

found by daddy

Bridger's

LOST
DUCKIE



DELLA CAIN
KAYTEA KAT



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Bridger's Lost Duckie

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Daddy Found

I used to loathe working nights. Until one day the local kink club started holding their monthly munches at my coffee shop. Suddenly, I find myself longing for it to be the third Thursday so I could be there without the risk of actually attending a munch. I've been fascinated by the kinkier side of things for a while, and maybe that was why I was so interested at first, but everything changed when a self-identifying daddy named Bridger showed up with his sexy vibe, his infectious laugh, and his most-recent crochet project. Now it wasn't an interest, it was a need, a need to learn more, preferably with Bridger as my teacher.

The number one rule of working the munch is that we can't do anything other than serve their coffee—my boss afraid we will piss them off and lose him all the revenue. It sucks because it means the ball has to be in Bridger's court...or does it? When he accidentally leaves his mostly finished crochet duck one night, I take it as a sign to make my move.

Bridger's Lost Duckie is a sweet age play romance featuring a daddy who lost his work in progress, the first time little who finds it, lots and lots of yarn, true love, and a guaranteed happy ever after. If you like your romances on the Hallmark side but a bit kinkier, check out Bridger's Duckie by USA

Today Bestselling author Della Cain and her bestie and frequent partner in crime, Kaytea Kat.

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Bridger's Lost Duckie
Found by Daddy Series Book 1

By

USA Today Bestselling Author Della Cain

And

Kaytea Kat

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Chapter One

Hudson

“I don’t know what I want.” The woman had been standing at the counter for five minutes. I didn’t mind. If I hadn’t been in my spot waiting for her to decide on her beverage, I’d have been mopping floors. This was better, by far.

I’d tried to offer to help her a few times, but she’d brushed me aside, which left me currently standing there trying to figure out if this was her asking for help or not. I usually didn’t have trouble reading my customers, but this time I no clue what to do, so I just stood there, which, of course, turned out to be the wrong decision.

“Well?” she asked pointedly.

“How about I ask you some questions to see if I can help you narrow it down? Hot, cold, or frozen? Coffee, tea, or fruity? Sweet or unsweet?” I half suspected she was going to leave with a bottle of water from the cooler.

“Cold, I think. Not too sweet. Tea maybe?” She came closer to the register.

“Excellent.” I listed off a few suggestions and, to my surprise, she ordered two of them—one for now and one for later.

“Thank you.” She left with a cup in each hand and a five dollar bill on the counter for me. I shoved it in the tip jar and went back to the mopping that was waiting for me.

As a rule, working nights blew. This woman was the only customer I'd had in nearly an hour, and it made for a really long night with very little money. Sure, I was paid minimum wage, but the only thing that made the job financially doable was the tips, and I needed customers for those.

Originally I started on nights when they needed someone to take over Sarah's shifts while she was on maternity leave. I immediately hated my new schedule. Five days a week, I spent most of the evening alone and bored. But then, a month into her leave, everything changed—not every day, but the third Thursday of each month. A local kinky group started to use the shop for their munches.

I remember Kimber, my boss, telling me they were coming and that I would have not one, but two extra people for the first part of those shifts. She also told me the guests were off limits to anything other than filling their orders. We were to pretend they were just a knitting club or something equally boring and move along.

At the time, it was fine with me. I was pretty boring when it came to what I liked in the bedroom, and I got to have coworkers again. The club could use their ball gags and whips and handcuffs and whatever else they liked as long as they didn't leave too big a mess and weren't jackholes.

Who was I to judge? I still collected kid's meals toys like a five-year-old. I didn't see it as much different. We both had hobbies others didn't quite understand. Theirs just came with orgasm while mine came with an apple juice box. And if I could get an orgasm with mine instead of a tiny amount of juice, I'd have been all over that.

But then the first munch happened, and my world flipped on its head. They weren't doing interesting and sexy things like I had envisioned. No, they just sat around, drank coffee, ate muffins, and crafted. Not all of them did the crafting bit, but quite a few. It was far more like the knitting club my boss had teased about than anything my brain had conjured up, and I loved it.

Which was why I was mopping floors on a random Thursday night and would continue to do so despite my hatred of this shift. Keeping Thursday nights when Sarah came back meant I still got to go to the munch. Not as a full participant, of course, more like a fly on the wall, but I would take it.

I would take Bridger, too, if my boss hadn't pretty much threatened all of our jobs if we did any more than serve the guests. Bridger was one of the older men who attended the munch each time. He had hair that was starting to gray and a smile that could light up a room. Just being near him had me feeling safe. I couldn't even explain why. We barely talked and, when we did, it was just about his order.

If this had been a second job or a side hustle, I'd have risked it to ask the man out. So what if I was younger than him. Age was just a number. At least that was what I kept telling myself.

And then there was the one little possible dilemma: Did he even like men? He was warm and friendly to everyone, but I didn't see any overt flirting with anyone to help me figure it out. I spent an inordinate amount of time trying to learn everything I could about him without being the creepy guy watching him.

Things I knew about him for sure so far were that he had a dog named Jo-Jo who loved to go for walks in the rain, he worked in a law office, he liked his coffee black with two ice cubes, he was not a fan of muffins and accepted the one I “accidentally” gave him one day, but barely ate a few nibbles, taking the rest for home “later,” and he loved to crotchet.

Every munch he came in with another project in progress. So far I’d seen him work on fingerless gloves, tiny hats that were probably for dolls, and a few random stuffed animals. Each one amazed me. He would sit there and chat as he created masterpieces out of yarn. And because I had a crush the size of Alaska on him, seeing him do that always led to me wondering what else he could do with those hands.

The timer on my phone went off letting me know it was a half hour until close. I’d dawdled enough on the floor and needed to pick up some steam. There were a few last-minute customers, but, for the most part, it was just me racing through close-down procedures I was exhausted and wanted to get dinner and head home.

On my way, I drove through the burger place. It was the first day of their new toy, and I wanted to be sure and grab it before they sold out. The last few collections had all been based on cartoons, and that was fun and all, but this one? This one was rubber duckies in costumes, and I had to collect them all. It wasn’t even Halloween season, making the costume part of it a bit unusual, but maybe that was good. It might have fewer people interested in it, giving me a better shot at getting the pirate duckie.

Order in hand, I drove to my apartment building and into the parking garage. I lived on the eighth floor, which was fine on days the elevator worked. Today was not one of those, and up the bazillion stairs I went.

When I finally reached my floor, I was put-a-fork-in-me done. I went inside, ate my meal standing up at the kitchen counter, took a shower then climbed into bed, my surprise toy on my nightstand. It was silly, but I wanted to save the reveal until the last thing before I went to sleep. I figured it would end the day on a happy note and, when I opened the plastic packet to reveal my pirate duckie, I was happy I had.

“You sleep here tonight.” I set him on the pillow next to mine, the one my former roomie’s cat used to sleep on every night. When they moved out, that was the hardest part, not having Fluffy Girl around. “Night, Argggg.” I used my best pirate voice and curled onto my side to get some sleep.

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Chapter Two

Bridger

Chained was quiet in the middle of the week. Which suited me perfectly tonight. After a long day at work, I wanted nothing more than a peaceful evening with friends, a new crochet project, and a drink. Most people who even knew clubs like Chained existed probably thought everyone went there just for sex, but they'd only have the smallest part of the picture.

For example, tonight I was chilling with friends who understood and accepted me. As they said in that credit card commercial: priceless.

I fully believed that everyone in the world was unique and different, and I sought to respect the choices of others as long as they caused no harm, but not everyone shared that attitude. Not out in the city in general. And it felt good to be able to enjoy the company of those who did.

The club was located in a former mansion once owned by one of the robber barons of the Gilded Age. It had been through many iterations since then including a speakeasy during Prohibition and a particularly humiliating time when it had been divided into apartments during the 1970s, filled with avocado green appliances and carpeted with deep multicolored shag. After that, the once-splendid relic had sat vacant for decades until the current owners of Chained had bought it and stripped it back to its magnificent bones then made it into a

place where people like my friends and I could spend our precious downtime.

Not everyone was a professional, although many were, but snobbery held no place here. The group of friends I was sitting with at this time came from all walks of life. But we shared a very special aspect of our life with one another.

Not crocheting, although I wasn't the only one who liked that and I was nearly done figuring out a new pattern I'd been designing. Although my day job paid the bills, very well, in fact, I was starting to see a return on my crochet designs and had a vague and likely impossible dream of doing that full-time at some time in the future. I had recently been approached by a large yarn manufacturing corporation who wanted to work with me. They sounded enthusiastic and wanted to offer me a full-time position in their design department—a remote position that would enable me to remain in my current home and not relocate to their offices fifteen hundred miles away. It paid only a little less than my current job.

But... Wasn't it always but? They could not offer me the autonomy I had now, and I would be answering to someone who "knew" what would sell. They probably did, but I'd turned down other offers in the past because the dream was to create what I wanted, as I wanted. *Even on your own you're answering to the market, aren't you? Like...if nobody wants my duckies, I won't make a ton of different versions...*

"Earth to Bridger?" Trace's voice cut into my thoughts. "I swear, when you're working on your new designs, you disappear."

I chuckled. “Do I?”

“Yes,” Chance agreed. “Want to share what you’re thinking about? If you want advice on the pattern, we’re useless, but if it’s anything else?”

My friends worried about me. I hadn’t been with a little for some time, and they were afraid I was lonely. They weren’t wrong.

“No, it is related to crocheting. I got another offer this week.”

“Oh,” Chance said, sharing a glance with Trace. “What are you going to do about it?” They were both daddies as well. Old friends who’d come to town together from Montana where judging by their names their parents had hoped to raise cowboys. I often wondered how disappointed they were to end up with an accountant and a lawyer. If they were like my folks, they were probably more upset that they lived too far away to visit often.

“I don’t know. It’s a good one, and it would mean working from home and not having to spend my days doing work that I’m good at but don’t love much.”

“There is that.” Trace’s glance lowered, and I followed it. “But if you were happy or excited, I don’t think you’d be strangling that poor duckie you’re working on.”

Cheeks heating, I released the yarn and hook before I did damage to the project. It was my favorite so far, and I didn’t want to ruin it. Also...poor duckie. “No.” I let out a sigh. “I’m not those things. I just wonder if I’m being foolish to try to hit on my own. These companies really want me.”

“And you’d be stuck doing what they want.” Chase leaned back on the couch and rested his hands on his knees. “Right?”

“Yes.” I tried to summon a smile. “But you don’t need to hear my same-old-same-old woes. What’s new with the two of you?”

They went with my too-obvious change of topic because that’s what good friends do. None of us had what we really needed in our life. A little to take care of. Someone who needed our daddy selves as much as we needed them.

I lifted my yarn again and tried to work on it. I’d done a lot of other animals, but this one was special, and I had been teasing the release on my website and social media for a few weeks. In the background my friends were talking about something in the news, not pressuring me to participate unless I wanted to. This was part of what made Chained such a haven for me. My friends here didn’t just get me in a we-understand-your-kink way. They understood that while to many crocheting was just a hobby, it was my art, and a way of expressing my soul.

Miss Lily brought us refills on our drinks, commenting that our server, Kumari, was on a break, and I noted my friends were drinking lemonade this round, a sure sign they were planning to play later. While many who belonged were couples, Chained was also a great place for singles to come and play for an evening.

“Well...” Chase drained the last of his drink and set the glass on the low table. We were in one of the cozy conversation areas, far enough from any speakers to not have music make it hard to hear one another. “What do you say?”

Shall we go to the little room and see if there is anyone to play with tonight?” Midweek, it wasn’t guaranteed, but we could count on it not being very crowded, which was nice.

“I’m in,” Trace said. “I had a good session with a middle last week who I wouldn’t mind seeing again.”

They both stood up then looked at me, but I shook my head. “Not tonight. I think I’ll sit here and try to work out some of the tail details on Mr. Duckie. I can’t seem to get the feathers just the way I want them. Not using a technique a beginner could easily copy anyway.” My designs varied, and some were for more advanced crocheters, but I’d had so many requests for something special for the beginners, I had to comply. “You two go ahead.”

“Sure?” Trace raised a brow. “You haven’t met a lot of the newer members.”

“It’s all right.” I lifted the yarn and set it back in my lap. “I’m good.” I wasn’t really. Good that is. But I’d learned that playing for a night or a week with someone didn’t do it for me. Doing scenes with random people just didn’t scratch the itch—it wasn’t about that side of things—I wanted someone to take care of and love.

Chapter Three

Hudson

“I didn’t expect to see you here,” I said to Sarah as she tapped away on the store’s employee app, checking in for her shift. “I figured you’d be glad to keep your Thursday night off.”

This would be her first time working the munch, and I wondered if she knew what she was getting into. They weren’t getting down and kinky or anything, but they stuck around for a long time and needed a different kind of attention than our usual customers who often just came in, drank coffee, chatted with a friend or worked then left.

“I wish.” She slid her phone into her pocket. “Stupid drier broke, and we need a new one. You would not believe how much laundry I do now that Eli is here. Without a drier, I’m sunk.”

“This is a great shift to pick up. The tips are usually solid.” Even dividing them three ways, they were comparable to what I made on a weekday morning coffee rush hour.

The two of us headed into the dining room to get the tables set up and put them on reserve. The sign was more for the guests to know we were expecting them and didn’t forget about them than it was for the other customers, of whom there wouldn’t be but a few. Although Kimber told us if we ever forgot, that was going to be when the masses flooded in.

We got everything ready while Maxen ran the front counter and, between the three of us, we were done an hour

before they were scheduled to come. I wasn't sure if it was the best or the worst part of the night, this in-between time when all I had to do was wait in anticipation.

In some ways, it was better than when he got here, because I could imagine what would happen tonight, what would be different. Maybe he would sneak into the back room while I was grabbing more coffee beans and then push me against the wall and kiss me senseless. Or possibly he would wait around after everyone had left under the guise of needing just one more pastry or beverage and then invite me to join him for a bit. So many different scenarios ran through my head, and each and every one of them ended with his lips on at least one part of my body.

“Earth to Hudson. Earth to Hudson.” Maxen shoulder-checked me, and I shook my daydreams from my head.

“Where did you go?” Sarah asked, clearly amused.

“He’s thinking about his crush,” Maxen teased. Like me, he worked all the munches. Unlike me, he did it begrudgingly. He hated nights as much as I did and saw this shift as a pain in his side.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I lied. “I was just thinking about what I need to do tomorrow.”

“Keep telling yourself that, and I’ll just inform Sarah about your hottie.”

It probably shouldn’t have surprised me that he picked up on my crush. I cleaned that dining room with extreme attention to detail when the munch group was here and stole glances as I could. Anyone paying attention would’ve noticed. I guess I

just assumed Maxen wasn't going to be paying attention since he spent all his downtime on his phone despite multiple warnings from Kimber. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that she put him on this shift as a way of getting out her frustrations for his bad habit of being plugged in all the time.

“There's nothing to tell.”

“How about you don't inform me, and we make a bet instead?” Sarah tapped her chin. “How about, if I guess correctly, you two fight it out for mopping duty?”

“And if you get it right?” Hudson was loving this idea. “You mop?”

“It won't happen, but sure.” Her confidence had me nearly laughing.

“Then what happens if she can't guess because there is no one?” I wasn't even sure why I was playing their game. I was so going to lose.

“Then you get to keep the unicorn that is being delivered tomorrow.” Sarah winked and walked to the back room.

“Can't wait for my unicorn,” I called back to her a moment too late. Not that it mattered. She was right.

“If he isn't here, it's going to be fun to see who she picks,” Maxen noted. And it would be. Having her play guess who when the who in question wasn't there would be hilarious. Not hilarious enough for me to want him to be absent today, but enough to keep me adequately amused until they came in.

Just like every other time, a man named Trace came in about a half hour early, bought a huge gift card for the munch,

and instructed us to tell people that someone left it for them anonymously. He would then leave and come back fifteen or so minutes late and say he was sorry, but work kept him. I wasn't sure if there were people in the much who couldn't afford to get a drink or if he just liked to spoil people or what, but we were sworn to secrecy, and it was fine by us. We got far more tips from them because quite a few of the members just threw the cash they'd planned to spend on their drink into the tip jar.

We offered to just recharge the card every week, but he said then they would know for sure it was always the same person, and this way there was room for doubt. We had a handful of cards with money on them behind the counter just sitting there. I assumed someday he would do something with them.

“It's almost time.” Maxen singsonged

“I was hoping that guy was going to be your crush.” Sarah grabbed a cup for her drive-through order. “Then I could spend the night knowing I didn't have to mop.”

Maxen and I would mop regardless. Sarah always disassembled and cleaned all the components for the dairy pumps for us, and that was worth far more than mopping.

“How do you know it's not?” I asked, hinting it might be with my tone.

“Because he's too hot.” Sarah's words confused me, and she must've read it on my face because she immediately clarified. “I mean he is movie-star hot. Between his suits and his slight country music star accent that only comes though on

some words, he probably has all the guys... and gals... and enbies all drooling wherever he went.”

I could see that. Conventionally, he was the entire package, including being kind.

“But you like your men a bit flawed. And I don’t mean that in a *you collect red flags* kind of way. I mean a slightly crooked nose or a bit of a scar kind of thing.” Sarah was far more observant than I had noticed. “I think it’s because you want your men to be real.”

“Sarah, I think *deep thoughts during a Thursday shift* time is over.” Maxen pointed to the door, where the first of our munch guests who would actually stick around waited, probably for someone parking the car.

“I’m just sayin’” She shrugged.

“You’re scarily accurate is what you are.” I brushed past her to my spot at the register. “Don’t ever change.”

She smiled at my comment, and the first people came in, none too surprised that there was a gift card for them.

I had a bad habit of playing *guess the kink* when people came in. It was rude and, even though I kept it in my head, I usually felt a tinge of guilt for it. But I couldn’t help it. The longer the munch kept their contract with us going, the more curious I became.

I’d always thought I was super vanilla. Like the prized vanilla people spent exorbitant amounts of money on to make their prizewinning cakes. But as I heard more of their conversations and started to google some of the things I heard them talk about, I began to think maybe I was only dollar-

store-imitation vanilla and that possibly I might like to explore the kinkier side.

Only which part of the kinkier side? Certain things were immediately a no for me. I read about breath play and blood play, and they were no question not for me. I could see why some people liked that kind of thing, but those some people were not me. Other aspects had me curious, but more in a *I would like to watch that way*. Like shibari. It is stunningly gorgeous, but I didn't think tying the ropes or wearing the ropes would be something I'd be into.

So far the kink I found the closest to my taste was when I looked up puppy play. Based on what I had read, it was largely about letting everything go and allowing someone to take care of all your needs. There was a lot more to it than that, but that was what I got out of the article I read by a self-proclaimed pup.

If only you could do all of that without the puppy-play side of that. I didn't think I'd enjoy the collar and harness and tail and mitts and all of that. But the letting someone else take over so I could let go of my worries? Yeah, that sounded great.

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Chapter Four

Bridger

I always enjoyed the Thursday night munches. Especially since they'd moved to the local coffee shop a while back. Many of the same people came every week, and we hung out for a few hours snacking and talking about all sorts of things. Kink, sure, but also a lot of the same topics others not with our group spoke of.

Family and friends and work. Hobbies. A munch is a public gathering where most people who saw us would never think we were anything more than a group of friends, maybe a business mingle. Nobody dressed in fetish wear or did anything that made them particularly stand out. People interested in joining Chained or any other dungeons or maybe private gatherings could attend a munch and give us a chance to see if they might be a good fit. Some people called it vetting... To me, it was just a terrific way for someone who thought they might have something in common with us to see if they truly did.

And it was nice to be among the larger community, too. I spent so much time working that my trips to Chained and these munches were all I had at this point for social life. Not that my work wasn't spilling over into everything these days. At least my design work. This duckie was giving me fits. I could make the tail exactly the way I liked it, looking like the fluffiest feathers, but still not in a way simple enough for the beginners who wanted it. If I was going to have a full line of designs, I needed them to be at all levels.

“Bridger, are you still trying to murder that duck?” Chance’s voice held way too much humor for this serious problem. He leaned in closer to me. “Seriously, I’ve never seen you look so intense. Maybe you should put it aside for a while and let it simmer?”

“I wish I could, but I’ve made promises.” I held the little crocheted bird up in the light. “It’s just this dang tail.”

“Can I take this for you, sir?” The voice was inches from my ear, and for a moment I thought he referred to the duck. But of course not. He meant the empty plate in front of me. I turned to see my favorite server offering me a smile.

“Yes, I’m done.” I leaned back in my seat so he could reach past me for the plate. His arm brushed mine, and the hairs on my arm lifted in response. “It was very good.” For a moment, I couldn’t even remember what it had been, the nearness of this young man taking all my attention.

“I’ll tell the kitchen.” He straightened, and the moment was over as he gathered some more dishes and took a few orders for drink refills then disappeared into the back. He seemed always to be the one waiting on me, and we’d exchanged a few pleasantries, but I was trying not to read anything into it.

While most of those present wouldn’t have any idea why we were there, the management of the coffee shop did, and that made it likely their staff did as well. Plus, those who were bringing food and drinks and clearing away were more likely to catch some snippets of conversation just like they would from any other customers.

I lifted the duck again, studying the tail feathers then set it aside with a sigh. Chance was right. I needed to let it “simmer.” I’d become so focused on this, I was likely overthinking and making it harder than it needed to be. A couple of days of working on something else would help. Maybe relax. See a movie.

The young server came out again carrying a plate of food and took it to a table at the other side of the restaurant. Would he like to see a movie? There was a new one out that I’d heard some of the littles at Chained talking about. They all wanted their daddies, if they had one, or a daddy in general to take them.

“Can I get you a refill?” He was back at my side, holding a coffeepot.

“Thank you.” I lifted the cup and held it while he poured. “Are you having a good night?”

A smile lifted the corners of his full lips. “This is my favorite night.”

“My friends are usually good tippers.” I sipped the coffee. “Nice and hot.”

“Yes, they are great tippers, but there might be more to it than that.”

“Really?” I arched a brow. “And would you like to share what that might be?”

His eyes danced with adorable mischief. “I would like to, yes. But I’m not allowed to flirt with the customers.”

Oh he was cute. “So it would be flirting if you were to tell me what you like about serving us?”

“Mmm. No. Yes.” His cheeks bloomed with color. “I...I have to go pick up an order.”

“Nice talking to you.” But he was already gone again.

Watching him go about his job for the next half hour or so, I tried to convince myself that he was too innocent and young to be into what I was. He probably didn't understand a lot of what he heard us talking about at all.

I picked up the duckie again then set it down and tried to engage in a conversation with the others at my table. There were a couple of visitors tonight, but they were seated with others, so I didn't have that distraction.

I sipped coffee, nibbled cake, and talked with my friends some more, but they were all talking about an upcoming event at Chained, a fundraiser for a pet shelter, and I listened with half an ear, my focus traveling again and again to the young server.

“Hudson, over here,” called one of his coworkers.
“Sarah's on a break, and I need help.”

Hudson, so that was his name. The employees didn't wear name tags here, so I hadn't known up until now. But it suited him, I thought. His laughter floated over often, and I was hoping he'd find time to stop by the table again. The heck with hoping. I caught his eye and held up my cup for a refill. I probably should switch to decaf if I wanted to sleep at any point tonight, but when he arrived with the regular pot I didn't want to make him go for the other one.

He filled it to the brim and then stepped back. “Anything else, sir?”

“Bridger.” I set the cup on the table again. “And I don’t think so. You’re really keeping moving tonight. Busier than usual?”

“I think it might be, but I don’t mind. As long as you don’t feel like your group is getting neglected.” He looked worried. “The boss really wants to keep your business.”

“Oh not at all,” I assured him. “I think everyone has what they need. Just don’t let yourself get run off your feet. I know customers can be demanding.”

“I suppose.” He stretched up on his toes and came back down. “But I’m used to it. It’s nice of you to be concerned though.”

“Have you had a break all night?”

He flushed again —cute, sexy, he was the whole package. “I, ummm...”

“Don’t fib,” I warned. “I can see right through you.”

“I bet you can,” he admitted. “No, I haven’t had my break. Sarah needs hers because she just came back from maternity leave, so Wes and I make sure she gets them. But I’m fine.”

“Hudson, when she gets back, promise me you’ll go on your break. Even an abbreviated one.” I infused my statement with sternness.

He cocked his head and studied me for a moment before nodding. “I could use a moment.”

“Very good.” I wanted to say *good boy*, but now wasn’t the time for that. “I’ll see you in a bit.”

“For sure, sir, I mean Bridger.” And he was off again, serving other then disappearing presumably on his break a while later. While he was gone, the woman, Sarah, came by to ask if I wanted a refill or anything else, but even though Hudson did come back from his break, he never served us again that night.

“Well, I guess I’d better get going. Morning comes early.” Chance stood up and smoothed his jeans. “It was nice to see you all.”

One by one, the others left, and finally I stood up as well. I looked around for Hudson, but he was busy across the room and, at the last minute, I glanced at the duckie. The stitch markers had my name on them, and I wondered. He’d definitely noticed my crocheting, had commented on the colors of the little duck. Even if it ended up in lost and found it would give me time to simmer on the design before I got it back. But maybe a certain adorable server would find it.

I was out the door and on my way with only one look back. *Do your job, little duck.*

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Chapter Five

Hudson

Work was significantly less fun after the munch left. We had a ton of cleaning and prep to do, but really... I had spent months doing it alone. It wasn't a three-person job. And yet, it still seemed like it was taking quadruple the usual time. Maybe because we knew we had so much help or possibly because the hustle and bustle of being so full was over and our bodies decided they should slow down too.

"I'll help you move the tables back." Maxen clicked the door locked. We were officially closed for the night.

"Yeah, okay." I wasn't going to turn down the help. Not when my motivation was so meh.

We went to work and as we moved the last table I noticed the crocheted duck that Bridger had been working on. "This must've fallen out of his bag." I said and reached down to grab it.

"You mean the hottie you were flirting with?"

"Shhhh, don't get my ass fired, and I was not. I told him I wasn't allowed to flirt." Which, fine, was the same as flirting, but with plausible deniability.

"You're not going to get fired. He flirted back."

Had he? I had wanted to think that's what was happening, but my insecurities had me half thinking I was imagining it as some sort of wish fulfillment.

I looked at the duck and found myself hugging it. As awful as it was, I wanted to just play finders keepers and take it home and snuggle it as I fell asleep. Was it completely finished? Nope. But I didn't care. He was adorable, and Bridger made him. Wasn't that enough?

I looked at it more carefully, and there were some little tags sort of woven into it. I tried to figure out how they fit into the scheme of things. Was this going to be a kinky duck? Was it something to do with BDSM or something.

"What are you staring at?" Maxen asked.

"These." I tapped on one.

"The stitch markers? Are they special?"

Stitch markers. Of course they had to do with crocheting and not orgasms. I shook my head at myself and then looked at them more carefully. "Bridger Parks." I ran my finger over his name as I said it. "They are personalized."

"Perfect. Then look him up and call his ass. He'll be grateful, and maybe you can get laid." Maxen stuck out his tongue. "I gotta get the mop bucket going."

Sarah won, picking out Bridger the second he walked in. She said he was a yummy daddy and I couldn't agree more. He was scrumptious.

"Do it now before it's too late and he's asleep." Maxen called out and I was going to argue on it, but then I realized it technically was work related. He'd want his duckie back and maybe if I was lucky he'd stop by during one of my shifts to get it.

It ended up being ridiculously easy to find him on social media. He had an entire page devoted to his craft. Bridger didn't just crochet, he created patterns and made everything from stuffies to clothing to cat toys. The man was so talented.

I friended him and sent him a message, letting him know I found it and then went back to closing the store. It wasn't until after we closed and I got to the car that I saw he had messaged me back, my stupid notifications shut off.

Thank you for finding him. Maybe we can meet for lunch one day and you can return him?

And that was how I found myself sitting on a park bench the next day waiting for my crush with his duck in hand. I was a half hour early, so nervous that I would be late. It wasn't really a date. I was giving him back something he lost. But it felt like a date and I wanted it to be a date so badly. Maybe I could pretend it was a date. That wouldn't hurt anyone, right?

Bridger walked up about fifteen minutes later.

"Are you my punctual boy?" he asked.

Normally, I hated when I was called boy. It was usually someone at work who thought I was less than them and always when they thought they should report me to Kimber for something I could do nothing about, such as an increase in prices. But, with Bridger, it sounded almost as if it were a term of endearment, and I loved it.

"I didn't want to be late for our... date?" I just went for it and asked. I didn't want to pretend around him. It might disappoint him and just thinking of seeing disapproval on his

face had me wanting to do better. I had no idea what that was about, but there wasn't time to think too hard on it.

"I'm glad you are on time for our date." He said the word *date* very intentionally. "I packed us a nice picnic." He turned around for me to see his backpack.

He led me to a tree where he opened up the backpack and took out a blanket, laying it down for us.

"Have a seat, Hudson."

I did as he said.

"What do you see?"

It was then that I looked down to see the river. From our vantage point all of the boats were in full view, as well as the ducks who, in some cases, were following the boats. My guess was that someone was feeding them in those particular vessels.

"This is the perfect spot," I praised.

"I thought so, too." He sat beside me and started to unpack the bag. "I went with something simple and easy, unsure of what your tastes might be."

"I brought your duck." I shoved it at him. Here he was being all considerate and sweet, and I just threw his property back at him. "Sorry. I'm nervous."

"Thank you for returning my duckie. And, for the record, there's no need to be nervous around me. I will never do you harm." He rotated his body to face me. "But I know we can't always help our feelings, so if you ever need me to do anything to make you less nervous, simply tell me, and I will make it happen."

Everything about the man shouted that he was sincere.

“I didn’t mean like that.” I hated that he thought even for a split second that I might be concerned he was dangerous. “I more meant—maybe be less hot?” I was teasing about the being less hot part, obviously. I loved that he was so freaking sexy, and I enjoyed the butterflies that built in my middle.

“I’ll work on that.” He chuckled. “How about we eat? It’s pretty late for lunch.”

When we scheduled, I’d pushed the time back so I could shower after work before seeing him. I had the four a.m. shift, which sucked after closing, but, in this case, I was glad for it. It meant I was done at noon and could be on this date.

Gah... it was a date. I had wanted it to be, but hearing him say it was made it real. I was still half expecting to wake up to discover this was all a dream.

“I could eat.”

He had packed the lunches in divided containers. They looked like one of a thousand varieties I’d seen in the stores. They were designed to help you keep your food separate, but without needing a bunch of little containers or plastic bags.

“Which one would you like?” He had one with a blue lid and one with a cartoon dog on the lid.

“Are they the same inside?” I asked, and he nodded. “Maybe this one.” I pointed to the dog. “I have some collectibles of him. He’s one of my favorites.”

“Collectible? Like action figures?” he asked, popping the lid from his container to reveal a sandwich, some berries, a circle cheese, and some little crackers shaped like fish. In

many ways it more resembled a school kids' lunch than two adults enjoying a date.

“Not figurines.” I took off my lid to reveal the same meal, just like he said, only on my sandwich the crust was cut off. “Wait, did you want the crust off yours?”

He shook his head. “I didn't know if you would, so I made both. If crust is your favorite, we can swap.”

“I hate the crust,” I admitted. “It's dry.”

“Well, if this sandwich is dry, I do have drinks.” He pulled out some drink boxes. “A daddy is always prepared.”

Drink. Boxes. Daddy. Cartoon dogs.

“Daddy? Like a *daddy* daddy?” I had heard the term but didn't fully understand it.

“There's more than one type of daddy. I'm the kind who likes to take care of his boy.”

His boy. Was that what he wanted me to be? His boy? Did I want that? Did I even understand what it was?

He held out a drink and I grabbed the apple juice one and drank it down embarrassingly fast. “Thanks.” I set down the empty box.

“When I said not figurines, I mean, I collect toys from kids' meals.” Bridge felt like a safe person to admit that to. He had a dog lunch container and apple juice boxes, after all.

“Thank you for trusting me with that.” He gave my shoulder a squeeze. “I would love to hear all about your collection as we eat.”

I spent the rest of lunch telling him all about my toy collection. He listened intently, asked some questions, and not once made me feel judged. By the time our lunch was in our bellies, I had shared things with him I never had shared with anyone before and instead of feeling weird about it I felt good.

From there we started to talk about his duck and his social media crochet page. I loved hearing him talk about it. Crochet was definitely a passion for him. I even asked him to maybe teach me, not because I had a strong desire to crochet, but because I wanted to hear him tell me about it again and again. It was quickly becoming my favorite topic.

I loved our conversations and didn't want our date to be over, but, unlike me, Bridger had to go back to work.

"I'd like to see you again." He reached over and cupped my cheek.

"I'd like that, too...and I'd also like..." My cheeks were burning as I tried to get the courage to let him know I wanted a kiss goodbye. I wasn't this guy, all flustered and nervous around a hottie. But with him...I don't know. It was just different with him. Like it mattered more or something.

"Tell me what you'd like, sweet boy."

His words gave me the push I needed to ask for what I wanted. "I'd like a kiss goodbye."

"I'd like that too." He leaned in slowly and pressed his lips against mine for an all-too-brief kiss and the promise of more.

Best. Date. Ever.

Chapter Six

Bridger

I couldn't stop thinking about him. We had such a nice time on our picnic, I didn't even regret the duck with issues being back in my possession. I tucked it away when he returned it with the intention of continuing to let it simmer while I worked on a more advanced version that did seem to be coming together well.

But as soon as I got home and took it out, setting it on the counter, I knew. It was such a simple idea it had escaped my overly complicated mind. Maybe a lunch date with a sweet boy was all it took to help me clear it up.

“Why do you have to be so fluffy?”

He'd been so admiring of the duckie, even if it wasn't finished, that it made me love the little duck again. And that also probably helped me to get where I needed to. I wanted people like Hudson to be able to use it as a reasonably early project.

My dog, Jo-Jo laid his head on my knee, big brown eyes pleading for pets, which I gave him..

Hudson hadn't claimed to know a thing about crochet, but he expressed an interest in learning. Teach him how to crochet? My imagination placed us together on my sofa, thigh to thigh, both heads bent over a ball of sparkly yarn. My hands over his, guiding him in the single crochet everyone learned first, watching a chain of links fall away from the hook, piling

in his lap. He'd laugh, mess up, back up and try again until he got it right. And then I'd give him a reward.

When we parted after the picnic, we shared such a sweet kiss that only the fact I had to be at work kept me from inviting him to spend the rest of the day together. But it was good. For a first date, with someone not part of the lifestyle, it had gone well, I thought. He was aware I was a daddy but hadn't seemed put off by it. Not that we really dove into the age play part of my preferences. We more skimmed the topic than anything.

But he wanted to see me again.

But that didn't mean he wanted a daddy/little relationship. I needed to make sure he understood what that was before I even broached the topic. But everything about him cried out to my caregiver self. I wanted spend more time together, to care for him and be sure he was warm and safe. To share his fun-loving side. His delight in the little dog cartoon lunch box made me so glad I took a chance and brought it.

As the evening went on and the next day and the next evening, I couldn't get him out of my mind. I finally picked up the phone and called, hoping he'd welcome the contact.

The phone rang four times, while my fingers tingled with adrenaline. I was waiting for voice mail to pick up when, instead, I heard the voice I'd longed for. "Hello? Bridger. I was hoping you'd call."

"Hello, Hudson. I'm very glad to hear that. What are you up to this evening?"

He paused. "You're going to laugh."

“Am I?” Intrigued, I went on. “Why do you think that?”

“Well, with all that we talked about the other day, I was just sitting down with a bowl of popcorn to watch an animated movie.”

“A cartoon?”

“Yes, it’s that one that was up for the big award this year. Everyone at work has seen it, and I thought I’d give it a try.”

After my fantasy about going to a movie with a special little, this seemed like an opportunity. “I might watch it, too. I’ve heard good things.”

“It’s a shame we aren’t together. It’s starting in ten minutes.”

“I have an idea.” If he thought it was a good one. “We might not be in the same house, this evening, but we could have a phone date.”

“What a great idea! It’s always more fun to watch a movie with someone than alone.” He paused. “Don’t you think?”

“I do. We could even have the same snacks maybe. Do you have any popcorn in the house?”

His glee came over the phone. “I do. Extra-butter kind.”

“Okay, I have some too. Let’s make our popcorn then settle down and watch while we’re still on the phone. Do you want me to hang up while you get ready?”

I heard noises in the background, a click then a beep.

“No,” he said. “Unless you want to. I have you on the counter on speaker.”

“Perfect.” I also went to the kitchen and pulled a bag out of the cabinet and opened the microwave. “Sometimes I make it on the stovetop. Have you ever done that?”

“No.” I heard a chime and another click. “This smells so good.”

Mine was also starting to fill the kitchen with the warm, savory scent. When it was done, I pulled it out and opened the top of the bag, careful not to let the steam burn my fingertips before pouring the fragrant, golden popcorn into a big bowl. “Mmm. Mine, too. I wish I had some M&Ms to pour in here.”

A sharp intake of breath. “You do that, too? Oh, wow. I love them that way.” Then the glee faded from his voice. “I wish I had some.”

“Next time,” I promised. “We can make a plan to get together and watch another movie and eat popcorn laced with M&Ms.”

“All right.”

I checked my watch. “I think we have to hurry. We only have a couple of minutes before the movie starts. Did you get something to drink?”

The click of a refrigerator opening. “Ummm...I have grape juice.”

“Since you aren’t having M&Ms, it’s probably not too much sugar,” I mused. “As long as it’s not a really big glass.” It was a bit of daddying, I knew, but I was interested to see how he’d react.

“A small one, then, and maybe a glass of water, too, because popcorn is salty.”

“It always makes me thirsty, too, but I don’t have any juice, so I’ll probably just go for the water.”

“Then I will forget the juice so we have the same,” he asserted.

“You don’t have to. Even if we were in the theater or together in one of our homes, we might have different drinks.”

“That’s true.” His voice got farther away then came closer again. “Sorry, I was filling my glass. Anyway, I know we don’t have to drink the same thing, but I kind of like that we are.”

“Even if it means you don’t get juice?” I wondered if he’d like a sippy cup, or maybe just a cup with that same cartoon dog. I thought he might like the dog option.

“Even if.” There were sounds of footsteps and some others that were probably related to his getting settled to watch the movie.

“All ready on the couch?” I sat back on mine, big bowl of popcorn in my lap. I wished I could see him.

“Want to see?” A FaceTime request came over my device, and I wondered why on earth I hadn’t thought to do that from the very start. Accepting, I watched my screen light up with his face. His sweet, handsome, adorable face. Then the image scanned downward. “I’m on the couch, but I’m wearing my pj’s.”

“I see that. You looks so comfy in those.” They weren’t something I’d expect to see on a little, but they were flannel and instead of something like stripes or plaid, the pattern was

of various birds, including of course ducks. “Are they very soft?”

The image of his face returned. “So soft. I only hope I can stay awake in them, in fact.”

“I hope you can, too. I’d hate you to miss the end of the movie.”

“Me, too.”

We watched the video together, each curled up on our own couch, and about halfway through, Hudson reached down and pulled a blanket over himself. We commented on the film and made jokes about the almost-too-scary-but-not-quite villain who was pursuing the heroes from nearly the first moment.

Keeping awake was not a problem. The movie might be animated, but it wasn’t for little kids. “Are you sure you want to keep watching?” I asked when I heard him suck in a breath. “Are you all right?”

“Y-yes, I’m fine, and I can’t stop watching now. I have to see if he gets away.”

“Me, too, but if it’s too scary, I can watch and tell you how it ends up?”

I expected him to say no, but instead he made another suggestion. “Could I turn it off and just stay on the phone while you watch the end?”

“All right.” I turned the sound down most of the way so it wouldn’t carry to the phone. “I will tell you what happens.” And if I colored it to make it less scary, where was the harm in that? Who made cartoons that were so frightening, anyway?

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Chapter Seven

Hudson

After our movie “date,” I had more questions than I had answers for what kind of daddy Bridger was.

Are you a strict daddy? I sent him a text, emboldened by his acceptance of me, toy collection and all.

What are you asking? Do you want to know if I give spankings?

I hadn’t, but now I kind of did.

I was wanting to look things up and when I type “gay daddy,” it suggests searching “strict daddy.” It also came up with daddy apps, but I didn’t want to mention that. It felt rude, like I was telling him I already was exploring random options.

Maybe look up daddy/little. He punctuated it with a wink.

I can do that. Thanks for a fun night.

You’re welcome. Now go be my good boy and do that research. Any questions you have, I will gladly answer. I’m just a text, call, video chat, or visit away.

After we chatted just a bit more, I grabbed my laptop and typed in *daddy/little* and quickly saw that I needed to let Google know I mean gay because the things I was getting were not what I had meant. Not even close.

“Age play?” The term was in quite a few of the search results and, when I clicked it, I wasn’t sure what I thought I

would see, but a grown man wearing a diaper and sucking on a binky wasn't it.

I didn't see what was sexy about that, but I knew enough about kink to know that sexy wasn't always the goal, and I took the time to read the page. That page led to me another website led me to another website let me to an eBook. The next thing I knew, I was curled up on my bed reading a book about age play, not gay specific like a few of the websites, but the kink altogether.

One thing I found interesting was that there was age play — which was a kink and for fun, and then there was age regression, which was more of a coping mechanism. That was a very oversimplified version of it, but reading a few explanations of how they were different really clarified some things for me.

This says that daddies are daddies because they like to take care of people. He sent back a message almost right away.

I can't speak for other daddies, but I am a caregiver, yes.

And do you like diapers? I deleted it and typed it five times before hitting send.

I do, but it is not a deal breaker for me.

Not being a deal breaker didn't mean it wasn't important. I just stared at my phone and willed the right words to come to me, so I could respond to him. Nothing did, but I started to see that he was typing back, so at least my silence hadn't scared him away.

Do you want to call or video chat with me, or is this easier?

Wasn't that the ten thousand dollar question? I wasn't sure of the answer and decided he was honest with me and deserved the same respect in return.

I don't know. I think maybe I should read my book a bit first. Thank you, though.

Any time, my sweet boy.

It didn't take long for me to be absorbed into the book. It was so good, and each page taught me something about not only what people who were into that kink might or might not do, but also what aspects of it I found intriguing.

If someone had told me even a month ago that I'd be considering trying a relationship where one of the people enjoyed wrapping the other up in a diaper, I'd have told them they were full of crap. But now, as I was sitting here and absorbing all I could about age play and daddies, I was starting to think I was into it.

And sure Bridger was hot as fuck, but hot isn't enough to get me to do things I was *ewwed* by. If he said his kink was breath play, I would just politely decline. I knew without a doubt that wasn't for me, even if it was some people's most favorite thing ever. This wasn't me wanting to fit in with Bridger, this was me discovering a side of me I didn't know existed. A side that might like to be taken care of and use a sippy cup.

It wasn't the actual cups or diapers or even the adorable onesies that did it for me, either. It was the idea there was someone I could totally let myself relax around. Someone who would take care of me in such a way I didn't need to worry

about anything at all, not even when I needed to use the bathroom. In concept, it was great.

In practice, I wasn't sure. And a huge part of me was scared to try it with Bridger for fear that I would hate it and things between us would be smushed like a bug before they got started. Although, if I hated them, wasn't it better to have it over before feelings grew? Probably. But the thought of that sucked.

I grabbed my laptop again and typed in "adult pacifiers." I was in shock by the number of results that appeared. A lot of them were just the pacis you could find at your local value center or baby store. But there were others as well, some adorable and some I wasn't sure what to think of—their nipples quite long and wide. Were they better, or were they an exaggeration designed to stand out. I couldn't even figure out how to discover the answer to that.

Instead I decided to get one of the adorable ones off a crafting website. The seller specialized in little things — everything from onesies to cloth diapers to bottles —but I was there for the pacis. They had bling, but not as much as some and, in my head, that meant they wouldn't be quite as heavy.

I scrolled and scrolled through all the options and finally decided on the cartoon dog, the one that matched the lunch container and the movie we watched together. Out of all of them, it called to me the most, and I put it in my cart and added the coordinating paci holder. Would I like using it? I had no idea, but I was already anxious for it to come in the mail so I could find out for myself.

After finishing my order, I decided to call Bridger, crossing my fingers it wasn't too late. He picked up on the first ring, sounded wide awake, and told me he was glad to hear from me, immediately defusing all my nerves.

"I just wanted to talk to you. I didn't want you to think I was freaked out by what I read." And, if I had been in his shoes, that was exactly what I'd have assumed my radio silence indicated. "I'm not. It's giving me a lot to think about. I do have some questions, though."

"Hopefully I have some answers. Would you like video on, or does this make you more comfortable?" He wasn't pushing, just asking.

I wasn't used to that. In the past, the men and even a few of the women I dated just told me what they wanted or were expecting. Sure, I could tell them I didn't want to, but that wasn't quite the same as having it very clearly posed as a question.

"Maybe." I scootched back on my bed to sit pressed against the backboard. "I mean yes, I think I would like that. Not sure why I said maybe. I would like it." And great. Now I was babbling.

"Thank you for trusting me enough to clarify."

That wasn't the first time he thanked me for my trust. He wasn't one of those people who expected trust until you broke it. Another thing I liked about him. The list was getting to be very long considering we had two dates that weren't typical first dates. There had been no fine dining and picking me up at the door. They were better. So much better.

I tried to turn on my camera and somehow managed to hang up on Bridger. I went to call him right back, camera already on, and he was already calling me.

“I hung up on you.” I rubbed my jaw line with the palm of my hand. “Not even sure how.”

“It happens.” He was sitting on his couch with Jo-Jo photobombing the frame. It reaffirmed the fact that I hadn’t woken him. “You said you had questions?”

“I did, but now that I am seeing you, I just want to talk about boring things like what you had for dinner and to see what Jo-Jo is up to.”

“I think we can arrange that.”

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Chapter Eight

Bridger

This time we were going on a real date, and I couldn't be more excited about spending an evening with someone. We'd had such a nice time with our at home FaceTime date, I suggested another movie, but in person.

Jo-Jo watched me getting ready, head on paws and a questioning expression in his doggy eyes. It had been he and I on our own for quite a while now, and he was probably wondering why I was spending so much time fussing with my hair.

"I have a date, buddy," I told him, "so I will probably be back late. Miss Emma will come get you after a while. You can have a sleepover with your bestie so you don't get lonely." One of the reasons I'd bought this place to start with was the big back yard. What I hadn't counted on was the cute poodle next door. A real bonus for my big guy who enjoyed socializing and hadn't met a dog he didn't like. Maygie was about one tenth his size and when they played together she bossed him around like the pushy pup she was. And he adored her. There was a gate between our two yards that we never closed.

But he did have a point. I'd done about all I could with my hair, and it was time to get going if I wanted to be on time for our movie date.

I had considered the one all the littles had been talking about, but when I asked Hudson if he had any movie in mind,

he mentioned an action movie, and so I purchased tickets to the eight o'clock show. The day had dragged as I waited for our evening out. I even called the theater to ensure they sold M&Ms. They did. And they had plenty in stock.

Arriving in front of Hudson's place, I parked and climbed out. He lived in an apartment and had directed me to push the button for his unit outside the front doors so he could come down and meet me. Preferring to go to his actual door, I agreed for now. It was better than waiting in the car. But I no sooner located his button than the door opened and he popped out, beaming at me.

"I didn't want to make you wait." He tipped his face up, and I brushed a kiss over his lips, glad he expected a kiss as greeting. "You didn't, did you?"

I laughed. "No, I just got here. Ready for the movies?"

"So ready!" He walked at my side to the car, and I opened the door for him. "I hope you like action adventure."

I closed the door and went around to my side, climbing in before answering. "I do usually like them, and this one sounds pretty good. I already got us tickets, so we have time for a stop at the snack counter before we go in."

"All right. I know what I want." He leaned back in his seat with a satisfied sigh. "There's something special about a movie in a real theater. Don't you think?"

I was so glad I'd chosen to see it at the old theater instead of one of the multiplexes. The art nouveau decor of The Royal Theater provided a whole lot of specialness. I didn't tell him where we were going yet, though, hoping it would be a fun

surprise. We chatted the rest of the way to the theater about our days and various topics in the news. I knew he had to have a lot of questions about what a relationship with me would mean, but by unspoken agreement, this date was not about that. There were a lot of other things to learn about each other, things our casual conversation revealed in a comfortable way.

But when I parked down the street from the flashing marquee, my sweet boy let out a cheer. “Are you kidding me right now? The Royal? He flung his arms around me and gave me a squeeze. “This is going to be amazing. I’ve been dying to come here.”

I hadn’t realized he hadn’t been, but the tickets were almost twice the price of the multiplex and so it made sense that someone getting by on a server’s wages would probably not want to pay more than necessary for a movie.

And it was going to be amazing. I couldn’t wait to show him around.

The decor held him spellbound, from our seat in the next to last row, the curving walls and high ceilings, stained glass and all the other embellishments that the original builders had installed and that had, unlike many other such structures, been maintained well over the decades. When the lights descended, and he cradled our bucket of M&Ms-laced popcorn in his lap, he was still waxing enthusiastic about the beauty and craftsmanship of the movie house.

The previews lit the screen, and my date rested his head on my shoulder. “Thank you for bringing me here.” He went silent after this, nibbling away, but he left his head on my shoulder, and when I reached into the bucket our fingers

brushed, then linked, and we sat for half the movie with our hands buried to the wrist in the buttery, salty, sweet conglomeration.

The other half, after we actually ate some of the popcorn and candy, we made out like teenagers, soft kisses and PG13 caresses that made me glad the other patrons were all in front of us and nobody had a good view of us from the rear.

When the movie ended, we didn't notice until the lights came up.

"We're going to have to see this again," I told him, gathering our trash. "At least once, I have no idea how it ended."

"Me either." He handed me the bucket and reached to the floor for the soda cups. "But I didn't mind."

"Are you hungry?" Initially I'd planned to take him for a late dinner, but I'd also forgotten about just how big a large popcorn was. Add in the bag of candy and the hot dogs we'd started with and I didn't think I had any room. But I had to ask.

"No. But if you are we can go get something?" he said. "I can just sip water and try not to explode from all the popcorn."

"I'm full too." We exited the theater and headed for the car where I opened the door and let him inside. "I might have been trying to keep the evening going a little longer."

The look he gave me was everything as he said, "Maybe it doesn't have to end?"

I studied him closely. "Are you inviting me to stay over? All night? Because I won't make love to you and leave you."

“If I thought you would, I’d never want you to stay at all.” He smiled and reached out to take my hand. Then he gasped. “Oh, what about Jo-Jo?” How sweet was he to think of my dog?

Closing my fingers over his, I brought his palm to my lips and kissed it. “No worries about my pup. He is having a sleepover of his own at the neighbor’s house.”

“Then you can stay.”

“Until you throw me out.”

I had to park over a block away from his place, but we were so caught up in one another that it wasn’t frustrating at all. Arms around one another’s waists we approached his building and he let us in with his key fob. The stairs were steep, the elevator out of order, “Again,” but we kissed on alternate steps and by the time we got to his own door we were breathing hard and all I wanted was to get inside and get him naked on his bed where I could show him how much I wanted him.

He hesitated in the living room. “Can I get you anything? Something to drink?”

“I only want you, but maybe a glass of water would be good so we don’t have to get up and get one later.”

He grinned, but his eyes were still soft and hazy. “We won’t risk dehydrating then.”

We both went to the kitchen and he got down a pair of tumblers that I filled from the refrigerator dispenser before Hudson led me to his bedroom. We set the water on the nightstands and went about undressing one another with more

speed than I would have preferred but after making out at the movies and all the way up to the apartments, I was well past simmer and on a slow boil.

But that didn't stop me from appreciating what was revealed as his clothing dropped to the floor in a heap. Hudson was on the slender side, with lean muscles that came with youth rather than the build-up kind that working out made. He had little body hair, but what he did have was light and soft and his cock rose from a nest of it, pointing toward me. I dropped to my knees in front of him, unable to resist a taste, and when my lips closed over the head, he braced his hands on my shoulders and groaned.

Palming his sac, I cradled it gently as I engulfed more and more of him in my mouth until he tightened his grip and warned me to stop. "I am going to come, Bridger."

I stopped long enough to say, "And why is that a reason to stop?"

He stared down at me. "I have no idea."

Closing my lips over him once again, I worked him with lips and tongue and light scrapes of my teeth until his cum poured down my throat. I swallowed every drop then cleaned his cock with my tongue before standing up and easing him to sit on the edge of the bed. "Are you sorry I didn't stop?"

His laugh was shaky. "What do you think? Wow. But I should return the favor. Only I don't think I have the strength to kneel on the floor."

"How about if we both lie down and see if we get any other ideas?"

I held him close while his breathing returned to normal before whispering some suggestions in his ear. This time he didn't suggest stopping or warn me of anything at all, merely rolled onto his back and held his knees against his body, opening himself to me in a way that made my throat tight. I left him just long enough to get a condom and lube from my pocket then returned to him again.

I lubed my fingers and used them to ease my passage, scissoring them within him and spreading the lube around the ring of muscles I would need to pass. "I'm bigger than most," I told him without any kind of bragging, "so I'll go slow."

"Go any speed you like," he gasped, "but go now."

My eager one!

I fitted the head of my cock into the prepared hole and worked it slowly inside, retreating and going deeper each time until I was buried balls deep in his hot, tight ass. Pausing, I savored the glove-like fit that surrounded me, not moving at all until he whimpered and rocked his hips.

"I've got you, Hudson." As I pulled back, I groaned. "You're so tight."

"You're so big," he moaned. "And you feel so good."

Taking that as my cue, I sped up my movements, driving deep each time and retreating until only the very head remained inside before doing it again. He was hardening as well, and I took his hand and closed it around his shaft, ordering him to make himself come. "I won't until you do," I insisted.

“I don’t know if I can. I just did...” But he did as I said, and his jerking was having effect. He was completely hard again now, and his moans were continuous. I held out, not moving fast until he let out a cry and the first spurts splashed down on his belly. Then I let myself go, thrusting as deep as possible and pulling out only halfway, cupping his bottom and holding it off the bed to get a better angle. “Oh, Bridger!”

I came, too, filling the condom with my hot juices, wishing we could do this bareback, but it was too soon. And even with a condom, he was the best I ever had.

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Chapter Nine

Hudson

I hadn't wanted my night with Bridger to end, and when he agreed to spend the night, holding me in his arms, it had been everything. If only I hadn't had the opening shift this morning.

My watch vibrated against my wrist, waking me up. It wasn't even the butt crack of dawn yet, and I needed to extract myself from his arms and try and get ready without waking him. He looked so peaceful and sweet sleeping there. And really, with the orgasms he gave me last night, he deserved to sleep in.

I somehow managed to get out of bed and into the main part of the apartment without waking him. The bathroom didn't abut the bedroom, and many nights that pissed me off when it was cold and I had to pee. But, this morning, I was grateful. It meant I had a chance at not waking sweet Bridger.

My hot shower woke me up enough to focus on what needed doing this morning. I was managing the shift, not something I did often and, if I didn't run through the list in my head before I left, I would find myself frazzled before I even let the first employee in. At least that had been the case so far.

Itoweled off the best I could, forgoing the hair dryer so as to not make too much noise. Thankfully, my uniform was still in the dryer, and I didn't need to go back in and disturb him. I made almost a game of it getting ready without noise. I had to smile at that. Bridger was a daddy, and I was playing games.

And true, they weren't the same thing at all. Not even close. But still...it amused me.

Once I had my clothes on, I tried to figure out something to grab for breakfast. I needed to do some serious grocery shopping, and the options were extremely limited. I ended up having some crackers with jelly and a banana. Hardly the breakfast of champions, but it would have to do.

Sitting on the counter was the package that came yesterday. I hadn't opened it yet, but I knew what it was. My paci that I ordered was here. I wasn't even sure why it still sat in the box. Maybe because deep down I was afraid that once I opened it, I would no longer want it, and somehow that would cascade into no longer being a good fit for Bridger. My mind loved to travel down paths like that. They did no one any good, but as much as I tried, I hadn't been able to find a way to avoid the spiral once it came. Good times.

I stared at the box as I ate my crackers. Bridger was here. He was a daddy. Maybe I could be brave, just knowing that, and could open the paci. At least if I did it now, I would be headed off to work instead of having hours alone overthinking it all. That was a plus.

I grabbed the scissors from my knife block. Technically, they were for meat, or at least I assumed that was why they were with the knives, but I always used them for opening everything from the mail to the block of cheese in the fridge. Using the blade, I sliced the tape, opening the flaps.

All that was left was for me to reach in and pull out my purchases. Nothing in the box would bite me. And yet, I held

my hand close to my body as if it would. For some reason, it felt like a huge step.

My gut instinct was to go to Bridger and ask him to stand with me while I did it. But it was butt crack of the morning, and I wasn't cruel.

Inhaling a deep breath through my nose, I closed my eyes and reached inside, feeling around the tissue paper until I touched the box within the box. I grabbed it, pulled it out, and set it on the counter, all without opening my eyes.

You can do this Hudson. It's just something to try. If you hate it, into the trash bin it goes. But if you love it...this could be a whole new world for you, one that could possibly include a Daddy Bridger.

Gods that would be nice.

Slowly, I cracked my eyes open. The box had the same cartoon dog on it that as the paci I ordered. It was all matchy matchy. Reaching over, I pulled the lid off, and inside was the plastic paci container. Every time I got brave enough to open one thing, another appeared.

"The nesting dolls of pacis," I teased in a whisper.

I found the little latch and opened it up to see the paci staring at me. It was bejeweled and fun, not scary at all. I still didn't know if I was going to like using it, but I liked it, and calm happiness filled me, knowing that it was mine.

I wanted to run and tell Bridger all about it. Instead, I found a scrap piece of paper and wrote him a note.

I'm sorry I had to leave. I have the opening shift today. I hope you slept well. I'd have left you breakfast, but I'm like

Mother Hubbard right now. Next time I'll make sure to have enough stocked. There will be a next time, right?

Speaking of next time, I ordered this. I don't know if I will like it, but I'd love to try it, possibly when I'm with you. No pressure. I know you aren't my daddy. But it was a thought.

Don't feel the need to rush out of here because I'm not here. Help yourself to anything you can find. Thanks for the date.

Hudson.

I read the note over five times. It wasn't a short and sweet morning-after message. No. I wrote the poor guy a novel. For a split second I considered crumpling it up and just tossing it out, but then my watch vibrated again. It was time to go to work, which was good. It saved me from overthinking my letter any longer.

I grabbed the paci shipping box and my keys and out the door I went, shoving the box in the dumpster on my way to my car.

I arrived at work with enough time to get all the lights on and the alarms off before the rest of the shift arrived. The nice things about the opening shift was that you were all go go go, and time flew by. It was much better than slow days of waiting for customers who weren't going to come, that was for sure.

Today I was doubly happy about time flying. I wanted to talk to Bridger and see if he was fine with the note I left, and I couldn't do that until my nine o'clock break. We weren't even allowed to have our cell phones on during our shifts. For night shifts, we broke that rule pretty much always, and no one

cared, but mornings? They were the money makers, and breaking rules wasn't something we dared do.

I sent people for their breaks one at a time, and finally it was my turn. I headed straight out the back door and into the fresh air while my phone rebooted. When it did, the notifications exploded. I tried not to get too excited about that because it could easily be top news articles, spam messages, and social media posts for all I knew.

Thank goodness, it wasn't. It was Bridger and he not only sent me a message, he sent a voice message. I was going to get to hear his sexiness this morning after all.

I tapped the screen, and his voice filled the air.

“Thank you for your sweet note and the extra sleep, my boy. I had a wonderful night with you and look forward to more like it and possibly some where we play. I saw the new present you bought yourself, and I would love to be the one to share your first time using it with you, but if you would prefer that be a private thing, I understand.”

Bridger was being accepting, not pushy. Because of course he was. He was a daddy.

“I just got home, and Jo-Jo had a great night, but I think next time I should bring him with me. He keeps smelling me and then looking toward the door. I think he's looking for you. I don't blame him.”

The dog barked in the background.

“I'll let you go. I hope you are having a great day, and I promise not to be too harsh on you when we discuss your Mother Hubbard impersonation. Bye, my boy.”

It was the sweetest morning-after message I'd ever received, and I made sure it saved, instead of deleting them like I usually did.

“He was probably kidding about the lecture on my lack of food,” I lied to myself. “Yeah, that’s it.”

I shot him back a quick text to let him know I got his message during my break and loved it, and then I went back to work, my steps a bit lighter and my smile a bit brighter.

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Chapter Ten

Bridger

It was a shame that Hudson had to leave so early, but I understood. We both had work obligations, and a server did not work nine to five, Monday through Friday like someone in an office. Like me. Oh, I worked longer hours than that sometimes, and of course I had my design business on the side, but basically, my work-work schedule was just like every other commuter. Morning to dinnertime, weekdays.

Hudson seemed to have a particularly varied schedule, going in some mornings before dawn and other days working the evening shift, but if he was okay with it, that was up to him. And of course he might not have a whole lot of choice.

Our first night together was magical, and afterward I got a special surprise from my sweet boy. We hadn't talked about the elephant in the room the whole night, and while our time together was about as amazing as I could ever ask for, we'd have to address it soon.

A daddy was who I was, and while the many permutations and the specifics of the daddy/little relationship could be varied to suit us both, it wasn't going to go away. But that didn't mean I didn't enjoy nights like we had, our date night together was better than good, so much better. I nearly missed the plastic container on the counter, but when my gaze lit on it, my heart lifted. I read the accompanying note and shook my head. While I'd been worried the daddy side of things might be too much for him, my good boy had been buying himself a

pacifier to try. A sparkly one at that. I knew full well that all of this was all new to him, and I wanted to make sure he knew just how proud I was of him.

But Jo-Jo would be waiting for me, and I suspected Hudson would be very busy with the breakfast rush, so I waited until I got home before I called him. I still got voice mail, which didn't surprise me, but I left a message. And a bit later I got a text back. I could get used to spending time with this sweet boy.

I went about my day, running errands, taking Jo-Jo on a long walk, all the usual things, but everything felt a little lighter and brighter somehow. It was time to suggest a next step, so we could try yet another kind of date.

A play date this time.

A tiptoe into the daddy/little dynamic, no need for a deep dive. Hudson was experimenting, seeing where his comfort level lay, and I appreciated that more than he probably understood at this point.

When Jo-Jo and I got back from our trek, I glanced at the clock. It was early afternoon, and Hudson should be off work, so I took a chance and called him up.

"Hiya." His cheerful voice lifted my spirits even more. "I was just thinking of you."

"I was thinking of you, too." Had been since I woke up. "I wondered if you'd like to come over to my house this time for a playdate." I let it lie there, let him decide what he wanted to ask.

“I’m glad to come see you, but I’m not sure what a playdate is exactly.”

“It’s anything we want it to be. I can bring out a little more of my daddy side for you to see, and we can just have a fun evening together. You can bring your paci if you like.”

“All right, when?”

We set up a time a little later in the week. An evening when he didn’t have the early shift the next day. And I took a deep breath and made plans to have the sweetest boy over to play.

By the time the knock came on the door, I’d gotten everything read for what I hoped would be a really fun time for both of us. I had dino nuggies in the oven, mac’n’cheese on the stove, and something a little different for dessert, Jell-O cut-outs, blue raspberry flavored. Shaped like dogs. Kind of reminded me of the cartoon dog he liked and was even the same color. I also had broccoli “trees” and ranch for dipping.

I was as excited as I could remember being. Seemed like every time I saw Hudson made me feel this way. And when I opened the door and saw him standing there, wearing jeans and a zipped up jacket, my gladness amped up by another hundred percent. I opened my arms and he walked into them, hugging me back and tipping his face up for a kiss. I was more than happy to give him one, but when the kiss ended, I stepped

back and let Jo-Jo say hello to our guest. I was surprised he'd been so patient.

"He's such a good boy," Hudson crooned, rubbing his ears. "Thanks for having me over, Jo-Jo."

"If his tail wags any harder, it's going to snap off." I chuckled at the two of them hitting it off so well. "Can I take your jacket?"

"All right." He unzipped and took it off then handed it to me. I hung it in the front hall closet then turned back to face him. He gave me a little smile, and pointed to the adorable yellow duck embossed on his T-shirt, right in the middle of his chest. "Do you think it's like your crochet one?"

"I think it's better because it's on such a sweet boy." And because he was so clearly enjoying wearing it. "Are you hungry?"

"I am."

"Then let's have dinner." I led him toward the kitchen where I had everything ready. "I might have a surprise for you."

"You do?" He followed, steps light and bouncy. "What is it?"

"I can't tell you or it would ruin the surprise, but come in and see." I stepped to the side and let him precede me into the kitchen.

"Oh!" Hudson's voice held everything I could hope for. "Look at the dishes!" He rushed over to the table and picked up a plate featuring a certain cartoon dog. "I didn't even know there were plates with him on it. Where did you find them?"

“I have my secrets.” Only the biggest retailer on the planet, where I’d found so many things with this dog that I could gift him with. Opening the oven, I withdrew the tray of dinos. “I thought we’d have fun food tonight. Do you like nuggets?”

“Yes, I do.” He plopped down at the table, relaxed and smiling. “They are one of my guilty pleasures.”

“No need for guilt. I also made mac’n’cheese and broccoli ‘trees.’” I served us both a bit of everything then went to the refrigerator. “Do you want water or milk or I have some apple juice?”

“I think juice is good with nuggies.” He sat with his hands folded in his lap. I loved how they morphed from nuggets to nuggies. It made daddy smile. “Yes, juice please.”

I picked up a glass and a sippy cup from the counter and held them up. “What kind of cup?” This was a big step and had he not shown me his paci, I wouldn’t have offered it so soon. But he had and I took it as a sign he was ready.

“I’ll try the sippy.” He said it so seriously.

“You know you don’t have to if you aren’t comfortable.” I moved to sit at the table, holding the juice and both vessels. I never wanted him to feel pressured about that. We would be having a conversation later about letting near strangers stay in your place while you were gone and for that I was going to be pushy, but that was safety and this was a cup.

“I want to.” He reached for the cup. “I think I’d like to.”

“Thank you for telling me how you feel.” I filled the cup and fitted the lid on it. “Here you go.”

We were beginning to eat when I noticed him with a broccoli spear in his hand. “Is there something else you want?”

“I really like ranch with these, and with nuggets too. If you have it...”

“I forgot to put it out. I’m glad you reminded me.” I hopped up and got the jar from the refrigerator and returned to put it on the table. “I hope you’ll always tell me what you need.”

He poured a puddle of the dressing on his plate and polished off everything, using the sippy cup like a pro. “That was so good.”

“I do have dessert if you like.”

“Maybe a little bit?” But when I showed him the blue Jell-O cut-outs, he had more than a little bit.

Our evening was fun and easy and natural. We went from dinner to the living room where I’d set out some toys, different kinds so he could see if he wanted to play with any of them. He gravitated right to some little fantasy creature figures, and we spent about an hour staging a scene where the figures interacted together. “And then the little dragon jumps on the big one and they fly awayyy,” I said, making them do just that.

Hudson doubled up in glee, chortling and holding his side. “Oh Daddy, that’s so funny...”

He looked startled, but I dropped the dragons and caught him up in a big hug. “My sweet boy, I’m happy to be funny if it makes you laugh like that.

Chapter Eleven

Hudson

“You are glowing.” Sarah looked at me skeptically. “Why does it feel like there is something you’re not telling me?”

Because there was. Bridger represented a broken work rule, one our boss wasn’t going to forgive. Sure if enough time passed and everything was still working to the store’s advantage, maybe then I could be out in the open. But, for now, I needed this job, and it wasn’t worth the risk.

“I get off work in an hour.” I left off the part where I was going to Daddy’s place.

We’d been dating for almost a month and, in my mind, I called him Daddy more often than not now. The first time it slipped out, it had been an accident, and I almost tried to take it back. It felt so good, though, and I couldn’t bear to do it. Thankfully, Daddy didn’t mind the name at all. In fact, he’d told me on numerous times how much it made his heart happy to hear the name from my lips.

“Just tell me I don’t want me to know.” She rolled her eyes. “Because at least that is the truth.”

She had a point. “I have a date today, and I am looking forward to it is all. It is new, and I’m not ready to talk about who it is yet, but I promise you that when I am, you will be the first to know. I just don’t want to jinx it.” *It* being my job, not the relationship, but she didn’t need to know that.

“Please do. This place is my only gossip center now that the baby is here. Mama gotta live vicariously.”

The last hour of my shift dragged on forever. Forever and a day, even. And when it came I had two choices: go to my place, take a shower and then go to Daddy’s, or just head over and let him deal with the coffee-scented me. I opted for the latter, not wanting to miss any time with him.

Jo-Jo was looking out the window as I pulled up, and the shadow of her tail wagging looked more like something you’d see in a horror movie than something out of real life. It amused me to no end. Jo-Jo was the sweetest thing ever, but that tail. That tail could be a weapon.

Daddy had the door open as I walked up the step. I loved that he didn’t play games with me. I mean, he played games like Candyland, but not relationship games. He was happy to see me, and he let me know.

If he missed me, he sent a text. If he was disappointed I did something he saw as dangerous, like letting him stay at my house when I went to work that first time, he was sure to tell me in detail. When he thought I looked good enough to lick from head to toe, I was made well aware. I enjoyed not having the guesswork of *what is he thinking* in our relationship. It made it easier to be myself.

I was still working on returning the openness and had gotten much better at it. But it was not easy for me. Daddy was always sure to praise me when I did, and I crossed my fingers that today that praise would include my dick in his mouth. But we would see.

He opened his arms wide, and I stepped into them, loving the way it felt being enveloped in his embrace. “I missed you, Daddy.”

“I see that.” He kissed my head, and I looked up at him in confusion. “You’re wearing your uniform my sweet boy.”

“I didn’t want to miss time with you.”

“Maybe we should make a space for you to leave some clothes here.” He stepped into the house as if he hadn’t just offered me something huge.

Jo-Jo was right there, demanding pets the second I stepped into the house. Of course, I complied.

“About the clothing, Daddy...” One of the things I’d been trying to be brave enough to ask him about was getting more little things, clothing and training pants specifically.

“No pressure. It was just an idea.”

Great, and now he thought I was rejecting his desire to take the next step.

“Oh no, Daddy. I would love to have a place for clothing here. I hate smelling like work, but I was too impatient to take the time to grab a shower.”

That had a smile on his face.

“I’m glad both that you want to take me up on the offer and that you trust me enough to see you at your stinkiest.”

“Stinkiest? Do I smell that bad?” I sniffed my shirt. Suck. I did. “Sorry. Maybe I can grab a quick shower?”

“Or...”

“Or?” Did he want me all gross and yuck? No. That didn’t make sense.

“Or Daddy could give you tubby time.” He let the words sit in the air as I thought about what he said.

“Like a sexy tubby time with you, or like a little tubby time with toys?” I was up for either, but I wasn’t sure what he was asking. This would be a first for us.

“Whichever my sweet boy prefers.” The ball was firmly in my court.

“I should’ve brought one of my duckies,” I teased and stepped over to Daddy to kiss his cheek. “Tubbies can be fun without toys though, right?”

“They can be, but there are toys.”

I took off, running to the bathroom to see what those toys were, more excited than I had been in a long time. I ran for nothing, though, Daddy following me a minute later with a blue plastic basket of toys.

“I should’ve waited for you.” I peeked over the rim of the basket to see what was there.

“Patience does tend to lead to prezzies.” He set the basket on the counter. “Now, let’s get you ready for your tubby.”

Daddy set the water temperature, adding bubbles. From there, he helped me get undressed. It wasn’t slow or sexy. He was completing a task, and it brought me back to the discussion we had about big time versus little time and what that meant as far as smexy times.

Daddy had told me little time was for me to not need to think about anything and let Daddy take over. He also said that his preference was to not combine the two with one exception. If I had a “pesky erection” that was distracting me, he would gladly help with it, but the orgasms would be one-sided. At the time, I didn’t fully understand what he meant, but now that we had been exploring both sides of our relationship, I was beginning to understand, and I appreciated the boundaries.

“I’m going to put these clothe in the wash and, while I do, you can take care of bathroom business, but no touching the toys or getting in the water.”

I nodded, and he went out. I did take care of the bathroom part of the business, but he wasn’t back when I was done, and I couldn’t help but want to see all the toys. I was a good boy though. I kept my hands on my shoulders and only looked with my eyes.

There were rubber duckies, including some from kids’ meals toys. Daddy didn’t even like the restaurant they came from, but there they were, unmistakably the same. He went there just for me. There were also some boats, a funnel, and some bath crayons. They didn’t hold my focus though. That was reserved for the ducks.

“I see you are being a good boy.” Daddy kissed my cheek, the softest, fluffiest blue towel I ever did see in his hands.

“It was hard.” As was I, but not to the point of pesky and needing Daddy’s help. Just hard enough to give me that tingly feeling throughout my body. “But I remembered how Mrs. Adkins used to have us put our hands on our shoulders if she didn’t want us to touch anything on our desks, and it worked. I

didn't even touch the bunny duckie." It was the only one in the collection I'd been unable to get, and I was itching to put my hands on it.

"I was wondering if you would see that I found it for you." He took it out and handed it to me. "Someone had the entire collection online, and the second I saw it, I knew my boy needed it."

"Thank you, Daddy." I hugged it close. "I wanted it so badly, but they sold out too fast."

"And now you have it." He held his hand out for me. "Let me help you into the tub."

The water was perfect and I enjoyed sinking into it, the bubbles raising up as my body sunk in. Daddy helped me clean up from my workday, and then the two of us played. It was both fun and relaxing, and not once did I feel any sense of discomfort. If we had done this even a week ago, I wasn't sure I'd have been ready, but today I was, and I loved every second of it.

"Daddy has a surprise for his wrinkly-fingered and toed boy."

I glanced down and my fingers and, sure enough, I'd been in the water too long.

Bridger got up and opened the fluffy towel, only it was more than a towel. It had a hood. It was an adult hoodie towel.

"I love it," I squeed and started to get up until he gave me a curt shake of his head. I immediately settled back down.

"Daddies help their boys out of the tub so they don't slip," he explained.

“Sorry, Daddy.”

“You didn’t know, my sweet boy and, now that you do, I am sure you will obey. You are my very good boy.” He helped me out and dried me off, but I barely focused on what he was doing, his words of praise echoing in my head and distracting me in one of the best possible ways.

He led me to the bedroom where one of his T-shirts and a pair of his sweats were laid out on the bed.

“I hope these fit. I don’t have any other clothing here for you,” he explained, and I used that as my opportunity to ask him what I’d been thinking about for the past few days.

“They are big, Daddy. Sometimes I want to stay little, and I thought maybe you could help me buy some little clothes?”

His face radiated joy. “I won’t do that, but I will buy you little clothes. That’s what daddies do. Why don’t you climb into bed, and I’ll grab my computer. We can pick them out together.”

We spent the next couple of hours visiting websites I didn’t know existed and finding clothing for me. In my head, I was going to pick out an outfit, maybe two, but Daddy was in full spoil-me mode and I let him do it. Who was I kidding? I loved it.

During the spree we discussed a lot about things I liked and didn’t like and in the end, he purchased a few adorable onesies, some short shorts, a tu-tu, feetie jams, a pair of cartoon dog undies, a pair of training pants with the same character, a cloth diaper because curiosity got to me, a bottle, and some various other things including knee-high socks. I

couldn't wait for them to come in so I could be little for my daddy.

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Chapter Twelve

Bridger

I'd never been prouder than that first night when I took Hudson to Chained. Not proud of myself for having someone so adorable to show off. No, not that at all. But as he sat there on the floor in his onesie coloring with one of the other littles, I was proud of him for being willing to try new things — for asking to come and be around others when he'd just now begun to express feelings he'd never admitted before.

We were growing closer and closer, whether in daddy/little mode or having dinner and talking about our day. Some couples were into a 24/7 thing, and some littles had a daddy in addition to whoever they had a more standard relationship with, but we'd naturally filled all those roles with one another.

I never entirely turned off being a daddy, of course. Who a person is doesn't just disappear into the mists when the one they care about isn't wearing a onesie or eating dino nuggies. My brand of daddy involved being a caregiver to my little. It fulfilled me to see him doing well. That's why I didn't serve nuggets and mac'n'cheese without a healthy side as well. When he wasn't with me, I checked in to see how his day was going and whether he had lunch—something you'd never think a person who worked in a restaurant would miss, but I'd learned happened all too often on busy days.

Chained was a special place for me, a haven where I could be myself in a way that was possible nowhere else outside my

own home. So bringing my boy here held more importance than he probably knew. In any relationship, having your significant other meet your friends was a bit nerve racking, of course. And, to be fair, he'd met quite a few of them in his role as server at our munches, but he had to be professional at work, and he did it well.

Trace and Chance would be here as well. They were both meeting up with littles they'd played with a few times, nothing serious, but they were meeting them in the conversation pit, so a casual way for Hudson to mingle if he wanted to.

I was going with a little who was only just discovering himself, and who wanted to see what was there and also was enjoying spending time with me.

We had happened upon one of the many special nights here at the club, which meant it was even more crowded than usual, and I was glad I'd called ahead to reserve a changing room. He was very excited to try out "the whole experience," and although I'd answered the questions he posed to me, until he got there himself, he couldn't know what it was like.

And whether he'd like it or not.

He'd already told me he wasn't interested in most aspects of BDSM he'd looked at online—and overheard a few people talking about at the munches while he waited tables. But that was perfectly fine with me. I could appreciate others' kinks without wanting to participate. And I hoped that would be the same for him since just as I was free to be me, and Hudson was free to be himself, so was everyone else and a lot of that took place right out in the open.

The larger, fancier changing rooms had all been booked, but the one we got was nice. They were all nice. “Another time we can get one of the bigger ones,” I told him as we entered the room.

“I didn’t expect to have to leave my phone at the front desk,” he said. “Is that always the way?”

“It is. Remember when I had you fill out the downloaded forms?”

“To save time, yes.” He nodded. “Was it on there?”

It was. In kind of big letters. But I didn’t want him to feel badly for missing it. “In the privacy section. People who come here are vetted pretty well, but it’s easy for an ‘innocent’ picture of a group of friends to submarine someone else’s privacy.”

“I see. Makes perfect sense. If I was worried about someone taking a photo of me, I’d feel much less relaxed.”

He felt relaxed. I loved hearing that so much. “Exactly. Now, what do you want to wear?” I opened the bag and laid out the outfits we’d brought.

Hudson considered them. “It’s hard to pick.”

“If you like, you can just stay as you are,” I reminded him. “We have the use of the room for the whole evening, so if you change your mind later, we can always come back for a different option.”

“Or if I do wear the onesie or the shorts now, and if I chicken out, I can come back and put on my jeans and button down again.”

“Yes, but it’s not chickening out.” I offered him a reassuring but stern smile. “Your comfort is the most important thing, and letting me know when you aren’t comfortable is important. Not everyone is ready to leap in with both feet in a new situation. If we do nothing more than spend the evening in a conversation area with friends of mine who you’ve seen before at the restaurant, and maybe other friends, that’s fine. I do that a lot. This isn’t a test, it’s just a fun evening out together.”

I stressed the fun because I wanted that for him. It was a brand new situation. With lots to take in.

“That would be all right?” he asked, moving closer to me.

I enfolded him in my arms and held him tight. “More than all right. We’re here to enjoy ourselves, and only we can define what that means for us.”

“And I can come back at any time and put my jeans on again if I feel uncomfortable?”

“Anytime. In fact, I think we should have a signal in case you feel like you need a break or want to step away for any reason.”

“Usually, I know I can call you on the phone anytime, but not tonight.”

“Right.” I waited for him to go on, wanting him to come up with a signal he liked and felt comfortable with.

“I read that people who are doing...other things...have safe words like red, yellow, and green?”

“They do, but everyone is different, and if it’s a busy night, it can be a little noisy even in the conversation area.

How about if we have a hand sign?”

“Like this?” He held up two fingers in a peace sign. “If I feel like I want to come back here?”

It was appropriate. “For any reason. If you want to change clothes, or just have a little peace, like the sign shows, or even tell me you’re ready to go home.”

He let out a whoosh of breath. “I didn’t want you to think I was afraid.”

“Anything but. You are trying new things every day, and you make your daddy so proud.” I pressed my lips to the top of his head. “Daddy’s brave boy.”

He wrapped his arms around my waist. “I try to be. Usually, I don’t feel very brave, but somehow with you, with my daddy, it comes a lot easier.”

We stood there hugging for a few minutes before he eased his hold on me and stepped back. “You know, this changing room is pretty amazing. And you said it’s one of the small ones?”

“The ones with themes are a bit bigger and less neutrally furnished.” Ours was furnished with two comfortable chairs, a low table, and an armoire for storing your things when you were in the club. A mini fridge stocked with bottled water. The door was keyed to a temporary passcode that only the evening’s users would know.

“I hope I can see one soon. Are there some that are for daddies and their boys?” In that moment, his expression changed to one I recognized already. “Special for us?”

“For us and some of our friends. Now, ready to change?”

He pushed his chest out, and I took his cue and unbuttoned his shirt then slid it off over his shoulders. He pointed to the things he wanted to wear, and I dressed him in the cartoon dog tee, training pants, knee socks, and I was just about to pull up his shorts when I tsked. “I think we have a pesky situation here.”

“We do?” He looked down, craning his neck to see past me. “My shorts are going to be too tight.”

“Yes, they are. Did you want me to help with that?”

He nodded hard, up and down. “Please, Daddy? I want my new shorts to fit right.”

I lowered them again and took off the training pants. “I see the problem. It’s pesky for sure.”

“Fix it, Daddy,” he whimpered, rocking his hips forward. “I want to play.”

“Did you want me to rub it?” I closed my fist around his stiffy, giving a squeeze. “Or kiss it and make it all better?”

“Kiss it please.” He patted the top of my head with his palms. “It aches, Daddy.”

I was only too happy to help. “Can’t have my brave boy aching.” I licked the droplet of precum away from his head before closing my mouth over it and sucking gently. A shiver ran over Hudson, and he dug his fingers into my hair, clinging, knees wobbling a little. I guided him back to sit in one of the chairs and knelt between his legs, sucking and licking the whole time.

“Yes, Daddy, that feels so good.”

I intensified my efforts to “kiss it better,” and it didn’t take long before he spurted the first hot, salty stream of cum into my mouth. I swallowed every drop before standing up and smiling down at him. “All better?”

He beamed up, eyes hazy with passion. “Mmm hmmm. I think my shorts will fit now, Daddy. Thank you.”

“I’m always ready to help my sweet boy.” Sitting on the arm of the chair, I stroked his hair. “Want to rest a few minutes before we go in?”

“No, I want to go now.” He glanced down at his lap. “Before you have to un-pesky me again.”

Chuckling, I held out a hand to help him to his feet and pulled him in for a hug. “Daddy will fix it every time for you, but I’m ready to go in as well. Our friends will be glad to see us.”

“Will they be my friends too, Daddy?”

“Oh, yes. They will be both our friends now.”

When he was all dressed and looking even more adorable than usual, I took his hand and led him to the conversation pit my friends would have tried to stake out and, even as busy as it was, they’d been successful. The area had a good view of a lot of the main floor of Chained, and Hudson’s eyes went wide at the sight. A lot of the things he’d read about were happening in plain view on various apparatus like a St. Andrew’s cross and spanking benches, a spiderweb and so many other things. I wondered if I should have picked a less busy night for a first visit, but, to my pleasure, as soon as I introduced my boy to

Chance and Trace and their littles for the evening, Hudson asked, “Daddy, can I color?”

The other littles sat on the floor by the low table, doing just that, and I nodded. “Go ahead, my sweet boy. Have fun.”

He plopped down and picked up a big blue triangular crayon. “This is my favorite color.”

“I like red,” Andy, one of the littles told him. “But these are the best crayons. They don’t roll off the table.”

Chance cleared his throat and I looked down at him. “Sit down, Daddy. I think your little is going to be just fine.”

I laughed and sat on the sofa with the other daddies. “I think you’re right.”

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Chapter Thirteen

Hudson

Chained was nothing like what I expected it to be. I'd watched enough "classes" on the internet that took place in clubs like this, only they were absolutely not at all like it. And maybe it was simply because they were showing off for the camera, but the entire feel I got from them was all sex and power. Sure, there was some of that here, too, but there was also friendship, being with others who didn't judge your taste because theirs was similar, and a sense of community unlike any I had experienced before. There was a bit of that at the munches, but even there, people had to hold back who they really were. Here, there was none of that. Everyone I met so far came across as real. Of course, I'd only met a handful of people, but still, the vibe was good.

I'd been so nervous coming in, worried I wouldn't be good enough for Daddy in this setting. What if I couldn't get into the little headspace and ended up awkward and uncomfortable? What if I wanted to turn around and go home? What if I broke some rule and another daddy or dom got pissed at me? So many what ifs and for nothing.

Daddy reassured me that I was the one in control and that anything that made me uncomfortable in a bad way, I could stop with the flash of two fingers. And more than that, he would be happy that I did so, as opposed to being upset if I kept those feelings all in. That paired with the understanding that phones and smart watches didn't exist in this space had

me bolstering the courage to give him the signal, the one that said I wanted a break.

Only as I started to raise my hand, something clicked. I had the signal, sure. It was great to know that no matter what I could get out of an uncomfortable situation with ease and without drawing too much attention to that matter. But, in this situation, I didn't need it. Or at least I didn't think I did. Only time would tell.

I set down my crayons. "I need to go ask Daddy a question," I told my new friends... or rather potential friends. It was still too soon to tell, but we were having fun, so that was something.

"Daddies are the best," Andy said and I agreed before climbing up onto the seat next to Daddy.

"Can we go back to the room, Daddy? I want my twirly." My tu-tu had finally come, and it matched the colors of my favorite dog. I wasn't into skirts, really, but I loved to twirl, and the second I saw it on the screen, I knew I had to have it. Thankfully, at the time, Daddy agreed.

He reached up and held my cheek. "Oh, my sweet boy, I didn't bring it."

"I did." I sat up straighter. "I wanted it but wasn't sure I wanted it, so I put it in the side pocket, just in case. My duckie is there, too."

"We'd best go get it." He stood up and held his hand out for me, and I grabbed onto it.

The walk back to the room required a lot of weaving through people. Daddy said it wasn't usually this crowded.

Where we sat it didn't feel that bad, but, as we worked our way through the club, I could really feel it.

"Come on in, my sweet boy." Daddy opened the door to the changing room. "Show me where you put your new twirly."

I walked over to the bag and fished both it and my duckie out. "Are you mad I hid it?" I held the skirt out to him. "I didn't think of that when I did it, just that I wanted it in case I felt like trying it."

"No, Hudson. Daddy's not mad or upset or any other bad feeling." He took it from me and knelt on the floor, looking up at me. "I'm happy you asked me and even used your words. You didn't have to, but you were open and brave and did."

He tapped one of my feet, and I picked it up, putting it down when he tapped it a second time. He did the same to the other one and then started to rise, bringing the skirt with him and settling it around the waist. "Do you want your shorts on or off?"

That was something I hadn't considered. "I don't know."

"Then let's leave them on." He pressed a sweet kiss to my lips. "Did you want to show Daddy how you twirl?"

I took a huge step back and twirled and twirled until I was dizzy. It was the best.

"You looked like you were having fun." He brushed some hair from my brow.

"I was. And when I twirl really fast it gives me that feeling in the middle, the one I get right before I know you're going to kiss me."

Daddy took a big step closer to me and cupped my cheek. “Do you feel it now?” He leaned in a tiny bit. “How about now?”

I nodded.

“Then I bet you feel it now?” He closed the distance between us and kissed me hard, the kind of kiss that left no room to doubt I was cared for, desired, even loved. And when our kiss broke, the dizziness I felt from twirling had nothing compared to the way he’d just made me feel.

I clutched my little duckie in one hand and Daddy’s hand in the other, and we wove our way back to my friends.

To my surprise and joy, my new friends wanted to twirl with me, too. We twirled and twirled and twirled until we were so dizzy we tumbled to the floor dizzy. And when we were done with that, we began all over again and again and again, until my daddy suggested we not make our tummies sick.

The other littles needed to leave before I did and, at the end of the evening, it was just Daddy and I snuggling together. Part of me didn’t want to go home. That part was not in my pants.

“Take me home, Daddy. To your home. I want to sleep in your arms.” This telling him what I wanted and needed was getting easier by the day. Daddy made it easy. He didn’t want me to be someone else. He liked me just the way I was.

I looked back to when I was walking around sporting a huge crush on the man, crossing my fingers he wouldn’t miss a munch, so I could see him even if only for the evening. Back

then, I'd been afraid I was too vanilla for him—too plain. How silly I'd been.

Sure Daddy was a daddy, but if we explored me being little and I didn't like it, I had a feeling it wouldn't be a deal breaker. He'd told me numerous times that being a daddy was who he was, but how that looked could vary, and I believed him 1000 percent.

When I didn't like my paci, not for a single second did I feel unsafe to tell him. Instead he praised me for trying something new and being honest with both him and myself about it. In a way I did love it, but not to use. I loved all that it had grown to represent.

We went back to the changing room and quickly changed. It was still technically early for going home, and that was good. It meant the parking lot was easy to maneuver and the drive home.

Of course, it wasn't my home. It was Bridger's, but I had moved some of my clothes there and, once I did, things had changed. I no longer felt like a guest. I loved it so much.

“Do we need to stop along the way to get anything?” Daddy asked. “Maybe a snack or something special for breakfast?”

“Ohhh, can we go out for breakfast?” Neither of us had to work the next day, and breakfast out tasted better. It was facts.

“Absolutely.” He gave my thigh a squeeze. “Where would you like to go?”

“Some place with fancy pancakes where you can get bananas in them or apples or chocolate chips.” There was a

place where I grew up that did that, and it was always a treat.

“I know just the place.” He flicked the blinker and turned into his neighborhood. “I know just the place.”

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Chapter Fourteen

Bridger

“Do you want to spend the night?” I asked after dinner on night. We’d gotten takeout Chinese, which we both loved, and had watched a documentary about sheep in Scotland which Hudson had thought was perfect for me as a yarn guy. In fact, it hadn’t been about that so much as the unique breeds that seemed to thrive only in the Highlands. Not about yarn—which wasn’t a big deal to me really—but interesting with gorgeous scenery nonetheless.

“I think so,” he said. “It’s kind of late, and I don’t have the early shift tomorrow.”

“We can sleep in, then.” I stuffed empty containers in the bag it all came in. “That will be nice for a change.” Usually at least one of us had to get up on a schedule for work. “I need to take Jo-Jo out before we settle in.” He had the yard, of course, but a dog likes to get out and about from time to time, and that time was every evening after dinner.

“I’m in.” He always was because not only were they buddies but why wouldn’t we enjoy an evening stroll together? “Then I think I’d like to take a shower and get comfortable.” Comfortable usually meant our pj’s, and there was something so homey and cozy about sitting around for a while in them before we turned in. We ended up sleeping skin to skin almost every night we spent together, but before they came off, our pajamas served us well..

“Sounds like a good plan. I’ll do the same.” I carried the trash to the bin under the sink and deposited it while Hudson wiped down the coffee table. “And then...another movie before we turn in? Maybe something less educational?”

“All right.” He laid the towel down to dry on the edge of the sink. “Sure.”

“Or we could get to bed early.”

He shrugged. “I could probably use some extra sleep. You’re always watching out for me, Daddy.”

This time I had an ulterior motive. He’d get sleep...but I had other plans first. “I think we should save water, though.” I watched his face, waiting for him to catch on to what I was suggesting. In our Daddy/little roles we were very straightforward communicators. In fact, we were most of the time, but every once in a while it was fun to flirt. “I hear there could be a drought.”

“Oh, then we have to do our part. As good citizens.” A grin tickled the edges of his lips.”

“I thought you’d feel that way. Now, where is the leash?”

Poor Jo-Jo probably felt rushed that night, but he loved us enough to put up with a quicker-than-usual walk. And as soon as we got back, I refilled the pup’s water bowl and we left him having a cool drink while we headed for the master bath.

My house wasn’t super fancy; most of its amenities were barely that, but when I’d toured the place and seen the bathroom, I’d made an offer. Not only did it offer a big, deep tub where Hudson loved to play with his growing flock of rubber duckies. When I’d been working on my crocheted

duck, I had no idea how many kinds of them there were, but since I'd been with Hudson I'd made it a personal challenge to find new and unique versions to add to his flock. Or, as he informed me a group of swimming ducks was called, a "raft."

The shower was an entirely separate part of the bathroom, what the Realtor called "doorless," but was in fact open to the room on two sides. I still didn't understand how it worked as well as it did, its magical properties beyond my minimal plumbing abilities. All I knew was that it did, and it when Hudson and I walked in there naked, we had all the room in the world to get clean or get up to shenanigans together.

And tonight it was all about shenanigans, I hoped. The multiple showerheads sprayed us with warm water, and we came together in a warm embrace. "I've had such a nice evening with you, Hudson," I told him, reaching for the soap. "I don't ever want to forget to thank you for that."

He turned and offered me his back. "I feel the same. Even when work is running me ragged, if I know I'll see you later, it makes it all just a little bit easier."

I worked up a lather on a bath sponge and ran it over his back and down those sweet round cheeks. "Put your feet apart, Hudson. I need to make sure you're clean everywhere."

He complied, and I continued down his legs and to his feet then back up again, reaching around to soap up his abdomen and chest. So far I'd avoided the parts that would amp things up, loving the slow burn between us and wanting to make it last. We had no need to hurry, and I liked being able to spend time just caressing every part of this man who offered me so much trust.

Finally, after I'd lathered him up for at least five minutes, he let out a tiny growl and turned in my arms. Our cocks bumped, and I reached a soapy hand between us and clutched them together in my fist. He gasped.

"Is that what you want, Hudson?" I loved the feel of our two dicks in my hand. Stroking and squeezing, I worked us both at the same time, the foam of the non-irritating soap making us slick and stiff. Hudson clung to my shoulders, his hips thrust forward, the shower spray misting around him.

"Yes, please."

"Because you know you always need to tell me what you want, what you need."

"I want you inside me."

"That's something I can do." I guided him over to the bench, situated right in the middle of the shower. "Bend over and put your hands flat on the bench."

He did it, trembling with need.

"Feet wider apart."

"Yes, I...yes."

Waterproof lube should be in every shower where fun times happen. It was in mine, and I used it liberally on both my cock, after the lather rinsed away, and on Hudson's anal ring. I didn't want to take too long preparing him, because he was already so wobbly, and I didn't know how long he'd be able to stay upright. If necessary, we could go to the bed, but the intensity of the moment wasn't something I wanted to break.

“You all right like that, Hudson?”

“I just...need you, Daddy.”

“Then you have me, sweet boy.” Prodding at his hole, I gripped his hips to help hold him in place and pushed inside. Tight, hot, muscles gripping me. Trying to milk my cum right out, but this had to last longer than a few seconds. It was too good to waste. I sank deeper, an inch at a time, shuddering in reaction to what his body was doing to mine. “Hudson, how are you so perfect for me?”

He shivered. “Can I, can I...”

“Grab hold of your cock and jerk yourself.”

He panted. “Thank you.”

“But don’t come until I say.”

“I’ll try.”

“You’ll do it, or there will be repercussions.” I’d never said anything like that before, but judging from his continued shudders and the moans that coordinated with my thrusts into his ass and his arm moving back and forth, it was effective.

And I was not immune to all of that. Sooner than I’d have liked but later than it could have been, my balls went tight, and I said, “Come for me, Hudson,” a half second before I poured my cum into his tight, hot, milking ass.

We managed to remain upright long enough to rinse off before we staggered to the bedroom and crawled into bed. Every time with my boy was new and fresh and special and mind bending. I cradled him close and peppered kisses over his face before kissing his lips. Deep and long and searching.

When I pulled away for breath, I smiled at him. “What did I ever do to deserve you?”

He wriggled against me, the little tease. “Must have been something good.”

“Must have been indeed.” I nibbled his earlobe, loving that even after our session in the shower I could get him to breathe harder. Loving that he was here in my arms. Loving that... “Hudson, I love you.” Loving him.

He inhaled sharply then sighed. “I love you, too, Daddy. You’re the best.”

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Chapter Fifteen

Hudson

It was our five-month anniversary. Not of dating or anything normal like that, but it was five months ago that Bridger first walked into my job, and I wanted to celebrate. I doubted he had any memory whatsoever of that night. They came in, drank their coffee and ate their treats, and when it was time to leave, he packed up and walked out with everyone, not even looking back. To him, it was probably just a night out.

To me? To me, it was the day my world shifted on its axis. The moment I saw Bridger, I was intrigued. Of course I was. The man was hot as sin. But then I saw the way he interacted with others, and it became more than that. My crush began that night and grew and grew until somehow our worlds aligned, and it became love.

Now he was my daddy, my boyfriend, and my bestie. He made each day brighter and each night hotter. There were days I still woke up wondering if it was all real or if it had been simply a dream.

Last night was one of the few that I didn't stay over at Daddy's house. If I had my way, I'd never leave his side, but my work shifts weren't ideal and, when I had to be up when many were just going to sleep, staying at my place felt like the most considerate option.

Only yesterday, sleep evaded me, and I woke up two hours early and made cupcakes. They turned out perfectly, but

now came the time to frost them. I was great at baking, I did it a lot for work, but we didn't do fancy. Muffins, cookies, scones, that kind of thing. Fancy cupcakes or pastries—nothing even close to that.

I tapped on the screen and watched for the third time as the woman whipped up the fluffiest frosting I'd ever seen. Looking in my bowl, you'd never guess that they were the same recipe or that I'd actually watched someone make it before my attempt.

“It is what it is.” I let out a long sigh.

Daddy would like it just because he did. I didn't need to make it perfect. If that was what I thought he needed to feel appreciated, I'd have ordered from the fancy cake place in town, the one that won some television award a few years back.

If I was going to give him a present, it was going to be from my heart and not from my wallet.

“This next part better be as easy as the video.” I grabbed the gallon-size plastic bag and filled it with the frosting, making more of a mess than I thought possible given the large hole I was using.

The cupcakes were arranged in the shape of a rubber ducky. My goal was to make it look like the one Bridger had accidentally-on-purpose lost that one night, the night that changed everything. All of my best effort went into the thing, but, when it was done, nothing about it shouted rubber duckie with the possible exception of the color, and even it was off.

“Oh well, I tried.”

I looked at the clock. Daddy was going to be here in less than an hour, and I still hadn't started dinner. I cleaned up the frosting the best I could and raced to the bathroom for a shower after discovering I'd somehow managed to get frosting in my hair of all places.

Adding the shower into the mix, I had dinner nowhere near ready when there was a knock on my door. Daddy was here. We didn't often hang out at my place, Jo-Jo not here, but tonight I wanted to cook for him for a change.

I raced to the door, not wanting to miss a moment of our time together. I swung it open and there he was, smiling back at me with a present in his hand.

"Happy Anniversary, my sweet boy." He kissed my cheek and handed me the present.

"You remembered." I held it close and then stepped aside for him to come in.

"Ish." He ruffled my hair. "I saw that you wrote it down on a scrap of paper when you were doodling the other day."

I didn't care how he knew, it was that he not only did but also cared enough about it to do something special for me.

"I was trying to figure out what to make you." I'd been wanting to do something, but the what had been a stumbling block. In the end, I'd just opted for dinner in. Was it fancy? Not so much, but it had cake. "Speaking of which, when I show you what I made, pretend you know it's a duck." Better to avoid heartbreak by just letting him know what he was about to experience. No human would look at what I did and

think duckie. Best I didn't put the expectation that he should on him like that.

"I'd love to see your duckie, but first—would you like to open my gift for you?" he asked and I really would.

"Dinner isn't ready yet, and it's a disaster," I confessed.

"Disasters can wait." He led me to the couch where we sat down side by side.

I tore the paper off of the box, trying to guess what was inside. I didn't care what it was, not really. Just that it was from Daddy was enough. But that didn't mean I wasn't curious. I very much was.

Paper off, I still had no clue. It looked more like a box something was shipped in than a gift box, and maybe that was the case. After fighting with some packing tape I managed to get it open, and inside was a set of kids' meal toys, still in the package. Only it wasn't a wrapper I recognized even though the name of the restaurant was one I frequented for their toys.

"They are from Australia," he said, proudly. "They are from a dog cartoon there. It isn't the same as the one you love, but I thought you might enjoy them."

I slammed my lips to his, kissing him hard but swiftly, and then I tore into the packages. I wasn't one of those collectors who wanted them for resale, so there was no need to curb my enthusiasm. None.

After they were unwrapped, I set them on the table one at a time, admiring them from the short distance. They were fabulous. I knew there were different toys around the world, but I never once expected to be able to have some in my

collection. I worked at a coffee shop. International travel wasn't in my future. It didn't need to be, not when I had a daddy like Bridger.

“I love them so much.” I gathered them up and went to my display shelves, giving them a spot of pride front and center.

“My gift to you isn't quite as wow.” I grabbed Daddy by the hand and brought him to the counter where the cupcake cake was. “Remember, it is a duckie.”

“No.” He hugged me from behind. “It's not just a duckie. It's the duck I left for you the night you were brave enough to tell me you wanted to flirt with me.” It hadn't been exactly like that, but he was right. I had. “You even have this part unfinished.” He pointed to a particularly shitty spot of the design.

I rolled in his arms until I faced him. “Yeah, let's go with that, Daddy.” I snuggled into Bridger. “I wanted it to be realistic.” I let out a small chuckle. “Dinner really is a disaster. Maybe I can take you out instead?”

“Or we could start with dessert.” He kissed the top of my head.

“Not sure we should eat all that sugar.” The frosting was almost exclusively sugar and food dye— whipped with butter. Zero health involved.

“I wasn't thinking about that kind of dessert.” He gave my ass a playful pat.

“Oh, dessert for sure, then.” I pressed my lips to his. “Happy anniversary, Daddy.”

“Happy anniversary, Hudson.” He scooped me into his arms and carried me off to bed.

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Chapter Sixteen

Bridger

We'd been having a lot of fun together, and more than that, we were a great fit. As Daddy and little, as lovers, as people who enjoyed so much together, I never wanted us to be apart. That was why I planned this special evening. We were both busy working a lot of the time, and I hated the nights we spent apart. Not that there were many because we often ended up staying together at my house.

There was a little hassle factor in having Jo-Jo overnight at Hudson's because there was no big yard to him to go out into if he needed to do his business, necessitating some late night excursions for the purpose. My neighbor always welcomed him to sleep over with his bestie, but I didn't like to ask very often, and I also missed him if he wasn't with us. I thought Hudson did, too.

Still, I thought it was time we moved in together. It was a topic that had come up more than once but never in terms of let's do this now. I looked at the table I'd set with the cartoon dog dishes and sippy cup for him and regular plates and a glass for me. Nothing unusual about the table setting; it was how we rolled.

Neither was our choice of menu off track. I had made pigs in a blanket—hot dogs with a slice of cheese and croissant dough wrapped around them—mini corn on the cobs and fruit salad. But for dessert, I'd had a special cake made and decorated at the local fancy bakery. A cake with a message.

Hudson had made me a cake that I loved, but if his skills had him worried, this crochet designed couldn't so much as frost a cookie decently, so I had no choice but to shop for my cake.

I hadn't been sure exactly how to ask him, but I wanted it to be special and memorable.

"Daddy, I'm home." His voice rang out right before the door clicked closed behind him, the click of Jo-Jo's claws echoing as the dog ran to greet his favorite person. "Where are you?"

"In the kitchen, making dinner, sweet boy." I poked my head out and smiled at him. "Why don't you go wash your hands and get comfortable then come in. It's all ready." The food was on the plates, the cake in the refrigerator waiting its entrance.

"Okay, Daddy." He blew me a kiss and scooted off down the hallway to wash up and change into one of the comfortable outfits he kept here while I poured our drinks and placed the food on the plates. If all went well, all his clothes would soon be in the closet next to mine.

When Hudson returned, he'd changed into a favorite T-shirt and pajama pants both printed with his cartoon fave. Socked feet padded into the kitchen. "Ooh. Pigs in a blanket!"

"I hope you're hungry! But save room for dessert."

He plopped down and dipped one of the hot dogs in the little cup of ranch and took a bite, eyes rolling back. "So yummy! And the baby corns too." They were the ones you usually found in Chinese food, but he loved them at any time.

"And I found fresh cherries for the salad."

We ate and drank and generally relaxed, a typical evening at home for us when in daddy/little mode. It was one of the best parts of my day, and the only thing that would make it better was knowing we were at our home and not just one of ours.

When he finished his last bite of cherries and grapes and strawberries and honeydew, Hudson burped. He slapped his hand over his mouth just a little too late. “Oopsie, ’scuse me, Daddy.”

“You’re excused, sweet boy. But I hope that little burp doesn’t mean you’re too full for dessert?”

“Maybe?” He looked so disappointed, I had to cover my own mouth to hide my smile. “Can we have it in a little bit?”

Now I was disappointed, but it could wait. “Want to watch a movie? Or maybe have a tubby first?”

He considered, tapping his cheek with one finger. “I’m too full to float. Can we cuddle on the couch?”

Cuddling with my boy was one of my favorite things in life, making me very easy to convince. “Why don’t you go in and curl up and relax. I’ll be there as soon as I straighten up the kitchen.”

He usually helped me with that, but he didn’t argue. “Okay, Daddy. Thank you.” He had some work days that were harder than others, and he’d mentioned over dinner that they’d been busy the whole shift. “I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you, too, so I’ll hurry up.” As soon as he was out of the kitchen, I loaded the dishwasher, wrapped up and stored the leftovers, and wiped off the table and counters. It

couldn't have taken more than ten minutes, but when I went into the living room I found my boy sound asleep with the afghan from the back of the sofa pulled over him and a throw pillow under his head.

Sighing, I sat down and lifted his feet into my lap. Poor little thing was exhausted and I wasn't about to wake him up. I turned the TV on low and settled in to wait.

It was well after midnight when his feet moved on my lap and I opened my eyes to see my little boy sitting up and yawning. We'd both been out like a light. "Oh, Daddy, I fell asleep."

"Me, too." I clicked off the TV, stood, and reached for his hand to help him up. "Shall we go to bed now?"

"I'm hungry again." He grinned, sleepy mischief in his eyes. "Can we have dessert this late?"

"I don't know." It took all I had not to race into the kitchen and grab the cake, but I felt like a little self-control was a good thing. "Maybe sugar isn't a good idea so late..."

"Please?" he wheedled. "I will have milk with it?"

I pretended to consider his offer. "Well, maybe just a small serving."

"What is it?" He was fully awake and bouncing now. "Is it pie?"

"You'll have to come in and see." I started for the kitchen, still holding his hand. "But I'm still not sure it's a good idea."

"I'll drink two cups of milk."

“Deal. But then you’ll have to sleep in your training pants.”

“Deal.” He kissed my cheek.

He sat at the table while I got out plates and forks and another of his growing collection of sippy cups. I got the cake out of the refrigerator in its pink bakery box and carried it over to the table.

“Is it cake?” He tried to peer into the propped open lid. “I like cake.”

“You just sit there a moment while I get our milk,” I teased, making the moment last. “And then I’ll cut the cake. No peeking...”

“I won’t peek,” he said, muttering after, “No peeking, no peeking,” as if to remind himself.

When the cups were filled and I was seated, I lifted the lid and reached into the box with both hands. Hudson was rising from his seat to see better, probably since I’d told him he couldn’t peek.

“Is it strawberry?” he asked. “Is that the surprise?” But when I set the cake on the table between us, he went quiet.

It said: Will you move in with me and be my forever boy?

The silence stretched out as he sank back into his seat and never looked away from the cake. Finally I couldn’t stand it anymore. “Hudson? If you’re not ready, it’s okay...”

But when his gaze lifted to mine, his eyes sparkled with tears. “If I’m your forever boy, will you be my forever daddy?”

“Yes,” I told him quietly. “That’s how it would work.”

“Then how soon can I move in?”

We didn’t eat any cake until the next morning, but strawberry cake made a great breakfast. We’d spent the night celebrating our decision. And that was even better.

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Chapter Seventeen

Hudson

When I was a child, I always thought I was going to get married and have a family and all of that good stuff they spoon feed you. It was what you did when you grew up. There was no veering from that path. When I first started to recognize that more often than not, I saw the person by my side was a boy and not a girl, I didn't know how to handle it—what to expect from my future.

I never figured it out, always feeling like dreams of happily ever after weren't for people like me. And then I met Bridger, and suddenly I wanted my own happy ending, only not like the one I was spoon fed. No, I wanted someone who let me be me, encouraged me to explore sides of myself I didn't know existed, and loved me for who I was—flaws, crappy job, and all.

And now, here I was, about to pack up the last load of my belongings, making Bridger and I officially living together. I was so ready for this day.

“Need help with that?” Bridger shut the door to the second bedroom, the way he'd been doing room by room to indicate we double and triple checked that we got it all and the room was good and empty.

Bridger had hired a cleaning crew to come in and get the place ready to return my keys in a few days as the end of the month came around. The odds were good that this would be the last time I was here.

I didn't particularly love the place. It was fine and had served its purpose. But I wasn't running from it, either. Had I not fallen in love with the sexy daddy standing across from me, I'd have been happy staying here.

"I think so." His help would make it only one trip to the car and done.

We had friends help us this morning, moving the bigger items. Maxen let us borrow one of the box trucks. Not really his as much as they belonged to his family's cleaning business. It had made moving so much easier.

"It's your last chance to back out," I sassed. "After this, you are stuck with me." I picked up the box I was going to carry to the car.

"Or you are stuck with me." Daddy grabbed his box. "Let's get you home."

Home. I loved the sound of that. We clocked up on our way out and not once did I second guess my decision and wonder if maybe I should keep the place just a bit longer. No. This was right and, if anything, I was wondering why we didn't do this sooner.

When we got back to Daddy's...I meant our place, there was a ton to do. Most all of my furniture was sitting in the basement storage room. I'd seriously considered selling it, but Daddy insisted that if I got rid of the basics like my plates and bed and such, then I would feel trapped at least on some level. He didn't want that for me and went so far as to have me bank my old rent in a separate account, one I wasn't allowed to touch. Daddy called it, "If you wanna run" money.

I called it my “Daddy makes sure I feel safe and secure at all times” money.

“There’s so much to do.” I let out a sigh, Jo-Jo at my side in an instant. The poor thing probably thought the sigh meant I was unhappy and not just exasperated by the entire process.

Had I been thinking clearly when I started to pack, I’d have organized it all before it went into the boxes instead of now. That way it was clear which things could just find their home in the basement and which needed to be unpacked.

“And it doesn’t need to all be done today, my sweet boy.” He tapped my nose with his finger. “How about we shower, put on our pajamas. and take a nap?”

Sometimes I teased him about the pj’s and how we would take them right off again, so why bother, but a nap, the kind with sleeping, sounded absolutely perfect.

“I am not turning down a nap.”

We took a shower that was more cleaning than playing, something quite unusual for me, and then we dried off and got into our most comfy pajamas, mine complete with feet and a hood. Go duckie jams, go.

When I got to my side of the bed, I noticed a present wrapped in Christmas paper. It wasn’t even close to Christmastime, and I glanced over at Daddy to see what was up. “You want me to wait until Christmas?” I was a patient boy when he asked me to be, but waiting that long sounded impossible.

“No, it was just all I had in the house. That’s for you. It’s a housewarming gift.” He sat on his side of the bed. “Open it.”

“I didn’t get you anything.” And I hadn’t even thought about it.

“Because I already live here?” It came out as a question even though it was true. “Now, open it.”

I climbed into bed and set it on my lap. It was heavier than I thought, but at the same time not as heavy as something its size could be. I tore the paper, my heart fluttering the second my fingers broke through the paper and brushed against the yarn.

“You made me something.”

He nodded, smiling bright. “And it was hard to be sneaky about it, so, if you saw any of it... no you didn’t.”

I tore the paper so fast to expose a blanket and not just any blanket, one he made just for me. It almost resembled a quilt, the piece made of many crocheted squares. I opened it up and wanted to hold it to me, but also wanted to get a really good look.

“Each of the squares is about me?” I took them in, one by one.

“They are. This tells the story of us. This first one is coffee, not because you work there but because it represents the first day we met.” He pointed out the squares one at a time. There was a half-finished rubber duckie, pancakes, a kids’ meal toy, and on and on and on. He did it. He managed to tell our story up until my move-in date using nothing but yarn and love.

I hugged it to me as tightly as I could. “I love it so much.”

“As I love you, my sweet boy. Now, lie down. We both need a nap.”

I climbed under the covers and nestled in close to Daddy, holding the blanket like a stuffie in my arms. I closed my eyes, expecting the two of us to chat quietly until we were drowsy. Instead I fell asleep almost instantly in the arms of the man I loved.

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Epilogue

Bridger

This time I got one of the themed changing rooms, and Hudson was going to be so surprised. While we could have taken a tour at another time so he could see it, he'd insisted that if he did he'd want to hang around and enjoy it, so he waited until we could reserve one for the evening. I had tried hard to get one but our timing had been off each time. They were very popular rooms. Even tonight, I'd been told they were all reserved already, but just as we were getting ready to leave, I'd received a text.

*Because of the special occasion, your reservation for a changing room has been upgraded. Everything is ready for
Otherwise, enjoy!*

Miss Lily

I could just kiss Miss Lily, and maybe I would when I saw her. A big smack on the cheek. I wasn't sure how she'd made it happen, but I was sure grateful for it. Tonight was a very special occasion. It was Hudson's birthday, and we had reserved the little room for two hours for him and his friends to celebrate. A surprise party that now would be even better with the addition of the changing room. Hudson knew it was his birthday, of course, and he probably expected some sort of celebration, maybe even a cake, but he had no idea what awaited him.

We entered and turned over our phones, as always, before heading down the hallway toward the changing rooms.

Over the weeks we'd been visiting Chained, my sweet boy had made many friends among the littles, and they had all wanted to give him, "the bestest party ever." I'd even had to sneak out one night while Hudson was working for a meeting on the subject, and while I thought it was a bit over the top, I bowed to the expertise of those who shared the little side of the equation.

I had not been in this precise changing room before, although I had been in a similar one and found it charming. The other was decorated in soft greens and pinks, a very springy effect with changing table, bottle warmer, crib, and a very babyish feel. This one was a bit more mature in effect with cartoon animal murals and a toddler bed next to a glider in case a little got a little overstimulated and his daddy wanted to bring him in for a nap. They all had somewhere to hang or stack clothes and a mini fridge filled with bottled water.

Hudson paused near the regular doors to see which one I would open, but when I continued on to another section of the hallway, he caught on quickly, catching up with me and placing a hand on my arm. "Daddy, do we get a special room? Is it because it's my birthday?"

"Is it your birthday? I forgot," I teased.

"You didn't forget," he chided, lower lip thrust out in the most adorable pout. "You made me dog-shaped pancakes for breakfast and gave me ice cream for lunch dessert." It was nice that his birthday had fallen on the weekend. My design company was doing much better, but I was still holding onto

my day job for a bit. So, I was off work, and Hudson's schedule for once coincided. We'd had the whole day together doing fun things that he liked. And it had been bliss for me, too.

"Oh, that's right. Is it still the same day? Seems like we've been so busy."

"Same day." He beamed at me. "And this is the best surprise so far!"

I studied him, hoping he didn't something was up. "You deserve all the best surprises, my sweet boy. Now, we still have to change you if you want to meet your friends and play. We could stay in here if you like..." There was a toy box in the corner he might want to explore.

"My friends will be waiting for me." He looked around longingly. "But maybe we can come back here and play later, Daddy? Just you and me?"

"Of course."

I wondered if I'd planned too many things for one day, but he seemed to be holding up well. We'd gone to the toy store after breakfast where he'd selected a rubber duckie to add to his collection, and then after lunch we visited the carousel in the park and the arcade nearby. Fortunately, there had been time before dinner for a nap. My boy had passed out cold, one arm hanging over the side of the bed, his footie pj's a fuzzy cocoon for his rest.

He had no trouble choosing his outfit for tonight, and he'd brought only one. Simple and sweet onesie, short, socks...

We emerged from the changing room hand in hand, and he tugged me toward through the main room, not even making our usual stop at the conversation area. “My friends said they will all be here to play,” he reminded me as I waved to Chance and Trace and a couple of others who were sipping drinks and lounging there.

“All right, no rush.”

I glanced over my shoulder to see the guys standing up and following us at a distance, brightly wrapped gifts in their arms. They wouldn’t want to miss the big surprise either. They’d all commented more than once about how much happier I was since my sweet boy came into my life, something I agreed with wholeheartedly. And they wanted to celebrate him as well. They were both still single, playing occasionally with some of the single littles, but I caught their wistful expressions sometimes when Hudson sat on my lap and cuddled or brought me a picture he’d colored of “my very bestest daddy in the world.

I hoped one day they would find the little to fill their lives and hearts, too.

“Daddy, hurry!” Hudson dragged me faster. “I wanna to play!”

“I’m coming, demanding boy,” I laughed. “Your friends aren’t going anywhere.”

We arrived at the door to the little room, and Hudson peered inside. “They are already gone.” His voice held such distress I was a little worried about the surprise element.

“Where did they go?”

“Why don’t we go in and wait. Maybe we’re a little early. You can color or maybe do a puzzle until they get here?”

“I...okay, Daddy. I thought...I thought maybe they would have a...never mind.” He did go inside, but he wasn’t smiling anymore, and my heart squeezed.

But then, out from under tables and from the closet and behind the white board and from places I didn’t even know someone could hide came more littles than I had ever seen at one time. Boys and girls in their party finery, wearing hats and holding gifts and shouting, “Surprise, surprise! Happy Birthday, Hudson.” Then they launched into a birthday song they’d all made up together featuring his name about twenty times and how much they all loved him.

I stood in the doorway, surrounded by my daddy friends, as well as some mommies, all of us giving the littles time to show my sweet boy how much they liked him.”

I swiped at a tear, and Chance clapped me on the back. “He’s a good one, Daddy Bridger. If I could have a little like him, I’d feel like the luckiest daddy ever.”

Clearing my throat, I said, “And you would be, but my sweet boy is one of a kind.”

“You’re right.” Longing infused his voice.

“But you’ll find the one for you,” I said. “If I could, you can. Maybe one of the ones in there right now, being so kinds and loving to Hudson. Maybe one of those is yours.”

He didn’t have a chance to reply before my boy came dancing up to me, stars in his eyes, and took my hand. “Daddy, come see! It’s a party! For my birthday! Surprise!”

I wasn't at all surprised, but I was very touched, and I let him drag me in, followed by the other daddies and mommies so we could share in the moment. There were games and snacks and a surprise visit from a cartoon dog who carried in the cake and did a little performance for the rapt audience of littles. I'd had to pay a cleaning deposit for the room, and with all the confetti and frosting and everything that spilled, I was pretty sure I wouldn't be getting it back.

But how could I care?

The joy on all those little faces, the laughter of the daddies and mommies, and the warm smile I got from Miss Lily when she stopped in to add her birthday wishes did not compare to the wet smacking kiss on my cheek from a certain very tired boy when I tucked him into bed that night, Jo-Jo on the floor beside him and the beginner duck we'd crocheted together in his arms.

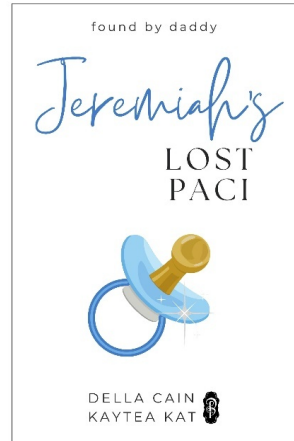
He yawned big, his eyes fluttering closed, but before he drifted off he muttered, "I love you, Daddy."

"I love you, too, my sweetest boy." And that was everything.

Read on for a peek at [Jeremiah's Lost Paci](#): Book 2 in the Found by Daddy series.

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A Peek at [Jeremiah's Lost Paci](#): Book 2 in the Found by Daddy series



I saved up all my tip money for months in order to buy a day pass for Chained, the hottest club in town. I'd never been to one before, but after stumbling upon a munch while I was waiting for a tow truck one rainy night, I was intrigued. Intrigue quickly morphed to needing to go and see if I wanted more than just to have a paci and a stuffie at bedtime. Maybe I was little and needed a daddy.

Chained was nothing like I expected it to be. It was better. I'd never felt so free to be myself and even used my paci there right in front of everyone, including the hot daddy in the jeans that made me want to be a naughty naughty boy. Before I could brave talking to him, he left.

If I had my way, I'd go back again and again until we crossed paths a second time, but the funds just aren't there. Not even with my full-time job and my side hustle bartending. Oh well, at least I got the one night and a bank full of daddy memories.

And I'd be fine with that—if I didn't come home without my paci. Suck.

Jeremiah's Lost paci is a sweet age play romance featuring a little who loses his favorite paci, the daddy who finds it, a night at Chained that changes everything, true love, and a guaranteed happy ever after. If you like your romances on the Hallmark side but a bit kinkier, check out Jeremiah's Lost Paci by USA Today Bestselling author Della Cain and her bestie and frequent partner in crime, Kaytea Kat.

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Santa's Little (Collared Ever After)



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Chapter One

Tannon

What a difference a year made.

Last year, I was working at the mall for little more than minimum wage, with an unpaid break I was never able to take, thrown in there to make the pot even less sweet. The job wasn't all bad. The majority of the children who came to see me were thrilled by telling me their list and smiling for the camera. And I couldn't blame the ones who cried or were not wanting to be there. Coming to get their picture taken wasn't their choice.

It was the parents who made the job miserable. They wanted to retake photos because their child looked too far to the left or wasn't smiling enough. There were even a couple who were mad that their sobbing children didn't look happy on film. The biggest fits of all came from parents who wanted me to be sitting on some big chair and not standing at my workshop table. Every day, I would come home exhausted and with a pounding headache.

Why did I go back? Because three years earlier, I was stopped outside my insurance agent by some kids who thought I was Santa, thanks to the white beard I embraced. They told me they had never seen the real Santa before and that the ones in the stores were all people in costumes. The youngest one thanked me for making the world a happier place and, even after I paid my bill, I couldn't stop thinking about that. If I looked enough like Santa, I should put that to use.

And, apparently those sweet children weren't the only ones who thought I looked like the jolly elf. I was approached by the organizer of the city Christmas parade to be their Santa when theirs had to drop out without notice. That was just about a year ago, and there was no more mall Santa for me.

I did local events and focused on the ones that made a difference. The animal shelter needed a Santa... I was there without question, donating my time. Same with the homeless shelter, the children's hospital, the community center, the LGBTQIA+ youth center, and pretty much anyone who asked. It felt absolutely amazing to be able to give back. Maybe, sometime, I could be worthy of the phrase, "making the world a happier place."

My day job was remote and pretty flexible on hours, which was why at nine p.m. on a weeknight, I was working as my phone began to ring. I assumed it was work related, my coworkers being able to see that I was online, but was taken aback by a voice I didn't recognize, one that didn't present as a telemarketer.

"Hello, I'm looking for Santa Tannon." She spoke with confidence and grace.

"Who may I say is calling?" I instantly fell back to the way I had to reply when someone asked for my parents growing up, which, given I was fifty this year, had me shaking my head at myself.

"This is Marion, and I run a local club, Collared. I would have led with that, but, given where I am calling from, I wanted to be sure that I had the correct person on the line first."

I opened a new window to make sure the Collared I was thinking of was the only one in the city and, sure enough, it was. Marion wasn't calling from just any nightclub. This was a private club for adult interests. No wonder she didn't lead with her personal information. For some people, that could end badly, especially if it was an unaware spouse who answered.

"This is Tannon. How may I help you?" I couldn't figure out why she'd be calling me and, had she not mentioned Santa first, I'd have hung up already.

"I'm calling because one of the events I'm throwing this season is a Little Christmas party, and Camille, one of my staff members, saw you at the animal shelter event and thought you'd be a great addition to our lineup."

My initial reaction was to tell them I was booked, which I pretty much was. One event became a second and on and on. But also, she had me curious.

"It depends on what you require and the date." Because if they were looking for a sexy Santa, I was not him. I had the gray beard and the belly to prove it. But maybe, if they just wanted pictures or something, I could make the time. I learned a long time ago not to close doors unless you were fine with them being locked from the other side.

"Ideally you would read a Christmas book, say 'Ho-ho-ho' a lot, pass out some candy canes, and that kind of thing. But if you don't feel comfortable reading, that's not a deal breaker. We can have one of the elves do it." Nothing about what she was saying sounded at all kink related, and then she told me the time. Middle of the day on a Sunday. This wasn't a kink event; it was for her staff. "We are collecting toys for

local children at the shelters as part of this, so letting the littles know you are going to bring the toys to them would be a nice touch.”

“So, I’m just going there to be Santa in all the traditional ways, bowl full of jelly, and all?” I wanted to clarify before committing, but I couldn’t see any reason not to agree. I had no other commitments, and toys for those in need while making children happy was a win-win in my book.

“Pretty much, yes.”

“Then I’d be happy to accept. Will me arriving an hour early be soon enough?” I preferred to get changed at the venues before the kids arrived. I drove as Santa a few times and, inevitably, someone saw me in my vehicle and wondered why I didn’t use my sleigh. This avoided all of that.

“We have not discussed the finances yet.” Marion was right, but money didn’t matter, not when a charity was involved.

“Please just donate your budget for my appearance to buy more toys for the children.” It would be money much better spent. I had what I needed, and they did not.

“You really are Santa.”

I wasn’t, but that didn’t mean I wasn’t going to give back what I could. The world needed more happiness.

Chapter Two

Rowan

A new town, a new start...not my favorite sort of experience. But the transfer to the branch office came with a promotion and a raise. A substantial raise. And as my boss pointed out, "You're single, so you don't have a lot of roots to pull up."

Yes, I was single, but the assumption that a single person had no reason to mind moving was incorrect. However, he'd gone on to say, "If you don't want this, Brady Simons will be next in line. He has a whole family he'd have to uproot."

Sure...and while I had a decent social life, I did not have a partner whose career would be a problem. Or kids who'd have to move right in the middle of the school year. It was just me, and since most of my friends had paired up and started their own families, they didn't have as much time for the things we used to enjoy anyway.

My last daddy had moved away to take care of an elderly relative, and we hadn't been so close that I'd have been invited to go with him. It was fine. It was comfortable...it wasn't love.

A bonus was that the company paid for the move and even paid for a rental search service that located a nice little house within walking distance of the office. I could have gone with a larger space, but I had no reason to think I'd need more room in a regular basis, and my new place had a nice alcove

off the living room that would be perfect for a desk slash home office space.

So...what sane man wouldn't have accepted the transfer. An excellent career move to a nice town. But in all the moving and chaos of getting settled in my new position as area manager, I hadn't had a moment to do anything social. Until now...

Back home, I'd been a member of Chained, a club for adults with certain interests, where I could go to relax and mingle with like-minded folks. When I'd let them know about my move, they'd mentioned a connection with a club in my new area. A sister club who would accept a transfer of my membership. And I didn't even have to do anything at all to make it happen. Chained took care of everything, and now, I was a member of Collared.

Where I had not yet gone!

I had received acknowledgement of my transfer from Marion at Collared and an invitation to take a tour. Such a warm welcome made me decide to go just as soon as I could find the time. Then I received an invitation to their Little Christmas party. It was right up my alley. Not literally...I did have to drive a bit to get there, but it sounded like a perfect first visit. So I accepted with thanks.

I picked out my clothes carefully, laying outfits on the bed. One option was club wear, slacks and a nice shirt, boots, my favorite leather jacket...the usual. It would be appropriate for making a visit and taking the offered tour. I could have a drink at the bar, chat with members, get a feel for the place.

The second outfit made my heart beat a little faster. Little being the term. I'd bought this ensemble last year when I planned to go with my daddy to the holiday party at Chained. It was an adorable white onesie with Santas printed all over it. And short shorts in bright red that matched the Santas. I even had socks that matched. I laid a diaper next to it then exchanged it for a pair of the thick cotton underwear that I often liked.

My daddy moved away in late November. Even though I wasn't heartbroken, it took the sparkle off the holiday, and I attended but didn't play at all. I wore club wear. And there was nothing wrong with that. But the whole reason for my excitement at going tonight was because it was a Little Christmas event. With that focus, there would likely be so many fun things to do if I just let myself do them.

I sent a message to Collared asking if there were any changing rooms left. I got a response right away, telling me the big ones were all booked, but I could rent a basic room if I'd like. After confirming, I packed my little outfit in a duffel bag, along with my very favorite reindeer stuffie and a binkie and headed for the shower.

Two hours later, I parked in the lot at Collared and made my way to the front door. Nerves fluttered in the pit of my stomach. I paused to give myself a lecture, something a daddy might do if I had one in my life. Encouragement to try new things was so helpful to me!

You've heard good things about Collared. Both from members of Chained and guests who had either been to

Collared or actually belonged and were visiting us while in town. *And Marion is so nice. You're not going to let silly worries and doubts keep you from having a really special time at a Christmas party.* I let myself picture what might be there. Would they have coloring or maybe cookie decorating? One visitor, a little I played with last spring, had mentioned a new little area at Collared that they'd had the most fun ever coloring eggs and hanging out with the Easter Bunny. Those thoughts cheered me right up, and I entered the reception area feeling more excited than worried.

“Hi, I’m Rowan and—”

The young lady behind the reception desk hopped to her feet and said, “Oh, Marion told me to let her know when you got here. And I was to make you welcome!” She wore a low-cut green velvet dress that clung to every curve and high heels, her hair swept up in a fancy do, but I didn’t need to see her pinafore to know she was a little like me. Her enthusiasm alone would have given her away. “I’m just filling in for tonight, but welcome!”

“Carlie?” Another woman entered and gave the fill-in receptionist a smile. “Is this our special guest?”

“Yes, Marion. I was just going to call you.” She bounced a little and sat down again.

“Thank you, Carlie.” The woman turned toward me and extended her hand. “As you heard, I am Marion, and I thought I’d give you the quick tour before you change, if that works for you?”

“That’s just what I’d like. I did reserve a changing room.”

“Good. Then we’ll drop off your things, and I’ll show you around. We’re so glad to have you here tonight.”

Marion escorted me through the main public areas of the club and pointed out some of the private rooms. Collared was a little bigger than Chained, and very busy tonight, but it felt great.

We had seen everything, except the new little area, when she paused. “We’ve saved the best for last. Would you like to change first?”

“Yes, please.”

She led me back to the changing room where she waited outside then took me by the hand and led me back through the main part of the club and down a hallway. “Ready?”

“Yes, Miss Marion.” I bobbed my head. “I so ’cited.”

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About the Authors

By day, Della Cain writes sugary sweet with a dash of heat caregiver romances about littles and their daddies, pups and their masters, and everything in between.

By night, their life is a bit more tame. They enjoy baking, cute pens, stuffies, kawaii, oh, and of course puppies and kitties! Basically, anything that makes their heart happy while bringing a smile to their face.

Della hopes they give their readers that same warm-hearted feeling with each of their books...along with a naughty little tickle.

Kaytea Kat writes stories about adorable littles and their strong, protective daddies/caregivers that let them explore both sides of their relationship in whatever way makes them happiest. Even if it means there's lots of glitter to be cleaned up after a play session...or maybe especially those times.

She loves gardening and baking and watching old movies where love conquers all. Because she believes that it just might.

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