



# Young, Dumb and Full of Milk (The Lactin Brotherhood #9)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Age is only a number, but ageplay can open up a whole new world. At least it did for Freddy.

Saber just graduated from college with an engineering degree and is ready to build something amazing. As one of the only guys in his college who lactated, he was popular with all and had his pick of playmates to choose from. But he isn't looking for a bro. He's looking for a boy.

Frederick takes his job seriously, even if his product is the lowest priority on the company's roadmap. It'll be discontinued eventually, but until then, he's doing his best to put out the best product possible. When he's forced to hire some hotshot college grad, who also happens to be the CEO's nephew, to handle the next software update, he has zero confidence that it'll go well. Mostly because the guy is obnoxiously arrogant and seems to think he's the world's gift to mankind.

Granted, he is pretty to look at. And tall. And ridiculously charming when he's not trying to show off his intelligence. But Frederick doesn't usually notice those traits about people. Growing up in the LDS church turned him off from anything romantic, pleasurable, or remotely affectionate. Now that he's pushing 30, he's pretty sure he'll die as celibate as the day he was born. But all that changes when Saber picks up on something about Frederick that not even he realized was waiting dormant inside him.

**Total Pages (Source):** 16

# Page 1

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## Chapter 1

### Saber

Neil picked up a peanut from the bowl between us and tossed it in the air, catching it in his mouth. As he chewed it, he picked up another one then threw it at me.

Obviously, I caught it too. “So, you’re seriously moving?”

He sighed. “Yeah, and you better come visit me. They’re putting me in corporate housing for six months, so I’ll have a nice place for at least that long. After that, who knows? Either I’ll have blown all my cash on dick and booze or I’ll buy a place.”

Neil was big on shock factor, so I knew he was joking around about blowing it all. “You’ll just buy a place?” I laughed at his simplistic view of the world. “How much are they paying you?”

“A lot. Two hundo.” He waggled his eyebrows and rubbed his palms together. “So yeah, I’ll probably buy. Even if just for an investment.”

“Nice.” I considered my job prospects. I’d received a few offers since graduating cum laude from the University of Utah, Salt Lake City. Though, the appropriate designation should have been cum lotta since that was really where I focused my studies. But nothing interesting had presented itself just yet.

As one of just a few men on campus who could lactate—and the founding member of the university chapter of The Lactin Brotherhood—I was popular. As in, someone on

my chest every night and a warm hole to keep my balls empty on the regular. But popularity and my status as hottest guy on campus wasn't gonna pay the bills. My mom did a great job of reminding me about that. A family trust set up a million years ago ensured my education was covered, but now that I'd graduated, I was on my own. And I didn't have a huge savings to fall back on.

Finding a good job was crucial.

I just had to figure out how to balance my financial priorities with having a life. I refused to be one of those engineers who spent 24/7 behind a computer and never saw my friends again. Even though my best friend was moving hundreds of miles away, I was still used to a certain level of entertainment in my life and wasn't willing to compromise on that.

Neil stared at me with an exasperated expression, waiting for me to reveal my big plan, as if there was one.

"I'm glad that worked out for you. For now, I'm keeping my options open. I'll probably take a month or two off to think about what kind of job I want in the fall and then really push hard.

He laughed and shook his head. "You know, people always joke about you being dumb and pretty, and I'm starting to understand why they say that."

I scoffed. "What the fuck, man? I'm not dumb." The pretty part was true. I couldn't deny that.

"Ya kinda are. Why would you wait until every other college grad in the country takes every good job before you even start looking? I know you've got offers now, so take one and keep looking. The job you take today doesn't have to be forever. It just has to start filling your résumé and your bank account." He threw another nut at me,

but this time, he aimed for the center of my forehead. It was a good thing I caught it before it made contact because it would have left a mark. “Everyone else we graduated with is starting somewhere decent. Some even have awesome jobs lined up. But no one is sitting around waiting but you.”

I rolled my eyes and wanted to say something else to prove that I wasn’t making a bad move, but I held my tongue. He was making some pretty good points. “I mean, there’s one job I could do as a short-term gig. It’s good money, and easy work. It’ll just be boring as fuck.”

Neil threw his arms up. “Take it. What are you waiting for? Get picky later. For now, get that coin.”

Maybe working for Uncle Ralph wouldn’t be so bad. Neil was right about how nice a fat paycheck would be in the short term. “Yeah, I’ll think about it.”

As I walked back to my apartment, I texted my uncle. He’d been pushing me to go work at his software company since I started college, and I really had no reason not to at this point. Hey Unc. Can we talk more about the job? Mom says you need help now and I’m ready to start working.

His responding text shocked me as much as it pissed me off. Your mom already said you wanted it. I’ll talk to HR about getting you started asap. How does Monday sound?

What the fuck, Mom! She was always doing shit like that. I took a deep breath and reminded myself that I actually did want the job, and the sooner I got started, the sooner I’d get paid. Yeah, that’s fine but no rush on my end. I sent the text and then remembered I still needed to be polite about the whole thing, so I sent another one right behind it. Thank you. I appreciate the opportunity.

He must have been voice typing because he responded with a novel that had perfect punctuation and everything. Boomers. Great. We've got a few products that are hiring, but where I need the most help is with an old app that's sunseting soon. We just need to fix some bugs so our customers will be fine for a while until they buy something else. Anyway, I think you could help with that transition and maybe set yourself up for a team lead position on one of the flagship products. Just need to get you in the door first.

I guess that didn't sound so bad. I hated that my mom had committed me without even telling me, but I'd been somewhat noncommittal in my last conversation with her. Either way, at least I didn't have to think about it anymore. I could have an easy summer with a low-pressure job and decide where in my uncle's company I wanted to go next...or if I wanted to try something else completely.

It felt great to have options.

## Page 2

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### Chapter 2

#### Frederick

Almost two hours into the quarterly business review and they were finally getting to me in the last five minutes.

The VP of engineering was about to wrap up but then seemed to remember I existed. “Frederick, any updates on the BillForce side?”

“Yes, thank you.” I cleared my throat and adjusted my headset so I could hear if anybody had questions over our video call. “Unfortunately, I lost two more engineers this month, so I’ll be working the current bug list myself. I hope to bring in someone to help with one of the more urgent integrations that I’m not gonna be able to get to for a while, but it’s been hard to attract quality candidates when the roadmap is?—”

“Freddy, if I may.” Ralph, our CEO, raised his hand to interrupt me. “I’ve been meaning to get in touch with you. My nephew just graduated with a BSE, and he’s looking for a job. I think he’ll be perfect for your team.”

“Oh, thank you, sir. I’d love to take a look at his résumé. It might not be the most exciting technology for a new college grad, but I’ll take any help I can get.”

“Excellent. I’ll have HR work on his starting paperwork, and you can figure out what projects he should start on.”

Wait, what? What happened to the “looking at resumes and having an interview”

portion of the hiring process? “Um, let’s not jump the gun. As I mentioned, unless we’re adding some major features, it’s not the most attractive product for newcomers. That’s why I’ve lost my whole team. They keep getting recruited by other departments or companies because they’re bored. I’d hate to bring in your nephew and have him leave after just a few months.”

“Nonsense. All experience is good experience, and it sounds like you have room on your team to bring him on for now, and if he gets bored, we’ll find a different group for him.”

My jaw dropped, but I remembered I was on a video call, so I closed it and plastered on a fake smile. “That sounds great. Thank you, sir.”

Before I could give the standard rundown of the roadmap that all the other product lines were allowed to give, Ralph moved on to his final remarks, and my moment was over.

That was par for the course.

When I started at Floom Ware Industries five years ago, BillForce was in its heyday. But after a few acquisitions and various other pet projects, BillForce had lost its shine and was now the lowest-funded product in our portfolio.

In fact, if we didn’t have such a strong list of customers who loved it and were constantly asking me for updates, the product would’ve been discontinued years ago. I’d managed to keep it alive and hoped to keep it going for as long as possible, but it was getting hard to ignore the writing on the wall. Everyone else in the company had moved on, but if I had at least a few competent people to help, we could really do something great with it. I had plans for it.

Unfortunately, competency wasn’t easy to come by when you were competing with

companies working on sexy technologies like AI or self-driving vehicles. Billing software was just about as unsexy as one could get.

That was probably why I enjoyed my work so much.

I, too, was about as unsexy as someone could get. Not that I was particularly bad-looking. I was just uninterested in most things sexual.

But I'd seen enough resumes from younger applicants to know they weren't looking to join a product team that was nearing end of life. A sunset project was not one that earned big bonuses or corporate accolades, and most kids these days were looking for both.

I needed to find someone studious and self-fulfilled, who cared about taking care of customers and wasn't worried about prestige and glory. Someone like myself, who would do the work without complaint and put the customers' needs first, not their career ambitions.

Okay, even in my head, that sounded bad. It wasn't that I didn't have career ambitions myself, I just didn't need to be called out on the all-hands for another record-breaking year. Granted, having more than two minutes at the end of a call and the chance to make my own hiring decisions would have been a nice start, but I wasn't one to complain.

We were all on the same team at Floom Ware Industries. I started my career at that company and would probably retire from it, assuming they kept me that long. Every time my performance review came around, I expected to be told to start thinking about what I wanted to do next. We'd gotten close to that point a few times, but I always managed to impress a current customer and expand their contracts just enough to buy myself another year. But without a team beyond myself and some hotshot nepo-hire, my chances of surviving the next downsizing were slim.



At least I could say I went down fighting. Not actually fighting, just not giving up. As long as there were customers willing to pay us for BillForce, I was going to give them the best darn product I could. Even if I had to single-handedly code every feature, bug fix, and update myself.

And with my current attrition numbers, I probably would be doing it all myself.

Unless, by some miracle, the boss's nephew wasn't a complete idiot.

By the end of the day, HR had sent the guy's resume, a headshot because he apparently thought this was a modeling gig, and a note that said his laptop would be delivered to my office on Monday.

As in, the Monday that was coming in three days.

It was amazing how fast the hiring process could be when zero vetting was involved.

## Page 3

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### Chapter 3

#### Frederick

After I spent some time with Saber's résumé, I actually felt a lot better about him joining my team. He had exceptional grades from one of the top engineering schools in the country, and his uncle was a smart guy, so there was no reason for me to doubt that Saber was competent.

No one liked a nepo-baby, but as long as I was being forced to hire someone, he didn't seem like the worst choice ever.

I spent the next few days organizing my files and creating a list of things he could start on. Easy stuff that I'd be able to quickly test and approve to gauge his style. And if all was good, most of those updates could be pushed out to production servers within a week. If he wasn't completely useless, I felt pretty confident that my next quarter would actually meet some of the customer goals I'd set a year ago.

Saber was scheduled to be in orientation with HR first thing in the morning, and right at ten, Anne from HR came into my office with the most gorgeous man I'd ever seen in my life right behind her.

She waved to the desk across from me and told him to put down his stuff as I stood up to greet him. "Hi there."

Anne took a step back as Saber stepped closer to me. "Fredrick, I don't think you've met Saber yet, but he's very eager to get started."

I stood there staring for a few seconds too long before snapping out of my shock and holding out my hand to him. “Nice to meet you, Saber. Welcome to Floom. I’m happy to have you on my team.”

He chuckled in a self-deprecating way that was kinda charming. “Well, I hope that’s true, but even if you were forced to take me, I assure you, I’m a hard worker and will do my best to exceed your expectations.”

I couldn’t help but smile as Anne raised an eyebrow from where she was standing slightly behind him. She was as impressed by his easy charm as I was. “I have no doubt. Please, have a seat and get settled. This will be your desk.” I placed my hand on the desk directly across from mine and then waved to the two other empty desks in the room. “For now, it’s just me and you in here, but I’m hoping to add one or two more people to the team over the coming months.”

He slipped behind his desk to unload the branded backpack he’d been loaded down with.

Anne gave my shoulder a squeeze on her way toward the door. “Thanks for your flexibility, Frederick. I think this will be a real help for your team. Just make sure you delegate as much as possible, so you can focus on the more strategic decisions.”

“Will do. Thanks, Anne.” I smiled at her and stepped back to my chair, trying to ignore the way the air suddenly felt heavier once it was just the two of us left in the office.

I buried my head in my computer, trying not to stare across the room. I couldn’t avoid him forever, but I could buy myself a few more minutes. My thermos of tea was almost empty, and right when I stood up to get a refill, Saber looked my way.

“Ready when you are.”

“Yeah, great.” I rolled my chair over to his desk and walked him through some of the systems that we used.

Fortunately, he had some experience using everything that was relevant to our work during his summer internship at a data mining company. I pulled up the list of initial tasks I thought he could get started with and handed it over. “Let’s start with these. You can get comfortable with the code and then we’ll move on to the bigger stuff.”

Saber looked at the list and smirked. “Yeah, no problem. I should be done with this before lunch.”

I cocked an eyebrow. “There’s no rush, Saber. Take your time to get familiar with how we do things. These have been on the list for months. A few more won’t hurt anyone.”

“This entire list will probably take me an hour, Frederick. I can handle more responsibility. Let me help you.” His grin dropped, and he stared intensely into my eyes like he didn’t want me to look away for a second. “That’s why I’m here, Frederick.”

“Oh, okay...” The heat seemed to crank up, and I was suddenly sweating, my empty teacup long forgotten. I had hoped my list would keep him busy for at least a few days, maybe a week or two, while I figured out what I could trust him with. Even if the company didn’t care about my product, I still cared, and I wanted to put our best foot forward every time. “There are a few other things I planned to work on today. Some new features our customers have been asking for and we just haven’t been able to prioritize. Maybe I can give you one of those to think about.”

“Perfect.” Then he winked. This kid who was working his first job out of college and meeting his manager for the very first time, winked at me. My high hopes for a professional experience with him began to fade as I realized this might not be a good

match after all.

No matter how nice he was to look at.

I cleared my throat and scooted away from his side. “Okay, go ahead and work on this punch list of bugs, and when you’re done with those, you can walk me through the code.”

I went back to my desk and pulled up the list of roadmap features I’d been too busy to get started on. One was particularly important and ridiculously tedious, so I’d been putting it off for months. It wasn’t complicated, and anyone who was detail-oriented could dig through the code and find all the places that needed to be fixed. It was just the kind of labor-intensive task that would take several days of uninterrupted effort, and I hadn’t had that kind of time, so I continued to backburner it.

But it was the perfect project for an arrogant new hire who felt like he could do anything. I read through the requirements again to refresh my memory of what had been requested and then wrote up a brief for him to follow.

Every few minutes, I glanced up and peeked over at Saber.

And most of the time, while I was staring at him, he’d peek up and look at me. I tried to keep my eyes down and not look at him, but there was something about Saber that made me unable to resist.

### Chapter 4

#### Saber

Fuck, he's cute. I didn't know what to expect when Anne was talking about my new manager and how he was soft-spoken and dedicated to the company, but it was pretty obvious that Frederick was submissive.

And that added a whole new level to the job. And the office that positioned him directly across from me for eight to ten hours a day while he spent at least half that time glancing at me. I was actually done with his list after thirty-five minutes, but I didn't want to stress him out, so I checked and rechecked my code about fifty times.

And then I noticed a few bits of messy code that could stand to be cleaned up, so I worked on those. And when I couldn't stall any longer, I cleared my throat and looked up to see Frederick's eyes locked on me. "I'm done."

He didn't respond at all for a full three seconds and then snapped out of it. "Oh, great." He glanced at his watch. "It's almost lunch time. Do you want to take a break and we can review it after?"

"Sure." I was pretty sure he meant separate breaks, but I was too intrigued not to push him at least a little bit. "I'd love to go to lunch with you. What do you have in mind?"

His eyes went wide and he gasped. "Oh, well, there are a few restaurants within walking distance." He turned toward the window as if looking for one of them. "There's a burrito place, or sushi, or a deli that's pretty good."

I quickly scanned the food options and intestinal consequences of each. “I could totally go for a BLT.”

“Yeah.” He slapped his laptop closed and scooted back from the desk. “Me too. Quick and easy. That’s perfect.”

I kept myself from laughing at that assumption. I definitely wasn’t going to make our lunch quick or easy. “Let’s go.”

“Brigham Young, huh?” I tossed a chip into my mouth and considered that while I chewed and swallowed. “So, you’re Mormon?”

“Guilty.” Frederick wiped his mouth and put his napkin back over his lap. “And was. Now I’m not really anything. Like, literally.” He sighed and looked down at the half sandwich he had left.

I nudged his foot with mine under the table. “What does that mean?”

He shrugged and glanced up but then immediately averted his gaze, looking over my shoulder as if he didn’t want me to see whatever was happening behind his eyes. “Just that I’m kinda... neutral.” He laughed. “And not in the good way, as if there is one.”

I hated the insecurity I could feel radiating off him in waves. “I think whatever you call yourself, is definitely in the good way.” I paused long enough for him to look over at me. “And I promise there is one.”

Frederick just stared at me for a moment and then nodded to shake it off. “Anyway, what about you? Salt Lake City, huh? It’s a good school, and I bet you had a very different college experience than I did.” He grabbed his sandwich and took another bite as he leaned back in his chair.

“Yeah, it was probably very different.” I considered whether it was too early to share my whole life story with him. But it wasn’t a secret, and I was all about shock value, so I decided to just go for it. It was better to lay all my cards on the table and not feel like I’d kept anything from my new boss. “Actually, I had a lot of fun. I started a chapter of the Lactin Brotherhood on campus. There were just a few of us in it at first, but word spread quickly, and it didn’t take long for me to have a slew of admirers who were willing to help me study, bring me dinner, or stand in line for tickets to football games or concerts or whatever in exchange for some milk time.” I smiled as I thought back on those times. “It really was the best four years of my life. But I guess part of it was just the novelty of my gift. In the end, I walked away with a handful of friends, an engineering degree...” I waved my hand toward him. “And a great new boss who I plan to impress the hell out of.”

Frederick’s cheeks glowed pink as he slowly lowered his gaze to the plate in front of him. “I’ve heard of the Lactin Brotherhood before, but...what is it?”

This should be interesting. I reached for my Coke and took a drink before leaning forward and waiting for his eyes to connect with mine. “It’s an organization for men who lactate. As one of them, I was a favorite among the kinky sort on campus and those who liked a little bit of milk before bed, if you know what I mean.” I wagged my eyebrows dramatically and leaned back in my chair.

“Oh, I see. That’s cool.” It was no surprise that Frederick wasn’t familiar with my condition, but on the other hand, I’d spent a lot of time with both ex- and active Mormons and they were some of the kinkiest people on campus. I just didn’t know where Fredrick fell on that spectrum.

The poor guy looked like he was about to pass out, so I decided to give him a break. Sorta. “I don’t see a ring on your finger, Frederick. Are you married?”

He looked down at his hands and then over to mine. “No. Not at all. Like I said,



neutral. I haven't really thought about relationships or dating or anything."

The man had to be pushing thirty. What the hell did he mean by neutral, anyway?  
"Like, since you started working at Floom or ever?"

He crossed his arms over his chest and curled around himself a bit. "Ever, I guess. I just like to work, and I recognize when people are attractive." He glanced at me and his eyes studied my face and then peeked down to my chest before coming back up again. "People like you. But I guess I've never really known what to do with that information. So, I just kinda ignored it. But... I think some of that might be changing for me."

I had the strongest urge to pull him into my arms and just hold him, tell him that whatever he was feeling was okay and that he didn't have to be ashamed or confused anymore. I could help him through whatever he was experiencing.

But I couldn't do any of that.

I was his employee, and I'd only known the man for a few hours. No matter what my instincts told me to do, I needed to take my cues from Frederick. He would show me what he needed, even if he didn't have the words for it at first. And if there was some way I could be there for him beyond the office, I was just curious enough to want to try that too.

I'd never met anybody I wanted to know on a deeper level either. All my relationships had been fuck buddies but never anything truly intimate. It was all just for fun. A good time whether it was once or on the regular. But I'd always wanted to keep my options open. That's what college was about. Trying everything and seeing what stuck. Nothing had stuck, and that was okay with me. I guess I knew that once I graduated and started working, I'd be in a better place to look for something more serious.

I had no idea the first man I met and felt not only attracted to but also a true desire for would be my new boss.

“Well, I’ve done it all, seen it all, and I’m generally open to anything. If you ever have any questions or just want to talk, you know where to find me.” Then I winked. For the second time today, I winked at my manager. I was so getting fired. But maybe that would be a good thing. Then I wouldn’t have any guilt about my thoughts for Frederick. I glanced at my watch. “If you’re done, we should probably get back to work. Sounds like you’ve got some pretty important projects I can help you with.”

Frederick’s lips were separated and his tongue poked out. His eyes were glassy as he stared at me and then cleared his throat. “I’m gonna run to the restroom real quick and then we can go.”

He hopped up and bee-lined for the bathroom.

Fuck. Did I go too far? He obviously needed to take things slow, and I was a million-miles-a-minute kind of guy. Whether it was my work, my studies, or my interactions with others, I didn’t like to waste time.

But Frederick was different. He was innocent in a way I’d never known a grown man to be. And he was sweet and naïve and fucking beautiful. I had to take my cues from him, figure out how to be what he needed—even if he didn’t know what that was.

It would be hard because he was practically begging me to make the next move. I just prayed the submissive vibes that I was getting were not only accurate but also proved to be Little, because, fuck, what I wouldn’t do to make him my baby boy.

I truly believed I could be the Daddy Frederick didn’t know he needed.

## Page 5

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### Chapter 5

#### Frederick

What was happening to me? Why did I keep getting erections? I hadn't had one in years. Since high school, probably. I just didn't feel those things. But since Saber showed up, I'd been having them all day.

And then crying? What was that all about? Crying was another thing I hadn't done in years. All my emotions had kinda been turned off for a long time, and they suddenly seemed to all be coming back online at once.

I splashed some water on my face and pushed my palm along my penis to try to get it to soften up. I couldn't go back out there like this, but we did need to get back to the office. We'd been gone for almost two hours, and I didn't even know what we'd talked about the whole time. He just kept asking questions and drawing things out of me that I'd never admitted to in the past. Things I didn't even understand.

I took several deep breaths and felt calm enough to head back out. When I got to our table, everything had been cleaned up and Saber had wrapped up what was left of my sandwich and handed it over to me in a paper bag.

"In case you get hungry later." My empty cup was in his other hand. "Do you want a refill of your drink before we go?"

I looked down at the cup and shook my head. "No, thanks. I don't drink a lot of soda. One is enough." Unconsciously, my eyes moved to his chest, and I remembered what

he said about lactating. I'd heard rumors about the Latin Brotherhood when I was in college, but there wasn't anything like that at my school. At Brigham Young, we had to sign an honor code, and we weren't allowed to do anything sexual or kinky. Of course, that didn't stop most students from experimenting off campus, but I never even considered exploring my own sexuality, much less experimenting with something unusual. Although, it seemed my resistance to such things was coming to an end, and I now had a whole new set of issues to worry about...like the fact that my gosh darn erection was back.

"Is there anything else you need, Frederick?" Saber put his hand on my shoulder and looked down at me.

Standing so close to him, I felt like a child looking up at him. He was at least six inches taller than me and broad like he spent a lot of time working out. It was surprisingly...sexy. "No, thank you. I'm sorry I'm being weird. Just a little distracted today."

"That's okay." His hand slid between my shoulder blades, and he gave me a gentle nudge forward. "It's been an exciting day for me too. I can't wait to see what you have in store for me next."

Shoot. What was wrong with me? Did I forget how to walk? My mind was feeling a little hazy, but I forced myself to be present and remember what I was doing. I stepped out the door and put a foot of space between us so I could think more clearly. "Yeah, one of the complaints we get from our current clients is the interface for making one-off payments. I've made a few adjustments over the years, and they've worked in the short term, but now the code is a bit of a mess and we really need to come up with a more holistic approach to this problem. Maybe that's something you can think about."

"Absolutely. I spent a lot of time in user interface design, and it's one of my favorite

areas. I like making things easier for people and helping them find what they need, even if they don't know exactly what they're looking for."

I turned and saw that he was looking straight at me as he said that.

"Do you know what I mean, Freddy?"

I nodded and swallowed hard. "Yeah, I think I'm beginning to."

Saber showed me what he'd worked on before lunch, and he was good. The bug fixes I initially assigned to him were all easy, but there were lots of ways he could've approached each line of code. And he did them exactly the way I would have.

Cleanly. Elegantly.

I was impressed. When I explained the new project, I had no doubt he would be just as elegant in his execution. Some people just got all the advantages in life, and Saber was definitely one of them. Looks, brains, charm, and apparently, milk.

I still wasn't sure what to make of that situation. My brain was telling me I should be disgusted and not think about it at all, but that was just my religious upbringing forcing its way to my frontal lobe. More than anything, I was curious. And the fact that my erection was not going away for more than a few minutes at a time, made it obvious that my body was curious too.

What did he mean by feeding people milk before bed? I couldn't get those images out of my mind as I worked on auto-pilot for the rest of the afternoon.

I hadn't realized the weight of the silence until Saber's phone rang. I glanced at him, and he picked up his phone and smiled then looked up at me. "My mom. She probably wants to know how my first day went."

I loved that he had a smile for his mother. My family and I weren't on great terms, so it was nice that he was in a better place. "Yeah, take it." I looked at the time, surprised by how late it had gotten. "I didn't realize the time. You can get out of here. We're good for today."

He answered his call as I finished up what I had been working on, eager to head out too. I tried not to eavesdrop on his conversation, but the way his voice softened made it clear that he was close with his mother. That was lucky. Coming from a big family meant I never got any one-on-one attention from anyone. I was fed and clothed but never the center of anyone's world.

And I never would be.

But by the way he smiled at whatever his mother was saying, it was clear he was the center of hers.

Saber chuckled softly. "Yes, you were both right. It's been fun. My boss is really cool."

I couldn't help glancing up and catching his gaze as he stared at me.

"I think he and I could be great friends."

My eyes went wide, and I forgot how to breathe when he said that. Why would someone like Saber want to be friends with someone like me? I was his complete opposite in every way and nothing like his friends from college.

At least, I didn't think so.

I couldn't deny my interest in his milk. And my overall attraction to him before I even knew about that was evident by the tent in my pants that just wouldn't go away.

When I got home, I'd have to try to take care of it, but I wasn't even sure I knew how. I'd never really masturbated before. Once or twice, I accidentally ejaculated when I was in middle school, but then everything kind of turned off and it was never a problem again.

I could look up some adult videos online, but that brought up a whole new level of stress. What if somebody found out what I was doing? Was it even legal to watch pornography? I didn't think it was illegal, but it had been pounded into my head for my whole life that it was definitely immoral.

My mood was suddenly dropping, and I just wanted to curl up into a ball and disappear for a little while.

"Hey, there, Freddy." Saber was somehow beside me with his hand on my knee. "Are you okay?"

"What?" I realized I was holding my head in my palms and was breathing fast. "Yeah, sorry. Just...tired, I guess."

"Are you sure that's it? You were fine one second, and then you just kinda shut down." His hand went up and cupped my shoulder. "Do you want some water or juice?"

"Juice, maybe?" Sugar sounded good. That would perk me up. "I can get it."

"No way." His voice was stern, and he nudged me back into my chair. "You stay right there and I'll go get you some juice from the break room."

It was surprisingly easy to just do what he said. I relaxed into the chair and took slow, deep breaths until he returned and placed a bottle of cold apple juice in my hand.

“There you go, Freddy. Take a few drinks and see if that helps.”

No one ever called me Freddy, and I kinda liked it. Ralph and some of the executive team called me Fred now and then, but most people in my life called me Frederick and that’s what I was used to. Freddy was different. It wasn’t neutral at all. It felt...intimate.

Fortunately, the cold juice did help, and I felt better almost instantly.

“Thank you, Saber. I’m sorry about that. I guess I haven’t had enough water today.”

He leaned back on his heels, but kept his hand on my knee either for balance or comfort. Whose comfort, I wasn’t sure. “You have a lot of responsibility here, Frederick. You need to take care of yourself. And you need to let me help you do that.” His grip on my thigh tightened as his thumb rubbed over my knee. “What are your plans for dinner?”

Oh my gosh. Was he suggesting that we have dinner together? Would that be like a date? No way could I do that. “I have plans with some friends.” I looked at my watch and gasped. “Actually, I’m gonna be late if I don’t leave now. You did great today, Saber. Thanks for all your hard work.”

He stood up and took a step back. “Of course. What time do you want me here tomorrow?”

“I’m usually here right at eight, but most people don’t get in until nine or ten. Just come whenever you want.” I had no doubt he would get the work done, so there was no need for him to come in early just because I did.

He kept his eyes on me and then glanced across my desk to where I had a stack of business cards in a little holder. He pulled out one and took a look at it. “This is your



mobile number?”

“Yeah, call or text if you need anything.” My heart started beating faster at the thought of him texting me at home.

He slipped the card into his pocket as he nodded. “Yeah, I might do that.”

A few minutes later, Saber was walking out of the office with a wave goodbye. I was still planted in my chair, waiting for my darn erection to relax enough that I could get to my car.

What I would do with it once I got home was a mystery. One I’d have to figure out for the first time in almost thirty years.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:13 am*

### Chapter 6

#### Saber

I hated leaving Frederick alone, but it was clear he needed some space. I think I did too.

I picked up a burrito bowl on my way home and then got back online. I wanted to keep working on the interface because Freddy was right at it all being a mess. It was clear that fixes had been jumbled together by several different people. There was hidden and unnecessary code all over the place. This was the kind of challenge I enjoyed most. I wanted to have something to show Frederick in the morning.

Before I was completely entrenched in my work, I checked my personal email and saw that one of my buddies from the Lactin Brotherhood had posted on his social media about being laid off and looking for a job.

I sent Nate a quick text to ask what he was looking for and to let him know that I just started working at Floom in case he saw anything interesting on their job site.

My phone rang almost instantly. “Hey, Sabe. How’s it going?”

“Great. But I’m sorry to hear that you’re job hunting again.”

“Thanks, but it’s all good. I actually have an interview set up with Floom next week. It’s for a sales position. Do you know anyone on that team?”

“No, but I’ll ask my boss if he does. Today was my first day, and I am working on BillForce, so I don’t think I’ll interact with any sales people for a while.”

“BillForce, huh? That’s the product used by small healthcare practices, right? Doctors, dentists, med spas. Stuff like that.”

“Yeah, I think that’s mostly where it’s deployed right now. Small offices that don’t have a big budget and just need software that works. Unfortunately, that also means they don’t upgrade regularly, and it’s not as lucrative. So we don’t get many resources within the company, but we’re holding on.”

“Ya know, I hadn’t thought about it earlier, but my entire client list from Axer Time would probably be interested in BillForce. They’re mostly startups that struggle to get billing and merchant accounts set up because it’s so expensive. You might be able to tap into a whole new audience.”

“Yeah, that would be awesome. The tool is solid. Somewhat basic right now, but it definitely works. The customers we have seem to love it and are always asking for upgrades, but it hasn’t been prioritized by corporate. Frederick, my boss, has been single-handedly keeping it afloat, but I think between me and him, we can actually make it into something decent. You know I love a challenge.”

He laughed. “No, actually, I don’t know that. Everything you ever want lands in your lap. Literally. I’ve never seen you have to work hard for anything, so I can’t really picture you wanting this bad enough to risk disappointment...but I’m happy for you.”

“Thanks. And yeah, you’re right. But this might just be worth taking some risks for.”

“I hope so, man. Hell, maybe I need to pitch myself as a BillForce expert in my interview.”

“Definitely. I can talk to my uncle and maybe get your interview moved up or prioritized. He’s eager to bring in good people, regardless of where they start. He pretty much told me to just start with BillForce, and if things don’t work out, I can choose my own path with a different product line.”

“Sweet.” He hummed for a moment. “How about you and I meet with your boss and see what he thinks before you talk to your uncle. I don’t want to come across as too aggressive if it’s out of line with what the company wants to focus on.”

“Yeah, that makes sense. Maybe lunch tomorrow?”

“Let me check.” Nate was quiet for a moment, but then he came back and clicked his tongue into the phone. “I’ve got a call with a headhunter that might run into lunchtime, so what about dinner? Your treat.”

I chuckled and agreed for both of us. “Yeah, okay. I’ll confirm with Frederick in the morning, and if that works for him, let’s plan on six o’clock. Romano’s?”

“Love the carbs and dairy. It’s a date.” He laughed to himself. “A thruple date.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, I’ll text in the morning to confirm. Talk to you then.”

When I got off the phone, I decided to do a bit of research on Frederick. He’d been with Floom for a while, but there wasn’t a whole lot about him beyond a few brief quotes on blog posts or data sheets.

Searching social media didn’t give me any better info either.

That meant I had to get to know him the old-fashioned way. Actual interaction. Again, I loved a challenge. At least, I kept telling myself that. Only time would tell whether or not that was actually true.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:13 am*

### Chapter 7

#### Frederick

When I got home, I had zero appetite for food. I was so uncomfortable and just felt...anxious. Antsy. I didn't know how to describe the strange feeling in my tummy, but I needed to figure out how to take care of the problem in my pants.

I'd heard that cold showers helped reduce arousal, so I turned on my shower and quickly undressed. The water was barely cool, but it was still too cold and I couldn't stand it for more than a few seconds. I cranked up the heat, and before I knew it, my soapy hand was wrapped around my penis, and I was rubbing it quickly.

What if someone saw me? My hand moved faster, and my testicles felt tight and pulled in as thoughts of how shameful I was behaving snuck into my mind. Then I imagined Saber in the shower with me, using his hand to touch me.

All my shame was instantly gone and replaced by a powerful orgasm. My muscles contracted and spasmed as my whole body rocked in unexpected pleasure. It was stronger than I remembered my few orgasms to be as waves of electricity pulsed through me and I spilled onto the shower floor.

Finally, I could relax. At least, that's what I expected. Unfortunately, it didn't seem to be enough, because I was still slightly hard even after I washed up and got out of the shower.

Maybe I needed to see a doctor to fix this problem of mine.

Or maybe I just needed to figure out why I was so obsessed with Saber. And that would involve an incognito window on my computer, tightly closed curtains in my bedroom...and headphones so the neighbors more than a quarter of an acre away wouldn't accidentally hear what I was going to watch on my laptop.

After checking and double-checking my privacy settings and putting a sticky note over the camera on my laptop, I typed in the words I never expected to type in my life.

Male lactation porn.

And...wow. Once I started watching, I couldn't pull my attention away. Not only did I experience two more orgasms, but they were both while imagining my mouth on Saber's chest, drinking his milk while he told me I was his good boy.

What did that say about me? Probably not anything good...but I had a whole new appreciation for my new employee and couldn't wait to see him in the morning.

I scrolled through the code with Saber standing over me and pointing out particular functionality.

"Wow." I shook my head, shocked at how much he'd gotten done in twenty-four hours. "This is beautiful, Saber. Truly, it's textbook. I haven't seen anyone write this cleanly since..." I grinned as I gave him a quick glance. "Well, let's just say that I can't tell where your code ends and mine begins."

His hand landed on my shoulder and he squeezed. "Agreed. It was easy to see where other people had been poking around trying to make changes. I just searched for all the most common obfuscation tricks and rewrote everything the way I thought you'd write it."

“Nice work, Saber.” I almost leaned into him before I caught myself and pulled back. “This is huge. Our customers will be shocked when they find out this update can be rolled out months ahead of schedule.”

He sat on the edge of my desk and crossed his arms over his chest. “Speaking of customers, there’s something else I wanted to ask you about.”

Had he caught me staring and was trying to hide himself? I hoped not, because I’d never want to make an employee feel uncomfortable or like a sex object, even if that’s what my mind kept thinking of after my educational evening. “Sure, what’s up?” I crossed my legs and put my clasped hands in my lap, preemptively hiding my crotch area, just in case of any activity.

“I talked to a friend last night who used to work at Axer Time. Anyway, he has a bunch of past clients that could really use a product like BillForce. And, coincidentally, he’s interviewing for a sales position here next week.”

“Oh, that is a coincidence. What kind of clients is he referring to?”

“Startups. Small businesses who just need basic accounting and payments without all the hoops some of the bigger systems require.”

I nodded, thinking about the application. “Yeah, I can see that working. We might need to make a few tweaks for a small business version, but I like it. Great idea, Saber.”

“Well, it’s Nate’s idea. And actually, he was hoping to talk to you about it before bringing it up during his interview. We were thinking of maybe dinner tonight. Romano’s at six. Are you available?”

“What? Tonight?” I was flustered but couldn’t think of a reasonable excuse. “Um,

yeah. Okay. Sure.”

“Yeah?” He dropped his arms, holding on to the edge of my desk as he leaned forward. “Great. I’ll let him know we’re in.”

“Great.” I had to hold my breath and count to five before slowly blowing it out. “Then, I guess we better get back to work.”



## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:13 am*

### Chapter 8

#### Saber

I was surprised Frederick agreed to dinner so easily. But mostly, I was grateful. It was an interesting opportunity to expand the market for the product he was so passionate about. And Nate was just obnoxious enough to ask Frederick every question that would be totally inappropriate for me to ask as his subordinate.

And I had so many questions.

Frederick had hinted about being “neutral,” and I took that to mean some variation of asexual, but I wanted some clarity on that. As much as he could provide. And if he couldn’t be more clear, that was okay too. I just needed to know if I should back off or keep pushing, because I really wanted to explore something with Frederick if he was up for it.

And if he wasn’t, well, I needed to know that too. For his sake and mine.

Once we got to the restaurant, I guided Frederick to our table as if he were my date. It was totally inappropriate, but I couldn’t stop myself from touching him. And he didn’t seem to mind. In fact, he inched into my side as if he wanted to be even closer.

“Nate is just over there.” I pointed to our table just before we reached it and then pulled out the chair across from Nate so I could sit between the two of them. “Nate, this is Frederick, my manager at Floom.”

“Frederick, it’s nice to meet you.” Nate stood up and shook Frederick’s hand over the table. “I’ve heard some great things about you from Saber.”

Frederick chuckled. “He’s only known me for two days, so I guess we’re still in the honeymoon phase.”

True to his personality, Nate didn’t let me down. “Well, you know the best part about the honeymoon phase.” He wagged his eyebrows. “No need to leave the bedroom. Am I right?”

Frederick choked on air as he dropped into the chair. “Um, I wouldn’t know.”

I rolled my eyes at Nate as I gave him a quick hug before sitting between the two guys. “Don’t embarrass Frederick yet. He’s a bit shy about these things.”

“I’m not so much shy as just...” He shrugged and kept his eyes on his napkin as he unfolded it in his lap. “Inexperienced with such things.”

“You mean, milky things?” Nate didn’t even lower his voice when the server dropped off a basket of garlic bread and our waters. “Because that’s a bit of an acquired taste, but most people definitely acquire it.”

“Oh. Yeah. Well...” Frederick shifted in his chair, and I could see he was adjusting his dick underneath his napkin. “Is anyone drinking? I feel like I need a drink.”

“Me too.” I wouldn’t survive the night without a bit of a buzz. Otherwise, I’d be adjusting my dick the whole time too. He was just too cute when he was all awkward and squirmy. If he really seemed uncomfortable, I’d get him out of here. But Frederick seemed to have developed some courage and determination overnight and didn’t appear ready to pass out. I was calling that a win.

A moment later, the server appeared to take our orders. Nate was first to drop his menu and look up. "I'll have an old-fashioned and the lasagna."

"Frederick, what about you?" I watched him study the menu like it was in a foreign language. "Do you need another minute? I can go next if you do."

"Yes, please." He half-smiled and continued to stare at all the options.

"I'll have a gin and tonic with lime and..." I usually ordered the gnocchi, but I had a feeling Frederick was feeling self-conscious about ordering what he really wanted to, so I wanted to make it easier for him to choose. "Spaghetti and meatballs, please."

Freddy immediately looked up at me and smiled. "I was thinking about that too."

"You should get it. Or if there's something else you're debating, you can order that and we'll share both."

"Oh." His shoulders visibly dropped as he looked down again. "I also like the cheese tortellini."

"Good choice. It's one of my favorites."

He cocked his head. "And you wouldn't mind sharing with me?"

"Not at all." I turned to the server. "Could you bring a few extra plates?"

The man made a note on his pad and then tapped his lip. "If you'd like, I can have the kitchen put half of each on two plates and just bring them out like that."

Frederick had a happy expression on his face, so I figured that was the right choice. "Sounds perfect. Thank you."

As soon as he stepped away, Nate jumped right in. “You two are fuckin’ adorable. I love this Daddy/Little dynamic you’ve got going on.” He smacked my arm. “Exactly what you’ve always wanted.”

Frederick gasped, and I could feel him pulling away and into himself. “Nate, fuck! Just chill on the shipping. Frederick is my boss. I just started working for him. If anything develops, that’s gravy. And private.” I hooked my ankle behind Frederick’s as a way of touching him without Nate noticing. “Tonight, let’s stick to business. You wanted to talk to him about your ideas for expanding BillForce to meet the needs of small businesses, right?”

Nate took a minute to read the room, thankfully, and got back on track. While we each finished our drinks and ordered seconds, Nate and Frederick had a lively conversation about the possibilities for BillForce. By the time we were halfway through our entrees, Frederick was slurring his words and giggling at almost everything we said.

“Excuse me. I’m gonna run to the restroom.” I got up from the table and asked the server to switch Frederick’s drinks and mine to Sprite and limes.

I was pretty sure he wouldn’t notice, and he definitely didn’t need any more alcohol. As it was, there was no way he could get himself home. He hadn’t been overserved, but it was clear he didn’t drink much and had a low tolerance. Which made me feel even more protective over him.

The server was bringing our third round right as I got back to the table. I watched from the side of my eye as Frederick took a long pull from his straw. “These are so good. Saber, don’t you think they’re so good?”

“I do, Freddy.” I took a sip of mine. It was definitely sweet. “Thanks again, Nate, for meeting with us. Your ideas could really make a difference for our team.”

“Anytime. And I’ll let you know how things go during my interview. If it all works out, we could be working on the same team in just a few weeks.”

“That would be super duper, Nate.” Frederick stood up quickly and his chair flew backward. I managed to grab it before it hit the ground, but Freddy swayed, falling right into my chest. “Whoa. Why is the room spinning?”

“A lightweight, I take it?” Nate grinned and helped keep Frederick upright while I got the chair up and out of his way. “You need help getting him home?”

“Nah, I got it.” I handed Nate my credit card. “Can you take care of that while I see if he needs to take a piss before we leave? He’s had three drinks and water, so he might not make it all the way home.”

Nate cringed. “Yeah, see if he needs to puke too because I have a feeling that’s what you should really be worrying about.”

Frederick tugged on the front of my shirt. “What did Nate mean by Daddy dynamic?”

Fuck, this was not the time for that conversation. “He was being silly. Do you need to use the restroom?”

Frederick threw his head back to think and then swayed even more. “Yeah, I think so.” His hand moved down to his crotch and whispered louder than appropriate for a family-friendly restaurant. “Can I peepee if my penis is hard? It keeps being hard no matter how many times I make an orgasm.”

Nate walked up just in time to hear that. “Shit, Sabe. Looks like your boy needs some of your special brand of help with his little peepee problem.”

I yanked my card out of Nate’s hand and ignored his comment. “Leave a good tip and

I'll call you this weekend. And send me your resume if you want me to pass it on to my uncle Ralph."

He patted Frederick's head and nodded. "Take care of this one. He seems like a keeper."

Yeah, he definitely was.

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### Chapter 9

#### Saber

After holding Frederick up from behind as he swayed in front of the urinal, I finally got him buckled into my car and on the road. He was sleepy on the ride, so I had to dig his driver's license out of his wallet to get his address and then find his keys in his computer bag to get him in the door.

The second we stepped inside, Frederick kicked off his shoes. They flew in opposite directions. "I'm so hot." He ripped his shirt over his head without unbuttoning it so it got stuck at his nose. "Ouch. Owie. Saber, help. I'm stuck."

"I can see that." I chuckled and walked him backward into his living room so he could lean against the back of his sofa while I did my best to help. "Just relax your arms and let me get a few of these buttons loose."

"It's too hot. I can't breathe." He was starting to panic, so I took a gamble that it wasn't an expensive shirt and ripped open the front so he could see me again.

"You're okay now, sweetheart." I held his cheeks and wiped a few tears away with my thumbs. "I've got you."

"Like a Daddy?" he asked quietly, still somewhat confused by the term.

"Yeah, like a Daddy, if you're comfortable with that."

He shrugged. “Okay, but I think I need to lie down.”

Right. “Then let’s get you into bed.”

He dropped his pants and stepped out of them as we walked down the hall. “I’m not as hot anymore.”

“I’m glad to hear that.” I left his trail of clothes where they were. Getting him into bed was more important than keeping his house tidy. “Do you want to put on pajamas?”

He shook his head and flopped down in the center of his bed. “Good night.”

“Um, okay.” I pulled his socks off and allowed myself two seconds to look at his pert ass under the tighty-whities. He was so damn cute. Before I could say good night to him, he was softly snoring.

I pulled back the covers and gently rolled him between the sheets before tucking him in. He was in a deep sleep and didn’t budge at all, not even when I brushed a slight kiss over the back of his head and slipped out of the room.

After making sure his phone was on a charger and his keys were on the table, I locked the door from the inside and pulled it shut behind me. Considering the only action I got was a chaste kiss across the back of his head, I felt completely connected to this man. How was that even possible?

There was only one way to find out, and I intended to follow that thread until it snapped or was fully wrapped around me too.

My sleep was restless, and I was anxious to check on Frederick, so I got to work at seven fifty with a box of donuts and two steaming cups of hot cocoa. I’d only seen



him drinking tea, but I had a feeling he might enjoy something a little richer.

At eight on the dot, Frederick slowly walked in wearing sunglasses and a heavy coat. When he saw me sitting at my desk, he froze. “Oh, hi, Saber.”

“Good morning. I brought donuts and hot chocolate.”

“You did?” He stood a little straighter and went for the pink box on our little meeting table. “Why?”

Why, indeed... “Just thought you might need some comfort foods this morning. Cocoa and donuts always help me when I’ve got a hangover.”

“A hangover?” He broke a piece off a cake donut with sprinkles and then dropped into his chair with a thud. “Is that what this is?”

I grinned and took the cup of chocolate to him then set it on the edge of his desk. “Your first one?”

He scoffed and reached for the cocoa, holding it under his nose with both hands as he inhaled the sweet steam wafting from it. “Yeah, never really got drunk before.” He pulled off his sunglasses and looked me in the eyes. “I was drunk, right?”

“A little bit, yeah.”

He took a sip and locked his gaze with mine. “Did we...you know?”

“What?” I took a drink from my cup and cocked my head, waiting for him to respond.

“Last night.” He cleared his throat. “Did we do the sex?”

“The sex?” I bit the corner of my mouth to keep from laughing out loud. “No, Freddy. We didn’t do the sex. I got you home, tucked you in, and then let myself out. I promise your virtue is still pure.”

“Oh.” He almost seemed disappointed by that. “Of course. Sorry for even asking. That was wrong.”

“Not at all.” I scooted closer so the side of my leg was touching his. “I’m proud of you for asking. I know that’s not an easy thing to say, but it’s important for you to know what happened.”

He just nodded and took another sip.

“And even more important is that you know you can trust me. I’d never take advantage of you when you were vulnerable. If you ever want to do the sex—” I wagged my eyebrows to let him know my teasing was harmless. “You’ll need to say the words and let me know you’re one hundred percent on board.”

“Oh.” His breathing picked up, and I noticed his trousers tenting in front, but he didn’t even try to hide his hard-on this time. For some reason, that felt like progress. “Okay. Thank you.”

“Thank you for trusting me, Freddy.” I reached for his shoulder and gave him a squeeze. “It means a lot to me. I promise not to abuse that.”

His eyes welled up, and he nodded. “I know you won’t, Saber.”

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:13 am*

### Chapter 10

#### Frederick

I felt yucky for most of the day, but by the time Saber pushed away from his desk to leave, I was almost human again.

He was looking at me when I looked at him. “Is there anything else you need before I head out?”

It was after five, and we had gotten quite a bit done. I hadn’t given much thought to everything Nate had suggested, but that was because every time I tried to bring up the conversation from the night before in my mind, I thought about all the other stuff that was said and done.

Including the fact that Saber, my employee, undressed me and tucked me into bed.

If he mentioned that to his uncle, I’d surely be fired. But I didn’t think he’d do that.

Over the next few days, we powered through the punch list and added several new features I didn’t expect to get to for months. Saber had a way of focusing me so we were both more productive, and I didn’t feel any of the stress I usually had.

Even though I still had two open positions to fill, I wasn’t in any hurry to expand my department.

Saber and I were a solid team, and if Nate was hired, we’d definitely be able to turn

BillForce around. If Ralph and the rest of the board didn't agree, I had some ideas for that too. But that was for future me to deal with. Present me was having more fun at work than I ever had before.

Saber brought a joy to my life that I couldn't remember feeling since I was a young child. He joked around with me like I was one of the guys, and we had lunch together every day. It was unlike any relationship I'd had as an adult. In just a few days, we had a real friendship.

The only bad thing was that my attraction to Saber was intensifying. I couldn't stop thinking about him—whether we were together or not. I didn't really understand what was happening, but I was pretty sure it was a crush. At least, my understanding of what a crush was. When I was younger, I would have thought Saber was a person I wanted to date. But now, my feelings were deeper than that. I wanted to spend every second with him, and that was scary.

And exciting.

Unfortunately, my erections weren't going away, but I was getting better at ignoring them. At least until I got home and turned on the videos of men suckling milk from other men. There was one actor who looked similar to Saber, and every time I saw him, my orgasms came quickly. That was helpful to get to sleep at night, but I'd been waking up with semen in my underwear from the dreams that filled my nights.

Part of me wanted to talk to Saber about what I could do about it, but that wasn't a conversation that was appropriate for a manager to have with an employee. But from day one, our relationship hadn't been normal. I was grateful for that, but I was starting to need more.

On Friday afternoon, I started to get antsy. I couldn't focus on my work, and my emotions were right on the surface. Every time I glanced at Saber, I wasn't sure if I

should smile or cry or run to the bathroom to deal with my erection.

And somehow, he knew exactly what I needed.

“Frederick.”

I startled when I heard his deep voice from across the room. I’d been doodling and shaking my leg like it was covered with ants. “Yes.”

“What’s wrong?” He closed his laptop and looked at me without standing up. “And I hope you’ll be honest with me.”

“Oh.” I closed my laptop too, unsure how to respond. I wanted to be honest, but I didn’t know what to say. “Honestly, I’m not sure. I just feel weird. Anxious or something. I’m sorry if I’m distracting you.” I glanced at my watch. “It’s almost five. We can head out early. We’ve gotten a month’s worth of work done this week. We’ve earned it.”

He nodded but stayed silent, keeping his eyes on me.

“Is there something else?”

He shrugged. “No, just waiting for a real answer to my question. Something is bothering you, and I’m wondering if it’s something I can help with. I think it might be, but I need you to use your words.”

“Use my words?” I swallowed hard and crossed my arms over my chest, not sure if I should be offended by that. I wasn’t a child. But on the other hand, I kinda appreciated that he was giving me space to express myself. “I’m not sure I have them right now. I think I want stuff, but I don’t exactly know what.” I took a deep breath and looked right at him. “And I don’t think any of it is okay to want from a

subordinate.”

His lips pulled into a grin. “Okay, that’s good.” He stood up and slowly sauntered to my desk. At least, I thought that slow walk with his eyes locked on mine was called sauntering. It was hard to think when he looked at me like that. “And if you’d like to explore this a little more, I’d love to have dinner with you tonight. Maybe I can pick up something and we can watch a movie at your house.”

I was nodding before he stopped right beside me, sitting on the edge of my desk. “Yes, please.”

“Then let’s get out of here. You head home and put on some comfy clothes. Pajamas or whatever you want to wear for a movie night. I’ll pick up dinner. What are you in the mood for?”

I shrugged. “Can you decide?”

He smiled and placed his hand on mine. “I was thinking of either broccoli chicken mac and cheese from Noodle Zone or pizza. Do you have a preference?”

“Pizza sounds good. I like cheese.” My knee stopped shaking, and I already felt so much better. How did his mere presence do that to me?

“Me too, Freddy.” He gave my hand a squeeze and stood up. “I’m going to walk you to your car to make sure you get out of here. So please wrap up everything and be ready in five.”

“Okay.” I couldn’t remember the last time anyone had given me instructions like that. Again, a small part of me was annoyed because I was the boss and he was the employee, but a much bigger part felt special and important to Saber. Like he cared enough to tell me what to do, and that was something I didn’t realize I needed.

After quickly shutting down my computer and gathering my stuff, Saber walked me out to my car. We kept a reasonable amount of space between us for the surveillance cameras, but once I got inside and rolled down the window, Saber leaned in and let his hand linger on my shoulder as he reminded me to get changed into comfortable clothes and think about what movie I wanted to watch.

I went straight home and did what he asked. Everything except picking a movie. I didn't know what he would like, and I wasn't good at picking, so I decided to let Saber choose. He was good at choosing, and knowing that Saber would handle it brought me a great deal of comfort.

Sometimes, it was better to let someone else do the thinking and deciding.

### Chapter 11

#### Saber

The sexual tension between me and Frederick had been steadily growing. At least, I thought it was sexual. He'd been rocking a boner for days, and I couldn't imagine how painful that must have been. I got hard fairly often too, but I was more skilled at discreetly taking care of it in the bathroom or by thinking unsexy thoughts.

Frederick didn't seem to be as skilled, and based on his drunken confession at the restaurant, I had a feeling he was relying on porn at home to deal with his needs. That was the second best-case scenario, as far as I was concerned. The first option, my preference, would be a little more hands-on, or mouth-on as the case may be. But I needed to take baby steps.

Starting tonight.

When I gave him instructions, I was not only testing to see if he followed them but whether or not he liked following them.

And when he opened the door wearing a big-ass smile and a pair of plaid flannel jammies with fuzzy socks, I couldn't contain the joy in my heart. He wanted this as much as I did. I just didn't think he knew exactly what this was quite yet. But we'd get there. And wherever he fell on the kink spectrum, I could feel in my heart that Freddy was going to be my boy.

"You look great." I stepped right up to his chest and gave him a one-armed hug while



using my other to hold the pizza and breadsticks out of the way. “I’m so proud of you for obeying me.”

He blew out a breath and lowered his forehead to my shoulder. “You’re proud of me?”

“Of course I am. I asked you to do a few things for me and you did.” My hand cupped the back of his neck as I stepped away. “Thank you.”

“I wanted to make you happy.” He bit his lip and sucked in a shuddering breath. “But I didn’t know I could make you proud too. I don’t think anyone has ever been proud of me before.”

Fuck. That hit me in the gut. “Of course people have been proud of you, sweetheart. Your parents, for one.”

He shook his head. “No, they definitely weren’t. I was one of twelve. They mostly forgot about me, and since I didn’t get married and have babies right out of college, they lost interest. And pride has never been something I felt in myself or from others. Only you.”

I slid the pizza onto his side table and held him with both hands. “Always me. You’re kind and brilliant and dedicated, and I’ve been proud of you on several occasions. You deserve so much more than you’ve experienced, but I’m here now. I want to give you everything you need, and probably things you don’t know you need but I believe you need. Will you trust me to do that, Freddy?”

He swallowed as his head went up and down. “I trust you with my life, Saber. I don’t know what’s going on with me, and I’m afraid to do something that will upset you or make you go to your uncle, but I completely trust that you know what to do. And I’d like you to just do it. Please.”

I kissed his cheek and then again a hair closer to his lips. “Let’s get this straight, once and for all. Anything we explore privately is private. Completely separate from work. I promise I’ll never share anything with my uncle or anyone else without discussing it with you first. And if things go bad, I’ll leave without ever sharing our secrets. I’m here because I want to be. No coercion or pressure from you or anyone else. What about you, Freddy? Why are you here with me now?”

“Because I think I want you. I mean, I do want you, but I don’t know what that means. Please help me, Saber.”

Fuck, he was killing me. I wanted to tear him out of his clothes and take him right there in the hallway. But we had a long night ahead of us. And I had a bag of tricks to introduce him to, if he was ready. “May I kiss you, Freddy?”

“Please, yes. Show me how.”

I hadn’t been anyone’s first kiss in a decade, but it almost felt like it would be my first kiss too. Kissing had always been an obligatory action to get to sex. It was never anything beyond that because I’d never felt anything beyond that with anyone else. But with Freddy, there was nothing obligatory about it.

It was yearning in my belly to feel how soft his lips were on mine. It was a clawing need in my heart to connect with him.

“Just close your eyes and relax.” I closed my lips around his and pulled back very slowly. Freddy didn’t move at all as I did it again, this time dragging my tongue along his lower lip before pulling off.

Freddy opened his mouth, and when I came back toward him, his tongue poked out to meet mine in a tentative dance of soft breaths and gentle touches. His lips finally pressed fully to mine and his tongue swept inside my mouth. My grip on him

tightened as I pulled him tighter against me and sucked his breath into my mouth. I wanted part of him inside of me, and I definitely wanted parts of me inside of him.

After a moment, we both pulled back to fill our lungs. I ran my fingers through Freddy's hair and looked into his eyes, carefully watching his every expression. "You doing okay?"

"That was fun." He smiled as his hand went down to his crotch. "And, um, arousing."

I nodded and moved his hand to my belly, close to my cock without touching it. "For me too. Would you like to feel?"

His eyes went wide and jumped down to his hand. "Can I? I mean...is that okay?"

I kissed his forehead. "It's okay with me. I give you full permission to touch and explore any part of my body and to ask any question that comes to mind. It's just me and you here, sweet boy. No judgment. No pasts or parents or religion."

Freddy nodded and then slowly moved his hand over my cock. As soon as he felt the length, he gasped and pulled his hand away. "It's so big."

I chuckled. "It's so excited. You make it so big."

"I do?" He looked up at me and then back down. "Can I touch it again?"

"Yep. Anytime. Like I said, full access."

This time, he went straight for it, pressing the full length of his hand over my cock and molding over it. He pulled up to the tip and then finally blew out the air trapped in his lungs. "You can have full access to me too, but...I'm still figuring out what that means."

“Don’t worry about it right now, baby.” I hugged him again and kissed the top of his head. “Daddy’s got you.”

### Chapter 12

Frederick

He said it again, but I was still a little hazy from actually touching his erection that I didn't ask what he meant. I kinda didn't care. Mostly, I wanted to try more things with Saber.

"You hungry, baby boy?" Saber held my hand and pulled me toward the kitchen. "Your cheese pizza is getting cold."

"Yeah, I'm hungry. And cold pizza is just as good as hot."

"Smart boy." Saber put a slice on a plate and then held it up to me. "Want two?"

"Just one." I suddenly felt full, like I couldn't eat anything. "Thank you."

Saber put a piece of garlic bread on each of our plates and grabbed an apple juice box and a can of Coke from the bag and carried everything to the couch. "Is this good?"

I nodded and sat down in the middle of the sofa with my legs pulled up to my chest.

Saber settled beside me and then handed me my plate. "Do you need anything else?"

I shook my head and then took a bite. "I do have a question, though."

"Anything." Saber took a huge bite of his pizza and then turned sideways so he was

facing me. “What’s on your mind, baby boy?”

“That.” I picked at a corner of the bread and looked at him. “Why do you call me that? And what did you mean when you called yourself Daddy?”

Saber smiled. “Well, I guess it’s something I’ve always been into. I’m what you’d call a Daddy Dom.” He chuckled. “At least, that’s usually my role in sexual relationships. And the men I’m with are generally submissive and like to age regress.”

“What’s that?” I’d seen some videos with age regression, but I didn’t really understand it.

“Well, like, when I call you baby boy. How does that make you feel?”

I put the plate on the table and wrapped my arms tighter around my bent legs. “I’m not sure. A little bit confused, but then I kinda like it. It makes me feel important to you.”

He placed his hand behind my neck and held me in place. “You are important to me. So fucking important, Freddy.”

I frowned when he called me that. Not because I didn’t like the nickname but because it wasn’t the other name. “Not baby boy?”

Saber cocked his head and eyebrow at the same time. “Do you prefer baby boy?”

I shrugged again. “Maybe. I mean, I like Freddy too. You’re the only person who calls me that. But it’s not as special. Doesn’t make me feel...important to you.”

He leaned toward me and kissed my mouth. “I always want you to feel important,

baby boy. And that's why I want to be Daddy to you. Someday. I mean, if you want that too."

"I think I do. But you'll have to show me."

Saber picked up my pizza and held it up for me to take a bite. "You need to eat first. Did you think about what movie you want to watch?"

I opened my mouth and let him put the pizza between my teeth, and then I took a bite. While I chewed, I answered him without any regard for manners at all. "No. You can pick. I like when you pick stuff for me."

Saber's eyes lit up at that. "You're such a good boy." He kissed my temple. "Daddy loves picking out things for you."

The more times he said it, the more it made sense to me. The inhibitions that had held me in shackles my entire life broke apart one by one. And by the time we were halfway through Charlotte's Web, I was fully snuggled up against his side.

My penis was still hard, and the videos I'd been watching all week were front and center in my mind. The only difference was that now Saber was right next to me and he'd given me full access to his body.

I placed my hand on his stomach and then slowly moved up to his chest.

Saber was completely still, and I was afraid he would get mad, but he didn't. He just waited as I kept sliding my hand up until it was right over his pectoral muscle. "Would you like to feel me with my shirt off?"

"Yes, please." I moved back far enough for him to pull his shirt off. "Um, do you want me to call you Daddy?"

“I’d love that if you want to, but there’s no pressure. Do what makes you comfortable.” He placed his hand under his pec, cupping the firm skin and squeezing until a single drop of milk pooled at the tip. “Would you like to taste?”

My eyes flicked up to his face and then back to the drop. “What does it taste like?”

Saber wiped the drop off the tip of his nipple with his finger and then licked it. “Mmm, sweet. Warm.”

A shiver raced through me, and I thought I might have a little orgasm just from watching that. Nodding, I leaned forward and licked the tip. There wasn’t a drop of milk, but I still tasted a hint of sweetness.

“You watched some videos, right?” Saber rubbed the side of my hip with his strong hand.

“Yes. It helped me ejaculate.”

Saber chuckled. “I’m sure it did.” He used his other hand to hold the back of my head. “If you’d like to really get a drink, just put your mouth around the full nipple and suck. You can take as much as you want.”

I opened my mouth and went straight in, completely lost in the moment when I sucked and a warm flow of milk landed on my tongue. My eyes drifted closed and my hand went down to my pajamas. I kept drinking as I began to stroke myself until the tingle of an orgasm pulled low in my tummy, and I exploded.

“That’s Daddy’s good boy.” Saber’s fingers massaged the back of my head. “Take the milk that you want and give Daddy all your come.”

My eyes popped open and my mouth did too. “Oops.” I looked down and saw he’d



caught my ejaculate with his hand.

As I watched, he brought his hand up to his mouth and licked up the sticky cream. “Mmm, even better than milk.”

“Oh. It’s happening again.” I reached down and stroked my penis quickly as more came out, this time landing on my pajama shirt. “There’s so much. It never stops.”

“Fuck, baby.” He shifted his weight, and I felt Saber’s erection under my arm. “You’re gonna make Daddy come too.”

“I am?” I sat up and tucked myself back into my pants. “Why?”

He smiled and undid the zipper in his pants so he could slide his hand inside. “Because you’re so sweet and sexy and...innocent. And it feels so good when you drink from me.”

I smiled and licked the tip of his other nipple. “It does? Do you want me to drink this side too?”

His hand slid down from my hip and over my penis. It was soft but starting to fill up again. “If you’d like to. And if you need Daddy to help you come, I would be happy to lend a hand.”

I nodded and pulled my pajamas down so he could touch me without anything between us. No one had touched my penis in my whole life. I barely touched it beyond cleaning and peeing. Until I met Saber and started touching it all the time. And now he was touching it too.

I took a deep pull from Saber as he started stroking me. It felt so good. So many sensations bounced throughout my whole body and seemed to be concentrating in my

balls as I drank his delicious milk. Everything in me tightened up, and I came again, this time on my bare belly.

I opened my mouth and lay back on Saber's lap. "Wow. It feels a lot different when someone else does it."

"Good different, I hope." He bent down and licked up the mess on my skin. "Because this is definitely a good different for me."

"It is?" I wiggled in his lap, hoping that made his erection feel good. "You've done this a million times before."

"Not quite a million, but yes, quite a bit. But those people were just for fun." He pulled me up higher so he could softly kiss my lips. "With you, it's more than just fun. I feel connected to you in a way I've never felt with anyone else. That's why you're different, baby boy. Special."

### Chapter 13

#### Frederick

When I came in his hand while suckling at his chest, Saber moaned and it seemed like he almost came too. “Fuck, you’re so beautiful,” he praised.

It was surreal to think that my virgin lips were touching him in places I’d never imagined before. And I hoped that with time, he’d be touching me in my most intimate places too.

“Do you want to keep watching the movie?” Saber adjusted me so I was on his lap.

My body was a bit stiff at first, but I quickly relaxed against him. “I was thinking of maybe trying some other stuff.” I wiggled my bottom over his hard penis, eliciting a moan from deep in his throat. “If you want.”

Pressing a kiss to my shoulder, Saber took a second to think about his response. I wanted him to turn off the movie, rip off all our clothes, and do all the dirty things I saw in the videos.

But he’s made it clear that he didn’t want to push me too far too fast. I appreciated his consideration, but I also wanted to experience everything with him. I’d been ignored and pushed aside my whole life. And deep in my heart, I didn’t believe Saber would ever do that to me.

“I do want, baby boy. Let’s go to the bedroom, okay?”

Between the softness of his voice and the gentle way he touched me, I felt some of the walls I'd built inside me begin to shatter. I didn't feel strong or independent, and I didn't want to. Maybe I never had. But the way Saber guided me to the bedroom and tucked me into my bed...and then climbed in beside me completely naked, I felt like his baby boy.

Like someone he was fully committed to taking care of and being responsible for. And that gave me a freedom to stop thinking and worrying and feeling any kind of shame. I felt empowered to be brave and ask for what I wanted. What I'd never wanted before.

As soon as he faced me, I curled into him, throwing my leg over his hip and locking around him like a baby monkey. "I want to touch you now."

"Well, go ahead then. I already gave you permission to explore." He threw back the covers and took his cock in his hand, stroking it from the tip all the way down to the root.

I scooted down and put my face right next to his hand, watching how his fingers moved and the way his grip tightened and loosened as he moved. "You're really good at that."

Saber chuckled softly. "I've had a lot of experience."

"Really?" I put my hand over his and memorized the speed and pressure he used. "I'm not good at this at all. I've never really done it until...this week."

"Never?" Saber removed his hand and placed mine over his erection. How could skin be both hard and silky at the same time? Rigid and smooth. "When you touch yourself, just do what feels good. There's no wrong way."

I squeezed and then released, pulsing my grip close to his base. “Is this okay?”

“Yeah.” He drew a pattern on the back of my neck as I got closer to him. “Feels good.”

As my confidence grew, my inhibitions dropped. I stuck out my tongue and let it touch his tip. There was a tart zing that surprised me, but then I instantly wanted more. Pushing aside everything that had ever held me back, I leaned farther and sucked as much of his length into my mouth as possible.

“Yes, baby boy.” Saber closed his fist in my hair, holding me in place. “Suck Daddy’s dick until you make more milk come out.”

A whimper escaped my throat, and he moaned again. My penis was harder than ever, and I wanted to make it feel good too, but I couldn’t concentrate on two things at once, so I grabbed Saber’s hand and moved it down to my waistline and then shoved it underneath the fabric.

“Daddy will make you feel good too.” He immediately reached for me and stroked to the same rhythm I had set with my mouth.

My hips started jerking as he moved back and forth, up and down. So many different and unexpected sensations ran through me, and before I realized what was happening, I was exploding onto Daddy’s hand as he filled my mouth with more of his tangy cream.

I drank it all and smacked my lips together, looking for more. There was a single drop bubbled on his tip, so I licked it off just before I was dragged up Saber’s strong body.

“Such a good boy for Daddy. Thank you for that.”

“Did you really enjoy that...um, Daddy?”

He sucked in a breath and let his eyes drop closed for a moment. “So damn much.”

“Me too.”

“Will you call me that again?”

“What?” I was looking at his lips, wanting to kiss him, when he smiled and tilted my head up so I was looking into his eyes.

“Call me Daddy.”

My teeth closed around my bottom lip, and I could feel my cheeks going pink.

“Daddy.”

“Fuck, baby.” He pressed his mouth to mine and pulled me against him. “I love how that sounds from your lips.”

“I think I do too.” I rested my head on his shoulder. “Daddy. Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Yeah, I like it.”

He chuckled and kissed the tip of my nose. “You have no idea how happy that makes me.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:13 am*

### Chapter 14

#### Saber

Freddy quickly fell asleep on my chest, sucking until his mouth went slack and then waking up and latching on again. Poor guy got up twice throughout the night to pee, but that didn't stop him from wanting more.

The few times I dozed off, I woke up with him in the exact same position.

My heart felt so full because he was finally starting to relax with me. He was fully able to trust that he could be vulnerable with me without judgment or disgust. And with that freedom to be vulnerable, came the natural tendency for him to regress.

So far, it was just simplifying his vocabulary and giving in to his oral fixation, but I was confident that with a bit more time, he would fully embrace what I believed to be the Little or maybe Middle inside him.

And if we didn't, that was okay too.

I was completely smitten and falling for Freddy exactly the way he was. But every moment we were together, a new layer of his sexual awakening was revealed—allowing me to share that with him was like the best gift on Christmas morning.

I didn't know I could be so happy from simple words or glances or even a kiss.

None of those things had ever been significant to me before. Not in any real way. But with Freddy, they meant so much more than the acts themselves. His bravery and determination to try new things was astounding.

When I woke up on Saturday morning and couldn't go back to sleep, I carefully slid out from underneath Freddy by pushing a pillow under his arm so he wouldn't notice I was gone and then went into the kitchen.

I was still completely naked and considered at least putting on my jeans, but this was another good test for Freddy. He was clearly not comfortable with nudity, and showing him that I was fully open to sharing every part of myself with him would hopefully drive that message home.

There was a box of pancake mix in the pantry and eggs in his fridge, so I whipped up breakfast and coffee. It didn't take long, and when I brought everything into the bedroom on a tray, Freddy was still asleep.

He was so cute when he slept, softly snoring with a childlike innocence on his face.

I put the tray down on the far side of the bed and then leaned over to kiss his cheek. "Good morning, baby. Are you ready to wake up?"

He squeezed his eyes together tightly and made a noise that didn't sound entirely happy. "Do I have to?"

"No, you can sleep in, but I made pancakes and eggs. I was hoping you'd want to have breakfast in bed with me."

His eyes popped open, fully awake and alert. "That sounds nice."

My hand went to his cheek and tilted it up so I could kiss him properly. "I think so



too.”

When I pulled away, he looked and realized that I was standing there totally naked. “You cooked without any clothes on?”

I chuckled and took a step back as I held up my arms for him to get a good look. “I did. Didn’t wanna cover everything up in case you weren’t done with me.”

He bit his lower lip and smiled bashfully. “I’m not done with you… Daddy.”

That’s what I liked to hear. I placed my hands underneath his armpits and lifted him up into a seated position. I adjusted the pillows behind his back so he was leaning on the headboard and then brought the tray to his lap. “How’s that?”

“Amazing.” He reached for one of the coffees and took a sip. “Why does this taste better just because you made it?”

I shrugged and climbed into the bed beside him so we could share his tray. “You know what they say. Everything tastes better when it’s made with love.”

His eyes flicked to mine and held there. “This is the best coffee I’ve ever tasted in my whole life.”

I slipped my hand around the back of his neck and rubbed his ear with my thumb. “It makes me happy to do things for you, baby. I’m happy to cook for you and clean for you. Make sure you feel good all the time.” I chuckled, continuing to test him to see where his limits were. “At some point, if you let me, I’d love to give you a bath and even clean your bottom for you. Daddies take care of everything for their baby boys.”

Freddy sucked in a deep breath and stared at the piece of pancake he’d just poked with his fork. “They do?”

“Sometimes. It doesn’t have to be like that with us. Or not all those things all the time. Maybe just some of those things sometimes. Or none of them. I just want you to know, I’m here for everything you want me for.” I pulled his head closer and kissed his temple, speaking against his warm skin. “I want you to feel comfortable submitting to me in any way that comes naturally to you. I know you didn’t always feel cared for when you were a child, and I want you to know that I’ll always care for you. I’ll always put your needs first and make decisions based on what I think you need as much as what I think you want. However that looks to you is fine with me.” I took a deep breath to consider what I was about to say. “But I’d like to be here for the long haul, Frederick. I’m in. One hundred percent. The ball is in your court now.”

His shoulders visibly relaxed, and he sighed into my body. “That sounds nice. I wanna try all that. I’m not sure I know how, but if you teach me, I’d like to learn how to let you take care of me. You make me feel special and important and like I’ll always be safe because you’re always gonna keep me safe.”

“That’s right, baby.” I reached for the fork in his hand and gently took it from him. “Now open wide and take a big bite for Daddy. You need lots of energy so we can play later.”

“Play?” Freddy opened his mouth wide and bit the pancake off the edge of the fork as he waited for me to respond.

“Yeah, I thought maybe we could go to the park and kick the ball around or hit a craft store and buy some coloring books or paint. Did you ever play with LEGO when you were younger?”

His eyes went wide. “I had LEGO. And I like to paint, but I’m not good at it.”

“I would love to see anything you paint, and I bet you’re better than you realize.” I put a bite of egg on his fork and fed it to him.

He didn't hesitate at all to open and accept the bite. "You cook good." Freddy opened his mouth and waited, indicating he was ready for another bite.

The regression was going faster than I expected, and I fucking loved it. I loaded up his fork and gave him a bigger bite this time and repeated it until he finally shook his head and leaned against my shoulder. "Milk, please."

"Of course, sweet boy." I moved the tray out of the way, and Freddy turned his whole body, so his knees were up by the headboard and his torso lay across my lap as he latched on to one side and teased my nipple between his thumb and forefinger on the other side.

I tried to ignore how good that felt as I ate a few bites of my own breakfast, but he was too distracting. There was no way to ignore how badly I needed him, but I wasn't sure he was ready for more than what we'd already done.

Instead of falling asleep again, Freddy drank for a few minutes and then pulled off and rested his hand on my lap. With my hardening cock poking up at him, he scooted down closer to my knees and stared at it right in his face. "Daddy?"

"Yes?" I wiped a drop of milk from the corner of his mouth with my thumb and then held it in front of his mouth.

He immediately licked it up and smiled. "Am I still a virgin?"

I had known that he was inexperienced and assumed he was a virgin, but hearing him say it out loud did something to me. Something almost primal.

I wanted to flip him over and show him exactly how good I could make him feel, but the Daddy in me wanted to make sure he fully understood that I had no expectations. And he had no obligations. "Yes, sweet boy. You are, and you will be for as long as

you want. If and when you're ready to try more things, I'll be honored to share those experiences with you. But there's no rush and no timeline. This is all still so new for you...and me too. I've never felt this way about someone before, and if it takes us a year to get to the next stage physically, that's okay with me."

"No, now." His tongue poked out and tasted the tip of my dick. "I want to feel you in my bottom now, and then I wanna take a bath." He cocked an eyebrow and thought about that. "Wait, do we do the bath first?"

I chuckled and lifted him up so I could kiss his mouth. "You're so damn sweet."

"I am?"

"Yes, you are. And we don't always have to take a bath first." I waggled my eyebrows. "Daddy likes to get dirty sometimes."

He giggled, back in his Little headspace, but still with me enough to have this conversation. "You're silly."

"Yes, but we can take a bath now and then maybe go buy some art supplies for later today. Then we can talk about getting back into this comfy bed of yours later on."

His lower lip popped out and he furrowed his eyebrows together. "Okay, Daddy. I trust that you know what's best."

There were no words I treasured more than those. "Thank you, sweet boy. Now let's get you cleaned up."

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:13 am*

### Chapter 15

#### Frederick

I was too impatient for an actual bath, and since I'd never used my bathtub, I wasn't confident in how clean it was. So, we decided to shower and give the tub a thorough scrubbing some other day.

With each passing minute with Saber, I felt a shift happening inside me. It was getting easier and easier to fully embrace the idea of Saber taking care of me. Daddying me. Eventually, I stopped thinking too hard about things like speaking in full sentences. I knew it was happening, could feel it happening. And even though I didn't quite understand it, some part deep inside me just needed to fully submit to Daddy in this way.

I stood under the showerhead as Saber soaped up a cloth and gently ran it over my whole body. He was careful and thorough as he washed and followed up with kisses all across my rinsed skin.

My penis was hard the entire time, and when Daddy got to it, he grinned as he wrapped the soapy towel around me and began to stroke.

"Oh, wow." I held on to his shoulders for balance as my legs got shaky. He turned me so I was facing the spray with it hitting just below my belly as he held me against his chest, working me slowly, like if he wanted to drag it out.

His erection pressed against my bottom and made me want to help him too. I reached

back and pushed it down, tucking it between my legs so it rubbed across my opening and tapped my balls as he thrust with me.

Feeling his hard skin on my most private place felt naughty, but in a good way. The kind of way I liked to feel now. The kind of way I'd only felt with Saber.

"It's good, Daddy. I'm almost exploding."

"Explode when you're ready, sweet boy." He kissed my ear and licked along the shell. "Daddy's gonna come right behind you."

Those were the words I needed to hear as I pressed into his fist, and he chased me with his hips, staying completely connected to me as I squeezed my thighs together and felt his warmth coat them.

As soon as the waves of electricity passed through me, I completely slumped in his arms.

Daddy held me in place, using the handheld sprayer to wash all my private parts and even my back where he said he leaked milk all over me.

"That just makes me thirsty again." I leaned forward and took a quick swipe from his nipple as he dried me off.

"You've already had lots of milk today. If we don't get out of here soon, we'll never leave."

I looked at him and nodded. "Good idea. Let's never leave."

He gave me a kiss then he gently swatted my bottom. "Nope. We're going shopping. And then we're gonna have some fun."

I didn't know if he was talking about the naked kind of fun that I already loved so much or the kind of fun that involved toys and paints, but I was up for anything.

Every minute I spent with Daddy was the best.

I couldn't remember ever being inside a craft store in my life. It was basically a toy store for crafty people and I'd never considered myself as particularly crafty or artistic.

Apparently, Daddy thought I was because he took me straight to the paint aisles and let me pick packs of oil paints, watercolors, and fingerpaints. I thought he was just kidding when he said he wanted me to try everything, but then we went down a crayon aisle and got pastels, crayons, coloring books, sketchbooks, and a few other projects I wasn't even sure about.

Then we went to the grocery store, and he bought ingredients to make lunch and dinner and hopefully some dessert. He gave me an ice cream cone when we walked in so I was too distracted to pay attention to the shopping part. I was determined not to lose a drop of my ice cream, so I had to focus.

For someone just out of college, Daddy was a great cook. He took some culinary classes as high school electives and continued to hone that skill even while living in student apartments. I was beginning to understand why he was so popular in college...not that there was ever any question in my mind.

Between his good looks, kind heart, and brilliant mind, he was the perfect package. Throw in his ability to produce milk and his Daddy tendencies and I couldn't imagine a more perfect man.

So I told him all that.

He laughed as he held out his hand to take my key so he could unlock the front door. “I’m far from perfect, baby. I definitely make mistakes. We all do.” He pushed open the door and waved me inside before carrying all our bags in behind me.

“I believe that you do make mistakes sometimes, but I also believe you’re perfect. I don’t think anyone could be better than you.”

He put everything down on the table then came to me and gripped both sides of my head with his hands. Daddy tilted my head up to look at him. “I don’t think there could be anybody more perfect than you either.”

“You don’t?” My eyes started to water, which didn’t make any sense. I wasn’t a crier until Daddy came along and seemed to pull these long repressed emotions out of me.

“Nope.” He leaned forward and kissed me, a series of soft little nips and brushes of his tongue before pulling back. “If I could choose anyone in this world to spend my life with, I think I’d choose you.”

My lower lip started to quiver, and one tear dripped down my cheek. “I think I’d choose you too.”

He kissed the tear and licked up my face to make sure no others would escape and then turned back to the bag of goodies. “What do you want to start with?”

Everything looked like fun, and I didn’t know where to start, so I just shrugged.

“Okay, I’ll pick for you. Why don’t you sit on the floor in front of your coffee table so you have lots of room to spread out.”

“Okay.” I let him guide me to the living room and sat where he pointed and then waited for him to tell me what to do next. There was something liberating about just



giving up control of all the petty things in life and enjoying the moment fully.

A few minutes later, I had a coloring book and a sketchpad in front of me, with pastels, crayons, and colored pencils scattered on the table. I reached for the coloring book and pencils first and began to carefully outline the shape of a horse running through a field. My movements were slow and precise as I was careful to stay in the lines. But after a while, my movements got faster, jerky. I wasn't in the lines at all, and it felt really good.

It was nice to play without fear of doing things the wrong way. I'd never been allowed to make a mess or take chances that might end up in failure.

The concept was completely foreign and completely freeing.

"Daddy!" I put down the crayons and waited for him to come out of the kitchen.

"Yes, baby." He poked his head around the corner.

"I want fingerpaints."

"You do?" He came and looked at my horse picture. "Nice. Let's see how painting goes." He pulled out the containers of fingerpaints and removed several pieces of paper from the sketchpad to make a placemat for me before centering one piece of paper as my canvas. "Make Daddy a pretty picture while I finish our sandwiches."

"Okay." I tentatively placed one finger in the pot of blue paint and inspected it. It felt gooey which made me laugh, and then I put another finger in the red paint. This was fun! I continued to dip my fingers until all five on my right hand were coated in paint.

Then I went to work.

The resulting masterpiece was a brownish mess that didn't resemble anything good, but Daddy smiled and called it abstract .

It was definitely abstract. Kinda like this relationship we were in. It was brand-new and messy and a mix of different aspects of our lives. But also...perfect.

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It was a difficult decision, but I decided to hold off on having sex with Freddy a little bit longer. Everything was happening so quickly, and although I felt like I was keeping his best interest top of mind, I worried I was being a little bit self-serving.

So I slowed things down.

We spent the rest of the weekend cuddling and playing and experimenting orally and with our fingers, but no condoms were required.

The work week went quickly. I finished the UI improvements Freddy had asked for and deployed it into a test environment that we invited a few customers to play with.

They were extremely excited to see the upgrades, and I finally understood how satisfying programming could be. Having a real and tangible impact in a person's business or their day-to-day job was awesome.

I was actually making an impact, even in my first few weeks on the job. That made each day fly by.

That, and the gorgeous view from my desk.

I still caught Freddy peeking up at me dozens of times throughout the day, but he caught me just as often. Who knew love could be so all encompassing.

Yes, love . That was the only word I could use to describe how I felt for him. What had started out as intrigue and attraction grew so quickly that neither of us could've prepared ourselves for the impact of our connection.

We had lunch together every day and dinner together every night. I stayed at his place long enough to tuck him in and give him milk to fall asleep, and then I headed home alone.

I'd only lived by myself for a few months since graduating and it was already getting old. I loved it at first, but now I wanted a particularly sweet and nerdy roommate to be at my side as often as possible.

At least we had the weekend.

When Friday finally rolled around again, I was ready. I picked up all the supplies we could need for the weekend together, regardless of where things went.

But Freddy had his own surprise in store for me.

He and I had lots of discussions during the week about the Daddy/Little dynamic and what that looked like for different people. I tried to make it clear that we would find our right dynamic in time and there was no pressure for him to try to be something that didn't feel natural to him.

But as the studious boy he was, he dove into research. I could sense that some things were more interesting than others, but when I walked into his apartment on Friday evening with ramen and dumplings from one of my favorite Japanese restaurants, Freddy was wearing a cropped T-shirt and a diaper.

A fucking diaper.

I almost creamed my pants right there in his doorway. "Fuck, baby, you look gorgeous."

He smiled. "Do you like this, Daddy?"

That had also become our new norm. In private, Freddy mostly called me Daddy, and I couldn't get enough of it. His research helped him understand more about age regression, and he not only embraced it but wanted to explore every aspect of it.

Hence the train-covered diaper he was showing off to me.

"I love it." I dropped my bags and placed my hands on his hips, loving the soft cotton against his silky skin. I let my finger tease just along the waistband. "So much."

He grinned and ran his hand along the front bulge. "Me too. It feels a little funny, but I've been hard the whole time, so I think I like it."

"Now Daddy's gonna be hard the whole time we have dinner."

He moved his hand over to my crotch, palming my growing length. "We could have dinner later while we take care of this right here." He dropped to his knees and began to unzip my pants.

Freddy had become well-skilled in the art of a blowjob and knew exactly how I liked to be touched. I could have stood there for the few minutes it would take for him to get me off and then proceed with dinner as planned, but his courage in initiating so many new things was a sign that he was ready.

A sign I wasn't going to ignore.

"That feels so good, baby boy. If you keep going, Daddy's gonna come down your throat." I brushed the hair back from his forehead and gripped it so his eyes moved up to meet mine. "Or if you're ready, I can come in your bottom."

His eyes went wide, and he pulled away. "Really? You finally want to make love to me?"

“Baby.” I knew the intent of his words, but it still felt like a stab to my heart that he thought I didn’t want to. I lifted him by his shoulders until he was on his feet and then lifted him again so he was wrapped around my torso as I let my jeans drop around my ankles and stepped out of them. “Of course I want to make love to you. Every day for the rest of my life. Sometimes twice.” I winked and kissed the tip of his nose. “I was just waiting for you to be ready, and now I think you are.”

“I am ready, Daddy. I’ve even been practicing.”

I choked on the air in my mouth and almost dropped him as I walked to his bedroom. “Practicing? What does that mean?”

“I watched a video on stretching. At night, I’ve been using my fingers to stretch myself out, but it doesn’t last very long. Every time I try it, I’m tight again.”

I held back a chuckle and smiled into the crook of his neck. “Yeah, it doesn’t last very long. Daddy will take care of it for you. But I’m happy to hear that you understand there will be some pain involved.”

“Oh, I do. But...” He looked up at me. “I think it’s a good kind of pain. I’m hard during that too. And when I put in three fingers, I usually ejaculate quickly, so I think my body likes it.”

Fuck, this boy was going to kill me.

“Daddy will make sure you do.” I was wholly focused on making his first time as pleasurable and pain-free as possible. That meant lots of lube and lots of careful stretching...

I took my time, kissing him in all his ticklish places to distract him as I slipped in one and then two fingers, spreading copious amounts of gel to make sure there wasn’t any tearing or pain that he didn’t like. But as he mentioned, Freddy was hard and leaking

precome the entire time I worked him open.

By the time he was squirming enough that I thought he'd come in my arms, I was also hard and ready to slide inside him.

"You ready for Daddy to be inside you?" I leaned over him and pushed his thighs apart with my knees as I reached for the condom. I'd put them on a hundred times before, but this time was different. My hands shook, and I dropped the packet twice trying to open it like it was my first time ever.

Moments later, I was lined up to his opening and kissing him again as I pressed inside. He was so tight and sensitive as I slowly entered his virgin hole. "Tell me if you need a break, baby boy."

He dug his fingers into my shoulders as he gasped. "It's good, Daddy. More."

I trusted he knew his limits, so I pushed all the way in, giving him my full length and holding there until I was sure he was okay to keep going.

"I'm almost gonna ejaculate, Daddy. My body likes the burning too much." He curled his back and rocked to get some movement.

"I've got you, baby." I leaned up and started rocking, pushing against him as he writhed beneath me. "Hold on for as long as you can and then you can come, baby. Daddy is right there with you."

I would have been able to hold on much longer, but Freddy spread his knees wide open so he could curl up and then his fingers closed on my nipples, spraying milk onto his face and chest.

"Fuck, baby." Seeing drops of my milk covering him was too much. I threw my head back and came into the condom, releasing the tension that had been building between

us for weeks. And when Freddy came too, squeezing my cock tight like it was wrapped in his fist, I felt another tremor deep in my gut. “I think I’m in love.”

He leaned forward and bit down on my nipple, drawing another squirt of milk into his mouth as my whole body shivered from the spike of pain from his teeth. “I know I’m in love, Daddy. And I want you to do that again.”

“I will, baby. I promise.” I pulled out and removed the condom then rolled us both over so Freddy was lying on top of me. “Every day for as long as you want me.”

“Forever.” He grabbed my ears and pulled me toward him. “I want you forever.”

“That sounds like an excellent plan.” I grinned. “But first...”

“What, Daddy? We already did the most important first. What else could there be?”

“Ramen and dumplings.” I reached for his plump ass and squeezed his cheeks. “Then let’s get that diaper back on you. You look so delicious in it.”

He nodded his head. “Okay, but you’re literally delicious. Can I have some milk before dinner?”

I scooted up and guided his head over my chest to my nipple. “You can have Daddy’s milk anytime you want. Drink up, baby boy. We have a busy weekend ahead of us.”