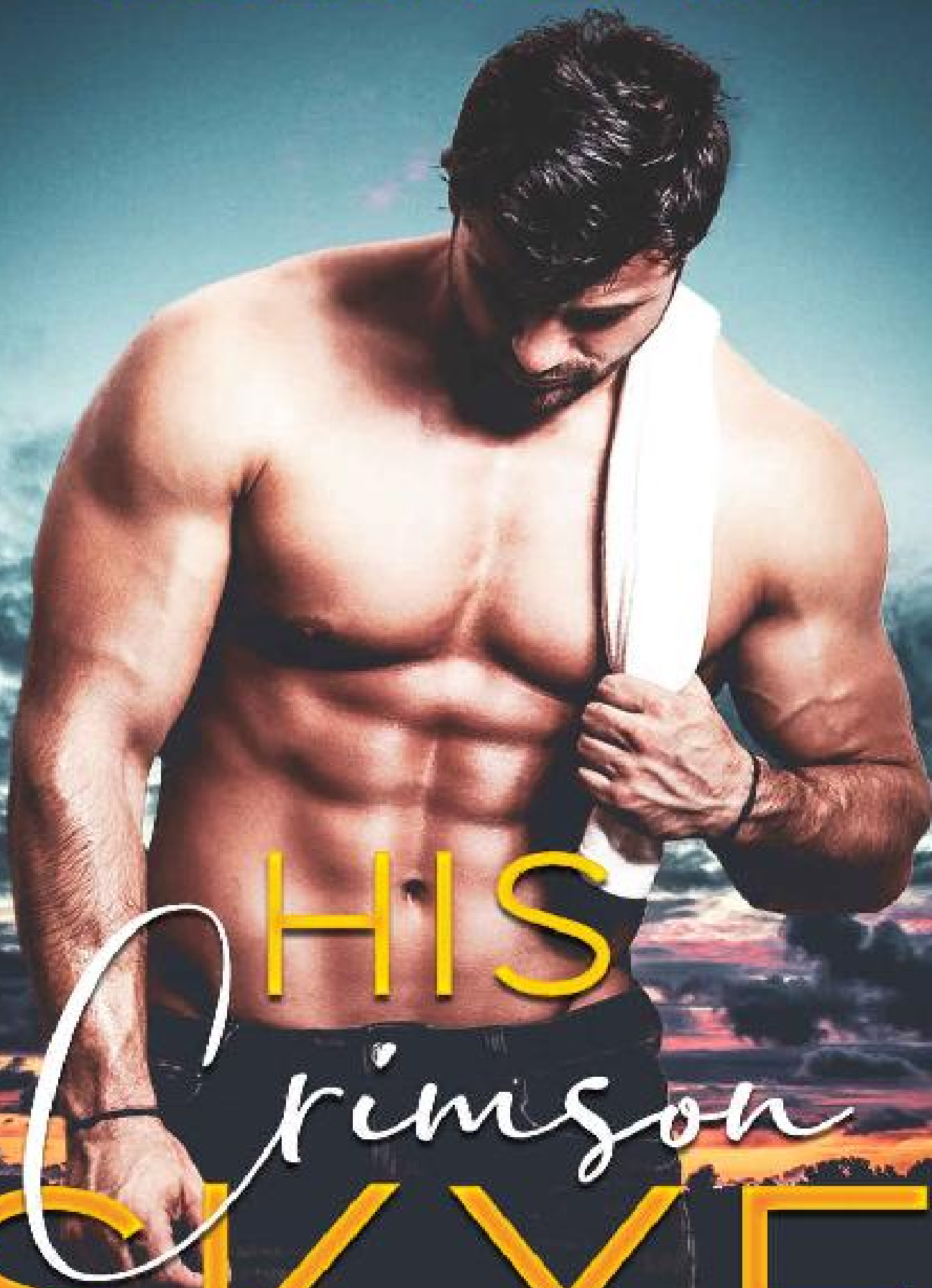


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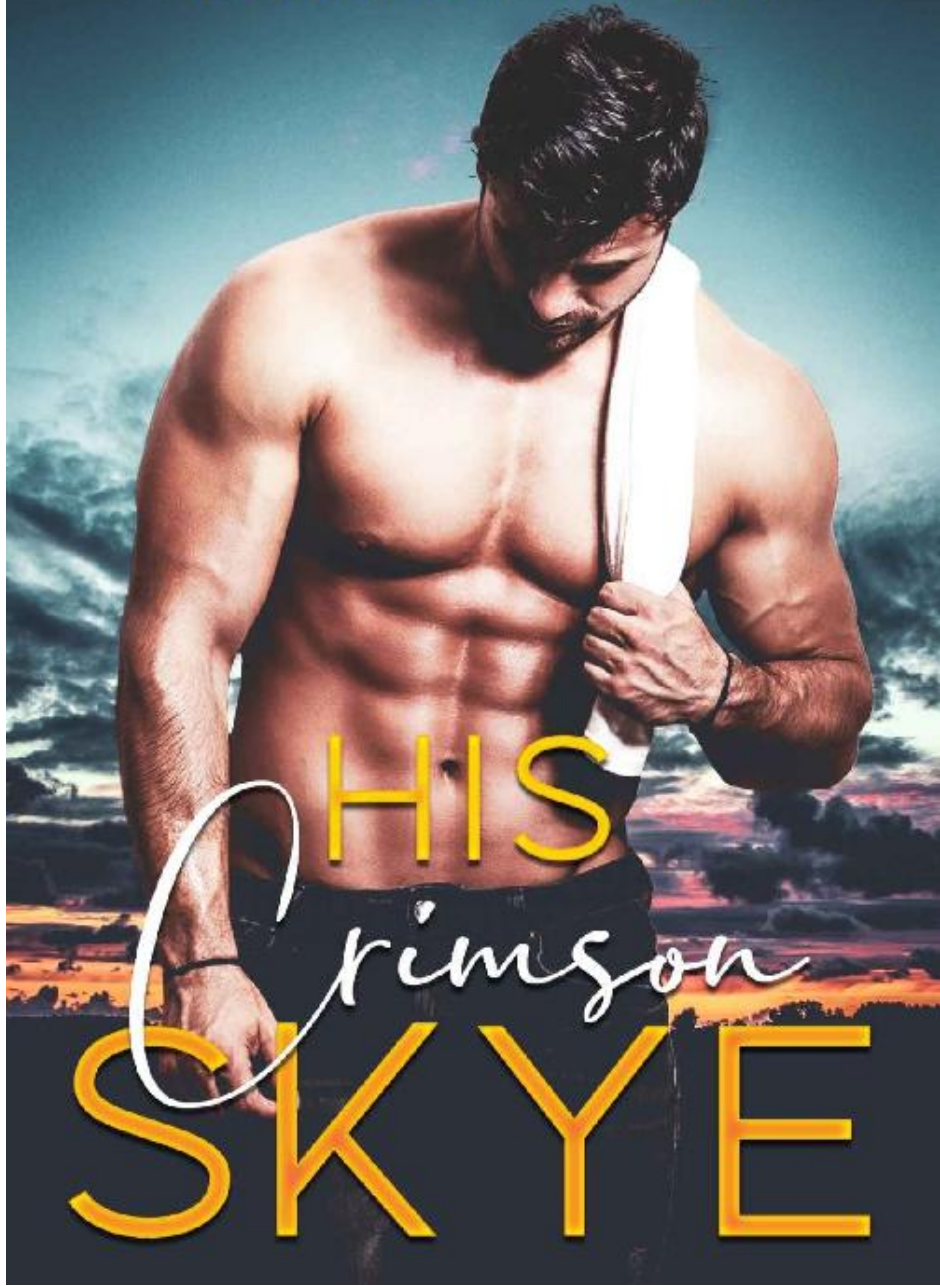


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His Crimson Sky

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Having your daddy move out sucks. Finding out you were never on the lease? That double sucks.

Skye doesn't believe in happy ever afters. He understood from day one that he and his daddy weren't going to be always and forever. He just never expected to have his daddy randomly move out one day and to find himself soon to be apartmentless.

With only a week left before his inevitable move to the middle of nowhere, Skye decides to spend one last evening at Collared. It's not like he'll be able to find someone to play with in the rural town he'll soon call home.

When Wilkins passed his bar exam, he had visions of big law firms, multimillion-dollar lawsuits, and becoming partner by forty in his future. An unexpected offer changes everything, bringing him back to his hometown instead. It might not be the glamorous career he once envisioned, but it's where he belongs.

During a weekend in the city attending a conference, Wilkins meets up with an old law school buddy at Collared. When an adorable boy asks him to play, he can't deny him. Wilkins is not one for one-night stands, but, for Skye, he's willing to make an exception.

His Crimson Skye is a sweet-with-heat MM romance featuring a small-town lawyer embracing his daddy side, a little afraid to trust, a one-night stand that was bad at math, age play, bottles, story time, adorable stuffies, a matchmaking dog, ABDL, enough dino nuggies to fill a freezer, the world's best aunt, and two men discovering opposites really do attract. His Crimson Skye is the fourth book in the popular Country Daddy, City Little MM romance series. Each book focuses on a new couple who find their Kinkily Ever After and includes some familiar faces from Collared Ever After.

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[Collared by Love series](#)

A Puppy for His Little

A Master for His Puppy

A Family for His Daddy

[Collared Ever After series](#)

Litigation and Lace

Lollipops and Leashes

Lipstick and Lecture Halls

Contours and Cuddles

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Sculptures and Snuggles

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His Crimson Skye
Country Daddy, City Little Book 5

By
Della Cain

Chapter One

Skye

“What are you doing this weekend?” Hilda, my boss, asked. I was sure that she was just making small talk and expecting me to reply with something like going to dinner or grouting tile—you know, boring and perfectly acceptable activities to speak of in all company. My plans for the weekend were very much not that.

“Probably clean the apartment.” I shrugged. “You know, the norm.”

Cleaning was my go-to when people asked me about what I’d done during a given period of time, and what I’d been doing was wearing a diaper, getting told I needed to be a good boy, even when I had been very good, and then getting spanked. I could just imagine my grandmotherly boss’s face as I told her I like to call Sasha Daddy while he did very dirty things to me. No, it was best to continue on with my half-truths. It wasn’t as if I didn’t have to clean the apartment as well.

“You really need to get out more. A young thing like you should be experiencing life, not conquering mildew.” She handed me a folder, the reason she stopped by my desk in the first place. “This is the paperwork HR sent over about open enrollment. They wanted to do it all online.” She scoffed. “Like I was letting that happen.”

Hilda understood the need for technology and didn’t mind the way we had upgraded almost everything in the office.

What she hated was when the people at the top tried to eliminate paper altogether. She was the reason some employees walked out the door on Fridays with a paper check in hand. I wasn't one of them. I enjoyed the streamlined process that was direct deposit.

"I'll check it out." Online, like a normal person of my generation. "Thanks for bringing it by."

She went on her way, and I opened it to get a glance at the bottom line. Just as I suspected, even the worst insurance was going to cost me a car payment next year. Oh well. That was a worry for another day. I needed to complete my to-do list and get home and get ready for Daddy.

Friday night to Monday morning was my little time. When Sasha and I originally got together, he wanted more than that. He thought his boy should leave all worries at the door as soon as he crossed the threshold. I enjoyed being little. The headspace gave me a calm I couldn't get on my own, but I also needed big time. I liked to read and play board games and eat at fine restaurants. In the end we agreed to the entire weekend, but only while we were at home or at Collared. The rest of the time, I was just me—boring old data-entry dude with an adorable dog and a love of seafood.

"At least I can afford it." I shut the folder, going over the math in my head to see if I was being honest with myself about the feasibility of any of those plans. And I was—just barely.

I finished up my day at the office and hurried home. Daddy had told me he wanted me to wear my airplane fitted tee with matching shorts but not to put on my own pull-up.

That was only for him. Instead, I was to wear my thick training pants.

Getting ready by myself wasn't something I loved to do. Having my daddy do it for me helped me slip into the right headspace. But relationships were all about compromise, and so I did it with a smile, knowing when he came home, he'd strip my bum bare, most likely fuck me until he came then wrap me in my diaper while I was still all hard and needy. At least, that's how it usually went on Friday nights. One good thing about Sasha was his predictability.

Our apartment was in one of the better buildings in the city and, as I walked in, I greeted Piper, our doorman.

"Having a good day?" I asked when his face didn't hold the smile he usually sported.

"It's fine so far, Skye." He still didn't sound like himself. I wanted to ask him a bit more, but Wilma, another tenant, came in with questions about a package, and I let him get to that. He didn't need me being all up in his business anyway.

I called for the elevator and nearly got toppled over when some men came through pushing dollies piled with boxes. Someone was moving. I instantly pitied them. That was the absolute worst. Even if it was to your dream house you got for free in your favorite city after getting an eight-figure job, it sucked. I'd teased Sasha more than once that they were going to have to bury me on site because I wasn't even moving then.

He would chuckle and say he felt the same, noting the steal of a deal we had on the place. Which only made what happened next even more shocking.

I climbed off the elevator and walked down to our corner apartment to find the door open and the main living area completely empty. Our sofa, television, table, and even the house plants were gone. All that remained was dust.

Instinctively I backed out of the apartment and reached into my pocket for my phone. We had not only been robbed, but they cleaned us out completely. That was how you had to do it in a place like this. Pose as a moving company and—
Shit, I just passed the thieves. What if they weren't done?

Thank gods, Sir Chewsalot was at the groomers for the day. I couldn't bear it if something had happened to him.

I scurried to the stairwell and messaged Sasha first. He needed to not come home. Then I called down to the lobby, not wanting anyone there to get hurt.

“Piper here.”

“Those guys with all the boxes—they aren't movers. They are thieves. They cleaned out my place. Be careful.” I was whispering, but even a whisper in the stairwell echoed.

“No, honey.” Piper's voice nearly broke me. “They aren't thieves. Sasha moved out.”

I was already through the door and back to my place before he finished.

He had to be wrong. Sasha wouldn't just move out. Sure, we weren't a love match, but we met each other's needs, got along well enough, and our apartment was inexpensive for the location. What would be the point in a move-and-go breakup? There was none.

Once in the apartment, I went into my bedroom. It was still completely intact. My bed, my dresser, my desk—it was all there. Sasha’s bedroom, the one we shared when I was little, was completely vacant. Even my crib—the one I bought with my own money—was gone.

I took my phone out and rage-texted him. It felt awful that he just moved out, but it was accompanied with a side of relief I’d never have expected. *You stole my crib.*

Watching the screen as he started and stopped typing was infuriating.

You’d better not have stolen all of my little things.

Finally, his message came through, and it only made me angrier. *I’m sorry it came to this.*

I had enough of the texting and hit the call button. To my surprise, he answered instantly. “I wanted to tell you. For the past three weeks, I meant to.”

“You meant to tell me you were about to steal my crib.” I stomped over to his walk-in closet, not at all surprised to see that it, too, was completely empty. “All of my little things, all of them.”

It was one thing to take the furniture. He had most of it when we moved in, and he did pay for it. But not the crib. I had wanted it. He thought it was frivolous. And I made it happen. It was mine. Full. Stop.

“I had to get them out of there before the movers came.”

A rock formed in my stomach.

“You didn’t even take them with you, did you?” I closed my eyes and sucked in a deep breath.

“No.” It was only one word, but it broke me. Tears poured down my cheeks. Not only did he move out without so much as a single word, but he took away all my coping mechanisms. Every last one of them. And the shittiest part was that he knew it. He knew I’d need them, and off he went.

“Why?” I sobbed. “Can you at least tell me that much?”

“I didn’t want the movers to see.”

The fucker met me at a freaking sex club. He wasn’t in any closet, but he destroyed my things to not let a stranger see? That didn’t even make any sense. He could have stuffed them all in my room...

“Liar. You just wanted to hurt me.” It sounded wrong as I said it, but nothing else made sense. I needed something to make sense.

“My boss paid for the movers. I’m going to be running the NYC office.” And what if the movers peeked into my room or went in by mistake?

He’d worked so hard to get that promotion, and not once did he bother to tell me he’d achieved it.

“And you didn’t want him to know about your kinky little secret,” I filled in for him. “You could’ve pretended to invite me to come with you.”

Would I have gone? Probably not, but I’d have kept my crib. Goodness knew I could use it about now.

“I-I...we aren’t meant for each other. We never pretended we were.”

“No we didn’t, but we did pretend to communicate. Gods. Did you ever think that maybe I could’ve helped you pack or something?”

Silence. He had nothing to say and, if he didn’t, neither did I. I hung up the phone, went into my room, and fell on my bed, letting the tears fall.

When I had pulled myself together enough to go get Sir Chewsalot now that “Daddy” wasn’t going to do it on his way home, I took out my phone to call a rideshare only to see a message waiting for me from Sasha: *If I saw you cry, I might not have left.*

I wasn’t sure I believed him, but at least it was something to hold onto.

Piper gave me pity eyes as I walked past him. I wasn’t ready for those—for any of this, really.

The rideshare was stuck in traffic according to the app because it was officially that kind of day. I canceled the rideshare and went back inside to pack a bag. What I needed was some time outside of this city. Hilda told me to get out more. I hoped that included taking a week’s vacation I had built up because that was exactly what I was going to do. Staying here and wallowing in self-pity in my room because it was the only one with furniture was only going to make things worse.

I pulled up my contacts and tapped on my aunt Gina’s name.

“I was just thinking about you,” she answered the way she always did.

“Were you thinking it would be nice for Sir Chewsalot and I to come and visit?”

“I am now. How soon can you get here?”

Chapter Two

Wilkins

“You’re really going to do this?” My roommate, Zane, handed me back my phone, the one with the job offer pulled up. “You’re going to give up your dreams to move back to the middle of nowhere and help old ladies with their wills and take chickens for retainer fees.”

He leaned back into his leather chair, rolling his eyes.

I’d met Zane in law school, and we got along really well, but my friendship didn’t blind me to the entitlement he wore like a glove. He came from money—gobs and gobs of money—and it helped form far too many of his opinions for my liking. He’d grown a lot since we first met, but, in times like this, he let his snobbiness shine.

“I think so, yes.”

Mr. Lorne had been the local go-to lawyer for pretty much everyone I knew growing up. As a teen, he let me work in his office doing everything from shredding to vacuuming to answering the phone. He didn’t need my help. There wasn’t enough work to even warrant it, but he knew becoming a lawyer was the only thing I ever wanted to do with my life, and it was his way of helping me achieve that goal—or at least see if I really wanted to.

When Mr. Lorne emailed me about retiring as soon as he found someone to take over his practice, I was happy for him. He’d put so many years into that town, and it was about time he and his wife did all the traveling they’d been talking about

since I first met them. But a year went by, and no one wanted it. And then another year.

At first, the notion of taking it over myself was a fleeting thought. But, as time passed, it felt more and more like a path I needed to consider. And then the audit followed by subpoenas followed by indictments came into the firm where I worked, and I had no choice but to move on. It was easier said than done. While I hadn't even been a witness, my position not even walking past the corruption, no firm in the city wanted to take a chance on me until all the sentencing and appeals were over. You know, just in case I was guilty of something. That process could easily take a decade and, by the time it was done...yeah, that just didn't work.

“You think you want to go back to a place with more cows than people to look over leases or living wills or, on an exciting day, a dispute over chickens.”

I plopped on the couch. I'd wanted him to be excited for me or, at the very least, understanding. I should've known better. He saw things through his lens, and that was that. Had I only known this side of him, we would not even be acquaintances, much less friends.

“I think I want to be a lawyer, and no one in this city is going to take a chance on me while my firm is imploding. I think I don't want to leave the state to escape the gossip and judgyness only to discover it follows me everywhere. I think I want to be able to do what I spent years of my life preparing for. I think I want to go home.” I let my head fall back and closed my eyes. This was all too much.

Out of all the law firms in the city, I had to accept a position at Jackass, Jerkface, Theft, and Sons. Fine, maybe that wasn't their name, but it might as well have been.

"You're right." He sighed. "I just don't like the idea of you leaving."

And I should've known that was at the crux of the problem. We'd been friends and roommates since college, and we both had similar interests when it came to dating and bedroom activities. Me leaving was going to be as big a change in his life as it was in mine.

"I don't, either, but if I have to, at least it will be to a place where people already know me, so maybe the whole *me working at a place in the news* thing won't bug them as much." Although my preference was that they not even connect the dots. That would be ideal.

"Wanna go play?" He got up off his chair.

"I don't feel like going out." I liked Collared well enough. Their little room always had something fun going on. But enough people there knew where I worked that I just didn't want to. Nothing fun about a little looking up at me and asking if I was turning state's witness. "Order in sushi instead?"

Sushi was his weakness. It was far from my favorite food, but I didn't mind it.

I appreciated that he didn't push me, instead simply answering, "I'd love that."

We ordered in, ignoring everything related to my upcoming move, and ultimately had a decent night. Unlike most people, I was lucky in that I didn't need to wait for my

lease to end or to find someone to take it over. Zane had a roommate because it was me. He owned this place outright, and he only took my money at my insistence. At least that was one thing I didn't need to worry about. Goodness knew there were enough others I did.

The next day, I drove back to my hometown. I called it that, and it was, but my parents had retired to the desert when I graduated from law school and, as familiar as the area was to me, it was no longer home. Only, it would be again soon. I just needed to figure out how.

Passing Decker's Farm and Feed told me I was almost to my destination. I was meeting Mr. Lorne later in the afternoon and was going to use the time to try and find a place to live. Unlike the city, there weren't buckets of apartment buildings for me to check out. There were very few rentals, period. There was a nice bed-and-breakfast a short way off I could use as temporary housing if I needed it, but buying a home sounded like a better idea.

Owning something meant that I was doing this—for real. It wasn't a temporary stop until I headed back to the city for bigger and better things. A contract and taking over the practice from Mr. Lorne should be enough, and maybe it was, but I'd always had in my mind that once I bought a place, that was it. I was growing roots and staying put.

The real estate office was a tiny little house turned business, and I almost missed the driveway as I drove up to it. Once upon a time, it had been the Granson place. So many homes in this area were referred to by name, like that. It was as if the addresses were simply for the town records, but it was

the names that mattered. I wouldn't be surprised if the agent called it the Granson place still, even though it was now his business.

I parked and went up onto the tiny porch, glancing at the listings attached to the window with clear tape. I'd seen most of them when I looked online, but a few were new. Or maybe not new but new to me. Nothing really caught my eye. They were more land sales than homes.

Had I been planning this out instead of jumping because I had no choice, I might've been interested in land. Building would make it possible for me to have exactly what I wanted as far as layout and design. It had its downside in a place like this though. I'd probably have people refer to it as something with a tinge of negativity instead of the Wilkins' place. People, at least when I lived here last, had a tendency to not like city folks coming in here and building fancy homes—fancy meaning anything new.

"See anything you like?" I hadn't heard Brenda, my real estate agent, opening the door. We'd talked on the phone a few times, and I recognized her smoky voice instantly. In my head, she had been an older woman, but in the entryway stood someone barely in her early twenties, if I were to guess.

"Not really." I stuck out my hand. "I'm Wilkins."

"Brenda." She gave my hand a shake. "Come on in. I pulled a few listings for you. I know we discussed staying close to town, but I had to go a bit outside of that range to find things that met your criteria."

I'd known it would be a possibility, but my preference would be to remain within walking distance of my new office.

There was something more trustworthy about a small town lawyer who was actually part of said small town. No one wanted a city slicker moving in to take advantage of the townspeople and, for quite a few residents, that was what a new house outside of city limits would project.

We sat down, she showed me listing after listing, and we put them in two piles: one to look into further and one to skip over completely. The latter was significantly smaller. Although, honestly, none looked right. They were either needing someone really handy, which I was not, or were outside the radius I preferred. The B&B as a temporary residence was looking more and more likely as our conversation went on.

“I wish there were more options.” She leaned back in her chair. “But, aside from a couple of commercial listings, there just isn’t much out there right now.”

I thought about what she said for a few minutes as I looked at the printed-out listings again and again. I was trying not to be too picky, truly I was, but if I was going to be settling down for the long haul, it had to hit at least a few of my must-haves.

“May I see the commercial listings?” Taxes would be higher, but commercial didn’t always mean the same thing here as it did in the city, this house being a perfect example.

“Sure.” She typed away on her computer, and the printer behind me started to churn. Only a few minutes later, I had six new properties to consider. One was an old abandoned mechanic shop, which really needed to be razed. It had been vacant since I was a kid. Three were basically homes, like the

one I was sitting in, homes that at one time had been turned into a business of some sort. I couldn't really tell from the listings what. It didn't really matter; they would all need too much work to be converted back to a home.

"I think I found something." He got up and went to the printer proud as could be. "It's a bit larger than you were thinking about, but I think it would be perfect, especially if you are considering filling it with little ones."

Filling it? No. But having a little? I loved that idea. I was confident we weren't talking about the same thing, but still, it made me smile.

She put the paper in front of me, the listing citing that it would be perfect for a small B&B. And maybe it would. The old home had a ton of square footage, a decent-sized yard, was just a block off of Main Street, and, at first glance, had been upgraded pretty recently.

"It's a foreclosure." She tapped her finger on the price as if it were her tablet. "You can probably get it for about half that. There just isn't the market. People who want larger homes here also want acreage."

"When can we see it?"

"How about now?"

And an hour later, I was submitting an offer.

Chapter Three

Skye

“Let’s go, Sir Chewsalot.” I clipped on his leash.

After spending a week with my aunt and uncle in the country, he wasn’t so thrilled about having to go back on leash. But city ordinance made it mandatory, and he was going to have to deal.

He hung his head as we walked, wanting me to see how disgruntled he was, if I were to guess. My fur baby made his needs and desires known. If he wanted to be petted, and you were ignoring him, he’d pet himself, using your hand. He wanted a treat, he’d head butt your side and then trot over to the cabinet it was stored in. Time for bed? He’d pace in front of you until you went into the bedroom.

I was so glad Sasha never once hinted at taking the dog with him when he moved. I found Sir Chewsalot at a shelter after we were already living together, so the argument could be made that he was both of ours. I might not have fought him on all the things he took that I wished he hadn’t or even the things he got rid of or destroyed in his attempt to keep his private side private. But, for Sir Chewsalot, I’d have fought him tooth and nail.

We walked in, and I waved a greeting to Piper who still held the same look of pity he had the last time I saw him.

“It’s a good day.” I wanted him to see that I was doing fine. He apparently didn’t get the message, his look somehow getting even more sullen. “Hope you are well.”

“Yes, sir.”

Maybe Sasha had said something to him, something about me. Oh well. I couldn't be worried about that now. I needed to go into the apartment and make a list of what I was going to need before I could start looking for a new roommate. There was a lot to do and, while I had enough money for next month's rent in full, I wouldn't be able to hit the next one without a second occupant or a second job. Neither was ideal.

While I spent the week with my aunt and uncle, Aunt Gina in particular had helped me really get my head organized. She told me more than once that if my biggest worries were furniture and a new roommate, it was best that he left. Had there been any true love between us, I'd have spent the week crying, eating ice cream, and being miserable instead of making lists of what needed to be done and looking at options to make them happen.

And she was right.

The elevator dinged, and we stepped out onto our floor. It was the first time I'd been back after having a plan and the shock had worn off. I waited for sadness to hit. None did.

As I reached the door, a red letter came into view. Red letters weren't good. I'd seen them before. They were always the result of people not paying their rent, or in rare cases, breaking rules that were nonnegotiable, such as smoking in the building.

I'd done neither of these and assumed that it was placed on the wrong door. I assumed wrong. Snatching it from the door, I was relieved to see that my key still worked. At least I

didn't need to figure out how to get my stuff—what was left of it anyway.

“Let's get this off of you.” I unclipped his leash and went to get him a treat and fill up his bowl before diving into the letter. I needed my heart to stop racing before I could concentrate on the words enough to have them mean anything.

As it turned out, even with that, it took me five reads to figure out what was going on. And I was not impressed. Not even close. I grabbed my phone and typed a text.

You took me off the lease. I was freaking livid. How could he do that? I was, for all intents and purposes, trespassing according to the letter and I had two weeks to get out. Two weeks? No one could find a place to live in two weeks. Not in this market and not in the middle of a month.

It was the only way to have my broken lease fees paid by the company, he sent back after a solid five minutes. If those were his well-thought-out words, I hated to think what he would've said if this had been a face-to-face conversation.

Never thought maybe you might've considered just signing it over to me? Because that would've been the “not being a dick” way to have handled that.

My phone rang, and I answered it even though I already knew it was to hear a bunch of bullshit.

“Your income doesn't meet the criteria, and I had very little time to make the decision.” And that was true. My income was lower than his, but I could've made it work or found a roommate soon enough to increase the income needed. At least, if it failed, I was part of the decision-making.

“Besides, you need to get a smaller place anyway, and you’d have been stuck with this one for eight more months.”

I hated that he made sense, but that didn’t make me any less mad.

“It still comes right back to you not asking me or telling me or warning me or whatever this is. You still made me homeless, and no amount of logic makes you not a dick for that.” I threw the paper on the counter. There was an appeals process but, by the sounds of things, I had no right to one, so why bother. “Daddies are supposed to take care of their boys.”

“Ouch.”

For a split second, I thought I got to him, that his empathy was going to set in. I should’ve known better.

“I wasn’t that kind of daddy, and we both know it. Trying to hurt me over something you chose isn’t going to make any of this better. What will make things better is filling out some housing applications.” Jackass.

“You better send me my half of the deposit back.”

“It’s lost because you are still there.”

I hung up. It wasn’t mature, and it probably just made him laugh, but fuck that noise. I couldn’t listen to him anymore. As if it was my fault any of this happened. For someone who used to pretend communication was key, he sure lacked the ability to do so.

Sir Chewsalot and I headed into the bedroom where things like furniture existed, and I spent the next hour looking at available apartments in the city. Even if I found one in my

price range, it took time to get all the paperwork and such in place, and the better the place, the worse it was.

My phone rang again, this time my aunt.

I dove straight into my apology.

“Sorry, Aunt Gina. I meant to call you as soon as I got home, and I forgot.”

“I figured as much, but you know me. I tend to worry.” I wasn’t sure that it was worrying as much as it was her giving me my love language. We never talked about my desire to be little and be taken care of because ewww...she’s my aunt. But still, she was good at reading people, and she doted on me in ways she wouldn’t with my cousins, not because she thought they could handle life better or anything but because they hated it. Although the argument could be made that they did handle life better since they all had good jobs, spouses, and homes, and I was only in possession of one of those.

“I came home to an eviction notice.” I filled her in on all of the details—not *all* of them, but the ones about the lease and my ex minus the daddy bits. She listened intently and asked questions as needed, but she didn’t give any advice until I asked her for it.

“What do you think?” That was all it took for her to jump into Super Aunt mode.

“I think you need to go to work tomorrow and talk to HR about transferring to a remote position and then I think you need to come here and stay with David and I until you figure out your next step. Making life-altering decisions when couch surfing is your only alternative to homelessness is very stress

inducing, and you don't need that. Besides, the odds are you'll make a poor decision because it will get you an apartment the soonest and inadvertently extend your agony."

And that was why I loved her. She didn't hold back when I needed her but also didn't push. The world needed more Aunt Ginas in it.

Once again, we made a plan, only this time it felt right. I needed to be away from all of this to make a solid decision.

My company website listed quite a few new remote position openings and, when I went into HR, they were able to slide me into a lateral position with ease. Hilda wasn't happy that I was going to be gone from her department in a week, but she understood, promising me a spot when I moved back to the city, and I appreciated that more than she could know.

All that was left to do was pack and rent a trailer to haul it all home in.

Home. It was interesting how I considered Aunt Gina's place home. I grew up in the city with my mom until I was seventeen. It was only when Mom married her now ex that I moved in with my aunt. My former stepfather considered me baggage, baggage that needed to be removed from her life, and remove me she did.

I still rarely spoke with her. I figured if I was worth less than some guy she had known for two months, then she didn't deserve my time.

Considering I spent one school year in that town, it was surprising that it was the first thing that came to mind when I thought of home. One, and that was it. I didn't even make any

good friends at that time, everyone else having gone to school together since kindy. And yet, it was still the best year of my childhood.

By the time the weekend was near, I had everything ready for moving. I'd even moved all of the boxes close to the front entryway to make it easier to load up in the morning. All things considered, there wasn't much. Aside from my bed, dresser, and desk, there was no furniture to speak of and, since my ex thought getting rid of all my little things instead of just moving them into my room had been a grand idea, all I had left was a pair of really short shorts, my train shirt, and some trainer underwear—the things I was supposed to wear for him that night—the ones I had laid out on my bed.

“Screw it.” I grabbed the suitcase they were packed in and fished them out. “I'm not going to have the only little things I have left be connected to him and a negative memory.” I refused.

Instead, I put them on underneath my street clothes, gave Sir Chewsalot a quick walk, and drove to Collared. Who said I needed a daddy to go have fun? They had a little room, and I planned to take full advantage of it. Who knew? Maybe I'd even be able to find a daddy to play with for the night.

Chapter Four

Wilkins

My first few weeks working with Mr. Lorne, or Edwin as he insisted on being called now that I had officially taken over the office, had been amazing. In many ways, it was exactly the same as when I worked there during the summer. There were more wills and deed transfers than anything else. Except, now I saw it in a different light. They were no longer tasks that could easily have been done online and were sort of filler until real work came in. No, they were moments when Edwin was making a positive difference in clients' lives.

And I was there for it. As gratifying as my old job had sometimes been before it all fell to shit, most of what I did revolved around helping people with money get more money, be it by contract or cease-and-desist letters. This—this was different, and I left each day feeling like the town was a little better for what we'd done.

Driving back to the city for a conference Edwin had signed up for before I'd agreed to take over didn't feel like the going home I expected. Every mile I drove closer to the city, the more I felt the urge to just turn around. There were things to do at home. I'd stripped the wallpaper from a couple of rooms, but there was plenty more that needed to come down. Could it wait? Absolutely. There was zero rush. The place was livable with gross walls. But I just wanted to get it done, to make the place my own.

It was the perfect location and had more rooms than I needed, but I'd quickly figured out uses for them. I set up a small office in one of the bedrooms. I created a library and reading room in another. I even had not one but two guest rooms—or soon-to-be guest rooms anyway. They still needed furniture, but the plan was there. The only room in the house I hadn't even started on yet comprised the third floor and only had a couple of round windows pretty high up. It had been the attic at one time, but the last owners had converted it into a suite, complete with a claw-foot bathtub.

It would be absolutely perfect for a nursery. But I was in my hometown, not a large metropolitan area with a club to find like-minded people. What would be the point of a nursery with no one to share it with. There was none, which was why it would probably remain empty for the next decade or so until I figured out an alternative purpose for it.

The exit I used to call mine appeared. I turned on my blinkers and followed the familiar path. I was staying with Zane, something I was happy about. I could've easily stayed at the convention venue hotel, but I didn't want to. The one thing I missed about this place was Zane. Fine, one of two things. I also missed our nights at Collared. It was one of the few places I could go and just be myself.

Zane had kept my parking space when I moved out, not willing to give it up just in case he found a new roomie. He wouldn't. He was liking having the place to himself. But keeping the space made it great for me. I pulled in and popped into the elevator and was soon in my former home with Zane.

“You look like you.” He rubbed his chin as if really focusing on me.

“As opposed to?”

“I don’t know, more country, I guess.” He smirked.

“Jerk.” I rolled my eyes and then gave him a hug. “Gonna let me in or not?”

“I guess.”

The apartment was exactly like it had been when I left. He still even had the same dying plant on the mantel.

“You know where your room is. I got new furniture for it. You may recognize it.” He was quite amused with himself and, as I rolled my suitcase into it, I saw why. It was an exact replica of his bedroom right down to the art.

“Better be careful or they are going to kick you outta here for running a hotel.” I set my suitcase in the corner.

“By having an old friend over to stay?”

“Don’t hotels all have the same furniture in each room?” I stuck out my tongue.

“Jerk,” he countered, mimicking me.

“Fair enough.” I shoved my hands into my pockets. “Remember last time you asked me to go to Collared? I was all, yeah no, I don’t want to deal with the looks, and whatever else poured out of my mouth?”

He nodded, his eyes lighting up as he pieced together what I was going to be asking next.

“Can we pretend that conversation never happened and go tonight? I love where I am, but I could use a good night out.” And maybe get laid. I hadn’t quite figured out the way to date in my small town. Everyone knew everyone and, if things didn’t work out well, it would be fodder for all the town gossip. I was used to that, having been gossip fodder for the entire city, but just starting in my own practice made it different.

“Leave in an hour?”

“Leave in an hour.”

I took a long hot shower and put on my favorite suit. I’d brought it for the convention and was glad to have it with me.

Zane drove, and it was more difficult to find a parking spot than normal, so it was probably going to be crowded. Knowing Marion, there might even be an event going on. Fingers crossed it was one open to all members and not invite only or ticketed.

We’d stepped into the lobby when Zane realized he had forgotten something in the car. I promised to wait for him and stayed off to the side. It was a great place to people watch. I saw glimpses of people in their street clothing, and it was always a fun inner game to figure out if they would change or not when they went inside, and if so, into what.

A younger man came in alone, and I didn’t need to think about what he was going to wear. The tightness in his jeans gave away the thick underwear or possibly a diaper he had on underneath. He was a little and hotter than hot. I hadn’t seen him here before, but Zane and I usually came on Saturday

nights and if this was their normal “little” night, we might never have crossed paths.

I tried to look away from him, but I couldn't. There was something about him that was like a magnet designed specifically for my eyes. It wasn't even just that he was gorgeous, which he was. It was more than that.

His turn to check in came up, and I instantly saw a problem. It was none of my business, absolutely none, and yet I found myself walking over there without even giving it any thought.

“I'm sorry, sir. Your membership has been canceled,” Riley who was manning the check-in said with compassion.

“I didn't cancel it though.” The distress in his voice nearly broke me. “I didn't.”

“But it was technically not yours, Skye. I'm sorry.”

I stepped right to his side. “Skye, I'm so glad you made it.” I crossed my fingers he picked up on what I was trying to do for him. Technically, it probably didn't matter, but it would be far easier getting him in if he was planning on meeting us here in the first place.

Skye had been at the very least a recent member, meaning he'd gone through all the background checks and membership paperwork. I felt safe helping him get in, and that had nothing to do with my attraction to him. Heck, for all I knew, he was into women. This was just me being nice, and I hoped he saw it as that.

“Zane had to get something from the car, but when he gets back, we can go on in.”

Riley gave me a look.

“Sasha canceled our membership apparently. Do you have any guest passes left?” Clever boy.

“I do,” I told him.

I signed us both in, and Zane got there just as we finished. “We’ll see you inside.” I gave him a half wave and headed inside with Skye.

“Thanks so much,” Skye said. “My da...my ex moved to New York and wasn’t so considerate about what he did and did not cancel.” He shrugged. “I appreciate your help.”

It didn’t go unnoticed by me that he nearly said daddy.

“It was no problem. Have fun tonight.” I wanted him in no way to think he owed me anything.

“Your...little...just came in?” He was fishing for information, and it had my heart racing. It had been a long time since someone caught my attention, much less this much of it.

“He’s just a daddy like me.” And I was playing the game, too, letting him know exactly how things were via flirting.

Zane arrived next to me, and Skye thanked me and went on his way.

“What was that about?” My friend wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

“His membership had expired, and I was helping him out, is all.” He didn’t need to know the ugly details of the young man’s shitty ex. “Shall we find a table, or would you prefer a sofa?”

“I vote sofa. Maybe we can find some people to play with.”

We wove our way through the club and found a small seating area near the little room. Most of the place was packed, but, for some reason, this area was quiet tonight, and I appreciated it.

“I wonder if there will be anyone we know here tonight.” I picked up the appetizer menu from the coffee table in front of us.

“Don’t know. But maybe we should order enough for whoever stops by.” He looked over my shoulder. “The whole *build it they will come* thing.”

I agreed and, when Camille approached us for our order, we basically read her the menu. She was used to Zane and his ways and didn’t even bat an eye, promising to bring them the items over time unless the seating area filled up quickly.

“Are these seats taken?” a daddy, accompanied by his boy, asked only a few minutes later.

“Taken by you,” I said, offering a smile of welcome. “I’m Wilkins and this is my friend Zane.”

“I’m Holden, and this is my boy Declan.” He shook our hands, his little already on the floor with a toy car in his hand, all ready to play. He was adorably dressed and had fallen pretty deeply into his little space, his rosy cheeks an indication he’d had an extra good time getting ready in one of the dressing rooms. Good on him. I loved seeing a daddy taking care of his sweet boy.

As we chatted, I learned Holden owned a ranch near my new home, and that gave us a lot to talk about. It was comforting learning that I wasn't the only one in that town who was a daddy, and it gave me hope that the area was pretty accepting of gay relationships.

"Wanna play?" I looked down to see Skye crawling over to me.

"Hello, Skye. Don't you look adorable this evening."

He smiled brightly at my praise.

"I would love to play. I didn't bring any toys with me, but the little room is open."

He didn't say anything, instead turning around and crawling in that direction. If he had been my boy, I'd have had him get up and walk so as to not hurt his knees, since he didn't have any protection for them, not even an extra-long pair of knee-highs. But he wasn't my boy, and he was the one taking control tonight.

What a brave boy, asking a daddy to play.

"I'll be back."

Zane gave me a knowing look but went back to talking with Holden as his little drove his car all around the table. I'd have felt bad about going if Zane hadn't left me for a better offer more times than I could count. I never really minded, and I was pretty sure he wouldn't, either.

I caught up to Skye just as he reached the door, and we went in together.

The room was busier than I'd seen it in a while. There were littles eating, others playing blocks, a few listening to a daddy reading his own little a story, and a very full craft area with glitter everywhere.

“What would you like to do?” I knelt down to be at eye level with Skye. “There's lots of fun to be had.”

He shook his head back and forth quickly and then yawned like it was his job. He might've been heading into a natural yawn, I couldn't say for sure, but he exaggerated it to the point that no one in the room wouldn't have gotten his hint.

“Do you need a nap before we play?”

He bobbed his head up and down.

“Then let's get you over there.” I straightened and held out my hand for him, thrilled when he stood up and took it.

We wove our way through the room into the recent addition, a small nursery complete with cribs. It was an area one I hadn't used before. I was excited to give it a whirl, and with an adorable little at that.

“You must've had a long day, Skye.” Had he been my little, I'd have offered to change him into a diaper, his thick underwear peeking out of his too-short shorts. Or make that perfectly short shorts. “Want Wilkins to put you down for a nap?”

I didn't like the way Wilkins tasted as I said my name. Daddy had wanted to pop out of my mouth, but as our only negotiations had been “wanna play,” it was a line I wasn't willing to cross. We'd agreed to play and now to nap. That was

it. And if anything other than blocks, blankies, and cars were to transpire, we'd need to have a conversation with Skye's big side first.

"Yes, please." He held his arms up for me to pick him up. He was shorter than me but not enough for me to grab him from that angle, and I scooped him up instead, setting him down in one of the open cribs. I grabbed a blankie from the shelf, along with a stuffed dog and handed them both to him.

"Enjoy your sleep, little one. I'm going to sit in the rocking chair right over there until you're done." I pointed to the chair right across from him. "Do you want the side up?"

He pulled the blankie close to his cheek and nodded, and I pulled the side out and up.

As I was walking to the rocking chair, I heard him say, "I miss my crib."

And every speck of daddy in me wanted to go buy him one right then and there.

Chapter Five

Skye

I hadn't meant to fall asleep. I was just going to snuggle up and enjoy the feeling of being in my crib for a few minutes and then go back to the original plan of playing with the sexy daddy. But there was something about the way he helped me get all snuggled in and was content to just watch me that had my few minutes of relaxation turning into a true nap. I'd probably have stayed asleep most of the night had a very naughty little not decided it was time to throw a huge-ass temper fit in what sounded like an attempt to get spanked.

I stretched out and looked over to see Wilkins still sitting in the chair watching me, as if he was having the best time in the world. Over the years, I'd met a number of wanna-be daddies around, those who thought playing with a little was a means to an end—that end being an orgasm or three. I'd also met a few people who thought they might be a daddy but more out of wanting to be in control than anything else. Wilkins was neither of these. He was a daddy to his core, and I hated that I was moving and this would be our only chance to play together—especially now that I had no membership, even if I did want to make the long car trip alone.

I had tonight with him, and I decided then and there that I was going to take full advantage of our time together. No more sleepies for me. The memory of this evening was going to have to carry me for a long time.

“I awake,” I called over to him. “Play now?”

He gave a subtle nod, stood up, and crossed the room to me. “Did you have a nice nappy?”

I nodded.

“Then let’s get you up and ready to play.” He helped me up and out of the crib, his eyes glancing to my lower region a couple of times.

“I dry,” I assured him. We never mentioned anything other than playing, and I wouldn’t impose that on him even if I did have a change, which I didn’t.

“Then, I guess it’s time to play.” He helped me out of the crib, a few times looking like he was going to lift me down.

Playing with a new daddy was rough and, if I had thought about it, we’d have had the discussions over what I wanted out of the evening before we began to play, but it was pretty spontaneous and too late to swap things around now. If I was still living in the city, I’d have made the time, knowing we could come together easily again if we wanted to. But that was not the case, and you play with the cards you’re dealt.

“Snack or toys?” he asked as we stepped into the little space that was filled with activity.

“Play.”

We spent the next hour or so playing with everything from a ball to cars to coloring to blocks. Anything and everything that looked like fun, we did. I loved it.

Sasha had always been about his needs, which I knew going in. He had very clear expectations of what he wanted and how. For the most part, they aligned with mine, so it worked, but playing like this—with someone who just wanted

to enjoy our time together—had me realizing how much I'd given up with my last daddy.

We never had spontaneous fun like this. Playing always seemed like work to him. It felt like Wilkins was getting just as much out of it as I was, and that made the entire experience so much...more.

But, as the night wound down, my little time wasn't all I wanted from Wilkins. I wanted big time, too. He'd called me brave for asking him to play, and that gave me the courage to ask him for the more I wanted as we left the little room.

I stood up, no longer wanting it to be daddy-little time. He'd never negotiate when I was in that headspace. I wasn't sure how I knew that, but I did.

"Thanks for tonight. I needed this." Usually I allowed myself to come out of the headspace more slowly, but this would do. Especially if he agreed to what I wanted to do next.

"It was fun. Did you want to come back and hang out with us?" And, just like that, he gave me the opening I was looking for.

"I was thinking that maybe we could go somewhere and have some big fun?"

He stopped and faced me. "And by big fun, you mean...?"

"Hadn't got that far. Just that there would be orgasms." If he wanted me to suck him off or ride him like a horse or, heck, I'd fuck him up against the wall. I didn't care what we did, I just knew I had to taste this man and feel his flesh against mine.

“I’m in town visiting my friend. I don’t have a place.” At least he sounded a bit sad about his rejection. Except, it didn’t feel like rejection, more like just stating the reality of his situation.

“I’m moving,” I replied. “My stuff has already been moved out, pretty much, but if you don’t mind a mostly vacant place, we can go to my apartment.” I didn’t want to get into the fact that most of what had been taken out wasn’t even mine and had been taken to NYC or the stupid Dumpster, depending on Sasha’s stupid mood.

“Let me tell Zane I’m going to be late.” He winked and started to turn away. I wasn’t sure what he wanted me to do, so I just stood there. Wilkins stepped back and took my hand. “Ready?”

“Yeah, I just...yeah, I’m ready.”

He gave me a reassuring squeeze, and we walked over to where he’d been sitting. The entire area was filled with people. Even if we had come back to join them, we’d have had to either find chairs to bring over or grab a seat on the floor. I was glad to see that because if the other guy had been alone or with just another couple, I’d probably have felt guilty for ripping his friend away from him. Would it have stopped me bringing him home? Probably not. But I’d have felt not great about it after the fact.

He waited outside the dressing area for me as I got my street clothing back on. Had we come together, we’d probably have arranged for a private room and had our fun there. There was something heady about being screwed knowing there were people walking past. But a general dressing room was

off-limits to that kind of play—house rules. I might not still be a member, but it didn't mean I didn't respect Marion and all she worked to accomplish here. Besides, it was Wilkins' club, too, and risking his membership would've been a complete dick move.

I did grab some condoms and lube packets from the dressing area as I left, unsure if I even knew where my supplies were with everything being packed up. The last thing we needed was to get there and be cockblocked by my own piss-poor planning.

“Did you drive?” I asked as I rejoined him.

“No. You? Or we can take a rideshare.”

“I drove. I just wasn't sure if I needed to give you directions in case you couldn't keep up.” I didn't drive in any way that wasn't keep-up worthy, but you never knew with lights and such. “Just be prepared for a bit of dog hair.”

“I like dogs. Was thinking of maybe getting one when I am more settled.”

I wanted to ask him about where he was settling, but what was the point. So I could be sad he was wherever it was while I was living with my aunt and uncle trying to figure out my life? Yeah, none of that sounded ideal, so instead I just led him to my car, regaling him with stories of Sir Chewsalot and trying to ignore my uncomfortably tight pants. As I gave myself permission to think of Wilkins as a sexual partner, my cock decided to run with it.

The drive back wasn't long and, thankfully, the night doorman was busy with someone else when we came in. I

didn't need Wilkins seeing the pity stares they all gave me. Maybe, with me on Wilkins' arm, they wouldn't any longer. I was glad not to have to find out.

"This is a nice place," he said as we stepped into the elevator.

"It is, but it's time to move along." I so very much didn't want to get into it. Who wants to hear about a shitty ex right before plowing someone? Not me.

"What are you into?" I asked as soon as the elevator doors closed. I didn't dare ask him on the ride over, not wanting to get distracted while driving. "I like giving and receiving most things." Sasha had said that that was unacceptable, and littles only received certain things and only gave others. But, once again, it was just as much my fault for over-compromising as it was his fault that neither of us really got what we wanted from the relationship. Not that I'd known he didn't...before he left, at least.

"I appreciate your candor," Wilkins murmured. The elevator came to a stop, and the door opened to reveal a couple of very intoxicated people standing on the other side with their fingers pointing down.

"We're going up," I told them, and they stepped back, allowing the doors to close. "Sorry. The buttons on that floor call everything. The rest work well." And given the amount this place normally costs to live in, you'd have thought they'd have fixed it by now, but no longer my problem. "You were saying?"

"I was about to say that I'm interested in you and what will make you see stars tonight." With most guys that

would've sounded like a line—something to make them look better, but Wilkins was all daddy and, in that context, it made sense, especially with the sincerity with which he said it.

“We should've stopped to get some energy drinks along the way, then. Because my imagination is running wild.” I leaned in and pressed my lips to his only to have the stupid elevator bing again and open up on my floor.

“This is us.” I pulled gently on his hand and led him to my apartment where he was greeted by an all-but-vacant abode and a very-happy-to-see-him dog.

Chapter Six

Wilkins

Being a daddy who loved getting to know and enjoy his little, I sucked at one-night stands. And tonight was no exception. I longed to ask him why this place didn't feel like his, and not just because it was so empty, which he had more or less explained, but it just didn't. Not in the way he moved in the space or in the way his sweet dog ignored half of it. So, instead of mentioning any of that, I focused on the door, which led to us taking the pup for a walk. It wasn't until an hour later that the two of us were finally in his room together, and I was able to do what I had longed to do in that elevator when he pressed his lips to mine.

I kissed him, pushing him up against his door, pressing my body against him, letting him feel that I was just as hard for him as he was for me. I didn't even pretend to go with soft and sweet, instead infusing all of my passion into the kiss and loving the little gasps of pleasure that escaped him as he sank into me.

No part of me had been exaggerating when I said that I wanted to do whatever had him seeing stars tonight. He might not be mine, but that didn't take the daddy out of me, especially not after he came crawling to me asking me to play earlier.

I soaked in his taste and his scent, wanting all these clothes between us to just vanish so I could feel his body against mine, uninhibited.

When our kiss broke, both of us breathless, Skye squirmed, and I stepped back, thinking I was inadvertently making him feel trapped.

“I was grabbing these,” he said, breath still bated. In his hand were condoms and lube. “We’re going to need these.” He leaned in and nipped at my bottom lip. “Do you...”

He stopped mid-sentence.

“Do I what?” I cupped his cheek. “You can ask me anything.”

“Do you mind if maybe I wear this tonight?” His words both took me aback and filled me with happiness. It meant that even in the short time we had spent together, he felt comfortable telling me what he needed. There was nothing I wanted more than that.

“I think that would be perfect.” I pressed my forehead against his. “Thank you for trusting me with your desires.” And boo on anyone who made him think he ever had to hide them. “I can’t wait to feel you inside me.”

“You’re not like other daddies.” It was a compliment, and I took it as such. “Maybe you can show me how you like to be opened up?” His voice quivered at that, showing just how much strength it took for him to ask.

“I would like that.” It wasn’t something I’d ever done as a show for another, but I sure as heck was going to put the best show on for him that I could. If he was brave enough to ask for something so outside his comfort zone, I was going to make sure the payoff was worth it.

And not for the first or even the tenth time, I wished that this wasn't going to be a one and done. I could see myself having so much fun and fulfillment giving this boy all he desired, taking care of him the way his previous partners obviously never had, showing him his worth. But I didn't live here and, even if I did, he was moving. One of the boxes said NYC and, while I didn't ask him if that was his destination, why else would it be scrolled across the box. This was our time, two men passing in the night like some sappy poem that was more sorrow filled than romantic.

We went over to the bed and slowly undressed each other as if we both sensed this was the one chance we got and didn't want to ruin it by having it over too soon.

"I want to kiss you until dawn." I scooped him up and deposited him on the bed.

"I think that can be arranged." He pulled me down on top of him, and we kissed, slowly and leisurely, neither of us rushing things for more. I loved the feel of being with him like that, but I refused to deny him what he asked for, even if that denial came due to an alarm signaling he had to go to work or I had to be at a meeting rather than by my words. It would have felt like a rejection, like I hadn't heard his needs and taken them into account.

I rolled us onto our sides and let my hands wander, encouraging him to do the same. Hands explored as did our mouths, my cock somehow even harder.

"Ready?" I asked, and he looked up at me from my chest, where he had been nibbling on my nipple.

"For?"

“To watch, of course.”

His eyes lit up, and he got on his knees at the foot of the bed. “Yes, please.” There was a relief-filled quality to his voice.

“I didn’t forget. I just didn’t want to hurry to the finish line. It feels like tonight might not be enough time.” I hadn’t meant for it to come out, but I didn’t regret it. So what if he knew I sucked at one-night stands...at least he’d know he mattered, and that was something I suspected hadn’t always been the case for him.

“I knew you wouldn’t forget da—Wilkins.” He bounced a bit on his heels. “I wanna see.”

I reached over to where the lube and condoms landed and grabbed a packet. I wasn’t a huge fan of the small packets—they tended to be difficult to open and made a mess—but I opened it and coated my fingers like they were my most favorite things.

With one hand, I grabbed my cock and gave it a slow stroke and with my slick-coated fingers, I brought my hand down to my hole, circling it with my lube-coated finger and watching Skye’s face. Yes, he said he wanted to see how I liked it done, but I also wanted to make it enjoyable for him on a sensual level as well. This wasn’t school, and I didn’t want to treat it as such.

He pulled his bottom lip in with his teeth each time I got close to the tight ring of muscle and, when he bit a little harder, I took that as my hint it was time to slide inside, loving the way he gasped. I slowly fucked myself, first with one finger then two, then three, and Skye was so responsive that

there were a couple of times I thought he was going to come right there.

“I think you’re ready,” he announced and lunged for the condom and, even if I wasn’t, I’d have been, just at seeing his enthusiasm. I tossed him an extra lube and watched him fumble to open the condom.

“Would you like Wilkins to get you ready?” I wasn’t one to call myself Wilkins like that, but it was as close to daddy as I could get without overstepping.

Skye bobbed his head up and down.

“Wait right here. Let me wash my hands so I can get a grip.” I rushed to the bathroom and washed the lube from my hands, dried them, and raced back, happy the packets opened easily.

Skye hadn’t moved, and it took me a half a second to realize it had been my fault. I told him to *wait right here* as just an indication I’d be back, and instead he took it as a direction.

“You waited so nicely.” There was no way I wanted him to feel bad about being good.

I tore the condom open. “Let’s get this on you so you can take over and tell me what to do.” His eyes widened. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

He nodded.

“Me, too. It’s been a long time since I had someone pound me into the mattress.” He let out a gasp, and I rolled it down his length. I opened the lube and coated him generously. I hadn’t been kidding about it being a long time and the more

lube, the better. “You’re all ready...now, tell Wilkins what to do.”

For a second, he looked like a deer in the headlights, but then he was ready to take over. At first, he spoke in a hushed tone, his words clear and concise but not very loud. But, with each direction I followed, he got more and more confident. *On my back. Knees pulled to my chest. Grab him a pillow. Don’t move. Move now. Kiss me*, and on and on. And each action I did with pleasure, loving the confidence it gave him. His pleasure became mine as he pounded into me, his hand wrapped around my length, jerking me as he brought himself to climax, my own orgasm following quickly behind. It was by far the hottest experience I’d ever had and, from the sated expression on his face when he collapsed on me, I was pretty sure it was for him as well.

“Thank you.” I kissed the top of his head. “Wilkins needed that.” Oh, how I wanted to say daddy, but it would mess everything up. This was a one-night stand. That was all it could ever be.

“Let’s get you cleaned up now.”

He looked up at me. “You’ll take over now?”

“Of course, sweet boy. You deserve to be taken care of.”

He smiled and then started to roll off me, giving me full rein to give him the aftercare he needed. He may have been doing something he longed to do, but, even in that, he was doing it with someone else’s approval—mine. Please let him make good choices over the men he trusts himself with. He gives so freely and openly, it would be so easy for someone to swoop in and take advantage of him.

“Thank you...Wilkins.”

I climbed out of bed and took his hand. I led him into the bathroom, where I helped him shower away all the lube and sweat and cum. I almost hated to, loving seeing the results of our time together. When we were both clean, I dried him off and brought him to bed where I tucked him in, my alarm already going off for me to get up.

“I need to go, brave boy. Anything I can do for you before I leave?” I wanted to climb right back into bed with him and, had I not been expected at the conference in a couple of hours, I’d have done just that.

“Let Sir Chewsalot into the bedroom, so I’m not alone.”

My heart cracked at his confession, and I opened the door for the dog. We hadn’t kicked him out per se, but he had been sound asleep on a dog bed in the other room when the door closed. He didn’t immediately come once it was ajar, and I couldn’t bring myself to leave, not with Skye alone. Instead, I climbed back into bed with him.

“Is it okay if I stay for an hour?”

He snuggled right up to me. “I’d love that.” And, within a couple of minutes, he was asleep.

Why did we have to meet now and not while I was still living here? Why?

Chapter Seven

Skye

“What do you think?” I asked Sir Chewsalot about the new location of his bed. I’d managed to move it five times in the short time since I officially “moved in” to my aunt’s spare room.

He sniffed it and then jumped back onto the bed. I wasn’t the kind of person who didn’t want the dog to sleep with me, but my bed here was a twin, and there just wasn’t room. Oh well, I was going to have to figure out a way for it to work because he was being a stubborn head.

“Fine. I’ll just sleep in the dog bed.” I scratched behind his ears the way he liked. “And don’t think I won’t. I saw on social media that they now make dog beds for humans.” And I’d been tempted to get one. They were more huge bean-bag-type things, but they looked beyond comfortable.

I turned around slowly taking the room in. It was, in personality, every bit my aunt and uncle, and not at all me, but it would do. I had a place to sleep, a place for my clothes, and a place to work. It had almost everything I needed.

And the missing piece would just have to wait. I loved my aunt and had no problem talking to her about the men I dated or even about my struggles with my sexual identity back when I was a teen. She was one of the most open and understanding people I’d ever met, and somehow she was my kin. I lucked out on that one. But I drew the line talking with or letting her see my little side. It was a step too deep into my private life.

I just needed to hold onto the memories of the last time I was little until I was able to move out on my own again. It would happen soon enough. And it wasn't the remote part as much as the location of the roof over my head that caused the slight decrease, thanks to locality pay.

But being able to bank most of my salary was going to make it worth it. It meant that I didn't have to settle for an overpriced apartment I'd be stuck in for a year or living in a less safe part of town because it was available right away. Pushing aside a small part of my relational needs to make this happen was worth it. Or so I kept telling myself.

“All right, Sir Chewsalot. It's time to go for a walk before I need to get some work done.” It wasn't work for my job, since it was Sunday, but there were things I wanted to do around the house to help my aunt and uncle.

Sir Chewsalot looked up at me as if to ask if I was serious because, of course, it was nap time. When I clucked my tongue, he begrudgingly got down and came to my side. On the way out, I grabbed the leash. I wasn't sure how far we were going, but if we got close to town, it was best to have him on a leash due to the cars.

I poked my head into the kitchen. “Aunt Gina, we're going for a walk and, when we come back, I want to work on the loose corner of your patio, unless you have something more pressing.”

Aunt Gina looked up from her coffee and paper. She was one of the few people I knew who still did the crossword puzzles every week. My uncle teased her that it was the only reason she got the Sunday paper, and she always countered

that it was for the coupons, too. The resulting conversation would always lead to him sitting beside her and figuring out the last few missing answers on the puzzle. They were adorably predictable.

“We didn’t invite you to live here so you could fix up the place,” she reminded me not for the first time.

“I like to do it, and it gives me something to do.” *Because before Sasha left, my weekends were filled with diapers and bottles and chickie nuggies.* “Besides, when I fix things you make me a fabulous dinner.”

She gave me the stink eye. “And how exactly are the dinners when you are acting like the guest that you are?”

“They are equally delicious but served with a side of self-imposed guilt.”

She indicated the seat in front of her and put her pen down. Yes, pen. Because Aunt Gina.

I took the seat, and Sir Chewsalot sat beside me, looking up at me like I better have a treat for him, given I made him get up for a nonexistent walk. Only the walk was happening. Just not yet.

“I know you meant it as a joke, but I don’t want you to feel like you ever owe us anything. You being here in our home filled it with laughter and joy. We were the lucky ones.” She was talking about my teen years, and her memory was a bit off. I was somewhat angsty when I arrived, the rejection stinging far more than I wanted to admit even to myself.

“Don’t give me that look.” Gina tsked. I hadn’t been giving “her” the look, but I had a tendency to show my

thoughts on my face, so it was no wonder she knew what I was thinking, or at least close enough. “Of course, there was a transition time—that’s what life is...one transition after another. If not, everything would stay stagnant, and what is the fun in that? But don’t let the rougher times overshadow the good.”

“You’re right.” And I was in one of those transitions now. Only this one was so much easier than the one we were currently chatting about, and I needed to take comfort in that.

Sure, Sasha rejected me, but there was no love there, and it wasn’t his job to love me for always and forever like it was my mother’s. I had a job and a place to live—a place where I had always felt complete acceptance. And I had Sir Chewsalot. By all accounts, this was a pretty good scenario.

Did I want to run into Wilkins somewhere, have him tell me he couldn’t stop thinking about me since our night at Collared? Learn he’d moved back to the city and that he’d found a very cheap rent-controlled place for me so I could move back, too, and we could explore whatever it was we’d discovered that night? Abso-fucking-lutely. But this was real life and not a fairy tale. I just needed to hold onto the magic of being with him and remember that I could drive to Collared from here if and when I got my shit together enough to buy another membership. He wasn’t the only daddy there. I could play again.

But he was the first daddy who actually cared about what I wanted. I needed to remind myself I was just as responsible for choosing the daddies I had played with over the years as they were about being who they were. It was my less-than-

ideal choices that had me settling. And, next time, I needed to do better.

Next time. As if that was in the near future.

“You’re right, Aunt Gina, and I am going to stop being so hard on myself.” She mimicked what I should be saying, interrupting my thoughts that had been spiraling probably to places they best not, given my current company.

I was being hard on myself. I hadn’t seen it in that light.

“I’ll try?” It was the best I could offer. “But, for now, I need to take Sir Chewsalot for a walk then fix the patio. I like helping out around here. It gives me joy.”

“Joy? I’m not sure I buy that, but I do appreciate the help. Do you need supplies? A second set of hands possibly?”

“It just needs some leveling. I think I can handle it with the shovel and some of the sand you have in the garage.” If not, I could look it up online. “You have a day off; you should enjoy it. Come for a walk with me.”

The more I sat here, the more I realized I was going to have a pity party of a walk if I went alone. Too much time to think probably wasn’t ideal. “I’ll even buy you a coffee at the cafe.”

“Mocha and you have yourself a deal.”

My uncle was at his buddy’s helping with a new calf. He didn’t say what they were doing exactly, only that he’d be back this afternoon, so we left a note on the table for him and headed out for our walk.

The day was gorgeous, the air crisp and cool but not uncomfortably so and, as we strolled along, Aunt Gina pointed out all the changes that happened in town as we passed things. Her job at the feedstore had her at the center of all gossip and not even because she was someone who loved to gossip. People just tended to talk about things freely as they picked out their purchases.

“Drue took over the old Fredrick’s place.” She indicated one of the older homes as we got close to town. “I think they are planning to turn it into a daycare, but that is 100 percent hearsay. It would be good, though, because these older homes just being vacant is not good for town, and having city folks come in and buy them because they are cheap isn’t great for us, either.” And it had been an increasingly common problem with so many jobs now being available as remote positions. We hadn’t had it happen as much as some of the neighboring towns yet, but it wouldn’t be long.

We. I loved how I already thought of this place as mine and me being part of the collective we of the area. I supposed that feeling had never gone away, but catching myself saying or even thinking things like that sort of solidified it.

“Any news on the Livingston place?” It had been picked up sight unseen by a woman whose dream it was to own a B&B. The house was large enough to make that happen, but it was nowhere near set up for that. A high school friend’s grandmother had owned it and, unless she did a ton of work on it before she passed, it wasn’t near B&B ready.

“Yeah. The lawyer who took over for Mr. Lorne bought it.” Mr. Lorne was the resident lawyer and had been as far

back as anyone could remember. “Some local guy returning to his roots or something. Only a few years older than you from the looks of him.”

“That’s good. That house needs a large family.” And there I was sounding like one of the old men sitting on their front porch gossiping.

“Given he’s both single and not so into dating women, I don’t think that is going to happen anytime soon.” She shoulder butted me. “You heard the single part, right?”

“Pretty sure that being the two single gay guys in town doesn’t automatically make us compatible.” I didn’t ask her how she knew his preferences. Knowing her, she overheard it somewhere and was holding onto the information for this exact moment. Aunt Gina didn’t love me being alone, and I didn’t love it, either, but it was what it was, and small-town matchmaking wasn’t the ideal solution.

“Not the only gay or bi guys in town, but he’s single and in your age bracket, probably.” She stopped at the corner to look for the traffic that didn’t exist before crossing the street.

“You do know that age is just a number,” I reminded her.

“Whatever. It would be nice for you to have some fun while you’re here—fun with people you’re not related to.” It was starting to make sense why she had me go with her to Jean and Decker’s place that day. It wasn’t about helping out or being neighborly or what not. She was trying to get me some friends. I appreciated it, but also...that wasn’t really my goal while I was here.

For all I knew, I'd be here for only a couple of months. There was no reason to build solid relationships only to have to leave them shortly. And it wasn't that I didn't like it here. I did. But there was so much more for me in the city. It was just where I fit in.

"I will," I assured her. I'd hit up some of the town events or something to appease her. Maybe I'd even look at one of the dating apps. Who knew? Things had really changed a lot since I left; maybe there would be people to date. Who was I kidding? The odds of me even downloading the app were slim to none, but it was an option.

"I can already smell the coffee from here." Aunt Gina inhaled deeply, the scent of the roasting beans getting stronger with each step. It was one of the nice things about having a small specialty place in town—they roasted their own beans in small batches. I needed to remember to grab a bag for my uncle while I was there. He adored their coffee, and it looked like his stash was getting low.

"We best be stepping lively, then," I called to her, already a few steps ahead of me.

She rounded the corner, just as Sir Chewsalot decided he needed to take a little break to sniff a bush and then water it.

For a split second, I thought I heard Wilkins' voice apologizing with an "excuse me" and froze. It couldn't be him though.

It was official, I was smitten over a one-night stand.

"No, it's my fault. I was in a hurry for my mocha," Aunt Gina said, and Sir Chewsalot decided it was time to bolt after

her, the lease falling from my hand.

“Sir Chewsalot?”

Now I was really losing it. Not only did the person my aunt was talking to sound just like Wilkins, the man knew his name, and that was enough to get my legs to start working again.

I rounded the corner to find myself looking at Daddy—I meant Wilkins.

Chapter Eight

Wilkins

I spend a good chunk of the morning steaming off wallpaper in a closet. I felt great about getting it all done, but I was spent. Being in the confined space only made it twice as hot. I needed an iced coffee and a hot shower. Given it was Sunday and the coffee shop had minimal hours, I opted to grab the coffee first.

They were only a block from my house and, as soon as I opened the front door, I was taken hostage by whatever beans they were roasting. I didn't even care what it was, I needed some. It had me under its spell.

I jogged down the stairs and to the sidewalk, nearly crashing into a woman who had been paying as much attention as I had been.

"Excuse me. I'm so sorry. I wasn't paying enough attention." At least we didn't actually collide. Then she'd be both knocked over and smelling as bad as I did.

"No, it's my fault. I was in a hurry for my mocha," she assured me.

"Iced coffee." I pointed to myself.

A dog who looked very much like Skye's came running toward her, or so I thought. He ended up hitting me with his nose, his tail going a mile a minute. "Sir Chewsalot?"

He licked my hand, and I squatted down to better give him the attention that he needed as I tried to piece together

what was happening here. “Aren’t you a good boy.”

“The best. How do you know...”

“Wilkins?” Skye. Skye was here. This really was his dog, and he was here...in my town.

I gave Sir Chewsalot one last pet and stood up to find myself face-to-face with the boy who had been stealing many of my waking and most of my nocturnal thoughts.

“Hello, Skye. What are you doing here?” It came out differently than I meant it, almost accusatory even, and I wanted to take it back. But that wasn’t how words worked.

“I’m staying with my aunt.” He pointed to the woman I’d nearly plowed over.

Skye was visiting. It wasn’t as wonderful an answer as, “I live here now,” but it was something. At the very least, he had ties to my once-again hometown. “Unless you mean here on this street, then I was going to go get coffee. We—we were going to get coffee.”

“Perfect,” his aunt jumped right in. “Seems Wilkins here was going for coffee, too, which means you don’t need my old ass here.” She grabbed the leash from his hand. “I’m taking Sir Chewsalot so I don’t need to walk home alone.”

“Aunt Gina?” He looked almost frozen, and I wasn’t sure if it was her actions or my presence that had him like that and, in either case, I longed to fix it.

“Bring me back a mocha and maybe some of those beans for your uncle.” She rolled the leash around her hand a few times, not making it short but keeping it from dragging on the ground. Unlike Skye, she was on the short side.

And off she went, back around the corner.

“Sorry about that.” Skye shoved his hands in his pocket. “My aunt thinks any single man who is attracted to men is instantly my perfect...she’s matchmaking.”

I hadn’t realized that the town knew I was gay or even that she knew who I was...or maybe she didn’t. Maybe she sensed the connection between Skye and me. I certainly did. The second he came into sight, all the emotions from that night came rushing back and, from his body language, he either felt the same, or he wanted to run away from me and never have our paths cross again. One of the two.

“Don’t apologize.” I wanted to reach out and give him a reassuring touch, but, at the same time, I didn’t want to overstep—which, given he’d been inside me... “I’d enjoy the company. That is if you don’t mind me being all stinky.” I was only half joking on the stinky part. I probably was. “I was taking down some wallpaper.”

“Please tell me you have a steamer.”

“I do. Coffee?”

“I’d like that. They really do have some of the best I’ve ever tasted.” Skye took his hands out of his pockets. “I didn’t know this was where you were moving to.” He indicated the house. “I was here a few times in high school. My buddy’s grandmother owned it.”

“You grew up here?” I started to walk, and he came along, flanking my side.

“I’m from the city, but I spent a bit of time here in high school with my aunt after my mom remarried. It’s a nice town.

You'll like it here."

"I grew up here."

He stopped and looked at me. "No. I would've remembered you."

"I left for college and didn't really come back again after my parents retired to the south. I was probably gone before you got here." My guess was I had about five years on him, but it was not easy to tell for sure.

We started walking again, the scent of the coffee getting stronger. It wasn't a long walk, and I found myself slowing down with each step, not wanting our time to end. Unlike our night at Collared, this one didn't have an ending time, and I caught myself falling back into that headspace. I mean, sure, our time together would end, but the definitive this-is-over timing wasn't looming over us.

"I really liked our time together." Honesty was the best way to see if this could move forward.

"Me, too. And I'm glad you're here."

We reached the coffee shop and went inside and ordered our drinks, along with the items his aunt requested. So much for not having an endpoint. No one wants tepid mocha. Hot, cold, or frozen but not tepid. I took the coffee beans in one hand so that he could enjoy his coffee while walking. Balancing two coffees and beans would've made that impossible.

We walked back even slower than before, and he told me about how he was living with his aunt and uncle while working remotely due to his loss of lease. He tried to not make

his ex sound like a dick, but he was. Anyone who would leave him basically homeless in a city with a housing crisis was a complete dick. Full. Stop.

And I told him about taking over the law practice and some of the changes I'd made to the house I bought. It was all basic first-date stuff. Had we been someplace private, the conversation would've probably headed into the daddy-little direction and, while I wanted to go there, this was better. It meant that we could do the normal get-to-know-you conversations we missed out on.

We reached my house, and I wanted to invite him in but also recognized that he had someplace to be.

"I suck at one-night stands." His lips were half hidden by his cup.

"Same." It would've been easy to reassure him that he'd done amazing and we'd both enjoyed ourselves *blah blah blah*, but he wasn't talking about the amazing sex. He was talking about the emotional connection as was I. "I've thought that very thing since I left your room, and I have a solution for that."

He lowered his cup slightly. "Oh yeah?"

"We can make our first night not a one-night stand, and you can come over for dinner?" I wasn't sure what I had the ingredients to make, but I'd figure something great out. Or at least acceptable.

"I'd like that. When?" He was bouncing slightly on his toes.

Instead of picking a date later in the week as was more socially the norm, I blurted out, “Tonight.” Why pretend I wasn’t really into him when I was?

“I’ll be back. If you want, I can come early and help you finish with the wallpaper.”

“I’m done with home repairs for the day.”

His shoulders fell slightly.

“But if you’d like to come over early, I’d love to show you around the house, and we could maybe cook together.”

And his infectious energy was back.

We said our goodbyes, and he went back to deliver the coffees while I jogged inside to take a shower, unhappy to discover I truly did stink.

Chapter Nine

Skye

Wilkins was here. He. Lived. Here. And from every indication he had given me, he was as happy to see me as I was to see him.

If it hadn't been for Aunt Gina's coffee, it would've been difficult for me to leave him so quickly. And that was ridiculous. By all accounts, we had possibly two dates. Feeling a connection this strong, this soon made no sense and probably required some retrospection before jumping right in. And yet, that's exactly what I was doing—jumping right in. And no part of me wanted to stop.

When I got home, Aunt Gina was nowhere to be seen, the letter we left for my uncle still on the table and Sir Chewsalot's leash at the front door giving me every indication she was home despite not finding her. And then I heard a small bark. Of course, she was outside.

I slid the back door open to find her lounging on her chaise, only the chaise wasn't in its normal spot. No. It was sitting right on top of the area of the patio that I had planned to work on today.

“You remembered my mocha.” She extended her grabby hands but didn't make a move to get off her seat and, on her face? A knowing smirk.

“Do I even want to know why you are sitting there of all places?”

“The sun is hitting it just right.” There was barely any sun. “I guess you can’t work on it today. Maybe you could call that lawyer friend of yours and see if he has plans.”

And there it was.

“Wilkins does have plans...with me.” I pulled one of the chairs up and took a seat. “I went on a date with him once.”

“A date...yeah...that was the impression I got.” She scooted back in her chaise.

“It was.” And maybe the date went further than most, but that’s all it was. “I didn’t even give him my number because I was moving here the next day.”

“Which means he already lived here. Did he not mention that?”

He’d given me so many openings to ask, but did I? No. Why? Because I hadn’t wanted to think about that. I only wanted to be in that moment.

“We didn’t really talk about things like that because we both knew it wasn’t going anywhere.”

Sir Chewsalot came over and sat on my feet, apparently not too thrilled that I hadn’t given him all my attention as soon as I came outside. Of course, he hadn’t really paid attention to me, either, so I didn’t feel bad about that. I reached over and gave him the scratches he was begging for.

“I’m not going to meddle after this.” She was lying. She would, and I loved her for it. I might not want to share all the nitty-gritty details with her about everything, but knowing she was there for me—rooting for me—that was everything, “But from where I stood, it looked like you rounding the corner was

better than Christmas to him, Christmas when you were little when it was all magical and such.”

I ignored her use of the term little. That was the last place my thoughts needed to be heading.

“I wouldn’t go that far, but I was glad to see him, too, which is why I am joining him for dinner tonight.” I stood up. “And why you will still have a wobbly patio.”

She climbed out of the chaise, pretending not to notice it moving beneath her on the uneven ground.

“I like it this way.” She barely got the words out before she started to giggle. “Fine. You can help me fix it later this week. You bringing your D. O. G. with you?”

“I don’t know.” It was one thing to like my dog but another to want him at the house. And maybe the inside was still a hot mess. He had been steaming wallpaper off after all.

“Maybe call him.”

“Yeah... about that.” We really were going about all of this in the wrong direction if I still didn’t have his number. Maybe we were just taking the scenic route. I was going with that.

“I’ll keep him tonight as long as you promise to get a phone number.” She rolled her eyes. “You might want to ask him his last name, his favorite color, and all that good stuff while you’re at it.”

I went inside and took a shower. That was the easy part. Deciding what to wear, not so much. Part of me wanted to have my little clothing underneath, but that was moving too quickly. It was one thing to be wearing them at a club where you met, another when things could lead to more than just one

night. We needed to talk about things first. At least, I hoped dinner would go well enough that he wanted to.

I ended up digging out my train shirt and putting it underneath my big shirt. I didn't love that it had been mine with Sasha, but then again, it had been mine when I was with Wilkins, too, and they sort of crossed each other out. And besides, it was the only little shirt I still had.

I'd wanted to slowly start to re-buy things for my little side, but living with relatives made that all kinds of awkward. It would have to wait.

I took my car back to Wilkins' place. I didn't want him to think I was trying to sneak in and out unnoticed or that I was ashamed in any way.

Had this been planned for more than a nanosecond, I'd have brought some sort of gift with me, but given it was Sunday, my options were limited. Also—I wanted to be there already. I bounded up the stairs and knocked on the door.

His muffled voice reached me through the door, but I had no idea what they said, so I just stood there. Less than a minute later, he swung it open, his hair still damp. I'd have been concerned I arrived too soon if he hadn't opened his arms, giving me the choice while letting me know his desires. I walked right into them and sank into his embrace.

"I so needed that." I hadn't meant to say it out loud, but I was glad that I had when he replied with a soft kiss on my head.

"Me, too." He took a step back. "No Sir Chewsalot?"

“I wasn’t sure if I should bring him or not. I know you are doing work in here and...”

“And you were being considerate. I appreciate that. Did you want to move your car into the driveway?”

Had he not been from this town, I’d have thought it was just him being polite by offering. But he was from here, and he knew as well as I did that there was no parking on the street after eight on Sundays because that was when the street sweeper came through. Why they picked Sunday night? I had not a clue, but it had been that for as long as I could remember.

His simple offer was letting me know I wasn’t here for a quick dinner and out I went. At least, it didn’t have to be that. And I appreciated it.

“That would be great.” I fished the keys out of my pocket. “I’ll be right back.”

There was a comfort in parking there. Just like my bringing the car signaled to him I wasn’t embarrassed, me being in the driveway sort of did the same thing back. I understood why people needed to be in the closet, especially people in his position. But as much as I liked him—more than liked him—I refused to be with someone who kept me as a dirty little secret.

Never would I ask someone to share their kink—that was personal and private. But to hide my existence in their life as more than a friend or a coworker or neighbor or whatever the case might be, that was a deal breaker for me.

Wilkins was still waiting for me in the open doorway when I came back in, and I didn’t even pretend to restrain

myself, kissing his cheek like I would if he were my daddy.

“I’m not sure how this place was when you were here last, but I’ve been chipping away at things. The previous owners had it rezoned to be commercial, thinking it would be a nice B&B, but I don’t see that. It feels more like a home.” He closed the door behind me. “Ready for a tour?”

The house was the same as I remembered it, only with fresh paint and more modern furniture. I appreciated that. He was right, this was meant to be a home, and doing too much to modernize it would steal that quality from it.

We made it up to the third floor, and it was the first place he’d shown me so far that was completely different. She’d used it for storage, and a few times I’d been here simply to help bring more junk up there for her. Now it was cleaned out and held not one but two bedrooms plus a bathroom I never realized was there. It was probably filled with junk back then. And I would’ve remembered; it had a huge claw-foot bathtub.

“Wow!” I walked over to it. “This is great.”

“You like tubbies?” Not if I liked to take baths...tubbies.

“I do.” And I rarely got to indulge in them. “Especially with bubbles.”

“No toys?”

I turned to face him. “I like toys. I just—I’m trying to figure out what we are doing here. I crossed to him. “Are you looking for someone to play with or date or both or possibly neither and this is small talk?”

He wrapped his arms around me. “We should talk about that before having these kinds of conversations. I apologize.

It's just when I see you, I see that adorable little asking me to play.”

Which didn't really answer my question but still felt good to hear. We stood like that for a solid minute until he said, “And I was hoping for both.”

And there it was...the answer I longed for.

“Me, too.”

Chapter Ten

Wilkins

“Why is this room empty?” Skye asked as we passed the bedroom closest to the bath.

“Because I want to leave it there for if I’m ever lucky enough to have a little of my own. It would be a great nursery.” Not wanting to focus on that too much and add pressure to our already out-of-order beginning, I headed down the stairs to the kitchen.

“This is the most modernized of the rooms.” And I liked it well enough. It let in a lot of sunshine and had room to move about as I cooked and even had space for a kitchen table. “And for dinner, I have choices.” Mostly because I couldn’t decide but also so that I could get a feel for things Skye liked. “I have the fixings for burgers on the grill, spaghetti with meat sauce, or chicken I could bake.”

“All of those are fine.” He didn’t even skip a beat.

“They are, which is why I offered them. What’s your preference?”

This time he thought about it. “Burgers sound good. It’s a nice day to grill out.”

“Sounds perfect.”

I washed my hands and began to pull out all of the things we needed to cook. It wasn’t going to be a fancy dinner, but between the salad, the burgers, and the frozen fries, it would do.

”What can I do to help?” Sky stood by the counter where I had the cutting board set up.

“Can you grab the fries out of the freezer?” I dug out the cookie sheet to cook them on and, when I set it on the counter, he was still staring in the freezer. I walked over to him and instantly saw why—sitting on top of the fries was a bag of dino nuggies. “Would you like to have dino nuggies instead of a burger?”

He gave a single nod.

“I’ll grab another cookie sheet, then.”

It took him a few seconds before he grabbed both bags, and his hesitation surprised me a little bit, given how quick he was to respond.

“Skye, is there something you wanted to say about the chicken?” I took the bags he held out for me. “Do you not like them on a cookie sheet? I could dig out the air fryer.” Personally, I didn’t see the air fryer as being great when cooking for more than one person, but I didn’t mind getting it out for him if he did.

“No. It’s just. I’m a little.”

“An adorable one at that.”

“But tonight I need to be big so we can talk about me maybe being little next time.”

I loved that he’d thought about it—really thought about it. We’d both been so impulsive that first night, and I regretted not a second of it. But this was good.

“We can be big and eat dino nuggies. They were in my freezer because they are delicious.” And more than once, I used them to make crispy chicken salads for work. They were so much easier than cooking from scratch.

“That’s why?” He blinked, his eyes wide.

“That’s why they are in there now. But if I had someone special who liked them, I’d be sure to have them stocked, along with all their other favorite foods.”

That earned me a smile.

“Let’s get everything made, and then we can eat and talk.” I was careful not to say negotiate, even though I had a feeling that was the direction this was headed in.

We cooked side by side. More heating up and chopping than actual cooking, but it was fun. Once I let Skye know the plan, it was almost as if he let the worries go.

We sat down to a table of food we prepared ourselves and enjoyed it while chatting about the woman who once owned the house and what it was like while she was there. It still took me aback that we both had graduated from the same high school of the same small town only to meet in a club hours from here.

Skye dunked a fry into the ketchup. “Here’s the thing...I like you. I like being little. I liked being little with you. But I don’t want everything we are to be about that side of me. If that makes sense. I’ve done that, and I allowed it. I mean, compromise is important, but I don’t think I want to compromise on it anymore.” He popped the entire fry into his

mouth and chewed really slowly, which was the opposite of the speed in which his words fell out of his mouth.

“Thank you for telling me all of that.” I wanted to form my words well, to make sure I was addressing his concerns while sharing my own needs. “I like you also. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since that night.” I reached across the table, and my heart soared as he placed his hand in mine. “A compromise that only has one person feeling victorious isn’t a compromise. And I’m not saying that’s what you had with your ex because I wasn’t there—but I am saying that I don’t want that ever to be us.”

I let that sit for a few seconds before continuing.

“If all I wanted to do was find someone to play with, Collared is a great place for that. That night, when you looked up at me and asked me to play, I thought that was good—that it was what I wanted. You know, one last fun night out before I came back here where my life was pretty much exclusively work. But the thing is—even then, I saw you as more. My heart—it’s not made for one-night stands. It just isn’t.”

Skye squeezed my hand. “I don’t know what my heart was made for.”

His confession nearly broke me. He was so strong and confident that night and even now in telling me his concerns, but there was so much insecurity below the surface. I wanted to pull him onto my lap and let him know everything would be okay.

“When I was first figuring out my attraction to men and all of that, I pictured it as a house and a dog and rings and all that good stuff. And then I discovered my kinkier side. At first

it was spankings, but that quickly turned into me exploring age play.” He closed his eyes. “But wanting a daddy always seemed to be giving up the first dream, and I let it go. And now...now I’m wondering if I gave up too much to get my other needs met.”

It wasn’t an either/or situation. I’d met enough married couples over the years to know it could be both. Being someone’s daddy didn’t take husband and boyfriend and bestie off the table. It was just another layer of your relationship—at least that’s how I saw it and how I wanted Skye to experience it.

“It’s not selfish or greedy to want it all. You should want it all—whatever all ends up being for you. You deserve it.”

And whether or not this went in the direction I was hoping, I wasn’t willing to give up before he fully accepted that he did deserve to get what he wanted out of his relationships—romantic or otherwise.

“That’s why I want us to date and kink maybe separately?” He didn’t sound too sure. “Can that even happen—doing both but also not together? I’m still figuring out all that I want, and on so many levels, that doesn’t seem fair to you. But then, there is the side of me that feels like maybe you are the person I was meant to explore this with.” He squeezed his eyes shut even tighter. “Remember when you...when I asked you...about—”

“When you let me know you wanted to fuck me?” Sometimes the Band-Aid method of communication worked best. I crossed my fingers that this was one of those times.

“No one ever gave me an opportunity to ask something so bold and, with you, it felt safe.”

Safe was one thing all littles should feel around their daddies.

“You are safe with me. That is a promise.”

He cracked his eyes open. “So where does this leave us?”

“Where do you want it to leave us?” I didn’t like throwing it back on him, but it felt important that he take the lead, especially after hearing him talk about how he never felt like he could before.

“I want us to date first.”

“Then we date.” It was as simple as that. “But if we’re going to do that, there are some things we need to take care of first...like maybe exchanging phone numbers.”

“That would be helpful.” He took out his phone, unlocked it, and then handed it to me to give him my number, which I did by texting myself. “But before we figure out our next date, how about some ice cream?”

“I like ice cream.” He stood up and grabbed both of our now empty plates. “Maybe we could eat it outside?”

“I’d like that.”

Skye put the dishes in the dishwasher, and I scooped up the ice cream into what could be thought of as little bowls, but because they were plastic, they could go either way.

“I don’t have fancy toppings.” I handed Skye his bowl. “But if you tell me what kind you like, I can get them for next time.”

“I like gummy bears on my ice cream.” He reached the door before I did and opened it.

“Gummy bears? I pictured you as a whipped cream from a can kind of guy.” I stepped out into the cooling evening air and walked over to the table, Skye behind me.

“They are the best. They are a bit chewier from the cold. You should try it.” He took the seat beside me. “And, for the record, whipped cream from a can is my favorite topping for hot cocoa.”

“Duly noted. This is nice.” I leaned back in my chair. The backyard was going to need a ton of work to bring it back into its glory, but it had more potential than weeds, and I was excited to help make that happen. “I like this time of year. It’s not too hot to enjoy the outside, and it’s not too cold to want to be out here.”

“Agreed. Sir Chewsalot would like this space. I think I’ll bring him next time.”

Next time. We’d already discussed dating and more, so it wasn’t a surprise, but still to hear it flow so freely from his mouth felt good.

“I’ll be sure to pick up a dog bone and some toys for him, so you don’t have to worry about lugging things back and forth.”

“He’d like that.” He licked his spoon clean. “I would, too.”

We spent the next hour just sitting out there and talking about the outdoor space and what needed to be done with it, which parts the dog would like best, and whether or not the

property would be allowed to have a fire pit based on its designation as commercial. It was a nice end to a whirlwind afternoon.

When I kissed him good night, I didn't want it to end there. I wanted to scoop him into my arms, bring him to bed, and then kiss every inch of his body. Instead, I reaffirmed how happy I was to see him and promised to text him.

Chapter Eleven

Skye

Work had been long—sooo long. One system after another kept going down and never at a good time. No, it would crash while I was in the middle of a large upload or giving a presentation. At first, I suspected the local internet being the issue, but it ended up being office wide. Whatever the case was, it had me worn out.

I shut down my computer and stood up, stretching my arms high and tilting my head from side to side. I might be exhausted, but it was date night. And, unlike our past few dates, this one required dressing up because we were going out to dinner. Wilkins had discovered a farm-to-table place not far from here that he was excited about, and I needed to find the energy to give him the nice night out he'd been waiting for.

He'd been so patient with me. I didn't want to hold back on the playtime fun, but I also didn't want to fall into something neither of us would be happy with. And the more I thought about things with Sasha, the more obvious it became that my desire to get my little needs met had me making dumb-ass decisions, ones that weren't good for either of us. With Wilkins, I didn't want to risk that.

I had about an hour before I was to meet him, and a huge mug of coffee and a shower was exactly what I needed. I started with the coffee, drinking the last of the pot I made that morning. It wasn't what I'd call good by this time of day, but I didn't need it to be. I just needed the caffeine.

Next was the shower, where I had to summon the will not to release myself to thoughts of Wilkins. It just didn't feel right to do it right before I saw him. If I had my own place, I'd have called him and shown him how much I was thinking of him. But I was relative cockblocked by my current living situations, so that kind of playing would need to wait until I had my shit together.

Just like with all of our dates, I put my train tee on underneath my clothes. And it wasn't even about being little. There was a comfort about it, about knowing that while I was wearing it, he saw me and wanted to play...wanted to get to know me, or at least that side of me.

It had been a good idea for us to just date first. Calling him and texting him about silly things or, in some cases, not so silly things, had been amazing. It made my days working in my room as my dog snored on the bed less boring. And our dates—we'd had so much fun, and we didn't even do anything fancy. We took walks, ate meals together, watched a horror movie, and put together a puzzle. Some people wouldn't even consider them dates, not proper ones anyway. But I did, and I loved them, loved getting to know Wilkins on a deeper level.

He was such a good man. And so smart. He'd graduated top in his class and, if he wanted to, he could be a future partner in any of the big law firms, but what did he choose? He chose to come back here and take over the small practice of his one-time mentor. I was sure there was more to it than that, but still it was awe inspiring.

I slid my shoes on and let the dog out. Unlike our other dates, this wasn't one Sir Chewsalot could tag along on. He

wasn't going to be happy, but there were far worse things to do than hang out with my aunt and uncle.

Once he was taken care of, I grabbed my car keys and headed over. Even with the coffee and shower, I wasn't as energetic as I wanted to be, and driving was the better of the two options.

Wilkins was on the front porch bending over for a package when I arrived and, of course, I took the opportunity to enjoy the view. "Looking good." I let out a low whistle.

"As are you." He held the box in front of him. "Let's get this inside so I can greet you properly." I followed him in and as soon as the box was on the entry table, I leaned in for my kiss, sinking into it as his lips brushed mine gently, and then the kiss began to deepen.

"Hello." He pressed his forehead against mine. "I'm glad to see you."

"Same." I wiggled my nose against his. "Need help moving the box?"

"No. It's light. I just ordered a few things for someone special." He took a step back. "I need to change really quickly and then we can go."

"You're not going to show me what you got him?"

"Him?"

"Sir Chewsalot." I pointed to the box.

"Oh...those aren't for him. They're for you." He winked and then walked up the stairs to get dressed.

The box was for me. It wasn't my birthday or even an anniversary of worth, and yet there it was—something he picked out just for me. Only he said “they're,” meaning it was more than one item.

I was still staring at it when he came down the steps.

“Skye?”

I turned to face him.

“Don't take this wrong, but you look half asleep.” It was more like three fourths, but I didn't correct him. “We don't have to go out tonight.”

“But you put on your sexy jeans.” And they were, too. They hugged his ass just right.

“And I can wear them here.”

“It's fine. I just need a bit of time for the coffee to wake me up. It was a long day of work systems getting drunk.” That was the way I referred to them all acting up. I yawned. “Fine, maybe I'm tired. But this was supposed to be our first fancy night out.”

“Remember when you said you wanted to have some dates before we talked about the daddy-little stuff further?”

I nodded.

“I vote we put that on hold for the night because you need Daddy to put you down for a nap.”

He called himself daddy. That first night, he often said Wilkins where I'd have expected daddy, and to hear it this way had me wanting to give him everything he asked for and more.

“I tired.” So very. “Can I sleep in Daddy’s bed?” The words rolled so naturally off my tongue. “I don’t have a crib.”

“Of course you can sleep in Daddy’s bed, and if you want a crib, just say the words and I’ll make it happen.” He scooped up the box. “I think it’s prezzie time once we get you in bed.” Daddy held out his hand, I took it, and he led me upstairs to his room.

He helped me out of my jeans and my shirt, noticing but not commenting on my train shirt. “Now, on the bed, so we can see what’s in the box.”

I moved so quickly, I nearly rolled off the opposite side of the bed, my gaze glued to the box. Daddy took his time, slowly opening the box and once it was open, taking even more time to remove the first item from it.

“Every boy needs a snuggly.” He handed me a big, soft teddy bear wearing a shirt almost identical to my own.

I pulled it to me, hugging it close. “Thank you, Daddy. I needed a new stuffie.”

“Well, now you have two. It’s the two bears.” Which I was pretty sure wasn’t a thing. “Papa and baby bear.” He pulled out the second bear, which was half the size of the first. “I wasn’t sure how comfortable you were having a snuggly for home and thought maybe if it was smaller, it would make a difference.”

This wasn’t a spontaneous gift. He’d thought it through. Of course he had. This was Wilkins.

“I love them...both of them.” I grabbed the baby bear and brought him into my embrace. “Thank you for the nap. I do

need one.”

Wilkins pulled the blanket up and tucked me in. “I know, sweet boy. I know.” He pressed a kiss to my forehead, and I closed my eyes, sleep coming quickly.

Chapter Twelve

Wilkins

“If you have any questions, you know how to reach me.”
My mentor waved from the door on his way out.

Mr. Lorne had stopped by on his way out of town. He was officially leaving the practice and the area he'd called home for so long. And while I appreciated his help during the transition, it was time. He needed to be able to enjoy his retirement, and I needed our clients to see me as more than just a helper. They might not have said those words, but that's how this town worked. And I was fine with that but also ready to move on.

“I promise,” I assured him for the fifth time. “And thank you for...for bringing me home.”

“It's where you belong.” He gave a half wave and pulled the door shut behind him as he walked out.

He was right. It was where I belonged. For so long, I had convinced myself that in order to be a success at my chosen career, I needed to have big cases in high-powered firms. And that was a kind of success, but it wasn't the only type. This... here...being there for the people of my hometown, that was success also, and the kind that gave me joy and not added stress.

I took out my phone and sent a quick message to Skye, letting him know I was thinking of him, and then went back to my desk to work on some paperwork that needed doing.

Things had been going amazingly well with Skye. We enjoyed each other's company, had similar schedules, and were moving in a direction we both were excited about. After he took a nap in my bed, snuggling up to his new bear, there was a shift. Skye started to open up more and more with his little side, letting me know when he wanted to test the waters. I understood his trepidation and was glad it was starting to melt away.

My phone vibrated on my desk.

I'm off at 4 today. Want to play? It was punctuated by a bunch of emojis that all had to do with sports.

Play?

With my box that came yesterday? Over the past couple of weeks, Skye had brought over a few small boxes of things he said we needed at my place. He'd been slowly replacing his little things and, while he wasn't embarrassed by who he was, they weren't exactly the things you flaunted in front of parental types, which his aunt and uncle definitely were.

He wasn't the only one who was wild and free with the ordering, only the main item I had coming was being custom made once our turn in the crafter's queue came up.

I wasn't even sure what came in his latest box, but I was game. *I'd love that. What do you want for dinner?*

We went back and forth deciding on what to eat and what time he'd arrive, and then it was time to get back to work.

A ream of paperwork, a living will consultation, and contract negotiations over a land lease later, and I was on my way back home to spend time with my...my Skye.

He was already sitting with Sir Chewsalot on my porch when I came up the walk.

“Sorry I was late.” I kissed his cheek and gave Sir Chewsalot some scratches.

“You weren’t. I was early.” He brushed his lips against mine. “I’m excited for tonight.”

He bounced over to the door, and I followed after him.

“Okay, I want to show you all the things I brought over before we eat. Does that work for you?” He was already halfway to the stairs when he asked. I loved seeing him this excited. He’d been fairly nonchalant when he brought the boxes over, but today—today the excitement over them was flowing off him, and I loved it.

“It does.” Sir Chewsalot curled up on the dog bed I got him, I set down my satchel, and the three of us went up to the third floor to the empty room that would one day be a nursery. There was a new box in the center of the room. “You got here really early,” I teased, glad that he felt comfortable enough to use the key I’d given him just in case he wanted a place to go if he ever felt too confined in his room.

“I was here when you texted me. It was hard not to open them, Daddy.” The name had been slipping out more and more, and I loved it—loved that it was special just for me and loved that he no longer stopped himself mid-word.

“Then, let’s get it open.”

“All of them. I want to open all of them.”

I moved the boxes to the center of the room, and we sat across from each other. The first box was from a clothing

company I recognized, so when he opened it and pulled out some onesies, some training underwear, a couple of diapers, shorts, and knee-high socks, I wasn't surprised. It didn't make them any less cute.

"Which is your favorite?" Skye asked, squirming in his spot, the excitement only increasing with each item he unboxed.

"I like them all, but if I had to pick a favorite, I think I'd go with the koala onesie." It said *Koality Little*, and it was puntastic.

"It goes best with these socks." Skye snatched a pair with little kangaroos on them. "And these shorts." He put the shorts and a diaper on the pile he started and threw the rest of the clothing back in the box.

"Should we open another box now?" I wasn't sure if he wanted to get dressed right away or if he needed other items first.

"All of them first."

The next box was boring—boring-ish anyway. It contained things for diaper changes and baths—ointments, wipes, bubble bath, etc., all important but nothing unique or fancy. The next two boxes were toys, including some blocks, some trains, and ducks for the bathtub.

"I think someone wants to play with Daddy."

His head bobbed up and down like a bobblehead.

"I do." He pulled the new box to himself and, when he opened it up, it was jam packed with stuffies, all vacuum sealed. "Scissors needed," he grumped.

“I’ll go get a pair.” I pushed myself up and went downstairs to grab them.

When I came back up, there was a stack of dishes, two sippy cups, and a bottle. Skye had replaced everything he’d lost, and part of me was sad. I longed to do it for him, but I knew this was important to him. When Sasha left, Skye had most all of his little things yanked from him. Buying his own was a reassurance that wouldn’t happen again.

I still looked forward to spoiling him rotten, but this was important. He needed this, and I needed to give it to him.

“Show me everything while I cut these open?”

He held up the divided dishes. They were designed for adult littles portion-wise, and he’d picked out a train set, an Australian animals set, and one with a cartoon character that, though vaguely familiar, neither of us knew the name of. The company sent the last one as a bonus gift. He also had a hooded towel where the hood was a train conductor’s hat.

“Now stuffies.” He grabbed a package I’d cut open and pulled out a dog, hugged it, and then did the same to all of the others. “Stuffies are my favorite, but none will ever be as good as my bears.”

He had one at home and one here, and I loved that, loved that part of me was in both places.

“I know, baby bear.” I ruffled his hair. “Let Daddy clean up the mess in here and then we can play if you want.”

He was already lining up his new stuffies.

It didn’t take much to get the packaging cleared out of the room and his box of clothing pushed to the far corner.

“Tell Daddy what you want to do tonight.” I sat down in front of him, wishing the room had some furniture.

“I dirty.” He held up his very clean hands by way of proof.

“So does Skye need a tubbie?” He’d loved my tub from the first time he saw it, but we hadn’t used it yet.

“With duckies and bubbles.” His gaze was glued to the little rubber toys.

“And then?”

“Then I want to play and eat dinner in my new dishes and have a bottle and a story about a brave boy who built his own castle.” The way he could just open up like this now told me we’d done the right thing backtracking after our first night.

“I know just the story. Is Skye sleeping over?” That was still a bit awkward because, while he was an adult and his aunt and uncle didn’t care whether he came home or not, it was polite to inform them and, even at his age, saying he wanted to stay at his boyfriend’s was pretty much confessing he wanted to get rammed whether or not that was in the works.

“Yep. Skye and doggie sleep here.”

“That sounds like an amazing plan.” I pushed myself up and grabbed the duckies, towel, and bubble bath. “Let me get your tubbie ready.”

“Daddy?” He looked up at me.

“Yes, my sweet boy?”

“If Skye wanted to get big things for this room, would that be okay?” I set everything down, sat beside him on the floor,

and then pulled him onto my lap.

“Daddy was very proud of you for getting all the things you needed—making sure they were yours, but some things daddies need to get.” I pulled out my phone, careful not to let him slide off me, and found the website I’d ordered from. “And your daddy ordered this set for you. But it’s on backorder.” For who knew how long. “I hope you like it.”

No words came and, for a minute, I thought I really messed up, going too far too soon, but then he looked up at me, tears forming in his eyes.

“You really do love me, don’t you?”

We hadn’t said those words, our intentional slowdown making them feel almost too soon even though we had now been together for a couple of months. But I felt them.

“I do love you, my sweet boy. I love you very much.”

“Even when I wasn’t being little for you?” And there was his biggest fear out there in the open. I hated that someone or possibly someones had made him worry about that. And was thrilled that he saw that wasn’t me—that that could never be me.

“Always—even when you snore.” I kissed his forehead as he gave me the stink eye.

“I do not snore.” There was zero conviction in his voice because he very much did.

“You’re right, my love. You just serenade me in the night.”

He slid off my lap. “Tubbie time?”

“Yes, tubbie time.”

Chapter Thirteen

Skye

I wasn't sure why today of all days felt like the right time to open everything up and finally take the leap to being truly in little space. Maybe it was knowing that it was moving day for Mr. Lorne and how that would make it a special day for my daddy, one worth celebrating. Or maybe it was because my bottles finally came and I was excited to use them. Or possibly it was because last night I woke up and was filled with this overwhelming love for Wilkins.

Love is like that. It sneaks up on you and, *bam*, hits you over the head, and there it is. No turning back.

I wanted to show Wilkins in a very real and tangible way. Sure, I missed being little, and the short bursts of little adjacent activities we'd participated in were great but not fully what I needed. But today was about Wilkins. I wanted him to see I was all in, that I trusted him completely with my heart.

What did he go and do in response? He made me cry. Seeing that set on the screen, knowing he bought it because I missed mine and, even if I could afford a new crib, I had no place to go with it. He did that just for me, and was he pressuring me with the purchase? No. My silly daddy didn't even tell me it was coming until I mentioned using the room as he intended when he bought the place.

I tried to pull myself together while he got my bath ready, but the emotions running through me made it impossible. I was loved and accepted. This wasn't an arrangement built

upon compromise. This was a relationship, one we worked hard to build a good foundation for.

“Are you ready for your tubbie?”

I looked to the doorway to see Daddy standing there with his shirt off and a pair of jeans hanging low on his hips. He’d changed his clothing for this. He didn’t need to. His work slacks were fine, but I wasn’t mad at it. I did like Daddy in jeans.

“Yeah.” I pushed myself up and crossed over to him. “Thank you.” I threw my arms around him. “It’s more than a crib.”

Daddy’s arms tightened around me. “I know it is, sweet boy. I know it is.” He lowered his hand, taking mine in his, and ushered me to the bathroom. He’d picked up a little table designed to fit around the end of the tub and, on it sat my ducks, all in a row. They were ready for me as were the bubbles.

“Bubble gum smells as fake as I expected.” I wrinkled my nose as it hit me. “But the bottle is so cute.” It was shaped like a train, and how could I not buy that? “I think we can fill it with something nicer when it’s gone.”

“Daddy will take care of that for you.” He tapped my arms and pointed to the ceiling. “Let’s not think about that now and enjoy your tubbie instead.” He pulled my shirt up and over my head and then tapped each of my feet, taking off my socks and shoes as I picked my feet up one at a time.

“That’s my good boy.” He popped the button and pulled down my zipper and pushed my jeans and boxer briefs down

in one swift motion, helping me step out of them.

My cock took this as its time to shine, filling at the brush of Daddy's arm as he divested me of my pants.

"Ready for your tubbie?" He stood up and took my hand.

"I'm ready for something," I sassed, glancing down at my erection. "That one was your fault." They all were, but still...

"Did you want Daddy to take care of it, or do you want it to stay like that longer?"

I let out a groan. "That's an impossible question." I stuck out my bottom lip. "Now means fun now and later means a snug diaper later." And both were absolutely fantastic.

"You don't think both are possible?" Daddy winked.

"Both?"

Daddy nodded.

"Both," I said more definitively.

I had assumed Daddy was going to reach down and give me a quick hand job. How wrong I was. He dropped to his knees, looked up at me, and licked his lips. "Daddy needed a snack. What a good boy for offering one to him."

He leaned in, swirled his tongue around my tip, and then gathered up the pre-cum. The delicious *mmm* sounds he made were everything. He swirled his tongue around again, this time taking me into his mouth, sucking on me as he slowly pulled his head off of my length. I had to grab onto his shoulders to stay upright as he kept working my cock with his tongue, his lips, and just a bit of teeth to give it an edge. When he added a hand to my balls, I gave up any hope of holding back. My

orgasm came quickly, my cum shooting into his mouth. He grabbed my hips, holding me upright as I rode out the pleasure.

Daddy swallowed every last drop and licked me clean and then stood up and said, “Daddy fixed it. Time for your tubbie.”

How my cock didn’t start stirring already just from those two sentences was beyond me.

“Tubbie time,” I agreed, and he guided me into the somehow-still-hot water. I sat down, a pile of mush sinking into the sudsy water. “Thank you, Daddy. I didn’t realize how much I needed that.”

I leaned back, enjoying the relaxation flooding me. I only stayed like that for about a minute, Daddy pulling me from my near slumber with a, “Quack quack.”

We played with the ducks until the bubbles were gone and the water started to chill. We had duck races, games of sink the duck, a duck parade, and reenacted “The Three Little Pigs” duckie-style. It was everything and more. But, as with all good things, it needed to come to an end before I caught a cold—or so Daddy told me.

The towel I ordered was perfect. It covered my head and wrapped around my body and, best of all, it helped me keep in my little space. Daddy led me across the hall to the guest room slash office combo space. He had my clothes set up on the bed like a makeshift changing table. Seeing it only had me giddy for the furniture that was coming.

I climbed up on the bed, and Daddy started with my knee-high socks. They surprisingly came above the knee and, at

first, I wasn't so sure I loved it, but then Daddy noted that they would protect my knees when I crawled and how much he loved them, making them my favorite pair.

After putting my socks on, he reached for my diaper. I wouldn't use it today, but it felt great to have Daddy put it on me. He tapped the side of my hip to lift them and then slid it underneath.

"Powder or cream today?" He held up both. I wanted to say the cream—it would feel great having Daddy coat me with it—but with this being a new diaper, powder was a better idea. At least until it was run through the wash a few times. The site said they were ready to wear, but still...I didn't want it to get stained.

"Powder."

"Is that what you want?"

I loved how Daddy could see through me.

"I was thinking about the diaper being new and not being washed enough to have a barrier to the cream." I wasn't even sure if that was a thing, but it had been my experience, and they weren't cheap.

"If that wasn't a consideration?"

"I'd want you to cover me with cream so that when you snapped it closed, it would be good and tight."

Daddy set the powder down and held the tube up for me to see. "Then let's not worry about the diaper. Daddy can always buy you a new one. This night is for us."

“Thank you, Daddy.” I let my head fall back on the pillow and enjoyed the feeling of him getting me both hard and snug in my diaper.

“Let’s get your koala and shorts so Daddy can get dinner going.”

Within a few minutes, I was completely dressed, and we headed downstairs with a stop at his bedroom to grab Papa Bear.

“You got a lot done when you ran the tub.” I noticed the shades were all pulled.

“I didn’t want you to be uncomfortable.” He set me down on the couch and turned on a cartoon I’d told him I liked once in passing. “I’ll be back in a few.”

Daddy leaned down and kissed my forehead. “Love you.” His words were soft, sweet, and not at all forced.

“Lubs you, Daddy.” I looked up at him, hugging my bear.

He ran upstairs, my guess was for the dishes, and then back into the kitchen. I watched the cartoon, becoming completely engrossed in its silliness. It wasn’t until the credits rolled and Daddy sat next to me that I realized how much time had passed.

“Ready for dinner?”

“I hungry.” I set Papa Bear on the couch. “Be good and watch your toons. I gotta eat people food.”

Daddy took my hand and led me into the kitchen for dinner.

Chapter Fourteen

Wilkins

Skye's face lit up when he saw his food in the divided dishes. I made mac and cheese, dino nuggies, baby carrots, and grapes cut in half. I needed to up my little food game now that he had such adorable plates. Maybe get some of those cutters that parents used in the pinboard when bragging on how fancy they made their kids' lunches. But for now this would do.

"I love this dinner so much." He ate with such vigor, I couldn't even focus on my own meal. I was having too much fun watching him enjoy his.

"I'm glad. But don't get too full. I have a special dessert." It was only ice cream, on a stick, shaped like a mouse, but it was fun.

"I like dessert." He started to eat faster, the opposite of my intent. I was going to need to remember that desserts needed to be a surprise if I was going to keep him from getting a belly ache.

He enjoyed his ice cream a bit too much, and we returned upstairs so that I could clean him up and change him out of his koala that was now covered in ice cream. At first, I thought he possibly needed a diaper change, and that was why he made such a mess, but he just was eating with gusto.

"Did you want to play some more?" He had plenty of new toys. The room wasn't set up like a nursery, but there was definitely enough space to explore his new toys.

“Milkie and story.” He climbed off the bed where I had been getting his clothing swapped out.

“We can do that. Where would you like your milkie and story?” This would’ve been an ideal time to tuck him into his crib or rock with him on my lap, but until the furniture arrived, that wasn’t a possibility.

“Daddy’s bed?” He looked up at me with his eyes wide.

“What a great idea.”

I brought him to my bedroom and put him in bed, promising to return with Papa Bear, his bottle, and all ready for his story. It didn’t take long for me to gather everything, let Sir Chewsalot out for his evening business, and walk back into the room. When I did, Skye was snuggled on his side, hugging my pillow.

“Don’t you look cute as cute can be.” I sat on the edge of the bed, and Sir Chewsalot jumped up and curled into a ball on the opposite side.

“It smells like you.” He held the pillow closer and then handed it to me. “And now it will smell like me.”

I put it behind me against the headboard and scooted my back up to it. “You need Papa Bear?”

He shook his head.

“No. I need daddy snuggles and a story. Lie down, Daddy?”

I’d planned to sit up with him partially on my lap when I gave him his bottle, but if this was what my sweet boy needed,

that was what he was going to get. I slid down and he curled into my side.

“Milkies?”

“Do you want to do it yourself or Daddy to do it?” I was happy with whatever his preference was.

“Skye do it.” He snatched it from my hand and brought it to his lips, mumbling something about his story.

“Once upon a time there was a sweet and brave boy named Skye. He wasn’t just any boy, either. He was special.”

“Cause Daddy loves him?” He looked up at me.

“His daddy did love him very much, but this story is about something else that made him special. He was a prince, and only one person knew it. Do you know who that person was?”

He shook his head.

“It wasn’t the prince. He didn’t know. It was his daddy. He knew it the moment he met him. He saw him standing there, watching his world crumble around him, and not once did it let him stop him.” I held him a bit closer. “And when someone offered to help him, instead of being stubborn like a lot of little boys were, he accepted the help.”

“Because you looked at me like I was special.”

“Because you are special. And who’s telling this story?”

He popped his bottle back into his mouth.

“And that night, the brave prince decided he wasn’t going to let anyone else decide what he wanted anymore.”

I continued the story, Skye hanging on every word, slowly sucking on his milk. I told him about how strong he was to come back here to rebuild his life, how proud I was that he was telling me what he both wanted and needed, how replacing his little things was empowering, and so was letting Daddy take care of him. And how his daddy wanted his castle to be here.

“Is my nursery my castle?” He handed me back the now empty bottle.

“It can be.” I kissed the top of his head. “Or, if you want it to be, so could this home.”

He opened and closed and opened his mouth again. No words coming out.

“I think...are you sure?”

“No pressure. But when you are ready, just let Daddy know.” I set the bottle on the nightstand and flicked off the light.

“What if that day never comes? Will you still love me?”

If I ever ran into Sasha, we were going to have words. He had no right being someone’s daddy if he wasn’t going to look at what harm his actions could cause.

“Yes, my sweet brave prince. Even if that day never comes.” I preferred he was here with me, but his standoffishness made sense.

“What if that day is tomorrow?”

“Then I would say we’d better get some good sleeps.”

“It’s not tomorrow, Daddy, but soon.” He kissed my chest where his head lay.

“We should still get some good sleeps.” It wasn’t super late, but he was already yawning.

“Night, Daddy.”

“Night, sweet boy.”

I listened to his breathing even out. I thought he was just about asleep when he asked, “Will you be mad if I am wet in the morning?”

“Of course not. Daddies take care of their boys and, sometimes, that means cleaning up a wet diaper.” My heart soared. Him even asking that had me on top of the world. There was such trust and rawness to his question.

“You’re the best daddy ever.”

“No, Skye, I’m not, but I vow to try and be the best daddy for you.”

Chapter Fifteen

Skye

“I was hoping you two would be okay with me leaving Sir Chewsalot with you for the weekend?” Wilkins had invited me to come to the city with him for some work thing, and his old roomie thought we should make a weekend of it. “If not, I can...” I didn’t have a backup plan. Bring him with us, I guessed.

“Of course.” Uncle picked up his coffee. “It’s nice to have him around. You going out with that man of yours?”

“That’s not how I would put it, but yes, Wilkins invited me to a weekend in the city, and it sounded fun.”

“I don’t understand why he hasn’t asked you to marry him yet or at least move in.” Uncle thought relationships all had to have the goal of marriage. I wasn’t anti-marriage or anything, but it wasn’t a goal for me.

“He has asked me to move in.” I forked up some egg.

“And you didn’t tell me?” My aunt didn’t sound overly pleased by that.

“Because I hadn’t decided to say I would yet.” It had been over a month ago, and I probably should’ve made a decision already. I wanted to. I did. But there was something about going straight from my aunt and uncle’s place to his that had me really wanting me to assess my reasons. Which, given I was madly in love with the man, made no sense to anyone but my middle-of-the-night-wide-awake brain.

“And you have now?” Uncle took a long sip of his coffee.

“Yeah, I have now.” And making the decision didn’t come with any side helpings of second-guessing, telling me it was the right one. “I’m going to tell him this weekend.”

“I’m so happy for you,” Aunt Gina squeed. I loved her enthusiasm. “Once you get a date, let us know. We can help you get moved in.”

“I appreciate it, but remember I came here with not much of anything.” It was embarrassing really. And since I arrived, I’d downsized even more due to lack of storage space.

“Pish. We are helping anyway.” Once my aunt pished, it was as good as done and not even worth arguing over.

“Then I kindly accept.” I shoveled the last of my eggs into my mouth. “I’d best get ready. Wilkins is going to pick me up in a half an hour.”

“Well go get ready, then and, son...” Uncle didn’t call me that often, and every time he did, I treasured it. “I’m really happy for you. You picked a keeper.”

I almost said that he picked me, but then I recalled that night, looking up at him and asking him to play. I had picked him, and it was one of the best decisions of my life.

Packing was always a pain. I didn’t need to deal with the things we would bring for Collared. They were all at Daddy’s place, and he took care of them. But, for the rest of the time, I wasn’t sure. His buddy Zane liked the finer things. I’d only met him once, but, even in that short meeting, I could sense that. If he wanted to go out, it could easily be someplace “jacket required.”

And then it dawned on me. I had a daddy. Why wouldn't I ask him what to do?

I took out my phone and hit the call button. He picked up on the first ring.

"I don't know what to bring. Is Zane going to want to do the whole fancy dinner thing with a jacket and tie?" It sounded like such a silly thing to worry about, and it really was. But also, this was Wilkins' best friend, and I wanted to make a good impression, especially after the first impression was me getting told I didn't have a membership anymore.

"Want Daddy to pack for you?"

"Yes, please." I loved that he wanted to care of me, even if it wasn't our daddy-little time.

"Then I'll be over a bit early."

"Be warned, I told my aunt and uncle I was moving in with you, and they are going to want to hug you and shit." I'd wanted to find a fancy way to tell him, but, if he was coming over, he was going to find out anyway, and better from me than from parental types.

"I do like hugs."

We said goodbye, and I packed the things I needed from the bathroom and my baby bear.

When he arrived, there were hugs aplenty, along with a reminder that they wanted to help with the moving. Adding that to the time he spent helping me pack, and we left far later than we had planned. Thankfully, his appointment was late afternoon, and we were in the city well before then.

His friend Zane's place felt less like a home than it did a display model, but he was proud of it, and I oohed and ahed at everything he pointed out in the tour. And when Wilkins had to work, the two of us played old-school Tetris on a screen the size of the wall. Zane was fun and, from what I could tell, lonely without his buddy.

We lived a pain-in-the-ass distance from his place but not an unreasonably long one. I could see Wilkins and I making semi-regular trips here to visit, especially after Zane mentioned me bringing the dog next time.

"Who won?" Wilkins walked in sooner than I had expected him to.

"I kicked his butt." Tetris was the one game I could whip anyone's ass against. In that it was the entire list.

"Next time it's Pac-Man." He chuckled.

"Then next time you will be victorious." It was no lie.

"Does anyone mind if we get ready to go early? I'm hungry already," Zane asked.

"I could eat." I leaned into Daddy's side.

We took showers and got dressed, Wilkins in my favorite jeans of his and a fitted tee, me in random clothes. Once we got there, we had a changing room already booked for us.

The drive there was short and, unlike the last time, I didn't get any pity looks from people as they denied my entrance. No, instead they looked at me with a bit of envy. Who wouldn't? I was on Wilkins' arm.

Once inside, Zane set out to find some friends he met there and to get us seats while Wilkins and I found our dressing room.

“I have plans for this room when we are done playing,” I let him know as I started to undress. “So many plans. Plans I’ve been thinking about since the night we met here.”

“Why don’t you tell Daddy about them as we get you dressed?” He pulled out the steps, and I climbed up onto the changing table already naked. Had it been just the two of us there, I’d have allowed Daddy to slowly undress me and possibly shown him my gratitude with my mouth wrapped around his length. But we had not only Zane but possibly a couple of his friends waiting for us, and it was best just to get ready.

“I was thinking that when you brought me back here, you could bend me over the chaise lounge, undress me from the waist down, and then fuck me as I watch in the mirror.”

He bit back a groan.

“You’ve thought about this a lot, I see.” He put on my knee-highs and then my trainer pants. I liked diapers—a lot. But tonight I wanted it to be like the first time in many ways, including that one.

“So many times.”

Once my shorts were on, he helped me to sit and pulled on my new shirt, the one he had made for me. *This Prince Built His Own Castle*. To others, it would look like one of the many cutesy sayings on everything, but, to me—to us—it meant so much more.

“Now, down you go. I know a prince who is very hungry.”

We walked out hand in hand and found Zane quickly. He was in the same area as last time, and sitting with him were two men who looked familiar...probably from here.

Daddy sat down, and I climbed onto his lap. I wasn't ready to play yet. I just wanted to be close to Wilkins.

“You remember Declan and Holden. They live by you a good chunk of the time.”

I didn't recognize them from town, but Holden was quite a bit older than I was, and Declan was all city boy. Odds were he was new to the area.

“I'm Skye.” I waved, not wanting to get up to shake their hands.

“Nice to see you again.” Wilkins did the same. “I guess I didn't pick up on you being local to my new home. Maybe we could have a playdate or something. We don't have our nursery set up yet—still waiting on the furniture—but we could still have a nice time.”

Declan rubbed his little's shoulders. “We have one of the best nurseries that exists.” He bent down and kissed his boy on the head. “Had the most talented designers in the entire country.”

Declan rolled his eyes, and that was when I recognized him. “You're...I've seen your work.”

He laughed. “You have seen my television work. My main business now is nursery design.”

We spent some time talking about his job, and the server, Camille, came over to take our order. We ended up ordering their Daddy and Me special. It was really Caregiver and Me, but we modified it to fit our situations.

“The kitchen is pretty backed up. It might be an hour. Would you like to do some coloring while you wait? Or maybe go in and check out story hour? All are welcome. We just ask that little-less daddies not be—”

“Not be dicks?” Zane offered.

“Yeah that.”

She left and we all went into the little room where story hour was about to begin. Daddy sat in a huge rocker, and I climbed onto his lap. Declan sat beside his daddy, and Zane stood in the back taking it all in.

It was nice being little with friends, or potential friends, anyway. I’d always been an accessory when I was here and this, this was different. I knew it would be. I was with Wilkins, but it still somehow caught me off guard how much it changed things. The entire experience was just better.

We listened to the story, interacted during the parts that lent itself to it, and had a great time. Declan and I even made the accompanying craft, one that used a lot of glitter. I sure loved glitter, but I had a feeling I’d be finding it in my hair for the next month or so.

When we got back, our food was just arriving, our timing perfect. We ate and laughed and, as the evening moved on, a few more people joined us. Had I not already made dressing

room plans, I'd probably have stayed there until we got kicked out.

But getting fucked by my daddy as I watched sounded like a far better plan.

We told Zane we needed to get changed and would be back soon to go home, and he gave a knowing look when he told us not to rush.

But rushing was going to be part of the fun. Having someone waiting for us as we tried to "squeeze in a quicky" made it more deliciously dirty.

"Oh no, look at the time." My acting was horrible and over the top. I wanted there to be no mistake that I was playing the part and not really wanting to get back home. "We need to hurry home so I can sleep."

Daddy came up behind me, wrapped his arms around me, and made sure I could feel how much he wanted this. I grabbed his hand and lowered it to my already hardening cock, letting him see the same was true for both of us.

I wiggled my ass against his junk. "Maybe we should take care of this first."

"Probably for the best."

And just like I told him I wanted, he stripped me bare from my waist down, bent me over the chaise, tapped my inner thighs to get me to spread them wide, and grabbed the lube from our bag.

I watched as he coated his fingers and then circled my entrance. He didn't mess around, skipping over the long slow teases he enjoyed torturing me with at home and getting

straight to business. He opened me up quickly with one finger then two then three. Once I was ready for him, he coated his own cock—his own naked cock, and then lined himself up with my hole.

“We need to hurry. People are waiting for us. Don’t hold back.”

Like I could if I wanted to.

He slid in slowly, and I watched as each inch of his cock disappeared inside me. I pushed back, wanting him to go faster, but he held my hips.

“Be good, or there will be a spanking.” He tsked.

I did like a good spanking, but his tone was designed to make me think that the spanking was a punishment, and there was no point in pushing that boundary when what I really wanted was him to fill me with his cum and then have me go home in my trainer underwear feeling his offering with each and every step.

“I will be good, Daddy, but please—move.”

Instead of moving, he bent over me, his chest to my back, and placed a small kiss on each of my shoulder blades and then stood tall again. “I guess if my prince wants me to move, I’d best move. Don’t forget to watch.”

I watched as he slid in and out of me, slowly at first, and increasing in speed and force with each journey in and out of me.

“You feel so good, Daddy.” So good I could barely believe I had managed to form a complete sentence.

In and out, harder and harder, my cock bouncing with the motion as it dangled down. The visual of it all added so much more to the experience than I'd have suspected when I first said it. It had been a spontaneous addition to the fantasy when I saw the ginormous mirror there. And now I already wanted to plan on getting a mirror like it for ourselves.

“I need...” I wasn't sure what I needed, but Daddy did. He kept moving and still somehow managed to wrap his hand around my cock. He jerked me until I bellowed out his name, my cum coating his hand. He froze behind me, his own release rushing through him. It was sexy—hot—and very messy. I loved it.

“Thank you, Daddy. I needed that.”

“I think we can both agree that we both needed that.” He turned me around and kissed me deeply. “And now we need to clean up,” he said against my lips.

“They're going to know we were up to something with us taking this long.” I reached for the bottle of disinfectant wipes on the counter, left there for exactly this purpose.

“They knew the second we left them.”

“Gods, why does that make it somehow hotter?” I grabbed a wipe and started to clean the chaise I had been leaning over.

“Not sure, but it does.”

When we came back, fully dressed, there were even more people there, and we ended up staying another hour or so and having a blast.

Chapter Sixteen

Wilkins

Normally I hate moving. I liked to find one place to be, grow some roots, and stay there forever. Up until now, that never seemed to work out too well. But when I signed the papers for this place, I knew it was my home—my forever home.

Only it didn't feel that way. Not until today anyway.

Today was Skye's move-in day. We'd already been moving things in, bit by bit. As Skye needed something, it came with him. His uncle joked that Skye was their invisible roommate and he wasn't wrong. He'd all but moved in already, but this made it official, official.

Skye's uncle borrowed a huge-ass flatbed truck and we'd loaded it up once with the boxes. Now it was filled with the furniture. There wasn't much of it, but he did have a nice little office set, and we'd be using it to create his home office in one of the bedrooms.

When they pulled into the driveway, I went out and helped them. We had everything unloaded pretty quickly. And now was the fun part of the day.

"Unpacking boxes is never fun," Aunt Gina said. "But it does feel good when it's done."

"He didn't mean that." Skye rolled his eyes. "He meant the BBQ."

We had picked up the fixings for burgers on the grill and s'mores on the new fire pit. The backyard was finally starting to take shape and this was our first time entertaining. And who better to have over than family.

“That is better than unpacking, but promise me if you need more help you’ll call me?” She meant it, too. I was so happy that he’d had them both in his life at a time when he needed adults to step up. I’d never understand why his mother did what she did, and I supposed in a way I didn’t need to. All I did know was that it really sucked, and when we got married she was not on the list.

We weren’t engaged yet, but we’d had the talk. Neither of us thought that relationships had to lead to marriage to be valid, but we also knew we were each other’s forever people and marriage celebrated that. I had a ring, one I planned to give to him when the time was right, but for now, both of us knowing that was something we eventually wanted was enough.

“I probably should’ve made my crisped rice squares.” Uncle, as I now called him, shrugged. “They are the best and go well with burgers.”

“They are the best.” Skye shoulder bumped Uncle. “Maybe you should go home and make them already.”

“Or you could come over tomorrow to have some,” he countered. “You do know you are always welcome, both of you.”

“Thanks, Uncle.” Skye hugged him. “And yes, we know it. It means more than you can possibly know.”

We went outside and I lit the grill and the fire pit. Sir Chewsalot was great about staying away from both and today went straight to a patch of sun and rolled onto his back. Silly dog.

Aunt Gina won the “I got it” argument over who would do the grilling with a “pish,” which apparently was code in Skye’s family for “just give up. She’s gonna win.”

We spent the rest of the afternoon and evening eating, laughing, and making s’mores. It was a great time and when they left, they invited us for dinner the following week.

“They are gone.” Skye leaned against the front door, after they had gone. “I love them, but there are so many things we need to do.”

I looked around. There were boxes left but not too many. And as far as dealing with the empty ones, the only thing we could do before recycling day was to flatten them and we had.

“You know, it would be okay if we saved the last few boxes until tomorrow.” I was beat and he had to be as well.

“I was planning to.” He pulled me to him. “I was thinking we needed to shower and go to bed.”

“That worked for me.” I nibbled on his bottom lip. “Welcome home, my love.”

“It’s good to be home, Daddy.” He gave me a peck and then ducked under my arm and clicked his tongue for Sir Chewsalot to follow as he went upstairs. Or maybe he was clicking his tongue for me, because I was following him also.

He started the shower and we got undressed and under the hot water. “We should probably get a bigger shower,” I noted.

“The kind with multiple heads and all of that.” We fit in the space but not well. “What do you think about that?”

“It’s worth looking into, for sure.” He let out a yawn. “I didn’t realize I was this tired until I stopped moving.”

“Let me take care of getting you clean and put you to bed.” I washed his hair and body and helped him rinse off and then cleaned myself.

Water off, I towel dried Skye and sent him to bed as I wrapped a towel around myself.

“Jams or boxer briefs?” I called to him.

“Boxer briefs, please.”

I opened the door and grabbed a pair and something went flying.

“Shit.” He jumped out of bed so fast and before I could figure out what I dropped, he was on his knees, holding a little box.

“Wait right there.” I held up a finger and his jaw dropped. I hadn’t meant to worry him, but this opportunity was too perfect to pass up.

I grabbed the ring I bought for him and mirrored his pose.

“No way.” A giggle erupted from his chest. “Is this a great-minds kind of scenario?”

“I think it is. Will you do me the honor of making me your husband?” I opened the box to show the simple ring that shouted his name the moment I saw it.

“That depends. Will you do me the honor of making me your husband?” He opened his box to reveal the ring he’d

selected for me—the same exact ring.

“Definitely a great-minds scenario and a thousand times yes I want to celebrate my love for you by becoming your husband.” I held out my hand and he slipped it on me.

“Same.” He held out his hand and I put his ring on it. “I love you, Daddy.”

“Not as much as I love you, Skye.” I stood up and held my hand out for him. He took it and allowed me to stand.

“Pish,” he smirked. “I love you more.” He leaned in and kissed me. “Now take me to bed, fiancé.”

“There is nothing I want more, fiancé. Nothing I want more.”

Epilogue

Skye

“By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husbands,” the officiant announced. Our witnesses were Zane, my aunt and uncle, and Sir Chewsalot.

Johnson, a friend of Declan and Holden, was kind enough to come and perform the small ceremony in our backyard. We had planned a long engagement until a client came to Wilkins who didn't have the paperwork for some kind of rights with his late partner. Lawyer-client confidentiality left me out of the details, but Wilkins' lawyer side shone through, and we opted to have a tiny ceremony in our backyard.

We had started to build a small community of local friends who shared a similar dynamic with us, and we briefly thought about including them, but, at the end of the day, this was what called to us, and I couldn't be happier.

“You may now kiss your husband—not that you need my permission.” His joke earned him a chuckle from Zane and maybe others.

I didn't pay enough attention to know. My focus was on the gorgeous man in front of me—my daddy. The way he was looking at me, so filled with love and admiration, made it difficult to lean in and give a company-friendly kiss instead of jumping into his arms and begging him to show me just how much he loved me right then and there.

“I love you,” I mumbled against his lips.

His hand cradled my cheek. “As I love you.” We kissed far too briefly for my liking and were met with hugs and congratulations from our small group of wedding guests.

We enjoyed a nice meal prepared by my uncle and, of course, there was cake. And as exciting as all of this was, I wasn’t sad when Zane left with Johnson to go to Holden’s where Declan was having a “big” playdate with his daddy and little friends. We were invited, too, but we had more important things to do, and I couldn’t wait.

“We love you both.” My aunt hugged Wilkins and then me. “Be sure to come by this weekend. I need taste-testers to help me decide which recipe to enter into the upcoming pie festival.”

I assured her we would—because pie—and the two of them departed leaving just my husband and me.

“Hello, Husband.” I stepped in close. “Is it time?”

He pressed his forehead against mine. “I was thinking we might want to finish cleaning up first.”

He was teasing. The only things not cleaned up were the glasses we had been drinking from only a minute earlier.

“But, Dadddddyy!” I’d been waiting to see my new nursery since it was finished...three days ago. An eternity. “I’ve been good and didn’t even peek.” Though I had wanted to so badly.

When Wilkins hired Declan to make my nursery all it could be, I had figured we would have a consultation where he’d show us wallpaper samples and swatches of fabric. And he did do that, but he also converted the entire third floor into my little space. There were contractors and deliveries and a

plumber. And while we spent hours with Declan going over all the things we wanted to do in the space and things we enjoyed in general, once that part of things was over, it was 100 percent a surprise.

It sounded like the best idea ever to have me not see it until the big reveal, like the people in one of the TV shows Declan was on. But, in reality, it was rough, especially once construction began. It wasn't the only area of the house being worked on. We also had a new shower installed which was great. Not only did it give us enough room to comfortably be under the water at the same time with no cold asses, but it gave us something to say when people asked what we were doing to the place. Telling Ms. Tyson, who called to us from her porch where she was knitting a blanket for her great grandson, that we were building an adult nursery? Not something we longed to share.

“No you didn't. You were a very good boy and, just for that, Daddy will let you pick out your clothes before we go see your new room.”

Which only meant I had to wait longer.

“Jams,” I spit out. “Unicorn jams.” They were one piece and easy to get on. They would do nicely. And besides, I was adorable in them.

“Perfect choice.” He led me upstairs and helped me get dressed quickly. As much as he loved this time, helping me slip into my little space as he put on my diaper and clothes, he understood that my mind was 100 percent on the room above us.

I ran up the stairs ahead of him, stopping at the closed door at the top. It was one of the things we had Declan add. It made it easy to shut and lock the space if we wanted to entertain. Most people would think they had stumbled upon an attic or storage area. Not today though. Today, anyone who saw it would see that it was something special. My daddy had managed to wrap the door and place a giant bow in the center without me seeing.

“This wasn’t there this morning.” I ran my finger along the crisp ribbon.

“No, I snuck up here when you were getting the coffee going. Happy Wedding Day, my love.”

It was a sweet and romantic moment, one I quickly broke as I tore off the paper. I’d longed for a nursery of my own ever since I realized I was little, and now I not only had one, I had one specially created just for Daddy and me. And I needed to see it.

Daddy chuckled behind me as I made quick work of the wrapping and swung open the door, stepping inside. Where there had once been a hallway was now a wide-open space, natural light pouring through windows covered in a film that gave them the impression of being stained glass from a distance. I had both privacy and light. Had nothing else been done to the space, I’d have been on cloud nine. But there was so much more. I didn’t even know where to begin.

Daddy took my hand. “Let me give you a tour. You can take it in, one bit at a time.”

He led me to the bathroom, the single closed-off space in the room. We’d discussed leaving it open. Why would I need

privacy from Daddy? But, once I started to make little friends who were local enough for playdates, we decided it was best to keep it enclosed.

The bathroom still had its main feature, the claw-foot tub, but, aside from that, it was a completely new space. The theme was rubber duckies, and no one stepping inside would suspect otherwise. There was a rubber ducky mural on the wall, a bath mat shaped like a rubber ducky, and cute-astic rubber ducky cups. The entire place shouted bath-time fun.

“I love it so much.” I wrapped my arms around Daddy, hugging him tightly. “It’s perfect.”

“Wait until you see the rest, sweet boy.”

The rest made the bathroom look like it was boring. Declan managed to break the space up into usages with a play “room,” a reading and cartoon nook, a changing area, a dining space, and my favorite thing of all, my crib. He had a gift for color, and each space was designated with a subtle change of both hue and design. Given the vast area he had to work with, nothing felt on top of each other.

Right near the entrance was a dog bed for Sir Chewsalot, which he’d already found and curled up in.

Declan was talented beyond his fame. He used magic or something and managed to make the furniture Daddy ordered for me even more special. He turned the sleeping area into a castle, just like in the story daddy told me that first time I asked for one. The story had evolved over time, the prince living his best life and going on wild adventures in the land of the fae. But nothing topped the first volume, the one where Daddy made me feel special for being who I was.

“What would you like to do first?”

The high chair caught my eye; I’d never used one before. And there were enough toys to keep me occupied for days. There was only one thing calling to me: my crib.

“Nappies and a story?”

“Nappies and a story.” He got the bars down and stowed underneath. There would be times when I wanted them up, to feel like I was really in my own safe sleeping cocoon. But today, I wanted a story and to be snuggled into Daddy’s side, and he instinctively knew that. He was the world’s best daddy like that. He saw what I needed and would give it to me, while at the same time encouraging me to share with him anything I wanted or needed. And, with him, I could, without hesitation.

He settled me into bed, excused himself for a minute, and came back from the small dining room with a full bottle from a hidden fridge in one of the cabinets.

“Milkies?” He held it out to me, and I snatched it up quick.

And just like that first time he told me a story, he climbed into bed so I could snuggle up to him and drink my milk.

“Today’s story is different,” he began. “It is about a daddy who had no boy.”

“Does it have a happy ending?” I asked.

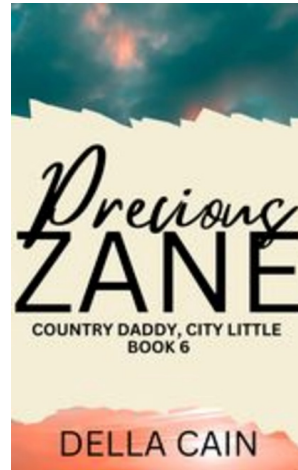
“The happiest one ever. He not only gets the boy of his dreams, but they get married and live in the prince’s castle—the one the prince built.”

“What a lucky prince.” I brought the bottle to my lips and sucked away.

“That’s where you’re wrong—you see this story is called ‘The Lucky Daddy and his Prince.’” He kissed the top of my head. “Once upon a time...”

Thank you for reading His Crimson Skye! Next up in the Country Daddy, City Little series is: [Precious Zane](#).

**Next in the County Daddy City Little
series: [Precious Zane](#)**



Zane is a daddy—or is he?

Zane is a daddy. Sure he's never had a little of his own, but he loves all things little and enjoys doing scenes at Collared with his little friends. He's a daddy. He's sure of it. Or at least he is until a stranger at Collared asks him one question—a question that changes everything.

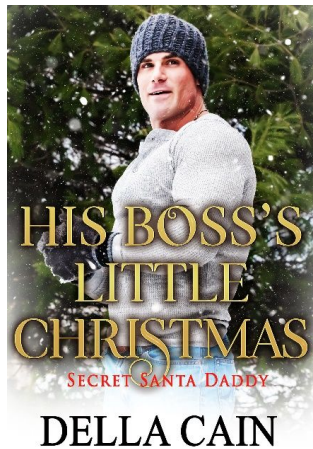
Roland is honored to accept an invitation to speak at a national convention for librarians and, unlike in years past, it's taking place in the nearest city, making travel expenses not an issue. He loves talking about his work and is blown away that people in his field are interested in his turning a small town library into the heart of downtown. It will be a nice weekend, and who knows? Maybe he can even catch a show.

When he runs into a college friend at the convention, plans for going to the theater morph into catching up with old friends. Who doesn't want to have a *little* fun? Roland is shocked when he discovers the invitation was to Collared, a type of club he thought only existed in books. But he's willing to give it a go. Who knows? He may like it.**

**Spoiler alert: He more than likes it.

Precious is a sweet with heat MM romance featuring a big city lawyer discovering he might not be a daddy, a small town librarian discovering vanilla might not be his favorite flavor, an accidental night at Collared, age play, binkies, a car shaped bed, too much glitter (or was it not enough), a goat who decides it wants a new home, ranch for dipping everything, and two men discovering opposites really do attract. Precious Zane is the sixth book in the popular Country Daddy, City Little MM romance series. Each book focuses on a new couple who find their Kinkily Ever After and includes some familiar faces from Collared Ever After.

His Boss's Little Christmas



Cole thinks his Secret Santa delivery is a mistake...

Cole didn't sign up for the Secret Santa exchange. As vice president of the company, he never does. When a present shows up on his desk, he's sure it's a mistake...until he opens it. There's nothing random about this gift—the glittery turtle stuffie has been sent by someone who's seen Cole as more than the boss...someone who's seen his little side, and that only leaves one person: Nicholas—his secret crush.

Nicholas met Cole years ago at the local club, Collared. It was a brief encounter, but one he never forgot. Cole was the most adorable little he's ever seen. Unfortunately, the next time they saw each other it was at the orientation for his new position, putting Cole strictly off limits. Nicholas manages to ignore the elephant in the room for three years, until he sees the perfect stuffie for his boss's little side: a sparkly turtle. He'll leave it as a Secret Santa gift—that's not crossing the line, just getting real close to it.

It isn't until he gets a thank you letter that he sees the flaw in his plan. How is he going to turn down someone who signs their card *Thanks, Daddy?*

Daddy's Little Christmas is a sweet with heat Secret Santa Daddy MM romance set in the world of Collared Ever After. It features a boss who needs a daddy, an employee who is up for the task, a Secret Santa like no other, a business trip that heats up, Marion's twist on a holiday shindig, an adorable kitten looking for a home, a snowball fight, all the magic of Christmas, and a happily ever after. If you enjoy your romance filled with true love, a sweet and caring daddy, and an adorable boy who's ready to let his daddy know exactly what he needs, download Daddy's Little Christmas today!

****This holiday season is full of secrets. Secret Daddies that is. Follow some of your favorite MM authors as they bring you tales of kisses, cuddles, and holiday cheer. Each Secret Santa Daddy book is a standalone and can be read in any order.****

More Holiday Cheer! [A Little Christmas:](#) [Aster](#)



Sometimes...if you are a very good boy...Santa brings you a daddy.

Aster has been very good. He's done everything he promised his daddy he would when he left for his last business trip three years earlier, the one that ended in tragedy. Aster eats three meals a day even when he doesn't want to, he stays hydrated, he doesn't let anyone make him feel bad for who he is, and he colors a picture every night before bed. Aster is a very good boy—he's also very lonely.

Maybe he should write a letter to Santa?

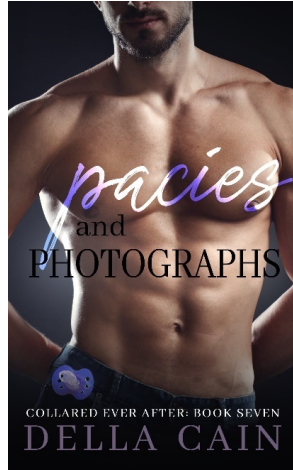
Theodore's heart breaks for his next-door neighbor. After losing his husband in a freak accident, he's been but a shell of himself. All he wants to do is give him a hug and take all the hurt away, like a good daddy should. Only he's not his daddy and, for all he knows Aster isn't into daddies.

Everything changes when Theodore picks up a piece of what he thinks is trash only to discover it's Aster's list for Santa, a list that includes two things: a daddy who will love me and a teddy bear.

A Little Christmas: Aster features a widowed little whose list for Santa includes a daddy of his own, a daddy who would love nothing more than for that daddy to be him, a dream come true—literally, true love, Christmas magic, and a happily ever after.

****A Little Christmas: Aster is an MM Daddy/Little Christmas twist on the Little Princess Classic. Each age play romance book in this multi-author series can be read as a standalone.*

**Coming in 2023! [Pacis and Photographs:](#)
[Collared Ever After Book 7](#)**



Stepping out from behind the camera isn't as easy as it seems.

Dax needs cash, and he needs it now since his roommate has moved away without notice. Dax has a week to either make up the difference or break his lease. Both options are out of his price range. When he sees an ad hiring size models for a local designer, he sees it as a chance to close his financial gap while helping larger men, like him, get smexy clothing that actually fits.

Gary lives life looking through the lens of a camera. It was easier that way. He gets to experience life from a distance. You don't get hurt that way. He learned that lesson, the hard way.

When his boss calls him into a size fitting and asks him what he thinks about making the man in the fluorescent lace manties

one of their fashion models, Gary stops dead in his tracks at the sight of his college crush looking better than ever. The last time they saw each other was at Dax's wedding, with Gary as the photographer. Too bad Dax is straight—or is he?

Pacies and Photographs is a second chance bi-awakening MM romance featuring a photographer who needs to learn to step out from behind his camera, his cuddly papa bear of a college crush who isn't as straight as he thought, body positivity, manties, pacies galore, dragons—so many dragons, ABDL, true love, a daddy sweeter than cotton candy, and a guaranteed happy ever after. Pacies and Photographs is book seven in the popular Collared Ever After MM romance series, each book focusing on a new couple who finds their Kinkily Ever After at Club Collared while keeping in touch with old friends.

About the Author

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.