerk's poor date and I freeze.

A gasp tumbles from the dark-haired beauty's plush lips. Wide, doe-like blue eyes meet mine, and I find myself momentarily transfixed.

Fuck. He's beautiful.

Something about this man reminds me of... a rare flower. Precious, exquisite, and delicate.

It's clear that he's embarrassed about his date's behavior and is trying to save face by

shaking my hand. I angle my body toward the pretty man who's giving me all his attention. That's a mistake. A big fucking mistake when the pretty little thing doesn't let go of my hand, but continues to blink up at me with his innocent blue eyes and slightly parted lips.

Carl is too busy babbling about how the couple several tables away are ruining his night, to even notice that his date and I are trapped under some strange spell. Even my body reacts against my will and I start to grow hard. I always pride myself on my control, but apparently, with this young man, I just can't seem to help myself.

Shaking myself out of my stupor, I let go of the man's hand. I'm not a homewrecker or a cheat. I would never get between a couple—well, not without consent and eager participation.

Carl snaps again.

His date turns a deeper shade of red. "Carl," he whispers, and I don't like the way he sounded so timid, almost nervous.

Carl glances at his date. "That's enough. You don't need to fuck anything else up tonight."

The protective side of me rears its head. The side of me that is all caring, nurturing, and protective. It's a side of me I've kept buried deep since Justin passed away. All sense of professionalism momentarily leaves when I argue with Carl.

Seriously, fuck him for putting that broken look on his date's face.

Cool fingers lightly brush against mine, and I have to remind myself not to be another villain in the little flower's life. I take a deep breath and compose myself. I squeeze the young man's fingers before pulling away and tucking my hands into my pockets.

Carl still doesn't notice the exchange. Instead, he flings his arm toward the offensive couple with a huff. Carl admits that one of the guys making a scene is his ex. I slowly spin around, only to spot my friend Kingston on a date with his boy, Jamie. They are sitting in the VIP booth that's shaped like a half circle. It's tucked in the corner for privacy, but not too far away.

Half-eaten desserts are displayed in front of them, and Kingston's arm is draped over his boy's shoulder. His fingers are casually brushing over Jamie's nipple. The sight is a beautiful one, but completely inappropriate in the middle of a damn restaurant.

I bite back a smile.

Kingston is a fellow Dom, and Jamie is an exhibitionist, like me. A hundred bucks says he's discreetly fooling around with his boy under the tablecloth. The lust-drunk look on Jamie's face gives them away. Anyone glancing over at them could easily become suspicious.

"My apologies, sir," I say, interrupting the asshat. "Let me go speak with the couple."

When I reach table twelve, Jamie's eyes are closed, and little whimpers are tumbling from his mouth.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" I laugh.

Jamie's eyes pop open, looking dazed and confused. "Ma-Master Seth?"

Kingston growls. "No, Jamison. It's just Seth when we aren't at the club."

He pinches Jamie's nipple with his thumb and forefinger. Hard.

"Oh, fuck," Jamie whimpers.

“Hot, damn. Kingston.” I chuckle, trying to hide my own body’s reaction. “I didn’t know you were willing to play in public.”

“Oh my god, King, please. I can’t think straight. What’s Seth doing here? Am I dreaming?”

Kingston swipes at his phone, and just then I hear a slight vibration before it turns off. Jamie’s body relaxes before he makes a disgruntled sound.

“King,” he whines.

“Enough, Jamison. How can I help you?” Kingston asks.

I shake my head, amused. As much as I want to let my friend continue, I can’t let him feel up his boy in the middle of my restaurant. That’s what Dark Satin is for. “I’m so sorry, Kingston. I’m going to have to ask you to take it to your place, or the club, if you still want an audience.”

“Are you serious, Seth?” Kingston barks.

Kingston and Jamie launch into their story of how Jamie’s abusive ex is the one at fault here. My mind races for a solution before drifting back to the young man at the table with Carl. Is he okay? Is he in a similar situation? It’s none of my business, but damn. I want it to be. I make a silent promise to myself to follow the young man out to the parking lot. Just to make sure he’s safe. The protective Daddy side of me is back with a vengeance, but if the young guy tells me to back off, I will.

Call me stupid, but I felt something, and I’d be devastated if Carl lashed out at the young man because of what I plan to do next.

“As much as this has been entertaining, your ex has made quite a stink, Jamie. I

apologize, but several people overheard, and I have a business to run,” I say in a tone loud enough for Carl to hear. Let the asshole think he’s won. I’m hoping by saying this out loud, it will reassure any of the other guests who are eavesdropping. I’ve acknowledged the complaint, but I’m also shining a negative light on Carl.

Jamie starts protesting, but I interrupt. “That being said, between us,” I whisper. “I fucking hate abusive pricks. I will make sure his name is on the banned list. He will not be allowed to set foot back in my restaurant. You two finish this dessert. Dinner is on me today. Next time you come back, I will reserve this table for you. Your next date is also on the house. Enjoy.”

Kingston relaxes, giving me a small, thankful nod.

I make my way back to Carl’s table, lean down, and whisper in his ear. “You have one minute to leave my restaurant, you abusive piece of shit. One minute before I call the cops.”

Carl’s face flames with embarrassment and rage. He stands abruptly, making his chair screech in the process. He crumples his cloth napkin and throws it onto the table.

The balled-up napkin hits the wine glass. Before I can even react, it topples over and spills all over Carl’s date.

Carl shouts one last time before walking around the table and marching out the front door.

My eyes snap back to the dark-haired beauty. Holy shit. Asshat Carl just left him here, without a care in the world. I quickly take in the young man’s appearance. As a pleasure Dom who specializes in all kinds of kinks, I’ve trained myself to be very observant. To take in every little facial expression, twitch, and sound a person makes.

And by the immediate tension that leaves the young man, I have a feeling I did the right thing.

Tears stream down his beautiful face.

Wanting to get down to eye level, I squat next to Carl's date and hand him another cloth to soak up the wine.

"Oh no, no, no," he whispers. "I can't pay for the mess. And I definitely can't pay for dinner."

"Don't worry about any of that." I touch his knuckles lightly. "What's your name, petal?"

He gasps at the endearment, and his eyes snap up to mine. "My name is Wylan."

Pretty. Just like him. "I like it."

For the first time since I've seen this pretty little thing, he smiles. It grows wide as he looks over at me before letting his eyes wander over to Jamie.

I wipe a stray tear from Wylan's cheek, fighting the urge not to lean over and kiss him.

What the fuck is wrong with me? But as Wylan gives me another tender smile, I already know what's wrong. This sweet little thing is bringing back the protective urges I've kept buried from when I used to be a Daddy.

And as I stare into his pretty, ocean-blue eyes, I'm not entirely sure how I feel about it. But I do know one thing for sure: I'm terrified.

Wylan has the ability to completely unravel me.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

Chapter one

Wylan

Present day.

“Mother fuckin’ fiddlesticks!”

My body vibrates with laughter as I sit in front of my grandfather in his swanky new retirement home. A sense of pride washes over me as I take in his space, with its fancy white walls and large, floor-to-ceiling windows displaying the gardens outside. It might cost me a pretty penny, but I vowed years ago to give him only the best.

“Aren’t you supposed to drop the curse words when you use old man words like fiddlesticks?”

“Bullshit.” Grandpa waves his free hand in the air. “An old man doesn’t have to follow any rules when he hits a certain age.”

I reveal my winning hand and place the cards down on the table in front of us.

Grandpa snorts and rolls his eyes. “Boy, you gotta work on your damn poker face. You might have won, but I could tell you had a good hand a mile away.”

Just then, the alarm on my phone shatters our little bubble. I silence it and stand. “Okay, Pops. I gotta go meet my friends, then start my shift at work.”

Grandpa narrows his eyes at me. “Is this the job at that fancy restaurant?”

I nod. “You know it is,” I say as I gather my things and place everything in my messenger bag.

He shakes his head. “I just don’t understand why continue to work there when you have plenty of money in that damn trust fund your parents set up for you.”

Closing my eyes, I let out a slow breath and count to five. “Grandpa. I don’t want to talk about it again today.” A pang of guilt slices through me. Grandpa has no idea that I refuse to touch that money for myself. They don’t get to kick me out of their lives for my sexuality and then try to throw money at me as a way of asking for forgiveness.

The day they kicked me out was one of the worst days of my life. Being disowned by my heartless parents was painful enough, but not only that, I’d had no money or street smarts. At sixteen, I experienced homelessness for roughly a month before my grandpa found out and took me in.

Grandpa accepted me, gave me a home, and banned my parents from visiting. When I turned twenty, I was sent paperwork that gave me access to my trust fund, along with an apology. I reached out once, only to be sorely disappointed. My parents were still homophobic and cold. Nothing would change that. Since that day, I’d refused to touch the money they set aside. Until Grandpa’s legs started to give out.

The doctors and specialists were unable to help him, no matter what kind of treatment or physical therapy he did. His muscles continued to weaken, leaving him barely able to walk. Grandpa needed more help than I could provide, and I wanted him to have the best. Together, we packed up our lives and moved to Southern California, where I found a retirement home I knew he would love.

The waiting list had finally opened, and we were both eager to get him out of the other location and into this one. The facility is nice, with lots of activities to keep him social.

Hell, if I'm being honest, I would love to live here too. Unfortunately, this place is extremely expensive, more so than other retirement homes. He's under the impression his retirement covers the costs and has no idea I'm paying for part of it with my income and the rest with my trust fund. If Grandpa knew, he would probably blow a gasket and then insist on moving into my place instead.

Then he'd really see how frugal I'm living.

Leaning over him, so he doesn't have to stand, I wrap him in a hug. "Don't tell me you're getting judgmental in your old age," I joke.

He pulls me tighter against his slim body, happy that he's finally putting on that extra weight he'd needed.

"I would never judge you for your job. As long as you're happy and can pay the bills, it's not a bother to me." Grandpa gives me an all-knowing look. "But don't forget, son. I know you. You want more in life. My money says you're staying there for that pretty boss of yours."

My mouth falls open in shock, and my cheeks heat. "Grandpa! Seth isn't pretty!" Pretty is the last word that would pop into my mind when thinking about my dominant yet charming boss, with all his muscles and chiseled features. "And how the hell would you even know what he looks like?"

He smirks. "After you rambled on for hours about him, I convinced Nurse Joy to let me on the internets. He was a damn good-looking man—hot, according to Joy. Your Bossman looks like that damn superhero. What's his name again? The blond with the

long hair and the hammer?”

“Thor,” I mumble, my cheeks still on fire. Oh god, it’s true. He looks like Thor, only hotter. Who knew such a thing was even possible?

He snaps his fingers. “That’s the one. Pretty, if you ask me. All that long hair. Ask that man on a date and bring him by.”

I shake my head in horror. Asking my crush—aka my boss—out on a date is absolutely out of the question. As if it’s that easy.

“I’m only getting older,” he says, suddenly sounding serious. I sit up, alarmed. My eyes bounce around, taking in his appearance and trying to find something that’s wrong.

“Are you okay?”

He waves a hand in the air nonchalantly. “Of course, I am. I just want to make sure you have a good, solid man to take care of you when I’m gone.”

My face softens. “I can take care of myself, Pops.”

“I know you can, but I also know you want a real Daddy in your life.”

I blink. Did my grandfather just tell me I need a... no. There’s no fucking way. I’m close with Grandpa, but there’s no way in hell I would ever discuss my submissive tendencies and my yearning for a Daddy. Nope. Nope. Nope.

“I’m sorry, I think I misunderstood—”

“That Carl man you brought by last year? He is no Daddy. Please tell me you gave

him the boot because that man can't take care of a damn cactus, let alone someone as sparkling as you. I'd bet my left foot on it."

My mouth falls open for what must be the fifth time in less than ten minutes. I'm speechless. No. I'm dead. I died. It's the only reason I can come up with as to how my sweet, elderly grandpa knows about my kinky desires and search for a Daddy.

"No," I whisper, remembering that day Carl 'accidentally' left me at Silk. That day changed me. When I realized Carl was trying to make his ex-boyfriend jealous by flaunting me around the restaurant, I was horrified. When his attempts to start a scene backfired, Carl turned cruel. That week was the first time he showed his true colors. The man I thought I was falling for suddenly had so many red flags, I knew I had to get out of that relationship. And when he left me there in the restaurant, I didn't follow.

Instead, Seth took care of me. In just one sweet, caring conversation, Seth showed me what a true Daddy should look like. That day, Seth unknowingly gave me a gift. And I was smitten. Unfortunately, Seth isn't a Daddy, no matter how many times I imagine he's mine.

"I dumped Carl a while ago." I swallow hard, trying not to picture what my life would look like if I'd stayed with that horrible man.

"Good." Grandpa pats me on the leg. "I think that's what I want for Christmas this year. I want you to find yourself a good man. Or better yet, ask Thor out on a date. Then bring him by."

My lips tilt up into a smile, despite my pounding heart. "And now you're meddling. Maybe it's not good for you to be around so many people your age."

Grandpa barks out a laugh. "I just want my grandson happy."

“And what, he thinks you need a man in order to be happy?” Riley asks, outraged on my behalf.

Ash giggles, bouncing in his seat. “Correction, he thinks Wylan needs a Daddy to be happy.”

I bury my face in my hands and groan. “Oh god. I can’t believe he knows. He probably heard me call my ex that.”

Jules nudges me with his foot as he swipes through his phone. “Concentrate. Concentrate,” he orders in a fake commanding tone. “We need to fill out this application before the deadline.”

Biting my lip nervously, I glance over at Jules. “Are you sure this is the best way to find a Daddy? I’m not your typical boy,” I say with a frown. Cheerful, instrumental Christmas music is playing lightly through the overhead speakers. It’s a stark contrast to the sudden wave of sadness I feel.

Riley, Ash, Jules, and I are sitting in a booth at Silk before I start my shift. For the past month, we’ve gotten together every Wednesday for lunch before my night shift—a new tradition for the four of us. Hearing about Carl’s betrayal, Riley and Jules offered their support, aware that I didn’t have many friends in Olivia Cove. They introduced me to their friend group. I was shocked to discover that Olivia Cove has a small BDSM community. I was even more shocked when I found out all my new friends were submissive in one way or another.

Ash and Riley are littles who love age play, and Jules is a fox into pet play. Me, on the other hand? I’m not entirely sure what I am, or if I even need to put a title on it. Hence my problem with finding the right Daddy for me.

Ash frowns at me. “Don’t say that. I don’t think any of us are typical. Any Daddy

would be happy to have you.”

Jules nods. “Trust me, my Daddy said that these charity auctions are always a success. They connect boys and littles with their new Daddies all the time. It’s for a good cause, and it’s just one date. Worst-case scenario, you don’t click with the Daddy who bids on you, and the two of you go your separate ways.”

Just then, my co-worker, Cate, drops off our salads. We smile and thank her, making sure not to say anything else until she leaves. But as soon as she does, we dig into our food. Riley giggles, asking Jules to continue filling out our applications.

Unlike me, my bestie is excited to take part in this auction. At least he knows exactly what he likes and how he fits into the kink community.

“What exactly are you looking for in a Daddy?” Jules asks, pointing at his phone.

I let out a deep sigh. “Someone caring and sweet. I don’t think I want a really serious Daddy.” My thoughts stray to Carl. Yeah, I definitely want someone who’s the opposite. “Maybe someone with a sense of humor?”

“I don’t understand why you just don’t make a move on Seth,” Riley says, swinging his feet back and forth under the table. “You clearly have a crush on the guy.”

My eyes widen with shock as I kick Riley. My gaze bounces around the restaurant. “Riley. Shut. Up. He’s usually here around this time.” Oh god, I feel like I’m in high school all over again. Imagine working with Seth all night, and he’s aware of my crush—how awkward would that be?

Riley makes a motion as if he’s zipping his lips closed.

Jules giggles. “You and Seth would totally be hot together.” He tilts his head

playfully to the side, reminding me of a puppy. “Although Master Seth has a few kinks I’m not quite sure you’re into.”

My fork clatters to my plate. “Ma-Master Seth? Did you just call him Master?”

Ash arches a brow. “You don’t know?”

I gasp, my gaze bouncing between my friends. “Know what? I just kind of assumed Seth wasn’t kinky.”

Jules bursts into laughter. “You’ve been working with the guy for how long and didn’t know he was kinky?”

Riley rolls his eyes. “Um, I’m sorry, but who talks with their coworkers or boss about their kinks?”

Ash laughs. “True. It took me years to tell my best friend I was kinky. It’s not always as easy to discuss such intimate things with people we know. It’s not like the movies make it out to be.”

I nod frantically. “I don’t really tell anyone—unless it’s a Daddy I’m dating. It’s why I’m so grateful you three are in my life now.” I wave around at the three of them. “I’ve never had this before.”

Riley grins and gives me a side hug.

“You’re right.” Jules smiles. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean anything by it. I was just shocked. Seth is really well known at Dark Satin. He’s one of the Doms who volunteers to give demonstrations on safe practices.”

Hope fills my chest. Could Seth be a Daddy? “You said he has a few kinks you’re not

sure I'm into?"

Jules nods. "If you start going to the club with us regularly, you'll probably get to see his demos. I won't go into it since I can't really speak for Seth, but he makes it very obvious that he likes a little edge of pain."

My heart pounds in a frantic, excited beat as blood rushes to my head. "Giving or receiving?" I whisper.

"Both. But enough of that, let's finish this application." Jules waves his phone. "You wanted me to select that you're a sub looking for a Daddy. Now it wants me to get a little more specific. Do you consider yourself a little, a middle, a boy, a pet, or maybe 'other?'"

"This is exactly what I was referring to when I said I wasn't typical. Other."

"Okay, it's asking you for an explanation." Jules tries to hand me his phone, but I shake my head.

"It's okay. I wanted you to fill it out for me. It helps me not freak out so much."

Jules nods. "Okay, what do you want me to put here?"

I think about it for a moment. What's the best way to describe myself that would make sense to a Dom? Taking a deep breath, I lay everything out for Jules. Riley and Ash hum encouragingly as Jules types.

"Anything else I should add?"

Glancing around at my friends, I have this insane urge to tell them. I take a deep breath and let out a truth I've never admitted to anyone before. "You can go ahead

and add that as long as I'm safe, I like a little bite of pain when turned on."

Jules' fingers fly across the screen as Ash's head snaps up, and I glance over at my best friend.

Riley's eyes sparkle. "Well, now. Looks like Wylan and Seth might have more in common than we realized."

"I wonder if my Daddy can convince a certain Dom to participate in the Christmas Charity Auction." Jules has a small, calculating smile on his face. "In the meantime, have I ever told you about the time I learned how to flirt?"

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

Chapter two

Seth

I shut my office door with a grin as I accept the video call on my cell phone. “Hey there, Hunter. What’s up, man?” I’m greeted by the image of my best friend, not surprised to see the bar top of Dark Satin behind him. He’s smiling into the phone, his wavy brown hair tumbling into his face.

Hunter is one of the co-owners of Dark Satin. He opened the kink club with one of his friends, Cal, a few years back. I find it impressive how much pride the two men have in their business. Not only is the building classy and discreet, but the club also offers a variety of kinks, as well as a safe place to explore certain desires.

I glance at the time on my computer screen. The club will be open in a few hours. I also grin when I realize Wylan should be clocking in soon. I don’t know what’s gotten into Wylan lately, but he’s a little more talkative, almost playful.

If I’m not mistaken, it’s almost as if he’s been flirting with me. Impossible. I shut that train of thought down right away. How many times have I silently hoped that Wylan would see me as a potential love interest? I’ve known the man for all this time, and not once has he shown any true interest.

Usually, I’d just ask the guy out, throw my hat in the ring, and see what happens. If I get rejected, then no harm, no foul. We can both move on and I’m not left to wonder. But with Wylan, everything was different from the start. I’ll never forget the first time I saw him sitting in my restaurant, blinking up at me with those lovely blue eyes.

When he officially broke things off with ass-hat Carl, I could tell how wounded and fragile Wylan was. I didn't want to push too fast, and the hidden Daddy inside of me insisted we give him space, despite my inner caveman telling me to make a move. I couldn't even be sure Wylan wanted a Daddy, despite calling his ex that. I needed to tread carefully.

Don't get me wrong, I'm glad I took the extra time to get to know Wylan. He's everything I've ever could have wanted in a boy and better than I ever could have imagined. Sweet, caring, and a little shy at first. If anyone is ever lucky enough to earn his trust and peel back that timid layer, they will learn that he's actually playful and funny. Quite honestly, the man is my kryptonite.

"Hey, Seth. Thanks for picking up. I figured you'd be at work."

I place my phone in its stand so I don't have to hold it up, prop my shoes up on the edge of my desk, and lean back, crossing my ankles. "I am, but you know I'd always answer if I see your call. Anyway, you never call me around this time. Is everything okay?"

Hunter nods. "Look, I have Cal here with me." Just then, Cal leans into the phone screen and waves.

I shoot the man a smile. "Oh god, what are you two up to? Did Hunter rope you into this conversation, hoping I'd say yes to whatever favor he needs?"

Cal laughs. "Actually, it's the other way around. I was hoping your bestie here could give you a call. I need a favor. Okay, technically, Dark Satin needs a favor. I was hoping you'd swing by really quick and we can chat in my office?"

I glance at the clock again and frown. "Why can't you just ask right now, over the phone?" Wylan should have clocked in by now, and I'd hate to miss him before I

clock out for the day. I'll be the first to admit that I'm acting more like a lovesick teen, rather than the forty-three-year-old grown man I should be. But damn, a flirty Wylan is so much fun. Seriously, why has the boy been so damn playful lately? What's changed?

"Earth to Seth?" Hunter snorts. "You over there mooning over your employee again?"

Damn. Busted. I roll my eyes anyway and stand up, throwing on my jacket. "Fine, I'll be over there in a few. But you two owe me."

Cal grins at the screen. "So, you'll do it? You'll help Dark Satin?"

Hunter chuckles. "Nah. What he means is that we owe him for taking time out of his precious day."

I point finger guns at the phone. "Got it in one," I wink. "No one is bothering to tell me what this mystery favor is."

"Yeah, yeah," Hunter says, glancing at his business partner. "I told you he'd be a hard sell."

"Okay, I'm intrigued."

"Good, then get your ass over here." With that, Hunter hangs up, leaving me gawking at the black screen.

I walk out of my office and pocket my phone. My eyes immediately find the person I'm looking for. Wylan is standing by the kitchen door, chatting with Cate. Today he's wearing a form-fitting dark blue dress shirt with subtle, barely there silver snowflakes. My eyes pause on his new haircut and color.

Every so often, Wyland changes the color of his hair. He isn't like Jules or Noah, two boys I see at Dark Satin with their Daddies. Those two boys dye their hair wild, fun colors. But not Wyland; he changes his hair to more natural colors. The last time I saw him, it was light brown, and today, it's strawberry blond.

He looks so fucking beautiful. Shaking my thoughts away, I stride forward with a smile.

"Good afternoon, you two. Cate, can you make your way up front and cover Wyland's duties? I need to borrow him for something else. Bex called in sick today."

"Sure thing, Seth," Cate says as she makes her way up front.

Wyland's shoulders straighten as he blinks up at me. In the past, he would have been slightly more... submissive. He used to be all adorable stuttering and rosy cheeks. I mean, he still is, but something is definitely different. Instead of dropping his eyes, his baby blues seem to sparkle.

"Wyland, would you mind overseeing the set up in VIP room three? I have to see a friend for a quick moment before running an errand."

Wyland's whole face lights up as if I've given him keys to the kingdom. "Of course, Sir."

I shudder at his innocent words. Damn, how I'd love to hear him call me Sir while at the club.

"Good. Follow me, petal." The nickname falls from my lips without a second thought. Internally, I wince, although it isn't the first time I've called him petal at work, and I'm sure it won't be the last time either. I glance over my shoulder and see Wyland standing there, staring down at the floor with the sweetest little smile on his

face. I light up inside, knowing I put that smile there. “Let me show you the decoration package the guest requested when booking the room.”

Silently, Wylan walks by my side, never faltering at my speed. We make it back to my office, where I hand him one box and offer to carry the other for him. At first, he refuses, but I insist. Handing him the lighter box, we carry them to the other side of the restaurant and into the VIP room.

“I’ll place these on the table and you can go set that box down on the floor.” I point to the corner of the room. I about swallow my tongue when he bends in half, sticking his little round ass high in the air. When Wylan stays in that position for a beat longer than what should be considered normal, he casually glances over his shoulder. The blush on his cheeks and his subtle smile show his perfectly shy and flirtatious personality.

Damn. My boy did that on purpose. Didn’t he?

I grip my steering wheel with a white-knuckle grip as I chastise myself. Wylan is not my boy. I’m not his Daddy. I’m his mother-fucking boss, for shit’s sake. But as the image of Wylan bending over to drop that box replays in my mind, I can’t fight my attraction.

When it comes to my employee, my thoughts and feelings are always a whirlwind of emotions. I’ve known Wylan for a little over a year and a half, and since the moment I first spotted the boy, I knew I was in trouble.

A little niggles of doubt worms its way into my head. What would a beautiful twenty-eight-year-old man want with a forty-three-year-old Dom with a fondness for pain? No, Wylan is too sweet for the likes of me. I need to get over this damn crush and get thoughts of Wylan being my boy out of my head.

“So, let me get this straight. You want me to participate in a Christmas Charity Auction during Masquerade Night this weekend?”

Cal nods.

I shake my head, already coming up with a million excuses. When Hunter and Cal invited me here today, I just assumed they wanted me to teach a few extra demos. But an auction that’s literally designed to connect Daddies with their perfect boys? I don’t think so. That’s a chapter in my life that should be left closed. I ignore the little traitorous thought that pops up, telling me how much I miss being a Daddy.

“I don’t know. Why can’t you ask someone else? I know at least six Daddy Doms right off the top of my head.

Cal lets out a deep sigh. “We need another Daddy to participate in this year’s charity auction. Everyone else is busy with the holidays right around the corner.”

I arch a brow at Hunter, but he just shrugs. Every year, Dark Satin runs a charity auction. It’s a fun way for Daddies and littles to connect while giving to the community.

“Please,” Cal tries again, leaning forward in his seat. “We need another Daddy.”

My heart pounds. “I don’t see what that has to do with me,” I lie. Fuck, does he know?

Cal opens his mouth to say something else when Hunter speaks up. “Cal, do you mind if I have a moment with Seth here?”

“Sure. You two work it out. If we need to find someone else, Hunter, let me know.” Cal gets out of his seat, pats me on the back, and walks out of his office.

“A last-minute boy signed up for the auction before it closed. We need several extra Daddies to participate so that every boy is bid on. Can you imagine a cute little going up there on stage, all wide-eyed and hopeful, thinking this year will finally be the year they find a Daddy, only to not have anyone bid on them?”

Fuck. They would be devastated. An image of some faceless boy just standing there waiting for someone to bid on him replays in my mind. “You’re playing dirty, and you know it,” I growl at my soon-to-be ex-best friend.

Hunter chuckles. “Fine.” He puts his hands up in the surrender motion. “I just thought you might want first dips at bidding for this particular little submissive. He’s the one constantly on your mind, after all.”

I narrow my eyes. What the hell is Hunter playing at? “The only person who’s been on my mind lately is—” My words trail off and my body jerks forward in my seat. Is Hunter hinting that Wylen applied to participate in the Christmas Charity Auction?

“Hunter,” I hesitate. “What are you getting at?” There’s no fucking way the young man I’ve been crushing on is actually kinky and in the community. Is there?

Hope lights up in my chest, flickering in the darkness. I try to ignore it, but that’s the thing about hope; once it catches fire, it lingers or grows until it’s completely snuffed out.

A wicked smile covers his face. “You know I can’t disclose who might be up for auction. Not until their names are revealed after they unmask themselves.” He pauses, his smile growing wider. “Who knows, maybe I’ll bid on the beautiful boy for myself.”

I stand abruptly, toppling my chair over with a loud crash. “Like hell. No one gets to move in on my boy. Not until I make my feelings clear!”

“Easy, now, big guy.” Hunter pats me on the back. “I knew you’d come around.”

Then, to my utter embarrassment, Hunter laughs. “He’s in!” Hunter calls out to Cal.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

Chapter three

Wylan

“ O h no, oh no, oh no. What have I gotten myself into?” I mumble through my nerves as I pace backstage. Pulling back the curtain, I peer out at the gathering crowd. Dark Satin is buzzing with excitement, even more so than their typical Masquerade Night. How many members does Dark Satin have? Jeeze. Are all those men Daddies, or are they just here to help support the fundraiser? I shove the curtain back in place.

Is it too late to back out of this auction?

As soon as the thought comes to mind, I bat it away. I want to be here. If there’s even a small chance Seth is here, I want to see if this auction is the little push we need. There’s no way that whatever is building up between us is all in my head. And even though Grandpa said I should just ask him, I doubt I have the guts to directly ask my boss out on a date.

But does it count if we were friends long before he hired me? Because in all honesty, this little crush blossomed way before I started working at Silk.

“Stop peeking at all the people out there. You’re going to make me nervous too.” Riley rubs his tummy with a pout, and I instantly feel bad. All my worries vanish the moment I take in my best friend’s appearance. I can tell he’s hovering somewhere between adult and little.

My eyes drop down to his hand that’s currently trying to soothe his stomach. “Are

you sure you're okay?" Riley tends to get really nervous around big crowds. I wouldn't be surprised if he decides to skip tonight's auction.

Riley nods. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just ignore me. Maybe it was my lunch," he lies. "Let's just head back and see if our elf costumes are here yet."

Reaching for Riley's hand, I squeeze it once before I guide him to the locker rooms. Sure enough, there are several boys already back here changing into their colorful outfits.

Ash rushes forward when he sees us, his wavy black hair flopping in his face. He's holding up a bright outfit that's mostly red with green trim. "How freaking cute are these?" He squeals. I chuckle at his enthusiasm, feeling my own excitement flutter through my stomach.

I run over to the racks of clothes and flip through them until I find a green crop top that looks familiar. The matching shorts are pinned with a cute gift tag on the front. My full name is scrolled on top of the tag with pretty cursive on it. I pluck it off the hanger and hold the outfit up to my body.

The shorts are a little revealing, but still playful with all the sparkles. It's perfect. I love dressing up. When I told Jules that I have little tendencies, dressing up is part of it. While I don't regress completely, certain outfits evoke different feelings—more confidence, a touch of silliness, and a sense of fun.

"Well, don't stop on my account. Put it on," Riley says with a shaky smile. "Maybe seeing you dress up will soothe my nerves."

I tug Riley into my arms and give him a comforting hug. "Don't feel any pressure to join me on stage. If you don't want to go up there, we can have a playdate when I'm done."

Riley gives me a thankful look. "I'll think about it. Thank you, bestie. Now, get dressed, you have a certain man to impress."

Oh my god, this is really happening. Despite my nerves, I shimmy out of the rest of my clothes with a smile, eager to get into the elf outfit. The smooth glide of the thin red stockings sends an extra thrill of sensation against my skin as I roll them up my legs. I hop into my shimmery green short-shorts and throw on the top.

"Don't forget your mask," Jules says, suddenly by my side.

"Thanks." I grin, looking at the pretty black lace. "Can you tie it for me?"

"Sure thing. Turn around." Jules places the mask over my eyes as he hums along to a Christmas song. "Your prince charming is here, by the way," Jules whispers into my ear so no one else can hear.

My heart skips a beat. "Does that mean he's actually a Daddy?"

"I'm still not entirely sure. How did the flirting go?"

A blush creeps onto my face. "Oh my gosh," I groan. "Good, I guess." An image of Seth checking me out from behind comes to mind. Shit. I can't believe I did that. I bent over hoping to be seductive, but once I realized I was supposed to pretend to be doing busy work, it was too late, and I kind of just...froze.

Jules tickles my side. "Oh my god, the look on your face. You did something crazy. Didn't you?"

"Hey!" I swat his hands away.

"And what kind of answer is that? Good, you guess? What does that even mean?"

“It means I probably made a fool of myself.”

Jules narrows his eyes. “Did he tell you to stop? Or did he seem upset that you were flirting with him?”

I shake my head. “No. But he seemed confused, at first.” When Seth finally caught on to what I was doing, it resulted in a smile so beautiful it had me weak in the knees. “I think he was flirting back?” I pose it as a question, because there’s no way he was really flirting back. Right?

“Well, there you go! That sounds good.” Jules pats me on the back. “I’m pretty sure he’s here for you, Wylan.”

My eyes widen. “Why would you say that?”

He winks. “Let’s just say I have a pretty good feeling. The way that man watches you? Wow, if I didn’t have Cal, I’d be jealous.” Jules fans himself with his hand and I roll my eyes.

As soon as the mask is in place I take in my appearance in the large body-sized mirror. I almost don’t recognize myself. I run a hand through my strawberry blond hair. I completely forgot I dyed it the other day.

Riley taps Jules on the shoulder and pouts. “Do you think Cal will mind if I skip the auction and play in the Little’s Room? I think I need to get out of my head for a bit.”

My brows pinch together, worried that Riley might be by himself.

“Sure,” Jules replies. Tony is back there monitoring the room. There are a few Daddies and littles in there, so you can play with them or play on your own.”

Riley and I both visibly relax. I pull him into my arms again and smile. “I’m proud of you, Ry. I’ll join you after.”

“But what about your date? Don’t you need to go out with the Daddy who wins?”

I shake my head. “Whoever wins a date with me should understand. Any good Daddy would. If he doesn’t, then maybe I don’t want a date with him.”

Shortly after Riley heads out of the locker rooms, looking lighter than he has all night, I take a moment to really appreciate myself in the mirror. My elf outfit is mostly a green sparkly crop top, matching booty shorts, and red tights. As I twirl in a circle, I giggle at the way I shimmer in the light.

That fun floaty feeling I get when I’m in my happy headspace takes over me, pushing most of my nerves away. I’m not a little or a middle. I’m not a pup, or anything like that. I’m just... me. And I pray that whichever Daddy—whether it’s Seth or not—who bids on me tonight is willing to hear me out and try to understand.

I want to be accepted, and not pushed into a box that says I need to act a certain way.

All my previous exes tried to tell me how to act, how to play, what was right and how I did things wrong. But no matter what I tried I never could get into that headspace unless I did it my way.

Again, I just hope that this Daddy is willing to try with me. Whoever he is.

Once we are all dressed and backstage, the bidding war begins. Hunter announces each little, boy, and pup, one at a time to walk the stage. The rest of us cheer and sing along to the remixed Christmas music the DJ plays over the speakers until it’s our turn.

For some people, I know this auction thing is just for fun, a way for some of the littles and boys to dress up for charity, but as I watch my friend Ash giggle and skip on the stage, it feels like more. Like this is a way for certain submissives to express themselves publicly.

I spot Ash's boyfriend and Daddy, Drake, out in the crowd as he grins up at his boy proudly and uses a sparkly Christmas themed paddle to bid. The sight makes me so freaking happy.

When it's nearly my turn, I walk towards the stage with a mix of excitement and a strange premonition that my life is about to change. Maybe it's all the happy people singing around me or maybe it's even a little Christmas magic, either way, there's a huge smile I can't seem to wipe off my face.

Chapter four

Seth

A n electric, excited atmosphere fills the club. It's always like this on Masquerade Night, but there's something different about today. The energy is almost playful and cheerful as the charity auction begins. Hunter kicks things off by introducing each boy.

Everyone around us is smiling and singing along to Christmas Carols.

Usually, Masquerade Night is filled with mystery and intrigue. It's a night for beginner kinksters, or people who don't want to disclose their identity to play. The night is always filled with hope and excitement.

It's a night when many people who have never been able to explore their kinky side are finally allowed to come out and play, to test the waters. Since Dark Satin is an exclusive high- end club, the owners vet the applications and background checks thoroughly. Most would be surprised how many rejections both Cal and Hunter issue out. Both owners take a lot of pride in having one of the safest clubs out there.

"Are you excited about tonight?" Kingston asks from his seat next to me. When I told my friend that I was attending, I was shocked to find out he was too. He said that there were several boys and their Daddies who were participating. It's a great way for their boys to walk the stage as their partners bid on them for charity. We both know that some couples thought this would be a fun way to find a third, or even an extra play partner, but I know Kingston and Jamie are exclusive.

“I am excited.” I readjust my mask before taking a sip of my bourbon. The woodsy notes of vanilla and caramel coat my tongue and warm my throat.

“You know, I’m a little shocked that you’re participating. I always knew you had a nurturing side, but I didn’t realize you considered yourself a Daddy.”

“My last boy passed years ago,” I reply, softly. With Hunter being the exception, it’s the first time I’ve admitted it to anyone here in Olivia Cove. “It didn’t feel right trying to explore that side of me when he was gone.”

Kingston frowns. “I’m sorry to hear that. Are you okay?”

The question startles me. But what’s even more shocking is my answer. Yes. I’m fine. Better than fine. I take a moment to analyze my feelings, and realize I have a certain boy to thank for helping me heal. Ever since I met Wylan, he’s lit me up and given me hope.

“Yeah. I am okay. It was years ago. It might have taken a really long time to not feel the daily pain. But I’m okay now. Although, I still have my moments where it hurts, like on his death anniversary.”

Kingston nods, swiping a hand through his long wavy black hair. “Death is like that. We don’t ever fully get over it but we slowly heal until things are okay again. The occasional day or moment likes to sneak up on us, but we push through.”

I nod, wondering who he lost.

“Like I said, it didn’t feel right trying to explore that side of me.”

“But it does now?”

I hum, swirling the amber liquid in my glass.

“Let me guess,” Kingston says with a grin. “There’s a certain boy who makes it worth exploring again?”

I glance at my friend.

Kingston is smiling, his brown eyes sparkling. The man really is handsome with a tall, thick build, and a round middle. He looks like a Filipino version of Jason Momoa.

“You could say that.” I smile.

Wylan pops into my mind’s eye. Images of us together flicker through my mind like a slideshow. What would it feel like to come home to him every night? To see him when I first wake up, and cook him breakfast? What would it feel like to hold him in my arms as we watch a movie?

To call him my boy...

Yes, I admit, its strange to think about all the PG things I want to do with Wylan while I’m sitting in the middle of a kink club. But as I wait for him to cross the stage, I know I want more than just one date. More than just sex. I want a relationship with Wylan.

This has been a year and half in the making.

Hunter walks back onto the stage after the next couple leaves. “This next boy I’d like to introduce is a unique one, and he wants all the Daddies out there to know it.”

A few chuckles come from the audience.

Hunter playfully tsks the crowd. “Now, now. Don’t go assuming he’s a brat, because as far as I know this boy isn’t one. He’s new here to Dark Satin, mostly visiting on Masquerade Night. This boy is sweet, and a little shy, but once you break the ice, he becomes more playful.”

A small smile touches my face.

“He’s caring and kind. And he might even have a bit of a service kink worth exploring.”

A few murmurs break out around the Daddies. A submissive with a service kink is one that gets pleasure from serving his Dom, for anticipating his wants, and if possible, even being a few steps ahead so that he can anticipate his Dom’s needs. It isn’t always sexual, but sometimes it is.

As a pleasure Dom, myself, I understand that high someone can get in making their partner happy.

“This particular boy doesn’t consider himself a little, since he doesn’t fully regress to any specific age, but he does have what he likes to call ‘ little tendencies .’ He loves to cuddle with his stuffies, especially on a tough day, and he likes to wear certain outfits according to his mood. He even loves to play with his friends who are into pet play and age play, even if he isn’t in that same state of mind.” Hunter’s voice becomes more hushed, almost serious as he stares out into the crowd. His gaze lands on mine, and I’m suddenly sitting forward.

It’s then I realize that this particular boy’s introduction has been the longest. I get the feeling that Hunter—like a good Daddy—is protecting this boy. He’s probably outlining everything this boy mentioned in his application, making it very clear that this boy needs to be seen for who he is.

“This boy doesn’t like to be put into a box. He doesn’t want any Daddy to tell him how to play, or to force him to act a certain age.”

My chest grows tight imagining this boy trying to find a Daddy, only to have some asshole trying to mold him into their picture of a perfect boy. It’s unacceptable, and by the few angry murmurs from the crowd, several Daddies agree. Hunter and Cal did a really good job accepting their exclusive members.

“I know, I know,” Hunter’s smile returns. “You’ve heard enough from me. But there’s just one more note that this boy would like you to know. If he feels safe, then, this boy enjoys a little bite of pain when turned on. Without further ado, number nine, will you join us on the stage?”

His smile is bright as he walks onto the stage, practically skipping. In the distance, I can vaguely hear all the people backstage cheering and singing—distracting all the other boys as they wait their turn. All the blood rushes to my head as I recognize that pretty smile. The lace mask does nothing to hide his identity, and I get the feeling he did that on purpose.

Wylan is a cute little thing in his sparkling green short shorts. His crop top shows off his toned figure in a way I’ve never seen before, and I feel myself hardening at the sight of him. But it isn’t just his body that I’m appreciating. No, it’s his enthusiasm, that sense of happiness that’s radiating off him.

He looks so jovial and free.

Wylan bites his bottom lip. It’s a shy, seductive tug that seems to rile up his audience, as Daddies all around me start to bid. Once again, Wylan has me frozen in disbelief.

Hunter’s words replay in my head.

Wylan scans the crowd as if searching for someone, and I briefly hope he's looking for me. Taking a deep breath, I let all the eager Daddies bid on my boy until there are only three or so people caught in a bidding war.

When the bids start to slow, I calmly hold up my sparkly paddle and spit out some ungodly number.

The crowd grows silent, except for one tiny gasp from up on stage. I remove my mask, and stand up, just as Hunter announces me as the winner.

When Wylan's eyes meet mine and his face breaks out into a huge grin, I know deep down I was the one he was searching for. Wylan was looking for me.

To my delight, as soon as I walk up on stage to claim my boy, Wylan rushes forward and throws himself into my arms, wrapping his slim legs around my waist.

I wrap my arms around him and place a gentle claiming kiss on his temple.

"Thank you for bidding on me, Daddy." He whispers the last word into my ear, before biting my lobe. That little extra bite of pain has me groaning in shock.

Wylan continues to surprise me.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

Chapter five

Wylan

Is this really happening? I squeeze my legs tighter around Seth's waist. Did the man I've been crushing on for over a year just bid a gazillion dollars for one little date with me?

Me?

I mean, yeah, it wasn't actually a gazillion, and the money does go to charity, but there's no way anyone is that generous.

I giggle, bouncing on Seth, feeling happy and free. He bid on me even knowing all the stuff that Hunter promised he would lay out for the crowd. Hunter promised he'd tell all the Daddies about my various kinks. Thank goodness the Christmas music and all the cheering drowned out his intro. If I heard Hunter describe every little thing about me, I probably would have chickened out.

Seth shifts me into a comfortable position so that he's cupping my ass. It isn't sexual, but more playful. And I kind of love him for that.

"What are you giggling about, flower?"

My chest warms at the nickname. God, I love it when he calls me petal and flower. It makes me feel delicate and cherished. My eyes pop wide with shock. Have I always felt that way when Seth talks to me? I briefly think back to the moment we met and

the first time he called me petal. I think about all those times we spent our days or evenings together at work, all those times we got to know each other. And I realize the answer is yes.

I've felt precious and cared for whenever Seth talked to me.

"I'm just really happy you bid on me. I think I'm in shock."

He chuckles, placing another one of those tender kisses on my temple before we walk backstage. All the littles and boys cheer as soon as they see us. Several of them spit out questions at us as if we are celebrities, all the while Seth walks past, never letting me go. He gives them friendly noncommittal answers.

One question sticks out like a thorn as we finally leave the crowd. "Is there something here between us, or is this just the one date that you paid for?"

Seth stills, and I'm afraid I popped the cheerful bubble around us. I unwrap my legs from around his waist and he slides me down his body until my toes touch the floor.

Looking into my eyes, Seth cups my cheeks. "This isn't a one-time thing for me. Wylen, I've had feelings for you since the day I met you," he confesses.

My eyes widen. I'm about to say something when he places his index finger on my lips, hushing me.

"I get that it might take a while for you to trust me like this, but I want to explore this thing between us. I want to try and be your Daddy, and your boyfriend. Would you like that, Wylen?"

My lips part as I blink up at him. He chuckles, repeating his words. I nod, still in shock.

“I need your words, petal. Would you like it if I was your boyfriend?”

“Yes,” I whisper. “I’d love that.”

“And would you like it if I tried being your Daddy?”

I nod eagerly before fully registering his words. My brows pinch in confusion. Glancing around us, I notice we are close to one of the open Aftercare Rooms. I tug him inside and close the door behind us.

Seth looks concerned. “What’s wrong, Wylan?”

“What did you mean when you said you would try being my Daddy? You said the word ‘try’ twice.” I bite my lip nervously, suddenly worried that my strange description of how I’m a submissive confused him. Was he unsure how to handle me? Did he figure he’d try it out first?

I’ve been so damn hopeful that Seth could be mine, that it didn’t dawn on me that he might be looking for a very specific type of boy. Would he be able to handle someone who didn’t really have a label but liked to do a little bit of everything?

He gently tugs my lip from between my teeth. “I don’t like that worried look you have on your face, little one. Talk to me, please.”

I shake my head. “No. Please, Seth. I’m not trying to be a brat, but I can’t answer you until I know what you meant.” I start to tremble, feeling way too exposed.

Seth notices me shaking and his eyes widen. “Please, petal. Come here.” He opens his arms and I fall into them desperately. I need to feel any sense of comfort he’s willing to give me. Seth guides me to the large plush sofa in the middle of the room. I take a seat as he reaches for one of the large fleece blankets that’s folded on a nearby shelf.

The blanket is surprisingly warm and smells like fresh laundry.

Once I'm wrapped in the blanket, he rushes over to a mini fridge I didn't see in the corner of the room. Seth pulls out a bottle of water, takes off the cap and hands it to me.

My lips twitch. If this is him only 'trying' to be a Daddy, he's got this nailed. I should be jealous of how familiar he seems with this room, but I'm nothing but grateful at the moment. "Thank you," I say before taking a sip of the cool liquid.

I expect him to sit in the plush chair across from me, but instead he snuggles up close to me before turning. He maneuvers us around until I'm leaning my back against his front, and his legs are on either side of my hips. Part of me is tempted to press in closer and sneak my hand down between us, but I don't. I can tell whatever he has to say is important.

And it is. He launches into the story of how he used to be a Daddy ten years ago. How his boy, Justin, was the last boy he had dated when he was in a Daddy/boy relationship. Seth explains how his need to be a caretaker left when Justin passed away.

Seth tells me how he slowly started to realize over the years that nurturing his partners, boyfriends, and even play partners was an important part of who he is, but he couldn't ever bring himself to be someone else's Daddy.

Until he met me.

Now, it makes sense. And god, it's a terrifying, intoxicating feeling. This handsome, wonderful man wants to be my Daddy, that he's willing to try, because the last time he tried was ten years ago, when he lost the only boy he ever loved.

Again, I should be jealous, but as Seth confesses all his truths to me, opening up in a way he's never opened up to anyone, I know he needs me just as much as I need him. Over the next thirty minutes, Seth and I talk, confessing little things about our kinks, about our wants and needs and how hard it's been searching for someone who will accept us.

I'm shocked when he tells me that he's also an exhibitionist, that he loves driving his partners crazy with lust. Edging them until they come, sometimes driving them to experience multiple orgasms in one session, and how he likes a little bite of pain with his pleasure.

I have to admit that these last few confessions have me turned on.

We briefly mention drawing up contracts, sharing our STI results, and making sure we understand each other's limits and safe words. From an outsider's perspective, it might seem too fast, but in reality, it isn't Seth and I have been dancing around each other for almost two years. I trust this man, and it warms my chest when he says he trusts me.

"What about work?" I ask, finally approaching the elephant in the room. "Does this mean I should find a new job?"

Seth tenses under me. "Do you want to find a new job?"

I shake my head. "I love working at Silk, and if I'm being honest, I love serving you. I know others might think that's messed up or they might question my motives, but I'm genuinely happy there."

He places a kiss on my hair. "Then we won't change it. I'll admit, it might be harder now, wanting to keep my hands to myself," he jokes. "But we work well together, and it's my business. If anyone has an issue with it, then they can take it up with the

boss.”

I giggle. “And as much as I’m going to struggle keeping my hands to myself too, I’d like us to keep any PDA to a minimum while on the clock.”

Seth stills under me again. “Do you want to keep us a secret? Because I don’t like that idea, if I’m being honest. I want to be able to hold your hand or kiss your cheek. I don’t want to have to take separate cars if one of us stays the night.”

My heart skips a beat, and I grin. “No. I don’t want us to be a secret.”

“Good. Now, how about we get you into some warmer clothes and I can take you out on that first date?”

“Actually, I was hoping we could postpone our date. I need to do something else first.” I spin around in his arms until I’m facing him.

“What’s that, petal?”

“Would you like to come with me to the Little’s Room and watch me play with Riley? He’s my best friend, and I get the feeling he needs a little cheering up.”

Seth grins at me. “Of course.”

We spend the rest of the night playing with Riley, Ash, and Jules. More littles join our group, but I only feel happiness as I sink into that floaty joyful headspace that makes me want to care for my friends as we play. All the while, Seth is by my side, looking after me and playing with me and my friends.

For the first time in years, I truly feel accepted.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

Chapter six

Seth

The work week flew by, filled with stolen glances, shy smiles, and secret touches. And every day we've spent our lunch breaks together, but other than that we haven't had much time to do anything else. The closer we get to Christmas, the faster the days blend together. Since we're in the middle of Olivia Cove's main shopping center, we continue to get booked out at a faster rate with people trying to eat a fancy lunch or dinner in between shopping sprees.

We haven't had our first official date yet, something I plan on changing tonight. Despite that, Wylan and I have surprisingly fallen into a comfortable work rhythm. Somehow working even more efficiently together.

Tonight, we are both working the same shift, and just like every night this past week, my boy has been exhausted by the time we finish. I get the feeling that if I buckled him up into my truck and took that extra time to drive us somewhere, wait to be seated, and wait to order food, poor Wylan would pass out of exhaustion.

As soon as Wylan clocks out, he wraps his arms around me from behind. "Where are we going tonight, Daddy?" Just then, his stomach growls, causing me to chuckle.

"I have a surprise for you, petal. Follow me." I lace his fingers with mine and tug him toward one of the VIP rooms. As I open the door, his face lights up at the sight of all the Christmas decorations surrounding us.

The soft lights cast a warm glow across the room, and his pretty blue eyes sparkle when he takes in the tree.

“You did all this for me?”

Suddenly feeling a little silly, I launch into my explanation. “I know you mentioned not having enough space to decorate around your apartment, and I don’t know, I thought we could decorate this tree together.” I point to the sparse tree in the corner. “This room is ours for the next month; no one is allowed in, and our decorations are just for us. I was hoping for a private, yet upscale dining experience, while avoiding the crowds and holiday chaos.”

Wylan spins around, taking everything in. Then he launches himself at me.

“Ooof.”

“I love it, Daddy. This is so romantic. No one’s ever done anything like this for me.” He points at the sofa in the corner and giggles. “What’s that for?” He waggles his brows.

I chuckle. “Don’t get any dirty thoughts, boy. I also wanted a nice place where you can rest if needed. Don’t think I didn’t notice you helping out even more than usual. As much as I appreciate your help, I also want you getting proper rest.”

Wylan laughs. “And you thought you’d let me nap on that sofa in between shifts?”

I narrow my eyes playfully. “Don’t get sassy with me, boy.”

“Yes, Daddy.” He licks his lips, looking innocent and mischievous all at the same time.

“Damn, petal. You really are my kryptonite,” I say as he leans forward on his tip toes, and I meet him halfway. My lips press softly against his. It’s a sweet kiss filled with hope and longing. He leans forward again, and I’m about to kiss him more thoroughly when there’s a knock at the door.

I groan. “That would be our dinner.”

Wylan’s whole face lights up. “You ordered me dinner already?”

“I did.”

Judy walks in, giving Wylan a wink. She places several plates on the table, including our salmon special and four cheese tortellini that’s to die for. God, I love my restaurant, my staff, and the cooks.

“How do you even know what I like?” He laughs.

“Wylan,” I chuckle, pressing another soft kiss to his lips. “I’ve been paying attention to you since the moment you sat down in my restaurant.

A few days later, Wylan is just about to leave work when I see him grimace in pain. He gently rocks his neck from side to side, before rolling his shoulders and grimacing again. “Wylan, what’s wrong?”

“Sorry, it’s just a sore neck. My neck and shoulders have been killing me lately.”

I let out a relieved breath. “Why didn’t you tell me. I could’ve given you a massage.”

Wylan laughs. “What, here in the restaurant?”

“I mean we do have our own room,” I quip.

Wylan's whole face softens. He loves that room, often taking his breaks in there and using the quiet space to meditate. That first night we had dinner in there, we spent the whole evening talking, getting to know each other while we ate. Then, after dinner we decorated the tree together.

Since then, my staff, who I've employed for years, have been nothing but supportive and happy for us. Thank god, most of them were in the kink community, and just thought it was the sweetest thing to provide for my boy.

I guide Wylan to the private, employee's only restroom, and tug him inside. Right away I notice we are alone. Wylan must notice the same thing because he pulls me into a passionate kiss that has my toes curling.

When I finally pull away, I remember the main reason we came in here.

I turn Wylan around so he's facing away from me. Kneading his shoulders, and the muscles in his neck, I feel some of the tightness relax under my touch.

"Come on, petal, let me Daddy you," I whisper against his ear. He shudders, and an almost inaudible whimper falls from his lips. My cock hardens at the sound and I chuckle. Damn, I don't know what it is about giving someone pleasure, but it's so damn hot.

"You really are a pleasure Dom, aren't you?"

"I am." I dig my fingers into his shoulders. Did Wylan mean it when he said he likes a bite of pain? Over the years, I've met so many people who like the idea of pain, but when push comes to shove, most can't handle it.

"On auction night, you mentioned you like a little pain?"

Wylan hums in pleasure.

“One time, I went out on a date with a woman who had a thing for vampire romances. Turns out she doesn’t like biting at all. No matter how many times she insisted how turned on she got at the idea of pain, she didn’t actually like it applied to herself.”

Which is fine. There are so many people out there who have a secret dirty fantasy, but sometimes, hell most of the time, when they get to act it out, it doesn’t unfold the way they hoped it would.

Wylan chuckles. “Oh I like pain. I mean I don’t want to bleed or get any scars, but I don’t know, maybe we can test things out?” His voice sounds so damn hopeful, and that in itself is sexy as hell.

For some reason, I want to test Wylan now. Push him, just a little. See if he likes it as much as he tells me he does. I press my body in closer to his, pressing my chest against his back. “Do you remember your safe words, Wylan? I know a massage isn’t the same, but let’s give it a try.”

“Yes,” he giggles. “Stoplight system. My safe word is red for stop. But why would I need my safe words for an innocent massage?”

My fingers knead the muscle with a tight grip. It should be on the edge of painful, but it will help work out the kinks.

Wylan’s eyes close as he moans. His head tips back against my shoulder, and our size difference is really doing it for me. He’s so damn tiny like this against me. I stare at our reflection in the mirror, and the exhibitionist side of me preens at the image in front of me.

Even from here, I can see my pupils are blown. Wylan’s nipples are pebbled. A brief

image of me placing nipple clamps on those pretty little things has precum gathering at my tip.

There's a red flush of arousal on his cheeks. That shade of red makes me want to kiss and worship his body. I want to undress him and see what other parts of his body flush that pretty color.

"Open your eyes, flower." I command, putting as much authority into the request as possible.

As soon as his eyes pop open, I guide my fingers to his jaw. I tilt his head up. I want him to see himself. To face the image of us together. "Does this look like an innocent massage to you?"

His eyes travel up and down the mirror, drinking us in desperately. I watch as he stares at his appearance, his rosy cheeks, hard nipples, and the way his cock is tenting his pants.

He lets out a shuddering gasp.

"Well?" I blow out a puff of air against the shell of his ear.

"I-I'm sorry. What was that?"

I chuckle a husky, wicked sound. My poor flower, already so confused. Oh yes, Wylen is definitely going to be fun. His body was built for pleasure. "I said, does it look like an innocent massage to you?"

I nibble his ear.

"No-no," he stutters. "This looks...like my dirtiest fantasies, Sir."

A groan rumbles from my throat at the title. He hasn't called me that since before the auction in the beginning of the month. If he wants to call me sir in the bedroom, I'm all for it. "You, my boy, are so damn tempting."

He shudders, pushing his little bubble butt back against my groin. He stills when he feels my hard cock.

For a second, I think he's about to pull away. Instead, Wylan flips my world on its axis when he grinds against me, a tiny twist of his hips, then tells me what he wants. "Harder, Sir. It hurts so damn good."

Fuck. Me. I almost come, just like that. I massage him for a few more minutes before my hands start to wander all over his body. Unbuttoning his pants, I pull out his hard cock and begin to stroke him, riling him up and driving him crazy.

"Maybe someday you can come to the club with me on demo night. Would you like to try out a flogger, or maybe some hot wax?"

Wylan nods eagerly. "Maybe you can bend me over your knee and use a paddle too?"

Damn, the thought of my boy's cute little ass red with heat, is a sexy image.

"Look at yourself, petal. Just the idea of pain is turning you on, isn't it?"

"Yes." Wylan studies our reflections with an eager desperation as he thrusts into my grip. A few more strokes and I have him whimpering and begging to come. "Please, Daddy. Just a little, give it to me, please."

Wylan watches as I slide my free hand up his torso, scraping my nails against his skin and up his chest.

He moans when I scratch a little harder.

“Yes, sir. Please. Harder.”

“Fuck, baby.” I can’t help but grind against his ass. When his eyes roll back in pleasure, I take that moment to pinch and twist his nipple hard, while I stroke him at a punishing pace.

Wylan comes, shuddering apart under my touch, and spilling onto the floor in front of us. I kiss his cheek and thank him, before tucking him back into his pants and quickly grabbing some paper towels and cleaning up the mess.

I groan when I notice Wylan is still tenting his pants. Sure, he isn’t as hard as before his orgasm, but clearly his cock loves the attention. Oh, to be young again.

I’m about to pull out my own cock and relieve myself when a noise catches my attention.

Suddenly, the whoosh of the door swings open, and the noise from the restaurant filters in. I step back in shock. I’d completely forgot where I was. Lost in Wylan. Lost in his scent. Lost in his moans and his pretty body.

“How do you feel about us exploring this further in the privacy of my home?” I whisper to him before we’re caught. I turn him around so my body blocks his, and tug him into the large stall. I know Wylan would just die of embarrassment if one of his coworkers saw him tenting his work pants.

“My place is closer.” Wylan chuckles, glancing down at his still hard cock. “Let’s take a moment to calm down first.”

I smile, feeling lust drunk and happy. Tipping his face up to meet mine, I pepper

kisses on his lips. “Sounds good, petal. Let me nibble on your lips a bit while we wait.”

He laughs again, then, to my delight, Wylan bites me, hard. In the kink community I’m used to seeing love bites from things like pet play or primal play, so, the fact that Wylan seems to do it so often is sexy as sin. I don’t know if he likes it because it’s his way of claiming me, or if he likes doling out a little pain. Either way, I’m one hundred percent here for it.

“Fuck, boy. Now I’m going to need a moment to calm down too.”

Wylan smirks. “Good.” With that, Wylan leans up and kisses me on the nose. “Finish closing up here, then meet me at my place in about an hour. I’ll text you the address.”

My lips tilt into a wicked smile. “You’re bossy when you’re horny.”

He beams up at me. “Huh. I guess I am.”

Chapter seven

Seth

As I pull up in front of Wylan's apartment, my smile falls and a frown replaces it. The apartments aren't bad, per se, but this particular neighborhood just outside of Olivia Cove is known for having their homes broken into. Confused, I make a mental note to double check Wylan's salary. I always make sure my employees are well taken care of. Since the restaurant is high-end and does well, I tend to pay everyone more than what's typical of the industry.

Once my truck is parked, I head up stairs and easily locate Wylan's door and knock. The door swings open and Wylan is beaming. My lips twitch. Even though it's been a little over an hour since we saw each other, we both changed our clothes. He might look sexy in his work attire, but he looks pretty damn good in a fitted sweater and a nice pair of jeans. His strawberry blond hair is styled in such a way that has me instantly turned on and wanting to tug on the strands.

"You're here!" He laughs as he waves me through the door. "Come inside."

I chuckle and make my way past him. My mood dips a bit when I walk inside and realize it might be just as cold inside as it is outside. I mean, luckily, we live in Southern California, and the weather here in this particular ocean town might have the occasional chill, but it's not cold enough to snow.

Biting my lip, I refrain from letting my overprotective side from showing until I have answers. If Wylan is struggling, we will figure out a solution together. I know my

boy, and despite wanting a Daddy, he has a lot of pride. He likes to take care of things on his own, hell, he even helps pay for his grandpa's retirement home.

That's when it hits me. His grandpa. He's paying for all of his own expenses as well as his grandpa's.

Damn, my boy with his kind heart is a keeper.

Now, I just need to prove to him that I'm here to help ease some of that stress off his shoulders. He doesn't have to figure everything out alone.

Wylan's eyes sparkle as he bounces on his toes. He might not consider himself a little, but it's easy to see what he means when he says he has little tendencies.

My boy is fucking adorable.

"You look really good, Daddy." He tugs on my Christmas sweater, and I laugh.

"So do you, flower."

With that sexy little display at work earlier, or if this was anyone else, I'd have kissed them hello, made a move, teased them and turned them on to the point of desperation, but with Wylan, I find myself wanting to take my time. It's Christmas Eve, and I find myself wanting to celebrate with my boy, even if it's as innocent as cuddling up together and falling asleep to Christmas movies.

I like him. A lot.

And if I'm being honest, my feelings are deeper than just like. I'm falling for my boy.

I like the way he opened up to me, told me about his life, his childhood, and his

grandfather. I love the way he leans forward when he tells me something he finds interesting, or the way he hums happily to any Christmas song that comes on the radio when we drive around town.

The more Wylan tells me, the more I can see myself building a life with him.

Wylan yawns, looking so damn adorable and sleepy.

“Why don’t you get into your cute pajamas you told me about and we can cuddle in bed.”

Wylan pouts. “But we totally dressed up for each other.”

“That’s okay, boy. We can dress up for each other tomorrow. I’m going to have a good long talk with your boss. I think that jerk is overworking you.”

Wylan yawns again, showing me just how sleepy he really is. “Will you stay the night, Daddy?”

“Of course, petal. I want to snuggle up with you and keep you warm.”

He’s so tired he didn’t even see the giftbag in my hand. I place it on the dining table and follow him into the bathroom.

Getting ready for bed together, Wylan offers me a new pair of sweats and a spare toothbrush, making me realize he bought them with me in mind.

“Thank you for this.” I press a kiss against his minty lips. “Did you buy these hoping I would stay the night.”

A cute blush dusts his cheeks. “I bought these hoping you’d stay every night with

me.”

My chest warms at his admission. “That can totally be arranged, sweetheart.”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:54 am

One year later.

The twinkling Christmas lights illuminate the path, transforming the retirement home into a stunning Winter Wonderland. I place my mitten-covered hand in Seth's and tug him toward the next display of Christmas lights. In front of us, Grandpa chatters happily with Nurse Joy as she pushes him around in his fancy wheelchair.

A light snow drifts lazily to the ground, something very unusual for Olivia Cove since it's usually too warm to snow in our small ocean town. But this Christmas feels like a magical one—even if the snow melts before it fully forms on the ground.

A few months ago, Daddy asked me what I'd like to do for the holidays this year. We briefly considered traveling but decided to save most of our trips for the summer. Instead, I asked if we could take the extra time off and spend it here at home with our loved ones. Daddy easily agreed.

After a romantic dinner in a new restaurant that opened up on the other side of town, we called Grandpa and told him we were on our way. In the past I would have just popped in and surprised him, but with his condition, it takes him a while to get up and ready.

Grandpa is probably just as excited about the light show as I am. Maybe even more so.

Seth leans down and whispers into my ear. "I see where you got it from."

I grin up at him. "Where I got what from?"

He points to Grandpa and my chest warms at the sight. He's bundled up in a thick coat and beanie, similar to me. But what really shocks me is the look of innocent awe on his face. Awe and happiness. His bright eyes are sparkling, and there's a wide grin on his face as he takes in all the Christmas lights around us.

He's bouncing cheerfully in his wheelchair. It reminds me of Ash and Riley when they are in their little headspace. My lips part and my gaze jerks up to meet Seth's. "Daddy," I whisper. "You don't think Grandpa is..." I let my words drift off.

Seth shrugs before he pulls me tight against his body and places a kiss on my forehead. "It kind of makes sense, doesn't it?"

I never did ask Grandpa how he knew I was submissive. "I mean he's always been accepting of our relationship." I'll never forget the level of pure heat that scorched my cheeks when I accidentally called Seth 'Daddy' in front of the old man. Or the knowing wink he gave Seth shortly after.

Thankfully, Grandpa doesn't know what Seth and I do at Dark Satin. Seth is still showcasing all sorts of seductive demos, and I'm his lucky sole participant. Apparently, Daddy doesn't share. Which is perfect because I don't either.

Just then, giggling erupts behind us. I spin around eagerly when I recognize that laugh. Riley and Ash are skipping toward me, their Daddies following just behind them. Riley skips ahead and he looks so damn adorable in his bright coat, mittens, and a beanie with cat ears on top.

The sight makes me laugh with joy.

Riley throws his arms around me, and we hug as if we haven't seen each other just yesterday.

"What are you guys doing here?" I ask, bouncing on my toes.

Ash reaches my side and gives me a quick hug. “We didn’t want to miss the show.”

I smile over at Riley. He seems to already be in his little headspace, and I’m so happy he finally met someone who accepted that side of him. John wraps a possessive arm around Riley’s shoulder and the two of them beam over at each other.

Drake joins Ash, and two other people approach from behind them. “Jules! Cal! You’re here too?” My gaze bounces over to Seth and he smiles down at me. “You planned this?”

“Are you surprised, petal?”

“Yes! Thank you!” My head eagerly bobs on its own, that floaty happy feeling I get when I start to feel playful. Throughout this past year, Seth and I have explored that headspace I get into, and I’ve come to the realization that I must regress to a younger age. A playful age.

We don’t put any labels or specific ages on it. I just know it’s—me. It’s who I am. No matter what mindset or age group it falls into. It’s just simply me when I want to dress up and play. It’s me when I want to meet with my little friends and watch over them. It’s me when I feel like snuggling under the blankets with Daddy and watching movies or cuddling with my stuffies.

If I want to wear things that make me feel cute and playful, then I do it. Daddy encourages me and never judges me. It’s this perfect blend of being little and being an adult. Not quite a middle, but maybe? Either way, Daddy loves spoiling me with praise when I’m in that headspace.

He really is my perfect half.

Through the softly falling snow and twinkling lights, I see my friends, my grandpa, and my handsome boyfriend—my Daddy.

This. This is the perfect moment I've been waiting for.

I fish around for the small square box in my puffy jacket. Then, when Seth turns around, I drop down to one knee.

"Petal," he whispers in astonishment. "Are you—" He clears his throat and tries again, tears springing to his eyes. "Are you—"

He doesn't finish, still too shocked.

I give him a shy smile. "I am. Seth, since the moment you walked into my life and quite literally saved me like some knight in shining armor, I've placed you on a pedestal, constantly wondering what a life with you would be like. Then one day, you walked into a kink club, participated in a charity auction, and decided to give me a chance."

Some giggles can be heard behind us, but I continue.

"You bid on me, and I swear that moment you won and looked up at me was the moment my heart decided to beat for you. I think that was the moment I realized I love you. Every day since that moment has been filled with happiness. I want that for the rest of our lives. I want you. I want us. I love you, Daddy." I let out a deep breath. "Will you marry me?"

Seth's stunning smile is so wide, it causes my heart to skip. He hasn't even said anything out loud, but I can see the answer clearly in his beautiful green eyes.

I smile in return.

Suddenly, he's nodding frantically, pulling me up his body and peppering me with kisses. I jump up into his hold and wrap my legs around his waist. It's awkward with all the material from our thick coats, but he finds a good grip with his hands cupping

my ass. Seth slams his mouth against mine and we kiss passionately until someone clears their throat.

Our lips part, but I keep my legs firmly wrapped around Daddy.

“Well?” Grandpa asks. “Are you gonna keep us waiting? Answer the damn boy already.”

Giggles break out around us.

Seth’s eyes crinkle in the corners as he laughs too. His gaze meets mine. “Yes, petal. Yes. I will marry you. Since that moment your fingers slid into mine and you shook my hand, I felt that spark between us. I knew you were meant to be with me. I love you too, Wylan. Yes. I would be honored to marry you.”

My heart sores. I pull his face back to mine, my lips finding his. Our friends and family cheer and clap all around us.

Seth pulls away from my kiss and places me down on my feet. He leans in close and whispers in my ear so only I can hear. “Thank you for giving me a chance, flower. Thank you for letting me be your Daddy.”

This time, tears rim my eyes, because I know exactly what being a Daddy means to him. “Of course,” I whisper, suddenly feeling happy and shy, shocked that this man was willing to show me this side of him. Seth smiles down at me tenderly and wipes my tears away with the pads of his thumbs. Then, he wraps me in his arms, cocooning me with his warmth, his safety, and his trust.

“Today feels almost magical.” I hum happily against his chest. “I’m glad we stayed here in town to celebrate Christmas.”

“Me too, petal. This is exactly where we’re meant to be.”

The End.

Thank you for reading Seth and Wylan's story.