

Little's Who Love
Book 01

PROMISE ME
FOREVER
DADDY

LANA KYLE

Promise Me Forever, Daddy

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Book 1

Lana Kyle



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Lots of love, LANA ♥

Content & Trigger Warnings

Promise Me Forever Daddy is a standalone, low-angst & super-sweet with plenty of heat MM Age Play Romance between consenting adults.

This book features the themes and kinks listed below:

Daddy/boy, Age Gap, ABDL, Bottle feeding/suckling, Diapers, Age Regression, Hurt/Comfort, Instalove, Spanking, Public Nudity & Sex, and of course a truly wholesome HEA!

Please don't read this book if any of the above are likely to cause offence.

Otherwise, enjoy!

Chapter 1

MILES

'*Whoooooosh!*' Miles squealed, the wind in his face as he peddled as fast as his slender legs would allow. 'We have the first ever Little to win the Tour de France!'

Miles giggled.

While he may have been in shape and a decent cyclist, he was never going to enter let alone win the Tour de France.

But that wasn't important. Miles was up early and determined to have the best day.

It may have only just turned seven thirty in the morning, but the sun was very much out in Los Frisco. It was going to be another hot day, that much was clear.

With the sky a perfect and unblemished blue color, Miles had the perfect early morning motivation to push himself harder and faster on his brand-new road cycle.

I've got this.

I'm beating my PB.

Today's the day I do it...

Miles was cycling to work and was determined to get to his destination quicker than ever. After all, having just spent three thousand dollars on a new bike, he felt like he had a lot to prove. It wasn't every day that Miles would spend such a large amount of money, and he wanted to

know that the expenditure for the extra light aluminum frame had been worth it.

Miles Keane was twenty-three and an up-and-coming green energy executive at Green Sky Future, an environmental research organisation.

With his surfer-boy blonde hair and dazzling blue eyes, Miles looked like a surf pro. But it was Miles's hard work and studiousness in the office that truly set him apart.

There was an opening higher up in Green Sky Future, with the position of Junior VP needing filling. Miles knew he was young, but such was his passion for the work that he was determined to land the job and help take the company to new heights.

However, as career focused as Miles was, he had other interests too.

Miles was a committed volunteer at the local dog rescue center. Having been helping out at Bark Buddies for well over a year, Miles had completely fallen in love with each and every dog he had come into contact with as they waited to be rehomed.

The truth was that Miles would have done anything to take just one of the dogs home with him, but he knew that his long work hours meant it just wasn't doable. After all, being single and living alone meant that any dog would struggle to have enough quality time with him.

It may have been with a sad heart, but Miles knew deep down that he just didn't have the time for his own dog. For now at least, Bark Buddies dog center would have to be the outlet to meet his tail-wagging, fur-ruffling doggy needs.

However, Miles didn't have any time to lament his lack of a canine companion. With the sleeves of his pale blue t-shirt flapping in the wind, Miles whizzed around the corner and applied the breaks.

Not only was Miles a career focused dog lover, he was also a Little too.

Deep down, Miles had always known he was a Little, but it had taken him quite some time to feel like he could express himself in that way.

During his time at college, his mind had blossomed and developed a better understanding of what it meant to be a Little, and of what it meant to crave nothing more than a Daddy to look after him.

But college being college, it maybe wasn't the best place to be honest and open about it. With the jocks and a generally pretty macho environment even with the academic students, it never truly felt like a safe place for Miles to be who he wanted to be.

The idea of wearing a diaper or carrying around his most loved stuffie, Quackers the duck wasn't something that Miles could contemplate doing.

Miles would sometimes privately play with coloring pencils back in his dorm room, but beyond that the vast majority of his Little self was kept firmly under wraps and inside his mind.

However since moving to Los Frisco, Miles had gained confidence.

Los Frisco was a liberal place where generally speaking anyone could be who they wanted to be. Sure, even Los Frisco had some judgmental and mean people, but on the whole Miles knew that he could feel far more free in how he expressed himself.

With some wonderful Little friends and the Beach Babies club to hang out in, Miles had established a nice Little life for himself.

The only thing missing was finding a Forever Daddy to make his life complete.

Miles wanted a Daddy who knew how to have fun, someone who he could share his kinky side with and see what else might turn him on beyond just age play.

Oh, and any perspective Daddy would need to know when to lay down the law too and administer some strict, no-holds-barred spankings and paddlings too.

It might have seemed like wishful thinking, but Miles was determined to find his Forever Daddy.

However, now wasn't Daddy time.

This was a Littles-only moment...

'Guys! You beat me. Again!' Miles laughed, slowing his bike down to near enough walking speed. 'I guess I'm buying.'

Miles may have been on his way to work, but the reason he was so early was so that he could take a detour and enjoy a customary fresh juice with his Little friends.

Both Rick and Tommy worked at successful startups just like Miles, and their early morning routine of fresh juice and gossip was an essential part of their weekdays.

'I thought you'd got lost?' Tommy laughed, his slicked back chestnut brown hair looking as immaculate as ever, despite the bike ride.

'*Pfft!* Three thousand on a bike, and I still beat you?' Rick added, a big grin on his face as the morning sun topped up his olive-skinned tan.

'Guys, guys, you know I let you win?' Miles said, struggling to keep a straight face. 'Anyway, I actually arrived twenty minutes ago and just went for an extra lap of Los Frisco canyon.'

The three friends laughed.

They were all young, single, and loved their lives in Los Frisco. There was never any competition between them

when it came to careers or men, their bond as friends ensuring that they always wanted what was best for one another.

Of course, this didn't mean that there was a lack of banter. Each one of the three friends was competitive in their own way and Miles showing up last on the first time with his expensive new cycle wasn't going to be forgotten in a hurry...

'So, does your 'super-lightweight' bike have some kind of speed restrictor on it? Tommy laughed. 'You know, to stop you from going *too* fast?'

Miles shook his head and rolled his eyes.

'Yeah, yeah, keep it coming,' Miles laughed. 'We'll have to have a proper race this weekend. I'll show you two jokers who the fastest cyclist in Los Frisco is.'

The three Littles took a moment to finally embrace.

It was time to get some fresh juice from the Sal's Juice Truck...

* * *

'Yummy, this mango and kiwi vibe is officially world class,' Miles said, taking the last gulp of his juice.

The three friends were walking back to their cycles after enjoying a nice walk down to the ocean front with their drinks.

It had been a wonderful start to the day, and Miles felt ready to hit work with all of his customary enthusiasm.

There was, however, one problem...

'*Urgh*. I hope Kyle isn't being such an poo-butt today,' Miles sighed.

‘Forget that guy,’ Tommy said, his slim, but muscular build looking great in his black and red striped cycling t-shirt. ‘Focus on you.’

‘Yeah, but I have a feeling that he’s been bad mouthing me around the office,’ Miles said, a hint of genuine concern in his voice. ‘I know I shouldn’t care, but if I’m going to get this VP job then the last thing I need is my name being run down by a freakin’ so-called colleague.’

‘I agree with Tommy,’ Rick said. ‘Focus on what you can control. Don’t waste your time speculating on what Kyle Peters may or may not be saying. Everyone at Green Sky Future knows that you’re the real star of the show.’

Miles took a moment to consider the words of his friends. He knew that they were probably right but taking on board their words of wisdom was easier said than done.

‘Come on, just go with it,’ Tommy laughed, clearly seeing that Miles was resisting their advice. ‘You know that we’ve got your back. People like Kyle never win in the end.’

‘The worst thing is that I don’t even think he cares about being eco!’ Miles said, anger in his voice. ‘It just stinks I have to be around him.’

Both Tommy and Rick put their arms around Miles as they walked back to their bikes. Miles felt reassured to have such good friends, but he knew that as soon as he stepped into the office, it would be just him.

I can’t let Kyle mess things up for me.

I’ve worked too hard.

I care too much to let him put me off my game...

* * *

It turned out to be a very decent day at work. Despite his fears over Kyle Peters stirring up all kinds of crap, Miles actually managed to avoid Kyle for most of the day.

This had been a real blessing.

Not only was Miles able to happily work on a new presentation he was hoping to show to the senior management board, but he was also able to have a chat with the sweet new guy who was working on the welcome desk at Green Sky Future.

Miles wasn't sure if it was a love match between them, but it was fun to talk all the same...

He's cute.

Maybe not exactly my usual type.

But with no Daddies in my world, I might need to be more open to something else?

However, now he was back at his apartment, Miles decided to shut down all thoughts of work and allow himself a little rest and relaxation time.

Miles's ground floor apartment had a big, open plan living area that was flanked by two bedrooms on either side. Miles's room was the master suite and had a generous sized bathroom off it. The guest bedroom was a little more snug but had its own shower.

All in all, the apartment was just about perfect for Miles.

When he had a friend from out of town over to stay, there was just about enough room. But on a day-to-day basis there was plenty of space.

In fact, Miles would often use the guest bedroom to store his in-progress work projects, spare bike parts, and whatever paperwork he had taken home from the Bark Buddies dog center.

‘Okay... so shall I have a juice box or...’ Miles wondered out loud, momentarily blushing self-consciously as he realized how much of a cliché he must have looked. ‘Damn. Talking to myself. I *seriously* need a Daddy...’

Miles laughed and shook his head as he walked over to the tall, metallic refrigerator. Opening it up, Miles had to search around for the eight pack of ice-cold juice boxes that he knew was in there somewhere.

‘Jeez. I’ve got enough greenery in here to call it a second garden,’ Miles grumbled before finally pushing past a big bag of kale and pulling out the multicoloured juice boxes. ‘Not that I’m complaining.’

Miles actually loved his healthy diet and environmentally conscious lifestyle. He could easily have afforded a sports car or to eat out every night, but he genuinely loved nothing more than cycling and making his own food from scratch. It was just who he was, and Miles was more than happy to admit it too.

Just as the juice box was primed and ready to open, Miles caught a glimpse of his cellphone flashing over by the large l-shaped couch.

Taking a quick sip of mango and tropical fruit juice, Miles walked over toward the phone and picked it up.

It was almost certainly either Tommy or Rick, but if they thought that they were going to get Miles out for a night on the quayside bars, then they had another thing coming.

Miles was still sweating from his cycle back from work and his plan was very much to sink this juice, shower, and then indulge himself in a big crunchy salad and a golden era - 1990s of course - Disney marathon.

But rather than the message being from Tommy or Rick, it was in fact from someone else altogether...

Yo, Miles! You still at the place over on Ocean Drop?
Tyler X

Miles paused.

His first reaction was to simply put the phone down and ignore the message altogether. It had been months upon months, possibly even closer to two years, since Miles had even heard so much as a single word from Tyler.

What does he want?

Why... message now? I don't get it.

Except... this is still somehow so Tyler.

Miles and Tyler went way back together.

Despite the significant age gap between them, the pair met each other at college and quickly became friends. Tyler may have been a mature student with an extra twenty years in the bank over Miles, but he was very much young at heart.

While Miles was bright, conscientious with his work, and hated risk, Tyler was very much the opposite.

Tyler was a rebel.

He lived fast, close to the edge.

If there was even a chance of having fun then Tyler simply could never turn it down.

The fact that Tyler was a mature student was something that Tyler had always played down to Miles. Tyler always maintained that he had been too busy partying and living a wild life during his twenties and early thirties to even consider college.

This made sense, but it wasn't as if Tyler was partying any less or living any less wild when he finally did make it to college.

But for men like Tyler, age was only a number. He may have been older than some of the lecturers, but that made no difference...

At college, Tyler had been a stone-cold babe.

With his thick stubble and blonde and brown hair, he looked every inch the bad boy. The fact that he had a long scar on his left thigh just added to the dangerous appeal.

Tyler's almond brown eyes were like deep pools of brooding soul and there wasn't a guy on campus who wouldn't shoot him a look of admiration or lust.

Miles and Tyler had hit it off as friends from the jump.

Yes, they were very much opposites. And the age-gap was undeniable. But something about them just clicked.

Tyler would take Miles to the coolest underground parties on campus and it sometimes felt inevitable that after a few beers the pair of them would fool around. Things had gotten pretty steamy between them, but Tyler had always made it clear that he wasn't looking for anything serious.

Miles had always said that he was fine with this.

However Miles being Miles, he honestly wanted more.

Truthfully, what Miles wanted more than anything was commitment.

But as far as Miles was concerned, the reality of the situation was that he was hopelessly in love with Tyler, and it would never be returned in kind.

Tyler was like a precious stone that Miles could glimpse at, touch, but never keep. And for a while, Miles managed to deal with that.

Just as Miles was beginning to dredge up all the old memories, and the intervening years of occasional hook ups and catch-up dinners, he heard the sound of his doorbell.

'*Huh?*' Miles said, putting his phone down and walking toward the door.

Miles wasn't expecting anyone, and neither Tommy or Rick would show up without calling ahead, it just wasn't something that either of them ever did.

Miles paused and gripped his hand on the doorknob.

It couldn't be... *could it?*

Chapter 2

TYLER

The sun may have been gradually rising in the sky to mark the dawn of a new day, but as far as Tyler Pace was concerned, it was very much a case of same old shit, different day.

'Urgh... what happened?' Tyler muttered as he gradually came to. *'I fell asleep in my car? Again?'*

Tyler had indeed fallen asleep in his car.

However this was unlike the other times when he had simply taken the decision to stumble back to his car and spend the night tucked in underneath his blanket on the rear seats.

As Tyler felt an aching stiffness shoot through his body, his grimaced in pain as he gradually opened his eyes to the sight of the front end of his powerful muscle car wrapping itself around a streetlight.

'What... the... fuck?' Tyler grumbled, wincing in pain as he craned his neck around to get a better view of the damage.

Tyler was forty-four, but lived life in the same wild, fun-seeking way as he did in his twenties. It was just who he was, and there was no way and no how that he was ever going to change.

Having fun was part of Tyler's DNA.

Tyler Pace was a quintessential Daddy Dom in so many ways. He was big, well-built, and had the kind of raw power that would put ninety-nine percent of the male populous to shame.

Tyler was fun loving and enjoyed a party more than most – but when it came to relationships, his desire was to dominate and let his growling, snarling, Daddy Dom side come out to play.

Despite fitting all the classic Daddy prerequisites, Tyler hadn't always fully known he was a natural born Daddy. Growing up, being different wasn't exactly supported in his household and Tyler's fear of any kind of commitment had also made it basically impossible to find a boy to settle down with.

Sure, Tyler fooled around plenty.

Many a boy had presented their peachy butt for Tyler to spank, fuck, and generally use for his pleasure. But over the years, this had started to feel like something of an empty pursuit as far as Tyler was concerned.

The only problem for Tyler was finding a boy who would be able to handle his desire for living life on the edge. Having never settled on a career, Tyler had gotten used to living for the moment.

Home was wherever Tyler hung his paddle.

But as the years passed, Tyler knew deep down that he wanted to settle down and find a boy who he could care for, love, and provide some seriously strict guidance for.

Aside from bring a Daddy and having his age play side, Tyler had plenty of other kinks too. But the chances of being able to properly explore these with a short-term hookup seemed remote.

Tyler knew that if he ever wanted to be able to fully express himself to his absolute truest self then he would

need someone to do it with.

And that left one seriously big question...

Who on earth could that boy be?

Was there a boy on the whole West Coast who could handle a Daddy like Tyler Pace?

Tyler was a loose cannon. Every day was a new adventure, and with adventure came risk. But waking up in a crashed car was extreme, even by Tyler's fast and loose standards.

Instinctively, Tyler knew that something wasn't quite right about this situation. With his mind still blanking on what had gone down, Tyler looked up into the rear-view mirror.

There was a graze on Tyler's cheek but other than that, he looked as devilishly handsome as ever. Then, as Tyler was running his hand through his naturally streaked blonde and brown hair, he saw a cop car whizz by in the distance.

The cop car was clearly on a mission to get to somewhere else, but it helped Tyler bring his own situation into sharp focus.

What the hell am I doing here?

Why can't I remember anything?

I need to move. I need to move fast...

Tyler reached for the car key and unsurprisingly it was still firmly lodged in the ignition. As he turned the key to start the engine, Tyler let out a yelp of anguished pain. He was definitely going to need to find somewhere to crash and lie down for a hot moment.

Worse than the jolting pain in his shoulder though was the fact that his trusty muscle car wouldn't start up.

'Come on, don't let me down baby,' Tyler said, a rising frustration in his voice as he attempted a second, then

third, time to get the powerful gas guzzling engine up and running. 'Come on! Come on! I *need* you to work for me!'

Tyler's biceps were tense with sheer frustration as he let his anger bubble over. This wasn't good. And what made it worse was that the angrier Tyler got, the more painful the sensation in his shoulder felt.

As another cop car passed in the distance, Tyler began to feel like it was only a matter of time before his car was spotted. And Tyler knew that if he was still inside it, then there would be way too many questions for him to answer.

'I have to bounce,' Tyler said, an increasing sense of urgency in his voice.

Tyler still felt a little woozy, but he knew that now wasn't the time to wonder exactly what had gone down to lead him into this situation. Tyler could work all that out later. As far as Tyler was concerned, he needed to get himself the hell out of there.

Tyler's police record wasn't entirely blemish free, and he knew that a DUI or some kind of dangerous driving charge could even lead to a custodial sentence. There was no way Tyler was going to allow himself to lose his freedom, not over an offence he could not even remember committing.

There was no other way. Tyler would have to exit the scene of the crime, whatever that crime actually was, and make a run for it.

And if that meant leaving his beloved car behind, then that was just the price Tyler had to pay.

As Tyler gingerly opened the car door and stepped outside onto the clean Los Frisco road, he shot a glance over at the large black bag in the passenger seat...

‘Holy hell. I... won the drag race,’ Tyler muttered. ‘My winnings. That bag has my winnings in it!’

For a brief moment, Tyler smiled his cocky, charming, utterly brilliant smile. His mind suddenly filled with memories of winning a tough, highly intense drag race the previous night.

I’m faster.

I take more chances.

No one beats Tyler Pace...

But Tyler’s smile soon disappeared as he picked up the black bag and it felt suspiciously light. Tyler opened the bag in double-quick time and was dismayed to see that there was the grand total of zero dollars inside it.

‘What the fuck?’ Tyler said, shaking his head in disbelief. ‘Some sonofabitch must have swiped my prize money. But *who?*’

The sound of a fire truck in the distance brought Tyler back into the present moment. He may have been down ten thousand dollars in prize money, but that didn’t change the fact that he may well have been at the scene of a crime that he committed.

It was time to make a run for it.

* * *

After managing to run for several blocks, Tyler knew that it was time to find somewhere nice and secluded to rest. Looking around him, he realized that it wouldn’t be an overly difficult task.

The neighborhood looked relatively upscale. With smart apartment buildings and nice detached houses, this was very much a Los Frisco kind of place.

'Pfft. Too many electric cars for my taste, but whatever,' Tyler grumbled, noticing the plethora of shiny Teslas on the streets and in the driveways.

Putting his distaste for electric cars to one side, Tyler found a quiet side street and took a moment to sit down and take things in.

Tyler knew he was in Los Frisco and had a rough idea of where he was in relation to his car – well, if it hadn't been spotted and removed by the police yet.

Going home wasn't exactly an option for Tyler though.

In fact, *home* was something of a touchy subject.

Tyler had recently split up with his kinda casual on-off-on again boyfriend and was pretty sure that his face wasn't exactly welcome at their old apartment any longer.

It wasn't that Tyler had cheated or done anything terrible, it was more that Tyler simply hadn't been able to give his ex, Adam, the commitment that he wanted.

Adam was nice. Real nice.

But Adam could *never* be wanted Tyler truly wanted.

Adam simply wasn't a Little.

Effectively, Tyler had been homeless and living out of his car for the past few weeks. The winnings from the drag race were going to be spent on securing the rent on a new place.

But with the money gone and his beloved car looking worse for wear, Tyler was beginning to feel a little bit lost. For a guy who lived on the edge, Tyler was used to being in sticky situations. However even by his own standards, this was shaping up to be something else altogether for Tyler.

After spending a while resting, Tyler spent the rest of the day wandering around the pretty suburb. It all seemed

very familiar to him. The cafes, the florist, even down to the multiple wholefoods stores that seemed to be on every corner.

But as amusing as it was for Tyler to play games like 'spot the hipster', he knew that soon it would be nighttime. Tyler hadn't dared to go back to his car for fear of being spotted near it, and in truth he feared that it had been towed or even stolen.

Facing up to problems had never been a strong suit for Tyler, and today was proving to be a prime example of exactly that. But no matter how much he wanted to bury his head in the sand, Tyler knew that he needed to do *something*, and soon...

What are my options?

Who can I call?

What's my best play here?

Tyler crouched down and sat his butt down on the curb. He took his cracked, barely working cellphone out of the back pocket of his blue jeans and scrolled down his contacts list...

'Jeez. Not sure how many favors I have left to call in,' Tyler sighed. 'Unless...'

Tyler quickly tapped out the message. He kept it short and sweet. The message was to his old college friend, Miles.

Tyler hadn't seen Miles for quite some time but they had *history* together.

And come to think of it, Miles lived pretty damn close to where Tyler was in that moment. Tyler had only been to Miles's place once, the last time he saw him in fact. Miles had only just moved in at the time. And given that Miles was a steady guy who loved routine and consistency,

Tyler was willing to bet that Miles would still be living there now.

So with all of this in mind, rather than wait for a reply to his message, Tyler decided to seize the initiative and head on over to Miles's.

But if Tyler was convinced that Miles was still living at the same address, he was far less sure about what kind of reception he would receive upon his arrival...

* * *

Tyler rocked up at the building he believed to be Miles's apartment block. It still had the recognizably super-smart entrance lobby with the abstract prints on the smooth, whitewashed walls.

Tyler shook his head and laughed at the sight of a yoga instructor walking past him while carrying what must have been the world's smallest dog.

But rather than focus too much on the painfully hip surroundings, Tyler made his way down the corridor that he was certain led to Miles's apartment.

'Okay, here goes,' Tyler said, surprising himself as he realized that his heart was beating a little quicker than he might have expected. 'Am I... nervous?'

Tyler quickly shook himself down as he knocked on the door and waited. Each second felt like an eternity. Tyler thought back to his time with Miles at college. They certainly had fun together.

But Tyler had always known that while it was good fooling around, Miles was always going to want more.

Not only that, but Miles was fully committed to being a Little. And exploring that side of himself.

Tyler knew that he liked the idea of it, but he still wasn't sure at that time whether he wanted to be a Daddy or not. Again, it was the commitment that being a good, reliable Daddy to a boy required that put Tyler off.

That's why Tyler had taken the decision to make a clean break when he chose to drop out before graduating. Tyler thought back to his trusted motto:

No commitment, no pain.

With this in mind, Tyler felt himself calm down. No matter what Miles said or did, if Tyler wasn't emotionally attached to the situation, he couldn't feel any pain.

'Oh wow, you sure as hell ain't changed!' Tyler said, a huge smile on his face as Miles opened the door. 'No, that ain't true. You're even cuter than ever.'

Miles rolled his eyes.

For a moment, Tyler thought that he might be about to experience that familiar feeling of a door slamming in his face. But Miles couldn't keep it up for long.

'You'll never change either,' Miles said, breaking into a smile and stepping to the side to allow Tyler inside. 'Come on in. You look like you've got a story to tell.'

As Tyler stepped into the apartment and took a quick look around, he could see that Miles was doing very well for himself. While the apartment wasn't full of gadgets or elaborate furnishings, everything had an air of premium quality about it.

Tyler winced as he attempted to stretch his arm above his head, and this didn't go unnoticed by Miles.

'You okay, Tyler?' Miles said. 'Actually, tell me later. Something tells me that what you'd love more than

anything is a cold beer?’

Tyler smiled in appreciation. Miles had always had good intuition for other people’s needs, and it didn’t seem like the time that had passed since he last saw Miles had dimmed that one bit.

‘You know it bro,’ Tyler said, gladly taking a bottle of perfectly chilled beer from Miles and noticing Quackers, Miles’s stuffie leaning up on the kitchen worktop. ‘You know what else might also help?’

‘Go on...’ Miles replied, a hint of suspicion in his voice.

‘We could grab a shower together?’ Tyler said, keeping a mischievous level of eye contact going as he watched Miles blush. ‘You look... sweaty?’

‘You wish,’ Miles barked back, dismissively shaking his head and trying to act as cool as he possible could. ‘I have two bathrooms. You can use the guest bath. And let me guess... you want to stay the night?’

Tyler nodded.

Miles really was a king when it came to intuition. Tyler knew it might not be the same for Miles, but as far as Tyler was concerned the spark was still very much there between them.

If he was going to stay over, things might get complicated.

The boy’s so fucking sexy-cute-uptight and everything else too.

But life is for the living.

Sometimes the only option is to let go and see what happens...

Chapter 3

MILES

Miles stepped out of the shower and took a moment to allow himself to drip dry. As the new steam extractor silently cooled and cleared his bathroom, a naked Miles took a moment to compose himself...

Okay, just stay calm.

Don't let Tyler get under your skin again.

And don't let him excite you too much either!

However it might have been a little bit too late to try and tell his body to calm down. Miles looked down and saw that his cock was very much full of thoughts of Tyler Pace.

'Come on, he's not even that hot,' Miles muttered, frustrated at how much his own body was betraying his true attraction to Tyler. '*Urgh. Whatever.*'

The truth was that try as he might, Miles couldn't deny that Tyler was looking more handsome than ever.

Miles did a quick calculation in his head and worked out that Tyler was around either forty-five or forty-six, maybe forty-four. Math may have been usually a strong point for Miles, but even thinking about Tyler's age was scrambling his brain.

Whatever his exact age, Tyler was looking incredibly dashing, and his body was in better shape than ninety-nine percent of men half his age.

Tyler's getting sexier with ever year that passes.

He seems more like a Daddy than ever.

And yet he'd still never want to settle with me either...

Miles picked up one of his large, super-cozy white towels and wrapped it around his waist and walked out of the bathroom and into his master bedroom.

With its clean aesthetic and high ceilings, Miles's bedroom was a place of sanctuary.

Of course, Miles had entertained the occasional guy in there, but somehow none of them had ever quite lived up to expectations. It wasn't that Miles was freakishly fussy, it was just that he needed something extra to truly get him going.

Tyler needed a Daddy to dominate him and then snuggle up with him and Quackers afterward.

It felt like a distant dream, but it was one that Miles wouldn't give up on or compromise.

So, all in all, Miles's bedroom was mostly a place of rest and relaxation rather than any steamy late-night fun for most of the time.

Miles padded over on the soft carpet toward his wardrobe. Despite wanting to appear as casual as possible around Tyler, Miles couldn't help but find himself deliberating over what to wear.

'Stop it, dude!' Miles said, berating himself as he scrambled to pick out his favorite t-shirt. 'Nothing is going to happen with Tyler this time. He's obviously in a bit of trouble and needs support. There will be *zero* action between us of the bedroom variety. I'll be a friend but no more than that.'

Feeling pleased with himself that he had managed to put a stop his wandering mind and any burgeoning rekindling

of romantic feelings toward Tyler, Miles got himself dressed.

If there was one thing that Miles was good at, it was helping others.

Tyler had clearly come to him in need of assistance, and Miles was determined to do just that.

Now all that remained was getting to the bottom of whatever it was that had led to Tyler showing up so abruptly.

But before that, Miles had a date with the best Little friends a boy could ask for...

* * *

Beach Babies was a wonderful place.

Being the only specialist Little hangout in Los Frisco, it could sometimes get quite busy. But not today. Pleasingly, Miles and his two Little friends Tommy and Rick were the only people in.

Maybe it was too early for Los Frisco's other Littles, but it certainly wasn't for Miles and his best friends.

With its calming, pastel-colored walls and super-cozy furniture and fluffy rugs, Beach Babies was the perfect place to come for a morning milk feed...

'*Burrrp!*' Miles said, realizing too late that he was drinking his perfectly white milk just a little bit too quickly. 'Hehe, I think I'm going too fast!'

Miles was wearing nothing but his multi-colored duck patterned briefs over a snug pure-white diaper. As he lay on his back and looked up to the turquoise ceiling, Miles felt so warm and cozy and most importantly – *safe*.

'I love this place,' Miles said, feeling himself perfectly in Little space.

'Me too,' Rick replied, suckling on his milk with a look of sheer pleasure on his face.

'Me three,' Tommy added, kicking his legs up in the air and pretending to cycle as he lay on his back.

'I think we're three lucky little babies,' Miles squealed before gulping down some more milk. 'My tummy is getting super-full. I think I might need to go pee-pee.'

The three friends giggled and allowed themselves to enjoy their milk, the perfect nursery rhymes as the played on the speak system, and the general feeling of total relaxation.

Being in Little space was something that Miles adored.

As much as Miles enjoyed his day-to-day life, nothing quite matched up to the sensation of feeling himself regress and become his most authentic Little self.

Rick and Sam felt the same way too and Miles felt blessed to have them both in his life as good friends.

'Who wants to have a stuffie race?' Rick squealed, rolling over and picking up his super-cute giraffe stuffie.

'I think my Teto might win!' Tommy giggled, parading his T-Rex stuffie with pride.

'*Naaaaw*, good try but Quackers will be the champ!'" Miles smiled, before realizing that his diaper was fit to burst. 'But first I think it's time for me to call for Miss Applebottom to come change me. I'm all wet!'

The three friends giggled and cooed in delight as they waited for the *Beach Babies* nanny to arrive to change them.

Excitement for the stuffie race was building, but first there were three sets of heavy, fluffy diapers that needed

changing – and fast!

* * *

The seated area out front of *Drink Devine* was one of Miles's favorite local hangouts. *Drink Devine* was an all-purpose wellness space that covered everything from sound therapy to the comparatively commonplace yoga Pilates.

The fact that the café served up some of the tastiest and freshest juices in all of *Los Frisco* was the cherry on top of the gluten-free cake.

But as much as Miles was in heaven at *Drink Devine*, evidently the same could not be said for his old college flame Tyler...

'What the actual fuck?' Tyler said, his impossibly handsome face all scrunched up as he just about managed to swallow down the wheatgrass shot that accompanied his berry smoothie. 'I've tried a million different shots in a million different bars, but none of them tasted like... *that*.'

Miles rolled his head back and laughed.

It felt good to be getting a little enjoyment out of seeing Tyler suffer. After all, it was Tyler who showed up so abruptly and without warning. It was only fair that Miles was allowed to indulge in a little bit of payback.

'It's good for you,' Miles said, a big smile on his face. 'But seriously, wheatgrass is genuinely incredible when it comes to healing aches and pains. I swear by it.'

'It's early evening, we should be pounding the beers!' Tyler said, the disgruntled look on his face showing no sign of going anywhere. 'Anyway. Dude, I probably owe you a bit of an explanation...'

At this point, Miles assumed that Tyler was going to explain why he had shown up unannounced in what looked to be quite a distressed state.

As reliably rugged as Tyler had looked, on reflection Miles had realized that there was something not quite right about him. There had been an edge, a slight haziness to Tyler that wasn't how Miles remembered him at all.

But rather than explain what was going on right now, what Tyler wanted to set straight was something from a long time ago...

'You know, I always felt bad about how we left things in college,' Tyler said, taking a sip of his berry drink. 'I know we've seen each other since, but it's always felt like a cloud above us, you know?'

'Yeah, that's a fair comment,' Miles said, a wry smile on his face. 'I guess the last thing you needed was a Little clinging on to you...'

'I figured you'd say that,' Tyler continued. 'Well, I want to own it. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for leaving without giving you a proper explanation. And I'm sorry for waiting until now to sit down and have this conversation. I fucked up. I failed college and knowing that you were so focused on your studies, I just didn't want to drag you down with me. But rather than have an adult talk about things, I just cut loose.'

'Yeah, but you were also afraid of commitment,' Miles said, his voice quivering just a touch. 'You knew how much I liked you. When you left town it hurt.'

Tyler nodded and appeared to be contemplating something.

Miles noticed that Tyler was still wincing a little if he moved his shoulder too much, but rather than try to press Tyler for any further details on his current situation, Miles

decided that it was better to keep the conversation flowing.

‘So... tell me,’ Miles said. ‘Have you managed to find your Mr. Right since we last hung out?’

‘*Hmmm*. What do you think?’ Tyler said, a wry grin back on his face.

‘I think you’ve probably found plenty of Mr. Right Now’s,’ Miles said. ‘But anything longer than a weekend? I’m guessing *not*.’

‘You’d guess correctly too,’ Tyler laughed. ‘And you? There must have been a Daddy to catch your eye’

‘Still single. Still working hard. Still...,’ Miles said, trailing off.

‘Yeah?’

‘Still trying to find my happy place, I guess,’ Miles said, suddenly feeling a pang of emotion. ‘Hey, I’m volunteering again.’

‘Oh, great. Doing what?’ Tyler said, his interest piqued.

‘A dog shelter,’ Miles replied, smiling. ‘It’s called Bark Buddies. Honestly, I know you’ve always liked dogs. It’s incredible how many super-sweet little mutts they get in there. I’d take them all home with me if I could.’

‘I bet you would!’ Tyler laughed. ‘You’ve got a thing for scruffy, charming strays...’

Miles giggled.

Suddenly, there was that old electricity between them again. It was undeniable. Despite being so different, the pair of them had a lot more in common than appeared on the surface.

Ever since he first met Tyler on campus as a nervous twenty-one-year-old, Miles had felt a connection between

them. And now, if it was ever in doubt, it was clear that this very same connection was still there.

Despite being a little bit self-conscious at times, Miles never found it difficult to act flirtatious with Tyler. It just came super-easy to him. It was as if Tyler just had that special something in him that unlocked another side of Miles that so many other people just couldn't get to.

Tyler, of course, never found it hard to flirt in even the wildest, most inappropriate settings.

The rumors around campus had been that Tyler had managed to work his way through at least half of the Literature faculty in the first semester alone. Tyler had always denied this, but Miles never quite believed him.

'Okay, okay,' Miles said, the pair of them spending a little too long staring thirstily at one another. 'I need to know something else.'

'Shoot, champ,' Tyler replied, now seemingly enjoying his berry drink far more than he had anticipated after the wheatgrass experience.

'I want to know what your deal is,' Miles said, a hint of steely insistence in his voice. 'You can't honestly expect to show up looking a hot mess and ask to stay with me and then not explain what's up. Come on, even for you that's pushing it...'

Miles paused and waited for an answer.

Suddenly, Tyler's facial expression turned from one of flirtatious banter to something altogether sadder.

This was really *something*, Miles could tell.

'It's okay, you can trust me,' Miles said, reaching over and placing his soft hand on Tyler's far more rugged, not to mentioned tattooed, hand.

'Well, it all began about nine months ago...'

Tyler proceeded to explain that he had built something of a debt. He was gambling and losing. But instead of quitting while he wasn't too far behind, Tyler had decided to try and gamble his way out of the debt. Of course, this only led to more financial woes.

It turned out that Tyler had got himself into so much debt that he had ended up homeless. His car was all he had left in the world. And speaking of his car...

'I had to leave it,' Tyler said. 'I was so fucking scared that the cops would show up. I mean... I'm not even insured currently. I'm screwed. The whole situation is fucked up. I could have been arrested. Maybe even ended up in county jail for a short sentence. Or worse. It was the way I just had no memories beyond winning that God damned drag race. It just makes no sense.'

'Oh boy,' Miles said, moving closer to Tyler and putting his arm around him. 'You've been a in a bad situation, that's for sure. Don't worry though, I'll help you through it. That's what friends are for.'

Tyler nodded and the pair of them shared a moment.

There were deep feelings between Miles and Tyler, there was no questioning that. Even in the times where their friendship had slipped off the radar, or where the lines had been blurred, it had never been in doubt that the pair of them cared about one another.

But as much as he wanted to be there for Tyler, Miles couldn't help but wonder whether being associated to someone with a dubious criminal record might actually hamper his career at Green Sky Future.

Miles felt guilty for even thinking this, but his career was important to him.

Miles would have to tread carefully with how he handled this.

Miles's only hope was that, *for once*, Tyler might be ready to play it safe and stick to the rules...

Chapter 4

TYLER

Drink Devine may not exactly have been Tyler's usual kind of hangout spot, but Tyler had to admit that it actually wasn't all that bad. Terrible wheatgrass shot aside, Tyler was enjoying his berry juice. But even more than that, Tyler was simply enjoying hanging out with Miles again.

I left it too long.

Miles is great.

Any man would be lucky to have him...

However as the conversation progressed, Tyler suddenly noticed a difference in Miles.

It was as if the mention of Tyler's problems had spooked Miles a little bit. This was confusing for Tyler. His problems were his own, not Miles's.

'Is everything good?' Tyler said. 'All of a sudden you seem... on edge.'

Tyler paused and waited for a response from Miles.

Tyler thought back to how his older brother used to give him the time and space to speak about his feelings. Trey had been the best big brother a young boy could ask for and Tyler missed him more and more as the years passed.

Sadly, Trey had died when Tyler was starting high school and it had impacted Tyler's life in the most significant

way.

Trey had been a guiding light in what was often a chaotic and challenging upbringing. With Trey's stability and attention gone, Tyler had found himself often looking after his own interests.

To do this at such a young age wasn't ideal, and Tyler had made the decision at that point to simply focus on himself and having as much fun as possible.

Needless to say, this approach to life came with many benefits. However it also came with downsides too. And it seemed like recently, the downsides were beginning to very much outweigh the upsides.

Still, Tyler was enjoying being with Miles again.

Tyler just had to find out what was suddenly bugging him...

'It's okay. If you're regretting allowing me to stay, then I can haul my ass out of your place. No problems at all,' Tyler said, wanting to show Miles that he wasn't some down and out freeloader. 'You know me, I *never* outstay my welcome.'

Tyler stopped talking and cast his eyes over Miles.

Miles still looked so young. Miles may have been well on the way to developing an impressive career, and he was also clearly putting the time in at the gym too, but to Tyler he still had the same fresh-faced look he always did back at college.

Tyler felt nervous as he waited for Miles to reply. It was certainly possible that Miles might tell Tyler that he had to leave. After all, Tyler had hurt Miles in the past and Tyler wouldn't have blamed Miles for holding a grudge.

Fortunately though, whatever it was that was on Miles's mind wasn't enough to make him rescind his offer...

‘No, no, you can stay,’ Miles said, smiling a little nervously. ‘It’s just... work stuff on my mind. Nothing to do with you, Tyler. It will be a pleasure to have you around. It’s been *way* too long, right?’

Tyler smiled. Miles may have been trying to act all mature and self-assured, but Tyler knew that there certainly was something going on that Miles wasn’t revealing. What that thing was, Tyler didn’t know. But right now all that mattered was that Miles seemed happy enough for Tyler to stay at his place.

‘So how about I get us a couple more juices?’ Miles said, standing up from the chair. ‘We can get them to go, then head back to mine?’

Tyler nodded in approval.

There was a moment as Miles smiled back at him that Tyler felt a surge of electricity between them. It was the same feeling as earlier. Some things would never change, no matter what life threw at Tyler and Miles. But Tyler knew that right now he was in no place to be putting the moves on anyone, he was simply grateful to have such a good guy as a friend.

The boy’s got love in his heart.

He always did.

I’m lucky to have him in my life...

* * *

Back at Miles’s place, Tyler was enjoying the feeling of spending the evening relaxing on a supremely comfortable couch rather than the cramped confines of his car.

That wasn’t to say that everything was perfect...

‘This movie... sucks ass!’ Tyler laughed, rolling his eyes as the predictable superhero movie took yet another totally predictable turn. ‘Please don’t tell me that you’re loving it?’

Miles rolled his eyes and took a big, crunchy bite out of his apple.

Tyler watched Miles as he munched on the apple. Wearing a tight white t-shirt and a pair of new, slim-fit chinos, Miles looked good. Miles had a more slender frame than Tyler, but he had been working out and his body looked strong.

Tyler had to work very hard to stop his mind from wondering as to how Miles’s body might shape up naked these days...

Nope. Do not think about him naked.

Just don’t do it.

Going there would be a baaaad idea.

Fortunately for Tyler and his wandering mind, Miles finished crunching on his apple and was able to get involved in the conversation again.

‘It’s... okay,’ Miles said, hastily swallowing the chunk of apple in his mouth. ‘I’ve seen better, I’ll give you that.’

‘Seen better? These modern superhero movies just ain’t what they used to be,’ Tyler said, genuinely annoyed at what he was seeing on Miles’s sleek Ultra HD screen.

‘This TV screen is insane though. It deserves a *real* film.’

Miles laughed as he finished off his apple.

‘Okay old man, cool story!’ Miles said, laughing at his own joke. ‘Tell me another story about how everything was way better back in the ancient past!’

Tyler laughed, even if Miles’s sass was igniting a desire in Tyler to spank his friend’s butt red-raw.

Whatever, it was good to see Miles so relaxed and enjoying firing back with some banter of his own.

Thinking back to when they first met, Tyler recalled how Miles would often go back into his shell when he was challenged by someone who he didn't really know all that well. But Tyler had always seen that Miles was quick witted and as capable of smack talking just about anyone – if he felt confident enough to do it.

The more time Tyler and Miles had spent together at college, the more Tyler had seen Miles's confidence grow. By the time that Tyler was on the verge of dropping out, he could see that Miles was confident enough to handle himself and forge his own path.

Well, that was the justification that Tyler constructed in his head at the time.

But having listened to what Miles had said about being deeply hurt when Tyler left, Tyler was beginning to see that perhaps Miles was – and maybe always would be – a deeply sensitive guy at heart.

And this just made Miles all the more appealing...

'You look so damn cute,' Tyler said, noticing how tight Miles's waist looked in comparison with his well-defined but petite triceps and biceps. 'Maybe I'd be more into this lame-ass movie if you weren't looking so good.'

Miles immediately began to blush, which only made him a whole heap cuter as far as Tyler was concerned.

'Fine. You look as sexy as ever too!' Miles giggled, his eyes peeking out from behind his fingers. 'There, I said it. Happy?'

'I will be if you let me do one more thing,' Tyler said, reaching over and cupping Miles's delicate chin in his hand and turning Miles's mouth towards his. 'Just for fun. Just like old times...'

The second that Miles's lips touched Tyler's, it was like being transported back to Miles's dorm room on campus. With Tyler's feelings clearly reciprocated, the pair of them began to kiss passionately. It was as if no time had passed at all, and the spark was very much still there.

If anything, this felt like all of their old kisses rolled into one super-charged version. Tyler could feel his cock rapidly begin to harden and push up against the crotch of his jeans.

'Oh shit, should we be doing this?' Miles said, briefly pausing before answering his own question and simply continuing to kiss Tyler.

Tyler moaned his approval as Miles's hand found its way down to the front of Tyler's jeans. As Miles squeezed and applied downward pressure onto the throbbing bulge at the front of Tyler's jeans, Tyler momentarily found himself questioning whether this was in fact a good idea...

I don't want to hurt Miles, not after last time.

I never want to make the boy cry again.

But... he's obviously into this, so....

Unable to resist the touch and feel of Miles's hands and lips, Tyler continued to make out with his old college friend. All of Tyler's troubles suddenly felt so far away, almost totally out of his mind except for the deepest recesses.

Keen to progress the situation into something even more appealing, Tyler went to unbutton the top button of Miles's jeans.

One button... *popped.*

Two buttons... *popped.*

Three buttons...

'Um, I think we've, um, made a mistake,' Miles said, abruptly pulling away and practically jumping off the couch. *'This is a bad idea. Really bad. Like the worst idea ever.'*

To Tyler's shock, Miles didn't even wait around for a response. Miles simply turned and more or less ran to his bedroom and firmly shut the door behind him.

'Urgh,' Tyler said, letting out a long sigh. *'Maybe you're not so different from college after all, kid.'*

Tyler was hot, horny, and ready for fun.

But seemingly Miles had reservations.

Tyler knew from past experience that the last thing Miles would want now is for Tyler to approach him. What Miles needed was time to cool off by himself in the safety of his own room.

With the unsatisfying superhero movie still playing on the TV, Tyler aimlessly scrolled through his phone. The cracked screen was actually getting worse, so Tyler was barely able to make out anything.

This was far from the end to the evening that Tyler had hoped for.

Still, anything was better than another night spent in his car.

Or worse, a night spent on the streets.

Tyler felt fortunate to have been taken in by Miles, but given how awkwardly the evening had ended, a part of him might have preferred a night spent sleeping on the Los Frisco beach.

'Time to check out the football highlights,' Tyler said, reaching over for the TV controller and flipping through the menu to get to the sports channels. But to his dismay, Miles didn't have the sports package. *'Of course*

you don't. I know when I'm beat. It's time to get my old ass to bed.'

With that, Tyler stood up from the couch and gingerly moved his injured shoulder in a circular motion. It felt like it was improving, and there was certainly far less pain than there had been earlier.

Perhaps Miles's insistence on that wheatgrass shot hadn't been so bad after all...

Chapter 5

MILES

The next morning, Miles made it his mission to exit the house about as quickly as was humanly possible. Having set his alarm for the extra-early time of 5:00AM, Miles was out of the apartment building front door by 5:30.

Miles really needn't have worried about any awkward early morning contact with Tyler though. As Miles made himself a morning espresso in the kitchen, he could clearly hear the sound of Tyler's loud, super-charged snores coming from the guestroom.

'Same old Tyler,' Miles chuckled, momentarily forgetting the awkwardness from the previous night.

But despite knowing that Tyler was fast asleep, Miles had still pressed ahead with his plan to get out of the apartment quickly and head into work. He had a lot on at Green Sky Future and knew that every single minute of extra time he could put in would be worth it in the end – especially if he was able to seal the VP position that was coming up.

As Miles finished off responding to emails that had come in overnight, he took a moment to cast his eyes around his office.

'Not bad. Not bad at all,' Miles said as he reclined in his mushroom-leather office chair and surveyed his minimalist but super-chic office room. 'And how about you Quackers?'

Miles smiled and looked over toward his stuffy who was taking his usual little seat by the window.

The office walls were all glass but had a touch-sensitive function that allowed Miles to immediately make the room totally private. To say that this feature had been present in some of Miles's most explicit late-night fantasies would be something of an understatement.

Ever since the office was upgraded to have the new glass, Miles had been using it to indulge in one of his most prominent kinks. Public nudity with a little hint of humiliation on the side was something that really got Miles's juices flowing.

Maybe it was a submissive thing linked to being a Little, but for as long as he could remember, Miles dreamed of going to a nudist beach and letting his body do the talking.

The idea of walking up and down a hot, sandy beach with nothing but sunscreen to protect him was enough to get Miles as hard as a rock in no time whatsoever.

As Miles developed his public nudity kink, he had started imagining what it might feel like to be naked around clothed people. The thought of it would send Miles wild with desire, and especially the idea of being pointed at and even made to perform and pose in various positions.

But Miles being Miles, this kink was confined to his fantasies.

Miles was far too risk-averse to ever look into exploring the nudity kind for real. In some ways, the mere presence of the new controllable glass walls was enough for Miles as it meant he could fantasize to his heart's content without ever having to worry about doing anything for real.

Miles broke away from thinking about exactly what kind of exhibitionism he could get up to in his office and

realized that he had made himself very horny indeed.

'It's way too early for this,' Miles giggled, looking over at the clock on his iMac and seeing that it wasn't even 7:00AM yet. 'If I'm this horny now, I'll never make it until lunch.'

But try as he might, Miles couldn't keep his mind off kink, fun, and fooling around with Tyler the previous night. Kissing Tyler had felt so good, and as far as Miles was concerned the level of chemistry between him and Tyler was as on-point as it had ever been.

Miles thought back to how much kinky fun him and Tyler would have in college when they were going through one of their numerous friends-with-benefits phases.

Spanking? *Yup.*

Paddling with ping-pong bats? *Oh yes.*

Streaking naked around campus after dark? *Hell yeah!*

As he thought about it, Miles realized that Tyler was the only man who he had ever been able to truly relax with when it came to sex.

It wasn't as if Miles hadn't dated some decent guys, he definitely had. Most of the men who Miles had been with were good guys who were honest and kind. But none of them brought about the kinky side of his desire like Tyler did.

And, most importantly, none of them had that truly irresistible masculinity that a Daddy like Tyler possessed.

Maybe that's why I've never truly gotten over him?

SIGH. He makes me so mad.

Why can't Tyler just be the Daddy I need him to be?

What Miles really wanted was a man like Tyler in every way... except for the clear and time-tested inability to grow up and commit.

Miles wondered whether there were enough days in a year to ever change Tyler or whether he would always be the same loveable, unreliable, charismatic but totally wild guy he always had been.

But the more Miles thought of Tyler, the less time he spent focusing on his presentation. Miles was due to present some new leads and ideas he'd been developing recently, and even though he had done the research to a good standard Miles didn't feel entirely comfortable with how the presentation was shaping up.

It was time to do some serious work.

This presentation needed to go well.

* * *

'Okay, so, that's me done,' Miles said, his voice wrought with uncertainty. 'Any questions?'

Miles looked across the room toward the four senior directors, each one with a facial expression that was either bored, non-plussed, or just blatantly unimpressed.

To say the presentation hadn't gone as well as he'd hoped would be a titanic underestimation on Miles's part.

After getting off to a decent start, Miles became conscious of the fact that Kyle Peters seemed to be doing just about everything he possibly could to throw Miles off his rhythm.

There was no way of proving it, but the sight and sound of Kyle relentlessly fidgeting and coughing had really gotten into Miles's head and did seem like a deliberate ploy on Kyle's part.

But Miles felt that if he brought this up in front of the directors, he would get accused of blaming his own failings on others.

With a disconsolate feeling, Miles took his seat and watched as Kyle got up to deliver his presentation. Kyle's presentation was nowhere near the same level of innovation and forward thinking as Miles's had been, but the big difference was that Kyle delivered his words with flair and panache.

Miles could tell that Kyle was loving every minute of it, and it appeared that the senior directors were too...

Bleurgh. This sucks.

Kyle is a stinky douchebag.

But it doesn't matter what I think, it's the senior directors who count...

Kyle eventually wrapped up his presentation and the general vibe in the room was that he had done a good job. Certainly, Miles felt that his efforts had not been taken in as positively as Kyle's.

'I think you have some decent ideas,' Kyle said, leaning over and whispering in Miles's ear. 'But... maybe you're not quite ready to step up yet.'

Miles blushed with anger.

But not wanting to fall into Kyle's trap and start a scene, Miles simply got up from his chair and walked back to his office. It was time to pack up his stuff and take an early exit from work.

Miles was getting more and more suspicious about Kyle's motives.

They'd never been friends, not since Kyle arrived at Green Sky Future a couple of months after Miles. But this went beyond a normal level of competition that you could expect to exist between coworkers with similarly keen ambitions.

Miles suspected that Kyle would stoop to the lowest levels to quench his thirst for success, and he knew that from here on in he would have to keep an eye open for any moves that Kyle might be making.

However, Miles was determined that his entire day wasn't going to be ruined. The presentation may have been a washout, but Miles had an appointment on the other side of town that was sure to improve his mood...

* * *

The sound of a cacophony of dogs barking and howling was like music to Miles's ears as he stepped inside *Bark Buddies* dog center.

'Miles!' Teddy cried, excitedly walking over toward Miles and offering his hand for a high-five. 'So glad you're here. We've got a new arrival called Tracker who I think you're going to *love*.'

'I can't wait to meet him!' Miles replied, happy to see Teddy's friendly face.

Teddy was only a year or so older than Miles and had recently come out of a long-term relationship with his ex-forces Daddy. It was a sad break-up, but Teddy was on the road to recovery and happiness again, even without a new Daddy in his life.

Teddy worked full time at *Bark Buddies* and with his blonde surf dude hair and year-round tan, he was always a pleasant sight to be welcomed by.

'Okay, well let's go,' Teddy said, cheerily bouncing along in his lemon-yellow *Bark Buddies* t-shirt and black skater shorts. 'Before we get to Tracker, there's someone I want you to meet...'

‘*Huh?*’ Miles said. ‘If it’s another property developer trying to buy this place, I’m more than ready to tell them where to go.’

‘Ha! No, not this time,’ Teddy said, his eager smile putting Miles at ease.

As Miles followed on behind Teddy, he felt the good vibes and sense of relaxation he always felt when he arrived at Bark Buddies.

Sure, it was time consuming being a volunteer here. And cleaning up dog poop wasn’t exactly a highlight of the job, that was for sure. But there was something so incredibly rewarding and fun about being around so many wonderful dogs who wanted nothing more than to find their forever home.

Miles had a secret dream that one day he would be able to officially make a sizeable investment into *Bark Buddies*.

With his knowledge of green energy and access to plenty of extremely wealthy individuals, Miles knew that there was potential for *Bark Buddies* to expand its operation to take in even more dogs that needed a comfortable home as they waited for adoption.

But all of that could wait.

In that moment, all that Miles was focused on was meeting this mysterious person that Teddy was teasing.

As Teddy opened the door to the break room, Miles almost turned and walked straight out of the building.

But he didn’t.

And in fact, as soon as the shock passed over him, Miles felt a surge of sheer happiness.

‘You’re late, kid,’ Tyler laughed, looking as macho as ever despite wearing a spare *Bark Buddies* t-shirt. ‘You’re

lucky this is a volunteer position or Teddy would dock your wages...'

The three of them laughed.

Miles looked at Teddy and could see that Teddy was into Tyler. After all, who wouldn't be? But rather than feel any kind of jealousy, Miles was just happy to be at *Bark Buddies* with two of his favorite people.

Not to mention the dozen or so dogs that were eagerly awaiting Miles's arrival in the playroom...

Teddy, Tyler and Miles walked from the break room and into the large, half-indoors, half-outdoors playroom and were immediately greeted by a bevy of enthusiastic and boundlessly energetic dogs.

'Let the games begin!' Tyler bellowed, immediately announcing his arrival as the new top dog. 'Watch out, Tyler the Alpha Dog is about!'

Miles laughed uncontrollably as Tyler began rampaging around the playroom, a pack of dogs following him and immediately showing him their respect.

'I can see why you like him, dude,' Teddy said, noticing how happy Miles looked. 'He's hot as hell. But don't worry, I'm taking a *serious* break from Daddies.'

'I wouldn't mind if you wanted to date him,' Miles said, trying as hard as he could to sound even remotely convincing. 'Um... I mean... I guess I'm happy that you're not though?'

Miles and Teddy laughed and started laying out a fresh set of water bowls for the dogs.

'Guys, you go and have some fun. I'll do this,' Tyler said, running over and immediately throwing himself into the task. 'Seriously. Go! I might even grab a doggy drink myself. Being chased by a pack of goofball mutts is thirsty work.'

Miles took a moment to himself as he watched Tyler stay busy with the water bowls, taking care to fill each one to just the right level.

There was something so wholesome about seeing Tyler give himself so fully to a task that was only going to be of benefit to someone else.

Tyler might only have been at *Bark Buddies* for a few minutes, but he genuinely looked right at home.

Over the years in college, and then sporadically since then, Miles had never really seen Tyler look so full of contentment. It was like working to help the assortment of homeless dogs was giving Tyler a sense of tranquility and purpose that had eluded him for most of his life.

However Miles didn't have too long to sift around in his own thoughts...

'You must be Tracker!' Miles laughed, wrapping his arms around the huge mastiff dog that was sniffing and licking in and around his neck. 'Teddy said I'd like you, but I think this might just be *love!*'

What had looked like being a pretty disastrous day had actually turned into something else altogether.

Thoughts of the badly received presentation at work were long gone, as was any lingering awkwardness with Tyler from the night before.

Miles and Tracker the mastiff glanced over at Tyler and watched as he helped an older dog climb up onto the super-comfy beanbag.

'Yup. He's hot as hell, isn't he Tracker?' Miles said. 'And maybe, just maybe, we might have a future together...'

Chapter 6

TYLER

As Tyler sat in the passenger seat of Miles's company car, he stared out of the window and took in the sights and sounds of the Los Frisco streets. With the clear blue sky only punctuated by the occasional bird, it was a serene and calming way to end the afternoon's fun at *Bark Buddies*.

Even Tyler's injured shoulder seemed to be clearing up too. Realistically, Tyler knew that at some stage he would need to see a physiotherapist. But for now, the pain had dulled, and his movement was easier.

Tyler looked over to Miles and allowed himself to indulge in a little wishful thinking. Miles was just as cute as from their days in college, and if anything was getting even cuter as he got older. Tyler may have hurt one shoulder in the car accident, but his spanking hand, and relevant shoulder, was absolutely fine...

Could we... Should we...

Fuck. Just quit thinking about it.

What will be will be.

Tyler brought himself back into reality and felt happy to have had such a good time that afternoon. The time spent at *Bark Buddies* was like nothing Tyler had experienced before in his life.

Well, *almost* nothing.

As Tyler and Miles made their way back home, Tyler couldn't help but remember the summers he would spend at his Aunt Dolly's house. With both of Tyler's parents either working full time or off on a crazy adventure, Tyler would often find himself spending extended periods of time with his Aunt Dolly at her large country house.

And this meant one thing... dogs.

All of the tail-wagging, fun-loving dogs that Tyler could handle in fact.

Spending time with the dogs at *Bark Buddies* immediately took Tyler back to his youth and helped him to rediscover the sheer joy and freedom he felt when playing with a pack of excitable, loving dogs.

Maybe I need my own pack. Or at least one little pup to look after.

I'm too old to be a lone wolf now.

If only I could settle down, I might just like it...

As Tyler and Miles arrived at Miles's apartment, the pair of them were in great spirits. The journey back from *Bark Buddies* had been full of banter, and to say that it had taken a flirtatious turn would be something of an understatement.

Tyler had even been willing to forget the fact that Miles drove a dreaded electric car rather than a real, gas guzzling internal combustion engine.

Well, almost...

'You know, the batteries in electric cars are bad for the environment too...' Tyler said, arching his eyebrow and trying to hide how much he loved the slick interior of Miles's car.

‘Pffft, that’s just anti-electric propaganda!’ Miles said, dismissively and a little too sassily for Tyler’s liking. ‘I think I’d know if electric cars had any significant environmental impact.’

Tyler shook his head and laughed.

This boy was begging for a spanking.

It was however good to see Miles standing up for what he believed in though.

Just like it had been great to see Miles so loose and fun-loving at *Bark Buddies*. Tyler had been worried that corporate life had stiffened Miles up beyond repair, but seeing Miles running around and having so much fun with the dogs made it clear that Miles was still very much the same guy who Tyler had met at college.

Tyler was feeling on a real high.

It wasn’t just the fun of running around with all the excitable pups that did it either. Tyler had enjoyed helping the older dogs too, the ones who needed a bit more help and patience in getting from one place to another.

All in all, as far as Tyler was concerned it had been the perfect afternoon and the kind of memory he would cherish forever.

But now that they were both back in the apartment, there was a certain tension in the air that neither one of them could ignore...

‘Come here,’ Tyler said, a firm tone in his voice as a nervous Miles stood a few feet away from him in the apartment’s living area. ‘Come here right *now*.’

Tyler could feel the adrenalin begin to pump around his body as a suddenly very shy Miles walked over toward him.

Miles looked super-cute. Miles's blue eyes and blonde hair were the perfect complement to the dimples in his cheeks as he smiled shyly.

'Are... you... still *into*... things?' Miles said, his voice betraying just how nervous he was.

'Are you?' Tyler replied, placing his hands on Miles's slender waist, and holding it in place.

Miles simply nodded.

'Same safeword?' Tyler said, maintaining eye contact as he felt his cock stiffen inside his jeans.

'Still the same,' Miles replied, a subtle smile creeping onto his face. '*Almonds*.'

'Yup, just as it used to be,' Tyler grinned, his body revving up by the moment. '*Almonds* it is.'

Then, in a moment of sheer passion, Tyler spun Miles around and roughly bent him over the raised corner of the large couch.

'Time for these to come down,' Tyler said, yanking Miles's jeans and his tight white briefs down too to reveal his perfectly round, spankable butt. 'And don't even think of trying to run!'

Tyler took a moment to drink in the sight of Miles bent over the couch with his lower half on display. It was a gorgeous sight, one that Tyler hadn't seen in the flesh for a long time.

'You sassed me in the car,' Tyler growled. 'Daddy doesn't appreciate that. Daddy doesn't appreciate that one single fucking bit.'

'What are you waiting for!' Miles said, turning his head and pouting like a brat. 'Still got the stamina to dish out a spanking in your old age?'

‘Oh don’t worry about that, boy!’ Tyler laughed, drawing his hand back and landing a thunderously hard spank onto Miles’s petit posterior.

Tyler felt his dick throb at the sight and sound of Miles’s ass immediately jiggling and reddening from the heat of his spank. It was time for Tyler to show this boy that he still had what it took to deliver a real butt-blisteringly hot spanking.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

Tyler was loving every second of the spanking, and judging by Miles’s howls of delighted pain, so was he. Tyler knew that Miles would use his safeword if he needed to, so felt happy to up the ante and deliver even harder spanks to Miles’s glowing butt.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

There was a huge amount of trust between the two of them, and Tyler was pleasantly surprised to see that Miles hadn’t gone soft. He was still able to submit his ass for some serious punishment.

‘Six more!’ Tyler roared, adjusting Miles’s position to ensure that both of his throbbing butt cheeks were perfectly presented. ‘And I want you to thank me after each one!’

‘Yes, sir!’ Miles cried out, the first of the final six spanks landing on his booty with unerring accuracy and power. ‘Awwwww! Thank you!’

The final spansks landed and Tyler immediately saw to it that Miles's butt was slathered with cooling cream.

'I should have known you'd have a supply of cream nearby,' Tyler chuckled, gently massaging the expensive cream into Miles's sore bottom. 'Always organized. Always prepared, right?'

Miles smiled and turned to face Tyler.

With his briefs still down by his ankles, Miles's dick was standing to attention only a few inches from Tyler. The sight of it standing tall and proud was too much for Tyler to resist.

'I think it's time I got myself reacquainted,' Tyler smiled, dropping to his knees and taking Miles's cock in his hands.

'Oh, God!' Miles said, excitement in his voice. 'Don't expect me to last too long...'

Tyler smiled and began to work his cream-covered hands up and down Miles's shaft. It was as long and thick as Tyler remembered, and it wasn't long before Tyler was putting his lips over the head, swallowing the full length in one attempt.

Tyler's mind was clear, totally free from any thoughts or worries.

Totally present in the moment, Tyler's sole goal was to bring pleasure to Miles. And as Tyler sucked and slurped on Miles's dick, he gently pulled down on Miles's heavy, full balls.

It wasn't long before Tyler felt Miles's muscles contract and his entire body stiffen. The sensation of Miles's cum shooting deep into Tyler's mouth was one of pure satisfaction.

The sound of Miles moaning and unself-consciously enjoying the moment was a delight for Tyler to hear too.

'Your turn,' Miles said, stepping back from Tyler and immediately setting to work on pulling Tyler's heavy, hard dick out from his jeans. 'Let's see if I can get you off even quicker.'

Tyler didn't even bother to respond.

The feeling of Miles's smooth, perfectly plump lips on his dick was enough to push him to the point of no return almost immediately. As Miles bobbed his mouth up and down on Tyler's cock, Tyler didn't try to hold back.

'Fuck. You've haven't... lost... it...' Tyler grunted, shooting his load into Miles's thirsty mouth. 'Jesus. That was *good.*'

Miles made sure to suck Tyler to complete satisfaction, using his hands to ensure that he had milked Tyler for every single drop of his hot seed.

As the two college friends dropped down onto the couch on very unsteady legs, it was clear that the pair of them had every inch the same level of attraction for one another as they had since the first time their eyes met all those years ago.

Tyler pulled Miles in close and the pair of them cuddled together.

It felt warm. It felt safe and secure.

As far as Tyler was concerned, it felt just *perfect.*

His life may have been in a mess in so many other ways, but Tyler was beginning to wonder whether Miles might be the solution. Tyler never felt so secure and loved with other guys. That wasn't even the fault of these guys either, it was Tyler who would always put up some kind of barrier or defense mechanism.

But being around Miles was different. As he felt Miles's breathing slow down and saw his eyes slowly shut, Tyler wanted this perfect moment to last forever.

This boy is the real deal.

Miles is everything I could ever wish for.

But do I truly deserve Miles? Can I really be a good enough Daddy for him?

Tyler didn't spend too much time contemplating things because he was just as wiped out as Miles was. It was time for the pair of them to take a very well-earned nap on the large, comfortable couch.

Tyler hadn't been staying with Miles for long. But if every day could involve a visit to *Bark Buddies* followed by some rough and tumble fun back at Miles's place, then Tyler could definitely see himself sticking around for a whole lot longer too.

Tyler might even have finally started feeling ready to commit to something more permanent. The only question remaining was whether Miles still wanted this too?

Chapter 7

MILES

‘Did we *really* do that last night?’ Miles mumbled, still half-asleep as he woke up alone in his bed. ‘Me and Tyler? *Again?*’

Miles sat up in his bed and looked around.

It may have been the weekend, but his body clock was still determined to wake Miles up at pretty much the crack of dawn. Being up early was just part of Miles’s life, the concept of a lazy lie-in seeming like an unattainable abstract concept.

Miles watched as his automated window blinds slowly and silently opened up and let in the early morning sun. It was super-bright, somehow feeling even brighter than normal, and Miles shut his eyes and let the light hit his face.

Last night had been fun with a capital F.

There was no denying that whatsoever.

The sensation of being so intimate with Tyler felt as good as ever. The way that they understood one another on a such a deep level was something that Miles yearned for in a relationship.

Even the fact that Tyler had double-checked that Miles’s safeword was still the same felt so good. Tyler may have been a wild guy, but when it came to sex and kink he had always been super-careful and considerate with Miles.

Miles appreciated Tyler's care and attention to making sure that he always felt safe and secure. On the flipside, Miles also *very* much enjoyed how Tyler hadn't held back on iota when it came to the spanking itself.

'*Hmmm*, I think my butt might still be red,' Miles giggled, lifting the thin bed cover and peering down to see that his butt cheeks did indeed still have a tinge of post-spanking redness to them.

But as hot as the night before had been, Miles couldn't help but feel a little bit self-conscious. After all, Tyler staying over was only meant to be a favor to an old friend. The suggestion of getting back involved together hadn't been on Miles's mind.

If Tyler was the same as he always had been in the past, the last thing he would want to do would be discuss relationship issues over breakfast. Miles remembered how in college Tyler would brush off any suggestion of these kinds of conversations, preferring instead to focus on whatever the next adventure was going to be that day.

Miles would get frustrated with Tyler and rather than embrace Tyler's adventure seeking nature, Miles would sometimes sulk and pout over things if he felt Tyler wasn't taking their relationship seriously. This caused problems between Miles and Tyler, and even at times seemed to put their college friendship in jeopardy.

Nope. Not going down that route again.

This time I'm playing it cool.

And I'll do that by... avoiding him.

With this in mind, Miles sprung up out of bed. It was time to brush his teeth, shower, and creep out of the apartment without having to deal with Tyler at all...

* * *

After a brisk cycle in his comfortable cotton white t-shirt and pale blue shorts, Miles hopped off his bicycle and walked up toward Tommy and Rick who had already arrived at the café.

It may have been early on a Saturday morning, but the young people of Los Frisco were already up and about, so it was fortunate that Tommy and Rick had managed to grab a great seat outside with perfect views down onto the beach below.

Both Tommy and Rick had been up extra-early that Saturday morning to attend a sunrise yoga class. It sounded like fun, but both Tommy and Rick were far keener to hear about what Miles had gotten up to the previous evening...

‘Come on, spill!’ Tommy said, his slicked back chestnut brown hair glistening in the sun. ‘You know that I’d tell you guys *everything* if I’d just hooked up with a super-hot Daddy.’

‘*Potential* Daddy,’ Miles said, a note of caution in his voice.

‘Whatever! We need *all* the tea,’ Rick laughed, his olive skin looking as immaculate as ever as he sipped on his fresh OJ.

Miles paused for a moment and felt his cheeks flush red with embarrassment. This didn’t go unnoticed. Far from it, in fact...

‘Ha! Those blushing cheeks tell way more than a thousand words ever could,’ Tommy laughed, sipping on his drink and casually signaling to the waiter for a new round of juice.

‘Okay, okay, so yes it did go down last night,’ Miles said, the cheers and whoops of his two friends drawing the attention of the other people sitting outside the café. ‘But...’

‘Yeah?’ Rick said, leaning in ready for some extra-juicy details.

‘The most magical thing was seeing how happy Tyler was at *Bark Buddies*,’ Miles said, drawing groans from his two buddies. ‘Come on, guys, it’s true. We can talk about the sexy stuff too, but what made me so happy was seeing how into the dog center Tyler was. He had no ego, he got right down to the stinky jobs too. He was like...’

‘A responsible adult?’ Tommy said, a wry grin on his face.

‘He sounds like he’s ready to be a real Daddy,’ Rick added.

‘Yup. Just like the kind of Daddy who I could actually see a real future with,’ Miles said, a wistful tone in his voice.

‘But this is Tyler,’ Rick said, arching his eyebrow. ‘Could he ever actually change. Even if he *wanted* to?’

The three friends looked at one another and burst out in laughter. Tyler was a big character, the kind of one in a million personality who was hard to pin down. Everything that Miles loved about Tyler and made him special was also part of the problems they had had.

Miles could see the funny side of his predicament.

‘I wish my love life could be simple for once!’ Miles exclaimed, pretending to bang his forehead against the oak table top. ‘I’m a Little who needs a Daddy, is that too much to ask for?’

‘Hey, at least you have a love life,’ Tommy said, rolling his eyes in mock exasperation. ‘The closest I’ve been to a blow job recently was getting my hair dried at the salon by Maxwell.’

The three Little friends all laughed again.

It was always great fun hanging out with Tommy and Rick, and Miles felt incredibly grateful to count them as his best friends.

They had all been there for one another through the good times and the bad, and even as they got older and had more work commitments, the same bond was always there between them.

As the second round of fresh juices arrived, Miles looked down onto the beach. There were small smatterings of people down on the golden sands. There were some folks in the water too, from early morning surfers to groups of swimmers too.

But it wasn't outdoor activity of the sporting kind that was on Miles's mind...

Me and Tyler together...

Naked. On the beach...

What would people say?

Miles suddenly realized just how excited he was getting by the prospect of being nude on the beach with a Daddy like Tyler and swiftly crossed his legs to cover up any tell-tale signs of arousal.

If it was ever in any doubt, Miles realized that keeping his mind off Tyler was a hopeless task to even attempt.

Miles decided that the only way of dealing with his feelings of self-consciousness around Tyler and their relationship was to tackle things head on.

It was time to message Tyler and arrange a meeting.

But whether Tyler would be even close to being awake for another few hours was a whole other matter...

* * *

When Tyler finally replied to Miles's message, Miles was somewhat surprised to find that Tyler had been up for a few hours.

Even better than that, Tyler had actually paid an impromptu visit to *Bark Buddies* and helped out with their morning laundry session.

After making his way to the location that Tyler sent in his message, Miles took a moment to look around. It was a cool block close to the beach, populated by a lot of hipsters and grungy types. It was one of the few areas of Los Frisco that hadn't quite been totally consumed by healthy lifestyle spots.

Even though Miles loved his clean and healthy life, he couldn't deny that hanging out in a dive bar from time to time was fun too. And, more than anything else, it was one hundred percent pure Tyler Pace...

'Tracker says *hi* by the way,' Tyler said, flashing a smile over toward Miles as the pair of them embraced. 'This beer's on me. It's the least I can do to say thank you for your hospitality. And for bringing that big beast Tracker into my life too.'

Miles smiled and felt his heart skip a beat.

This was the kind, impulsive yet compassionate Tyler that Miles had developed such strong feelings for.

This was the Tyler who had kept a hold on a small but significant piece of Miles's heart for so long.

But more than anything else, this was the version of Tyler that Miles wished could be on show for the whole time. There was no talk about a fear of commitment, no cancelling plans, and no flaking out on responsibility.

This version of Tyler was the Daddy edition that Miles desired.

Hell, this version of Tyler had actively sought out the responsibility of going down to *Bark Buddies* and helping out with the comparatively pretty dull task of sorting out stacks and stacks of doggy blankets and beds.

As they took a seat outside of a rough and ready bar, a rarity in Los Frisco, Miles raised his bottle of beer and saluted his old friend Tyler.

Tyler flashed a smile in return and took a big glug of the beer.

‘Feels good after a good deed at Bark Buddies,’ Tyler said. ‘Not that I was there just so I could justify a beer, of course. Those damned mutts are just too cute. Shit, in another life I might have been a vet.’

‘You totally could have been a vet,’ Miles said. ‘But you’d have needed to graduate though...’

‘Touché,’ Tyler replied, a grin on his face. ‘I’ll let that sass slide, boy. But, anyway, you know me. I like to cut and run too much, right?’

The pair of them shared a moment of contemplation.

Miles was glad to see that Tyler was at least self-aware of his own tendency to run when the going got tough.

‘I want to set things straight,’ Tyler said, a contemplative look in his soulful eyes. ‘College was college. You were young, I didn’t want to tie you down. Well, not like *that* anyhow.’

‘But you could have explained that to me,’ Miles said, determined to not let Tyler off the hook that easily. ‘It really freakin’ hurt me. It’s been an influence on my relationships ever since, and not in a good way either.’

‘And for that, I’m truly sorry,’ Tyler replied, the sincerity in his voice clear. ‘That’s the last thing I’d want. Even when I left, it didn’t change the fact that I felt so many strong feelings toward you. I always have done. I just have never been in the right *place*, you know?’

‘I think I hear you,’ Miles said. ‘But... what about now? What about last night?’

‘Last night was fun as hell,’ Tyler said. ‘I’d like more, *much* more. But I can’t make any promises, I want to be clear on that. My life is a mess. As much as I’d love to do a big romantic gesture, I can’t. It wouldn’t be fair. I know how much having a Daddy means to you.’

Miles took a moment to consider what Tyler was saying.

Yes, it wasn’t exactly the promise to total commitment that Miles would have dreamed of. But it was one thing. It was *honest*. Miles could see that Tyler meant every word that he said.

‘So...’ Tyler said, running his finger over the top of his beer.

‘So,’ Miles replied, licking his lips.

‘Shall we...’

‘Head back to mine?’ Miles said, his heart racing and his cock hardening.

‘No,’ Tyler replied. ‘I’ve got a better idea. And it’s an idea that I know you’re going to just *love*.’

Tyler flashed one of his enigmatic, totally enticing smiles. Miles felt like putty in Tyler’s hands.

Whatever Tyler had in store, Miles wanted to find out what it was.

Fortunately for Miles, the wait to find out what Tyler had in mind was even shorter than he imagined...

Chapter 8

TYLER

Tyler's heart was beating, and that old sense of thrill seeking lust for life was practically bursting forth from every bone in his well-maintained body.

This was a risk.

Not just the act itself, but there was also no guarantee that Miles would be into it. But Tyler knew that he had to offer Miles the chance to do it.

The boy needs fun.

He needs to let loose, like I know he can.

But he has to want it...

'Follow me, I know the way,' Tyler said, taking Miles by the hand and guiding him down a steep flight of partially covered steps.

'Are we going to the beach?' Miles replied, his voice quivering with excitement.

'Kind of,' Tyler replied. 'You'll see.'

Tyler smiled and continued to lead Miles down the winding, tight stone steps that would take them to Tyler's intended destination. The fact that Miles was going along with this made Tyler very happy indeed.

It hadn't always been the case that Miles would go along with spontaneous or even a little bit risky plans. But it

seemed like in this moment of his life, Miles was a fair bit more amenable to going off script.

But Tyler still held a degree of caution toward Miles's ability to let loose...

Don't get too ahead of yourself.

Miles may not feel comfortable. The boy needs to feel safe.

He has to want this as much as me...

As Tyler jumped down from a small ledge onto the sandy cove, Miles swiftly followed. It was a tiny, secluded cove that Tyler knew about via some old times partying in Los Frisco when he was younger.

'Is this place for real?' Miles said, almost disbelieving. 'How did I not know about it?'

'There's a few coves like this that have remained untouched,' Tyler grinned. 'All you super-environmental types like to leave nature untouched, right?'

'Fair point,' Miles laughed. 'And the reason we're here and not in my bedroom at the apartment?'

Tyler stepped toward Miles and draped his hands over Miles's strong but slender shoulders. Tyler leaned in and planted a soft, yet firm, kiss on Miles's willing lips.

Before long, their tongues were intertwining and pushing and probing in each other's mouths. Tyler always had Miles down as the best kisser he'd ever had the pleasure of locking lips with, and Miles hadn't lost any of his natural skill in that department either.

'We can't... not here... can we?' Miles said, a little breathless as they broke the kiss off for a moment.

'I thought public sex was part of your outdoor nudity kink?' Tyler said, a mischievous tone in his voice. 'If you're not comfortable, don't worry we can always-'

'No!' Miles blurted out. 'I want to. You're sure no one will see us though?'

'Who knows?' Tyler replied, his hand working its way down the front of Miles's shorts and grabbing onto his rapidly hardening dick. 'Maybe we will get caught and *both* of our butts will get paddled by an angry cop? Or we might just get a big circle of people watching us as we fuck?'

'Enough! Talk like that will push me over the edge,' Miles giggled, rapidly pulling his own t-shirt off and then moving on to his shorts and briefs too. 'Let's do this!'

'That's the spirit, boy,' Tyler said, rapidly removing his own clothes too.

The pair of them had discussed their sexual histories the previous evening, and had agreed that no protection would be necessary. Knowing that he wanted to treat Miles to some fun in the cove, Tyler had come prepared with some lube. It was time to really have some fun in the sun.

'On all fours and get that booty twerking for me, boy!' Tyler growled, smiling as Miles immediately submitted to his demand. 'The better the twerk, the more lube you get. So do a good job!'

Miles giggled and seemed to lose all his usual inhibitions as he got on all fours and began to pop and drop his perfectly round butt, grinding his crotch into the soft sand beneath him.

'Work it faster! Make those cheeks clap,' Tyler commanded, crouching down behind Miles and parting his supple ass before squirting a generous flash of lube onto Miles's perfectly little ass hole. 'Now let me massage this in nice and thoroughly.'

Miles groaned as Tyler worked two, then three, fingers into his butt.

'Push back,' Tyler said. 'And try not to let your mind imagine a group of big, hunky strangers watching on as you make a show for them.'

'*Oooh, Daddy,*' Miles panted, letting out a groan of pleasure as he pushed back harder on Tyler's fingers. 'If only!'

'Maybe one day,' Tyler chuckled. 'But for now, it's just us two here.'

With that, Tyler lubed his rock-hard cock up and pressed it up against Miles's wet, sticky hole. Easing his wide, bulbous head inside Miles, Tyler grunted his approval as Miles allowed him all the way inside.

'Fuck. I've missed this,' Tyler growled, an animalistic streak coming over him. 'I think we might just enjoy this even more than we thought.'

As the pair of them began to work their bodies, it was getting harder and harder to keep their grunts and groans down.

Fortunately, the sound of the waves crashing on the rocks either side of the cove was sure to ensure that no one up on the boulevard would be able to hear either Tyler or Miles as they continued to have energetic, animalistic fun together.

'I'm getting... close,' Tyler said. 'You?'

'*Mmmmmph,* I think so,' Miles said, breathlessly. 'No one else can do this to me. I... I... it's only ever been you...'

With that, Tyler made Miles come hard, his dick shooting it's load onto the sand underneath him.

Tyler too was ready to orgasm, and wasted no time in increasing his thrusts to the required speed and rhythm before shooting his seed deep inside Miles.

When both Tyler and Miles were thoroughly done and dusted, the pair of them collapsed onto the sand. The tide was on its way back in and would soon fill the cove with water.

But there was no immediate danger.

Tyler and Miles lay on the sand, naked and exposed, and let the sun's rays hit their exhilarated, exhausted bodies.

'That was the *best*,' Miles said, still panting. 'I don't think I could have had anything better if I'd dreamed it up myself.'

'What about that group of strangers watching?' Tyler said, playfully running his hands over Miles's chest.

'Maybe that would have been fun,' Miles giggled. 'But fantasies are one thing. The reality for me is that any time with you is pretty much all I've ever wanted. Sorry. I hope that's not too intense or clingy or whatever. And if I was calling you Daddy, that was just the heat of the moment...'

Tyler paused.

He felt sad that Miles even felt the need to clarify his comments. It was true, in the past Tyler had been scared by any kind of thought of commitment. But that was then. Tyler had learned from spending this time with Miles that he might be evolving.

Commitment suddenly didn't seem like such a scary word to Tyler.

And Tyler wanted Miles to know that too...

'Nope. Not clingy or anything even remotely close,' Tyler said, his voice warm and reassuring. 'I want you to feel comfortable simply telling me how you feel. Good, bad, or whatever. I just want to hear it. And calling me Daddy is *more* than fine.'

‘Thank you,’ Miles said. ‘I could lie here *forever*.’

‘Same,’ Tyler replied. ‘But those guys up there might have something to say about it...’

With that, Tyler pointed up toward the left corner of the cove.

In the distance and from a raised vantage point, a group of guys seemed to have spotted them.

‘Quick let’s change and then rock and roll out of here,’ Tyler said. ‘Those guys will have their phones out and we’ll be viral before you know it!’

Tyler and Miles leapt to their feet and quickly sought cover underneath the cove’s craggy overhang. With their clothes safely back on them, the two of them make quick work of the steps back up to the boulevard.

‘*Phew*, that was fun,’ Miles said, holding Tyler’s hand as the two of them began walking.

‘Which part?’ Tyler said, winking knowingly.

‘I’ll tell you later,’ Miles replied, a definite hint of mischief in his voice too.

Tyler was happy to see Miles so free and easy going. He could tell that Miles spent a lot of time focusing on his work, and that was a good thing as it gave Miles a real sense of purpose and passion in his life.

But Tyler knew how important fun was too.

And to know that he had helped to give Miles a truly fun, wild experience made Tyler feel very good about himself.

With it’s hyper-eco and ultra-healthy outlook, Los Frisco may not have been exactly Tyler’s idea of a fun place, but it turned out that being with Miles most certainly was fun – and hopefully that fun was *far* from over.

And maybe, just maybe, Tyler couldn’t help but think that he was ready to settle down and be the Daddy that Miles

so clearly wanted more than anything else in the world.

Maybe I wasn't always sure.

Maybe it was the fear of accepting who I am.

*But I can't hide from it... I'm one hundred percent Daddy
and it's time to act like it.*

Chapter 9

MILES

A week passed since the risqué fun on the sands of the secluded beach cove. Miles couldn't quite believe that he had actually gone through with it and put himself *all* out there on public display like that.

But it had been worth it.

Miles knew that Tyler was the right person to have done it with and wouldn't have led Miles into it if he thought there was *too much* risk of getting caught. As much as Tyler had always played it fast and loose with the rules, he had never put Miles at risk. It just wasn't Tyler's style.

What was also on Miles's mind was that he was beginning to feel more and more sure that Tyler was ready to embrace his true identity as a fully-blown, committed Daddy Dom.

And the fun hadn't ended at the cove either.

Over the course of the ensuing week, Miles and Tyler had been getting fully reacquainted with pretty much every single part of their bodies. It seemed like nothing was off the table when it came to matters of the bedroom, or outdoors for that matter.

Everything was totally consensual and safe, but with the unmistakable hint of danger that Tyler brought to the table. There had been several spankings and paddlings, with the roles reversing on more than one occasion as Miles decided that it was Tyler's turn to have his

magnificently sculpted butt cheeks warmed up to record temperatures.

All in all, it was a whole ton of fun.

Miles couldn't think of another time when his home was so full of laughter, banter, and red-hot steamy moments. It was like something out of the romance novels that Miles would read on his Kindle.

All of this was on Miles's mind as he potted around in his apartment's ground floor garden. It was only a small courtyard really, but Miles had spent time filling it with greenery and exotic touches, with artefacts from his travels in Europe and South AmTeddy adorning the walls and corners.

I've seen so much in the world.

But there's so much more to see too.

Would... Tyler... travel with me?

Thoughts of making long term plans with Tyler would have seem totally deluded to Miles had anyone asked him about it a couple of weeks ago. Tyler wasn't the kind of guy you could make a reliable plan for a single date with, let alone someone who you could arrange overseas travel alongside.

However Miles wasn't so sure that was still the case.

Tyler was evolving. That much seemed obvious to Miles. Tyler may have been at a low point in some ways, and it was true that they needed to have a proper discussion about exactly what had been going on in his life prior to showing up at Miles's place.

However, as bad as some things were, it was clear that Tyler was doing much better in other ways too. Miles didn't want to take too much of the credit for that, but it was undeniable that Tyler seemed super-settled and contented in Miles's company.

There were still questions swirling around in Miles's mind though.

But is he ready to settle down?

Not just for now, but forever?

And would Tyler even want to do that with me?

Miles finished off pruning his potted plants and walked back inside the apartment. He always felt good having tended to his garden, and made his way into the kitchen for a nice, ice-cold glass of water.

Tyler was busy on the laptop, and Miles was curious to see what had captured his attention...

'Checking out some hot guys?' Miles said, a knowing smile on his face.

'Ha! No, nothing like that,' Tyler replied. 'You're quite enough for me, young man.'

Miles poured himself a drink of water and loaded it with a bunch of ice cubes straight from the refrigerator. Walking toward Tyler, Miles could suddenly see that Tyler was on the Bark Buddies website.

Interesting.

Very.... Interesting.

Is Tyler looking for... a job?

However as Miles approached, a flustered Tyler suddenly clicked off the Bark Buddies website and instead started looking through some sports results from the previous evening.

'Playoff time!' Tyler said, attempting to distract Miles from what he had only moments ago been looking out.

'Sure,' Miles replied. 'You know me though, I'm not really much of a sports guy. Not like that, anyway.'

Miles could see that Tyler was a little bit flustered. But why didn't Tyler want Miles to know he was looking at jobs at Bark Buddies? Miles thought it was adorable and definitely a positive thing, so couldn't understand why Tyler would feel so shy and secretive about it.

Whatever reasons Tyler had for being secretive, Miles decided he should respect them. There was nothing worse than trying to do something privately and then have someone stick their nose in and potentially disrupt it.

So rather than cramp Tyler's space, Miles gave him a quick kiss and took his ice-cold glass of water over onto the couch. It was time to make some plans with Tommy and Rick...

Hey guys! Any plans for this evening? Tyler is out with his bros - who are both single by the way!!! I'll be all alone. Do you guys feel like coming over for a movie and popcorn night? Let me know what you're thinking. Miles XoXoXo

Miles reclined on the couch and began to casually scroll through his Instagram. He checked his notifications and saw that he had been followed by Kyle Peters from work. While it was always nice to get a new follower, Miles immediately felt a shiver run over his body.

It wasn't good news to have Kyle following him. While in theory it could have been an attempt to build bridges and improve their relationship in work, Miles sensed that Kyle had other motivations.

Urgh.

Why does that guy have to be in my life?

If he expects me to follow back, he can forget it...

Miles had a quick look through the most recent updates on the Bark Buddies Instagram page. It was wonderful to see so many wholesome photos of the recent batch of dogs to have found their lovely new forever homes. It filled Miles with joy to see so many pups find new homes and human friends who would give them a great life.

Miles could definitely see the appeal of working at Bark Buddies. He was very happy at Green Sky Future and had no intention of leaving – even if Kyle was a pain in the ass.

But the thought of Tyler working at Bark Buddies was just incredible.

Miles could help Tyler with his job application, and put in a good word for him with the Bark Buddies management. It was such a no brainer! But Miles kept quiet and decided that Tyler would bring it up with him if he wanted to.

Casting his eyes over a photo of the totally adorable Tracker, Miles wondered when this hunk of canine delightfulness would find his forever home. Hopefully it wouldn't be too long, but sometimes bigger dogs found it harder to be rehomed sadly.

Then in a burst of notifications, Miles received replies from both Tommy and Rick...

Hey! Movies and popcorn sounds superb to me, I'm IN! But... I call first choice in the movie? Oh, and how about we double down and order food in? There's a brilliant new plant-based taco place I want to try. Tommy xxx

100%. Let's do it. Movies, food, talking trash and having a great time. My kind of night in. We could each choose one movie each? Really make a night of it. Rick

Miles smiled. It was great to see that his friends were so enthusiastic to come over and hang out. Miles was glad that Tyler was finally connecting with his friends again, but at the same time Miles knew that he would probably feel a bit lonely alone in the apartment for the first time in a little while.

Having Tommy and Rick over would be the perfect antidote to any feelings that Miles might have. He trusted Tyler, and knew that his friends would look after him, but the memory of Tyler's wild, partying ways was still on Miles's mind a little bit.

I shouldn't worry.

I should trust Tyler.

He's changing... isn't he?

* * *

With Tyler having left to go and party with his friends, Miles had settled in to having a nice wholesome night in with his own friends.

With Tommy and Rick having arrived, all three were now getting cozy in their colorful hoodies and shorts – a classic Los Frisco combination. Each one of them had a big bowl of popcorn to devour and in between movies the gossip and banter was certainly flowing back and forth at quite the pace...

'I so do *not* have a crush on Jamal!' Tommy said, rocking his head back in laughter as he attempted to deny his blatant crush on Jamal, the barista at Bean Scene.

‘Come on! You so *do* have a crush on him,’ Miles laughed, playfully throwing a piece of popcorn in Tommy’s direction. ‘I mean it’s so obvious, why deny it?’

The three friends laughed. Tommy nodded his head in acknowledgement of his crush. Miles loved how the three of them could always be honest with one another. They might be shy about revealing their crushes sometimes, but when it came to the important stuff they were always ready to be open and honest.

‘So... what about Tyler?’ Rick said, his dark brown eyes looking as deep and soul-searching as ever. ‘You think he’s going to be sticking around this time?’

‘I think so,’ Miles said. ‘I mean... I hope so.’

‘We don’t want to see you hurt again,’ Rick said. ‘We both love Tyler. And we love how happy he makes you. It’s just...’

‘It’s just we know that he’s got a history,’ Tommy said, clearly wanting to have his own input into the conversation. ‘And that’s cool, everyone has a history. It’s just... Tyler is Tyler. You know?’

Miles took a moment. He could see how much his friends cared for him and were just trying to make sure that everything was good between him and Tyler.

‘I know guys, and I appreciate you both looking out for me,’ Miles replied, a smile on his face. ‘But I know what I’m doing. I’m a big boy now.’

‘I bet that’s what Tyler thinks too!’ Tommy said, laughing.

The three friends all laughed together. It was time to put on another movie and let the evening continue as planned. Miles felt happy that his friends were rooting for him, but Miles also felt a sense of satisfaction that he was able to answer their concerns over Tyler with a good degree of confidence.

Miles knew that he had been hurt by Tyler in the past. On the one hand, it wasn't a great feeling to be reminded of that. But on the other hand, Miles felt mature enough to be able to accept that aspects of his and Tyler's past relationship had been tricky to deal with, sometimes even very painful to handle in fact.

But the past was the past.

As far as Miles was concerned, there was only one way that his and Tyler's relationship was developing, and that was towards commitment, fun, and plenty of kink-based experiences together. It felt good to finally be able to relax into a steady and trusting relationship with Tyler, and the more Miles thought about it, the more confident that he became.

'Guys, let's watch an action movie!' Miles declared. 'It's my choice, and I want something full of hunky guys, big explosions, and cheesy one-liners.'

'Sounds perfect!' Tommy agreed.

'Count me in,' Rick added.

With that, Miles put on the movie and the three friends continued with their night in. Life was looking good. In fact, Miles might even have said that everything was pretty much perfect.

Chapter 10

TYLER

The Lion's Roar was well and truly rocking.

With its dark, seductive interior and full-loaded jukebox full of rock classics, it was a rarity in Los Frisco.

This was a bar that *encouraged* excess.

There wasn't a healthy drink or food option in sight and it was all the better for it, at least as far as Tyler and his Daddy friends were concerned.

The drinks were reasonably priced and were always served with a smile by one of the hot, hunky bartenders. Many of the bartenders were musicians or artists, each one with their own creative hustle going on outside of work.

The booth seats were compact and snug, and offered the perfect amount of privacy to let loose and let the good times flow. At the same time, it was still possible to peer out from the comfortable booth and see what was going on across the width of the bar.

Privacy and the ability to people watch? This sounded like a dream as far as Tyler was concerned.

Tyler also felt sure that if Miles could get past the wild vibe, he would probably have a great time here too.

All told, Tyler was seriously impressed with the place.

My kinda vibe. Real Daddy energy.

My kinda beers. Real Daddy drinks.

I think tonight's going to be a good night...

Tyler looked around the bar and saw that both Owen and Ryan had arrived before him.

Tyler's fellow Daddies were both safely nestled in one of the booths near the back of the bar and already had a table fully stocked with a metal ice bucket containing what appeared to be gold-label, premium beer.

'Hell yeah!' Tyler called out, raising his hand to his friends and walking over toward them.

Tyler had *always* been a confident guy.

Ever since he was a toddler who could barely walk five feet without stumbling, Tyler just had a natural sense of his own charm. People were drawn to him, and he was drawn to other people too. Tyler's popularity growing up had given him a lot of confidence to be himself and do what he wanted in life.

It was great to be confident, and Tyler certainly didn't underestimate the benefits that came with it. However, Tyler was beginning to see that perhaps his confidence didn't run as deep as many, including himself, thought it did.

Tyler hadn't seen Ryan or Owen in a while.

Both Ryan and Owen had been doing very well in their lives. Whether it was money, career success, or foreign travel, Tyler knew that his two friends wanted for very little. Everything seemed to come very easily to them.

Tyler's recent life experiences hadn't been so good. It made Tyler feel like crap, but when he thought of Owen and Ryan he only saw his own failures. It was part of the reason why when he had his car smash, he chose not to contact either of them.

They may have been three old Daddy friends, but the thought of receiving sympathy from them was something that didn't appeal to Tyler at all. He wanted to be treated as an equal, and the idea that his buddies might pity him was too difficult to handle.

But rather than get too down on things, Tyler decided to put his best foot forward and party just like he did back in the day.

'The old gang back together!' Tyler declared as he approached the table.

'Looks like Tyler's finally embraced the Daddy-side!' Ryan roared, much to Owen's delight.

'Hell yeah!' Owen bellowed. 'And about time. I've never seen a more natural Daddy in my fucking life. Excluding myself, of course.'

Tyler grinned.

But before Tyler had the chance to sit down, both Ryan and Owen were off their feet and the three of them were part of one big, musclebound bearhug.

It felt *great*.

Tyler immediately felt at ease and knew for sure that neither Owen nor Ryan thought any less of him despite the recent downturn in his fortunes. This is what true friendship felt like and Tyler felt sure that this was going to be a superb night.

After finishing the extended bearhug, the three Daddies clambered back into their booth.

All three of them were pretty much the same age, and all three looked great for their forty-four or thereabouts years on the planet.

Owen was blessed with the kind of natural tan and darkly brooding eyes that would make any guy, young or old,

swoon. Not only that, but his body was looking in extra-good shape having recently completed a bootcamp with his new personal trainer.

Ryan was lucky to be in possession of the kind of cheekbones that a 90s supermodel would kill for. But with his blue eyes, black hair, and rugged stubble he was definitely as masculine as you could get.

All in all, the three of them would definitely have ticked many a guy or girl's fantasy checklist when it came to their looks. But it wasn't just the superficial looks side of things that made the three of them so attractive. It was their swagger too.

As they began to drink and make merry, Ryan noticed that they were getting some attention from a bunch of cute boys over on another booth...

'Shall I call them over?' Ryan said. 'Oh, no. Wait. Tyler's taken now...'

Tyler rolled his eyes.

This was merely a rouse from Ryan to get him talking about Miles.

Tyler was wise to Ryan's game but decided to play along anyhow.

'Yeah, I *am* taken as a matter of fact,' Tyler said, proudly. 'So if you guys want to go and flirt with those boys over there, you're welcome to. But I'll be parking my ass here and focusing on sinking these God damn phenomenal beers.'

Owen and Ryan laughed and the three men high-fived.

'Bro, it's so good to hear you say that,' Owen said. 'I'm actually kind of jealous. But in a good way. You deserve it. Seriously, bro.'

‘Thanks man,’ Tyler replied, his heart warmed by Owen’s sincere words. ‘I know we haven’t hung out in a while. Life’s been... *complicated*. But it feels so good to be sitting here shooting the shit with you both.’

‘The feeling is mutual,’ Ryan said. ‘I think this is the first time all three of us have been together in... a year?’

‘Yup. Time flies,’ Owen replied, toasting his beer bottle. ‘To good friends. And cute, peach-buttred boys!’

The three friends toasted and continued on discussing a variety of topics from the playoffs, to Miles, to Ryan’s plans for his investment business, and back around to Miles again...

‘So you think it could last this time?’ Ryan said, arching his eyebrow. ‘I know how you’ve always felt about commitment.’

‘I think it could be my time to settle down and become a house cat,’ Tyler said. ‘Or, House Daddy. Whatever. Well, I’m more of a dog guy anyhow but you know what I mean.’

‘I’ve been having similar thought about myself,’ Owen said, a wistfulness in his voice. ‘I guess I just haven’t met my Miles yet.’

‘Guys, can I just clear one thing up?’ Tyler said, knowing that he just had to get something off his chest. ‘The only reason I didn’t call one of you up to stay with when I had my difficult moment recently was...’

‘It’s fine bro, I get it,’ Ryan said, attempting to spare Tyler a difficult conversation. ‘No need to explain.’

‘No, I want to,’ Tyler said. ‘I guess I just felt a real sting of pride. You know, both of you guys are doing so well. And we hadn’t been in touch for a minute either. I guess I just didn’t want you to see me on such a downer.’

'Bro, it's all good,' Owen said, putting his hand on Tyler's shoulder. 'We'd have been here for you one hundred percent. But you chose Miles, and that's cool too. It's all good. *Seriously.*'

Tyler felt a huge sense of relief.

It felt good to have got that off his chest and as the three men sunk another premium imported beer, Tyler realized that the person he owed his newfound happiness to was Miles.

It would soon be time to head on home and see what Miles had been up to with his friends.

But for now, there was still the question of who was going to be crowned the new pool champion between Tyler, Ryan, and Owen.

Things were about to get *seriously* competitive...

* * *

Tyler paid the Uber driver and made sure to give him a decent tip too.

'Have a great evening,' Tyler said as the Uber driver drove off into the night. 'I think mine might be about to get even better.'

Having worked hard and hustled for many years, Tyler always like to show his appreciation to service workers and cab drivers. Knowing how hard they worked, and how often they would have other dreams and hustles on the side made Tyler want to give as generously as he could.

Of course, Tyler wasn't exactly flush with money in that moment, but he still made sure that the Uber driver had enough of a tip to drive away with a smile on his face. It was just the kind of giving, generous guy Tyler was.

Yes, Tyler's generosity had gotten him in trouble in the past, but Tyler couldn't help doing someone else a good deed. It was simply how he was hardwired.

As Tyler approached the apartment from the outside, he could see the warm glow of Miles's apartment through the partially shut blinds.

Miles knew that Tyler was on his way home and had made a point of saying that his friends Tommy and Rick would be gone by the time that Tyler got back.

This had made Tyler wonder...

Is Miles trying to tell me something?

I'm not sure what to expect.

I think there might be some fun and games in store...

Tyler's suspicions proved to be correct too. Instead of going right into the apartment building, Tyler walked over to the window of Miles's ground floor apartment. Taking care to ensure that there was no one passing on the street, Tyler leaned in and peered through the cracks in the blinds.

'Holy shit,' Tyler muttered, his pupils dilating and his cock growing at triple-speed. 'The boy's a damned freak. And I'm one hundred percent here for it.'

Tyler watched with great interest and even greater arousal as he spied a fully naked Miles walk around the living room with his erect cock bouncing up and down and from side to side.

As far as Tyler was concerned, this was the perfect sight to be met with on his return from The Lion's Roar.

This is fucking hot as hell.

Miles is finally embracing his wild side.

But what's the boy got in store for me next?

Tyler continued to watch on as Miles turned away from the window and began flexing and popping his butt cheeks, provocatively then dropping down to the floor and making his booty bump and grind.

As incredible as the show was, it was taking a ton of discipline on Tyler's part to not storm into the apartment and totally ravish Miles.

But Tyler knew that this was Miles's fantasy, and it was only right that Miles got to play out his kink in *exactly* the way that he wanted.

Tyler's dick was stretching out the front of his jeans and making a prominent tent, but Miles showed no signs of slowing down.

To Tyler's delight, he watched as Miles turned to face Tyler and began to stroke his dick.

Slowly at first, but then increasing the speed, Miles began to pump his dick with one hand and pull on his nipples with the other. This was hotter than any peep show that Tyler had ever seen, and he'd certainly seen a few during his European travels over the years.

Keep fucking going.

Jerk that lubed up dick.

Show me what a bad boy you are...

Tyler was getting more and more excited himself, and as his own dick seemed to edge closer to climax, he could see that Miles was heading in the same direction too.

'Oh hell, what's he about to do now?' Tyler said, his heart beating hard as he watched Miles reach onto the coffee table and pick up a bright pink suction cup dildo. 'I *really* don't need to ask...'

Tyler watched as Miles slathered the butt plug in lube and then slowly eased his ass down onto it.

The sight of Miles bouncing up and down on the dildo was all that Tyler could take, and he felt himself shooting his hot load into his tight, black Calvin Klein shorts.

It didn't take too much longer before Miles was orgasming either. It was like they were both working in synchronicity, even though they were on either side of the building wall.

Tyler marveled at the sight of Miles's bouncing on the long, thick dildo to ensure that every drop of cum was drained from his manhood. Tyler was satisfied himself, but the idea of how satisfied Miles must have been by putting on this show was what *truly* pleased Tyler.

Miles was loosening up and being wild in a way that Tyler never truly believed was possible. Tyler was loving this new, looser version of Miles and felt proud to be playing a part in Miles's evolution.

The only question was, how long would this change last?

Chapter 11

MILES

Miles was enjoying some down-time in his bedroom. Having had a busy week, he had even treated himself to the luxury of a lie in. Well, 8:30AM wasn't exactly late by most people's Saturday morning standards, but for Miles it may as well have been past midday.

Still, Miles was feeling contented. He had showered, taken his morning liter of water on board, and was now feeling fresh and hydrated as he flipped through his favorite wildlife magazine.

His room with its whitewashed walls and calming aesthetic of candles and luxurious bed linen was designed to give a relaxing vibe to all who set foot in it. Even the sight of one of Tyler's customary white t-shirts on the floor wasn't harshing Miles's mellow.

The feeling of having put on an X-rated show for Tyler was like nothing Miles had experienced before. As the days passed from that wild, intensely pleasurable evening, Miles kept casting his mind back to the events, replaying them over and over in his mind.

It was so naughty.

It could have been anyone watching me.

But I'm glad it was Tyler...

Miles had got through the following week at work without any major mishaps. Kyle Peters was as much of a

douchebag as ever, however Miles hand managed to work from home for three days so was able to focus on his revised project without any unwanted distractions from his so-called work colleague.

That said, Miles had from time to time wondered whether his absence from the Green Sky Future office was being seized upon by Kyle as an excuse to bad mouth him to other colleagues.

But Miles was determined to forget about Kyle and only focus on himself. Feeling even more confident in his relationship with Tyler, Miles wanted to put the hours in on his project and really feel confident of smashing it out of the park when the time came to formally present it.

The carrot at the end of the stick of course was the opportunity to become a Vice President at Green Sky Future. Not only would that be personally satisfying from a career perspective, but it would also enable Miles to expand his influence in other areas that he was passionate about.

Speaking of which, it was time to head down to Bark Buddies to see how the latest batch of new dogs were doing. Bark Buddies were always grateful for volunteers helping, and with an adoption day coming up it was important to get all of the dogs washed and looking all fresh and even cuter looking than they already did.

‘Yo, we need to bounce!’ Tyler called out, walking into Miles’s room and looking classically dashing in his white t-shirt and blue denim jeans. ‘I want to get there early so I can help out with the food allocation. I know I shouldn’t, but I’m going to sneak Tracker an extra half-cup of biscuits.’

‘You *love* that dog!’ Miles laughed. ‘I get it. He’s big, strong, and has a heart of gold. Trust me, I know the type.’

The two men locked eyes and laughed.

They were falling deeply in love with each other, and although it was still unspoken, it was clear that the pair of them were catching the strongest of feelings.

‘Let’s go! Move that butt before I paddle it out of the door,’ Tyler said, rolling his eyes. ‘You can message your friends on the way there.’

Miles loved it when Tyler took control of the situation, and before long he had hopped off the bed and was walking out of the building door with Tyler.

‘I just need to make a couple of calls,’ Tyler said, taking out his refurbished cellphone and calling up Owen to discuss a business opportunity he was mulling over.

Miles nodded and began to message his friends in their group chat...

Guys, I hope you had a nice juice this morning. I missed it, of course. BUT... I can't lie, I did love my lazy start to the day too! Life is a total dream at the moment. Much naughtiness if you catch my drift... Anyway, have a good day and let's meet up soon. Miles XoXoXo

*You are a lucky boy! I just had another lame date with a guy who wouldn't know how to properly treat a boy if his life depended on it. *SIGH* Oh well, at least seeing you so happy gives me hope! Tommy*

Yay! Let’s do something SOON! I think we’re well overdue a rollerblade disco, right? We can finally settle the debate about who is fastest. I mean, obviously it’s me, but... Rick xxxx

Miles giggled as he read the messages from his friends. The group chat was always full of banter and good-natured insults flying around. But it was also nice for Miles to see how positive both Tommy and Rick were being about his relationship with Tyler.

These guys care about me.

It means a lot.

I hope I'm as good a friend to them as they are to me.

Miles put his phone away and held Tyler's hand. Los Frisco was a generally very welcoming place to people of all identities and preferences. It felt so good to be able to walk hand in hand with Tyler and not fear any nasty comments or judgmental looks from strangers.

After a quick pit-stop to pick up two flat whites, Miles and Tyler made good time in their walk to Bark Buddies. On arrival, it was clear from the chaos going on that their arrival was perfectly timed.

With the potential dog adopters arriving in less than an hour, there was a serious amount of work to get through, and Teddy wasn't shy about letting everyone know just how much...

'Okay, guys and gals. We need to work our asses off!' Teddy said, looking as cute as ever in his Bark Buddies uniform. 'This is a big day, and I want us all to smash it. Remember, we're doing this for the dogs!'

With that, everyone cheered, and the hard work could really begin.

Miles may have had a lazy start to the morning by his standards, but from this point onward it was very much a case of being back to some seriously strenuous work...

* * *

The morning and afternoon spent at Bark Buddies was incredibly fun, hard work, and ultimately very satisfying. Miles was so happy to see a huge number of Los Frisco residents come and check out the center and fall in love with the dog who they would hopefully rehome in due time, once all the relevant checks had been undertaken.

‘Boy, that was something,’ Miles said, taking a small sip on the beer that Tyler had bought for him. ‘And this bar is actually kinda neat too.’

Tyler laughed.

‘See, I told you that you’d like it!’ Tyler said, putting his hand on Miles’s knee. ‘And what about Tracker? He had a fun time, but I don’t know if he met his forever family.’

‘I know, I felt so bad for him in the end,’ Miles said. ‘But he’s such a big dog. I can see why that might be off putting. I mean, I’d love to have him, but my place is too small. I’d want a bigger garden for him to rumble around in.’

‘He’ll find his home one day,’ Tyler said reassuringly. ‘He’s got too big of a heart not to. It just has to be the right person who sees his potential and can handle him.’

Miles and Tyler toasted to a hard day’s work and also to their beloved Tracker. After sinking the first beer in quick time, Tyler decided to go up to the bar to get another round in. Unfortunately for him, he did this at precisely the wrong moment. Suddenly, the bar had filled, and Tyler found himself four deep as he waited for service.

‘Hang on kid, I’ll be back soon!’ Tyler said, shouting over the suddenly loud bar.

Miles smiled and waved back enthusiastically. He didn't drink beer all that often so waiting an extra few minutes before diving into the next beer might not be such a bad thing. Hopefully Tyler would pick up a little bag of French fries at the bar too. All the work at Bark Buddies had given Miles an appetite for some junk food.

However just as Miles was about to message his friends to say what a great time he had at Bark Buddies, he looked up and saw a figure towering over him.

'Um, hello?' Miles said, eyeing up the imposing figure with suspicion. 'Can I help you?'

The man was at least six feet three inches and had a notable scar that zig-zagged just above his left eyebrow. His thick moustache and wicked smile were a strong look, but Miles wasn't feeling this stranger's energy at all.

Suddenly, Miles wanted Tyler to arrive back from the bar in double-quick time.

'I'm here with someone, so...' Miles said, hoping to put off this stranger's unwanted attention.

'Well why not make it a threesome then?' the man said, a creepy tone to his voice.

With his black t-shirt and tight-fitting black jeans, the man's strong physique and tattoo-covered arms were intimidating to say the least. Miles was strong for his size, but he knew that a man like this was a whole other ball park.

Miles looked anxiously over toward the bar and felt a sense of relief when he saw Tyler walking toward them. However Miles's relief turned to fear when he saw just how angry Tyler was. If Miles didn't know better, his instincts were telling him that Tyler *knew* this creep...

'Hey, stay the fuck away Judd,' Tyler said, slamming his drinks down on the table. 'I don't want you in a hundred

miles of my boy.'

'Well maybe I wouldn't have to be,' Judd said. 'If only you'd answer my messages...'

Miles was alarmed.

This didn't seem like a good situation whatsoever. If anything, the mention of this Judd guy sending Tyler messages was the worst thing of all. Why hadn't Tyler mentioned the messages? Or mentioned Judd?

Suddenly, Miles felt a little bit insecure.

This wasn't part of the plan for the rest of the day at all. Far from it, in fact.

'You need to leave,' Tyler said, clearly flustered.

'Fucking *make* me,' Judd retorted, inching toward Tyler with a look of troll-like menace on his face.

Before Miles could get a handle as to what was going on, Tyler and Judd were gripping onto one another, both attempting to show and push the other to the ground. They seemed evenly matched, and soon enough had drawn the attention of the entire bar.

With two burly security guys quickly on the scene, Judd took the hint and conceded.

'I'll see you soon, asshole,' Judd said, addressing Tyler. 'Good to meet you too in person by the way... *Miles*.'

Tyler looked angry and frustrated. Miles didn't know what to make of it all.

'It's fine. Just some guy. No big deal,' Tyler said, taking his seat and sipping on the beer. 'Nothing to worry about. I promise, kid.'

Miles wanted to believe what Tyler was saying.

But wanting to believe and actually believing were two entirely different things. As far as Miles was concerned,

this was a far from ideal way to bring an end to what had been a wonderful day.

Hopefully the evening back at home would be far less dramatic.

* * *

Miles was unsettled by what had happened at the bar, but fortunately Tyler was more than ready to step up to the plate and be the kind of Daddy that Miles needed.

'You go and get changed into your fluffiest diaper and cutest romper,' Tyler said. 'I'll make you a nice bottle of warm milk.'

'Will... you... feed me?' Miles said, his voice full of nerves. 'Only if you want to.'

'It's *all* I want to do,' Tyler replied. 'I don't like seeing my boy upset. And I know what you need to feel better too. Daddy *always* knows.'

Miles hurried to his bedroom and got stripped down as quickly as he could.

Standing naked, Miles's slender body looked angelic as he picked out his snuggest black and white cow-patterned romper. After getting into his diaper and then buttoning up the romper, Miles was ready to go.

As he walked back into the kitchen, Miles was blown away by what he saw.

Tyler was topless and holding a bottle of warm milk in his hand.

Miles had never seen a more appealing sight in his life and in that moment he knew that he was falling so hard for Tyler that he wouldn't be able to stop himself even if he tried.

Tyler looked as handsome as ever and his body was a sight to behold.

But it was more than just a physical thing.

Tyler looked like the kind, caring Daddy that Miles had always so desperately wanted him to be.

‘Milk time,’ Tyler said. ‘Come on, let’s go into the couch. You can cuddle up in my lap and I’ll feed you until you’re full.’

Miles walked with Tyler and immediately hopped up onto his Daddy’s lap as he sat down on the cozy couch. The feeling of Tyler’s strong, warm upper body was making Miles forget about the earlier drama in extra-quick time.

‘Now, open up and suckle,’ Tyler said. ‘It’s time for my baby boy to feel safe, warm, and full of the good stuff.’

Miles cooed and began to suckle.

It felt incredible.

Feeding himself was one thing, and it felt good when the Miss Applebottom at *Beach Babies* fed him too.

But nothing compared to this.

Nothing would ever come close to being fed his milkies by a Daddy like Tyler.

The evening might have gone in a bad direction earlier on, but right in that moment as he felt himself slipping into a truly wonderful Little space, Miles felt like the luckiest Little in all of San Frisco.

Chapter 12

TYLER

Tyler woke up the following morning with a sore head. But it wasn't a sore head from drinking too much beer or staying out all night partying. No, this was the kind of sore head that came as a result of being up all-night thinking.

Feeding Miles had been a brilliant experience. But that still hadn't managed to keep thoughts of what had happened earlier at bay for long afterward.

As he tossed and turned in bed, a gently snoring Miles lying next to him, Tyler had been unable to stop thinking about the sudden arrival of Judd Trax.

Judd was an *asshole*. Tyler may have once considered him a friend, but Judd was only ever the kind of friend who it's fun to party with. Tyler had also suspected that Judd wasn't the kind of guy you could ever rely upon to help you out when you were down.

However what Tyler had never really considered was that Judd was actually a sneaky, devious asshole who would seize upon anyone else's misfortune if he felt like he could capitalize on it for personal gain.

Tyler may have kept the truth from Miles, but Judd had been messaging him *constantly*.

Judd was asking to meet up and telling Tyler that he knew who spiked his drink on the night of the car smash.

More than this though, Judd also told Tyler that he knew who was currently in possession of Tyler's car.

As far as Tyler was concerned, all of this sounded like a hustle. He had witnessed Judd run scams and trick other people, so he figured that if Judd was willing to con other people, then he'd have no problem with doing it to him either.

Judd was *trouble*.

And not the charismatic, heart of gold kind of trouble either.

Judd was simply *bad news*.

As Tyler sat up in bed, he nervously looked toward his phone. There were no new messages from Judd, which was a relief. Perhaps it was possible that after the scuffle the previous night that Judd would back off and leave Tyler alone.

Tyler ran his hand through his hair and looked over toward Miles, still happily snoozing.

Why did Judd mention your name, kid?

What's he got planned?

I have to do something about this...

Tyler knew that simply ignoring Judd and hoping that he would go away wasn't going to cut it. Something had to be done. The only problem was that Tyler didn't know how to tackle the issue.

It was at times like this that Tyler truly wished he still had his older brother Trey around to support him and offer brotherly advice. Tyler always idolized Trey as a child, and Trey truly had the kind of big brother energy that made Tyler feel safe and secure.

When Trey passed away in a road accident, Tyler had sworn that he would live life to the max, never holding

back and seeking fun anywhere and everywhere he could find it. This had often led to Tyler running away from problems or making a swift exit from any situation that looked like it might require more than casual and free-spirited enjoyment.

All that Tyler knew was that in this particular case, the last thing he wanted to do was to run away. Tyler felt determined to do what was right by Miles too.

Sure, Tyler could avoid the whole potential drama with Judd by cutting town and starting fresh somewhere else. Tyler had done it plenty of times before and had all of the right attributes to do it again. Except the difference this time was that he didn't want to leave Miles and put him through a whole heap of hurt.

Tyler felt like if he left Miles, there would be no going back in the future. Miles had recently opened up more and more about his own life and his feelings for Tyler and there was no way that Tyler wanted to put this sensitive young man through any more pain.

The way that Judd had mentioned Miles by his name too was worrying.

In fact, it was this that had plagued Tyler's thoughts the most during the night and was still on his mind in the morning too...

Why did Judd do that?

Why did he make a point of calling Miles by his name?

It seemed... sinister. It felt... fucked up.

Tyler frowned at the thought of Judd trying to implicate Miles into the situation. Something wasn't right. In fact, Tyler was beginning to feel like Judd might be involved in this situation a whole lot more than he was letting on.

With this in mind, Tyler decided that what he needed was some thinking time. And the best way he knew of doing

this would be by hitting the road for a good, old-fashioned jog in the Los Frisco hills.

Tyler quietly slipped out of the bed and got into his torn running t-shirt and short black running shorts.

It was time to work up a sweat and see if he could come up with a solution to this problem – a solution that involved sticking around and making good his commitment to Miles.

Tyler was a Daddy know. There was no way he was going to leave his boy hanging.

And if Tyler could manage to get one or two of his friends involved too, then that was even better...

* * *

The Los Frisco hills, more specifically the Las Losso canyon, was a popular running spot for the hardened, physically fit runners and athletes in the locality.

With its punishing terrain and swelteringly hot temperatures, it wasn't the kind of place to come for a gentle warm up run. No, this was something else. To run in the hills, you needed grit, determination, and a whole heap of cardiovascular prowess.

Fortunately for Tyler, he had all these things.

As did Owen and Ryan too...

'Fuck! That was intense!' Tyler said, just about reaching the top of the canyon ahead of Ryan and Owen. 'I think this means that the juices are on you...'

'Damn it, man,' Owen said, arriving seconds later, his breathing heavy. 'You're getting faster with age.'

'That was brutality defined,' Ryan said, making a final effort to sprint to the finish. 'But I think we all did a good

job.'

The three Daddies high-fived and took a moment to take in the surrounding from the top of the canyon. Beneath them in the distance was Los Frisco, its coastline full of cafés and boutique shops looking as pretty as ever. Behind them was the lush forest and lake-filled expanse of territory that stretched out for miles, further than the eye could see.

'We need to arrange a camping trip,' Tyler said. 'The sooner the better.'

Tyler imagined how much fun it would be to take a camping trip with Ryan and Owen. They hadn't done anything like that together for a long time. But a few beers around the campfire seemed like a perfect way to escape the Judd situation...

'Guys, I need to talk about something,' Tyler said, realizing that he needed to open up to his friends. 'I don't want to be a Debbie Downer, but...'

'No, speak, we're here for you bro,' Owen said, lifting his t-shirt to wipe the sweat from his face, his six-pack glistening in the morning sun.

'Yeah, whatever it is we've got your back,' Ryan added, squatting down onto his haunches and then powering back up into an upright position. 'Damn, I came up too fast! Maybe we *are* getting too old for this.'

The men laughed.

The levity of the moment put Tyler at ease.

'Okay, so here's the situation...' Tyler said, beginning to explain exactly what had happened on the night of the crash, how he couldn't remember anything after blacking out, and then of course Judd's increasingly menacing presence in his, and now Miles's, life.

When he was through explaining the situation, Tyler took a deep breath. It actually felt like a huge relief to get it off his chest. And luckily for Tyler, he had two of the best bro friends a man could ask for...

‘You need to do what is right for you and Miles,’ Owen said. ‘If that means facing Judd, then that’s what you need to do. Whatever it takes, man.’

‘Yeah, and we’ll be here to back you up if you need it,’ Ryan added. ‘I do not like the sound of Judd at all. I’ve known people like him. If a dude acts like a snake, that usually means he *is* one. I think this is one problem you need to tackle sooner rather than later by the sounds of things.’

It was comforting to listen as Ryan and Owen continued to spitball some suggestions for how Judd could be dealt with.

Tyler always thought of himself as someone with good problem solving skills, but listening to Owen and Ryan it was clear that in fact Tyler really could benefit from sharing his problems more rather than trying to be macho by covering them up.

‘One thing though,’ Owen said. ‘I think you need to explain all of this to Miles. You can’t keep him in the dark. He’s not some naive kid. He’s smart. Miles might even be able to help.’

‘That’s true,’ Ryan added. ‘I’ve heard actually that over at Green Sky Future, Miles is in with a real shot of becoming VP. That’s not nothing. This isn’t the same Miles who you knew at college. He’s building a big reputation for himself. And with that in mind, you need to make sure that any danger from this Judd asshole is squashed ASAP.’

The three guys looked at one another.

Ryan was making a good point, and Tyler resolved that he would heed both Ryan and Owen's advice. Once he was home, Tyler would tell Miles everything a spare not a single detail.

We'll solve this problem together.

I'm not running away this time.

This is a new me. This is a new Tyler.

Tyler smiled and the three friends happily made their descent back down the canyon.

There was time for a quick juice and refuel, but after that Tyler's plan was to head home and begin solving this problem with his favorite kinky, sexy, hardworking baby boy in the whole world.

* * *

'Hey? Anyone in?' Tyler said as he entered the apartment. 'Yo! I'm here looking f0r one special baby boy who loves his milks and spankings too?'

Tyler walked into the kitchen and expected to see Miles playing a game on his iPad or listening to one of the business and environmentalism podcasts he was so fond of.

However, there was no sign of Miles at all.

'Huh,' Tyler said, walking over toward the water filter. 'I guess you went out.'

Tyler decided that wherever he was, Miles would no doubt be back soon. With this in mind, Tyler downed his cold, perfectly filtered water and began stripping off.

It was time to hit the shower and cool off.

With Miles's arrival back home to look forward to, Tyler decided that he would simply relax around the apartment

and get himself nice and loose and limber for the likely fun and frolics that the pair of them would be getting up to together later that evening.

Chapter 13

MILES

Miles had woken up and initially wondered where Tyler had got to.

It wasn't exactly like old times where a disappearing Tyler might mean no sightings for days or even weeks on end.

No, it wasn't like that any longer.

But that said, Miles had certainly felt a little uncertain.

This feeling of slight insecurity was in no doubt down to the situation that had happened with the strange, creepy Judd from the bar the previous night.

Despite falling asleep pretty quickly after what had been a wonderful feed from Tyler, Miles had woken up several times during the night with a feeling of panic coming over him. His dreams were filled with replays of the incident at the bar.

It hadn't been a good night's sleep, that was for sure.

And it also probably explained why Miles had slept in so late despite the usually pretty noisy Tyler somehow managing to wake up and leave the apartment undetected.

However, to Miles's relief he found a note from Tyler saying that he had gone for a long run in the canyons with his friends. This put Miles's mind at ease, and Miles set about his day with renewed enthusiasm.

There was plenty of paperwork that needed doing down at *Bark Buddies*, so Miles decided to head on down there and make a start.

Being a volunteer wasn't all about giving out cuddles and treats, sometimes it involved sitting down at a desk and making progress on stacks upon stacks of funding applications and press enquiries.

It wasn't exactly a thrill a minute stuff, that was for sure.

But Miles was good at this kind of thing, so knew it was a good use of his time. After all, volunteering wasn't about his enjoyment it was ultimately about helping the dogs as much as he possibly could.

The office at *Bark Buddies* was a far cry from the chic, elegant office that Miles had at Green Sky Future. And the fact that the aircon was barely functioning wasn't exactly conducive to efficient working conditions.

But it wasn't the end of the world.

Miles was beginning to find the work hard going for another reason. Every time he began to get into a flow, his mind cast itself back to the incident at the bar the previous evening. Judd seemed like a mean, untrustworthy man. It was a surprise to Miles that Tyler would ever associate with someone like that.

Why would Tyler even know Judd?

Tyler's a good guy. Judd seems horrible.

There's something I don't know about here...

Miles was beginning to feel fed up with having to battle with thoughts of Tyler, Judd, and what had gone down. Suddenly, the circumstances surrounding Tyler's arrival back in his life were beginning to swirl around in Miles's overworked brain.

It was time to message the group chat and see if that might help...

Guys... help me out? I'm having a bad morning. I'm drowning in paperwork at Bark Buddies and had a difficult night last night. I'll say more later, but for now can you just send a funny meme? Tell me a joke? Anything? Love you guys, Miles Xoxo

Miles didn't have to wait long for a response. Both Tommy and Rick sent some classically giggle-worthy memes and it seemed to do the trick just fine. Miles was temporarily able to put the Tyler-Judd situation out of his mind and get on with his work.

I'm here for the dogs.

My dramas can stay where they belong... at home.

I just wish Tyler was here to help cheer me up...

After spending a few hours making inch by inch progress through the admin work, Miles decided it was time to check out.

Then after a quick play with some of the dogs, including of course the ever-loveable Tracker, Miles made his way home.

* * *

The journey home from *Bark Buddies* did little to de-stress Miles.

If anything, it made Miles more wound up. It felt like alongside the Judd situation, Tyler was also having to deal with too many other things too.

There was Kyle Peters at work.

Then on top of Kyle there was the pressure of knowing that the VP position was coming up at Green Sky Future.

Then on top of that still, the financial situation at Bark Buddies was being complicated by a land purchase deal that while good on the face of it, was actually far more complex to process than had been initially hoped for.

All in all, Miles was feeling the weight of the world suddenly coming down on his shoulders. And unfortunately, by the time he arrived home he wasn't in the best of moods...

'Enjoy your morning fun?' Miles said, half-meaning it as a joke but coming across as a little spikey.

'Ummm, it's good to see you too?' Tyler replied, looking up from the iPad as he lay stretched out on the couch. 'Everything okay?'

'Yeah, why shouldn't it be?' Miles snapped back, not even going over to Tyler for their now customary welcome home kiss. 'So... you've literally finished the coffee?'

Miles could feel his blood beginning to boil.

Looking around the apartment, it was clear that Tyler hadn't exactly been spending the time cleaning up after himself. Not only was the coffee finished, but there were a couple of splashes of oat milk on the worktop too.

'What the hell?' Miles snapped again, making a show of cleaning up the spilled milk. 'I know I have a cleaner in the week, but you could at least make the effort at the weekend to keep this place looking clean?'

Miles shot a look of anger over toward a shocked Tyler.

'Whatever,' Miles said, his mood blackening by the second. 'I guess I'll just come home from a few hours ploughing through paperwork and clean up myself... it's not like Daddies, or supposed Daddies, ever clean, is it?'

This was enough to prompt a clearly perplexed Tyler into action.

‘Hey, *relax*,’ Tyler said, springing up from the couch and walking toward Miles. ‘What’s got into you, boy?’ Yeah, I’ve had a chill morning. So what? I’m sorry you’ve obviously had a less good time, I really am. But please don’t be a jerk and take it out on me. Okay?’

Miles looked at Tyler.

It was clear that Tyler was a little pissed off himself at this point. Part of Miles wanted to confess his feelings of stress and anxiety over everything, but he couldn’t get the words out.

Talk to him, he’s your Daddy.

Make this right, Tyler will understand.

Just...

However rather than explaining what was wrong, Miles simply turned away from a frustrated Tyler and continued on with the cleaning.

‘Hey!’ Tyler snapped. ‘Don’t be so damned rude, boy. This isn’t cool. It’s not cool *at all*.’

‘*Urgh*. It’s always about you, isn’t it?’ Miles said, his voice highly-strung and full of spite. ‘Poor Tyler. You’re supposed to be a Daddy. And Daddies should know what to do or say! No, just keep focusing on yourself.’

Miles immediately regretted lashing out like that, but his pride prevented him from apologizing like he knew he should have. And it seemed like the comment was just about all that Tyler could handle too.

‘Okay, that’s how you see me?’ Tyler said, his voice trembling with anger. ‘Well screw you too. I’m outta here, man.’

With that, a clearly furious and hurt Tyler picked up his jacket and stormed out of the apartment.

Every bone in Miles's body was aching to run after Tyler, but yet again he couldn't force himself into action.

As he heard the sound of the building's front door slam shut, something suddenly dawned on Miles.

I was a real ass just then.

Have I pushed him too far?

Is Tyler... coming back?

The prospect of losing Tyler all over again was something that Miles could barely contemplate. This reminded him very much of the times in college that Tyler would leave in a storm of emotion and leave a trail of chaos and hurt feelings behind him.

Except this time it was different.

Miles felt like it was *he* who was to blame in this instance.

What had Tyler actually done wrong? Nothing really.

Suddenly, Miles felt incredibly regretful about his behavior. The day had started off on an unsteady footing after a terrible night's sleep, but since then it had only gotten worse and worse. This felt like the worst point of all.

The only thing that Miles could hope for would be that Tyler would realize that Miles was acting out of character and calm down and come back home to talk things through.

Hoping for Tyler to come back was one thing.

But Miles knew from painful experience that when the going got tough, Tyler more often than not chose to bail and not look back...

Chapter 14

TYLER

Tyler was furious.

It was the kind of seething, pent-up anger that could bubble over and explode at any second. Tyler had been here before in his life. When he truly lost his temper, it was a case of all bets being off.

Normally, Tyler was able to roll with the punches and if push came to shove he would walk away and let people deal with their own dramas rather than get sucked in himself.

But this was different.

Miles had infuriated Tyler and it had felt like one more comment would have pushed Tyler into saying some things that he could never have taken back.

With that in mind, heading over to *The Lion's Roar* was probably the smart move. Tyler took a sip on his cold beer and looked around.

The bar was quiet, and with its low lights and soundtrack of some classic blues coming from the jukebox it was probably the ideal setting for Tyler's current state of mind.

'Another?' the bartender said, noticing that Tyler was nearly done with his beer.

'Another, and keep 'em coming,' Tyler replied, his brooding looks clearly attracting a certain degree of

interest and intrigue from the young bartender.

But Tyler's mind wasn't on whether a cute bartender was into him or not. No, Tyler had other things on his mind.

Miles was being a brat.

Something must have really got to him.

And I just stormed out the damn house...

Tyler felt frustrated that he hadn't been more patient and attempted to work through things with Miles. Perhaps he should have stayed, but on the other hand Tyler knew that this could have ended up making things even worse.

'I should have stayed,' Tyler muttered. 'I'm his Daddy for God's sake...'

But Tyler of all people knew that sometimes you just need your own space to work through something.

With this in mind, Tyler decided that he wouldn't message Miles to check in on him. If something was bugging Miles, then it was probably sensible to give him the time and space he needed to work it out for himself.

This might not have been a foolproof plan, but it was the best that Tyler had in that moment. Anyway, it wasn't as if Tyler didn't have his own worries to work through...

Judd fucking Trax.

This is all down to him showing up.

All the messages too...

Tyler gritted his teeth and took the last gulp of his beer, only to find it replaced with a fresh bottle by the cute bartender.

'Thanks,' Tyler said, his mind focused on Judd and what a total asshole he was.

Gradually, Tyler was coming to the realization that Judd's role in this may have been more sinister than he'd first

imagined.

Tyler had no proof, but it began to cross his mind that it was Judd who had spiked his drink. And if that was true, then there was a very good chance that it was Judd who had taken Tyler's car after he abandoned it after the crash.

Tyler didn't know what to think.

All Tyler knew was that he had to meet Judd to hash things out.

Tyler took his cellphone out of his pocket and after checking for any new messages from Miles, he began to type out a message.

You wanted to meet me one on one? Let's fucking do it. We need to sort this out. I don't care what you think this is all about, I just want to put an end to it. Tyler.

Tyler hit send and then sent a follow-up message with his location. It felt like the right thing to have done. The longer Tyler had allowed this thing with Judd to drag on, the worse the situation had become. The culmination of course being when Judd showed up and creped Miles out.

Whatever happened when Judd arrived, Tyler was determined to take it in his stride. As angry as he was with Miles in that moment, Tyler knew that sorting things out with Judd would go a long way to making both himself and Miles happy again.

But one thing remained unclear.

What did Judd *really* want?

And how far was he willing to go to get it?

* * *

‘Sorry, same again?’ the bartender enquired, noticing that an increasingly impatient Tyler was done with his beer and casting his eyes toward the bar’s entrance.

‘No, not right now,’ Tyler replied, his voice firm and even. ‘Maybe in a bit.’

‘Hey, no worries,’ the bartender said, smiling and walking over toward a large stack of empty glasses that needed putting into the large glass cleaner. ‘Just give me a shout when you’re ready.’

Tyler nodded.

It was nice to be in a bar with friendly but not overly-insistent bar staff. But Tyler wasn’t going to even contemplate having a good time until Judd had arrived. The fact that an hour had passed since Tyler messaged Judd wasn’t good.

Tyler felt on edge.

Each time the *The Lion’s Roar* door swung open, Tyler reflexively went into business mode. Of course, Tyler figured that this was some kind of power play from Judd. By keeping Tyler waiting, Judd was probably trying to show just how in control of the situation he was.

Asshole.

The longer he keeps me waiting, the worse it will be.

Judd is about to learn a very harsh lesson...

Tyler took a quick glance at his cellphone. In part, in case Judd had messaged to cancel the meeting. But Tyler couldn’t deny that he was also checking to see whether or not Miles had been in contact.

Sadly, there was nothing from Miles.

Maybe this was a good thing. The last thing Tyler needed was to get involved in an emotional message exchange with Miles as he waited for Judd Trax to show up.

The longer the wait was, the more stressed Tyler became. So much so in fact, that Tyler found his mind wandering back to the day that he quit college.

There had been a very clear choice that day.

Tyler could have stuck around and fought to keep his place and improve his grades. The alternative was of course to walk away in search of unrestricted fun and adventure on the road.

Tyler chose the latter option, and the rest was history. But Tyler couldn't help wondering how his life would have turned out had he stayed on campus, graduated, and stuck it out with Miles too.

Suddenly, the years of living simply for pleasure seemed like wasted years to Tyler.

Yes, the parties had been excellent.

And there had been a ton of very cute guys along the way.

But what did Tyler have to show for it now barring some increasingly hazy old memories?

My life was becoming a fucking mess.

Miles helped change that.

Why wasn't I more patient with him back at the apartment?

With still no sign of Judd, Tyler was almost at the point of getting up and leaving. Tyler could leave Judd to play his silly games and instead get back to Miles... the boy he loved.

However just as this was beginning to feel like the right choice to make, Tyler looked up and saw Judd enter the

bar. Judd wasn't alone either.

Following closely behind Judd were two guys, both big and with the kind of slightly mangled faces you'd associate with down and out heavies.

This situation wasn't going to run as smoothly as Tyler had hoped, that much was becoming clearer by the second...

'I thought I said come alone?' Tyler growled, not impressed by Judd's henchmen.

'You don't call the shots,' Judd replied. 'Shouldn't that be obvious by now?'

Judd sneered and flexed his tattoo-covered arms. He was thirty-eight, a few years younger than Tyler. Not only that, but with his grey eyes and greasy black hair he always gave off serious bad-news vibes.

Tyler was beginning to curse the day he ever befriended Judd.

'Who says I don't call the shots?' Tyler countered, not wanting to give Judd an inch. 'as far as I can tell, you're the desperate one. Messaging me. Approaching my guy in a bar. You know what, screw it. You can keep my car. Whatever. I'm out.'

Tyler was making his play.

He wanted to show Judd just how little he thought of him. And by being so dismissive, Tyler felt like he had Judd right where he wanted him.

What Tyler wasn't counting on though was the presence of Judd's two sidemen. As Tyler got up from his barstool to leave, the two burly men stepped directly into his path.

'I don't think so, asshole,' Judd said, a sneer on his face as he watched his two associates do his dirty work for him. 'You're staying until I'm done with you.'

‘You’ve got ten seconds to tell me what this is really about,’ Tyler said. ‘Don’t mess with me, Judd. This needs to stop.’

Tyler waited for Judd to speak.

Don’t blink.

Don’t show a single sign of weakness or doubt.

Judd hasn’t got anything over me...

‘Well?’ Tyler barked, his patience running low. ‘Are you going to speak or...’

‘Here’s how it’s going to go down,’ Judd said, a hint of a smile on his face. ‘I’ve got images of you asleep at the wheel. I’ve got your car. I’ve got evidence that you drove under the influence and ran from the scene.’

‘Asshole!’ Tyler said, momentarily losing his composure.

‘There’s a big drag race coming up,’ Judd continued, unperturbed. ‘You’re going to enter. And you’re going to *lose*. This will make me a shit-ton of money and in exchange I won’t forward all of my incriminating evidence to the police. How does that sound?’

Tyler felt enraged.

This was totally out of line and crossing so many barriers of honor and conduct. Respect and trust was big in the drag racing community. In fact, it was one of the things that Tyler loved most of all about racing.

But Judd was attempting to undermine every single aspect of what made drag racing such a vibrant, incredible community. Tyler was truly appalled.

‘You think you can blackmail me?’ Tyler said, his voice full of barely concealed rage. ‘Tyler Pace doesn’t lose races on purpose. And I certainly don’t take orders from slimy, good for nothing pieces of crap like you, Judd.’

‘You’ll lose the race, or take your chances with a jail sentence,’ Judd replied, not looking like he was in the mood for backing down. ‘How will your corporate boyfriend react to that? And who will protect him when your locked up?’

The threat to Miles was the last straw for Tyler.

In a flurry of explosive action, Tyler took a swing at Judd and narrowly missed his chin. The two henchmen began to rain down punches on Tyler, and he knew that he had his work cut out from the second that the first heavy right-cross landed on the side of his head.

The scuffle was brief, but brutal.

No sooner than had it started, but the *The Lion’s Roar* doormen were over and breaking things up. Clearly, it was apparent who the bad guys in the situation were and Judd and his men left without too much pressure from the doormen.

But Judd didn’t leave without one final parting shot...

‘You’ll race and you’ll lose,’ Judd squealed. ‘You work for me now, Pace!’

Tyler staggered over toward the bar. He felt dazed and disoriented. The punches that landed from Judd’s henchmen had been heavy, concussive blows. This wasn’t good. This wasn’t good *at all*.

What... the...

There’s no way I can race.

But... Miles... the police... I...

Tyler managed to take a seat at the bar and immediately put his head in his hands to try and focus his mind. Tyler was angry. He was hurting too. It didn’t feel good to take several shots to the head, but equally it was a blow to his pride at having the fight stopped by the doormen.

'Ready for that new drink now?' the bar man enquired, a look of friendly sympathy on his face.

'You know what, I think I am,' Tyler replied, seeing the funny side of the situation. 'And bring it with a shot of your best God damn whiskey on the side too.'

'No problemo,' the bartender said, already ahead of the game and pouring out a generous shot. 'This one's on the house.'

As the liquor hit the back of Tyler's throat, he took a moment to consider the magnitude of the situation. This was a problem that he wasn't going to hustle his way out of.

Judd may have been a slimy piece of crap, but it was clear that he meant every word he was saying.

Tyler had a choice. He could stay and fight for what he believed in and do what was right. Or he could take the first bus out of town and never have to deal with Judd and his blackmail again.

This felt like a big moment.

Tyler wasn't getting any younger, and the choice he made in this moment could shape how the rest of his life looked.

It was time for Tyler to decide upon exactly the type of man- *and what kind of Daddy* - he wanted to be.

Chapter 15

MILES

Miles was worried. *Extremely* worried in fact. The hours turned into days and there still had been no contact from Tyler.

Nothing.

Zero.

Absolute radio silence.

Not only was the lack of communication from Tyler hard to process, but work was getting more and more stressful. Kyle Peters seemed to be going into total overdrive with his negative and disingenuous behavior.

It wasn't anything specific that Kyle was doing, it was more the way he was always dropping in little comments, saying anything he could to undermine Miles in the most passive-aggressive way possible.

Work wasn't a pleasant place to be.

And without Tyler, home wasn't so good either.

As the alarm buzzed for his wakeup call, Miles drowsily opened his eyes and sat up in bed. It hadn't been a good night's sleep. In fact, it had been a *terrible* night's sleep.

Between worrying about Tyler and the situation at work Miles had barely gotten over three hours, maybe four max. This wasn't like Miles at all. He knew how important sleep was to a healthy body and healthy mind, and his

lack of recent good sleep was beginning to play on his mind.

Today was a big day too.

Miles was making his formal presentation to the senior staff and Green Sky Future presidents. Although it wasn't officially a job interview, it may as well have been. Miles knew that a good presentation would almost certainly lead to him being made a VP in the upcoming minor restructure.

This was the crucial point in what felt like months upon months of hard, consistent work from Miles. He didn't want to let himself, or the junior employees who had worked underneath him, down.

I need to nail this.

I have to stay calm and focused.

I wish Tyler was here though...

Miles sighed and managed to haul his tired body out of bed. Normally, Miles practically bounded up and out of bed, but not on this day. The lack of sleep and sense of doom that was coming over him was hardly conducive to an enthusiastic start to the day.

Miles showered quickly and put on a smart but informal shirt and pants combo. This helped Miles focus his mind into presentation mode a little bit, but disaster struck as Miles made himself a morning espresso...

'Oh crap!' Miles exclaimed, the sight of a dark brown splash of espresso running down the front and center of his white shirt not exactly looking like a good omen. 'Get a grip, dude!'

Miles finished off the espresso and changed into one of his other shirts. Hopefully this wasn't a sign that his entire day was going to be cursed, but it was hardly a promising start.

Miles had cancelled his plans to meet with his friends early due to wanting to arrive at the office extra early to prepare. But that decision was beginning to seem like a bad one. In fact, Miles would have done anything to have been with Tommy and Rick in that moment. Their friendly banter and sense of good spirits was what Miles needed more than anything.

Well, *almost* anything.

The truth was that what Miles required more than anything else in the world in that moment was seemingly out of his reach. He wanted Tyler.

But in Tyler's continued absence, Miles was beginning to wonder whether Tyler wanted him.

* * *

Miles was feeling just about ready to give the presentation. His assistants and junior staff had left the room and now it was simply Miles alone with his thoughts.

'Come on, you've got this,' Miles said, the sound of the birds singing outside the room distracting him. 'Keep your mind on the goal. You can do this.'

'First sign of madness!' Kyle said, entering the office with a broad grin on his face.

'Huh?' Miles replied, turning to look at Kyle.

'Talking to yourself. It's the first sign of madness,' Kyle laughed, walking around Miles's desk in one of his passive-aggressive power moves. 'If you're struggling with your mental health, why not raise it with our HR department?'

Miles felt a sudden surge of anger. Mental health wasn't a subject that was appropriate to joke about, especially

not in a work environment. Kyle was playing his usual games, but doing so with extra spite because he knew just how important today was to Miles.

‘Do you actually want anything?’ Miles said, failing to hide his irritation and therefore giving Blain exactly what he wanted. ‘I mean, if you just want to annoy the hell out of me... whatever.’

Kyle laughed.

Wearing a black polo neck tucked into a pair of jeans, Kyle actually looked like the office bad guy. With his perfect fade and brilliant-white smile, Kyle did admittedly look impressively smart and just like the kind of guy who had his own very serious ambitions.

Miles didn’t mind having a so-called rival in the office.

What really hurt Miles however was the way that Kyle would seemingly only use negative, hurtful tactics to climb the ladder. Behind his posturing and snarky comments, Miles didn’t think that Kyle gave a crap about the work itself. It was like Kyle wanted success for success’s sake.

‘Would you just leave, please?’ Miles said, a hint of desperation in his voice. ‘I need to run over some things for the presentation. This is important to me. I actually care about the proposal. You should try it.’

‘*Wow.* Someone woke up in a bad mood,’ Kyle said, holding his hands up to his chest in a mocking way. ‘Sure, I’ll leave. Just try not to think about me too much during the presentation. Oh, and try not to think too much about your absent boyfriend either. I hear he’s having one hell of a fun time around town...’

On that bombshell, Kyle smirked and turned to leave the office.

Miles didn't know what to think or what to do. It felt like Kyle had achieved exactly what he had set out to do. Miles couldn't focus his thoughts and felt full of emotion. This was the worst possible mindset ahead of the presentation.

Snap out of it, Miles.

I need to nail this.

I have to get it just right...

With that, Miles steeled himself and strode out of his office as confidently as he possibly could. It was time to set up the room ready for the presentation.

A lot was depending on this moment.

For Miles it could be career defining, a fact that he was only too aware of...

* * *

'What... the... hell?' Miles cried, burying his head into his hands as he sought solace in the large, maze-like Japanese garden at Green Sky Future. 'What just happened?'

The presentation had been a total disaster.

From start to finish, absolutely anything that could go wrong, did go wrong. If Miles wasn't tripping over his words, he was struggling to deal with even the most basic of technology. Miles was usually super-calm and composed when it came to using computer software, but he ran into problem after problem during the presentation.

In the end, it had all gotten too much for Miles.

After a mumbled, borderline incomprehensible apology, Miles simply finished the presentation abruptly and ran

out of the room.

Miles knew what it must have looked like to his colleagues. Worse, Miles knew that the senior directors were most likely wondering what the hell they were doing employing him in the first place, let alone considering him for a VP role.

I screwed it all up.

They'll all think I'm a total joke.

I may as well quit now...

Miles lifted his head out of his hands and looked around the garden. Not even the wonderfully curated bushes and soothing trickle of the mini waterfall were of any solace.

To say that it had been a bad day at the office would be the understatement of the year by some distance. Miles had not only performed poorly, but he had done it right in direct view of Kyle Peters.

Miles knew that Kyle would have relished every single moment of seeing him suffer like that, and it would give Kyle even more fuel to try to undermine him even more.

Things weren't looking good.

More out of hope than expectation, Miles took his cellphone out of his pocket to check to see whether Tyler had finally decided to break his silence and get into contact with him.

Sadly, there were no messages from Tyler.

Tyler didn't do social media either, so Miles hadn't even been able to try to keep tabs on him that way either. As far as Miles knew, Tyler could have been lying unconscious in a side alley - or worse.

But part of Miles wondered whether this wasn't just the real Tyler making a return. After all, Miles had lost count

of the times that Tyler simply disappeared off the face of the earth back in their college days.

Perhaps for all his good intention in the last few weeks, Tyler was simply too set in his ways to every truly change. It was possible that Tyler had reverted to type and taken himself out of the heat.

But unlike other times when this had happened, Miles felt like this was the final straw. He may have said similar on other occasions, but Miles truly felt it now. Tyler had walked out and left Miles hanging during an important period in his life.

Miles wasn't sure if he could forgive Tyler this time.

It's always the same. Tyler leaves, I hurt.

Maybe a leopard never changes its spots.

Maybe Tyler was never truly a Daddy at all...

Chapter 16

TYLER

The last thing Tyler would ever have wanted would be to hurt Miles. So it had been with a heavy heart that Tyler had decided to go it alone and try to solve the Judd Trax problem by himself.

The way Tyler figured it, the less that Miles knew, the better.

And even if this meant keeping Miles totally in the dark, then that was just the way it had to be. Of course, Tyler knew that Miles was smart. If Tyler stuck around at Miles's place, Tyler was sure that Miles would work out what was going on and try to stop Tyler – and this just wasn't an option as far as Tyler was concerned.

As Tyler woke up in the small, single bed motel room, he felt his head throb. One too many beers in a nearby dive bar had seen to it that Tyler wouldn't be waking up feeling as fresh as a daisy that day. Far from it, in fact.

Tyler had found the motel on the road that led out of Los Frisco, and it was the kind of place that Tyler knew Miles would never frequent. It may have been Tyler's pride kicking in, but the even the thought of Miles finding him in such a low rent, frankly horrible motel was something that Tyler couldn't handle.

As Tyler wandered out of the small, damp-ridden bathroom and into the motel bedroom, he stopped and looked at his surroundings. The walls were all an off-

white color and had seen better days. The carpet underneath Tyler's feet was worn and lifeless too.

This place was fortunate to have been awarded the two-star rating it displayed in the reception lobby, that was for sure.

But Tyler had little choice. He didn't have the money to splash out on one of the boutique hotels in Los Frisco. Even if he did have the money, Tyler really didn't want to risk being spotted by Miles.

Judd had Tyler in a tough spot.

There was no denying that Tyler had been foolish to ever hang out with Judd. Maybe it was a case of Tyler's street smarts being found lacking for once. Or perhaps it was just Tyler's open-hearted nature that allowed a conniving snake like Judd into his life.

But there was no changing the past now.

The only thing that Tyler could do was to attempt to control the future. And this was going to have to include taking part in the drag race that Judd was so insistent on Tyler losing.

Tyler hated having to involve himself with Judd for a single second longer than he had to, but Tyler felt like he had no choice in the matter.

Such was his strength of feeling of wanting to do this all alone, Tyler had even kept both Owen and Ryan out of proceedings as much as possible. Tyler knew that either one of them would have let him crash at their place, but he felt determined to keep his friends totally disconnected from it all.

After all, if Judd was willing to implicate Miles, then there was nothing to say that he wouldn't try to do the same with Owen and Ryan.

That said, both Owen and Ryan were keen to offer their moral support as and where they could...

Tyler, remember – you can call on me any time day or night. You know I’m always up late anyway, so don’t worry. I’m here for you bro, and I know Ryan is too. Anything you need, just ask. We’ve got your back, brother. Owen.

Seconded. This Judd asshole has messed with the wrong guy, it’s only a matter of time before he realizes that. But just promise us you’ll think before you take any drastic steps. You’ve got a good life with Miles, you need to think of that. Love you, bro. Be safe. Ryan.

Tyler smiled and sent a big heart emoji in response. Tyler didn’t feel like getting into a long conversation, but appreciated his friends so much. Having both Ryan and Owen back in his life was a good feeling, and Tyler hoped that once this situation was all over with, he would be able to get back on track with seeing his friends regularly.

Of course, the same feeling applied to Miles too. Tyler only hoped that Miles would understand why he had to go into dark mode to sort through the problem. The truth was that Tyler had never fully explained how he lost his brother, Trey.

Tyler had always planned on telling Miles the full story, but somehow he was never able to push through the pain of dredging up all of his old memories. In that moment, Tyler decided that once this was all over, he would find Miles and tell him exactly what happened to Trey.

In the meantime, the symbolism of the drag race wasn't lost on Tyler.

When Tyler's older brother had died in a fatal road accident, it wasn't simply a case of one driver being distracted, or even a DUI. No, Trey had been racing. It wasn't an official, organized street drag race like Tyler took part in. It was a far looser event, the type of race that gave the drag racing community a bad name.

For Trey to die in this way was a tragedy, and it pained Tyler to think about it even now. Worse, Tyler had always lived with a sense of guilt that he had got into drag racing too. Fortunately for Tyler, his skill had led him into the far more organized and relatively safer high-end street racing scene.

For Tyler to enter into a drag race as a result of being blackmailed left a sour taste in his mouth. Trey loved the thrill, the speed, and the sensation of true competition. The same was all true for Tyler.

So for Tyler to have to enter a race under duress, and then lose on purpose on top of that... it felt heartbreakingly awful.

There has to be another way.

But Judd has me where he wants me.

I just can't see a way out...

* * *

The cacophony of engines revving and sound systems blaring brought the adrenalin up several notches for Tyler.

It was late in the evening, and the only light came from the streetlights that flickered down the long strip of road where the race would take place.

It was race time.

But before the events could get under way, Tyler was eyeing up his muscle car. Judd had apparently sent it for a full repair, although the paint job was clearly rushed and looked nothing like the pristine standard that Tyler was used to.

Tyler was in no position to complain though. He was at the race to do as he was told and get the whole sorry experience all over with. The fact that his beloved car looked under par shouldn't have mattered.

Except, of course, it did...

'*Urgh*. This fucking sucks,' Tyler muttered as he took a final walk-around his car, checking the tires and looking for any signs of poor bodywork.

'Sorry man, I know this is tough,' Rodrigo said, a look of sympathy on his face. 'Judd has come onto the scene and really screwed things up for a lot of people. I'm sorry he got to you too.'

Tyler nodded. He didn't want to talk about Judd, preferring to keep his mind as clear as he could ahead of the race. Rodrigo was a good guy, the type of wholesome racer dude who loved nothing more than fast cars, cold beers, and guys who could lift their bodyweight without breaking sweat.

Tyler and Rodrigo talked briefly about what was going on over on the East Coast street racing scene, and Tyler couldn't help but wonder whether a move to the East might be a solution for him once the race was over.

'But what about Miles?' Rodrigo said, running his hand over his closely cropped black hair. 'The boy would miss you. From what you've told me, he's a keeper.'

'I think he might have run out of patience with me,' Tyler said. 'And if he has, I wouldn't blame him either. Fuck.'

I've screwed it up again. Maybe I should never have gone to his place after the crash...'

Rodrigo put his arm around Tyler and the pair of them briefly embraced. Tyler appreciated Rodrigo being there for him in a non-judgmental way. A big part of the scene was how close and friendly everyone was. That was also part of the reason as to why Judd was such an unwelcome presence – the truth was that the community would never have let Judd worm his way inside had they seen what a low-down, dishonest kind of guy he was.

But all thoughts of Trey, Rodrigo, Miles, and Judd had to be put out of Tyler's mind. It was time to race. With the crowd of enthusiastic and pumped-up onlookers raring for the action to begin, Tyler made his way inside the car and slowly pulled up to the start line.

Before proceedings could get under way, Tyler heard a rapping at his window. Turning, Tyler saw that it was Judd – and he was indicating for Tyler to lower the window.

'Remember, don't do anything crazy,' Judd said, leaning in to whisper. 'Lose, or I'll make you and your boyfriend's lives a living hell. Got it?'

Tyler nodded solemnly and shut the window.

The sight of Judd walking away with a horrible smirk on his face was enough to push Tyler to the edge and then beyond. Tyler gripped the wheel of the car and revved his engine. The race was moments away from beginning.

Tyler looked across to the rival driver and nodded in respect.

The rival racer returned the compliment and nodded back at Tyler.

The race countdown was about to start. It was a classic drag race. Full-throttle in a straight line to one point, then turn, then back again. Winner takes all.

A cute young guy stepped out in front of the two cars wearing a tight t-shirt and a pair of cute pale blue shorts. The boy actually reminded Tyler of Miles, and in the final seconds before the race countdown, Tyler found himself as unsure as he had ever been.

What would Miles tell me to do?

He always has the answers.

But maybe I need to figure this one out for myself...

Tyler revved the engine, put the car into gear, and held it just at biting point. He knew that Judd would only accept him losing the race, anything else would mean trouble. But on the other hand, Tyler knew that he could never forgive himself unless he was true to himself.

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

GO!

As Tyler pulled away, he felt his mind go into the Zen state that it always did when he raced. Everything suddenly felt calm and clear. For many, racing at this speed would have induced an almighty panic, but for Tyler it was different.

At the halfway stage, Tyler's rival was winning. Everything was going to Judd's plan. All Tyler had to do was keep a safe distance and all would be right. But Tyler had never deliberately lost a race before, and he wasn't about to go changing that now.

Using all of his knowhow, Tyler dragged himself back into the race and won a tight finish, right on the line. Tyler felt elated. But as he clambered out of the car to shake his opponent's hand, he was interrupted by a livid Judd...

‘You stupid sonofabitch! Your life is over!’ Judd screeched, his face red with rage and fury. ‘Do you have any idea how much money you’ve cost me?’

Tyler shrugged. He simply didn’t care. Tyler knew that if he was ever going to truly change and learn how to fight his demons, then he simply could not contemplate intentionally losing the race.

Judd continued to rant about losing his money by betting against Tyler. And speaking of money...

‘This might come in handy,’ Ryan said, showing Tyler his phone screen as he deposited a six-figure sum into Tyler’s bank account. ‘I bet big on you winning. Don’t worry, I took a little cut myself too!’

‘But I said for you guys to stay away,’ Tyler laughed, high fiving with Ryan and Owen.

‘Like we were ever going to listen to that,’ Owen said, shaking his head in disbelief. ‘We’re brothers. We stick together like true family. Oh, and Judd?’

‘What?’ Judd snapped, still angry and looking ready to throw some punches.

‘You don’t know me, but I know you,’ Owen said, his voice firm and meaning serious business. ‘Or I should say, my personal investigator knows you. We’ve got proof that you drugged Tyler. And we’ve also got evidence that you’ve been selling drugs on the side too.’

With that, Judd turned and made a run for it. His black two-seater was just across the road and he made it there before either Tyler or his friends could give chase.

‘He won’t escape the police for long,’ Owen said. ‘It’s an open and shut case. It’s over, man. You can have your life back. The cops will put Judd away for a long time.’

‘Speaking of cops...’ Ryan said, the sound of police sirens in the distance and rapidly getting closer. ‘Looks like this

location has been compromised. Time to bounce.'

As the whole crowd dispersed, Ryan and Owen quickly made their way to Ryan's black Tesla.

Tyler meanwhile jumped back into his car and revved the engine. It was time to find Miles and make everything right. Tyler didn't know whether Miles would take him back after he disappeared with no explanation, but Tyler knew that he would give it his best shot to convince Miles that he truly loved him, and he had changed once and for all.

Tyler may have just won the biggest street race of his life, but now it was time for Tyler to get to Miles in triple-quick time and tell him exactly how important he truly was.

I'm a Daddy to my core.

But not just any old Daddy Dom.

I'm Mile's Keane's Forever Daddy - and it's time I made that crystal clear to the boy so he never doubts me again...

Chapter 17

MILES

Miles was struggling to get to sleep. It was perhaps no surprise given how badly his day had been, but Miles simply couldn't control his thoughts for long enough to quieten them down and doze off to sleep.

To say Miles's inability to drift off to snoozetown was causing frustration would be an understatement...

'*Argh!* Crappers!' Miles shouted, tossing over from one side to the other and finally throwing his spare pillow out of the bed. 'I give up!'

Miles hauled himself out of bed and walked over toward the soft white robe that was hanging from a hook next to the bedroom door.

It was the middle of the night and Miles hadn't had a single second of sleep.

Having had a torrid previous few nights too, Miles was beginning to wonder whether he would ever have a satisfying night's sleep again.

Being a healthy-living guy, Miles knew all about how important sleep was to physical and mental health and couldn't help but worry what the next day in work was going to be like if he was up all night.

Yesterday was a disaster.

Another day like that would be worse.

What am I going to do?

Miles walked out of his bedroom and into the living area.

Tyler had been absent without leave for a few days and the place just didn't seem the same without him.

Yes, it may have been tidier but Miles was even beginning to miss the sight of Tyler's black boots being left next to the kitchen worktop rather than in the shoe cage by the apartment door.

'Okay. Okay. Think...' Miles said, opening up the cupboard where he kept his selection of herbal teas. 'I need something soothing... good for sleep... not too stimulating.'

Miles fingered his way through the various types of tea available to him and settled on a calming rose and chamomile tea that he had used to good effect a few months ago.

As he waited for the kettle to boil, Miles absentmindedly fiddled with the tea bag and tried as hard as he could to keep any worrying thoughts out of his mind.

'I wonder if Rick or Tommy are awake?' Miles mumbled, reaching over to his cellphone and having a look at his messages. 'Nope. Doesn't look like it.'

Miles wasn't expecting to see any unread messages this late but was nonetheless disappointed to see that he had nothing to occupy his mind. Of course the ultimate distraction would be a message from Tyler...

I miss Tyler. I miss Daddy Tyler to be precise.

He's big, wild, and totally unreliable.

But he was mine... I just hope wherever he is, he's safe.

Miles poured the now boiled water into his mug and dropped the tea bag into the piping hot water.

Just as he was turning to walk back to the bedroom and attempt to get some sleep, Miles heard the sound of

someone attempting to open the apartment door.

Miles nearly dropped the mug of herbal tea on the floor.

What the hell was happening?

Was he about to be the victim of a break-in?

‘Hey! Hey! Whoever you are, go away!’ Miles shouted, doing his absolute best to hide the trembling fear in his voice. ‘I’m calling the cops right this second!’

Miles gripped Quackers in one hand, and even held his mug of tea in the other and readied himself to throw it should the unknown intruder manage to open the door and enter the house.

‘I’m warning you!’ Miles said, his voice now full of belief. ‘I don’t back down for anyone!’

Then, the sound of a key jangling in the door lock was quickly followed by the door itself opening.

‘Well, that’s good to hear,’ Tyler said, a knowing smile on his face. ‘Looks like you’ve gotten all tough in my absence, baby boy.’

Miles paused and allowed himself to take a breath.

With his heart racing and emotions rapidly escalating inside, Miles didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

Tyler was back, but there were so many questions. Miles tried to speak, but the words simply wouldn’t come out.

‘I... I... I don’t know what to...’ Miles stammered, his brain trying to process the situation, but failing.

‘No need for words,’ Tyler replied, stepping into the apartment fully and walking toward Miles. ‘Can I give you a big specialty Tyler Pace bear hug?’

Miles nodded, a big smile on his face as his eyes filled with tears of joy.

The two hugged and Miles felt a tangible sense of love and acceptance between him and Tyler. There was a lot to talk about, but unless Miles was very much mistaken, Tyler was back – and back for good too.

‘I love you, Miles,’ Tyler said, his voice tender and sincere. ‘And I want to be your Forever Daddy. All the way. No holding back.’

‘And I love you too!’ Miles replied, the quiver in his voice one of excitement. ‘And want you to stay and be my Forever Daddy too! And I want it to be forever too. I *insist*, in fact.’

‘Well, seeing as you put it like that,’ Tyler replied. ‘Nothing would make me happier than to stay with you, boy. I know I fucked up. I should have talked to you. But I’m back. And I want this time to be the real thing.’

Miles and Tyler looked at one another for a moment before leaning in and kissing. It was a kiss full of passion, love, and carried the kind of intensity that Miles would remember for the rest of his days.

‘Okay, I think it’s time we talked, don’t you?’ Tyler said, breaking away from the embrace and holding Miles’s hand. ‘Any chance of a cup of that herbal tea for me too?’

Miles chuckled.

‘If you’re asking for herbal tea, then I know something’s different!’ Miles said, smiling. ‘I’ll make you all the herbal teas you want if it means we’re together again.’

Tyler smiled and walked over into the kitchen with Miles.

Miles made the tea for Tyler and the pair of them sat down at the table together and began to talk. The conversation flowed back and forth as both Miles and Tyler got some things off their chest and laid out their truths as they saw them.

Fortunately, both Miles and Tyler were now very much on the same page.

To Miles's great joy, it turned out that Tyler wanted exactly the same thing as he did. But Miles still had some questions he needed answering...

'But... why not just tell me about Judd, I could have helped?' Miles said, a slight hint of frustration in his voice. 'I'm actually kinda smart, you know?'

'Of course. I know you're smart,' Tyler said. 'You're smarter than me, that's for sure. But I know how important your work is. The last thing I wanted was for you to jeopardize your career. I could never have lived with that.'

Miles was about to answer Tyler, but paused.

I don't know what Tyler will think of me if I explain...

He thinks I'm a highflier.

But the disastrous presentation has probably changed all of that.

Miles needn't have worried.

After explaining the situation with Kyle Peters and how it had gone from bad to worse, Miles went into the details of the presentation disaster and didn't hold back. It felt good to get it off his chest, and Tyler listened attentively and without judgement.

'Okay, the first thing is that everyone screws up sometimes,' Tyler said, taking a sip of his tea and putting his hand on Miles's. 'Even the smarted boy in San Frisco has a whoopsy sometimes. Screwing up is how we learn. You'll do better next time. You're going all the way to the top, I know you are.'

It felt so comforting to hear Tyler talking like this. Tyler may not have operated in the corporate world, but his life

experience was invaluable, Miles knew that.

But that still didn't solve the issue of Kyle Peters.

For all of the positive talk, Kyle would still be at work the following day.

And the day after.

And the day after that.

Kyle was a problem that wasn't going to go away in a hurry, and unless Miles did something the situation wasn't going to get any better.

'Bullies like Kyle never win,' Tyler said, his voice carrying a hint of stern authority to it. 'As long as you stand up to him, he will fold in the end. If I know the kind of man he is, and I think I do, then you'll beat him. But just to be on the safe side, I'm going to come to work with you tomorrow just to cast my eyes over him.'

'Thank you, Daddy,' Miles said. 'I want to sort it by myself, but that would mean a lot to me.'

'Good. That's agreed then,' Tyler said. 'Now, if we go to bed now and get straight to sleep, you should still get a decent amount of down time before work.'

'But I want to stay up and talk!' Miles protested, stifling a yawn.

'Yeah, that would be fun,' Tyler said. 'But I think I'm going to put my foot down on this one and say it's bedtime. Daddy's orders.'

Miles knew that Tyler was right.

It was indeed bedtime. And with a new day at work tomorrow and a fresh dawn to his relationship with Tyler, Miles had every cause for optimism.

The only slight shadow still hanging over things was Kyle. But Miles wasn't going to let that bully stop him getting

his head down and enjoying a nice sleep next to Tyler, his one true love.

* * *

Miles woke up the next morning feeling surprisingly refreshed. It may have been far from the ideal night's sleep, but simply having Tyler back in bed with him made Miles feel like a brand-new guy.

Miles downed his juice in record time and decided to cycle into work. Tyler even said that he would run in behind Miles, albeit at a more leisurely pace of course. Tyler wasn't ready to ditch his muscle car just yet, but running instead of driving where possible was a good enough start.

The cycle into work was glorious too, with the early morning sun beating down on Miles as he whizzed through all his favorite neighborhoods.

Miles knew that he still had to face the senior bosses and try to explain what had happened with his presentation, but he was going to do it with a whole new sense of purpose.

Tyler's right.

I CAN make it to the top.

I just need to learn from the presentation and keep growing...

As he parked his bicycle in the bike shed, Miles noticed that all the senior management parking spots were fully loaded with the top of the range, latest model Teslas.

All the bosses must have been in super-early for one reason or another.

This made Miles's heart skip a beat.

But rather than worry, Miles decided that he was going to seize upon this moment. He may have been a careful planner, but now maybe it was time to take a leaf out of Tyler's impulsive book of tricks.

Miles had an idea. It may have been crazy, but Miles was going to go straight to the top floor and formally request a do-over of the presentation.

Without waiting a single second longer, Miles entered the Green Sky Future building and made his way to the top floor. Nothing was going to stop him. Even as his heart thumped in his chest, Miles was determined to follow through on his gut instinct.

Be brave.

Be bold.

You can change their minds about you...

After fighting past their initially skeptical and surprised response, Miles was able to deliver pretty much a pitch-perfect presentation that received a standing round of applause from the senior members of the board.

To say that Miles's presentation went over well would be an understatement. Even the notoriously prickly CEO Mr. Neil Joss was impressed.

'Damn it,' Neil said. 'I really wasn't sure what to expect after yesterday. But you've just shown me the future of this whole organization. And I know now that you absolutely *must* be front and center of that future too. Anyone care to disagree?'

Neil's fellow board members dare not disagree with him. It was undeniable, Miles had smashed the presentation so far out of the park it was practically entering the next state.

Neil Joss offered Miles the role of Future Organization Development VP on the spot, and Miles received it with

as much enthusiasm as you might expect. This was huge news, and Miles wanted to share it with the man who made it possible.

The only question was, had Miles's Daddy made it to Green Sky Future yet?

Chapter 18

TYLER

The jog over from Miles's apartment to the Green Sky Future office was great fun. Tyler had allowed his cardio to drop off in recent times, but it felt surprisingly great to hit the streets again and see what his body could do.

Oh, and the fact that Tyler had stopped off for a super-quick espresso with Owen and Ryan had probably improved the experience too.

Both Owen and Ryan were delighted to hear that Tyler and Miles had made everything right between them after the drag race.

And Ryan was keen to report that a friend of his in the Los Frisco Police Department told him that they were very close to locating Judd and then putting him behind bars for quite some time.

This was comforting to hear – Tyler knew that Miles would benefit from knowing that Judd was going to serve some serious jail time.

That said, Tyler had been so impressed with how Miles had gone into work with a fresh optimism that he was beginning to see that Miles was a lot tougher than he once thought.

Just before finishing off his second espresso, Owen and Ryan had asked Tyler whether he would consider investing some of his sizeable race winnings in an investment that they had been working on.

Owen and Ryan's proposition was interesting, and Tyler was certainly going to give it some thought. After all, if he was going to be putting down some real roots in Los Frisco it made sense to have business interests to keep him occupied and tied to the community.

However, Tyler also had earmarked some of the money for something very special that he knew Miles would be super-keen on too. It was still a surprise, so Tyler decided to tell Ryan and Owen only on the condition that they kept it quiet for now at least.

'You're *barking* mad!' Owen had said in response to Tyler revealing his idea.

'Don't listen to him,' Ryan replied. 'I think it's a *dog* gone great idea!'

To the sound of laughter from his friends, Tyler finished his espresso and continued with his run. Owen and Ryan had busy days ahead too, not to mention a potential double-date later that evening.

But as far as Tyler was concerned, there was only one baby boy who had his attention now – and that was Miles.

As Tyler pounded the streets in his battered old sneakers, he began to feel the sweat drip down the back of his classic white t-shirt. Running was fun. It gave Tyler the space to let go of his old demons and thoughts and focus on simply putting one foot in front of the other.

The closer Tyler got to the Green Sky Future office, the more excited he became to see Miles.

Of course, the possibility of seeing Kyle Peters was on Tyler's mind too.

That asshole needs to be taught a lesson.

No one messes with my Miles.

Kyle Peters needs to be put in his place...

As Tyler rounded the corner that would take him directly to Green Sky Future, his mind had drifted away from thoughts of Kyle Peters and back onto Miles.

Tyler knew that he had been on quite a journey. With his shoulder now almost fully healed, Tyler recalled the feeling of how much it hurt in the hours after waking up in his crashed car.

For so long, Tyler's life had been about living on the edge and not giving two craps about the consequences. But that was changing now, Tyler could sense it.

Having Miles back in his life truly meant something to Tyler. Yes, Miles was younger and his commitment to all-things health and eco could be irritating at times. But Tyler had learned a lot from Miles too.

The kind of education that Miles had given Tyler wasn't the kind you would get in college or in an office. It was a lesson in learning to be happy with a calm life, one based on enjoying simple pleasures and not needing to seek the most dangerous, out-there thrills.

Tyler felt a sense of tranquility as he stood near the entrance to Green Sky Future. It was a building that looked like many of the Los Frisco business quarter blocks. It was tall, mostly glass, and was surrounded by lush greenery.

As Tyler looked up to the top floor, he imagined Miles in the CEO's chair, running the organization and loving every second of it as he helped to change the world.

Miles is the true wild one.

The boy's got what it takes to reach the top.

And nothing will stop him...

But just as Tyler was indulging himself in a little fantasy of the kind of explicit naughtiness that he and Miles

could get up to in the CEO's office, he caught sight of something far less appealing.

'Well, I'll be damned,' Tyler muttered under his breath. 'If it isn't the man himself.'

It was Kyle Peters.

Even if Miles hadn't shown Tyler a photo of Kyle online, Tyler might have guessed it was Kyle. Maybe it was his ultra-flashy suit, his smug grin, or his extravagant electric scooter that gave him away.

Whatever it was, Tyler knew it was time to have a word with Kyle – and make it a word or several that Kyle wouldn't be forgetting in a hurry...

'Yo! Kyle?' Tyler hollered, immediately drawing the attention of the man. 'Yo! Wait there.'

Tyler began to walk toward Kyle with a look of cold vengeance on his face. The thought that he was approaching the man who had put his darling boy through so much unnecessary pain was making Tyler's blood boil.

Don't lose your shit.

Stay in control.

This is just a warning shot...

The closer Tyler got to Kyle, the more he could see that Kyle looked nervous.

Did Kyle know who he was?

Whether Kyle did recognize him or not, Tyler knew that he was in total control of the situation.

'The name's Tyler Pace, and we need a serious talk about Miles,' Tyler said, his voice gruff and firm. 'I don't like how you've been treating Miles. You need to wise up, and wise up pretty fucking fast.'

Tyler could tell that Kyle was panicking.

'I... *um*... who the hell are you again?' Kyle said, clearly trying to worm his way out. 'Miles? *Um*... I don't think I know a Miles?'

Tyler was seeing how much of a sneak Kyle was.

Of course Kyle knew who Miles was.

If words weren't going to work, then Tyler considered that he might have to get a little more physical...

'You've got one more chance,' Tyler said, stepping closer to Kyle and putting his hands on Kyle's expensive suit jacket. 'Are you going to be nice to Miles or not?'

But before Kyle could answer, Tyler felt a hand on his shoulder.

The hand however wasn't a Green Sky Future security officer, it was in fact Miles's...

'It's okay, I've got this from here,' Miles said, a look of steely determination on his normally so sweet and angelic face. 'As the *new* Future Organization Development VP, I want to have a real serious chat with one of my employees.'

'W-w-w-what?' Kyle said, a look of shock and horror on his face. 'But...'

'Of course, I welcome you onto my team wholeheartedly,' Miles said, a cold, calm control in his voice. 'But I'd understand it if you wanted to consider your future too, Kyle. Whatever you choose, I'm cool with. Just know that I'm here to stay and I'm not going to tolerate any negativity or selfish behavior from my staff. We're in this to help the world, not look after our own interests. Why don't you take the morning off to have a think about what you want to do Kyle?'

Tyler stood with a big smile on his face.

It was impressive to hear Miles talking with so much authority and confidence – so much so that it was clear that Miles was born for this role.

‘Screw you!’ Kyle blurted out, prompting both Tyler and Miles to chuckle. ‘You can take that as my formal resignation letter!’

With that, a seething Kyle turned and ran back to his scooter, never to be seen at Green Sky Future again.

It was no loss.

And it meant that Miles would be able to bring in a new hire who *cared* about the work over their own career ambitions.

‘Thank you, Daddy,’ Miles said, turning to Tyler.

‘Hey, you did that all by yourself, Mr. Vice President,’ Tyler smiled, bringing Miles in close and kissing him softly on his forehead.

‘Okay, sure. But thank you for being there for me and giving me the belief that I could do this,’ Miles said. ‘Not just confronting Kyle, but making my voice truly heard at work. I love you so much, Daddy! So much that my heart feels like it might explode and shoot out rainbows!’

‘And I love you,’ Tyler replied, planting a kiss on Miles’s soft lips. ‘Now, tell me something...’

‘Yes, Daddy?’ Miles replied, curiosity in his voice.

‘As VP, does that mean you can duck out of work for an hour or two?’ Tyler said, more than a hint of intrigue in his voice. ‘I’ve got a special surprise in store for you that I think you might just love.’

‘Well, it is my first day as VP,’ Miles said, a little uncertain. ‘But, yes, of course I can!’

As the pair of them walked away from the office, Tyler felt a warmth inside him that he hadn’t known in many, many

years.

Without doubt, he had become the Daddy that deep down he always knew he was.

All that was left was to show Miles exactly what this surprise was.

And if Tyler knew Miles as well as he thought he did, there was no way that Miles was going to be anything less than incredibly excited about what was in store for the both of them...

Chapter 19

MILES

‘Okay, so feel free to see what this bad boy can do,’ Miles giggled, the sight of Tyler sitting in the driver’s seat of his new VP Tesla proving too good to not take a photo of. ‘Don’t worry, I won’t show this to any of your drag racing friends!’

Tyler rolled his eyes.

‘How about my Daddy friends?’ Tyler grunted.

‘Oh, they’re seeing this!’ Miles giggled. ‘And I’ll even take a paddling for it!’

‘*Hmph*. You’d better believe that,’ Tyler growled. ‘There’s no way this can make me feel like I do in a *real* car...’

But Tyler very quickly changed his mind over the Tesla, rapidly realizing that when it came to acceleration, electric cars were no slouches.

‘Holy shit, that was insane,’ Tyler laughed, pulling the Tesla up as they drove into the *Bark Buddies* parking lot. ‘Now, about that surprise.’

Miles had a feeling he knew what was coming.

The closer they had gotten to the general direction of Bark Buddies, the stronger the feeling had grown.

Miles didn’t know *precisely* what Tyler had in store, but he could have taken a guess at this point.

'Hmmm. Anything you want to tell me?' Miles said, smiling as the pair of them got out of the Tesla and made their way inside *Bark Buddies*.

Tyler chuckled and put his arm around Miles.

'Well you know that money I won for the drag race?' Tyler said, his voice full of pride.

'Yeah?'

'Well, it's no longer my money,' Tyler said, beaming with pride. 'It's *Bark Buddies's* money now.'

'Wow! Are you serious, Daddy?' Miles said, taken aback. 'I was expecting a donation and a dog adoption. But this...'

'You don't think it's sensible, right?' Tyler said.

'Well... yeah... I mean... actually, no. I *love* it!' Miles said, his heart pounding in his chest. 'You're an incredible person, Daddy. I didn't know if you'd change, but deep down you've always been this wonderful, kindhearted Daddy. Don't ever change! Ever-ever-ever!'

'I promise you that this is *forever*,' Tyler said, sincerity in his every word.

The pair of them embraced and with the sound of excited dogs barking from the playroom, Tyler even gave Miles's butt a quick spank.

But it wasn't the time or the place to get too frisky.

It was time to have some fun with the dogs!

As Miles played catch and hide with a young spaniel called Rossy, he paused and took a moment to consider how lucky he was that Tyler walked back into his life when he did.

Tyler was a one-of-a-kind Daddy.

Not only was he donating the race winnings, but Tyler had also told Miles that he was beginning work at *Bark*

Buddies as an official employee starting on Monday.

Miles loved how Tyler had found his happy place.

Together, the pair of them were both in a brilliant place in their lives. Maybe it was timing that had finally aligned perfectly, but as far as Miles could see, there was no reason why him and Tyler wouldn't be together forever.

The pair of them had both grown and changed, while at the same time stayed true to what made them such special individuals too.

Miles knew this was a moment to be cherished.

The sight of Tyler romping around the playroom with a pack of Golden-Doodles chasing after him was pretty much one of the most wholesome things Miles had ever seen in his life.

And the best thing of all was that from now on, this would be Tyler's life every day.

Miles felt happy for Tyler.

It had been a long journey for him to reach this point, but now he was here it was clear that Tyler would have no reason to look elsewhere in life for thrills and excitement.

Tyler had it all, and Miles was proud to be a big part of that package.

But if Miles thought that Tyler was done with the surprises for the day, then it was time to think again...

'Hey, baby boy, come over here,' Tyler said, beckoning Miles over toward him. 'We've got something to say to you.'

'*We?*' Miles replied, suddenly seeing the adorably chunky Tracker padding over toward Tyler.

'Yep. Here's the thing,' Tyler said. 'You know how I don't do impulsive stuff anymore?'

‘Uh-huh...’

‘Well, not quite,’ Tyler laughed. ‘Tracker asked *really* nicely if he could come to live with us on a trial basis. He even promised not to slobber over your plant-based cookbooks! So?’

Miles giggled and squealed with delight.

Tyler had changed but he still clearly had his impulsive side working underneath the surface too. And Miles was okay with that. In fact, as far as the idea of giving Tracker a trial run at the apartment was concerned, Miles was delighted!

‘Well it looks like I’m cooking dinner for three tonight!’ Miles laughed, playfully cuddling Tracker. ‘And I couldn’t be happier about it. I think you’re going to love it with us, Tracker. I think we *all* are.’

* * *

When it came to the evening, it was very much time to celebrate. After all, it’s not very often you declare your true love, get a major promotion, and adopt a dog all on the same day.

For Miles, it had been a momentous day in his life.

Suddenly everything felt like it was truly coming together for him in a way that hadn’t always seemed possible. His professional life was on track, his love life was soaring, and he had just welcomed a wonderful dog into his family too.

Speaking of wonderful dogs...

‘Tracker! Leave Tommy alone!’ Miles laughed, the sight of Tracker excitedly demanding to play with Tommy making everyone chuckle.

The whole gang was at Frisco Frolics, a cocktail bar on the beach front that happily catered to dogs, healthy snack lovers, and those who wanted a drink with a little more kick too.

Miles could see that Tommy and Rick were having a fun time talking to Owen and Ryan, and he couldn't help but wonder what the future held for them. Whatever happened in the romantic lives of his close friends though, Miles was safe and secure in his own relationship with Tyler.

'Hey, what do you think?' Miles said, taking a drink from Tyler and motioning over toward the flirty antics of Tommy, Rick, Owen and Ryan. 'Could be something there...'

'Maybe,' Tyler laughed. 'But that's their business! Let's focus on us. It's been quite a ride, but we got there in the end, kid.'

'I know. You've made me so happy,' Miles said, staring into Tyler's soulful eyes. 'I heard the police caught up with Judd and arrested him?'

'Yup,' Tyler said, a serious look on his face. 'Judd is going to be going away for quite some time. I hope he uses it wisely too. It's not too late for him to turn his life around, but he has to want to change. That's something that I've learned recently. Change doesn't just happen, you have to *make* it happen. Right?'

Miles nodded in agreement.

It felt so good to see Tyler comfortable and at ease with himself.

Tyler was still a fun loving and outgoing Daddy, but Miles sensed on a deep level that Tyler had an inner belief in himself now that meant his wild days of ups and downs were behind him.

‘Hey, I think Tracker might be trying to tell us something?’ Miles giggled, the sight of Tracker nudging his big, handsome face into the middle of their cuddle making both Miles and Tyler laugh.

‘I think it might be time for an evening walk on the beach,’ Tyler said, taking Miles’s hand in his.

As the three of them stepped out of the Frisco Frolics outdoor area and onto the sand together, there was a feeling of perfect harmony.

Everything had worked out as it should, and their lives had been enhanced in the most perfect way.

Miles had fought for his dream job and found true love and his Forever Daddy in Tyler.

Tyler had realized that it was time to change up for good and settle down with his one true baby boy too.

And not forgetting Tracker of course, the big dog with a heart of gold – and now the proud owner of two dotting human parents!

As the sun began to set on Los Frisco, Miles realized that while his life was complete in so many ways, the good times were *only just beginning*.

Epilogue

The weeks and months that followed were full of hard work, joy, and lots and lots of laughs for both Miles and Tyler.

As a Daddy and Little, their lives were perfectly matched. Their similarities perfectly complimented their differences, and there was never a dull day between them.

Miles's time as VP at Green Sky Future got off to a good start as he won a new investment contract from a Japanese firm with a keen interest in environmental technology. It could turn into a gamechanger for Green Sky Future, and Los Frisco in general.

Suddenly, Miles was finding that his name was being spoken about all over the West Coast. His career was well and truly taking off and felt like it could enter the stratosphere at any moment.

With this in mind, Mr. Appleseed, the Green Sky Future CEO, decided to offer Miles a new, improved contract.

Worried about other firms sniffing around and trying to poach Miles, it seemed like the right thing to do from a business point of view.

Of course, Miles was delighted with the new deal – and the fact that it allowed him to put some money into *Bark Buddies* was just perfect.

Speaking of *Bark Buddies*, Tyler was going from strength to strength.

Not only had his investment been transformative and allowed them to acquire the adjoining land without the need for further borrowing, but Tyler was proving to be a useful addition when it came to brainstorming for future improvements.

Tyler was learning all the time, and even thought back to his old days at college for inspiration from time to time. He may never have graduated, but that didn't mean the experience was a total waste of time.

Tyler and Miles enjoyed having Tracker living with them so much that the trial run became permanent after only three days.

Both of them knew that they wanted to give Tracker his forever home – but the lack of a sizeable garden was something that had to be looked at.

Fortunately, with Miles's new earning power, they were able to buy a new house, one that came with plenty of space in a large, well-maintained garden that even came with a pool for them, and Tracker too of course, to swim in.

Everything was good for Miles and Tyler, Tracker, and of course Quackers the stuffie too.

The only question was who else would find their forever love in Los Frisco?

This was a city of excitement, drama, and big money moves, but there was always room for true romance between a Little and his Daddy – all you had to do for proof of that was look at Miles and Tyler and their perfect Los Frisco love.

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Lots of love, LANA ♥