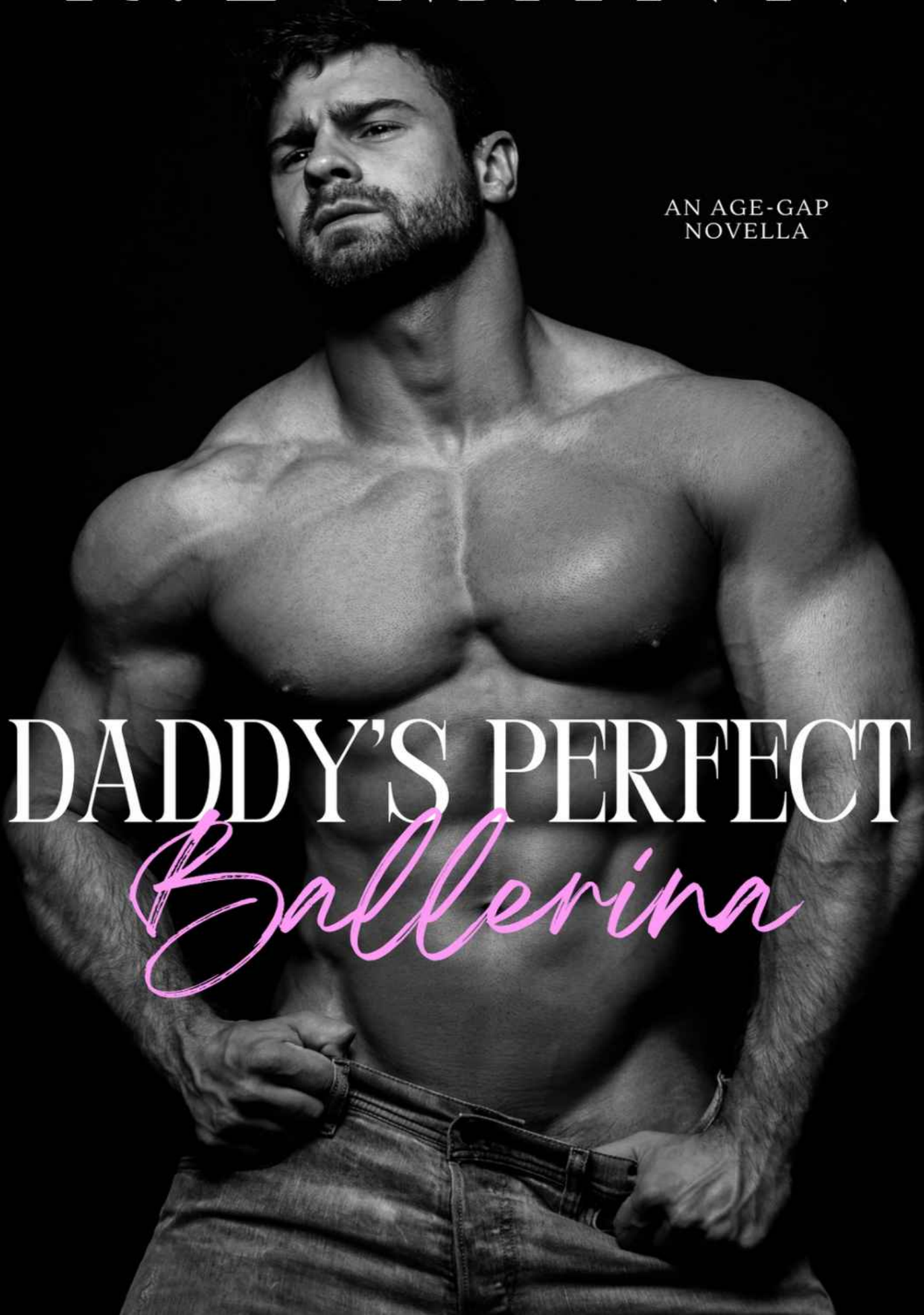


K. L MANN

AN AGE-GAP
NOVELLA

DADDY'S PERFECT
Ballerina



DADDY'S PERFECT
BALLERINA

AN M/M NOVELLA

K.L MANN

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Editing by - [geekygooeditedits](#)

 Created with Vellum

For the ones obsessed with fictional single daddies.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Hello reader! This little number is just a fun time I felt compelled to write. Single dads are one of my favorite things to read and with struggling to finish full length books recently, I'm excited to bring Ezra into reality. Don't take this too seriously, and have a fun time. Hope you enjoy Leo and Ezra.

Side note, as a former dancer of many years, I'm aware that most male ballet performers would be referred to as ballet dancers, or in Italian *ballerinos*. But for the sake of this story, ballerina is used to refer to any ballet dancer. It's a pretty word, what can I say.

Also, for my fellow romance readers, this is more of an erotica novella. There is not a full love story, but there is a HEA.

CW/TWs

Explicit Language and Sex

Age Gap

No Condom

Daddy Kink

CHAPTER ONE



Leo

They do *not* teach you how to avoid crushing on your clients in University. They instruct you on countless other things—most of which you hardly need—but they don't tell you how to resist the ridiculously hot dad whom you will inevitably come face to face with on a weekly basis.

Nor do they warn you about how said dreamy dad will bombard you with heart palpitations on sight, or how, once you're alone, he'll creep back into your mind to stick you with an incurable desire for the remainder of the night. Trust me, I speak from experience.

In my case, this soul-aching crush has been brewing for six long months.

Six. Months.

It may not seem like a very long time, but I haven't had sex *once* since laying eyes on this man. I'm pretty certain he's happily married and blissfully unaware of the way he makes me feel with just one look. And yet I'm as celibate as a nun because of him. I wouldn't be able to even look at another guy long enough for a quick hookup, let alone get my dick hard. He's *ruined* me.

I'm a twenty-three-year-old ballerina, and I'm gorgeous. My dark blond hair is soft and shiny, my eyes are a dreamy caramel brown, and my body is a perfect tool of my craft. I'm *flexible* and mouthwatering to look at. I should have absolutely

no problems in the sex department, and still, here I am; obsessed with someone I can't have.

Ezra Jones has consumed me. All six foot two, brawny, brown-eyed bit of him. He's got big meaty hands, a muscle-riddled body, and a thick beard I *need* to feel scratching up my neck. His eyes though... they are the deepest, magnetic eyes I've ever seen. I just can't get enough of them. He's an absolute dream. And *fuck*, he's a perfect dad.

His daughter Miley is the cutest little thing. She's three years old and full of smiles, *especially* when Ezra comes to pick her up after class. He dotes on her, and there's just something about a man who takes care of his own. I mean, *really* takes care of them. Loves them openly, would fully take a bullet for them... and that's Ezra. He looks at his daughter like he'd fight anyone or anything to keep her safe.

I could see that from day one of having Miley enrolled in the ballet school. Six months later, his appeal hasn't diminished in the slightest. He still gives me butterflies on sight and makes my mouth dry with nerves just by speaking to me at pick up.

So... yeah, Daddy Jones has destroyed me.

"Alright, class," I start, clicking off the soft, classical music. "We're almost done for the day, does anyone have any questions?"

Six little hands shoot up and I chuckle, beginning to call on them one by one. My apprentice Emmily helps, fixing exactly two ponytails and one braid upon request. Whether or not their hair will be taken down again for bath or bedtime at home is quite irrelevant. The little ones get, what the little ones wish.

"Yes, Miley?" I ask, finding her hand in the air after all the others have fallen.

She smiles wide. "My daddy is here!" She points excitedly toward the parent's viewing window, and my eyes follow, finding him there.

Larger than any of the other guardians, his frame dominates a large portion of space. His black flannel makes him even more noticeable in a sea of business casual attire. I fight back

against a shiver and clear my throat, clapping my hands together.

“Okay!” I announce with a smile. “Class is dismissed; I will see all of you lovely ballerinas next week.”

All ten of my students perk up and rush toward the door at once, tutus flailing wildly behind them. This class is a small one, all girls from three to four years old. It’s also my last class of the night, and the last one utilizing this specific studio. So without rushing, I start packing up, knowing that at least one or two parents will want to speak with me before leaving. It’s a guarantee when instructing the younger ones, but I don’t mind. Parents are very protective at this age, and being actively involved in their kids’ education whether it be school or dance is a good thing.

“I’m heading into Studio J,” Emmily tells me. “The intermediates have Tap tonight, and Julien needs an assistant.”

“I bet he does,” I taunt, offering her a grin. “Have fun with that.”

Her cheeks redden, and she rolls her eyes. “Shut up.”

I mime zipping my lips and she huffs, leaving me behind. Those two will either kill each other or be married by the end of the month.

Within seconds two parents are asking to speak with me, wondering if their daughter has had an easier time focusing since changing her shoes. I kindly explain that she’s been nothing but a joy since the switch. She was clearly uncomfortable with the previous fit and fabric but that’s not uncommon. Lots of kids are particular about what they’re comfortable wearing. They thank me with words and smiles before leaving.

I’m disappointed that Ezra and Miley have already left, nowhere to be seen as I exit the small studio. Normally, he stays behind to simply ask if she had a good class. If he hasn’t stayed within the building for the entire thing—which he does often.

I sigh but brush it off. He's probably got a busy weekend ahead of him and needed to leave as soon as possible. I can wait a week to get another glimpse of him.

Or I can do what I always tell myself I won't do... and see him digitally.

The internet is a wonderful thing.

CHAPTER TWO



Leo

I don't even make it all the way into my apartment before my phone chimes. Only, it's not a call or a text, it's a reminder.

Shit. I grimace looking at it while awkwardly trying to shut the door with my hip. I flip the deadbolt into place, still absently looking at the calendar on my screen. Under today's date, it reads:

Noah's Housewarming 8pm - Must Attend

Noah Hamilton and I shared a friend group in college. We were an unlikely pair—a football star and a classically trained dancer—but we worked. We even looked alike, kind of. Both fit and blonde with similar jawlines and eyes. Casual friends though, for the most part.

Until his wedding—which I attended. He got married, promptly slept with his wife's father, got an annulment, and soon after started a relationship with the dad. Noah and I became closer after that chaos calmed down.

He needed someone to talk to about all of it, and while I don't have experience sleeping with my partner's dad, being with a man... well, I know all about that. Chatting over coffee a couple of times a week became a pretty solid routine for us. Really, he's my best friend now.

Which is why I'm allowing him to force me into attending a dinner party to celebrate him and Henry, no matter how badly I want a bubble bath and my bed. The couple is officially moving in together, though Noah has basically been living

there for months. It makes sense, really. Henry Donahue isn't a man to be turned down.

He's ridiculously handsome—older, of course—rich, and powerful too. He owns multiple businesses and coaches our alma mater's hockey team. I hear retirement from the college may be coming soon, though. Why would he want to continue with such a big commitment when he could use the time to dote on and seduce Noah?

As if I've summoned him, my phone chimes again.

NOAH:

You can come early and eat dinner with us if you want! :)

ME:

Can't. I have a sandwich in the fridge and a shower that must be taken.

NOAH:

Shower here, duh. :p

Um, not happening. There's no way I'm going to see these two without being entirely prepared.

ME:

Are you trying to trick me into helping you set up or something?

NOAH:

Lol. I'M not even setting up.

NOAH:

I'm just bored.

ME:

Don't you have a man to help you with that? ;)

NOAH:

You're right... Actually, you probably shouldn't come early.

I laugh through a breath.

ME:

Cue eye roll. See you in a little while.

NOAH:

See ya! :p

Little footsteps patter against the restored oak floors of my apartment, a small bell ringing as they approach. My blond tabby kitten trots right up to my feet, blinking her big yellow eyes at me.

"Toast," I greet, dropping to my knee to scratch behind her ear. "How was your afternoon?"

She only purrs, nudging her head into my hand for a deeper pet.

"Yes, those five hours I've been gone must have been rough, hm?"

Toast is a little rescue I found near the dumpster of the ballet school two months ago. She's settled in quite nicely since being pampered and taken care of at the vet. She's likely eight to nine months old and a great little companion.

I wasn't allowed to have pets as a child because my mother always claimed they made it impossible to keep a clean house. I suppose a benefit of having dead parents is you no longer need to abide by their rules. The same could be said for turning eighteen and moving out for some, but I would never hear the end of it if Cara Miller knew her son had adopted an

animal, one found on the streets no less. *RIP Mom, but Toast is here to stay.*

“Well, let’s get you a little snack and check your water,” I coo at her. “I apparently won’t be lounging around with you tonight.”

Hearing ‘*snack*’ and no other words, she sprints to the kitchen while I follow behind, chuckling.

Settling her with two small treats, I get to work, ignoring every urge to pretend to be sick in favor of lying around until I inevitably fall asleep. Toast would prefer this as well, which is nearly enough of a point to make me reconsider. Cats are notoriously easy to change your plans around for. Just her big, loving eyes alone are convincing enough to keep me entirely still when she graces me with her snuggles. I’d almost always rather have cramping muscles for hours than risk disturbing her rest by shifting.

I like socializing, I really do. I enjoy going to parties and seeing my friends. But I’m in a funk that I can’t escape. At work, it’s easy to focus. I care about the kids and their passion for learning ballet. I don’t have any trouble separating my work from my personal life. Once I clock out... I’m a mess.

I’m just *bumped out*. I’ve got an unrequited crush, and to put it plainly, I’d like to sulk about it. All I can think about is Ezra, and it’s so easy to slip into an unproductive cycle when I’m feeling this way. It would be so *easy* to put on some movie, get all snuggled into my couch, and promptly ignore said movie in favor of jerking off to a far-off fantasy of his hands all over... *FUCK*.

No. I have to be a functioning human today. And so I will be, for my friend.

After a couple hours of eating and cleaning every inch of myself up, I have to admit, I look *damn* good wearing a navy blue, satin, button-down tucked partially into my gray trousers and some casual shoes. I give myself one last appraising look in the mirror. My hair is styled, but not overly so, and the cologne I’ve gone with is fresh but deep—a lovely combination of my favorite scents: Clean but robust citrus.

Like she knows I'm about to leave her, Toast trots up to me, meowing her displeasure. I frown down at her, wishing I could put her in a little tote bag and take her with me.

"I know, little Miss, but I'll be home later tonight." She gives me a blank look. "Okay, maybe early tomorrow, I don't know. It's only for a little while. You'll be asleep for most of it."

Toast promptly spins, walking lazily to her favorite spot on the couch and curling into a little fluffy ball. I drop a kiss onto her head and leave before I can talk myself out of it.

This will be fun. Noah is fun. I like hanging out with my friend. I won't even think about Ezra. I got this.

Yeah, right.

CHAPTER THREE



Leo

The Uber ride isn't a long one, thankfully. Though the address is only supposed to be a thirty-minute trip from my place, I was expecting much more traffic. A Friday night in this city usually means adding at least twenty minutes to any expected time of arrival, but not tonight. It was smooth the whole way, with no hold-ups, and my driver was sweet but quiet; my favorite combination of traits when it comes to car rides.

I got to sit back, chill out, and play solitaire in peace to pass the time.

When I get into the building George, the head security officer, lets me right through to the private elevator with a smile and a dip of his head. He's seen me plenty of times, and I'm sure there's an approved list of names he has for the evening. Normally, there would just be a code I have to punch in, but on nights like tonight, there's an increased security presence to avoid any potential mishaps.

"Have a good night, George," I say, offering a quick wave before dipping into the chrome doors. Too many floors up and the elevator chimes, doors opening directly into a nearly empty foyer area.

Two steps inside and a firm hand clamps around my shoulder. "You made it!" my friend cheers happily, shaking me a little with his grip.

I look to my side, finding Noah smiling wide. "I made it," I agree. "This place is ridiculously swanky, you know that,

right?”

He chuckles, removing his hand to wave off my comment. I say something of the sort almost every time I visit. “You’ll get used to it eventually.”

I give him a dubious look. I doubt I’d get used to a twenty-five-million-dollar penthouse, but I can see how he would. It’s nice, really. Just a bit too high-brow for my taste. I’d be afraid to touch anything if I lived here.

Noah laughs at the expression on my face. “Come on, let me get you a drink.”

“Just one,” I warn, attempting to sound stern. “I do *not* want to get drunk in front of all your rich people friends and embarrass myself.”

He snorts. “They’re *Henry’s* ‘rich people friends’, thank you very much.”

“Same thing,” I argue, but follow him as he leads the way.

“Definitely not the same thing,” he counters, giving me a wink. “My only real friend is right here, and he’s pretty uncomfortable around rich people despite being one.”

I roll my eyes. “We’ve been over this; I have dead-parents-money, not never-need-to-work-again-money.”

“Just teasing.” He gives me a playful grin and comes to a stop in the kitchen. Only a few people linger, talking amongst themselves and sharing drinks. “Tequila?”

I groan immediately. “Don’t even.” *Is he trying to make me lose my clothes?* He knows I can’t handle that stuff outside of a single margarita.

Noah’s head snaps back with the force of his laugh. “Champagne, then?”

“That’ll work.”

Snagging an already filled flute he passes it to me before picking one up for himself. He tilts his head to the side, silently telling me to follow him deeper into the apartment.

“So, I suppose congratulations are in order,” I start, walking up by his side. “You’re like a real adult now, living with your partner and whatnot. You’re basically one half of an old married couple, yeah?”

He snorts. “Oh, yeah. I’m a real grown-up now. I pay taxes from my big boy job, occasionally bake cookies for my boyfriend and everything.”

“Cookies?” I ask, drawing in my brows. “You haven’t baked *me* any cookies.”

“You don’t do the things Henry does to earn cookies.” He wiggles his eyebrows suggestively, and we share a laugh.

Finding ourselves in a small sitting room, we take a seat and slowly sip on our drinks. The couch is a deep coffee color, thankfully. If it were white I may refuse to sit on it. I’m as graceful as it gets on the ballet floor, but when it comes to regular life, I’ve been known to be clumsy.

“So, where is your lover then?” I ask, looking around the room, not catching sight of Henry’s familiar frame.

Noah sighs. “In his office. He’s been getting his ear chatted off all evening. I had *just* gotten ahold of him when another friend showed up. He and Henry are apparently discussing the team and a potential new coach.”

“And that had to be done now?”

Noah chuckles, joking, “Business never sleeps. But no, apparently Ezra’s brother may move to the area if he doesn’t extend his current contract, and Henry wants to give him an offer before it’s too late. So it’s actually pressing... why do you look like you’ve just swallowed your tongue?”

I blink twice, setting my glass on the table in front of us before I lose my shit and drop it. “Did you say Ezra? His last name wouldn’t be Jones would it?”

Noah’s eyes flicker with surprise. “Oh, wow, it is! How’d you guess that? Do you know him?”

“Ezra Jones is *not* in this house right now,” I whisper-hiss, grabbing his arm.

Eyes widening even more, he leans in closer, lowering his voice. “Are you on the run from him? Is he a secret-mafia-hitman from your past that you’ve been trying to avoid all this time? Is your name not really Leo?”

His face is laced with such concern that I almost believe he’s genuinely worried—until he cracks a smile. “This is not funny!” I complain, trying not to sound whiny. “He’s really here?”

“Um, yeah? How do you know him, though? You seem positively spooked.”

“He’s...” I try to find the words, face heating.

“Oh!” Noah gives me a smirk. “You *like* him, don’t you? Tell me *everything*.”

“Keep your voice down,” I scold immediately, pulling him even closer. He’s practically in my lap now. “Ezra is...”

“Spit it out,” he gripes. “Anticipation gives me migraines.”

“His daughter is in one of my classes, and I’ve been stupid over him for months. I mean, I literally can not stop thinking about this man and you’ve just told me that he’s in your apartment. How the hell does Henry know everyone?”

“Ezra owns a huge construction company, and Henry’s worked with him *a lot*. They’ve been friends for like ten years! You’re crushing on a client? Kinky.”

Glaring at him, I respond with, “Pot, kettle.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he brushes it off. “We’re talking about you now. Miley is in your class? She’s a sweet little bit; I’ve met her a couple of times. Ezra Jones, really? That’s your fancy? You’ve been holding out on me, Leo.”

“Well, I haven’t exactly told anyone about my pointless crush,” I grumble. “It’s not like we’d ever... anyway, no use dwelling on it.”

“Pointless?” he questions. “You don’t think he’d be into you?”

Um, what? No, I don’t think the married guy is into the idea of hooking up and falling madly in love with his daughter’s ballet

teacher. But I don't say this, hoping to avoid sounding even more pathetic than I feel.

I shake my head, tucking my lips into a flat frown.

Like he can't imagine why I'm so sure, Noah crinkles his nose. The confused look doesn't linger for long, being replaced quickly by a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Hey, let's go see if we can hear them from outside the door."

My mouth drops open. "Hey, let's *not* do that."

He pouts. "Why not? We can be very sneaky."

"*Can we?*" I challenge.

"Totally," he answers too easily, waving off my concern. Grabbing my arm, he pulls me up to my feet. "Come on, super spy. We have to see if it's the same Ezra. What if there's another Ezra Jones with a daughter named Miley in this little city of ours?"

"Oh, and they just both happen to own construction companies?"

"Now you've got the spirit. It's entirely plausible. Come now, we must investigate."

"I—" I try to protest, only to be yanked forward by my wrist, and guided out of the room into a long hallway. "This is a terrible idea," I tell him, feeling my stomach twist with nerves.

"Shhh," he hushes me, approaching a big white door with a silver handle. He promptly sticks his ear against the wood and smiles at me, pointing at it for me to do the same.

I will not, I mouth.

Chicken, he mouths back.

Fuck it. Glaring at him, I take the challenge and rest my ear softly against the door. Soft voices filter through it, muffled by the barrier but still understandable. Butterflies flutter around my stomach, sending chills to roll down my legs at the sound of his voice. It's him all right, and *shit* he sounds good.

“Enough about business,” Henry says. “Have you asked—out yet?” he asks, his voice muffled too low for me to catch every word.

“No, like I’ve told you, I can’t.” *Ugh, what?* “We can’t all get what we want as easily as you get it.” *What are they talking about!?*

I push my ear into the wood harder, listening more closely.

“There may be an opportunity you’re unaware of.”

There’s a pregnant pause. “What are you up to?”

“Why would I be up to something? Does that sound like me?”

“It sounds alarmingly like you. You meddle.”

“Ah, but I’m meddling because it’s what you need.”

There’s a bark of laughter. “And you know all about what I need, do you?”

“I know you need to teach your little ballerina a lesson about eavesdropping.”

Oh no.

CHAPTER FOUR



Ezra

Henry's smirk is full of mischief. "I know you need to teach your little ballerina a lesson about eavesdropping."

Leo is here? What? Henry knows Leo?

"Shit!" a harsh whisper filters into the room from the direction of the door. Stunned by this unexpected discovery, I remain silent, continuing to listen. "Run—"

"We can't run, they already know—" *Noah?*

"I swear to god!" the other person whisper-replies. "You got us caught."

"Me? You're the one breathing so heavy!"

There's a gasp of outrage before a stern rebuttal of, "I beg your pardon! I do not breathe loud, you little—"

"Hey, no name-calling. I'm the one who's going to get in trouble—"

"Oh, poor you, your big hulky boyfriend is going to punish you. How will you ever recover?"

"Jealous?"

"This was your idea, you—"

"Princess," Henry says sternly, interrupting the squabbling. "Come inside with your guest, now."

There's some muffled shuffling and grunts before the door creaks open, and the two eavesdroppers step into the office.

“Heeey, guys,” Noah greets. “Fancy seeing the both of you here. I was just showing my good friend, Leo, around—”

“Leo has had a tour before,” Henry comments evenly. “Has he forgotten the place so quickly?”

“Short memory, this one,” Noah quips, offering a radiant smile to his partner. “Anyways, we best be off. I owe my comrade a drink—”

He makes a turn to leave, but it’s no use.

“Lying and eavesdropping?” Henry tsks. “Princess, what am I to do with you?”

“Umm, love me?” His shrug can’t hide the nervous but excited smile tugging at his lips.

“I already do,” Henry replies. “What exactly would that teach you?”

“Uhhh...” Noah can’t think of anything quick enough.

“Do keep our guest entertained for me, will you Ezra? I have to have a talk with Noah... privately.”

“Fuck,” one of them whispers. Who? I’m not sure.

“Not a problem,” I say, too curious to deny the request.

Up until now, I’ve only seen Leo in the dance studio with my daughter. I haven’t allowed myself to think about him whilst actually looking at him. He’s too beautiful and too tempting. I’ve told myself that thinking about him in anything beyond a professional capacity is inappropriate and impossible. Even if I have confessed my attraction toward him to Henry. I had to tell someone about him. It’s driving me crazy to stay away.

Miley likes him, and I’ll always put her first. Messing around with Leo could end badly, and my daughter losing her favorite dance teacher hardly seems like an option. But I can’t lie to myself while he’s standing here in front of me now. This isn’t the dance studio, and the risk somehow doesn’t feel so risky anymore. If he’s interested, I’m going to make a move.

He’s too lovely, too young, and too fucking pretty for me to ruin... so I might just need to make him mine. Yes... this can’t

be a one-night fuck, this has to be something more. I can't ruin him if I never let him go. If he can handle what I give him, I'll be inclined to give him more.

Once the office door shuts behind Henry and Noah, I acknowledge him fully.

"Leo," I greet, keeping a firm edge to my voice. After all, I am supposed to be upset with him for listening through the door. If he were mine and I'd caught him, his ass would already be beginning to redden under my hand.

His cheeks tinge pink. "Uh, hi, Mr. Jones."

My head tilts to the side. "It's Ezra," I correct.

"Oh, right. Erm, Ezra, then," he stammers. He clears his throat before continuing, "I didn't know you knew Henry and Noah."

"Henry and I have worked together in the past," I tell him vaguely. "I've just recently met Noah." Well, within the past year. "And you? How do you know the two?"

"We went to college together, uh, Noah and I."

"Did you?"

His face flushes harder under my stare. "Yes..." Nervously twisting his fingers together, he blinks twice. "So, where's Miley tonight? With her mom?"

At the mention of my daughter, I smile. "She's with my brother, likely being spoiled rotten as we speak."

"The hockey coach? I thought he didn't move here yet."

"Checking up on me?" I tease with a chuckle.

He blushes so hard his cheeks turn a bright red. "Noah said that's what you and Henry were talking about—"

"I figured, I'm only teasing," I interrupt, letting him off easy. "But no, I have two brothers. Justin and Henley. Henley is the hockey coach. Justin works in developing apps, so he works from home a lot. Miley hangs out with him and his wife when I have somewhere to be."

“Oh.” His cheeks puff, losing a held breath and his spine becomes less rigid. With some of his previous tension deflated, he asks, “So is your wife here with you then?”

My brows draw in. “My wife?”

His hands lift, one pointing to the other. “Uh, yeah, your wife?” he repeats, emphasizing the left ring finger in his little demonstration. Then it dawns on me what he means.

I look down at my own hand and chuckle. “This,” I say, pulling the silver band from my finger, “is a prop.” I’ve gotten so used to putting it on that I hardly notice it.

“A prop?”

“Correct.” I pocket the little thing, seeing as I won’t be needing it tonight. “When Miley is around, I wear it to keep people away. I don’t appreciate being hit on in her presence.”

“Oh.” His throat bobs. “Does... does that happen a lot?”

Not anymore. I shrug. “Not with the ring on.”

“And without it?” he asks. “Do women hit on you a lot?”

With the way he asks, I’m able to see through to the deeper meaning of the words he’s chosen. “Women, men,” I reply honestly, watching his lips part as he shifts on his feet. “I’m particularly disinterested in the former, but the compliment is nice.”

“*Oh wow,*” he blurts.

“Problem with that?” I ask, tilting my head to the side. “I assumed since you’re close with Henry and Noah—”

“No, no,” Leo rushes out. “No problem. Of course not, I just thought... well, with Miley and the ring... I shouldn’t have assumed. I’m sorry.” A shaky breath leaves him. “I mean, I’m gay so... no problem. At all. Swear.”

He is positively *adorable* when he’s flustered.

“Are you?” I taunt, looking him up and down obviously. “Wouldn’t have guessed that.”

His mouth pops open before he asks, “Are you teasing me?”

“I could be.” I shrug. “Do you like being teased, Leo?”

He gulps, nodding.

“Do you want to go back to the party?”

There’s not even a pause before he’s shaking his head no.

I didn’t come here looking for a hookup, especially not with the gorgeous, tease-of-a-man I’ve been trying not to look at for months. And just having his eyes on mine for this little interaction has my dick stirring to life behind my zipper.

I won’t pretend like I haven’t thought of him before, late at night with my cock in hand—getting off to the idea of his lips wrapped tightly around my shaft or thinking about how he’d take a pounding from behind. I’ve seen that perfect ballerina boy ass in tights too many times not to ponder what it would feel like in my hands.

I can admit that I’ve avoided wondering about him, and I have *a lot*, but I can’t deny how my mind shifts to him when I need to come. No one has made me blow my load so hard in years.

“Why don’t we finish your tour then,” I suggest, wetting my bottom lip. “Guest room?”

Biting his lip he nods in agreement. “Guest room.”

CHAPTER FIVE



Leo

The guest room door slams behind us and Ezra flicks the lock into place before thrusting me against the wall next to him. We didn't see a single guest on our way in here, and with the implication Henry made about having a private 'talk' with Noah, I just know that he sent them home early. *Thank fuck.*

"If you don't want this, say it now." His voice is hoarse and wanting.

"F-fuck that," I whimper, already feeling weak with the heady realization that my fantasy is becoming a reality. His hands gripping my biceps are the only things holding me in place.

He grins, lowering his mouth to hover above mine. "One more thing..." He offers a simple, teasing peck to my lips. "If you really want me, when I make you come—and I will make you come, Leo—you call me Daddy."

I shiver involuntarily at the word. "*Oh fuck.*"

"Mmm," he agrees. "Oh fuck indeed, ballerina boy. Tell me yes."

"Yes, Daddy," I whisper.

His pupils dilate, and he surges forward, capturing my lips with his.

A needy moan crawls up my throat, eyes slamming shut. *I can't believe this is happening, holy shit!*

Hands trembling, I reach for him, curling my fingers into the soft fabric of his shirt to pull him closer. He's wearing casual clothes; blue jeans and a long-sleeve black cotton top. Underdressed for a party or not, he's delectable. Clothes hardly matter, he won't be wearing anything in a moment if I have my way.

His large, warm hands shift, dragging up my arms to cradle the sides of my face. My gasp in response gives him enough room to sink his tongue between my lips. The sensation has my eyes rolling behind their lids. My tongue twirls, rolling around the tip of his as we kiss deeper, blood rushing from my head to my crotch.

Our mouths pull apart, and he seeks out my neck, latching onto the side of it to suck and kiss. My hips move forward, sparks bursting between us as he lavishes my throat.

"You taste as sweet as you look, ballerina boy," he groans into my skin.

"We're wearing too many clothes," I complain, voice cracking.

He chuckles. "Eager, are we?"

"You have no idea," I sigh, trying to grope his chest through his shirt. "*Please, Daddy?*"

He rids himself of his shirt first, pulling it up and over his head like some kind of mountain man model.

"*Goddamn,*" I breathe, reaching out to touch his muscles. "Even better than I thought."

He's warm and firm, chest smooth, and nipples slightly hard. *Perfection.*

"You next," he says, not waiting for me to do it myself. He swiftly tugs my top up, pulling it off of me and throwing it to the ground. "You're gorgeous, baby. Fucking beautiful."

We're a mess of limbs and lips while stripping off our pants, unable to keep our mouths off of each other until we're both left standing in our underwear. Briefs for me, boxers for him.

Both are experiencing significant strain to the fabric, his more so than mine.

Oh fuck, his dick is big. *Of course, it is.*

Exploring and making out causes our erections to finally touch, rubbing against each other and the fabric keeping us apart. Even with the cotton in the way, the touch is fucking electric.

“I want to come so bad,” I groan, breathing hard.

“I know you do, baby.” Shit, I really like that. Him calling me baby. “Blowjobs?”

I try not to frown at the question. I know he is just thinking that this is a totally unexpected encounter and we haven’t discussed logistics.

I bite my lip. “I, uh—” *Shit, spit it out.* “Blowjobs are great but... you can fuck me,” I offer quickly. “Um, if you want.”

His eyes darken. “You’re sure?”

“Yeah.” I release a shaky breath. “I can bottom if you warm me up first. I’m... *prepared.*” I wince at the word, feeling awkward for saying it out loud.

It’s not a bad thing, I remind myself. It’s responsible, Ezra just makes me shy!

“Not that I’m not grateful, but is there a reason that you’re prepped and ready to go, Leo?” The question is a stern one.

Ohhhh, shit.

“Well, you see... the thing is...”

He arches a thick brow but doesn’t say anything, just waits for an answer.

“I sort of have this irrational fear that Henry and Noah will ask to, you know... and I won’t be ready. So I kind of *prepare* just in case?”

“You’re telling me you prep every time you come see them on the off chance that they’ll want to fuck you together?”

“Well, when put it like that it sounds a little crazy.” Or slutty. Maybe both?

“Oh, no,” he drawls. “Seems like a perfectly rational little routine you have going. Should I call Henry then? That what you’re into?”

“No!” I blurt, shaking my head with an exacerbated huff. “God, it’s like you were put on this earth to fluster me!”

A teasing smirk spreads across his face. “Do I fluster you often, ballerina?”

Yes! I want to scream. So much so that I’m not really sure why I continued my little habit of getting ready for a potential threesome. I doubt I’d be able to accept the offer since becoming entirely enamored with Ezra.

“Are you going to tease me about this now?” I demand, crossing my arms over my chest. “It is perfectly sensible to prepare for the unexpected. And besides, I haven’t been able to think about anyone other than you and your stupidly handsome face for months. I’m not even sure why I stuck with my routine this time, and I’m particularly uninterested in anyone other than y—”

He cuts me off with a rough kiss, even more blistering than our first. Fuck, if blurting out confessions with embarrassing honesty is going to get me kissed like this... just, *damn*.

“Do you have a condom?”

Fuck. How could I forget that?

“I don’t, do you?”

His head shakes. “I haven’t... It’s been a long time, Leo.”

“For me too,” I admit. “I’ve been tested since, I’m all good. Have you?”

“I have, I’m good too.”

“We could still—”

“Are you offering to let me fuck you bare?”

The heat in his eyes makes me melt.

“*Yeah.*” I want him so badly, there’s no getting around it.

He doesn’t need another word, pushing me onto the bed on my back. He sheds my briefs, tossing them to the ground.

“Wait right here,” he commands, kissing my chest and stomach a few times before getting up. I try to steady my breathing, remaining completely still.

Ezra dips into the ensuite bathroom, returning with a small container. Noticing my questioning look, he explains, “It’s coconut oil,” before nudging himself between my legs. He takes all of me in, looking over every inch. “God, you’re stunning, baby. Knees up for Daddy, yeah?”

I plant my feet flat against the mattress, exposing myself entirely to him.

“Damn, look at you…” he trails off, his hands gliding up my thighs. “Gotta get this pretty little ass stretched out for me. And then you’re going to take Daddy’s cock in this needy, beautiful ballerina boy hole. Raw.”

My stomach flips. “Please,” it’s all I can say. I need him.

With the first swipe of his slicked-up fingers over my puckered hole, my dick *weeps*, precum dripping from the tip. He doesn’t waste time needlessly teasing me, I’m already worked up enough. Instead, he carefully slips the first finger past the ring of muscle, sinking in to the knuckle.

I soften for him, relaxing and letting out soft moans as he removes and re-inserts his thick digit over and over again. I don’t expect it when he leans forward and sucks my cock into his mouth. My hips buck up, shifting his finger to a new angle. A garbled cry falls from my lips, and Ezra moans around the tip of my length.

He hollows his cheeks, continuing to suck while he works me. Minutes pass and the intensity increases as he goes from one finger to two to three. He’s avoiding my prostate, like he *knows* I can’t handle the combination of his mouth and his fingers all at once.

I’m so relieved when his mouth pops off of me. I can’t imagine going even a minute longer without coming undone.

“Get on top, ballerina boy,” he instructs, lips shiny with saliva. “I want the first time you take me to be at your pace. Wanna feel you stretch and accept me all on your own.”

I don't miss the implication of his words. *The first time*. Hope for a second, third, fourth, even a fifth time with him swells in my chest. Erza kisses up my torso before pecking my lips and pulling me on top of him as he rolls onto his back. My thighs open, body stretching to straddle him. *He's just so thick*.

With his cock surrounded by his meaty fist, he lines it up between my legs, guiding me into position. He's not even inside of me yet and this is the best sex of my life. Skin on skin, masculine scent in the air, it's so... *hot*.

Feeling his tip against my hole, I begin to lower myself. His eyes bore into mine as I sink far enough down to engulf the first inch of him. Warm hands grip my hips, helping me take more of him. *God, I never want this feeling to end*.

I clench around him as he glides over my most sensitive spot, eyes rolling back. I can't help the urge to begin rocking, finally fucking myself with his fat cock.

“*Shhhhit*,” I whisper, attempting not to squirm in his hands.

“Leo,” he growls, dragging me farther down by my hips. “There you go, baby. Take it nice and deep for me.”

Ezra continues to move me, sliding me down onto him until I'm entirely full of him. His cock now buried to the hilt, he holds still, waiting for me to adjust to the girth of him.

I can't help myself, lifting back up to sink down harder. Eyes rolling, I repeat the action, again and again, fucking myself on his cock without saying a word. I can only moan, shutting my eyes so that I don't lose my control entirely.

Fingers flex around my hips and Ezra groans, keeping me steady while I ride him, speeding up and taking him greedily. My cock slaps against his abs as I move, tempting me to grab it, but I resist. I'm already close, I can't handle any more added sensation.

Like he can't hold back any longer, the man beneath me is suddenly on top of me, taking over. My eyes pop open, unable

to avoid the look of him any longer. He doesn't rest for a moment, driving into me with powerful thrusts that have me covering my mouth as I cry out.

"Yes," he moans. "Eyes on mine, baby. Get your hand off of those pretty lips. I want to hear you." Gathering my legs by the backs of my knees, he lifts them up, tightening them around his hips. "Can't get close enough to you. *Fuck!*"

"Ezra," I choke out, voice rasping as the bed shakes beneath us. His body rocks harder against mine, hot skin touching me everywhere.

There's no way Noah and Henry can't hear what we're doing in here—there's no possible way they don't hear me whining for the man pounding my ass. We're in their fucking guest room for fuck's sake. I'm not going to be able to look either of them in the eye ever again. Shit, I don't even care right now.

My nails dig into the hard muscles of his shoulders, garbled moans flying from my lips without permission. I hold on tight, anchoring myself to him, and buck against his thrusts, humping as best as I can manage from this angle.

"Yeah, gorgeous, that's it," he encourages, voice husky with desire. "Keep fucking my cock just like that. This greedy little hole needs it, huh?"

"Fuck," I gasp, hot nerves lighting up in my stomach from his filthy mouth. "Yesss!"

His head dips down to my neck, mouth drawing in a long breath, teeth sink into the side of my throat, causing me to clench around him and nearly scream.

"Mmm," he moans in approval. "Good ballerina boy, choking my cock with your perfect, hot little ass."

"Daddy, I'm so close," I pant.

He leans back up, enough to reach for my hard cock, surrounding me with his hand and giving me a tight pull. "Come for me, Leo. Let me see you lose it so I can paint your hole and fucking fill you."

Hot waves of pleasure crash into me, and I'm done for, ropes of cum shooting from my dick. The spurts land on my stomach and his, messy and warm. His eyes blaze with approval as he pulls out of me, jerking his cock twice before he's coming on my asshole.

I watch as he drags the head of his cock through the semen on my ass and sinks back inside of me. His eyes are laser-focused on the action as he repeats it, pushing his cum into my hole and pumping his hips a few times.

"Fucking perfect," he murmurs, gaze flicking to my face. "You're incredible, Leo."

I flush under his praise as a tired smile spreads across my face. "So are you."

There isn't any awkwardness when he carries me to the shower and gets us cleaned up. We kiss lazily under the hot stream, touching each other boldly, and exploring as we go. It gets to the point where we're both hard again. Ezra takes care of that too, stroking both of us off, cocks sliding against one another in his hands, until we break, moaning into our kiss.

When we're finally clean, he dries me off and tucks me into bed before doing the same to himself. Neither of us makes a move to leave or even suggests it. We just sleep.

CHAPTER SIX



Ezra

Knocking wakes me up before the sunlight does. Leo stirs in the arms, hearing it as well.

“Hey, sluts, breakfast is ready,” Noah calls through the door, chuckling to himself. “Wakey, wakey. I have food for youuu,” he sings.

“You’re the worst,” Leo calls out, voice hoarse from sleep.

Noah gasps. “Rude! Now hurry up before it gets cold.”

Breakfast is the last thing on my mind. I’m still reeling from the astonishing night I shared with Leo. The way we touched each other and couldn’t get enough. The way he made me come alive. He was perfect. Everything I craved and more. I’m tempted to ignore our friends in favor of another round if it weren’t entirely too rude.

Reluctantly, we leave the bed, getting dressed in our clothes from last night. We take turns freshening up and then head toward the dining room, opting not to talk about last night. Yet.

“Morning,” Henry greets, sending a smirk my way. “Sleep well?”

I ignore him, sitting down at the table.

“Yes, thanks,” Leo answers, sitting next to his friend.

Henry nods, not adding more. The silence is fleeting, though. Just as we’re settled into our seats and getting food, the

conversation begins again

“Heard some interesting things walking by our guest room last night,” Noah muses, laughing as Leo immediately turns red.

The ballerina shakes his head. “No, you didn’t.”

“Oh, but I did,” his friend disagrees, offering a big grin and a knowing smirk. “Never thought about a threesome before. Though, would it be four now?”

Leo buries his face into his hands and groans. “You’re the worst.”

“But you would fuck me,” Noah sings in response. “Such a flattering thing to overhear, don’t you think, Henry?”

The older man shrugs. “Never had a thing for twins but—”

“Don’t finish that sentence!” I snap, sending Henry a warning glare. He only chuckles, picking up his mug for a sip of coffee. I know the smug bastard isn’t even entertaining the idea of sharing, he just wants to work me up. He’s just as possessive as I am, if not more.

The twin comment is ridiculous as well. Noah and Leo don’t even look *that* similar.

“I vote that we never discuss this ever again,” Leo suggests, shoving a blueberry scone into his mouth.

“I second that,” I grumble.

“I’ll consider it,” Noah concedes. “I could be bribed into forgetting.”

“I don’t have anything to bribe you with,” Leo tells him. “Unless you want ballet lessons.” He offers a wink, letting his previous embarrassment go.

Henry chuckles. “Now there’s an idea.”

Noah rolls his eyes. “I was thinking dinner. Next week?”

“I can manage that,” Leo agrees.

Eating his toast quietly, a strange expression comes over his face. Looking at the crisp piece of bread, Leo’s eyes suddenly

flare open. “Toast!” he yells, dropping the food from his hands.

“Yes, that is toast,” Henry comments easily.

“No,” Leo exclaims, standing up from the table. “*Toast*, my kitten!”

Noah stands up too, holding up his hands like he’s attempting to calm him down. “Hey, hey, it’s okay. It’s only eight am; you’ve only been gone for twelve hours. I’m sure she’s fine.”

He pinches his lips between his teeth. “She’s not fully grown yet; she shouldn’t be alone this long, really. I have to go check on her.”

“Totally okay,” Noah tells him. “Come on, I’ll call a car for—”

“I can take you,” I interrupt, getting to my feet. “No sense in waiting for a car, mine is here.” *And I’m not done with you yet. I don’t think I ever will be.*

“I—” he looks as though he might object. “Are you sure?”

“You’re on the way, it’s no problem.”

Henry smirks. “No, I bet not.”

Noah scowls at his partner. “Ignore him. Come on, I’ll walk you guys to the elevator. You can take it straight down to the garage.”

Trying not to stress Leo out more than he already is, I remain quiet and calm for the trip down. I take his arm softly without a word, guiding him in the direction of where I’m parked. When I get him to the passenger side, the worried look in his eyes has lessened.

“An Audi?” he asks, nodding to my car with a surprised look.

I chuckle, getting his door open and waiting for him to duck inside before safely shutting it behind him. When I get into my own seat I ask, “Not what you were expecting?”

“You normally drive the black truck,” he blurts. “Erm, at least, when you bring Miley to class you do.”

“Ah, been watching me that closely, have you?”

“I, uh,” he splutters, but I save him from trying to explain.

“I’m only messing with you, Leo.” I start the drive once he buckles in, knowing which direction to head but not the exact location. Pointing to the touch screen in the center of us, I say, “Type in your address, and I’ll get you there to check on Toast.”

He flushes, moving to do just that. “Thank you, Ezra, really. I’m sure she’s fine, but I wasn’t expecting to stay the night...”

“Least I could do,” I grunt. “I’m the one who put you to sleep after all.”

Fuck, for more of what we did last night... I’d give him way more than a ride home.

CHAPTER SEVEN



Leo

There's a bit of morning traffic, but not enough to make me spiral. It still doesn't stop me from running up to my building and rushing up the stairs so fast that my lungs burn.

Ezra follows me up to my apartment—keeping pace easily—and I don't question it, too busy thinking of Toast. I can't believe it slipped my mind that she shouldn't really be alone longer than ten hours. Twelve isn't much longer, but *still*. I'm worried. I feel like the worst cat dad on the planet.

I shove my door open after struggling with the key and rush inside, not bothering to latch it behind me. The biggest rush of relief fills me when I get sight of my girl snuggled up on the couch. I slump to my knees in front of her, smacking two quick kisses to the top of her head, shocking her awake.

"I'm so sorry, Toast," I tell her, stroking her fur.

She only purrs, tucking her head to roll on her back and expose her tummy. My shoulders loosen from the stiff and anxious position they've been in. Nothing is wrong. I can breathe properly again.

"Seems like she's okay," Ezra comments, surprising both Toast and me. Her little head pops up, tilting to the side as she assesses the new man in the house.

He looks way too good in my space, leaning his bulky frame against the doorway that's between the kitchen and living room. He's as tall as my bookshelf, the top of his head nearly resting against the oak shelves connected to the wall.

“Yeah, she’s okay,” I agree. “Thank you for bringing me here. I really was worried.”

I add the last part, hoping he doesn’t think otherwise. I liked hanging out with him, and I really don’t want him to think this was some lame excuse to dip out without talking about last night.

“I know you were,” he says softly. “Caring for a pet can be intense. Worrying is normal.”

“Right. Well, um—” I get to my feet. “This is my place. It’s not much but it’s cozy for an apartment. Safe, which is mostly why I bought it. I get a bit nervous in some buildings. I genuinely don’t understand how structures don’t collapse in on themselves, but this one seems sturdy enough.”

He blinks at me, and then tosses his head back, letting out a full-bellied laugh. “Yes, it’s a sturdy building, Leo. I’d attempt to explain the engineering of buildings and their structural integrity, but I can think of about ten other things that I’d rather do with my mouth and your undivided attention.”

Gulp. “Oh, wow. You are *bold*, Mr. James.”

“I think you quite know that I prefer Ezra or in this specific case, Daddy will do.”

Surely my mouth is just hanging open. *Better close that.* “You want to stay then? For...?”

“Unfortunately, I have to be across town in an hour,” he says frankly, moving to consume my space. We’re toe to toe, close enough to kiss. “But if you’d be agreeable to it, I would love to give that tight little ass another hard fuck before I go.”

“Yeah?” I croak.

“Uh huh,” he agrees, nodding slowly. “I’d take you over to that counter, strip you down, lift one of your pretty little legs up, and let you show Daddy how flexible you are while I fill you up again. Need to see you dripping with cum again because, baby, it’s a fucking sight.”

“Let’s do that,” I reply with no hesitation.

“What do you say?” he tsks.

“Um...”

“Say, *please, daddy. Take me to the kitchen and fuck me full.*”

Chills scatter down my arms, pebbling my skin. “Please, daddy. Take me to the kitchen and fuck me full.”

“Of course, baby,” he agrees. Then he’s on me, kissing me hard and guiding me into the connecting room.

Clothes disappear, moans are shared, and greedy touches are exchanged. A familiar sounding cap clicks open, and he’s spinning me around, hips meeting the edge of the island countertop.

“Lube?” I ask. *Where did he get that?*

“You keep it on your bookshelf,” he answers easily. The bookshelf he was standing next to previously. *Damn, he’s good.*

“Leg up,” Ezra instructs. “Big stretch, I want to see that pretty hole move, ballerina boy.”

Attempting to be smooth and alluring, I easily extend my right leg up, lifting it high and pointed. Knowing it’s impossible to be fucked without anchoring myself, I allow my knee to relax, connecting my foot to the counter. I’m still splayed wide open for him, pushing my bottom back against his crotch now that I’m more stable.

“Like that, Daddy?” I whisper, yearning for approval.

“Fuuuuck, baby, that was perfect,” he praises, reaching between my spread legs to lube my entrance. “You’re flawless. Such a good boy for Daddy, listening so well.”

He has me whimpering in seconds, able to stretch me faster than last night. His steel-hard length is positioned and ready to go. Before I know it, he’s seating himself entirely.

“God! Daddy, fuck!” I cry out, reveling in the fullness he provides.

We don’t talk much this time around, losing ourselves in the intense, hurried act. He has to go, and we both need to come.

We share grunts, groans, and moans, basking in the rolls of pleasure each pump of his hips provides. It's primal and needy and so goddamn *good!*

Time seems to still around us as we both reach the edge, panting and heating up. His fist surrounds my shaft, and he strokes me with fevered passion.

“Come for Daddy, Leo. Squeeze my cock with that orgasm, baby. Be a good boy.”

That's enough for me, shoving me over the edge. I have to bite my lip to stifle a scream.

At my muffled yell, he preens. “Mmm, yeah, just like that.”

Ezra fucks me through my peak, continuing to stroke the spurts of cum straight from my dick while meeting his own end. His warmth spills directly inside of me this time, and it makes my heart race—thinking it was so good that he couldn't bear pulling out.

We pause, both of us having to catch our breaths before untangling from one another and dressing. Underwear only for me, given that now I need another shower.

When he's fully dressed, I find myself almost expecting a smack of a kiss on the cheek and a dismissive goodbye. Not because Ezra seems like the type of asshole to do such a thing, but because I can't believe I've gotten even this much from him.

I hardly expect it when he asks, “Do you want to go out next weekend?”

My heart seems to stop and then thuds *hard*. “A date? Really?”

He nods, taking and kissing each of my fingers. “I'm a no nonsense kind of guy, Leo. I like this, and I like being with you. I want to get to know you and see you more. Do you want that?”

“Yes,” I say too quickly, but I don't care. I sound eager because I *am* eager. “I definitely want that.”

“Good,” he says, giving me that too-charming smile. “We'll need to be discreet at first, around Miley. I don't want to get

her hopes up or confuse her.”

“Of course,” I agree, nodding firmly. “She should always come first.”

I swear to fuck his eyes twinkle. “Speaking of, I should go get her before she eats her uncle out of Cheetos. I’ll text you?”

“Yeah,” I say, breathing out.

We kiss goodbye, and I spend the rest of the day lost in dreamy thoughts of Ezra.

Our first date, Ezra takes me to a food festival downtown. We peruse the different trucks and pick out different snacks and drinks to taste. All the while, we shift from walking and talking to sitting and talking. He drives me home, kisses me silly, and leaves me there, telling me that though he’d like to stay, he wants to show me he’s here for more than one thing.

Two weeks later, we’ve officially hung out six more times. An art show, two dinners, and three hangouts at my place casually watching movies and practically worshipping each other’s bodies.

The whole time we progress, we’re able to remain inconspicuous in front of Miley. Luckily, it’s only one class a week, or I’d be in trouble; I smile like an idiot at him far too often to go unnoticed.

Two more weeks and I’m in love. There’s no denying it.

I wait until I can’t hold it in anymore, and he still beats me to it. Telling me that he loves me a week later while cooking me homemade pasta in my kitchen, wearing only a pair of sweatpants. It’s magical.

It’s the following night that he tells me about how Miley came to be. He’d been in a rough patch, and even though he was quite certain he’d exclusively liked men, he wondered if that weren’t the case. He hadn’t had a pleasant hook-up or date in ages.

And, well... women hit on him more, and a few too many glasses of wine had him finally taking one up on their offer. A broken condom and nine months later, that same woman was at his door, offering him his child. Full rights with no strings, only that he was to never contact her again.

She couldn't be a mother, she said. He couldn't even ask for a reason farther than that, only thanked her for a gift that he could never repay. He loved Miley after only one look.

If I hadn't already fallen for him, I would have after hearing his story. Ezra James is a good man. And now, he's *my* man.

And today, we're trying something new. Something new and torturous. Something that's been killing me for an hour.

CHAPTER EIGHT



Ezra

I've been edging my little ballerina boy for an hour, and I've got to end it. Though beautiful while begging, I can't deny him more than I already have. It's too much.

We're both entirely naked—in his bed—and it's time for Daddy to make his good boy explode.

He's practically shaking as he pleads for relief. The desperation in his voice brings a vicious smirk to my face. I give him one more punishing beat of stillness before crushing my mouth into his. A grateful moan rolls up his throat, quivering as he presses his lips harder against mine.

Leo's hips lift, his cock seeking touch. I allow him to thrust at me, but ignore his body, focusing on tasting him instead. My tongue dances with his, gliding and twirling deeply, pulling more lovely sounds from him. I've given him so much build-up that I need to reward him for, but kissing Leo thoroughly is something I can never skip. If I feel a call to his mouth—and I normally do—I have to answer it.

Even greedy for his kisses, I know I can't make him wait much longer, Leo needs me. He needs a fast and hard fuck to take away the ache I've built up inside of him.

My man needs to come, yes, but he doesn't need it from a quick jerk or a sloppy blowjob. A proper pounding is in order for this level of need. My cock stretching his hole open wide and hitting him in all the right places is the only thing that will leave him entirely satisfied.

“Turn around,” I command, nipping at his bottom lip. He spins so fast that I haven’t retracted my mouth yet, planting my mouth against the side of his neck. I chuckle, pressing a peck there. “This is going to be fast, okay? You’ve done so well for Daddy—been such a good boy for me. This will be your reward, baby. You want Daddy to show you what you’ve earned?”

“Yes,” he gasps. “I want it, Daddy.”

“Yeah? Are you going to keep being good and take Daddy’s fat cock for him, huh? Gonna squeeze the fuck out of my dick so that I’ll fill you full of cum?”

“Yes, yes, please,” he pleads, pushing his ass back into me. His perfect, firm little ass.

Generously lubricating his hole, I already know it’s ready for me, having fingered and rimmed him ruthlessly earlier.

Glistening cock in hand, I guide the red swollen tip to his asshole, watching as he bears down, silently welcoming me to glide inside. He really is such a good boy.

Unable to waste a moment more, my hips press forward, smacking my pelvis against the plump muscle of his sexy ass. Leo looks over his shoulder at me, eyes heavy with desire as a desperate whimper falls from his pretty pink lips. Just that look drives me wild.

As promised, I take him hard and fast, fucking him like a starving man. Our combined moans fill the room, skin slapping together echoing with the sounds from our mouths.

I have to tell him how fucking perfect he is. Have to toss dirty words at him so he knows how much I fucking adore him.

“Fuuuuckkk, that’s it. Take it just like that, Leo,” I groan. “Are you being a good boy for Daddy and fucking your hand? Does it feel good, baby? Getting your perfect ass pounded while you stroke that needy cock, hmm? Tell me.”

Leo cries out. “Yes! It’s so good, holy shit,” he pants, thrusting his ass back to meet my hips. “Ahhh. Daddy, *please!* So, so good.” My sensitive ballerina boy is shaking through his pleas,

getting everything he's asking for but too wound up and sensitive to fully realize it.

"Such a horny little thing for me, aren't you?" My fingers dig into the sides of his hips, needing to hold him close. I have to keep him close. I can't let him go. *Shiiiiit*. "My perfect ballerina fucking me back just like he knows Daddy wants, yeah?"

We're hit at the same time, bodies succumbing to the pleasure we've built up. My cock throbs, unloading into his tight heat as he moans and jerks a load out onto the bed beneath us. The orgasm is so strong that my legs tingle, and my head goes fuzzy.

Slowly, I offer a few more pumps, loving the overly sensitive feeling for just a moment before pulling out. Leo slumps, letting out a heavy breath as he flips onto his back so as not to lay in his mess.

I pepper kisses all over him, lavishing his neck, chest, and face. "Perfect," I breathe. "Don't move, love, I got you."

"I couldn't move if I tried," Leo replies breathlessly, chest rising and falling as he tries to steady his breathing.

"Feeling better, my sweet ballerina?"

"Yeah," he whispers. "Perfect."

"That's good." I kiss the side of his face softly. "Just lie there, baby, I'll get you cleaned up so you can sleep. Blissed out in bed is my favorite look on you. All hooded lids and puffy lips, you are."

Leo grins. "Sexy, right?"

I laugh, unable to help it. "*Unbelievably*. Now sleep, before that smirk of yours gets you into trouble."

"You got it, Daddy."

"Cheeky thing."

"Love you," he whispers.

"I love you too, baby." And damn, do I.

Like I promised, I get him cleaned up and return to bed—after discarding the top cum-stained blanket—pulling his exhausted body into mine. We spoon until neither of us are able to stay awake a wink longer.

My last thought before sleep claims me is that it's time to introduce him to Miley. As mine.

EPILOGUE



Ezra

One Month Later

Today's the day. My almost four year old daughter has just wrangled herself into her favorite play dress, throwing it on right over her casual clothes for the day. It's just about time for a book, so I have her come get comfortable with me in the book corner. Only I don't move to pick up any reading material.

She's eager for the story time today because I've told her there's a surprise for her afterward—which isn't a lie.

Once she's settled in my lap, cradling three dolls tight in a hug, I speak. "Miley, sweetie, Papa has something to tell you."

Her big brown eyes blink twice, and she grins. "A secret, Papa?"

"Sort of," I tell her, only to keep her excitement alive. Really, there's going to be nothing secret about it once I let her know. "I have a new friend that I want you to meet. A special friend who is going to be around more."

"Special friend? For me?"

"For me," I correct softly. "A special friend for Papa to love and have around a lot. A boyfriend."

She blinks, digesting the words.

"You know Mr. Leo?"

“Uh huh!” She nods enthusiastically. “Ballet! Mr. Leo. My favorite!”

“That’s right, sweetie.” I let out a breath. “What do you think about Mr. Leo being Papa’s special friend?”

She gasps. “Papa, you love Mr. Leo!?”

I let out a breathy laugh. She would latch on to the love bit before anything else, my smart girl. “I do, sweet pea. How do you feel about that?”

Her whole face lights up, nose scrunching with the force of her smile. “I love Mr. Leo too!” Her little body wiggles, and her fists raise into the air like a cheer, dropping her dolls to the floor. “Is he coming to play with us today!?”

“He is,” I tell her, breathing a sigh of relief. “You’re so smart, guessing that Mr. Leo is the surprise.” Kissing the top of her head, I pull my daughter in for a hug. “We can just call him Leo now, Miley. Can you remember that?”

“Leo!” she cheers in confirmation.

“And you’re okay with Papa loving Leo? With Papa dating Leo?”

“Uh-huh!”

The doorbell chimes, and her eyes go round. “Is that him, Papa?” she whisper-shouts.

“It is,” I whisper loudly back. “Let’s go let him in, hmm?”

“Okay!” she hops up, running on short legs to the front room.

He’s letting himself in with the key I gave him when she scrambles to a halt, spinning around to half-hide behind my leg. Shy but excited is essentially Miley in any new situation. She’s absolutely precious and never fails to melt my heart.

“Hi, Mr—I mean, just Leo!”

“Hello, Miley,” Leo says, smiling nervously. He’s looking lovely as usual, dressed in a fit pair of jeans and long-sleeve cotton shirt. “Would you like to meet Toast?” He holds up the small cat carrier and a high-pitched meow sounds from it.

Miley gasps from behind my leg and immediately rushes toward him. “You have a kitty!?”

“I do! Is it okay if she plays with us today?”

“Of course!” she squeaks, jumping up and down.

“We have to show Toast her water and litter box first,” I tell my daughter. I’d bought both specifically for this visit. And hopefully, constant visits to follow. “Come now, let’s get our furry guest sorted.”

An hour later, Miley is positively obsessed with Toast. She’s gentle with her, and totally content following her around as she explores our house. Hopefully, soon-to-be her house too. Fuck, I’ll build a new one if this one doesn’t suit Leo.

It’s one of my first personal projects. Five bedrooms, three bathrooms, and a sort of hybrid of farmhouse style and cottage. It’s a warm place to live. A place I’m happy to raise Miley and grow old with... *fuck, I’m getting ahead of myself, aren’t I?*

We’ve moved into the kitchen, watching as Miley follows Toast around the connecting dining room, amused as the little thing twirls between chair legs.

Leo and I share a look, both basking in just how well this is going. Needing to feel our connection, I pull him close. Our lips meet, tender and sweet.

Just as I’m about to pull back, squealing laughter meets my ears. “Papa, you’re kissing!”

Leo chuckles, dropping his head to hide in my neck. His cheeks heat against my skin.

“I’m probably going to kiss Leo a lot more, sweetie,” I tell her gently. “That okay with you?”

She hums, tapping her finger against her chin before shrugging. “Okay! Can I have cupcake?”

I laugh but nod. “Of course. What flavor?”

“Strawberry!”

“Strawberry it is, cupcake.”

She giggles. “I’m not a cupcake, Papa.”

“You’re right, you’re even sweeter.”

More giggles fill the room as she runs over to us. “Do you like strawberries, Leo? I’ll share my cupcake with you. Not Papa, though.”

“Betrayed by my own flesh and blood,” I sniff, hiding a smile at the awed expression on my boyfriend’s face.

“I like strawberries,” he tells her softly. “You don’t have to share with me if you don’t want to though, Miley.”

She blows a raspberry at him like that’s a ridiculous thing to say. “You silly, Leo. I share.” With a firm nod, she climbs into his chair with him and plops down on his thigh to sit. When she notices I haven’t fetched her treat for her yet, she huffs. “Papaaa!”

“I’m going, I’m going,” I relent, heading for the fridge.

“Psst,” I hear Miley whisper to Leo. I watch from the corner of my eye as she cups one side of her face, and he leans in to listen. “My papa loves you,” she tells him, not able to make the words quiet enough.

Leo looks at her with sparkling eyes. “I love your papa too,” he whispers in return.

“And me?” she demands.

“Of course,” he confirms immediately.

A mischievous grin takes over her face. “And you want to be my other papa?”

My boyfriend chokes on air. “Um, w-what?”

Miley switches back to a regular volume. “Well... you love me and my papa. So you want to be my papa with him, right?”

“I...”

“And you live in Papa’s room with him?”

Deciding to save him, I come back to the table with a singular strawberry cupcake on a plate. “Leo won’t live in Papa’s room. Not yet Miley, but maybe soon.”

“And be my second papa too?” she asks sweetly, dipping a finger into her pink frosting.

“I bet if you ask him real nicely when the time is right, he won’t be able to tell you no, sweet pea.”

She squints. “When?”

I chuckle. “I’ll let you know when.”

The answer is enough to appease her, and she nods, her pigtailed bobbing with the force of it. “Okay, Papa.”

Turning to Leo she offers up her cupcake. “You can take a small bite, Almost-Papa.”

When he finds my eyes, there isn’t fear or confusion on his face. Only hope.

Well done, Miley. Well done.

****Want To Read Noah and Henry’s Story?***

****Pick Up [Daddy Goes First](#) Here****

ENDNOTE

Thanks so much for reading! Ezra and Leo were so cute and fun to write. I enjoyed giving Henry and Noah a bit of a cameo too. I know some of y'all have been asking to see them. Of course, we can't forget Toast and Miley coming through with the cuteness factor!

I hope you enjoyed your time and if you review books, please feel free to leave one for this book wherever you prefer. It means the most to have your support!

Thanks a million,

K.L Mann

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Instagram: @Kindakassiee

TikTok: @Kassandramann

Goodreads: K.L. Mann

Facebook Group: K.L Mann's Chaotic Queens



OTHER WORKS

Forbidden Feelings Novellas:

Daddy Goes First (MM, Taboo, Father-In-Law)

Put Me In Coach (MM, Coach/Step-dad)

Take Me Away Biker (MM, Biker x Model)

Tombstone University Minis:

Dare or Death (MMF, Ellie, Jace, and Mikael)

Merry or Mortem (FF, Jamie and Gretchen)

Bask or Burn (MMM, Sam, Hunt, and Paulo)

Moonlight University Series:

My Step Sister is A Vampire (MMMMFF, Vampire x Werewolf Pack)

Stand-Alone(s)

Burn Baby Burnt (MF, Second Chance, Age-Gap, Mom's Ex)

All I Want For Christmas is A Glitter Orc (MF, Monster Romance Novella)

Condemned Creatures Series:

Lamb Lamb (MF, fated mates, witch x demon)

Angel (MMF, pregnancy, human x demons)

Challenge Night Series:

I'll Do Anything (MF, arranged/coerced marriage)

I'll Burn Anyone (MFM, Brother's Best Friends/"Forbidden"
Love)

I'll Conquer Anyplace (Duet part 1, MMF, Rival Families,
Friends to Lovers)

I'll Withstand Any Storm (Duet part 2, MMF, Rival Families,
Friends to Lovers)