

DEADLY PUCK DADDIES BOOK 4



PUCKING

WILD

ZACK WISH

Pucking Wild
Deadly Puck Daddies
Book 4

Zack Wish

Zack Wish Books

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KEEP IN TOUCH

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MORE ZACK

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KEEP IN TOUCH

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Author's Note

Hey there, thank you for reading Pucking Wild. Please note that this is a fictionalized version of the real world. As such, artistic license has been taken with the intricacies of the hockey season, team names, and of course the fact that in reality a Mafia family could never own a hockey franchise... or could they?

Pucking Wild is intended to be fun, steamy, and full of just the right amount of action, violence, and sporting drama on the ice. Thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy Pucking Wild...

PS - I will never, ever use AI in my writing.

Chapter 1

Corey

An airplane flew across Corey's field of vision and all he could do was smile his perfect smile. The sun was shining in LA and Corey was a happy boy. Having just celebrated his twenty-first birthday with some of his childhood friends, Corey was feeling on top of the world.

Corey wasn't a huge fan of partying and clubs, so his birthday had been spent surfing, slurping on frozen juicy ice-pops, and then having a big disco back at his mother and father's plush mansion in the hills. It had been the same format of party that Corey had loved ever since he was a kid, and he wasn't about to start changing all of that just because he was twenty-one.

With his cobalt blue eyes wide open and taking in the sights of LA for the last time in some months, Corey wasn't sure if he was quite ready to get back to work. But as much as Corey loved his hometown, he knew that his life was with the Ice Bears now – even if his parents didn't quite see it that way.

'You know, son,' Corey's father said, a disapproving look on his face. 'I could buy you out of that damn hockey contract and you could come and work with me at the film lot. You're smart, you're good with people, and you'd be producing your own movies in no time.'

'Pop, come on, don't do this,' Corey said, rolling his eyes. 'I didn't quit hockey after high school so I'm not about to quit now. I'm doing well.'

My new coach says I'll be getting more and more time on the ice. The Ice Bears have a great reputation for developing players to fulfill their potential, and that's where I want to be.'

Corey felt frustrated. His father knew how much hockey meant to him, but it was the same each and every time Corey went home for a break. Corey would end up fielding question after question about why he was choosing to play hockey when he could in fact simply join the family business and earn millions as a movie producer.

It wasn't that Corey couldn't see the appeal of a life in the movie business. Corey loved movies, and he had enjoyed spending time with his father on set as a kid. But it wasn't hockey. Far from it.

Corey may have grown up around film sets, actors, and serious amounts of money, but that just wasn't his motivation in life. Corey loved to be on the ice. He loved the thrill of game day, the training, and even learning all about the opposition players and going deep on tactical reviews.

Sadly for Corey, his parents had never seen the appeal of hockey. And even when they did support his aspirations to train and play as a teenager, they probably always assumed it was nothing more than a passing fad. The truth was that they couldn't have been more wrong.

'Oh, Corey,' his mother said, unable to hide her disappointment.

'You've moved to this new team, the Ice Pops-'

'It's Ice Bears, mom,' Corey said, laughing but still feeling put out.

'Yes, the Ice Bears,' Corey's mother continued, oblivious to her son's obvious annoyance. 'But what will change? Will you get any real satisfaction out of training but not always playing? Yes, I investigated the team. I Googled them no less! I know they've got big players with lots more experience than you. Why put all that effort in when you've got a perfect life ready and waiting for you here in LA?'

Corey had just about heard enough.

But as frustrated as he was with his parents, Corey didn't want to end his trip home on a sour note. He loved his mother and father, and knew that deep down they were just trying to look out for him. And perhaps Corey was crazy to turn his back on a life of luxury in LA to pursue a dream in the brutal world of hockey.

However Corey's mind was made up.

He was joining the Ice Bears and had never felt so motivated to make the most of his talent on the ice. Corey had a reputation as a fast and skillful player with plenty to offer. When Corey heard that the Ice Bears were interested in making a mid-season trade for him, it felt like a no-brainer.

After discussions with his agent Bill Broadside, the deal was agreed.

Corey was moving to a new town, a new team, and was ready to make the absolute best of it – with or without his parents' approval.

'I love you, and I love you,' Corey said, reaching over and hugging both of his parents in turn. 'Trust me, I'm going to make you proud. The Ice Bears are about to get a whole load of Corey Hales in their life.'

'Good luck son,' Corey's father said, managing a smile. 'You always were determined as hell.'

'That's true, you really were,' Corey's mother added, chuckling to herself. 'Like that time we left Moose the stuffie in the hotel and had to drive back four hours to get him! Now, come on, get on that flight before I get all emotional. And give Moose a big cuddle from me.'

'I will Mom,' Corey said, suddenly feeling himself welling up a little bit too. 'I love you both. I'll call soon.'

And with that, Corey turned and walked toward the VIP boarding area.

It was time to say goodbye to LA and hello to his new life as an Ice Bear.

Corey didn't know what exactly was in store for him at the Ice Bears. But Corey was a brave boy – the bravest Little in all of LA, in fact. There would be some very big personalities in the Ice Bears locker room, the kind of intimidating figures who Corey had looked upon with wonder as a youngster falling in love with his ice based heroes.

I deserve to be an Ice Bear.

I'll give it everything I've got to make it work too.

I might have been born with a silver spoon, but I'm no rich kid...

* * *

After the flight from LA and a speedy Uber ride, Corey arrived at his new apartment to be immediately greeted by his agent, Bill.

'Corey! I'm so glad to see you,' Bill said, his bright blue suit in keeping with his typically flamboyant style. 'I trust all was good with the flight?'

'Yup, sure was,' Corey replied, smiling as he looked up at the tall apartment block. 'This place looked great online. Thanks for arranging it. And for making sure the trade went through okay.'

Corey had a good relationship with Bill, having signed with him on going professional. But Corey could see that there was something on Bill's mind as they stood outside the apartment. As flamboyant and outgoing as Bill was, there was something not quite right in that moment.

'Everything good?' Corey said, his high cheekbones and plump lips reflected back through Bill's large black sunglasses.

'Yeah, it's fine,' Bill said. 'It's just... Ice Bears stuff. Nothing on the playing side. More like behind the scenes stuff. Nothing for you to worry about. Anyway. Let's get you inside and I'll show you what we're working with. I got all your requests sorted out, plus took the liberty of

adding some Little extras myself.'

Corey giggled and stepped inside the building with Bill.

Being a Little was a big part of Corey's identity and something that he was very comfortable with expressing too. It might have been down to the fact that he grew up in very affluent part of LA, but Corey had never felt afraid of being himself. And as soon as his Little instincts began to kick in, Corey had felt at ease in exploring them and allowing them to flow out of him.

The fact that Bill was a Daddy himself meant that Corey felt heard when he explained various needs and lifestyle choices he wanted to make in line with his career. Corey admired Bill for not only being so accommodating, but for never once telling him to hide who he was. In fact, one of the reasons that Corey had been so keen to join the Ice Bears was that it was becoming well known in insider circles that it was the most Little-friendly hockey franchise.

So when Bill completed the final details on the trade, Corey was over the moon with joy. But even though Bill was a Daddy, and a great guy on top of that, as far as Corey was concerned their relationship would stay professional only.

Bill was handsome, but he wasn't quite Corey's type – and the feeling was mutual.

All in all, it was a perfect client and agent relationship. Based on admiration, respect, and friendship, both Corey and Bill were able to work together brilliantly.

However that wasn't to say that Corey wasn't looking for a Daddy.

In fact, having just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, Corey was feeling ready to spread his wings and see what was out there in the world. The kind of Daddy that Corey wanted though was proving harder to find in real life.

Corey had grown up around men in flashy suits and even flashier cars.

And having sampled the kinds of Daddies that frequented LA clubs and online, Corey was almost surer of what he wasn't looking for than what he was.

Still, Corey was always someone who looked on the positive side.

Just because he hadn't managed to work out what his dream Daddy looked like yet, didn't mean that he wouldn't soon. And before Corey could even begin to work things like that out, he first needed to see his new apartment in the flesh...

'Wowzers!' Corey said, his eyes wide open and a huge smile plastered across his face. 'This is even better than the photos. And... OMG... is that a jungle gym?'

'It sure is,' Bill chuckled, straightening out the collar on his shirt. 'Go and check it out. But try not to fall off, the last thing I need is to have Coach Tremaine on my ass before you've even had your first practice session!'

But Bill may as well have been speaking to thin air.

Corey was long gone, already scaling the near side of the colorful and not to mention large jungle gym. With a brown and green color-scheme with splashes of neon and pastel thrown in, the jungle gym was exactly what Corey needed to settle into his new home.

'Watch me!' Corey called out, swinging across the monkey bars. 'The floor is lava! The floor is lava!'

'I'd join you, but I don't think my injured wrist could handle it,' Bill said, pointing to his swollen left wrist. 'And don't ask. Just another perk of working for the Ice Bears so often.'

Corey wasn't sure what Bill meant.

And it wasn't the first comment about the Ice Bears that Bill had made

either.

Still, as long as it had nothing to do with the playing side then Corey was happy to turn a blind eye and get on with the job of having as much fun as he possibly could.

‘Bill, can you get Moose out of my bag please?’ Corey hollered as he scrambled across the netting at the top of the jungle gym. ‘I think he’s going to want to play with me up here!’

Corey watched as Bill duly fetched Moose and passed him up toward the top of the jungle gym. After giving Moose a big squeeze, Corey carefully placed him at the corner of the netting.

‘Look Moose, this is our new home,’ Corey said, looking out beyond the enormous floor to ceiling window behind them. ‘We’re going to make some brilliant memories here. You, me, and...’

‘Okay, if you’re good here I’ll head out,’ Bill said, waving up toward Corey.

‘I’m good, and thanks again,’ Corey called down, his blue t-shirt and fawn chinos blending into the assortment of colors on the jungle gym’s frame.

‘No worries. And don’t forget, I’m always at the end of the phone if you need anything,’ Bill said, saluting Corey and then heading toward the apartment’s front door. ‘Oh... and don’t be late to practice!’

Corey giggled.

The fact was that even though Corey was truly committed to being the best hockey player he could be, timekeeping had never been a strong point of his. Even though he was chauffeur driven to school in the mornings, Corey had still always managed to be late on at least two days out of the five.

But Corey knew that the Ice Bears coach, Coach Tremaine, was a

stickler for keeping time. The prospect of being tardy on his first day with his new teammates wasn't something that appealed to Corey in the slightest – and even less was the thought of being called out by one of the most feared coaches in the game.

I'm going to set ALL the alarms.

No snoozing either.

They might call me Hollywood Hockey, but I'll show them I'm serious about this sport...

* * *

Corey managed to defy even his own best expectations and arrived at the Pine Rise training complex ahead of nearly all the other players. And in doing so without evening snoozing the alarm once, Corey felt justifiably proud of himself.

As he walked around the locker room, Corey took a moment to take in the sights.

'Wow,' Corey said, eyeing up the names on the players' lockers. 'Jack Steele, Alex Rebrov, Xander Blaine, Connor Valley...'

But before Corey could get any further, he heard the door opening behind him.

'Corey Hales!' Chase said, entering the locker room alongside Joshua Ramone. 'We've been so looking forward to you arriving. And now you're here!'

'Yay!' Joshua added, the purple streak in his jet black hair flopping out from behind his ear.

'Chase Light and Joshua Ramone,' Corey giggled. 'I was just coming to your lockers too.'

Corey immediately felt at ease with Chase and Joshua.

It was kind of an open secret that both Chase and Joshua were Littles, and Corey could tell that both of them knew he was a Little too.

‘So, am I going to love it here or am I going to love it here?’ Corey said, excitedly sitting down on the wooden bench in between his two new teammates.

‘Hmmm, tricky one,’ Chase laughed. ‘I think you’ll probably... love it!’

‘And don’t worry, we’ll make sure you feel at home,’ Joshua said. ‘I know what it’s like to be the new guy. And so does Chase. But we’ve got your back, don’t worry about that for a second.’

Corey smiled and felt a warm feeling inside his tummy.

It was clear that Chase and Joshua were good people, and exactly the kind of teammates that Corey had wished for. But there was still the question of the senior players. Players like Jack, Alex, Xander, and Connor all had reputations that went before them – some more than others.

‘Is there anyone I need to be careful around?’ Corey asked. ‘You know, what with me being... a Little.’

‘Oh no, don’t worry about that,’ Joshua said, patting Corey on his shoulder. ‘That’s all good. But...’

‘But?’ Corey replied, not certain where Joshua was going.

‘Some of the older players can be a bit grouchy,’ Joshua laughed. ‘They’re used to doing things their way. It’s kinda a locker room hierarchy thing. I arrived and was full of attitude. But I soon learned, LOL.’

‘Hey, don’t scare Corey,’ Chase laughed. ‘The older guys aren’t that bad. But it’s true that they’ve got their own way of operating. Just be yourself though Corey. Everything will work out just fine. We’re a happy

squad. And if ever there's a problem you know that you can always reach out to me or Joshua. Okay?'

Corey nodded.

It felt so good to be taken under both Chase and Joshua's wing so early.

Corey was open hearted and loved meeting new friends. But possibly the one side of hockey that Corey hadn't enjoyed so much was the cliques that could develop in locker rooms. The last thing that Corey wanted to be involved with was drama or feuds.

As far as Corey was concerned, he wanted nothing more than to play the game he loved and have a great time doing it.

Speaking of which, it was time to get changed and hit the ice.

'We'll run some practice moves,' Chase said. 'I play center sometimes too, so I know all the calls and set plays. I'll show you them before everyone else arrives if you like?'

'And I'll show you some real Ice Bears defensive moves too,' Joshua added. 'But be careful, I don't take any prisoners!'

With that, the three Littles laughed.

Corey's first practice session might not even have started yet, but Corey had a feeling that his Ice Bears experience was going to be every bit as good as he could have hoped for.

The prospect of learning from the likes of Chase and Jack on how to be the best center he could be was something that motivated Corey in a major way.

But even more than that, knowing that he would be on the ice day in and day out with fellow Littles was something that filled Corey's heart with joy.

Corey had dreamed of a career as a professional hockey player ever since the first trip he took to watch hockey in LA. It wasn't as big a sport back home as football or basketball, but for Corey being on the ice meant the world.

And now with the Ice Bears, it looked like Corey might just have found his perfect setup. The only question was... how exactly would a kid from LA fit in amongst the more grizzled, hardnosed players that the Ice Bears were famed for?

Chapter 2

Connor

‘No tell me this ain’t the life,’ Connor said, looking around him and seeing nothing but trees. ‘Just a man, his axe, and a shit-ton of coffee.’

Connor laughed and swung his axe into the partially felled tree and took another chunk out of the thick trunk. There had been a series of storms in the last week that had caused major damage to some of the trees in the forest and Connor had decided to help his park ranger friends fell some of the dangerously weak trees.

‘You good, Connor?’ Mitch called from across the woodland.

‘I’m fucking great!’ Connor roared back, his testosterone pumping and his shoulders and arms feeling the benefit of swinging his heavy axe. ‘Coffee break soon?’

‘For sure,’ Mitch replied, the sound of his chainsaw buzzing following on from his words.

Connor looked up at the clear blue sky. It was quite the contrast from the dark, gloomy skies of the last week or so. The sound of the birds singing may have been drowned out by Mitch’s super-charged chainsaw, but Connor knew that they were merrily chirping and singing away – probably as happy as he was that the rain and thunder had gone away.

Connor set about working on the tree trunk.

Part of Connor felt sad to be chopping down such an old and noble tree. But the reality was that the storm had done the damage already. There could be no room for sentiment. The fine old tree had run its course and enjoyed a fine life. It was time to clear the way for a new tree or two to grow and breathe new life into the forest.

‘Time stands still for no man,’ Connor said, his soulful hazel brown eyes lining up the perfect swing. ‘Hell, there’ll come a time when they cut me from the Ice Bears too...’

With that sobering thought in his mind, Connor took a huge swing of his axe and landed another sizeable blow to the tree.

Even though Connor was thirty-five, he still felt like he could keep on playing hockey for a long time. Despite being one of the most physical and aggressive defensemen in the league, Connor had been fortunate not to pick up too many serious injuries over the course of his career.

Sure, Connor had plenty of battle scars. But where Connor had been truly lucky was in being able to avoid any of the serious injuries that had long term effects on the body and therefore his performance.

Even at his now veteran status, Connor was able to keep up with the youngest, quickest, and most silky offensive players. In fact, Connor knew that no offensive players ever looked forward to facing him.

Connor’s ferocious reputation on the ice had earned him the nickname Connor Wild Valley, and Connor wasn’t about to do anything to change that reputation. Connor played hard, and would push the physicality to the absolute limits of what was acceptable. It was simply the way that he played the game and Connor was uncompromising about that.

With his thick, dark beard and swept back chestnut brown hair, Connor had the look of a wild man enforcer too. He was handsome, but in a kind of mountain man way. While his teammates Jack Steele and Alex Rebrov had the Hollywood idol look on lock down, Connor was very comfortable with his rough, tough, and fearsome look.

‘Okay, let’s see about getting this wrapped up,’ Connor said, steeling himself for another big swing at the exposed trunk.

Connor often volunteered to help his park ranger friends. In many ways, it felt like a home away from home – or perhaps more accurately, it reminded Connor of his upbringing.

While most of Connor’s teammates had grown up in hockey loving suburbs, Connor was from the country. Hockey wasn’t exactly a big thing in Connor’s high school, the emphasis very much on football.

Each and every step of Connor’s hockey journey had been a battle.

Connor’s home life had been messy and chaotic to say the least. It wasn’t that his parents didn’t love him, but they had their own stuff going on. Connor had grown up with very little, and even having enough money for the proper hockey kit was a struggle. Connor would dread growing out of his skates because he knew it meant another tricky situation in getting a new pair.

Connor wasn’t proud of it, but at times he had even resorted to travelling into the city and stealing from sports stores to get his hands on what he needed. Pride always stopped him reaching out to the various coaches and teams who Connor played under along the way to the top.

There was no college scholarship and certainly no silver spoon behind Connor.

Each and every step toward playing for the Ice Bears had been hard earned. And Connor was happy to say that meeting the Doni family had changed his life forever. The Doni’s may have been the most controversial franchise owners in hockey, but as far as Connor was concerned, they were the best.

The Doni family, especially Antonio Doni, had taken Connor into their lives and made sure that he never felt anything less than comfortable. The Doni’s didn’t care that Connor was an outsider, and nor did they

care that he was the kind of player who was likely to pick up the odd suspension here and there for his sometimes overly aggressive style.

Over his decade and more at the Ice Bears, Connor had even helped the Doni family out with some situations off the ice. It was the kind of work that Connor knew no other players in the league would ever have to undertake. But Connor felt such a strong bond with the Doni family that there was never any question about leaving the Ice Bears in search of more typical owners.

Connor knew that sometimes in life difficult decisions had to be made.

And Connor could see that the Doni clan did far more good than bad.

The Doni family may have been mafia, but Connor felt like he could see beyond that and ultimately take them as he found them.

Life wasn't always black and white, and Connor knew that all manner of circumstances could reveal plenty shades of grey.

'There... she... goes,' Connor said, moving back from the tree and listening as the trunk creaked and snapped, the tree falling soon after. 'Damn, that was hard work. Hey, Mitch, time for that coffee?'

'You got it,' Mitch hollered back, himself having just felled his own tree too.

Mitch wandered over toward Connor and the two of them sat down in a small clearing and began to sip on their hot coffees.

If Connor thought that he had the look of a mountain man, then Mitch was the real deal. Mitch Logan was forty-two and had the body of a grizzly bear. Tall, strong, and hairy too, Mitch was a true man of the forest. And the fact that Mitch's arms were the size of most people's legs was something that couldn't be ignored either.

'I could have done with you on the ice against The Titans,' Connor laughed. 'Those arms would have scared the hell out of the boy playing

left wing.'

'Me? On the ice?'" Mitch bellowed. 'Sure, if I could stay on my feet for more than five seconds!'

The two men laughed together.

Connor loved being able to hang out with a man like Mitch. Even though Connor cherished his life with the Ice Bears, it always felt good to take a step back and live a more normal life from time to time.

Being in the great outdoors and working on trees was a great way to clear Connor's mind, and to do that with company like Mitch was a bonus. The fact that both Connor and Mitch were Daddies too was like the cherry on top of the cake. Not that either one of them talked about it much, the two men very much living the single life and preferring it that way.

'Any boys in your life?' Connor said, knowing that he was likely to get the same response as always.

'Any boys in yours?' Mitch replied, arching his eyebrow knowingly.

'Fuck no!' the two Daddies replied in unison before breaking out into laughter.

Connor had enjoyed his afternoon in the forest. And with the season resuming the next day after the holiday break, Connor was ready to get his mind back into hockey mode.

As defending champions, Connor knew that the Ice Bears would be targeted by each and every team in the league. That had certainly been the case in the first part of the season, and it was only likely to intensify as the season continued.

But Connor knew that he wasn't about to let his intensity drop for one second – and he wouldn't be accepting anything less than the same focus, commitment, and hunger from his teammates either.

However there was one problem on the horizon.

A mid-season trade involving Corey Hollywood Hales.

But Connor figured that as unappealing a signing as that was, it wouldn't be long before Corey understood that the Ice Bears are a very different team with their own set of rules and expectations – and if Connor had to see to that personally, then that was exactly what he would do.

The Ice Bears don't fuck around.

We don't carry Hollywood pretty boy passengers either.

I'll put him through his paces, and we'll see whether he can cut it or not...

* * *

The senior players would typically meet up before practice and enjoy a warmup together before hitting the ice.

Returning from the holidays, Connor was very much in the mood to hit the weights and get his body functioning at peak power once more. Chopping trees was one thing, but if Connor felt like his bench press or deadlift were suffering, then there was only one thing for it...

'Aaaaargh, fuck yeah!' Connor said, doing a controlled drop of the barbell and full load of weights. 'Thirty-five and nailing PBs. Now let's see what you sonsofbitches have got.'

Connor wiped a film of sweat from his brow and walked over toward Jack, Alex, and Xander. Connor could tell from the looks on their faces that they were impressed with his deadlift, but any compliments would have to wait until after the weights session. After all, all the men were ultra-competitive Daddies, and no ground could be given.

'Not bad,' Xander said, getting himself ready to take on the deadlift

challenge. 'Not bad... for a defenseman.'

'Pffft, yeah right,' Connor said, shaking his head in disbelief. 'I don't think any of you offensive forwards are going to be beating my lifts any time soon.'

Connor stood with Jack and Alex and watched Xander make a valiant attempt to match Connor's reps, ultimately falling two short of the total.

'Nice try,' Connor said, smiling warm heartedly. 'There aren't many right wings in the league who could lift that. All credit to you, brother.'

Xander smiled a frustrated smile and nodded in appreciation of Connor's support.

Connor loved being part of a group of Daddies at the Ice Bears. Each of them was very different in their own ways, but their shared bond as not only teammates but Daddies too made them a tight group.

After training, they would typically go for a coffee and grab some much needed food. No topic would be off the table, and each one of them had been through plenty in their lives on and off the ice to keep the conversation flowing.

Recently though, Connor had found himself somewhat the odd man out.

Jack, Alex, and Xander had all found their boys and were in deeply loving and committed relationships. Connor was of course happy for them, but he couldn't avoid the fact that something felt a little bit different.

Connor would listen politely as the other guys discussed living alongside their boys, and he would laugh at the stories of spankings, playtime, and fun moments. But as much as Connor felt like he wasn't interested in having a boy to call his own, he couldn't help feeling a pang of longing as he heard his friends' tales of love.

And speaking of which, Alex was in the middle of elaborating on what he and his boy Joshua had got up to the previous night...

'I told him that if one more candy went missing from the jar, it would be a paddling,' Alex said, getting himself in the correct posture for his deadlift set. 'And what do I find when I check later? The entire jar has gone!'

The Daddies all laughed before falling silent for Alex's impressive deadlift set.

As Connor watched Alex, he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to have a boy for company. There was no doubting that there would be plenty of upsides to it. The problem for Connor was visualizing what it might practically look like.

Connor hadn't grown up in the kind of place or with the kind of family that would have allowed him to express his Daddy self publicly. This, added to the fact that he was a very private person, had pushed Connor into a corner where he didn't feel comfortable in approaching boys, let alone considering a real relationship.

Connor loved hockey, and he loved his friends.

But beyond that, what Connor loved most of all was his own company and a heavy dollop of privacy to enjoy it with.

Being an Ice Bears player came with a certain degree of media scrutiny, and it felt like everyone carried a cell phone ready to record at a moment's notice. Connor accepted that this was a part of modern life, but that wasn't to say that he liked it. Far from it, in fact.

Connor simply didn't know how he could have a boy and keep it quiet enough so that he didn't have to deal with questions from the media, his family, or anyone he might come into contact with.

Connor was always happy to sign an autograph for a young fan, but beyond that he very much had a preference for keeping himself to

himself.

‘Yo, Connor, check out Alex,’ Xander said, tapping Connor on his arm and breaking him out of his thoughts. ‘Nearly... ah, not quite.’

‘Good effort,’ Connor said, Alex falling just one rep short of his deadlift record.

With the workout nearly complete, Connor felt like physically he was in prime condition to hit the ice again after the holiday break. But with a nagging doubt in his mind about whether or not he was ever going to have a boy to call his own, Connor wasn’t quite feeling as ready as he could have been from a mindset point of view.

Still, once he hit the ice there would be no stopping Connor.

After all, you don’t get to become the Ice Bears most legendary defenseman by being anything less than the most committed, ruthless, and sometimes wildest man on the ice.

It might have been a practice session, but Connor was as ready as ever to turn up the heat...

* * *

‘Valley! Close that gap,’ Coach Tremaine bellowed, his words firing from his mouth like an automatic rifle. ‘Close that motherfucking gap to the offense!’

Connor grunted and skated up alongside his defensive partner.

The mixed practice games were great for testing out new combinations, tactics, and also for sharpening the mind too. Training drills and exercises were one thing, but there was nothing like an in-house warm up game to really get the juices flowing.

Connor saw that Corey Hales had the puck and was about to make a run toward him. This would be the perfect moment for Connor to lay

down the law and give the new boy an introduction to the Ice Bears that he wouldn't forget in a hurry.

'I've got the new guy,' Connor barked, ordering his defensive partner to cover the other flank. 'His ass is... mine.'

With that, Connor barged into Corey and sent him crashing into the barrier and then onto the cold ice beneath.

'How does that feel, Hollywood?' Connor growled, towering over Corey as he attempted to get up onto his feet. 'This is the Ice Bears. You can forget about taking it easy, even in practice. Let's see how long you last.'

'It felt great,' Corey replied, a big smile on his face.

Connor growled and skated back into position. The boy's response had taken him off guard and Connor's head was spinning so much that he lost Alex Rebrov and allowed him to cruise in on goal and slap the puck home.

Connor slammed his stick down onto the ice in frustration.

That was the boy's fault.

Thinks he can be all polite and nice after I smash him?

I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget.

With that, Connor made it his mission to use every trick in the book on Corey for the remainder of the practice game.

Late hits? Check.

Pullbacks? Check.

Blocks? Check and check again.

But it felt like the more that Connor attempted to break Corey, the more the boy lapped it up and took it with a smile. Connor felt himself

getting more and more frustrated. And it was affecting his game too – something that the eagle eyed Coach Tremaine could see too.

‘You’re looking too angry out there, Valley!’ Tremaine roared. ‘Focus on the hockey. Show me that you’re not losing it in your old age.’

Connor felt himself losing his composure.

And it was nothing to do with being old or easing himself back in after the holidays. This was all down to one player and one player only.

This was on Corey Hales.

It was almost as if the boy didn’t care about being hit late or fouled. And as far as Connor was concerned, that was another sure sign that the boy born with the silver spoon in his mouth simply didn’t care enough about the game to be a true Ice Bear.

As Tremaine called for a timeout, Connor skated toward the energy drinks in a dark mood. This wasn’t the way Connor had imagined the session panning out, and it certainly didn’t bode well for the remainder of the season either.

Hollywood by name, Hollywood by nature.

The boy’s no good.

The further away from me he is, the better.

But Connor knew that as much as he might wanted to have kept a wide berth from Corey, the practicality of such a thing was something else.

They were teammate now.

Something had to give, and Connor was determined that it wouldn’t be him.

Chapter 3

Corey

The first practice session had been exactly what Corey had expected. Well, almost.

Coach Tremaine was as forthright and direct as Corey had anticipated, and the standard of play from the likes of Jack Steele, Chase, and Alex Rebrov had made Corey very aware that breaking into the team would require a lot of learning and hard work over the coming seasons.

But Corey was totally okay with this.

The last thing Corey ever wanted was to take the easy option and play for a lesser team. The Ice Bears were the squad that Corey had always dreamed of, and he was happy to give it his all to try and become a regular player for them.

However what Corey hadn't expected was such rough treatment from Connor Valley.

Sure, Connor was known as one of the toughest defensemen in the whole of hockey, but Corey hadn't quite banked on Connor making such a personal target out of him in the first session. It felt a little bit like Connor had planned to do this in advance, and Corey wasn't exactly sure what to make of that.

Coming up in professional hockey, Core had always faced questions about his rich kid upbringing, and whether he had the dogged

determination to make it in the toughest sport of all.

Corey had grown a little tired of having to justify his love for hockey, both to his parents and the media. But Corey was nothing if not polite, and he continued to answer the media's questions with the respect he had been taught growing up.

But facing such rough treatment from a new teammate was something else. Corey knew that every team would likely give the new guy a little hazing, but it felt like Connor had made things very personal on the ice.

There had been something about the way that Connor had spat out Hollywood that told Corey this was not likely going to be a great friendship, at least not to begin with.

Still, Corey knew that the worst thing he could have done would have been to get angry or start trouble. So instead of reacting, Corey had simply smiled and gotten on with the game.

As he took a seat in the locker room, Corey leaned back against the locker to decompress. It had been a tough practice game and he felt more than in need of a little bit of rest and relaxation.

'Hey, you did great,' Chase said, taking a seat next to Corey. 'I remember my early sessions as an Ice Bear. It's not easy, I know that all too well. But you did really well.'

'Thanks, Chase,' Corey replied. 'I hope Coach was impressed. I don't think everyone was convinced by me out there though.'

Corey subtly nodded toward Connor as he got changed out of his jersey in the corner of the locker room along with the other senior players.

'That's just Connor,' Chase said, smiling and patting Corey on the leg. 'He's definitely... one of a kind, that's for sure.'

Corey smiled and watched as Connor stripped down to nothing but his white briefs.

With thighs as thick as oak trees and a solid, round ass, Connor was hard to look away from. The last thing that Corey wanted to do on his first day was get a reputation for thirsting after the other players, so he did his best to look away.

But the more he tried to avoid checking Connor out, the harder it became... in more ways than one.

Those freakin' butt cheeks.

That... monster... at the front.

I need to stop staring and stop it right now!

Corey adjusted the towel across his lap and crossed his legs so as to hide any visible signs of excitement. And fortunately, it looked like no one had spotted Corey staring either.

Fortunately for Corey, Coach Tremaine entered the locker room and quickly called for everyone's attention.

'A good first session back,' Tremaine said, holding court and flanked by his assistants. 'But I want more. More intensity. More fight. And more finesse on the attacking plays too.'

It was at this point, that Tremaine turned his focus on Corey.

From the very second that Corey realized Tremaine was talking to him directly, he felt his heart almost jump out of his mouth. This was terrifying and knowing that the eyes of the whole squad were on him was making it even worse.

'You've got a reputation as a silky mover, Hales,' Tremaine said, pointing at Corey. 'But silky alone won't cut it when you've got some of the league's meanest assholes coming at you. I want to see a lot more from you. My assistants and analysts tell me you've got speed. I want

to see you back that up with more power. You play with a smile on your face. That's great. But I want to see you bear your teeth and growl too. This ain't high school hockey. This is the big league. Okay?'

'Got it, Coach,' Corey replied, doing his best to sound as calm as he could, despite the fact that his heart was thumping, and his body was tingling with nervous energy. 'I'll bring it next time.'

'Glad to hear it,' Tremaine replied, moving swiftly on to dissecting Alex and Jack's interplay and how it could be improved.

As far as Corey was concerned, it was time to try and relax.

It hadn't felt especially good to be singled out by Tremaine, but Corey was a big believer in taking the rough with the smooth. After all, Tremaine's words were simply an opportunity for Corey to learn and become a better player.

However as Corey let out a long, slow exhale of air, he looked up and caught Connor looking at him. Corey felt an urge to immediately avert his eyes, but there was something about the way that Connor was looking at him that made it difficult to look away.

Corey knew that he was attracted to Connor.

There was simply no denying it. With his uber-gruff look and chiseled, weathered body, Connor was exactly the kind of Daddy that Corey dreamed of late at night.

Corey wasn't attracted to the smooth, suave Daddies who he had known in LA or from the celebrity scene. Corey had always yearned for someone tougher, more down and dirty than all about the VIP section.

And Connor certainly fit that bill, that was for sure.

But after their interaction during the practice game, Corey couldn't believe that him and Connor could ever be anything other than teammates – and even that was an optimistic take on matters.

Coach Tremaine soon took Connor's attention, but for those brief moments it was undeniable that there was a heat between Corey and Connor. They might have been polar opposites, and they might have gotten off to a bad start too, but Corey had a feeling that all wasn't quite as it seemed.

Connor Valley was known as a brutally tough defenseman, but Corey could sense that there was a whole other side to him. The question was if Corey would ever get to see that other side...

* * *

After getting showered and dressed, Corey was happy to accept an invitation to go for a milkshake with Chase and Joshua in one of the city's best spots.

'So this is Met Milkshakes,' Corey said as he stepped inside. 'Does it really have a playroom too?'

'It sure does,' Joshua smiled, waving over at the person behind the counter. 'That's Harry, him and his Daddy run this place.'

'Wow, that's awesome,' Corey said, checking out the colorful walls and candy-striped booths. 'I think I'm going to like it here.'

'Yeah, I remember coming here for the first time,' Chase said. 'I didn't know what to expect, but it's like a milkshake diner from a Little's dreams!'

The three Littles giggled and took their places at a booth near the long, horizontal window that ran the length of the café.

Soon enough, they were joined by Harry, ready to take their order.

'This is Corey,' Chase said. 'He just joined the Ice Bears.'

'Durr, I know!' Harry giggled, his bangs flopping from one side to the other. 'Did you forget that me and my Daddy have Ice Bears season

tickets?’

‘Whoops,’ Chase giggled, blushing.

‘It’s good to meet you, Corey,’ Harry said. ‘I caught a few of your games earlier this season before you moved here. I remember saying to Silas that it would be great if you could trade to the Ice Bears. Anyway, seeing as this is your first time here, what would you like? It’s on the house!’

Corey smiled and felt a sense of the most wholesome warmth run over his body.

Harry seemed like a really nice person, and judging from the ambiance in Met Milkshakes, him and his Daddy really were running a great business together.

‘I’ll have a triple-fruit, double-cream, choco-topped vanilla shake please,’ Corey said, his eyes wide with delight as he watched Silas carrying over a tray of milkshakes to another table of excited Littles over on the opposite end of the café.

‘Good choice,’ Harry smiled before proceeding to take Chase and Joshua’s orders too.

Corey watched as Harry returned to the counter and began to speak with Silas. It was clear that they were a great team, and it made Corey pine for a Daddy in his life to work with and learn from.

And this didn’t go unnoticed either...

‘Okay, so... you haven’t found your Daddy yet?’ Joshua said. ‘I mean, I know we only just met today. But let’s get it all out there!’

Corey giggled.

Joshua was known as being hockey’s rebellious bad boy, but it was clear that he was really a sweet and quirky individual. And Corey had no problem in opening up to his new friends either. Both Chase and

Joshua had welcomed him into the Ice Bears with open arms, and Corey had nothing but good vibes from them.

‘Yeah, I’m Daddy-less,’ Corey said. ‘I grew up with parents who were totally supportive of me, well hockey aside, and I’ve always been open about who I am. But... it seems like finding a Daddy is a whole lot harder. For me, anyway.’

‘You’d make a great Little for any Daddy,’ Chase said. ‘And it’ll happen when the time is right. I know that I wasn’t expecting to end up with Jack as my Daddy, that’s for sure.’

‘Yeah, and me and Alex went through our own interesting journey too,’ Joshua said. ‘And I know that I saw you checking out Connor’s big, strong booty earlier...’

‘Hehe! No way!’ Corey said, hiding his face behind his hands. ‘I only looked once!’

‘Once?’ Chase said, arching his eyebrow. ‘Once as in... for one whole minute?’

‘Stop it!’ Corey laughed, his cheeks turning red and the laughter bubbling up inside him. ‘Okay, okay. I maybe checked him out for longer than was strictly necessary. But... wow.’

‘Hmmm, so you like the bearded, rugged type of Daddy then?’ Joshua said. ‘I can see that. My Daddy is pretty much the exact opposite, but me and Alex were always meant to be, you know?’

Corey chuckled and nodded.

It felt good to be making friends with Littles who already had their own Forever Daddies. There was something very comforting in seeing how happy they both were and also how comfortable they were in their own identities too.

Corey might have had a tough practice session and an awkward

moment of whatever the hell it was sparking between him and Connor in the locker room – but being with Chase and Joshua in Met Milkshakes was the perfect way to end the day.

Now all there was left for Corey to do was to finish his milkshake and relax and prepare to do it all again tomorrow.

* * *

Corey felt absolutely wiped out after his first real day as an Ice Bear.

Back at his apartment, Corey had changed into his snuggest pair of pajamas. Covered in different varieties of bear, Corey loved the pajamas for their style as well as their undoubted warmth and cozy feel.

Joined by Moose on the couch, Corey was enjoying watching a new cartoon he had found on Netflix. With the lights dimmed and the TV screen bright, it almost felt like Corey was in his own home theatre.

‘Hey Moose, do you think Connor would like to watch cartoons with us?’ Corey said, sighing. ‘I doubt it. But... maybe if he liked me a bit more he might?’

Corey gave Moose a big cuddle and turned his attention back to the cartoon.

But try as he might, Corey couldn’t get his mind off his gruff, grumpy new teammate. Corey knew all about Connor’s reputation on the ice, and some of Corey’s old teammates used to rant about what a horrible player Connor was to play against. However now he had met him in person, Corey had seen that Connor was way more complex.

I don’t know what to think of Connor.

It didn’t feel good to be singled out in the practice game.

But the way he looked at me in the locker room...

Corey got up from the couch and wandered over toward the window. The cities lights were on, and the dark sky was lit up by the various tall buildings and skyscrapers that dominated the skyline downtown.

As Corey looked directly down toward street level, he saw a blacked out town car pull away from the opposite side of the road. The car was nothing special, and Corey was used to seeing fancy cars from his upbringing in LA.

But the sight of the car did make Corey remember something.

On his arrival back at the apartment block having been on his milkshake playdate with Chase and Joshua, he had a feeling that he was being watched. Corey had looked around the apartment lobby and caught the briefest of glimpses of a dark suited man walking out of the revolving door.

It might have been nothing.

It probably was nothing.

But seeing the town car pull away gave Corey a momentary pause for thought. Corey figured he was simply tired. After a tough first day of practice, the last thing Corey wanted was to go into practice the following day fatigued.

‘Come on Moose,’ Corey said. ‘It’s time to go to bed. I’ll even read you your favorite story about Super Moose and his best friend Chippy Chipmunk.’

Corey giggled and walked with his beloved stuffie under his arm.

The story was super-wholesome, but with images of Connor’s semi-naked body still on his mind, Corey had a feeling that his dreams that night were going to be far more X-Rated!

Chapter 4

Connor

The wind was swirling and rattling against Connor's cabin window. He might have been on a large salary and own two properties in the city, but Connor loved nothing more than driving an hour out of the city to his rural retreat.

The cabin was basic.

It had hot water and electricity, but beyond that it was as stripped down and humble as you could imagine. That wasn't to say it wasn't cozy in its own way though. With a roaring wood fire blazing and the sound of soothing jazz playing on the old record player, Connor felt relaxed and in his comfort zone.

'This was needed,' Connor said, lying on his couch and sipping on a cold beer. 'God damn, it really was needed.'

The beer's cold fizz hit Connor's throat and Connor immediately reloaded with another big gulp. Connor might have been an Ice Bear for years, but he still found that he needed to unwind and decompress at the end of most days. It wasn't that Connor found life stressful as such, it was more that he was so committed to every practice session and game that it took a lot out of him emotionally as well as physically.

The chance to lie down on his old couch and sip a beer was sometimes what kept him going through the day. But even then, it was rarely enough to keep his mind off hockey for too long. As he lay there,

Connor couldn't help thinking about the rest of the season, and how it might not be so easy to retain the championship.

The Lynxes. The Titans.

All assholes. All out to get the Ice Bears.

We've got to be at our best this year...

Connor finished off his beer and immediately made a move to refresh and get a new bottle from the small cool box at his feet.

'Maybe I wouldn't need so many beers if I had a boy in my life...'
Connor mused, opening the new bottle and staring into the fire's big, bright flames as the wood crackled and burned. 'Or maybe a boy in my life would turn me into a full blown alcoholic?'

Connor chuckled to himself.

It had been a tough journey for Connor to make it as a hockey player.

Growing up poor and not having any positive role models around him had made each step of the hockey journey far harder than it could have been. Connor was at the mercy of the coaches and team selectors at each step of the way, and not all of them wanted to work with a kid from a tough background.

Connor often looked back and realized that some of the coaches he came across had actively tried to derail his career as a youngster. It truly hadn't been fair, and Connor couldn't say that it hadn't had an effect on him. Even now at thirty-five, and with a sack load of trophies and championships, Connor still carried the scars of being the young boy who came from nothing.

But the Ice Bears had helped to change everything.

Coach Tremaine brought Connor into the fold and immediately made it clear that he loved everything about his tenacious, never say die attitude on and off the ice. That had always meant a lot to Connor, and

he saw Tremaine as a kind of father figure – certainly he was one coach who had always been there for him and appreciated him for who he was rather than complained about who he wasn't.

Meeting Jack, Alex, and later Xander had also had a big impact on Connor. They might have all been very different in their personalities and interests, but together they formed a rock-solid group of friends.

Connor might not have loved the bright lights of the city so much, but there was no doubt that he enjoyed hanging out with his fellow Daddies on the nights where he didn't travel to his cabin in the woods.

Together with his fellow Daddies, Connor was able to be himself and let go of the pain from his rise through the hockey ranks. And it felt good to be accepted for who he was and not have to worry about anyone digging into his past and writing yet another media story about his so-called rise from poverty.

And speaking of his friends, Connor saw his phone flash up with a message from Jack...

So. The new guy. You rode him pretty hard in the practice game. I know the kid's a bit different, but he's young. We need to give him a chance to prove himself. I'm not saying back off him, I'm just saying give him a little moment to settle in. And, hey, we all know what happened when I gave Chase a chance, right? JACK.

Connor read the message and took a moment to think. Connor knew that Jack wasn't trying to call him out, and it probably was true that he did give Corey a harder time than was strictly necessary.

But it wasn't just that.

After the practice game was done and the players were back in the

locker room, Connor had watched and listened as Coach Tremaine gave Corey some hard words. And as coach was delivering his sermon, Connor had suddenly felt a protective urge come over him.

While he may have agreed with what Tremaine was saying, Connor wanted to protect Corey and keep him safe. There was something so innocent and naïve about Corey's enthusiasm and open heartedness that made Connor's Daddy instincts fire up in a way that simply didn't happen for ninety-nine percent of the time.

There was no denying that Corey was cute and sexy as hell too. Corey's LA tan and perfect bone structure could have graced any fashion week runway, and even a rough and tough Daddy like Connor could see that.

But what Connor was less comfortable with was the fact that his urges toward Corey weren't just sexual. Something felt different. And Connor wasn't sure exactly how to process it.

'I should probably reply to Jack...' Connor muttered, breaking out of his thoughts and taking a long gulp of beer as the windows of his cabin rattled from a particularly powerful gust of wind.

I hear you. I had to test the boy out. You know, all that Hollywood Hales stuff. But... I guess he did okay. I'm not going to go easy on him though. He needs to earn his respect from me. But I WILL be fair. And I will be a good teammate. It's the Ice Bears way, right? Now fuck off, leave me alone, and have a good evening! CONNOR.

Connor laughed as he hit the send button. Jack would expect nothing less than a playfully offensive sign-off from Connor's message, and Connor was as ever more than happy to oblige.

With another tough practice session ahead in the morning, Connor knew that it was time to get into bed and get some good sleep in

ahead of the early rise and drive back to the city.

But with Corey on his mind and his cock rapidly hardening in his thick sweatpants, Connor knew that he had some increasingly urgent business to attend to before he fell asleep...

* * *

'First in!' Connor bellowed as he walked into the gym ready for his pre-practice work out.

Connor took a moment to look around the Pine Rise weights gym and work out where he would start his early morning lifting session. The gym had been renovated and refurbished over the off season and was fully loaded with the world's most advanced and highest quality weight training equipment. All of this was courtesy of the Doni family of course, and Connor was grateful to play for such committed owners.

Many hockey franchise owners were simply in it for the money or for the vanity of owning a sports team. But the Doni family were different. Connor knew that the Doni family were different in more ways than one, but he was more than happy to see how much they genuinely cared about building a lasting sporting legacy with the Ice Bears.

Certainly, the Doni's interest in the Ice Bears had long since gone beyond an attempt to legitimize them as businesspeople or establish a legal and respectable product to their name. And as far as Connor was concerned, long may the Doni and Ice Bear relationship continue.

Connor decided to start the day with some stretches, so he began to walk toward the opposite end of the gym where the stretching mats and various warmup equipment and machines were situated.

However as he walked across the immaculately clean floor, Connor suddenly realized that he wasn't alone...

'Oh, right, you're here,' Connor grumbled, seeing that not only he

wasn't the first player to arrive, but he had been beaten to the punch by none other than Corey Hales.

'I sure am,' Corey replied, his tight white t-shirt tucked into his navy shorts. 'Want to help me warm up?'

Connor wasn't sure how to respond.

Being a solitary type, Connor's idea of a good early morning workout was very much a solo situation. And that desire for solitude extended to the warmup too. However, Connor couldn't deny that Corey was looking adorable in his snugly fitting workout gear.

'Fine,' Connor replied, furrowing his brow. 'But I don't do any of that yoga crap that Jack does. I'll retire a year earlier before I go down that rabbit hole.'

'Hehe, that's cool,' Corey replied. 'I use these resistance bands mainly. You know, just to open out my upper body and then my hips and quads once I'm all done up top.'

'Huh, that's my routine too,' Connor replied. 'I didn't think they'd do anything so basic in Hollywood.'

Connor regretted firing the Hollywood shot at Corey, but he needn't have worried.

'You know, I'm not actually from Hollywood,' Corey said, handing Connor a red band. 'I'm from a totally different part of LA.'

'Sure, I guess that makes all the difference,' Connor replied, his voice full of sarcasm. 'I'll keep calling you Hollywood though. For now, at least.'

Connor couldn't help but let a small smile creep onto his face.

And Corey was apparently more than happy to respond with a much fuller smile of his own.

‘Okay, let’s do this,’ Connor said. ‘You can lead the warmup. And when we’re done, I’ll show you how an Ice Bear lifts weight. Deal?’

‘Deal!’ Corey replied, his infectious smile and enthusiasm making even Connor’s grumpy demeanor melt just a little.

As Connor followed Corey’s resistance band warmup routine, he couldn’t help but notice how flexible and yet strong Corey’s body was.

Sure, Corey was much younger than him and this probably explained the flexibility part. But despite being significantly more slight than Connor, it was clear from Corey’s biceps and strong thighs that this boy was no walkover.

But there was another part of Corey’s body that Connor couldn’t keep his eyes off.

That fucking ass.

I want to split those cheeks and make them clap.

And when I’m done, I want to...

‘Okay, now let’s move onto the black band,’ Corey said, interrupting Connor’s filthy train of thought. ‘And once we’ve finished this, you can show me your heavy squat.’

Connor nodded his approval but at the same time wasn’t sure if the boy was in fact flirting with him too. Connor wasn’t exactly great at picking up signals, but there was something about Corey’s vibe that was lighting Connor’s fire.

As Corey took the black leg band and began to stretch out his hips, Connor couldn’t help but notice the size and shape at the front of the boy’s tight shorts. Connor could see that Corey was very much packing above his weight – and if he didn’t already know it, Connor realized that Corey was going to be one teammate that he’d struggle to take his eyes off.

‘I think we’re good,’ Connor said, his dick semi-hard and his brain just about managing to tell him that it was time to hit the heavy weights. ‘Let’s squat.’

With that, the two of them walked over to the squat rack and began to load the plates at each end of the bar.

‘You know what you’re doing, that’s impressive,’ Connor said, seeing how quickly Corey was able to identify the right color plates to balance up the bar.

‘Don’t laugh, but my personal trainer taught me,’ Corey said. ‘And, yes, he was a Hollywood personal trainer. And, yes... we did train with solid gold dumbbells and platinum barbells...’

Connor couldn’t help but burst out into laughter.

If Corey was able to own his rich kid upbringing and even make fun of himself, then maybe he wasn’t so bad after all.

Connor was known amongst his Daddy friends as having a quick wit and never being afraid to crack a joke, even in the most testing of situations. So to know that Corey actually had something of a sense of humor himself was in fact a pretty great feeling.

But now wasn’t the time for jokes.

It was time to lift some seriously heavy weights and see whether the Hollywood boy with a cute ass could squat like a real champion...

* * *

The weightlifting session with Corey went well, and the practice session with the rest of the Ice Bears squad went well too. All in all, Connor was happy with his morning’s work.

And with a game against the Red Dolphins up next, Connor was feeling confident that the team was in a good position to carry on their good

form from before the holiday break.

‘Yo, you ready to hit the steam room?’ Xander said, standing with nothing but a short white towel wrapped around his waist. ‘Jack and Alex are already in there. Daddies only.’

‘Yeah, I’m nearly set,’ Connor said, taking his jockstrap off and allowing his cock to unravel out into the locker room’s cool air. ‘You sure it’s Daddies only though? The last thing I need is to be stuck in a steam room with a bunch of boys. They never shut up talking!’

‘I’m sure,’ Xander chuckled. ‘I think Chase and the others have gone to the sauna. The new boy went with them too. You know, the one making your cock tingle just at the mention of him?’

Xander laughed as he looked down toward Connor’s heavy, thick cock.

‘Whatever,’ Connor said, trying to hide his smile. ‘The Hollywood boy is just like the rest of them. Sure, he can lift weight for a small dude. And he can play too. But he’s got all the upbeat, sunny side up attitude of a Little to go with it. Not my thing. Not my thing at all.’

‘Riiiiight,’ Xander said, arching his eyebrow. ‘If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that you were totally overcompensating right now. But, sure, you go off. See you in the steam room.’

‘I’ll be there in two,’ Connor replied.

Connor knew that Xander probably had a point. It seemed crazy to try and deny that Corey was making an impression on him. And after their bumpy first meeting, Connor couldn’t avoid the fact that it was actually a pretty good impression that Corey was making on him at this point.

Corey’s cute, and he’s got the body too.

Maybe he’s not the rich LA brat either.

But me and him? I don’t know if that could ever work...

Chapter 5

Corey

The night before the game against the Red Dolphins was upon Corey, and he felt more nervous than he could ever remember feeling.

Although he wasn't due to start the game, Corey anticipated that he would be involved at some stage. And in a strange way, that simply made him feel even more nervous.

Had Corey known he was taking the ice from the first buzzer, he would have been able to go through all his usual mental warmups and processes. But sitting on the bench until Coach Tremaine called upon him was something that played on Corey's mind.

Corey was in his apartment and pacing up and down the long stretch of window that looked out onto the city from his living area. With Moose safely tucked under one arm and a gallon bottle of water in his other hand, Corey was doing his best to stay as chilled and calm as he could.

This was easier said than done though.

It almost felt like the more he tried to stay relaxed, the more tense Corey got.

Corey had handled all of his other debuts up through the age groups and into the pro game pretty well. But Corey knew that his debut for the Ice Bears was more important. It felt special. This was the

culmination of a dream that Corey had held onto for as long as he could remember.

The last thing that Corey wanted was to make a mistake or cost his new teammates a result. The Ice Bears were favorites ahead of the game, but the Red Dolphins were nothing to be sniffed at. With a roster full of quality players, some commentators and fans were even saying that the Red Dolphins could be an outside bet for the championship that season.

‘Come on Moose, what can I do to relax?’ Corey said, his ice-blue onesie keeping him snug even if his brain was doing everything it could to make him feel uneasy. ‘And, no, I can’t do that.’

Corey giggled.

It had long been a tradition of his that on the night before a game he wouldn’t give in to the temptation of self-pleasure. It was probably a superstition and nothing else, but Corey felt convinced that if he allowed himself to jerk off before a game he would play badly.

So even though Corey knew that he would have more than enough energy to wank his cock to satisfaction at least twice to thoughts and fantasies about a certain gruff, bearded teammate, he would have to keep his discipline and abstain.

‘Pffft. I need to have some fun,’ Corey said, moving away from the window and flopping down onto the couch.

Just then though, Corey saw his phone flash up with a message from Chase...

Hey hey! Just wanted to reach out and check that all was good with you ahead of the RD game tomorrow? I LOVE dolphins in real life, but this is one pod that we’re going to kick on out of town! Seriously though, if you’re feeling nervous, there’s no need to worry about it. Use

the nervous energy out on the ice. You're a great player from what I've seen so far this week. Maybe we might even get a chance to assist each other tomorrow? Chase XoXoXo.

Corey smiled and wasted no time in beginning to tap out a reply to Chase. Although he had only know Chase for a short space of time, Corey had nothing but good feelings about him. It was nice to have a young player in the offensive line who was open hearted and didn't see him as competition either.

Of course, as Corey settled in he knew that things might become more competitive between them, but for now Corey was more than happy to take Chase's friendship and run with it.

Hi Chase! Yeah, I'm pretty stressed out. But THANK YOU for your message. It's put a smile on my face. I think I'm going to watch a movie now then try to get as early a night's sleep as I can. I might be nervous, but I can't wait to skate out onto the ice and become a TRUE Ice Bear. Night-night, Corey Xoooooooo

Corey pulled his favorite patchwork blanket up over his body and rummaged around for the TV remote. It was time to put on his favorite film of all time and help get himself believing in himself and his Ice Bears dream.

It was time for a good, wholesome dose of The Mighty Ducks – and the fact that Emilio Estevez was handsome as hell was the perfect bonus point to seal the deal.

* * *

The stadium was ablaze with the famous Ice Bears atmosphere and as Corey took his seat on the replacements bench, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

This is it.

This is what I wanted for so long.

But I wish I was out there on the ice already...

Corey may have been frustrated to not be playing from the first buzzer, but he was grateful to be in the mix for game time. Moving to the Ice Bears meant his career was headed upward, and Coach Tremaine had promised him that he would get plenty of time on the ice during his first season.

‘Let’s fucking go Ice Bears!’ Xander called out, slapping his stick on the ground. ‘Hey, relax, we’ve got this.’

‘No, I’m good,’ Corey replied, slapping his stick on the ground in time with Xander. ‘I just wish I was out there.’

‘Hey, me too,’ Xander chuckled. ‘But this isn’t a team struggling at the bottom of the division. Every second you get on the ice for this team means something. We’ve got Jack fucking Steele at center. Jeez. He’s literally the GOAT.’

‘Good point,’ Corey chuckled. ‘That’s probably something I should keep in mind. And Alex Rebrov on one wing and Chase Light on the other.’

‘Don’t remind me!’ Xander bellowed, his voice barely audible over the crowd’s roar as Connor smashed a Red Dolphin’s winger into the barrier. ‘Great hit, Valley!’

‘Yeah, go Connor!’ Corey called out, feeling slightly self-conscious due to the rampantly explicit series of dreams that Connor had appeared in the previous night.

Corey took a moment to cast his mind back to the images and sounds from what must have been the hottest night of dreaming he could remember. It was one thing to abstain from self-pleasure, but when you were asleep suddenly it wasn't really in your control any longer.

In Corey's dreams, a naked Connor had been towering over him, squatting down and slapping his hard, thick cock against Corey's open mouth and out-stretched tongue. It was the kind of seriously down and dirty fantasy that Corey could barely bring himself to have when he was awake.

But when Corey dreamed, all bets were off.

And after taking the full length of Connor's meat in his mouth over and over again, Corey had found himself being fucked in every position imaginable. It had felt so real too. Corey had been able to hear each and every grunt, pant, and straining sound as Connor fucked him like a sex toy, simply using him for his own pleasure.

When Corey woke up the next morning to a big wet patch at the front of his pajama onesie, it was absolutely not surprising. And even thinking about it as the game played out before him was making Corey hard again.

'You two, stay focused,' Coach Tremaine said, swiveling around and shouting up toward Corey and Xander. 'We'll need you later. I want you looking and watching for weaknesses in the RD defense.'

'Yes, coach,' Corey and Xander called back in unison.

'Tremaine won't hold back if he thinks we're not totally zoned in on the game,' Xander said. 'Trust me, you do not want to be sitting in that locker room and facing up to one of his famous rants. I've been there on more than one occasion, and it never gets any easier.'

Corey nodded and swallowed hard.

As the newest member of the team, Corey didn't want to be targeted

by Coach Tremaine. So even with thoughts of Connor's cock, ass, and superhumanly strong thighs on his mind, Corey did his best to buckle down and concentrate on the action in front of him.

And with the scores still tied at zero each, Corey figured he might be seeing some ice time sooner than he might have imagined...

* * *

Corey kicked out against the barrier in front of him and watched as the Red Dolphins scored again to put them in the lead by three scores to one. Deep into the final third, and Corey hadn't come close to seeing any action.

To say Corey was frustrated was an understatement.

This is total BS.

It's not fair...

I need to be out there. I deserve a shot at helping the team.

Corey leaned back in his seat and shot a look down toward the back of Coach Tremaine's head. For a second, Corey imagined what it would be like to have laser-eyes. He could quite easily have burned a hole in the back of Tremaine's head at that moment – at least that might have given him a better chance of getting to show his skills on the ice.

The crowd was still trying to encourage the team, but nothing was going right.

Even the introduction of Xander into the attack hadn't helped.

Corey looked at Chase, sitting next to him on the bench having been replaced.

'Hey, you did good,' Corey said, trying his best to sound optimistic.

'Thanks, but no, I didn't,' Chase replied, kicking his heels. 'It was like

the Red Dolphins defensemen knew where I was going to make my darts. I've had tough games, but this was something else.'

'At least you played,' Corey said, his usually unflappably positive self feeling downbeat. 'Urgh. I hate being negative. I just want to be out there.'

'You'll get your chance,' Chase said, resting his hand on Corey's thigh. 'Coach Tremaine does things his way. It might not feel like it makes sense, but you have to trust him. He's won more championships than we've had milk bottles.'

Corey nodded.

It was hard to disagree with what Chase was saying, but that didn't change the fact that it absolutely sucked to be so close to making his debut only for it to be seemingly slipping out of his reach. Corey didn't want to wait another week to be a true Ice Bear, he wanted to be out on the ice right there and then.

I have to stay calm.

They're already calling me Hollywood.

I can't be a brat, even if I want to act like one.

Corey sighed and continued to watch as patiently as he could. And then, in a flash of action, Connor was squaring up to a Red Dolphins attacker. Everything happened so quickly, but Connor was throwing punches and landing them too.

'Connor!' Corey called out, his voice suddenly full of worry as he lost all control. 'Be careful!'

But even though Connor was surrounded by three Red Dolphins players, he more than held his own. But after landing shot after shot, Connor was soon taking the skate toward the penalty box.

'And that's the fucking game gone!' Tremaine called out, tossing his

iPad to the floor and shaking his head in disgust. 'Fuck!'

Corey exchanged a quick look with Chase.

The locker room wasn't going to be a pretty place to be after the final buzzer, that was for sure. But even as the Ice Bears headed toward defeat, Corey still felt annoyed that he hadn't at least been able to contribute something toward a better outcome.

When the final buzzer duly came, the Red Dolphins managed to successfully close out a three goals to one victory and celebrated wildly on the ice.

'Everyone inside, now!' Tremaine bawled, a look of pure thunder on his face as he stormed inside.

Corey got down from the replacements bench and began to make his way back toward the locker room too.

This hadn't been the debut to remember that Corey had dreamed of.

In fact, it hadn't been a debut at all.

And with a furious looking Connor trudging up behind him, Corey was beginning to wonder whether his Ice Bears dream was turning into an icy nightmare...

* * *

Corey was walking through the parking lot and feeling dejected. To not get on the ice was one thing, but to witness his new team lose and put in a poor performance was another.

'Argh. Why didn't stinking Tremaine put me in?' Corey said, his frustration getting the better of him as he kicked out into the night's cold air.

'You know, talking to yourself is the first sign of madness,' came the

voice from behind the large black truck opposite Corey. 'And I should know, I've been doing it for years.'

Corey turned and saw Connor walking out from the shadows.

With one black eye and a slight cut on his forehead, Connor certainly looked like he'd been in a battle that evening. But there was a kindness in his voice that Corey hadn't heard before.

'Oh, hey,' Corey said, trying not to sound too downbeat. 'I didn't see you there.'

'Of course you didn't,' Connor laughed. 'It's pitch-fucking-black out here!'

Corey giggled. It was nice to see that Connor still had a sense of humor. From Connor's perspective, not only had the team lost but he'd been sent to the penalty box and also received an epic blast of Coach Tremaine's anger after the game too.

'I thought it was really brave how you stood up to the Red Dolphins players,' Corey said, stepping closer to Connor.

'Hey, it was nothing,' Connor replied. 'Listen. Don't be too sad you didn't play tonight. Use the frustration and put that energy into practice. You'll get your chance soon enough. You might be Hollywood Hales, but I think I'm standing in front of a very determined young man right now.'

Corey felt himself blush.

To hear these words from Connor made Corey's heart swell with pride. Corey knew that Connor was the last person to make a comment simply to be nice, so it was a real boost to hear that even if Tremaine didn't trust Corey yet, Connor was seeing something in him at least.

'T-T-T-Thanks,' Corey said, suddenly finding himself a little lost for words.

'Hey, don't mention it,' Connor replied. 'But if you think you might like to, how about coming in early again tomorrow morning and leading me through another one of your warmups?'

Corey immediately broke out into a big smile.

'Yeah! That would be awesome,' Corey replied. 'And maybe you can help me bring up my PB on the military press afterward?'

'We'll see about that,' Connor chuckled. 'But I like your ambition. I like it a lot.'

With that, Connor smiled and turned back toward his truck. Corey simply stood there and watched and listened as the truck's engine thundered into life, and Connor pulled away and out of the parking lot.

Corey could not help but feel a surge of adrenalin come over him. Something between him and Connor had changed. It was hard to put a finger on it exactly, but it almost felt like Connor had been testing Corey and was now gradually beginning to like what he saw.

Corey didn't know for certain, but even after the huge disappointment of the night's big game, things were maybe starting to look a little bit more positive.

Me and Connor Valley are warmup buddies now?

He probably still thinks I'm a Hollywood prince, but...

I kinda get the feeling he might actually LIKE me.

Chapter 6

Connor

Although the option was there to drive out of the city and head to his cabin, Connor decided that he simply couldn't face it. His body was aching after the game, and he simply wanted to get back to his city apartment and crash out.

And if his refrigerator happened to be stocked with several ice cold beers to take the edge off, then that was something that Connor would happily dive right into.

All the way back from the Ice Bears stadium to his home in the city, Connor hadn't been able to take his mind off the boy. Corey Hales was quickly showing himself to be very different to Connor's preconceived notions of the spoiled Hollywood prince.

And it wasn't just witnessing Corey's frustration after the game that had proven to Connor just how much the boy cared about playing hockey either.

When Coach Tremaine had delivered his stinging attack on Corey in practice a couple of days before, Connor had noted how personally Corey had taken it. But rather than crumble or lash out, Corey had carried on and worked even harder the next time.

A rich kid with no serious desire to make it wouldn't have responded like that.

No, Corey was in fact different. And as far as Connor could tell, this wasn't a pose or some kind of act. Corey Hales was actually... legit.

And after parking his truck and taking the elevator up to his fifteenth floor apartment, Connor wasted no time in cracking open a beer and doing a little bit of a deeper dive into Corey.

With the apartment's open plan living space subtly lit with some soothing late night lighting, Connor almost collapsed into the huge corner couch with a beer in one hand and his cell phone in the other.

'Fuck. I hate being on my phone,' Connor muttered. 'But... I want to see the boy.'

After some fiddling and fumbling with his log-in details, Connor managed to get into his little-used Instagram account. From there he quickly found Corey's page and began to scroll through the images in front of him.

There was plenty of wholesome stuff from Corey's homelife, plus the usual clips and reels of Corey's various sporting achievements. But one picture truly stood out to Connor...

'Holy hell...' Connor said, his cock immediately hardening at the sight of Corey standing on a sandy white beach in nothing more than a pair of scandalously small yellow swimming trunks. 'The boy has got it all going on...'

From Corey's defined upper body, down passed his impeccable abs, and then onto the glaringly big package inside his trunks, Corey was a physical specimen. And yet as in shape as Corey looked, Connor still picked up the strongest and most instinctively Little vibe from Corey too.

There was a sweetness to Corey's smile in the photo that Connor was gradually coming around to seeing every day at Pine Rise. But the smile was backed up by enchantingly cobalt-blue eyes and the blonde surfer-dude hairstyle that was just about the perfect opposite of

Connor's darker, more rugged look.

'I need another slug of beer,' Connor muttered, barely able to take his eyes away from the photo in front of his eyes.

The first beer went down very quickly.

And it was probably only Connor's desire to reload on the cool, crisp drink that stopped him from pulling his shorts down and really letting his imagination run wild with that photo of Corey.

Connor got up from the couch and walked stiffly toward the refrigerator. He had taken several cheap shots during the game, and it was this that had prompted him to lose all control and start to lash out toward the end of the game. Oh, and the fact that the Ice Bears were losing and losing badly almost certainly contributed toward his actions too.

But just as Connor was about to shut the refrigerator's gun-metal door and walk back to the soothing comfort of the couch, he heard a knock at his door.

'Who the hell is that?' Connor muttered, his mind scanning through the possibilities.

It must have been someone who lived in the building, otherwise they would have had to have called up from the lobby. And given how tight the security in the Doni-owned building was, it was highly unlikely that anyone could sneak up without having to declare themselves with the concierge.

Connor walked toward the apartment door and took a moment to open the small drawer next to the door. Connor looked down and saw a small handgun. Connor hadn't needed to use it before, but never feeling truly comfortable in the city, he always wanted to have protection should he need it.

In that moment, Connor's survival instincts kicked in. Something didn't

feel right. And Connor found himself back in his youth, knowing that danger and violence was always just around the corner.

Connor took the gun in his hand and cocked it ready for action.

But as Connor peered through the door's spyhole, he saw a friendly face – albeit one that appeared to be covered in blood...

'I think you'd better step inside,' Connor said, opening the door wide and allowing a blood-splattered Antonio Doni to enter.

'Please excuse me showing up like this,' Antonio said, as smooth and unflappable as ever. 'Let's just say I had a situation develop very quickly. I knew you lived close, so it made sense. As I say, I hope you don't mind the intrusion.'

Connor nodded and shut the apartment door firmly behind him, making sure to turn the bolt and double lock in both slots.

'Will I be needing this?' Connor said, motioning at the gun in his hand.

'Not tonight, my friend,' Antonio replied, unbuttoning his blood-soaked white shirt and carefully folding it. 'But if you have a bag for my shirt, that would be most appreciated.'

Connor duly took the shirt and carefully dropped it inside a shopping bag.

Having worked for the Doni family for many years, Connor wasn't too taken aback by the sight of Antonio showing up at his place. And it barely registered with Connor that Antonio had almost certainly taken someone's life, either in self-defense or in a premeditated ambush. In reality, the reasoning was irrelevant.

'Beer?' Connor said, opening the refrigerator once more. 'I'd offer you something stronger, but I'm all out.'

'A beer sounds fucking perfect,' Antonio said.

With that, the two men took a seat and Connor listened as Antonio revealed the extent of the tensions between the Doni family and the Cardini clan. Things had been heating up for months, and while it wasn't yet an all-out war on the streets, there was no doubting that things could explode at any moment.

As it turned out, Antonio and some of the Mafia Daddies NYC had been enjoying a meal at Le Steak, discussing how the two families could work together from their respective cities. But upon leaving, a posse of Cardini men had shown up and things had gone from zero to one hundred in a matter of seconds.

There would, of course, be consequences to this attack.

There was no way that either the Doni family or Dante Chiellini, the leader of the Mafia Daddies NYC, would tolerate an unprovoked attack on the streets. The Cardini clan were pushing their luck and would need to be put back in their place sooner rather than later.

But Connor knew that this wasn't his business.

Connor was a hockey player.

And aside from occasionally stepping in and answering Antonio's call, Connor was more than happy to keep it that way. Connor had grown up in a tough environment that no child should have to experience. He had lost his cool at times and done things he regretted. So while Connor knew that he had the capability to move in Antonio's world of revenge, violence, and death, Connor's preference was to live as normal an existence as he could.

As Connor sat opposite Antonio and sipped his beer, he felt grateful that it appeared Antonio only needed a place to get his shit together as opposed to anything more serious.

I've worked hard to curb my anger.

I live a good life. An honest life.

Antonio's become a good friend over the years, but there are some things I just won't do anymore...

* * *

Connor had arrived early as planned for the next day's training session but unfortunately had been kept waiting by Corey. To say that this put Connor in a less than optimal mood would have been an understatement.

As Connor paced around the empty gym, the desire to pick up the nearest set of dumbbells and start pumping them up and down was growing by the moment.

With it being so early, Connor had hoped to do an extra-long stretching session with Corey first before then moving onto some recovery weights and then maybe even a trip to the steam room.

However the way that the time was ticking onward it was looking less and less likely that the boy was going to show, let alone be there in enough time to allow for a half-decent warmup.

Maybe I got Corey wrong.

Maybe he is in fact a spoilt little asshole.

That'll show me for getting my hopes up...

But just as Connor was about to give up all hope and return to his tried and trusted, not to mention far more basic, warmup routine he saw the sight of Corey practically sprinting across the gym in his direction.

'What time do you call this?' Connor snarled. 'I've been here for twenty minutes. I could have warmed up and pretty much done the recovery on my back by now.'

'I'm so, so sorry,' Corey said a look of genuine remorse on his face. 'I can't even give you a good excuse...'

Connor arched his eyebrow.

The boy wasn't going to get let off the hook that easily.

No, Connor was going to make Corey squirm as much as he possibly could.

'Not good enough,' Connor barked. 'And if you think you're going to slip and slide your way out of this without even giving a single reason for your tardiness, you can think again.'

Connor was keeping a firm but calm tone to his voice. He could see that his words were hitting home with Corey, and Connor felt that it was important for the boy's Ice Bears career that he learned to take responsibility for all aspects of his professional life. And that very much included making promises to train with teammates.

'So?' Connor said, clenching his jaw and not breaking eye contact with Corey. 'Your reason for being late is...'

'I, um, I was... too snug in bed,' Corey said, blushing profusely. 'Me and my stuffie were too cozy. I couldn't sleep for ages after the game, and I guess I just didn't want to get up early.'

'Okay, fine, that's good,' Connor replied, keeping his stern tone but inside feeling his heart skip a beat. 'You owned it. That's fine, no need to say any more on the matter. We'll move on. Now how about you get those resistance bands and put my stiff old body through its paces.'

'Yay!' Corey replied, his usual enthusiasm now back on display as he bounded over toward the box of resistance bands and energetically dug through them to find the right ones. 'Okay, let's go!'

With that, Connor and Corey got themselves down on the mats and began to stretch the stiffness out of their bodies. While Corey might not have got any minutes on the ice the previous night, he still went through each and every step of the stretching and warming up with Connor. It was impressive to see Corey so focused and clearly

passionate about getting his body in peak condition.

The fact that Corey was wearing a baggy white t-shirt that nearly covered a pair of skintight red cycling shorts was an added bonus. Certainly, had Connor been able to stay down on the floor watch Corey stretch and twist his body all day, he would have.

But as the warmup came to an end and they moved onto the weights, Connor wanted to take a moment and thank Corey for giving such a thorough and well thought out flow of stretches. It couldn't have been easy settling into a new team, and Connor wanted to show his new teammate some appreciation – and make him an offer too.

'I'll admit I was skeptical when I heard we were signing you up,' Connor said, standing close to Corey, his larger frame casting a shadow over the boy. 'But... you're showing me some good stuff.'

'Thank you,' Corey said, his voice humble but shot full of happiness too. 'That's good to hear, especially coming from you.'

'But... nothing's ever perfect,' Connor said. 'You being late today was one thing. But trying to flip and flop out of giving a reason was another. The Ice Bears win so many championships for a reason. We don't do excuses. We all fuck up. Trust me, I know that probably more than most. But we always own our mistakes.'

'Yeah, I felt crummy for not owning it from the start,' Corey replied, lowering his eyes.

'No, it's fine,' Connor replied. 'I can see that you mean that. But how about this... you let me guide you through your first few months. Let's just say you'll answer to me, and I'll teach you everything you need to know about the Ice Bears culture. There will be zero bullshit. Zero excuses. Just hard work, a little bit of fun, and... consequences for bad behavior.'

'Consequences?' Corey replied. 'You mean... like how a Daddy might... you know... with his Little?'

Connor nodded.

It was quite clear that Corey understood what was being offered. And it very much was an offer. Connor wasn't going to try and bully Corey into anything. Corey was more than welcome to decline Connor's offer and Connor would have had no problem with that whatsoever.

However, it seemed like the boy may have been rather warm to the idea...

'I think I'd like to try this,' Corey said, a look of excitement on his face mixed with a hint of trepidation too. 'And just in case... my safeword is squirrel.'

'Good, then it's a deal,' Connor said, extending his hand. 'We'll shake on it like Ice Bears men. And once that's done, I'll take you over to the barbell rack and we'll see about getting that military press PB that you wanted. How does that sound?'

'That sounds perfect,' Corey said, shaking Connor's hand and maintaining eye contact as he did.

The signs were good. Connor didn't know exactly where his burgeoning relationship with Corey was headed. It might be that they would simply work together as elder statesman and newbie until Corey was fully settled into the team's way of doing things. That would be a perfectly reasonable outcome.

Or...things might just be about to get a whole lot hotter between them.

Either way, Connor was excited to see what was next.

And judging by Corey's enthusiasm and youthful vigor, Connor had a funny feeling that the boy's first spanking might be only just around the corner.

I'm going to be firm with the boy.

I'll push him hard and won't hold back.

But I'll be fair. Just like a Daddy would be to his boy...

Chapter 7

Corey

The day's practice went well. After a certainly very interesting early workout with Connor, the day went from strength to strength.

After Connor's pep talk, Corey was able to put aside his disappointment at not getting on the ice against the Red Dolphins and instead put all his energies into showing coach Tremaine and the rest of the coaching team that he was a player worthy of being an Ice Bear.

But if Corey was expecting any plaudits from Tremaine, he wasn't going to be getting any anytime soon...

'You need to show me some grit out there,' Tremaine barked as he walked past Corey in the corridor. 'And you can't fake it. I need to know I can trust you to put it all on the line when you're on the ice for real. Got it?'

'Got it,' Corey replied, putting a brave face on things but feeling like he'd been punched in the tummy. 'I'll show you, Coach.'

But Coach Tremaine was already walking off into the distance, surrounded by his analysts as they headed for the tactics suite.

Corey was on his way to see the Ice Bears physiotherapist, Ricki.

Corey wasn't injured, but he could feel a slight strain in his left quad that he didn't want to ignore and then see it turn into something more serious. When it came to his fitness, Corey prided himself on being as

sharp as a tack. So many injuries were preventable, and yet players would often bury their heads in the sand and hope that the strain or niggle would go away.

However Corey knew that ignoring an injury, no matter how minor, could have serious long term repercussions. So with this in mind, Corey was more than happy to take a trip and meet the Ice Bears lead physiotherapist, Ricki.

‘Hey, Ricki?’ Corey asked as he entered the physio suite.

‘That’s me,’ Ricki replied, a big smile on his face as he welcomed Corey into the pristine, all-white room. ‘Your friend beat you to it, but I can have a look at you in a moment.’

Corey cast his eyes across to the other side of the room and saw Chase lying face down on one of the massage benches.

‘Chase!’ Corey called out, happy to see Chase’s friendly face as he turned to look in Corey’s direction.

‘Hehe, I just had to get a massage on my calves after that practice,’ Chase said. ‘Those drills we did to finish off were killer.’

‘I know,’ Corey replied, walking over and taking a seat on the bench next to Chase.

‘By the way, Ricki is a Little too,’ Chase said, smiling. ‘And be careful... his Daddy is Antonio Doni. If you say anything Ricki doesn’t like, we might never see you again!’

‘Hey, come on Chase!’ Ricki protested. ‘You know I would never do that. Well, probably never.’

The three Littles all laughed together, and Corey watched with interest as Ricki massaged his fingers into Chase’s tight calve muscles. Corey had always taken his interest in physiotherapy seriously and was even considering taking it up once he retired from playing. That would be a

long way down the line, but Corey always liked to learn wherever he was or whatever he was doing.

‘So, how are you finding life as an Ice Bear?’ Ricki asked, turning to look at Corey.

‘Pretty good,’ Corey replied. ‘I’ve been doing some extra early morning workouts with Connor Valley to try and get into Coach’s plans a bit quicker.’

Corey blushed and realized that he maybe should have kept that information to himself. But before he could even try to backtrack, he could tell from the looks on Chase and Ricki’s faces that they both suspected some Little and Daddy fun was going on.

‘Hey, no, it’s nothing like that,’ Corey protested. ‘It’s not at all what you’re thinking.’

But the more that Corey attempted to put a dampener on Chase and Ricki’s giggles, the more they laughed. In the end, Corey simply lay down on his massage table and started laughing himself.

Corey knew that he might as well admit it to himself.

There was something going on between him and Connor, and if that really was the case then Corey hoped that he would be able to keep control of himself when him and Connor were due to meet for a tactical analysis session later that day.

But something told Corey that this might be even harder than he imagined it would be...

* * *

Having ensured to arrive five minutes before Connor had scheduled the meeting, Corey was happy to see the look on Connor’s face when he arrived at the entrance to one of the many tactics rooms at Pine

Rise.

‘Punctual. That’s good. A big improvement,’ Connor said, his swept back hair looking lustrous under the lighting in the corridor. ‘Now I’ve got this suite booked for the next hour and a half. Let’s get inside and make a start. By the time I’m done with you, you’ll know exactly how Tremaine likes his teams to shape up on offense and defense.’

‘I can’t wait,’ Corey replied, smiling and full of enthusiasm. ‘Is it okay that I brought some juice boxes to keep me going?’

‘Not a problem,’ Connor replied, a warm smile on his face. ‘I brought a big thermos of coffee. You might wish you had some caffeine too once we hit the heavy positional analysis.’

Corey smiled and stepped inside.

The tactics room was dark, compact, and had two of the most comfortable armchairs that Corey had ever placed his butt on. And after unpacking his juice boxes and putting his backpack on the floor, Corey settled in his seat and got ready to soak up as much knowledge as he possibly could.

At first, Corey felt focused and his mind acted like a sponge, taking in everything that Connor was saying and highlighting on the video clips that he was playing on the various computer monitors in front of them.

However, slowly but surely, the effect of the brutally physical practice session earlier began to creep up on Corey. Maybe the dim lighting played a part too. But whatever the reason, Corey felt his eyes slowly beginning to shut.

Each time, Corey would pull himself back from the brink of falling asleep. And somehow, he was managing to do it without Connor noticing. That was until one final time when Corey simply couldn’t stop himself from slouching too far down the soft, squidgy chair.

‘Boy!’ Connor barked. ‘Are you... falling asleep?’

'N-n-n-no, definitely not,' Corey said, jumping up into his seat and knocking his juice box onto the floor. 'I mean, no, yeah, I... maybe?'

'If you're going to be an Ice Bear, then this truly will not do,' Connor growled. 'Do you remember when you told me your your safeword?'

'Y-y-yes,' Corey said, his voice trembling a little.

'Well keep it in mind,' Connor bellowed, moving from the computer monitors and swiftly picking Corey up and then promptly bringing him back down onto his lap as he took a seat. 'I'm going to spank this butt until I'm convinced that you're wide awake and ready to complete the session. This isn't high school hockey. This is the real deal. The big leagues. And if your ass hadn't already realized it, I'm pretty damn sure it will soon enough.'

Corey didn't know what to say or do.

He was over Connor Valley's strong legs and about to have his tight sweatpants pulled down and tushie warmed up something crazy. In so many ways, this was like a fantasy come true. But in reality, it was a whole other thing. And to make matters worse, Corey could feel that his cock was pressed right up against Connor's.

Please don't get hard.

Please don't get hard.

But what would happen if we both got hard?

'I'm... sorry,' Corey said, his voice sounding unconvincing to say the least.

'Save it,' Connor grunted. 'I'll be pulling your sweats and whatever's underneath down now and turning your cheeks a shade of red. And I expect you to take it with good grace. Remember what I told you. We're Ice Bears, and we own our own stuff.'

'Y-y-y-yes... Mr. Valley,' Corey replied, wanting desperately to put his

best foot forward all of a sudden – even if he knew any hopes of Connor going lightly on the spanking were highly unlikely.

‘Well let’s not waste a single second more,’ Connor said, his voice controlled but nonetheless full of serious intent.

Corey gasped as he felt Connor’s hands reaching down and pulling his sweatpants and briefs down in one swift motion. The tactics rooms may have been dimly lit, but Corey could feel Connor’s eyes on his exposed, clenched butt cheeks.

It felt a little bit scary.

And it also felt plenty exciting too.

But before Corey’s cock could get too hard, he felt the first spank come crashing down onto his left butt cheek. And this was followed up almost instantaneously by a spank onto his right cheek.

‘Yoooooooooaaaaaaw!’ Corey called out, desperately burying his head into the free space at the edge of the large armchair in an attempt to muffle his cry.

‘Oh, it’s about to get a lot tougher,’ Connor said, a wicked sense of enjoyment in his voice. ‘This isn’t some roleplay in a club. I don’t go in for that kind of thing. This is real discipline, the kind you’ll benefit from. Now secure your position and get ready. I won’t be stopping now until your cheeks are ablaze, and I’m convinced you’ve learned your lesson.’

The spanks continued to rain down on Corey’s bottom, and despite the fact that it was ever so painful, Corey did his very best to keep his composure as much as he could.

I won’t give in.

Connor needs to know that I’m a strong Little.

He can spank me all afternoon if he wants to...

But as brave as he tried to be, Corey could feel the sting in his buttocks get more and more intense. It was like each cheek was on fire. However there was no way that Corey was going to give Connor the satisfaction of using his safeword.

Fortunately, after what felt like at least twenty spanks, Connor brought he punishment to a conclusion with one final rapid-fire spank on each cheek.

‘Perfect,’ Connor said, his voice firm but with a hint of love in it too. ‘And now let’s make sure that your little bottom is well looked after. We play hard, but we’ve always got one another’s backs here.’

Corey let out a sigh of relief that the spanking was done. At the same time, he felt a wave of calmness come over him. It really hadn’t been very impressive to keep nearly falling asleep. It even felt a little bit rude to have done it after Connor clearly spent time putting together such a thorough presentation.

Corey wanted to own this and make sure that Connor knew how he felt.

‘Can I just say that I really am sorry,’ Corey said, his voice subdued and a little bit emotional too. ‘If I was hot or tired, I should have said. I won’t do it again.’

‘I appreciate that, boy,’ Connor said, applying a thick dollop of cooling gel to each of Corey’s flaming hot cheeks. ‘And I can tell that it’s coming from a sincere place too. That means a lot. Now, tell me... are you feeling okay?’

‘I am now, Daddy,’ Corey said, a sudden surge of adrenalin coming over him as he said the D-word. ‘My butt hurts, but I feel better. I’ve never been spanked like that before. It was hard. And I maybe felt close to using my safeword. But... I wanted to make you proud.’

Corey felt a rush of emotion come over him and stopped talking.

He meant every word he said though, and the feeling of being

disciplined by Connor had just felt so right. It was almost an overwhelming sensation. But fortunately, Corey was in good hands.

‘That’s fine, sweet boy,’ Connor said. ‘You took your lesson well. But for now, we can forget all about tactics. It’s time for you and me to relax and enjoy the quiet of the room together. No one will come in, you can rest assured of that. Let’s get that peach little butt of yours all healed up, and while I do that, we can talk about whatever you want. Or we can just be quiet. It’s up to you. I want you to feel like even when I punish you, it’s with good intentions and your best interests at heart. Does that make sense, Corey?’

‘Yeah, it makes perfect sense,’ Corey replied. ‘C-c-can I get Moose out of my backpack? I think he’d like a cuddle right now.’

‘I think that’s a brilliant idea,’ Connor said, a smile on his face as he finished massaging the gel into Corey’s well-spanked booty. ‘And I think you and me are going to be just fine. Welcome to the team, boy. You’re going to be one hell of an Ice Bear in time. I just know it.’

Corey smiled.

No one said that fitting into the Ice Bears would be easy. And it certainly hadn’t been the smoothest of starts either. But Corey was beginning to feel a whole lot better about things.

Life was looking up – and Corey couldn’t wait for what was coming up next.

Chapter 8

Connor

Taking Corey across his lap and spanking him had been an incredible moment for Connor. Not only was it a true case of administering some authentic Daddy discipline, but Connor was able to see just how much Corey benefitted from it.

After the spanking was done and as the pair of them sat together in the darkened tactics room, Connor and Corey had simply talked and snuggled together, along with the boy's admittedly very cute moose stuffie too.

For Connor, this was a moment that he knew he would never forget.

For all his commitment to hockey and the solitary lifestyle that he chose to live, Connor had clearly been in need of a boy to spend time with. Simply by sharing the spanking and then the aftercare with Corey, Connor had felt his heart fill up. Sure, Connor would spend time with his Daddy friends, but this was something different – and Connor cherished it and hoped for many more similar memories to be made with the boy.

And speaking of Connor's Daddy friends, as he entered Power Roast Coffee, Connor could see that Jack and Alex were already there and taking their usual seats over in the large corner booth. And they were joined by Vitali, the Ice Bears strength and conditioning coach too.

'You assholes better not have started without me,' Connor bellowed as

he walked toward Jack, Alex, and Vitali. 'This is our one coffee hangout this week... and you guys are already ahead of me?'

'Hey, we were here on time,' Alex replied. 'You were probably too busy with Corey, right?'

Connor frowned and folded his arms across his chest.

'Defensive posture,' Alex said knowingly. 'Clearly we're onto something, Jack.'

'I think we surely are,' Jack confirmed, sipping on his espresso.

'Hey, no judgements from me, champ,' Vitali said. 'I've seen how much you lift and all I'm saying that you could probably lift Corey without breaking a sweat if you wanted...'

'You guys don't know shit,' Connor roared, taking a seat next to his friends and motioning to the barista for a fresh round of espressos. 'I'm merely helping the boy settle into the team. The boy might be some LA rich kid but I think he's got a good heart to go with his skills. He could be useful for us over the season. After all, you're not getting any younger guys. We'll need to rotate some youthful energy into our offense from time to time.'

'Ouch. Harsh burn,' Jack said, a smile on his face. 'But as much as I hate to admit it, my body certainly can't do the minutes it used to. I think you've got a good point.'

'Don't go including me in that,' Alex said, shaking his head. 'I might be the wrong side of twenty-nine, but I'm still eight years younger than Jack!'

The four Daddies laughed together.

Connor chose to live an often secluded and private life in his cabin in the woods, but he wouldn't have swapped his hangouts with Jack and Alex for anything. It was great to see Vitali there too. Xander had been

due to come also, but he was back in Honeybridge with his boy, Pip. And by the sounds of it, they were having a lot of fun.

'Hey, check this out,' Jack said, showing Connor a message from Xander on his cell phone...

Jack – please pass this on to the rest of the Daddies. Apologies for not being there, but I had to make a dash back to Honeybridge. Pip was looking for one of his favorite board games and happened to chance upon a new *toy* I was holding back as a surprise. So, forgive me, but being with my boy was ALWAYS going to take priority over coffee you guys at this point in time! See you at practice tomorrow. XANDER.

Connor laughed so hard as he read the message that he nearly fell out of his chair. Xander and Pip were a great couple who were clearly going from strength to strength after finding one another over the holidays.

And seeing how much fun Xander was having with Pip was already making Connor imagine what kind of fun and games he and Corey could have too.

Connor had always had a thing for food play. It could be the sight of a big, thick banana. Or it might have been the sound of whipped cream being squirted that got him hard. But Connor certainly knew that he wanted to explore this kink, and the idea of having a boy to explore it with was a truly appetizing prospect.

But Connor knew this wasn't the time to be daydreaming about his deepest kinky thoughts.

'I'm glad to see Xander happy,' Connor said. 'Looks like it's just me who's single now. Not that I give a crap. And the last thing I'd want is my opponents thinking I'd gone soft.'

‘Hey, I don’t think there’s ever much danger of that happening,’ Alex said. ‘The way you went toe to toe with those Red Dolphin’s players will make sure of that.’

‘I almost felt sorry for them,’ Jack quipped. ‘But I wanted to check, is everything okay? I haven’t seen you lose your shit that bad in a long time.’

‘Yeah, I’m good,’ Connor replied, running his hand over his beard. ‘It was just one of those things. The animal inside me just came out to say hello. I’m never going to lose the wild side entirely. I’m just glad it didn’t happen in a playoff game.’

The four Daddies nodded in agreement.

Even after the Red Dolphins defeat, the Ice Bears were still very well placed to go again for the playoffs and then the championship. The spirit within the team was strong enough to bounce back from defeat, and they all knew that it was a long season with plenty of twists and turns.

However while it seemed that they all agreed on hockey matters, Jack clearly wasn’t quite ready to let go of the small matter of Connor and Corey’s potential connection.

‘You know, I think you and Corey could work,’ Jack said, leaning forward and putting his hand on Connor’s leg. ‘All jokes aside, I think you two could be a great fit.’

Connor’s instinct was to pull away and try to deflect Jack’s comment.

But rather than fire back with a joke or crude innuendo, Connor found himself opening up a bit more than normal.

‘The last thing I want to do is take the boy’s mind off hockey,’ Connor said, leaning back in his chair. ‘He’s at a new club, and I think we can all see that Tremaine isn’t entirely convinced by him yet. Corey needs to settle down and have as few distractions as possible. I’m helping in

my own way, but in terms of getting into anything deeper... I just don't know if that would be the right thing for him.'

Jack, Alex, and Vitali were listening intently, and they could clearly see how deeply Connor felt about this.

For Connor, it was a case of balancing out his desire to help Corey with the rapidly developing feelings he was having for the boy. It wouldn't be easy to strike the right balance, but Connor was determined to do what an honorable Daddy would strive to do.

I'll work with Corey to get him into the team.

I'll push him and guide him too.

And whatever happens after that, I'll just have to wait and see...

* * *

Connor and Corey were back at Pine Rise the next day and this time it was Connor who arrived the latter of the two.

'Now this is what I like to see,' Connor said, striding over toward the warmup area of the gym in his red vest and white shorts, his upper body feeling ready to lift some seriously heavy weights.

Connor looked at Corey and couldn't help but cast his hungry eyes over Corey's body as it was snugly fitted inside a tight wrestling singlet. To say that there was little left to the imagination would have been an understatement.

'Like what you see?' Corey said, a giggle at the end of his sentence. 'Look how snug it fits at the back too.'

There was something about the way that Corey was smiling and showing off his singlet that turned on and irritated Connor in equal measure.

‘Grrrr, watch it,’ Connor replied, covering up his tracks. ‘I was merely wondering whether a singlet might be good for me in terms of flexibility and range of movement.’

Connor cringed at how obvious a lie that was.

But not only that, there was an overly hyped energy to Corey that morning too. Maybe Connor had woken up on the wrong side of the bed, but he didn’t feel in the mood for any Little silliness.

‘Let’s get to work,’ Connor growled.

‘Pffft. Can’t we just skip to lifting?’ Corey asked, smiling and darting his eyes around the rack of dumbbells and resistance machines too.

‘No, we cannot,’ Connor said, his tone stern. ‘And here very clearly when I say this: I want you to calm down and focus. This might be our early extra training, but we’re still on Ice Bears time. Got it?’

‘I just wanna lift weight and see how it feels in my singlet,’ Corey said, stomping his foot on the floor. ‘Lift! Lift! Lift!’

‘Or how about spank, spank, spank?’ Connor roared, taking Corey by the hand and marching him toward the flat padded bench nearest to them. ‘Let’s see what you think when I’m through with your sassy ass. And I want you to watch yourself being punished in the mirror too.’

Connor turned Corey around and bent him flat onto the bench.

With Corey’s wrestling singlet being a one piece, Connor decided to simply hike the short section all the way up Corey’s cheeks to reveal as much of his tanned butt as possible.

And not only that, but Connor decided to grab some of the resistance bands in order to hold Corey in position.

‘You didn’t feel like using the resistance bands to warm up, so we’ll just use them to keep you in place instead,’ Connor said, tying Corey down. ‘Now I’m going to make this a quick, hard punishment. And

remember, I want you to look in the big mirror and take in each and every spank. Understood?’

‘Y-y-y-y-yes,’ Corey replied.

‘Yes, what?’ Connor roared, hiking the singlet even further up Corey’s perfectly round tushy.

‘Yes, Daddy!’ Corey squealed.

‘Better,’ Connor barked, holding his hand high above his head and then bringing it crashing down on Corey’s exposed butt. ‘Let’s do this, boy. I want you to say thank you, sir after each one. And keep up with each spank, or it won’t count.’

‘Awwww! Thank you, sir,’ Corey hollered, his cheeks wobbling from another spank.

Connor stayed true to his word that the spanking would be brief but intense, and five spanks later it was all over. But while it may have been brief, that didn’t mean that Corey’s bottom hadn’t been turned from its LA tan into a far redder shade.

‘I’ll untie you in a moment,’ Connor said, his eyes looking at Corey’s vulnerable, constrained body. ‘First it’s cooling time.’

Connor quickly fetched his cooling gel from his sports bag, and soon enough was massaging the cream into Corey’s reddened booty. Connor moved his fingers slightly underneath the singlet to ensure that he hadn’t missed a spot. And as he did this, Connor couldn’t help but notice Corey squeezing his butt and grinding his crotch into the bench.

Connor untied Corey and offered him a helping hand to stand up.

‘How do you feel now, boy?’ Connor asked, his eyes flashing down to the enlarged dick-print at the front of Corey’s singlet. ‘Are you hungry for some real work?’

'I am, Daddy,' Corey replied, blushing as he covered the outline of his dick with his hands. 'And I think you're right, it's important to warmup properly.'

With that, the two of them walked back toward the warmup and stretching area of the gym. There would be plenty of time to hit the weights, but Connor was happy to see that his quick blast of Daddy discipline had done the job and refocused Corey's mind.

But there was a problem.

While Corey may have been focused on doing the proper warmups, all Connor could think about now was the absolute monster that appeared to be living inside Corey's ultra-tight singlet...

Chapter 9

Corey

After the over the bench spanking and ensuing warmup and weights session, Corey was feeling motivated to hit the ice and show Coach Tremaine what he could do. So much so in fact, that Corey even had the slightest hint of a compliment from Tremaine as the pair of them walked out of the locker room...

‘Not bad,’ Tremaine said, briefly casting his eye over Corey. ‘But I need more of that. Much more.’

‘Yes, sir,’ Corey replied, watching as Tremaine headed off in a different direction and made his way to a meeting alongside Vitali. ‘See you tomorrow.’

But Tremaine didn’t reply, his mind was already occupied with no doubt the dozens of issues he had to handle daily as the Ice Bears head coach.

‘Tremaine wasn’t wrong,’ Connor said, walking up behind Corey and subtly tapping him on the bottom of his back. ‘I saw some real hunger out there on the ice. And sorry for that hard tackle. I thought you were Rebrov!’

‘Hehe, it’s okay,’ Corey giggled. ‘I’ll take that as a compliment. I used to have Alex’s posters up on my wall growing up.’

Corey saw a sudden pang of jealousy ride over Connor’s face.

And try as he might to hide it, Connor had clearly been stung by Corey's admission to having posters of Alex Rebrov on his bedroom wall.

'But... not like that,' Corey said, reassuringly. 'Alex was just an offensive player like me. All those suits and flashy cars aren't really my thing.'

'And your thing being what exactly?' Connor enquired, arching his eyebrow as the pair of them walked through the lobby and out into the parking lot together.

'I could tell you over a milkshake maybe?' Corey said, a tremor of nerves in his voice as he put himself out there. 'We could... go now? Together?'

Corey waited nervously for Connor to respond.

Each millisecond felt like an hour as Corey watched Connor run his hand over his beard and the sturdy, square jaw that was buried underneath it.

'Sounds good,' Connor replied. 'But I'm driving. You can ride with me in the truck.'

Corey felt his heart flutter and nodded enthusiastically as the pair of them walked toward Connor's big, bulky truck. It was a far cry from Corey's small electric car but Corey couldn't deny how exciting it was to be riding with Connor.

As the pair of them took their seats, Corey almost let out a gasp as Connor turned the key and revved the engine. The heavy, guttural sound filled the truck's front cabin and Corey also couldn't help but notice the way that Connor's forearms flexed and looked so powerful as they gripped the steering wheel.

'Belt on, boy,' Connor said, noting that Corey wasn't strapped in yet.

'Ooops, my bad,' Corey giggled, quickly strapping himself in for the

ride.

Connor muttered a response and before Corey knew it, they were pulling out of Pine Rise and driving toward the city. A post-practice milkshake would hit the spot and sooth him after a tough session, Corey was sure of it. But more than that, Corey was delighted to be doing something with Connor outside of the confines of Ice Bears business.

As Corey relaxed in the surprisingly luxurious passenger seat, he couldn't help but wonder exactly what this was. Was it a date? Or just two teammates hanging out after a hard day's work?

Corey didn't know the answer.

But one thing Corey did know was that it would be fun finding out...

* * *

Met Milkshakes was as busy as ever, but fortunately Corey and Connor managed to snag the last remaining booth together.

'Hey, guys, great to see you,' Silas said as he approached the booth and shook Connor's hand. 'Let me guess... Tremaine nearly broke you in practice and you need some of that sweet, soothing Met Milkshakes goodness?'

'Something along those lines, yeah,' Connor laughed. 'It's good to see you too, Silas. How are you and Harry?'

'Busy!' Silas laughed. 'I've sent the young man out on an emergency supply run because we're nearly all out of oat milk. And trust me, we'll be getting through a lot of it before the day's done.'

'Please tell me that Daddy's Own Coffee Shake is still a special?' Connor asked, casting his eye on the chalkboard menu on the opposite wall.

‘Sure is,’ Silas laughed, fist bumping Connor.

As the two Daddies talked, Corey felt happy to sit and listen. There was something super-wholesome about seeing this more relaxed version of Connor. Corey could tell that Connor was still the same person, but this was simply a softer side to him. And Corey was all there for it too.

‘Are you ready to order?’ Connor said, breaking Corey away from his thoughts. ‘If I could suggest the toffee triple with an extra squirt of fizzy lemon?’

‘Wow, that sounds... interesting,’ Corey said, intrigued.

‘Trust me, it’s a beauty,’ Connor laughed.

‘Okay, I trust you,’ Corey replied, blushing slightly as his and Connor’s eyes lingered on one another for a second too long.

‘Okay, I’ll be back with your shakes before you know it,’ Silas said, giving Connor a knowing look and making himself scarce.

‘I didn’t expect that you’d like it here,’ Corey said, opening up his backpack and placing Moose next to him on the comfortable booth seating.

‘There’s a lot about me that might surprise you,’ Connor replied, his eyes crinkling at the sides in the most charming way as he smiled. ‘I’m not the brutal asshole that everyone outside the Ice Bears thinks I am.’

‘I know,’ Corey replied. ‘Well, I wasn’t so sure after that first practice session, but I am now.’

‘That’s good to know,’ Connor chuckled. ‘but don’t expect me to be taking it easy on you at the next practice game. I’ll be going just as hard. And you’ll thank me when it’s game day for real. I can promise you that.’

Corey felt all warm inside.

Connor was still very much the tough, rugged defenseman. But Corey could see that Connor had a heart of gold too. He may have shown it differently to how others might, but Connor was committed to improving Corey's play on the ice in a way that was selfless, well-intentioned, and grounded in reality.

Corey had met plenty of flashy LA Daddies who cared about looks, money, and all the rest of it that came with a showbiz lifestyle. But Connor was the total opposite. Connor was down to earth and had no airs and graces. It was refreshing for Corey to be around a man like this – and with Silas walking over toward them with two highly appetizing looking milkshakes, Corey was ready for the maybe-date to go from strength to strength.

* * *

After at least an hour and a half sipping on their shakes, taking in a plate of protein pancakes, and generally talking like their lives depended on it, Corey and Connor left Met Milkshakes and made their way back toward Connor's truck.

'Did you have a good time?' Connor said, coming to a standstill at the rear of his impressively bulky truck. 'I know that I did.'

'Same,' Corey replied, shyly looking away. 'But I've got one question.'

'Shoot,' Connor replied, gently lifting Corey's chin upward so that he was looking directly at him.

'Was that... a date?' Corey said, his voice wavering a little.

'It was as far as I'm concerned,' Connor said, his voice full of a gently sensual intent. 'And seeing as it was, how about this for a way to end it?'

With that, Corey felt his body tingle all over as Connor lowered his head and placed a soft, sensual kiss on Corey's lips.

'That was...' Corey said, unable to finish his sentence as Connor kissed him again, this time holding him by his hips and drawing him in close.

As they continued to kiss, Corey felt his cock harden and press up against Connor's equally swollen manhood. Corey even reached around and squeezed on Connor's thick, strong ass.

I can't believe this is happening.

I'm making out with... Connor Valley.

In... a parking lot?

Fortunately for Corey, Connor must have had the same realization about their location too. As Connor stopped kissing Corey and scanned the parking lot for any prying eyes, Corey felt his head spin and a dizzy sensation come over him.

It was difficult to take anything in and process what had just happened, but luckily for Corey he had a Daddy standing next to him to look after him.

'We're in the clear,' Connor said. 'But let's get you back in that truck. We've got a lot to discuss. And that boner trying to burst out of your trousers is probably visible from space too.'

Corey giggled and hopped up into the truck with Connor.

Things were moving fast, and Corey didn't want the ride to slow down one single iota.

But with a raft of Ice Bears games on the horizon, Corey knew that his discussion with Connor was going to be a very important one. As happy as Corey was with the latest development in his relationship with Connor, the last thing he wanted was to do anything to jeopardize his chances of success with the Ice Bears.

I think I might have a Daddy.

The gruffest, sternest, most cock-hardeningly hot Daddy in town too.

And the fact his name happens to be Connor Valley just blows my mind.

Chapter 10

Connor

The couple of weeks following the kiss with Corey were both a pleasure and frustration too. The pleasure came from the fact that Connor was more than happy to heat things up step by step with Corey. The two of them appeared to be on the same page and Connor was enjoying spending more and more time with Corey outside of Ice Bears activities.

The frustration though came from the fact that Coach Tremaine was still reluctant to allow Corey onto the ice during games. Connor could see how hard Corey was training, and the boy's skills were becoming more and more apparent. As far as Connor was concerned, there was no doubt in his mind that Corey could be a huge asset to the team. It was just frustrating that Coach Tremaine didn't seem to be thinking along these lines.

And if Connor was frustrated by it, then it was understandable that Corey was frustrated too.

After both games, Connor made sure to take Corey to one side and reassure him that all he needed to do was keeping working hard and showing a determined attitude. It would only be a matter of time before Corey's chance would come, and Connor knew how important it was that Corey believed this himself.

And if Corey ever seemed down outside of practice, Connor would

make a special effort to reassure him then too. Connor had been at the top of the hockey world for a long time, but he hadn't forgotten the trials and tribulations of being a young gun trying to make it at an established team.

Connor had been through a lot to get to the top, and that included working with coaches earlier in his career who were very reluctant to give him a fair chance to play. It may have been in the distant past, but Connor was determined to use his experiences as a young squad player and impart his lived experience onto Corey.

But it wasn't all hockey, hockey, hockey.

Connor was enjoying everything from milkshake dates to movie nights to making out.

And it was clear that Corey was having a lot of fun too. With this in mind, Connor had arranged for Chase and Joshua to come over his apartment for a playdate with Corey. And not only that, but Xander's boy Pip was going to come over and join the fun.

Pip lived for half of the week in Honeybridge and the other half in the city, and was super-excited to meet Corey – and the feeling was mutual.

'I can't wait for everyone to arrive!' Corey said, hopping from foot to foot. 'Pip sounds so cool. I want him to tell me all his best dog walking stories!'

'You love dogs, don't you?' Connor asked, noting just how excited Corey seemed. 'How would you feel about bringing a little taste of puppy play into this afternoon?'

Connor and Corey had briefly discussed their kinks over food the a few nights earlier, and Corey had hinted that puppy play might be something he'd be into. Connor wanted to offer Corey the chance to try it out with some of his other Little friends in a safe and fun way.

‘Yes!’ Corey replied, his voice full of joy. ‘But... I don’t have any puppy things. You know, like a leash or a tail or water bowl.’

Connor smiled.

‘Well... I might have taken your hint from a few days ago,’ Connor said, taking Corey by the hand and walking over toward the large walk-in cloakroom in the hallway of the apartment. ‘Here. What do you think?’

With that, Connor opened the cloakroom door and presented Corey with a selection of leashes, a water bowl, some fluffy puppy ears and even an array of different tails.

‘I figured you might want to try a few things out so kind of went a little wild,’ Connor laughed. ‘I’ve got some more puppy-related toys, but they’re the kind we’d only use when we were alone.’

Corey giggled and blushed at the thought of what Connor could be referring to. And it wasn’t long before Corey had put on a pair of fluffy, floppy dog ears and a smooth black and white spotted tail.

‘You look cute, puppy,’ Connor said, taking a moment to drink in the sight of Corey in his furry brown and white romper with his suitably fluffy ears and waggy tail. ‘And something tells me that your friends are going to enjoy joining in with the puppy-time too.’

And with perfect timing, the buzzer for Connor’s apartment door rang.

The Littles and their Daddies had arrived, and it was time for some puppy fun...

* * *

‘Connor, if someone told me a month ago that you’d be hosting a Little’s puppy party I’d have collapsed in shock,’ Jack laughed, sipping on his beer as the Daddies congregated in the kitchen and watched their boys playing together.

‘Joshua was so excited when you messaged me,’ Alex added. ‘But I’m less excited about this beer. You know I’m a wine or whisky guy.’

‘This beer is world fucking class,’ Connor chuckled. ‘Drink it down and then tell me where I’m telling lies.’

Alex shook his head in mock disgust but then duly did take a big gulp of the beer.

‘Fine. It’s not bad, I’ll give you that,’ Alex said, breaking out into a smile.

Connor, Jack, Alex, and Xander watched on as the boys began to chase one another around the open plan living area. Each boy was in a romper or onesie, and they were all wearing different dog ears and tails.

‘Be careful, pup!’ Connor called out, watching as an over-enthusiastic Corey nearly knocked over a large pot plant. ‘Don’t make me put you on your leash!’

‘Ooops, sorry Daddy, ruff-ruff!’ Corey replied, shaking his butt and making his tail wag from side to side.

Connor smiled although he quickly put on his most resolute tough guy face once he realized that the other Daddies were watching him.

‘You like him a lot, right?’ Xander said, toasting his beer with Connor. ‘I know that look anywhere. When a boy works his way into your heart, you just can’t help it.’

‘It’s too early to say,’ Connor replied, doing his best to sound as controlled and nonchalant as he could to protect his lone wolf image. ‘The boy’s okay. I’ll give him that.’

But the reality was that Connor was beginning to have a lot of feelings for Corey.

It was already beginning to feel like Connor was falling in love.

Never in his wildest dreams had Connor imagined that he would develop feelings for an LA boy. And certainly not the kind of boy who had come from a family of serious money and influence.

However Corey was about as far away from the stereotype of the spoilt rich kid as it was possible to be. Corey was humble, eager to learn, and had an innocent lust for life that was so rare.

All in all, Connor was starting to see how truly special a boy Corey was.

The only question as far as Connor was concerned was when and how would they take the next step in their relationship?

‘Okay pups, time for some water!’ Connor called out, grabbing a water bowl and filling it up along with the other Daddies and their bowls.

‘And remember pups, we want to see you doing your best drinkies, no spilling it everywhere,’ Xander said. ‘And, yes, Pip, I’m looking at you!’

‘Ruff-ruff!’ Pip barked, his big eyes looking pleadingly at Xander as he wagged his tail in anticipation of the water bowl being placed on the hardwood floor.

Connor and his fellow Daddies took a step back and watched with delight as their little puppies eagerly lapped at the water and quenched their thirst with glee.

As the four pups lapped the water up, wagged their tails, and barked with happiness, Connor and his friends could confidently say that the playdate had been a huge success for the boys.

But it wasn’t just Corey and his friend who were having a wonderful time.

Connor was having a great time too, and it was all happening because of one special pup. In that moment, Connor resolved to give Corey a big treat once everyone had gone home – and this wouldn’t be a doggy biscuit, it would be something far, far tastier than that...

* * *

‘That was so much fun, Daddy,’ Corey said, flopping onto the couch and kicking his legs up into the air. ‘I want more puppy playdates just like that!’

Connor took a seat next to Corey and rubbed his tummy.

‘You certainly looked like you were having a good time,’ Connor said. ‘And I wonder if Joshua is getting his booty spanked right now for cocking his leg up against the wall even after Alex warned him not to?’

‘I think he is,’ Corey giggled with delight.

As the image of a Daddy spanking his naughty pup crossed both Connor and Corey’s minds at the same time, the atmosphere suddenly shifted.

Connor felt his cock stiffening in his jeans, and when Corey’s feet rested right on top of his hardening cock and gently pressed downward, it was clear that both Daddy and boy were in the mood for some fun.

‘I think I need to show you something,’ Connor said, lifting Corey’s feet off his lap and then unbuttoning his fly before lowering his jeans to reveal his jet-black briefs and the sizeable swelling inside them.

‘D-D-D-Daddy...’ Corey stammered, shifting his weight, and leaning toward Connor’s throbbing cock. ‘C-c-c-c-can I... touch it?’

‘You may,’ Connor replied. ‘But why not touch it for real?’

With that, Connor raised his hips again and slowly pulled his briefs down, taking his time to reveal his rock-hard cock inch by inch.

‘Now lick your palms and wrap them around my meat,’ Connor growled, his demeanor quickly shifting into Daddy Dom mode. ‘Squeeze it. Then pump. And while you’re at it, you can lick all around the tip too.’

'Y-y-y-yes, Daddy,' Corey said, his eyes wide and full of desire as he duly licked his palms and made them wet for his Daddy.

'Less talk and more wanking, licking, and sucking,' Connor grunted, tensing his core as Corey began to pump his wrapped fists up and down while licking and lapping with his tongue around Connor's thick, wide dick head. 'You're my pet now, and you'll do as you're told. Got it?'

Corey made a muffled yes sound as he lowered his mouth deeper onto Connor's long, throbbing dick.

As Corey swallowed Connor's full eight and a half inches of prime meat, Connor ran his hands through the Corey's silky, wavy surfer boy hair. The feeling of being pleased so thoroughly by Corey was immense, and Connor was even more turned on by the fact that he could sense just how much Corey was enjoying it too.

This wasn't a meaningless hookup in a club.

This was a whole other level of intimacy.

Connor and Corey had mutual trust, attraction, and were both evidently totally in sync with one another's needs and desires.

'Deeper, faster,' Connor grunted, thrusting his cock upward and grabbing Corey by the ears. 'I'm going to cum in your mouth, and you're going to drink it down. Every last drop.'

Connor and Corey had already discussed protection and decided that due to them not seeing anyone else that it wouldn't be required.

Connor could feel his entire body tightening and knew that he was past the point of no return. With Corey's soft, plump lips wrapped around the base of his manhood, Connor shot wave after wave of hot, salty cum deep inside Corey's mouth.

'Fuck, that's it, that's the fucking spot,' Connor moaned, his deep voice

now more like an animalistic growl as he bucked and thrust his thighs once more.

When he was done pumping his seed into Corey's mouth, Connor pulled back and watched as Corey swallowed and then opened his mouth as proof that every last drop had indeed been dispensed with.

'Good boy,' Connor said, his eyes drawn toward Corey's crotch. 'And now it's your turn.'

Corey simply laid back and spread his legs as Connor opened the buttons at the front of his romper and took his hard dick out. Connor relished the sight of Corey's cock in the flesh and in full view of his hungry eyes.

The boy is packing just as much as I thought he was.

Big skills on the ice and a big dick in his pants too.

And now it's feeding time...

With that, Connor placed both his hands around the base of Corey's dick and began to pulse them slowly but surely. The sound of Corey whimpering in delight was almost too good – but nothing was going to stop Connor from tasting Corey's dick in double-quick time.

Connor began by kissing the tip and then swirling his tongue around the sensitive underside of Corey's bulbous dick head.

With its salty taste and sheer size, Connor was already fully aware that this was the best dick he'd ever laid his hands and mouth on.

And clearly, Connor wasn't the only excited one.

Before Connor could even fully sink his mouth all the way down Corey's shaft, he felt thick, hot shots of Corey's seed shoot into his mouth.

'Daddy! I couldn't help myself!' Corey groaned, his entire body writhing and stretching out in pleasure as his dick continued to erupt. 'That was

soooo hot. All of it. Me sucking you. You swallowing me. I'm in Little heaven...'

Connor finished draining the remainder of Corey's cum and then rocked back onto the couch in delight. Making Corey reach his climax so quickly was hot. In fact, it was something that Connor had often fantasized about. The knowledge that he could have that effect on a boy was something that turned Connor on so much that he almost felt himself getting hard again.

But now wasn't the time to be thinking along those lines.

Connor and Corey were both satisfied.

A puppy playdate followed by two world-rocking blowjobs. What could possibly have been better than that?

If Connor thought he was happy in his life before, he was very quickly realizing that life with a wonderful, sexy, and open hearted boy was simply unbeatable. And to make things even better, there was still plenty of time for way more fun – but only after a nice, long snuggle on the couch.

Chapter 11

Corey

The next evening Corey found himself all cozy in Connor's cabin, the pair of them having travelled up there together after what felt like the most in depth tactical analysis session at Pine Rise.

Corey was truly beginning to see the level of detail that went into being an Ice Bear. In some ways, it was intimidating to be around deep thinkers like Coach Tremaine. It was as if Tremaine had a big hockey super-computer for a brain and was able to pull out any stat or pattern of play from inside his head in less than three seconds – and what was worse was that Tremaine seemed to expect his players to be able to do the same.

Still, Corey was up for the challenge.

While Corey knew he was nowhere near the levels of the more established Ice Bears when it came to his depth of knowledge, Corey felt like he was making progress on that front. And that could only be a good thing.

But Ice Bear tactics and offensive-defensive transitions were the last thing on Corey's mind now he was back at his Daddy's country retreat. With its rustic charm and well-worn comfort, Connor's cabin was a place where Corey was beginning to feel more and more comfortable to be himself.

Wearing an official Ice Bears onesie, Corey finished his carton of

orange and mango juice and casually tossed it right into the open trash can over in the corner of the room.

‘Lucky shot,’ Connor said, looking up from his Kindle. ‘That misses, and your tushy gets a toasting.’

‘Hehe,’ Corey giggled, his eyes wide and a big, innocent smile on his face. ‘But I never miss.’

‘Even Alex Rebrov misses from time to time,’ Connor replied, his voice gruff but full of love too. ‘And you’re not Alex Rebrov... yet. Well, I actually hope you’re never Alex Rebrov, but you know what I mean.’

Corey laughed and rolled onto his back and kicked his legs up in the air.

Lying on the thick rug in front of the roaring log fire, Corey felt as safe and contented as a Little could feel. Growing up with such liberal parents, Corey had always felt like he could express himself as a Little and not feel shame about it. His parents had never judged his desire to explore his Little side.

Of course, not everyone was like his parents.

From time to time Corey had come across far less understanding and open hearted people. In fact this was one of the motivating factors in Corey wanting to leave his old team and join the Ice Bears. Corey felt like although hockey was his number one priority in life, it was equally important that he could be his true self too.

And now that he was beginning to settle at the Ice Bears, Corey was seeing a future for himself where he could truly realize his potential as a Little and as a hockey player too. Of course, there was still some work to be done in terms of earning Coach Tremaine’s trust, but Corey was confident that he could do it.

‘I want to play races,’ Corey said, turning and picking up Moose and holding him aloft. ‘Will you pick a stuffie and race with me, Daddy?’

Corey looked toward Connor and saw him arching his eyebrow.

‘I know you’re reading your silly book, but pleeeeeeease,’ Corey said, smiling as sweetly as he could and putting on his best puppy dog eyes. ‘Pwetty-pweeeeease, Daddy.’

‘Fine,’ Connor said, rolling his eyes in mock irritation. ‘But I’m not going to let you and Moose win.’

With that, Corey squealed with delight and watched as Connor rummaged through the small pile of stuffies and selected a small white seal.

‘That’s Kiki, Daddy,’ Corey said. ‘He’s super-fast and loves to munch on fish as he swims. They make him go faster!’

‘Got it,’ Connor replied, smiling warmly as he lay down on the rug next to Corey. ‘So how does this race work?’

Corey giggled with delight and began to explain to his Daddy all about the rules of stuffie racing. Making things up as he went along, Corey was having a wonderful time creating and playing with his Daddy, and soon enough found him totally submersed in Little Space.

My Daddy is the best.

The best, the best, the best.

But me and Moose are still going to win the stuffie race...

* * *

After finishing off playtime with an epic stuffie race that involved the entirety of the box of stuffies that Corey had brought up to the cabin, Connor had decided that it was time to get an early night so that they felt rested ahead of the big Ice Bears game coming up the next day.

Corey enjoyed every second of being bathed and dried off by Connor,

and after that the pair of them enjoyed the most wholesome bedtime story together. Connor even let Corey fall asleep in his arms as he continued reading his Kindle after lights out.

Truly, it had been a bedtime to remember.

Corey felt safe, secure, and increasingly attracted to Connor. It was beginning to feel like way more than a physical thing. Yes, Connor very much had the whole sexy as hell gruff Daddy thing down, but he was also more than capable of being the sweetest, most nurturing Daddy too.

The truth was Corey was starting to feel like he might want Connor to be his Forever Daddy. It was a big step to even think it, so for the time being Corey decided to keep it to himself. But it was a wonderful thought to fall asleep to, that was for sure.

However as Corey woke up the following morning just before his alarm beeped, he couldn't help but feel something else. Except this wasn't a feeling or a thought. What Corey could feel was a big, hard cock pressing up against his butt.

'Daddy, are you... awake?' Corey said, turning and seeing that Connor was still asleep.

Corey giggled at the thought of his Daddy having a sexy dream, and the temptation to have some fun was simply too good to resist.

Corey fully turned his body so that he was facing Connor and put his hands on the outline of Connor's cock and slowly but surely began to squeeze it.

The feeling of Connor's cock in his hands through the pajama bottoms was one thing, but Corey wanted more. Corey's mind was suddenly awash with ideas and images of what he could be doing in this moment.

I could pull his pajamas down and wank Daddy awake.

Or better... I could suck him out of his sleep.

Or... I could slide behind him and eat his butt out of bed!

Corey had to stop himself giggling as the various naughty ideas swam around his brain and sparked his own dick to life as he pulled Connor's pajama bottoms down.

And before Corey knew it, his own pajama bottoms had been whipped off too so that his hard dick could spring up and have some room to move.

Connor began to stir, and Corey wasted no time in going in for the kill.

Corey scootched down the bed and ran his tongue up from the base of Connor's cock all the way to the tip. Connor let out a sleepy moan, and this served only to make Corey repeat the trick – except this time he also gently pulled down on Connor's heavy balls too.

'Mmmm... is this my wakeup call?' Connor said, a smile creeping onto his face. 'I'm not quite awake yet though. So keep going.'

Corey smiled and did as his Daddy told him.

Corey took the lower part of Connor's shaft and wrapped his hand around it as he continued to suck, kiss, and lick Connor's big, meaty dick head.

With his spare hand, Corey reached down and began to wank his own cock, slowly jerking it up and down in time with his sucking of Connor's slab of rock-hard manhood.

But before Corey could truly synchronize the rhythm of jerking and sucking two cocks at once, Corey felt Connor pull away and take his dick out of his mouth.

'Is everything okay, Daddy?' Corey said, his lips wet with saliva and his mouth tasting like cock.

'It's more than okay,' Connor said, now very much awake and his eyes looking full of desire. 'And I think it's time that I took control. Full control. How do you feel about that? Are you ready for it?'

Corey knew exactly what Connor meant.

Corey felt ready to take things all the way with Connor and could think of no better time or place. It might have been game day, but it was still plenty early enough to have the kind of morning sex that Corey had always dreamed of having.

'I'm ready,' Corey said, taking his dick in his hands and pulsing on it as his body filled with the adrenalin of the moment. 'Make me yours.'

With that, Corey gasped as Connor kneeled on the bed and easily flipped Connor onto his front. With his ass in the air, Corey gasped as he felt Connor spread his cheeks and then spend what felt like a magical moment licking and probing his tight hole.

'OMG, Daddy...,' Corey said, burrowing his face into the pillow as Connor's tongue and wet fingers continued to work their magic on him.

'Don't worry, there's more to come,' Connor said, swiftly reaching to the bedside table and taking out a tube of lube. 'I'm going to make sure you're as ready as you can be.'

Corey then gasped as he felt Connor squeeze an ample amount of lube onto his exposed hole before gradually working one, then, two, and finally three fingers inside his ass.

Slowly but surely, Corey could feel his tight little butt accommodate Connor's fingers as it relaxed and allowed itself to be stretched.

But Corey knew that there were bigger challenges on the horizon.

Much bigger challenges in fact.

Corey raised his hips to allow Connor to slide two folded over pillows underneath his crotch. And with his booty raised and perfectly

positioned, Corey knew that the big moment was upon him.

As Connor spread Corey's cheeks once more, Corey bit into the pillow as he felt Connor's wide, thick dick head press against his hole and work its way inside him. It felt uncomfortable, but Corey knew it was going to get better soon enough.

'Try to relax,' Connor grunted. 'Let me fill you up all the way, boy,'

'Yes, D-D-D-D-Daddy,' Corey replied, his legs trembling a little as Connor's cock went deeper and deeper inside him. 'Fuck. It feels... amazing.'

Corey felt Connor's dick pressing up against his G-spot and it was like his entire world was turned upside down. Corey began to moan in pure pleasure, and all Connor was doing was leaving his dick firmly planted all the way inside him.

'Just you wait until I'm fucking your brains out,' Connor said, clearly seeing and hearing just how much Corey was enjoying this moment. 'I've got plenty more pleasure to give you, don't worry about that.'

Corey then felt Connor lifting his hips and gripping them with his wide, strong hands.

It didn't take long before Connor was easing his cock back and forth, slowly working up the pace as he saw how well Corey was able to handle it.

'Arch your back for me,' Connor barked. 'I'm going to make this booty clap, and you're going to help me. And that's an order.'

Corey did exactly what Connor told him.

The feeling of being fucked was one thing, but to be experiencing it with such a dominant, natural born Daddy Dom was another.

Soon, Connor was indeed making Corey's peachy cheeks clap together as he worked up his pace toward a climax. Corey could feel his entire

body reacting to each and every stroke as Connor began to hammer away at his shocked yet delighted hole.

‘Daddy, I think I’m going to....’ Corey said, in between moans. ‘I think I’m going to...’

And just like that, Corey felt his entire body tighten and then spasm as he shot his hot, plentiful load onto the bedsheets. And this prompted Connor to increase the power and pace of his thrusts too, working up to his own orgasm soon after.

‘Keep presenting that ass,’ Connor roared, his cock beginning to shoot its seed deep inside Corey’s blissed out booty. ‘Fuck. That’s it. Fuck that’s truly it.’

Connor hammered Corey until he was totally satisfied and the pair of them were able to collapse and roll into one another’s arms.

Corey couldn’t summon up the energy to speak. It was like his entire world had been rocked in a way that he simply had never imagined possible before.

‘Don’t worry, you can talk later,’ Connor chuckled, still breathing heavily. ‘You were incredible though. I need you to know that.’

Corey smiled and shut his eyes as he snuggled up to Connor.

The morning alarm still hadn’t gone off yet, and Corey hoped that he would have enough recovery time before the game against the South Steelers later that evening.

But one thing was for sure, Corey was going to be going to the match a brand new boy. Having experienced the full force of his Daddy’s dick, Corey was sure that no matter what was thrown at him either on the ice or by Coach Tremaine, he was more than capable of handling it now.

I can’t believe how good that was.

I want more. And I want it soon.

But first, I'm going to get on the ice and show the world what I can do...

Chapter 12

Connor

Connor and Corey had made the drive back to the city together and arrived at the Ice Bears stadium more than ready for the game against the South Steelers.

The sound of the crowd could be heard from the locker room an hour before the game started, and Connor had been careful to ensure that Corey remained calm, focused, and ready to hit the ice when – and if – Coach Tremaine called on him.

As for Connor himself, he had gone into the game with a slight shoulder niggle. It wasn't a big deal as such, and it certainly wasn't going to prevent Connor skating out onto the ice as a starter if he had anything to do with it.

And halfway through the first third, Connor was beginning to feel the twinge in his shoulder flair up. With the South Steelers on the attack, Connor skated to the left flank and robustly challenge the Steelers attacker as was his style.

'This is the Ice Bears house, asshole,' Connor roared, bumping the Steelers player into the barrier. 'Nothing goes past me here.'

'Fuck you,' the Steelers player responded, a slight look of fear in his eyes as Connor turned back toward him.

'No, fuck you,' Connor bellowed. 'And don't go giving up your day job.'

You sure as shit don't deserve to be on the ice with me.'

But as Connor took down the opposition winger, he felt a surge of pain. Connor wasn't going to let the player see it, but inside he experienced a flash of momentary agony.

Fuck. That's not good.

I need to get through to the buzzer and then come off.

I'm tough, but I ain't crazy. This might be worse than I thought...

With the score at 2-0 to the Ice Bears, Connor was relieved to hear the buzzer for the end of the third. Skating over toward Coach Tremaine, Connor signaled his shoulder and Tremaine immediately knew that Connor would need to be rotated out right there and then.

With the second third looming, Connor sat next to Corey and made sure that his icepack was firmly in place.

'Are you okay?' Corey said.

'Yeah, nothing a tough old sonofabitch like me can't handle,' Connor replied. 'And less about me. You need to be focusing on the ice. I've got a feeling that Tremaine will send you on. This is a good game for you to make your debut. These South Steelers aren't ready for what Corey Hales can bring.'

'Thanks, Daddy,' Corey whispered, carefully covering his mouth with his hands so no intrusive TV cameras could catch what he was saying via lipreading. All players were advised to do this, and Connor was impressed to see Corey sticking to the guidance so well.

The second third passed, and the Ice Bears moved into a 3-2 lead.

Connor continued to reassure Corey that this time would come, and just as the players returned at the end of the second third, Coach Tremaine duly gave Corey the nod.

‘Okay, get out there and play your game,’ Connor said. ‘You’ve got this. You deserve to be here. Now get out onto that ice and show Tremaine who you really are.’

Connor watched as the final third began and Corey gradually began to look more comfortable out there. There were some nervous touches and the occasional error, but Connor could sense that Corey was about to do something good.

Just stay calm boy.

Find your zone and stay in it.

Then unleash hell...

Connor might have had a sore shoulder, but that didn’t stop him from standing and banging on the barrier as Corey was taken out off the puck by a Steelers player.

‘Penalty! That’s a fucking illegal charge!’ Connor roared, a look of pure fury on his face.

But Connor’s rage was soon turned into unbridled joy as Corey found himself at the end of a flowing move down the ice. A lightning-fast interplay with Chase and Xander saw Corey baring down on the goal and in a flash the puck was residing in the back of the goal.

It was 4-2 to the Ice Bears and the game was pretty much done and dusted.

Connor cheered along with the crowd and couldn’t help but smile as Corey held his stick aloft and pointed it in his direction.

‘Fucking keep your mind on the game!’ Connor bellowed back to Corey before turning to face the crowd and whipping them up into even more wild jubilation. ‘Go Ice Bears!’

As the game played out the final few moments, Connor thought back to his childhood and early years as a pro. He never felt like he had

anyone in his life who truly had his back, and it was a feeling that had stayed with him for many, many years. In fact, it may even have been the reason why he developed such a tough mentality and never say die attitude to each and every game that he played.

However Connor didn't want his boy to have to go through that.

Yes, Connor could be tough and hard on Corey. But he wanted to be kind and nurturing too. Corey hadn't found his start at the Ice Bears easy, but was now perhaps about to reap the rewards for sticking at it and persevering. Connor was determined to help guide Corey through this next period in his Ice Bears career – because if Connor was sure of one thing, it was that life as an Ice Bear was rarely straightforward. And in fact, life at the Ice Bears could sometimes be the most downright wild, crazy, and dangerous experience imaginable.

Now that Corey had officially announced himself, Connor had a feeling that the real challenges might only just be beginning. But if there was one thing that Connor knew, it was that there was no way he was going to let his darling boy go through those challenges alone.

'Great game! Great game!' Connor hollered, suddenly back in the moment as the final buzzer rang around the stadium to rapturous applause.

It was time to celebrate the victory in style.

And if Connor had anything to do with it, he was going to give Corey a very special treat once they got back to his city apartment later that evening...

* * *

After the jubilations in the locker room had died down, a group of players had headed into the city to celebrate. Typically, Connor would have joined them and then made an exit with the Daddies to sink

some whisky at a more refined venue by themselves.

But not this evening.

No, Connor could see that Corey was exhausted from the adrenalin rush of playing and scoring in a winning cameo from the replacements bench. What the boy needed was a calm, soothing evening. And Connor saw it as his personal responsibility as a Daddy to make sure that his darling boy got exactly that.

‘Now, how’s that water?’ Connor said, watching as Corey stood in the bubble bath back at his city apartment. ‘Not too hot?’

‘No it’s perfect, Daddy,’ Corey said, gradually easing himself into the water. ‘I would have been way too tired to go out tonight. Thanks for stepping in and saving me from Chase and Joshua. They would have had been partying until the morning!’

‘No problems,’ Connor smiled. ‘There will be plenty of time for you to let loose. But having just made your debut, it’s more important now than ever to stay focused and give your body every chance to unwind and get a full recovery. And I’m here to make sure it does exactly that.’

Corey smiled and submerged himself under the water before popping back up with a face covered in bubbles.

‘Hey, look, I’ve got a beard like my Daddy now!’ Corey giggled, fashioning a beard from the bubbles on his face.

‘Hmmm, I’m not sure about that,’ Connor chuckled. ‘It’ll be a while before my beard turns white I hope.’

The two of them laughed and it wasn’t long before Connor was easing Corey’s post-game aches with a soothing hot towel and rub down.

After that bath, Connor dried Corey and wrapped him up in an extra-large fluffy white bath towel and then put him to bed in a pair of warm pajamas alongside Moose. Corey even managed to fall asleep before

Connor had finished his story – something that Connor knew not to take as an insult to his storytelling skills!

With a sleeping and angelic looking Corey all tucked up in bed, Connor quietly walked out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. Connor was about to open a beer when he saw his phone flash up with a message.

‘Urgh. Who the hell is this?’ Connor said, not in the mood to enter a back and forth conversation with anyone – even one of his fellow Daddy friends. Having put his darling boy to bed, Connor wanted nothing more than a quiet beer and the chance to catch up on the recent UFC fight he had been trying to watch for the last couple of days.

But as soon as Connor saw that the message on his phone was from none other than Antonio Doni, he knew that the idea of an uncomplicated evening wind-down could well be about to go out of the window...

Connor, I don't like writing this message. But it's a message that I must write. The boy did well today against the South Steelers, but unfortunately it has brought his name into the spotlight with some of our family's rivals. The boy has connections in LA. Money. Serious money. And the senior family believe this could put him in danger. I don't want you to panic, but I'm telling you this now so that you can be prepared. I will find out more and have spies working on this as I write. But for now, I need you to keep the boy close to you. Enjoy your evening, ANTONIO.

Connor felt tempted to toss his phone across the room and watch it shatter into a hundred pieces.

‘Enjoy my fucking evening?’ Connor said, trying to keep the volume

down. 'After a message like that? What a joke.'

Suddenly, Connor's sense of quiet peace and satisfaction at having spent a wonderful day with Corey, and then seen the boy excel on the ice, was barely on his radar.

And as he glugged down his beer, Connor's thoughts honed in on one thing and one thing only.

I'm going to protect my beautiful baby boy at all costs.

I don't care if it costs me my career or my life.

But Corey will come out of this on the other side, and I'm willing to sacrifice everything to make sure of it...

Chapter 13

Corey

After making his debut for the Ice Bears and then enjoying a wonderful evening of rest and recuperation with Connor, Corey was excited about going to meet his friends at Met Milkshakes.

‘I’ll wait out front with Silas,’ Connor said, sweetly kissing Corey on the forehead as the two of them walked into Met Milkshakes. ‘Remember what I said, keep yourself in the playroom and try not to draw too much attention to yourself. You’ll be a far more public figure now after the game yesterday. It’s important to keep a lid on that for as long as you can. Okay?’

‘Sure, okay, Daddy,’ Corey replied, not quite sure why Connor was being so serious, but going along with it anyhow. ‘See you soon!’

With that, Corey scuttled along toward the door that would lead him into the Met Milkshakes playroom.

‘Yay! Everyone’s here!’ Corey hollered, his excited voice carrying across the room.

Corey took in the sights and sounds around him for a moment. With its pastel colored walls and stacks of games, art supplies, toys and more, the playroom was perfectly set up for a wonderfully Little playdate.

And with the room’s speaker system splaying a mixture of upbeat pop and nursery rhyme remixes, the atmosphere was truly set up for a good

time.

I'm sooo happy here.

I can't believe I've got a Daddy and such great new friends too.

Moving to the Ice Bears was the BEST decision ever...

Corey wasted no more time and ran toward his friends. Chase and Joshua were already wearing their rompers and both of them had big, fluffy diapers on underneath too.

Corey was already wearing his diaper, and after whipping off his oversized jacket, he was down to his red and white spotted romper too.

'Come on, Corey, we're playing choo-choo trains,' Joshua said, crawling along the floor and making classic steam train noises.

'And I'm the speedy train,' Chase said, smiling with glee. 'Watch!'

Corey giggled as Chase began to crawl so fast that he nearly toppled over into the large stack of extra-large bean bags.

'Rescue train on the way!' Corey said, getting down onto all fours himself and chugging over toward Chase.

Before long, the three Littles had invented their own magical train world where each and every train had its own personality, skill, and magical ability too. The three of them were joined by some other Littles in the playroom and it felt to Chase like he actually had transported to a wonderfully fun and wacky new dimension.

'I'm having so much fun,' Corey said, now on the large playmat with Chase and Joshua. 'Do you think it will be milkies time soon?'

'Hehe, I think it might,' Harry said, having joined his Little friends a few minutes earlier. 'I hope you've got some extra fluffy diapers on like I do, because my Daddy is making four extra-large milk bottles for us.'

The four Littles all cheered in unison, and then cheered again as their

Daddies walked in, each one with a milk bottle in their hand.

‘Daddy, me want milkies,’ Chase said, reaching up toward Jack Steel’s hands as he held the milk bottle.’

‘Waaaa! I want my milk now!’ Joshua said, rolling onto his back and kicking his legs as Alex arched his eyebrow at his baby boy’s display.

But Corey simply lay on his back and waited for Connor to pick him up. The sight of Connor looking so handsome in his rugged jeans and thick cable-knit sweater was enough to make Corey’s heart melt. And the sight of the perfectly warm milk bottle in Connor’s hand was just the perfect final touch.

My Daddy looks after me.

He knows when I need my drinkies.

And he knows how to do it just right too.

As Corey snuggled in Connor’s lap, he was delighted to see Connor swiftly remove his sweater so that the pair of them could have skin to skin contact during bottle time. Connor promptly unbuttoned Corey’s romper and soon enough, he was suckling on the milk while cozying up to Connor’s marble-carved upper body.

‘That’s it my darling baby, not too quick,’ Connor said, reassuringly moving Corey’s hair out of his eyes. ‘Enjoy it. You deserve each and every drop.’

Corey could feel himself getting a little sleepy as the combination of the energetic play and warm milk slid down his throat and into his tummy.

It had been a busy and demanding couple of days, that was for sure.

Corey had taken the next step with Connor and taken to the ice for the first time on game day with the Ice Bears too. And now after a high-octane playdate with his Little friends, Corey was feeling deep in Little

Space and ready to doze off to sleep, safe in the knowledge that his bum was securely covered by a perfectly plump diaper.

‘Close your eyes little guy,’ Connor said, very gently rocking Corey as he suckled down the last drops of milk. ‘It’s time for you to have a nice nap and recharge those batteries of yours.’

Corey did just what his Daddy told him and before long he was fast asleep.

The playdate had been a huge success, and now Corey had the remainder of the day to look forward too as he dreamed with a tummy full of sweet milk.

But Corey had no idea that not long after he woke up, his life was about to take a very dramatic turn indeed...

* * *

The air was crisp, and the sun was in the sky as Corey and Connor walked down the street and away from Met Milkshakes. After waking up to a full diaper, Corey had giggled his way through a diaper change and well-wiped tushy and was now back in his regular briefs and clothes.

‘I’m having a great time,’ Corey said, looking at Connor and smiling. ‘And I don’t just mean going to Met Milkshakes and playing trains, I mean with you.’

‘Same here, boy,’ Connor replied. ‘How about we set up a big train track at my cabin?’

‘Oooh, yes please. Could I invite my friends?’ Corey asked, a hopeful note in his voice. ‘I know you like to keep the cabin as your quiet place.’

‘I’ll make an exception this time,’ Connor smiled, the warmth in his

voice palpable to a delighted Corey.

The pair continued to walk and talk.

The city streets were as busy as ever, and Corey and Connor took great delight in enjoying the anonymity that a super-busy city gave them. Corey knew that they would be spotted from time to time by eager Ice Bears fans, but the streets were so busy that it was only ever a fleeting glance or holler of Go Ice Bears! that they needed to deal with.

All in all, Corey was feeling wonderfully refreshed – and still on a high having made a scoring debut the previous night.

‘Do you think I might start the next game?’ Corey said, a look of optimism in his eyes. ‘I know I’m still new, and there are so many great players, but...’

‘I think in time you’ll be one of the first names on the team sheet,’ Connor said. ‘Jack is in maybe his final season now. And Alex is the wrong side of thirty. You’ll be playing more and more as the season develops, and then beyond that you’ve got a great chance to be a true starting player.’

Corey felt his heart sing at Connor’s words.

Connor was direct, honest, and had too much integrity to say something just to please anyone, Corey was sure of that. And that all made Connor’s words even more valuable. Corey felt like Connor’s projection for the future could well come true, but he knew too that he would have to keep up the good work.

‘Do you think your mom and pop will make it into town for a game soon?’ Connor said, continuing to walk at his brisk pace.

‘I hope so,’ Corey said. ‘I know that they don’t really get hockey, or how much I care about it. But I think if they start to see me do well, they’ll warm up to it.’

‘That’s the spirit,’ Connor said, giving Corey a playful nudge. ‘You might be Hollywood, but you’ve got a heart of a champion inside that sexy body of yours.’

‘Argh, I’m not Hollywood!’ Corey said, mock frustration in his voice.

‘I’m only teasing, boy,’ Connor retorted. ‘I’d worked that out a while ago, to tell you the truth.’

Then, as the two of them continued to walk, they took a quieter side street to make use of a shortcut back to Connor’s apartment.

But before Corey knew what was happening, he saw Connor take a cheap shot punch to the back of his head and momentarily stumble into a trash can.

‘Daddy! No!’ Corey cried, quickly scanning the scene and seeing two large, horrible looking men in suits towering over Connor.

‘Run! Run right this second!’ Connor called out. ‘And don’t you dare stop until you get back to you know where.’

Corey froze for a moment and watched as Connor flipped himself back up into standing position and began to trade blows with the two men. As the punches flew, Corey could see that his Daddy knew exactly what he was doing with his fists – and that his ability to take a good shot as well as throw one wasn’t limited to rough and tumble on the ice either.

‘I said run!’ Connor roared, taking one of the thugs in a headlock before slamming him into the ground and resetting himself to take on the other lumbering villain.

Corey knew that he had to do what his Daddy told him, no matter how terrible it felt to leave him fighting alone. With Connor throwing a quick double-jab right into the face of the thug, Corey was at least happy that his Daddy was well and truly on top of things.

It didn’t make it any easier to run away, but Corey ultimately knew that

the had no choice but to trust his Daddy.

Corey took one last look at Connor and then sped away down the side street and used all his cardio to get him as close as he could possibly get to Connor's apartment.

It was impossible to say exactly what had just happened. And as Corey found himself slowing down to a walking pace and his heart thumping in his chest, he knew that the sooner Connor caught up with him and hopefully shone some light on the situation the better.

Corey was proud to be an Ice Bear, but he also couldn't deny that being an Ice Bear came with certain connotations.

Were those men enemies of the Doni family?

Or were they two thugs who just hated the sight of Corey and Connor walking together?

Corey didn't have any answers. All he had was a couple more blocks until he was back at Connor's place – and Corey wouldn't stop running until he got there either.

Chapter 14

Connor

'Run!' Connor bellowed, ducking out of the way of a hard right hook from the one thug, while also glancing over at the other thug who was now getting back onto his feet.

Connor had no idea who the men were, but now wasn't the time to think.

This was simply a time to kick both of their asses for long enough to ensure that Corey was able to run away and get to safety as quickly as he possibly could.

And after seeming to momentarily freeze, Corey now seemed to have got the message and was running down the side street and away from the action.

Connor knew that this was all about survival.

While Connor didn't know if the thugs wanted to kill him or simply send out a warning, he wasn't going to take any chances.

'You fucking assholes,' Connor growled. 'You messed with the wrong defenseman.'

With that, Connor swept the leg of one thug and sent him spinning to the cold, hard ground before quickly following up by dropping his knee down onto the thug's collar bone.

The howl of pain from the suited sonofabitch told him that he'd broken or cracked the man's collar bone, and this would likely render him out of action for the time being.

This left the other man who had now got back to his feet.

'Back for more?' Connor said, his mind now razor sharp again having been foggy after taking the initial cheap shot. 'Well don't say I didn't warn you.'

With that, the thug charged Connor, who deftly dipped his shoulder and drive upward into the thug's midsection. In one swift movement, Connor hooked the thug's left leg and then used all of his explosive power to lift him off his feet entirely and piledrive him back into the ground.

With both thugs writhing in pain, Connor had a choice to make. He knew that the Doni family lawyers were more than capable of presenting this as an act of pure self-defence, so the option was there for Connor to finish both of the men off for good.

They threatened me and my boy.

They deserve no remorse.

But... this wasn't a freak attack. This was planned.

Connor figured that the men in all likelihood had followed him and Corey. And given their suits and general look, they almost certainly weren't two street thugs out to steal a watch or iPhone.

No, this almost certainly had something to do with Doni business. They might be from the Cardini clan, or they could even be from another rival family. Whoever they were though, Connor knew that he would be in a stronger position from finding out rather than simply ending both of them right there and then.

It was time to find out who they were, who sent them, and why.

And with the pair of them both writhing around with painful injuries, Connor was betting that he could get them to talk sooner rather than later.

‘Now you’re gonna talk,’ Connor said, grabbing one thug by the collar and pressing him down into the ground. ‘I want answers. Who are you? Who sent you?’

The thug groaned in pain and looked like he was just about to talk.

But suddenly, Connor heard the sound of police sirens. This wasn’t good. Connor didn’t want to be involved with the law or any legal process that might complicate things for him, the Ice Bears, or the Doni family.

Without taking a second to consider it, Connor let go of the thug and made a dash down the quiet side street in the direction that Corey took.

As he ran, Connor briefly wondered if he should have stayed. But Connor knew that Antonio Doni would simply not want any police involvement at all. An Ice Bear seen to be cooperating with the police wasn’t a look that would go down well with the wider Doni family, and it could even put Connor in danger.

And it wasn’t just that which made Connor glad he ran.

Having grown up with very little, Connor had been around plenty of friends who had fallen foul to the law. Young, mischievous guys who were sent down into a life of crime because the police were overly harsh with them at a young age.

Maybe Connor should have been able to separate himself from his past. After all, he was a millionaire hockey player now and not a young urchin on the streets. But some habits ran too deep. Connor didn’t want to work with the cops any more than the Doni family would.

No, the best thing Connor could do to protect both himself and the boy

was to get his ass home and then make contact with Antonio.

Urgh. My cardio ain't what it used to be.

But I'm not stopping until I get back the apartment.

I need to know Corey is okay. I need to see the boy with my own eyes...

* * *

Connor arrived back at his apartment building and took a moment to decompress and get his breath back. The lobby was quiet, save for a couple of the Doni's security guards who were on permanent patrol – a perk of living in a Doni owned building, that was for sure.

'Everything okay, Connor?' Regan asked. 'Can I get you something?'

'No, I'm good thank you,' Connor replied, nodding at the head security guard. 'Just a little bullshit a few blocks away. But you might want to be extra vigilant. I'm getting in touch with Antonio now.'

'Consider it done,' Regan replied, his enormous arms looking particularly pumped in his tight-fitting white shirt. 'I'll call over an extra man and put myself on watch.'

'Corey?' Connor said, his heart skipping a beat as he prayed that the boy had made it back.

'He's here,' Regan said. 'He didn't stop to talk, just went right up.'

Connor nodded in appreciation and took out his cell phone and began to type...

Code Red. Me and Corey. Maybe followed? Two assholes wearing suits. Took them out, cops came, made a run for it. Back home now. What the fuck was that all about? CONNOR.

Connor put his phone back in his pocket and immediately took the elevator up to his apartment to see Corey. A hundred possibilities were running through Connor's mind, and none of them were especially good.

The last thing that Connor wanted was for Corey to become implicated in any kind of mafia business. The boy wasn't from that world. Corey was born and raised in LA to millionaire film producer parents. Corey wasn't from the streets. He didn't have those kinds of smarts.

And added to the fact that Corey had worked so hard to get into the Ice Bears team, truly the last thing he needed on his mind was any kind of security threat hanging over his head. Something like that could set Corey back hard.

In fact, it seemed possible that if this was anything more than a one-off, it might even lead to Corey walking away from the Ice Bears for good. And Connor simply couldn't contemplate that.

As the elevator pinged and Connor purposefully strode toward the apartment door, his brain suddenly felt a little fuzzy again. Taking a big blow to the back of the head was never a good thing. Connor knew that he'd probably need to get his head checked by a doctor, and that could even mean missing at least one Ice Bears game with concussion.

But in reality, all that Connor cared about was making sure that Corey was okay.

And as he opened the apartment door, Connor was relieved to see Corey on the couch, his trusty stuffie Moose all cuddled up with him.

'Boy!' Connor said, breaking out into a run as he made his way toward the couch. 'Please tell me you're okay?'

'I'm... okay,' Corey said, his voice sounding emotional. 'That was...'

scary.'

Connor didn't waste a single second and wrapped his arms around the boy and held him tight. But the cuddle didn't last long.

A knock at the door was followed by the sound of Antoni Doni's voice.

'We need to speak to Antonio and get to the bottom of this,' Connor said, attempting to reassure Corey as he pulled away from their embrace.

Within moments of letting Antonio in, everything became a lot clearer.

And to say it was bad news was an understatement...

'Corey, it's for your own safety,' Antonio said, keeping his voice controlled and firm. 'There is a kidnap and ransom contract out on your head. I know that's horrible to hear, but it's the reality we're working with. You need to go into hiding. And. I have to make this clear... it's not your decision at this point.'

'But... no!' Corey cried, stomping his feet. 'I want to play hockey with my friends!'

'I understand,' Antonio said, showing no visible signs of losing his cool. 'But you're a very valuable asset to the Ice Bears. We cannot risk losing you. Yes, it's about your safety. But it's also about protecting the family's interests, both financially and reputationally too. If we lose a player to kidnap, we look weak. And that just doesn't play. I'm sorry, this is happening whether you like it or not.'

'Daddy? No!' Corey said, looking pleadingly to Connor. 'I just got into the team! This isn't fair.'

'I know it's not fair,' Connor said, keeping his emotions in check. 'But Antonio wouldn't be doing this if it wasn't necessary. You have to believe me. When Antonio says we have to take precautions, it means it's serious. Trust me.'

Connor could feel Corey's pain.

But Connor also knew all too well that this was a serious situation. If there was a price on Corey's head, it meant that the boy's life would be under threat until the Doni family got to the bottom of the kidnap ransom plot.

It has to be me who looks after the boy.

No one else cares as much for Corey as I do.

I'm probably concussed so can't play Ice Bears games anyway...

'Antonio, respectfully-' Connor said, stepping forward ready to ask if he could look after the boy and keep him in hiding.

'You don't even need to ask,' Antonio said. 'I have made the arrangements already. You will take the boy to your cabin, and I'll send a security detail up there to act as surveillance and in case your location is compromised. No phones. No internet. Keep a low profile. You know how we run these operations.'

Corey began to quietly cry, and Connor brought him in for a hug.

This wasn't going to be easy. Far from it.

But Connor was determined to make sure that Corey came out on the other side alive and with his life no longer in danger.

Connor was the most feared defenseman in all of hockey, and he was ready to show all of that and more should anyone take one single step onto his land.

It was time to head to the cabin and keep his cherished boy safe.

Connor could see that Corey wasn't going to be so easy to handle. The boy wasn't pleased with the situation at all, and something told Connor that keeping Corey even remotely happy might just be the hardest task of all...

Chapter 15

Corey

There's no way I'm going into hiding.

I don't care who's trying to kidnap me.

I just want to play hockey...

Corey couldn't get the words out of his head, but he was adamant that he wasn't going to go with Connor to the cabin and potentially ruin the progress he had made with Coach Tremaine.

As his lip trembled and two tears ran down his cheeks, Corey didn't know whether he wanted to scream in frustration or collapse onto the floor and cry his heart out. The only thing keeping Corey upright was the fact that Connor's arms were wrapped around him.

'I'll leave you two,' Antonio said, a respectful tone in his voice. 'You need some privacy. But I suggest you do not take too long before leaving the city and heading to the cabin.'

'Understood,' Connor said, his arms squeezing Corey in an attempt to provide more reassurance. 'We'll stay in touch.'

'Of course,' Antonio said, bidding farewell and walking toward the door and swiftly exiting.

Corey looked up and saw Connor's dark beard. He knew that his Daddy wanted to look after him, but the thought of travelling up to the cabin

and missing out on vital practice sessions and game days was too much to bear.

‘I know you’re upset,’ Connor said, his voice firm but loving. ‘However we’ve got no choice. If there was any other way, we’d do it. But you must understand the kind of men we’re dealing with. Even if it’s not the Cardini clan, it could still be a highly organized criminal gang. Your life is too important to risk. And what kind of Daddy would I be if I let you be in any kind of serious danger?’

Corey muttered a response, but he barely knew what he was saying himself.

This was like a living nightmare. Corey was a hockey player, and he certainly hadn’t signed up to the Ice Bears with a view to getting involved in any kind of criminal underworld.

‘I want to call Bill!’ Corey said, pulling away from Connor. ‘He’s my agent and he’ll know what to do.’

Corey looked at Connor and watched as he shook his head.

‘No,’ Connor replied, sternly. ‘Bill’s a great guy, the best agent a player could have. But this isn’t his area of expertise. He stays out of this. And you stay off your phone. Am I understood?’

Corey stomped his foot on the floor and had to stop himself from shouting at Connor.

‘Answer me, boy,’ Connor said, a growing frustration in his voice. ‘This isn’t a joke. We’re not playing a game here. I have a duty to care for you and I’ll make the decisions that give us the best chance of making it through this whether you like them or not.’

‘Whatever. Fine,’ Corey replied, his heart racing and his body trembling with a mixture of fear and anger.

‘Good,’ Connor said, attempting to cool the situation down with a

softer note to his voice. 'Now go and pack a bag. You won't need much. We'll be living basic at the cabin. Don't take too long either, we've got the drive ahead of us and I don't want to spend a second longer in the city than is absolutely necessary.'

Corey turned and made his way to the bedroom to pack his bag.

Corey wasn't happy. He wasn't happy at all, in fact.

Normally Corey would have relished a trip to his Daddy's remote cabin, but not this time. Corey had put everything he had into working his way into Coach Tremaine's thoughts, and now after one attack by a couple of street thugs it was all being put on hold? Corey just couldn't accept that. It felt wrong to him.

But other than listening to his Daddy, Corey really didn't see that he had any choice in the matter. However that didn't mean he had to be happy about it – and Corey wasn't going to be shy about showing his unhappiness either...

* * *

The truck was powering along the road and the city was barely a blip in the distance. But as far as Corey was concerned, his mind was still very much back with his friends and the Ice Bears.

As he sat with his arms folded and a look of absolute glumness on his face, Corey felt his mood darkening by the second.

Urgh. This is so dumb.

And why does Daddy have to play such stupid, boring music?

He's probably trying to teach me a lesson for pouting...

'Why do we have to have this music on?' Corey said, not even turning to face Connor in the driver's seat. 'It's so lame.'

Connor didn't respond. Instead, he simply reached over to the stereo and flicked the station onto a pop music station. And while Corey would have usually bopped his head to the upbeat music as it began to flow through the speaker system, this time he simply stayed rigidly still in the car.

'I don't like this music either,' Corey said, spitting each word out of his mouth with maximum venom.

Connor again didn't respond and instead turned the radio off entirely.

'There's a diner just off this exit. How about a juice?' Connor asked, finally breaking his silence. 'I think a sweet juice and maybe a cookie or fresh donut might just help cheer you up. How about it?'

'No,' Corey said, folding his arms over his chest once more and jutting his bottom lip out. 'No juice. No cookie. No donut.'

Corey wanted to push Connor into snapping back at him. Connor was deliberately trying to act all nice to make up for the fact that he was taking Corey out of the city, and Corey didn't appreciate that one little bit.

Connor was an established member of the Ice Bears. He had a long history and his legacy was assured. And it was for this reason that Corey figured Connor was being so casual about missing some games. Connor must have forgotten how tough it was to get into Coach Tremaine's thinking. And Corey was determined to make Connor pay for his lack of understanding.

'Boy, I'm not fooling around,' Connor said. 'We can stop and get a juice and some nice, sweet treats. I know you're hurting. I want to make it better. But if you don't stop this sass and bad attitude then I might just withdraw my offer for a diner stop.'

'Don't care,' Corey replied, flashing Connor a quick look before returning to resolutely staring straight ahead.

Corey saw that the cogs in Connor's brain were turning.

It seemed very likely that Connor was getting to the end of his patience. Corey knew that Connor could raise his voice and dish out a verbal warning like only a true Daddy could.

For a second, Corey even sensed that Connor might just bring the truck to a screeching halt and give him a butt whooping.

However after a moment's consideration, it seemed that Connor decided against showing his anger and instead went in a different direction.

'Okay, no problems,' Connor said, a big smile on his face. 'I'll drive to the diner and stock up on a large takeout coffee, a big slice of apple pie, and a bag of chili nuts. A much needed road trip snack. Just for me. Seeing as you don't want anything. How does that sound?'

Corey felt so frustrated and angry that he wanted to start kicking out against the dashboard. But he did no such thing. Instead, Corey turned back to Connor and desperately wanted to tell him that he would in fact like a snack and a drink too.

However try as he might, Corey just couldn't get the words to come out of his mouth.

'Okay, just a snack for me it is,' Connor said, putting his foot to the floor and driving the truck down the exit and toward the diner. 'If you change your mind, just tell me. But don't leave it too late, because once we get there, I'll be getting the order as quickly as I can and then we'll be heading out onto the road again.'

'Fine, I'll have one juice,' Corey said, swallowing his pride.

'And how about a slice of apple pie just like me?' Connor asked, his voice full of a subtle warmth.

'I guess so,' Corey said, not wanting to show any weakness but also

finally willing to admit that a slice of pie might be a good idea.

‘That’s settled,’ Connor said. ‘We’ll be there in a minute and it won’t take long to get what we need. Then we’ll head for the cabin and see about maybe putting into place some ideas that will keep your hockey brain ticking over even if you’re not able to get to practice. Hell, I might even learn a few new tricks.’

Corey managed a tiny smile out of the corner of his mouth and then went back to staring straight ahead. Corey was still very unhappy with the situation, but he could see that Connor was making an effort.

A juice, apple pie, and a plan to work on his hockey skills was one thing. But it still didn’t change the fact that Corey was most definitely not where he wanted to be. And if there was one rule that Corey knew he simply wasn’t going to stick to, it was staying in touch with his friends.

But all of this could wait.

As they pulled up to the diner, Corey had only one thing on his mind... chomping down on a nice, warm slice of apple pie.

Chapter 16

Connor

Three days after arriving at the cabin and things were beginning to settle down. Well, kind of...

‘Corey, I’ve finished checking up the traps,’ Connor said, walking back into the cabin. ‘I think the wind last night must have set some of them off. I spoke to the security guys and they couldn’t see any sign of anyone having been near.’

‘Just another normal day and night in hiding,’ Corey replied, attempting to see the funny side. ‘Check the traps, reset the traps... make new traps?’

‘Ha!’ Connor bellowed. ‘No, I think we’re all good for traps.’

Connor walked into the kitchen area and poured himself a large glass of water. Checking the various traps in the wooded area around the cabin was thirsty work, and Connor drank his water quickly before immediately reloading with another tall glass.

Wearing a thick red and black plaid shirt over a white vest and a pair of jeans that were nearly as old as Corey was, Connor was more than happy to be settling into rural ways.

And it was a pleasant surprise to see how Corey was behaving too.

It was good to see that Corey was settling down and had seemingly gotten used to the reality of the situation at hand. There had been one

minor blip where Connor caught Corey messaging his friends, but other than that Corey had seemingly accepted that for now at least, this was the hand that he had been played and he simply had no other choice to make the best of it.

‘What are you doing?’ Connor asked, looking over toward Corey and seeing the boy lying on the thick rug with an array of coloring pencils, paper, and Connor’s old hockey tactics books spread out around him.

‘I’m drawing, silly,’ Corey giggled.

‘Yes, obviously,’ Connor replied. ‘But what are you drawing?’

‘I’m coming up with some of my own plays,’ Corey replied. ‘Come see.’

With his interest sparked, Connor walked over toward Corey and squatted down next to him. Connor watched and listened as Corey took him through the various plays that the boy had formulated, each one adapted from an offensive or defensive play that had been popular from the time that the hockey book was published.

‘You know, these aren’t bad at all,’ Connor said, running his hand through his hair. ‘I’m thinking Tremaine would be very impressed to see you doing this work. You should keep these drawings safe and make sure to take them into Pine Rise when we’re back in the city.’

‘You think?’ Corey replied, optimism and hope in his voice. ‘And by the way... when do you think that will be?’

‘Yes, I do think,’ Connor said. ‘And in answer to your second question, I don’t know. I’m going to message Antonio for an update in a minute. But remember, this isn’t something we can control. On the ice, we’re the masters of our own destiny. But here, well we’re at the mercy of how quickly the Doni family can get to the bottom of this mess. You understand that, right?’

‘I do,’ Corey said, a slightly downbeat tone to his voice. ‘But it sucks.’

‘Yep, it certainly does,’ Connor replied. ‘But I’m proud of you for how well you’re handling it. You’re using the situation and making the best of it. That’s something. It shows character. And it’s exactly the kind of character that Tremaine wants in his players.’

‘You don’t think Coach will hold this against me?’ Corey said, snuggling up to Connor as he moved from a squat to lying on the floor amongst the coloring pencils and paper.

‘No, not in the slightest,’ Connor said. ‘Tremaine can be a grumpy sonofabitch, there’s no denying that. But he’s a man who fully understand every aspect of being an Ice Bear. He’s been around long enough to know that shit goes down on a regular basis, and it’s all about handling that in the best way. Seriously, some of the off the ice Ice Bears stories I could tell you would blow your mind.’

‘I wanna hear them! I wanna hear them!’ Corey squealed, his voice full of excitement and anticipation.

‘Maybe later,’ Connor replied. ‘Now get back to your tactical masterplans while I message Antonio. Hopefully he’ll have some good news. But no promises.’

Corey smiled and got back to his drawings.

Connor hopped up onto his feet and took a seat on the couch and began to type on his cell phone...

All safe and secure here. I’m checking in to see if you’ve got any good news. Corey is okay, but he needs some hope. Even the slightest glimmer of an end to this fucked up situation would be a boost for him.
CONNOR.

Connor didn’t have to wait for a reply, as his message was seen almost

immediately and then right away the phone screen indicated that Antonio was typing a response. And this response duly came shortly afterward.

Good to hear all is safe. Trust me, we're working on getting more intel. I'm beginning to think that it might not even be an official Cardini clan move. I'm trying to confirm it, but I think it could be a rebel faction of the Cardini family. If this is true, all we need to know is who and then we can get straight in and take them out. In the meantime, hang in there. There'll be a security changeover tonight. But other than that, all is normal. Don't worry, this will soon be a distant memory. ANTONIO.

Connor put his phone down and leaned backward in the comfy old couch. Antonio's news was positive in the sense that it seemed like he was making progress. But on the other hand, the mention of a rebel faction in the Cardini family wasn't great news. If Connor had learned one thing about the mob in his time as an Ice Bear is that there was nothing more dangerous and unpredictable than a mobster who was operating outside of family rules.

'Boy, I'm going to set some more traps,' Connor said, standing up from the couch and stretching his arms above his head. 'This old body of mine needs to keep moving or I'll stiffen up and turn into a statue.'

Corey giggled and Connor reached down and ruffled his hair.

'Set up a board game for us to play,' Connor said. 'I won't be long.'

With that, Connor walked out of the cabin and explained to the security guards what he was doing. It didn't feel good to be a sitting target, but if Connor could set up more traps and protect his boy better, then that was absolutely what he was going to do.

* * *

Having managed to set up some more traps, Connor returned to the cabin and the rest of the day was spent either playing board games or fooling around playing hockey on the tarmacked area at the front of the cabin.

The Doni security guards weren't exactly happy with Connor and Corey for playing hockey out front but agreed that they could have a couple of so-called exercise breaks a day. While Connor didn't especially appreciate being told what he could and couldn't do at his own cabin, he did see the logic in what the security detail were saying.

However, once inside the cabin, Connor was more than ready to vent his displeasure.

'Urgh. This'll be the last time someone tells me when I can or can't play hockey,' Connor grumbled, shaking his head in disgust as he took off his sweaty t-shirt. 'Come on. Let's shower, boy. You and me. I've got some frustrations I need working off.'

'You mean...?' Corey said, standing there in nothing but a pair of tight navy shorts, his top already whipped off and on the floor.

'I do,' Connor replied. 'Now move that butt of yours and get yourself naked. We might be prisoners in our own home, but that doesn't mean we can't suck and fuck our way through this.'

Corey giggled with delight and made a beeline for the bathroom.

Connor was suddenly overcome with a surge of sheer animal lust. He wanted the boy, and he wanted him right that second. Maybe it was a symptom of being all couped up and caged, but Connor's dick was suddenly very hard and ready for action.

'You'd better be naked and under that shower by the time I get there!' Connor roared, stripping naked and making a charge for the bathroom.

'Hockey's toughest defenseman is headed your way and he ain't in the mood to take any prisoners!'

What followed was a blur of hard cocks, hot water, and some serious manhandling.

Both Connor and Corey were insatiable and totally let go of any inhibitions as they kissed, groped, spanked, and sucked under the shower's powerful blast of hot water.

'Turn around,' Connor barked, taking Corey by the shoulders and spinning him around. 'Stick that ass out for Daddy.'

Corey not only stuck his red booty out, but he parted his cheeks and held them open.

'Put it inside me, Daddy,' Corey said, breathlessly. 'Fuck me until my legs give way.'

Connor grunted his approval and squirted a liberal dose of shower gel over his cock before firmly thrusting his cock deep inside Corey.

The two of them let out their own synchronized moans of pleasure as Connor wasted no time in building up a head of steam, making Corey's wet booty clap as he pumped his cock in and out with serious intent.

'Bend over,' Connor barked, pushing Corey downward.

Corey did as he was told and held onto the sides of the bathtub, the shower water now cascading down onto his back and butt.

As Corey bounced back and forth in time with Connor's thrusts, it was only a matter of time before Connor shot his seed deep inside Corey. And reaching around and wanking Corey's cock right as he climaxed, Connor ensured that both of them were fully satisfied at more or less the same time.

'One. More. Fuck,' Connor gasped, giving Corey three more thrusts as he made sure he was fully satisfied.

Both satisfied, Connor and Corey eased themselves into sitting positions in the tub and got their breath back as the shower head washed their bodies with its hot water.

Being in hiding wasn't an ideal situation, that was for sure.

But hot hiding sex? Now that was something that neither Connor nor Corey would ever look back on with any regret.

The night was drawing close outside, and both Daddy and his boy were ready to start their bedtime routine and cross one more night's sleep off the list. However what Connor and Corey didn't realize was that their night's sleep might not be so peaceful as they might have hoped for...

Chapter 17

Corey

‘Daddy? What are you doing?’ Corey asked, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes. ‘Is everything okay?’

Corey looked at Connor as he stood by the bedroom window and stared out from behind a slight gap in the curtain. Wearing nothing but his pajama bottoms, Connor looked as hot as ever, but there was something about the tension in his stance that put Corey on alert.

Corey quickly came round from his sleepy demeanor when he realized that Connor was looking for something very specific. And instinctively Corey knew that it wasn’t a bunny or other cute forest animal that had drawn his Daddy’s attention in the middle of the night.

‘Daddy! What is it?’ Corey said, springing up out of bed and scurrying over toward Connor. ‘Talk to me, please.’

Connor ducked down onto his haunches and brought Corey down with him.

‘Something’s up,’ Connor said. ‘And I think it could be fucking serious too.’

Corey felt a surge of adrenalin come over him. This wasn’t the wakeup call he had expected or wanted. But rather than panic, Corey took a deep breath and focused on what Connor was saying.

‘There’s no sign of the security detail,’ Connor continued, keeping his

voice low. 'Antonio said there would be a changeover tonight. But I'm guessing that the changeover never went ahead, and we might now be sitting ducks.'

'But... but... does that mean some bad Cardini men are waiting for us outside?' Corey said, battling to keep his fear under check.

'It might do,' Connor replied, his eyes betraying just how serious this situation might be. 'I've already checked the kitchen and there's no sign of our security guys. And there definitely not outside the bedroom window. I'm guessing the new security arrived and were ambushed before they settled. I could be wrong. I'm just guessing. But either way, we need to play the hand that we've been dealt.'

Corey's heart was racing, and he could feel himself beginning to panic. The last thing that Corey wanted to do was let Connor down and show him that he in fact was a pampered Hollywood brat. Corey was determined to do whatever he could to help the both of them get out of this situation in one piece.

'Daddy, I want to help,' Corey said, composing himself once more. 'I've got skills that maybe you didn't know about.'

'Talk to me, give me all the details,' Connor replied, peaking again from behind the drawn curtain. 'Don't assume it won't be useful. We need every advantage we can get.'

'Well,' Corey said, his mind whirring at a hundred miles per hour. 'I know how to fire a gun. My father used to take me to the film sets for the movies he was producing, and I learned all about how to hold, load, and fire a gun safely. They were prop guns, but I know that real ones work pretty much the same.'

'Good, we can work with that,' Connor said. 'I've got two guns here. So that's one for each of us. Now, this might sound harsh, but...'

'It's okay, I'm not afraid,' Corey said, his eyes focused on Connor's serious, determined face.

'If you need to shoot to kill, can you do that?' Connor replied. 'The last thing I want is for you to do something that will haunt you forever. I won't think any less of you if you can't, you must know that.'

'I know you wouldn't,' Corey replied, seeing how genuine his Daddy's words were. 'But we've got one another's backs. On the ice, and off it. If I need to shoot to kill, I can do that. If I don't, then one or both of us might be the ones to take a bullet. And that's not going to work. Honestly, Daddy. I'm good.'

Corey waited for Connor's response.

It was clear that Connor was thinking things over in his mind, maybe even trying to gauge whether or not he could rely on Corey if things got crazy. But Corey didn't need to worry, because moments later Connor smiled and showed Corey exactly what he thought of him.

'If you're good, then I'm good,' Connor replied, leaning over and kissing Corey on his forehead. 'Now let's get our asses into gear and show these sonsofbitches that you do not fuck with an Ice Bear and expect anything less than a full-scale response.'

With that, Connor took Corey to the locked gun cupboard and took out a rifle for himself and a smaller handgun for Corey. After a rapid check that Corey knew what he was doing, Connor was satisfied that the two of them were ready to go on the offensive.

'Follow me, stay close, and use cover when and if you need to,' Connor said, walking quietly toward the window at the rear of the cabin.

'We should lead them into the woods where the traps are,' Corey said, watching as Connor unlocked the window and carefully opened it wide enough for the pair of them to clamber out.

'Good idea, kid,' Connor replied.

Corey followed Connor out of the window and the two of them crept toward the forest. Corey could remember where the traps had been

set, probably in part due to Connor setting them up in the same layout as one of Coach Tremaine's favorite plays.

'Now get ready,' Connor said, his hushed tone suddenly making way for the sound of Connor tossing a rock at a nearby tree to draw the attention of any would be assassins.

'Pssst, over there,' Corey whispered, doing his best to stay quiet while at the same time alert his Daddy of movement across the small clearing. 'Someone's coming.'

'There's two of them,' Connor replied, drawing his rifle up and looking down its sight. 'I've got one perfectly lined up. But I'm going to hold until you have the other. He'll need to be closer, you're working with a shorter range.'

'Got it,' Corey replied, readying his hand gun and waiting as patiently as he could.

Soon enough, the two men drew closer, and it was clear that they weren't the security detail too. With blood splattered on their shirts, it was more than evident that they had already been involved in murderous activity.

'Three... two... one... shoot,' Connor said.

Corey reacted with lightning fast reflexes and fired two shots directly into the heart of the hitman. Connor successfully took his man down with a headshot too.

'Yes!' Corey said, aiming down his sight and firing off one final shot to the head of the fallen enemy. 'You should never mess with Corey and Connor.'

'I think you mean Connor and Corey?' Connor laughed, his wry sense of humor prompting Corey to bust into laughter.

Maybe it was the stress of the situation finally overflowing, but before

Corey knew what was happening, he had his arms wrapped around his Daddy and was crying and laughing at the same time.

The tension has peaked, and now all Corey could feel was a release. It was the kind of splurge of emotion that was difficult to reign in, but with Connor's strong arms wrapped around his slender body, Corey knew that he was safe to express himself and let every last drop of emotion flood out of him.

'Come on, lets' get inside,' Connor said. 'I'll call Antonio and we can figure out what the hell happened with our security. And once we're done working that out, we'll see about getting rid of these bodies. Not a good look. This is my cabin, and I've got a reputation to uphold!'

Corey giggled as he began to walk back to the cabin with Connor. Corey didn't take what he had done lightly at all. He might just have fired off three bullets, but Corey had a Daddy who could always be relied upon to bring a dark sense of humor to even the most difficult of moments.

And with his body and mind still on high alert, what Corey needed was to sit down and snuggle with his Daddy and Moose – preferably with a nice, hot cup of milk too.

* * *

A couple of hours later and the cabin was populated by Doni men on cleanup duty, and Antonio Doni himself.

Corey was all snug under the covers on the couch and watched and listened as Antonio and Connor discussed what had gone down that night...

'We lost two good men tonight,' Antonio said. 'But I can only apologize that you were put in the position you found yourself in. That goes for you too, Corey. The Cardini's must have got your location through a

phone bug, but that doesn't excuse our security detail not being ready from the jump. We will take this learning a strive to do better as a family, you have my word.'

'It's okay, and I'm sorry I screwed up by going on my phone,' Corey said, feeling terrible about having been in part to blame.

'No, that's okay,' Antonio said. 'From what I understand, they've been tracking your movements for much longer. In all likelihood, they already knew you were headed in this direction and probably put a car on you before you left the city.'

'So where do we go from here?' Connor asked, arching his eyebrow. 'Are we safe? More importantly, is Corey safe from this God damned kidnapping plot?'

Antonio paused and rested his hands on either side of the armchair.

'We're going to need one more day,' Antonio replied. 'My instinct tells me that we're good. But... I must be certain. Fortunately you two proved more than capable of handling this situation, but I'm not going to risk putting you in that kind of situation again. I'll need all of tomorrow morning, maybe until the evening. But my highest ranked spies are working on this right now. We've got the phones and some information from the dead bodies and we found their car in a layby a mile or so away. It won't be long, but you need to hold on in this final moment.'

'I think we can do that,' Connor replied.

'Yup, we've got this,' Corey added, giving Moose a big squeeze underneath the covers. 'I think together we can do anything.'

'It's settled,' Antonio said. 'I'll leave you two alone. The men will continue to clear up around the grounds and search for any more evidence or clues that might help. You've also got two more guards, my best men, on patrol. But... something tells me that you two Ice Bears are more than capable of handling yourselves. Coach Tremaine

would be most impressed.'

With that, Antonio bade his farewells and left Corey and Connor alone together.

'Daddy,' Corey said, his voice trembling a little.

'Everything okay?' Connor asked, picking up on the wavering in Corey's voice.

'Everything's good,' Corey said. 'Well, that's a lie. It's not good, it's wonderful. And it's all because of you. I... love you. I love you so much it hurts.'

'And I love you more than you could ever know,' Connor replied, taking Corey by the hand and leaning in to kiss him softly on the lips. 'How about we put a movie on and fall asleep in front of the fire?'

'Yay! But only if I can choose the movie!' Corey giggled, his mind already running wild with ideas. 'I'll try and make it one you'll like too, Daddy.'

Connor chuckled and hopped off the couch to fetch the TV remote.

Corey may have been through a truly difficult night to top off a super-challenging few days. But in that moment, he was the happiest boy in the world, and he had Connor to thank for it.

I'm a lucky Little to have such a great Daddy.

Connor was there for me, and he trusted me to be there for him too.

Now all I need is to get back on the ice and show the world what I can do...

Chapter 18

Connor

Early next morning, Connor answered a call from Antonio who confirmed that the matter involving the kidnap plot was now settled. It was all official. Apparently, the bosses who sanctioned the kidnap plot were a rebel faction of the Cardini family. Based on this, Antonio knew that he could call for a hit to be placed on them without fears of a full scale war breaking out between the Doni family and the Cardinis.

While the Doni and Cardini families were never likely to be friends, at this particular moment it suited both parties to see the rebel bosses taken out of the equation.

So it was with great happiness and a true sense of relief that Connor and Corey packed their belongings and began the journey back to the city.

To say that Connor was relieved would have been an understatement.

Despite maintaining a strong outer core, Connor had found the whole situation something of an ordeal. He hated seeing Corey unhappy and even more so Connor had struggled to handle the threat on his boy's life.

But that was all in the past.

There was one thing however that Connor wanted to address as he powered his truck along the road home to the city.

‘Now, if I ask about a potential diner stop, are you going to be a good boy and reply nicely?’ Connor enquired, a big slice of playful mockery in his voice. ‘I don’t know if I can handle another pouting session on the journey this time...’

Corey blushed and covered his face.

‘Naaaaw, I’m so embarrassed I acted like that,’ Corey said, peeking out from behind the gaps in his fingers. ‘And you were so patient with me too.’

‘Believe me, I was close to losing my cool,’ Connor roared. ‘But, no, you’ve got nothing to be embarrassed about. It was a tough time for you. And for what it’s worth, you handled it all very well. I’m proud of you, my darling boy.’

‘Thank you, Daddy,’ Corey said, a sweetness in his voice that Connor loved to hear. ‘So does that mean I can have an extra squirt of whipped cream on my apple pie?’

‘I’ll allow it,’ Connor chuckled. ‘But only because I’m having it too!’

Connor put his foot down and the pair of them continued on their journey. They would be at the diner before long, and Connor was determined to use this diner visit as a way of putting a final, positive, touch onto the last few days.

Because Connor knew that as soon as the pair of them were back in town, Coach Tremaine would expect nothing but the highest standards from them once again. Tremaine had seen plenty of wild stuff during his time as head coach and not once did he allow outside drama to affect what happened on the ice.

Connor knew that if Corey was to stand a chance of getting himself firmly back in Tremaine’s plans, then he would need to hit the ground running.

We’ll enjoy the diner.

But then it's back to serious business.

I protected Corey, but now it's time to push him harder than he's ever been pushed before...

* * *

The diner stop had been every bit as fun and wholesome as Connor had hoped for. It was a joy to watch as Corey devoured not only one slice of apple pie, but a second one too.

But now they were back at Connor's apartment, food was still on Connor's mind.

Except this time, Connor was thinking along very different lines.

It was evening time, and Connor knew that the practice schedule would be very intense over the next few days. And given the fact that Jack Steel was still injured, there was a good chance that Corey might make his first starting appearance.

But rather than apply pressure onto Corey and make a big deal of things, Connor felt like another approach might work better. It was time to give Corey a kinky taste of just how fun food could be...

'Put this in your mouth, boy,' Connor commanded, towering over a naked Corey as he sat at the kitchen table, his hard cock pointing directly upward. 'I want to see you make this cucumber disappear for me.'

Connor watched as Corey's eyes widened at the sheer size of the perfectly green cucumber.

'All of it?' Corey said, licking his lips. 'It's so long, and thick...'

'That hasn't stopped you in the past,' Connor said, reaching down to his own exposed dick and squeezing it firmly, hardening it further still. 'Now do as Daddy tells you. Or I'll have to break out the paddle!'

Corey didn't need asking again.

Connor began to pump his fist up and down his dick as he watched Corey lick, suck, and swallow the cucumber over and over. The sight and sound of Corey doing his best to take the full length of the girthy cucumber made Connor's animal urges go into overdrive.

'Now keep it in your mouth and stand up,' Connor said, letting go of his dick and feeling it bounce around in front of him as he stood next to Corey and promptly bent him over the kitchen table. 'Keep sucking on that while I see about this.'

Connor reached over to the can of the diner's very own whipped cream and squirted a big shot of it over Corey's ass crack.

'Daddy!' Corey spluttered, the thickness of the cucumber preventing him from getting his words out clearly. 'OMG!'

Connor chuckled and knelt behind Corey and began to finger the whipped cream deeper into Corey's sweet ass, soon enough hitting his perfectly puckered hole.

Judging from the muffled moans of pleasure coming from Corey, the boy was very much enjoying his first foray into food sex. And Connor was keen to see just how much more Corey could take too.

As Connor began to lick and lap the cream onto his tongue and then deep inside Corey's butt, he reached around and put his cream-covered hands onto Corey's rock-hard monster of a dick.

'D-D-D-D-Daddy!' Corey groaned, the cucumber falling out of his mouth as he opened wide in sheer pleasure. 'That feels... mmmmmph.'

Connor could feel Corey shooting his hot cum all over his hands and onto the kitchen floor. Connor wanted a taste of the cum and brought his hands back up to his face and licked his fingers clean, much to Corey's obvious delight.

'I need to make you cum, I need to taste you too,' Corey said, turning and then dropping to his knees before enthusiastically squirting cream over Connor's dick and greedily licking, slurping, and swallowing it all.

It didn't take long until Connor's legs were tightening up and his crotch thrust forward in sheer orgasmic delight. The sight of Corey enjoying the food paly as much as him was an extra turn-on for Connor, and he knew for sure that this would be far from their last foray in this partuclar area.

'I'm done...' Connor said, pumping the last drops of his hot cum and sweet cream into Corey's mouth. 'That was hot. That was seriously hot.'

'Now I know why you were so keen to have that apple pie and cream at the diner,' Corey giggled, slumping onto the floor and wiping the mixture of cum and cream off his mouth and licking it off his fingers. 'We need to do this again.'

'And we will, boy,' Connor said, a note of caution in his voice. 'But not until after game day. We've got three days to convince Tremaine that you need to get some real time on the ice. And I'm not going to expect anything less than the best from you. Understood?'

'Understood,' Corey said, clearly heeding his Daddy's words.

Connor smiled with pride. To have a boy who he could share such raw, down and dirty moments with was something that went way beyond Connor's previous expectations of what life with a boy could be like.

But Corey was something else.

Corey was the perfect boy for Connor in each and every way.

And Connor was determined to do everything in his power to make Corey realize his potential on the ice too.

'I love you boy,' Connor said. 'I really, truly love you. But starting tomorrow, it's time to get down to work. We've got a game against The

Lynxes coming up, and it's a big one.'

With that, Connor offered his hand to Corey and hauled him up from the floor.

The pair of them would shower, do their bedtime routine, and then hit the sack for some much needed sleep.

And then the real hard work could begin...

Chapter 19

Corey

The final practice session ahead of the games against the Lynxes came around quickly. Corey was feeling physically good, but more importantly he felt mentally tuned in and ready to show the whole squad that his enforced absence hadn't dampened his desire to play and win.

'Good hustle, Hales!' Coach Tremaine bellowed from the sideline as Corey tracked back and stole the puck from Chase and then launched a counter offensive of his own.

Cory felt like he had an extra level of hunger to his game that he had never felt before. He had always wanted to succeed and always believed that he was full of determination. But now Corey was beginning to realize that there had been a whole other level of competitiveness inside him that was just waiting to come out.

I need to keep working.

Every play counts, every move is important.

And I think Coach likes what he's seeing too...

But as much as Corey wanted to impress Coach Tremaine, what he truly wanted to do was simply give it his all and know that he hadn't left anything out on the ice when the practice session was over. Corey loved playing more than anything, and he was desperate to start

against the Lynxes. What Corey really wanted though, above everything else, was to simply know that he had done his best.

And the way things were going, it certainly was looking like Corey was going to be able to say that he gave the practice game his all. After another steal, this time from Alex Rebrov, Corey took the puck from his defensive half and within seconds was firing it into the back of the goal.

‘Yes!’ Corey hollered pumping his stick in the air by way of celebration.

‘Easy on the celebration, kid,’ Alex snapped, skating toward Corey. ‘It’s a fucking practice game. Calm down.’

‘Pffft. You’re just sore I stole the puck from you,’ Corey fired back, unwilling to let Alex’s comment go without some kind of push back.

‘Maybe next time don’t make your play so obvious?’

Corey was feeling fired up, there was no doubting that. It may have been a practice game, but Corey knew that he didn’t have the luxury of being an Ice Bears legend in the same way that Alex Rebrov did. Corey had to prove himself in practice day after day after day. And that meant no slacking off, and when he did something good he was definitely going to celebrate and flag it up to Coach Tremaine.

‘Asshole,’ Alex snapped, pushing Corey. ‘You can talk to me when you have a hundred and fifty games under your belt. Until then, keep your mouth shut.’

‘Screw you,’ Corey said, throwing his puck to the floor.

Before Corey knew it, both him and Alex were pushing and attempting to wrangle one another down to the ice. Surrounded by several players who were trying to pull them apart, the flare up was over after a few seconds, but to Corey it felt like a lifetime.

‘Enough!’ Coach Tremaine shouted, his voice full of authority. ‘Stop that squabbling right this fucking second damn it!’

Coach Tremaine skated onto the ice and took Alex and Corey to one side. With a look of anger on his face, Tremaine looked like he was ready to shout so hard the glass ceiling of the practice ice rink might well have shattered into a thousand tiny pieces.

‘Hey, coach, it was just a little moment,’ Alex said, immediately offering his hand for Corey to shake. ‘Corey made a good move. I got pissed at him. No hard feelings. Right, Corey?’

‘That’s right, and there’s definitely no problem as far as I’m concerned,’ Corey said, adrenalin pumping over his body. ‘We’re Ice Bears and we’re in this together all the way to the end.’

Corey and Alex exchanged a knowing look.

They both knew that things had gotten heated and tempers had flared over – but it was no more than that. There was no beef between them, and as far as they were concerned the matter was settled. But would Coach Tremaine feel the same way?

For a second, Corey wasn’t sure whether he had blown his chance of playing against the Lynxes. As he waited for Tremaine to give his verdict, Corey glanced over toward Connor and the other players and saw them watching on quietly.

Please please please don’t kick me out of practice.

I was just showing how much I want to win.

I need this. After everything, I just need to play the next game...

‘Okay, game on!’ Tremaine roared, breaking the silence in the most definitive way. ‘And let’s all show the same spirit and desire as Alex and Corey! That’s an order too, by the way. Let’s fucking go!’

With that, Corey breathed a huge sigh of relief.

After exchanging a quick smile and laugh with Alex, Corey joined the rest of his team for the practice game and continued to put everything

he had into it. There was no sense in holding back. Corey sensed that he was working his way into Coach Tremaine's thinking, and it even felt like Tremaine was applauding him for standing up for himself in the blow-up between him and Alex.

I've got this.

I just need to keep on hustling.

I may or may not make the team, but I'm not going down without a fight.

* * *

The rest of the practice game went by without another flare up. But Corey was happy with how it went and he felt like he was able to keep his intensity right up to the final whistle as Coach Tremaine drew proceedings to a close.

And as the players skated off the ice, Corey was thrilled when Tremaine approached him and confirmed that he would be starting the big game against The Lynxes the following day.

Sure, it may have only been because Jack was still recovering from his injury, but to get the nod over other more experienced players was a great joy for Corey. This was his time to prove himself. And not just prove himself in Tremaine's eyes either. No, Corey wanted to show the Ice Bears fans exactly how good he could be.

And there was the small matter of Corey's mom and pop too. Corey was bursting with anticipation at being able to call home and tell them that he had made the team. Even though Corey knew that the hockey world was a mystery to his parents, he knew that deep down they would be proud of their son.

And finally, but by no means least, Corey was bursting with pride at being able to take the ice alongside his Daddy. Providing he was fit,

Connor was always a guaranteed starter. So to be able to take the ice with him from the opening minute was a great source of pride for Corey, and he couldn't wait to go home with Connor and together enjoy the feeling of satisfaction at his hard work paying off.

However, Connor had a slightly different plan up his sleeve...

'I'm having a playdate?' Corey asked, almost disbelievingly, his eyes wide and a big smile on his face. 'With Chase?'

'Yup,' Connor replied as he opened the passenger side door of his truck for Corey to climb into. 'And I'm having a good old coffee and protein bagel with Jack. Hey, who says Little playdates can't be fun for Daddies too?'

'Yay!' Corey squealed, clambering inside the truck and already planning all the fun ahead of him. 'Let's go!'

* * *

'Wow, I love your picture,' Corey said, toddling over toward Chase in his pale blue romper with the bunny tail just above the buttoned-up flap on his butt.

'Thanks, my Daddy says I'm a super-talented artist,' Chase giggled, picking up a pink coloring pencil and shading in a segment of his colorful unicorn castle. 'You're good too. I love your...'

'It's a flying walrus,' Corey giggled, looking back at his own kaleidoscopic drawing. 'And a six legged dolphin sitting on a space rocket.'

The two Littles giggled with enthusiasm and finished off their milk bottles together.

Corey felt perfectly happy, safe, and full of innocent glee as he rolled on the floor with his bottle safely wrapped in both hands. Looking up at

the ceiling as he chatted with Chase, Corey was a million miles away from any thoughts about the big game that was on the horizon.

All that Corey could think about was how happy he was. And a huge part of that was down to his wonderful Daddy. Speaking of which, Corey suddenly had a feeling that he might need his Daddy's help with something...

'Daddy! Pee-pee!' Corey called out, feeling a warm sensation suddenly spreading over his fluffy diaper.

'Me too! Me too!' Chase squealed, rolling onto his side and sticking his own diapered butt out in the direction of Jack and Connor.

'Whoopsies, we went pee-pee at the same-same,' Corey giggled, his words folding into one another as he kicked his legs and wriggled on the floor.

Corey laughed and cooed as Connor arrived and duly lifted him up and carried him over to a comfy plastic changing mat that had already been set up in anticipation of the Littles needing their diapers changed.

As Connor and Jack got to work changing their Littles, Corey and Chase looked at one another and giggled and squirmed as their Daddies changed them side by side. Corey laughed as he caught a glimpse of Chase's private parts, and Chase returned the favor by sneaking a look too. But it was all innocent fun and soon enough the two Littles were back in fresh diapers and ready to be put down for their nap together.

'I think I'm sleepy,' Corey said as Connor pulled the thick, flower-patterned blanket over him. 'And I think I love my Daddy.'

'And I love my darling little baby boy,' Connor said, his eyes full of love and his voice rich and warm. 'Now close those eyes and fall asleep with Chase. Look, I think he might even be asleep already.'

Corey looked across and saw Chase's eyes almost shut and a contented smile on his face as Jack gave him an extra secure tuck in.

It had been a wonderful playdate and the perfect way to relax after such a tough practice session ahead of the big game. It was time for sleep now. And when Corey woke, he knew that he would be ready to give it absolutely everything out on the ice.

And best of all, Corey knew that he would be playing alongside the best Daddy in the whole world.

* * *

'Daddy, it's time to get up,' Corey said, his eyes opening to the sound of his alarm beeping over on the bedside cabinet of Connor's bedroom. 'Daddy?'

'Way ahead of you, boy,' Connor said, striding into the bedroom carrying a tray stacked with vitamins, supplements, and a glass of fresh orange juice to wash them down with. 'I've been up for an hour. When you hit my age, you need at least that amount of time to work through all your extra stretches. I mean, you've seen me stretching...'

Corey giggled as he sat up in bed.

Connor was wearing a pair of old Ice Bears training shorts, and his rippled, battle-scarred torso was fully on display. Corey felt lucky to be in love with a Daddy who was so handsome and also apparently came with a great gameday routine.

'Do I have to take all my vitamins?' Corey asked, suddenly seeing just how many were filling the little plastic cup on the tray. 'They taste gross.'

'Well you can choose not to take them,' Connor said, arching his eyebrow. 'But for every vitamin you don't take, that's fifteen spanks on each cheek. How about that?'

‘I think I’ll wash them down with the OJ,’ Corey said, realizing that Connor wasn’t fooling around. ‘Bleurgh.’

Corey pulled a face as he felt the various chunky vitamins make their way down his throat. Even the delightfully fresh and super-sweet orange juice wasn’t helping much.

Reluctantly though, Corey knew that his Daddy was right. With the game against the Lynxes likely to be pivotal in the overall outcome of the season, Corey truly wanted to make sure that he had checked every possible box when it came to his pre-game preparations.

I’ve got to make the most of today.

If I don’t, I don’t know when I’ll get another chance from Coach.

And I don’t want to go back to being an unused reserve ever again...

Corey took another sip of orange juice in an attempt to clear the powdery taste entirely from his mouth.

‘Hey, what’s so funny?’ Corey said, noticing the big smile on Connor’s face.

‘No, I’m not laughing at you,’ Connor said, climbing onto the bed and lying next to Corey. ‘I was just smiling at how adorable you are. But at the same time I know you’ve got that dog in you too. After what went down at the cabin, and then yesterday your little bust up with Alex, I’ve seen that you can be more than a match for anyone. I’ve got faith in you. Not just because you’re my boy and we’re in love. Even taking that out of the equation, I’ve got respect for you as a teammate.’

Corey felt himself blush and he buried his face into the space between Connor’s bulging arm and his strong torso. The feeling of security that Corey got from being so close to Connor was something else.

Despite having come up in a privileged setting with loving parents, Corey had never truly felt a sense of belonging comparable to how he

did now. And Connor was a huge part of that. It was one thing making the move to the Ice Bears, but it was a whole other level of perfection to do so and find his Forever Daddy.

Corey could quite happily have stayed laying next to Connor for hours and hours, but he knew that wasn't an option. Connor may have completed his rigorous early morning stretches, but Corey hadn't even gotten out of bed yet.

It was time to rise and shine and show the world that even though he was born and raised in LA, Corey was very much an East Coast Ice Bear now. And with Coach Tremaine showing faith in him at last, Corey was determined to grab his chance with both hands and have the biggest impact he possibly could on the day's game.

The Lynxes had no idea they were going to be facing the new, improved Corey Hales.

Right now, the updated version of Corey might have been a closely guarded secret, but soon enough the whole hockey world would know the truth.

Corey had one man to thank for his emergence as an Ice Bear, and that was his Daddy, Connor Valley.

Chapter 20

Connor

Connor looked across at Corey and smiled. The pair of them were sitting in Connor's truck deep underneath the Ice Bears stadium. The time for talking was over, and an important game against The Lynxes lay ahead of them.

For Connor, it was a case of been there, done that, won the hockey game.

With over a decade as a professional player in the bank, Connor had played every team and beaten them countless times. Living with pressure and expectation from coaches and fans was nothing new to Connor. In fact, he relished it.

However Connor knew that Corey was still a rookie.

Corey had nothing like the experience of big game days and handling tough moments on the ice. The Lynxes certainly hadn't come to town with any intention of losing either. They were a tough team who had killers all over their squad, the kinds of players who would make cheap infringement or cheap shot without thinking twice. Connor literally had the scars to prove it too.

Connor had seen Corey grow so much in their time together.

In fact, the version of Corey that was sitting across from Connor was so different. Corey was still fun, relaxed, and had a relentlessly happy

outlook. But at the same time, Corey had been exposed to some bad things and come out on the other side. The boy had also shown in practice that he was more than capable of standing up to bigger name players and fighting for his place in the team.

All of this was great, and Connor was glad to have seen Corey come along so far.

But nothing replicated the pressure of running out onto the ice from the first buzzer against one of their fiercest rivals. The crowd would be at boiling point, and every good or bad play would be greeted with the most vociferous cheers or jeers.

Connor knew that there would be no hiding place out on the ice for Corey once that buzzer sounded. It would be sink or swim. It would be do or die. And there would be no hand holding or reassurance that Connor could give that would make it any easier if things went wrong for Corey.

My boy's got the talent.

He wants it so much too.

I just have to trust that he's got the true winner's mentality...

'Okay, it's time,' Connor said, putting his hand on Corey's leg and giving it a gentle squeeze. 'You know you've got this, but I'll just say it in case there's even the slightest bit of doubt. You've got this.'

'Thanks, Daddy,' Corey said smiling and taking a big gulp of air. 'I'm feeling good. I think we're both going to play a good game today. In fact, I know we will.'

'That's the spirit, my darling boy,' Connor said, allowing himself one final smile before he put on his game face. 'Now let's fucking move.'

With that, the two Ice Bears got out of the truck and made the walk toward the elevator that would take them up to the stadium's home

locker room.

There was a lot riding on the game, and Connor knew that while he could only control his own playing performance, he was feeling more and more sure that his perfect boy was about to play the game of his life.

As they stood next to one another in the elevator, Connor saw the look of desire and hunger to perform on Corey's face.

Looks familiar...

Kind of reminds me a little bit of...

Me.

Connor smiled wryly and thought back to his early years as a hockey player when it was hard to even get an agent to reply to his calls let alone arrange a big money trade or new contract for him.

Each and every step had seen Connor having to battle against the odds and prove people wrong. Some people simply couldn't contemplate the idea that a rural kid from a traditionally non-hockey playing area of the country could ever have the skillset or talent to make it as a pro.

Connor had proven all the doubters wrong of course. There had been setbacks along the way. This was natural and happened to everyone. But each time, Connor had shown himself as being up to the challenge of making it and carving his name into hockey legend.

Suddenly, something profound dawned on Connor.

Not only did Corey remind Connor of himself in that moment in the elevator, but their whole careers were kind of a mirror image, albeit Corey was at the beginning of his journey. As much as Connor was a dirt-poor rural kid who never stood a chance, Corey was the spoilt Hollywood kid who would supposedly never have the grit and killer

instinct to make it in the tough world of hockey.

'Huh,' Connor muttered, the full irony of the situation becoming crystal clear. 'I'm sorry I ever doubted you, boy.'

'No, you were just making sure I knew what it was going to take,' Corey replied. 'And anyway, there's no time for mushy feels right now. It's time to kick some Lynx butt!'

'That's my boy,' Connor roared, patting Corey on the shoulder as the elevator door opened. 'These Lynx sonsofbitches don't know what the hell is about to hit them!'

* * *

The noise from the crowd was absolutely deafening. Cameras flashed, cheers and jeers intermixed as both sets of fans attempted to make themselves heard, and Connor loved every second of it.

The game was a few minutes in, and the scores were still tied at 0-0.

As expected, the Lynxes were well organized and already showing their physical side too. This was going to be far, far from an easy victory for the Ice Bears. And with Corey making his first start, Connor knew how important it was for his boy that the result was a good one.

But in that moment, The Lynxes were on the attack and Connor knew it was his job to snuff out any threats on the Ice Bears goal.

'Joshua, you've got this,' Connor called out to his defensive partner. 'Push up with me!'

Connor and Joshua duly pressed up onto the Lynx attackers and between them disrupted the move. With the puck at his stick, Connor played a diagonal ball out to Chase. And Chase then cut inside and flicked a pass toward Alex.

Connor was holding his defensive line alongside Joshua, but time

seemed to slow down to a standstill as Alex played a reverse pass through to Corey.

Go on, boy.

This is your moment. This is your chance.

Slap that motherfucking puck home...

Corey pulled his stick back and angled a perfect shot into the roof of the net, leaving the opposition goalie with no chance of saving it.

It was 1-0 to the Ice Bears and Corey had scored the opening goal.

'Yesssssss! That's it!' Connor roared. 'Now let's go again. Everyone, back in position. Let's hammer our advantage home before the buzzer.'

'You just focus on holding that defensive line,' Alex called back, taking his place on the wing. 'We can get the job done up here, but you make sure you keep them out at your end.'

'You fucking know we will,' Connor roared. 'Ain't that right, Joshua?'

'Sure is,' Joshua replied. 'It sure is.'

With that, the game restarted, and the Ice Bears were immediately pressed back into a defensive shape. But yet again, the good work of Connor and Joshua freed Corey who played Chase in for a shot at goal which he dispatched in classically Chase Light style.

'Woohoo!' Chase hollered, touching gloves with Corey. 'Great pass. Now let me see if I can return the favor to you.'

Corey smiled and the game continued at a lightning pace until the end of the first third.

However, the second third was far more problematic for Corey, and Connor could see that his boy was getting frustrated. But even when things were proving a lot harder for Corey, Connor was satisfied that

his boy was digging deep and finding that determination and desire to keep fighting.

‘Remember, you deserve to be here,’ Connor said, skating over to Corey during a break in play early in the final third. ‘And judging by the rough treatment you’re getting, The Lynxes are more than aware of your skills too. But you can hurt them again. I know you can.’

‘I know, and I’m going to do just that,’ Corey said, his voice full of determination but pure fun too. ‘And I’m going to have a blast doing it!’

After some rapid fire instructions from Coach Tremaine, the players skated out for the decisive final few minutes. The score was 3-2 to the Ice Bears, but Connor knew that a goal for The Lynxes might swing the momentum and lead to overtime or even another Lynxes goal.

A loss simply wasn’t on the card as far as Connor was concerned.

Connor was going to drive the team’s defensive effort all the way home. Even if the offensive players couldn’t score again, Connor was making it a matter of personal pride that not one single Lynxes player would get past him.

And it seemed like Connor’s defensive partner Joshua was of exactly the same mindset. Joshua might have been a Little, but once on the ice he played with devilish cunning and plenty of razor-sharp attitude too.

‘Let’s go, partner,’ Connor growled.

‘Ice Bears for the win,’ Joshua replied, his eyes focused on the opposition and a wickedly mischievous smile on his face.

But for all of Connor and Joshua’s intent, it was the Ice Bears offensive players who had the final say. In a burst of fast, creative, and intuitive play the Ice Bears scored two rapid fire goals to seal the victory – and Corey assisted one for Chase and then scored a twisting, winding solo

goal himself to put the final nail in the Lynxes' coffin.

The final buzzer was met with a roar of approval from the thousands in attendance, and after waving to the loyal home fans, the Ice Bears skated off the ice and made their way toward the locker room.

The season may not have been over yet, and there was still the small matter of negotiating the playoffs and then potentially retaining the overall championship. But there was plenty to celebrate – and Connor was determined to make sure that Corey had an evening he'd never forget...

* * *

The players all gathered around the central table in the VIP section of The Rocks and raised their glasses.

'You played a great game tonight,' Jack said, a look of pride in his eyes. 'Hell, you played so well you might not even need me back in the team!'

'Quit looking for compliments you old S.O.B,' Connor bellowed, a beer in one hand and a whisky in the other. 'We'll always need Jack Steel!'

'I'll take that as a compliment... I think,' Jack said, toasting his glass once more to even louder cheers. 'Let's have a great night tonight, sleep it off tomorrow, and then get ready to do it all again on Monday. Now, on me... three, two, one... Ice Bears, Ice Bears, Ice Bears!'

Connor downed his whisky and blew a kiss over toward Corey who was standing with Chase, Joshua, Xander's boy Pip, and Ricki the Ice Bears physio. The four Littles looked super-cute together, although by this point there was absolutely no doubt whatsoever in Connor's mind that Corey was more than just a sweet boy.

Corey's got it all.

Cute, sexy, a killer on the ice.

And, jeez, a killer off it too...

But far from having misgivings about what went down at the cabin, Connor was happy that Corey had simply done what anyone would have done. It was self-defense. Sure, a pretty damn lethal kind of self-defense, but that didn't change anything.

'Hey, you'll never guess what I was just thinking,' Connor said, turning toward Antonio Doni.

'Yes?' Antonio said, looking as immaculate as ever in one of his jet-black Armani suits.

'If you ever need a Daddy and boy assassin team, you could probably do worse than me and Corey,' Connor said, a knowing look on his face.

'Are you joking?' Antonio asked, half-laughing.

'I am,' Connor replied.

'I can never tell with you,' Antonio said, shaking his head. 'But now you've given me the idea, I might actually call you into action one day.'

'Now that I can believe,' Connor said. 'And I don't even think you're even remotely joking.'

The two Daddies laughed together. Spirits were high after the game and Connor was glad to see Antonio a little loser in his demeanor than normal. For all of the pressure that the players faced, Connor could only imagine the daily stresses and strains that the Doni family went through in their line of work.

'Come with me for a moment,' Antonio said, seemingly reading Connor's mind. 'I need to discuss something with you and the other senior players.'

With that, Connor and Antonio walked with Jack, Alex, and Xander out

onto the balcony that looked out onto the city's dramatic nighttime vista.

Antonio shut the balcony door and turned to the Daddies with a typically intense look in his eyes.

'So, what's the deal?' Connor asked, being the first Daddy to speak up.

'I know we haven't finished this season yet, but next season is already going to be a tough one,' Antonio said, sipping on his whisky. 'And I don't only mean on the ice. I know you all know about the Cardini clan, right? Well, our spies are telling us that they could be about to join forces with the Costacurta dynasty. This is not good news. In fact, it's pretty fucking terrible news. There's even been a report that they're looking to go in together to establish a new hockey franchise in the city.'

'Can they do that?' Jack said, perplexed.

'Money talks,' Antonio replied. 'And these two families together have a lot of money. But... it's not all bad news. We've got some new signings lined up who will strengthen our squad ahead of any new challenges. And the new guys might just raise one or two eyebrows too.'

'Are you talking about who I think you're talking about?' Alex said, arching his eyebrow.

'I might be,' Antonio demurred. 'But that's for next season. Right now, I want you to let me handle the outside business and you guys just focus on hockey matters. If I need your help, I'll be in touch.'

With that, Antonio turned and left the Daddies on the balcony together.

'If he wants us to focus on the hockey, why tell us anything?' Xander asked, shaking his head in disbelief. 'Typical Doni, right?'

'Hey, we're Ice Bears, this is just another fucking day for us crazy sonsofbitches,' Connor bellowed.

'Nearly, but not quite,' Jack said, stepping in. 'This is a special day. Us four Daddies are here with our special boys. We had it briefly at Christmas, but this somehow feels different. This feels official.'

'We're an Ice Bear family,' Connor said, taking a moment to be serious. 'And I love it.'

With that, the players raised their glasses and toasted one another.

Life as an Ice Bear could be tough, traumatic, and full of the deadliest twists and turns. But together they were building a family of Daddies and boys that would still be together long after their careers had come to an end.

And speaking of boys, Connor wanted to catch up with his beautiful Little to make sure that he wasn't up to no good...

Chapter 21

Corey

‘Hey, Daddy, look at me!’ Corey said, skating on rollerblades from one side of the large playroom to the other. ‘Wheeeeeeeee!’

Corey giggled as he crashed into the large pile of beanbags that were resting up against the wall.

‘I hope you’re being careful, boy!’ Connor called out from the kitchen. ‘I’ll spank you as you skate if you think that might help?’

Corey giggled.

It felt incredible to have moved into a brand new home with Connor. Together, the pair of them were building a brilliant future together. The new town house had four stories and plenty of room for an enormous playroom for all of Corey’s toys, games, stuffies, and just about anything and everything a Little could desire.

But what truly made the home special was the fact that Corey got to share it with a Daddy like Connor. Their love continued to grow by the day, and even if Connor could still be a little grumpy at times, Corey felt like he was truly living his best life.

‘Maybe I’ll strip butt-naked, and you can chase me as I skate, Daddy?’ Corey called out, his voice travelling through the high-ceilinged rooms toward Connor.

Corey felt totally at ease and at home.

And it felt good to have some much needed rest and recuperation too.

The season was over, and the Ice Bears clinched a dramatic final game with a 4-3 victory over the Red Dolphins. Having experienced such a tough time against the Red Dolphins earlier in the season, it was only fitting that Corey scored the final goal in the championship game.

But it hadn't all been plain sailing for Corey.

When Jack returned to fitness, he naturally regained his place in the team. And this meant more time on the replacements bench for Corey. But this time, Corey didn't worry. He knew that both Coach Tremaine and the rest of the squad rated him highly.

With Jack's injury record and advancing years in mind, Coach Tremaine was true to his word and ensured that Corey got plenty of minutes on the ice as Jack was rested and rotated in such a way that gave him the best shot of making it to the end of the season.

And Tremaine's plan worked too.

In the final game, Jack gave it his all for the first two thirds and scored a hatrick of goals in yet another clutch performance. But when Jack was showing signs of his fitness teetering on the edge, Tremaine was quick to get Corey onto the ice and Corey duly repaid his coach's faith with the winning goal.

Corey was elated to score the winning goal in the championship game.

Jack was delighted to score a triple in maybe his final ever game as an Ice Bear.

And Coach Tremaine was also proud to add another tactical masterclass to his list of achievements in the sport.

Everyone was happy – and that included Connor.

It was Connor's interception and perfectly weighted pass that assisted

Corey's winning goal, and Corey had a funny feeling that he would never hear the end of it for as long as they both lived!

Not that Corey was complaining. After all, it was a team sport. And to top everything off, Corey was delighted to see his mother and father breaking off from their hectic Hollywood schedules to be there for the championship decider. Corey's parents might never be true hockey fans, but Corey was confident that they now understood why their son had given so much up to pursue his dream, and that made Corey feel all the more special.

Corey got back up onto his feet and regained his balance.

Over on the other side of the room was Connor, and he was wearing absolutely nothing. It was time for Corey to skate over to his Daddy and let the good times roll.

'Time to hit the turbo boosters on those skates and show Daddy what you can do,' Connor growled, a big smile creeping onto his face.

'Hehe, I'm coming!' Corey squealed, pushing off from the wall and zooming over to his hot, hunky, and rock-hard Daddy.

Corey had found his perfect match, and the same was true of Connor.

To an outsider looking in, they may have seemed like they were too different to make it work. A Hollywood rich kid and an gruff older man who'd had to fight for everything. It didn't seem plausible. Many would have scoffed at even the suggestion of them being a happy couple together.

But Corey and Connor didn't care how others might have viewed them though.

Both Corey and his Daddy knew precisely what they meant to each other and why their relationship worked so well...

The reality was that Corey and Connor were truly as pucking wild as

one another.

Next Up in The Deadly Puck Daddies:
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MORE ZACK

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