



*Daddy's*  
**Proud Pet**

ASTER RAE

# DADDY'S PROUD PET

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All characters are 21+ and engaged in a consensual role play relationship. Not for readers under 18.

 Created with Vellum

## Publisher's Note

This book has lots of snuggles, sweetness, heartwarming talks and more. There could be triggers for body insecurity and learning to accept your body the way it is—this doesn't come easy to Daddy Rochlan who was bullied as a kid, and he needs his boy to teach him this. There is a sugary sweet HEA.

## Blurb

**Only a Daddy can make a shy pup proud of who he is.**

Being a Daddy again isn't something I desire.

Ex-boyfriends like mine—*cheaters*—have a way of hardening your heart.

Everything changes when I happen to lay eyes on the adorable pup at the club.

His pup name is Barkington and he's sniffing a ball all alone in the corner.

His floppy brown hair falls over his eyes, but I can still see the potential that sparkles in him.

I can be his Daddy. The man to instill confidence in him.  
Make him shine.

The only question is... Will Barkington let me in to lift him up?

*Daddy's Proud Pup* is part of the Pride Pet Play 2023 multi-author series. Each book can be read as a standalone, but why not check them all out? If you like playful pets who are sometimes naughty, Pride parades, and Daddy's who love their boys unconditionally you'll fall in love with our pack!

# Chapter One



I'm not sure when exactly the lone pup in the corner catches my attention.

If it's the second I walk into the Little Bunny Kink Club or sometime later.

All I know is that I can't take my eyes off him.

He paws at a tennis ball, then rests his chin on his elbow. *Giving up so soon?* I'm tempted to ask.

It's tough as hell not to walk to his side and hand him the ball. Or another toy. He's too damn cute to leave to his own devices.

Maybe my mystery pup isn't the biggest fan of balls. There's nothing wrong with that. Chew toys are what many pups gravitate toward, anyway.

*I have it on good authority that there's a thick rope in the wicker basket to his left. I could tug it out, wave it above his head, and tell him to jump. Would he like that? Or would he find it too forward?*

Let's face it—I know damn well I want to give him something *else* to play with.

“Knock it off,” I grouse. I'm getting ahead of myself.

It's ironic, really. Ever since my ex, Christopher, cheated on me, I've been hesitant to jump back into the lifestyle. I make excuse after excuse when my friends invite me to the

club. *Too busy managing my chain of high-end gyms. Not ready. Need time.*

Now, I'm set to go from zero to ten with this poor pup who barely looks older than twenty-three.

But, fuck—he's *gorgeous*. Adorable freckles dot his nose and cheeks, kissing his skin like Hershey's. His chocolate lab-brown hair sits in waves across his forehead, lending him the air of a literal puppy.

Yet the bags under his hazelnut eyes are what I notice next. Christ—*those aren't good*. My shy pup is tired. Exhausted. Burnt out.

*I wonder what he does for a living. Student? Waiter? No—oversized, chunky-knit sweater model. I've definitely seen this boy in a J. Crew catalogue.*

My friend, Constantine, nudges my ribs. “Any boys catching your eye?”

“A pup.” I gesture to the lone pup in the corner.

“You have good taste.”

“I like to think so.” My pup tries and fails to chase his own tail. He rests his forehead against the closest wall.

“Barkington's one of Arlo's friends.” Arlo is Constantine's Little boy. “Would you like an introduction?”

I shake my head. “I'll handle it myself.”

My phone decides this is an excellent time to buzz.

**Sandy:** There's another ten-thousand dollars missing this month from our corporate accounts. Would you like me to hire a forensic accountant?

Last month, my payroll firm discovered a grave error in our books—we were ten grand short.

Sandy, my secretary, and I ran the numbers yet we couldn't figure out where the leak was coming from.

Every single dollar seemed accounted for—*seemed* being the key word. Clearly, someone's ripping me off.

*As the self-made CEO of Black Knight Gyms, I should be used to employee treachery by now. Unfortunately, I'm not.*

Constantine ticks his right eyebrow. “Everything all right?”

“Yeah.” Tapping out a response, I slide my phone into my pocket. “I’ll head over to Barkington now.”

Constantine cuffs my right shoulder. “Any pup would be happy to have you.”

I look down at my body. I hit the gym every morning, but after I caught Christopher in bed with another man, I felt like my workouts were for nothing. Sure, I have muscles. Six-pack abs. It’s how I’ve vindicated the overweight, chubby kid who bullies made fun of in middle school. Yet even my current figure couldn’t keep Christopher by my side.

“Thanks, man,” I huff.

“Go get ‘em.”

Billy

Barkington doesn’t want to come out tonight.

It’s such a shame. We’ve been looking forward to this event all week. Finally—a full three hours at my friend Arlo’s Daddy’s kink club where Barkington can saunter out of his cage.

Maybe Barkington’s hiding because I’m so dang tired. Classes combined with overseeing grandma’s accounts have taken a toll on my brain. Playing is too much.

Maybe Barkington doesn’t like his new tail. I tried to get one he’d love—a fluffy non-penetrating tail that attaches to a comfortable belt.

*Or maybe Barkington is shy because he’s the only pup here without a Daddy.*

I pry my head away from the wall where I rested it after I failed to chase my tail properly.

My eyes comb the room. They dance over Masters in suits, Littles in pastel onesies, and brats talking back to their

Daddies like the sass queens they are.

Even the most aggravating boys to be around have Daddies to play with. The poorly behaved pups also have Masters.

*I'm the only one here without a protector.*

I pull my knees to my chest and rest my chin on my right kneecap. “If Elijah had wanted you, you wouldn’t be in this situation.”

Elijah was a Daddy I was chatting to on FetApp. He was older (which I liked), muscular (which I didn’t mind, even though I prefer a bit of fluff), and had stunning tattoos.

Everything changed when he discovered my age. Twenty-three. Apparently, I wasn’t *pure enough* for him.

No, I’m not a virgin—I made the mistake of “giving” my virginity to an anonymous hookup last year when I was sick of being the only one in my friend group who hadn’t lost his.

Elijah only wanted a virgin. One he could shape to his will. The whole thing sounded creepy to me, but he was nice enough during our initial conversations...

“Face it,” I grumble. “Even if you were a virgin, Elijah wouldn’t have chosen *you*. He would’ve found another reason you weren’t his type.”

*I'm no one's type.*

Glancing around the playroom, I shake my head when I realize that I’m likely the most unwanted pup here.

The other pups play with balls and chase their tails like they’re going to win the Pup Bowl.

Me? I can barely loop-de-loop once before my shyness stops me from completing my rotation.

Sad. Lonely. Unlovable.

*No other words define me.*

“Let’s cut this night short, Barkington,” I mutter.

Standing up, I brush my bum off and head to the changing room.

I've barely taken three steps when I run smack into the most beautiful man I've ever seen.

## Chapter Two

Up close, Barkington's even more gorgeous than I expected.

Christ—*Christ*. His pale, freckly skin reminds me of downy, snowy cliffs in Scotland. I opened a gym there once with an associate—a loyal one. One who didn't try to screw me over.

Barkington's eyes—*are stunning*. Gems, the likes of which you find in kingly crowns, don't compare. Almost, they recall delicious, aromatic notes of Colombian coffee...

Three years ago, I went to Colombia to figure out how the gym proprietors in Medellin attracted such a fit clientele. I drank a *lot* of espresso—Barkington's irises remind me of that wonderful time in Latin America.

Yet the bags under his orbs are more pronounced than I previously thought. He's tired. Stressed.

*Barkington needs rest.*

"Look what we have here." Lifting his chin up, I stare into his eyes... and fight back the flicker of warmth that tears through me. Well, goddamn. Yeah—I feel something for this pup.

Shyness is one of those things that people either love or hate. Some men are only attracted to confident types—the ones with six-pack abs on reality dating shows who strut their stuff while fucking every hole in sight.

Me? I've always been attracted to a *different* kind of beauty. One that's soft. Gentle. One that doesn't let itself be known right away—you must coax it out, like a bear pulling liquid gold from a beehive.

*That's the most wonderful kind.*

Barkington focuses his gaze on me. "I apologize for bumping into you."

"No need to say sorry." I stroke his chin. "It's dim in this sad little corner of the club—not bright like the middle. You didn't see me coming."

"I'm well aware." He blinks hard. "That's why I chose to sit here."

*You belong in the center, little pup. Not hiding by the wall—running from your own attractiveness.*

Barkington has no idea how beautiful he is.

"That was a mistake," I say.

"I don't think so." Barkington glances around. "Look at all these wonderful pets having the times of their lives. That's what I wanted to do—what I *swore* I'd do tonight."

"Are you not having a good time?"

Barkington shrugs. "Being away from the action is never fun. However, my inner pup won't even emerge from his kennel—this is where I belong."

"What's your real name, pup? Your friend Arlo's Daddy told me your puppy name—*Barkington*. I'd love to know your human one."

"Billy." He manages a smile.

"Last name."

Barkington's cheeks flush pink. "Rover."

Oh, my God. Billy couldn't get sweeter.

"I'm Rochlan," I say.

"That's a lovely name."



“I’ve never met a Billy before.” I trail my thumb across his chin. “How old are you?”

“Old enough to be here.”

My eyes narrow. “Don’t lie to me, Billy. That’s not a good way to kick off a conversation with a Daddy.”

“You’re... a Daddy?” Billy’s eyebrows lift to his forehead.

“I am.”

“Boy, I’m in trouble.” Billy gulps. “We haven’t even chatted for five minutes—and I’ve already sassed you.”

“You didn’t sass me, pup. However, if you don’t tell me your age, we’ll have problems.”

“I’m old enough to drink. I pray that’s sufficient.”

I stare into his eyes... and realize that he’s not being intentionally obtuse because he got into the Little Bunny Club using a fake ID or something.

No, there’s something in his past that makes him reluctant to state his age. Something like a cruel, nasty ex-boyfriend—a prick who made him feel ashamed of how old he was. Why? I don’t fucking know. But I’ll discover the truth eventually.

“Good Daddies don’t let sweet pups get away with withholding valuable information from them. I’d hate to send you to the pound,” I tease.

“Twenty-three,” Billy mumbles at last.

I draw a circle on his chin with my thumb. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

“No.”

“I’m forty-three. Nearly twenty years older than you.”

Billy’s left cheek flushes pink—why the right one doesn’t follow suit, I’m not sure. Good God—I’ve never seen this particular physiological phenomenon. *It’s adorable.* “You’re old enough to be my—”

“Don’t say it,” I growl, no small degree of mirth in my voice. *If he tells me I’m old enough to be his father, I’m giving*

*him a spanking.*

“Dad-dy,” Billy says, saving himself from a sore bottom—or at least a timeout in the kennel—in the nick of time. “You cut me off before I finished my sentence.”

I tick his jaw back up. “Get smart with me at your own peril, pup.”

“Don’t be upset. I happen to like older men—they’re not insecure assholes who break up with you because they can’t handle the fact that you’re not eighteen.”

This—*is interesting*. Hmmm. The gears of my overactive brain turn.

Billy’s definitely had issues with a past partner—someone broke things off with him due to his age.

But why? He’s adorable. Sweet. As warm-hearted as fresh-baked apple pie.

Something lights up in Billy’s pocket; he tugs out his phone.

“Shoot.” His face falls.

My brow furrows. “Everything all right, boy?”

The word *boy* sends Billy into a small tailspin. He tries to prevent his eyelids from fluttering—his noble efforts are in vain. He’s powerless to stop his body from doing what it wants.

“*Pup*,” Billy manages to say. “Not *boy*.”

Mmhm. Something tells me that Billy adores being called *boy*—as much as *pup*. Christ, he gives off Little vibes. I’m not sure he’s explored that part of himself, but I’m determined to draw it out of him when the time’s right.

“If you say so, pup.” I massage his chin.

He clears his throat. “I have to wake up early tomorrow to take my friend Macon’s shift at Dino Tracks.”

“I love Dino Tracks.” It’s the best ice cream parlor in Manhattan.

His eyes widen. “You do?”

Of course. “Who doesn’t like ice cream?”

The truth is that I used to swing by there to pick up a tub or two before playdates with Christopher. *Although since we’ve broken up, I haven’t been back.*

“Well, maybe you can swing by the Central Park location tomorrow morning—*that’s my store*—and I can give you an ice cream for making my night a little better tonight.”

“I’ll do you one better—come over to my apartment after your shift.”

Billy’s head tilts to the side. “You’re joking.”

“No. Bring your pup gear—*and whatever else you’d like.*” I’m trying to insinuate that Billy should lug his stuffies and Little gear along—if he’s into that. I wonder if he’ll take the hint. “We’ll have a playdate.”

“Holy crap! My first official playdate with a Daddy.”

## Chapter Three

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BILLY

Apartment isn't the right word. Rochlan's city dwelling sits on top of a large building overlooking Central Park.

*Penthouse*—that's more appropriate.

I gaze up at the sleek, modern-day castle. It rises against the clear, blue sky, glistening like a diamond. Sunbeams bounce off the glass windows, casting webs of luxury on the street.

When I enter the lobby, notes of fresh orange peels waft into my nose. I inhale deeply, then welcome the relaxation that flurries through me.

The lobby smells... *exactly* like Rochlan did last night. Safe. Secure. Gentle.

Barkington enjoys this scent, too.

*Already, I can sense he wants to come out of his cage.*

"One thing at a time," I mutter, adjusting my grip on my day pack.

I brought everything I could think of. My balls, chew toys, leash, tail, and slide-on ears. My problem with the ball at the club last night was that it was a tennis ball, not as squishy as I prefer.

I even brought... Little gear. A pink flush seeps up my cheeks as I think of the pacifier, picture book, and onesie at the bottom of my bag.

Now, will I actually break these Little toys out around Rochlan? Will I have the courage? *Highly doubt it.*

Still, something tells me that if he pushes me to embrace my inner boy, I won't turn him down. He's gentle, sweet, and patient as can be—that much was obvious last night. *So much better than Elijah.*

A deep voice distracts me. “Searching for something, boy?”

I turn around... and lay eyes on Rochlan. Today, he dons a pressed button-down that's tailored to hug his sizable muscles. For a man his age, they're fucking incredible.

I make a mental note to ask Rochlan what he does for a living. Navy SEAL? I could see it. Bodybuilder? Perhaps—although nothing about his physique is *over the top*. Everything, from his pecs to his biceps, is perfectly proportioned.

*Though I prefer a bit of fluff, Rochlan has the type of body you want to curl up next to while it rains outside because he'll protect you from the storm.*

“I'm sure glad to see you,” I say.

He beckons me to his side. “I like the shirt and shorts you picked out. They complement your brown eyes.”

Glancing down, I run my left hand over my outfit. “Really?”

“Yes.” When I stop beside him, he tilts my jaw up. “Look at those mysterious orbs. Containing secrets—secrets I want to know. Your brown shirt makes them sparkle.”

A patch of heat warms my left cheek. “I grabbed the first shirt I saw.” *This is a lie—Lord knows I spent way too much time picking it out.*

“Something tells me you're fibbing,” Rochlan grunts.

Rochlan's voice is so deep, so tender, I can't help but be mystified by it. I stare into his kind, probing eyes, then realize that this is a man who's known pain in his life. A man doesn't

possess the uncanny ability to read the scrolls of another's soul unless he's been through the wringer.

My eyes roam over the dips and valleys of his firm pecs, the plains of his chiseled abs—*which are visible through his shirt*—and his bulging biceps. He spends... *a lot* of time in the gym. One can't help but wonder if he's running from something, if the pull-ups and bench presses he does are to escape some form of hardship in his past.

"You're right," I admit.

"I knew it."

"I tried on ten other shirts. I settled on this one—it was the least ugly."

"You mean... *the prettiest.*"

A butterfly takes up residence in my tummy. "No, not the prettiest. The prettiest is my puppy T-shirt with cartoon labs—like Barkington. Sadly, it's in the wash, so this one had to do."

"Barkington's a lab?"

I nod. "He sure is."

"You're in luck, pup." Rochlan's voice soothes me so much I can't stand it. It's like a package of cookies after a stressful day at school—*or a milkshake.*

My belly rumbles when I think of my favorite flavor of milkshake, which is strawberry. I always get one after exams or whenever I need a much-needed break from the real world. Nothing relaxes me more than walking into Five Guys, ordering one at the counter, and sitting in Central Park while I let my worries dissipate.

"That sounds promising," I joke.

"I adopted a brown lab puppy four weeks ago—after a terrible life circumstance forced me to gratify my protective, nurturing needs in *another* way. He's upstairs in my apartment waiting for us."

Wait. Holy shit. "You... have a *puppy?*"

"Hell yes."

I bounce on the balls of my feet. “What are we waiting for?”

## Rochlan

Watching Billy lay eyes on Petal Boo for the first time—*that’s my six-week-old puppy’s name*—is a spiritual experience.

He rushes toward him, then swoops him into his arms. He plants a big, fat kiss on Petal Boo’s lips before tickling his ears.

“He’s *adorable*,” Billy admits, his voice filling my penthouse suite with joy.

I walk to the window overlooking Central Park. “This is his favorite spot. Bring him over here—he likes to watch the puppies playing by the Bethesda Fountain.”

Billy’s eyes well with emotion. “Talk about cute.”

After he does as I instruct, I crack open the window. At once, Petal Boo sniffs the air, then yips in the sunshine.

“Want to hear how I got him?” I ask.

Billy nods eagerly. “Sure do.”

“I was a bit bummed out while walking down a particular side street in Yonkers I’d never been down before.”

“Why were you in Yonkers?”

“There was a coffee shop I was heading to for a business meeting.”

“What do you do for work?”

“I founded Black Knight Gyms.”

Billy’s jaw tumbles to his feet. “You’re joking.”

“Nope. I started it in college with a friend—twenty years ago.”

“Did you have any idea that it’d take off?”



I smirk. “I had high hopes... But so does every entrepreneur.”

Billy looks me up and down. “No wonder you’re in such *great shape*.”

He stares at my arms for a tad too long. A look of longing flashes in his eyes.

As if he realized what he’s doing, he quickly directs the conversation back on track. “So, tell me about your puppy.”

“His name is Petal Boo.”

Billy smiles. “Tell me about *Petal Boo*.”

“As I was explaining, I was heading to a coffee shop for a business meeting—my gyms are expanding into the Midwest. Lo and behold, I was halted in my tracks by the most magnificent barking.”

“Petal Boo?” Clearly, Billy gets a kick out of this name.

I can’t hold back my grin. “Yes. And a few of his friends. When I turned my head to the right, I noticed that I was outside of a puppy adoption agency. On a whim, I entered; and walked out with a new pup.”

Billy blushes as he stares at Petal Boo. “He’s one lucky doggy, sir. Any pup would be *thrilled* to live here with you.”

I stare into Billy’s coffee eyes. My, my, my—there’s a flicker of something I can’t place whirling around inside them.

Combined with his pointy, innocent nose, the smattering of freckles on his cheeks, and the red flush on his lips, I can’t tell whether I’m staring at a human being or an aristocratic yet rather pathetic figure from an early Renaissance painting.

I tuck a strand of hair over Billy’s left ear. “Unpack your things.”

An expression of pure timidity washes over his features. “About that.”

Uh oh. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

“I...” Billy drags in a gulp of air. “I was ready to play today. But then, I walked in here, met Petal Boo, and Barkington got shy.”

I tousle his hair. “Tell Barkington that there’s no reason to be timid. He’s as welcome to be here as you.”

Billy presses his nose to Petal Boo’s head. “Barkington has trouble feeling like he fits in. He’s the same as me, I guess.”

“Hey.” Directing Billy’s gaze toward me, I stare into his eyes. “There’s no reason to be anything less than confident.”

I got this from an amazing song called *Less Than Perfect* by P!NK. She’s a rock singer who speaks to the soul.

“*Easy for you to say.*”

Billy must not mean for this to sound so abrupt. It seems like he merely intends to let me know that we all fight our own battles; none of us walk the Earth without our own demons.

However, he must notice that something in his voice catches me off guard. He ticks his head to the side, then tears his eyes away from me.

“Hey.” Tilting his chin up, I force him to gaze at me yet again. “Tell me what you mean.”

“Look at you, Rochlan.” He gestures to my muscles. “You’re toned. Ripped. The ideal man. You have no clue what it’s like not to fit in.”

“You’re only seeing the latest version of me, boy.” A sigh escapes me. “I didn’t always have this confidence.”

Billy nods. “You’re right. I shouldn’t be so quick to judge.”

“Why don’t you unpack your gear?” I release my grip on his chin. “We can begin our playdate.”

Billy’s eyes widen with hope. “I’ll give it my best shot.”

## Chapter Four

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BILLY

I can do it.

I won't be shy.

Placing my best paw forward, I scrunch my eyes shut to try to get in the zone. I mean, literally—I'm on the floor, down on all fours.

I'm ready to show Rochlan that I can be a good pup. Not the wallflower I was at the Little Bunny Club.

It's time to prove I can be with Rochlan—a good, good boy who can wag my tail, chase balls, and overcome my lack of confidence.

*Barkington better show up soon.*

“Come here, Barkington.” Rochlan's soothing yet gravelly voice is music to my ears. I imagine myself ticking my head up, staring at his face—peering into those round, glistening eyes, the ones that, when he directs them on me, let me know I have nothing to be afraid of. I imagine this would calm me.

*I must focus harder on bringing Barkington out of his cage.*

“Obey him, boy,” I urge. “I know you can do it—this isn't the time to let your insecurities win.”

I try to wag my non-penetrating tail that's attached to my soft tail belt. I attempt to prance over to Rochlan like Petal Boo did only moments earlier.

It's no use. *God fucking damnit.* No matter how hard I try, I'm unable to access that deep, hidden part of myself where Barkington resides.

*I'm so damn pathetic.*

Rochlan's voice drops a notch. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah," I say. "Give me a second."

"Would Barkington like a treat?" Rochlan wonders. "Or a belly rub—Petal Boo enjoys those at night. Maybe Barkington would introduce himself to me if I gave him one."

I shake my head. "As tempting as that sounds, it wouldn't make a difference."

With a sniffle, I collapse on the floor. Burying my head in my arms, I stifle a sob. "I'm a failure."

Rochlan rushes to my side. "Hey, hey. Don't say that."

Tears stream down my cheeks as I lift my head. "It's hopeless. Barkington's letting me down."

"Barkington is a special pup. He needs special treatment to emerge from his cage."

I sniffle again. "I've locked him up for too long. No matter what you do, he won't come out."

Rochlan wraps me in his arms. He doesn't keep pushing me, doesn't make me do anything I'm uncomfortable with.

Resting his chin on my head, he holds me, just holds me, and makes me feel oh-so-protected.

"Hey." Rochlan's soft voice causes me to tick my head up. "Everything's all right."

"Thank you."

Why does it feel so amazing to be held? I don't have to do anything with Rochlan—other than sit here, wear my puppy gear, and let him bury me in a hug.

For the first time in so long, a contented sigh escapes me. "This is wonderful."

“Don’t force Barkington to do anything he’s not ready for—not for me. I’m fine waiting until he’s comfortable to make his acquaintance.”

“Believe me.” I push out a snort. “I couldn’t force him to do anything, anyway.”

Rochlan tilts my head toward his. I stare into his eyes, then fight off the curious feelings bubbling up inside me.

Rochlan is even more gorgeous up close. His chiseled jaw, Romanesque nose—and especially his deep, welcoming eyes—these all speak to my soul.

A tingle works its way through my chest, which confuses me. I try to drag in a breath, to flood my body with much-needed oxygen, but the act is impossible.

“I’d... be willing to try something else, if you’d like.” I bite my lower lip.

Rochlan’s brow furrows. “Tell me what you mean.”

“Sometimes, late at night, when I’m feeling lonely, I like to pretend a Daddy is reading me a bedtime story.”

“Are you feeling lonely, Billy?”

I shake my head. “No. If anything, I feel safer than I have in a very long time. However, if I pull my picture book out of my backpack and listen to you read it, it might help Barkington feel better around you. We wouldn’t be strangers—you’d be the kind, gentle Daddy who reads me stories. What pup wouldn’t want to come out around a man like that?”

An expression of lovingkindness seeps across Rochlan’s features. “That’s a wonderful idea.”

“Are you serious?” My eyes perk up. “You wouldn’t mind reading to me?”

“Not at all. I haven’t had a boy to read to in quite a while. I miss it.”

Scrambling out of his arms, I hurry to my pack and remove my picture book.

I don't bother changing out of Barkington's gear—I have my Little things to wear, but I'm not sure if I'm ready to show them to Rochlan yet.

Besides, the point of this exercise is to let Barkington know that he can feel safe around Rochlan. That's it. No other motive.

*Rochlan is going to read me the best story ever.*

Hurrying back to Rochlan, I place the story on his lap. “Here you go.”

A smirk tugs at his lips. “Silly boy.”

My brow twists into a furrow. “What?”

“The *book* goes in my hand. *You* belong on my lap.”

I blush. “You're right.”

“When we engage in these kinds of activities—such as storybook reading—you call me Daddy.”

Oh, dear. I flush even pinker. “Okay, Daddy.”

“Come here, boy. Plop down on my lap—I'll read to you.”

I scramble onto his lap and wiggle my bum. He swoops his arm around my waist, which makes me feel oh-so-safe and protected.

“Comfy?”

I rest the back of my head on his chest. “Ready to read.”

## Chapter Five

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“This little piggy went to market. This little piggy stayed home.”

My voice is deep and comforting as I read Billy’s favorite story to him. I can’t believe he wanted me to read him a book.

I was right to seek him out in the club.

Okay, Barkington didn’t come out to play. That’s not a dealbreaker—not by a long shot.

If anything, it makes me *more* excited because it shows that I must work to earn Barkington’s trust—he’s not the type of pup who plays with everyone.

But reading? What a dream come true.

With Christopher, I tried to embrace my inner gentle Daddy. I really did—but he wanted nothing to do with me. Christopher only wanted to bump naughties. That’s why I shouldn’t have been so surprised that he cheated on me.

*Billy is so much better.*

“What did the piggies do next?” Billy’s sleepy voice is a dangerous tonic to my ears. It’s so soft, curious—the boy is acting as if he’s never heard this story before.

*Billy makes a Daddy think naughty things.*

“Be patient, sweet boy. You’ll find out soon enough.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

I continue reading to the boy. The story is only inspired by the original nursery rhyme, not a direct retelling.

We learn that in this version, the piggies head to the market and confront the big bad wolf. He's swinging by to pick up treats to tempt Little Red Riding Hood. The piggies karate chop him in the nuts and dump him in a nearby river.

After a while, Billy starts to snore on my chest. Lifting my right hand, I run it through his chocolate-brown hair. I twine a lock around my index finger, then bring my nose to his head and inhale.

"Are you sleeping?" I ask.

"Only a bit, Daddy." Billy turns his head to the side.

"Come on, boy." I pat his bum and bring him to his feet. "Let's change you into your onesie—it's naptime. I know you have one in your backpack."

No boy who brings a storybook to a playdate forgets their onesie. It's Little 101. Pajamas are the first thing you pack.

"I do." Billy pushes out a yawn. "Don't look in the bottom of my pack—I have something secret down there."

I wonder what it is. A pacifier? A diaper?

Leading Billy to his pack, I retrieve the onesie and then guide him to my spare bedroom. It's a Little sanctuary, the most relaxing style of room ever, that I designed for an old boyfriend.

An adult-sized crib sits next to the window that lets in the gentlest rays of tender sunshine. Pastel shelves hold stuffies and toys, everything from race cars to princess dolls. An air freshener puffs out lavender mist, lending a touch of the floral kingdom to the relaxing atmosphere.

The window overlooks Central Park—outside, we can see and hear passersby on their bicycles. We're insulated from the world up here. Cinderella in her castle. No one can hurt us, see us, or judge us. *Billy's safe with me.*

"Lift your leg, precious one."

Billy rubs his eyes. “Why, Daddy?”

“Daddy needs to change you into your onesie. It’s something all good Daddies do for sweet boys who are ready for nap time.” I massage his shoulders.

A red sheen seeps into Billy’s cheeks. “You’ll see my teddy undies.”

He lifts his leg. I take my time removing his pup suit and tail belt, letting my hands linger on his skin, before dropping his outfit to the ground. His heart picks up its pace when I expose his briefs, but I trail my thumb across his hips to let him know I don’t judge him, would never make fun of him for wearing teddy underwear.

“Look what we have here.” I drag my thumb up his hard cock.

Billy hides behind his elbow. “Ah!”

“Tell Daddy if you like when he changes you.”

Billy nods sheepishly. “Never had a Daddy help me out of my pup gear before. Or help me into my onesie. Feels good.”

“Shhh, sweet one. Let Daddy do what’s best for you—take care of you. You don’t have to do anything while Daddy’s here. He’ll do all the work. Stand there and relax—look pretty.”

“I-I’m not pretty, Daddy.” His lower lip quivers.

Leaning up, I bring him close to me. “God, I’d love to show you otherwise.”

Our mouths are so close they almost touch. Billy’s breath hitches, then bathes my lips in warmth.

I’m *this close* to cupping his jaw, bridging the gap between us, and proving that, unlike every other man in the world, I want him, I desire him, nothing will stop me from banishing every one of his insecurities to the wings and turning him into the most confident pup.

Instead, I tug my head back—because the last thing I want to do is scare my shy pup off too soon.

I remove his undies, then pump his hard cock a few times to tease him.

Billy moans, throwing his head back, then thrusting his arms around my neck for support. “Oh!”

“Silly boy.” I release my grip on his shaft and then slide his right leg into his comfortable onesie. “I’m only giving you a taste of what’s to come. Don’t get any dirty ideas.”

I’m such a tease. No use denying it.

When I’ve changed Billy into his onesie, I lead him to the crib. His eyes gloss over as he takes in the pretty sheets, the toy car blanket, and the plush, pastel-pink pillow with strawberries.

“Did you know strawberries are my favorite fruit?”

I shake my head. “No. What a happy coincidence.”

I tuck Billy into bed. His wide, brown eyes peer into mine. “I feel so safe right now.”

My eyes rake across his body. His hard dick pushes the blanket up—making a happy little tent.

I drape my hand across his bulge, then caress it. “I’m glad, pretty boy. You deserve to feel safe. Protected. Secure. That’s what I’ll *always* strive to make you feel here.”

“Can you hold me as I fall asleep?” Billy whispers.

I remove my shoes, then climb into the crib. Wrapping my arms around him, I become his big spoon, pulling him close to my chest.

A Mama bear doesn’t hug her cubs as tightly as I hold Billy.

“Thumb, please,” Billy begs.

I trace my right thumb around his lips, then pop it in. “There you go, sweet one. Now, off to dreamland.”

Billy sucks my thumb as he falls asleep. A lock of brown hair falls across his forehead, which I blow to the side, refusing to let a single strand of hair perturb his slumber.

As we both fall asleep, I think: *I've found my boy.*

## Chapter Six

---

BILLY

“Thanks, Arlo.”

I accept the Zebra cake from my friend. Bringing it to my lips, I take a healthy bite and then follow it up with a sip of apple juice.

Arlo beams. “You’re welcome.”

“This playdate is gonna rock.”

He nods. “You can say that again. I brought my new spaceships Daddy bought me last week. We can go to space together.”

Arlo and I are on a much-needed playdate. When I told my friend that I met a Daddy at the Little Bunny Club, he was overjoyed.

He admitted that he was concerned that I hadn’t found anyone despite so much searching. According to him, I’m a very suitable boy—the only problem is that I’m too insecure.

When I texted him with the good news, he organized a playdate at once.

*Arlo’s super into aliens—that’s why he’s rambling on about his spaceship.*

“Do you actually believe in extraterrestrial life?” I query.

Call me crazy, but I don’t know how deep Arlo’s alien obsession runs. I heard from his bestie, Rusty, that Arlo heads to the Alien Museum in Manhattan every weekend.

I've never been one to believe in aliens, ghosts, or any supernatural things. Life is tough enough without worrying about an invasion—or a poltergeist climbing out of your TV. *I've been more preoccupied with finding a Daddy.*

Arlo shoots me a look that says, *You've got to be kidding me.* “Of course.”

“Wow.”

“Don't *wow* me.”

“I've never met someone who believes in aliens before.”

Arlo smacks his forehead. “The real question is, how could you *not* believe in aliens? The universe is composed of infinite galaxies with more planets than we could ever count.”

“Not a bad point,” I agree.

“It's more improbable that there's *no* extraterrestrial life. Even if our universe is a product of chance, the odds that aliens haven't evolved somewhere else, at some point in 'time,' are low.”

I nod. “You know more about this than me.”

You should never stand your ground when arguing with a fanatic. Err—*an enthusiast*. They know more about their topic of obsession than you and they can wipe the ground with you any day of the week.

Arlo lifts his alien stuffy up. “This is Mr. Green. He's going to zap you with laser beams if you don't tell him about your new Daddy.”

My cheeks flush. “Hi, Mr. Green.”

“Well, go on.” Arlo grins. “Don't leave him hanging.”

I bite my lower lip as I contemplate how to start my tale of—not woe, this time, thank Christ. What's the opposite of woe? Glee?

I share how I met Rochlan in the club. I explain that I bumped into him and he asked me out. I tell Arlo about the caring way Rochlan tucked me into bed for my nap after he read me *Little Piggies Kick The Big Bad Wolf's Butt*.



Arlo presses his hands to his heart. “That’s wonderful.”

“Right?” I shake my head in amusement. “Rochlan really likes me.”

Arlo takes a sip of apple juice. “Did he bang you?”

I try not to cough. Uhhh—talk about forward.

“No, Arlo.” I frown. “He didn’t.”

“Mmmhm.” Incredulous must be Arlo’s middle name.

“He touched me,” I say dreamily, “as he changed me into my fluffy onesie. But nothing else came of it—he didn’t take me into his mouth or beat me off.”

“So, it was only a little stroke.”

For some reason, this makes my cheeks burn. “Exactly.”

Arlo leans back on his beanbag chair. “I like a little stroke from my Daddy now and then. Sometimes, it’s better when you least expect it.”

I stifle a grin. “How so?”

“Well, we’ll be in the movies and he’ll all of a sudden dip his hand under my jeans and touch me. I’ll moan from the shock—it’s electric.”

“That’s how I felt.”

“Daddies must like doing that to claim their boys. Show them who’s boss.”

I push out a snort. “Whatever the reason, I *really* liked it.”

Gulping, I scoot closer to my friend. “I’m not a virgin. Do you think Rochlan will mind when I tell him?”

Arlo furrows his brow. “I doubt it.”

“Elijah, the last Daddy I spoke to, quit talking to me when he found out I wasn’t ‘pure.’”

Arlo makes a retching noise. “*Pure?* What are we—living in the 1800s?”

I can’t deny that my friend makes a good point. “I was hurt. Now, I’m not a ho or anything, but to be rejected because

I wasn't a virgin stung."

A loud sipping noise emanates from Arlo's mouth when he takes another swig of apple juice. "Like there's something wrong with being a ho."

My eyes roll back. "Not what I meant."

"Suuuuure."

A breath escapes me. "All I mean is that I pray Rochlan doesn't reject me because of my body count."

Arlo gags. "Okay, let's get a few things straight. First, don't say 'body count' ever again. It sounds like you're repressed and/or judging people who like to get it on."

I nod. "Fair."

"Second, how many dudes have you fucked?"

"One." I rest my chin on my fist. "I regret it."

Arlo massages my knee. "Tell me the story."

"It happened... last year. I made the mistake of 'giving' my virginity to an anonymous hookup when I was sick of being the only one in my friend group who hadn't lost his."

Arlo shakes his head. "You should never let external forces dictate what you do with your body. And—let's quit saying 'giving' virginity away. It's ridiculous—I was a virgin when I met Constantine, but I didn't 'give' him jack shit. Besides my heart—that's the important thing. Who you've slept with before you've met your current partner doesn't matter."

"Sadly, it does in some people's minds."

I stare at the floor as I take another bite of my Zebra cake. When Elijah ended our chat because of my past, I was crushed.

He was a perfect Daddy. Or so I thought.

*If only I hadn't had sex with that stupid guy last year. Everything would've worked out.*

Arlo places his hand on mine. "Rochlan will love you the way you are. And, he'll help you work through your insecurity

regarding your ‘body count’ as you so ineloquently put it.”

“Thanks for checking me on that term. I didn’t really realize it wasn’t a good one.”

“It’s mildly judgmental.”

I take Mr. Green into my hands. “I want to play now.”

“Me, too. Enough big boy chat.”

Arlo breaks out his brand-new spaceship toys—which, I must admit, are impressive as hell. We lead Mr. Green onto an extra-large one and lift it in the air.

“To the moon,” Arlo shouts, “and beyond!”

“Watch out for asteroids.” Picking up a foam rock, I whirl it through the air. “*Beezzzuuu.*”

Arlo dodges the space rock. “Oh my God! That was a close one!”

We take a very necessary Zebra cake break—and then get back to the action.

Arlo flies the spaceship to a new planet (a.k.a. his bed) and crash-lands it (on his pillow).

I dive for Mr. Green and rescue him in the nick of time, then hand him to Arlo.

“That was *another* close one,” I drawl.

Arlo grins. “Thanks for saving Mr. Green. I’d hate to see him bonk his head.”

We continue playing, but though I have fun, my mind can’t help but drift back to Rochlan.

What’s he doing right now? Managing Black Knight Gyms? I still can’t believe that’s what he does for a living—that’s a *super* famous chain of gyms.

I wonder if he’s thinking of me and our wonderful playdate.

That’s when my phone buzzes.

**Rochlan:** I just realized that I didn't ask you about your life during our playdate, boy. Would you like to come over Saturday night so we can have that chat?

Rochlan

My breath hitches as I peer at my phone. What will my boy's—err, *prospective* boy's—response be?

Truthfully, I'm worried that Billy didn't enjoy our time together. He was so sweet when he woke up from his nap—he thrust his arms around me, then planted a big, fat kiss on my chest.

Still, he hasn't texted me once since. Either he's insecure about something, doesn't think *I* want anything more with him, or was waiting for me to make the first move.

Billy's response comes at once.

**Billy:** I hoped you'd message me. Yes, Saturday night would be perfect.

Billy was waiting for me to make the first move. Of course he was—how I ever doubted him, I don't know.

I shake my head in amusement as I set my phone on my desk. “Billy is a *shy* boy. You have to remember that.”

Right now, I'm preparing for a meeting with the forensic accountant Sandy contacted. He's coming over in fifteen minutes.

We're going over every receipt, every invoice, and every accounting spreadsheet in our records. The fact that we haven't figured out where the money's going is infuriating.

Is ten grand enough to break the bank? Hell no. Black Knight Gyms has fifty locations in Manhattan alone.

Still, it's the principle of the damn thing—we have a thief in our midst. Or so we think.

*The forensic accountant will give us the answers we need.*

Sandy steps into my office with a coffee. “They were out of hazelnut syrup. I got caramel instead.”

I frown as she sets the takeaway cup on my desk. “Are you kidding me?”

“Sorry, boss.”

A sigh escapes me as I grip the cup. “They all kind of taste the same anyway.”

“I was going to say that,” Sandy teases, “but I didn’t want to tick you off before the big meeting—didn’t want to put you in a mood.”

A crease forms on my forehead. “Now is not the time for jokes.”

And mood? What mood? I’m not the type to get into *moods*.

“I know.” Sandy settles into the seat to my right. “We’re patching leaks today. No comedy.”

I grumble to myself as the caramel coffee washes down my throat. I honestly hate how it tastes exactly the same as the hazelnut.

I have a theory about how these big chain coffee shops craft their “unique” drinks: they use the same shit in all of them but drizzle different sweet sauces across the tops to make them seem special. Or “seasonal.”

Actually, none of them ever taste “good” unless you haven’t had one in a while. They all blend together in a fitting synthesis of high fructose corn syrup and mediocrity.

The forensic accountant arrives a moment later. He rings the electronic doorbell, and after Sandy and I watch him on the monitoring app, we buzz him in.

“I’m glad you two called.” He sets his briefcase on the desk.

Sandy rises to her feet. “Would you like a coffee before we dive in? We saw on your LinkedIn that you love hazelnut—I picked one up for you.”

He smiles. “That would be lovely.”

Whoa, whoa, whoa. “Excuse me?”

“I’m only offering our accountant a drink,” Sandy says.

“You told me they were out of hazelnut,” I grouse.

“They had enough for one beverage,” Sandy drawls. “I had to make a tough decision who to give it to.”

“I appreciate it.” The accountant accepts the warm beverage. “I can’t drink anything but hazelnut.”

If looks could kill, the glare I direct at Sandy would be an atomic bomb. “You have some nerve.”

“Shhh.” She hushes me in the most grating way possible. “Not in front of our guest.”

“All the syrups taste the same anyway,” I say to the accountant. “Enjoy your *hazelnut*.”

He looks a little too smug for my liking as he sips his drink. “Hazelnut is by far the best. Thanks, Sandy—this hits the spot.”

My own assistant is sabotaging me. Unbelievable.

I pull out my phone.

**Me:** As the FOUNDER of Black Knight Gyms, I order you to always bring me my preferred flavor—not our guest.

**Sandy:** Quit texting in front of the accountant.

**Sandy:** And what happened to the syrups all tasting the same?

**Me:** It’s the principle of the thing.

The account opens his briefcase. “You two are in a world of trouble.”

I set my phone down. “How so?”

“I had a chance to peek at the documents Sandy sent me last week,” the accountant says. “There’s definitely a thief accessing your corporate accounts.”

I tap my treasure trove of receipts and invoices on my desk. “The files she sent are only the tip of the iceberg. There’s a ton more shit in here.”

“Give me a sec.” The accountant takes another sip of coffee. “This is hot—I need to let it cool down before I can drink it and focus. Morning brain.”

I shoot Sandy an evil look. *Come on, girl.*

She shrugs. *What can we do?*

When our accountant—who seems lazier than a koala—sets down his drink, he turns his attention to the papers on the desk. “That’s a *lot* to go through.”

“That’s why we called you,” I grit out.

He nods. “You called the right man.”

I’m not so sure about that. I don’t say this out loud.

I crack my neck. “Tell me what you discovered last week.”

“The leak is coming from an external source. It’s not one of your current employees.”

Sandy furrows her brow. “That’s impossible. Every one of our employees sacrifices their log-in credentials when they exit.”

“Look.” I slide the accountant the mountain of papers and USB drives that contain our internal information. “The log-in details of every former employee—and the date they gave them up—reside in here. Once they exit, they’re unable to use their usernames and passwords to regain access to our system.”

“Who does your books?”

“We use a national payroll and audit firm.”

The accountant nods. “I’ll go over this information. However, I don’t think I’ll discover anything I don’t already know.”

“What *exactly* are you getting at?” I demand.

“The thief is an associate of someone who currently works here—or a former associate. Not just any employee. A high-up one. One whose account can delete their activity logs.”

Sandy and I turn to each other. “There are only ten executives with that level of clearance.”

The accountant taps the stacks of paper. “I have a modest proposition.”

“Go on,” I urge.

“We’ll *bait them*. Set a trap.”

My eyes narrow. “Do you think that’ll work?”

He nods. “Yes.”

“How?”

“Put twenty grand in a side account—one that doesn’t attract much attention. Marketing. Leadership training. We’ll insert a code in the money that traces it throughout the banking system to see where it flows. When the thief tries to move it to one of their accounts—likely an offshore one—we’ll know.”

Sandy grits her teeth. “This sounds dangerous.”

“Not as dangerous as you giving him *my* hazelnut coffee,” I snap when the accountant leaves a few minutes later.

She shoots me a death glare. “Oh, get over it.”

“I hate caramel.”

“You used to drink it exclusively.”

“That was before a barista accidentally inducted me into the sacred mysteries of hazelnut.”

Sandy smacks her forehead. “I don’t know what to do with you.”

“I know what you could do *for* me,” I joke. “Get me the damn coffee I like.”

“Why is it always me who makes the coffee runs?!” Sandy hollers.

“That’s your job.”

“It’s giving 1950s.”

I hate when people say “it’s giving” without adding a noun after it. This damn generation.



I mull this. “Okay, not a bad point.”

“Next time, get your own damn coffee.” Sandy throws her hair over her shoulders and marches out of my office.

Hmm. Well, she’s sure touchy today.

As I transfer the twenty grand into a seldom-used account, my mind forgets the coffee fiasco as it drifts to Billy. My breath catches in my throat as my heart flip-flops in my chest.

What’s Billy doing right now? Is he relaxing in his puppy gear—or snuggling up with a book in his cute onesie?

I check the time, then curse my ignorance. It’s only mid-afternoon. Today, he’s likely working—or studying for class. Whatever it is that he does.

*I can’t wait to find out more about him on Saturday night.*

# Chapter Seven

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BILLY

Tonight, I arrive early. No mulling around—certainly no second-guessing whether the T-shirt I picked out is cute enough or whether my briefs will please Rochlan.

Oh, who am I kidding. I spent two hours in front of the mirror—compulsively trying on different T-shirt and shorts combinations. Eventually, I scrapped the whole shorts idea as it's nighttime anyway, and I don't want to be chilly.

I opted for a gloriously cozy pair of dark brown corduroy pants that complement my eyes and my puppy T-shirt—the one I mentioned during our playdate last week.

Do I look like a male model? Not by a long shot.

*Do I look snuggly—like the perfect boy Rochlan wants to hold all night long? I pray I do.*

Rochlan buzzes me in after I text him that I've arrived.

“Damn, boy.” Throwing open his door, he smiles as he looks me up and down. “If any outfit will help Barkington feel comfy enough to come out, this one will.”

I stifle a laugh as I step into his penthouse, then gently kick off my shoes. “Thanks, but Barkington's nowhere to be found tonight.”

“No?”

I shake my head. “Billy's the only one present. He wants to tell you about his life—school, work, the books he reads.”

Rochlan takes a slow step toward me. He lifts my chin, then drags his right thumb across my left cheek.

A confusing sensation builds in my chest as I gaze into his eyes. My—*my*. Something tender lurks within his gaze, at once emotive and moving.

He stares at me like he's proud of me, like by virtue of showing up to his home, he thinks I'm the bravest, most confident boy who's ever lived—it's unlike anything I've ever experienced.

"You look *wonderful*." Rochlan brushes a strand of hair over my left ear.

I turn pinker than a blushing chipmunk. "Thank you."

"I want you to wear this T-shirt every time you come over." Oh—he's *growling*. "And—Christ, boy. Are these corduroys?"

"Yep." I force a shy smile. "My cozies."

He runs his hands up and down my hips. "Looking like Daddy's boy tonight. Don't try to deny it—you're not fooling anyone."

Stifling a grin, I thrust my arms around his chest. I don't do anything crazy—certainly don't leap into his arms, crush my lips to his, and tell him how happy I am to be here, joyful and grateful that he chose *me*—little me, out of *all* the boys in the club—and now this wonderful thing is building between us and I *adore it*.

I rest my head on his chest. "That was the idea."

Moving his right hand to my lower back, he leads me into his penthouse. "There's at least another hour of light before Mr. Sun sets. Let's play with Petal Boo for a bit, then head to the balcony."

I gulp in a breath as I follow him. "I'll do whatever you suggest."

After I toss Petal Boo a mini tennis ball a few times (oh, he is precious), we walk to the balcony... and I gasp when I see the sight. Rochlan set a small table up next to the railing,

complete with flickering candles and a breadbasket. A bottle of red wine sits beside two crystal-clear glasses, ready to be consumed. The white plates and sparkling silverware he laid out add a further touch of elegance to the evening portrait, if that's at all possible.

The flowers on one of the ornate wood chairs are what I notice next. Full, blooming—tulips, daisies, and marigolds comprise the well-chosen bouquet.

My eyes water as I turn to Rochlan. “What’s... this?”

“A surprise for you.” Rochlan massages my lower back. “This is our first ‘adult’ date—we’re going to learn about our big boy lives.”

I nod. “We sure are.”

“I wanted to make it as ‘adult’ as possible. Wine, flowers, a fancy dinner—all overlooking Central Park. The sun will fill the evening with color as we speak.”

“We’ll fill the balcony with color from our words, Daddy,” I whisper. “Mr. Sun will paint the sky.”

Rochlan tousles my hair. “Such a smart, smart boy.”

He leads me to the table. To my surprise, he pulls my chair out for me—such a gentleman move.

Plopping down, I blush as he scoots me forward, then pours me a glass of wine.

“For you.” He hands it to me.

I take a delicious, slow sip. “Wow.”

I say *wow* for two reasons. One, the wine is great. I’m not the biggest drinker, but I’ve had enough cheap wine to know that this is quality.

Second, I’ve never had a man do this for me—ever. The random who took my virginity sure didn’t. Rochlan pulled my *chair* out for me.

Tears well in my eyes, but I blink them back with my long eyelashes. Christ—*Christ*. Rochlan cares about me—wants to

spoil me, pamper me, and most of all, thinks I *deserve* a night like this. A date like this.

*How did I get so lucky?*

Rochlan places his right hand on my left one after I set my glass down. “You look stunning tonight, Billy. It’s real treat to sit across from you.”

I cast my eyes down in embarrassment. “Thank you. I feel the same way about you.”

I’m feeling shy again. Christ knows why my insecurities always return at the worst possible times; now, I might be too shy to finish this date.

“Hey.” Rochlan squeezes my hand. “Don’t retreat into that beautiful brain of yours.”

“No one’s ever done this for me.” At least I find it within myself to be honest. “This is more than I expected.”

“Too much?”

“No.” I whip my head back and forth. “It’s *perfect*. I’m trying to figure out how to thank you.”

“You can start by telling me about your life. College major. Work. Hobbies.”

The balcony door opens, and a waiter in a tuxedo brings out our starters. He bows before me, before sliding a wooden board of fried artichoke with a scrumptious sauce on the table.

The waiter looks so... *happy* to serve. A nervous tickle crawls up my sternum, and as I gaze at him, I realize that he genuinely gets a kick out of bringing us our food.

*This is special. There’s nothing worse than a waiter who wants to get away from you so he can get back to whatever he’s doing. This dude cares.*

“I’m exploiting him,” Rochlan hisses when the waiter leaves. “He charges pennies to do this—his Master tells me he has a service kink. He rents him out to friends when he’s too busy to make use of him.”

I snort out a laugh. “You’re bad.”

Rochlan touches my thumb. “I’m waiting for you to share about yourself.”

“I’m twenty-three. I’m still figuring out what I want to be when I grow up—I started college late because I had to work to support my grandmother.”

Rochlan frowns. “I’m sorry to hear that.”

“I attended community college for two years to get my generals out of the way. This fall, I’m transferring to CUNY where I’m thinking of studying accounting.”

Rochlan’s brows tick up. “Accounting?”

“Life is so much easier behind a spreadsheet,” I admit. “I’m good with numbers—it’s the one area of life I haven’t fluffed up. Still, I don’t have the confidence to be an accountant just yet. I’d need an internship—someone to take a chance on me. Show me the ropes.”

“I understand.”

“It’s not the work that worries me. It’s the *working with others* element that freaks me out. Office politics. Playing nice to my superiors. Delivering reports with confidence.”

“It’s not easy being confident, boy. I know a bit about that myself.”

I recall what Rochlan told me when I mentioned that he’d never had to deal with self-esteem issues. He said, *You’re only seeing the latest version of me, boy. I didn’t always have this confidence.*

“I’m listening,” I say.

“I run Black Knight Gyms—you already know that. However, growing up, I wasn’t the most popular boy.”

“I recall you hinting at that.”

“I was a chubby kid. I was bullied for years due to my weight.”

My jaw drops. “You’re joking.”

Rochlan shakes his head. “Nope. And—there’s nothing wrong with being bigger. Larger people are often treated as if they ‘need’ to lose weight to fit into society. It’s such BS.”

“I know.”

“However, I didn’t want to be big anymore due to the bullying. I have internalized shame stemming from those experiences.”

Rochlan’s left eye tremors as he leans back in his chair.

I recognize the involuntary gesture *at once*. Oh—my God. Rochlan struggles with his emotions just as much as me. He’s not crying, but this conversation isn’t easy for him.

It’s my turn to squeeze *his* hand. “It’s okay.”

“People look at you when you’re fit and assume you’ve always had it easy. Nothing could be further from the truth.”

I wonder how much Rochlan’s past influenced his determination to achieve something in the world. I’m not a psychologist—I’d never pretend to be. However, it feels like Rochlan grew up, became the CEO of a major gym chain, and “chained” himself to the gym to suppress the childhood feelings of shame he experienced as a boy.

I decide to seek to understand Rochlan’s feelings from this angle. I could be wrong—but I have to trust that because my intentions are pure, I won’t misstep. Hopefully, Rochlan will correct me if I say something he dislikes.

“You’re vulnerable like me, Daddy. You have insecurities, too—life hasn’t always been a walk in the park for you.”

Rochlan gazes out at Central Park in the setting sun. “No one should ever be made fun of for their weight. It’s terrible.”

Brave. That’s the only word that describes Rochlan.

Still, I can’t help but wonder if working out all the time is a patch, a drug to distract Rochlan from his childhood feelings.

I massage his hand. “You can say no to this request. But I’d like it if you showed me your stomach—your abs.”

He grits his teeth. “Why?”



“I want to see.”

Removing his hand from mine, he lifts his shirt. I peek at his rock-hard abs—each one is exquisitely sculpted, molded out of his childhood pain.

I push out a breath. “Forgive me if I’m speaking out of turn. I want to support you—see things from your perspective. You’ve run pretty far from those bullies, Daddy.” I stare into his eyes. “You’re beautiful—you know that.”

“I don’t always feel that way.”

“I know. But you are—you’ve transformed into a walking Adonis. Through years of sacrifice and brutal, hard work.” I clear my throat. “I have a proposition. One that might help us both.”

Rochlan tilts his head to the side. “I’m listening.”

“You know I struggle with confidence. How about... if *I* try to break out of my comfort zone, *you* spend one day of the week you’d usually spend at the gym with me?”

Rochlan furrows his brow. “I’ve never skipped a gym day before.”

“We’ll use the time to talk about our feelings with each other,” I suggest, praying that Rochlan understands where I’m coming from. “Our pasts. I’m not asking you to give up the gym—that’d be stupid. It’s a core part of who you are now. But this might help you heal in a way that pull-ups never could.”

“I *am* over my past.”

I bite my lower lip. “I’m not so sure about that. Everyone’s on a journey to becoming whole-hearted in this world—you nearly cried a minute ago, but I don’t mind at all. I cry, too. In fact, this past week, I cried and thought about resting on your chest and having you hold me.”

I want Rochlan to know that it’s okay to access his emotions. His feelings. Those ones that he buried when he dedicated himself to relentless workouts to prove his bullies wrong.

Rochlan's jaw clenches. "You *cried* this past week?"

"Yes. I'm not ashamed of it—sometimes, when I'm lonely, the tears come out. This week was much better than most. It's because of our wonderful playdate. I thought about it, and I felt better."

The waiter clears our plates and brings out the next course. As we eat, Rochlan squeezes my hand, threading his fingers through mine, refusing to let it go.

"I've never connected with anyone like this." Rochlan's gentle tone attests to his undeniable honesty. "*Never.*"

"Me, neither."

"Listen to me, boy. I *never* want you to cry again—not anymore. Your days of sadness are behind you. If you feel the urge, text me and I'll drop everything I'm doing to rush to your side. No hesitation."

"Really?"

"I don't care if I'm in an important business meeting or discussing things with my new forensic accountant to see who's ripping me off. You're more important—I'll kiss your tears away."

I stare into Rochlan's eyes, warmth flooding through me in waves. "You have to do the same, Daddy."

Why I'm calling him Daddy now, I don't know. It's different from when he read me *Little Piggies*—this time, it's like I'm his boy.

Oh, brother. *I pray I'm not being too forward.*

"I never cry," Rochlan growls, his voice deadly.

"I saw you." Leaning in, I boop his nose, but miss it and accidentally poke his cheek, but that doesn't matter. "If you feel teary again, text me. I'll show up and kiss your tears away."

The waiter comes out, clears our plates, and brings dessert. It's a delightful crème brûlée.

Rochlan grips my hand the entire time we eat. He even feeds me bites of the dessert, airplaning the spoonfuls to my lips.

He stares dead into my eyes when we finish. “*Thank you.*”

“You’re welcome.”

He helps me to my feet. The sun is setting now, bathing the park and balcony in glorious pink light.

He crushes me to his chest. “Would you allow me to kiss you, boy?”

I know that I haven’t “solved” all of Rochlan’s insecurities with one silly conversation. But it’s a start—a place we can build from, work together to heal our inner selves, our emotional wounds. The pursuit of physical “perfection” can only get you so far in life. Sometimes, the work you have to do on your heart is ten times harder—and requires a boy who loves you to help you go where you wouldn’t dare venture on your own.

*I’d love to be Rochlan’s partner in this journey.*

My lips part without my prompting. “I want nothing more.”

## Rochlan

I lean in and crush my lips to Billy’s. It’s a magical, transformative experience.

The setting sunlight whirls around our heads, casting a spotlight on us. It’s like we’re in a movie—this is the stuff that wins awards on the silver screen.

My right hand migrates down Billy’s back, and when I cup his tight ass, he pushes out a moan.

“Keep kissing me, Daddy.”

*Daddy.* I didn’t order him to call me that tonight. Certainly wouldn’t have *demand*ed it, even though I adore it.

No, my cherub let that magical word bubble out of his lips of his own accord. Like a special little secret between us—one no one else is privy to.

I plunge my tongue into his mouth. He spreads his lips for me, granting me passage.

Leaning against me, he grinds his hips into mine, rubbing his perfect hard shaft against my even harder one.

“Sweet boy.” I lick a path to the corner of his mouth, then suck it. “You have *no idea* what you do to me.”

He brings his left hand between my legs, then cups my hardness. “I have a good idea.”

Leaning back, I stare into his eyes. The sunlight turns them into liquid gems—the creamy, top-notch espresso I drank in Medellin pales in comparison.

A spark travels out of my eyes and drifts into his. Unable to stop myself, I swoop him into my arms and crush his back to the balcony.

“Look at you,” I grunt into his lips, emotion and affection for this angel welling up inside me. “Giving Daddy a kiss above Central Park. Good boy.”

“I’m Daddy’s bestest boy.”

We kiss with deep emotion in our hearts. In, out, up, down—my tongue travels across every square inch of his mouth, his cheeks, swiping across his gums, adoring everything.

Billy’s lips are softer than any boy I’ve ever been with. Hell—not even my fist, when I used to make out with it when I was a fourteen-year-old virgin, was this pillowy.

I snag his lower lip between my teeth. “You turn me on.”

Billy pistons his hips against mine, then wraps his arms around my neck. “If I turn you on, then you turn me into an ooey gooey marshmallow—one that can’t help but melt around your flame.”

The physical act of kissing Billy isn’t all that’s turning my dick into a log. No, it’s the conversation we shared—the

unparalleled affection he showed me.

Never in my life have I encountered someone who's understood me on such a fundamental level. He was right to say I almost cried—I choked up thinking about my bullies.

It's crazy how you can bust your ass, become a “successful” adult—yet one tiny remark can send you right back to the lonely boy you once were.

I love Billy's idea to help me become whole-hearted. Swapping out one day of the gym per week for chats about our feelings.

A lesser man would scoff at such a proposition—I'm grateful that I'm far enough along on my recovery journey to realize how apt his recommendation is.

Skipping one day a week won't kill me. And if anything, the emotional workouts I'll do with Billy will help me more.

“Haven't felt this way about a boy in so long.”

“Do you mean it, Daddy?”

I swirl my tongue around his mouth. “Yes. You've tapped into something I've been running from—my feelings. I thought I was fooling the world by pouring myself into my work—and *workouts*. I was wrong.”

True confidence doesn't come from changing your body—I was wrong to think that. It comes from loving yourself the way you are—no matter your size.

“I saw the pain in your face, Daddy. I couldn't ignore it.”

“You were right to speak up.” I cup his cheeks. “*So fucking right*. I'll make time to meet with you once a week to talk—and we'll talk about you, too. Make sure you're not lonely. Make sure no more tears trickle down those perfect cheeks.”

Billy moans as I crush my lips to his even harder, plunging my tongue deeper, deeper into his mouth.

Time stops as the universe flips on top of itself, which is the only explanation as to why both of us totter as if we're off balance.

Like a knight in shining armor, I tear Billy away from the balcony, then, after making sure my servant isn't watching, I bring him to my sofa.

"Tell Daddy what you've done before." It's crucial that Billy informs me about his sexual past. I'm an experienced man—I'm not a man whore by any means, but I've had a decent number of partners. The last thing I'd ever want to do would be to push Billy into something before he was ready.

"Sex." Billy grips my arms desperately. "Anal."

"What else?"

"That's it." Billy tugs his eyes away from mine. "Don't want to talk about it. Please don't ask me again—just want to do something with you."

"What do you mean, boy?"

"Suck me, Daddy." He stares earnestly into my eyes. "I beg you—*please*. No one's ever put their lips on my dick before. You'd be my first."

Oh. *Oh*. Well, this is better than I ever imagined.

Leaning back, I drink in the sight of a very horny Billy. Lying on the sofa, his cock straining against his corduroys, he's the spitting image of male glory.

Dipping my head down, I tug his zipper back with my teeth, then, using my tongue, untuck his cock from his corduroys and briefs—threading it through the pants slit in one quick motion—and plunge it into my mouth.

Billy groans, threading his fingers through my thick hair as my throat envelops his dick, no doubt coating it in hot warmth.

"Daddy!"

"Shhhh, boy." Moving my right hand up his chest, I pinch his nipple, both encouraging him to stay silent and heightening the stimulation. "Let Daddy give you this gift. Silently. Suck your pretty dick for the first time."

And—there's no denying it, Billy's dick *is* a gorgeous one. Six inches and cut, it curves slightly to the left, and is attached

to a juicy, full pair of shaved balls.

Because I'm a greedy fucker, I palm his balls with my left hand, cupping the tender orbs, transferring my heat to them.

I roll them around my palm—left, right, back to the left, as I drive his cock deeper down my throat, sucking it like a greedy motherfucker, tasting everything.

Billy whines into his fist. Scrunching his eyes shut, he fights like hell not to make a sound—the flush I glimpse on his cheeks when I flit my gaze up attests to his internal struggle.

Unfortunately, he fails. Despite his best efforts, a helpless whimper springs free from his lips.

It charges through the air, the libidinous timbre impossible to miss—especially to my neighbors who, by the smell of it, are having a barbecue on the balcony below.

“Hush, boy.” I kiss the side of his shaft, then pump his base. “No alerting my neighbors to our naughty activities.”

“It feels so good!” Billy’s eyes roll to the whites.

“Tell Daddy what it feels like. Don’t hold back.”

“Like I’m sticking my dick into a cloud!”

With a groan, I pop his balls in my mouth. First the left, then the right.

I stroke his shaft with my right hand, making it slick and wet, bringing him to the crescendo of his need.

“Bust it out, boy.” I flutter my tongue across his sack. “Don’t be shy.”

Billy clenches his fists—then unleashes.

One, two, three—oh Christ, he releases five shots of cum. Each is stronger than the last, and they soar through the air, before I catch them between my open lips.

“Feels good, eh?” I swipe my tongue across his trembling slit, lapping up the remaining pearls.

“Better than when I lost my virginity,” Billy gasps, shaking and quivering as I bunch up his shirt. “Oh, Christ—you know

what you're doing.”

I take a moment to stare at Billy in the hazy pink dusky light. His tummy, that precious thing, is smooth and hairless. His arms are the same. And his petite, bony hips call out for my kisses.

“Let's head to my hot tub, boy.” Giving him my right arm to hold, I help him to his feet. “We'll have champagne.”

Billy blushes. “Do you think you could carry me?”

For a second, I don't know how to respond. Is this honestly a question—would he ever think I'd say no?

Then, I realize—I should've offered to carry him in my arms at once. Or not even said anything—just heaved him into my arms, pressed him against my chest, without a word.

With a growl, I do the damn thing I should've done the first time and lift him against my chest.

Billy giggles, his legs jutting out as he latches onto me. “So strong!”

I'm so glad he appreciates my strength and the workouts I suffer through at the gym. Fuck knows Christopher didn't.

“Strong for you, Billy. As long as you're at my house, you get to enjoy these muscles.”

Billy hungrily trails his fingers over my right bicep. “I'm one lucky boy.”



## Chapter Eight

BILLY

When I wake up the next morning in Rochlan's bed, I still feel like I'm in the hot tub.

Closing my eyes, I hold the imaginary chilled champagne flute in my hand; relish the jets on my naked body; and cuddle up next to Rochlan.

We had the *best* night ever. Seriously—not once in my twenty-three years on this planet have I passed such a wonderful evening.

We watched the stars come out over Central Park, he and I. Our waiter kept us well-fed with chocolate-dipped strawberries (that Rochlan airplaned into my mouth), brownie bites, and enough champagne to make us fly.

I'm not even the biggest drinker—but oh man, did I let loose.

That's why Rochlan and I didn't get up to any more naughty business when we exited the hot tub. Hell—he didn't even sit me on his lap and read me a story. It likely would've led to something more—*something kinky*—and Rochlan wanted to make sure I was in a proper, consenting headspace before we did that.

He simply helped me brush my teeth, assisted me with spitting in the sink, and then tucked me into bed.

*His bed—not my crib. Talk about an honor.*

Rolling over, I glance at Rochlan's sleeping face in the morning sunlight. A chance ray sprawls across his cheek, turning it to marble.

I trail my index finger across his chiseled jaw, defined cheekbones, and trace a path to his collarbone. *God—almighty.* Rochlan's body is a work of art. It's the result of endless hours in the gym, devoting himself to becoming a walking deity.

*It's incredible what you can accomplish if you use the bench press as therapy. That's not to diminish his accomplishments—he's busted his ass. I can't help but be in awe. Still, I'll be glad when we start talking about our feelings. That's the best way to heal.*

"Rochlan better give me a membership to Black Knight Gyms," I mutter, drinking in his delicious hard-as-steel yet somehow still cuddly body. "Lord knows I should start working out." I have zero muscle definition anywhere. How sad.

That's when something jolts under the blanket—*twitch.*

Glancing down, I lay eyes on a giant bulge that protrudes from between Rochlan's legs.

My jaw drops as I draw in a breath. No—*this can't be.* Is *this* his cock?

Last night, I'll admit it—I was disappointed that I didn't get a good look at his parts. He turned away from me when we stepped into the hot tub, and when we exited, it was too dark to see much of anything.

"Don't do it," I warn myself. "This is a *clear* violation of his consent."

Rochlan's sleepy eyes drift open. "What, boy?"

A blush seeps into my cheeks, burning them. "Good morning."

He yawns, then fumbles for my hand. "Good morning, boy. I was in dreamland—but then a little piggy started muttering in my ear. Lo and behold, it was you."

"Are you calling me a piggy?" The nerve.

Rochlan smirks—then pries the blanket off. He flips me on my back, growling as he lifts my right foot.

“This little piggy went to market,” Rochlan grunts, pinching my pinky toe.

I scream with laughter, burying myself in my palms. “Oh my God!”

“This little piggy stayed home,” Rochlan continues, ignoring my shaking body and uncontrollable giggles as he pinches my “ring” toe next, sending a tingle up my leg.

“If you don’t stop, I’m gonna whiz!”

Rochlan snorts. “Don’t tell Daddy lies. You know that’s only an excuse so Daddy stops playing little piggy on your ticklish toes—deny it at your own peril.”

I fall silent as I peer into his eyes. Daddy—Rochlan called himself *Daddy* again.

At the dinner table yesterday, *I* was the one to call Rochlan Daddy first—if memory serves correctly. Does this mean that he wants to be my *real* Daddy—my full-time Daddy? Or is he only calling himself Daddy as a continuation of yesterday?

Rochlan quits playing the silly game. “You went quiet.”

“Daddy.” I say the word softly, gently. “Did you mean to call yourself that? Or did it sorta slip out?”

Rochlan furrows his brow. “I thought that after last night, I *was* your Daddy.”

“I pray that isn’t too presumptuous,” Rochlan continues, rugging his collarbone. “If it is, we can go slower. I don’t mind.”

Oh. *Oh*. This is too wonderful to fathom.

Fighting back tears, I thrust my arms around Rochlan’s neck. “Yes, yes. I thought you were my Daddy, too.”

“Do you *want* me to be your Daddy?” Rochlan scratches his temple. The poor man is so puzzled.

“God, yes.” A choked laugh escapes me. “I was worried—I thought you might bring boys over to your hot tub all the time. I feared I wasn’t special.”

“Not special?” Rochlan doesn’t like the sound of this. “I bet you think I serve them five-star meals and cuddle with them under the stars, too, huh?”

“Don’t be cross.” I rest my chin on his shoulder. “I’m new to this.”

Rochlan pushes out a growl.

Laying me on my back, he spreads his legs... and shows me his cock. “Do you think *this* would be so hard if you were just another boy? Think again.”

It takes a moment to process what I’m laying eyes on. Rochlan’s naked body, his hard, erect cock, is right in front of me—in all its glory.

Sweet. Mercy. Me. My own dick leaps to an erection, straining against the light blanket covering it.

“You’re *huge*.” I can’t believe my eyes.

Rochlan strokes his shaft. “I care about you, boy. So much. That’s why I didn’t make a move on you last night—a move that would’ve confirmed my feelings for you. I apologize for leaving you hanging. I was wrong. I should’ve showed you this hard, thick thing between my legs, this big Daddy cock that only pulses for you. No other boys make it rise like this. None—*not ever*.”

My heart slams in my chest as Rochlan masturbates in front of me.

Fighting back tears of joy, I throw myself at him, unable to rein in my impulses—my arms lock around his neck, squeezing him tight, my body needing to get as close to his as possible.

“I’m so glad you’re my Daddy,” I sob, burying my face in his chest. “You’re perfect—absolutely perfect.”

“Show me yours, boy.”

“You saw it last night, Daddy.” I kiss his left pec.

“I wanna see it again,” Rochlan growls in my ear.

Okay, well. If Daddy wants to see my dick, who am I to say no?

Leaning back, I guide my hips up and free my dick from the blanket. It springs up, slamming against my belly, the pink head leaking a droplet of pre-cum.

“There it is.” I poke the tip with my index finger.

“Wow, boy.” Rochlan presses his giant dick beside mine. “You’re six inches at least—damn near as big as me.”

I giggle at the sight of our two dicks side-by-side. “Don’t patronize me. Yours is *way* bigger.”

Rochlan wraps his right hand around our cocks, sending a frisson of need darting up my spine. “Does yours tingle when I do that?”

“Uh huh.” I feel like I’m in a dream.

“Mine, too. You’re quite inexperienced, Billy. Despite the fact that you’re not a virgin. Do you know that?”

My shoulders slump. “Can we not talk about my virginity right now—or lack thereof?”

This is my biggest sore spot. Elijah just had to open his big stupid mouth and make me hella insecure. *You’re too old for me—I only want a virgin.*

It’s ironic how Rochlan thinks I’m not experienced enough. After the bullshit Elijah spouted, Rochlan’s view of me is a welcome one, honestly.

Rochlan tucks a strand of hair over my left ear. “Of course, boy. We can discuss it later—or never at all. Your past isn’t what’s important to me. It’s you in the present—the Billy here and now. The one laying in front of me, beautiful in every way, shape, and form. And sweeter than a freshly baked strawberry rhubarb pie with cinnamon and butter on top. And a big swirl of whipped cream.”

My dick spurts a strand of pre-cum. “Oh, shoot. You made me squirt a lil’ bit.”

Rochlan guides his hand up and down our shafts. “That’s okay. Let it happen—you’re in good company. Who knows? I might, too.”

“Not now.” As much as I want to come, I’d rather wait—for what, I don’t know. Breakfast? “My tummy’s too hungry.”

“I’ve never heard of that being a reason a man can’t come, but I’ll take your word for it.”

I squeeze Rochlan’s balls. He groans, tossing his head back, his muscles rippling. “Daddy didn’t expect that.”

I roll them around in my hand, my vision doubling as they swell and twitch. “Oh my God—your balls are huge.”

All at once, a massive shot of cum rockets out of Rochlan’s cock.

It squirts onto my tummy, splattering around my bellybutton, before trickling onto the mattress.

“Ah, shit,” Rochlan groans, his dick pulsing up a notch. “That’s from last night—had blue balls in the hot tub. Been waiting to release that little squirt all night.”

“You should’ve told me.” My voice is a coquettish whisper. “I would’ve relieved you.”

“No, boy.” Rochlan pokes my nose. “You were too tipsy.”

I groan as my cheeks flush pink. “That’s right. Thanks for respecting my consent—you’re a mensch for that.”

“A mensch. Well, I haven’t heard that in decades.”

All at once, he lifts my body against his chest and helps me off the bed. I squeal, throwing my arms around his neck, squeezing him for support.

“Precious, precious boy.” Rochlan kisses my temple. “Let’s make you a yummy breakfast—pancakes, eggs, and juice.”

“Oooh!”

Rochlan glances around as if to see if anyone's around. When he's confident his servants—or whoever he's searching for—aren't in close proximity, he presses his lips to my ear.

“Maybe Daddy will even give you hot chocolate if you promise to play with his cock later. How does that sound?”

I moan as I dig my fingers into his chest. “It's a deal.”



## Chapter Nine

I lean back in my chair, watching Billy munch his waffles—not pancakes. When my personal chef informed me that he'd already prepared the waffle griddle, I couldn't tell him to unplug it.

Also, I totally prefer waffles to pancakes—it's kind of nonnegotiable. A dab of Irish butter, a drizzle of syrup, a dollop of fresh berries—how can you go wrong?

At present, Billy's dipping his waffle squares into a vat of whipped cream the size of his cute little head—the mere sight makes me melt.

Taking a sip of coffee, I try to calm the storm surge rising in my chest. This... is scary. For the first time since Christopher, I'm developing feelings for a boy.

“Watch it, precious one.” Leaning in, I dab his nose with a napkin.

Have I eaten anything yet? No. I'm way too busy keeping Billy in check.

Billy blushes. “Thanks for keeping me clean.”

“That's Daddy's job.”

“Aren't you going to have anything?” Billy looks concerned.

Oh, Billy boy. I'm having *way* more fun watching you enjoy yourself—nothing, and I mean nothing, in this goddamn lonely world compares to it.

I lift my mug. “Fresh coffee. No need for food.”

Billy’s hands go to his hips. “Eat something. You need the nutrients.”

My chef carts out the hot chocolate. “Here you go, sweet boy.”

Billy and I lay eyes on the hot cocoa cart... and we’re both in shock. Steam rises from an enormous vat of silver, gilded with gold. Marshmallows swirl around the surface, quivering and jiggling. Wafers, candies, and mint swirly sticks sit on tiny trays surrounding the glistening vat.

I turn to my chef. “This is a bit excessive.”

“It’s not for you, sir. It’s for your boy.”

Billy’s eyebrows migrate to his forehead. “No talking, Daddy! This is wonderful!”

I groan, already anticipating the sugar high Billy will get from this. “You get *one* glass.”

Billy shoots me a forlorn look that rivals Bambi’s. “No way, José.”

My incredible chef bows before retreating to the kitchen.

Billy eyes the enormous silver vat with love in his eyes. “This will help me with my task, Daddy.”

I crook a brow. “What task?”

As far as I recall, I didn’t assign Billy any particular task. His job is to be cute and enjoy himself—that’s it.

Billy crooks a brow. “When I play with your beautiful dick for the first time, do you want me hopped up on sugar or not?”

*That* task. Ah.

I smirk as I cross my arms over my chest. “We’re eating salad for lunch. And green pasta for dinner.”

“As long as it’s pasta. Am I right?” Billy sure is in a teasing mood.

Rising to my feet, I tug an oversized—and I mean fucking *oversized*, as in the thing is bigger than *my* head—cup off the

tray.

“This mug is big enough to make you feel *very* small,” I say. “Isn’t it?”

Billy nods eagerly. “Sure is.”

Lifting the ladle (my God, it’s heavy), I fill Billy’s giant cup to the brim. I dollop whipped cream on top, then dust chocolate wafers on the cream and add a generous serving of candies.

The second I set the cup down, Billy lunges toward the hot chocolate tray and tosses even more candy on top.

“Hey—” I protest, but it’s no use.

Billy’s already guzzling the cocoa down, candy and all.

I smack my forehead. Well, if he gets a bellyache, that’s not my problem.

Eh, who am I kidding. I’ll sit in the bathroom with him and snuggle him all afternoon as I nurse him back to health.

Perhaps I’d even allow him to suckle me for the first time—I bet he’s never tried that. And I’ve heard wonderful things about the healing powers of a Daddy’s nipples.

Billy burps. “Excuse me.”

I roll my eyes. “You are a piece of work.”

“I see candy—I take. No ability to restrain myself.”

Leaning forward, I dip my finger into Billy’s hot chocolate, then stare into his eyes. Wow—I can’t tell what’s prettier. The steaming, chocolatey beverage—or *his irises*.

“You make my heart melt like these marshmallows.” Oh, for fuck’s sake—I didn’t say that out loud, did I?

Billy reaches under the table and rubs my midsection. “Someone’s feeling cheesy... or chocolatey.”

“Stop, boy.” With a grunt, I tear my eyes away from his. Crap—I’m getting hard under his touch. “*Bad. Wrong.*”

“Commands like that don’t work when I’m not Barkington.”

I furrow my brow. “Hand off Daddy’s bits. This isn’t the time or place.”

“The sugar’s flowing through my veins, Daddy!”

Before I can stop him, Billy scrambles under the table and unzips me. Within seconds, his mouth is around my cock, sucking it, swallowing the length.

I thrust my fingers through his hair, fighting back primal grunts, adoring the way he sucks me with his hot chocolate-stained lips.

“Christ, boy!” I roar, stealing a sip of his cocoa. “Daddy told you—*no!*”

Billy whines into my giant shaft. “I’m sucking Daddy’s cock. Such a bad, bad boy.”

No—a *good boy*. A *great boy*. The best type of boy in the world, for you intuited exactly what Daddy needed, my angel, didn’t even ask him, just went and did it despite the fact that Daddy didn’t give you permission.

Only the *best boys* know to do that—they’re the ones that Daddies love to praise.

Already, I’m fighting a mental battle not to take this boy shopping at the finest stores in Manhattan and buy him everything his heart desires. For is that not what a Daddy should always do when his boy pleases him?

*I have to learn more about Billy’s trauma surrounding his virginity—and also what’s going on with his living situation. Then, we’ll truly bridge the distance between us.*

When I come, I bust out hot shots straight down Billy’s throat. He swallows each one, sucking it deep, refusing to let a droplet spill.

When I finish, he licks every bead from my engorged crown, then swirls his tongue along the sides of my shaft, cleaning me.

“Damn.” I pinch the bridge of my nose. “I was right about you.”

“Not so shy anymore, am I, Daddy?”

Billy pokes his head out from between my legs. His floppy brown hair sits in every direction, some sticking straight into the air.

He stares up at me with a look of such earnestness in his wide eyes, such trust, that I lose the court battle with the invasive butterflies I didn't want using the lower half of my abdomen as their primary residence.

I tousle his hair. “Get your damn ass out from under the table. Finish your cocoa.”

“About that.” Billy grimaces as he crawls out from under the table. “I *maaaaay* have a bellyache.”

A sigh escapes me. Knew it.

“Follow me, boy. We'll head to the kitchen for a glass of lemon soda.”

“I might need the restroom after,” Billy says, rubbing his tummy.

I wrap my arms around him. I hold him tight—refusing to let him go. As I squeeze, I seek to let him know that I've got him, I'm not letting anything happen to him, no matter what he does, no matter how much cocoa he drinks or how hurt his tummy is.

“It's okay, sweet boy. I'll take care of you—I'll stick by your side and help you feel better.” I also plan to give him the best medicine of all—a healthy dose of nipples to suckle.

Billy's eyes well with tears. “You have such a kind heart.”

It's not all kind. After all, I mainly want to see what he looks like suckling me.

“Would your paci help your tummy?” I wonder.

He grits his teeth. “How do you know I have a paci?”

“Every Little has a special paci,” I whisper.

Billy nods softly, then hugs me. “That'd help.”

“When you’re better, I want to take you somewhere I think you’ll like. I hope you’ll feel well enough.”

Billy grins. “Of course I’ll go. It was only a lil’ hot chocolate.”

# Chapter Ten

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BILLY

“How are you feeling, baby boy?”

Oh—this is a new one. *Baby boy*. In the short time that we’ve known each other, Rochlan hasn’t called me that yet.

I adore it. So damn much. *All* his little nicknames for me are wonderful.

But this one? Baby boy? Well, it might be my favorite yet.

“Much better.” I rub my tummy.

Rochlan hands me a fresh glass of lemon soda. “I’m glad to hear that.”

Lifting a mystery object from his bedside table, he fumbles with it for a few moments before removing its plastic wrapper.

Only when he brings it to my belly and pastes it above my button, do I see what it is.

“A puppy bandage!” I wriggle my toes.

Rochlan issues me a stern look. “This is to banish any lingering bad feelings from your tum. However, it’s also a reminder to obey Daddy—don’t drink so much cocoa or eat so many sweets when he tells you not to.”

I nod eagerly. “I’ll put my faith in you from now on.”

“I’m glad to hear that, baby boy.” He ticks my chin up. “Tell me—did the *alternative medicine* help?”

My gaze drops to his chest... and I suppress a lustful groan. Here's what happened. Two hours ago, after I'd had my first lemon soda and passed an embarrassing ten minutes in the bathroom throwing up, Rochlan brushed my teeth for me and then brought me to my crib where he taught me how to suckle his nipples.

Amazing is the least apt way of putting it. I took his left nipple in my mouth at first, unsure as to what I was doing. I'd never heard of anyone doing this before. Not even Arlo—even though I was positive he'd tried it.

Suckling Rochlan was... healing. Relaxing. Reinvigorating. There's no other way to describe it. I nibbled on his nipple, sucking it tenderly, letting the most calming sensations wash over me.

I bring my lips back to his left nipple and kiss it. "I liked it."

"Did it *help*, though?" Rochlan pushes out a grunt. "I've heard that Daddy's nipples have healing properties. I want your opinion on that theory."

"I can't speak to its empirical validity," I begin, "but I will say that, anecdotally, suckling you helped—a *lot*."

"I'm proud of you for trying something new, boy."

I issue him a stern look. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Rochlan scratches his temple. "I don't think so."

A sigh escapes me. Leave it up to the boy to remind Daddy of what to say. Gosh, we do everything.

"*Baby* boy." My voice is kind and comforting to let Rochlan know I'm not upset that he forgot.

Rochlan snickers as he pinches my side. "Oh, God. How could I forget?"

I squirm under his touch. A laugh escapes me as my toes curl, and my body gets the wiggles.

"That's why I'm here," I whisper in his ear.

Rochlan ticks my chin up. He stares into my eyes, a wave of affection pouring out of his irises.

Christ knows why this moves me so much—but it does. As we make eye contact, the weight of the world falls off my shoulders—my insecurities, my fear. Barkington obviously isn't about to come out now, but this type of staring makes him feel comfortable introducing himself to Rochlan soon. *Very* comfortable.

“You know what you do to me, angel?” Rochlan groans.

I suppress a grin. “I believe I do.”

“You turn my heart into a melted chocolate bar. Not any ol' bar—one of those giant, King-sized bars you can only find in luxury stores. The ones that are so oversized you gasp because they're bigger than your head. My insides are fondue—I want you to dip your marshmallow into my core. Dunk it in and swirl it around. Then, bring it to your pretty red lips—and pop it in.”

“I'd rather dip my banana in, Daddy,” I whisper. Is that bad to admit? Ha—I'm too enthralled with this man to care.

Rochlan trails his thumb across my jaw. “Dip whatever you want in. As long as you cross your heart and hope to die that you like Daddy as much as he likes you. Because if you don't, that'd make Daddy very, very sad.”

Pitching forward, I wrap Rochlan in the tightest, most comforting hug ever. “Believe me, Daddy—*I'm crazy about you.*”

Rochlan holds me tight. He runs his hands up and down my back, stroking my sensitive, soft skin, before cupping my ass.

A moan escapes me when he wiggles his middle finger between my crack, probing at my entrance. “O-Oh!”

“You're tight as hell, baby boy.” His digit strokes my tender opening. “We'll have to do some exercises to loosen you up.”

I whine as I grip his chest. “I-If we’re going somewhere this afternoon, you’d better knock it off—because if you don’t, we won’t leave this bedroom.”

Rochlan smirks as he withdraws his hand. “That’s a great point. Come on, precious boy. Let’s pack your special onesie into your bag and grab some toys.”

“Where are you taking me?”

“That’s for Daddy to know and you to find out.”

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Surprises have never been my favorite things. Sometimes, they’re awful—like when your grandmother gets you socks for Christmas that are three sizes too small because she still thinks of you as a kid.

(Ah, wait—I like those gifts.)

Other times, the person buying you a gift has the best intentions—but they read you totally wrong, and you’re forced to pretend that the *set of tools* they bought you is what you wanted for your birthday.

In this case, I’m grateful that Rochlan understands what a boy like me needs.

Because when his private driver takes us to Little Land—the only all-inclusive adult age play playroom in Manhattan—and Rochlan informs me that I get to play *all afternoon*, I’m happier than a Little in a candy store.

Errr—*this playroom is practically a giant candy store*. We haven’t even stepped inside yet, but already I can tell it’s perfect.

My jaw tumbles to my feet. “Holy crapola.”

“No naughty words, boy.” Rochlan massages my lower back. “Don’t make Daddy give you a spanking.”

I bury my head in his chest. “I’m overwhelmed. I’ve never stepped foot in a place like this.”

Rochlan drops to his knees, then points to the sign above the entrance. “What does that say?”

Shyness overtakes me. “Can’t read it.”

“L... come on. Help Daddy out.”

I hide my eyes behind my elbow. “Feeling too Little to read. Spell it out for me.”

“L, I, T, T, L, E—”

“Little Land,” I shout, because I can’t control myself a second longer. Bouncing on the balls of my feet, I look at Rochlan with hopeful eyes. “Is this for boys like me?”

Rochlan snickers as he stands up. “It sure is. Welcome to Little Land—the only adult playroom in the city. It has a stuffy pit, a hot tub, a dance floor, a bead-painting station, and a place where you can eat as many bowls of ice cream as you’d like.”

Well—I likely won’t be gorging myself on ice cream. Not after my hot chocolate catastrophe.

Still, the prospect of playing in a *stuffy pit* and enjoying the incredible *hot tub* overwhelms me.

My Little brain starts to whirl. Will the tub have rubber duckies? Will the jets be fun to play with?

*Ooh*—I wonder if there will be other Littles here to meet! Gosh, how I want to play with other boys who like the same things as me.

I rest my cheek on Rochlan’s chest. “I’m in awe.”

“Welcome to Little Land.” A young man wearing a Little Land uniform steps out of the front door. “My name is Lachlan. I’ll be overseeing your playdate today.”

Rochlan leads me toward Lachlan. “Say hello, boy.”

“Baby boy,” I correct, not bratty at all, but simply to remind Daddy that he must claim me as his own in front of

everyone he sees, at all times, for the rest of his life. “Hi, Lachlan.”

Lachlan tousles my hair. “Aren’t you a charmer.”

My cheeks flush. “He called me a charmer, Daddy.”

Rochlan pats my bum. “He’s not wrong to say that. You *are* a charmer—a charming little angel who stole my heart.”

Lachlan guides us inside. “Come on, come on. There’s no time to lose.”

The interior of Little Land is decorated fabulously. Whoever picked out the pastel pink colors, the stuffies and toys lining the walls, the cotton candy-colored speakers that pulse out pop music, the scented glitter mist that sprays us the moment we walk in—they did a terrific job.

I’m hesitant to say that my eyes *gloss* over when I step inside. However, if someone had a mirror, I’m sure I’d see that my eyes had been replaced by spinning hypnotic wheels—the kind that show you’re going *gaga*.

“This is awesome.” I have beef with the word “awesome.” Three years ago, I started saying it ironically—to tease people who actually say “awesome.” Somewhere along the line, I began saying it for real, without the slightest trace of jest. It’s become an uncomfortable reflex, a crutch word that drives me bonkers.

Now, I’m too excited to care. Little Land is, well—*awesome*. Screw anyone who says otherwise.

Rochlan slips my shirt off. “Time to get in your onesie, boy.”

I cross my arms over my chest, a breeze turning my nipples into peaks. “I didn’t realize I’d do it so soon.”

“Pants, too.” Rochlan unbuttons my corduroys and tugs them to my knees.

I grimace as my dick strains against the fabric of my briefs, suddenly hard. “Daddy.” I clench my thighs as I stare down at my body. “You’re doing this in front of Lachlan.”

Rochlan pats my bum. “Tell Billy how normal this is, Lachlan.”

“Don’t worry,” Lachlan says. “Every boy strips out of their daytime clothes when they enter. As the Head Playmate in charge, I’m not fazed by nudity anymore. And when you enter the hot tub, we have a no-clothes policy—you’ll even have to remove your briefs and onesie.”

Rochlan tugs my briefs off and exposes my naked body. My shaft bounces up, hitting my tummy.

“I wasn’t prepared for this,” I say.

Rochlan lifts my left leg to help me into my onesie. “You have nothing to be afraid of. Lachlan isn’t judging you—or looking at you in a lewd way. He’s here to help you.”

Lachlan smiles. “Would it make you feel more comfortable if your Daddy got naked, too?”

Rochlan rears his head back. “Whoa.”

Lachlan snickers. “Hey—you’re making your boy strip. It’s only fair that you do, too.”

I grin as I turn to Rochlan. “Do it, Daddy. Help me feel comfy.”

With a groan, Rochlan tugs off his clothes and strips to his birthday suit. “I guess you’re right. If Billy needs to get in the buff, I should as well. Otherwise, there’s a power imbalance.”

I love how open-minded Rochlan is. As he shows me his beautiful body in all its naked glory—his chiseled abs, his pecs, his thick, long flaccid cock hanging between his thighs—I can’t help but feel grateful he went along with this.

He’s right—forcing me to strip *does* lead to a power imbalance. *This makes it better.*

My shyness turns to pride. “We’re both naked, Daddy.” Running toward him, I dance and wiggle by his side, bumping my hip on his.

Rochlan palms my ass. “See? Nothing to be afraid of.”

Lachlan nods. “Would you like to play, too, Mister? Most times, we don’t allow Daddies to play with their boys. Today, we don’t have another group coming until later this afternoon and your boy looks like he could use the company.”

Rochlan turns to me. “Tell Daddy what you’d prefer. Play alone or with him?”

Oh... *what a decision.* I thread my fingers through his, feeling his veins thrum with longing. I hadn’t considered playing with him today—and yet, the idea is perfect.

I nod. “With you.”

Rochlan pushes out a grunt. “I’m afraid I don’t have a onesie.”

“Here you go.” Lachlan produces an adult-sized onesie that will fit Rochlan’s body. “You can have this one.”

I stare at the onesie as my breath catches in my throat. It has soft, cartoon puppies on it. They chase their tails, sniff each other’s bums—and some even gnaw on bones.

“Baby will help Daddy into his onesie.” I lift Rochlan’s thick, muscular, hairy leg. “Hurry, Daddy. We’ve got to play.”

After Rochlan and I are both cozy in our onesies, we rush toward the playroom. Watching Rochlan leap into the stuffy pit after me is a dream.

Here he is, this big, manly man, donning a puppy onesie and letting out his inner child. Daddies don’t get enough opportunities to play—it’s not fair. The focus is always on the Littles enjoying themselves, but why can’t a Daddy have a blast with stuffies, too?

After we toss stuffies at each other (Lachlan blows his whistle when we get too rough), we head to the dance floor. Then, we make a beeline for the bead-painting station.

I create a gorgeous puppy “painting” that Rochlan tells me is better than half the works at the Met.

When we finish, we shed our onesies to leap into the hot tub.



“I’m *so glad* Little Land has duckies,” I say, plopping a big yellow one in the water.

Rochlan guides my ducky toward a jet. “Uh oh, baby boy—Yellowtail is heading toward rapids.”

“Noooooo!” I rush toward Yellowtail to save him.

Too late—the jet pushes him across the hot tub, bonking him against Daddy’s chest.

I sniffle as I scoop him into my hands. “He bumped his head.”

Rochlan stares into my eyes a beat too long. An expression of affection, so pure and true, forms on his features.

He leans in, then trails his right hand across my cheek. It stops at my jaw. “Look at you playing. Letting your inner Little shine. You’re so brave.”

My cheek turns hot under his touch. “I like when you compliment me.”

Almost, we bridge the distance between ourselves and kiss. *Almost*. I’m not sure what holds us back—if it’s the moment, the bubbles, or some sense of propriety that prevents us from locking lips while naked in a public hot tub.

“Swim to Daddy.” Rochlan pats his leg under the water. “Sit on my lap.”

I do as he says. Planting my bum on his hairy thigh, I let him drape his left arm around my waist, pulling my back flush to his chest.

He nuzzles my neck, whispering soft, sweet things in my ear, like how much he cares about me, values me, how he cherishes me and wants to always be mine.

I surrender to his kindness, letting myself fully slip into Little headspace now, which is to say, under his wonderful, protective spell.

“You’re mine, baby boy.”

My head nods as warmth surrounds me from every angle. “*Yours.*”

“Want to take Yellowtail home with you?” Rochlan asks into my neck, guiding my ducky to my belly.

I nod as Yellowtail pokes my button. “Yes. We’ll play in the bubblebath tonight.”

# Chapter Eleven

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ROCHLAN

If only Billy knew how much I care about him. If only he *felt* the things only a Daddy can feel.

Billy and I have only known each other for one week. *Already, he means more to me than any other boy.*

“Nooo, Yellowtail Junior!”

Billy rushes toward the pond in Central Park wearing the brand-new puppy T-shirt I purchased him a few days ago.

Right now, he’s chasing a duckling that wandered too far away from its mother—and its bevy of fluffy brothers.

Billy holds *his* Yellowtail in his left hand; the cute, rubber ducky I talked Lachlan into letting us keep from our date at Little Land.

“Don’t run next to the water, Billy.” Though I hate doing it, I tug his leash.

He stops dead in his tracks, jolting back in surprise. He turns his head over his shoulder and hits me with the most pathetic expression ever. “I hate this leash.”

I walk to his side and pat his head. “If I could trust you to obey me in public, you wouldn’t need to wear it.”

Billy sniffles. “Why do *you* always make the rules? Why can’t I?”

I cross my arms over my chest. “We’ve been over this, baby boy.”

Billy melts a bit when I call him his special title. Christ—I had zero inkling he’d love it this much when I first used it. I can see the worries fall from his shoulders and trickle onto the ground beside him, then evaporate.

Yep—Billy is *definitely* a Daddy’s boy. No doubt about it.

*I’m so dang lucky he’s mine.*

He scurries to my side and wraps his arms around me. “I listen now.”

My eyes roll to the whites. “I can’t trust you not to run into traffic, buttercup. Or leap into this pond—*yes, this one in front of us*—because you want to save a ducky.”

“Yellowtail Junior is separated from his mother.”

I turn back toward the pond. Sure enough, the tiniest duckling that ever did duckling is swimming around a few lily pads, oblivious to the fact that its family has ventured far, far away.

My heart breaks a bit. Dang—Mother Nature sure is cruel. I doubt anything would happen to *this* duckling, but cases have been recorded that show that not every duckling makes it to adulthood.

Some likely wander around lily pads too long and wind up abandoned. Others fall into storm drains and can’t get out. *They need ducky Life Alert.*

I wrap my right arm around Billy’s waist. “You’re right.”

“What should we do?”

“I’m thinking, baby boy.”

He melts again when I call him *baby boy*. “My plan is the best plan. It’s a shame you don’t know what it is.”

I issue him a stern look. “What *is* your plan, boy?”

He clears his throat. “*Baby boy.*”

“Baby boy,” I groan, shaking my head. This one. He’ll be the death of me.

Billy brings his fingers to his downy smooth, oh-so-soft chin, not a hint of stubble on it because he shaved this morning. “You’d like to know, wouldn’t you?”

I hate to be this person. I really do.

Tilting his chin up, I peer into his eyes. “Do you *have* a plan?”

Billy sticks his nose in the air. “I did until you tugged my leash.”

With a sigh, I move to unstrap his leash. I have to say it—I’ve never been the type of Daddy to consider leashes. Christopher wouldn’t have let me get away with it for a second. Then again, Christopher didn’t run in the middle of the street with his head in the clouds (due to his love for me) or make toward ponds as if he was about to jump in.

Then again—Christopher didn’t give two shits about me. He was buried in his phone whenever we went out, no doubt texting other Daddies. *Asshole*.

*That’s* why I didn’t fuss over him like Billy. Christopher, that asshole, didn’t need my help.

“There.” I lift the leash after I unclick it. “You’re free.”

Billy tilts his head to the side. “Now, I wish it was still on.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose. “Don’t make me ask why.”

“I’m only messing with you.” Billy wraps his arms around my chest. “I like when you control me. Guide me. Help me learn to listen to you. To look both ways before crossing the street. I’ll always do what you say.”

Talk about mixed signals.

With a groan, I lead Billy toward the pond. “First you hate the leash, now you love it. I don’t know what to do with you.”

“Daddies are so clueless.” Billy pushes out a snort. “I couldn’t be clearer.”

I shake my head. “Keep telling yourself that.”

“I always want what I don’t have. And dislike what I do have.”

“That’s not the wonderful character trait you think it is, baby boy.”

Billy blushes as he nuzzles my shoulder with his cheek. “At least you got the *baby* part right this time. I was worried I’d have to remind you until you were old and gray.”

Old and gray. When he says this, I should brush it off. It’s no different from any other passing remark he’s made.

And yet—I can’t. I picture Billy and I growing old together, holding each other’s hands as we enter that stage of life. I’ll enter it a little ahead of him, it’s true—but would he really be with me every step of the way?

I turn to face him... and for Christ’s sake, tears well in my eyes. I blink hard, determined to fend them off. I think of Billy reading to me when I’m old, switching roles and being the caretaker that I was to him now. He could read me *Little Piggies* and, even though I might have a bad back or something, I could still play the silly game on his toes, no matter our ages.

Billy turns to me. “Uh oh, Daddy. Did I fluff up?”

“No, baby boy.” A rasp infects my voice. “Daddy’s thinking about the future.”

He gulps. “I hope your vision of the future includes me.”

There’s a bench in front of the pond. I sit on it, then take Billy’s hand in mine. “Did you mean... what you said?”

“About what?” Confusion manifests on his features.

“Reminding me to call you your special title until I’m *old and gray*.”

He tugs at his shirt collar. “I mean, I *hope* I ingrain it into your memory before then.”

“I mean... the *old and gray* part. Do you really intend to be my boy for that long?”

“No.” Billy turns to me with sheer love in his eyes. “I plan to be your *baby boy* for that long. Jesus, Daddy—quit fluffing up. Do you need me to tattoo this on your brain?”

I’m unable to hold them back even if I wanted to. Tears—they flow down my cheeks, dripping onto my shirt.

Never—*ever*—in my life has anyone treated me like Billy. His earnest sweetness, mingled with his pure affection for me, is an ever-surprising gift—a Fabergé egg of never-ending delights.

“Don’t cry.” Billy leans in and kisses my cheek. “It’s okay.”

I wrap my arms around him. “I care about you so much.”

“Me, too.”

When I lean back, Billy’s eyes are wet with tears. “Your emotions infected me.”

I trail my thumb under his right eye, then his left. “You’re an empath, angel. You *feel* what others feel—that’s an amazing thing.”

He swoons into my hand. “Drying my tears. What’s next? Are you gonna change my diaper?”

He rams his hands over his lips as if he realized what he said. “Oops.”

I plant a chaste kiss on his jaw. “Don’t be embarrassed. If you want to try that, Daddy’s game.”

Christopher wouldn’t have dreamed of trying something new like diapers. Anything other than calling me *Daddy* in the bedroom was too much for him.

Billy rubs his nose in my palm. “We never know what the future holds.”

We stay like this for a few moments. I think about the future, the wonderful years we’ll share together. God—it’s wonderful.

Billy is the partner I’ve been waiting for. Holding out for. Fuck knows this is why none of my previous relationships



have worked out.

The gods that oversee human matchmaking were biding their time until I ran into Billy in the Little Bunny Club. That's the only explanation—no other suffices.

“I'm hard.” Billy brings my free hand between his legs.

“I know, boy. So am I.”

We rub each other as we cuddle on the bench. People walk around us, but they're so busy on their phones, texting friends and playing games, that they don't even notice.

Let them stay far away from us. Let us be isolated in this happy little bubble we've created—where only we exist, where no others can intrude on our affection for one another.

“You really wouldn't judge me if I wore a diaper?” Billy ticks his head up.

“First, I need to meet Barkington.” My voice is stern. “That's a *must*.”

Billy makes a nervous face. “I sure hope he's ready to come out of his cage. I don't want to let you down again.”

“We'll take it one fetch session at a time.”

Billy pushes out a sigh. “I think Barkington needs a big event to make his grand entrance—something to *force* him out of his cage. An event with lots of pups who include him and like him—where he'll free himself from his inhibitions and become the pup he was born to be.”

It suddenly dawns on me that Pride month is right around the corner. And—oh my God. There's a giant Pride parade that various kinksters are taking part of in Manhattan.

“Thank you for telling me that, boy.” I massage his inner thigh. “Daddy will see what he can do.”

“Would you mind if that's how you met Barkington?” Billy bites his lower lip. “In a big event?”

I shake my head. “Not at all. I can play with Barkington one-on-one *after* he's able to free himself from his insecurities

—the important thing is that he breaks free. I’ll support him no matter *how* he does it.”

Billy squirms beside me. “You deserve a kissy on your dicky tonight.”

I smirk as I maul his neck with a hungry peck. “That saying’s a boner killer, but I’ll take it.”

The duckling is starting to panic.

*Quack.*

Billy jolts his head up. “We have to save Yellowtail Junior.”

I rise to my feet—but then notice that Billy’s hard cock is bulging in his khakis. With a groan, I reach inside them and tuck his dick into his waistband.

“Gotta be mindful of your cock, Billy. Can’t have you showing the whole world your hardness.”

Billy moans when I pinch his pink tip. “I-It tingles.”

“Focus on the ducky. You’ll release later.”

With this, Billy rushes toward the pond. He kicks his shoes off, then dips his legs in.

“Oh, God.” Anxiety wracks my chest. “He’s actually going in.”

I’m pretty sure this is illegal. But damn—I won’t be the one to prevent Billy from rescuing the ducky. He’s the only one who’s doing anything.

Billy splashes the water beside a big lily pad. “Come here, Yellowtail Junior.”

The duckling quacks as it eyes Billy with curiosity. I might need to get my vision checked, but I swear a ducky tear slips down its beak.

Billy grows stern. “We don’t have much time.”

At last, Yellowtail Junior paddles toward Billy. Billy scoops him into his palm, then takes him to me.

“I changed my mind. We’re adopting him.”

I issue him a stern look. “Petal Boo doesn’t play well with cute birds.”

“Dang.” Billy shakes his head. “I forgot your carnivorous dog will chomp Yellowtail Junior to bits.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s *champ* to bits,” I correct. “Not chomp.”

Billy furrows his brow. “Chomp.”

“Champ.”

Billy glares at me. “Chomp, damnit.”

I lift my palm. “No cussing—you’ll get a spanking.”

With this, Billy rushes away from me and back to the water. Locating the duckling’s family, he deposits it in the pond, then shoves its little yellow bum. “You’ve got this, YJ.”

Oh, great. We’re calling the ducky YJ now.

“Yellowtail Junior’s too much of a mouthful for ya?” I drawl.

Billy whips around to glare at me. “I was expecting you to praise—and perhaps arrange a documentary mini-series about—my impromptu act of kindness.”

I join Billy beside the pond. “You did a wonderful thing, baby boy. Not every young man has a heart as big as yours—I’m impressed. You give St. Teresa of Avila a run for her money.”

Billy scrunches his brow. “Don’t you mean Mother Teresa?”

“St. Teresa of Avila was a Spanish nun whose heart exploded after a sexy angel pierced it with an arrow. I saw Bernini’s sculpture of her *agony* once in Rome—after the angel tore off her clothes and stabbed her, she had the biggest heart of all.”

Billy rushes toward me and buries me in a hug. “You’re so smart. I wish I could be like you.”

“All we’d need to do is go to Rome,” I rasp romantically, swooping him into my arms. “I think you deserve a luxury vacation after that brave act of heroism. We could stay by the Coliseum and watch the sun rise over the Forum.”

Billy giggles when I tickle his belly. “I’d prefer LegoLand!”

“I bet you would, baby boy.” With a growl, I blow a raspberry on his stomach. *Brrrrrrthp*. “I bet you would.”

## Chapter Twelve

---

Brains are so overrated. Much preferable is cuteness. All-encompassing, unrelenting adorableness that ushers your spiritual core into a new dimension.

Such is the emotion I feel for my baby boy. At present, he's making me dinner with Play-Doh.

Apparently, the blowjob I treated him to after we returned from Central Park made him feel guilty.

He instantly felt that he wasn't being a good enough partner—and instructed me to sit at the table instantly so he could cook for me.

There's something about a boy cooking for you that lights your internal Daddy up. Even if the food is made of inedible material, even if its value is emotional instead of nutritional, it's magical.

“Almost done, baby boy?” I cross my left leg over my right. “Daddy's hungry.”

“One second.” Billy scrunches his face together as he plates my Play-Doh spaghetti. “I'm close.”

I rap my knuckles on the table. “All that walking we did made me *famished*.”

“Hush, you.” Billy focuses as hard as he can on the presentation of the meal. “It'll get there when it gets there.”

I can't imagine Gordon Ramsay telling a customer that. Still, I figure it's best to stay silent.

I check my watch. Wow—*the day has flown by*. Billy and I have spent twelve hours together—I barely felt it.

Time is such a silly thing. When you're at a boring ass meeting, it goes by so slowly. When you want it to slow down so you can spend more time with the people you love, it rushes by too fast.

A tingly discomfort rakes up my spine. Did I just admit... I *love* Billy? No—*no*. It's far too soon for that.

However, as I gaze at him sprinkling Play-Doh parmesan cheese on my Play-Doh spaghetti, his brow creased, his teeth sinking into his lower lip, I realize that, though we've only known each other for a week, I'm well on the path to loving this boy.

It's crazy because after Christopher cheated on me, I swore off love.

*Now, I'm flying toward it headfirst.*

"Here you go." Billy skips to my side with the plastic plate. "Your first course is served."

My jaw drops. "I get more courses after this?"

A shy flush pervades his cheeks. "No. I was being fancy."

I tousle his hair. "That's all right, baby boy. Let's dig in."

He clears his throat. "Uhhhhhm."

Uh oh. "Is something wrong?"

He hides behind his elbow. "I only made spaghetti for you. Not me."

"Hey." I pry his soft, slender, immensely kissable arm, that beautiful thing, away from his face, then squeeze his wrist. "Don't be shy. I'm grateful."

He peeks at me with big doe eyes. "Will you share with me?"

We'll eat like the dog couple in *Lady and the Tramp*. The one that slurps their spaghetti up so that their mouths meet in the middle.

I pat the chair beside me. “Sit down, pretty boy.”

Billy obeys my command. He kicks his feet out, then rests his chin on his right palm. “Tell me how it tastes.”

Fighting a laugh, I lift the plastic fork he served the “meal” with and drive it into the plush spaghetti, twisting the noodles around the prongs, then bring it to my lips.

“Nom, nom, nom,” I growl, rumbling my belly.

Billy shoots me a side eye. “I don’t see you eating it.”

“Fee fi fo fum,” I growl again, hiding my mouth behind a napkin and then quickly removing the spaghetti from the fork with my left hand.

When I lower the napkin, Billy’s eyes pop open in shock. “You ate it.”

“Of course I did.” Duh. Why wouldn’t I?

“Oh my God.” Billy bounces on his seat. “Daddy ate my spaghetti. He likes my cooking.”

I repeat the motion—this time, I make extra-loud eating noises. They’re a touch too growly for my taste, I’m not much of a growler, but Billy gets a kick out of them.

Billy can’t believe his eyes. “Daaaaaddy. You’d better slow down—you’ll get a bellyache.”

I smirk as I rub my stomach. “Too hungry.”

His mouth falls open. “I have a secret.”

And I have a funny feeling that I know what it is. This, I don’t admit out loud.

Scooting in, I press my ear beside Billy’s mouth. “Tell me, baby boy. Don’t be shy.”

Billy moves his lips to my ear. “The spaghetti is made of... PLAY-DOH.”

My jaw tumbles to my feet. No. *No*. How didn’t I know?!

“Billy.” My voice is as stern as stern can be. “You tricked Daddy.”



“I’m sorry, Daddy.” Billy howls with laughter as he scoots back. “I didn’t think you’d eat it—but you did. Oh my goodness, I’m bad.”

I twist the fork through another bit of spaghetti. “Open wide.”

Billy doesn’t appear so gleeful when he hears this. Clamping his lips shut, he shakes his head. *Nope*—that’s what his face tells me.

My eyes narrow. “You said you wanted to try some.”

Billy hides behind his hands. “Billy can’t come to the door right now. He’s doing homework.”

That’s when I get an idea. Fuck knows where it comes from—probably the depraved depths of my mind.

Well, depraved isn’t the right word—this is the best idea I’ve ever come up with. And considering that I founded Black Knight Gyms, *that’s saying something*.

“I’ll make you a deal, Billy boy.”

Billy pokes an eye out from behind his hand. “I’m listening.”

“Take *one little bite*—and I’ll order us pizza.”

Billy freezes. At last, his hands fall from his face, and he looks at me with curious eyes. “Really?”

No. I’m lying because I weirdly want you to eat Play-Doh for some reason.

“Yes, boy.” I clear my throat. “With garlic breadsticks and side salad.”

“And wings?”

“Yes.”

“Boneless?” Billy makes a face. “Or bone intact?”

“It depends if you like bones or not.” I waggle my eyebrows.

Billy winks at me naughtily. “I like bones... but not in my wings.”

“I’ll order pizza, garlic bread, salad, and boneless wings—*and* a brownie pie for dessert.”

Billy shakes in his seat. “Now, you’re messing with me.”

I push the Play-Doh spaghetti toward Billy. “Try.”

He lifts the fork and takes a gulp of air. It doesn’t calm him—his hand still shakes.

He shoots me a pleading glance. “I need you to feed me while I close my eyes. I won’t be able to do it otherwise.”

With a sigh, I scoot beside him and remove the plastic fork from his hand. I grab a teeny-weeny bite of the “dish”—*that’s the stuff*.

The spaghetti is blue. The meatballs are green. The sauce is yellow. *Delicious*.

“Open wide.”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Billy says, scrunching his eyes shut.

“Here comes the airplane.”

I zoom the mini-bite between his lips. He squirms and shrieks, but eventually, he relents and chews it.

“*Gross*.” Billy leaps off his seat and buries his face in my lap. “I’m soooooo sorry I made you eat that. Icky.”

I take a bite—an actual one, this time. Huh—it’s not bad.

“Quit being a drama queen,” I drawl, ruffling his hair. “You’d win an Oscar with that performance.”

Billy unzips me and plants furious kisses on my underwear. “This is to show how sorry I am. I’ll never make you eat that again—*I swear*.”

He untucks my cock and buries it in his mouth.

I groan in surprise, the sudden motion catching me off guard. Well—I’ll be damned.

The best acts of penance are for sins that no one committed.

Threading my fingers through his hair, I pump into his mouth, basking in the warm, hot wetness of his greedy little throat.

His tonsils hug my crown, squeezing it, and I pant as I pick up my phone.

“Pizza Boys?” I growl, my balls heaving, my dick thickening, elongating.

Billy licks a path to my nuts and beats my shaft. “Order an extra-large!”

“Yes?” the tired voice on the line says.

“I’d like to order a—” A red-hot tingle blazes up my gut. “Ah, fuck—lemme grab an extra-large pep, a side salad—”

“Your connection is poor, Sir. Say that again.”

“An extra-large pepperoni,” I manage to bark out, “a side salad, boneless fire sauce wings—”

“Don’t forget the brownie pie, Daddy!”

“Sir—” the poor soul snaps. “Speak clearly—I can barely understand you.”

Billy snatches the phone. “Give us five minutes, damnit. We’ll call you right back.”

“Five minutes?” I groan, pushing his smart little mouth back down on my cock, basking in the delicious silence. “*I don’t even need thirty seconds.*”

Billy goes to town on my dick. He bobs his head up and down, spit trickling out of his lips, pooling at the base of my shaft.

When I come, a thunderous hammer slams down my nuts. It feels *amazing*. There’s no denying it.

Billy gasps as he pokes his face out from under the table. “Did I do good, Daddy?”

I groan as I swipe a wet strand of cum off his lips, then grip his tender cheek. Christ—*Christ*. The affection I have for

this boy is unbelievable. There are no words to describe how I feel—only actions.

Heaving him into my arms, I slam my lips on his. My tongue ducks, dives, and swirls around his mouth, tasting every bit of him. With my kiss, I show him the depths of my feelings for him—*the ones that verge on love*.

Love. It's a crazy little four-letter word. Yet I'd be a liar if I said I wasn't barreling headfirst toward it.

When the pizza arrives, I use a clean tiny plastic fork and knife to slice Billy's food. He savors every bite, burping ever-so-gently, then excuses himself and sticks his head forward so I can pat his lips clean with a napkin.

He's such a well-mannered boy.

"Time for dessert, Daddy." Billy stares at me with eager eyes.

My brow furrows. "You already had your brownie pie."

He smirks. "Unzip yourself."

*A Daddy could get used to that.*

# Chapter Thirteen

---

BILLY

Any minute, he'll walk through the door—and our lives will change. No doubt about it.

Okay, that's a *touch* dramatic. Rochlan's life, as well as mine, have both changed already—and there was no “grand moment” that effected that change.

He swept me off my feet at the Little Bunny Club and welcomed me into his life. We've spent a wonderful two weeks together.

However, today *will* broaden the scope of our relationship, and give it more depth.

Today's the day he skips the gym for the first time to discuss his past.

There are also a few things *I* need to talk about—namely, my living situation (which he was delicate enough not to bring up over the past two weeks) as well as my insecurity regarding the way I lost my virginity.

I'll also bring Elijah up. I know, it's not the best idea to mention an ex-potential Daddy to your current one—but Elijah hurt me a lot, and if Rochlan can help me process that trauma, I'll be glad.

The doorbell of the upscale Manhattan tearoom I asked Rochlan to meet me at dings. I flit my head up—and in walks Rochlan.

Oh. *My*. Today, Rochlan dons a white T-shirt and sweatpants that accentuate every curve and plane of his muscular figure. His thighs, those mammoth trunks, are mighty and powerful; his biceps bulge like machine guns; and, oh Christ, I'd be an idiot if I didn't notice the *beast* between his legs.

Already, my saliva glands pump into overdrive as need floods my body. I've taken Rochlan down my throat more times than I can count—but in gray sweats? *The man looks like a dream.*

“Hey, Daddy.”

“There you are.” Rochlan makes a beeline toward me, then kisses my cheek. “I've been waiting to see you all day.”

Rochlan's worked all morning. There's something going on at Black Knight Gyms—something about missing money. That's why we had to wait until now to meet.

I wrap my arms around his chest. “Me, too.”

Rochlan settles into the seat across from me. “Cream tea. You have the key to my heart.”

I smear jam and clotted cream on a warm scone, then slide it over to Daddy. “The server brought it out right before you arrived. It's super fresh.”

Rochlan pours tea into my pink teacup. Safe to say, I melt when I bring it to my lips.

*That's why I chose this place. They have the cutest teacups.*

“So, boy.” Rochlan clinks his cup to mine. “We're going to unpack a lot today.”

I push out a breath. My eyes drift to the floor, then all at once, a feeling of trepidation bubbles up inside me.

Is this still something I want to do? Speaking about my fears doesn't come easy to me. My gripes with living with my grandmother. My loneliness. My past inability to find a quality Daddy.

I nod. *Be brave.* “Indeed.”

“Do you want to start or should I?”

“I will—I’m the one who asked you to sacrifice your gym day, after all.”

Rochlan pitches forward and takes my hand in his. “Don’t say that, baby boy. *I* was happy to meet you today instead of heading to the gym—this will benefit me more than doing another pull-up. You were spot-on to say that I’ve used the gym to run from my feelings.”

I smile. “I’d still like to start, if that’s okay.”

Rochlan rubs my palm. “I’d be honored to listen.”

“I live with my grandmother.” I can’t bring myself to look into Rochlan’s eyes. “It’s tougher than it sounds. She’s getting older now, and I oversee her financial accounts.”

Rochlan nods understandingly. “I remember you mentioned you were good with numbers. Is that why you help her?”

“Yeah. She’s not great with math. If I weren’t there, bill collectors would take advantage of her.”

“How long have you lived with her?”

“My parents passed away in an airplane crash while I was in high school. They were on a romantic getaway to Colorado—my Dad wanted to show off his pilot skills after getting his license the previous summer. A storm came up and he ignored the traffic controller’s warnings not to take off.”

“Wow.”

“That was seven years ago. Grandma was nice enough to take me in. However, I quickly discovered she wasn’t budgeting properly, and I helped her manage her balances.”

Rochlan caresses my hand. “You’re brave.”

I blink back tears. “It was hard when Mom and Dad died. It happened so suddenly—so unexpectedly. One day, they were helping me get ready for school. The next, they were gone.”



Rochlan pushes out a sigh. “I also experienced loss when I was young.”

My head ticks up. “You did?”

“My father. Leukemia. It’s why I started eating so much as a boy—seeing him in the hospital bed, a shell of his former self, was too tough. I couldn’t cope with my feelings.”

I scoot closer to Rochlan. “Keep talking.”

Rochlan’s getting to the crux of his issues. I’m so proud of him.

Rochlan drags in a breath. “I want to say—there’s nothing wrong with being bigger. Or using food as a coping mechanism. It can get you through tough times. However, *I personally* didn’t feel good about it after a while. I also didn’t like when bullies made fun of me—that’s why I grew determined to get fit. To prove them wrong.”

I shake my head. “You don’t have to prove anyone wrong, Daddy. Only love yourself. The way you are.”

“I know, boy. But—back then, it *felt* like I had to get them back in some way. They challenged me with their bullying—I didn’t want to be the man everyone ignored or worse, spoke about negatively, for the rest of my life. One day, I made a change. I booked an appointment with a personal trainer—and threw myself into my fitness life.”

I stare sympathetically at Rochlan. “But how’s your *heart*, Daddy? Do you enjoy the way you are—or do you feel like you sacrificed part of who you are?”

Rochlan removes his hand from mine. His right eye twitches, and he blinks hard to prevent me from seeing what’s happening—but I can tell.

“I’m fine.” Rochlan’s voice is deep. Yet not certain.

Rochlan needs me. This has never been clearer.

Standing up, I lift my chair and bring it beside his. I also guide the scone that he didn’t take a bite of into his hand. “I’m not sure about that, Daddy.”

“Some days, I wish I could take a break from it all.” Rochlan gnashes his teeth as he sighs. “The business. The restrictive diet. The grueling workouts. But—what if I slip up? Fall back into bad habits? Even seeing this scone here—this delicious scone—fills me with anxiety.”

“It’s only a scone.”

“Yeah, but it’ll be delicious. And then it won’t only be *one scone*—it’ll be one tomorrow. Or two. Three next weekend. Soon, I’ll throw my entire eating plan out the window and eat scones every second of the day.”

I take the scone back and wolf down a bite. “It’s a happy little scone. It can’t hurt you.”

Rochlan wraps his arms around me. “I feel better talking about this out loud, baby boy. Christ—I’ve never said this to anyone.”

“It’s okay, Daddy.” I rest my head on his chest. “You don’t have to eat the scone if you don’t want to.”

“*No.*” Rochlan clenches his fists. “I’m sick of... feeling like I’ve lost myself. I’ll be fucking honest, baby boy—sometimes, I look in the mirror and I don’t like what I see. I’m *too* toned—I feel like I have a goddamn problem or something.”

“You might have a small problem,” I hedge.

“Would it kill me to put on a few pounds?” Rochlan palms his forehead. “So I could take my foot off the gas at least a *bit*?”

I hand him a cup of tea. “You can start by drinking your tea.”

Rochlan brings the cup to his lips. He takes a deep sip, then follows it up with a bite of the scone.

“It *is* good, isn’t it?” I can’t help but grin.

Rochlan closes his eyes. “Boy, you’ve helped me just now. I’m not happy with the way I’m living. I’m ripped, but I’m miserable. I’m going to see a therapist.”

I hug Rochlan and don't let go. Truthfully, I knew I couldn't fix all of his issues with this little tea session. It's clear that he could benefit from seeing a professional.

It also shows me that just because someone appears "perfect" on the outside, doesn't mean they're not struggling within.

"You're enough, Daddy." I don't know what prompts me to say this. It's what I feel in my heart—which must mean it's true.

A tear rolls down Rochlan's cheek. "A Daddy should be strong for his boy. Not weak."

"No." I hug him even tighter. "I prefer you this way—*vulnerable*. Thank you, Daddy. You're letting me into your heart. Not hiding behind your tough exterior."

We sit like this for a bit longer. I take little bites of the scone, then feed a few to Rochlan.

That's when I crook my head up. "Hold up. You ate the pizza last week, Daddy."

"You're right." Rochlan mulls this. "*And* two slices of brownie pie. I completely forgot."

"Did you 'slip up' this week and fall into old habits?"

He shakes his head. "I went on as usual with my routine."

My eyes light up. "Maybe—and don't quote me on this—but *maybe* you need your boy to distract you from being so uptight. When you're having fun, you don't overthink. And that helps you find balance."

Rochlan plants a kiss on my cheek. "You know what? That's not a bad idea. I'll bring it up with my therapist."

Wow. I made a positive change in Rochlan's life—I inspired him to start therapy.

Ineffable warmth bubbles up inside me. I squeeze Rochlan tight, refusing to budge, unwilling to let him go.

"I tell you what, Daddy." I take another sip of yummy tea.

“I’m listening.”

“This weekend, I’ll share the final thing on my mind—about my relationship history. Then, I want to take the next step with you.”

Rochlan’s hand migrates down my back, then grips my ass. “Tell me if *this* is what you mean.”

I blush as I bury my forehead in his chest. “Sure is.” *Anal—it’ll help me overcome the disappointing way I lost my virginity.*

“Wow.” Rochlan pushes out a breath as he adjusts his watch. “*I’m one lucky man.*”

Rochlan isn’t perfect. He has a few harmful ideas about eating that he needs to address. Then again, I’m not a perfect specimen of humanity, either.

I wish I could solve Rochlan’s problems with a few bites of a scone and a lot of love. That might be how movies work, but in real life, that doesn’t help you rediscover your inner strength. You need professional guidance.

Right now, I’m excited to join Rochlan on his journey of self-love. That’s what I can do to help him the most—stay by his side, hold his hand when he needs me, and lastly, be his adoring, loving boy.

Love. A tremulous breath springs out of me. Do I really feel... *love* for Rochlan?

As I gaze into his deep, all-seeing eyes, those very eyes that fill me with warmth aplenty, I can’t help but think that yes, I *do* love him—with all my heart and soul.

And after I tell him about Elijah, I pray he finds it in himself to love me, too.

## Chapter Fourteen

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“Your boy is one smart cookie.” The kink-positive eating disorder therapist I’m seeing issues me a kind look.

“I know he is.”

“I encourage you to take one day off from the gym per week—to continue these discussions with him. You had a breakthrough at the last one.”

“I’m terrified of *slipping up*.”

Look—I know there’s nothing wrong with being plus-sized. If I weren’t using my workouts as an addictive emotion-blocker, I wouldn’t mind being fluffy. However, my obsession with falling back into the past, and becoming that boy who was bullied, is what scares me.

Bullying wreaks havoc on children. It doesn’t matter how strong a child is, or how much support they receive at home. The cruel words kids throw at each other on the playground can stick with them for the rest of their life.

*I would know.*

“I know it’s tough because you run a successful chain of gyms,” the therapist says softly, setting her notebook down. “But I’d encourage you to spend more time around bodies that *aren’t* society’s idea of ‘perfect.’ Normal, regular bodies—fluff around the middle, bodies of people who still love and value themselves the way they are. The emotions you feel around a simple scone aren’t good. It’s fantastic to know that you didn’t freak out while eating pizza and brownie pie, but no one

should be so scared of a scone with a little clotted cream. Especially with a cup of breakfast tea. Anyway, you and your boy could attend an event I'm actually putting on before this year's Pride parade. It might help you."

My eyes tick up. "Oh?"

She takes a sip of water. "It's a clothing-free event to showcase body types of all varieties. Fit, fat—we're not ashamed of that word here—and fluffy. And everything in between. It's educational."

I rise to my feet to shake her hand. "You've given me a lot to gnaw on."

"Keep speaking to your boy about this. It's wonderful he's so supportive."

After making another appointment for the following week, I head to my car and sit for a moment before I start it.

Christ—that was *intense*. I didn't realize my insecurity regarding my body cut so deep.

"Are you okay, Daddy?" Billy's voice distracts me from my musings.

I turn to the passenger seat where he's sitting. "Yes, baby boy."

"I thought you forgot about me here," he teases, poking my side.

I smile as I take his hand in mine. "I did for a second just now. I was caught up in my head."

Billy rests his cheek on my shoulder. "I'm *so* proud of you. Do you know that?"

It's ironic, really. When I first saw Billy, I was convinced that *he* was the ultra-shy one. He is—and I can tell I'm doing wonders for his self-confidence.

However, I overlooked my own issues. There I was, thinking I was Mr. Strong and Powerful, trauma-free since 2003—the year I started working out. All I needed to do was

*swoop my boy off his feet* and everything would be fine and dandy.

That's not how life works. At all.

"I'm aware." I rub his thigh.

Billy kisses my jaw. "Did your therapist say our weekly chats are a good idea? Because if they're not, I understand—I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I might be going about this the wrong way. If so, I'm sorry."

Turning to Billy, I stare into his eyes. The most powerful emotion, deep and unrelenting, courses through me.

I take his cheeks in my palms. "She told me you were *one smart cookie*."

"Do *you* think I am?"

"Yes, Billy." Leaning in, my hot breath cascades over his lips. "*I'm so lucky to have you.*"

I crush my lips to his. I don't wait, don't hesitate—I go for it like I was born to do it, like this moment will slip from our fingertips like the sands of Time if I pause for even a split second.

Billy's lips part for my tongue, and I swirl it around his cheeks, swiping it across his gums, teeth, basking in the glory of his lips, adoring his taste.

"Daddy," Billy whispers into my lips, wrapping his arms around me. "I'm starting to feel *very* attracted to you."

"I cried at our last meeting, baby boy." My jaw clenches. "Actually—I've cried *twice* around you."

"That's why my heart's all fuzzy." He gives me a big hug. "You're real—none of that toxic masculinity bullshit that plagues so many other men. You're not afraid to be open with me. Honest. Real. Raw. Even when it hurts."

My heart races in my chest. "You... *really* feel that way?"

All my life, I've told myself that I had to be strong to keep a boy. Mighty. An unwavering, unimpeachable force.



Billy nods. “I can’t be the only one who cries around here. If I was, *I’d* feel like the loser.”

“Kidding,” he giggles, silencing my protests with a kiss.

I groan as I plunge my tongue back into his mouth.

Deeper. Harder. I’m unable to stop, to quit if I wanted to.

“Your support means the world to me, boy.” I have no choice but to be honest. “I think I’m... *falling* for you.”

“I’m falling for you, too. *So* fucking hard.”

I boop his nose. “No cussing.”

“Oopsie.” Billy grins. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Billy squeezes my wrist. “One more thing—you’re helping *me* be more confident when you show emotion. Or I should say, you’re assisting Barkington.”

My brows furrow. “How so?”

“Barkington doesn’t like toxic masculinity bullshit, either. He feels like gruff, growly Daddies are judging him—they claim to enjoy his presence, but they’re secretly sneering at him. When you access your sensitive side, Barkington—who’s also sensitive—feels safe enough to come out of his cage. He’s as sensitive as you are, Daddy. *Far* more so.”

“Well, that’s obvious,” I drawl.

Billy glares at me. “Don’t make fun of me. Not when I’ve bared my soul to you, crybaby.”

I plant a big smooch on Billy’s nose. “I’m only teasing you. I’m glad to hear that Barkington will soon emerge from his damn cage around me.”

“Not if you insist on making fun of me, he won’t.”

I roll my eyes. “Can I tell you something else my therapist taught me?”

“Can we grab a milkshake first?” Billy queries hopefully. “You don’t have to get one.”

“I’ll have tea. Yes, I’ll get you a milkshake.” I clear my throat as I face him. “There’s a fine line between being a

tightrope-walking diet culture-loving nut like me and eating nothing but sugar, baby boy. Daddy's got to introduce more veg into your diet."

Billy makes a face. "Milkshake first. Veg later."

We drive to a nearby Five Guys and order a milkshake for Billy. I grab an unsweetened iced tea—I prefer it this way.

When I stop the car at a nearby park, I turn to Billy. "My therapist wants me to attend a special body positivity event with you."

Billy's jaw drops. "What's that?"

"I'm not exactly sure," I admit. "However, it involves being around nude bodies of all shapes and sizes so I can feel more comfortable in my skin. And not so damn uptight all the time."

Billy's eyes swell with joy. "Really? Oh, Daddy—that sounds wonderful. Exactly what you need."

"Would you come with?" I bite my lower lip. Billy's also a shy, sweet boy—he was barely able to chase his own tail in the Little Bunny Club the night I laid eyes on him. I can't imagine him having the balls to... show his balls to strangers.

Billy rubs his nose on my shoulder—like a pup. *Is Barkington starting to emerge?* "You know damn well I'm ten times shyer than you. Yes, it'll be freaky at first, but you'll be there with me. I need that kind of boost right now."

"Actually, I saw a TV show where they did this exact same thing," I muse out loud. "I wonder if my therapist also watched that show."

"Oh, me too. Maybe we watched the same show—was it British?"

"Yes."

"In the episode I saw, there was a smoking hot dude who worked out all the time who used to be chubby as a kid—and he went to a body positivity naked camp with four dude bros and grew more comfortable in his own skin."

“Life imitates art,” I drawl.

“Reality TV, you mean.”

Billy turns his brown eyes up to mine. “I think I want to talk about my past now.”

I cup his jaw. “Tell me, beautiful boy.”

He snuffles. “I’ll tell you later tonight. Before we head home. And—I want to finish my milkshake first.”

I nod, then bite the corner of his mouth. “You taste like a milkshake.”

“Mmmmm.” Billy surrenders to my hungry lips. “Feast away, Daddy.”

I’m kissing him when he thrusts the milkshake straw into my mouth. I choke on it, then pound my chest.

“Hehe, Daddy. Take a sip.”

“Boy,” I growl, doing as he says—*that’s so good*. “Knock it off.”

Billy shrugs. “It’s a crime for you not to taste how delicious this is.”

I’m tempted to rattle off the usual objections—one sip will lead to two, then I won’t be able to quit drinking milkshakes.

Instead, I trust myself. No one’s in control of my body but me—*no one*. This drink can be the most delicious in the world, and it doesn’t mean I’ll “lose control.”

Billy rubs my belly. “I, for one, won’t mind if you lose an ab or two. Drop from a six pack to a five. Or a four.”

“First of all, I have an eight pack. Not a six pack.”

“In your dreams.”

“Second, you wouldn’t pay me the time of day if I only had a four pack.”

“Think again, Daddy.” Billy brings his lips to my abs and plants a kiss on each one. Then—*bbbbrrrrthp*.

“Boy,” I roar, threading my fingers through his hair. “You must be out of your mind.”

“What?” Billy is the spitting image of innocence. “You’re allowed to blow raspberries on my tummy, but I can’t?”

My eyes lock on his. At once, the most delicious, all-encompassing warmth floods my soul.

“Give Daddy all the raspberries you wish, baby boy.” I massage his precious cheek. “He’ll never tell you no.”

# Chapter Fifteen

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BILLY

I'll be honest—the prospect of spilling my guts to Rochlan tonight makes me nervous. For crying out loud, I'll have to overcome my fears of discussing the cruel insults Elijah lobbed at me.

Those mean words are the reason I grew so damn shy this year. I've always been on the quieter side, but when Elijah rejected me because I lacked my virginity, I retreated into my shell.

*Be brave. If Rochlan can tell you about his therapy session, you can wax poetic about your hatred of Elijah.*

It's not hatred so much as it's insecurity. And disappointment. Elijah had no right to speak to me the way he did—words leave scars. Scars that don't fade with time.

*Rochlan will heal your wounds.*

Rochlan leads me to his sofa overlooking Central Park when we arrive at his penthouse. After draping a throw blanket around my shoulders, he sits me on his lap. “Here you go, baby boy. Perfect view.”

Petal Boo jumps onto the spot beside me. I pet him absentmindedly as I gaze at the park below us. Families walk their dogs and laugh in the setting sun. Children ride on bicycles as teenagers practice juggling. A beautiful blonde woman jogs through the park in a red raincoat, looking like a woman on one of those female sleuth thrillers that are so popular in the mystery section on Amazon.

I slump onto Rochlan's chest. "Perfect view for an imperfect tale of woe."

"How did you get so poetic?" Rochlan breathes.

I fix him with a glare. "I'm a nerd, Daddy. It comes with the territory."

I try to find a sluceway into this troubling story I must share. Damn—why did I agree to tell Rochlan about my past?

What Elijah did wasn't merely hurtful—it was *debilitating*. No longer was I able to be myself or act confidently around Daddies.

*Rochlan went through worse as a boy and you know it. Quit stalling.*

I rest my chin on my fist. "I was bullied by a guy online."

Rochlan furrows his brow. "Oh, baby boy. I'm sorry to hear that."

"His name was Elijah." I bite my lower lip. "We spoke for a few weeks earlier this year. I thought he was the one."

"He was a Daddy?"

I nod, scratching Petal Boo's ears. "Yep."

"Go on. I'm listening."

"Everything was going swimmingly. Elijah chatted with me every morning and night. And then..."

"What?" Rochlan's voice drops a notch.

Tears well in my eyes. "Oh, Daddy—he found out I wasn't a virgin. I never thought... never expected my lack of 'purity' to interfere with my relationship prospects. I felt so bad—so *filthy*. Mostly because, when I 'lost' my virginity last year, I didn't even enjoy it. I simply did it because I was sick of being the only one I knew who was still 'untouched.'"

Rochlan massages my wrist. "That's terrible."

"Elijah said I was too old and too *dirty* to love. He wanted someone young, new to the scene. Someone he could mold into his perfect pup-slash-boy. I shriveled up—did my rash

decision last year to lose my virginity to an anonymous man on a dating app wreck my chances at finding love? I didn't want to believe it—how sad. How depressing. Yet, Elijah was the *only* Daddy I'd ever met who'd given me a chance. Not a physical chance, but an emotional one. And, I blew it. Due to some poor decision I made that I didn't even enjoy."

I can't control my emotions anymore—I burst into tears. They spring from my eyes, then trail down my cheeks.

Rochlan kisses my cheeks. First my right, then my left. "Don't cry, baby boy. You did nothing wrong."

"I understand my story isn't as bad as yours," I sniffle, adoring the way he kisses my sads away. "But it *really* affected me."

Rochlan issues me a stern look. "There is no *worse* when it comes to trauma. If that were the case, none of us would ever be able to feel bad about anything because there'd always be someone worse off."

"I think bullies making you feel like shit because of your weight is a *bit* worse than going through a breakup," I sniffle again, feeling so dumb and ashamed. Especially because Elijah and I didn't really even date. Is that even considered a breakup?

Rochlan tilts my head up. "*Never* say that. Your feelings are valid. Your emotions. There's nothing wrong with them. *You're worthy.*"

I'm worthy. Arlo told me as much—but hearing it from Rochlan is different. "I-I am?"

Rochlan kisses my neck. "Yes, baby boy. God—what a stupid little reason to break up with someone. Losing your virginity. Why would your Daddy care who you'd been with before him? What an insecure man. The only thing a Daddy should care about is you in the *present*—whether your heart belongs to him."

"And how many sweets I eat," I tease, rubbing my eyes to swab up my tears. "You ought to care about that, too."



Rochlan's eyes narrow. "You know what I mean. What Elijah said—*that piece of shit*—is unconscionable. Imagine, making you feel less than perfect due to a social construct like virginity. Is virginity even real? Or was it invented to control people?"

"I'd never thought of that, Daddy."

"We're both teaching each other things—I *love it*. You help me feel good in my own skin. I assist you with showing you that you're perfect the way you are."

Lifting a remote, Rochlan plays a song on his surround sound stereo.

It's *Less Than Perfect* by P!NK.

We listen to the music, swaying to her wonderful voice. When she implores me to never feel less than confident, I feel that in my soul.

"Amazing." I close my eyes. "This helps my self-esteem."

"Whenever you feel down, listen to this song—it'll cheer you up."

"Same with Taylor Swift. She has some great anthems."

"Oh, yes."

"And Ariana Grande, too."

"Yes."

"Doja Cat."

"Yes."

"Cardi B."

"And—"

"Yes to all of them." Rochlan nuzzles my neck.

We kiss. Passionately. Emotionally. The positivity anthem blares through the penthouse, rattling the windows overlooking the park.

Okay, I'll be honest—I don't listen to much pop music. I'm more of a lullabies kind of guy.

But this shit? P!NK? *This shit rocks.*

Rochlan caresses my cheek. “Did you get your trauma out, boy? Is there anything else you’d like to share?”

I shake my head. “Only that I’d like to find a way to pay for college next semester that doesn’t involve loans—so I can continue helping my grandmother. Also, I’d like to find someone who can check on her daily so I can move out. I love her, but I can’t juggle all these balls.”

“A wise woman once wrote in a book that we only have so many spoons. When we’re maxed out on spoons, we can’t cope.”

“I love that, Daddy. I often feel that way.”

We shoo Petal Boo away.

I adjust my body so that I’m sitting butt-down on Rochlan’s lap, thrusting my arms around his neck.

I kiss him—don’t wait, don’t pause before going for it.

*In* goes my tongue, diving into his perfect mouth, swishing between his cheeks.

My fingers find purchase in his thick hair—then grip it firmly, latching on for support, trying not to tug his roots too hard but also not caring if I do.

Rochlan grabs my ass, then squeezes it, forcing a wail from my lips, one that fills the penthouse and somehow overpowers P!NK’s voice.

“I’m blowing this tight little hole up tonight,” Rochlan rasps, razing my neck with his teeth, biting, sucking, showing me he’s ready to claim me, to take me. “Claiming it as my own. Giving you an orgasm.”

I moan, throwing my head back, grinding on his lap as his hands knead my cheeks, pinching the left, then swatting the right.

*Smack.*

“Take me to your bedroom.” Delirious warmth swirls through me, igniting every inch of my body.

Rochlan rises to his feet, supporting me against his chest. “*This* is why I work out—to carry your perfect ass to my bed.”

Oh. *My*. Well, I can’t deny that this is a dream.

Do I feel like a prince as Rochlan carries me across his living room, past the kitchen where one of his servants is uncorking champagne for our romantic evening, down the hallway with the gold-framed pictures of his Mom and Dad, and over the threshold of his room?

Why yes, yes I do.

Rochlan slams me on the bed, then rams his lips on mine. I groan as I hitch my legs around his torso, grinding into him, desperate to feel him inside me—to *have him break down my final wall*.

“Protection or not?” Rochlan rasps into my lips, his thick, sturdy hips slamming into mine, rocking me, forcing my back against the mattress.

“When’s the last time you were tested?” I whine.

“Last year when my ex cheated on me. Haven’t hooked up with anyone since.”

“Your ex cheated on you?”

“Yes.”

I grab his shoulders. “Fuck the trauma out of your body tonight. In my hole. Use me as your therapy.”

“Have you been tested, too, baby boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.” My eyes roll to the whites, desperate for the pleasure we’re about to experience. Together. As one.

“Anything I need to worry about?”

“No.”

“Tell me in no uncertain terms if you’ll permit me to ram my cock in bare.”

I stare dead into his eyes. “*Fuck me raw.*”

It happens so quickly I barely process it.

After ripping my shirt and pants off, thrusting them to the ground, then spreading lube on my hole, ramming one, two, then three digits in, sliding them in and out to prep me, Rochlan thrusts his enormous cock into my passage.

I trap a scream behind my teeth, emotion and delight overwhelming me. A coarse, red-hot tension builds in my gut, making me shake and quiver.

“Oh, Daddy!” My back arches.

Rochlan feasts on my lips. “Tight little hole. Gotta give it up, boy—I’m already inside. Give me that tight cherry. Fuck yeah—this is what the Lord made you for. A pretty little fuckthing for Daddy.”

My cock leaps up between my legs, the tip filling, stretching, jutting out a shot of pre-cum that splatters on my nipples.

Rochlan rubs the cum around my chest—he massages my left bud with it, bringing it to a firm, pink peak; then does the same to the right.

When he dips down and swirls his tongue around my right bud, I’m unable to stop my moans.

“Feels so good!” I scream.

Rochlan brings his possessive left hand to my throat, then gently pinches down as his mammoth steed-like body ruts.

My head whipsaws back, hot whimpers springing free from my lips—I’m unable to pipe down even if I wanted to.

Nothing in my life has prepared me for this moment. Rochlan *steamrolls* over the memory of the previous time a man was lodged in my passage, relegating it to the garbage bin of the past. He overwrites my sad past with his powerful thrusts, his nuts slapping against my cheeks, his tongue down my throat.

“Come for me,” Rochlan growls, his deep, low, fierce voice packed with affection.

I try as hard as I can to hold back. We haven’t even made love for an hour—I’d be a weakling to release so soon.

Instead, my cock squirts out cum on my chest.

Rochlan smears my seed into my skin, the blazing tingles of my crescendo still fluttering within me.

“You feel amazing, Daddy!”

“I’m about to bust right in this tight channel,” Rochlan rasps, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple, dripping onto my chest, before splattering onto the mattress. “Fuck anyone who tells me otherwise—batten down your fucking hatches. *Mine.*”

I hold Rochlan’s bulging forearms as he ruts out his release. I feel every shot, every pump.

I kiss him passionately, bridging the gap between us, pouring my heart and soul into the act, letting him know that, at last, I love him—I adore him, need him, and like I promised the day I rescued Yellowtail Junior, I’ll be with him until the end of time.

He plunges his tongue deeper down my throat, his cock still pumping. “*I love you.*”

He said it. Sweet Jesus—*he said it.*

Whining, I run my hands over his sweaty muscles, feeling them ripple and twitch, my eyes rolling to the whites in ecstasy.

Fuck, he’s *hot*. I know it’s because he has a gym addiction, but he looks *good*.

“*I love you, too, Daddy.*”

“Rise, baby boy.” With his cock still in my ass, he lifts me off the bed—yes, *heaves me up*—and brings me to the bathroom.

He kicks the door open, then runs me a bubblebath—then fucks me against the wall, his giant dick never losing a pulse of power as the room fills with steam, blurring the mirror.

“Look at this pretty thing go.” He sheathes my dick in his hand, sluicing his possessive palm up and down, bringing me to the fever pitch of need.

A second release powerhoses through me—shots of cum rocket out of my slit, spraying my neck and chest.

“I guess you ran the bubblebath right on time,” I gasp, my helpless cock quivering, my balls throbbing.

Rochlan boops my nose. “Daddy always knows best.”

# Chapter Sixteen

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ROCHLAN

If you were to ask me whether I regretted making Billy mine—well, why would you even ask such a dumb fucking question?

Of. Course. Not.

Billy is perfection—the mythical satyrs the gods fell in love with thousands of years ago when the world formed out of Chaos weren't half as perfect.

I'd like to see Hyacinthus grind on Apollo's dick like this—or Ganymede on Zeus's.

*Those lame boys could never.*

Billy threads his fingers through mine. "I'm glad you're with me, Daddy."

I gaze into his eyes and lose all track of time. Sweet hazelnut cream. His irises put gemstones to shame—sapphires, rubies, you name it. Even diamonds. Christ—I had the privilege of seeing the Hope Diamond once. It was the sparkliest gem ever.

Next to Billy's eyes, even *it* would lose its luster. That's the way they shine—but *they're not the main reason I'm crazy about him.*

"My pleasure." I peck his cheek.

"Grandma will love to meet you. She's super gay-friendly."



I massage his thigh. “I’m excited to meet her, too. Although I’m worried she won’t like the flowers I picked out.”

Billy’s jaw drops. “You got her flowers?”

“At the supermarket.” I remove them from the backseat and slide them on Billy’s lap. “There were over twenty bouquets. I chose these.”

This is the main reason I’m so smitten with Billy—he cares about others such as his sweet, caring Grandma. The boy is basically her caretaker.

Today, with me and Petal Boo by his side for moral support, Billy’s going to tell her that he’s found a professional to look after her better than he can.

My angel needs to devote all of his time to school. I *do* plan to pay for the rest of his education—I’d hate to see him overwhelmed and flunk out.

Billy brings his hands to his cheeks. “You’re such a charmer.”

“Isn’t that what Lachlan said about you at Little Land?” I tease, pinching his cheek.

He squirms. “Yeah, but the real charmer’s you. Grandma will adore these.”

I thread my fingers through Billy’s. “You’ve done a fantastic job taking care of your grandmother. Every boy *should* spend more time with their grandparents—no doubt about it. However, you’ve gone above and beyond. I hope that after today, you can devote yourself to your studies full time so you can become an accountant.”

Billy has no idea what I have planned. After the meeting with his Grandma, I’m surprising him—*with an internship*.

Yes, my boy will put his brains to the test at Black Knight Gyms to see if he can do a better job catching the thief than my good-for-nothing forensic accountant.

Sandy and I put the plan the accountant suggested into motion last week—it didn’t do shit. The hacker didn’t touch the twenty grand, and now we’re back to square one.

*My boy will catch the crook. I know it.*

Billy blushes. "I do want to focus on school."

"That's my boy." I resist the urge to gaze into his perfect eyes again. I might not be able to leave this car if I do.

Unfortunately, the temptation proves impossible to resist. With a sigh, my boy and I lock gazes, and a tidal wave of warm fuzzies, the largest I've ever encountered in the natural world, washes over me.

"*Baby* boy." Billy's stark reminder snaps me out of my daze.

I smack my forehead. "You've got to be kidding."

"*Baby* always comes before *boy*. I can't believe I need to keep telling you that."

I glare at Billy. "*That's my boy* is an expression."

"Doesn't matter."

"Obtuse, much?"

Billy runs his index finger over a tulip petal. "I guess I could forgive you this time."

The most adorable sound from the back seat distracts us.

*Arf.*

We turn around to see Petal Boo pawing the air.

"Awwww." My heart can't stand the sweetness. "Into my arms you go, baby boy."

"Oh, so *he* gets a *baby* in front of his name, but not me. I see how it is." Billy will never tire of teasing me.

"For crying out loud."

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"These are... for me?" Billy's grandmother's eyes well with tears.

Billy wraps his arms around her. “My new partner picked them out for you. And—he’s going to do so much more.”

She presses them to her heart. “A man hasn’t surprised me with flowers in decades. This is a dream come true.”

I walk over to her side and place Petal Boo on her lap. “This is my puppy. He wants to get to know you.”

Billy’s grandmother scorches me with a look. “Oh, don’t patronize me. I know the damn doggy wants a granny hug.”

She pats my puppy’s head, then swaps the flowers out for the animal. Petal Boo latches onto her sweater, digging his tiny paws into the yarn—he doesn’t let go.

“Youch,” Billy’s grandmother exclaims. “He hooked my bra.”

Billy turns to me and stifles a laugh. “That’s my grandmother for ya.”

I chuckle as I shake my head. “I see where you get it from.”

Billy’s grandmother lances me with a death glare. “I’d love to know what that means.”

“It means that he thinks you’re fabulous, granny,” Billy reassures her, holding her free hand. “Don’t get sassy.”

She sticks her nose in the air. “Don’t tell me what to do, young whippersnapper.”

Billy and I share a warm look. Wow—I haven’t had a grandmother to sass me in years. Mine died long ago, so being around Billy’s is a homecoming.

I settle into the seat next to her. “I’m glad you like the flowers.”

“Quit with the schmaltz.” She runs her free hand, the one that’s not preventing Petal Boo from digging deeper into her bra, over the petals. “You picked them out from the supermarket, young man. It’s not like you hand-selected them from a meadow.”

“He hand-selected them from the supermarket,” Billy snaps. “Be thankful.”

I issue Billy a stern look. “Don’t be rude to your grandmother.”

“She was rude to you, Daddy.”

Billy’s grandmother’s eyebrows waggle. “Daddy? I *knew* those romance novels I found under your bed when you were eighteen weren’t just for research purposes.”

I tick my left eyebrow up. “This is getting interesting.”

Billy’s cheeks flush pink. “Quiet.”

“He told me he wanted to become a novelist,” Billy’s grandmother drawls. “Can you believe that? Every single one of the books had Daddy in the title—and the men were all shirtless. I stole a few, believe it or not. He never asked me about them, so I assumed he knew they were confiscated. Little did he know what Granny was *really* getting up to.”

Billy clenches his fists. “That’s enough.”

I laugh as I snake my arm around his waist. “Billy was wild even back then. Who would’ve known?”

“I was *exploring my sexuality*,” Billy hits back. “Curious. Learning about different things.”

“The internet has been terrible for these youngsters,” Billy’s grandmother laments, shaking her head. “So much weird porn out there.”

Billy’s cheeks are bright pink. “I learned about Daddy things from my parents, thank you very much.”

This is intriguing. “I’d love to hear that story,” I drawl.

Billy crosses his arms over his chest. “Before they passed away, they frequently held kink mixers at home for their close friends. My father was a Daddy to a few girls in the community—he and my mother were in a poly relationship.”

My jaw drops. “You never told me.”

“I didn’t think it was relevant.”

Billy's grandmother nudges my ribs. "*Didn't think it was relevant.* That's code for—*his therapist will have a field day with that.*"

"Okay, Granny." Billy steps away from his grandmother. "Whatever you say."

She turns to me and takes my hand. "Treat him well. He's a vulnerable boy—not someone you can play with and then leave. He catches feelings easily. If you're here for the long haul, I adore you for it. If not, consider finding someone else. Billy is too sensitive to cope with that. He already has a broken heart because of that man, Elijah, he spoke to online—and they didn't even meet in person."

Billy hides his face in my shirt. "Granny knows all about Elijah."

I peck his cheek. "That's fine, angel. You needed someone to confide in—it's important to have someone you can trust who has your back."

Billy's grandmother invites us to share a cup of tea and a piece of cake. At first, I won't deny it, a bolt of nervousness slams into me. The cake looks *amazing*—everyone knows grannies are the best bakers.

But what if it causes me to go down a dangerous path? What if I can't shake my sweet tooth afterwards?

Billy places his hand on mine. "You can do it."

Bravery isn't avoiding things that terrify you. Bravery is facing them head-on—and changing how you deal with them.

Holding Billy's hand, I enjoy a slice of cake. It's so damn good that I steal a bite from Billy's plate, too.

And—that's it. I don't obsess over it.

We speak to Billy's grandmother, then head back outside.

The sun is shining. Birds are chirping out heavenly songs. The smells of freshly cut grass and daisies mingle in my nose, stirring my senses.

I tug Billy close to me. "I'm glad I met your grandmother."

Billy grins at me. “Whoa, buddy—let’s not ignore the elephant in the room. You did a *fantastic* job with that cake. You’re a boss.”

I blush a bit. “I’m trying to change how I approach food. Like the therapist taught me to do. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying something delicious every now and then. There’s no need to feel ‘out of control.’”

I learned this from a former reality star, actually. She doesn’t say any foods are “off-limits.” She finds a happy medium between going overboard and not indulging in anything good.

Billy leans into me and wraps his arms around my waist. “Good.”

Tilting his chin up, I bring my lips dangerously close to his. A blue jay flutters past our heads, chirping as it flaps its wings.

I kiss Billy. Fuck knows it feels amazing—Christ wonders why I didn’t do it the second we left his grandmother’s.

“She took the news well,” Billy whispers, referring to her reaction when he told her he was moving out.

I tuck a strand of hair over his left ear. “She wants you to spread your wings and fly. See the world.”

He nods. “You’re right.”

“Billy.”

I rarely say his name like this. That’s how he knows what I have to say is important.

“Yes?” He stifles a grin.

I poke his lower lip. “I’m giving you a little gift. Two, actually.”

He furrows his brow. “Two gifts?”

“One, I’m paying for your college.”

Billy’s eyes well with tears. “You’re joking.”

“Nope.” I lean in, then help myself to another kiss. Before telling him about the second gift, I feast on his lips, adoring the plush, soft taste.

At last, I draw my head back. “The second gift is that I’m giving you an internship at Black Knight Gyms.”

Now, *this* causes his eyes to pop. “What!”

“Yes, baby boy. An official internship—my assistant, Sandy, drafted up the paperwork this morning. You’ll be able to put it on your resume. Every employer will know of the amazing work you did.”

Billy leaps into my arms. Actually *leaps*—thrusts his legs around my torso, cups my jaw, and kisses me all in one motion.

I return his kiss, plunging my tongue into his mouth, showing him that I’m head over heels in love with him. No use denying it—no holding back, either.

At this moment, with our hearts beating as one, with our tongues snaking around each other’s, I know I’ll be his Daddy for a long, long time.

He’s mine—*mine*.

“Let’s go, angel.” I cup his tender bum. “We have to prepare for your big day tomorrow.”

“My internship starts *tomorrow*?”

“It sure does.”

*Billy has no idea what’s in store for him.*

# Chapter Seventeen

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BILLY

I adjust my tie in front of my bedroom mirror. Professional—check. Well-groomed—check. Ready to be the best intern ever—*I hope so.*

Pulling myself away from the mirror (that darn thing), I sit on my crib bed and stare at Central Park.

The park is bustling today. Mothers push their kids in strollers as college students play football and frisbee on the grass. Some youngsters spread hammocks between trees and snuggle. It's not very cloudy today, so only the wispiest baby clouds float across the sky every now and then, blocking the sun.

I suck in a deep breath to calm my nerves. Does it work? Nah.

Today is the day. The day I prove I have what it takes to function in the *adult* world.

The type of work I'll do at Black Knight Gyms will let me know whether I'm capable of being an accountant.

Rochlan knocks at my door. "All ready, baby boy?"

I nod. "Yes, Daddy."

He opens the door, then walks to my side. He takes my hand in his. "Lay on your crib bed—on your back."

I furrow my brow. "Why, Daddy?"

He rubs my palm. "You're stressed. Do what Daddy says."

Ooooookay. Well, this is odd. Still, I'd be a very bad baby boy to disobey Daddy.

Only terribly behaved boys refuse to lay down after their Daddies tell them to. Who knows—perhaps Daddy wishes to give me a massage.

*Except then, wouldn't he want me to lay on my stomach?*

Against my better judgment, I obey his command.

In one swift motion—he unbuttons my pants, slides them off, yanks my undies off as well, rams my legs up, and buries his face in my asshole.

“Fuck yeah, baby boy,” Rochlan growls, his tongue lapping at my hole, nipping and sucking the tender flesh. “I can tell you're nervous—don't deny it. Daddy needs to suck the stress out of your body. Do what he says. Shhh—don't say a word. This is to help you. All good baby boys like when their Daddies do this.”

I scream into my fist, my body convulsing, my hole clenching as my dick pulsates and throbs. “Oh, Daddy!”

Rochlan wraps his left hand around my cock, jerking my shaft, pumping it hard as hell as his tongue performs figure eights in my opening. “Behold this juicy ass. Fatter than a rump steak. Mine—*all mine*. I'll give you what you need, baby boy. If you let me—*which I know you will. You will always let me please you. Always.*”

Horny moans bubble free from my lips, escaping into the air. My cheeks quiver around his tongue, shaking and jiggling, so pink from the sudden stimulation.

Rochlan plunges his tongue extra-deep—and I lose my bearings. My fingertips dig into the mattress, seeking to ground my body.

It doesn't work.

In seconds, I come.

“Daddy!” I mewl, my body twisting, my hips bucking in the air, a fat rocket of cum spewing out of my cock and coating Rochlan's calloused fingers.

Rochlan growls into my hole, swishing his tongue in a circle. “That’s right. Nice cummy to start your day—the doctor couldn’t prescribe a better solution if he tried.”

Rochlan kisses his way up from my ass to my cock, then licks every bit of cum off my bits. I tingle and throb, scrunching my eyes shut.

Then—as if it never happened—he tugs my pants and undies back on and helps me to my feet.

“Sandy will give you your badge after I drop you off at reception.” Rochlan straightens his tie in the mirror. “I’d love to stick by your side, but I have a meeting at eight.”

I’m in... shock. How quickly he oscillates between sexy and serious.

I clear my throat. “You’re gonna drop me off?”

“I mean,” Rochlan backtracks, “you *could* tag along if you’d like. All we’ll be doing is chewing out the forensic accountant we hired for coming up with a garbage plan. I *highly* doubt you’d enjoy that—you’d prefer fetching our coffee. Right?”

I giggle as I thrust my arms around him. “You’re teasing me. Not fair.”

He tousles my hair. “Of course you’re coming to this important meeting. As our intern, it’s imperative you have a good grasp on the interworkings of the business.”

“Also,” he adds in a low voice, “I want you to tell me what you think about our forensic accountant. I think he’s a snake oil salesman, but Sandy wants to give him another chance.”

I nod. Like a boss. “I’ll let you know.”

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I’m going to work with Daddy. Me, in my small suit. Rochlan, in his exquisitely tailored, extra-large Italian suit.

His muscles bulge and pop as he leads me into the Black Knight Gyms headquarters. Wow—*wow*. Every inch of the interior is immaculate, sleek, and obviously, black. Dark mirrors backlit by dim lights line the walls. Scents of ornate perfume puff out from invisible vents, filling the halls with exotic scents. Black flowers in glass vases are dispersed at various points throughout the space.

This... *kicks ass*. For some reason, I figured Rochlan would have a boring, white office. Lame chairs. Rows of flashing monitors.

*Instead, Rochlan's office resembles Batman's.*

Rochlan massages my lower back. “If you see Daddy being a control freak today, don’t interject. That’s how Daddy built his business—tough, brutal adherence to the highest standards.”

My head ticks up and down. “Yes, Daddy.”

Now’s not the time to lecture Rochlan on not being *toxic*. Business is business—he’s fighting a war every damn day.

It’s like that book *The Prince* by Nicolo Machiavelli. If your competitors are willing to be fucking assholes and undercut, blackmail, and backstab you at every turn and all you do is turn the other cheek, you’ll be out of business pretty quickly.

Rochlan leads me down a corridor flanked by more flower vases. We pass his employees who all greet him. Narrowing my eyes, I try to pinpoint which one is ripping him off.

Is it *her?* *Him?*

It could be anyone—the strawberry-haired woman in the pantsuit typing on a sleek laptop looks suspicious. So does the super toned model walking around shirtless, no doubt for a promotional shoot of some sort.

“This is Sandy.”

Sandy introduces herself to me. She’s kind and polite—not what I was expecting at all.

“Aren’t you adorable,” she coos, pinching my cheek. “Jesus, but are you old enough to be out without your Mommy?”

Rochlan glares at her. “Now is *not* the time.”

I jut my chin up. “I don’t need my Mommy’s permission to accompany Daddy to work.”

Sandy lances Rochlan with a devilish look. “You dirty dog.”

Rochlan turns to me after he tugs me away from Sandy. “*Don’t call me Daddy in front of anyone here.*”

I frown. “There’s no reason to be ashamed of who you are. You should be proud—own it. You’re my Daddy—I love you and I want you to be happy with who you are in your heart.”

Rochlan sighs. As if he’s had this very debate in his mind before. “Not today, baby boy. Someday—I hope.”

I thrust my arms around him. “*I won’t say another word.*”

Hey—at least Rochlan is honest. He’s not brave enough to tell his thousands of employees that he’s into Daddy kink. *There’s always room for growth.*

Sandy, Rochlan, and I head to the conference room. Ten executives are already inside, sitting in black seats rifling through papers.

A man sits at the far end of the giant conference table—I figure he’s the accountant. He sips a cup of coffee, then ticks his head up when he lays eyes on me.

“Welcome.”

Rochlan tugs out my chair and, after he helps me sit down (and slides a black fidget spinner on my lap to keep me occupied), settles into the seat beside me. “Coffee, Sandy.”

Sandy slides a takeaway cup in front of Rochlan. “I got you hazelnut like you requested.”

“Good.”

I'm on the verge of opening my dumb mouth to tell Daddy —*don't drink from paper cups when you could use porcelain mugs which are better for the environment.*

Something stops me. There's a time and place for everything. For some reason, I get the vibe that drinking this coffee is a *power play*.

A tingle of excitement wriggles up my spine. Well, I've never born witness to a corporate boardroom all-out war before. This should be fun.

*I pray Rochlan wins.*

The accountant snickers. "I thought the syrups all tasted the same."

"They do," Rochlan grunts.

He shrugs. "Suit yourself. I took one without syrup this time. I read that the syrup—even the sugar-free variety—*isn't the best for your health, so I'm drinking black. Once you go black, you never go back.*"

Rochlan taps a few papers in front of him. "Let's cut the shit. You didn't find the thief."

"Did you put my plan into motion?"

"Yes." Sandy nods. "We inserted a tracking code into the twenty grand in the alternative account. No one's touched it."

The accountant flips open his laptop. "That's not what my records show."

Rochlan's brow furrows. "Tell me what you mean."

"Look." He flips his computer around to show Rochlan the screen. "The money was transferred out last Friday night. It's currently sitting in an account at a mid-sized bank in Brooklyn."

A ripple of confusion flurries across Rochlan's face. "Either your data's wrong or mine is."

As the two men duke it out, I flip open a few of the folders in front of me.

Just *touching* this data—these stacks of paper—is mind-boggling.

Black Knight Gyms must do billions and billions of dollars in revenue every year. They're not merely a gym—they have bestselling supplement lines available in major retail stores, a successful merch line, and monthly fitness video memberships they sell with custom exercise bikes.

In other words—*they're a behemoth.*

My eyes take in the numbers and data. Bit by bit, the dates of the mysterious withdrawals that Rochlan's talking about form a cohesive whole in my brain.

I can't explain how this happens—it's how I used to do math as a boy. I'd stare at the problem long enough and all at once, I'd *know*. I always failed those tests where the teacher asked me *how* I arrived at the solution—I couldn't retrace my steps because there were none.

Something becomes *crystal clear*. One, the withdrawals aren't random: they occur late at night and never on the same day of the week. Two, an executive currently with the firm couldn't have taken the money. It must be someone who still has access to a device they logged into once and forgot to log out of.

I pull out my phone.

**Me:** It wasn't anyone in this room

**Rochlan:** I know, sweet one. The accountant already established that the first time we met

**Me:** Don't ask me how I know this, but you need to force log-out every single executive from their accounts

**Rochlan:** Why

**Me:** Whoever's taking the money is doing it because a high-level executive forgot to log out of their device. That's why the withdrawals don't show up on your official documents—the system doesn't register that they're even logged in because they originally signed in such a long time ago

The accountant clears his throat. “Are you two going to listen to me or spend this whole meeting texting?”

Rochlan tugs me to my feet. “Come to my office, baby boy.”

Leaving the accountant to face Sandy’s wrath (who, after Rochlan tells her what I discovered, will likely tear him a new one), Rochlan brings me to his office and shuts the door.

“Are you *positive*?” Rochlan’s voice is firm.

I nod. “I can’t think of any other explanation.”

“How the hell would you know this?”

I basically sum up what I wrote over text. “Never assume malice where there’s the possibility of a system error. In this case, there’s both—the malice is able to escape notice due to the system error. Your systems need a reboot. Someone logged in on an ex-partner’s device and the system never recorded them logging out. Because it happened so long ago, the system doesn’t detect it.”

Rochlan grips my cheeks—then moves his face toward mine. “Fuck, you’re smart.”

My face burns where he touches it. “It’s common deductive logic, Daddy.”

He pistons my hips against his desk as he crushes his lips to mine. My back drops to the desk, and he heaves himself on top of me, his waist grinding into my midsection, his lips feasting on mine.

“Christ,” Rochlan rasps, unzipping himself and whipping out his cock. “I’m dating a genius—a *fucking brilliant angel who saved my company thousands of dollars.*”

I whine as I grip his sexy, perfectly tailored shirt. “W-What are you doing, Daddy?”

“Give it a little suck, baby boy.” Rochlan moves his giant shaft in front of my face. “Just like that—don’t be shy. It’s only a cock. A big cock—and it’d make Daddy so happy.”



I plunge on his dick, welcoming it into my mouth in one go. The tip is full, juicy, and pulsating with need.

My fingers caress his thick balls as I gag on his rod, fingering the left, then the right. They rise up, lift into Rochlan's taint—then mold to my touch, the skin spreading across my fingers.

“Oh, Daddy.” I gaze up at him with tears in my eyes—so glad I helped him. *It feels amazing.*

“Wanted to do this earlier, precious boy. I didn't have time to feel your perfect tongue on my parts this morning—we had to get to work. This is heaven. Paradise. *Bliss.*”

I rub my dick over my suit pants. “Fuck me, Daddy!” I manage to scream through his dick.

Rochlan's eyes spark with need. “You serious?”

I've never been more serious in my life.

Standing up, I yank my pants down, then lay down on his desk. “*Take me.*”

With a feral groan, Rochlan spits on my hole, rubs the spit into my folds, then plunges his thick, aching trunk deep into my ass.

I bite a pencil on his desk to stop myself from screaming, to prevent my lungs from betraying the pure love I feel for him.

This—*this* is better than my wildest fantasies.

Here Daddy and I are, making love on his desk.

Rochlan owns this corporation. He's powerful. Fierce.

With me, he's gentle and sweet—the sweetest marshmallowy Daddy in the whole wide world.

Here? Every day, he wages war. *He's out for blood.*

Rochlan's steel trunk saws in and out of my ass, rutting me like the gods couldn't, pillaging the fortress of my innocence.

I grip his desk, holding on for dear life, not believing that it'll do jack shit.

With every thrust, the heat licking my insides grows stronger.

“I’m coming, Daddy!”

“Me, first,” Rochlan groans, yanking his dick out of my ass—*boom goes the dynamite*.

One, two, three—oh Christ, he busts out eight shots of hot white cum, each on my back.

One shot reaches my neck, another splatters into my hair.

I come right after him—whining, my back arches, and my release surges onto his desk.

“Oh no, Daddy.” I press my forehead against the desk, fluid covering me. “Baby’s messy.”

Rochlan tugs something out of the top drawer of his desk.

To my surprise—*it’s my pacifier*.

My jaw drops. “How did you get that?”

He blushes sheepishly. “Remember the first day you came over to my place?”

I nod. “Yes.”

“I found this in the bottom of your bag when I put your onesie back,” Rochlan admits. “I stole it.”

Well—I’ll be damned. That’s why I couldn’t find my paci.

“Unbelievable.” I glare at him.

He walks to my side, then runs the nub over my lower lip. “Open wide, baby boy. Relax—yes, you’re a good, good baby boy. Only the goodest ones get to suck on their special pacis in Daddy’s office.”

My cheeks flush as I spread my lips. “Only for you, Daddy.”

He slides the nub into my mouth. Elation. Bliss. Paradise. These feelings hijack control of me, letting me feel the way I want to.

I rest my head on Daddy's firm palm, the strong, calloused one that keeps me up straight.

"Would you like a nap, baby boy?" Rochlan's voice is so soft.

I nod sleepily as I mumble through my paci. "I tried to be a good intern—but you took away my energy."

Rochlan chuckles to himself as he steps to the side. To my surprise, there's a cot with a puppy blanket, a soft pillow, stuffies, children's books, and slippers behind him.

Rochlan explains that he bought this for me because he knew I might need a nap during the day—being an intern can be draining.

After he pats me dry with a towel, he helps me remove my suit coat, shirt, and pants, and guides me toward the cot.

"Would you like Daddy to put on a lullaby?" Rochlan queries.

I snuggle against the cozy blanket. "Yes, please."

Rochlan sets a small pink stereo beside my head and finds a suitable song. "You'll like this one."

It's *Three Blind Mice*. My heart swells as I mumble the words, and Rochlan sings with me. He even picks up a storybook of *Three Blind Mice* and guides his finger along the pages as the song plays, which helps me track exactly where we are.

Rochlan kisses my forehead. "Daddy's got to rip his forensic accountant a new asshole now."

I whimper as I hug him. "Don't leave me."

"It's okay, baby boy. I'll be back before you wake up."

I stare up at him as tears well in my eyes. This—*is a dream*. It must be. What kind of Daddy is *this* kind to their Little?

I plant an ooey gooey kiss on his cheek. "I'll wait for you in dreamland."

Rochlan tousles my hair. “That’s my boy.”

After sliding my paci back between my lips, he rises to his feet and heads to his office door—not before making sure his clothes are properly on, of course. Before he exits, he turns around and casts me one last look.

It’s a look that tells me everything I’ve ever wanted to know and things I didn’t realize I craved. With this single, and singular expression, he informs me that I’m the boy for him, that he doesn’t want to head back to work, but he has to, because he’s a responsible man with people depending on him, but that if he had his way, he’d stay in this office with me, reading me stories, playing me lullabies, and snuggling with me forever.

“I love you, Daddy.” This is the last thing I manage to say before I fall asleep.

He blows me a kiss. “I love you, too.”

# Chapter Eighteen

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“So, who stole your money?” Billy takes a big bite of his granola bar as he leans back in the passenger seat.

I toss him a water bottle as I bring the car to a halt. “I’m not sure yet.”

He pinches the bridge of his nose. “*Dad-dy.*”

“Tracking down thieves is hard work,” I admit.

Billy was right. The system *didn’t* keep track of whoever had already logged into the corporate accounts.

Sandy did, however, find a printed-off list of unfamiliar IP addresses from over six months ago all logged into our system.

Sandy and I plan to pay each address a visit in the coming week—or hire a PI firm to do it. There are over ten addresses, so it might be too much work for us to handle by ourselves.

Billy shoots me a look. “I didn’t solve your mystery only for you to drop the ball on catching the thief.”

I tap the water bottle. *Drink up, baby boy.* “Sandy and I are on it.”

Billy slumps against the passenger seat. “I can’t believe I even bothered. Why did I go into your office?”

I kiss his cheek. “So I could do you on my desk—and then tuck you into your cozy cot. That’s always been a fantasy of mine.”

Billy rolls his eyes to the whites. “It was amazing. I won’t deny it.”

I brush a speck of lint from his right earlobe. “You did wonderful work, baby boy. Sandy and I will figure the rest out—it’s simpler now that you pointed us in the right direction. We’re grateful for your assistance.”

Billy’s gaze drifts out the window. “Oh—*crap*. Those dudes are naked.”

My eyes follow his—sure enough, two naked chubby bears are walking hand-in-hand past our car.

Billy and I are at the body positive retreat my therapist recommended. Pride weekend is right around the corner which means that, if I want to feel comfortable in my own skin, I’d better do it now.

Billy, ever the trooper, made good on his promise to accompany me. I told him it wasn’t necessary—he didn’t have to get naked with strangers in order to support me.

He *wanted* to go with me. First, I think he was afraid of strange men ogling me—*he was a tad jealous*.

Second? He likes the idea of the retreat. We watched that body positivity show together two nights ago and we thought the exercises where they ran through the woods naked with dude bros was empowering.

Barkington still hasn’t come out of his cage yet. I hope he will soon—perhaps this retreat will spur him along.

I lean back as I push out a snort. “Get ready for naked men galore.”

Billy tugs at my shirt collar. “When are you going to strip, hot stuff?”

I know he didn’t call me *hot stuff*.

I lance him with a glare. “Don’t patronize me.”

He pokes my abs. “We have a busy day ahead of us. You’d better shed those clothes.”

I unzip my jeans and smack my flaccid cock against my abs. “Horny little devil.”

Billy snickers as he shakes his head. “Uh uh—*nope*. Nudity and body positivity aren’t about sex. They’re about learning to love your own body, flaws and all.”

My right hand migrates between his legs. “Why don’t you show me yours, cutie pie? I already showed you mine.”

“You’re so depraved.”

“We’ll see whose is bigger. Don’t make me wait.”

Billy wriggles out of his shorts. “There’s mine. Is it big enough for your liking?”

I check out the sight of our two soft cocks. Billy’s looks so goddamn perfect between his legs. His soft, pink head rests against his smooth thigh, so silky and creamy.

Mine—is different. Thick, long, it resembles an elephant’s trunk. Unfurling against my rock-hard eight pack, it begins to rise.

Billy scorches me with the fiercest glare in his arsenal. “You *can’t* get hard.”

“Male bodies are bizarre like that.” I tweak his tender nipple. “Can’t control them.”

Billy’s dick begins to rise. “Goddamnit. Look what you made me do.”

“That would’ve happened with or without me.”

I stroke his cock which makes him shriek in surprise. “Ah!”

“Didn’t see that coming, eh?” I issue him a devilish grin. “Daddy reaching over between your legs?”

Billy hides behind his cheeks. “Now, we’ll *never* be able to get out of the car.”

Time for surprise *numero dos*.

Releasing my grip on his rod, I crack open my door and step outside. Yawning, I stretch and then bend down to touch



my toes.

After I've finished my impromptu yoga sesh, I walk to Billy's door and open it. "Out."

He stares up at me. "You *cannot* walk around with a hard cock."

I pump it a few times. "I'm only semi-erect. You, on the other hand... need to do something about that."

Billy snuffles as he stares between his legs. "You shouldn't have touched me. I'm very sensitive—a breeze gives me a woody."

Dropping to my knees, I take his cock in my mouth. All he does is issue a soft, curt moan—a contented one, one that lets me know he enjoys this.

I suck him until he comes. When he busts in my throat, I swallow every drop, ramming my thumb between his lips to give him something to suckle, then lick his slit clean.

"There." I lean back and circle his left nipple with my thumb. "You'll be soft now."

Billy crosses his arms over his chest. "You told my dick that blowjobs are on the table, Mister. It'll get hard again."

I help him out of the car, then slam the door shut. We've barely taken a few steps toward the woods when a firm, meaty palm slaps my back.

"Look at that." It's my therapist—naked.

My jaw drops as I turn to her. "Well, hello."

She looks me up and down. "I see why you wanted to take things easier—a body like that doesn't happen unless you devote your life to it. I'd be miserable being that hot."

The naked woman to her side, who I assume is her partner, cackles out a laugh. "Not the best thing to say to your patient."

My cheeks flush pink. "It's a pleasure to see you."

Billy wraps his petite arm around my waist. "This is *my* Daddy. No coming onto him."

“Dear boy, we are what sexologists refer to as lesbians.” My therapist drops to her knees to take Billy’s hand. “You must be your Daddy’s partner. He’s *lucky* to have you—not every Daddy is fortunate enough to have a boy who cares so much about his well-being. Your recommendation that he skip gym day once per week to talk about his feelings with you was brilliant.”

Billy melts under her praise. “I like you now. Thank you for caring about my Daddy.”

My therapist rises back to her feet and issues me a stern look. “I’m glad you decided to come today. This will be healing.”

I nod. “I’m nervous, but ready.”

Accepting myself the way I am is long overdue. I skipped over that step when I married the gym.

*If I would’ve started with self-love, I could’ve saved myself a world of pain.*

My therapist and her partner lead us down the trail. “You’ll run into wonderful humans of every body type today.”

“I have a question.” Billy clears his tender throat.

“Yes, dear boy?”

“*Baby* boy,” Billy grumbles. “Get it right, lady.”

I swat his ass. “*Billy*.”

He squeals as he buries his head in my shoulder. “I be good now. Sorry.”

My therapist chuckles. “I’m waiting for your question, *baby* boy.”

“What if I get hard?” Billy gulps.

My therapist’s partner rolls her eyes. “This is why I became a lesbian. Freaking men.”

My therapist shushes her. “Hush, Tonya. That’s not appropriate in front of an insecure man.”

Billy glares at her. “I said nothing about being insecure.”

“The men are whiny today,” Tonya drawls, nudging my therapist’s ribs.

Oh, sweet Jesus. What did I walk into?

My therapist turns to Billy. “You have nothing to worry about. I guarantee that you won’t be the only male with an erection—there may be many. This is a body positive event, after all. We praise the human body in *all* its forms.”

Billy nudges my ribs. “I was mainly asking for you, Daddy. You can draw in a breath of relief now.”

I glance down at my cock which is still hard. “Tell that to my dick.”

After a few more wisecracks (okay, many more), the therapists lead us to a gathering of nudists.

Naked bodies stretch as far as the eye can see. They drink beer out of red cups, sit on chairs, and grill hamburgers. It’s a shock to me that these bodies belong to people—*naked people*.

My dick jolts against my abs. “It looks like we’ve arrived.”

“Hey.” Billy speaks to my dick. “*No getting hard around anyone who’s not me.*”

My therapist chuckles. “A little jealousy is healthy in a relationship. Too much like your *baby boy* is showing isn’t good.”

I lift my right hand. “Enough therapy, ma’am. My precious angel and I need to focus on getting our boners to go down.”

Sure enough, Billy is rock hard again—of course he is.

He *boings* his shaft. “See—I told you that your blowjob wouldn’t work.”

My eyes roll back. “Think about your grandmother naked in the shower.”

Billy makes a face. “I can’t believe you’d put that image in my head.”

My therapist and her partner leave us to play corn toss with a group of women. After, Billy and I grab burgers, two beers,

then find a trio of men who are looking for two more people to go on a hike with.

“We’ll join,” Billy volunteers.

One of the men cuffs my shoulder. “This is great to see. Young men shouldn’t be afraid to get in the buff with their elders.”

I choke on my tongue. “I’m not even fifty.”

Another one of the men snorts. “We’re not judging.”

“The bigger the age gap, the better,” another one comments supportively.

We head on our walk. The grass is soft and the sun is warm. It’s a world away from our life at home, where we’re so damn worried about what everyone thinks all the fucking time.

I check out our three hiking partners. Each is unique in his own way. One has a beer gut, but he doesn’t care. Another is hairy and thin, but has a micropenis. He doesn’t let this faze him. The last is waxed from head to toe—he’s chubbier, but there’s not a shred of hair on him.

“Hey.” I turn to him. “If you’re so comfortable with your body, why did you wax?”

“That’s a great question. In my case, it’s a preference. I’ve always preferred a smooth exterior.”

“There’s no *right* way to love yourself,” the hairy one explains. “Just because he waxes doesn’t mean that he’s not confident in who he is.”

“I have an intense hatred of body hair,” the man I posed the question to continues. “It started when I used to camp with my older brothers as a boy. Ticks would cling to my skin. Ever since I started getting Brazilians, ticks have avoided me like the plague.”

I think this dude is getting a lot more than Brazilians.

Billy runs his hand down my chest. “You should get a wax, Daddy. Then, ticks wouldn’t compete with me for your affection—I’ll be the only thing clinging to you.”

“Awww.” The chubbiest man presses his hands to his heart. “I’m straight, but you two are adorable.”

What the hell does being straight have to do with it? What—straight men can’t fawn and coo over two queers in love?

I kiss Billy’s cheek. “Tell me how you’re enjoying this body positivity outing.”

“I want to hear *your* thoughts first, Daddy.” Billy cocks a brow.

I stare at my three new friends. I watch their asses, mostly undefined or at least not nearly as defined as mine, swish back and forth as they walk confidently.

There’s not a shred of insecurity in these men. Even the one with the micropenis is focused on the walk and not covering up his genitals.

I rub Billy’s back. “I’m learning things about myself.”

Mr. Micropenis smiles at me. “That’s the beauty of these events. You may not have noticed, but I was born with a micropenis.”

“Wow.” Billy stares between his legs. “I had no idea.”

“I used to be afraid of it. Kids in the school showers would bully me.”

Billy snuffles. “Bullying is never okay.”

“They’d lift my micropenis up and then spank me. They’d call me names—*Tiny Cock. Little Willy. Pathetic Boy Who’ll Never Please A Woman.* It hurt my feelings.”

“That’s terrible.”

Billy rushes toward him and buries him in a hug. “Don’t let the bullies get you down.”

When Billy extricates himself from the man’s arms, he returns to my side. “They were mean to him, Daddy. Like the school kids were mean to you about your weight.”

My cheeks turn pink. “Let’s not chat about my issues.”

Everyone turns to me.

Mr. Micropenis issues me a sympathetic glance. “I’m so sorry to hear that.”

I push out a breath. As tough as it is, I’ll never feel like I belong in my own skin unless I confront my past head-on. And sometimes, it’s easier to open up to strangers than people you know in real life.

There’s something about everyone being in the buff that strips away the layers of insecurity that shroud us in their protective fibers in the so-called real world. We’re all vulnerable, innocent, as naked as when we were babies.

“I was a chubby kid growing up,” I begin. It doesn’t take long for me to launch into the story of my past.

Everyone is *super* supportive. A tear rolls down my left cheek as I speak, but Billy kisses it away before it can make me clam up.

Mr. Micropenis cuffs my shoulder. “You’re brave.”

“No.” My voice is rough. “True bravery would’ve been to accept myself the way I was. Fluffiness and all. Instead, I embarked on a radical physical transformation and ran from that boy I loved so much. I should’ve told my bullies that I was bigger and proud of it—and that they could suck a dick if they didn’t agree.”

“There’s no right or wrong way to exist in a body,” one man says. “As long as you’re proud of it.”

Billy turns to me. “That little boy who everyone bullied still lives inside you, Daddy. He loves you—he’s waiting for you to hold him and love him.”

“Hug therapy,” the other fluffy man says.

The three men and Billy wrap their arms around me. At first, I’m caught off guard—what the hell?

Then, the most protective cocoon of safety envelops me. Christ—this is *nice*. They squeeze me tight, like my mother used to do when I was little, and keep me safe as I sob.

Billy kisses my tears away, letting me know that he’s here for me, he’s not going anywhere.

For the first time, I feel safe. Valued. Cherished.

The irony that I thought *Billy* was the one who needed a confidence boost doesn't escape me.

Daddies need emotional support as much as their boys. Sometimes even more. They're expected to be brave and strong, and keep the evil world at bay.

When their boys stick by their sides through their trials, it makes them even stronger.

"I needed this." I take a step back.

Billy slinks his arm around my waist. "You're showing me it's okay to be vulnerable, Daddy. I don't need to be strong and brave all the time—I can let down my guard. Cry. There's nothing wrong with that."

"No, there's not." Mr. Micropenis smiles. "What you two have is wonderful. You're both encouraging each other to be better, fuller versions of yourself. I'm in awe."

After we hike, we head back to the central campground. Hordes of nudists are grilling brats and hot dogs, chilling by the fire in the buff, and crucially, not giving two whips about what anyone thinks.

Are some getting it on? Of course. To each their own.

But mostly, they're hanging out and relaxing in each other's presence.

Later that night, my therapist and her partner lead a self-confidence yoga workshop under the stars. We take turns sharing what we're insecure about and at the end, we all feel much better.

It's amazing what *talking* can do for one's soul. That's something modern men have lost—if men ever had it. Thank Christ for my therapist who guided me down this path.

Billy snuggles up next to me. "Barkington is ready to come out now. I *feel* it."

This lights my insides up.

Tilting Billy's chin up, I stare into his eyes. The starlight plunges deep into his irises, extending radiant beams that don't leave a single bit of his coffee depths untouched.

“Really?” Hope fills me.

Billy nods. “The Pride parade is when he'll make his big appearance.”



# Chapter Nineteen

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“We found the thief.”

My jaw drops as I stare at Rochlan. “You’re kidding.”

“It was my ex-boyfriend, Christopher.” Rochlan’s eyes narrow. “I signed into his laptop to check my corporate account eight months ago when we were dating. I must’ve forgotten to log out—I never expected him to retain my login information.”

I rush to Rochlan’s side and wrap my arms around him. “He’s the one who cheated on you. Right?”

“Yes, baby boy.”

I clench my fists. “*Jerkface.*”

Rochlan and I share a look. We both smile and then hug each other, but not before sharing a chaste kiss.

“You’ve obliterated all of my bad memories of Christopher,” Rochlan whispers, nuzzling my nose. “Fuck that piece of shit. You’re all I care about now—all I want, all I need. *Billy*. My angel, my baby boy. My everything. My lawyers are already on Christopher’s case—they’re going to prosecute him to the fullest extent of the law.”

Tears well in my eyes as Rochlan kisses me again.

*I* helped Rochlan catch his ex-boyfriend in the act of stealing. *Me*. The forensic accountant Rochlan hired was hopeless—if not for me, Rochlan never would’ve discovered the truth.

“I’m glad, Daddy.”

Rochlan ticks my jaw up. “The Pride parade starts in three hours. You need to change into your gear so we can head down.”

Butterflies settle into the antechamber of my tummy. I stare at Rochlan, nervousness and adrenaline building within me.

Barkington... is *finally* ready to come out and play. No more waiting. The confidence journey Rochlan and I have gone on let me know this is true.

It’s hilarious, really—Rochlan thought that being vulnerable around me would push me away. The fool really believed that Daddies shouldn’t cry.

His assumptions couldn’t have been further from the truth. If anything, his genuine displays of emotion made me feel safe to be myself around him.

He’s not a growly, fierce Daddy who expects me to be “perfect”—whatever that means. Rochlan has his own issues as I have mine. This is what binds us, this is the super glue that brings our souls together.

“I’ll be right out, Daddy.”

Rochlan tousles my hair. “I’ll wait here.”

Sucking in a breath, I retreat to the bathroom where I’ve stashed Barkington’s gear. I haven’t tried it on since the day that I failed to let him out of his cage around Rochlan.

When I enter the bathroom, I see my bag with Barkington’s mask, fluffy tail belt, paws, ears, and sinewy, leather suit.

I smell the gear—then bask in the scent of the leather.

Oh, I can already anticipate growling and wagging my tail, chasing balls—and even marching beside Rochlan in the Pride parade.

“You’ve got this, Barkington.” Now’s not the time to be shy. Rochlan has made himself as vulnerable as he can—as

*any* man can.

Men always have issues with crying. I don't really get it, but it's the truth. The fact that Rochlan overcame this hardship proves he has what it takes to be an excellent Daddy to a pup like Barkington.

Slipping out of my clothes, I slide into my gear. At first, I wanted Rochlan to change me—but then, I thought it'd be better to get it over with by myself. I'd hate to pop a woody around him and not be able to fit into my sleek, leather suit.

I attach my tail belt to my waist. I place my fluffy ears on my head, over my leather mask.

My eyes lock on my reflection in the mirror—I'm ready. Christ knows I could spend another hour here preparing for the big reveal, but my current appearance satisfies me. *The sooner Rochlan sees me, the better.*

I drop to my knees, then wag my tail once, twice for good measure. "Get in the zone. Get in the zone."

I muster up the courage to bark. *Roof*. It's a quiet bark, one that's only to help me access my inner pup.

Then—all at one, Barkington emerges.

His appearance, so magical and spontaneous, catches me by surprise.

I paw at the mat in the bathroom, snarling as I sniff it, then rub my nose on the tile. Another *roof* escapes me, this one louder.

I nudge the bathroom door open with my nose, then sniff my way into the hall.

"Daddy," I growl, not certain that I should be speaking, but doing so anyway until I find the man I'm searching for. "Smell Daddy. Close."

I race down the hallway, bonking into the walls. My tail wags back and forth, hitting a few low-hanging potted plants, but I don't pay attention to that.

Turning the corner toward the living room, I lift my gaze—that's when I see him.

*"Here, boy."* Rochlan pats his knee, the biggest damn smile ever on his face. He waves a squishy ball in the air. *"Come and get it."*

Tears—they well in my eyes. Hot. Moist. Blinding.

With a yip, I dart toward him, then leap into his arms. He roars as my inertia sends him flying backward toward the sofa, his back sinking into the cushions.

I lick his face, barking and yipping, wagging my tail excitedly as I paw at his muscular chest.

*"Fetch, boy."* Rochlan tosses the ball across the room.

Ball.

Hear it.

Smell it.

*See it fly across the room.*

With a growl, I rip myself off his chest and run toward the ball. Where did it go? Behind the plant? Under the beautiful set of armchairs?

Beside his ornate grand piano, I spot a tiny blur of pink—and pounce on it like only a puppy can, latching my teeth around it, shaking it back and forth, happy whimpers escaping me, then bring it to Rochlan and lay it at his feet.

When I look up, Rochlan has a curious expression on his face.

To my surprise, he doesn't reach for the ball.

Instead, he produces something from behind his back—and drops to his knees.

*"This has been a long time coming, Barkington. I'm so grateful you found it in you to come out of your cage. I want to be your Daddy today, tomorrow, and until we're old and gray. You're my pup—I'm your Daddy. Accept this collar as a token of my affection for you."*

No. *No.*

Rochlan's joking—he must be.

Tears stream down my cheeks as I stare at the collar, emotion welling in my chest. Is he serious?

I bow my head at his feet. “*Roof.*”

Rochlan attaches the collar around my neck. “There you go, Barkington. You're collared now.”

He runs his fingers over the sparkling metal. I can't breathe, can't even bark.

Never in my dreams did I...

I mean, I fantasized that Rochlan might, but I didn't think...

“Don't cry, little pup.” Rochlan ticks my chin up. “You *deserve* this. You'll live here in this penthouse with me from now on. I love you—you're *mine.*”

We play fetch for a bit longer. After every throw, I leap on Rochlan's lap and lick his cheek.

In my pup space, it's the only thing I can do to show him how grateful I am, how much I care—the depth of my feelings.

When it's time to leave, Rochlan snaps a leash on my collar—which I *now love*—and then tugs something else out of a box.

“I want you to try wearing this in the parade.”

My eyes lock on an insertable pup tail with a plug. Oh. *This is glorious.*

I nod. “*Roof.*”

Rochlan understands that I want him to insert it. He removes my tail belt, then unzips the part of my suit that leads to my ass.

I'm not wearing any undies today—so when he smears hot lube on my hole, sticking three fingers in to prep me, then popping the plug tail in, I moan as my eyes cross.

He adjusts it so that the plug pushes against my prostate. “Now, you can peg yourself while we march.”

I rub my cheek against his shin, seeking to convey how much I adore this. The tail veers to the left—and I bite back a gasp as intolerable pleasure courses through me.

“*Roof.*” This means: *I might come in my suit.*

It also means: *I love you.*

And of course: *Thank you.*

“You’re welcome, pup.” Rochlan tugs my leash. “Let’s go.”

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I prance through the crowd proudly, sticking my chin up. My tail pegs my prostate, unleashing delicious sensations within me.

Around me, pets of every shape, species, and color walk in the sun. A green dragon “blows” flames at the onlookers. Two kitties purr as they swish their black tails back and forth.

To my left, a giraffe sticks its long neck up, munching on imaginary leaves.

Rochlan yanks at my leash. “Watch where you’re going, Barkington.”

In the nick of time, Rochlan rescues me from prancing smack into an elephant’s ass. I scurry back, thanking God for the kneepads in my leather suit that prevent the pavement from scratching my tender skin.

“*Roof.*” Another thank you in pup language. *I’ve been giving Rochlan a lot of those today.*

Rochlan adjusts my ears. “Good boy.”

My heart melts when he says this. Man, oh man—this is what I’ve craved for so long.

Lifting my eyes, I try to communicate everything I feel in the depths of my heart to Rochlan. I tell him that I'm grateful he let his guard down around me, for helping *me* be confident in my true self.

I'm no longer the shy, timid pup I was the night we met at the Little Bunny Club. I'm tempted to think back to that night and laugh—God, talk about pathetic.

I couldn't even step away from the wall because I was so caught up on being the only pup there without a Daddy.

Now, I'm proud of who I am. Confident. Elijah's cruel words hurt me no more—*fucker*. Rochlan adores me for me, every part of me. He doesn't judge me for what I went through in the past, or my decisions.

What matters to Rochlan is that I'm his in the *present*. Now. Here. In this place and time.

Rochlan smacks my ass. "Look at Daddy with those chocolate eyes at your own peril."

I giggle in pup-speak, then wag my tail extra hard.

It happens before I can stop it—the tail mashes against my prostate, lighting a fire in my core, then ignites a powerful orgasm.

Wailing, throwing my head back, I succumb to the delirium, my back arching as my cock shoots out jets of hot cum.

"*Roof*," I whine, rubbing my forehead on Rochlan's shin, every part of me tingling.

Rochlan drops to his knees. "Is everything okay, Barkington?"

Tears of delight stream down my cheeks. I'm panting—hot, hard, out of control. I want to kiss Rochlan, but I also want to show him what happened under my suit.

I lick his hand. It's the only thing I know how to do. The only way to show my affection for him.



Rochlan must get the message—how, I’m not sure. A devilish smirk lights up his features. “Naughty pup.”

Mewling, I lick his hand harder, loving the way he understands exactly what I’m going through. *He’s an experienced Daddy—he must know what pups do when they’re aroused.*

Rochlan sluices his hand between my legs, then rubs my bulge.

“Wet.” Another smirk draws onto his lips. “You’re a lucky pup.”

I nod, wagging my tail back and forth, knowing on some level that with the incessant motion I’ll make myself even more aroused.

It doesn’t matter. *Let it fucking happen*—that’s what I say. If I come, I come. With all these emotions overwhelming me, how could I not?

Rochlan tickles my under-chin. “You must really enjoy being a pup.”

Oh—*yes*. How did Rochlan know?

Rochlan strokes my bulge, pinching my length. I grit my teeth, heat blooming inside of me yet again.

My dick, that traitor, mashes around my juices, creating a squelching sensation.

“Are you going to be a good pup and give Daddy another show?” Rochlan’s voice is deep, crooning. “Or will you deprive him of what he wants to see?”

My tongue falls out of my mouth. *I good boy. I give Daddy what he wants.*

Scrunching my eyes shut, I let another release course through me. It’s tame, sweet—nothing over the top. Still, it floods my midsection, squirting onto my tummy, pooling at my button.

Rochlan leans in and kisses me. I sink into his lips, allowing him to spread mine with his tongue, then plunge his

tongue deep into my mouth.

His right hand massages me the entire time, rubbing my bulge, stroking me in the spot I adore so much, refusing to let me feel alone.

Aftercare—that's what this is. Makeshift, impromptu aftercare in front of a crowd. We can't exactly strip off and head to his bathroom. I'll be damned to hell if I miss the rest of the parade.

Rochlan swishes his tongue across my cheek. "*Mine.*"

I *roof* into his lips, letting my inner pup hijack control of my emotions, losing all sense of propriety.

Who cares that I came in my suit—no one can see, no one's watching, everyone's focused on the parade, not a pup getting what amounts to little more than a belly rub.

That's when a ball flashes across my vision.

Tugging away from Rochlan, I pant and yip.

Two puppies barrel toward the ball, unable to control themselves.

Rochlan smirks as he tilts my chin up. "You want to play with the pups. Don't you?"

I paw the ground. "*Roof.*"

Unclipping my leash, Rochlan pushes me toward the throng of giddy pups. "Don't sniff any bums. Don't bite anyone. Most importantly—don't forget to come back to Daddy."

Losing all inhibition, I race toward the ball like a goddamn puppy at the Pup Bowl. More pups join the hunt, and I eye my competition sternly.

My, oh my—there's even a kitty joining us. Hmmm. I didn't expect kitties to chase balls, too.

*That's the beauty of a Pride parade—there's no limit to what you'll see.*

We all try our best to “win”—but I’m the one who emerges victorious.

Snatching the ball out of the jaws of the gutter, I prance back to Rochlan. My tail swishes, and my head juts in the air, pride and confidence blending inside me.

“Congrats.” Rochlan pats my head.

I drop the ball—which bounces by his feet, my spit and drool trickling off it.

Rochlan makes a face as he lifts it up. “Damn, Barkington—could you have been *any* messier?”

I snicker in pup language. Rochlan’s treating me like a *real* pup—he’s not acting like I’m some shy, fragile pet who can’t handle a joke.

That’s who I was when we first met—*way* too sensitive. There’s nothing wrong with being introverted, but when the alternative is to be confident and proud of you who are—and unwilling to compromise your identity? *Well, that’s unbeatable.*

At the end of the parade, Rochlan grabs a bag of puppy chow for me and an ice-cold bottle of chocolate milk. He sets them both in tiny plastic bowls, and I pounce on them, chomping the “kibbles,” then slurping up the milk.

I make a mess—but that’s understandable.

Rochlan wipes milk off my mask. Then, he adjusts my collar.

“Your collar looks wonderful on you.”

Rochlan can’t see this, but my cheeks flush pink. *Pinker than a strawberry.* “Roof.”

He stares into my eyes. A moment passes between us, one as bright as the sun.

He dusts my lips with a kiss, then tucks a strand of hair that managed to slip out of my mask over my left ear. “I’m so proud of you.”

Pride. Confidence.

The *old me* is so far in the past I barely remember him.

Lifting me to my feet, Rochlan kisses me again. This time, it's not the light, chaste kiss of before—it's powerful, awe-inspiring.

He swirls his tongue around my cheeks, that possessive man, letting me know in front of the entire parade that I'm his and he's mine.

"I love you." When he removes my mask, I find it in me to speak.

He drags his thumb across my cheek. "*I love you, too.*"

## Epilogue

Rochlan

“Barkington,” I shout, staring at the mess in the kitchen. “Did you get into the trash again?”

Billy wanders into the kitchen. “HmMMM?”

I jab at the chocolate-covered strawberry wrappers on the floor. “Tell Daddy if you did that.”

Billy is the spitting picture of innocence. “Barkington’s in a *lot* of trouble.” He wraps his arms around my waist. “I wonder how we should punish him. A time-out? Noooo. Too mean. How about a bath? He *hates* baths.”

My palm migrates to my forehead. “I wouldn’t push it if I were you.”

“Well, don’t throw extra chocolate-covered strawberries out. You should know they’re his favorite food.”

Taking Billy’s hand, I lead him out of the kitchen. My brain is running over all the potential punishments I can unleash on his bratty ass.

I’m not a *spanking* kind of guy—that’s too cruel. I’d hate to see Billy’s precious little cheeks splotchy and pink.

Errr—who am I kidding? No, I wouldn’t.

“Pants off.” My voice is firm.

Billy blushes. “You’ve got to be kidding.”

I put my hands on my hips. “Barkington must pay the price for getting into the trash.”

“You *threw* perfectly good treats away,” Billy groans. “Three of them—what a waste.”

“Pants off, *baby* boy.”

Billy’s cheeks turn even pinker. “Ahh—at least you remembered.”

Winking at me, he unzips himself and tugs his pants and undies down. He’s wearing the precious teddy bear undies he wore the first day he came over.

I stare at his naked behind, then fight the warmth barreling through me. *My. Oh my.* He’s so cute and dainty—a veritable prince.

*I’ll never get sick of looking at his bum.*

Leading him to the sofa, I bend him across my lap. I lift my right hand, then swat his cheeks.

*Smack.*

Billy squeals, his cheeks jiggling. “Youch.”

“I’ll give you three spankings. One for each strawberry you ate.”

Billy waggles his eyebrows. “I think you should give me thirty.”

Yeah—something tells me that *punishments* don’t work on Billy.

With a groan, I lick my palm to intensify the sting. As I prepare to dole out his punishment (that I’m not sure will have any behavior-correcting effect), my mind drifts back over the past month we’ve spent together.

When I saw Billy at the Little Bunny Club, I had zero premonition of the ways in which he’d change me.

He encouraged me to confront my body issues head-on. Now, I’m in therapy and learning not to use the gym to run from my past.

He allowed me to show emotion. That's something Christopher wouldn't have permitted in a million years.

Lastly, he loves me for me. He doesn't try to force me to be rock-solid, fierce, and unwavering. He knows that real men need to be sensitive and caring—not toxic like I thought.

If Billy had been in my life earlier, I would've avoided a *lot* of pain and heartbreak.

But—truth be told, the ways Billy's grown in my presence are even more impressive.

The shy, timid pup who couldn't emerge from his cage is no more. In its place is a confident, proud chocolate lab—a lab that comes when his Daddy tells him to, plays with other pups at the club, and even gets naughty.

*Billy, the human being, has also grown in indescribable ways, too. He enters CUNY this fall where he'll study accounting. Also, rumors spread quickly about the magic he worked at Black Knight Gyms—top audit firms are scouting him.*

My baby boy is on his way to becoming a self-sufficient killer accountant. Or who knows? Maybe he'll become a forensic accountant and perform a hell of a lot better job than the bozo I hired.

Petal Boo wanders into the room. Billy yelps, then tries to scramble off my lap. “Not appropriate for puppies!”

“Scram, Petal Boo.” I decide that if I'm going to growl today, this is the time to do it.

Petal Boo shoots me a curious look, then slinks into the kitchen where he sniffs the chocolate-covered strawberry wrappers on the floor. (There's no chocolate in them—he's safe.)

“Don't think you'll get out of your punishment *that* easily.”

I spank Billy two more times. He groans, his cheeks—both the ones on his face and bum—flushing mightily, transforming his pale skin into a regal tapestry of sinuous embarrassment.

At last, I let him off my lap and he sits beside me after I fix his clothes. “Dang, Daddy.”

He directs my gaze between his legs. His pink dick rises against his belly, the soft crown stroking his button.

I issue him a stern look. “That punishment was supposed to be *painful*.”

Billy thrusts his arms around me. “You’re not a Daddy who gives his baby boy pain. Only sweetness. And marshmallows. And love.”

“And chocolate-covered strawberries,” he hisses under his breath.

I boop his nose. “Barkington better get his act together. Otherwise, his next spanking won’t be so rosy.”

I pick up the remote to play *Marley & Me*—one of Billy’s favorite new movies we caught a rerun of last week.

As we watch Owen Wilson care for his little dog, I can’t help but let my eyes drift to my baby boy.

He’s currently snuggling beside me, his thumb in his mouth, staring at the screen.

I’m happy now. For the first time in so long—*my heart is full*.

I trail my index finger across his collar, touching the luxurious metal, knowing damn well that with Billy in my life, I’ll never lack pride in who I am again.

*And neither will he.*

Thank you for reading! Make sure to check out all the wonderful books in the Pride Pet Play series. They will release throughout June :)

If you liked Rochlan and Billy’s story, kindly consider leaving a review on Amazon or Goodreads!



## About the Author

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Aster Rae is a USA TODAY bestselling author of steamy MM Mafia Daddy that's light on the Mafia and heavy on the fluff. Aster enjoys reading Daddy romances waaaaay too much and can always be found buried in a Kindle.