

Hug
CLUB

3



A SUGARY SWEET
MM DADDY
ROMANCE

Hug Bug

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
ASTER RAE

HUG BUG

ASTER RAE

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This novel portrays a diverse relationship that isn't frequently represented in the mainstream. All characters are 19+ and engaged in consensual role play that isn't only confined to the bedroom. The publisher has set the reading age to 18+. If this type of content makes you uncomfortable, this story may not be for you.

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Also by Aster Rae

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Dear reader,

This is by far the fluffiest, chilliest book in the *Hug Club* series yet! It's full of sweetness, fluff, and love!

Nineteen-year-old BJ is a CONSTRUCTION Little who wants to find a Daddy to help him get onto a construction site for the first time. Bryce is a rich real estate developer who's been searching for a boy to love.

This is a novel for adults only, so there are some activities BJ and Bryce get up to that aren't for everyone. This isn't a kid's book, as it's categorized as a romance with the reading age set to 18+. It represents a unique relationship that isn't typically portrayed in the mainstream. The characters consensually live in an age lay lifestyle. **Content warnings:** wetting, adult diapers, an emotionally absent father who comes around. Use your best judgment.

Thank you to my proofreaders and sensitivity readers who helped me craft the best story I could.

Happily ever after guaranteed!

ONE



BJ

“Bob,” I pout, giving my teddy a stern look. “You’re not supposed to stare at the working guys like that. They’ll think you’re flirting with them.”

My teddy, Bob, named after my favorite character ever on the bestest show ever, *Bob the Builder*, ignores me. He continues staring at the construction workers who are presently busy eating doughnuts that a little angel delivered to them earlier this morning.

I can’t help but wiggle behind the tree where I’m spying on them.

Now—let’s get one thing clear.

I’m not *flirting* with these working guys like Bob is.

No, I’m obsessed with all things construction. Building sites, diggers, cranes, huge dump trucks with tires that are bigger than my body. Buying working guys doughnuts is something that I’ve done since I was a boy, for reasons I can’t for the life of me explain.

Contributing in any way I can to the building process, even if only through purchasing treats, makes me feel like I belong. At my size, I’ll never be approved to work on an actual construction site.

Believe me, I’ve tried.

At sixteen, I marched to a build site with a resumé in hand and asked to speak to the foreman. They asked me what I thought I was doing there, and I said that I wanted to help

them. The working guys burst into laughter, and I think they assumed I had a screw loose, because they told me that someone as little and small as me would never be welcome, even though I was old enough to work. It was too dangerous for my small frame, and if a brick fell on me, it'd crush my head.

So, I figured out how to contribute behind the scenes. The workers typically assume their corporate overlords are the ones who buy them doughnuts, because I dash away before they can catch me.

At my size, I can't risk getting into a row with an irate worker. I'm nineteen now, so they wouldn't get a serious prison sentence if they beat me into a pulp like they would've if I were still a teenager.

Sometimes, I sigh and wish that I was still a teenager. It's tough being an adult, especially when, because of the way you look, most people still treat you as a kid. You're expected to pay bills, buy food, cook, wash laundry, dry laundry, fold laundry, and put laundry away, on top of a bazillion other things.

I'm too hyper and easily distracted to focus on too many big boy things. That's why I love entering my Little headspace, leaving real life at the door, and losing myself in play.

One construction worker glances around. "Who keeps leaving us these fucking doughnuts?"

"Some kid," another one growls. "His teddy is poking out from behind that tree over there."

"Damn it, Bob," I all but holler, then remember to keep my voice down so I don't come across as mentally unstable. That's something of a challenge for me. "I told you not to spy too obviously."

I adopted Bob after one of my bestest friends in the world, Calloway, gave him to me after he won Bob in the *Best Hugger* competition at the Hug Club. He loved the teddy, but

he didn't want to bring him home because *his* teddy, named Constable Charlie, would grow jealous.

Calloway is a very conscientious boy—much more than me. Both he and my other friend, Waxley, are some of the sweetest boys I know.

Me? I'm more of a sassy type, although I'm not super sassy. I've met some really sassy Littles before, and though I can be a handful compared to Waxley and Calloway, I fall on the sweet side of the spectrum.

A sigh escapes me as I pick up Bob. I sling him over my shoulder, then sit down with my back to the tree trunk, my proverbial tail tucked between my legs. Why is that none of the construction workers ever want me to be around them? Even when I used to deliver doughnuts in person and not hide afterwards, they rejected me.

All I wanted was to be their friend, and hopefully get to sit with them on a digger. Like friends do, like they do with each other I assume when there aren't enough diggers for everybody and they have to share.

“Bob, you can't throw me under the bus again. Next time, I'm leaving you at home.”

Only one thing could make me feel better right now.

Err—not a thing. A man.

Bryce.

A flurry of warmth fills me as I think of the strong, fluffy Daddy at the Hug Club I have the biggest crush on. He's a real estate developer, but he's not a typical one. Unlike most, he doesn't put profit over people. He genuinely helps the communities he serves, and he always applies for special grants and funding to keep his home prices down so underprivileged people can purchase them.

When we hugged at the Hug Club before we were disqualified from the *Best Hugger* competition, I was convinced my time had come. I'd found my Daddy. My perfect, cuddly, construction Daddy who gave the best hugs in the universe.

Though Bryce and I hug each other every time we meet at the Club, nothing comes of it. I know he doesn't hate me like before, but neither of us is taking the next step.

“If Bryce was my Daddy, I'd have access to any construction site I wanted. His reputation precedes him here in New York City and no one turns him down.”

That's when a shadow falls across Bob's forehead. It's a big, round, fluffy shadow, one that instantly fills my heart with hopeful expectation.

When I glance up, I lay eyes on Bryce.

Bryce

Well, well, well. If it's not the boy who used to bug the crap out of me at the Hug Club.

If I'd run into BJ a few months ago at this very construction site, I'd be annoyed to see him. He was always teasing me, provoking me, or should I say, tempting me.

At barely five feet tall, he's so pint-sized that I was afraid I'd crush him. Seriously. I'm a big guy. At six-foot-eight and three-hundred-pounds, I can be quite intimidating.

I was taken aback by this tiny nineteen-year-old Little who didn't seem to run from me. In fact, the instant he found out that I was a real estate developer, he started to pay *extra* special attention to me.

There's something about BJ that speaks to my inner protector. The coveralls he wears, along with his obsession with diggers, make him seem super innocent and vulnerable, and I've been a Daddy long enough to know that can be a red flag.

Sometimes, boys often think that they're ready to be with Daddies when they're really not. They're dipping their toes into the scene, and a huge, meaty Daddy like me, one who's cuddly yet also commanding and fierce in the boardroom (and bedroom) is more than they can bite off.

When BJ and I hugged at the *Best Hugger* competition, something in me softened. I thought that BJ wasn't so bad after all, and I couldn't deny it, the way his petite body molded into my enormous one melted my heart.

I even felt his dick get hard under his coveralls, and I nearly had an aneurysm when I realized that it was as petite as the rest of him.

BJ has a crush on me. A massive one. One that's almost as massive as my big and tall frame.

Still, nothing ever happened between us. We've hugged every time we've spotted each other since, but the conversation rarely goes where I thought it was heading during the competition.

I can't help but wonder if I'm waiting for the right moment to make a move. *The perfect time.*

"Look who's trespassing on my construction site." I let out a pretend growl, feigning fierceness when in reality, all I want to do is wrap this little hug bug in my arms, set him on my lap, and learn why he likes diggers so much. Maybe I'd even read him a storybook. Oh, the price I'd pay to watch his curious eyes follow my finger.

BJ's wide eyes stare up at me. I try to resist the urge to glimpse directly into them, because part of me knows that it'll be like staring into the sun, and yet I can't resist.

They're green. The most adorable, effervescent shade of emerald green I've ever been privileged to bear witness to in my life. Deep, lush, and sparkly, they give the most verdant meadows a run for their money. Almost, I spot tall trees sprouting inside of them—huge, towering trunks that'd provide gentle shade for my workers, who labor hard to build affordable housing for underprivileged communities.

Helping those less fortunate than me is my passion. Recently, I got the permits to begin work on my new affordable housing development for under-housed LGBTQ+ community members here in Upstate New York. A lot of people don't know what under-housed means, and they

question what I'm doing. I tell them that it's a term that encompasses those who currently experience houselessness and those facing housing insecurity. You don't have to be houseless to be under-housed. You can live in a government project that doesn't meet your needs.

This is especially difficult if you have children you don't want growing up in an unstable environment. I will give these people a safe, stable place to live. Away from homophobic landlords who'll reject them for who they are.

My grandmother is the reason I'm so passionate about this project.

A growl threatens behind my pursed lips, but I nip it in the bud. Now is not the time to think about the sad situation that my grandmother found herself in toward the end of her life. She's the reason I'm so passionate about my work, and the push I need to deal with the headaches that come with being a full-time socially conscious investor every single day.

BJ pushes out a gasp. "*Your* construction site? No, that can't be right. I looked up the owner. It's a corporation."

"Yes, Little BJ. My firm."

"All I was doing was bringing the working guys doughnuts. I swear."

BJ raises his hands in the air which tugs at my heartstrings. I try not to smile, but he's really too cute for his own good.

"I heard a little birdy was dropping off doughnuts every morning for my employees," I growl, bringing my fingers to my chin. "They suspected it was a curious boy in the neighborhood."

"Well, I don't live in this neighborhood, but I *am* a curious boy."

That you are, BJ. That you are.

I take another good look at this bite-sized Little, then fight hard not to grin. The teddy he won at the *Best Hugger* competition is now wearing a tiny construction hat, one that's almost as cute as the one on BJ's head. BJ's coveralls and

suspenders definitely don't belong on a construction site, but they do belong in a playroom with lots of blocks and dump truck toys.

It's been far too long since I've had a boy of my own. It's tough to find the time when you're a successful, rich entrepreneur, and the truth is, most boys I run into aren't my type. All my life, I've gravitated toward petite ones. Age isn't as important as size. I've dated all across the age spectrum, from college boys to Littles who are older than me. I even tried being a senior citizen's Daddy once after this cute grandpa who showed up to the Club one night barely came up to my sternum. I like ones that complement my jumbo-sized frame, boys who damn near fit into the palm of my big hand.

BJ fits the bill to a T. I think that's one of the reasons he annoyed me so much when he first began flirting with me. I felt he was too good to be true, and I almost thought I was being set up.

I let out a sigh. "I tell you what, boy. I know you want to see a real construction site, but my men need to focus on work today. And besides, I don't want you wandering around construction sites with your little toy hard hat. It's adorable and sweet, but if a brick fell on you, it'd split you right down the middle."

BJ adjusts his hard hat self-consciously. "I like my hard hat."

"What you and I need to do is figure out a plan so we can explore your Little construction-loving side together. I've got to get to work today, but this Friday night, why don't you come to the Hug Club? We'll step into the cuddle room, draw up a game plan, and figure out how you can accompany me to some job sites."

I can already picture the decorations I'll hang in the cuddle room. Building pictures, work sites, dump trucks, and toy tools galore.

"I can't believe you'd do that for me."

I try to ignore what's happening, but it's too hard. BJ's left eye quivers. He looks down, blinking hard to fend off his tears, except he can't.

A roly-poly tear trickles down his cheek, curving around his nose before lingering on the corner of his red lips.

Scrunching his face together, he tries to shake it off, but he accidentally lets loose a second tear, this time from his right eye. It gets stuck on his precious cheekbone, and then even more tears spring out of his left eye, so many that it turns his face into a floodplain.

"There, there." I lean in, brushing the tears away with my thumb. Oh, sweet mercy, I must be gentle with this boy, yes I'd better be. Swipe too hard and he'd wind up in the ER with a fractured skull. *That's why I must be extra careful.* "Don't cry, sweet boy. We'll figure out how to get you around some diggers, yes we will."

"No one's ever been this kind to me." BJ thrusts his arms around me. He squeezes me tight, burying his little head in my belly. "I'm so excited to go to the cuddle room with you. Maybe you'll even agree to be my Daddy."

"I think that's a strong possibility, beautiful BJ."

TWO



BJ

I rub my palms on my coveralls as I step into the Hug Club, no idea of what the night holds.

I've been looking forward to this meeting with Bryce all week. Though I've tried to focus on my college assignments, all I can think about is cuddling up in his strong, cozy arms, arms that could squeeze me like an anaconda if he's not careful. I want his approval to walk some construction sites.

I bounce on the balls of my feet, trying my hardest to focus. It's hard. So very hard.

I don't want to act all crazy. That's kinda what I'm known for at the Hug Club—I'm the boy who can't sit still for more than a minute, who is always adding diggers to other games with the Littles, and dreaming about construction.

Tonight, I must prove that I'm mature. Capable of getting Bryce's stamp of approval.

Maybe if I'm a good boy, Bryce will even agree to be my Daddy. Oh, that'd be the best thing that could happen to me.

Since I turned eighteen, I've wanted a Daddy. My relationships never seem to work out because I think I'm too loco for most men. I mean, my *entire* world revolves around my construction side.

Most Littles are able to separate their Little space from their big boy space, but not me. I'm always two seconds away from being Little, no matter what I'm doing. Don't mention diggers if I'm buying groceries or soaping up in the tub in the

morning. I'll break out in the *Bob the Builder* theme song and shout to the entire grocery store, "Yes I can!"

"You've got this, BJ. Act normal. Don't be yourself."

Don't be myself. What an absurd proposition.

When Bryce chastised me earlier this year for always coming onto him, I forced myself to tone down the looniness, plaster a polite, well-behaved smile on my face, and appear as kind and normal as possible.

Inside, I was bubbling with happiness every time I laid eyes on Bryce. He's so big, protective, and strong. Everything about him screams *Perfect Daddy*. Yes, he's the type of man who could bury me in his fluffy body, and protect me from the storms of life, all right. A man who'd hug me tight and never let me go.

I push open the door to the cuddle room... and forget how to breathe. "Bryce?"

Bryce smiles beside a motorized toy dump truck that's big enough for me to sit in. "There you are, BJ. I was worried you wouldn't show."

I try to glance around the room. I really, really do. It's decorated in the most beautiful fashion, the walls brimming with pictures of construction sites, the shelves lined with yellow hard hats and toy hammers. Construction tape is rolled around the edges of the room, and orange signs saying *Working Guys Only* are hung up next to cute construction stuffies.

The room should be what captures my attention most.

Instead, I can only focus on Bryce.

Bryce is so big and fluffy today, the button-down blue shirt he wears letting my eyes drink in every bit of his fluff. Talk about a big belly. *Wow*. His biceps are enormous, and his chest puffs out like he owns this place. His deep, coffee eyes bore into mine, and I lose my breath when I realize that they're not merely brown, no. The gods must've added a dash of cream. Rich, succulent cream, cream that I'd like to run my tongue across, which seems bizarre, but that's how they make me feel.

I stare at Bryce's juicy thighs, so meaty and rotund, in his working man's blue jeans. A beat of desire pulses through me, and my cock stiffens in my traffic cone briefs, rising to its full length.

Bryce walks toward me and buries me in a bear hug. "There you are, cutie. I set all this up for you. The toys, the posters, the stuffies."

I blink back tears as I hold Bob up. "Bob loves it, too."

I've been in the cuddle room quite a few times. Mostly to play with my friends. Never have I seen it look so wonderful.

Bryce tousles Bob's hair. "Tell me, Bob. Do you think BJ should zoom around in his brand-new dump truck? Or should he and I talk first?"

Bob doesn't respond.

Typical.

I try my best not to cry. "Bob is shy."

"Like you, eh?" Bryce leans in and *boops* my nose. "I've never seen you so speechless."

Bryce is right. I am speechless—or as close to it as possible.

I stare into his eyes, losing all track of time. This must be what Waxley and Calloway spoke about when they told me about the nights they first cuddled with their Daddies in the cuddle room.

Yep, I have no idea if I've stared into Bryce's eyes for two minutes or twenty hours.

I wrap my hand around his. "I like the decorations."

Bryce pats my bum. "I tell you what, sweet boy. Since you seem overwhelmed, I'll bring you to the pillow pile and cuddle you for a bit. We don't have to rush our fun with the toys, no we don't. This is the cuddle room, where the Earth stops spinning and we have endless amounts of time to be with each other. These toys will still be waiting for us after we finish our

heart-to-heart, and you can play with them to your heart's content."

My eyes drift up yet again. Bryce's hand on my ass feels so good, so protective yet naughty. Oh, does he have *any* clue as to the dirty thoughts that swirl through my mind?

I adjust myself, then clench my thighs together super hard. The last thing I need is for Bryce to see my wee.

My wee is always getting hard around Bryce.

It's ten times worse now that we're surrounded by construction things.

I nod. "A cuddle sounds fine."

"Come closer, baby boy. Goodness, I've waited far too long to make you mine."

His.

I try my best not to have a panic attack. I don't really get those much, but around a cute Daddy like Bryce, it's tough to stay calm.

Bryce

Lucky doesn't begin to describe me.

Blessed. Chosen. Divinely smiled upon by the gods.

I stare at BJ who's damn near circling my chest like a puppy, and lose my ability to think straight.

How... on Earth?

I pat BJ's bum. "Settle down, boy."

BJ turns his eyes up to me. He snuffles, then hugs Bob tight. "We're trying to get comfortable. You've got quite a big belly, you know."

That I do. *That I do.*

I smile, then wrap my arms around BJ to help him find a suitable spot. I work his petite body into the crook of my hips,

and he sighs contentedly as he wiggles his bum to try out his new home.

BJ is exactly my type. I have no idea why I held back from giving myself to him for so long.

It was wrong of me. Horribly, awfully, evilly wrong to shy away from making BJ my boy.

I was afraid of what people would say about me. Afraid of the rumors men would whisper around job sites when they saw me with a man who likes diggers as much as him.

Now, I know I was mistaken. BJ adores me, and that's what matters most. All the haters can go get spanked by a forklift.

My right hand draws circles on BJ's bum. "Gods, you fit perfectly."

"Like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich." BJ burrows his cheek into my chest, giving a baby raccoon that likes to cuddle into burly trees a run for its money. "That's what working guys eat. I've seen them."

"Or a Nutella doughnut," I growl, leaning down to peck his temple. I've *definitely* seen my fair share of construction laborers eat doughnuts for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I have no clue how they maintain the energy to accomplish such physically demanding tasks with their terrible diets. "One a little angel left them."

"Not an angel. I'm a working guy, too."

I close my eyes as I squeeze BJ tight. I try to focus on the things I'll show him, the sites I'll let him walk, but it's hard when he's wrapped so snug in my arms.

I have a hug bug, yes I do. A cute lil' hug bug that only exists to give me love.

BJ breathes out a happy sigh. A strand of his dark chestnut hair floats up, fluttering above his head. I watch it dance under the ceiling lights, twittering this way and that, before it topples down on his forehead.

It hits me that I've never truly looked at BJ up close.

My eyes dip down to his nose, and I can't help but kiss it. The nose of all noses. Pointy, lightly freckled, undeniably handsome—oh gods, I'm not sure why BJ needs such a perfect nose on top of everything else. Fair? Not even. It's not the steak I eat for dinner every night that'll give me a heart attack. It'll be BJ's nose.

“Are you eating my nose?”

I let out a snort, then shake my head. “You'd better not be saying that because you can tell that I'm hungry.”

BJ giggles. “Nooooo. It's because I felt your lips on it.”

I brush a lock of his hair over his left ear. “I'm giving it a kiss. A Daddy kiss. I bet you've received many of those before, haven't you?”

BJ shakes his head sadly. “You'd think so, but I haven't. I'll be honest, Bryce. Every time I've come close to finding a Daddy of my own, my obsession with construction scares them off.”

My brow furrows. “I can't understand why.”

“It's *too* much. Daddies want a Little who enjoys cute playful things, but not one who seems like they have an obsessive disorder. When I say I like diggers, I mean... *I love them*. I dream about them. Sitting on one, preferably on a working guy's lap, and learning how to dig holes. In high school, I doodled mounds of dirt, envisioning what it'd be like to be the man who scoops.”

“I still don't see what the problem is.”

“It's over the top.” BJ bursts into tears, his eyes transforming into waterfalls that give the most gorgeous state parks in Upstate New York a run for their money. “I don't simply separate my Little and Big sides like I should. I think about adult things during the day, and construction at night. My interests blend into each other, and when other students are paying attention in the lecture hall, my head is in the clouds thinking about diggers.”

I can't help but smile, then tousle BJ's hair. “I don't think your head is in the clouds. It's in the construction yard. And

guess what, baby boy?”

BJ’s wide green eyes lock on mine yet again. This time, I lose my train of thought. A million thoughts swirl through my head, each as vibrant as the lush, verdant emerald that sparks and pops within his irises. I almost wish I could extract their secrets, synthesize them, and put them in a fertilizer so all the grass at my properties could be this green.

“What?” BJ’s whispered voice is so soft, so angelic, that I get a pain in my chest. It’s a small pain, certainly not indicative of a heart attack, but one that throbs with the same intensity.

I grip his chin tightly, then peck his nose again. “There’s nothing wrong with that.”

BJ swoons closer to me. His heart hammers against mine, our two hearts beating in sync. He shuts his eyes, and his red lips puff out. They separate slightly, and from my vantage point, they appear dewy, almost as if he’s been running naked through a misty patch of farmland, snagging apples that bloom on luscious trees and taking deep, rich bites.

He wants me to kiss him. My word, this sweet angel wants me to kiss him.

I glance down at my body, then grit my teeth. I’m not saying that I’m insecure, not by a long shot. Still, most boys do end things due to my size. It’s because of my desire for a size difference. They’re afraid I’ll crush them, scared shitless I’ll roll over in bed and smother them, preventing them from breathing.

I smile as I gently pull back. “Tell me when your love of construction began.”

THREE



BJ

I thought Bryce was going to kiss me.

Leaning back, I open my eyes, then furrow my brow as I hug Bob tighter.

I won't be disappointed. I refuse to be. It's just that, we were getting along so well, and I thought my new Daddy wanted to give me my first kiss.

Wait. Bryce is my new Daddy, right? Crap, I'm getting ahead of myself. He hasn't actually said that and I don't want to make any assumptions. I'd better wait until he broaches the subject again. The last thing I want to do is push him away by asking to be his boy too soon.

A smile creases my lips. "I've liked construction for as long as I can remember."

"I'm listening."

I close my eyes once more, then recall all the wonderful memories I have researching construction sites as a boy. I recall drawings I did, of me on cranes, putting windows in skyscrapers. I dream about blowing old buildings up with dynamite, and watching the bricks and blocks explode everywhere, which really got me going.

"As a boy, I was fascinated by the building process. At the school library, kids teased me because I'd rush to the architecture section, and pull out the books on building. I printed off photos of different cranes and trucks, and even though I barely paid attention in class, you could've asked me

anything about different construction terms and I would've recalled them at once."

Bryce grins. "Smart boy."

A blush seeps into my cheeks. "I have no idea why I enjoyed construction so much. My father was an accountant, and my mother was a schoolteacher who taught Sunday school at our local church. Neither had any experience working with their hands, so it's not like I grew up around working guys."

Bryce seems to mull this. Bringing his right hand to his chin, he scratches it, almost as if he has thick, long whiskers he's tugging, almost like Santa, except he doesn't. A pulse of excitement courses through me when I picture Bryce with facial hair. He'd look wonderful with a beard, no doubt about it.

Just the thought of Bryce with a construction man's beard makes my wee hard.

I press my head into Bryce's chest, fighting the growing stick that strains against my traffic cone undies.

"Maybe you had a pivotal experience around a construction site when you were younger. Do you recall any?"

"Gimme a sec. I'm thinking."

I traverse nearly two decades of life as I sift through every single childhood memory that I have. There are Christmases where my father would dress up as Santa Claus, hang our stockings by the chimney and, magically, we'd wake up with gifts. There are summers where I'd frolic in the meadows by my house, a butterfly catcher in hand, giggling as I leapt over wildflowers and pretty daisies. There are other memories yet, such as the time we went to Paris and I got to climb up the Eiffel Tower, and thought to myself: *This is nothing like Ratatouille.*

Bryce's palm circles the small of my back. "Take your time."

I lean into his palm, then push out a shaky breath. My wee grows even harder, and I wish I could show it to Bryce.

I've wanted to have a Daddy to play with me for such a long time, but it's never happened. This is my fault: I won't do the naughty with a man who won't be my full-time protector.

That's super important to me. The number of times a Daddy has propositioned me has been too many to count, and I always turn them down unless they want a relationship. When they find out the extent to which my construction obsession consumes me, they're not willing to make me their boy.

I smile. "Now that I think about it, I do have one core memory I overlooked. I was a boy, no more than five. I got off the bus from school, and all at once, I saw that my mother wasn't waiting for me at the corner like usual. I rushed home, and she told me that she'd just returned from the doughnut shop where she'd purchased an assortment of doughnuts for the hard-working men down the street. They were fixing something at the local park, and I got so excited I nearly passed out."

"What happened next?" Bryce chuckles.

I wriggle in the crook of Bryce's waist. "She walked me down the block, and I got to carry the doughnuts. We knocked on the door to their trailer, and a working guy came to the door and smiled at me. I was in such shock that they even paid me any attention that I almost passed out. My mother had to grip my arm to keep me standing, and then she took the doughnuts from me. I was supposed to deliver them, but my knees were wobbling so much and my fingers were so shaky that I wouldn't have been able to do it without spilling. She gave them the treats, and the working guy patted my head. He said: *Thank you for the gift. A lot of people overlook the working guys, but not you. You care. Maybe someday when you grow up, you could even be a working guy too.*"

Bryce can tell I'm getting super excited. He squeezes me tight, refusing to let my body start shaking and wobbling like it did that day all those years ago.

"That's incredible, BJ."

"When my mother walked me home, I was on cloud nine. I kept telling myself that I'd be a working guy someday, and my

mother only smiled. Now, I know that she was laughing, because even back then, I was small for my age.”

Bryce furrows his brow. “Size has nothing to do with being a working guy.”

I sigh. “I beg to differ. At sixteen, I marched to a site and handed them a resumé. The foreman told me the bricks would crush me and split my head in two.”

Bryce pushes out a low, rumbling growl. His tongue swipes over his lower lip, then he threads his fingers through mine. “You can help the working guys at any size. Hell, some working guys even like a boy hanging around their job site, because it gives them someone to teach. All you need is a good quality hardhat, steeltoed boots, and a reflective vest.”

I look down at Bryce’s huge hand enveloping mine. Another pulse kicks through me, and I squirm to move my midsection away from where our hands are hugging, because they’re too close.

One wrong move and Bryce could graze my wee.

Then, he’d discover that my love of construction things isn’t purely platonic.

How often I’ve thought about losing my virginity on a digger. A Daddy who loves thrusting into me, pushing his hard cock into my body. I’d come as we dug a hole.

I take Bob and bring him between my legs with my hand that Bryce isn’t holding. I don’t let Bryce see.

My thighs clench around Bob, and I close my eyes as I clench and unclench. “Yeah. A hardhat and a vest.”

Bryce’s thumb rubs my palm. “You look sleepy.”

Not sleepy. Something else.

This, I don’t dare tell Bryce.

I smile and nod. “All this talk of construction sites has made me ready for nap time.”

Bryce pecks my cheek. “I’ll be here when you wake up.”

Bryce

As BJ sleeps, I watch him.

I shouldn't. It feels vaguely wrong.

Only vaguely.

Mostly, it feels so cute and adorable that you couldn't pay me ten million bucks to pry my eyes away.

He snores so loudly, his breath pushing his hair in every direction, that I almost think he's faking.

That's when my eyes flit down... and I spot his thighs clenching around his teddy Bob. A hard bulge presses into Bob, right where Bob's nose meets his cheek.

My brow furrows. What... is this?

BJ yawns, then his eyes flutter open. "What an amazing nap."

I squint, and to my surprise, I spot a tiny droplet of something wet on BJ's coveralls.

I tap his shoulder. "Hey, boy. Do you need to use the potty?"

BJ frowns. "Why would I need that?"

I'm about to say, *Because I think you're wetting yourself.* But I stop myself in the nick of time.

I don't know what it is that causes me to pause.

The realization that BJ is horny rams into me like a wrecking ball.

Well, this is something I didn't see coming.

I wrap my arms tight around BJ. "Tell me what you dreamt about."

"Diggers." BJ says this proudly, puffing his chest out. Yet also a bit too matter-of-factly for my liking.

I crook a brow down. “Be honest. Were you really sleeping?”

BJ nods. “Of course.”

“Don’t lie to me.”

A look of fleeting hesitation flits across BJ’s face. “I was half-sleeping. Drifting in and out. Don’t ask me what I was thinking about, please. Let’s just leave it at diggers and nothing more.”

Very curious, indeed.

Bringing my fingers to my chin, I try to figure out what BJ could’ve been thinking about. I invent a scenario in which he strips out of his coveralls, and clings to me totally naked. Tears well in his eyes, and as he clutches my shirt with his fingertips, he begs me to please take him to a construction yard. *I’ll do anything.*

I rip my fingers away from my chin, grumbling as I shake my head in an attempt to dispel these naughty thoughts from my mind. That’s *not* what BJ was thinking about. Not by a long shot. He probably wasn’t thinking about sex at all, innocent lil’ thing that he is.

Hell, I doubt BJ even knows about sex. Everything about him is as innocent as a rainbow over a construction set, and I’m not going to be the one to spoil him.

He was giving himself rubbies with Bob, but that was only by accident. Probably. I doubt he’s even aware of what rubbies are.

I pat BJ’s bum. “You never have to hide who you are from me. I love honesty.”

BJ squirms in my arms. He brings his thumb to his lips, then sucks it. “I suck my thumb when I’m nervous. Right now, I don’t want to feel nervous, but I am.”

I watch as his lips swallow his thumb, as it goes in and out of his mouth. Sonofabitch, his lips are so red and plump, juicier than candy cherries.

I tilt his head up and issue him a stern look. “Boy. *Never* feel nervous around me. I’ve been in the scene for quite a few years, and I’m cognizant of all the things good boys get up to when they think their Daddies aren’t paying attention. I’ll pretend you’re not the innocent thing you are and that you know a thing or two about the naughty side of life. What a Daddy and his boy do together is no one else’s business besides theirs. As long as they’re both consenting.”

BJ shakes his head. “Hard limit. Red light. Don’t want to talk, please.”

Wow. He’s aware of the traffic system.

I smile, then massage his bum. “I’m so proud of you, boy. Thank you for telling me your limits.”

Lots of boys hesitate when it comes to speaking out when they’re uncomfortable. They go through with anything because they wrongly assume their partners will break up with them if they don’t. That couldn’t be further from the truth. Daddies—or at least the good kind—honor and cherish their partner’s consent. If the slightest thing makes them uncomfortable, they want to stop immediately.

That’s what was so hilarious to me about Calloway and Greyson’s love story. Calloway was basically screaming *green light* (even though I know they don’t use the traffic light system), and Greyson wouldn’t budge. He was so concerned he’d do something Calloway didn’t want that he let Calloway be horny for far longer than he needed to.

As rumor had it, Calloway was ready to fuck Greyson the very first time they met up. He expected Greyson to make a move on him, or to at least ask Calloway to suck his dick. That’s what many of the Daddies Calloway had spoken to on apps had done. He assumed Greyson was cut from the same cloth.

Greyson was so respectful of his boy’s wishes that he basically turned into a monk. At least for the first eleven months of their relationship. Now, Calloway and Greyson are lovers in every sense, and they meet all of one another’s needs.

BJ snuffles, then clings to my arm like a baby sloth, one that'll topple out of a tall, tall tree in the jungle if he doesn't hold on tight. "I'm sorry I red-lighted. You didn't give me permission to."

"A Daddy never needs to give his boy permission to safe word. What a Daddy needs is his boy's consent."

BJ shoots me a quizzical look. "You keep saying *Daddy*. Are you my Daddy?"

I nod, then smile. "Yes, I think I am. That is, if you'd like me to be yours."

"Do you *want* to be mine?" BJ is perplexed. "Because I'll be honest, you'll be the first Daddy—no, the first man—who's desired that. Most don't." BJ snorts. "Sorta like you the first few months you knew me. You thought I was *too much*."

"Yep, I want to be your Daddy." I can't help but snicker. "Let me be frank, BJ. I kept turning you away because I thought someone was setting me up." A sigh escapes me. "Lots of boys aren't comfortable with my size. I'm a big fluff ball, with a ton of me to love. I took one look at you and said, *There's trouble*. I couldn't take my eyes off you even though I pretended to push you away."

BJ's jaw drops. He clutches my shirt, gazing deep into my eyes. "You... *really want* to be my Daddy?"

Oh, my gods. This is exactly like the fantasy scenario I concocted.

BJ is holding my shirt like he'll die if he lets go, like I'm the strong protector he's always craved who he desires with all his heart.

I smile as I brush a strand of hair from his ear. "Oh yes, I do. You're perfect, BJ. Sweet, petite, bite-sized, and as adorable as a pistachio doughnut designed in the shape of a googly-eyed grasshopper. I want to take a big bite of you and satisfy all my hungries. I wouldn't need to eat for a long, long time."

BJ scrunches his face, then clenches his thighs. A soft, tremulous moan escapes his lips, and it's so quiet that it's

barely audible.

He stares between his legs. “You’re making it so hard.”

“What’s hard?”

BJ sucks in a breath. “My wee wee.”

His *what?*

Sweet fucking gods. Never in my life have I heard... I know that Waxley and Calloway use that term, but...

I hug BJ tight. “I know you said *red light* earlier, sweet boy, so I won’t press you. One thing at a time. When you’re ready to tell me more about what you like, I’ll be ready. Believe me, I’m very accepting. You’re safe in my arms.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” BJ whispers, shaking in my grip. His nose presses against my lowest belly roll, burrowing like a tiny critter. “I appreciate you for respecting my boundaries.”

It’s not long before BJ actually falls asleep this time. A real sleep, a deep sleep that doesn’t contain snoring, but gentle sighs.

There’s a hug bug in my arms.

A hug bug who wants to ride dump trucks and dig holes with his Daddy.

I’m so lucky.

FOUR



BJ

When I wake next, I'm not sure how much time has passed.

That's the beauty of the cuddle room. Waxley and Calloway both prepared me for this, but I ignored them because I hadn't experienced it.

Now, I know what they meant.

Time seems to both expand and contract here. How many hours have passed since Bryce and I entered, I couldn't tell you. One bleeds into the next which seeps into infinity.

I really hate time. At my job, I prefer that the clock is covered, because when I stare at it, it makes the day ten times longer. I hate that I can't keep it covered because my boss yells at me and says that keeping an eye on the clock is better for my productivity.

I'm actually more productive when I get into a task and ignore how long I've been doing it. When I check the time or even my progress, I lose momentum and get out of a nice flow state.

The cuddle room is such a flow state. But it's a flow state of the universe, one that runs on galaxy time instead of human time. The universe doesn't acknowledge the limitations of the human clock. Things endlessly repeat, expand, seem to vanish, only to come back again in a new form, like waves that are made of the same base elements but which never truly disappear because they're always regenerating themselves, like reincarnated forms.

The way we experience time is different from the way that we measure it, and perhaps if we measured it the way we experienced it, I wouldn't be so against clocks... Except how do you really measure something that's inherently unquantifiable? Closing my eyes, I can traverse nineteen years of my life, with no single year sticking out as any concrete marker as to exactly how old I am. Things that happened when I was ten feel realer and fresher to me than things that happened last year, except when I think about them for too long, they almost seem as if they've happened to a different person altogether. This makes no sense to me but then again, I'm no scientist, even though I did well in Intro. to Physics freshman year.

A heavy, protective arm is looped around me. It pulls me into a fluffy, warm body, one that makes me feel safe and small.

"Daddy." I blush, then squeeze Bryce tight. Why, oh why, does he feel so good to hug?

And he said he wanted to be my Daddy. That's something I didn't see coming.

Bryce traces circles on the small of my back. "Wakey wakey, boy."

"I'm sorry I red-lighted. I feel so silly."

When I told Bryce to quit speaking, I felt immature and not in a cute way. I thought Bryce would assume I wasn't ready to discuss mature topics or that I was uncomfortable speaking about the acts that a consenting boy can get up to with his Daddy.

That couldn't be further from the case.

I need a break, a pause before I delve into any mature topics. I've never had a Daddy to speak about these things with. Rubbies. Fantasizing about doing things with diggers, piles of dirt, or pleasing myself around them.

Every time I feel safe to broach the subject, the Daddy I'm speaking to leaves. It's as if he can tell where the conversation is headed and doesn't want to deal with my unique interests.

Bryce clips out a restrained growl. “Damnit, boy. Never feel silly around me. I go at your pace. That’s what makes me happy.”

Joy bubbles up inside me, and I sink into his fluffy body, as if it’s quicksand and I don’t want to climb my way out. “You know just what to say.”

Bryce *hrmphs*. “I’m not *just saying* anything. I mean it. Speak your truths around me. I won’t judge you.”

“One of my truths is that I rub Bob on my wee,” I whisper, but not in any kind of confessional manner, not with a trace of the insecurity I felt before, but with an almost undertone of provocation, a devilish little pseudo-confession that’s designed to show Bryce how naughty I can be.

I’m testing Bryce. Why, I’m not sure.

Maybe it’s because I want to see if he’s truly comfortable speaking about big boy topics with me. Maybe it’s because I want to double check he won’t truly run like everyone else.

Or maybe it’s because Bryce seems to get me like nobody else in a way that feels too good to be true and blurting out my deepest secrets, my innermost truths, is a means by which I’ll discover if he’s truly capable of relieving my hornies, of being my Daddy, like he claims he wants to be.

Or maybe I’m just horny. Ha. That’s probably it. Right?

Bryce grins as he pecks my cheek. “Rubbies, eh? I figured as much. Saw a lil’ dot-let of pre-cum on your wee bulge after you woke up and I couldn’t help but think a few naughty things. Thought you were giving yourself a bit of a rub there, eh? Pretending you were sleeping.”

I pause. Try to take deep breaths.

What... in the world?

My fingers loop around two buttons on Bryce’s cozy shirt. “Where did you learn to speak like that?”

Bryce laughs. “It’s the way I talk around cute boys like you. Not always, but sometimes.” He squeezes my bum. “If it’s too much, tell me. I can tone it down.”

Not at all.

I recall something that Calloway told me a few weeks ago. He confessed that, when he and Greyson really get going in the bedroom, Greyson sounds like a construction worker. This thought made me so horny that I printed off ten pictures of construction workers and pictured them all talking dirty to me in the middle of a hole surrounded by dirt. They said the naughtiest things, and it was especially hot because I'd never realized that construction workers could speak in that way.

To realize that *Bryce* has just as dirty of a mouth, well. That is the cherry on top of my fantasies.

I whip my head back and forth. "You're right. I did have a dot-let of pre-cum on my bulge, in fact I still do."

Bryce issues me a stern look. "You told me *red light*. I'm not doing anything unless you change your light from red to green."

I thrust my arms around Bryce's neck. My breathing is labored and my heart batters against my ribcage. Oh, poor ribs, so tender and innocent, so undeserving of such violent blows. Be strong and withstand the pulses of my nervous heart.

"My light is still red, Daddy. But I'm glad we've at least opened the gates to this discussion."

When I look up at Bryce next, his eyes are brimming with so much pride. "I've dreamt of a boy who was confident enough in himself to use limits. So often, Daddies can't be one-hundred percent sure if their boys are truly on board with what they like. Daddy's job is to protect his boy at all costs, especially in the bedroom. That's why Greyson went so slow with Calloway."

I can't help but interject, laughing. "Greyson moved at a glacial pace. Let's be real."

Bryce rolls his eyes. "He did, but as a quality, kind Daddy, that was a must. He loved Calloway with all his heart, and he'd never forgive himself if he hurt him."

I moan, collapsing onto Bryce's chest all over again. "Calloway told me that Greyson first sucked him off while

they were watching *Shrek* during snuggle movie tonight. He really liked it.”

Bryce nods in agreement. “I heard that, too. But we shouldn’t be chatting about this if your light is still red, cutie. We’ll get a speeding ticket.”

I blush as I conceal my laughter. “Red, red. You’re right. No talking about Greyson sucking Calloway’s wee.”

Something hard pokes me from behind.

Wiggling backward, I feel Bryce’s hard bulge on my ass.

My lips purse as my breathing becomes even more labored. Bryce is... huge. The biggest, meatiest cock I’ve ever felt is currently lodged against me, knocking at the door of my asshole.

All it’d take would be two seconds for me to pull my clothes off and spread my cheeks for Bryce to enter me. He could fuck me right here and take my cherry in the cuddle room.

“I feel yours, Bryce.”

“Red light or green light?”

“Red light?”

Bryce snorts. “You’re such a tease. And do not call me *Bryce* in the cuddle room.”

I melt in his arms. “What should I call you?”

“*Daddy.*”

Bryce

BJ falls asleep, and when he wakes up, my dick is still hard as hell.

I growl as I glance down, willing it to chill out. *Mr. Dick, you cannot betray me like this. You’re going to make me lose my mind.*

My dick, that bastard, doesn't want to listen. No surprises there.

It strains against BJ's ass, begging to slide in, to push between his perfect cheeks and show him how a real man makes love.

Oh gods. There's no way BJ could take me. Not all of me at least.

If I'm afraid I'd crush his skull by swiping a strand of hair off his face, fucking him will be like fucking a doll made of porcelain.

BJ wriggles and bounces in the crook of my hip. "I wanna play now."

I pat his head, then suck in a deep breath. "Give Daddy a second to readjust. You were rubbin' a bit too hard while you were sleeping."

BJ places his hand between my legs, then laughs. "I need to buy some extra-large cukes to prepare for your wee."

"Cukes?"

"Cucumbers." BJ rolls his eyes. "Duh. How else will I be able to take it?"

I'm about to snatch his wrist and bring it to my lips for a kiss when he tears out of my grip and darts toward the toy dump truck.

"Oh my goodness." Tears well in BJ's eyes as he settles into the seat, holding Bob to his chest. "It's my very first dump truck."

I sit upright. In control of my senses. I'm a grown-ass man, damnit. Not a horny senior in high school who can't control his erections.

I issue BJ a grin. "I can't believe you fit."

"Me, neither." BJ presses his foot down on the gas, then zooms all across the cuddle room. "Look at me go."

BJ crashes into a pile of blocks by the corner. He cries out, pretending to slump over and die as he hugs Bob tight.

I scramble to his side, then pat his forehead. “BJ’s still got a pulse. Phew. He’s okay.”

BJ perks up at once, then blushes. “I thought I had an accident.”

“Thank gods you’re safe.”

BJ zooms away from me in the dump truck, waving his right hand above his head as he hips and hurrays. He crashes into pretty much everything, even the pile of pillows where we’ve been laying.

“Another accident.”

I frown as I put my hands on my hips. “Your car insurance rates are going to spike.”

“Too bad I’m on yours.”

BJ keeps driving as I chase him, flailing my hands above my head. He’s so fast in his toy dump truck, which I purchased from a Little store just for him.

I thought the Hug Club would have one lying around, yet alas, they’re not used to construction Littles.

BJ loves his dump truck. The proud smile on his face is the widest smile I’ve ever seen. Not even a butterfly stumbling across an untouched grove of clover smiles so wide.

BJ backs up. *Beep beep beep*. “Unloading.”

I put rubber duckies in the back of the dump truck, and they fall all over the floor as he presses the button to make the dump truck dumper fall back.

I think that’s what it’s called—a *dumper*. Damn, I’m around these trucks all day, and I don’t even know what it’s called.

I look down and tap my foot on the ground as the rubber duckies spill over my feet. “Unbelievable.”

“You’re in the way of my dumper load!”

I palm my forehead. “Boy, you need to give people a little more warning before you unload. If these were rocks, you’d

kill them.”

“Good thing they’re rubber duckies.”

BJ hops out of his dump truck and thrusts his arms around me. He’s crying, his tears staining my shirt, and he squeezes me tight. “Best Daddy ever. Oh, I love my dump truck, Daddy. Thank you for getting this for me.”

I drop to my knees, then take his hand in mine. I press it to my chest. “There are still so many more toys for you to play with, BJ. Toys that’ll be as much fun as the dump truck. Don’t cry, precious boy. You’re Daddy’s working guy today and there’s a lot of work for you to do.”

BJ snuffles, ticking his head up. “T-There is?”

I smile as I gesture to all the other toys. Shovels. Buckets. Blocks. *So much more.* “You bet. This time, Daddy will guide you. You had your fun, but you also made quite a mess. The task for today will be to build a home for all the duckies you spilled. We’ll work hard constructing the best apartment building for them so they have a safe place to stay. A place away from dump trucks.”

BJ’s eyes lock on mine. They’re radiant, emerald-green and vibrant. They pulse with the very energy of life itself, and all at once, I regret not making BJ my perfect boy months earlier.

How much fun could we have had together? How many wonderful moments like this one could we have shared?

BJ nods. “A home for duckies.”

I *boop* his nose. “You must build it well.”

“I will.”

I reach for his right arm and squeeze it. “Are you strong enough to accomplish such a task? Or do you need to do push-ups first?”

BJ flexes his bicep. “Strong enough. Duckies can count on me.”

We race to the blocks, then get to work. BJ hums the theme song to *Bob the Builder* as he works, totally lost in play. I hand him blocks, and he stacks them one on top of the other.

Then, I do something silly. I plop down in a secret Daddy dump truck that I also bought, one that I hid away from his eyes behind a shelf, and drive it through the block apartment complex.

BJ screams, moving his hands to his cheeks before bursting out into laughter. “You killed our house for duckies!”

“Sorry, boy. I had to use this dump truck sooner or later.”

BJ clutches his sides from laughing so hard, before leaping through the air and plopping down in my lap. “Oh, you’re bad, Daddy! But you have such a beautiful dump truck. Let me drive.”

I kiss the back of his head. “No, boy. This dump truck is grown-man sized. It’s not for a boy like you to steer.”

I drive my toy dump truck all over the playroom, bashing into various objects, even the half-destroyed ducky apartment building. BJ laughs the entire time, so hard that tears roll down his cheeks.

When we finish our fun, we drop to our knees and rebuild the apartment center.

Right after we move the happy duckies in, BJ tells me that he has to make lemonade so I pull out a potty that I bought and tug down his khakis.

I see that he’s wearing the cutest traffic cone briefs, and his petite traffic cone doesn’t escape my attention, either.

I grip the base as I direct it toward the potty. “Come on now, BJ. Don’t be shy.”

BJ whines, thrusting his arms around me. “I-It’s too hard.”

“*Squeeze.*”

BJ’s body clenches and he manages to make his lemonade. I watch his wee as it happens, in love with the sight. He’s cut and petite, and in my giant palm, it grows even harder.

BJ slips out of my grip and leaps up and down when he finishes. “I did it!”

I pull out a sheet of stickers and patch a gold star on his forehead. “You sure did.”

His wee bounces up and down as he shimmies and shakes, and I can’t help but look upon him with pride. Yes, this is a happy Little who trusts his Daddy, indeed. There’s no self-consciousness with him. Nothing that could ever make him afraid of trusting me.

I almost shed a tear, before I push out a growl and force it back. No. *No*. I will not grow emotional even though this means so much to me.

“Onesie time, BJ.” I remove a dump truck onesie I redeemed five club bucks for at the toy counter in the main Hug Club playroom and bring it to BJ.

He rushes toward me, then bows his head. “Help me init, please.”

I lift his left leg, then put it in the onesie. I do the same to his right.

I pat his ass and cock after I button it up. “Good boy.”

BJ groans as he looks down. He pumps his hips into my hands, loving the way I hold him from the back and front. “If you don’t take your hands off me, my light’ll turn green, Daddy.”

I lean in and kiss his bulge. His cock twitches under my lips, itching for a suck, but I restrain myself.

I’m a good man.

A patient man.

I heave BJ into my arms and bring him back to the pile of pillows. “I think it’s time for a story.”

FIVE



BJ

The story Bryce reads to me is the perfectest story ever.

It's about a dump truck that accidentally rolls away from his job site. He finds himself in a strange land filled with cars that aren't dump trucks that don't understand how he speaks.

He tries to zoom his way back, but he keeps running into obstacles. One is a police officer that says that dump trucks aren't allowed on a particular street. Another is a traffic cone that accuses the dump truck of running him over.

At last, the dump truck finds a tire that also rolled away from the job site. They join forces and find their way back together.

Tears stream down my cheeks. "This story is amazing."

Bryce is brushing my hair as he reads, which is a Daddy and Little activity I didn't even know existed. Right now, he's working his way through a big tangle, and he's grunting as he tries not to hurt me. "One second. I don't want to hurt your head."

Yank.

I squeal. "Youch. That was tough."

Bryce sighs. "Dang, boy. When's the last time you brushed your hair? Perfect thick hair like this needs to be brushed every single day."

I squeeze Bob tight, trying to answer Bryce's question. My mind is still on the story. "No clue."

Bryce massages my bum. “Are you thinking about the dump truck who found his way home, cutie?”

“Sure am.” I don’t feel any pain in my head as Bryce works out my tangles. No, all parts of me are solely focused on one thing. “He’s a brave dump truck. One who went through a lot to reach his job site.”

Bryce kisses my neck. “I brushed out your tangles. Yes, you’re right. This story teaches us that we should never let obstacles stand in our way when we have a goal we want to reach. Remember when the dump truck was told that he was too big to fit on the street by the policeman?”

“Yes.” Oh, I know the answer to this. Easy.

“Well, some people in the world are told the opposite. They’re too small to do certain things. That’s what you said some working guys said to you when you dropped off your resumé, boy. You believed them but they were wrong.”

My spine burns with fresh tingles. “Really?”

“Like I said earlier, all you need is a strong hardhat, steeltoed boots, and a reflective vest. You’ll be welcome on any job site in New York.”

I focus on an internal light that turns on inside of me. The light fills my body, it’s an orange light almost like the lights on dump trucks, and even my fingertips burn with warmth.

A single tear slips out of my left eye, and though I try to hold it back, my best efforts are in vain.

How many times have I wished I had a Daddy like Bryce? One who encouraged me, supported me, and told me I could do anything?

With Bryce, I don’t have to worry about not being able to achieve the impossible. What’s off-limits becomes on-limits with him, that’s for sure.

I relax into Bryce’s chest, so content that he’s my Daddy. He’s unlike any other man I’ve ever met, that’s for sure. I’m not too small, too petite, too puny, or too much of a dump truck-loving dweeb to be his boy.

“Only you could be my Daddy, Bryce. No one else gets me. They try to, but they can’t understand.”

Bryce leans in, then drops a kiss behind my left ear. “That means so much to me. You know, I’ve had trouble keeping a forever boy of my own, sweetie. I’ve dated quite a few, but things never really work.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” Bryce chuckles. “I was convinced it was due to my size at first, but now I’m wondering if it’s because I’m so sensitive.”

I turn around and throw my arms around Bryce’s neck. “I like that. I need that in a Daddy, Bryce. No men really get me—their souls are too hard to understand my needs. Just now for instance, only a really sensitive man could figure out how to play with me. You didn’t only tell me to have fun with the toys. You joined me, having just as much of a blast as I had. That’s something I didn’t see coming but it’s something that I needed.”

“Thank you for saying that. Yes, I’m a sensitive Daddy and you’re a sensitive boy. Maybe we’re like peanut butter and chocolate sandwiches. Great by ourselves, but perfect together.”

My cheeks heat up. “I agree.”

Bryce pulls a candy bar off a shelf. “I wouldn’t usually give a squirrely hyper boy like you candy, but it’s time for Daddy’s late-night snack. You deserve a bite.”

Bryce takes a big, juicy bite of the candy bar. I watch as his jaw works up and down. The sight turns me on, and I clench my thighs together to fend off the tingles.

“Looks yummy.” My whispered voice is so soft I can barely hear it.

“Open wide, boy.”

I let my lips drift apart. There’s a tiny bit of spit on the upper, and it clings to the lower, stretching like a dewdrop

falling off a blade of sun-kissed, sparkling prairie grass as I close my eyes and wait to welcome the bar.

Bryce slides the candy bar between my lips, the thick edge pushing into my cheek. I let the chocolate melt on my tongue, then trail my tongue across the underside of the bar.

I take the chocolate bar deeper into my mouth, then feel a needy hunger take over me. I clamp my lips down, sucking the chocolate bar, my head and heart in dreamland.

“Looks like you’re enjoying your treat.” Bryce winks at me.

I bite the tip. *I almost expect to hear a scream, but luckily, nothing of the sort occurs.* “I never say no to candy.”

Bryce chuckles, then *boops* my nose. “Goodness, you planted a few dirty thoughts in Daddy’s mind, yes you did.”

I chomp the candy, loving the taste. Rich, succulent chocolate and nuts seep over every inch of my tastebuds, bathing me in ornate luxury, the salty caramel mingling with the velvety chocolate that set my body and belly ablaze.

“Talk dirty to me,” I rasp, dragging my fingernails down Bryce’s shirt. “Tell me a few of those thoughts.”

Bryce pushes out a growl. “No.”

“Green light, Daddy. I want to hear them.”

Bryce tilts my chin up. “My precious boy looked like he was sucking Daddy’s big ol’ fucking cock. Just swallowing my inches, taking it deep into your fucking mouth. Made Daddy’s cock bust out a shot or two of cum.”

I ram my hand down Bryce’s pants, then touch his cock. *It’s wet and creamy.*

I squeal, removing my hand as I leap up and laugh, running all around the room. “I did it! I touched Daddy’s cock!”

Bryce growls as he rises to his feet. “Hey. *No.*”

My hand is dripping in goo. I bring it to my lips, then lick it. “I’m so bad.”

Bryce marches to my side and puts his hands on his hips. “I’m not mad. I’m disappointed. You cannot touch me without my consent. That’s a violation, boy. Daddy didn’t give you his green light because we hadn’t discussed this.”

I look down, shame building inside of me. “Shoot. I’m so sorry, Daddy. I thought it’d be silly. And fun. You’re right, I needed to listen.”

Bryce drops to one knee and takes my hand in his. “It’s okay, boy. You really think I care? No, of course not, I love you touching me. Still, we must practice getting each other’s consent. Consent is the foundation of relationships in this club, and two kinksters like you and I cannot build a shared bond unless we make sure we have it.”

Though I try not to snifle, I do anyway. “I acted without thinking. Feel so bad, Daddy.”

Bryce smiles, resisting the urge to laugh. “There’s one thing you can do to make it up to me.”

My eyes and ears perk up. “What?”

Bryce looks so sweet at this moment, all smiles and good cheer. I feel so bad that I basically violated him, even though it was only in jest. *Something about that candy bar made me act out of order.*

Bryce fakes a growl as he leans in and places his face next to hard wee. “You’ll let me reach down your onesie and give yours a rub, too.”

Oh. *Oh.* Yes, I can do that. Why, oh why, didn’t Bryce ask me that sooner. Such a silly Daddy.

I blush and giggle. “Of course.”

Bryce does it, threading his massive palm through the gap between my lowest buttons and grabbing my cock.

I bury my face in my hands, then laugh as I leap away and run all over the playroom. “Dagnabbit, Daddy! You’re going to give me a cummy!”

Bryce only laughs as he brings his own hand back between his legs, rubbing himself. “Fuck, you’re hot. Never met a boy

like you.”

I pick up Bob and twirl in a circle. Then, I place Bob on a tiny little truck, and zoom him around the floor. “Okay, back to red light. Fun time is over.”

Bryce groans as he looks between his legs. “You’re really gonna do that to your Daddy? Cruel tease.”

I issue him a stern look. “Control yourself, Daddy. Like you taught me to do.”

Bryce pinches the bridge of his nose. “I’m not against giving you a spanking.”

Spanking.

This single word causes something to light up inside me. Breathing heavily, I picture Bryce marching over to me, hauling me onto his lap, ripping off my dump truck onesie and slapping my ass. *Smack*. The imaginary swat feels so good that my cheeks tense up as my wee aches.

I glance down, then sniffle as a huge glob of cum shoots out of my cock. I rub myself frantically over my onesie, trying to make my dick stop pulsating, but it doesn’t work.

“Don’t look at me.” My whispered plea comes out as a raspy, desperate whine. “I’m so ashamed.”

Bryce walks over to me, sits down, and pats my back. “There, there.”

I pick up the dump truck with Bob in it and rub it between my legs. I try not to cry, because now Bryce knows precisely how bizarre my fantasies get.

I can’t stop.

No matter how tingly and ashamed I feel, it’s too hard not to rub harder. More cummies come out, making my onesie wet.

Then, I wet myself.

Bryce promptly lifts me up and brings me to the potty. “Hey, it’s okay, sweet boy. You’re all right.”

I finish going on the potty, then glance down at my soiled parts. It all happened so quickly that I couldn't stop it.

“What'd make me feel better is if you came on my wee, Daddy.”

Bryce hugs me. Just hugs me. He squeezes me tight, refusing to let me go. “No, sweet boy. You're feeling a little shy right now, but turning to green light all at once isn't the answer. We'll take this one step at a time. You're safe with me—you don't have to run from your desires, not in the least. I don't judge you, as a matter of fact I likely understand you better than you understand yourself.”

“No judgy?” I rub my eyes with the back of my hand. I really want to use Bryce's shirt, but I also don't mind my hand. It's soft, too, and great at catching my tears.

“Not at all.”

Bryce heaves me into his arms, then leads me to a rear room in the cuddle room. How odd. I didn't realize the cuddle room had a second room inside of it. “Wait—Bob!”

He marches back, then picks Bob up. “I've got Bob.”

He opens the door again. To my surprise, a big blue bathtub fills the entire room. I've never seen this room before.

“Wait—my dump truck!”

Bryce rolls his eyes. “I'm taking you to the cuddle room's secret tub for a bubble bath. You don't need your dump truck.”

I didn't realize the Hug Club had a bubble bath.

“Wait—if I'm getting a bath, I need duckies!”

Bryce issues me a stern look. “Is there anything else you need?”

I mull this over, then grin. “I need you in the tub with me.”

SIX



BRYCE

I soap my boy up, then rub the washcloth on his back. He splashes in the bubbles, sending suds flying everywhere, but I don't mind.

I wash his lower back, neck, ass, thighs, and bits. I can tell I'm tickling him when I do his underarms, but he stays in composure.

I'm sitting behind BJ and he's nestled between my enormous, elephantine legs. This is a convenient position to ensure he's clean.

There's only one problem.

My giant, ten-inch cut shaft is lodged against his back. There's no way he can't feel it like a huge steel beam that's fallen on him.

When he wiggles back and forth, my dick wiggles with him. What he doesn't realize is that every time he moves, he stimulates me.

"I feel like there's an elephant in this tub with me." BJ scratches his temple.

I grunt as I look down, willing my hardness to die down. "Yeah, you're gonna have to bear with Daddy. He's not used to being in the tub with a cute boy."

BJ's petite hand rams down on my hairy thigh that's wider than his hips. "You're not going anywhere."

Most times, I stay out of the tub when I wash a boy. That's because it's tough to concentrate on the task at hand. I'd rather

deal with my attraction on my own terms, perhaps put my hand down my pants, instead of making a scene.

When I was with the Grandpa Little, I did this often. His old, slim yet petite body was so hot, and I desperately wanted to climb in with him. However, when he was in Little headspace, he was strictly non-sexual. I was a bit surprised when he told me this, because most Littles especially the older ones don't mind blending their kink activities with steamy times. I respected the Grandpa's consent and didn't ask him to do anything that would've made him feel uncomfortable. I had to stay in control of my need.

I'd better get this question out of the way with BJ. I'm positive I know the answer, but I'd prefer that he spells it out.

"Tell me one more time whether you're comfortable doing R-rated activities when you're in Little space, BJ."

BJ cocks his head back. "Well, *yes*. That should be obvious from our time in the cuddle room."

I smile. "It's never a bad idea to double check."

"Triple check," BJ grumbles, picking up a rubber ducky and then dropping it. "Quadruple check. Yes, I mix up my head spaces. I can't believe I have to say this out loud. *A lot*."

I move the washcloth down, then bring it to his bum. I rub it back and forth, and BJ sighs.

He leans back, pressing his bum against my balls. "Careful, now. Don't want to scrub me too deep."

I scrub his crack. "Daddy's just giving you a nice clean. Ensuring you're spick and span."

BJ's fingers dig deeper into my thigh. "Crap, Daddy! No one's ever touched me there before."

I can't help but laugh. "Calm down, sweet boy. It's only a gentle washcloth."

I work it forward and backward, and BJ's skin flushes as his body withers. He takes my hand that's not scrubbing him and brings it between his legs. "Look at what you're making happen."

I tug my hand away and playfully swat his belly. “Bad boy. Daddy’s only washing you, so get your mind out of the gutter.”

BJ squirms on my lap. Lifting a rubber ducky, he brings it to his teeth and bites it. “This is better than my fantasies.”

I lift BJ’s hips up, then stare in wonderment at his body. His ass is so pale and pink, and the tub water makes it shine nicely. Fuck, I need to be careful with him. Out of his cute dump truck onesie, crushing him would be too easy.

I place his ass on my knee and then scrub his thigh. “Tell me about your family. We don’t know much about each other, sweetie.”

BJ mulls this, twisting a strand of his thick hair around his index finger. “You know that my father was an accountant and my mother was a schoolteacher. I’m afraid I didn’t have the most exciting upbringing.”

I focus on getting him clean. “Any siblings?”

“No, but I did have a puppy.” I can’t see BJ’s cheeks, but I think they’re pink if the flush on the sides of his neck is any indication. “His name was Rover.”

“What kind of dog?” I like asking my boy questions. I like learning about his life.

“A Dalmatian.” BJ giggles as I wash behind his ears. “He was a bad boy who always leapt on the counter to steal treats.”

“Bad boy indeed.” Naughty dog. I would’ve loved him.

“Once my mother was cooking a turkey for Thanksgiving and she left it to cool on a shelf in our porch for a couple of minutes. Rover got outside and ate half.”

My jaw drops. “He didn’t.”

“He did.”

Lifting up a bottle of shampoo, I squirt a decent amount into my huge palm and then run my fingers through BJ’s hair. He submits to my firm hand, allowing me to clean him. “Rover sounds like he needed a timeout.”

BJ laughs as he splashes his ducky in the water. “Rover needed more than a timeout. He needed puppy school.” He shakes his head. “I tried to teach him to be a good boy. I really did. Every time I gave him a treat for behaving, he’d grab the stash on the counter and then run into the living room. I’d chase him all over the house but he never listened.”

I playfully smack BJ’s forehead from behind. “A timeout wouldn’t have cut it. He needed a spanking.”

BJ has a head full of shampoo suds when he turns around to scowl at me. “You can’t spank a dog.”

“I wouldn’t have done it. A puppy trainer would’ve.” I lift my hands in self-defense.

I barely spank my partners, even though I’m not against giving them a firm *swat*. It depends on the gravity of their misdeed. If they were merely talking back, that’s one thing. If they stole a candy bar from my snack shelf, that’s another.

A lot of Daddies at the Hug Club aren’t into spanking their boys, and frankly, I don’t understand it. Nothing corrects bad behavior faster than discipline. Plus, I like it. I always get hard, and I groan as I look at a juicy ass spread across my meaty lap.

My partners have never complained. They enjoy the spankings, too. If their hard dicks are any indication.

BJ nods. “I’m normally against corporal punishment, but kindly asking Rover to behave didn’t work at all. Maybe we could’ve spanked him with a newspaper.”

I can’t help but smile. “Not a bad idea.”

I steal another peak at BJ’s ass as I scrub his hair and let out a groan.

Now this is a boy I’d love to spank. Oh yes, indeed. I’d spread him across my lap and tell him to quit being so cute.

Then, I’d let a nice firm swat fly across his skin, making it even pinker.

I dip BJ’s head under the water to rinse the suds out. He screams when he surfaces. “My eyes!”

A laugh escapes me. “Relax, sweet boy. This is tear-free shampoo. It doesn’t sting.”

BJ blinks a couple of times. First, his left eyelid opens all the way, then his right. He glances around the bathroom, resembling all too uncannily a bird glancing around its mother’s nest for the first time, his very first welcome to the outside world.

BJ thrusts his arms around me. “I’ve never been scrubbed so well in my life.”

I push a snort. “That makes it sound like you’ve been scrubbed before.”

He whips his head back and forth. “Only by my imaginary Daddy. You know, the one all good boys have who assists them in the bathtub. Sorry, imaginary Daddy, your skills don’t come close to Bryce’s.”

I puff my chest out, pride welling up inside of me. Yep, I *am* better, thank you very much. BJ said so, and that’s a compliment I don’t receive lightly.

I pat BJ’s head. “Damn right I am.”

BJ stares at me in shock. A gasp flies out of his gaping mouth as he brings his hands over it. “You said a naughty.”

I scratch my forehead. “No, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did.”

“I said damn.”

BJ’s eyes bulge. “You said it again.”

A chuckle escapes me, and I rub BJ’s leg to calm his nerves. “Damn isn’t a naughty when you’re a Daddy. Only when you’re a boy in Little space. Then, you’d better be careful.”

BJ lifts a rubber ducky and bonks it on my nose. “Quit cursing around me. Baby’s ears aren’t used to such horrible words!”

My eyes lock on BJ’s, and time seems to stop. My, my, my. It seems as if the cuddle room’s time-stopping abilities extend

to the bathtub room, too.

BJ's lower lip quivers, and his eyelashes bat. One eyelash drifts off his damp eyes, floating through the air before landing on his creamy pale cheek.

Leaning in, I press my lips to his cheek, then try to blow away the eyelash. No use—it sticks to a droplet on his cheek, as if it's a flag that's been planted by a determined explorer.

“You've got something right here, boy,” I whisper, lifting my thumb and gently, tenderly pushing it away.

“Don't hurt me, Daddy. Your thumb could fracture my skull.”

I'm going to kiss him.

In the bathtub.

Christ, I wanted to wait until we were at a job site, but this is the moment.

I can feel it.

I pitch forward... except right then, my cock throbs on his back and grows another inch.

BJ laughs as he moves his lips away, then shoots a look down over his shoulder at my cock. “I'm being consumed by an elephant.”

“Damn it, Mister.” I'm growling at my dick. What on Earth has my life come to?

BJ turns his tremulous gaze up to me. “I want to play with it.”

“No, BJ. The time will come, but this isn't the right place.”

BJ's fingers clutch a fistful of my thigh hair. “Please. Oh Daddy, I want to so badly. I've never done it before, I've only ever played with mine. Please let me play with yours. Feel it again. I only got to touch it for a second when I snuck a feel in the cuddle room, but I could explore it now. See what a real one feels like.”

“BJ—”

My voice is firm. Low. Packed with emotion.

It's not to put BJ in his place. Not really.

It's more so to stave off my own lust.

I clamp my teeth into my lower lip. A roar builds in my chest, threatening to claw out of my mouth.

I place my palms over BJ's eyes as a spontaneous orgasm erupts out of me.

Shots of cum shoot out of my dick, splattering on BJ's skin.

"W-What was that?" BJ is breathless.

I have to wait before I speak. "I have an idea for a new game, precious boy. It's called *Ducky Rescue*."

BJ is crying under my hand. Tears seep down his cheeks, dripping into the bath water. *Drip drop*. "Something happened and you won't tell me."

I fight off a growl as I bounce BJ on my lap. "Duckies. Focus, boy."

BJ completely forgets everything that just happened as he loses himself in play. He zooms the ducky through the bubbles, laughing as he pretends that they're icebergs. One ducky that's wearing glasses is trapped in a cave of icebergs, and so BJ blasts a hole through the middle to free it.

Then, BJ remembers what I didn't tell him. "Did you have a cummy like I did earlier?"

I bury him in a hug. "Keep asking me questions and I'll bury you in a hug so tight that you can't speak."

BJ giggles, welcoming my giant arms around him. He looks down at his own body in my grip, then snuggles into me even deeper.

"You don't have to keep things from me just because I said *red light*, Daddy. I said that for me—not for you."

I shake my head in amusement. "I had a cummy that I wasn't expecting. That's all, boy. It's been a while since that's

happened, but it's also been a while since I've been around a man as cute as you. Nothing to be ashamed about."

BJ melts into my arms. "I'm so glad you were honest. Now, I feel more comfortable to open up around you. Thank you."

We hug in the tub, surrounded by bubbles and toys. I run more water, because the last thing I need is for my special boy to get chilly.

When we're done, I tug him out and dry him off. I pat his bum and bits dry, ensuring that I treat him gently.

I almost think I've contracted an incurable retinal disease when I help him back into his dump truck onesie because my vision doubles, but then I realize that it's just because I've met the precious man I want to spend the rest of my life with.

SEVEN



BJ

I can't get over how sensitive and sweet Bryce is.

He's so unlike the other men I've tried to make my Daddies it's not even funny.

Whereas they weren't interested in meeting my needs and wouldn't listen to me tell them about my all-consuming love of dump trucks, Bryce goes a step further.

He washes me tenderly, paying close attention to every part of my body. He cherishes me, making me feel safe to be myself.

Lastly, he hugs me in a way that makes me feel like nothing bad can ever happen to me again.

I'll never again be turned away from a construction site due to my size. No, ma'am. Bryce speaks life into me, instills me with a confidence that's hard to come by.

Bryce runs the comb through my hair. "I don't understand how you have more tangles."

"That's just the way my hair is."

Bryce lifts a strand, then moves it left and right. "It's because you have such thick hair. Luscious, thick locks that can't help but get a little tangled, because there are so many on your little head."

My body sinks into Bryce's, and I can't help but wiggle my toes. "I feel so safe with you."

Bryce kisses my scalp. “You’ll feel safer after I finish combing. Jeepers, you need to brush more often. Daddy’s doing a lot of work.”

“I brush every day, Daddy. I have too much hair.”

Bryce chuckles. “That’s a good problem to have.”

I’m glad I don’t have to think about baldness yet. There are a few Daddies in the Club who are bald, and my heart goes out to them. They’re perfectly handsome, but the truth is that someone with hair is cuter to me.

Most of the time.

One or two of the bald Daddies do look hot. They’re ripped and muscular, almost like The Rock. But I still feel bad for them because I think they’d look better with hair.

My grandfather is bald, and my mother always tells me to be prepared in case I lose my hair someday. Ah! How scary. Although, I’m not totally afraid. Because if I’m bald, at least I’ll be able to be taken seriously at construction sites.

I glance down at my puny frame, then snort. Yeah, hair or no hair, some judgmental guys will still say that I’m not welcome.

It doesn’t matter because Bryce tells me I can be there. All I need is a hardhat, steeltoed boots, and a reflective vest.

Bryce rubs my thigh over my onesie. “I just want to remind you that you can tell me about the desires of your heart anytime, baby boy. I won’t judge, won’t ever turn you away.”

I look at Bryce’s hand on my thigh, then get hard. “You’re about two fingers away from my dick.”

Bryce snorts as he twists a particularly tangled lock out. “Oh, am I? Didn’t even notice. Heh.”

Liar.

It’s tough not to giggle when Bryce acts so silly. “I don’t mind if you give me a touch. You had all that fun in the tub, after all.”

Bryce gnashes his teeth. “That was unexpected. I already told you I didn’t think it’d come out.”

Then, he sighs. “And, I’m not going to rub you right now, sweet boy. There are so many more toys for you to play with. So much more fun we can have.”

“What time is it, Daddy?”

I can’t see his face because I’m sitting on his lap, but I can tell he’s smiling. “There are no clocks in the cuddle room. It could be midnight, three AM, or noon tomorrow.”

I try to wrap my head around this, but I can’t. A sense of wonderment builds inside of me, and my toes curl. It’s possible that the Hug Club is packed with people right now, and that everyone outside the cuddle room door is preparing for Saturday snuggle movie night. It is the second weekend of the month, after all.

I glance around the cuddle room, then blink back a fresh round of tears. Not for the first time since we entered do I take note of all the cute construction designs—the toys, the pictures of trucks, the stuffies.

I leap out of Bryce’s arms, then grab a handful of stuffies. “You’re all my new best friends. You’ll join me and Bob when Daddy brings us to our first site.”

When I turn back around, Bryce is teary-eyed.

“Goodness me,” Bryce growls, slamming his chest and coughing. “The cutest little hug bug in the world is with me tonight. Isn’t he?”

I smile from behind the stuffies. “My sensitive Daddy. I like you so much.”

Except *like* slips out at the last minute because the word I started with begins with *l* and *o*. So what I say winds up sounding like *I luh-ike you so much*.

Great catch.

Not.

Bryce pats his lap. “Come and sit on Daddy’s lap with those stuffies. Let’s watch a short film I put together last night.”

I scurry back to Bryce and sit down. He loops his right arm around my waist, then pulls up a movie on the TV.

It’s a documentary.

Or at least that’s what I think at first.

There’s a giant flat field full of weeds surrounded by a few diggers. Dump trucks carry loads of fresh soil. Cement trucks whir in the background as they prepare to unleash their loads. Working men in orange vests stand by to assist when needed.

Bryce walks onto the site. “Hey, BJ. I’m filming this for our night together at the Hug Club. I know how much you want to come onto a job site, and so I decided to bring one to you. Today, I’ll show you exactly what we working guys do when we’re building a new building. This is one that I’m working on for underhoused LGBTQ+ families. It can be tough for them to find affordable housing because property managers who handle the renting process frequently discriminate against them because of who they are. Real estate is still a predominantly straight industry, but the fact is that property doesn’t see sexual orientation. It sees one thing: love. The love a family brings to it. The decorations they hang on the walls, the stuffies they place on the shelves.”

Bryce blows a whistle and the job site buzzes with action.

The men controlling the diggers (I like to think of diggers as living entities but I guess people do ultimately drive them) move them to the center of the field. They dig up dirt and weeds, then pour the scoopfuls into the dump trucks.

I quiver on Bryce’s lap, my body shaking with anticipation. A strand of drool trickles out of my mouth as my eyes glaze over, and I quickly bring my thumb to my lips as I focus.

I clutch Bob with my left hand as I suck my thumb with my right. I’m so entranced by this job site that the entire outside world has faded away.

The only thing I still feel is Bryce. His cozy body beneath me, his arm around my waist.

“Look, BJ.” TV Bryce points to a dump truck. “This truck is going to bring the parts of the old foundation that it dug up to the dump yard. Can you say dump yard?”

Real Bryce turns to me. “Well, can you?”

I face Real Bryce. “Shy.”

Real Bryce smiles as he kisses my nose. “Did Daddy’s nose kissy help?”

My cheeks flush as I turn my eyes down. “A nose kissy for your baby boy, Daddy. That’s me.”

Waxley and Calloway’s Daddies always give them nose kissies. I see it, and even though I smile, I grow jealous.

How I’ve wanted a Daddy to do the same for me, to kiss my nose that’s just as deserving of smooches as my lips. Your lips aren’t the only part of your body that wants kisses, no. Your nose does. Your cheeks do. Your ears do.

Bryce nods. “You are my baby boy, BJ. My precious, strong boy who’s going to help Daddy on his next job, aren’t you? Right now, you must learn how to act on a job site, like TV Daddy is showing you.”

I follow Real Bryce’s finger back to TV Bryce. “Dhump twuck.” This is as good as I’ll get repeating him.

Real Bryce kisses my shoulder. “Say it again. *Dump truck.*”

“Dhump twuck, Daddy.” I begin to squirm.

Real Bryce pokes my side, making me squirm. “Be a good boy and Daddy will take you to the real-life construction site next weekend.”

“Dump truck,” I whisper.

TV Bryce smiles. “I heard you through the screen, BJ. Yes, this is called a dump truck. It’s a big truck with huge wheels that carries debris away from our site so we can work.”

TV Bryce walks me all around the site. He tells me how to act, how to speak, how to name different machines, how to tell various types of soil apart, how to adjust my hard hat, how to don my reflective vest. He even tells me that he bought something for my teddy.

Real Bryce pats my knee. “Look what TV Daddy bought for Bob.”

My eyes are glued to the screen. I’m drooling down my thumb and entire arm but I barely feel it.

TV Bryce pulls out the tiniest orange reflective vest ever. “Bob will wear this vest when he joins you. That way, he’ll be safe, too.”

I start to cry. I don’t know how or why, but I can’t control it.

Bryce pauses the video. “Hey, there. Tell Daddy what’s wrong.”

“You’re so nice.” I turn around to face him, my heart hammering in my chest. “I didn’t expect you to be. I figured you’d tolerate me, but you’re going a step further. You’re making me feel valued, cherished, loved. I’m not a freak, not when I’m with you. I belong. I matter. You see me, Daddy. You see me for the construction Little I am.”

Bryce tilts my chin up. “I can’t wait to take you on your first job site. This has been a long time coming, sweet boy. I know you’ve wanted this for years, and I’d be a fool not to share this joy with you. This wonderful, incredible joy that we’ll cultivate together. Like a candle that won’t stop burning once we light it. Give your trust to me, baby boy. Hand me your faith that I’ll care for you properly and won’t let you down.”

More tears fall out of my eyes. They trace the curve of my nose, before slipping onto my lip. I can’t tell what’s drool and what’s tears.

“I do, Daddy.”

Bryce leans in and kisses my nose again. “Another nose kissy. Someone must be doing something right tonight.”

Every part of me is melting. “Me, Daddy. I’m the boy who’s doing something right.”

I’m a good boy, yes I am, a good boy in Daddy’s arms.

Bryce doesn’t kiss me on the lips. Not yet. He presses me close to his chest, holding me tight.

I feel so good that I almost let go. “Oh, Daddy. I’m going to make lemonade.”

Bryce promptly lifts me up and carries me to the baby mat in the corner. He lays me down, then pulls off my onesie.

I refuse to watch as my cock springs up and *boings* against my tummy. It’s so hard that it’s humiliating.

Bryce pulls a diaper out of a package. “Have you ever worn one of these, boy?”

I shake my head. “Never with a Daddy,” I snuffle.

Bryce lifts my hips, then slides the diaper under my bum. He powders me, humming to himself as he works quickly, because he knows I need to go potty.

At last, he fastens the diaper and pats the front. “Would you like to make lemonade here or while watching the movie?”

“Movie,” I whisper, shaking on the baby mat. I’m so vulnerable and needy right now, so exposed in every way, but in the very best way, because Daddy is the one taking care of me.

Bryce lifts me into his arms and brings me back to the pillows. He hugs me as he plays the movie again.

Diggers, dump trucks, and working guys fill the screen, each playing a vital role in the building process. A few working guys tease each other, and I squirm because I’m just like them.

I go in Bryce’s arms. Never in my life have I done this, used a diaper in a man’s arms. I’m so nervous that it’ll leak out, but Bryce must’ve fastened it correctly, because nothing of the sort happens.

Bryce holds me the entire time I make lemonade. He hums, kisses my head, and keeps me in his firm arms. “Did you go?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” Bryce is faking a stern voice.

“Yes, Daddy.”

I begin to cry again. I’ve gone now, it’s already happened, and I’m such an emotional wreck right now. Everything about this feels so right, I’m watching diggers, my Daddy is hugging me, and I’m being my true self in an entirely new way.

“Don’t cry, baby boy. There’s nothing wrong with letting go with your Daddy. You’re a good boy, and Daddy knows exactly what you’re feeling right now. If there are tears, let them fall. But let them be happy tears, no tears of shame or regret. I like you a whole lot, and I want you to be mine for a very long time.”

I squeeze Bob tight as I drift off to dreamland in Bryce’s arms.

This is a perfect night.

Or day.

Or morning.

Whatever it is.

EIGHT



BRYCE

Goodbye, cuddle room.

I turn to look at it one last time as I lead BJ into the main Hug Club playroom.

So much time has passed. One glance at the wall clock in the hallway tells me that it's close to 5 PM the following day. Snuggle movie night won't start for a few more hours.

It feels like BJ and I have been snuggling for years. Decades. A lifetime.

One second becomes one hundred in the cuddle room. So many more. Time slows down until it's stickier than molasses.

I picture myself decorating the cuddle room, placing the toys, stuffies, and pictures in their proper places. I picture setting up our toy dump trucks, and previewing the movie I filmed one final time before I showed it to BJ. It was imperative that everything went off without a hitch and that he saw how serious I was about him.

I entered the cuddle room as a man with a crush and left as a Daddy. BJ left as my boy.

I glance at BJ... and truly think that yes, this is my boy. My sweet boy, perfect in every way. From the way he buries himself in the crook of my lap to the way he accepts my nose kissies. BJ discovered quite a bit about himself over the last however many hours—indeed, he did. He learned that he enjoys wetting, wearing diapers, and losing control of himself in my arms. I'm only happy to oblige. What could make a

Daddy happier than a precious angel like BJ letting loose in his arms?

BJ grins at me. “You’re staring at me, Daddy.”

You bet your ass I am.

With a smile, I tug his petite body close to mine. “And I won’t even apologize for it.”

BJ’s cheeks flush, and he rests his cheek against my belly. I look down, finding the way my body feels lighter already with him by my side.

Over the last year, I must admit, carrying my weight has grown tough. It hasn’t for most of my adult life, and whenever I felt a smidge of back pain, I blew it off by purchasing a new pair of shoes.

Something that I read online told me that it wasn’t actually my weight that made me feel pain. It was my stress level—the more stressed out from dealing with banks, private lenders, and the housing authority that I was, the more jabs of pain I’d feel.

I didn’t believe this at first. I was convinced that my body was hurting me, and that I needed to change my diet. I’d have to give up my steaks and nightly slice of apple pie à la mode.

No such bad luck.

One night with BJ lets me know that my stress was in fact that which caused me pain. Not my body, not my voluptuous belly. Not my rolls and folds that I like massaging with baby oil after a long day of work. I prefer flower-scented oil.

With BJ in my life, my back no longer aches. I’m as light as a feather. I could laugh, giggle, and skip down the street while twirling a purse like a schoolgirl. I could wear a tutu and pirouette like a ballerina. That’s the power of BJ’s affection for me.

BJ shakes his head in wonderment. “I like when you stare. It makes me feel desired. In a way that I never have felt in my life.”

“You’re in luck.” Turning BJ’s head up, I gaze into his eyes. “I have a hard time keeping my eyes off you. I’ll have an even harder time once we visit our special job site.”

For then, I’ll be smitten with you, my hug bug. Utterly and totally smitten, unable to do anything other than be your Daddy. You’ve healed parts of me I didn’t even realize were broken, and my nights will never grow lonely with you.

I’m your protector, precious BJ. Your man. Your Daddy. Fear not around me for I shall vanquish any fears that trouble you. If a fire-breathing dragon comes to rip you away from the castle of my embrace in the wee hours of the morning, it I shall slay with my bare fists. You’re safe with me.

These kind words, I cannot say out loud. They sound too much like the knights at RenFest that I spar with every year.

Two pairs of feet rush toward us. “There you are, BJ!”

“We heard you were in the cuddle room.” Calloway winks at BJ. “I asked my Daddy if we could go snuggle, but he said it was occupied.”

Waxley taps his foot on the ground. “That’s not what Greyson said.”

“Is, too.”

“Is not.”

“I’d remember what my Daddy told me, Waxley.”

“Greyson said that *BJ was busy having magic time*. He didn’t use the word ‘occupied.’”

Calloway rolls his eyes. “That pretty much means the same thing.”

BJ leaps toward his two friends and hugs them both. “I did it.”

Calloway and Waxley squeeze BJ tight. “We’re so proud of you.”

Tears flow out of BJ’s eyes. “Bryce wants to be my Daddy, guys. It’s hard to comprehend. I thought he would never make a move—some small part of me feared that tonight wouldn’t

lead to anything more than the last few months have led to. I was wrong. So joyfully wrong. He's my Daddy and he's going to take me to a job site. We'll sit on diggers together."

Waxley pats BJ's head. "Now will you quit putting our steamships on your dump truck?"

BJ rears back like an irate horse. "First, I put my dump truck on your steamship. Get it right. Second, no."

Calloway pinches the bridge of his nose. "This freaking guy."

"Let's all sing the *Bob the Builder* theme song to celebrate BJ and Bryce's new love," Waxley chants.

Calloway shoots Waxley a death glare. "I don't want to bash you over the head with a steamship, but I will if you make me."

BJ perks up. "I love that song. *Bob the builder, can he—*"

I pat my boy's head. "Now, now, BJ. Your friends will grow cross with you if you bless them with your musical talent right now. How about you whisper the words in Daddy's ear instead? That way, you still get to sing and Daddy doesn't have to share your pretty voice with anyone. He'll keep it locked in the treasure chest of his heart where it belongs."

BJ presses his lips to my ear all shy and quiet-like. He whispers the words, and when he's done, he kisses my cheek.

I rub the spot where he kissed me. "My word, your kissing is as good as your singing."

"So, terrible?" Calloway jokes.

Waxley snickers. "That was a pretty weak kiss."

BJ sticks his tongue out. "Can it, Waxley."

It's tough not to laugh. "Let's not break out into a fight before snuggle movie night."

I think about some of the epic battles I've witnessed at RenFest. There are some wild feuds between dragons and lords that always draw a laugh out of me. I once saw two

knights challenge each other to a jousting match that ended with one being whisked away to the hospital.

I first attended RenFest when I was a college student. I was blown away by all the intricate costumes that the festivalgoers wore, and kind of wanted to purchase one myself at one of the stalls that lined the cobblestone paths. I liked the clinking of the tankards, the wise-cracking jesters, and huddled groups of knights, noble ladies, and courtesans. I bought gifts from the artisan booths, watched blacksmiths hammer away at red-hot metal, sparks dancing in the air as they created horseshoes, while I strained my ear to hear a minstrel's lute that filled the night with a riveting melody. When the sun set, lanterns transformed the field into a magical land.

Some people say that RenFest is nerdy, but I beg to differ. In fact, I think it's the least-nerdy thing on this planet, because it teaches you history. It's much lamer and nerdier to sit around and watch TV every night instead of watching actors put on a Shakespearean play. *To be or not to be, that is the question.* In my mind, it's always nobler to head to RenFest than judge it from afar.

I had a business associate discriminate against me once when I talked about RenFest at a meeting. They scoffed and said, "Of course you'd fit in there." I nearly challenged them to a jousting match before I remembered that I didn't know how to joust. My second brilliant idea was to challenge them to a duel, but I decided against it because they were from Texas and actually knew how to fire a gun. I wound up stealing a property from them and making three million off of it, and donating a big chunk of the profits to the RenFest board. I'm now the biggest sponsor of the festival.

BJ grins at me. "You're the only man who could stop me from challenging my friends to a duel."

"A duel?" Waxley rolls his eyes. "Working guys don't do duels, BJ."

"Yeah," Calloway concurs. "Threaten to hang us from a crane or something. Duels are so Middle Ages."

My delicate heart batters against my ribcage like a butterfly. Did my boy say... duel?

I take BJ's delicate head between my cheeks. "I'm not sure I heard you correctly, boy. Say that again."

"You're the only man—"

"Skip to the last word."

"Duel."

He really said duel.

I nearly faint right then and there, my mammoth body collapsing on the floor. All six-foot-eight feet of me would shake the Hug Club's foundation, no doubt about it.

"Are you a fan of... the Renaissance, boy?"

BJ shakes his head. "No, but I could learn about it if you are. I just wanted to challenge my friends to a duel."

I bury BJ in my arms. "You're perfect. Absolutely perfect."

I check the wall clock. Sure enough, snuggle movie night is going to start soon. As much as I love chatting with BJ's friends, I have to help set up.

I smile at Waxley and Calloway. "How would you two boys like to help BJ and I set up the beanbag chairs?"

Waxley bounces on the balls of his feet. "I'd love to."

"Do you have any animated movies with rainbows?" Calloway squeezes his teddy Constable Charlie tightly. "Me and Daddy watched a documentary about rainbows the other night. They're beautiful."

BJ looks at me. "Is there a rainbow in *Finding Nemo*?"

I furrow my brow. "I have no idea, sweet boy. Here, I'll give this task to Jako and ask him to look up some films."

All three boys busy themselves with setup. They drag the beanbag chairs in front of the projector screen, set out bowls of snacks (and steal some), arrange juice boxes in alphabetical

order (starting with A for apple and ending in P for punch), then turn off the lights.

BJ beams at me. “We finished, Daddy!”

A few patrons come through the door. They wave at us, then I greet them before turning back to my boy.

“You sure did.” I peck BJ’s forehead. “Okay, boy. Would you like to settle into a beanbag chair?”

BJ looks down at his waist. He rubs his hands on his diaper, then shakes his head. “No, Daddy. My diaper is still wet, and I also don’t want to wear it while I watch. I want you to be able to play with me if it leads to that.”

Calloway nods. “I need a change, too. And a clean.”

Waxley gulps. “Same.”

Wren and Greyson come over just in time. “Hey, boys.”

“Daddy!” Waxley leaps into Wren’s arms. “I’m glad you showed up.”

Calloway threads his fingers through Greyson’s hand. “The movie’s going to start soon, but you haven’t been around to change me. I was getting scared.”

Greyson chuckles. “I was helping Jako prepare a treat in the kitchen. Now, is it time for a diaper check?”

Calloway nods. “Yes, Daddy.”

Greyson reaches down and places his palm on Calloway’s diaper. Calloway’s face scrunches up as he clutches Greyson’s arm. “Need clean.”

That’s when I get a good idea.

I look at Wren and Greyson. “What if our boys took a shower together before the movie? They haven’t done that before, and it could be a good way to bond.”

BJ’s eyes widen as he stares up at me. “Shower with Calloway and Waxley?”

I nod. “You three could remove your diapers and help one another get clean.”

Wren smiles. “I think that’s a wonderful idea. Waxley, Calloway, and BJ are close friends, but I don’t think they’ve ever tried anything like this.”

Waxley, Calloway, and BJ all glance at each other. Their cheeks flush pink as they suddenly get adorably shy.

Calloway starts to blush. Then, BJ blushes, which is hilarious because he’s always the most confident and outspoken one of the group.

Waxley blushes next. A red flush seeps across his left cheek, over his nose, before blooming on his right. His deep blue eyes give his Daddy the answer he wants to give.

“Sure.” BJ places his hands over his crotch. “Why not?”

Calloway buries his face in Greyson’s shirt. “You won’t be cross that my friends will see me without my diaper?”

Greyson lets out a laugh. “No, baby boy. Look—we Daddies have been in the scene for a while. We understand that some Littles enjoy spending time with each other by themselves, apart from their Daddies. Friendship is a wonderful thing. If you want to say no, you can. We think you might enjoy this activity, which is why we’re suggesting it. If not, there’s no pressure.”

Calloway squirms. “I wanna do it. Shower with my friends.”

BJ holds Waxley and Calloway’s hands. “I’ll be the brave one and lead the way.”

I’m so proud of my boy. He’s blushing like a strawberry, and it’s impossible not to lean in and kiss his forehead. “You’re a leader, BJ.”

BJ melts under my lips. “I sure hope I get a sticker when I’m done. These two require a lot of patience.”

Waxley blushes. “Let’s go slowly. I’m gentle.”

BJ

I lead my two best friends to the Hug Club shower. What a blessing I didn't know there were showers earlier. *The silly things I would've gotten up to.*

After Waxley and Calloway are inside, I poke my head out in the hallway to make sure no one's coming. Nope—no Daddies or other boys who could interrupt us. Smiling, I close the door, then lock it.

“All right, you two. How do we do this?”

Calloway's cheeks are bright pink. “I'm not sure.”

Waxley glances between his legs. “Wren always changes me when I go. I've never done it by myself.”

I smile as I walk to Waxley. I pat his shoulder confidently. “We're not doing it by ourselves. We're helping each other. Remember?”

“Right.” Waxley nods, encouraging himself to be strong and brave. “I've got this.”

Calloway sits cross-legged on the floor. He buries his head in his hands, then bites his lower lip. “I'm shy, guys.”

I settle onto the floor beside Calloway, then place my hand on his thigh. “Me, too. None of us have seen each other without clothes on, but I think our Daddies are right. It could be fun.”

“Yeah.” Calloway nods, looking at his dick. It pokes up in his onesie, creating a bulge. “I *do* want to do it though.”

Waxley sits across from Calloway. He rubs his palms on his tummy, then holds Calloway's hand. “I do as well. And, it's not like we'll shower super long. The movie will start any minute, so we must be speedy.”

I think back to when I first joined the Hug Club. Truth be told, the instant I laid eyes on Waxley, I was lost for words. I wasn't attracted to him because I was searching for an older Daddy, but he was one of the most perfect guys my age I'd ever seen. I couldn't tell whether he was a doll-like boy or a real-life doll.

I also thought Calloway was quite cute, as well. He has rich blue eyes, ones that seem to contain a microcosm of magical aquatic life. His thick blond hair sits floppily on his forehead, and he's petite and smooth, though not as petite as me.

I look down at myself, then try to remain confident. Waxley and Calloway are textbook handsome, which is why Daddies scooped them up right away. I think I'm cute, too, except I'm not sure how I stack up next to them.

Besides, there's one more thing I have to worry about: my wee.

Now, I've never seen my friends naked, but I know for a fact that they're both bigger than me. All of me is bite-sized, from my toes to my hands to my ass. I was the subject of derisive laughter at school growing up, and I was grateful that we didn't have to use the gym showers. I don't think I would've lasted.

I smile confidently. "Okay, who wants to go first?"

Waxley and Calloway glance at each other, but both remain mum. It's hilarious that they're shyer than me.

I groan, then rise to my feet. "I'm over here fussing and worrying that I'm going to be embarrassed because you two are cuter than me. I'm not going to be a pansy anymore. It's time to be bold. Brave. Let's all stand up and help each other together."

Calloway pops to his feet with a concerned look on his face. "You must be dreaming, BJ. You're the cutest one out of all of us. You're so adorable. I'm the really embarrassed one. It's been days since Greyson has allowed me a cummy, and I'm worried I'll let one out in the showers with you two. It'll just come out. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if that happened."

Waxley rises to his feet next. "Are you both crazy? If anyone has a right to be shy, it's me. I'll probably burst into tears the second my diaper is off. I cry at everything, and you too will think I'm nothing but a little baby if I cry around you.

You'll think I'm not mature enough for Little activities, that I'm only good for playing. You two are both more confident than me. I'm really gentle, and I don't want to embarrass myself."

"Oh my gods." I playfully palm my forehead. "We're all overthinking this."

We all look at each other, then laugh. "I think you're right," Waxley confesses.

That's what we're known for. Each of us is an overthinker in our own right, and to some extent, so are our Daddies.

Greyson waited for eleven months to make Calloway his boy in every way when Calloway would've given himself to Greyson on their very first date. Greyson kept putting it off, telling himself that Calloway wasn't ready, even though he was.

Waxley and Wren are both world champions at showing emotion and overthinking. They bond through their tears, and they're better off that way. Neither would do well with another partner, mainly because no one is as sensitive as they.

I smile. "Are we ready?"

Calloway blushes so intensely that his cheeks turn into roses. "I want to look at each other after we remove our onesies. Before we hop in the shower. Unless it'd make you two uncomfortable."

I shake my head. "I'm fine with it."

On the count of three, we unbutton our onesies.

We all take a moment to stare at each other's bodies once we're in our diapers.

I look at Waxley first, letting my eyes drink in his tummy.

It's pale and smooth, creamy without any hair.

His hips are bony, and I picture what they'll look like after he takes off his diaper.

I picture holding them, running my hands up and down them, just feeling what they'd feel like.

I think about pressing my own body against his, and rubbing my diaper against his. Maybe we could even release at the same time.

I turn to Calloway next.

His wee is bulging out in his diaper, and it's bigger than Waxley's.

I trace his pink nipples, smooth tummy, and find it hard not to make my cummy right now.

He's slightly taller than Waxley, and from what I see in the mirror, his ass looks great.

I watch both of my friends look at my body. Their eyes trade off between each other and my belly, and they can't take their eyes away. I get super shy and my nipples get hard because it's hard to believe they're staring at me and not turning away in disgust.

Calloway takes my hips. "Can I try something?"

I nod, my cheeks burning. "Anything you want."

Calloway presses his diaper against mine, then closes his eyes.

I can feel him making lemonade, and his hard dick quivers as it happens.

He must really have to strain because it's not easy making lemonade when you're hard.

I'm so close to Calloway that I could kiss him which is such a shock to realize.

I stare at his red lips, unable to believe that my friend is mere inches from my face.

"I went while pressed against you, BJ." Calloway tries not to cry as he turns away in shame. "I'm sorry. I couldn't help it."

I rub Calloway's shoulders. "Hey, it's okay. I don't mind."

Waxley clenches his face together as he looks down.

He must be releasing, because I watch as his wee grows between his legs.

He reaches out his hand, his fingers trembling as his body squirms.

Waxley holds back tears. “Here I am, crying like a baby. I want you to feel me, BJ.”

“Hey.” I let him bring my hand to his diaper, then I rub it. Sure enough, Waxley’s wee is hard in his cute beluga whale diaper, and he’s making lemonade. “Calloway cried, too. You’re in good company.”

Calloway rubs my diaper as I rub Waxley, and I shudder as I catch a moan behind my teeth.

The feeling of his hand is so sudden and unexpected, and it feels so right.

Calloway traces my length with his fingers. “How big are you, BJ?”

I try to remain confident, calm, and collected. “Want to take off our diapers and see?”

Calloway steps closer to me, then grips the sides of my diapers.

He studiously figures out how to take it off, which must be hard because he’s used to his Daddy doing everything.

I do the same for Waxley, trying to ignore the heat that blooms inside me as Calloway works on mine.

I focus hard on pulling Waxley’s diaper tabs off, but my fingers keep slipping.

Calloway slips my diaper off. My wee springs up, and I clench my teeth as I make lemonade by accident. “I didn’t mean to do that—”

I cry on Waxley’s shoulder, embarrassment flooding me. Oh, this is more humiliating than I expected.

Waxley hugs me. “It’s okay, BJ. We’re all in this together.”

I work Waxley's diaper down to his knees, and his own dick springs up.

Calloway is the only one still in his diaper. Waxley and I move toward him, tearing it in two as we pull it down.

All of our dicks spring up. They poke into each other, meeting in the middle.

I look at Waxley's first. It's pink and smooth, and it's twice as big as mine. His head is so delicate, almost like a rose I don't want to hurt.

Calloway's is slightly bigger than mine, almost three times as big. There's a delicate blue vein that traces its way up to the tip, and his shaft is smooth and white.

I feel my friends' eyes on my wee next. I sniffle in silence, refusing to let them hear me cry. Why am I suddenly so emotional? Their eyes roam across my body, studying me.

"Yeah," I say at last, choked up and upset. "Mine isn't as big. I know—I'm puny. Okay?"

I'm usually confident about this fact. In the cuddle room, I didn't mind in the least. Right now, I'm beyond anxious.

"Hey." Waxley places his hand on mine. "We *never* said anything about that."

"And you're not small." Calloway smiles. "You're fun-sized. There's nothing wrong with that."

I reach out to feel my two friends' dicks. I've never felt another dick in my life besides that one-second grab I made at Bryce's.

I'm astonished to find that their lengths are soft yet hard, almost pillowy except not very squishy.

I look at their balls, studying each sack. Waxley's left ball hangs down a little more than his right. Calloway's hang down evenly, and his are a bit plumper.

Calloway cups my balls. I squirm and moan, then my dick doesn't quit spasming. Shots of pre-cum squirt out, spilling onto their hands.

“Guys.” I push their hands away, staying in control of my body. “My cummies are for Bryce. No one else.”

Calloway grins. “Mine are my Daddy’s, too.”

“Mine, too!” Waxley says proudly. “Unless we get up to something naughty in the shower!”

I place my palms on their lower backs as I lead them toward the shower. I turn the water on hot, then we all laugh as we squirt soap onto each other and get clean.

Waxley wiggles his bum, and so Calloway squirts a bunch of shampoo by it and spansks it.

We all sneak grabs of each other’s dicks, but super quickly. Calloway grabs mine for two seconds before turning innocently into the shower, which makes me so horny I nearly come.

Waxley giggles as he splashes Calloway with water, then Calloway pushes Waxley against the tile wall and runs his hand down his body. “You’ve been bad, Waxley.”

Waxley looks down as Calloway’s other hand slips around to cup his dick. Waxley cries out, his body bucking, his eyes scrunching shut as his belly clenches.

I want to get in on the action. I run behind Calloway, then put my cock against his ass. “If you hurt Waxley, I’ll hurt you.”

Calloway shakes as he comes uncontrollably. He spurts on Waxley’s back, his cock pulsating. “Oh, BJ! Yeah, that feels so good!”

Just then, the shower door swings open.

Our three naked Daddies enter, growling as they laugh at the sight of us goofing around.

I gape in shock at their nakedness, their hard dicks swinging between their legs.

Bryce’s cock is the biggest of all. This gives me so much pride. It’s the only one that droops down instead of up, because it’s too large to withstand the forces of gravity.

Greyson heads over to Calloway and pulls him away. “What do you think you’re doing teasing your friends like that, boy?”

Calloway squeals, blushing as he quivers in Greyson’s firm arms. “I was only joking, Daddy!”

“You’re the real bad boy,” Greyson growls, smirking. “Naughty lil’ thing. Grabbing Waxley’s wee in the showers, eh? You know he can’t turn down a helping hand. He’s too weak, too gentle.”

“I’m the weak one!” Calloway’s nipples turn to stiff peaks. “BJ put his dick close to my ass and I made a cummy!”

Wren wraps Waxley in his arms. “I’m so sorry you had to go through that, sweet boy. Your friend shouldn’t use you like that.”

Waxley giggles as he throws his arms around Wren’s neck. “I’m about to have a cummy of my own, Daddy! You showed up right on time!”

Bryce marches over to me.

I can barely stay standing as his hulking body towers over mine.

He dwarfs me by a factor of infinity.

Bryce tilts my chin up. “You put your *what* close to Calloway’s ass?”

I smile triumphantly. “My wee.”

Bryce buries me in a hug. The hot shower water envelopes us, and I nearly fall asleep in two seconds flat in his arms.

Greyson is busy eating Calloway’s ass, and Wren is giving Waxley a timely lesson in oral sex.

I have to make more lemonade, so I go right then and there in my Daddy’s arms.

Bryce watches my wee spurt. “You’re a Little baby, aren’t you, BJ? Can’t control yourself around Daddy? Nothing but a baby, eh? A helpless baby who needs Daddy to take care of him?”

“I’m so grateful we’re in the shower,” I whisper, nearly ready to snore.

Then, I remember that it’s snuggle movie night and that I can’t fall asleep. *Not yet.*

NINE



BRYCE

I thought BJ would fall asleep during the snuggle movie.

I was wrong.

As it turns out, I'm the one who can't keep my eyes open.

Snoring, I toss and turn on the beanbag, keeping BJ securely fastened to my chest. We're wearing matching dump truck onesies. My XXXXXL size that I ordered last week arrived while we were in the showers.

It's so sweet that BJ and his friends strengthened their bond. The way they all hugged each other when we exited the showers, and helped each other dry off, told me that suggesting the shower idea was the right decision.

Not every Little enjoys playing with their friends—and that's perfectly okay. At the Hug Club, we encourage kinksters of every variety to be who they are without reservation. That means that Littles who simply wish to practice age play in a platonic manner are welcome, as long as they don't discriminate against those who get frisky.

I sensed BJ, Calloway, and Waxley might enjoy a little three-on-three friend time, and I was correct. I can tell these three sweeties will be best friends until they're old and gray.

Still, even their cuteness can't keep me awake.

I try not to flip over and crush BJ into the beanbag, because that's a great fear of mine. *At six-foot-eight, you'd have to be an idiot not to keep your size in mind.*

In middle school, I was frequently compared to King Kong. That's because I was already huge and hairy, and everyone was jealous of my might. That's the only reason anyone ever bullies anyone else. They're jealous. The jocks on the football team wanted my brawn, so they taunted me to provoke me into reacting. They were acting out of their own insecurities and nothing more.

BJ snores on my chest. His body puffs up and down, every breath that flows out of his lips making him squirm. I run my right hand down his body, then squeeze his ass to keep him stable.

Oh my goodness. BJ is my dream come true.

Even *seeing* him in the showers turned me on. Now, obviously I'd bathed him in the cuddle room tub, but for some reason watching him bounce around with his besties did something for me. His precious frame in comparison to theirs was difficult to ignore.

Or at least that's what I think BJ is doing.

Sleeping.

I feel safe enough to close my eyes and enter into dreamland.

As it turns out, I think BJ is tricking me.

When I wake next, I sense that my cock is out. *That's strange.* I furrow my brow, then move to scratch my temple until I think better of it. Who pulled out my cock? A gentle breeze wafts through the Hug Club vents, like Zephyrus, the god of the west wind, is blowing on my dick. I know that many boys and Daddies get up to naughty time during snuggle movie night, so I'm not surprised that someone's cock is out. I just didn't expect it to be mine.

I fight like a bug in honey as I attempt to open my left eye. I'm so overwhelmed by sleepiness, by the relaxing mood that BJ puts me into, I'm thoroughly lulled. It's as if I've been struggling my entire life, fighting to keep my business empire at the forefront of the New York real estate scene, and BJ is the only thing that's helped me learn how to rest again. One

hug from BJ sheds years off my life, and I'm no longer pushing forty when he's near me—I'm a young man again, happy and chipper, ready to experience the fullness of life and all that it has for me.

When I was studying real estate in college, I'd skip to classes every day, swinging my lunch box to and fro, not giving a whip what anyone thought. I'd been bullied enough due to my size in high school, and so I wanted to own my quirkiness as an adult. My lunchbox had King Kong on it, and my backpack had stickers from the Renaissance Festival.

Twenty-year-old me possessed an insatiable lust for life. I always hummed to myself, whistling ditties and tunes that made my heart swell, and I never took no for an answer. I actually caught myself humming around BJ in the cuddle room, and this surprised me because it's been ages since I've hummed. He brings music back into my life.

Nowadays, I rarely skip to work anymore. That's because I'm supposed to be Mr. Strong and Powerful. My. Mighty Developer, the man who battles the city council, strikes deals with his enemies, and conquers the world.

With BJ, I can skip to work again. No—I can stop to smell the flowers in the boulevards that I always see on the trek to my office. I can even pick them to weave into a flower crown for my prince. That's the change BJ has brought about in me. In such a short time, too.

My naked dick quivers between my legs. At last, I manage to pry my left eye open, grateful that I have the strength. I do indeed feel like a bug trapped in honey, thus the paralyzing power of sleep. I almost yawn, but then I remember that the movement would likely push BJ off my chest, so I fight the urge.

My left eye beholds quite a sight.

BJ is studying my cock under a band of moonlight.

I didn't realize moonlight drifted this far into the playroom through the windows. The top half of my erect cock is covered in moonlight and the bottom half is shadowed. BJ's green eyes

curiously examine every inch, peering at every nook and cranny. He runs his index finger down my length, tracing the thick veins that beat under the skin. I'm cut, just like him, which I think is easier for him to wrap his head around. He moves his gaze to my crown, then delicately traces the circumference of my ridge.

A sticky, unprompted strand of clear pre-cum spurts out of my tip, arching through the air before landing on my huge tummy. I'm so hairy, and it's been such a long time since I've shaved, so if my dick can be likened to an elephant's trunk, I'm a very hairy elephant. A wooly mammoth. The temptation to groan slams through me, and I almost grab BJ by the hair, and ram his face down on my giant shaft.

BJ leans forward and breathes on my tip. I'm not sure what he's doing, because I've never had a man do this before. He puffs out a breath, then pinches the left part of my crown. He watches in amazement as it shrinks, then fills yet again. He's mesmerized by the sight of my dick. This makes me so proud that I fail to resist the urge to covertly flex my pecs. I want him to subconsciously notice how strong I am, how much muscle his Daddy packs beneath his rolls.

My big, hairy dick rocks dangerously in front of his face. I'm afraid to let BJ play with it for too long. One wrong touch and the burst of cum that'd rocket out of the tip would be too much for his delicate lips, nose, and eyes to take. I'd hate to blind him, and I must consider that as a real possibility. It's also as heavy as a baseball bat, and BJ could knock his eye out if it accidentally throbbed.

"I'm gonna do it." BJ musters up the courage by way of a determined look. "I *can* do it. I'm strong, brave, and mighty. As mighty as Daddy. He deserves this pleasure, exactly like he gave me."

BJ opens his mouth, sticks out his tongue, and wraps his lips around my dick.

I nearly explode down his throat right then and there. Breathing becomes a laborious task, as if ten concrete blocks slam down on my chest. Gasping silently, I try my best to stay

conscious, not to pass out and let Cupid gouge out my lungs with his arrows.

I stare down at BJ, then resist the pressing need to pass out all over again. He's puffing out his cheeks, a look of seriousness on his face as he takes me half of an inch deeper, which I believe is all he can handle. Every part of his face is so smooth, so soft, and especially now in the moonlight. The moon almost kisses his cheeks, needing to taste him almost as desperately as me.

There's a perfect nineteen-year-old angel sucking my dick. His plush lips spread around my tip, trying to swallow more. His cheeks puff out, and his delicate fingertips grip my hips, my huge hips that I never thought someone like him would ever bless with their touch.

I nearly hack up a lung as I claw back the urge to come. My nuts rise in my sack, first the left, then the right. They bonk together, bumping tubes, each daring the other to blast first.

No. *No.*

BJ removes my shaft from his lips. "Oh my gods. That's almost *too* big."

I glance to my left. A polyamorous couple is getting it on while the Daddy leans back with his hands behind his head watching the animated movie. His two boys suck his dick, working the knob, as they pleasure each other.

To my right, Calloway is licking Greyson's nuts while Waxley cuddles Wren platonically. I think it's cute that this friend group has so much variety just between themselves.

I nearly grip BJ's cheek and tell him to keep sucking. Go, boy, go. I'm almost there. So close I could come any second.

BJ jerks me off. I watch his lithe hand work up and down my rod, each finger curling. His knuckles and fingertips stretch, trying to wrap all the way around, but it's too hard. He places both hands on my trunk, and he barely makes it.

Gagging my groans is becoming impossible. Panting silently, I lay still on the beanbag chairs, wanting to spring to

my feet and show BJ off. *Look what gift my boy is giving me. I dare any one of you to find someone who adores you this much.*

BJ does something I don't see coming.

He shakes his floppy thick hair over my cock, then jerks me off with it. I didn't think his hair was long enough to pull something like this off, but he proves me wrong. His beautiful, velvety chestnut locks rain down my shaft, spreading across the base of my hairy belly where my folds meet my groin. Moonlight mingles with his hair, and he moans as he jerks me off in this novel way, wrapping a few choice strands around it, securing the base in a makeshift cock ring that's far superior to any you can buy at a sex shop because it's made out of natural substances.

My foot moves of its own accord. Slowly, delicately, it spears between BJ's legs. It prods his wee, which is hard and bare, and covered in sticky juices. BJ must've been touching himself before I opened my eyes.

One touch from my big toe causes BJ to lose control. He cries out as he glances down, surprised to see the giant toe rubbing against his delicate pink crown, and his cock spurts out cum, flying all over the floor, some even landing on my balls. I rub on him some more, and he withers, squirmy and collapsing, unable to continue pleasing me, unable to move.

I smile as I grip my shaft. "Yes, I'm awake, cutie. Now, watch your Daddy."

I pump hard and fast, grunting as my balls jiggle, jerking my shaft like an animal in heat, one that needs to come quickly or else it'll die.

I watch my boy watch me, tracing his needy eyes with my own, loving the way he can't rip his gaze away from the giant cock in his face.

I writhe on the beanbags, my shaft spurting, pre-cum painting my chest in sticky white cum.

"Oh, Daddy." BJ lets out a sob as he watches. "You can do it. Go, Daddy, go. I believe in you. Show me what you can do."

I want to see this so badly!”

My orgasm hits me hot and hard. I roar, hot shots of cum rocketing out of me, slamming into my big belly, my nipples, my juicy folds. I wriggle on the beanbags, like an oversized walrus, my cock guiding me, leading me toward the cliffs of pleasure.

“Yeah, you see that?” I growl. Now I’m talking dirty. *A caveman*. “I’ve got about ten times the cum you’ve got. Big balls that are filled with it.”

BJ bursts into tears. He wraps his arms around my thigh, squeezing it tight. He doesn’t move, doesn’t let me shake him off, doesn’t let me go.

I smile as I laugh, then pat his hair. He’s my hug bug, all right. My hug bug who doesn’t move for anyone.

“I like you so much.”

I kiss his cheek. “I like you, too, my little hug bug. Now, how about we get you some more popcorn?”

BJ nods eagerly. “Yes, please.”

I lead him to the snack table, then gladly exchange one club buck for a fresh bowl of buttery popcorn. I set BJ on my lap as we head back to our beanbags to finish the movie.

Best. Night. Ever.

TEN



BJ

If the past weekend was a dream, I don't want to ever wake up.

Let me sleep forever.

Preferably, snuggled up in Bryce's arms.

The night we spent together changed my life irrevocably. Gone was the boy who didn't think he was worthy of a Daddy. The boy who bounced around, interrupted everyone's games with his dump trucks and diggers, and gazed upon their happy relationships with jealousy in his eyes.

I'm a new person now. A grown-up. I entered the cuddle room as a boy and left as a man.

That's the beauty of the cuddle room. Time seems to stop and race full-speed ahead with equal intensity. My age on paper didn't change, but I traversed at least an entire year of maturity. Quite simply, I likely *wasn't* ready for a Daddy like Bryce before, which is why it never happened.

In life, we attract that which we're ready for. No matter where we are, we're where we're meant to be. If we want to change or grow, we must take initiative, try new things, and say *yes* to opportunities that arise.

Life is full of endless possibilities. The job sites that Bryce promises to bring me to are only the start. He also wants me to move in with him, to leave my college dorm where I've spent many lonely hours buried in textbooks, and move into his spare bedroom.

My heart fills with warmth when I think of the bedroom Bryce designated for me. Yesterday, he spent all morning decorating it to my tastes. The bed is a dump truck and my desk where I'll study for classes is a digger. The towels are decorated with my favorite trucks from *Bob the Builder*, and the stuffies he laid out on my bed communicate with the deepest frequencies of my heart.

My favorite stuffy of all is still Bob, though. *My little builder teddy*. I'll never forget how happy I was when Calloway and Greyson gave Bob to me after they won him in the *Best Hugger* competition. I think it's secretly because they knew I would've won with Bryce if I hadn't been disqualified. Maybe, or maybe not. We don't know what might have been in this life. Only what was, is, and perhaps will continue to be. *My relationship with Bryce will continue to "be" for a long time.*

Right now, Bryce is peering over my shoulder as I study. "Calculus. It's been a long time since I've bothered with that."

My brow furrows. *What does Daddy mean?* "You don't use calculus in your everyday life?"

Bryce can't help but laugh. He rubs my shoulders, which immediately sends warm tingles coursing up my spine. "Not at all. The most complex equations I use involve borrowing money from the bank. We don't need fancy letters and variables to take out loans."

I'm dating an *actual* real estate developer. A powerful one who communicates daily with lenders, borrows money, pays back interest, and understands the language that makes the world go 'round: money.

"That's incredible, Daddy. You really know a lot about real estate and money."

"Money isn't the most important thing in this life, but I think everyone should at least *try* to understand how it works. I fail to understand why some people never look at their finances or at least attempt to learn how to invest. It's a skill, just like anything else, and even though it seems hard to make it, if you put in one hour a day to learn how to, say, flip a

house, you'll likely double your income. People have limited beliefs which is why they never start, because they've been taught by their parents and communities that it's too hard. The truth is that, anyone with a semi-decent W2 job can establish a history of investing in real estate and then leverage that to borrow more money from private lenders and local financial institutions. Baby boy, banks *want* to lend out money—that's how they make more money. They're not sitting around, twiddling their thumbs and seeing who they can prevent from taking out a second mortgage every day."

Bryce goes on to tell me that he believes that money isn't a mode of exchange as much as it is an energy. It flows just like energy always is transferred through people and the universe, and once you crack this code, learning how to make it flow to you becomes easier.

I ask Bryce about manifesting, because what he's talking about sounds like this lady with crystal earrings that I follow on TikTok. Bryce says he's not sure what manifesting is, but that it's important to believe in yourself.

What you think about, you bring about, says Bryce. If you believe you can be successful, you can be. You can write that book you've always wanted to write, learn to flip a house, or figure out how to sell something so you can travel to Paris and eat a croissant.

"Wow, Daddy." I smile contentedly as I let Bryce rub my shoulders, which sends warm, safe tingles up my spine. "You know so much."

"Mind if I share a story, boy?"

"Go for it." I could listen to Bryce tell me stories all day.

This is what I love most about dating an older man, and it's the reason I wanted a Daddy. My father, the accountant, knew about bookkeeping, but the truth was that there was too much about life he didn't know.

People took advantage of my father—we once had a contractor come to our house to replace the siding, and the contractor gave my father the runaround. My mother was

furious and screamed at my father, but my father was so meek that he kept making excuses for the contractor who continued to rip them off. Needless to say, the contractor eventually promised to pick up a pile of wood he'd left in our backyard and he never showed back up. My mother wouldn't speak to my father for a week, but my father kept believing the contractor would keep his word. He never did. Last I checked, that wood pile is still there.

In other words, my father is a tad spineless. I wanted to learn from a strong, confident, capable man.

Bryce chuckles. "I had a cousin who read a lot of romance novels on her Kindle. I always told her that she should write one of her own, but she always blew me off."

My jaw drops. "Dang. If you gave me that kind of encouragement, I'd believe in myself."

"I know, baby boy. My cousin thought she was only a reader. Her name was Stella. She was friends with a lot of authors and I knew she had a lot to share with the world. She never wrote that book, but another cousin of mine, who wasn't halfway as brainy as Stella, decided to write a book and even though the book wasn't amazing, it sold well. That second cousin became a full-time author. Last month, her latest book was a bestseller."

Holy crap.

That's incredible. "Wow, Daddy."

"That's why you should believe in yourself. And at least *try*. Strive to learn new things. Yes, you'll probably fail—I've failed plenty." Bryce pushes out a laugh. "Just last year, I lost out on a bid to build a skyscraper on Fifth Avenue. I was fuming mad, but the truth was that it was *my* fault. I could've bid an extra ten million dollars and secured the deal, but I was cheap. Now, the developer who won will likely make fifty million. I would've been a happy cow if I'd believed in myself a little more. In life, we always need to look for ways to take responsibility. Even if life or the universe is truly at fault, *we're* better off if we figure out how to say: *This was all me*,

now how can I do better next time? It's empowering to quit blaming others for our problems."

I let out a wolf whistle. "You're teaching me so much, Daddy."

Bryce selects a dump truck stress ball from my desk, then hands it to me. "Play with this."

I squeeze the dump truck, then press it to my heart. It's so squishy and cute, and when I squeeze extra hard, its googly eyes poof out. "This dump truck is so silly."

Bryce kisses the top of my head. "I'm glad I can share a thing or two with you. That's my job as your Daddy—it's also to brush your teeth, change you, and tuck you into bed every single night. But it's primarily to teach you about life. That brings me great joy."

Tears well in my eyes as I turn around to look at Bryce. "May I share something?"

"Of course."

I squeeze my dump truck stress ball, then stare at the floor. "My father wasn't like you at all growing up. He was an accountant, but he wasn't even a cool accountant. He didn't have a backbone, and though he was always very nice, he didn't stick up for me or my family. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I think that's what a man should do. Protect his kid. His partner. He needs to be a little rough around the edges, because he'll be dealing with unsavory characters who want to hurt us."

Bryce frowns. "Oh, baby boy. Just because your father wasn't as 'strong' as you think he should've been, doesn't mean that he couldn't protect you. Not at all, precious boy. I hope you're not saying that."

I bury my face in Bryce's chest, sniffing as I hold back my sobs. "I always thought that if a robber would've knocked on our door, my father would've bowed before him and told him to take everything in hopes that the robber would spare him. He wouldn't have fought, wouldn't have challenged him... to a duel. He was weak. It's wrong of me to say these things, but

it's the truth. My mother had ten times the balls, but she didn't really even have balls, she had ovaries."

Bryce kisses my left cheek. My tears smear on his lips, and then he moves his mouth to my right cheek to kiss those tears, too. The gesture is so simple yet powerful that I feel like he's always been here in my life, keeping me safe, protecting me.

"Your father likely had other gifts and talents. Didn't he?"

I sigh, my fingers finding purchase in Bryce's button-down shirt. "He read a lot. Like a *lot*. He enjoyed books so much that he'd always prefer to be alone in his bedroom instead of speaking to me and my mother at the table."

Bryce shakes his head. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"I think he was an introvert." I sniffle. "But why have a family if you don't want to ever talk to your kid? What did I ever do to him?"

"Nothing, baby boy. That's just the way your father is."

"I think it's 'cuz I'm gay," I sob, now feeling a little more vulnerable. "I was puny, not a manly man at all. He would've paid me more attention if I'd been the captain of the football team. Instead, all I did was doodle dump trucks in coloring books and fantasize about bringing doughnuts to working guys."

Bryce nods intelligently. "Here's the thing, boy. Your father also isn't a manly man as you put it. He never would've been the captain of the football team, so there's no reason he would've expected you to be. Your father simply sounds like an introvert. I'm sure he loves you in his own way."

"From a distance," I growl, then sigh because I can't be mad at my father or anyone. "It is what it is. His lack of love for me made me stronger."

Bryce pats my head. "When I meet your parents, I'll ask your father point-blank to spend a bit more time with you. How would you feel about that?"

My heart stops in my chest.

My eyes flit up, peering into Bryce's coffee orbs. He has perfect eyes, and right now, the creamy specks seem to glisten and spark with lovingkindness.

How I've longed for a protector like Bryce, one who's big and bold enough to keep danger far from me, but who's also sensitive enough to stick up for me emotionally, too.

I squeeze Bryce's right arm. "You're not all meat and muscle. Are you?"

Bryce grins. "No, boy. I'm a sensitive man underneath my ox-like exterior. A man with an ooey gooey heart that is all yours."

I melt into Bryce. Fully and unconditionally, without reservation. I wish I would've met him the day I was old enough to have a Daddy of my own.

The fact that I've had to feel alone in the world for so long is a cruel trick of fate. Bryce has been here all along, waiting for me. (Well, except for when he kept turning me away.) The point is that all we both had to do was let the other in.

"I'm full of feels, Daddy." I rest my forehead on Bryce's chest. "Feels in my heart."

Bryce rubs my heart, feeling it thump. "My hug bug is a baby bunny today, isn't he?"

I nod, up and down. "Yes, Daddy. You're my mother bunny."

"Daddy."

I start to tingle. "My Daddy bunny. Skip, skip, skip."

Bryce's right hand moves between my legs. He felt my cock, then rubs me.

"Be a good boy and tell Daddy if you need to wet, precious bunny."

I try not to cry as I nod. "Not wearing my diapey."

In a flash, Bryce swings me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. I squeal with happiness, laughing as I pound his

back with my itty-bitty fists, hitting him, my legs kicking out as he carries me to my special changing station.

Bryce removes my traffic cone PJ bottoms, then slides a diaper under my ass that boasts cartoon googly-eyed trucks. My mouth lolls as I run my fingers over the trucks, mystified by their silliness.

Bryce powders me, secures my diaper, slides my jammies back on, then brings me back to my chair.

He plops down in it, and I bust out laughing because I'm certain it'll break. Bryce is too big and strong to fit in a tiny chair like mine.

To my surprise, the chair remains standing. What a miracle of engineering.

I wet on Bryce's lap, scrunching my eyes shut. He holds me in his arms, which are so big that they wrap around all of me. This man doesn't judge me, doesn't hold my unique desires against me, no—he lets me be myself.

“I'm going, Daddy.”

Bryce drops a tender kiss on my forehead. “Proud of you for opening up. For being strong. You're my brave boy, aren't you?”

I nod as I suck my thumb. “Yeah.”

I finish going, then fall asleep on Bryce's lap. A little while later, I wake up and I realize I have to wet again, so I do.

Bryce doesn't move. He doesn't get up, doesn't disturb my relaxation.

I'm as deep in Little headspace as I've ever been. My universe doesn't extend beyond the Daddy hug that Bryce gives me.

Bryce massages between my legs. “Time for a change.”

“Not right now.” My cheeks flush pink, but I find a button on Bryce's shirt that I want to suck instead of my thumb, which mollifies my embarrassment. “Wanna stay like this.”

I fall asleep again lost in Bryce's hug.

ELEVEN



BRYCE

BJ bounces toward the job site, his hands flying through the air. “Daddy, hurry!”

I issue my beautiful boy a smile. “Daddy’s coming. One second, cutie.”

BJ squeals, unable (or unwilling) to control his excitement.

He looks so damn cute today. I dressed him of course, so I’m already aware of this. Still, his getup seems to grow even cuter now that he’s where he’s meant to be.

This is my site in Upstate New York for my affordable housing development that’ll benefit under-housed LGBTQ+ community members. I reviewed the files last night, and I was so distraught at the sufferings these people go through on a daily basis. Unlike regular under-housed individuals, queer, gay, lesbian, and bisexuals are often turned down because of who they are.

If some hardass property manager interviews you, they’re not legally allowed to discriminate against you, but do they always follow the law in practice?

In my experience, they don’t.

My fingers curl into fists when I think about my grandmother’s experience. She became an out-and-proud lesbian who marched in Stonewall after my grandfather passed away decades ago. Still, she wasn’t able to secure decent housing by herself, because she was a lesbian. Landlords took one look at her and told her to find a man to co-sign her lease.

This was back around the time when women were just “allowed” to open credit cards. Can you imagine that—a woman couldn’t even get a damn credit card without her husband’s permission before that.

Being a man, even a gay one, I’ll admit that I didn’t actually realize this. Sometimes, when we grow up in an era where all members of a given community *seem* to have equal rights, we forget how things used to be. My grandmother’s generation wasn’t so fortunate, and she was forced to live in a crack house with bedbugs for no other reason than because she was a lesbian.

That’s when I vowed to be the change I wanted to see in the world. I’d help those in need and ensure that no one like my grandmother had to suffer again.

BJ whips around. “The diggers are waiting for me!”

I take another look at BJ, then grin. He dons the cutest pair of coveralls I’ve ever seen with buttons that say *I Can Build Anything!* The real hardhat I purchased him sits on his head, except it’s a little loose so it leans to the left. Bob is wearing his own yellow hardhat, and his fluffy body is waiting eagerly for the teddy-sized reflective vest I purchased him.

BJ is also wearing light-up steeltoed boots that I found on a special Little website. Apparently construction Littles are well known in the community even though I wasn’t aware of this. They stocked BJ’s size which was a miracle and the rest was history. All I needed was to enter my credit card information and the boots showed up on my doorstep the following day.

BJ looks every bit like the working guy he’s always wanted to be.

I lift my secret walkie talkie BJ doesn’t know about. “You boys better be ready.”

My employees’ voices crackle through the speaker. “First of all, we’re working guys, not boys.”

“Yeah,” another gruff voice grunts. “Your boy is the only boy here. We’re men.”

I roll my eyes. “Come on, boys. Get in position.”

“We are in position,” another deep voice drawls. “Not the kind of position you’re thinking about, though.”

Another voice snickers. “If you tell boss man what we’re up to, you’ll get us fired.”

I tap my foot on the ground. “It sounds like you’re getting ready for group sex.”

One growly voice giggles. “What boss man doesn’t know doesn’t hurt him.”

“Quit calling me boss man,” I snap.

These freaking guys.

Another clears his throat. “You are the boss, boss man.”

I palm my forehead. “If you’re not in position—the *correct* position for the surprise I have planned for BJ—there’ll be trouble.”

One man sighs. “Do you want the dump truck doughnuts on the table when he enters the trailer or do you want them to bring them out to him?”

Another voice grumbles, “Jesus, Justin. We’ve been over this a million times.”

“I want you to bring them out and surprise my boy.” I smack my forehead. “You boys will be the death of me.”

“Working guys,” another snaps. “Not boys. Get it right.”

“Yeah,” another drawls. “We’re men. Manly men.”

Uh huh.

Real manly.

BJ puts his hands on his hips. “Oh, now you’re taking a phone call? I’m getting impatient!”

I smile as I slide my walkie talkie in my holster. “Only using my walkie, sweet boy. Daddy’s coming.”

BJ’s eyes light up brighter than his sneakers. “You have a walkie talkie?! My day just got better.”

When I reach BJ, he zooms toward me and tries to get at my walkie.

I wag my index finger in his face. “Ah ah ah. Careful touching Daddy’s belt. You don’t want anything to accidentally discharge.”

BJ frowns. “This isn’t a gun.”

I smirk. *I’m so bad.* “I’m not talking about a gun.”

BJ is confused as all heck when I hand him my walkie. He promptly forgets what I’m talking about.

He presses a button, then rocks back and forth on the balls of his feet as static fills the air.

“Hello,” BJ announces in what he believes is a working guy voice. “I’m BJ, reporting to the job site.”

BJ jumps out of his skin when a real voice responds. “Welcome aboard, BJ.”

BJ screams and hands me the walkie talkie. “It talked back, Daddy.”

I pat his head. “It’s a real walkie talkie. Not a play one. Why don’t you talk to the working guys?”

I’m of the belief that BJ nearly faints. “Don’t play with me. There aren’t real working guys listening to me. Right?”

“It’s up to you to find out.”

BJ makes a grabby motion for my walkie. He presses the button and says a few cute sentences, then has a conversation with my boys—err, guys.

His eyes well with tears. “They didn’t make fun of me, Daddy. They said I was a valued member of the team today.”

I hold BJ’s hands in mine. “You are, beautiful boy. We’re going to walk the site, see the diggers, and have a fantastic day. You’ve got all your safety equipment on which is what you need to be a real working guy.”

BJ hugs me. Just hugs me. I’m usually the one who hugs him, so I take a moment to drink in his embrace.

I look down, then bite back a silly dumb grin. Despite his tall steeltoed boots, I can barely see BJ's head over my belly. I feel like the giant that Jack meets after he climbs the beanstalk.

There's nothing in this world that compares to the hug of a boy. A sweet, precious boy like BJ who truly means it when he hugs me. He's not faking it, not doing it for attention or to try to get a few bucks. He genuinely enjoys my presence, and this makes me the happiest man alive.

A tear wells in my left eye, but I growl and blink it back. *Now is not the time.*

I pat BJ's bum. "Come on. Let's see some diggers."

BJ can barely control his excitement as we officially step onto the job site. Mounds of dirt sit in various places from where my working guys have dug them up. Diggers, dump trucks, and cranes are parked in various positions.

The way BJ gazes up at one huge crane is almost like he's staring at the Colosseum. My job site is far more special than Rome to BJ. He finds himself here, just like scholars throughout the centuries found better versions of themselves, *real* versions of who they want to be, in Italy, in the Vatican Museum, in the various piazzas scattered throughout the city; so too BJ encounters his true self here.

I tousle his hair, feeling like an emperor or a god because I'm showing him this sacred place for the first time. It might as well be a temple.

"I love it, Daddy!"

I produce a small dump truck and shovel from my briefcase.

Marching straight to the middle of the site, I plop it down on a giant mound of dirt. "I'm in trouble. My working guys didn't show up today, and someone needs to scoop this dirt into the truck."

BJ gets to work right away. He scrambles up the mound of dirt, needing to pause halfway for breath because it's so tall.

Me, being as big as a small pine tree, found it easy to gently set the toys on the mound, but BJ has to crawl. *Heh.*

BJ picks up the shovel and places three scoops of dirt in the truck. “Beep boop beep.”

“Backing up, everyone,” I shout to no one, my voice loud and booming. “Heavy load incoming.”

Before BJ moves, I stare at him on the mound of dirt. The sight of him, on his knees in his coveralls, his hardhat jiggling on his head, Bob tucked under his left arm, scooping dirt, is the most precious ever.

BJ crawls down the mound but he accidentally topples over halfway and screams as he rolls to my feet. “The dump truck hit a tree root.”

I lift BJ up by the shoulders, then dust his nose off. “This is why you wear protective gear, boy. Here, let Daddy adjust your hardhat.”

Gods.

I’d hate to see BJ get a concussion because I let his hardhat stay loose.

After tightening his hat, I pat his bum to let him know that he’s good to keep working. He scoops up more dirt, then crawls down the mound.

This time, I hold the back of his coveralls to keep him from toppling over.

I smile proudly as I puff out my chest, clutching his coveralls tight. Not many Daddies could hold their boys like this, no sir. My big size might have dissuaded some men from being with me in the past, but right now, it comes in handy.

BJ scoops until he can’t scoop anymore. He pants, his emerald eyes locking on mine. “I’m tired.”

I frown as I glance at the work that he’s done, then shake my head when I realize he’s only transferred about a foot of dirt. “You didn’t move the whole mound, boy.”

BJ snuffles, clutching his dump truck and shovel tightly. “It’s harder than I thought because my dump truck isn’t big enough.”

I drop to one knee and smile. Taking his hand in mine, I squeeze it tight. “Hey, boy. Why don’t we take a treat break and then move the rest of this dirt with a *real* digger? I’ll steer while you sit on my lap. You’ll get to watch everything.”

BJ crashes into my arms, hugging me so tightly I nearly fall backward. *Just kidding. I’m made of concrete like every good Daddy should be.* “That sounds awesome!”

I clutch BJ’s hand as I lead him toward the trailer. My heart brims with excitement, because I know that it’s packed with working guys. BJ hasn’t seen any of them yet—he’s only chatted to them on my walkie. On this very job site. I told him that they didn’t show up, but I was lying. I’m so bad.

I open the door to my trailer. “In you go.”

BJ snuffles as he looks at the steps. “These are working guy steps. I’m a working guy in my mind, but I’m not sure I can climb up them.”

I lift him by the back of his coveralls again, which is easy for me. I decide to spin him in a circle before leading him into the trailer.

“You’re an airplane, boy.”

BJ closes his eyes and flaps his arms, pretending he’s flying over the job site.

Then, I set him on his feet at the top of the steps. “Time for landing.”

“That was a short flight.”

“That’s because your Daddy is almost seven feet.”

I climb up the steps after him. I have the opposite problem—I traverse all of them in a single step, more or less. Okay, I’m slightly exaggerating, but that’s what it *feels* like and everybody knows that’s what matters most when you’re a Daddy to a playful boy.

I crack open the trailer door.

“Surprise!”

Ten working guys in blue overalls greet BJ. They wear hardhats, steeltoed boots, reflective vests, and they all smile.

Two in the back come through with the box of doughnuts. “You must be our newest crew member. Boss man arranged a very special surprise for you, yes he did. He said we couldn’t eat a single doughnut until you showed up because they were to welcome you to your first day of work.”

BJ looks at the working guys. Then at the doughnuts which are shaped like yellow dump trucks. Then at me.

He bursts into tears as he hugs my thigh. “Oh, Daddy! This is better than I dreamt of. I’m a real working guy, I really am.”

I laugh as I pinch his cheek. “You sure are.”

“All those years ago when my mother and I delivered doughnuts to the working guys, I never thought that someday, working guys would deliver doughnuts to me!”

One plump working guy taps his foot on the ground. “I sure wish you’d eat a doughnut so we can dig in.”

Another nods in agreement. “I’m hungry.”

Other working guys would tell a joke like, *That’s because your wife forgot to pack your lunch today* but my working guys are too respectful to make jokes like that.

I pick up a doughnut and hold it out to BJ. “Here you go, boy.”

BJ shakes his head. “No. You feed me.”

There’s a little collection of chocolate “dirt” on the back of the doughnut. The pastry shop that I hired really came through.

I “lift” up the dumper part of the doughnut as BJ opens his mouth, and I “pour” the chocolate onto his tongue.

He rubs his belly, beaming. “Yummy.”

Then, I move the doughy part of the doughnut into his mouth. He chomps it at once, then rubs his belly. “Exactly as I suspected. Best doughnut ever.”

The working guys tackle each other to grab the rest of the doughnuts. “You’d better not take mine,” one grumbles.

“I want two,” another roars.

BJ turns to me with a fretful look. “They’re eating all the treats.”

“Look.” Walking to the back of the trailer, I open a secret fridge and pull out *my* special box. It contains one-hundred doughnuts because I know that my working guys love to eat. They’re not the only ones who like eating.

With a growl, I lift two doughnuts to my mouth and take a bite of each. “This box has cranes *and* dump trucks.”

BJ lets me hand him a crane, and he loves the contraption on the side that “lifts” a yellow candy to his tongue. Then, he chomps that doughnut, too.

I eat both doughnuts that I’m holding, taking bites of each, first the left, then the right.

The working guys chow down, eating doughnuts, drinking coffee, talking about their work, trucks, their favorite Mountain Dew flavor, and dirt.

BJ shoots me a curious look. “May I join their conversation?”

My sweet boy. “Why, of course you can.”

BJ skips to the circle, then throws his two arms around the waists of two of the working guys. “All right, everyone. I’m ready to hear what’s on the docket today.”

My heart swells as my employees include BJ in their conversation. He listens intently, internalizing everything they say.

I help myself to one more doughnut. Fine, two more.

Just one more after that.

I'll stop tomorrow.

Goddamnit, why are these so good?

Last bite.

I'd better take some Tums so I don't get a bellyache.

After the morning meeting wraps up, I lead BJ out of the trailer. "Okay, boy. Tell me what you learned."

"I learned that there's a monster truck rally near Niagara Falls next weekend and I really want to go."

"A monster truck rally?" I rub my chin. "I'm not sure that's a healthy environment for a delicate boy like you."

BJ sticks his chin up in the air. "On the job site, I'm a man. Not a boy."

I lift BJ by the coveralls to help him down the stairs. "Of course you are."

When he reaches the ground, he dusts his thighs off and peers around the mounds of dirt. "I was thinking we could grill a few brats, drink some Mountain Dew, and head to the monster truck rally next weekend."

It's impossible not to waggle my eyebrows. "Only if you agree to go to RenFest with me this fall."

BJ turns to me, crooking his left brow. "Will I see dueling?"

"Yes."

"Jousting?"

"Yes."

"Fabulous lords and ladies?"

"*Indeed, my lord,*" I drawl in my best regal voice.

BJ hugs me. "Yes, it's a deal."

I guide BJ to a digger's scooper, then help him in. I plop down on the seat, then place him on my lap.

He nearly passes out as I start the machine, moving the digging part to the dirt like it's an oversized toy.

“Now, this is a *real* digger, boy, so you need to be careful not to touch anything.”

BJ looks at Bob. His face contorts as if he’s restraining himself from doing anything.

All at once, he presses every button at once. “I’m sorry, Daddy! Accident!”

I groan as the digger charges toward the dirt, then begins scooping of its own accord. “You pressed the auto-scoop button!”

BJ wiggles on my lap. “We’re doing it, Daddy!”

I turn off the auto-scoop. There’s nothing wrong with technology, but today I want to be in control so my boy can see how a man digs a hole.

I gently lower the digger, then lift up dirt. “Look at Daddy.”

BJ watches with wonderstruck eyes. He doesn’t move his gaze away—he studies my every move as I dump the dirt in a real-life dump truck, and then do this a few more times until the truck is full.

One of my working guys drives a second dump truck next to the pile, and I repeat the motions with this truck.

BJ watches the entire time, his eyes glazed over. He counts the number of scoops I make, muttering under his breath, “*One, two, three, four*” and on and so forth.

At last, BJ hands Bob to me. “Bob would love a turn.”

“This job isn’t suitable for a teddy, but since Bob is wearing a hardhat, I assume he knows what to do.”

BJ smiles. It’s the widest, sweetest smile to ever exist.

A boy mustn’t smile like that. It’ll give a man like me a heart attack. Talk about a smile fit for the gods.

BJ is my construction Ganymede and I’m the Zeus of Upstate New York.

I place Bob on my lap, then bring his little hands to the control mechanism. “Bob” lifts a pile of dirt, then brings it to the dump truck.

BJ bursts into applause. “You can do it, Bob.”

I issue BJ a curt nod after “Bob” drops the dirt into the truck’s dumper. “Yes, he can—and yes, he did.”

BJ pushes out a breathless whisper. “Me next?”

Smiling, I haul BJ onto my lap. I take my time bringing his hands to the steering mechanism, because I know this is a big deal to him. BJ has dreamt, fantasized, and daydreamed about this moment for years. Decades.

BJ tenses up. “I’m gonna mess up.”

I rub BJ’s waist. “You’ve got this. If anyone can pull the mission off, it’s you. No one else. I wouldn’t trust a single one of my working guys with the task right now. Only a boy who’s wanted to scoop dirt for a long, long time is capable of doing it well. Everyone else will let me down. You’re my only hope.”

BJ pulls it off. Exactly like I knew he would.

He turns around and kisses me. Hot. Hard. On the lips.

I’m so caught up in his great work that I don’t even register the kiss at first. I’m surprised.

When I realize that BJ just initiated our first kiss, I tell myself that this won’t do, no.

Cupping his cheeks, I kiss him back. I plunge my tongue into his mouth, then melt on the seat of the digger. I’m kissing a boy, a beautiful boy, my boy, my perfect boy while I’m doing what I love best, and he loves it as much as me.

BJ giggles as he reaches down and rubs my hard cock. “What if this steered the digger, Daddy?”

I smile, readjusting his hardhat because it came loose during our smooch. “There’s only one way to find out.”

BJ bursts into laughter. He unzips my pants, then pulls out my cock. He moves it around like it’s a steering rod, but what

he doesn't see is that I'm controlling the real digger with my left hand behind his back.

When he yanks my member down and the digger lifts up more dirt, he gasps at the sight. "Magic!"

I can't help but laugh. "Yes, boy. Now, how will you get the deposit to drop the dirt in the truck?"

BJ strokes my cock hard and fast. He focuses all his effort on moving this scoop of dirt to the truck, squeezing my dick with vigor.

I come all over the dash, and with my left hand, I release the dirt.

BJ releases my dick and clasps his hands together. "We did it!"

"We sure did."

I'm in love with BJ. Gods know when it happened, but happened, it did. I love him, adore him, and I want to be his Daddy for the rest of my life.

Why did I wait so long to make him one? I could kick myself for being so slow. Slower than a damn turtle.

BJ is the one for me. He outshines any partner I've ever had, and my life is bright and full of light only to the extent that he's in it.

BJ wiggles his bum on my bits. "Uh oh. I wonder what'd happen if you made love to me in the digger."

I groan, smacking BJ's ass. "Don't make me give you a spanking."

A few working guys stare in shock at us, but I don't pay them any mind. I know that I have a wonderful relationship and that ninety-nine percent of men would murder their next-door neighbor to attain it. Too bad. I'm the lucky one, because BJ chose me. And I get to be his Daddy, his protector, and his caregiver for a very long time.

BJ whips around to kiss me again. This time, I grip the back of his hardhat, swirling my tongue around his mouth. I

take control of every inch of the kiss, showing him how to kiss
a man like me.

Perfect day.

Perfect BJ.

TWELVE



BJ

I color the dump truck green, which is so silly. Dump trucks are yellow. At least, the ones on Bryce's job site were.

Bryce and I are spending the day at Little Land. Waxley and Calloway are with us, and we've played all morning.

We leapt into the stuffy pit. Boogied to pop music and lullabies on the dance floor. Swum in the hot tub with rubber duckies.

We even ate unlimited bowls of ice cream which were delicious. I loved the banana flavor, yes because it's yellow.

Right now, Waxley and Calloway are creating bead pairings for their Daddies.

I thought the bead paintings would be too difficult, so I requested a coloring book and immersed myself in this type of art instead.

I'm not really an innovative creative type—I prefer to draw inside someone else's lines.

Preferably, Bryce's.

Bryce puts his hand between my legs to feel my wee. "You made a lemonade, boy."

I grow shy, then color more intently. "I know, Daddy. I was focused on drawing."

I rock back and forth on Bryce's hand, capturing my moans behind my teeth. It feels so good when he checks me to ensure that I'm being the good boy he wants me to be. Yes, I

love being good for Daddy, love coloring and talking about trucks and diggers and even making lemonade.

Even my friends are making lemonade right now too, I can tell. I blush as I look at Calloway, who's scrunching his face together as Greyson rubs him.

"Not there, Daddy."

Greyson removes his hand at once. "Thanks for being honest with me. I love you for that, boy."

Calloway issues Greyson a naughty grin. "Here."

He brings Greyson's hand to his ass, then wiggles his cheeks in Greyson's palm. Greyson laughs, then rolls his eyes as he squeezes Calloway's bum.

"You're one naughty boy."

"I know I am, Daddy." Calloway blushes.

I try not to burst into laughter as I turn my eyes back to my creative work. Greyson and Calloway crack me up every time they get together.

Even now, Greyson is always hesitant around Calloway. He doesn't want to make his boy uncomfortable or overstep any boundaries. Calloway doesn't exactly have boundaries, which I know because I feel like I'm almost closer to him than Greyson. Calloway wants Greyson to rawdog him right here and now, I can tell.

Of course, my friend would never use that dirty word, but the point still stands. If anything, Greyson isn't possessive enough around Calloway. He's *too* concerned with protecting him.

I doodle a heart by my truck. "Uh oh."

I made it green instead of red.

I search for an eraser, but then I remember that you can't erase crayon. I all but smack my forehead, *What in the world am I thinking?*

Bryce wraps me in a bear hug from behind. "There, there. I love your pretty heart. In fact, I wish all hearts were green like

this one, because it's so much prettier than a boring red heart. You have a gift for color, BJ."

My heart turns warm and fuzzy as I melt into Bryce's arms. Oh, he always knows what to say to make me feel better. He does what every great Daddy should do—he praises me when I'm good, tells me sweet things to boost my mood when I'm sad, and always, always corrects me when I misbehave.

Waxley peers at my doodle. "Why is your truck green, BJ?"

"It's the color of Mountain Dew."

Bryce slides my sippy into my hand. "This is your daily allotment of one-sixteenth of a can of Dew. You don't get any more."

Ever since I met Bryce's working guys, I'm determined to be more like them. I learned the lingo (except the swear words), figured out how to walk like I'm waiting to go on break soon, and started drinking their favorite drinks.

Bryce won't let me drink black coffee in the morning, but he did relent to letting me try a tiny bit of Mountain Dew.

I've got to say—this drink truly is nectar from the gods.

Calloway issues Greyson a look. "BJ is drinking soda pop, Daddy. Not juice."

Greyson issues Bryce a look. "What kind of Daddy are you?"

Bryce issues Greyson a look. "A great Daddy, thank you for your concern."

I issue Calloway a look. "Don't tattle on me."

Calloway issues Waxley a look. "BJ called me a tattle tale."

"There are a lot of looks being exchanged here," Connor, the playroom supervisor, says. "Why don't we try some smiles?"

I'm the first to smile. "I always smile when I have my Mountain Dew."

Wren pinches the bridge of his nose. “BJ really shouldn’t be drinking Mountain Dew. It’s not fit for a growing boy’s teeth.”

Bryce growls. “Oh, relax. It’s one-sixteenth of a can.”

“I need to be like the working guys.” I take another sip. “Besides, I’m going to a monster truck rally this weekend so I need all the energy I can get.”

“Then, why aren’t you drinking Monster?” Waxley cocks his head to the left.

I turn my head around to look at Bryce. “Do working guys drink Monster?”

Bryce nods. “Yes.”

I set down my sippy cup. “Dangit! Well, the guys were talking about Mountain Dew when I showed up to the job site. I’ll have to try Monster, too.”

Bryce scowls at me. “That’s where Daddy puts his foot down.”

Calloway smiles. “I don’t need energy drinks or soda to have energy. My Daddy gives it to me.”

Greyson and Calloway share a look that is sweeter than the bowls of ice cream we just finished eating. Greyson hugs Calloway, and Calloway melts into his arms like a young bird that has long since gone off to bird college, but when his friends aren’t around, he can’t resist flying back to his mommy’s nest and giving mommy bird a hug.

I watch their hug, then realize that I need a hug of my own. With a sigh, I turn around, then bury myself in Bryce.

He lifts me up, and settles me into the crook of his hips like he’s apt to do. This is our love position. The formation we get into every time we embrace.

Bryce hugs me tight. All my worries about the monster truck rally, job sites, building, and energy drinks fade to the wings.

The only thing that matters is Bryce. Sweet, perfect Bryce. He's a sensitive man, a wise one, too. A man who always meets my needs.

A tear wells in my right eye. I rub it on Bryce's belly, right on his perfect roll that I love so much. "I got your roll wet, Daddy."

Bryce leans in and pecks my cheek. "Oh, there's nothing wrong with that. As long as it's your eye doing the wetting."

All three of us boys hug our Daddies. Waxley climbs into Wren's arms, and they embrace almost as well as me and Bryce. I'm reminded that they nearly won the *Best Hugger* competition, but Waxley made a pee pee and so Wren and I had to change him. No one was allowed to wear a diaper during the competition, which is why Waxley ran into trouble.

If only Bryce and I hadn't hugged beforehand, we would've won. Disqualification is such a silly rule, one that shouldn't even be enforced. Me and my Daddy hug like no one's business, and I dare any one of my friends to give us a run for our money. We'd win anytime.

At least I have Bob. I'm grateful that Calloway and Greyson were kind enough to give Bob to me, because now he's my favorite teddy in the world. Teddies like Bob don't come around more than once in this life. A teddy chooses you—you never choose your teddy, no matter what you might think. He calls out to you from the toy shelf, looks at you longingly, and you know, you simply know, that you must take him home.

I move Bob close to Waxley's teddy, Barnacle. "Look, Waxley. Our teddies are hugging."

Sure enough, Bob and Barnacle are buried in each other's arms, thanks to me.

Constable Charlie looks lonely. I move him toward the others, letting him join the group hug.

All three of our teddies embrace. Barnacle, Bob, and Constable Charlie.

They hug like our Daddies hug us.

Waxley wipes a tear from his cheek. “Barnacle likes having your teddies as friends.”

Calloway smiles. “Constable Charlie does, too. He thinks Bob and Barnacle are the bestest friends in the world.”

Wren issues us all a stern look. “You three are close friends exactly like your teddies. We’re so proud of you three for giving one another the gift of friendship. That’s something that not everyone has in this life, and it’s rare. Cherish your friendship. Never let anything come between you three or split you apart. You’ll be friends until you’re old and gray.”

I look at Calloway and Waxley. Sure enough, I see myself being bestest friends with them ten years, twenty years, and even more years in the future.

Life will probably test us like life is apt to do, but we’ll emerge stronger. Together. With our Daddies by our sides.

Bryce kisses the top of my head. “Tell your friends that you love them, BJ.”

“I love you, Waxley and Calloway.” I get shy as my vision blurs.

Waxley nods in agreement. “I love you, too, BJ.”

“Me, too,” Calloway says.

“Now, why don’t you three boys wet on our laps?”

Calloway, Waxley, and I hold hands as we close our eyes and go. Our Daddies rock us, cradling our bums, humming lullabies, kissing our heads, and making us feel so safe.

Nothing can hurt me, nothing can stop me from being who I truly am.

“I feel so good, Daddy.” Waxley clutches my hand tight, and holds Wren’s with the other. “So safe.”

Bryce leans down and whispers in my ear, “I’ve got you. I’ll protect you. I will never ignore you, never choose a book over you, never overlook you again. You’re special, BJ. More special than you could ever know. And I love you.”

Bryce loves me. *Loves.*

I squirm on his lap, letting his love wash over me. “Thank you, Daddy. I feel the same about you. You will keep me safe, I know you will. You’ll wrap me in your big arms and press me to your body, not letting anything bad happen to me. No scaries can get to me or make me afraid. No one can limit me—or tell me that I’m not strong enough to enter a job site. With you, I can do anything. I can follow all of my dreams, and together, you and I can conquer the world.”

I take Bryce’s hand and bring it between my legs. I want him to rub me. To feel me. All of me, all of my parts.

I have a cummy after I make my lemonade, but I don’t let it distract me. I don’t even move or flinch. I stay still on Bryce’s lap, letting my big strong protector hold me. Just hold me. Never let me go.

Waxley’s eyes widen. “I want to play again!”

Calloway and I get squirmy on our Daddy’s laps. “Us, too!”

Bryce lifts me up, then pats my bum. “Why don’t you and your friends leap in the stuffy pit? Us Daddies will clean up your coloring and bead painting station.”

Calloway, Waxley, and I take off toward the stuffy pit. We laugh as we leap in, splashing in the pool of stuffies. They fly all around us, and when I pop my head up, they crash against the sides.

I lob a stuffy at Waxley, and we have a stuffy fight. We don’t stop until Conner blows his whistle at us. Calloway is the first to exit and explains to Conner that he didn’t want to fight, not really, he was simply tagging along and we roped him into it. Conner pats Calloway’s head and calls him the bestest behaved boy at Little Land, and that he’ll give Calloway a sticker later.

Calloway is such a tattler, oh my gods.

We leap toward the dance floor, then boogie to lullabies all over again. Then, we strip out of our onesies and jump into the hot tub.

“Cannonball!” Waxley splashes in.

I go next. “Watch out, incoming!”

Calloway tests the water with his toe. His onesie is only half-removed, and he doesn't want to enter. “I'm scared.”

Greyson approaches Calloway from behind and smothers him in a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich type of hug. “You know the rules.”

Calloway squeals as Greyson removes his onesie, then pushes him into the hot tub. He splashes with us, then zooms duckies this way and that, coursing through the bubbles.

I find a pair of goggles and put them on. Under the water, I look at my friends.

To my surprise, both are hard.

Waxley and Calloway's wees touch tips as they get super close to splash together.

Well, I can't miss out on the fun.

I paddle beside them and wiggle my ass between them. “I'm so silly.”

Their wees prod me underwater, and they burst into laughter as they heave me up above the surface.

“What are you doing?” Waxley exclaims.

I grin. “These goggles open a whole new world of fun.”

Waxley puts them on, and a moment later, he pushes me toward a jet of water that blows straight onto my dick.

I grip the sides of the hot tubs as I gasp.

It feels so good on my pink crown.

Bryce approaches me and holds my hands. “You must have found a jet.”

“Yeah,” I gasp, “Waxley showed it to me.”

Bryce grins. “Why doesn't Waxley slide a finger up your hole to help you come?”

Calloway hears this, then boots Waxley out of the way. He pushes his index finger up my ass. “There you go. Calloway to

the rescue.”

I clench around Calloway’s finger and scream into Bryce’s lips as he kisses me while I spurt cummies.

My entire body shakes and Bryce pinches my nipples to make me even more aroused.

“I think you’re ready to take the next step with me, aren’t you?” Bryce smirks.

Yes.

Yes.

I stare into his eyes, lost in a haze of bliss. “I love you so so so so much, Daddy.”

“I love you, too. Now, we have an event we must prepare for. The monster truck rally.”

THIRTEEN



BJ

It's here.

The rally.

To my surprise, the ten working guys I already know and love show up right as we're about to enter the stadium.

"There he is." One working guy ruffles my hair. "Our newest coworker."

"Ooooh, he's got the blue Mountain Dew tonight," another grunts. "I had the red. I want the blue now."

Another holds up a can of Monster. "I can't believe you're drinking Mountain Dew when we're going to a truck rally."

"I didn't realize I had to drink Monster to look at trucks," another grits out.

"They're not any old trucks," another says. "They're monster trucks."

One working guy kneels in front of me. "The wheels will be taller than you, BJ."

I squeeze Bryce's hand tight. "Did you hear that, Daddy?"

Bryce chuckles as he pulls me close to him. "I sure did. And they won't merely be taller—no, they'll be bigger in every way. Big trucks that make lots of zoomy noises. And they'll be painted like monsters. With fangs and scary eyes."

Another working guy smirks. "BJ looks like he's going to pass out from excitement."

I nod. "I am."

"Hey," one working guy hollers. "No stealing sips of my Dew."

"Sorry, man," the thief says with a snort. "I forgot mine in my truck and I can't go one night without a sip or two of Dew."

"These are real working guys, Daddy." I nudge Bryce's waist, fighting back tears. "Just like I see on *Ice Road Truckers*."

Bryce nods proudly. "I only select the best specimens for my crew."

One working guy pulls out a wad of chewing tobacco. "My girlfriend said I need to quit chewing this. She said it makes my breath stink."

Another guy scoffs. "Time for a new girlfriend."

Bryce scowls at each. "No badmouthing your girlfriends and no talking about chew around my precious boy. He's innocent."

"Yeah." I pout as I cross my arms over my chest. "My ears aren't meant to hear such naughty things."

Another guy needles his buddy in the ribs. "Says the boy who was jerking Bryce off in the digger."

"Oh, that was wild," another drawls. "I had to bust a nut behind the trailer after I saw that."

I glare at him. "My ears are being violated."

The one chewing the tobacco coughs as he rams his fist against his chest. "Ain't you old 'nough for a lil' chew?"

Bryce pulls two traffic cone-shaped earplugs from his pocket. "I bought these for you, baby boy. The rally will get loud, so I took it upon myself to protect your hearing. Around these men, you'll need to wear them early."

I let Bryce slide the earplugs into my ears. "Maybe I *am* old enough for a lil' chew. I do want to be a working guy after

all, and I sure would like something to suck on during this exciting rally.”

“I thought you might say that, boy.” Bryce smiles, tugging a yellow pacifier out of his pocket. “Daddy came prepared.”

Before I can protest, Bryce pops the pacifier in my mouth.

I suck.

Oh, yes.

I've never worn a pacifier before.

I cling to Bryce, hugging him so tightly, letting the sensations of safety and protectiveness that I feel every time I'm close to him wash over me. “Best Daddy ever.”

“I love you, boy.”

I tilt my head up and remove my paci for a moment. “*What?*” It's hard to hear through these traffic cone earplugs.

It dawns on me all of a sudden that I must look like a walking job site with all my construction gear. I'm even wearing my hardhat, and so is Bob, who I'm holding, of course. I'd never *not* bring Bob to a real working man event.

Bryce removes my left earplug. “I said that I love you.”

I stare into Bryce's eyes... and forget how to breathe. Outside the stadium, his deep brown irises don't merely contain the same sloshy coffee that real working men drink every day, they contain universes. Infinite universes, each stretching out an arm to me, inviting me to step into their magical world.

His eyes are true Daddy eyes. They're packed with love, heart, and lovingkindness.

A dumb grin forms on my face. “Oh, well. I love you, too.” This is so obvious it shouldn't have to be said. Of course I love my Daddy. He's the best Daddy ever, and I love him with all my heart.

Bryce slides my earplug back in, then places his hand on the small of my back to lead me into the rally.

I shake my head because this isn't right at all, no sir.

I tap Bryce's side, willing him to figure out what I truly want.

He smiles and bends down, allowing me to swing my legs over his shoulders.

I laugh as my fingers find purchase in his hair, gripping it tight as if I'm steering him.

"I'm the tallest boy at the rally!"

The working guys walk all around us protecting us from judgmental strangers. There are some mean-looking motherfuckers here (I can swear if it's true), covered in tattoos. With Bryce letting me ride him, and the working guys acting as our bodyguards, nothing anyone can do can hurt us.

We step into the rally right before it starts.

Bryce pauses as he glances to the right. "Herrrrrrrm."

I can barely hear him because of my earplugs, but I still sense his hesitation. "Is something wrong?"

I think I'm speaking quietly.

The dozens of heads that turn in my direction tell me otherwise.

Bryce pats my foot. "Keep your voice down, bud. Okay, Daddy's hungry, and he wants a hot dog, hamburger, cheese fries, and popcorn, and peanuts."

We're like a giant amoeba that seeps through the hallway. The working guys spread out around us, bumping into smaller amoebas of two or three people to push them away, keeping us safe.

"Tell Daddy what snack you want," Bryce says when we reach the counter.

"What?" I scream.

"SNACK. TELL DADDY."

"Popcorn." I beam, knowing that I'm now using my indoor voice. I had to use my outdoor voice to learn what my indoor

voice was.

The working guys all order things, and Bryce orders the entire restaurant for himself. That's what you need when you're as tall as he.

Bryce pays for everything with his credit card. It sounds like metal when he drops it on the counter, and my dick hardens. Only the most exclusive cards are made of metal. Or so I've heard. My mother pays my bill, so I still have the starter one with the one-hundred-dollar limit she got me after I turned eighteen.

When our food is ready, the working guys carry all of it. Even Bryce's. I'm in shock and also totally jealous. Bryce has servants in a way, except he's not ordering any of them around. He *paid* for their treats, and now they're thanking him in the way that they can. It's important to show gratitude to people who do you favors in this life even if you think that the way you'll repay them is too small. The thought is what counts more than the money.

Bryce even bought the one working guy who wanted more Mountain Dew a new Mountain Dew. This working guy sips it happily, skipping down the hallway, which makes me happy. I start to skip until I remember that I'm on Bryce's shoulders and that if I skipped, I'd fall off.

We settle into our seats. "Perfect," Bryce says, plopping down.

He devours his burgers first. One, two, three. They vanish without a trace, and he licks his fingers clean. He pops an antacid before starting on his hot dogs, which have hot chili and cheese. He gobbles down two, then spreads his legs. He eats his peanuts next. The shells scatter all over the floor, creating a small mountain of shells.

It's while I'm watching Bryce eat that I realize that because I'm still on his shoulders, I'm blocking at least ten rows of seats.

"Hey," someone snaps behind me in a rude voice. "Get off his fucking shoulders."

“Yeah, asshole,” another grumpy asshole yells. “Your kid doesn’t need to be blocking our view. And what’s with his fucking hardhat? This is a monster truck rally, not a construction site.”

Bryce whips around. “He’s not my kid. He’s my boy.”

Bryce pulls me down and crushes his lips to mine. I moan, losing myself in his mouth, loving how he claims me. I taste the burgers, chili dogs, and peanuts on his breath, and for some reason, this makes me feel even more like a working guy.

“Want some Mountain Dew with that kiss, Daddy?” I tease.

Bryce *boops* my nose. “You’re really getting the hang of this.”

The rally starts, and we lose ourselves in it, ignoring the intolerant assholes around us. They’re so homophobic.

Halfway through, our haters realize that we’re just like them, except a little different.

They quit heckling us and apologize for being mean.

They say that it looks like me and my Daddy have a wonderful relationship.

They say that love is love regardless of size, gender, or age.

I’m happy everyone’s so tolerant at the monster truck rally.

Bryce gives me an entire can of Mountain Dew. “For you.”

This might as well be the holy host.

I take it in my trembling hands, trying to suck in air so I don’t collapse. “R-Really?”

Bryce lifts my chin up. “You’re such a strong, beautiful working man. I’m in love with you, and while you can’t drink a full can of Dew every day, today is special. You’re one of us, BJ.”

The working guys around us cheer as I crack open the can and take my first sip.

I set it down, then burp and quickly wipe my lips on Bryce's checkered shirt. "I don't even need the whole can. The gesture is enough."

We watch trucks roar, pop wheelies, and charge through the dirt. They fly off ramps and smash down beside red, white, and blue American flags.

Bryce tugs out miniature Hot Wheels for me. "Show me how the trucks zoom."

I zoom my own little trucks around me and Bryce's laps, reenacting the fun. With every passing second, I feel more and more like myself.

I used to be too puny and pathetic to do working man things.

Now, I'm at a monster truck rally—and I'm even driving my own trucks, in a way.

The working guys smile at me. "I think all of us turned gay tonight and want a boy like BJ."

Two of the working guys leap at each other. They rip off each other's shirt, then kiss on the seats. The sexy, sinewy one on top rocks against the burly bottom's waist, canting his hips hard against him. Their chest hair and muscles grind tighter, sweat squelching between their bodies. Their hard bulges ache in their blue jeans, straining at the seam.

"I've wanted you since we graduated construction school," the burly bottom growls.

The top sucks his lower lip. "Put your digger in me."

The bottom one unzips himself and produces the thickest shaft besides Bryce's that I've ever seen. It has skin on the tip, and this is so freaky that I scream and hug Bryce. "Something's wrong with his dick!"

Bryce laughs as he protects me in his arms. "Oh, he's just uncut. That's how all dicks are in the wild."

My brow furrows. “Not mine.”

“That’s how it would’ve looked if you weren’t circumcised.”

I try to say this word, but it has too many letters. “Circum-cisssss-ed.”

Bryce chuckles as he pats my shoulder. “Let’s focus on the trucks. Let my crazy workers do what they do best.”

Everyone around the two workers who are falling in love is super supportive of them. They *ooh* and *ahh*, and even throw M&M’s on their sweaty, thrusting bodies as if the candies are rose petals.

I didn’t expect the monster truck rally to be so accepting and tolerant of the LGBTQ+ community, but I’m glad that it is.

I smile as I take another sip of my Dew before Bryce slides my paci back into my mouth.

I’m a working guy now.

A real working guy.

FOURTEEN



BRYCE

We had a blast at the monster truck rally.

I wish I could take BJ straight to RenFest, but unfortunately that's not until fall and it's still summer.

If only we could speed up time like we did in the cuddle room.

Then, we'd be able to enjoy pints, jousting matches, and watch fabulous ladies and lords ride horses.

In my opinion (which is the right one), RenFest is the best festival ever.

It totally beats the State Fair every year because the Fair only has great food and not reenactments of battles.

RenFest isn't even the slightest bit geeky and I'm annoyed at everyone who says that it is.

What's geeky about loving previous periods of history?

Would liking dinosaurs and going to "DinoFest" be geeky?

No.

Of course not.

They only call you a geek when you're dressed like a lord and calling everyone m'lady and m'lord.

People feel like they have the right to discriminate even though they don't.

They're close-minded judgmental assholes unlike those super accepting dudes who sat near us at the monster truck

rally.

I was afraid that they'd heckle me and my boy all night, but they eventually came around and told us how cute we were.

I knew we were cute, but I didn't want some homophobic prick saying something rude to BJ.

Everyone at the monster truck rally hugged after we left, and the two dudes who heckled us at the beginning started making out.

They're best friends who've been in love with each other since they were fourteen and me and BJ's love finally gave them the encouragement they needed to take the next step.

They're going to be Daddy and boy.

Right now, BJ is about to introduce me to his parents.

I turn to my left... then forget how to breathe as I stare at my precious baby boy. He dons his favorite coveralls with a cartoon dump truck T-shirt that I purchased him at Little Land. His thick floppy hair is slicked back, and his eyes sparkle with innocence. If I didn't know he was my partner, I'd think he was an altar boy—except for Bob under his left arm. BJ *never* leaves the house without Bob. It's the sweetest thing about him.

I spoke to Greyson about Calloway's love for his teddy, because I wanted to check whether BJ should be carrying Bob around twenty-four-seven or whether he ought to take a break every now and then. Greyson told me that Calloway carries Constable Charlie everywhere, and that the two almost spend more time together than Calloway and he. I couldn't help but press my hand to my heart, because the thought of Calloway lugging Constable Charlie around wherever he went was adorable.

BJ fits *right* into this friend group. Waxley has Barnacle, his steamship companion. Calloway has Constable Charlie, who was Greyson's old teddy bear he loved lots as a boy. And BJ has Bob, the teddy who's the best builder in New York.

I've met a lot of builders and I've seen Bob in action: he might be the best builder in the world.

I squeeze BJ's hand. "You look beautiful, hug bug."

BJ's cheeks flush pink. "Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome."

"Are you nervous to meet my parents?" BJ tugs at his t-shirt collar. "They're not mean. I promise."

I smile. "No, sweet boy. Maybe I was when you first told me about them, but they seem really nice. They're not like Waxley's parents who weren't nice to him at all—they kicked him out of their house. Calloway's father also wasn't great, because he screamed and had panic attacks, which frightened little Calloway. From what you've told me, your parents accept you the way you are, and they still want you in their lives. The only thing is that your father can be distant, which is tough. Tonight, I'm going to follow through on what I promised you—I'll ask him to spend more time with you. I'll let him know that the most important thing a father can do is put down his book and take his son on a walk. Otherwise, his son will spend all his free time with his Daddy, and then there will be no room for the father in the son's life."

BJ rubs his cheek against my chest, softly and tenderly. "Have you met many of your partner's parents before?"

I shake my head. "Only two. One was my college boyfriend and the second was my first Little when I came on the scene."

BJ pushes out a whistle. "Ooh la la."

I let out a snort. "His parents weren't a fan of our size difference. They couldn't get past it."

BJ blushes, then grins, looking like a dewy flower that's welcoming the morning sun. "My parents won't mind. Or at least—they'd better not. I'll kick their booties if they say anything."

"Don't say booties. It's a bad word."

“Says you.” BJ sticks out his tongue. “You’re always saying naughties.”

I tap my right thumb on my hip. “Daddy has permission to say swears when the time calls for it.”

“Says who?!”

“Says the Daddy gods.”

BJ rolls his eyes to high heaven. “Uh huh. Well, you’d better watch that mouth around my parents. They’ll clean it out with soap.”

“You’d better not say booties again.”

“Fine. I’ll kick my parents’ *bums* if they mention our size difference. Is that better?”

“Tooshie would be preferable, but bum works, too.”

BJ nods sagely. “That’s what I thought.”

I guide BJ up the walkway to his parents’ house. I must admit that it’s a nice abode, very suburban yet decorated in a way that betrays their refined taste. The flowerpots in the windows are so chic I can’t help but wonder if BJ’s mother Mays in Paris. The green grass freshly mowed, the trees are tended to, and the white picket fence in the backyard is sparkling clean.

Suburban paradise. BJ truly comes from an all-American family.

BJ bangs on his door. “We’re here, Mom.”

I squeeze his hand tight in warning. “Be polite, boy. No yelling for your mother.”

BJ blushes, then nods. “I’ll only yell for you, Daddy.”

I roll my eyes. *I walked right into that one.*

A kindly woman who can’t be out of her mid-forties opens the door. She’s blond and gorgeous, with a pointy nose and freckles.

She seems nice. Smiling. Blue-eyed. An apron wraps around her petite waist, which suggests she’s been cooking.

The smells of a freshly baked apple pie drift out of the house which makes my belly rumble.

“Mom!” BJ leaps forward and buries his mother in a hug. “Thank you for paying off my credit card last month.”

BJ’s mother pats his head. “Awwww, you’re such a sweet boy. You know Mommy has to make sure you don’t wreck your credit, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mom.”

BJ’s mother smiles at me. “If we let BJ pay his own bills, he’d mess something up in a week. He thinks he’s a big boy, but the truth is that he’s never quit being my little man. *Now, if only BJ had someone in his life who could help him with that...*”

I step forward and puff out my chest. “Pleased to meet you, ma’am. The name’s Bryce.”

BJ’s mother fans herself. “Oh, my. You’re sure one big guy, aren’t you, Bryce?”

I smile as I rub BJ’s back. “Without a doubt.”

BJ cackles out a laugh. “*Every* part of him is big, Mom. You wouldn’t be able to believe your eyes.”

BJ’s mother waggles her eyebrows. “I believe it, all right. Okay, you two. Come in and sit down. I’ve been preparing a delicious home cooked meal, and I want you to enjoy it. BJ, no turning on loud music and having a wiggle dance party in the living room like you love to do. Please pretend that we’re a respectable, mature family that doesn’t treat you like a five-year-old.”

“Four.” BJ sticks out his tongue and blows a raspberry in the air. *Bttthpt*. “That’s my Little age.”

“Little age, shmittle age,” his mother grumbles, heading toward the kitchen. “All these new terms are so difficult to keep up with.”

BJ and I settle into the living room sofa for a bit and read a *Town and Country* magazine that’s on the coffee table. BJ tells me all about his life here growing up, about his old puppy

Rover who passed away last year, and about his neighborhood friends.

I melt as I listen to him speak. To be frank, it's rare that I run into a Little who doesn't have a traumatic upbringing. Most have abusive parents, Dads who rage and scream, or mothers who infantilize them and treat them as babies well past the age they've become adults.

BJ is a breath of fresh air. I look around at the suburban setting, then grin. BJ's big emotional trauma is that some working guys on a job site rejected him when he was sixteen. He's enrolled in college right now, so he doesn't need me to help him study. He mostly needs help with learning how to be independent, paying his bills, and understanding the financial world. Investing. How to make money.

I lean in and peck his cheek. "You are *so* cute."

"Daddy." BJ buries himself in my arms. "Don't let my mother see us kissing. She'll put arsenic in our apple pie."

BJ crushes his lips to mine. I have to get used to the fact that my hug bug loves initiating kisses.

I cup the back of his head, then sweep my tongue across his teeth. I feather it between his cheeks, wiggling it back and forth, craving his taste.

My breath hitches as I pull back. "If your mother's dinner tastes half as good as you, I'm in for a treat."

BJ blushes as he places his palm on my belly. "I can tell you're hungry."

We lift up my shirt, and BJ laughs as he plays the bongo drums on my belly.

He plunges downward and blows a raspberry under my folds.

Bttthpt.

I chuckle, pulling him back. "That's enough, boy."

BJ's cheeks are bright pink. "I never thought I'd have a Daddy to love and blow raspberries on in my boring living

room. Oh, Daddy—you and I are really together. Look around, Daddy. This is where I grew up. I read on this couch, tossed my baseball mitt on this very table, and ate cupcakes right on that chair across from us on my birthdays. This is a happy place and now it's even happier because you're here. This is wonderful.”

I squeeze BJ tight. “Damn right, boy. Damn right.”

BJ's mother enters the living room and puts her hands on her hips. “I *know* I didn't just hear a curse come out of your lips, BJ. You have such a goddamn potty mouth.”

BJ shrieks as he slams his hands over my mouth. “It was my Daddy, Mommy! I promise!”

I laugh as I hug BJ tight. “Yes, it was me. I said the D-word.”

BJ's mother palms her forehead. “You'd better not be talking about the D's that you two boys have.”

I shake my head. “No, ma'am. I was agreeing with BJ about something. I said *damn right*.”

BJ's mother smiles. “Well, my D-word—*dinner*—is ready to eat. Let's head to the damn kitchen!”

In no time, we're digging into lamb chops, roasted potatoes, sautéed vegetables, and helping ourselves to generous portions of stuffing. I always associate stuffing with Thanksgiving, but BJ's family proves that you can eat it anytime you like. The sparkling wine BJ's mother serves me is to-die-for, and it complements every facet of the meal.

BJ's father issues his son a curt nod. “Put some meat on those bones, boy.”

BJ blushes. “Yes, Dad.”

I smile at my boy. “You're so well-behaved.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

BJ's mother smiles. “I'm glad to see my son have two strong role models in his life. His father and his boyfriend.”

BJ rests his cheek on my shoulder. “Bryce is the best boyfriend ever. He took me on a job site—”

BJ’s father clears his throat. “Aren’t you too petite for that? Isn’t that what those working guys said when you tried to join their crew at sixteen?”

“Yes, Dad. But Bryce taught me that they were wrong. All I needed was a quality hardhat, steeltoed boots, and a reflective vest.”

I pat his head. “Amen to that.”

BJ lifts Bob off his lap and sets him on the table. “Bob got a vest, too. Bryce came prepared.”

BJ’s mother chuckles. “Did you take any pictures? We’d love to see you living your dream.”

BJ manages to set up the Bluetooth photo album that his mother keeps on a shelf beside the table. He syncs his phone, then shows his family the secret photos the photographer I hired snapped.

What? I had to hire the best photographer in New York. The time we shared will live forever in perpetuity.

BJ squirms in his seat. “This is me shoveling dirt into my toy dumper. This is me eating a dump truck doughnut. This is me tumbling down a mound of dirt and falling into Bryce’s arms. This is Bryce lifting me by my coveralls and helping me into the trailer. This is the look on my face when I had a big boy conversation with working guys for the first time. This is me—”

I place my hand on his. “BJ, slow down.” I know what picture is coming up.

“No, Daddy.” BJ flips to another photo. “This is me sitting by Bryce as he lets Bob steer the digger. This is me steering—*oooooooh, not this one.*”

I smack my forehead. “I told you to slow down.”

BJ’s father squints. “What exactly am I looking at?”

BJ's mother howls with laughter. "It appears as if this particular digger has a very interesting steering apparatus."

BJ glares at his mother. "It's called a stick shift, Mom. Get your mind out of the gutter."

More like a dick shift.

I nudge BJ's ribs. "Let's hold off on the pictures until we've removed the ones that are just for us two."

BJ's cheeks flush pink. "We'll never delete the naughty ones. I want those forever."

After we eat, BJ's mother serves us a homemade apple pie. My tummy rumbles, and drool trickles out of my mouth as I look at the flaky crust, the gooey apple sugar oozing out, and the bowl of whipped cream she places beside it.

She slices into it with a sharp knife, and I watch in earnest as the knife effortlessly cuts through the top, making a flakey cracking sound. It hits the bottom of the glass pan, but not before working its way through a mess of sugary, buttery apples.

My belly rumbles audibly now. "That looks amazing, ma'am."

She grins as she places half of the pie on a plate. After dolloping it with whipped cream, she slides it to me. "Our guest deserves the first slice."

"There's no way I'll eat all of this." I'm such a bad liar.

BJ's family bursts into laughter. "Whatever you say, Bryce."

Soon, we're gobbling up apple pie, drinking more sparkling wine, and sharing stories around the table. BJ's mother tells the tale of how she met his father when she was a young twenty-five-year-old schoolteacher. She had a one-night stand with her accountant, because she took pity on him, and also thought the nerdy look was hot. They married, and eleven months later, out popped BJ.

BJ pretends to hide behind his elbow. "This story is so embarrassing."

“Never be embarrassed to hear where you came from.” I rub the small of his back, giving him encouragement. “I for one think it’s a remarkable story.”

BJ’s father issues me a curt nod. “I lost my virginity that day. I was an accountant in my thirties who was bad with women. She changed my life.”

I try not to bust out laughing. “I never would’ve guessed.”

BJ’s mother leans in and kisses her husband. “I thought you were the cutest virgin I’d ever seen.”

His cheeks flush. “Thank you, dear.”

After dinner, BJ and his mother jump up to wash the dishes. I gaze with love in my eyes as his petite body bucks this way and that, scrubbing plates, rinsing forks and knives, and even clapping his hands together to create an explosion of bubbles.

I rise to my full stature, then motion for BJ’s father to follow me into the living room. “We have something to discuss.”

BJ’s father sits across from me. I find it odd that I’m in control of this conversation, but I cannot be too surprised. BJ’s father doesn’t seem like he does a lot of leading in his life.

He furrows his brow. “Is everything alright with my son? I hope he’s not disappointing you. He can be quite a handful.”

I like how that’s the focus.

I smile. “I wanted to speak to you about *your* relationship with BJ.”

He scratches his forehead. “*My* relationship with BJ? I’m afraid you’re mistaken—I’m BJ’s father.”

“Exactly.” I scoot close to him and place my hand on his knee. “You play a vital role in BJ’s life. He looks up to you, except he tells me that you prefer to read instead of speaking to him. I get that you’re an introvert, but every boy needs their father to pay attention to them. Otherwise, they act out and get into trouble. You’re lucky BJ turned out well, but he still yearns for that relationship he doesn’t have with you. When he goes

to bed at night, I'm certain that every now and then, he wishes you were the one to tuck him in with his teddy."

"I'll be frank. I don't understand any of this. Why is my nineteen-year-old son sleeping with a teddy bear?"

"Your son is into age play, sir. That means that he enjoys pretending he's a four-year-old."

"Awww."

"He needs you to accept him. To show him that you support him no matter what and love him unconditionally."

"It's hard." BJ's father lets out a sigh. "I've never been good with people. Half the time, I think my wife is making fun of me. She and BJ giggle like schoolgirls when I make conversation, and I never feel as if I say the right things. Ridicule is a constant in this home, and BJ contributes."

"That's because you let him." I let out a growl. "Be a man. Put your foot down."

"I try, but my wife laughs at me even more."

Oh, god.

I can't keep listening to this.

So weak.

I lean in and bury BJ's father in a hug. I hug him. Just hug him.

He tries to get away, but eventually he relents to my warm embrace. There's nowhere else to go, which helps.

We hug for two minutes straight and BJ's father bursts into tears. "I do love my son. I really, really do. I don't know how to relate to him, but I'm going to make an effort. Maybe there's a book on parenting adult four-year-olds that I can read."

"No more books. All you do is read books." According to BJ. "I propose that you take your son out on a father and son date."

BJ's father's brow furrows. "A father and son date?"

Ugh.

I'm a therapist now.

"The Mormons are excellent at this. The fathers take their daughters out and show them how their future husbands should treat them. You can do the same for BJ. Take him to an ice cream parlor. Bring him to the park. Buy him candy and show him what a man will do for him someday."

BJ bounces into the room. "Hey, Daddy!"

His father heaves himself out of my arms and buries BJ in a hug. "I'm so sorry I haven't been more present in your life. I'm going to take you to the park and buy you ice cream. And lots of candy. You're my boy, BJ. I love you."

BJ stares in shock at his Dad. He tries to find the right words to say, but all he winds up doing is bursting into tears. "You'll spend more time with me instead of reading so much?"

"Yes." BJ's father nods. "I retreat into my own little world because I don't understand human beings all that well, but I will emerge for you. Maybe I need to take classes. Or maybe do what your Daddy suggests. I'm so happy he's in your life and that you've found someone who can give you the strong male guidance I wasn't able to give you. I prefer to read and immerse myself in spreadsheets. It's an escape. I love you, son. You're special, unique, and valued in my eyes."

Father and son hug it out, and father and son both decide to work on their relationship together.

As we leave, BJ threads his fingers through mine. "Thank you for speaking to my father."

I turn to him, losing my breath because of the way the setting sun hits his face just right. Oh, my gods. His emerald eyes have transformed into a jungle, one brimming with flora and verdant fauna. Monkeys swing from vines, hooting and hollering as they search for bananas to eat. BJ is my monkey boy. My precious prince who swings from the vines of love and lands straight in my arms.

I tuck a strand of hair over his left ear. “We cannot fix the past, but we can change the future. Someone had to give your father a kick in the ass.”

BJ grins. “Oh, don’t hurt him. He’s far too fragile for that.”

“And don’t say ass,” BJ whispers, leaning and standing on his tiptoes. “It’s tooshie.”

He’s still not tall enough to kiss me on his tiptoes. I glance down, then smirk when it dawns on me that he barely comes up to my torso.

I heave him into my arms, then lead him to my car. I crush my lips to his the instant I press his back against the frame, losing myself in his mouth. We both taste like apple pie, which couldn’t be more delicious.

I taste life itself as I kiss BJ. It’s wonderful. Breathtaking. All-consuming.

Setting sunlight illuminates his green irises once again as I move back an inch to admire his face. So smooth, so soft, so adorable in every way. He looks like his father, no doubt about that. His father, the shy man who retreats into his inner world and doesn’t know how to come out.

I believe that BJ’s relationship with his father will heal from today onward. They’ll never feel a disconnect again.

I kiss the skin beside BJ’s quivering lips. I don’t press too hard, because I’m afraid I’ll crush him with my mighty mouth.

The cruel name my classmates called me as a boy flashes back in my mind, but I refuse to give it the time of day. I’m not King Kong. No, I’m not a gorilla, and BJ isn’t my Jane.

BJ is BJ. I’m Bryce.

And we’ll love each other until the end of time.

FIFTEEN



BJ

The days with Bryce pass like a dream.

He teaches me about finance. He takes me to his big adult real estate meetings. We speak to bankers, private lenders, and architects.

Bryce is a pillar in the local investment community.

He also takes over my credit card payments. He tells me that I should never spend earned income, only investment income. I tell him that's a problem because I don't have any investment income.

Bryce surprises me by driving me up to a little one-story house. He parks his car, helps me out of my car seat, and hands me a key.

“This is your first investment property, BJ.”

Tears well in my eyes as I study the key in my palm.
“Seriously?”

Bryce smiles, then hugs me. “A kind family named the O’Haras live here. They’ve been renting from me for three years, but I want them to purchase their own home so they don’t need to spend money on rent. I arranged a *rent to own* deal with them after I transferred the deed to you. When they make their payments every month, it’ll go to you. In fifteen years when they finish making payments, they’ll own this house free and clear—and you’ll have reaped fifteen years’ worth of cash flow.”

I look at the one-story investment property, then finger the key yet again. It's beautiful in its own way, even if it needs a little tender love and care. For instance, a few of the shrubs on the side need trimming, and the window on the right side needs replacing. It's covered in duct tape, but I see a beautiful opportunity to install a new one that sparkles and shines like new.

There are also weeds popping out of the driveway. A few cracks are scattered here and there, some sneaking under the spot where I'm standing. One especially big weed takes up residence right smack on the cracked sidewalk, almost as if it thinks that it's going to pay me rent instead of the O'Haras.

I sniffle as I wriggle my feet happily. "I don't know the first thing about managing a rental property."

Bryce tousles my hair. "Keeping up this home is now the O'Haras' responsibility. They must tend the garden, pull the weeds, and replace their own windows. That's because they're *homeowners*—that's the opportunity that we're providing to them."

"How do I manage this?" I'm terribly new to finance in general, and I fail to even control my bank account. That's why my mother pays my card bills.

Bryce smiles. "Their money will flow into a new bank account at my favorite bank that I opened for you last week. I had your mother's permission, don't worry. You'll be able to do what you like with the money. If you want to buy a new toy digger or trade some real-world bucks for club bucks at the Hug Club, you can withdraw the money from this account. That way, you're not touching what you bring home at your job."

Bryce leans in and dusts my lips with a kiss. "Daddy will still buy you plenty of treats, baby boy. And you'll live with him. This is to teach you *financial responsibility*. Your mother told me you lacked this, so I'm taking it upon myself to fix it. A Daddy should never let his boy go out into the world failing to understand basic principles of real estate investing. It's a

shame because real estate is the best way to build wealth in the United States.”

I leap into Bryce’s arms and return his kiss tenfold. Now, I already know that I’m not going to touch the money the O’Haras give me—I’m going to fix up their property and make it spick and span. Bye bye weeds, bye bye window, bye bye cracked driveway.

This will cost a lot of money. But *I’m* the one giving them the opportunity to purchase this house now. Not Bryce or another seasoned real estate investor. I must be the change I want to see in the world.

“I want to help the O’Haras with their house, Daddy.” I speak this out loud because I want it to come true. The stronger you say something, the better chance you have of making it a reality.

Bryce laughs, then looks over his shoulder. “I thought you might say that. That’s why I organized a *home makeover for the O’Haras before we even drove up.*”

Right on cue, ten trucks bumping party music boasting brilliant colors drive up. A camera crew rolls up beside them, and I recognize the crew from a top home flipping show here in the area.

The drivers are the working guys from Bryce’s job site.

They rush out, holding colorful toolboxes and grinning like madmen. Their hardhats aren’t only yellow and orange this time—they’re blue, red, pink, green, and every other color of the rainbow.

“Who’s ready to help some people today?!” one shouts.

“Woohoo!” the star of the flipping show yells as he raises his fist. “Let’s do this!”

The O’Haras rush out of the house. “Oh, Bryce! I didn’t think you’d really do this!”

Bryce walks toward them and pumps their hands. “I’m so happy to see you all. You don’t have to thank me—thank my baby boy, BJ. He’s the one who inspired me to help fix your

home and give you the keys. I'll tell you one more time that every check you send me goes straight to paying off your mortgage. You're not renting from me, not anymore. You're homeowners. Welcome to the USA."

"We've been here for a few years now," the husband of the O'Haras family says, "but thanks!"

An Irish jig pumps from the car speakers as the crew get to work. They carry out the O'Haras' things, then haul in paint, sanders, hammers, nail guns, rollers, and bins to haul out garbage. As it turns out, one of the O'Haras' children is a hoarder, and so the working guys find quite a stash of things.

I run toward the toys, grinning like a schoolboy as I comb through them. Dolls, trucks. Stuffedies. *So many goodies.*

Bryce lifts me up by the back of my shirt. "No, boy. No stealing their things."

"B-But Daddy!"

"You're here to help them renovate their home, not take their trucks and stuffedies."

I sniffle, then nod and grin. "Yes, Daddy. Thank you for reminding me."

Holding me up by my shirt, Bryce airplanes me close to him and kisses me. *Muah.* Warm fuzzies burst around my body, and I wriggle my toes as he zooms me through the air. This is the best distraction because as great as it feels to help my new friends the O'Haras, I'm bored with all the work and want to play with Daddy.

In no time, the working guys and TV crew finish what they came here to do. They throw confetti and dance, celebrating their amazing job.

"We did it!" The working guys pull out a carton of Mountain Dew.

They pass cans around and we all laugh as we drink it, even the O'Haras. The young hoarder child drinks two cans but it's a special day for him so no one says anything. They let him have his joy.

In this life, it's important to do the things that make you happy. It doesn't matter if it's playing with stuffies or drinking soda. Life is short and you've got to live it up while you can.

After I hug each of the O'Haras, Bryce takes me to the town dump.

I'm like a kid in a candy store. My toes wriggle, and I clench my fingers around Bryce's as I resist the urge to run in.

Bryce walks straight up to the dump manager on duty. "You've got a few new loads I'd like to check out."

The manager issues Bryce a curt nod. "We sure do."

The way the manager speaks to Bryce feels like Bryce is a celebrity around here. I get shy, hiding behind Bryce because I know that this man will let us do anything we like. Maybe I can even run around the piles and search for goodies. Boards. Blocks. Nails.

Bryce turns around and drops to one knee. "Have you ever played in a dump, boy?"

I quiver and squirm, my body rippling with warmth. Shaking my head back and forth, I shoot Daddy as earnest of a look as I can. "No."

Bryce grins. "I have a platinum dump pass. That means that my men bring loads there every single day. No part of this dump is off-limits to me."

I take deep breaths to calm myself, except this doesn't work. "Okay."

"Tell Daddy what you'd like to do."

I gaze in awe at the piles. "First, I'd like to see if there are any construction blocks, if that's okay."

The manager walks over and pulls out a sucker. "Here you go, sweet boy. I didn't realize it was bring your Little to work day, but I can tell that's why you're here, isn't it? You're accompanying your Daddy. Bryce is a perfect Daddy for you it's clear to me because he knows so much about building and the dump. He can help you climb on top of the tallest piles and do anything."

I accept the sucker and pop it in my mouth. “Thank you.”

Bryce laughs as he takes my hand. He waves to the manager, and then we’re off.

We skip like schoolgirls, giggling and laughing as we spring past mounds of construction garbage. Blocks, boards, and drywall surround us, piling toward the sky. Diggers sort garbage in the distance, and the very size of their wheels makes my head spin.

Bryce heaves me onto his shoulders. “Where do you want to go, boy?”

I giggle as I tug Bryce’s hair. I pretend like I’m controlling him like in *Ratatouille*. “To the top of the mountain!”

“It kind of feels like we’re on the surface of the moon, doesn’t it?”

When Bryce says this, I can’t help but gasp, looking around at the piles, holes, and scattered hammers and nail guns, it *does* resemble the moon. The holes are craters and the garbage mounds are boulders.

“We’re moon men, Daddy!”

“To infinity and beyond!” Bryce roars.

We bounce up to the top of the first garbage mound with ease. Bryce has such long legs, so in my estimation, he only takes a couple of steps. At least, that’s what it feels like.

We gaze out at the entire dump and even some construction sites in the distance when we reach the top. “Wow, boy. We did it.”

A cool breeze blows my hair back, making me grin. My floppy hair flows back and forth, some sticking straight up. Oh, to see me right now. I wish Bryce had a camera because I bet the excitement on my face would be enviable.

“Next mound!”

Bryce traverses a deadly dump crater and climbs to the tippy top of the next mound. I gaze around again, my eyes

glossing over, my mouth dropping open. My tongue lolls out of my mouth, and I get dizzy with joy.

Bryce sits down and unbuttons his checkered shirt. “Here you go, baby boy.”

“What’s this?”

“Suckling.”

Bryce brings my lips to his left nipple. I suck it greedily, then relax at once. His nipple is hard yet pliable between my lips, and I swirl my tongue around it like I’m sucking my thumb. It’s so much better than my thumb because it’s part of Daddy and any part of Daddy is one that I love.

Bryce kisses my hair as I suckle him. We’re on top of a garbage dump almost as if we rule the whole city. This is where *real* construction workers come at the end of a long day to deliver their trash. They’re not allowed to put it in black bins like regular people, no. They’re special. They have to receive special permits to drop their construction garbage off here.

Bryce has the most permits out of anyone. That means he basically sends his men here every day, which is so special I nearly fail to fathom it. So many men in New York want to be in his position—powerful and mighty, able to build empires and have access to all the best places.

In Bryce’s arms, I’m capable of doing anything. Helping families in need. Being Little. And playing in the town dump, the biggest, best dump like I only dreamt about as a boy, to my heart’s content.

I hug Bryce as best I can. It’s tough because his body is so large, but I manage. “Thank you, Daddy. Best day ever.”

Bye grins as he kisses my forehead. “I’m glad you think so. I had fun, too.”

He leads me out of the dump, but not before stopping for another sucker. The manager pinches my cheek and tells me I was the best-behaved boy at the dump that he’s ever seen, and that he wishes all the workers who dumped their garbage every day were as polite as me.

I lick my sucker happily as Bryce and I skip back to his car. This was a great day, maybe even better than when I first went to the job site. No, that's impossible—that was *also* the best day ever.

Maybe there is no such thing as a *best day*. Maybe there are only *best days*. Each is perfect in its own way.

LATER THAT NIGHT, I snuggle up next to Bryce under the moonlight.

We're in my bed, which makes me happy for some odd reason. Not that I don't love his bed—I do. It's wide, warm, and his down comforter is one of the most comfortable blankets ever.

Something inside me wants to snuggle with him in *my* bed. My dump truck bed, the one that I fell in love with the instant I walked into my room.

I thought it was so sweet that Bryce designated a whole room just for me. At first, I assumed I'd be sleeping with him every night, but part of me was disappointed that he didn't want me with him. As he later explained, that wasn't the case at all.

It's important to let a boy have his own space when you move him into your house.

The last thing Bryce wanted to do was *force* me to sleep beside him—an absurd proposition. He suffers from sleep apnea, and occasionally he wears a CPAP machine.

He was also concerned about rolling over and crushing me. This wasn't due to his weight which isn't that much for a man of his stature, but due to his immense bulk. He's a meaty, tall man, capable of giving the best bear hugs the world has to offer, but this comes with "downsides."

The "downsides" aren't really downsides to me. I love everything about Bryce, from his kind, fluffy soul, to his size that dwarfs my own. I like being the little one, the petite one

that he can lift by the back of my shirt. I love when he zooms me around, making me giggle and curl my toes. And I especially love how he cares about me. Only Bryce can make me feel as if I'm both a strong, mature, responsible man who's learning more about the real world every single day, *and* a baby that needs his Daddy to take care of him.

I let go in Bryce's arms, sighing contently as my lemonade flows out of me. Bryce uses plastic sheets in my bed, so there's no danger of staining the mattress.

This wakes Bryce up.

He grumbles, then moves his hand between my legs to check on me. "Uh oh. Someone had an accident in their sleep."

I let him check me for a little longer, not opening my eyes or saying anything. Happiness is all I feel when he checks me. He likes to ensure that I'm okay, that my body is functioning normally.

At last, I yawn and smile. "I'm not sleeping."

"Oh, no?" Bryce clears his throat. "Then, why did you wet in my arms?"

I snuggle deeper into his chest. "I feel so safe with you. Safe and secure, Daddy. Big strong Daddy who keeps me safe."

Bryce snorts as he rubs my shoulder. Then, he picks up Bob, and slides him under my arm. "You must be careful not to get Bob wet. We'll have to wash him."

"I know."

I'm shy all of a sudden. Speaking about Bob after I made lemonade makes me quiet down.

Today at the dump left me feeling all sorts of fuzzies. I thought it was because of the sucker—I do like my candy, obviously. There's no Little on the face of the Earth who doesn't. As Bryce drove us home, I couldn't help but think that the warmth brewing inside of me was due to something else altogether. It wasn't the sugar, the candy, or the happiness

I felt when the manager handed it to me and complimented me. No, it was because for the first time in my life, I knew I'd found the one.

Bryce cares for me in every way. He changes me, cuddles me, tickles me, and showers me with praise and love. When he's not teaching me about finance and real estate, he's taking me to banks, showing me how the world works, and even helping me with my coursework. He got a private tutor for *himself* so he could teach me calculus. Can you believe that? Unlike so many men who simply pay lip service to what their partners want, Bryce puts his money where his mouth is. He even checked up with my father about his pledge to take me on a father and son date. My father did—it happened last week. We went to a local park after the sun set and he pushed me on the swings, and I giggled and kicked my legs, feeling his hands on my back, which felt so wonderful because I thought my father hated me, except as it turns out, he simply didn't know how to relate to me. Bryce fixed that.

“Have you ever thought about having a forever boy, Daddy?”

Bryce chuckles. “Why do you ask?”

I let out another little stream of lemonade then giggle shyly. “Because I want to be yours. Because you're the man I love. Because you're a perfect Daddy. Because my life is better with you in it and I feel so safe around you. Because you care about others and you're not selfish like so many people today. Because you care about *me* and put my needs above yours. Because you're considerate of my parents and helped my father improve his relationship with me. *Because I want to be yours forever.*”

Bryce tucks a curl over my ear, then lets out a deep sigh. “You mustn't speak to Daddy like that. Not when you look so precious and sweet in his arms. You're making him want to swaddle you in blankets, put you in my backpack, and go out and buy you a ring.”

I preen. “Yeah, but that's not a bad thing. It's what I want, too.”

I turn my head up... and stare into Bryce's eyes. Time stops, the world quits spinning, and the universe ceases to expand. He grips my chin, then flits his eyes back and forth, testing me.

Bryce leans in and kisses me. I surrender to his lips, letting him nibble my lower one, before pushing his tongue into my mouth. My chest heaves with warmth, and because I'm so close to him, I feel his do the same.

It hits me that this is one of the only times Bryce has initiated a kiss. Most times, I do it because I'm so caught up in the moment and can't resist giving my Daddy a smooch. Tonight, things are different. He craves me, wants me, and his actions prove it.

"There are a few things we need to do before we speak about *forever*." Bryce pulls back, issuing me a stern look.

I get the feeling that my Daddy's being silly, so I cover my hands to stop my giggles from escaping. "Like what?"

Bryce pretends to growl. Leaning down, he tickles me under my armpits. I howl with laughter, my head shaking back and forth, my body melting in his arms. "We haven't made love yet. As far as I'm concerned, that's an offense that ought to be punishable by law."

I wriggle my bum between his legs. "Let's not pretend I'm not ready."

Bryce smacks my ass. *Swat*. "Don't make Daddy talk dirty."

Sliding out of Bryce's arms, I get on my knees and stick my bum up. My pink hole expands in the moonlight. "Put it in. See what I do."

Calloway told me that he did the same thing with Greyson. Greyson walked in and Calloway bent down, pressing his forehead to the floor, and pushing his ass into the air. He was fed up with Greyson treating him like he wasn't ready for intimacy when he was. Needless to say, Calloway didn't remain a virgin after that night.

Bryce heaves me into his arms. “First, Daddy needs to scrub you clean. Second, Daddy needs to wash your messy sheets.”

“You know I don’t mind.” My wee lengths, enjoying the thought of being messy and naughty.

Bryce scowls at me. “Not for your *first time*, boy. It’s special. You only get one first time.”

I slither out of his arms and put my hands on my hips. “Please?”

I shake my hips back and forth. My dick bounces up and down. Oh, this is so silly, I bet Bryce will grow upset with me.

Bryce bends me over his knee. “This is what you get for being a dirty Little tease.”

He spans me.

Smack.

I scream, tingles darting through my body, making me gasp. “Oh, Daddy!”

“Mind if Daddy talks dirty? And green light or red light?”

I blush, loving that he still respects my consent even though I’m giving him grief. “Green light.” Super green. Bright, blinding, blazing stoplight green.

Bryce rubs my ass. “What are you doing, teasing Daddy with that pretty hard wee? Gonna give Daddy a heart attack—he was worried after dinner because he felt a little heartburn, but now he knows what the real problem was. He knew you’d make it impossible for him to resist later tonight.”

I quiver on his lap, my cheeks tingling. “Don’t spank me again!”

“Oh, you’re going to get it. First, you took *two* suckers from the dump manager, and now you’re provoking Daddy. Naughty boys who make lemonade on their beds and then ask their Daddies to fuck them on dirty sheets deserve spankings.”

Raising his right hand, Bryce swats my ass again.

Smack.

This time, my head bucks back, and a scream escapes my lips. “Hurts, Daddy!”

Bryce kisses my cheek. “Nah, it doesn’t. Quit being a little liar. I feel your hard wee on my thigh, yes I do. You like when Daddy takes control and spanks you, don’t deny it. You need discipline in your life.”

My father never disciplined me which is probably why I act out sometimes. It’s why I was such a brat to Bryce at the Hug Club. My father simply retreated to his study to read. This made me act out even more, and I’d cry out at night, begging my father to put me in my place, by any means necessary, even by raising his voice with me, but he never did. It felt like he didn’t love me. Bryce rectifies that. For some reason, feeling him get me in line tells me that he cares.

“I’m a bad boy, Daddy!”

Bryce spanks me again and again. He keeps spanking me, grinning and chuckling, smoothing my ass out after every *swat*.

He throws me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. I whine, pulling his hair, punching his back, but he doesn’t budge. He first brings me to the bathroom, where he runs me a bubble bath with so many bubbles that they look like snowbanks. I poke my head through them, grinning as I make a Santa beard.

Bryce waltzes away after he plops me in the tub to change my sheets. He has a spare set in my closet, right in the bottom shelf of my dump truck dresser. I hear him throw my soiled sheets in the washer, then he comes back to me.

I’m out of the tub before he opens the door.

“Surprise.” I’m buck naked except for bubbles over my wee.

Bryce palms his forehead, though he stares at me through his cracked left eye. “If you don’t get back in the tub, there’ll be a price to pay.”

I climb back in the tub, but not before clutching Bryce's shirt and doing my best to drag him in with me. "Come join me! Lonely."

Bryce shakes his head. "Can't be lonely when you have your duckies."

He reaches under the sink and pulls out my tub of duckies he dumps them over my head, and I laugh and splash in the water, zooming them around, playing bumper cars with their yellow rubber bodies. Some duckies bonk my noggin, but I stay strong, even though I wasn't prepared for this hurricane of ducks.

I squirt water at Bryce. "Join your boy!"

"Oh, fine." Bryce pulls off his clothes, and I drool as I ogle his body. His fluffy belly is extra full tonight, and his wee is hard and sticking out straight.

I poke the tip of his dick. "It's not bending down tonight, Daddy. It's straight."

"That's because it's extra hard." Bryce winks at me. "Mr. Wee knows what he's getting up to after this tub, yes he does. He's going to make love to his boy for the first time."

Bryce and I play with the duckies, creating a game out of thin air. We play Builder, and try to build the Eiffel Tower out of rubber duckies. It doesn't work. One wrong smack of my left hand sends the whole thing toppling over.

Bryce shrugs. "At least it went better than your attempt to build the Leaning Tower of Pizza at the Hug Club."

"That's because my friends wouldn't stop putting real slices of pizza on it," I groan, thinking back to those fateful play sessions. "They have no idea how to build."

Bryce soaps up my body, then cleans me. I smile as he washes my hair, cleaning behind my ears, and generally treating me like a little puppy. His firm hands scrub every inch of my body, and I moan when he thrusts me against the edge of the tub to scrub my ass.

“Yeah, that’s the stuff. Nice pink hole for Daddy. Clean, too. Daddy doesn’t have to do much but give it a rub down.”

Bryce leans in and plants his mouth on my asshole. I’m too astonished to scream—I cry out as red-hot heat slams through me, lighting up my butt.

“W-What are you doing?”

“This is called a rimjob, boy.” Bryce swats my ass as he drives his tongue into my channel. “Daddy’s getting your little pucker nice and ready for the fun you’ll have in bed.”

I surrender to Bryce’s tongue, unable to stave it off anyway. My dick throbs and aches, straining against the tub, willing Bryce to do what he likes.

Oh, how amazing this feels. How great it is to be intimate with Bryce, to share these special moments together.

Bryce withdraws his tongue at last. He pulls me out of the tub, dries me off with a fluffy towel, then drains the bath. He towels himself off, too, and I snort as I watch his bare dick bounce around as he dries the top half of his body.

Bryce carries me to my bed, which has a nice fresh sheet.

I grin as I roll onto his belly, then press my lips right next to his. “What if I made lemonade again, Daddy?”

“No, you’d better not.” Bryce growls playfully, before tickling my underarms and pinning me to the mattress. “You’d get another round of spankings.”

I spread my legs, then poke my wee against Bryce’s chest. “I’m too hard to pee pee, anyway.”

Bryce dips down and gives me a blowjob. I welcome the warm feel of his tongue and lips on my rod. He swirls his tongue around my tip, taking it all in his mouth, which to be fair, isn’t saying much at all. He sucks up all of my inches, losing himself in my body.

“Bryce.” I use his name. Not Daddy. I want to connect with him at this moment, to become one with him. He’s my lover, and I’m his special boyfriend. The boy who wants to be

with him for a long, long time. “Put your hands on my body. Please.”

I want more than head. More than sex. I want Bryce to touch me. To feel me, every part of me. My hard nipples, that bloom and grow erect for him. My smooth belly, that awaits his offering. My hole, my ass, my legs, my cheeks. Every part of me is mature, ready for his touch. His mighty, manly touch. I crave it with all my heart.

Bryce moves his hands up, running them across my chest. I thrust my head back, burying it in my pillow, closing my eyes as I give myself up. His mouth never stops working my dick as he tweaks my nipples, feeling the left bud, then the right. Each is hard, strained, yearning for his fingers.

I melt under his mouth, then pump my hips. I don't know why I take control of my own pleasure, because Bryce never explicitly said that I could, but I don't care. Bryce wouldn't mind—he'd want what was best for me, because that's what he always wants. He desires for me to be happy, for me to love every moment.

Bryce sucks my dick some more, rubbing on my body the entire time. Then, he lifts my legs up, my back on the mattress, exposing my pink hole.

Bryce removes my cock from his mouth. “There it is. BJ's precious berry.”

I strain to stay in control of my senses, but his naughty words are too beautiful. Yes, this is my berry, Daddy. Perfect and tender and ripe for you, fully bloomed and ready for everything you have to give.

I squirm on the sheets as Bryce traces his index finger down my crack, touching my pinkness. This is the first time a man's ever touched me here, and so I hold Bob extra tight, feuding with the tingles that take over me.

My hard, pink nipples grow even more erect, and Bryce must notice. He moves his right hand up my chest, pinching my right nipple as his left finger rubs my hole.

Bryce slides his finger inside. “There you go. If it’s too much, let Daddy know.”

“Not too much.” I curl my toes, fighting the urge to gasp at the intrusion. Oh, Bryce’s digit is too big, so girthy. So much larger than my own middle finger that I sometimes sit on in the shower when no one’s around to see.

Bryce pushes his finger in and out of my hole. “There it is. My boy’s precious hole. I’ve been dreaming about this for a long time, sweet one. Thinking about it as I commanded my men at job sites.”

“Your working men?”

“Yes. My working guys. The men who’ve helped me build my empire. Brick by brick, bar by bar. Every time I’m with them, I only think of you. Prancing around, your hardhat lolling on your head, your cheery voice stealing my attention, making my day. I think about the day you used my hard wee as a stick shift and melt into magic dust.”

I thrust my legs further apart. “Put your wee in my hole. Please.”

Bryce works his finger deeper into my crack. “You’re not ready yet, baby boy. You’re so tight—tight like no other man has ever been. Tight like your mother’s apple pie when she sliced into it for the first time, penetrating the flakey crust. You need to work on your looseness for me, boy. We’ll practice this next week.”

Next week.

No.

Bursting into tears, I heave myself off my pillow and clutch Bryce’s chest. “I’m ready, Daddy. You must believe me. My soul, heart, and spirit cry out for you. I won’t be able to go on if you don’t take me tonight. If you don’t put your wee deep inside me. You have no idea how much I need this—how much I crave it.”

Bryce shakes his head. “You’re simply not ready.”

I grit my teeth, then spread my legs further. “There. I’m stretching it out as far as I can.”

Bryce slides two fingers into my hole, surprised he can fit them in. “Well, well, well. I must say that I didn’t expect that.”

“You can fit your hardness.” I cry freely, so pathetic in front of Bryce. He deals with the hardest men in New York City. Remorseless bankers. Cruel competitors. The last thing he needs is the boy who loves him above all others sobbing on his chest like a baby. A pathetic little baby who can’t even control his own emotions. “I’ll make room for it. My hole will grow, it’ll expand for you, Daddy. That’s the way holes work at least ones like mine. It’s tight and new, but it’s ready for your cock. Put it in me. Make love to me. Fuck me, Daddy. I love you, and I’m ready to be your boy.”

Bryce lays me down on the mattress. “Okay, boy. I’ll try my best—might only be able to fit an inch in, eh? So tight and new that you may not be able to take my juicy shaft. Ten inches is a lot for your pretty little hole to take, especially because I’m so girthy.”

Bryce kisses me as the tip of his cock presses against my crack. It strokes my opening, rubbing my entrance, pink on pink.

My fingers find purchase in his hair, and I clutch it as I lay down, settling into my dump truck bed. Yes, I want this badly. I dream about it, every night that I come here and slip under my covers, I pull my underpants down and beat my dick thinking about Bryce making love to me.

“We’re in my dump truck bed, Daddy,” I whisper, my lips straining against his. “In here, we can do anything.”

Bryce applies more pressure to my hole with his cock head. “Tell me if I hurt you. Tell me *red light* if you want me to stop.”

“Never.” I could die from the way he cares about me. Respects me. Cherishes and adores my consent.

Not many men are this passionate about consent, I’m aware. Most would take what they want without asking,

ripping away that which is most precious.

Not Bryce. He's like Waxley and Calloway's Daddies—he cares. Cares so much.

Bryce smears something on my hole. My teeth clamp together, and I hiss out a breath as I quiver. His firm fingers glide over my berry, stroking it, feeling it.

“W-What’s that, Daddy?”

“Lube, boy. I can’t fit my cock in your tight berry without a generous helping. It feels funny right now, but it’ll feel good soon.”

Bryce pushes his crown into my hole. I scream, my back arching, my lips kissing his passionately. My skin bursts into flames, and my nipples burn, as if they’re about to spit out fire.

Bryce cups the back of my head in his huge palm, and all of a sudden, I feel as if I’m Jack and the giant at the top of the beanstalk decided he wanted to claim me instead of merely take my magic beans.

“Oh, Bryce! It’s so big—I can feel it! It’s inside of me, oh my gods!”

Bryce thrusts slowly and steadily. “Good boy. Take Daddy’s cock.”

I beat my dick hard as I grind on his shaft. “It hurts so much! It’s huge, Daddy! So much bigger than in my fantasies!”

Bryce picks up the pace. “Take my cock. All of it. You said you wanted to do this—follow through, boy. Unless you want a spanking.”

“Green light still?” Bryce whispers in my ears to triple check.

I grin as I nod. “Yes, green light.”

“Ah, Daddy! Ouch!” I holler, trying not to giggle.

Bryce ruts me harder. “That’s it. You need a spanking.”

Bryce lifts his right hand and smacks my ass.

Swat.

Tingles erupt on my skin, flitting across my body. My tummy clenches, and a desperate moan tumbles out of me.

Bryce kisses me. “I love you, baby boy. You’re doing such a good job swallowing such a thick cock in your asshole. You have such a perfect pink berry, one that I’ll never stop dreaming about. Spread those legs for me. This is so much more than sex—feel this in the air? Something is changing between us. We’re creating something. Something *powerful*. More powerful than ever before.”

I drag my fingertips through the air, and I really think I feel it. Oh, I do. Electricity supercharges the air, magic sparks swirling around us.

“I love you, Daddy. You’ve changed my life in so many ways, and I adore being your boy. Not a day passes where I’m not grateful for you. You’ve taught me about finance, wooed my parents, and even included me in changing a family’s life. You’re smart, strong, and you’re the perfect man I want to take my virginity.”

Bryce tenderly thrusts my chin up with his thumb. “I could crush you right now. Are you sure you still want me to keep going?”

“*Yes.*”

One word.

That’s all I need to say.

I give myself to Bryce freely, surrendering to his thrust. My asshole spreads, spreads, growing to accept all ten inches of his shaft. I moan on my pillow, holding Bob tight as Bryce makes love to me, filling me with that special energy only a Daddy can give to his boy.

This is the best kind of love. A love so pure and true, not even that which the gods have in the sky above can compare. I’d love to see Zeus experience this kind of spiritual revelation in the arms of his many wives. Ha. I doubt it. Even Aphrodite herself can’t bring this about.

Bryce grinds into me, rutting and bucking, filling me. He kisses me the entire time, so tenderly I think he's kissing a pillow.

I rock under his arms, my eyelids fluttering shut, and I'm so content with his cock inside of me, thrusting, swelling, that I almost fall asleep.

Bryce pecks my nose. "Wakey wakey, boy. Don't drift into dreamland quite yet."

In the two seconds that I was half-asleep, I dreamt about diggers, mounds of dirt, dumps, and monster trucks. I cry out, pretending that Bryce is a big digger thrusting into me.

"Yeah, Daddy! You're my digger—the one I've always dreamt about!"

Bryce takes this in stride. "I'm a mighty big digger, aren't I? Full of life and love to give."

This is my ultimate fantasy.

Making love to a digger.

I pretend that Bryce's cock is the giant scooper part of the digger, pushing into me, extending as he presses the button. It rams deep into my body, filling me, hurting me, yet making me feel so good. In my fantasy, I'm nothing more than a happy nineteen-year-old boy skipping through a job site, when the digger turns to me with big googly eyes and pounces. It thrusts me on the ground, and I cry out as it rips off my khaki shorts, before plunging its scooper deep into my ass.

Bryce holds me tight. "Come for me, lil' digger."

I'm a lil' digger in Bryce's eyes.

I come hard, mewling as my cock spurts out hot shots of cum. They seep out of my tip, spilling onto my tummy, shimmering in the moonlight.

Bryce comes in my hole. His mammoth body bucks, twists, pushes out his cum. Blasts of his seed slam into me, spreading through every inch of my passage.

Hot. Perfect. Daddy.

I kiss Bryce hard, swirling my tongue around his mouth, losing myself in his lips, grinding on his still-pulsating cock. His cock is wonderful because it never dies down, never shrivels up like so many lesser cocks.

Like a crane, Bryce lifts me up, then carries me to his window. He pats my bum, and sits me on his giant cock.

I wriggle on his shaft. “I didn’t realize your cock was big enough to be my car seat.”

Bryce *boops* my nose. “Only when you’re around, boy. Only when you’re around.”

We kiss once more. Bryce threads his fingers through my hair, tilting his lips to the side. Time stops as we lose ourselves in each other’s lips, giving our all to this kiss.

Nothing else matters at this moment. Not the laundry, not Bryce’s job site, not my dreams of diggers and dirt.

All that matters is Bryce.

My man.

My Daddy.

My everything.

Bryce smiles as he tucks a strand of hair behind my left ear. “I’d sure love to make you my forever boy one day.”

I blush, leaning in and resting my head on his chest. “I’d like that, too, Daddy.”

Wouldn’t that be perfect?

Little me, husband to Bryce, real estate developer extraordinaire.

Imagine all the communities and people we could help together.



EPILOGUE

Four months later

Bryce hands me the oversized scissors and I cut the red tape. It falls to my feet, draping over my brand-new light up steeltoed boots Bryce purchased me *especially* for this occasion.

Cheers sound from the crowds of people watching. “Yip yip hurray!”

I smile, then bury my face in Bryce’s chest. “We did it, Daddy!”

Bryce places his hand on my bum. “We sure did, boy. You should be proud of yourself.”

Today’s the day we unveil the community housing project for underhoused LGBTQ+ individuals in Upstate New York. Bryce and his men have been working on it all summer, and they completed it in record time. Most times, projects like this take years to pull off. You have to draw up plans, hire architects, and make deals with labor unions so you’re supporting your workers while still maintaining profitability.

Because Bryce has connections with the city council, he was able to rush the project full speed ahead. He didn’t have to build the building from scratch either—his men simply converted the old hotel units into brand-new apartments. It’s a stylish, elegant building that only needed a little love to help it shine.

I look at the mural of Bryce's grandmother that a wonderful Manhattan graffiti artist painted on the side of the building, then press my hand to my warm heart. Her story is so sad, but it's the reason why Bryce became the man he is. She faced horrible discrimination due to being a lesbian. Her legacy is a community housing project full of people like she, who mean developers discriminated against.

Bryce waves to the crowd. "This project has been a long time in the making. Years ago, I knew that I wanted to create something to *give back*—I'd been far too fortunate and lucky not to repay my blessings to my local community. Every room is eligible for housing vouchers so no one will need to pay out of pocket. I hope you treat this like your home—because it is. You can quit searching for housing now. You're welcome here."

The crowd cheers again, bursting into rapturous applause. They hug each other and cry because of Bryce's kind actions.

"Thank you, sir," a mother with a rainbow tattoo on her arm sobs. "I always get turned away from housing because of my tattoo and now I don't need to worry."

Bryce smiles. "There will be no discrimination here."

I gesture toward the mural. "Bryce started this project in memory of his grandma. She was a lesbian who couldn't receive a good home just because of who she loved."

Everyone looks toward the mural and snaps photos of it. I hear comments and murmurs about how talented the artist was.

Bryce rubs my lower back and smiles. "Thank you for saying that. My grandmother would've been proud."

My parents are in the crowd and they hoot and cheer as they wave at me. "We love you, BJ!"

My father walks toward me with a big rainbow cake covered in candles. "I support you, son. No matter what."

I try not to cry as I stare at the cake but it's too hard. It has a picture of me and Bryce in the center sitting on a truck.

“This is the cutest cake ever.” I sob as my father joins me onstage to deliver the cake. “And it means so much.”

My father wasn’t present in my life before, but now he is. It’s all thanks to Bryce.

Bryce pecks my cheek. “Wow, that’s a beautiful digger.”

“It sure is.” I giggle.

Bryce waggles his eyebrows. “Now, are you attracted to ones like that? Or like the one we sat on at my job site?”

I blush, burrowing my head in his belly. “Both, Daddy.”

Bryce knows all my secrets now even that I like diggers. The bigger, the better, that’s my motto. Bryce is my favorite digger of all. Last week, he put on a yellow costume and found a yellow condom with a digger design on the latex. He fucked me with it, and I melted.

Bryce truly gets me. Now, I realize why none of my other attempts to find a Daddy worked out. They’d never treat me like Bryce.

“There’s enough cake for everyone, boy.” Bryce nudges my side. “Would you like to share?”

“Yes.” Of course I would. There’s no fun in eating cake if everyone can’t have a bite.

My father lifts up the cake and everyone dances and applauds. Music pumps from the oversized speakers we set up by the inauguration stage. My mother produces a big knife and slices the cake onto paper plates.

She hands me the first slice. “For my special boy. You know, your doctor called me last week, and he says that your bloodwork is excellent. You really ought to change your number. Tell your Daddy—”

“Mo-oom,” I groan, accepting the cake as I hide behind Bryce. “Don’t embarrass me in front of the new residents.”

My mother blows me a kiss. “I love you and remember to tell your Daddy to pay your credit card bill like I always did because credit is very important in this world.”

I roll my eyes. “Okay, now you’re *trying* to humiliate me.”

Bryce airplanes a bite of cake into my mouth. “*Bzzzzzzzzzz*, no time for arguing with your mommy, only for eating cake.”

I try not to laugh as I open my mouth and accept his gift. I chew slowly, savoring every bite.

There’s frosting on my lip. Bryce leans in, and licks it off with his tongue. “That’s delicious.”

I bat my eyelashes, then lean in to hug him. “Me or the cake?”

“Both,” Bryce growls, wrapping his arm around my waist and clenching my ass. “I’m the type of man who wants his cake and to eat it, too.”

The residents rush into the building. Each thanks us as they pass, so grateful to be given a new safe home. I can already tell that this is going to be known as the LGBTQ+ complex because every resident is a part of the community.

It’s wonderful to be surrounded by people like yourself. These people will live their days within a caring group of love, peace, and positivity.

I twirl in a circle, then leap into Bryce’s arms. “I’m so proud of you, Daddy.”

“I’m proud of *you*.” Bryce *boops* my nose. “For being so cute.”

I preen, then blush. “You made your grandmother proud today. I know this has been a long time coming, but you pulled it off. Not many grandsons care about their grandmothers like that.”

“I only wish she were still alive to see it.” Bryce lets out a sigh.

I nod sagely. “I get that, but it’s crucial to know that she’s looking down from LGTBQ+ heaven and smiling at you. Her heart is filled with gratitude.”

“Is LGTBQ+ heaven different from regular heaven?” Bryce scratches his temple.

“Yeah,” I drawl jokingly, “they let the LGTBQ+ in.”

Bryce cracks out a laugh, then turns to look into my eyes. “Enough joking, boy. Tell Daddy if you’re ready for RenFest next weekend.”

This is all Bryce has been talking about this week. RenFest, RenFest, RenFest. He’s dreaming of jousting, lords and ladies, and delicious funnel cakes.

I think he had a dream about jousting someone on a horse last night. He kept poking his big stick into my thigh as he kicked at the air like he was giddyap-ing a horse.

I pull a fake beard out of my back pocket. “How could I not be?”

We burst into laughter as we eat cake, chat with the incoming residents, thank my parents for swinging by, and lose ourselves in each other’s arms.

I’m excited to go to RenFest with my Daddy but I’m even more excited for something else.

Bryce has hinted about me becoming his “forever” boy quite a few times, and I think he’s going to pop the question soon.

We head inside the complex, chatting with my parents, and I realize how lucky I am to have loving parents *and* a Daddy who loves me. Waxley and Calloway don’t have parents who truly care about them like mine do—or at least like they do *now*. My father sure was distant before, but Bryce taught him to treat me right.

Last week, my father and I had a special date together, and I ate so much ice cream that I swung on the swings at our local park for two hours straight. He pushed me on the swings, and I sighed as I rocked back and forth, the sugar helping me feel as light as a feather.

My father never disliked me, no—he simply didn’t know how to relate to me. Now, he does.

We head to the rec room in the new complex. I scream when I see the walls.

Trucks, dirt, and diggers are painted onto every surface. The basketball court is painted like a big dump truck. There's a shelf lined with stuffed teddy bears and every single one looks like Bob. They all wear yellow hardhats and reflective vests.

My jaw drops as I turn to Bryce. "What is this place?"

Bryce walks me to the center of the rec room. Every single new resident down here is watching.

Surrounded by my favorite things, he drops to one knee and takes my hand. "I love you, BJ. We had a rocky start to our relationship, but that was only because I didn't know how to let my precious hug bug into my heart. You're the boy I love, the sweet digger I want by my side until the end of time. The night we spent in the cuddle room together changed me, and these past few months have been the happiest of my life. Will you honor me by agreeing to be my husband?"

I accept the ring onto my finger. To my joy, the sparkling diamond is shaped like a dump truck. "Yes, Daddy. I love you, too, and my life wouldn't be complete without you. You're strong, beautiful, and you're my rock. I feel safe when I'm with you, and always loved and valued. I never have to worry about you not meeting my needs, because you read my heart so well that you know them before I do. I'd love to be your boy forever, and I'll always be your hug bug.

Bryce rises to his feet and kisses me. He cups the back of my head, before swirling his tongue around my mouth. Like before, I feel so petite and perfect in his arms, almost like he's a giant digger and I'm the lil' human he couldn't help but cherish.

We're going to have an amazing time at RenFest next weekend, and a fantastic rest of our days after that.

I pour my heart and soul into our kiss. Then, I take Bryce's hand and place it on my trembling heart. "This only beats for you, Daddy."

Bryce pats my chest. "Mine too, hug bug. Mine too."

Thank you so much for reading *Hug Bug!!!* I had a blast writing this story. It flew out of me and I wrote it in four days!

If you enjoyed *Hug Bug*, I'd be so honored if you reviewed it on Amazon!! It helps the algorithm, but even more than that it's very encouraging to an author to see reviews, no matter what they are! <3

I didn't get a chance to write about RenFest, but just imagine BJ and Bryce having fun jousting, speaking with lords and ladies, drinking rootbeer, and watching a pretend duel!
blushes They have a great time!!

You're all awesome and remember to love yourselves!! <3
Hugs for everyone!

WANT MORE WAXLEY AND WREN?

I wrote a FREE bonus scene with Waxley and Wren! They're the characters from the first book in the *Hug Club* series who you met in this story! They go on a cruise and Waxley gets to steer a real ship. The scene is only available on my newsletter!

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ALSO BY ASTER RAE

Aster Rae has written over twenty MM Daddy romances that are all available to purchase or binge in the Kindle Unlimited program.

Their most popular book is *Hitman Daddy* with 1,000 reviews and 100s of 5 stars.

It follows an adorable nineteen-year-old Little named Christian as he meets a gorgeous hitman named Nikolai at a nightclub in Manhattan.

[HITMAN DADDY](#)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aster Rae is a USA TODAY bestselling author of steamy MM Daddy that's sugary sweet and heavy on the fluff. Aster enjoys reading Daddy romances waaaaay too much and can always be found buried in a Kindle.

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