



*Magic and*  
**MAYHEM**

**BLUE** *Ridge* **MAGIC**



USA TODAY BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

**M.A. INNES**

# MAGIC AND MAYHEM

*Blue Ridge Magic, Book 1*

**M.A. Innes**

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MAGIC AND MAYHEM

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Written by M.A. Innes

# Magic and Mayhem

Talon

Aliens. Deputy Talon Winslow is pretty sure he's protecting aliens, but he's starting to get the hang of it... aside from a few interesting issues that keep popping up, like an armored truck going missing. His new job pays too well to be as simple as it looks, but he hadn't expected glowing eyes and adorable littles who almost sparkle they're so fascinating. But if aliens come in cute and kinky, does it really matter they're not human?

Kenzie

Dragons. Kenzie can't quite decide if the new deputy he's planning on keeping knows about dragons and mages or not. However, it doesn't take him long to decide it isn't the most important question when dating the handsome, slightly puzzling human. When will he get to call him Daddy and if the deputy knows Kenzie is keeping him are much better questions.

When a small mountain town isn't as boring as it seems, a slightly confused human and a dragon with a toy hoard will learn that there's always a bit of magic involved when falling in love.

I've loved magic and dragons and all the wonderful elements that come with those types of stories and worlds for as long as I can remember. But I have to admit, I never thought I'd write about them. I guess I just had to find the right mix of ideas and characters to bring them to life.

I want to thank all the readers who've encouraged me to follow my muse where ever it led, and I want to thank my wonderful helper Sage, who keeps me organized and who listed off countless questions for me to answer as she helped an author who writes by the seat of their pants actually plan out a world.

While most of the book is written in American English, there are a few words that you won't be familiar with.

I've tried to explain them in context in the story, but I wanted you to have more information to make it easier.

*hort* – hidden with the implication of hidden treasure (Old High German) currently used in this universe to describe a dragon's hoard

*wer* – man (Old English) currently used colloquially to indicate human

*The Wight* – Derived from Old English *wiht* 'thing, creature', of Germanic origin; related to Dutch *wicht* 'little child' and German *Wicht* 'creature'. Currently what they call their people (dragon and mage).

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# Chapter 1

## *Talon*

“Driving all over the fucking mountains just to ask random fucking insane people if they’d happened to see a truck full of gold just lying around where it didn’t belong.” I couldn’t stop grumbling as I drove around the curve in the mountain because it’d been a long-ass fucking day. “Because that makes perfect sense and that’s how police work is done when everyone knows everyone else.”

Sure it fucking was.

And no, the idiots I worked with in the sheriff’s office didn’t know everyone in the entire goddamned Blue Ridge Mountains—but it sure felt like I’d been driving over the whole fucking thing.

*Just go around and ask nicely. It’s time you met a few more of the locals, buddy.*

“There is no way I’m still in the right state, much less the same fucking county where I actually work.” But fuck if anyone would actually point out the goddamned boundaries. “But *nooo*, it’s all very normal.”

Bullshit.

Nothing about the job worked like it did anywhere else in the fucking US, and the only boundaries seemed to be where the aliens stopped and the normal clueless variety of humans were actually living. That got more and more obvious every time I turned around because the FBI didn’t casually make phone calls asking local sheriffs to poke around for missed armored trucks.

“Stupid old men with glowing eyes.” That was not an eye condition no matter what everyone tried to make it out to be.

*Well, you know, people don't like to talk about conditions... it's rude to ask. We ain't nosy like you city people.*

Coming from fucking *Raleigh* didn't make anyone *city people*, and the glowing eyes thing was not a fucking condition that came with hoarding tendencies and a bad temper.

I just wasn't sure what it was.

“Stupid idiot cops who want a change of pace and something new to tackle deserve to be the butt of fate's jokes and end up having to argue with aliens about the number of cars they were collecting on their property and if they'd happened to add an armored truck to their list of new acquisitions.”

Fucker was hiding something and it wasn't just whatever fucking planet he came from. Aliens didn't seem to lie any better than regular humans and he was up to something.

“Of course, searching his fucking hoard of junk is out of the question because that would be rude.” I'd somehow stumbled into the craziest fucking job ever.

But it was in a pretty area.

And it came with free housing.

And no one seemed to actually commit any regular crimes...the closest we got to that was a cute little kleptomaniac who couldn't stop stealing five-dollar watches from the local version of the dollar store because they were sparkly.

“So it could be worse.” Maybe? “Where the fuck am I?”

Glancing down at the phone I'd been issued, which was just about the only tech in the entire fucking

department, I realized I was coming up on my turn and slowed down.

*We do things differently around here, buddy. Don't worry. We really don't need computers and that fancy shit.*

“That’s fucking bullshit too.” But since I was also supposed to be pretending I hadn’t seen my asshole boss kill three fucking coffee makers just by touching them, it probably made sense.

Whatever kind of alien he was clearly didn’t play well with electronics.

He even had a goddamned rotary phone.

It’d only taken me about twenty-four hours to realize I’d been hired because I could use Earth tech without making smoke explode out of it, and I could handle talking to the outside world without sounding like I was from fucking Mars.

I should’ve realized something was up when I found out it paid better than any police job I’d ever seen.

“Idiot.”

But I was a well-paid idiot and even had a badass pension plan.

And I didn’t mind going to get the money for the watches anymore. That guy was cute and always very confused about how he’d ended up with the gaudy things. If there’d been a spark between us, I’d have asked him out, klepto or not, but he just seemed sweet and friendly.

I didn’t mind that he was an alien too.

I wasn’t speciesist or anything, but he would have to stop stealing sparkly shit if we actually dated, and I wasn’t sure he could do that.

“Fucking moron.” I was an idiot. “People who work for the government in any capacity shouldn’t date aliens.

Every fucking sci-fi movie proved that point.”

But I had to stop grumbling and pay attention as I started up another windy road. “Who the fuck lives out here?”

Wait.

How far exactly was I from town?

My list of names and addresses had come on a piece of notebook paper and hadn't included helpful commentary like *careful, he's nearly feral*. My boss and I were going to have a chat about that because some of the delightfully interesting aliens I was supposed to be protecting didn't have a damned bit of self-preservation instincts when it came to cops. “Fuckers are probably bulletproof, anyway.”

One last turn had me pulling up to a house that looked more like a wooden gingerbread castle than a cabin in the woods. “What the fuck?”

I had to admit it was prettier than the car guy's trailer and not as creepy as the alien with the weird garden who looked like a college professor who'd gotten lost in the woods, but fuck if I was going in there without backup. “I'm gonna get eaten like Hansel and Gretel.”

Fucking aliens.

Climbing out of the car, I tried to remind myself that I had to be nice to the aliens no matter how weird they looked. “Glowing flashy eyes are probably rude but not dangerous.”

I hadn't ended up with special powers or dead yet, so it had to be some kind of *I'm pissed* species thing. I just wasn't sure if all the aliens could do it but didn't because they had better fucking manners.

“Hello?” Stopping at the bottom of the stairs, I didn't even consider getting closer to the beautiful house.

Unlike some people, I had very good self-preservation instincts even though I was stupidly curious.

“It’s Deputy Winslow from town.” Pausing, I was glad that the front door was open with only a screen door in place, but it didn’t seem to be helping me at the moment. “Can I get a moment of your time?”

Again, silence.

I’d just about decided to head back to the car when a bubbly voice called from somewhere around the back of the house. “I’m coming. I heard you. I just got distracted.”

The voice sounded innocent and excited as it echoed around the yard and made me want to smile for some unknown reason.

Fucking aliens.

But the cheerful voice was getting closer, so as he chattered away, I waited to see who’d come around the corner. “The company I order paint from isn’t making it right anymore and I have to find a new one. I don’t care if the original one is toxic. I’m not eating it.”

Huh?

None of that made enough sense for me to respond as a slim, bouncy man with wide, sparkling eyes came nearly skipping around the side of the house.

If he wasn’t a little, I’d eat my hat or the fucking coffee maker that’d exploded last week.

But something about the bubbly man screamed alien just as obviously as the rest on my list had because his eyes twinkled as he smiled in a definitely not-quite-human way.

Fuckers came in kinky too, damn it.

“Hello, Mr.—”

Before I could even finish a sentence, he smiled and jumped right in like I was adorable. "I'm not Mr. *anything*. I'm Kenzie. Well, technically it's Mackenize, but only my mother calls me that."

He was a cutie.

Nope.

Had to stay focused on stupid shit before I could get to know the little alien.

"It's nice to meet you, Kenzie." He didn't offer his hand for me to shake but that might've been because he couldn't stop wiggling. "I'm just here to introduce myself and to see if you might've come across an armored truck full of gold bars."

Yep, it didn't get any more logical no matter how many times I said it.

Weirdest fucking job ever.

And just like every other alien, Kenzie didn't seem to think it was strange at all. He took it very seriously and frowned, bouncing his head back and forth like thinking took wiggles too. "No, I haven't seen that. I've got the cutest antique toy ambulance, though. Do you want to see it?"

How did I get myself into these situations?

*Enter the alien's lair or be rude to the cute little offering to show me his toys?*

Fuck.

I was going to end up eaten by an alien just because I was a nice moron. "I'd love to see it. Thank you."

My stupid decision got a beaming smile from the bouncy alien. "That's wonderful."

When he actually reached for me, it was just to grab my hand and tug me to come with him. "It's new and I

can't wait to show you. I've got to figure out how to fix one of the wheels, though."

His random chatter about broken wheels made more sense than the paint part of his rambling had earlier, and by the time we reached a gingerbread-looking garage, I'd figured out that the paint he was upset about was for the ambulance and was no longer being made to the original specifications.

Old toys needed old paint.

Got it.

"Can you get it specially made?" I had no idea what would be helpful, but it was the first thing that came to mind. "I dated a guy a few years ago who was an artist and he made his own paint. Could something like that work?"

None of the aliens seemed to care that I was gay, so I'd given up expecting anything but complete acceptance from them, and Kenzie the alien little was no surprise. He completely skipped over the *I'm gay* part of the conversation and beamed at me. "Oh, that's a very good idea."

Bouncing as he walked me through the open garage door, his eyes and his personality got even sparklier as he thought about the paint. "I have a list of ingredients for it somewhere. Maybe it's in a notebook? I wonder if someone around here could do it. They're very smart."

They?

The same kind of aliens or different kinds?

Different species would explain a few things.

"I'm sure you could." Trying to be helpful would probably just end up making me look stupid, but I couldn't resist trying to make him smile again. "What about the guy on the other side of town with the

interesting plants? Didn't someone say he liked making...things like that?"

What I'd actually overheard at the grocery store was that plant guy was a prick most of the time but he could whip up a potion to fix anything, but I didn't think volunteering that information would be necessary.

"Oh." Kenzie's eyes got even wider and he skipped again before somehow tripping over his own feet and nearly face-planting before I caught him. "Oh, thank you."

While he looked around in confusion like he couldn't understand how he'd tripped, Kenzie's mind just kept going. "That would be a challenge, but he might be able to fix the toxicity issue too."

Probably.

Alien technology should be impressive even if they couldn't use it for everyday shit without everyone else figuring it out.

His eyes were back to doing the happy twinkly thing as he looked at me like I'd hung the moon just for him. "You're so smart."

For a human?

For a cop?

For a Daddy?

I had no idea how to take it, so I smiled and nodded. "Thank you."

It seemed to make the little alien happy, though. He giggled and tugged me through a door in the back of the garage that led to...a toy store?

A second glance said it was a workshop, but it had an old general store vibe to me. With shelves of toys and workbenches that were laid out around the room and filled with half-finished projects, it looked a bit like my



grandpa's workspace from when I was a kid. But above the tables were shelves full of toys, old and in varying condition.

Yep, toy store.

"This is incredible." I was smart enough to connect a few dots, so I turned back to the wiggly cutie after taking it all in. "You've done amazing work."

That I'd realized right off the bat that he'd been working on fixing the old toys seemed to make his year. I got an ear-to-ear grin and his sparkly eyes twinkled like they had diamonds in them before easing back down to almost human. "Oh, thank you."

For telling him he'd done a good job?

For recognizing that he was good at what seemed to be his job?

For understanding that aliens were functional members of society?

"You're welcome." Resisting the urge to kiss the cute alien's head, I looked over at the ambulance that was in pieces on one of the long tables. "Yeah, I can see why that one needs paint. It looks like someone's terrier got a hold of it."

Scratches that looked like a dog had used it as a fun new chew toy marred nearly every surface, but I couldn't see too many things that were actually damaged beyond repair.

Kenzie sighed, frowning at the toy. "A beagle, actually. It's not in terrible condition, but I need the right paint to fix it properly."

"Yeah, that's not something you can run down to Walmart and get a can of spray paint to fix." It was clearly an antique, not something that he'd bought at a dollar store.

His giggle said he thought that idea was hilarious. “No, the owner would not be pleased with that.”

Getting the answer to one question just gave me a dozen more. “So you fix toys for other people too? I wasn’t sure what kind of business you had.”

That got more wiggles for some reason, but he nodded and smiled, so I couldn’t have pissed him off. “I do a little bit of everything. I fix broken antique toys for other people, like the ambulance, but I’ll also find them myself and restore them to either keep or sell online.”

“It sounds like you have the best job ever.” Especially for a little. “How long have you been doing it?”

Nearly bouncing as he rocked back and forth, he smiled at his toys. “Since I was a kid. My grandfather did woodworking and fixed all kinds of things. My father makes furniture and I found toys fascinating.”

Understatement of the year right there.

“It looks like you found a wonderful passion and a great job.” No matter who owned the gingerbread house, he seemed like he’d found his place.

“Thank you.” Aiming those twinkly eyes and that beaming smile at me, he sighed. “What do you think about grown-ups that aren’t very grown-up all the time?”

Well, wasn’t that a fascinating question.

## Chapter 2

### *Kenzie*

He was so cute in his uniform.

He smelled so nice.

He liked my toys and he understood how important they were.

He'd even automatically assumed I had a real business and wasn't an idiot.

If I claimed I could use him like a toy, would that mean I could keep him in my hoard without anyone complaining? He might be human but he was very sweet and clearly smart and open-minded.

Yes, I'd figure it out.

I was very smart no matter what idiot Doms with no manners said.

"I think that's a very interesting question." The human deputy was pretending to be very serious, but he was adorable, and I could see why Lorne didn't mind getting almost arrested over the silly watches. "But I think it's going to depend on what kind of not grown-up you mean. Are we talking about the *liking anime and eating a lot of junk food* kind of non-grown-up or are we talking about cartoons and binkies and cuddles?"

Oh, he was so smart...and a Daddy.

Ha, dibs on the human Daddy.

"That one." I tried to remember not to wiggle because it drove some people crazy, but it was hard. "The second one. Definitely the second one."

He chuckled, shaking his head like I was the cutest dragon he'd ever seen. "I had a feeling you were going to say that. What do you think about grown-ups who are a bit too grown-up sometimes?"

"I think they'd be a Daddy." Oh, I'd found one. "I'm a little. I'm not *too* too little but kind of little, and I like toys and playing and cuddles and I'm a really good grown-up when I have to be. I have a real job and everything."

The human deputy got a very Daddy frown on his face. "Who said you weren't a good grown-up? It's obvious you do amazing work."

Aww.

Yes, I was definitely keeping him.

"A Dom I dated a few months ago. He wasn't a Daddy but he said he didn't mind I was little. I thought that meant he could learn to be a Daddy, but I think that just meant he thought I could learn to be boring." Well, not a little, at the very least.

"Boring is overrated." The Daddy who was definitely going to be *my* Daddy got a very curious look on his face but it vanished in a flash. "Being interesting is much better...and being little is the best of all."

Oh yes.

"And being a little who gets to play with toys all day is the bestest of the best." My silliness made him laugh and he stepped closer, squeezing my hand and helping me to remember that I was still holding his.

Oops.

But since he didn't seem to mind, I decided to just keep it and not worry about apologizing for making him stuck.

"The bestest of the best." He looked around the workroom again and looked very impressed. "Amazing."

He liked my toys.

“I like making them pretty and useful again.” People should take care of their toys, but eventually they all got old. “And it’s a real job.”

I wanted to make sure Daddy understood I was doing a good job.

“I can see your hard work.” He squeezed my hand again and looked like he wanted to kiss my cheek, but he was a good Daddy and waited. “You’re obviously very smart and know a lot about your career. I knew that just from how careful you were being about the paint on the ambulance.”

He had?

Then why had Clinton been so confused about me being a real adult and having a real career?

“Thank you.” No kissing yet. No kissing yet.

I didn’t even know his name.

He’d said he was Deputy something, but I could call him Daddy, so that probably didn’t matter.

Alick would say it worked...so would Lorne...but Boyd...no, we wouldn’t ask him.

“You’re welcome.” The Daddy’s fingers caressed mine as he smiled. “Why don’t you tell me more about your toys?”

Oh, he wanted to know about my toys?

“Well, right now I’m working on the ambulance and that blue truck over there. It was in an attic for years and the temperature did a number on it.” Shaking my head, I pointed to another shelf. “And I found those teddy bears online. I’m working on those to sell myself. My sewing skills need some work, though.”

I couldn’t help pouting as I looked at the cute patchwork teddy bears.

It just escaped but Daddy chuckled. "Learning new skills is hard, but it'll pay off in the end."

"I hope so because it took forever to stop stabbing myself with the needles. It's more dangerous than my table saw." If power tools were as dangerous as needles, no one would have any fingers left.

Daddy frowned and pulled our hands up so he could look at my fingers. "Are you still hurting yourself, Kenzie?"

"No." I was so proud of myself for not calling him Daddy yet. "It took a long time to stop, though."

Sewing was dangerous.

Daddy stroked my fingers, inspecting all of them for boo-boos. "I'm glad you're not getting hurt anymore. I wish I could help, but fixing buttons is the extent of my sewing skills."

He'd have helped me?

He was so sweet.

It was no wonder he didn't mind not arresting Lorne over the watches.

Oh.

"I don't steal." Making sure he knew that, I nodded. "I collect my toys, not sparkly things, and I'm not as impulsive as Lorne. I also never forget my wallet."

Daddy chuckled. "I'm glad you're not a thief and I'm assuming that means Lorne is a little too? I had a feeling he was...interesting."

Yep, he was a dragon too, but I wasn't sure it was the right time to mention that to Daddy.

I'd have to figure that out, though, because I'd never had to tell a human before...but Boyd would know. He said he knew everything.

“Interesting can be fun...and it doesn’t have to be dangerous or scary or make anyone worry.” No, he didn’t need to be worried.

I wasn’t scary.

Daddy cocked his head and sighed. “I hope so, but for now I’m not worried and I’m very open-minded.”

He was going to be fine.

Yes.

“You seem very nice and open-minded.” Hopefully, that meant he’d like dragons as much as he liked kinky men. “And everyone in town is impressed by how well you’ve settled in.”

That made Daddy groan. “The whole town’s still talking about me?”

“Yes, they never stopped.” I wasn’t going to lie to Daddy, but I wasn’t sure he appreciated the truth. “You’re the longest-lasting...new deputy we’ve ever had.”

Oops, almost said human.

He chuckled, shaking his head again. “Yeah, that doesn’t surprise me. The town is...well, let’s just say everyone is interesting and I’m learning to adapt.”

So did he know about the dragons?

What about mages? He’d mentioned Carrick.

I’d thought Daddy was still in the boring-human category, but now I wasn’t so sure.

“I’m glad.” Maybe I should call Boyd before I said anything? Yes, we were going to table the *do you know about dragons* discussion for the time being. “Would you like to see my house? I can make you coffee or we can have a tea party or a snack?”

What else could we do?

“Or I could show you more of my toys or we could have...bigger food.” I looked around, not sure what time it was. “Maybe lunch? I don’t remember if I ate a meal or just snacked last.”

That was the hardest part about being a good grown-up.

I could put bills on autopay but there was no *autofood* to help me remember to eat real meals with vegetables.

“I have cereal. That’s real food. It has vitamins.” Not quite enough fiber unless I bought the yucky kind but that was the only downside. “It works for any meal.”

Daddy pinched his lips together like he was trying not to laugh, but after a moment, he shook his head. “Is your tummy hungry?”

That was a good question.

Scrunching up my eyes, I tuned out the work that was waiting for me and how Daddy sounded and how warm he was and listened to me instead of everything else.

There was a lot of everything else...and a lot of tummy rumbling.

“Yes.” Well, that was good to know. “I think I had some chocolate kisses earlier?”

So it hadn’t been too long since I’d eaten.

“I think that means you need some real food.” Daddy was looking at me like I’d been silly when I opened my eyes. “Would you like a snack or an early dinner?”

“It’s afternoon already?” That was unexpected. “Oh, I think I knew that. A snack, please.”

Probably shouldn’t tell Daddy how distracted I got working. He’d worry...and telling him I had no idea how close it was to dinner probably wasn’t a good idea either.



“Yes, of course you did.” He was still trying not to smile as he looked toward the door and kind of frowned. “Let’s...let’s go inside and get you a snack and make sure you have a plan for dinner later.”

How much later was that?

Phone.

I knew I had my phone because I didn’t lose it like Lorne did. No, I was a good grown-up and paid attention to things.

In my pocket?

Wiggling my hips back and forth, I realized I could feel it in my back pocket.

“That’s a very good plan.” I was good and didn’t call him Daddy yet. “Thank you.”

Manners.

“Good boy.” Daddy squeezed my hand and started leading us out of the shop and toward the back of the house. “What’s your favorite snack?”

Oh, probably shouldn’t say kisses.

Either kind.

“Cheese?” Was that a better option than chocolate?

For some reason it made Daddy smile. “Let’s go see what you’ve got and you tell me if you have something you don’t want to eat.”

I liked that plan much better.

“Yes.” Could I say Sir?

When was it appropriate to call him Daddy?

I was planning on keeping him, so I thought now was fine, but what would he think?

Humans might not like to be kept in a hoard...well, the humans I knew would like to be kept but they were

different. They knew about dragons and knew how special hoards were. But Daddy was smart. Everyone said so. He'd understand.

"Come on." He was still smiling, so I must've been very subtle about wanting to keep him. "Food for Kenzie the cutie."

Yay, nickname time.

That was one step closer to being able to call him Daddy. Everyone knew that.

"I'm very cute." And wasn't driving him crazy at all yet, so that was amazing.

"And you're very smart because you can fix all those toys and you taught yourself to sew. I bet you know how to do lots of things." Daddy didn't seem to be teasing even though he started swinging my hand to get my wiggles out.

"I like fixing things, and once I stopped stabbing myself, I liked sewing." It was just dangerous. "My teddies are going to look very nice when they're done. Then I'll be able to fix other things and put them in my online shop too."

"And an online entrepreneur." Daddy looked genuinely impressed, not like he was just being nice. "See, that's very grown-up."

"Don't worry. I'm not always grown-up." I didn't want him to think I didn't need him. "I like being little."

I liked it a lot.

Daddy chuckled as we walked up on the back porch. "I had a feeling you'd say that."

Because he was smart.

He was also very polite because he stopped at the door and waited for me to open it since it was my house.

He even took a deep breath to help him be patient. “Yes, we’re going inside.”

Daddy even liked helping me remember the plan.

“Yes, for a snack.” And I wasn’t going to get distracted by toys or books or projects. “And you’re going to help me pick out dinner.”

Oh.

As I took him into the kitchen, showing off my pretty cabinets with a bit of a ta-da gesture, I remembered something important. “Are you going to stay for dinner or are we picking something I can cook?”

Because those were very different plans.

I was a really good grown-up in a lot of ways...just not with everything in the kitchen.

## Chapter 3

### *Talon*

Well, I hadn't been eaten by an alien or beamed up by one...so maybe the house was safe?

That was probably still up for debate, but the one thing I could easily acknowledge was how beautiful it was. With high ceilings and incredible woodworking everywhere I turned, the house was breathtaking no matter what kind of creature Kenzie was.

He definitely wasn't human.

His sparkly eyes as he talked about his toys made that obvious, but he was a sweet, excitable little who wasn't shy in the slightest.

Now, he was doing his best to keep his species to himself, but I couldn't hold that against him. If I couldn't decide how to ask what he was, then how was he supposed to know when to mention he wasn't human?

Relationships were always complicated, but I liked the fact that, so far, our only issue seemed to be species-related.

"This is beautiful, cutie." Focusing on the room was easier than everything else now that I was fairly certain nothing deadly was going to happen. "The details are incredible."

Kenzie beamed, his eyes going sparkly again. "I had help but it turned out so good. My father made the cabinets."

"Everything is breathtaking." Including him... glowing eyes and all.

And I was really glad to see that the eye thing wasn't just when they were angry.

Strong emotions made sparkles...got it.

"I think you don't just fix toys, you make beautiful things in general." That had him nearly bouncing as he nodded.

"Yes, I made my friend Lorne a pretty jewelry box to hold his...well, some of his first sparkly things." Kenzie tripped over something he thought he wasn't supposed to tell me, but he just charged right back in, ignoring it. "He's my friend that you keep having to kind of arrest."

Kenzie shook his head like somehow Lorne wasn't at fault. "Those watches. But yes, I think I need to make him a new box to keep those in unless you start taking some of them back."

His expression was hopeful and I realized I might've been handling the watch issue wrong. Aliens and all. Okay, we needed a new plan to tackle the little thief. "Should I explain to Lorne that he can't keep sparkly things he steals?"

Shrugging, Kenzie made another adorable sigh. "That's what a Daddy would have to do to help him learn to be good...and to stay away from the store in general."

Well, that'd taken an interesting turn.

"Would it be inappropriate for me to, well, *Daddy* your friend Lorne?" Especially when I wanted to be Kenzie's Daddy?

I just got a confused look from my new not-quite-human friend. "Why?"

How was I supposed to answer that?

How much did he know about human culture?

God, the questions I'd had to ask myself since moving to the crazy-ass town.

"Well, sometimes things like that might make a little or any sub jealous." That had understanding starting to bloom in his eyes, so I kept going, pleased we'd made progress. "I'm hoping to get to know you, and I don't want to do anything to upset you."

Especially when I didn't know what an angry alien was capable of.

Human littles might pitch a fit and throw toys at my head—it'd happened more than once, unfortunately—but aliens, yeah, I needed more information before I pissed off the cutie.

"You're mine, but I don't mind sharing my toys with my friends." His curious answer and cute shrug gave me almost no real help in figuring out what to do, but he was adorable. "They just can't keep you."

There was a fuck ton of context I was missing.

"So just to make sure I understand what you're saying, the next time he steals a watch, I need to return it and add a bit of Daddy to the interaction to make sure he knows he was naughty and explain he can't keep the toy?"

Was liking toys an alien thing?

That didn't seem right, but I tucked it in the back of my head to look at later.

"Yes." Kenzie beamed, going sparkly again as he nodded. "He doesn't have a Daddy yet and his decisions...well, they're sometimes questionable. So we need to help."

That was logical enough for me to agree with it.

"But you'll tell me if I cross a line, right?" His nod happened so quickly, I took it as a genuine response,

mostly because he seemed to pause before he lied...or lied by omission...or tripped over calling me human.

“Yes.” Kenzie swung my hand back and forth, still smiling but without the added sparkles. “We started a club to meet other kinky people in the area, but we haven’t found him a Daddy yet.”

They had?

Oh.

“Is it at the VFW on Sundays?” Because last week half the town had asked me if I was going to hang out at the Veterans of Foreign Wars Hall but no one would explain why.

Kenzie’s eyes went wide and he looked like he thought I was psychic. “Yes. The first Sunday of the month.”

That definitely explained a lot.

But how the fuck did the lady at that goddamned diner know I was a Daddy?

“Several of the people in town asked me about it, but I didn’t realize what was happening there.” Maybe that was part of the reason why they weren’t getting enough Daddies showing up?

“That was helpful.” His earnest response had me trying not to laugh.

“I think we need to work on their explanation, though.” We’d have to figure that out because just judging by some of the fascinating people I’d met, I could not be the only Dom in the area.

“Marketing.” He nodded, an adorably serious look on his face. “Yes, we need to work on our marketing.”

He wasn’t wrong, so I had to agree with my adorable alien. “That’s the key to just about everything in life.”

That earned me another smile. “Yes, like you do a very good job of presenting h—police officers in a wonderful light. Good marketing. Everyone likes you and they’re glad you’ve stuck around.”

Pretending he hadn’t just started to say *human* police officers, I smiled and squeezed my cute alien’s hand. “I’m glad everyone has taken the time to get to know me and made transitioning here so interesting.”

Just because they were insane didn’t mean they hadn’t been polite.

“We went through a lot of deputies for a while, but Lorne and everyone were really glad you stayed.” He looked delightfully innocent as he explained why it was so nice having me around. “You were even nice to Lorne when he got...well, when he keeps having to steal the watches.”

Wait.

Was that some kind of alien thing?

Was someone zapping the cute little klepto?

For fuck’s sake, how was I supposed to keep him safe if I didn’t understand their technological limits?

“He was very polite when I first went over to meet him, and the sheriff made sure I knew he shouldn’t be arrested.” Clearly, that frustrating fucker knew something was up with those stupid watches. “I’ll try to come up with a way to help out Lorne.”

If he was being zapped, that seemed like something the police should handle.

Fucking aliens.

But I couldn’t work on that yet, so I looked around the room. “We got distracted. You need a snack.”

Or I might end up in a tea party.



“Yes, food.” Kenzie frowned. “It’s easy to get distracted.”

“We’ll work on that.” Looking around the room again, this time to figure out a plan and not just gawk, I nodded toward the table. “How about you go sit down while I figure out a good option?”

Cooking did not seem to be Kenzie’s strong suit, so I wasn’t surprised when he released my hand and almost skipped over to the obviously handcrafted table. “Thank you for feeding me.”

“You’re welcome.” I could almost hear the way he wanted to call me Daddy, but he seemed to be restraining himself for the time being.

It probably wasn’t a bad idea to wait until after we’d had at least one date, but I wouldn’t have minded. There was just something about the cute little alien that said he was supposed to be mine. Mind control or alien pheromones, I wasn’t going to fight it.

“Any preferences?” Heading over to the fridge as he shrugged, I took that as a no and started exploring.

He was right...he did like cheese.

Kenzie had a lot of it, probably because it didn’t require cooking to enjoy it. In fact, most of the food in his fridge didn’t require a lot of cooking. He didn’t seem to have a thousand freezer meals, but there was a lot of salad stuff and luncheon meat.

Surprisingly, the only thing he had in abundance was a well-organized freezer full of cookies and brownies and even what seemed to be cake, wrapped up neatly and labeled.

“Do you like to bake, cutie?” Taking out some cheese and an apple, I glanced over at the table to see Kenzie giving me another sparkly smile. “I bet you are a wonderful baker.”

That got me happy wiggles and an ear-to-ear smile. "Yes, I'm really good at it."

Creative with lots of rules...yeah, I could see that. "It all looks delicious."

"I bring treats for playdate day." He kept wiggling as he watched me explore his kitchen, being patient while I found a plate and a good knife to cut his snack.

"I bet everyone looks forward to them." Since it didn't seem like kinks were something anyone was deliberately hiding, I didn't feel bad asking about the playdate at the VFW.

I'd never heard of a Veterans of Foreign Wars Hall that ended up hosting kink events, but nothing in this town would surprise me. "I'm picturing the guy who works at the garden center over by the highway and that quiet guy who works at the library."

They were both human as far as I could tell but there was something about them that made me think they were at least open to the lifestyle. But the library guy was painfully shy and the plant guy was definitely into bad boys.

As I plated up the cheese and apple slices, I looked over to see Kenzie sitting there with his mouth open. "No?"

He blinked a few times before nodding and then shaking his head...so I just waited for the translation.

By the time I was bringing his snack over to the table in a matching plate and cup with cartoon dragons on it, he'd gotten over his surprise. "Alick is little too. He works at the plant nursery. But the shy man at the library...he's little? I thought he was just afraid of everything."

Well, he might've been afraid of the aliens in town too, but I thought it was more shyness instead of fear.

As I set his snack down, I moved around the table to sit across from him. "I think it's more being shy and an introvert. He's definitely not vanilla, but I can't promise he's little."

I could probably make a good bet on him being into the cranky accountant but that wasn't my business.

Frowning thoughtfully, Kenzie picked up a slice of cheese and an apple, stacking them up together. "We'll have to go introduce ourselves then. He got here just before you did, I think? We had a hard time finding a librarian too."

Because aliens didn't like to read?

"Our last one retired and no one else seemed to want to sit inside and organize books all day." Kenzie said that so seriously as he started in on his food that I couldn't tell if that meant aliens liked being outside or didn't understand why books were good...or maybe what a librarian did.

A mix of all of it?

Putting that issue off for the time being, I focused on what I did know. "He seems nice and I heard him politely decline a dinner invitation from a woman by explaining he was gay. So at the very least, we know that much."

She'd been a sparkly alien too and hadn't gotten offended. She also hadn't been surprised, so I wasn't sure she'd actually wanted to date him. I was guessing fact-finding mission, but I might've missed out on some cultural context.

"Lana." Kenzie shook his head as he picked up another bite. "She's kind of nosy and she likes to date everyone, but that's just because she doesn't like to pay for her own dinner. She asked *me* out."

Yep, missing context.

And since she'd avoided asking me out, I was starting to think she was a dominant of some flavor looking for a sub...because Kenzie was almost sparkly-level gay.

"He didn't seem upset by the question, so I don't think we have to worry about it." She also seemed to have moved on since I hadn't seen her truck at the library lately, so the librarian didn't seem to need saving.

"How should we ask him if he's a sub?" Kenzie cocked his head and scrunched up his face in a thinking gesture. "I don't think we're supposed to just ask."

We being aliens or locals?

"Well, maybe you and Lorne should go over when it's slow sometime and introduce yourselves...then...then ask if he's heard about the group?" Yeah, there wasn't a great way to do it. "We'll have to work on what you should say. That's hard."

Human or not, that was going to be an interesting conversation.

"Can we also talk about who else you think would like to come?" Kenzie gave me wide eyes and a pleading look that was completely fake and utterly adorable. "Figuring that out is hard. We don't just have toys, though. We've got stuff for pups and snacks for regular subs and everything."

What kind of snacks did regular subs need?

Nope.

I wasn't going to ask.

"Yes, I would be happy to help you figure out a list of who to invite." I wasn't sure if having a ratio of humans to aliens that was skewed in favor of aliens would give us more members of the kink community than average or not, but I was curious to see how the data turned out.

And I was also curious to see if my cutie would actually date me and become my cutie...but what did I

need to know before asking out an alien?

# Chapter 4

## *Kenzie*

“Kenzie, if I was going to ask you out on a date, is there anything I should know to make sure I don’t offend you?” Daddy looked serious but not worried. It was good to know he wasn’t nervous but it didn’t tell me if he knew or not.

Okay, either way, did he need to know anything?

As I thought about that, I took another bite of my wonderful snack before finally shrugging. “No?”

Daddy looked like he couldn’t decide if he wanted to sigh or laugh. “That doesn’t sound very confident.”

I hadn’t dated that many humans, so I wasn’t sure.

Oh, maybe that was the reason my dates with humans had gone so badly?

“Um, I don’t think so, but maybe I should make sure you know that sometimes people just make up their minds very quickly?” Dragons just knew what should go in their hoards. It was instinctive and Daddy belonged in mine.

I just wasn’t sure how to explain that to a human.

Daddy nodded slowly but that seemed to be his thinking face, so I waited. “So what you’re telling me is that you’re one of those people who make up their minds very quickly, so I shouldn’t worry about going too fast?”

Oh, I liked that explanation.

“Yes.” Because I was going to keep him. “Dating stuff should not go too slow and Daddy/little stuff doesn’t have to go slow either.”

Just the *I’m a dragon* stuff might need to go a bit slower.

I was definitely going to have to call Boyd and see what he thought...and maybe Alick...they were both very good at being logical.

“So asking you out for a date tonight after I get off work wouldn’t be going too fast?” Daddy cocked his head and waited while I chewed.

Once I’d shown him my good manners and swallowed, I nodded and gave him the best answer I could. “That would not be too fast and I would love to go out to dinner because I’m tired of salad and I would like to get to know you more.”

Dragons were technically omnivores, but I was very tired of the salad part. I was ready to be a meat-focused omnivore but that required cooking or dragoning.

And I really didn’t like eating things that wiggled.

Daddy laughed, shaking his head. “Well, then a date will help us fix both of those issues. Would you like to eat here in town at the diner or head out toward the highway?”

Oh, he knew the highway wasn’t town.

He was so smart.

But sometimes smart people missed important details about small-town life.

“Do you want people to know we’re going to be Daddy and little, or would you like to wait a while?” When Daddy frowned, I wondered if I’d said that wrong, so I tried to think of what Boyd would say. “Privacy is very important in a relationship and boundaries will shift. Just because we decide not to share

things about our life at the beginning of a relationship does not make it unhealthy.”

Daddy blinked.

“That’s what Boyd said when he was dating a h—” Shoot. “Someone over on the other side of the valley and didn’t want to talk about it.”

Not saying human was harder than it should’ve been.

Maybe because Daddy was already part of my hoard?

“Okay, Boyd...that’s the cranky accountant, right?” Daddy paused but kept going once I’d nodded. “That seems like something he would say.”

Good, then it was Boyd who’d been confusing and not me.

Daddy was making a thinking face as he leaned back in his chair. Dating me was very important and I liked that he didn’t rush. “I need your input on this, but from my perspective, I don’t mind everyone in town knowing that we’re dating or knowing I’m your Daddy.”

Really?

“It doesn’t seem like anyone will be shocked by that.” For some reason, Daddy shook his head. “I’m also not sure you could be subtle enough to keep it private even if that was what we’d decided.”

Oh, good point.

“Alick says that I don’t go into town enough to get into trouble, so that might help?” Oops. “Shoot. I owe him a pie.”

Daddy raised one eyebrow.

“Well, he’d said that I was kind of a hermit and that it would take a long time for me to meet you.” Daddy looked even more confused, so I shrugged and started at the beginning. “Me and my friends were kind of talking



about you after you first moved in and didn't get mad at Lorne."

Chuckling, Daddy finally smiled. "That sounds like a polite way of saying you were gossiping about me."

"Yes, it's much more polite than saying we were asking if you were cute and nice." That made Daddy laugh again. "But Alick bet me a pie that it would be at least a month before I met you, and well, it's past that."

Well past that.

"What kind of pie are you going to make him?" Daddy was still grinning as he leaned forward with a teasing look on his face. "And should I ask what you're going to tell him about me?"

Blushing, I squirmed. "I'm going to tell him that I finally met the cute deputy and I'm going to brag that I found out he's a Daddy and that I have a date."

And then I was going to ask when was too early to tell a Daddy that their little wasn't human.

I'd never dated a human long enough to get to that point.

"Then I'll tell him that I'll make him his pie later this week." I pouted as Daddy chuckled. "I don't like losing."

"Then you should've met me sooner." He was silly and shrugged. "I've been waiting for my little to pop up and you were hermiting away out here."

"But I'm a very good hermit." His laugh made me giggle. "I like working and my house and my quiet. But I have lunch with my friends and I've been going to the playdates and I run errands."

Sometimes.

We hadn't gotten the food delivery people yet, so I had to go do my own grocery shopping when I couldn't

pout someone in the family into doing it.

“You are very good at being a grown-up and knowing how much peopling you want to do.” Daddy had the best view on life.

He was amazing.

“I’ll like being with you, though, and I know that relationships are about compromising, so if you need to see people, then I’ll do it for you.” And I wouldn’t even pout.

Thankfully, Daddy shook his head. “My job gives me enough peopling, cutie. When you add in dates with you and running errands, I will be fine.”

Oh, that was such a relief.

“Thank goodness. My mother always said it would serve me right if my Daddy turned out to be a needy extrovert and I was kind of afraid she’d cursed me.” She could hold a grudge too. “But it’s not my fault I didn’t want to go down to the mall with her on my birthday. Do you know how long that drive is?”

Daddy blinked a few times. “I completely agree with you. It’s too far of a drive.”

He was so nice.

“Thank you and you’ll tell her if she brings it up again?” Daddies were supposed to protect their littles against all kinds of scary things like nightmares and mothers, but I wanted to make sure he knew that.

Daddy was back to wearing his *you’re cute* expression, but I didn’t mind because I was pretty sure it meant I would get my way. “I will defend my boy, don’t worry.”

Yay, one less thing to worry about.

“Thank you...”

He shook his head and chuckled. “Just say it, cutie.”

Pouting just a tiny bit, I sighed. "But you haven't told me I could yet and you haven't decided that you're going to let me keep you—because that has to be mutual because you're, well, real—and I figured I should wait until after our date? I thought that was very patient of me."

"Yep, I'm real." Daddy had a confusing look on his face, but he finally sighed and smiled. "Alright, after dinner I'll decide if I'm going to let you keep me and then we'll have the Daddy talk. Deal?"

"Yes." I was going to be so patient he'd need to give me a big reward.

Oh, did he know that?

"And good boys who are very patient get rewards... and dessert." That was important too.

Daddy looked like he wanted to laugh, but he nodded and pretended to be serious. "I think that's a very reasonable rule."

"I like happy rules." I was being serious, but Daddy nearly giggled.

"I bet." But instead of still being happy, he sighed. "But I have to go finish my work. I have an armored truck to find."

He did?

Oh, he'd mentioned that.

"Good luck?" I wasn't sure what the right response was to that, but Daddy barked out a laugh.

"Thank you, I'm going to need it." Standing up, he came around the table and kissed my head. "You finish your snack and I'll be back about six to take you out to the diner."

"Yes. Six. Diner." Nodding, I repeated it over and over in my head. "I won't forget."

Daddy chuckled and ran his hand over my back. "Alright, I have to go before you distract me by doing something else cute."

Giggling, because I was going to be very good at distracting Daddy, I smiled as he shook his head and walked out the back door. "Bye."

Daddy.

I had a Daddy in my hoard.

But how was I supposed to make sure he knew I was going to keep him?

Hmm, Boyd or Alick?

Well, I didn't feel like being fussed at, so Alick seemed like the best bet. But I wasn't sure if it was a workday or not for him, so I dug out my phone and sent him a text.

*I met the new deputy but I don't know how to keep him.*

Yay, he was free.

As his number popped up on my screen, I swiped my finger across it and wiggled. "You're free."

He laughed. "Did you get arrested?"

"No." That was probably a reasonable question, though. "Someone stole gold or a truck or I don't know. I think I missed some details but he came and introduced himself and I'm going to keep him. He's a Daddy and he's sweet and funny and he likes my toys and he said I was a really good grown-up and he's human. So, when can I tell him that I'm not quite human? I think that might be important for him to know in the long run."

For some reason, Alick just let out big donkey laughs and I had to wait for him to remember to breathe.

Maybe I should've called Boyd?

Laughter or frowns...which was worse?

Ugh, having friends was hard.

"I can...one sec..." He took a big deep breath and finally managed to stop laughing. "First of all, you can't keep him because he's a person. Second, I'm glad he's a Daddy and that he likes you, but I think you need a few more dates before you start figuring out the *can I tell him about dragons* part."

That might've made me sigh, but Alick was mean and ignored it. "If he gets upset and leaves, everyone is going to be pissed that we have to hire a new deputy. They like this one."

Oh, good point.

"Does that mean I need to be patient or does that mean I have to get permission before I tell him?" I wasn't sure I liked either option. "If we want to keep a human, we get to tell them. That's always been the rules."

He snorted. "No, the rule from the council is that you have to wait until you know you want to marry a human or someone gets a human pregnant. Since you can't do that to him even if you wanted to pretend to be a very Dommy top, you're supposed to wait for the marry part."

Rolling my eyes, I scoffed. "Keeping him in my hoard is much more important than marrying him."

"That's not how it works." Alick sounded very confident about that, but he was wrong.

"No, it is. I looked at him and I knew he was mine. Like my toys or when Lorne first started collecting his sparklies. I get to keep the deputy."

Shoot.

Did I know his name?

Deputy?

Ugh. I couldn't even ask Alick or he'd use that as a reason to say I couldn't keep my Daddy.

"You try telling that to the council and see how far it gets you." He laughed. "Or try using that argument on Boyd."

He was such a brat.

Why had I thought he'd be the one to tell me what I wanted to hear?

I should've called Lorne instead.

He probably knew my Daddy's name too.

"You're suspiciously quiet." Alick was starting to sound like Boyd.

Yep, it was time to regroup and get a new plan of attack so I could keep my Daddy without feeling guilty. "You're crazy."

Maybe if I offered to bake Lorne a pie, he'd tell me it made sense to talk to Daddy about dragons tonight?

Yes, that was a much better plan.

# Chapter 5

## *Talon*

“I made it through my list and met a startling amount of our fascinating citizens, but I did not have anyone volunteer that they stole the armored car.” That sentence was a basket of stupid, but I said it with a straight face.

I had a feeling we both knew who had the armored truck, but fuck if I knew how we were going to get enough evidence for a warrant...or if we could even get a warrant.

Hell, I wasn't sure if the local judge was an alien or not because I'd only seen him from a distance.

My boss pretended to frown and be frustrated with my answer, but he was insane and an alien, so I didn't buy it for a second. He also wasn't a very good actor. “Well, that's a disappointment. We'll have to see what else we can come up with.”

I was pretty sure he was playing the part of what he thought a sheriff should do, but I didn't fault him for that because, again, alien...and he actually seemed to like the town. It was just outsiders who he didn't care for and I didn't particularly blame him.

If I was hiding an alien civilization in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, I wouldn't have wanted outsiders or tourists either.

“Sometimes having a stronger personality go over the notes can help.” This was the dumbest part of my job, but I played stupid. “So I'm going to leave these here and see what you think.”

I handed over a fucking spiral notebook filled with observations about our fabulous citizens. Most of the notes were ridiculous, but there were a few things he actually needed to see because some of the alien neighbors in town weren't faking it as well as others.

"And I'm also going to suggest that you go check in on Ms. Dobbs. She's..." Floating. She was fucking floating. "She seems to be under the weather."

Whatever the fuck was going on with her health was playing havoc with her ability to pretend to be human. "She's sneezing a lot."

I had the craziest fucking job.

But I must've made my point because my boss's eyes got *real* wide. "Oh, I'll have to go check on her."

*And give her a reminder not to answer the door when she can't control herself.*

What if the fucking UPS guy had been at the door?

He was definitely human and did not have the personality to deal with the locals.

"That'd be a good idea. Neighborly, you know." Now I was talking like we were performing on *The Andy Griffith Show*.

Fucking crazy job.

And it was about to get weirder, but that was my own fault.

As I headed out of his office, I stopped at the door and leaned against the frame. "You'll see that one of the people I talked to is Mackenzie McMillan."

That was a fucking mouthful.

"I just thought I'd let you know that he seems to be in the clear for the gold problem, but because we still haven't caught the thief, I should probably tell you that



I'm taking him out to dinner." And the eyes went wide again.

We were going to have to work on his poker face and his ability to use electronics.

"Kenzie is..." He paused, clearly thinking of the politest way to describe my little alien. "Kenzie is very talented. Did you know he runs his own business?"

That was what he was going with?

"Yes, he showed me around his workshop and I got a peek at the house when we were talking. He's very talented." And adorable, but I wasn't going to volunteer that part. "There's not a conflict of interest I should be aware of?"

Was the cutie going to eat me?

Zap me with a heat ray?

Accidentally beam me to wherever the fucking gold had gone?

My boss blinked for a few seconds, clearly wondering if he should tell me about Kenzie being an alien, but he finally shook his head. "Probably not, but let's come back to this conversation again after you've been on a few dates. That seems reasonable."

So a few dates and then I got told about the aliens?

That seemed like a fucking piss-poor way to keep a goddamned secret.

"Fine. I'm off for the day."

Idiots.

It was no wonder the fucking government knew about the aliens if this was how well they kept secrets.

Shaking my head as I walked through the small building and wove my way through the stupidly designed rooms, I ignored the odd looks I got from the

alien named Lizzie who worked at the front desk and headed to the parking lot.

I didn't care what species she was, but she was a bossy fucker who kept trying to ban my goddamned microwave from the office. As long as the sheriff didn't touch it, the damned thing wouldn't blow up, and if she kept pestering me about it, I was going to tattle about the e-reader that she kept in some kind of box designed to keep electronics safe.

It was hidden in her bottom drawer and she wasn't as sneaky as she seemed to think she was.

Glancing between my car and the library across the street as I exited the building, I sighed. "You're an idiot."

But I was an idiot who started walking because it looked like the parking lot was mostly empty and I wanted the librarian to have some privacy when I made him nervous.

It started out pretty well.

When he looked up from the large desk and realized I was human, he relaxed, visibly sinking back into his chair before sitting up straight again. "Hello, welcome to the library."

If I went for shy and easily startled, he'd be cute, but I wasn't into always worrying about making my date hide. "Good day."

I didn't bother trying to be subtle as I looked around the building. "Anyone else here?"

It was probably the cop thing that made him shake his head confidently, but we were going to have to work on his self-preservation instincts because he answered me entirely too easily. "No, Sir."

Yep, little or something close to it.

"Good. Good." There was no good way to go about it, so I just charged right in. "You're going to get an invite

to the next kinky playdate event over at the VFW.”

When his mouth dropped open but he didn't panic, I kept going. “They're once a month, so you've got a few weeks before it actually happens. But if you don't want to go, just politely tell the cuties who are going to come over that you're not interested.”

All I got were blinks.

“No one in town cares what your sexuality or preferences are.” I shrugged. “It's a local thing because they don't even tell the hippy guy to keep his clothes on most of the time. I just wanted to give you a heads-up so you have time to process how you feel about it before you get the invite.”

The librarian finally swallowed as his eyes went back to a more normal size. “I...the locals are very polite.”

My snort had him finally smiling.

“That's one word for 'em.”

His slow nod said he knew something was up with the locals too, but he didn't volunteer any information. “Thank you for explaining why I've gotten so many people telling me about the VFW lately. I thought they were somehow under the assumption that I was a military veteran.”

“Nope. They're overly helpful and think you're kinky.” My response had his cheeks going pink and he looked like he wanted to hide under the desk. “But like I said, if you politely tell them no, they'll leave you alone.”

He sucked in his lower lip and nodded as he nibbled on it, but the conflicting signals had me wondering if he knew he was a sub or not. I'd also started wondering if I'd scared him too much when he managed to start talking again. “The...the town seems very open-minded.”

Weirdly so.

“I think most of them realize they have...interesting parts of their life too, so they’ve learned to accept people for who they are.” I’d always assumed we’d get violently invaded by aliens, but it was good to see that we could all live together.

He actually laughed before going red again. “Sorry.”

Rolling my eyes got another giggle out of him. “Oh, don’t apologize to me. I know how weird this place is.”

Nodding like a bobblehead doll, he looked relieved to talk to someone who understood. “People here are. A woman was. I mean, she sneezed and.”

I shrugged as his words just stopped. “But they’re polite and they pay well.”

His face scrunched up and he had to nod. “That’s very true. I’ve never had a job where so many people have been so nice.”

“I think it’s worth putting up with some eccentricities, but if it makes you feel any better, I told the sheriff about our floater.” Yep, still had to say crazy shit.

“That’s wonderful because I wasn’t sure what would happen if she had a sneezing fit.” He looked up at the ceiling. “There’s no cushion up there at all.”

He had a point.

Someone could get hurt.

“I’m hoping the sheriff will tell her to stay home for a while, but she seems stubborn.” However, since that described half the fucking town, I wasn’t surprised when the librarian laughed again. “Yep. Alright, I will let you get back to work.”

Because I had a date with an alien.

I headed out after making polite goodbyes and dropping a hint that I had a date so he wouldn’t think I was hitting on him. I hadn’t gotten that kind of vibe from

him, but he was so shy I wasn't going to count on being able to read him well enough.

And I didn't want anything to fuck things up with Kenzie, whether he shared his toys well or not.

Laughing as I climbed in my car, I ignored the odd looks I got and started for my place. Thankfully it was close, but gossip traveled faster than I did.

The nosy lady who was probably a thousand and lived in the cottage beside mine was waiting for me at the little gate that led up to her front door. She wasn't the sparkly kind of alien. She was more into botany and science. I hadn't figured out what kind of alien that made her, but I was proud of myself for finally having figured out there were at least different types.

"Deputy Winslow." She nodded but it was definitely a *we have to talk* look, so I detoured over toward the front of her house. "I heard you have a date tonight."

Right to business, huh?

"Yes, ma'am. I'm taking Kenzie McMillan out to dinner tonight." I'd never been in a situation like this, so I was struggling to decide what to say. "The sheriff approved. He mentioned how talented Kenzie is, and I have to agree. I saw his workshop earlier."

Bingo.

"Kenzie is a nice boy." She started nodding as soon as the sheriff was mentioned, so I was starting to wonder if he had alien authority and not just the human kind. "He's easily distracted, but he means well. I taught him history in middle school, you know."

What kind of history?

Did they have alien textbooks?

Wondering when I'd get a copy of that, I nodded. "I don't mind. Creative people are like that sometimes."

I was boring enough on my own...I didn't need my partner to be just like me.

"Creative." She gave a creaky giggle that had me trying not to frown at her. "Yes, he's creative."

She must've thought I was stupid, but I played the dumb human and nodded. "Yes, I can't wait to see what else he's been working on."

And what his other form looked like.

Aliens couldn't look completely like us, and sparkly eyes notwithstanding, they looked too human. So that meant human suits or surgery or some kind of technology that changed their physical forms.

Fuck. I should've taken more science in college...or maybe watched more *Star Trek*.

"I'm sure you'll be surprised." Then the old biddy shook her head and laughed again as she turned around and headed back toward her house. "Very surprised."

Bullshit.

I'd been doing my research and I wasn't so shallow that I couldn't date a Gray or something with tentacles. I was kind of hoping that wanting to just have sex in his human form wouldn't make me speciesist, but I figured we could take that one step at a time.

We already had a lot on our plate with just getting to know each other and making sure we were compatible in a Daddy and little way. Everything else could take a back seat to that because it seemed like I had a couple of dates before I could be told there were aliens.

Three fucking dates.

Ridiculous.

I should have to be close to fucking married before I got told that kind of secret and I hoped they'd done a thorough background check on me. Fucking idiots

probably thought just hiring me was good enough, but that was bullshit right there.

Damn it.

Now I really had practical reasons for needing a computer.

Someone had to be able to do the more extensive background checks it'd take to know if a human could be trusted. The sheriff just seemed to use a company down in Raleigh to do the employment contracts but that couldn't be extensive enough.

There were family histories to contend with and social media searches, and we had to figure out if they were members of an organization that actually believed in aliens.

Fuck.

No, it could wait.

Heading toward my house, I mentally started adjusting my to-do list, but I pushed it to the back of my head and focused on the most important thing in my life at the moment.

Kenzie.

I had a little to show off.

## Chapter 6

### *Kenzie*

“You’re going to be so pretty. You won’t be creepy at all when I’m done with you.” No, she was going to be a very pretty doll.

I wasn’t really a doll person but her owner was, and they’d paid an absurd amount for me to be the one to fix her. At the moment, she was scary looking, so I’d decided to take it on as a sympathy case. No one should live with a doll that looked like it’d come from a Halloween movie.

As I stepped back, studying her and nodding to myself, a voice came from behind me. “Should you be telling her she’s creepy?”

I didn’t scream...I was going to call it a gasp of surprise.

Daddy was doing his best to look sorry and not laugh as I turned around, but he wasn’t very believable. “I apologize. I thought you heard me come in.”

Well, normally I had very good hearing but talking to myself made it hard to notice other things like visitors or alarms that kept going off every fifteen minutes until someone found where the silly thing had been hidden.

Sneaky friends were a blessing and a curse.

“I did not.” Taking a deep breath, I felt much better when Daddy still managed not to laugh. “I think I need to pay more attention to what’s going on around me.”

Daddy slowly nodded. “Would it be inappropriate to say that I’ll install a driveway alarm for you?”



“Oh, they make those?” I wasn’t sure I knew that. “I know about wildlife cameras that catch angry squirrels and I know about those doorbell cameras that tell you over and over when the Amazon man comes.”

Daddy laughed that time.

“I think there are some stories I need to hear, but this would just be an alarm near the start of the driveway that beeped here or in the house when someone pulled up. We could keep it very simple.” Daddy frowned and looked adorably frustrated. “I really hate not being able to recommend a full home security system, but around here I think that’d be overkill.”

I agreed.

“We just don’t have much crime.” I shrugged and remembered not to point out that when you could eat someone or curse them, it helped everyone make better decisions.

“Not regular crime at least.” Daddy seemed frustrated to have to admit that, but since his job was crime, I thought it made sense. “But I’ve learned to accept that.”

Oh, was that a *he understood about dragons and mages and the crime rate* or something else?

“Understanding is important.” I wasn’t sure what else to say since he hadn’t said what he’d learned.

Daddy nodded but also smiled, so I still wasn’t sure I knew what he was thinking. “Yes, it is, and right now we’re going to make sure you understand that you forgot our date.”

Oh.

Shoot.

“Well, actually I forgot what time it was, not our date.” Daddy was very important, so I’d never forget

him. But time...well, that was another thing. "At least I know where my wallet is?"

Daddy laughed, remembering Lorne's silliness the first time they'd met. "I'm very impressed because finding his wallet took longer than he probably admitted."

Probably.

But I didn't let the story distract me.

Looking down at my clothes, I frowned. I wasn't exactly dirty but I didn't look *take out on a date* clean. "Do we have time for me to change my clothes?"

Daddy was still smiling when I looked back up, so I didn't think it would be a problem. "I don't know. I think you look cute like that. The paint on your ass makes it look perfect."

Ugh.

"Again?" Trying to turn my head around and see my butt didn't work. "I was so careful."

Kind of.

He chuckled, coming over and slowly leaning in to kiss my cheek. "I think it's cute, but yes, you have time to change. The diner will be open for hours."

Aww, I'd gotten my first kiss from Daddy already.

Wait.

He hadn't changed his mind?

Trying not to look guilty or nervous, I nodded. "Yes, and the restaurants over by the Walmart are open late too."

Shaking his head, Daddy pretended to still be serious. "Nope, not going to work. I already told someone about our date and now half the town knows. Some guy in a

red pickup even waved and gave me a thumbs-up, and there was no way that was about my job.”

No, probably not.

“I think that was my oldest brother. I’m the youngest.” Family was hard sometimes. “My mother said they forgot their manners the second they moved out. But I didn’t. I’m very polite. But my mother says that’s because I want toys and rewards on a regular basis.” She wasn’t wrong, so it seemed like something I should warn Daddy about.

“I think that’s perfectly reasonable.” Daddy kissed my other cheek and smiled when I couldn’t help giggling. “I think you would do a lot for toys and rewards.”

I nodded since lying wouldn’t get me more toys.

Chuckling, Daddy stepped back and held out his hand. “Come on. Unless there’s anything you need to clean up?”

Thankfully I’d already done that, so I wrapped my fingers around his and started leading us toward the house. “Nope, I cleaned up the messy stuff earlier, and me and the creepy doll were just getting to know each other.”

Daddy looked over at her and shivered. “That’s truly disturbing. Her face...”

Yeah, she was unfortunate looking.

“She’s old and should be worth a lot of money, but unfortunately about ten years ago someone did a terrible restoration on her and ruined the value...and made her creepy. But the owners still want to keep her because she’s been in the family a long time, so they asked me to make her look old again and less scary.”

Why someone had thought giving her plastic legs would be a good idea confused me more than the badly

painted face.

“She and I are still trying to decide the best way to make her look cute again.” I was pretty sure she was giving the current owner nightmares because he’d been very happy to turn her over to me.

“Do not tell me if that thing talks to you.” Daddy’s frown was very serious and I couldn’t tell if he thought I was crazy or the doll was magic.

Both?

“Yes, Sir, but there’s nothing...there’s nothing weird special about her.” Either way, I didn’t want Daddy to have nightmares, so I decided it was time to change the subject.

To something that could be just as scary, honestly.

“Who did you tell about our date?” My question made him groan and I couldn’t help laughing. “That doesn’t sound good.”

“Gossip is everyone’s main hobby around here, so part of this is not my fault.” Daddy was shaking his head. “I told my boss because I didn’t want there to be any issue with the whole armored car thing, not that I think you stole the gold.”

Good, because my hoard was not sparkly, heavy, or drivable.

“I’m glad. I haven’t stolen anything.” Hmm. “And I don’t think Lorne did it even if he likes shiny things.”

“That’s what I was thinking.” Daddy nodded, giving me a *proud of me* smile. “He seems more attracted to small shiny objects than big bars of gold. That’s just not pretty enough for him to have stolen.”

Daddy was so smart.

He understood Lorne’s hoard already.

“I think that’s very good...deductive reasoning.”  
Wasn’t that the phrase? “I’m very proud of you.”

Daddy grinned and leaned over to kiss my head as we got to the back porch. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” We were so good together.

As we headed inside, I looked around the kitchen. “I don’t have coffee or anything for you to have while you wait. I think I’m supposed to give you something to keep you occupied since I’m running a bit behind.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Daddy squeezed my hand before letting it go. “You go get ready, and I’ll keep myself occupied by figuring out what you need so we can make you a few warm dinners for the rest of the week.”

Oh, that would be lovely.

And Daddy already knew he was supposed to be taking care of me.

Yep, smartest Daddy ever...and the most patient because he didn’t get frustrated even when I took a quick shower because I’d found paint in my hair too.

“Thank you for waiting for me.” As we got to the front door, I looked at him and smiled. “I was very fast. I didn’t get distracted. I didn’t even think about going back to work. I even ignored all the text messages asking about our date.”

Daddy leaned against the door instead of opening it and pulled me closer so I was tucked up close against him. “I think that makes you a very good boy.”

Yes!

Nodding, I knew I shouldn’t lie. “I was. You’re so smart.”

He chuckled, releasing my hand so he could wrap both arms around me. “You say the sweetest things. I

think you deserve a reward for being good and so polite.”

Yay.

“I like rewards. Positive reinforcement is a very good way of dealing with me.”

My mother said so.

Daddy grinned, but before he could laugh, he pulled me tight against him and gave me a grown-up kiss, not a *you're a cute little* kiss.

I liked grown-up kisses.

But I loved Daddy's grown-up kisses.

He held me tight and went back and forth between nibbling on my lips and using his tongue to fuck my mouth. Daddy even pinned me against him when I moaned and tried to wiggle closer to him. His kisses were so good, he made me wonder how good I'd have to be to get even more kisses later.

Lots and lots of kisses.

“You're thinking something naughty.” Daddy's mouth was turned up on one side as he finally pulled away and shook his head. “No distracting me.”

“I was just getting rewarded.” Oh, I couldn't wait to call him Daddy. “That's not a distraction. It's what happens when I'm a good boy.”

I didn't want him to forget that.

He gave a soft laugh and nodded. “I guess you're right.”

Yay.

“Thank you.” Couldn't say it yet. Couldn't say it yet.

Daddy laughed. “I can almost hear your thoughts.”

Oh, I hoped not.

We needed at least one full date before I could see if he knew about dragons.

“Come on. Before you distract me again.” He kept saying I was distracting, but he was the one who was doing the kissing. “Naughty boy.”

“I’m just getting my good boy rewards.” I wasn’t going to agree to being naughty until I knew if there were good consequences for that or bad ones.

Or painful ones with very happy endings.

Yep, more information was required.

“Come on. I have to show off my date so everyone knows how special you are.” Daddy was smiling but he sounded like he knew what he was talking about.

I kind of thought I should double-check that, though.

Just in case.

So as we walked out the door—with me even remembering to lock it before Daddy said anything—I took Daddy’s hand and gave him a big smile.

“That’s not suspicious at all.”

He was so silly.

“I’m just going to be helpful.” That wasn’t suspicious. “I wanted to make sure you knew you were very smart about the people in town being...excited for happy things.”

Yes, they were just excited.

“And new things like relationships.”

Yes, that was a good way to explain it to him.

Daddy sighed when we got to his car, but he tugged me close again and leaned against it, so I didn’t think I needed to be worried. “I have learned a few interesting things about the locals, cutie. One of the big ones is that

gossip spreads like wildfire and my boss can't keep his mouth shut to save a life."

Since Daddy wasn't wrong, I just shrugged.

That seemed nicer than saying he was right.

He chuckled and kissed my nose. "I had no intentions of hiding my interest in you and I wanted to make sure our seeing each other wouldn't...well, it wouldn't cause any problems. So I knew what would happen when I told him about going out on a date with the smartest, most creative man I've ever met."

I had the smartest Daddy.

"And the cutest little." It was my turn to kiss his nose and make him laugh. "Don't forget."

"Hmm." He gave me a kind of suspicious and kind of curious look. "I don't know. I haven't seen you very little yet, just regular everyday kind of little but still in a very good, grown-up way."

Oh, he really was smart.

He knew I was a good grown-up.

He knew I was smart.

He knew right away I was a good businessperson.

"Do you want to see me little-little?" Couldn't say it yet. No rushing Daddy. "I like playing."

Daddy gave me a kiss and looked like I was the bestest dragon ever. "I would love to play with you later, sweet boy."

I kinda wanted to play now, but my tummy decided to rumble and make Daddy grin really big. "Ugh."

"Dinnertime, then playtime." Daddy kissed my cheek. "But first, it's *show off my date* time."

He had a good plan...but I just hoped he'd remembered to bring his patience on our date too.



# Chapter 7

## *Talon*

They really needed to be a bit more subtle.

Even Kenzie was trying not to giggle as half the restaurant tuned in every time one of us opened our mouths. Just Kenzie asking me if he should have milk or juice for dinner had everyone sighing like we were in a goddamned movie.

It was the strangest first date I'd ever been on, but I was glad I didn't have to worry about outing us in the middle of dinner.

Hell, I could've given him a fucking bottle in the middle of dinner and the only person to have a problem with it would've been the cranky owner...and that would've been some kind of lecture about not bringing in outside food or drinks.

"How did the rest of your afternoon go?" Trying to find something that wouldn't be too personal for the town to overhear, I decided to stick with work questions.

"Wonderful." Beaming as he fiddled with his straw, Kenzie looked pleased to be able to talk about his work. "I was working on the paint ingredients that we talked about and I found the notebook. I did write it down in a notebook."

Obviously pleased to have gotten that right, he wiggled excitedly and chattered about his projects. "I just have to do some research about how the paint can be made or...or produced. It's going to take some time, but I'm feeling much more confident."

Produced as in made in some kind of replicator?

“I’m sure the owners will be patient. What counts is that it’s right for the toy.” And hopefully, they could fix the toxicity problem.

Nodding earnestly, Kenzie chattered about the ingredients and the chemical makeup and a tangent about pigments that I had to admit went right over my head. Thinking sounds and the occasional comment about the parts I did understand kept the conversation going, but I was making a mental list of what to start researching.

The library was going to be my first stop before my next shift, but I wasn’t sure if I’d end up needing to look online instead. Kenzie was beyond smart when it came to anything to do with his passion.

“Do you think it’s like hunting for food since they’d be used for paint? I don’t want to kill things willy-nilly.” It took me a few seconds to realize the ingredient he’d been talking about was alive.

Before I could figure out a way to subtly google what he’d been talking about, an old man walked by our table, frowned, and shook his head. “You’re gonna bore the *wer* talking about your *hort*. You got to romance him first. Get him used to the way things are done.”

Huh?

Ver?

Wer?

What else had he said?

I couldn’t take good notes if I couldn’t spell it.

As Kenzie sighed and blushed faintly, I sorted through what I knew. The crazy old man thought Kenzie would bore me talking about his something...his job? It hadn’t been English, but it seemed to be something like

job or career or hobby since we'd been talking about his work.

Going with that, there also seemed to be some kind of cultural issue with Kenzie possibly rushing into showing me his interests.

Fuck it.

"I find everything about Kenzie to be fascinating." Giving the old, slightly stooped man a stern glare, because if anyone was going to make Kenzie blush it was me, I decided he was on the controlling end of the local spectrum and treated him like a Dom who'd slid out of his own lane and into mine. "And it's not your place to scold him."

I really didn't like that word in general, but it seemed to fit the circumstances.

Kenzie's eyes went wide, but the crazy man who seemed to be nearing one hundred laughed and gave a faint nod. "The *wer* has spunk."

Human?

Dom?

Asshole?

"He does." Agreeing with the man I could only remember seeing in passing, I didn't back down or look away. "He also does not need help in dealing with his... date."

My deliberate pause had Kenzie nearly giggling as the nosy man chuckled. "Date. Yes, that's one word for him."

Cultural issues aside, because I was clearly missing something, I kept up my best Dom *don't look at my boy* glare and just watched him snicker as he shuffled toward the front door.

We had everyone's attention in the place, because the only sound was the woman in the back cursing at something that wasn't cooking fast enough, if I was sorting through the profanity correctly.

I knew our audience wasn't going to tune out any time soon, so I ignored the nosy drama queens and focused on Kenzie. "Now, you were telling me about the paint? What do *you* think of hunting for food versus necessity?"

Keeping my fingers crossed he'd been talking about bugs—because that was the only animal I could remember that ended up as paint—I waited while he finished giggling and squirming. "I like paint, Daddy."

Oops.

Something I'd done had tipped the scales and he'd slid from happy sub to something closer to excited little. In keeping with that, I changed the topic slightly. "I bet you paint all kinds of things."

"Paint is so pretty." Yep, his response and eager nod said the scientific discussion on paint was over and it was time for a conversational shift.

But I wasn't sure exactly what to say.

Doing my best, I picked the first random thought about paint that I could find. "I never learned how to paint anything but walls. I'm very good at that, though. In my last house, I painted the whole thing and it turned out great. It even helped the house sell faster when I decided to move here."

I wasn't sure what else I could say about paint without starting to lecture him about edging techniques, but luckily Kenzie charged right back in to help. "I wanted to paint my house but most of the wood is too pretty and there were too many other colors to pick from, so my playroom is white. Lorne says that's fine

and Alick says green would be pretty and Boyd says to stop complaining or he'll pick something for me."

Of all Kenzie's friends, I had a feeling I could relate to Boyd the most.

"How about you show me around your playroom later and we'll pick out some options? We'll make your playroom pretty." For fuck only knew what reason, that had everyone going quiet again.

Fucking aliens.

Kenzie leaned forward and gave me a smile like I'd said the most romantic thing ever. "And make it neat and organized too? So I can find everything and see it all and show you all my special toys?"

The handful of humans scattered around the room were nearly fucking giggling, so I knew we were back to weird cultural issues. But since I didn't think little Kenzie would be the type to ask about sex toys in the diner, I was fairly certain we were talking about regular toys.

I was just missing something.

Something big.

Hoping I wasn't somehow asking Kenzie to marry me, I ignored our audience. "Yes, cutie. You can show me every special toy and we'll make sure the playroom is beautiful."

Now they were sighing.

Fucking hell.

What had I gotten myself into?

"Thank you, Daddy." Kenzie was still looking at me like I was the best Daddy he'd ever seen, but since he hadn't mentioned anything about bonding life forces or beaming me up, I decided not to worry.

If we'd gotten married this easily, a divorce couldn't be too hard.

I was worth a romantic proposal at the very least, so he'd have to be patient before we got married in the human sense of the word.

"You're welcome." Nodding toward the menus, I decided to change the subject just in case. "What are you thinking about having for dinner?"

For some reason that got more giggles from the audience and Kenzie sighed. "I'm not allowed to have pancakes for dinner. Miss Nancy said so."

I was pretty sure that was the woman who owned the diner and could make a sailor blush. Pancakes didn't seem to be on the menu, which was probably why she wouldn't make them for my dramatic cutie, but I wasn't bound by ridiculous rules. "That's terrible. How about I make you pancakes for dinner tomorrow?"

And that got me more sighs.

Making pancakes for a little did not qualify as romantic.

It was just basic fucking caretaking.

"With syrup?" Kenzie shifted to a very concerned expression that was delightfully manipulative. "Some people put applesauce on it so they're healthy."

And that was tragic?

"Yes, syrup for my cutie, but I don't know... cinnamon apples would be good on pancakes." Shrugging as giggles could be heard around the restaurant, I did my best to ignore them. "Or we could get strawberries and whipped cream."

Kenzie's eyes widened and he straightened. "I make whipped cream, Daddy. I can do it without a can."

The only thing he seemed to be able to cook was dessert, so that did not surprise me.

“I bet you could make a good chocolate sauce to go over the strawberries.” As Kenzie nodded and made needy sounds that should only be reserved for the best sex, half the room groaned and the other half sighed.

“I like sauce, Daddy. I can do it. You’ll see.” He was nodding so excitedly, I couldn’t resist.

“Then how about we go to the grocery store tomorrow after you finish working and we’ll make sure we have everything we need.” And I could work on getting him actual dinner groceries at the same time.

“Yes, I’ll be very good and I won’t forget.” As Kenzie started to squirm and look guilty, probably realizing he would forget, I pretended not to notice.

“You don’t need to remember.” I shrugged like it was no big deal. “I’ll just come get you when it’s time. How about that?”

He seemed to be one of those creative types who got wrapped up in their own world and needed to be rescued from it on a regular basis.

“Thank you, Daddy.” Kenzie was back to looking at me like I hung the moon and half the restaurant seemed to agree with him based on the sound effects.

“You’re welcome.” Reaching across the table, I squeezed his hand. “But we have to pick out something else now.”

He gave me the most adorable pout as he looked down at the menu. “Miss Nancy makes me have soup if I’m naughty.”

So no soup.

“Well, you’ve been very good, so how about macaroni and cheese?” It was a shot in the dark based on how

much cheese was in his fridge, but it got me more excited nods. “And what should I pick?”

Looking thoughtful and a bit like Winnie the Pooh doing his *think, think, think* face, Kenzie took his time. “Daddies like meatloaf.”

I wasn’t going to try to figure out that logic because he wasn’t wrong.

“That sounds delicious.” As he beamed at me, I gave him a teasing smile. “And then maybe we could go back to your house and you could share one of your desserts with me?”

The sighs were starting to get annoying, but they were worth putting up with to see Kenzie smile.

Fingers crossed my cute little alien could actually bake.

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“I’ve got cookies and brownies and cupcakes with no icing and muffins and—” As we looked into the freezer, I stopped his wonderful list with a hug and a kiss on his head.

“Which one should we pick? I trust you, cutie.” He was the one who’d know what reheated best at the very least.

“A brownie.” He answered without thinking about it, giving me a full-body wiggle as he turned to focus on me. “I’m such a good brownie baker, Daddy. Honest. I don’t even need a box.”

Wait.

“You can make those without a box mix?” Had I ever seen anyone do that before?

Kenzie giggled, cuddling into me and hiding his face against my shoulder as I shut the freezer door. “Daddy.”



As he giggled, I pretended to be offended and huffed. "I can make homemade macaroni and cheese, so should you be giggling?"

His head popped up and he was back to giving me his *you're amazing* look. "Without burning it or making it explode?"

Did he have electricity problems too?

"Sweetheart, do you make the microwave explode?" Thankfully, he realized that was a reasonable question and shook his head seriously.

"No, Daddy." He kissed my cheek, distracted from the giggles. "I'm earthy, not explody."

He seemed to think that was a very logical explanation, so I just nodded. "I'm glad."

That seemed safer...especially when I realized how many power tools he used on a regular basis.

Explody?

Nope.

Not going to ask until our third date.

"How about you show me your playroom and then we'll have dessert?" Kissing his head again, I tried to decide how the rest of the evening should go. "We could watch a show with it or a movie?"

It wasn't late, even for a little, but I wasn't sure what he'd like since we hadn't gotten around to talking about that kind of thing yet.

"*Pete's Dragon*, Daddy." Kenzie nearly bounced he was so excited. "Toys and brownies and dragons."

Well, it seemed like we had a plan.

Ignoring the way *explody* kept playing over and over in the back of my head, I gave his forehead one last kiss

and relaxed my hold on him. "So where did you hide your playroom?"

I meant it in the silliest sense of *where are we going*, but he laughed like it was the funniest thing he'd ever heard. "Daddy reads minds. Best human ever."

Ignoring the human bit since he didn't seem to realize he'd said it, I tickled his sides and made him laugh even harder. "Silly boys who laugh at their Daddy get tortured."

He patted my chest, wiggling as he laughed. Nothing in his reactions said my touch was unwelcome, but I was careful and didn't let it go on too long.

When I stopped teasing him and he flopped against me, letting out soft giggles, I kissed his head. "Playroom, silly goose. I don't know where I'm going."

He huffed as he straightened, frowning as only a little can do. "I not a goose, Daddy. I a *dragon*. Roar."

"Excuse me." Nodding, I took the answer seriously. "No *geoses* here."

That got more giggles from him as his eyes went sparkly again. "I big, smart, pretty dragon, Daddy."

"You are undoubtedly the prettiest dragon ever." Kissing his nose made him smile and wrinkle his face up. "And I already know you're smart. That wouldn't change even when you're a dragon."

No matter what kind of alien he was.

Form didn't matter for things like intelligence...but sexy times was something we were going to have to talk about eventually.

Puffing his chest up, he roared again, then giggled as he took my hand and started pulling me through the house and back toward what looked like a bookshelf at the back of his living room. "I a dragon with my secret hoard, Daddy. Shh. Gonna show you."

Secret was an apt description because as he took me over to the bookcase and pulled on part of the molding, the whole thing moved. Carpenters. Yes, I should've thought about his family putting in something like a hidden room.

"You have a secret room for your hoard, little dragon. That's amazing, cutie." Wondering if *Pete's Dragon* was the first movie he'd seen when he came to Earth or if he'd been raised locally and it was just a favorite movie, I walked through the door into a wonderful playroom that was packed with toys.

The walls were very white just like he'd said, but that was a stark contrast to the riot of color from toys of every generation and style. There was some organization to the chaos, with two walls covered in wooden shelves painted white as well, but I couldn't see a system to it.

There were just toys everywhere, with the other two big focuses in the room being a beanbag chair and a large rug. He was right. It was more of a hoard than a playroom.

"You have so many toys. They're wonderful." Squeezing his hand, I leaned over and kissed the side of his head. "You've got cars and dolls, and look at the men. I had soldiers like that when I was a kid."

Kenzie was back to bouncing he was so excited and he looked like an adorable dragon ready to jump up and take flight. "I've got pretty toys and old toys and new toys and 'pensive toys and fun ones."

Pulling me deeper into the room, he led me over to a large rug with city streets decorating it and turned us both in a circle so he could show me all his toys. "Big hoard, Daddy."

I would have to agree.

"The best hoard, cutie."

The best hoard just needed some organization so he could play with it or at least admire it more easily.

But that was definitely what a Daddy was for, so I wasn't worried.

## Chapter 8

### *Kenzie*

“And I have a red one and a blue one and a black one and, oh, I found the green one, Daddy.” It liked to drive off and hide. “See?”

Daddy was very excited and even kissed my head as I found it under my beanbag chair. “You have the best cars, cutie.”

And I had a dollhouse and G.I. Joe men and I had Ponies and I had animals.

“Do you want to see my Ponies? I have Applejack and Pinkie Pie and Rarity and lots more, Daddy.” When Daddy nodded, I pulled him over to the pony bucket. “They’re pretty colors.”

“They are.” Daddy sat down and crisscrossed his legs so I could sit in his lap. “Show me which are your favorites.”

“Oh, that’s hard.” But I tried big and showed him all my favorites, lining them up on the floor. “And maybe this one?”

Daddy laughed. “That’s almost all of them.”

I shrugged. “They’re nice and pretty.”

“They are.” Daddy gave me a squishy hug and looked around the room. “Alright, are we going to look at more of your hoard, little dragon, or are we going to have dessert now?”

Oh, and the movie.

“That’s big hard.” Scrunching up my face as I looked at my toys, I thought lots. “Brownies, Daddy. We can play more later?”

“Yes.” Daddy kissed my cheek and gave me one last big hug. “I loved seeing all your toys.”

“Not *all* yet, Daddy.” I had a big hoard. “All later.”

There were always more toys.

Daddy laughed. “Somehow, I think you’re telling me the truth.”

Daddy was smart.

“Brownie time.” I giggled when Daddy looked very suspicious. I’d show him my more toys later. “And *Pete’s Dragon* and cuddles.”

Scrambling off Daddy’s lap, I popped up fast and grabbed his hands. “Hurry. Hurry.”

Daddy laughed as I helped pull him up, tugging him harder and harder until I almost tipped over. But he was fast and saved me. “Too fast, little dragon.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” Giving him a big cheek kiss, I took his hand. “Big scoops for Daddies who save the day.”

Knowing he was getting lots and lots of ice cream made Daddy smile. “Thank you, cutie.”

“Welcome.” Pulling him through the special door, I closed it careful careful and made it look just right. “See. It’s secret.”

“It’s amazing.” Daddy squeezed my hand. “Thank you for showing me your secret room for your hoard, little dragon.”

“Daddy’s special too.” Kissing Daddy’s cheek ‘cause he was so smart, I tugged on his hand. “Special Daddy gets special treats.”

Big brownies.

Big ice cream.

Big cuddles.

“Aw, thank you.” Now it was Daddy’s turn to give me a cheek kiss. “You’re very special too.”

’Cause I was a special dragon that had a human in his hoard. That made me amazing. “We’re both special.”

And it was time for special peoples to have desserts.

Taking Daddy to the kitchen, I put him in his seat. “It’s my turn. You made snack and I make dessert.”

Yes, I had to take care of Daddy.

“Thank you for making me dessert, cutie.” Daddy was very patient as I was careful careful and got out the pieces one at a time. “Do you want me to help get the drinks or anything?”

Oh, hmm...

“Milk?” Pouring was hard sometimes. “Water?”

Daddy made a thinking sound. “I think water would be good.”

“I do it.” I could do water. “Water for Daddy and his dragon.”

Daddy smiled ’cause he knew his dragon was special. “Thank you.”

“Welcome, Daddy.” Waters and brownies and ice cream and oh, chocolate syrup. Had to make the best dessert for Daddy.

“Can I ask you about your toys or should I wait so I don’t distract you?” Daddy was still very patient and so nice. But I was a smart dragon and I could talk and make dessert too.

I could even talk and bake.

"I like my toys, Daddy." I always liked talking about my toys.

"Because they're wonderful." Daddy chuckled as I picked the best bowls for our dessert. "I know you said you wanted help picking a color for the walls, and I think you also said you wanted help getting your toys organized. Is that right?"

Daddy was so smart. He 'membered.

"Yes, there's lots and it's very white, Daddy." Very, very white.

"Well, how about we keep the shelves white and paint the wall behind them dark blue so your toys stand out like special art?" Daddy thought up the bestest color so fast I almost dropped my spoon.

"I love blue, Daddy." Did I tell Daddy I was pretty blue? "Do you like blue, Daddy?"

He did!

He nodded.

"I love blue." Daddy smiled when I squealed because I was so excited he'd like my pretty colors. "I'll pick up some samples this week and we'll test it out."

It was going to be so pretty, but I had to take care of Daddy, so I nodded and started making his special dessert again. No getting distracted. Had to be a good dragon and take care of Daddy. "Thank you, Daddy."

Yes, that was what dragons did.

We took care of our special things like our hoards, and Daddy was now in my hoard 'cause I could play with him, and so I had to take good care of him. He was going to be my most special toy.

"It's no problem, cutie. Once we pick out the color, we'll figure out how to get all your toys organized."



Daddy got his thinking face on and nodded to himself as I carefully heated up the brownies.

No explody here.

Just kind of messy here but I was very careful.

“Kenzie, are some of your toys valuable? Should we put some on the top shelf or in special boxes?” Daddy was thinking so hard he looked like he was solving a mystery.

My hoard was his mystery.

That was so exciting.

“Yes, Daddy.”

And one small scoop for Daddy’s dragon and one not-too-small scoop for the special Daddy...Daddy’s dragon was very smart and knew not to give too much.

“Kenzie the cutie, that’s not enough information.”

Oh, I’d been hoping Daddy would say it wasn’t enough ice cream.

Wait.

“What ‘mation, Daddy?” Just a tiny bit of syrup to make it special, but not too much or Daddy would worry...or it would get messy.

The chocolate syrup liked to go *everywhere*.

“About the toys, cutie. I want to make sure we have the most valuable ones protected.” Daddy was very smart and didn’t even get distracted when I gave him his dessert. “That looks delicious, thank you, Kenzie.”

Yay.

Oh, toys.

Yes, my hoard.

“Maybe the ‘pensive ones at the top? Like at the fancy stores?” My toys were fancy too. “Oh, spoons. Spoon for

Daddy.”

Daddy didn't look like an *eat with his fingers* Daddy.

He smiled but didn't giggle when I hurried to bring him his spoon. “Thank you, cutie. But fancy stores?”

Daddy's eyes got big and he sat up straight like a cartoon man with a light bulb going flick over his head. It almost made me giggle, but I listened very carefully. “Oh, you mean like when stores put the expensive things in cases?”

When I nodded, Daddy looked very proud of himself. He was such a cute Daddy and he had the bestest ideas. “What if we find some special boxes for the toys that are worth a lot of money or are your most special ones? Then they won't get hurt and you can still play with them whenever you want.”

That would make my hoard look very pretty.

As I brought my bowl over, Daddy had even more good ideas. “Then we'll sort out the rest and decide which ones you want to display by themselves, like the big trucks maybe, and which ones, like the Ponies, should go in a box together.”

“Neat and tidy, Daddy.” Carefully holding my spoon so I didn't make a mess, I nodded. “Hoard should be neat and tidy, not big junkyards or sparklies everywhere.”

I was going to have the best hoard ever...pretty and organized and the special ones looking fancy...and I'd be able to find all of my toys.

“Yes, we'll make it neat and tidy.” Daddy gave me a silly frown as he scooped up another bite. “And I think you might have more toys hidden away somewhere... did you run out of room in your hoard?”

Oops.

“Just a little, Daddy.” Just under the bed and the couch and in the closet that was supposed to hold sheets and stuff.

Who needed that many sheets?

Daddy groaned, making me giggle. “Yes, you’re going to need some organization.”

Rolling his eyes, Daddy sighed and took another big bite of his dessert. “Just to let you know, I’m easily bribed by good desserts, so remember that when you’ve pulled even more toys out from wherever they’re all hiding.”

“I’m going to like bribing you, Daddy.” And he was so nice to make sure I knew how to do it.

“I think we’re both going to like it.” Daddy was silly and made me laugh again. “Silly dragon.”

“Not a goose.” I laughed and laughed. “Then I might get eaten. Chomp chomp.”

Daddy scrunched up his face and shivered. “No getting chomped.”

Then it was a good thing I wasn’t a shifter from Lorne’s books because some of them were rabbits and silly things that would get chomped fast.

“No getting chomped, Daddy.” Holding my arms out, I made muscles. “I’m a big dragon.”

I just wasn’t a very grown-up one, but that was fine because Daddy didn’t need me to be boring. He was going to like that I was a cute, silly dragon.

“I’m very glad.” Daddy smiled, giving me another *I have the cutest dragon* look. “Then I don’t have to worry.”

No worries for Daddy.

“I’m very safe, Daddy.” I wasn’t naughty and didn’t fly where regular humans could see me and I didn’t get lost when I was flying and I remembered to eat lots when

I was my big dragon self. "I'm a good boy and a good dragon."

"That makes me feel much better." Daddy stretched his foot out and poked mine, making me giggle. "Because I'm going to like rewarding a very good boy who's safe and makes good decisions."

Yay, I liked rewards.

"Very good, Daddy. Yes." Finishing my dessert, I tried to look very sweet. "What kind of rewards do good boys get?"

He laughed. "No trying to manipulate Daddy by looking even cuter. That's cheating."

"Nooo, I'm Daddy's good boy." And good boys would never do that and get caught. "Cute and happy and cuddly and playie and funny and snuggly...lots of good boy things."

Daddy rolled his eyes. "Yes, lots of good boy things... like being silly and trying to talk his Daddy into lots of rewards."

Maybe.

Giggling, I shook my head. "No, Daddy. 'Member? Good boy."

I'd tell him over and over 'til he didn't forget.

I was a very good helper.

"How could I forget?" Daddy gave me a silly frown that made me laugh. "I'm also not going to forget we're watching *Pete's Dragon*."

"Roar." It was Daddy's turn to laugh.

And it was Daddy's turn to help clean up, because when we were all done, he picked up our bowls and cups, and he even kissed my head. "Thank you for making us dessert, cutie. It was delicious."

“Welcome, Daddy.” Wiggling, I was excited and happy and kind of melty ‘cause I liked seeing Daddy in my kitchen. “Thank you for being a good helper, Daddy.”

He cleaned so good and he even got me a sippy cup full of water to watch the movie with. When he said we were all done and ready, he kissed my head again and held my hand. “Alright, movie and cuddle time.”

“Yes, ready ready.” ‘Cause I had the bestest Daddy ever.

# Chapter 9

## *Talon*

“Daddy?” Kenzie’s whispered question was cute, but it was the way he snuggled up closer and climbed on my lap that made me want to smile.

He was wonderfully manipulative and I loved seeing how it would come out.

“Yes, cutie?” Taking my cue from him, I wrapped my arms around him and snuggled him close, not worrying about overstepping since he was the one who’d climbed on my lap.

“If I’m not little anymore, do I get grown-up kisses?” His hopeful expression said he wasn’t rushing to get a goodnight kiss from me, so it seemed like he just wanted to shift gears and get more kisses in general.

I wasn’t sure he was completely in the grown-up headspace he was pretending he was, but I wasn’t going to argue with what my cutie wanted. “Yes, I like kisses.”

My answer earned me an excited wiggle and I had to fight the urge to groan as his ass rubbed my dick. He didn’t seem to realize what he was doing to me, though. His smile was just a bit too innocent still. “I like kisses too.”

“Would you like to kiss me or do you want me to kiss you?” I wasn’t sure he’d see the difference, but at the very least I wanted to make sure we got a few consent issues out of the way.

“Hmm?” Head bobbing, Kenzie took the question very seriously. “Will you kiss me? With lots of grown-up

touches and your tongue playing with mine, please.”

Laughing would’ve given him very mixed signals, so I did my best to keep a straight face as I slowly tightened my hold on him. “Thank you for explaining what you want. Where would you like your touches?”

Stroking one hand up his back, I played innocent and leaned in to kiss his cheek. “Like this?”

Yeah, his headspace was questionable because his giggle was not the most grown-up sound I’d heard him make. “No, Daddy.”

“Hmm.” Still playing up the serious routine, I brought one hand up to caress his head and kissed his nose. “How about that?”

He shook his head, but it earned me more laughter and he wiggled as his excitement built. “No, big boy— oh, um, grown-up kisses, please.”

Clearly, someone overly helpful had told him there were right and wrong ways to be little.

“Big boy kisses, huh?” Trying to show him he didn’t have to censor himself for me, I slowly brought my lips to his.

I started out soft and almost innocent, brushing my lips against his before nibbling on them gently. Alternating back and forth, I shifted the hand on his back to a more possessive hold and brought my other hand around to caress his chest.

On the scale of innocent to naked and in restraints, it was definitely on the sweeter side, but we’d shifted toward more grown-up kissing and Kenzie’s moans said he approved. The way he was rocking and arching into my touch had me feeling confident as well.

When I finally pulled away, his sexy ass squirmed over my lap again and his eyes had that beautifully inhuman sparkle. “Daddy.”

The soft way he sighed the word out made me smile. "Is that the kind of big boy kiss you wanted?"

Considering that I'd kept my hands above his waist and we hadn't gone very far, I thought it fit the definition of big boy kiss fairly well.

"Yes, Daddy." Leaning into me, he tucked his head against mine and curled as close as he could. "I like your big boy kisses."

There seemed to be somewhere he was leading us, so I just kept cuddling him and did my best to be patient. "I like all your kisses too—cute little ones, big boy ones, and grown-up ones."

He made a quiet, needy whine and I could almost feel the other in him rising as he got even more turned on. "What...what would grown-up kisses look like, Daddy?"

There was a bit more adult in his voice, and I could feel his desire inching higher as he squirmed. If I had to guess, I'd have said his imagination had sparked in a slightly wicked direction and he was going to do his best to talk me into it.

Deciding to answer him thoroughly, I shifted my head so I could kiss along his chin as I told him exactly what I would do. "I would nibble on your lips again, and then when you moaned for me, I'd slip my tongue in your mouth and make love to it."

That got a shiver and a sexy whine from my naughty cutie as he shifted so he could offer me his neck in a sweetly submissive gesture. "I...I like those kinds of kisses too."

"I'm glad." Nibbling on his ear as he clenched his legs together, I shifted the fantasy up a notch. "I think you'd also like it if I slipped my hand under your shirt and you could feel my hand on your skin, my fingers teasing your nipples."



His entire body seemed to clench as he made another needy, excited whine and nodded. "Yes...I'd...I'd like that kind of grown-up kiss, please."

I would too.

So I kissed my way back to his mouth, starting slow again as I brought my lips to his, but this time I didn't keep it innocent. As he moaned and parted his lips, not-so-subtly begging for more, I gave him what he so desperately wanted.

My tongue, my teeth, and then when I was making love to his mouth, I inched my hand under the soft sweater that hugged every inch of his chest. Just my fingers caressing over his abs had him moaning and rocking into my touch, almost undulating for me as I explored his chest.

Inching higher up his chest and loving every needy sound he made for me, I swallowed his desperate moan as I finally teased over his nipples. Flicking my fingers over the sensitive buds had him shaking and a light pinch had him jolting like I'd sent sparks right to his cock.

He moaned and clung to me, his fingers digging into my chest with a touch that was a bit stronger than he should've been able to manage so easily. To distract him, and so we didn't have to have the *don't break Daddy* conversation before our third date, I quickly moved his arms behind his back and used one hand to give him the illusion of being trapped before I went back to playing with his velvety nipples.

"Daddy." Kenzie moaned out the word and shivered as I tightened my hold on him. I had no doubt he could've easily escaped me, but he almost melted into me as he soaked up the feeling of being restrained. "I...I like...these kisses...too."

I loved not having to guess that, even though he was wonderfully expressive.

Breaking away from his lips long enough for him to catch his breath, I kept up the light tugs on his nipples and went back to kissing his neck. "I love these kinds of kisses, Kenzie. I love holding you tight and teasing your nipples and hearing you moan."

And I loved feeling the way his body shivered and showed how he felt about every touch.

His head fell back as I tugged on one sensitive nub and he let out a shaky breath. "Daddy...I'm going to...if you..."

Oh, that was a fun new fact.

"Do you want to?" His neck was so tempting I couldn't resist bringing my mouth down and letting him feel my teeth.

Kenzie's moan wasn't quite a yes, so I decided to be safe rather than sorry.

Nibbling low on his neck where it met his shoulder, I gave him just enough teeth to have him letting out a beautiful whine. As I relaxed my hold, I flicked my tongue over the area I'd just nibbled. "Do you want to come, my boy? Do you like that beautiful pain?"

His nod wasn't really a surprise, but how easily he came was.

As my teeth clamped down on his neck, I pinched his nipple and twisted it. The dual feelings of pain and pleasure seemed to crash over him and he exploded, shaking and crying out as I kept up the wonderful mix of sensations until he sagged into my touch.

Shifting to just holding him and gently kissing his neck, I brushed my lips over the hickey I'd left on his neck. "I think I should apologize for marking you, cutie."

He let out an exhausted chuckle, curling into me. "Did you mark your dragon, Daddy? Naughty Daddy."

He didn't seem frustrated, so I just chuckled and nodded. "Yes, clearly I'm feeling possessive."

Kenzie's pleased giggle said he didn't mind. "Are you going to keep me, Daddy?"

"Keep my sweet dragon?" I made an exaggerated thinking sound, kissing his neck again. "Yes, I'm going to keep my little dragon. Are you going to keep me?"

He was nodding against me as his laughter was cut off by a yawn, and when the jaw-cracking movement eased, exhaustion started creeping into his voice. "Yes, Daddy. I can play with you, so that means I get to keep you. You're the best toy ever and I'm going to put you in my hoard."

Sounded like reasonable little logic to me, so I kissed his head and hugged him tight. "I'm glad you're going to keep me, cutie."

We could work on the details about what that meant later...once my boss explained just what kind of alien I'd fallen for.

For the time being, I had enough on my plate, so I didn't worry about facts that probably wouldn't matter in the end.

I had a slightly cranky little who was getting more tired by the second.

Getting him standing took enough time that I knew he was one deep breath away from going right to sleep where he stood.

"But, Daddy, I'm not tired." Bouncing between little and big and just being pouty, Kenzie did his best to fight a yawn and lost the battle. "I'm...I..."

Wrestling it under control, he huffed and stomped his foot. "Shoot."

Yep.

“Bedtime.” Giving him one last cheek kiss, I resisted the urge to walk him upstairs and help him get clean.

First date.

First date.

I’d only met him a few hours ago.

“Shower and then jammies and then you’re going to climb into bed.” Kissing his cheek because I just couldn’t resist, I got us a few steps closer to the stairs. “Then if you would like, you can text me good night.”

“Will...I mean...” Yawning again, he leaned his head on my shoulder and let out a breath. “Will you stay next time, Daddy?”

“Yes.” Giving him a hug, I was glad he understood why I wasn’t going to do that now. “If you would like to go out with me again, I would love to stay over and take care of you. But for now I want you to have time to think and make sure this is what you want.”

He gave a slightly wobbly shrug and sighed, none of which made any sense to me. “But you’re...I put you...my hoard and keep you...good human...Daddy...”

Yep, we weren’t going to have the whole not-human discussion when he was this tired.

I wasn’t sure if it made me a good Dom, a bad Daddy, or a wuss of a boyfriend, but I gave him another kiss and pointed him toward the stairs. “Take off your clothes, clean your penis, and go to bed.”

Everything about the way he’d orgasmed said he had a somewhat human-looking penis under his clothes, but he was going to be wide awake when I asked about that too.

“Yes, Daddy.” He straightened and blinked, finally thinking about something. “Do I have your number,

Daddy?"

Very good question.

"I'll put it in your phone for you." Bingo. "I see it. One second. I'll go get it."

Picking it up from where it'd somehow landed on the floor by the coffee table, I brought it back to Kenzie after quickly adding myself to his contact list. "All set."

"Daddy. Yes." Taking his phone, he smiled but whatever he'd been going to say next was cut off by another yawn. "Shoot."

"Be a good boy and I'll come get you tomorrow afternoon." I wasn't sure he remembered but he actually nodded.

"Yes, groceries and food and hot meal and...and something...you'll remember something..." Kenzie kept nodding to himself as he headed up the stairs, thankfully looking steadier on his feet the longer he walked. "Daddy will...and I'm going to...good dragon..."

The half-formed words made me smile as I watched him head up the stairs. When he was out of sight, I let myself out of the house, locking the door behind me as best I could.

With anyone else, I would've worried, but the only breaking and entering I'd investigated since I'd gotten to the crazy town had turned out to be a stubborn and very resourceful raccoon with very little regard for his own personal safety and a passion for potato chips.

Even with pulling over halfway home to respond to Kenzie's short *night, Daddy* text, I wasn't quite as tired as my cutie as I pulled up in front of my house, but exhaustion quickly started to hit. Between work and meeting Kenzie for the first time, it'd been a long-ass day and I crashed almost as fast as my boy had.

It would've been a wonderful night's sleep if my doorbell hadn't rung just before seven in the morning.

Seven in the fucking morning.

They were lucky I was wearing sleep pants since I didn't care what they saw as I marched to the door, ready to take on the world or whichever fucking neighbors had decided it was a good idea to show up before I'd gotten coffee, much less gotten out of bed.

"What?" The three guys standing at the door had to be Kenzie's friends, but aside from Lorne, I was just guessing at the friends part. So I focused on the little thief since I knew him better. "Have you stolen something else?"

I knew that wasn't what they were there for, but I wasn't surprised when he nodded, not looking embarrassed in the slightest. "Yes, and I don't know how."

Yep, he'd been getting whammied.

"We're going to see if we can fix this, but for the time being, hand it over. I'll take it back later." When he pouted and put his hand behind his back, I crossed my arms over my chest and Daddied him like Kenzie had said to. "You do not get to keep sparklies that you didn't pay for the first time. Hand it over and no more going in that store by yourself."

Dropping my voice as he sighed and the other two gawked, I stayed focused on Lorne. "Is that clear?"

"He really is a Daddy."

Ignoring the comment from the human side of the peanut gallery, I kept my gaze on Lorne.

"Kenzie tattled on me." Lorne wasn't specific about what he was blaming Kenzie for, so I just stayed stoic until he handed over the very sparkly watch that was so

gaudy he would've been the only person in a hundred miles to want it.

Yep. He's been zapped by something.

Fucking alien tech.

"Good boy." Setting the watch on the table by the door, I stayed focused on Lorne. "You can't go in there by yourself until we get this figured out. It's not safe and it's just not reasonable anymore. I'm going to have a talk with the owner and we'll get this figured out."

At the very least, the alien that ran the local dollar store was going to have to stop fucking with Lorne. She was either going to accidentally hurt someone else with whatever ray she was hitting him with or he was going to end up brain damaged.

Fucking with him that much was not healthy no matter what his brain looked like.

"Thank you, Sir." Lorne wasn't quite so pouty any longer. "I've got too many and I can't make it stop."

"I will. It's gotten out of hand." Like nearly everything else that went pear-shaped when dealing with the local aliens.

"You should just apologize to her." The broad-chested guy I'd seen at the plant nursery who seemed human frowned at Lorne. "Then she'd stop."

Turning to me, he was somewhat helpful and at least explained what was going on. "Lorne told her that the Walmart has better deals. So he really needs to apologize."

Bullshit.

"She's fucking with him just because he said the quiet part out loud. She's overcharging on weird stuff and either needs to find new suppliers or talk to someone who can help her look at her prices. Everyone knows that." Whatever the fuck she was obviously had not

included a class in cost analysis when setting up a new business.

“At the very least, someone needs to sign her up for online classes. She’s being stubborn and has to stop fucking with Lorne. Kenzie is starting to worry, and eventually Lorne’s going to end up with a police record.” Everyone seemed to be doing their best to keep that from happening but there was only so much we could do with a vengeful alien who was set on getting him arrested.

Turning to the quiet man who wasn’t human, I glared at him. “You should’ve stopped this earlier or had someone on whatever the council that runs this fucking town is step in. It can’t be healthy for Lorne’s brain.”

Quiet Guy glared back. “I’m not his Dom.”

That answered a few questions.

“You’re obviously the Dom in the group, so that means it’s your responsibility to rein in stupid. He needed help and you dropped the ball because you didn’t want to step over the friendship line and be a Dom. Well, that’s not helpful. Hell, even Kenzie was very clear that he wanted me to step in and help Lorne and Dom him into realizing that keeping the watches was no longer an option.”

I was starting to see why and I completely approved.

“Now.” Turning back to Lorne, I eased back on the asshole tone slightly. “I will go talk to the owner and return the watch. Do not go in there for even a candy bar without having someone with you. You will have much more fun picking out pretties that you actually like and not just wasting money on random watches. Is that clear?”

Kenzie’s friends were exhausting.

“Yes, Sir.” Lorne’s pout was manageable, so I ignored it.



Turning to the other two nuts, I glared at the Dom and just frowned at the human. "This isn't a reasonable time."

What the fuck had they been thinking?

"I was up late on my date with Kenzie, so I'm going to make this short and sweet." And hopefully hit the highlights enough that they'd get some of their questions answered. "I'm his Daddy."

What else did they need to know to go away?

I was going to keep it simple. "He and I will figure out what I need to know after our third date. I've been okayed by the nosy old man in the diner last night and I hung out with Kenzie's little side. He and I are good. You guys are driving me crazy and I'm going back to bed."

Turning around, I called out over my shoulder as I started to shut the door. "And Lorne, you will be in the corner for days if you step foot in that store again."

As Lorne called out an agreement, I shut the door as the human decided to be helpful again. "Told you he was a Daddy."

Was it too early for a drink?

# Chapter 10

## *Kenzie*

“We’re being watched.” I was trying not to laugh, but Daddy was doing a better job of ignoring them. He looked bored and kept pretending not to see everyone peeking around the shelves.

Daddy scoffed and rolled his eyes at their antics. “If they’re not more subtle, the next time we need to grocery shop, I’m going to drive over to one of the completely normal towns where we don’t know anyone. Then no one will get to eavesdrop.”

Oh, Daddy was very good at putting down boundaries.

Half the people in the small grocery store suddenly found somewhere else to be.

“That would help them to learn their lesson, Daddy.” And it’d be funny to see who managed to show up anyway.

I was pretty sure all we’d have to do was tell one person and then they’d all follow us...because they wanted to make sure we were happy and getting along well together. That made sense since I was keeping Daddy.

Neighbors watching out for neighbors, as my grandmother always said.

But since my dad just said she was a nosy old bat, I wasn’t sure who to believe.

“Daddy.” Before he could respond, I looked down at the meat he was studying. “Do you know what to do

with that?"

It was a roast. I knew that much, but I wasn't sure what he would do with it or how he would cook it. "Do I have a pot for that?"

"Lessons are important, and yes, you have a pot and I know what to do with it." Daddy picked up a fat, round one, then leaned over and kissed my head. "You like meat, right? You had a lot of luncheon meat in your fridge."

I wasn't sure what the question really should've been because he had a weird look on his face, but I nodded and tried to answer very factually. "Yes, I'm an omnivore."

For some reason, that made people giggle but Daddy nodded like I'd done a good job. "Perfect. Then we'll have the roast this week—you've got a crockpot that will make that easier—and then we'll do steaks later. How does that sound?"

I had a crockpot?

"I like fire. I can help." I was very good at that.

Daddy cocked his head. "Okay, but we're going to have a talk at some point about what that means exactly...after our third date."

Daddy was very good at planning.

"Okay, Daddy." He'd let me push the cart, so I rocked it back and forth as he shifted over several feet to look at the chicken. "You know how to cook that too? The internet says there are lots of recipes for it, but they never turned out, so I gave up."

I was pretty sure that was because chicken directions were always weird.

What was medium heat?

Why did some recipes say I had to marinate it and some didn't?

Why did I turn around for just a second and chicken went from rubbery to burned?

Why did chicken get rubbery instead of cooked?

"Yes, there are a lot of different ways to cook chicken." Picking out a pack and nodding to himself, Daddy finally turned to me. "How about we pick out a recipe together and I'll make it for you?"

No more salads would be the best part of having a Daddy.

"Can I have broccoli with cheese? You won't burn that, right?" When Daddy looked confused, I shrugged. "It's temperamental."

Smiling, Daddy nodded and gave me another kiss before he put the chicken in the cart. "Yes, I can make cheesy broccoli without burning it. What other vegetables do you like?"

"Carrots and bell peppers and zucchini but you can't eat that without cooking it or it tastes weird." So I hadn't eaten it in a while.

Daddy must've realized that because he chuckled. "Alright, let's detour around to the veggies so we don't forget your strawberries and zucchini, and then we'll be all done. How does that sound?"

Perfect.

I'd picked out lots of fun things for desserts and we had lots of meat and stuff that Daddy said he knew how to cook.

He was even going to make me lasagna.

Yep, definitely keeping Daddy.

"You have very good plans, Daddy." He was smart and nice and ignored the nosy people. "Thank you for

feeding me. My mother said I was going to have to learn to do it on my own because no one would do it for me, but I'm glad she was wrong."

"I'm going to tell her you said that."

Ugh, some people were so annoying...and we weren't supposed to yell in the store, everyone knew that.

"If you do, I'll tell her you were eavesdropping and hollering across the grocery store just to embarrass her baby." Daddy was so smart and thought very fast.

Almost everyone in the store was saying the same thing too, but my nosy cousin just laughed.

"Thank you, Daddy." Kissing his cheek, I thought about how I was going to say thank you very sweetly later. "It's not nice to tattle."

"It really isn't." Daddy gave me a quick peck and barely glared at the woman on the other side of the produce section who giggled. "I understand why she was worried, but you found your Daddy, so there's nothing for her to worry about any longer."

And if she was wrong, we didn't need to point that out because she'd figure it out on her own.

"Because you're going to take care of me." That deserved another cheek kiss and it made him grin, which made it even better.

"And you're going to keep me?" Daddy laughed when I nodded. "See, we've got a good plan."

We really did.

"And we don't need help or an audience." Daddy raised his voice and glared as a few heads peeked around the salad dressing aisle to get a better view of us.

Looking like he wanted to sigh, Daddy turned back to me and smiled. "Help me remember I don't care about

supporting the local economy next time I say something stupid like that.”

Daddy shook his head as giggles came from somewhere near the baking section. “Next time we’re going to the Walmart. I don’t care if it’s further away.”

He was probably right.

“I’ll help you remember.” I wasn’t sure his patience could take doing this every week without it affecting how much chocolate and goodies he let me buy.

And that would be tragic.

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“I don’t usually come home with this much food.” I couldn’t decide if it was scary or amazing. “There’s lots to cook.”

Daddy chuckled as he put the beef and the chicken into the fridge.

I had *both*...and they weren’t already precooked.

“You’re not going to be the one dealing with it, so stop worrying. You keep looking at it like it’s going to explode.”

He wasn’t wrong.

“It doesn’t explode but it does end up chewy or smelling funny.” There was so much that could go wrong with cooking meat. “I wished I liked it raw better.”

That would be so much easier.

“Not gonna ask. Not gonna ask.” As Daddy whispered to himself and shook his head, I picked up all the different kinds of chocolate I bought for our goodies and took my pile to the pantry. “We’re going to make a plan for when I’m coming over to cook for you and then we’ll figure out leftovers and things like that for you to heat up when I’m not here. It’s going to be easy. Just a

minute or two in the microwave and you'll have a hot meal anytime you want."

Daddy was going to make sure I was fed good.

"Thank you, Daddy." He was amazing...and he even wanted pancakes for dinner. "But if you came over every night, you won't have to worry about me using the microwave."

No explosions here.

Daddy laughed. "I can't decide if you're messing with me to make sure I'm here every night or if there's a problem with you using the microwave."

Hmm, I probably didn't want to end up not being able to use it just in case I made him worry.

"The first one, Daddy." My honest answer made him grin and shake his head like I was cute. "I like having you around and I like using the microwave."

And if he kept leaving to go to his other house, was I really keeping him?

Yep, hoard stuff had to stay in this house.

"I can't decide if I should thank you for being honest or tell you we can't go too fast." Daddy raised one eyebrow, pretending to be serious.

"The first one, Daddy." He always put the right answer first. That was going to be very helpful. "Honesty is important in special relationships."

Like between Daddies and their littles, and humans and their dragons, and in BDSM relationships.

No spanking without trust first.

I'd promised my mother.

"That is very true." Daddy closed the fridge and kissed my cheek as he walked past me to help empty the rest of the never-ending bags. "And that is a good way to

shift the conversation away from things you want me to avoid.”

Like him not staying with me every night.

I’d done my thinking like he’d said, so now that was all done, right?

“What did you want to talk about next, Daddy?” He hadn’t exactly asked me a question, so I wasn’t being naughty. “Ways to communicate?”

He laughed as he took boxes of noodles into the pantry. “Partly. I wanted to talk to you about your limits on BDSM to see what else you like outside of age play.”

Oh, that was much more fun than making Daddy worry.

“I liked it when you pinched my nipples and held me tight and pinned my arms back and you made me come and—” What else?

As my mind went blank, Daddy laughed and pinned me against the cabinets, looking very pleased with himself and distracting me even more. “So you liked everything we did together last night?”

Nodding, I gave him a tiny pout. “But I didn’t like the *you leaving* part, Daddy.”

He scrunched his face up and shook his head. “No making me feel guilty about being a good Dom. You were too tired to think clearly at that point, so it meant that you couldn’t give consent. It was also our first date and I didn’t know your limits.”

Aww, I didn’t want logic.

“But now you know my limits and you know my consent and you know I like being cuddled by my Daddy and I don’t mind being naked with my Daddy.” If I was going to keep him, he had to move past that one.

I was his dragon...of course he could see me naked.



I couldn't shift with my clothes on.

Silly Daddy.

"Sometimes I think we're having two different conversations." Daddy's brows pulled together and he almost frowned, but he leaned in and gave me a soft kiss to know not to worry.

I had a good Daddy.

"Alright, I will stay over tonight, and as long as it's what you want, we can sleep together in the same bed." Leaning closer, he rested his forehead against mine. "But I'm not moving in and I'm not sure how far we should go tonight. You're going to tempt me, but I don't want to rush our relationship."

Daddy was very good at finding things to worry about.

Wrapping my arms around his neck so I could keep him close, I gave him my serious face. "I'm going to keep you, Daddy. That means it will be very hard to rush things. But I will tell you if you manage to find something that would be rushing."

That'd be hard, though.

Making thinking sounds and humming to himself, he finally huffed. "Tell me one thing that would be rushing you."

Oh goodness.

No one told me dealing with Daddy worries would be so hard.

I was going to have to warn Alick and Lorne...they probably didn't know either.

"Babies." That was the first thing that came to mind and it made Daddy's eyes really big. "I'm not ready for kids and I might never be, Daddy. I like being the center of attention but maybe that will change? I don't know."

Thinking.

Thinking bigger.

Thinking harder.

“I don’t know another one right away, but I’ll worry about it if you want me to.” For some reason, Daddy groaned. “You like worrying. I think it’s because you’re a Daddy but it might be the whole police officer thing?”

I hadn’t really considered that part until it’d just hit me.

Pow.

Yep, that made Daddy even more of a worrier than average...but I should probably still explain it to Alick and Lorne.

“I will worry enough for the both of us, cutie.” Letting out a deep breath, Daddy kept his forehead on mine, so it must be his favorite serious talk position. “We can talk about the *having kids* thing at some point down the road, but it’s not a deal-breaker for me either way.”

“Okay.” It wasn’t for me either, so that was good. “When do we get pancakes? Do you think we have time to kiss now or should we wait until after dinner? I kind of want to get you distracted but food is important.”

And Daddy had teased me with a lot of yummy ways to have pancakes.

He laughed, shaking his head as he straightened. “Alright, pancakes first, kissing second, and curious conversations after our third date.”

Hmm.

Daddies were very interesting creatures.

“Daddy?” Puckering my lips to make him laugh again, I loved the quick kiss he gave me. “Is this our second date?”

“That’s a very good question, my little distraction.” Daddy was back to wearing his thoughtful frown as he started putting more groceries away.

He was so silly...I was his little dragon.

I was a very patient dragon, though, because I let him finish thinking and didn’t distract him. When he finally found his thoughts, he came over and gave me another kiss. “Yes, I think this is our second date because we went out and did something together and I’m making you dinner and we’re going to cuddle later. Sounds very date-like to me.”

Yay.

“I like dates with you, Daddy.” Kissing his cheek, I gave him a hug and giggled when he pretended to frown. “But I’m not going to distract you until later. Promise.”

Then I’d distract him a lot.

“That sounds a bit like a threat, naughty boy.” The way he frowned and pretended to look serious sent a shiver through me. “I think we’re going to have to talk about ways I should punish a cheeky boy who threatens his Daddy with distractions.”

Yay.

Spankings.

Having a Daddy just kept getting better and better.

# Chapter 11

## *Talon*

“So which was your favorite, cutie?” Leaning back in my chair, I had to smile at the startling amount of food Kenzie had tucked away somewhere. After watching him eat, I was pretty sure he had the hollow leg my grandmother had teased me about having as a kid.

Alien thing?

Kenzie thing?

Forgot to eat thing?

I settled on all of the above and smiled as he gave my question serious consideration, thoughtful head bob and all.

“I think my favorite has to be the apple cinnamon ones or the chocolaty ones.” Still looking very meticulous in his analysis, he scrunched up his face before shrugging and relaxing. “I like the apple ones because they tasted almost like apple pie, and I think we should try them with ice cream next time, but I like the chocolaty ones because we did those together and that makes them special.”

He was the cutest thing ever.

No matter what he was.

“I liked cooking with you too.” Kenzie’s addition had been to add some kind of decadent chocolate ganache on the top and it had made them restaurant-worthy. “We’ll figure out more things we can make together.”

Hopefully something with less sugar, but for a *once in a while* treat, the pancake meal would be fun.

I'd been surprised he couldn't make them himself with his love of baking, but it seemed that timing pancakes correctly required a bit more of an attention span than Kenzie had. His response when I'd asked him about making pancakes was to tell me that they went up in flames surprisingly fast.

I wasn't sure how he'd accomplished that, but the more I got to know Kenzie, the less I questioned it.

"I had so much fun, Daddy." He didn't seem little but his eyes sparkled as he looked over at the stove. "I never thought about making one big batter and doing lots of stuff with it. I wonder how that would work with a cake?"

"Lots of layers of different flavors, maybe? Thin layers but it could work." We'd just have to figure out which flavors would complement each other. "Maybe we try out something for the next little playdate at the VFW? We probably don't need a full cake for just the two of us."

Or he'd eat it.

His wide, excitement-filled eyes made me chuckle. "Oh, that's a wonderful idea."

"Thank you." I thought his mind would jump to cake ideas and recipes but something in his fabulous mind seemed to take it in a naughty direction based on how quickly his smile shifted toward wicked.

"You know, I should thank you for being such a good Daddy and helping me in the store and making me dinner and making sure I get real hot dinners this week." He was attempting to look sweet and innocent, but it wasn't working. "Will you let me thank you, Daddy?"

Somehow it seemed that hot dinners and pancakes earned sexual favors.

I wasn't sure how he'd made the connection, but I decided it would be rude to argue about it or question him.

"Well, if you want to thank me, I think I should let you." I wasn't much better at looking innocent based on his naughty giggle. "It would just be good manners."

I wasn't sure which side thought that was a hilarious idea, but he was barely holding back more laughter.

"I like good manners, Daddy." He liked it so much his eyes were doing that not-quite-human sparkly thing again.

"Then where should we go and relax so you can practice your manners?" That got me more giggles but it didn't dampen his desire to do something wicked.

Kenzie nearly bounced up from his chair and raced around the table to grab my hand. "The couch, Daddy."

He certainly knew what he wanted, so I let myself be pulled up from the chair. "I think that sounds perfect."

I managed to give him a quick kiss before he dragged me out to the living room at full bouncy Kenzie speed. "Someone is eager to say thank you."

He was back to almost giggling as he stopped at the couch, nodding and twitching with excitement. "Yes, Daddy. Very eager."

And he wasn't trying to hide it.

That was one of my favorite aspects of Kenzie. He threw himself into whatever he was passionate about at the moment, work...baking...me.

"I'm glad." Giving him a soft kiss, I slowly deepened it until my tongue was stroking his and his moans were vibrating through us.

When I finally released his lips, I gave them one last nibble before straightening. "What do you want, cutie?"

“You.” It took him a moment to realize I needed more to go on, but eventually he straightened and his eyes looked like reality had settled in again. “Will you sit down on the couch for me, please?”

“Yes.” Guessing where we were heading, I released my belt before sitting down, but I didn’t jump the gun any more than that.

He made a low, pleased sound and nearly rubbed his hands together he was so excited. “Is...is there anything you don’t want me to do or touch, Sir?”

Not *too* distracted then.

“No.” Wanting to make sure I was clear, I kept my gaze on his as I elaborated. “You may touch or kiss or lick any part of me, but I didn’t plan on doing anything penetrative tonight, so I need a shower if you want to do anything like topping me.”

His mouth dropped open.

I wasn’t sure where I’d shocked him or somehow overshared, so I just waited while he figured out how he was going to respond.

Nothing.

Deciding a prompt was in order, I wrapped my arms around him and started with the point I thought was the most controversial to him. “Kenzie, would you like me to go take a quick shower?”

That had him shaking his head and finally got his brain going. “No, Daddy. You don’t have to do that. You...”

And his brain slowed to a halt again.

“Kenzie? There is nothing specific that says Daddies and Doms won’t let their boys top.” Remembering his comments about dating, I decided that’d definitely been the issue.

“It’s a personal preference.” I wasn’t sure he was getting it, so I kept going. “For me, it’s something I enjoy with the right partner, but it’s not something I *need* to have to be sexually fulfilled. Do you understand the difference?”

I still wasn’t sure if I should keep going or if he was even hearing me, so I paused and waited.

And waited.

He finally nodded but it was slow. “Yes, Daddy.”

That was it and it sounded a bit like he was humoring a crazy person who’d approached him on the street.

“Kenzie.” Putting a dash of Dom in my voice, I narrowed my gaze at him. “That’s not enough of an answer to get to thank your Daddy.”

His pout said he wasn’t *too* upset, no matter how startled he’d looked to begin with. “But Daddy—”

One raised eyebrow had his mouth closing in a huff.

Once he realized I wasn’t going to change my mind, he sighed like the cute little drama queen he was. “I know the internet says that, but Daddies just don’t do that and Doms don’t either. The internet is wrong.”

Fuck. What kind of morons had he met?

“Kenzie, do you know why men especially like exploring ass play in different ways? The physical reasons, not the emotional or submissive reasons.” I’d thought it was simple, but he blinked at me like he’d never considered the question before.

“Um...” Cocking his head, Kenzie thought it through carefully before he spoke. “Well, there are nerve endings that go all tingly when you play with them nicely, and men have a prostate and that’s kind of a pleasure button even though I know a guy online who says that’s just marketing and it’s not a fun button, but mine is fun, so



we're not going to let marketing get in the way, and oh, and being filled is nice."

He always gave the most fascinating answers.

I loved asking him questions because I never knew what he would say.

"Do any of those things only work on subs?" His frustrated huff said he'd started to realize where the conversation was going.

"No, Daddy." He shrugged but couldn't resist pushing back. "But Doms just don't know that. They're smart most of the time but sometimes they're not."

Still fascinating.

"I'm a smart Dom." Starting with that point, I gave him a quick kiss. "And as a smart Dom, I can even Dom you from the bottom, being completely in control, or I can relax and just let my boyfriend make love to me because it's a way he wants to make me feel good."

Swallowing, Kenzie nodded and licked his lips. "Yes, you're very smart, Daddy."

Somehow he thought that was going to be enough of an answer because he gave me a quick kiss and a brightly manipulative smile. "Can I thank you now, Daddy?"

Brat.

"Yes." We'd take it one step at a time. "I'm going to like my boy's thank you."

No matter what form that took.

"I hope so, Daddy." Relief and excitement flashed over his face and I knew he was glad the awkward conversation was over. "I'm going to have fun thanking you too."

That felt truthful enough that I pushed back the rest of my questions and lecture for another time. "How

would you like to thank your Daddy?"

Yep, even more relieved.

Somehow I got the feeling he thought it was ridiculous that I didn't know the rules.

"*Kisses.*" He dragged the word out teasingly, somehow making it sound cute and dirty at the same time.

"I like your kisses." Trying not to laugh, I gave him a smacky one on the lips that made him giggle before releasing him and sitting down on the couch.

"I hope so." Rocking back and forth on his feet, he was back to being wiggly excited and couldn't seem to decide where to start. "Yes, thank you kisses for Daddy."

I had a feeling this would be a thank you we'd both enjoy, so I didn't feel selfish.

After a few seconds, he nodded and let out a breath. "Yes, kisses for Daddy."

The wording was nearly identical but the second time sounded like he'd made a decision, and I knew I was right when he stepped between my legs and knelt down between them.

Once he was on his path, the excited twitching stopped and something that at least looked close to submission seemed to spread over him. It seemed almost like the expression he got when he was deep at work and it wouldn't have surprised me if he'd started talking to my dick like he talked to his toys.

Another deep breath seemed to center him even more and he slowly reached for the button on my slacks, looking confident and so fucking sexy I wanted to moan already. When his fingers almost touched my clothes, he stopped and focused on my face again. "May I undo your pants, Daddy?"

“Yes, thank you for asking.” Stroking over his head as he sank deeper into his headspace, I loved the way he leaned into my touch, wanting more even as he started releasing my pants. “Such a good boy.”

He made a low, pleased sound as I caressed him and it slowed his movements but he didn't let my touch distract him. “Very good for Daddy.”

Smiling, I nodded even though he wasn't focused on my head. “That's right, and you're going to be very thankful and very sweet for your Daddy.”

Playing into the fantasy of him thanking me got a pleased smile and a shiver from him. “I like making Daddy happy.”

His tone was relaxed and pleased, but it seemed like his mind had already taken a step back as his submissive side stepped forward.

“You make your Daddy very happy.” Keeping up the gentle touch, I ran my fingers over his head and around his ears as he hummed softly and finally eased my zipper down. “You're such a good boy.”

Lifting my hips just enough to make it easier for him to free my cock, I loved the way he licked his lips and leaned toward me like I was an ice cream cone he was eager to lick. “Yes, you're going to make your Daddy feel so nice.”

He made a low, agreeing sound and reality seemed to fade even more as he eased my dick out from my underwear and softly ran his fingers down my shaft.

It felt like I'd been turned on for hours already, and his gentle caress as he leaned in and flicked his tongue over my slit made me even harder. I couldn't help moaning and that just earned me a delighted smile from Kenzie before he wrapped his lips around the head of my cock and gave it a soft suck.

Thanking his Daddy seemed to involve slow torture because he took his time teasing my slit and making love to my dick like he did to my lips when we kissed. His lips and tongue caressed over me and it felt like years passed before he finally inched lower on my cock.

Most thorough thank you ever.

Kenzie's sweetness came through with every happy sound he made and even though he was doing something wonderfully wicked to me, he radiated an innocence that made me want to wrap him up in my arms. Even the obvious arousal he got from sucking my dick couldn't take away from it.

And nothing could take away how incredible it felt.

My excitable, wonderfully naïve sub threw himself into pleasuring me, and he had lips that would make Doms fight for him.

But he was all mine...because he was keeping me.

With some subs, I knew it would've been just teasing banter to build a scene, but Kenzie was too earnest for something like that. His honesty just leapt out of him and I knew he meant every word. I wasn't sure how he knew we were so right together, but I couldn't question it.

"My good boy...that's..." His throat teased the head of my dick and he swallowed around it like he was fucking with me. "Kenzie..."

His giggle sent vibrations through me that had me moaning and fighting the urge to slam my dick into his throat. "Fuck."

That got another pleased sound as he took the tip of my dick into his throat and slowly swallowed me down. "Fuck. Fuck."

He giggled and hummed, obviously knowing what that would do to me and thoroughly enjoying the way I

cursed again. "Damn it, Kenzie."

His whole body shook as he laughed but my dick had the sound trapped even though it seemed like it traveled right through me. "I won't forget this, little dragon."

Kenzie moaned, making me think that he couldn't decide if he wanted to encourage that threat or not.

"You were distracting me earlier and teasing me. Yes, I think we need to work on your behavior, naughty boy." Just hinting at a spanking was enough to send a shiver through him and he stopped using his throat to fuck with me.

As he started to bob and finally focused on making me come, I ran my hand over his head and did my best to feed into his fantasy. "I'm going to put you over my lap and bare your bottom."

Pausing as he moaned, I tightened my grip on his head without taking control. Just that tiny bit of domination was enough to get another shiver from him as took me deep again. "A cheeky boy who teases and distracts his Dom needs a sound spanking to help him remember to be a good sub."

His needy whine said he thoroughly approved of the plan, but it also had him working overtime to please me.

I wasn't going to be able to hold back.

As he eased back just enough to tease my slit and lick around the head of my dick as he looked up at me with desire-filled eyes, I moaned and fought back the fantasy of fucking his throat. "Deeper, Kenzie. Take it. That's it."

My thoughts narrowed down to his mouth and his excitement, and the beautifully inhuman sparkle that shone from his eyes as he opened them again and stared up at me. Seeing the passion and love radiating from him threw me right over the edge.

He swallowed down every drop of cum I shot deep into him, moaning as his eyes nearly rolled back in his head.

When I finally started to soften, his eager innocence faded as something wicked filled his expression. He released my cock, giving it a soft kiss and looking wonderfully manipulative as he smiled up at me. "I want to be sorry for distracting you and teasing you, Daddy."

Yep, wonderfully manipulative...and adorable.

## Chapter 12

### *Kenzie*

Sorry.

Sorry.

Sorry.

Lots of sorries so I got to come too.

Looking up at Daddy, I snuggled closer and leaned into his chest. "I want to be the best boy for you, Daddy, and I can't do that without help."

Daddy nodded, looking serious and smiley all at the same time. "I'm going to help you be the best boy ever."

He bent down and kissed my head, nuzzling against me like a big dragon would. "And to help you, I think I need to make sure all your attention is on me."

Oh, that *had* to mean a spanking.

I'd been so good, of course I'd get a spanking.

Yes, it just made sense and Daddy was so smart he'd know.

"Spankings help with attention." I wasn't going to hint too much, but Daddy already knew that because he nodded and wrapped his arms around me.

"That's right." Kissing my neck, he ran his hand down my body and squeezed my ass, sending a shiver through me. "And I'm going to help you a lot, naughty boy."

"Thank you, Daddy." Yes, lots of gratitude for lots of helpful spankings.

Helping me to come.

Helping me to get closer to Daddy.

Helping me to feel owned and loved.

“Hmm, you’re welcome.” He nuzzled against my neck and even used his teeth to nibble on me. “Now, stand up for me. It’s time to give you exactly what you need.”

Oh, please let that be a spanking.

As Daddy pulled back, the look in his eyes was so strong he looked like the fiercest dragon ever and the power in it sent a shiver through me. “Show me what a good boy you want to be. Stand up.”

Yes, had to get off the floor to be spanked.

My head knew that but the rest of me was wobbly and very excited. “I’m trying, Daddy. My legs aren’t being very good, though.”

I’d make them work.

It was just going to take a few seconds.

Daddy chuckled but it was a sexy sound that sent more shivers through me and made my legs even more wobbly. “It would be a shame if your legs made you so naughty you didn’t get a reward for learning your lesson.”

Oh, that didn’t sound good at all...especially because Daddy looked like he’d enjoy that.

Up.

Up.

Up.

A bit shaky but I didn’t fall...but that might’ve been because I was crawling up his legs. “That works, right, Daddy?”



He was shaking his head but it was his *you're too cute* look, so I wasn't worried about not getting my good boy reward. "We'll see."

I wasn't sure I liked "we'll sees" but Daddy distracted me from worrying by moving me around and laying me over his lap like I was just a doll in his hoard. "I'll be good, Daddy."

I was over Daddy's lap...I was going to be very good.

His low laugh didn't sound like he believed me, but before I could tell him I was going to be very good, he pushed my pants down and gave my ass a pop. "I don't know about that."

I was going to ask why but then he pulled my underwear down and whys just disappeared out of my head.

Poof.

And the first really good naked bottom spank made everything in my head disappear.

Magic.

Pain washed over me and then the pleasure wrapped itself around me as Daddy ran his hand over the area he'd just spanked. "Such a pretty pink bottom and such pretty sounds from my boy."

Oh, my moans.

Before I could decide if I needed to say thank you, he spanked my other cheek. "Oh, even better when both sides match."

Daddy was very silly but somehow that made it even better.

I was going to tell him that to let him know what a good job he was doing but then he spanked me again and the magic got even more wonderful.

He went back and forth, chasing away all the thoughts and only leaving wonderful things like pleasure and pain and moans and erections.

When all I wanted was to rut against his thighs and to find enough breath to promise to be the best boy ever, Daddy finally stopped and just stroked his hand over my ass. "Such a pretty bottom. And all those sweet whimpers. I bet you're going to listen and not try to distract Daddy, right?"

Yes.

Oh yes.

Wait.

Was that what we'd said?

"Yes, Daddy...Yes, Daddy..." I was trying not to rock and rub my dick against him but it was so hard. "I...I'll listen and...and be a good helper..."

Wasn't that something we'd talked about?

"And...and what you need..." Yes, there'd been something about needs.

"You've been a very good boy." Daddy's hand was making circles over my ass and his fingers kept skimming right over my hole. "And you gave me all I need, baby. You're my sweet helper. Yes. Would you like a reward for being so good?"

"Yes." I nodded and tried to say something else but Daddy squeezed my ass and sent tingly pain firing through me like there were fireworks going off inside of me. "Daddy..."

He chuckled and did it again, but this time as the colors exploded in me, his other fingers caressed over my hole, barely pressing down like he was going to fuck me with them. "Show me how much you need to come. Show me how needy my sweet boy is."

Daddy gave the best orders.

Grinding my dick against him was wonderful but as I pushed back against his finger, it teased my hole and made the pleasure a thousand times stronger. Then Daddy moaned. And I moaned. And his finger went deeper.

Daddy gave the best fireworks.

The world exploded and my orgasm burst out of me like my dragon, feeling almost alive it was so wonderful.

I chased the incredible feelings until I went limp and all I could feel was Daddy's hands running over my back and down my legs. "That's my good boy. Yes, I'm so proud of you. Look at you, baby."

"Daddy..." He chuckled when that was all I could get out.

"Come here. Let me cuddle you." Daddy's strong hands helped me up and wrapped around me as soon as I cuddled up on his lap. "That's much better."

"Yes, but I like being over your lap too, Daddy." Snuggling against him, I closed my eyes and petted his chest. "You've got a very good lap, Daddy."

There was something else I was going to tell him but I lost the words.

"Thank you." He kissed my head, hugging me tight. "I liked having you over my lap."

Yes, I was so good.

Rubbing my cheek against his chest, I caught another drifty thought. "You have to stay. You said so. Because... because we talked about limits and...and it's not the first date anymore."

Yes, had to make sure I reminded Daddy before he could start worrying.

Daddies seemed to do that a lot.

“Yes, I’m not going anywhere.” Daddy gave me another hug and kissed my head. “I’m going to stay right here with you tonight, and we’ll get cleaned up and snuggle and then I’ll make you breakfast tomorrow.”

That was a wonderful plan.

“I like breakfast, Daddy.” There was something else. “And I like snuggling...and I’m sticky.”

Yes, those were the most important things.

His chest jerked but Daddy kept his giggles inside. “I like snuggling with you too.”

Because I was a really good snuggler.

“How about we go get cleaned up before you fall asleep on my lap, silly goose?” Daddy laughed as I groaned.

“I’m a dragon, not a goose, Daddy.” Chomp chomp. “You forgot.”

He was the silly goose.

“Oh, you’re right.” Daddy leaned down and kissed my nose. “Come on, little dragon. Let’s get you cleaned up or you’re going to fall asleep.”

Maybe just a tiny nap.

For some reason, Daddy chuckled. “Yes, come on, tired boy.”

He was so silly.

And mean.

Daddy wanted me to get up.

“But I don’t want to get up.”

He was so stubborn. “You’re dozing off, cutie. You’re going to fall asleep.”

Would that be so bad?

“I don’t want to sleep on the couch. Come on, Kenzie. Upstairs and we’ll take a shower.” Daddy made that sound very tempting even if the upstairs was very far away. “Be my good boy and you’ll get lots of snuggles tonight.”

But the upstairs was getting farther and farther away.

“Good boys who walk upstairs safely for bed might get a reward in the morning.” Daddy’s words were very tempting.

“What kind of reward?” Sitting up was hard but I was Daddy’s good boy. “Pancakes? Another orgasm? Do I get to suck you again, Daddy?”

There were lots of good rewards.

“Stand up and we’ll talk about it.” Daddy sounded like he wasn’t going to budge on the standing-up part because he waited and waited.

So I got up and stood and even let him help me with my pants without sitting back down. “Good boy.”

I was so good I was definitely getting a reward in the morning...a sexy one and a treat one.

For some reason, Daddy laughed and kissed my forehead. “Silly dragon.”

“Yes, not a goose, no chomp chomp.” Feathers weren’t tasty no matter what Uncle Paddy said.

Daddy was very tired too because he groaned. “Not asking. Not asking. Upstairs. Show me where your room is, cutie.”

“That’s right, because you didn’t stay with me last night, so you don’t know where my bed is.” That was very sad. “But you’re going to make it up to me and stay with me lots and lots because you’re mine.”

I was keeping Daddy.

Daddy was so tired he was laughing again.

"I'm not feeling guilty, so stop being dramatic." Daddy steered me toward the stairs as we started walking. "Consent is important. I'm staying now because we talked about it before orgasms and before you got so tired your filter failed."

He was so silly.

"I..." Wait. What had I been going to say? "I might be sleepy, Daddy."

Maybe.

"You had a long day, so I'm not surprised." Daddy was very smart and held me tight as we started to go up and up and up. "Yes, up and up, baby."

Daddy was magic.

"No, you're just chatty when you're tired."

Daddy was very confusing and I was going to ask what was so funny, but when we got to the top of the stairs, I forgot what...what had I been going to say?

"Orgasms make me tired, Daddy."

I went up.

I went down.

I went to bed.

Daddy was nearly giggling, so he must've been tired too.

"Here's my room, Daddy." Yes, I was going to help Daddy since he was so sleepy he was silly. "It's my grown-up room."

It was a very nice grown-up room.

"It's got a big bed and lots of pillows because my mother says grown-ups have lots of pillows and I've even got a chair in the corner. My mother thinks it's for putting on my shoes, but it's for you to spank me.

Doesn't that look like a good spanking chair? Shh, we're not going to tell my mother, though. She'd worry."

Just about different things than Daddy worried about.

Daddy let out a deep breath and smiled. "I think it's a wonderful spanking chair. We'll have to try it out next time."

Yay.

"It's very sturdy and you can bend me over because it doesn't have arms." I had something else to tell him about my chair but when I turned to Daddy to tell him, he kissed me and I forgot. "I...I like my chair."

Yes, that was it.

"It's a wonderful spanking chair and it will be good for putting on shoes too, so we don't have to lie to your mother." Daddy had the best ideas, but he didn't let me tell him. "But for right now, you're going to go in the bathroom and pee and then we're going to bed. We'll do showers in the morning."

Yes, that was a good idea.

"I'll just...yes, that's..." What was I doing?

"Potty, cutie." Daddy chuckled and pointed me toward the bathroom. "Go piss and then we're going to bed."

I could do that.

Daddy had very good ideas...he was kind of distracting, though. But I made it without forgetting anything and I even washed my penis and my hands. I was such a good boy, Daddy was going to let me suck his dick again in the morning.

"Only if I can find a way to charge my phone so I can set my alarm for work."

Huh?

Daddy was standing in the bedroom looking very nicely naked and slightly confused. "Do you have another phone charger?"

"Yes, Daddy." I even remembered where it was. I was such a good boy. "Here."

Leading Daddy over to my dresser, I opened the top drawer and pulled out cords and held them up for Daddy. "I have lots."

Daddy was back to smiling because he knew I was very helpful. "Yes, baby, thank you."

But as he looked in the drawer to find the right one, he chuckled again. "Why do you store phone cords with sex toys?"

"They plug in too, Daddy." Everything plugged in. "Do you think sexy toys go with fun toys? Should they be part of my hoard?"

I hadn't been sure who to ask, but now I had Daddy and he was so smart.

"You can have two hoards." Daddy knew the answer so fast he was amazing. He even found his cord under the buzzy toy that was so nice. "You're killing me, cutie. Yes, we'll organize it as two parts of one hoard since it's all in the same house."

That was a great idea.

Daddies were so helpful.

"Yes, that's why littles need Daddies. To make sure they have hot meals, orgasms, and help them organize."

Yep, Daddy was so magical he could read minds.

He even knew I wanted another kiss.

"Yes, kisses for my sweet dragon." He made smiley, happy sounds when I nodded. "Alright, little dragon, you lie down and I'll be right there."



Daddy led me over to the bed, giving me another forehead kiss before I even asked. Magic. But I yawned before I could make sure he knew he was magic. "Close your eyes and I'll be right back."

He had Daddy magic and I was going to...

# Chapter 13

## *Talon*

“You stayed.” Kenzie’s excited voice had me opening my eyes before my alarm had gone off. How dark it was outside said it was as ridiculously early as I thought it was, but he was so excited I couldn’t be frustrated. “Thank you for staying. I got tired fast.”

Yep. Just like he’d said, Kenzie went up and down and then out.

“I did.” Lifting my head up, I kissed his nose. “We’ll have to make sure we do spanking time closer to the bed in the future.”

Pouting, Kenzie sighed. “I really, *really* wanted to stay awake. I tried hard.”

I wasn’t sure laughing would be a good response, but I could barely hold back the chuckle that wanted to escape. “That’s okay. It was late anyway.”

Nodding, Kenzie settled over me and rested his chin on my chest. “Do I get more pancakes for breakfast?”

There was no way he needed more pancakes.

No matter what Kenzie was, he needed more nutrients than pancakes could give him.

“How about an omelet and fried potatoes?” I could add in several vegetables and make it even healthier. “What should we put in it? Cheese? Bell peppers? Tomatoes?”

“I like cheese.” Kenzie’s mind seemed to have latched onto the first fun food I mentioned because his smile was

wonderfully earnest as he wiggled over me. "I like potatoes too, but you can't eat them raw either."

Yes, the cooked food conundrum.

"Well, I will cook you a delicious breakfast of potatoes and cheese and lots of good stuff." And a few veggies for good measure...as soon as I borrowed some sweats from Kenzie so I didn't have to go home in cum-covered pants.

"Thank you, Daddy." Kenzie leaned in and gave me a peck on the cheek that was sweet and innocent but didn't seem to mean he was little at the moment. "Should I reward you for being such a good Daddy and feeding me, or should you reward me for being so good last night? I went to bed just like you told me."

Kind of.

"I think I know exactly what I'm going to do." Rolling us over so I was stretched out on top of Kenzie, I grinned as he sucked in a breath, eyes sparkling for a moment as his already hard cock got even more excited. "It's going to be a reward for both of us."

"What?" Wiggling excitedly under me, Kenzie's body made it perfectly clear that he'd woken up ready for rewards. "What kind of reward, Daddy? I was very good."

That was a matter of perspective, but he'd gotten in bed without too many distractions and he'd managed not to tell me he was an alien, so yeah, he'd probably been very good.

Kissing his nose again, I pushed the covers farther down the bed and kissed his neck. "You'll have to wait and see. It's my turn to pick."

Giggles turned into a moan as I worked my way lower, glad we hadn't made it as far as putting on pajamas last night. "Daddy...You...I...Oh, is that my reward?"

So nipple play could be a reward?

Tucking that information in the back of my head, I latched onto one sensitive bud and gave it a firm suck before nibbling on the tip again. Kenzie shivered and his hips thrust up like they had a mind of their own. "Daddy..."

His needy whine sent a rush through me and I couldn't help letting out a small laugh as he squirmed and begged. "Please, Daddy. I was very good. Please?"

I wasn't sure what he was begging for, but his sweet words seemed to be playing on repeat as I went back and forth between his nipples. The way I was slowly rocking against him and pressing his erection between us probably wasn't helping his ability to be articulate either, though.

It got even more fun as I started working my way lower, relieved to confirm once more that everything looked human...right proportions and everything. As I subtly double-checked the important bits, Kenzie finally realized what my end goal was.

"Oh, Daddy." Sighing as I licked his cock, he melted into the bed. "That's a wonderful reward."

Adorable.

My wiggler was back to full squirming and begging mode as soon as I wrapped my lips around his beautiful cock, though. "Please...I'll...Yes, I'll...Daddy..."

He wasn't making a damned bit of sense, but he was whining and petting over my head sweetly, so I knew he had no desire for me to change my reward. Which I was very grateful for because I thought this was the perfect fun for both of us.

I loved the way he squirmed and all the sexy, needy sounds he made, and he seemed to love every second his dick was in my mouth. So I took my time, licking and nibbling at the head of his cock, doing my best to

remember every touch that got the best reactions from my sexy boy.

Like teeth.

Kenzie looked so sweet and innocent but flashes of pain sent shivers through him and feeling my teeth scrape over the head of his erection had him making the most beautiful sounds...and promises. "Good boy, yes, good dragon and good sub...and I'll...I'll be so good... yes..."

His words weren't really making much sense by the time I had his shaft deep in my mouth and my throat was teasing the head, so I just let them wash over me and focused on giving him the best reward possible.

I would've loved to have stretched it out all morning, edging him and teasing him until his sanity was completely gone, but I had work and he needed to be fed. So as I bobbed faster and sucked him harder, just at the point where good pain seemed to inch closer to bad, I reached up to pinch his nipple and sent him flying.

He cried out, shaking as cum shot out in long bursts and flooded my mouth. Every pinch and suck had him soaring higher and I kept his pleasure going as long as I could until he sagged against the bed with a sigh. "Oh, Daddy..."

Finally releasing his cock, I licked the head and loved the shiver it sent through him. "Good morning."

He giggled before a yawn escaped. "Good morning, Daddy."

Up. Down. Nap.

Shifting higher up the bed, I gave him a quick kiss. "You close your eyes for a few more minutes and I'll wake you up when breakfast is done."

He tried to shake his head as another yawn escaped, but I nodded and gave him one more kiss. "Daddy's

rule. Nap for a silly dragon.”

Kenzie giggled as his eyes closed, sinking fast once the decision was out of his hands. “Not a goose. Feathers are yucky.”

Who the fuck ate the feathers?

Nope.

Not asking.

But once we’d cleared up a few things, Kenzie and I were sitting down to discuss what was edible and what wasn’t.

I was not going to learn how to cook goose feathers or anything weird...I had to draw the line somewhere and we’d found it.

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“It will really cook all day and then be stew?” Kenzie was looking at the slow cooker like it was magic. “It won’t go bad or melt or explode?”

I wasn’t even going to ask how someone would make a crockpot explode.

“Yes, it will be delicious and ready right around the time I get off work.” Kissing his head, I put the leftover veggies back in the fridge. “I’m going to swing by my place and grab a few things. Then I’ll head back over here as promised.”

For the thousandth time.

Kenzie’s eyes lit up again in that not-quite-human way and he nearly bounced he was so excited. “Because you belong here and we’ve talked about what I want while I’m awake and not sleepygassed.”

Laughing, I nodded and gave him one last kiss. “Yes, and I haven’t forgotten that I belong to you.”

Whatever that meant.

Yep, the list of questions I had was growing longer by the second but nothing in what he'd said made it sound like I was going to be beamed up to Mars, so I wasn't too worried. I was, however, frustrated I hadn't already brought over more clothes, so that was first on my to-do list.

"Yes." Finally giving in to the urge to bounce, he threw his arms around me. "And you'll feed me and cuddle me and help me with my toys."

All the important things for a Daddy to do.

"That's right." Hugging him tight, I let myself brush my lips against his, but I didn't let us get distracted. I had work and he didn't need another nap. "But now I have to work and so do you."

Nodding earnestly, Kenzie let me go and stood straight like a cute little toy soldier. "I'll work hard so I deserve more rewards."

His logic was fascinating.

"Good boy." One last peck on his nose and I headed out of the kitchen before the wicked voice in the back of my head could point out that no one would complain if I was late. "I'll see you later. Try to remember your lunch is in the fridge."

I wasn't holding my breath for that one.

"I'll be a good boy, Daddy." Kenzie's careful response said he wasn't going to hold his breath either.

Telling myself that I'd swing by later as long as more raccoons didn't go on a junk food rampage, I headed into town. Making a quick detour by my place to finish getting ready for the day didn't take as long as I'd expected, so I had time for a quick stop as I made my way toward the station.

Yep.

I wasn't smart at all but I was supposed to keep the crazy people in my odd town safe, so that was what I was going to do.

Fingers crossed the crazy alien didn't zap me with her ray gun or crystals or whatever the fuck she was using on poor Lorne.

I walked through several worst-case scenarios as I parked in front of Dollar Paradise, the ridiculously named local dollar store that priced everything five dollars and under. The whole situation had gotten out of hand and it looked like I was the only one who was willing to put a stop to it.

Fucking aliens.

It took me a second to remember the owner's name, but it hit me as I headed up to the door. Macy. I remembered thinking it was a bit ironic the first time we'd been introduced but she'd been doing her best to avoid me since then.

She was smart.

But she was also going to melt Lorne's brain, so it was time to stop her shenanigans.

"Deputy." An older man with a sparkle in his eyes nodded as I held the door open for him. He glanced back into the store and chuckled as I stepped back to give him enough space to exit. "You're starting your day early."

I wasn't sure what he was implying, but I stuck with the facts to keep it simple.

"Got to nip a few things in the bud." Like whammies and brain damage. "Some people need to remember there are limits on the shenanigans they can get up to."

He just gave a creaky laugh and nodded as he headed down the street, clearly approving of my decision to step in to end whatever ridiculousness was going on.



It was nice to have the alien leadership's approval to fix shit, but I really wished I knew what I should be fussing at her about.

Keeping my displeasure vague would be my best bet, so I aimed to look stern and almost bored as I headed inside, making sure to look every bit the frustrated Dom that I was.

Aliens responded best to whoever had the most strength and that was going to be me.

"Macy, it's good to see you." Pinning the nervous-looking alien in place with a smile, I headed toward the register where she was fiddling with papers, trying her best to look busy.

"Deputy." Nodding, she picked up a stack of what looked to be receipts. "I just have to—"

Interrupting her, I shook my head as I came up to the counter where more fucking watches seemed to have sprung up. "I won't take but a minute of your time."

I gave her my best *don't fuck with me* smile as I laid the latest stolen watch on the counter. "I have something to return to you."

She sighed, clearly frustrated at seeing the watch back instead of the money she'd been expecting. "Thank you."

Oh, we weren't done yet.

"I thought this might be a better way to handle the situation." The crazy woman nearly pouted, but I ignored it because she'd been causing chaos for months. "Lorne's been given strict instructions not to come in here without an escort until we can figure out exactly what's making his control so questionable."

And the pout came out.

I just ignored it and gave another fake smile that made her sigh. "I'm sure you'll appreciate not having to worry about that anymore. If he needs something, I'm

sure he'll just drive over to the Walmart. For whatever reason, he's got more control over there."

Giving her a stern look as she half-heartedly nodded, I did my best to make my feelings on the matter clear. "I just can't have any of our fascinating citizens put in situations like this. I'm sure you understand."

Letting out another dramatic sigh as she hunched over, she nodded more decisively that time. "I agree, Deputy. I'm sure he'll be fine going forward."

"I hope so." Because brains were fucking important.

But since she'd agreed to stop aiming her ray gun at Lorne, I decided to try to help her out some. "Now that we've got that theft problem under control and there won't be any more distractions, this might be the best time to bring in someone to help you restructure so you can maximize your profits. Shopping local is important and there are a lot of ways to make sure small businesses can thrive."

Besides zapping overly honest littles.

"Yes." Looking thoughtful instead of guilty, Macy straightened and glanced around the store. "I agree. And the Walmart just can't compare when it comes to things like good customer service."

What the fuck?

How was zapping her neighbors good customer service?

Someone needed to review their Human 101 lessons.

"That's right." Doing my best not to shake my head or snort, I treated it like it was a reasonable response. "And making your customers feel safe and confident when they shop will go a long way toward that."

"Yes, you're right." That would've sounded better if she hadn't sighed like she was being tortured.

Fucking aliens.

# Chapter 14

## *Kenzie*

“Your Daddy is very bossy.” Lorne was frowning as I looked up from my work, but I knew what he wasn’t saying.

“You can’t have him. He’s mine, but I’ll share and let him tell you what to do until we find you a Daddy.” It seemed like the right thing to do, and my mother had always said to share toys as long as everyone was playing nice.

Lorne had already proven he could play nice with Daddy, so I wasn’t worried.

“Thank you for sharing.” Lorne ignored Alick’s laugh and Boyd’s huff as he stepped farther into the workshop. “And thank you for making him take the watch back. I didn’t want to give it to him, but I felt much better when he took it.”

“That’s ‘cause he’s a Daddy.” I shrugged. It was just what they did. “It’s like a spanking. It hurts and then it feels very nice.”

Boyd’s groan was harder to ignore but we did our best. Just because he was dramatic didn’t mean we had to give him attention. My mother said we should never reward bad behavior.

“Yeah, that’s a good way to describe it.” Lorne smiled, standing straighter as he started bouncing around the room and looking at the toys. “And he made Macy stop making me buy the watches. I heard he even told her that she needed to bring in help to make more money.”

That had to have been an interesting conversation.

“How did she take that?” Was Daddy going to start stealing watches? “She’s kind of…”

Lorne shrugged, obviously agreeing with me about Macy, and looked at Alick and Boyd for more information. Boyd was still glaring from the doorway and trying to look like he was bored with our ridiculousness, so Alick helped. “I heard she just sighed and pouted and didn’t get mad. I think him bringing the watch back this time made her realize her fun was over.”

“That’s wonderful.” Turning to Lorne again, I couldn’t resist smiling. “Now you can go back to buying things for your hoard that you actually like.”

That was much more fun and I wouldn’t have to make him another box to put the watches in.

“Speaking of hoards.” Boyd interrupted us as Lorne nodded, cutting off poor Lorne before he could tell me what he was going to collect next. “I heard you were talking about yours with your Daddy.”

Yep.

“I’m going to keep him and he’s helping me organize my hoard so I can fit more in my playroom.” Before Boyd could lecture me about keeping my hoard safe, I frowned at him and tried to do my best to channel Daddy when he was being his best cop self. “And yes, I showed him my playroom and he was very impressed.”

“Because it’s a really good hoard.” Lorne knew it was so good, and he almost bounced as he went over to look at the new train that’d been tortured by a very cranky pet rabbit named Fred. “Your Daddy seems very organized, so I know he’s going to do a wonderful job.”

“He likes helping. He even put stuff in the crockpot earlier so dinner will be ready when he gets home.” Organized Daddies were the best.

“You have a crockpot?” Alick frowned, looking over at the house. “I didn’t realize that.”

“Me neither.” Shrugging, I decided the magic that made it appear wasn’t really important. “Daddy knows how to use it too. He’s making me hot lunches. All I had to do was heat it up in the microwave.”

Daddy was amazing.

No more sandwiches for lunch.

He’d even called me to make sure I ate too.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Daddies worry more than you think.” Yes, I had to make sure they knew that. “I don’t know if it’s because of his work or just being a Daddy in general, but he finds so much to worry about it’s exhausting.”

Hmm.

Alick, Lorne, and I all turned to Boyd, who was still frowning.

“Is it just a cop thing?” Alick decided to take one for the team and poke Boyd. For some reason, he was always weird when we pointed out the fact that he was a Dom.

He wanted to get growly and frown more, but he had to tell the truth because that was just what Daddies did. “No.”

I was so smart.

When Alick and Lorne looked back at me, I sighed, nodding. “He worries a lot, so when you get your Daddies, just remember that, and we’ll have to remember to warn Boyd’s little when he stops being dramatic and finds one.”

Boyd rolled his eyes, then pretended I hadn’t said anything because he didn’t like being wrong. “I can’t

believe you showed him your hoard. Does he even understand how important that is?"

That was a very good question.

"I don't know." They were going to help me figure that out. "I explained it was my hoard and special and he was very impressed and took it very seriously, but I was kind of little when I told him about it, so I'm not sure what he was thinking."

Lorne giggled, no help at all, but Boyd and Alick took it more seriously and both frowned.

"Does anyone know if he knows about...well, dragons and stuff?" Looking between the three of them, I was frustrated to see one shrug after another. "He keeps mentioning behavior stuff that's very local and doesn't seem shocked...maybe. He just seems confused sometimes?"

Daddy was a very smart deputy and cops sometimes saw things very differently, so it might be a police officer Daddy thing.

"He asked me if I could use the microwave safely and even talked about the mage on the other side of town who's going to help me fix my toxic paint problem." So he was very helpful either way.

But that didn't really tell me if Daddy knew I was a dragon.

We all decided that this was a Boyd problem and turned to him. It got another dramatic sigh and glare but that didn't last long. "A few members of the council stopped by my office this morning. Evidently, they're still scarred from the playdate debacle, so they came to talk to me."

Yep, definitely a Boyd problem.

"I didn't do anything wrong." Either time. I wanted to put that out into the universe first, just in case. "I've

been very careful with Daddy, and honestly, if they randomly show up at someone's house, then they don't get to complain about what's going on there. We call before we go visit. That's just good manners."

Boyd lifted one eyebrow but didn't exactly say I was lying about the being good part and he definitely couldn't argue about the calling first part either. "The general consensus is that our new deputy knows something is interesting but probably not quite what. However, they say he's adapted well enough that you can tell him about us. They're just not sure if you're confirming what he already knows or if you're going to explain why we're strange."

Oh.

"I have to be the one to do it?" How had I gotten volunteered for that job?

Alick managed to stop giggling long enough to be helpful. "I think they're assuming he'll take it better coming from you."

Well, there was some logic to that idea.

"What if he takes it worse coming from me? It's going to give him lots of new things to worry about, so he might need some space to process it first." And if he was upset and it took him a few minutes to calm down, I wasn't sure I wanted to see that part.

I would still keep him, of course, but I didn't want memories of Daddy being upset.

What if he thought dragons were ugly?

What if he liked mages better?

"We need a new plan. I don't like this one." Glancing between them, I frowned to make them understand their idea wasn't going to work. "What is Plan B?"

Or C?



D?

They just shook their heads...woefully unprepared for the reality of dealing with a human Daddy.

"This one isn't working for me and I would like another. Please." Yes, good manners always helped.

I was also very patient while they realized I was not kidding.

"I'll do it." Lorne finally shrugged, renewing my confidence in my mother's lectures on getting what I wanted without being a brat. "I don't think he'll be surprised. He knows we're weird."

Nearly giggling, Alick nodded even though we were special, not weird. "I'll help. He'll probably appreciate having another human around to help explain things."

Why?

"Do you think we're confusing? I was more worried about Daddy finding new things to worry about like what to feed me. I told him I was an omnivore, but he's really smart and can always find something new to add to his worry list." Smart people were frustrating sometimes but I was very lucky to have Daddy.

For some reason that made Alick laugh so hard Boyd had to take over the conversation. "And this is why you are not going to be allowed to be alone with the deputy when it's time to tell him about *The Wight*."

Rolling my eyes, I sighed. "We're not creatures."

Boyd huffed. "I'm not going to figure out how to go back in time and choose another word for our community. Blame Old English and German for that, not me. Now, can we move on to when you're going to tell your Daddy you're a dragon?"

Ugh.

I'd rather debate old words that didn't make sense any longer.

"Um, I think he said something about three dates before we have important conversations?" Had the sheriff said that? Someone had said that. "So what counts as three dates?"

"Um." Alick was wonderful and immediately started brainstorming instead of being dramatic or giggling more. "A date is separate activities like eating or doing something. So you had one when he took you out to dinner. Two when he took you grocery shopping and fed you pancakes. Three when he made you breakfast this morning?"

Sounded good to me.

"So is this like an intervention thing or do we sit down over dessert and coffee or is it a picnic topic?" There might be other options but those were the first that came to mind. "Can you eat stew at a picnic?"

"A picnic?" Boyd finally stopped being dramatic but for some reason he was confused.

"So I can shift when he gets curious." I thought that should've been obvious. "And food makes everything nicer. Oh, a dessert picnic so I can take care of Daddy and then show him my dragon? We could have dinner first?"

He'd like that.

Daddy liked my desserts.

"He'll think you're pretty, Lorne. You can shift too." Daddy was very smart and would probably want to see different types of dragons.

Alick was back to giggling again. "Your Daddy might not want to see shifting right off the bat once he realizes you have to get naked for that."

That was a very good point.

“You know, he was kind of weird about me being naked and he even put that on a list of boundary stuff he was worried about.” Most of the time humans made very good sense but the *weird about being naked* thing was very odd.

“Do you think he doesn’t want to see Lorne naked?” That just seemed strange to get worked up about, but Daddy liked to worry. “Lorne’s a very cute dragon and he’s got a nice body. Everyone should want to see him naked.”

Alick was going to have to stop giggling before he’d make any sense at all, so I focused on Lorne, who was smiling. “You don’t mind, do you?”

“No. I like being naked except for not being able to shift and wear my sparklies at the same time...and thank you for the compliment.” He sighed. “The charms to make my sparklies fit both my forms are just too expensive.”

“You’re welcome and you’re right about those charms.” Kind of. Most of his money had just been going to watches and silly things lately, but we’d be able to go over his budget later after we figured out how to tell Daddy that I was a dragon.

“You’re insane.” Boyd had decided that dramatic was going to be his default state because he was back to glaring again. “We’re going to sit in your living room and have drinks and talk to him about it *logically*. Then if he wants to see you shift, you can go outside and we’ll be there to support him and make sure he knows you won’t eat him.”

“Why would I eat him?” Daddy was smarter than that. “I already told him I don’t like wiggly food.”

If Alick didn’t stop laughing, he was going to have to sit down. He looked like he was going to tip over.

“Meat should be cooked and I don’t know how to cook a chicken, much less a human.” Would they be skin on or off? High heat? Low heat?

“Do not tell me what just went through your head.” Boyd’s eyes were going to stick like that if he kept rolling them. “He’ll have at least a minute of worrying if you’re going to eat him. You’re a fucking dragon, moron.”

“But he’s my Daddy, grumpy.” Boyd was wrong about Daddy. “He’ll worry about something unexpected.”

But having people around to explain things might not be a bad idea.

“Okay, it’ll be a group project and we’ll have dessert.” What kind of dessert went with fun news and a possible heart attack?

Ice cream?

No, cake.

Heart attacks were definitely cupcakes.

# Chapter 15

## *Talon*

It was some kind of alien intervention.

Glancing at everyone in the living room and nodding a greeting like it was nothing, I set my duffel bag down by the doorway. As soon as Kenzie had brought me into the living room with his sweet smile leading the way, the first thing I'd seen had been his friends scattered around the room all doing their best to look relaxed and all failing.

Yep, I should've expected it.

The way my boss had been giving me the side eye most of the afternoon said something had gotten interesting in the alien community, but since I hadn't been eaten yet or beamed up, I'd decided I wasn't going to worry about it.

I probably should've worried about it.

"I'm not sure I made enough dinner for everyone, cutie. But I think it will work." Ignoring the way the one human in the mix kept giggling as Kenzie made the introductions, I brushed off the curious stares and focused on Kenzie. "Do you have any rolls or biscuits in the freezer?"

That'd help stretch out the stew to feed a crowd.

"Yes, I do." Kenzie's smile turned up a notch and he took a step toward the kitchen. "Let me go—"

"No, don't get distracted." Boyd rolled his eyes and I had to fight the urge to laugh. Wrangling Kenzie was like herding chickens. "Sit down."

Kenzie rolled his eyes before I had a chance to remind Boyd that he had to be nice. “He’s just worried. Ignore him.”

Worried?

“I’ll do my best.” Giving Kenzie a quick peck, I kept hold of his hand and led him over to the empty chair in the middle of the half circle that was obviously meant for me. “But how about we get whatever drama is getting cooked up out of the way and then we can have dinner and playtime later?”

“Oh, I want to play.” Lorne quickly lost all interest in the intervention and slid forward on the couch cushion. “Can we play trains? Oh, let’s play Barbies. I want to dress her up in the ball gown again.”

“I want Ken in the ball gown, personally.” Alick’s helpful idea had Kenzie giggling and getting the littles delightfully off track.

“Yes, oh yes, he needs new clothes. I can do it.” Kenzie rocked back and forth on his feet and gave a smile that had his eyes lighting up again as he aimed his excitement at me. “I won’t stab myself, Daddy. I’ll be careful and I’ll find a pattern and it’ll be—”

“Good grief, how do you get sidetracked so quickly?” Boyd groaned, rubbing his hands over his face as his head fell back. “And for fuck’s sake, stop doing that. There’s no way he thinks you’re human.”

Oh, this was an intervention I could get behind.

“Half the town isn’t human.” Pointing out that fact just to shut them up for a moment, I sat down in the chair and pulled Kenzie onto my lap. “Ms. Dobbs has spent the last week floating every time she sneezes and my boss blows up coffee machines when he gets frustrated.”

That got more giggles from Alick and Lorne, but Kenzie was smiling and wiggling on my lap like he was

one laugh away from being little. “Ms. Dobbs is naughty. I’m a very good boy, Daddy. I have very good control and I’d stay home if I didn’t look human.”

As Boyd groaned again, I nodded and kissed Kenzie’s nose. “I’m glad you would make better choices. She worried the librarian and someone is going to need to explain a few things to him too.”

That made Kenzie giggle and he leaned in to whisper in my ear. “We’ll send Boyd. He thinks the librarian is cute.”

Boyd looked like he was trying to decide if he was going to kill Kenzie or hide under the couch. “Stay on track and stay big.”

Neither of those things would happen, so we all just ignored his ridiculous instructions.

“I think that’s a very good idea, and I agree—you’re a very good boy and I’m a very lucky Daddy.” Giving Kenzie a quick kiss on his cheek, I ignored our audience and focused on the fun part of the conversation. “What should we play later?”

As Kenzie wiggled and planned, Boyd interrupted again. “No, we’re supposed to have a real conversation so I can report back to the council that he knows and isn’t freaking the fuck out.”

Kenzie just giggled. “He said a naughty word, Daddy.”

That didn’t help Boyd’s mood at all, but I was glad Kenzie wasn’t worried.

“He did. Should we make him stand in the corner?” The laughter coming from Alick and Lorne said they were well on their way to being little too and Boyd looked like he was losing his mind. “He’s grumpy too.”

“And he was naughty earlier and said you might be afraid of me.” Kenzie shook his head like that was

ridiculous. "He was trying to make me worried, but you're my Daddy."

And that seemed to mean I would handle the alien invasion well?

Kenzie logic was so much fun.

"He's very silly. I already knew my Kenzie was special and I'm not going to be scared of you." The chances of him probing me were slim to none, and based on his random comments about food, I wasn't going to end up on the menu for a variety of reasons.

Everything else I might worry about seemed easier to brush aside.

"I'm very special, Daddy." Kenzie aimed his adorably manipulative smile at me and even kissed my cheek. "I'm your special dragon and I have the best hoard and you're going to stay with me always and always."

"That's right." Kissing his nose again, I loved the way he giggled and I might've enjoyed the sound effects coming from the rest of his fascinating friends. "You're very special to me and I know you're going to keep me."

That got the cutest laugh from Kenzie as he nodded and snuggled against me. "I made you cupcakes, Daddy."

For some reason that got another dramatic sound from Boyd. "Stop that. He thinks you're just being cute and little."

Huh?

Kenzie was cute and damned near little, so I wasn't sure what I'd missed.

Scrunching his face up, Kenzie didn't seem to appreciate Boyd's comments. "I'm very cute and not little yet. I'm Daddy's big boy because I want a spanking and a blow job after we eat cupcakes."



This just kept getting more and more fascinating.

And the two gigglers loved it too because they were damned near sliding off the couch they were laughing so much.

“That’s oversharing and stop manipulating everyone.” Boyd threw up his hands as Kenzie kissed my cheek. “Stop that and make him understand you’re not playing pretend.”

I had no idea what was going on but Kenzie was having fun, so I focused on that part. “If I let you keep messing with Boyd, do I get two cupcakes?”

“Don’t encourage him.” Boyd finally stood up and started pacing across the living room. As he turned and made his way back, he glared at both of us. “I knew you were going to make me do it.”

Lorne decided it was his turn to add to the chaos because he shook his head and in between giggles tried to sound reasonable. “No, I was going to do it. It’s my turn.”

What was his turn?

Kenzie was thoroughly enjoying the insanity and avoiding whatever he thought was going to upset me and was no help at all. “I’m a very good boy, Daddy.”

That didn’t help Boyd’s precariously balanced sanity. “For fuck’s sake.”

*“He’s a dragon.”*

All three men finally got the sentence out at the same time, but it took a few seconds for what they’d said to get through.

Not aliens?

Dragons?

Well, that explained why he didn’t want to probe me.

And the comments on food made a lot more sense.

“What’s Ms. Dobbs?” There was no way she was a dragon. “If dragons are the first type of...interesting citizen, what’s the other?”

Silence.

Kenzie gave me another cute cheek kiss. “Mages, Daddy.”

Magic.

Fucking magic.

“Alright.” Giving my little dragon who was actually a little dragon a hug, I skipped to the important part and tried not to laugh at the insanity of it all. “What kind of cupcakes did you make?”

“Apple cinnamon, Daddy, because it’s got fruit, so that makes it healthy.” His smile was so big, I decided to just accept the logic.

“That’s a wonderful idea. You’re so smart.” As I tried to figure out if I was going to ask about the ingredients or just guess later, Boyd groaned.

“Nope, can’t leave until we’ve addressed the elephant in the room and I can report to the council that everything is fine.” Glaring, he got a very stubborn look on his face. “I’ve got all night.”

I fucking knew there was a council.

Another one for the *smart as fuck* human.

But considering Kenzie’s list of activities for the evening included a blow job, I decided Boyd staying around all night wouldn’t work for me. “I’m fine.”

For some reason that didn’t help the situation.

“I think it’s a dragon in the room, actually.” Alick’s teasing had Kenzie laughing again. “No elephants here.”

“Does that mean there are no regular shifters? Are you shifters?” It was nice to be able to actually ask my questions instead of listing them out in my head. “You’ll tell me if I ask something rude, right? I’m pretty sure I’ve walked into a couple of cultural minefields, but I wasn’t sure what I’d said that was off-putting.”

Before Kenzie or anyone else could respond, I realized something. “You do have a hoard. That’s why everyone in the diner was acting so oddly.”

Kenzie giggled but didn’t interrupt me as I kept going. “We’ll definitely have to take very good care of it then.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” Snuggling closer, Kenzie rested his head on my shoulder. “And thank you for not being scared of me, Daddy.”

“I could never be scared of my Kenzie.” Confused? Yes. “You’re going to be the cutest dragon ever.”

A fucking dragon.

That had so many odd things making a lot more sense, but it also got me started on a whole new list of questions.

And it was some kind of spell, not a ray gun.

“What the hell was going on over at Macy’s?” My question had Lorne shrugging but Alick looked like he was going to answer when Boyd interrupted.

“Why aren’t you handling this normally?” Boyd’s glare made the question sound a lot more reasonable than it really was.

“There’s no normal way to handle any of this.” Normal had long since left the building when it came to the whole fucking town. “I actually thought you guys were aliens, so some kind of leftover dinosaur evolutionary thing makes a lot more sense.”

“No, Daddy. I’m a dragon.” Kenzie roared, making me chuckle. “We came through a gate. I’m not a dino. I’m pretty.”

So dinosaurs were ugly?

That seemed like something we should come back to another time, so I tried to stay on topic. “A gate?”

It looked like Boyd didn’t trust Kenzie to explain because he charged right back in as he kept pacing. “Think *Stargate* technology and we got stuck here. There was an earthquake. It’s confusing, but we found the portal in the late sixteen hundreds Earth time.”

Earth time.

Yep.

“So you are an alien.” I loved being right.

Kenzie’s eyes got wide. “I am. Daddy, I’m an alien. You’re so smart.”

“You’re a very cute alien.” We both ignored the giggles and groans that came from his ridiculous friends as I gave Kenzie a quick kiss. “But you’ll have to let me know if I ask something that makes you uncomfortable or if this changes your limits, cutie. I can’t be a good Daddy unless we communicate.”

“I’m not listening to your limits conversation.” Boyd growled out his limit as the rest of them laughed.

“I want to hear it.” Lorne just couldn’t help himself.

“No. No.” Shaking his head as he managed to stop laughing, Alick was finally the serious one. “We have to answer Deputy Talon’s questions before we get distracted.”

Kenzie frowned for some reason. “Is that your real first name? I wasn’t sure if they were fucking with me because of the whole dragon thing.”

Had he ever said my first name?

“Yes, cutie. Talon is my first name. They weren’t fucking with you.” I gave him another kiss as Alick and Lorne laughed, and even Boyd cracked a smile that time. “But you just call me Daddy, so that doesn’t matter.”

“I told you we weren’t fucking with you.” Rolling his eyes, Boyd headed back over to the couch and flopped down between the two gigglers. “You guys are exhausting.”

“He’s very dramatic.” Kenzie patted my chest and rubbed his cheek on my shoulder. “Ignore it, Daddy.”

I’d already decided that was how I’d handle the crazy Dom, but it was nice to know Kenzie and I were on the same page.

“Just explain to me why you’re not even having a small freak-out over this.” Boyd’s more relaxed and definitely confused tone was better than the drama, so I didn’t ignore it.

“I’ve already had my grand freak-out moments. Several, in fact.” I shrugged as Boyd’s confused look evened out. “The first day I started, my boss blew up a coffee maker by zapping it with lightning or something.”

“He only does that when he’s frustrated.” Lorne was confusing and helpful all at the same time, but I didn’t let it distract me.

“Everyone’s eyes glow when they get worked up and some people in this town don’t fake human as well as they think. I get asked the craziest questions on a daily basis and that includes some from the FBI.” I’d gotten used to the crazy.

“If I’d met Kenzie on day one and he’d surprised me with the whole *I’m a dragon* thing on the third date, I might’ve reacted differently, but I’m just damned glad he’s not a little green alien.” There were so many other things that would’ve been worse than him being a dragon.

“He’s got a point.” Alick managed not to laugh as Boyd glared at him. “The humans in town have gotten used to most of it, but looking at it logically, he would’ve been an idiot not to know something was up.”

I’d just guessed slightly wrong.

They were different kinds of aliens than I’d expected...but they were definitely aliens.

I loved being right.

# Chapter 16

## *Kenzie*

"I'm supposed to make sure you don't have any questions, Daddy." Yawning, I curled up on his lap and snuggled against him...peopling and fooding had taken too long. "Boyd texted me. But...but I think that should wait. Oh, except...I think..."

Shoot.

Snuggling was bad.

Sitting up, I hid my other yawn even though it was sneaky and escaped. "I've got questions too, though."

Daddy was trying not to laugh as he gave me a quick kiss. He almost looked serious but his lips were curling up and his eyes were smiley. "What kind of questions?"

"Lots." I'd just lost some of them. He was distracting when he was happy. "Oh, but why didn't you ask to see my dragon?"

Yes, everyone said he'd want to see that.

"Lorne said he'd show you his too if you wanted, but we've got to get naked or our clothes get all messed up and that gets expensive and money doesn't grow on trees even if the mages say they could figure out how to do it. They're just being silly, though."

Probably.

I wasn't sure my mom had been telling the truth about that because moms didn't always tell the truth about stuff.

Daddy shrugged, kissing my nose to make me giggle. "I already know you, cutie. Unless your dragon is completely different from you...then I'll get to know him too. But otherwise, I was going to wait until you wanted to show me or my curiosity got to be too much and exploded out."

"That sounds like it would be messy, Daddy." He was so funny. "I'm not cleaning up curiosity."

It was Daddy's turn to laugh. "Deal. I will clean it up."

Yep, happy Daddy was distracting.

What had he said?

"Oh, I'm just me no matter if I'm human-looking me or big dragon me or little dragon me." Having someone else in my head would be weird.

"Little dragon?" Daddy got a naughty grin and wiggled his fingers over my sides to make me laugh and laugh. "I already met the cutest little dragon."

"Daddy...I..." Squirming, I tried to catch my breath to talk but he made me so wiggly I couldn't. "I..."

The pleasure was so good it almost hurt like a spanking, and when he finally stopped, I collapsed against him as he snickered. "Naughty Daddy."

"Cute little dragon." His silly response made me nod.

"I'm very cute." Rubbing my face against his neck, I took a deep breath and held in his scent, letting it fill me. "You smell really good, Daddy."

He made a soft, happy thinking sound and hugged me tight. "Is that a dragon thing or just a Kenzie thing?"

"I don't know." Kissing his neck, I took in his scent again. "I like it, though."

"I'm glad." Daddy kissed the side of my head and gave a small laugh when I licked under his ear. "That



tickles.”

And it made him naughty happy too because I could hear the desire in his voice and smell him getting even more turned on.

“I like tickling you, Daddy.” Licking around his ear made him groan and laugh at the same time. “You’re tasty.”

“At some point I’m going to make you explain how tickling is tasty, but for now you have to tell me about your little dragon.” Holding me tighter as I nibbled on his ear, Daddy made a low, sexy sound. “You’re distracting me, little dragon.”

I couldn’t help wiggling as I thought about another spanking.

Daddy barked out a laugh and smacked my ass. “No spankings until I get more information.”

Ugh.

“I don’t know why...I forget...but before we came here, my kind of dragon lived in the forests, so we had two forms, a big one and a small one for going between the trees.” Big all the time would’ve made us stuck.

“Did you have human-looking forms too or were you just dragons there?” Daddy didn’t sound nervous, just curious, so I knew Boyd had been worried for no reason. “I wasn’t sure how everyone looked so human.”

“We looked almost human, I guess.” That was hard to explain. “I saw old pictures of my great-great-grandfather one time and he looked more not-human than me now, but it wasn’t much. Ears and stuff, maybe. My science teacher in school said the mages made us look more human when we first got stuck here and human genetics changed things too when we married them and had babies with them.”

I’d paid more attention in school than I’d realized.

What else would Daddy want to know?

“I don’t think anyone ever said why we had forms that looked almost human but magic is weird.” That was what adults had said a lot when I was growing up, so I didn’t feel bad saying it to Daddy.

He chuckled. “So it’s not just genetic differences? There’s actual magic?”

“Yes.” Going back to kissing his neck since that was more fun than trying to remember high school science, I loved every happy sound I got from Daddy. “I think my teacher said we all started out as mages and then at some point in evolution we split off and used our magic to shift. Something like that. It’s why most of our magic is shifting and not the flashy kind of magic the mages do.”

“Like the grumpy guy with the garden who you were going to talk to about the paint.” Daddy was nodding to himself before I could even tell him how smart he was. “I knew there were two different kinds of aliens.”

That made me giggle.

“I don’t think most of my people see themselves as aliens.” He wasn’t wrong but aliens were little green men, not dragons and mages. “If you want to make someone crazy, you could call them an alien.”

It’d be fun to watch.

His chest jerked but he didn’t laugh out loud that time. “Got it. Not terribly polite but it might be interesting if I wanted to make someone insane.”

My nod made him think again. “Oh, but it wouldn’t be offensive?”

“No, Daddy.” Not that I’d ever heard. “I just don’t think anyone sees us that way.”

“Good.” Hugging me tight, he kissed me again. “I don’t want to end up offending someone inadvertently.”

If I'm going to piss people off, I want it to be deliberate."

He was so cute.

"I'm going to have a lot more questions for you, but right now, I just want to make sure there isn't anything I really need to know. Something about us bonding or something biological I need to know before we get any more intimate?"

When I shrugged and went back to kissing Daddy's ear, he growled like a big strong dragon and spanked my bottom. "Don't distract me."

Bossy Daddy.

But it'd gotten me another spanking, so I wasn't going to complain.

"I don't know." I pouted when he made me sit up, but I knew better than to do it for too long when he looked all stern and serious. "Um, what did you ask?"

He almost laughed, but he was very set on keeping his stern frown. "Is there anything I need to know but haven't asked. I don't want there to be any surprises after I make love to you for the first time, or I don't want us to end up married and me not know how it happened."

Oh, like Lorne's books.

"Well, let me think." Books weren't real life but I'd never explained the difference between dragons and full humans before, so I wasn't sure what would be important. "I don't remember anyone ever saying how we used to get married, but now we just do it the human way from wherever we're living at the time."

What else?

"My grandmother used to tell stories of things like fated mates, but even she admitted that she didn't know if it was real or not, so that might just be an old wives'

tale." I scrunched up my face when Daddy's eyes got wide.

"I'm a dragon, so I can't say fated mates are absurd, but I've never met anyone who said that was real and it wasn't in science class." *That* I would've remembered. "I do remember someone saying that the magic on this side of the gate used to be stronger before it closed. But I can't think of anything that would make sex dangerous or weird."

That seemed to be the most important part to make sure I pointed out.

Daddy smiled and nodded, maybe to himself, as he relaxed back against the couch. "Okay, that's good to know. I've got a running list. We'll come back to the history of your people and everything else, but that can wait."

Good because I wanted to focus on the *when do we get to sex* part of the discussion.

"Daddy?" Looking cute couldn't hurt, so I made sure to look very sweet.

He gave me a quick kiss and smiled wider, so it must've worked. "Yes?"

"You mentioned sex and I was wondering what kind of questions you had about that." Yes, that was a good way to talk about it. "I want to make sure I answer all of your questions so you're confident about all parts of our life."

Yes, that didn't sound pushy or dirty at all.

I sounded smart and sweet.

"That's very good of you. Thank you." Daddy was so proud of me he gave me another kiss. "I'll admit, I was going to wait to have penetrative sex until I knew what kind of alien you were, but that was mostly because I wasn't sure if there would be biological issues. The only

thing I can think of now is that I'm wondering if I can get you pregnant or anything like that."

Oh, good question.

"In this form and without some magical intervention, kind of like magical IVF, you cannot impregnate me. That's just in Lorne's dirty books." He liked reading about men having babies.

Daddy laughed. "Alright, now I have more questions but they can wait."

Sexy time.

Sexy time.

"Oh, and it's very hard for us to get human-based diseases, except a few weird things, so we don't have to worry about condoms unless it's for ickiness reasons." That got messy sometimes, so I wouldn't blame him if he wanted to use condoms for that kind of stuff.

Daddy nodded, stopped, then nodded again.

I had no idea what he was thinking, so I just waited.

"That's good to know, and I don't mind us getting a bit dirty, so I do not need to use condoms for *ickiness reasons*." Daddy gave me a quick kiss and then got a silly grin. "Would it be in poor taste if I said I liked the idea of marking my dragon?"

Just thinking about it made me shiver, making Daddy laugh. "No, that would be lovely taste."

Tightening his hold on me, Daddy's smile got cocky and sexy and he looked like he was a proud dragon. "Does my sweet, innocent dragon like the idea of being marked and claimed?"

Oh, he'd been reading Lorne's books too.

Imagining what he was thinking made me squirm and I couldn't help rubbing my dick against his. Even

through our clothes, I could feel how hard he was and suddenly I wasn't as sleepy as I thought I'd been.

"Dragons should always be claimed and marked by their Daddies." Pressing tighter against him, I nodded and couldn't resist smelling him again. "Then you'd be showing you're keeping me too."

Yes, keeping me would be lovely too.

"I like the idea of keeping you, cutie." Daddy's patience wore out because he stopped letting me kiss his neck and decided it was his turn.

One of his hands came up to grip my head, angling my neck so he could nibble along it, and I could feel his excitement rushing through him when he made me moan and whine. "Yes, you want to be kept and you want to belong to your Daddy, don't you? No questioning or going slow for my sweet dragon."

I was thinking just enough to realize what he might be wondering and I managed to answer it before his words came out. "I don't know if it's a dragon thing or not. I remember...I remember my grandmother talking about just knowing and how it used to be."

"Instincts, maybe." Daddy licked around my ear and made a low, pleased sound when I sucked in a breath and rocked against him again. "I bet your instincts are much closer to the surface. It's probably why your people are either Doms or subs and very few in between."

Huh.

"You're so smart, Daddy." He'd noticed lots and lots. "I'm glad you...I'm glad you weren't too confused or scared."

"Never." Daddy kissed right under my ear, then gave me a wonderful spank. "I knew you were a sweet little the moment I met you and you never scared me. I knew the wide-eyed cutie who was so excited to talk about his

toys and his job wouldn't hurt me, no matter what he was."

"A dragon." I giggled as he nodded and chuckled. "I'm gonna...I'm gonna show you tomorrow, Daddy. You'll be so amazed and you'll love how pretty I am."

"I've got the prettiest dragon ever, I just know it, and I've also got the sweetest and the sexiest." Daddy nibbled on my neck, making me whimper and rut against him without even thinking about it. "What do you think about letting me explore my sexy little dragon, hmm? Are you ready to go upstairs?"

Best. Daddy. Ever.

# Chapter 17

## *Talon*

“Yes, Daddy.” Shivering against me, Kenzie made a quiet, needy sound. “Yes, let’s go explore.”

Nibbling on Kenzie’s ear, I gave him another spank. “Should I make you tell me where you want Daddy to explore or should I make you guess what I’m going to do?”

That made his entire body clench and he nodded against me. “Yes, Daddy. Thank you.”

It was adorable but absolutely no help at all.

“Such a sweet boy.” And he was going to be a cute dragon. “I’m going to have so much fun with you.”

In human form as well as exploring what he meant when he said he was a dragon.

I was picturing a mythological beast since he’d said he wasn’t a dinosaur, but with the way everything in the whole town had gone slightly cockeyed, I wasn’t sure what to expect when it came to his other form.

Thank fuck I didn’t have to date a-whole-nother entity too.

Kenzie would never know the relief that had flashed through me when he’d said he and his dragon were the same thing. I might’ve watched one too many fantasy movies or skimmed a few too many dirty books, but I’d half expected his dragon to be a completely different person.

And that not knowing what to expect was part of the reason I hadn’t wanted an audience around when he



first shifted for me.

If I was going to look stupid, I'd do it with just Kenzie as my audience...and if I fainted at the sight of a fucking dragon, Kenzie the cutie or not, only my sweet boy needed to be the one to see it.

"I'm going to kiss my boy all over and then see how many times I can make you beg to come." With the way Kenzie threw himself into everything, I had a feeling I knew how our night would end, but I wasn't going to push one way or the other.

"I...I like begging, Daddy." Kenzie snuggled closer, grinding his dick against mine. "I like kisses too."

Adorable didn't even begin to describe my cutie.

"I like giving you kisses." And I was going to have fun showing my boy that nothing had changed between us.

Well, I was now a lot more confident that making love to him would be safe, so maybe a few things had changed for the better.

"But let's go upstairs so I can stretch you out and kiss you all over." Nibbling on his ear one more time, I gave his ass a gentle pat that was just designed to make him want more. "Be my good boy."

He nodded, but it took him a few long moments to realize that meant he needed to move. "Yes, I can be good. I can walk, Daddy."

But still no walking.

"Do you want to bend over on the bed and get another spanking before I give you kisses?" That got another enthusiastic response and as his head bobbed up and down, he actually shifted his legs to get off the couch. "Good boy."

Spankings got movement.

Got it.

Desire filled his eyes as he stood, but there was also submission peeking around the edges and something I thought might've been relief. He'd seemed confident from the very beginning that I wouldn't be scared of his dragon, but I knew there must have been at least some fears in the back of his head.

"Thank you for listening and being so obedient, cutie." When he was upright and looked steady enough, I stood and wrapped my arms around him. "Are you going to be my sweet, obedient dragon too?"

Nodding, he leaned in and snuggled against me. "Very sweet, Daddy. And I'm cute and you're going to think I'm beautiful."

Well, there was no issue with his confidence.

"I know you're going to be beautiful." Taking his hands, I gave him one last kiss and stepped back to lead him toward the stairs. "You're going to have to show me how you want to be snuggled when you're in your other form."

Kenzie's eyes went wide as he followed me through the house, more interested in what I'd said than where we were going. "You'll cuddle me?"

That was the surprising part of all of this?

"Yes, cutie." Doing my best to make sure he was steady and paying attention as we went upstairs, I waited until we were on the second floor before I continued. "You like hugging and being held, and I didn't think that would change when your outside changed."

Had that been an incorrect assumption?

"I do like hugs and cuddles, Daddy." Pressing back against me to make sure I got that point, Kenzie looked

adorable. “You can pet my head and rub my tummy and cuddle up close to me.”

Okay, so we were on the same page.

“I’m glad.” Giving him a soft kiss on the lips, I slowly worked my way along his jaw. “Are there any areas I shouldn’t pet or cuddle?”

I hadn’t really thought about the answer—it was more of an automatic question because of the BDSM side of our relationship—but I probably should’ve given it a bit more consideration before I asked.

“Don’t pull my tail because my cock likes that and I don’t want to make you uncomfortable. Humans are weird about sex.” He dropped that fascinating fact and then nuzzled against me and sighed like there was no place else in the world he’d rather be. “I’ll do my best to keep my penis tucked away, Daddy.”

He always had the most fascinating answers...and I was starting to think that would never change.

Moving over to tease his ear to give me a second to think, I leaned against the wall and stroked my hands along his back.

Okay, yes, both forms would have a penis.

That was logical.

If Kenzie was the dragon, then he’d react to me in both forms.

Tucked away probably meant a sheath or something where his penis was kept inside his body, which made a lot of sense too. Flight dynamics would change if he had a penis constantly waving in the wind.

“I might have to get used to seeing your body that way, cutie, but you don’t have to hide who you are from me.” Okay, the getting used to part might’ve been an understatement, but I didn’t think pointing that out would be helpful.

“You...” He took a breath and seemed to be fighting for a clear head, but I wasn’t going to help that goal since I liked feeling him shiver and grind himself against me. “But you get limits too and...and my mother always said that if I fell for a human, then I had to listen to their limits and not push them.”

I was missing something.

I knew I was missing something, but I wasn’t sure what.

The cultural minefields in our relationship were going to be fascinating, but I stuck with the parts I did understand as I responded. “We’ll have to figure out what my limits are, but that’s something we’d have to do in any relationship where there’s something new.”

Yes, it was like we were working our way through a new type of BDSM together and only Kenzie had explored it before.

“We’ll take it one step at a time and we’ll communicate thoroughly. If there’s something I don’t understand or that makes me need a moment to process, I’ll say yellow just like if we were in a scene.” I thought it was just a logical plan but it had Kenzie melting into me.

“I’ll listen to you, Daddy. Limits are very important and we’ll go slow.” There was something in his tone that reinforced the missing something idea again, but before I could decide if I wanted to poke at it or wait, he pressed his dick against mine again. “Can we go fast now, though, Daddy?”

Yes, fast now and slow later.

Chuckling, I gave his ass a smack. “No coming in the hallway. You have to stop humping me.”

I had a naughty little dragon because he giggled. “I’m just cuddling you hard, Daddy.”

That was what we were going to call it, huh?

Giving his ass another pop, I frowned. "If you come from cuddling me hard, you won't get to come again tonight no matter what I decide to do."

That was vague enough that it got his brain going and that stopped his sexy humping. "What kind of things are you going to do to me tonight, Daddy? I've been very good."

I must not have agreed to that fast enough because he quickly started listing off all the good things he'd done as I ran my hands over his ass.

"I ate my lunch and I had water today and I waited until our third date to tell you I was a dragon and I told Boyd that you were going to love my dragon and not to worry and I ate all my dinner and I appreciated you making me dinner and..." Kenzie's list faded as he made a soft whimper when my tongue found another hot spot at the base of his neck.

Kissing the sensitive area had him squirming against me and whining. "I...There was more, Daddy, but you're making me forget."

That was not a bad thing no matter how much he whined about it.

"I...I have to tell you how good I was today." He seemed very insistent on that part, so I gave the spot I'd been teasing a bit more love before I eased back. I didn't necessarily want him thinking too much, but a frustrated little dragon was not the goal.

"What do you get if you've been very good?" *Yes, tell Daddy what you want.* "What is the best thing a good boy can get from his Daddy?"

Kenzie moaned and seemed pleased with whatever thought went through his head, but it took him a few seconds for the words to materialize where I could hear them. "Your cock, Daddy."

That was not as helpful as he seemed to think it was.

Realizing I needed to change my strategy, I nibbled on his neck before pushing off the wall and moving us toward the bedroom. "There are so many ways you could have my cock."

I was hoping that would make him volunteer one idea at the very least...but no.

"I'd love all of them, Daddy." Clinging to me, Kenzie gasped as I swept his T-shirt over his head as soon as we stumbled into the bedroom. "Daddy."

Chuckling, I pulled him close again just as quickly. "I can't explore my boy if he's wearing all his clothes."

And speaking of clothes...

As I kissed down his neck, I kept going lower and gave his chest love as my hands went for his pants. "But I'm going to have to work on not getting turned on every time I see my boy naked. I'm not sure anyone else needs to know how sexy I find you when you're shifting forms."

Just the few comments Kenzie had made about showing me Lorne's dragon said that we weren't going to see nudity the same way, so I was going to have to work on that.

He giggled as my tongue flicked over his belly button. "You're so cute. But I love knowing you like me naked."

Nibbling on his belly, I released the button on his jeans and eased the zipper over his erection. "What if I was a jealous Daddy who growled every time I thought about someone seeing my boy naked?"

I wasn't sure how I was going to feel about that part, but I was smart enough to realize that there was nothing I could do about it.

"I can't rip my clothes, Daddy." He still had a giggle in his voice as I tugged his jeans down, leaving him in just the tight briefs that left little to the imagination. "Is

that...is that one of the reasons you didn't want me to shift earlier?"

Possibly.

Peeling down the sexy underwear, I licked the head of his cock as I freed it. "I need to know more of the rules before I see other dragons naked, and I think you need to talk me through what happens when another dragon sees you naked."

Yes, we needed to walk through it logically and he needed to explain to me exactly what would happen first.

"Daddy likes rules." Kenzie nodded like he was talking to himself before sighing. "Yes, I forgot how much you worry."

Trying not to laugh, I reached around and smacked his ass. "You make me sound like an old woman who thinks the world is going to end."

Giggling, Kenzie shrugged before patting my head. "It's okay to worry, Daddy. You can't help it. We'll make sure you know all the naked rules and what will happen before I shift in front of someone else or before you see Lorne shift."

Thank God.

But that relief didn't last long because this was Kenzie.

"He's very cute naked, Daddy, and he's not shy, so you don't have to worry too much."

Not helping.

He would never understand that, though, so I licked the head of his cock and decided that conversation time was over.

As he shivered, I pushed down the rest of his clothes before taking his cock deeper and giving it a suck. "I'm

glad.”

Scrambling Kenzie’s brains was much more fun than dissecting how to deal with a naked Lorne while Kenzie lavished praise on his ridiculous friend.

“Daddy...” He dragged the word out as I went back to playing with his cock, sucking and giving the head a tiny nibble before releasing his erection.

“Hold my shoulders and step out of your pants.” With everything tangled around his ankles, we were one distracted moment away from an ER visit.

Kenzie must’ve realized that making the worrier happy would be a good thing because he quickly obeyed before stepping out of his clothes. “See, another reason I’m such a good boy, Daddy.”

He was a good boy who still hadn’t said what he wanted yet.

So not quite as good as he thought.

But as his Daddy, it was my job to help him realize that, so I scraped my teeth over the tip of his cock and smiled as he went up on his toes and whined, precum beading at the tip. “On the bed. You’re going to have to work hard to show me what a good boy you are.”

Rising slowly, I brushed my hands over his body before standing and giving him an innocent peck as I wrapped my hand around his cock. “Be my good boy.”

One little tug was all it took to have his eyes rolling back in his head and a sexy, in-no-way human groan escaping his throat. The wonderful sound sent a shiver through me and somehow made me even harder instead of freaking me out like it probably should have.

He might’ve technically been the predator, but between the two of us, he knew who was in charge as he finally focused back on me and whined, eyes sparkling bright with need and submission. “I need you, Daddy.”



It seemed like Kenzie was done pretending to be just a sweet, innocent human.

This was going to be fun.

# Chapter 18

## *Kenzie*

I was...Daddy had said...

I was walking.

Yes.

“Good boy.” Following Daddy as he tugged on my handle was harder than he seemed to think. “I knew that wouldn’t be too difficult for my boy.”

It almost was.

It was almost so hard I could feel my orgasm just waiting to explode.

Everything in me liked the tugs Daddy gave my cock and that was after he’d already kissed me and said so many sweet things. Just hearing him talk about my dragon so nicely made me want to curl up against him and come, but everything else he’d done made it perfect.

I hoped he realized I wasn’t going to last...and it was definitely going to be his fault.

“Up.” Giving my cock one last squeeze, Daddy released it and spanked my bottom just hard enough to make it sound nice. It hadn’t hurt nearly enough, though, so I knew he was teasing me to get me to be good.

I wanted to be good...but I wanted to come too.

I really hoped those were going to be the same thing.

Climbing up on the bed didn’t tell me, though, and neither did the way he stroked his hands over my back

and down my ass. "On all fours in the middle of the bed. That's right."

I'd have been much more right if he'd spanked me again.

He didn't.

Daddy was torturing me.

"Push your ass up. Offer it to me." Daddy's voice was low and sexy, and something about the simple order made me blush and I could feel my dick getting harder. "That's so pretty. Yes, just like that."

Daddy thought I was pretty.

My dragon was very pretty, but Daddy was shy. Naked shy and looking silly shy. I probably should've realized he'd want to look very smart and confident in front of other people. I was the only one who would get to see Daddy nervous because I was special.

I was his—

Oh.

Closing my eyes and moaning as the wonderful rush of pain hit my ass and then spread through me like ripples in a pond, I loved the sensation and the way it quieted everything in my head. "Daddy..."

I'd been going to say something but I lost it as he chuckled and spanked me again, making my other cheek feel just as wonderful. "Yes, that's what my boy needed."

It really was.

He was so smart.

"You've been thinking and going in circles all afternoon, but now it's time for Daddy to take care of you." He made small circles over the areas he'd just spanked before starting again and slowly peppering my bottom with fire and pleasure.

“Dragon or man or little or sub, you’re all mine and I’m going to take good care of you.” The bed shifted and I felt Daddy’s lips brush over my ass, kissing my probably pink cheeks. “I’m going to make you ache and then kiss it all better.”

Before I could tell him what a wonderful plan that was, he moved behind me and spanked me again. The heat and sparks it sent through me chased away every thought and worry and wonder about what would happen.

Spanks and kisses alternated, leaving me shaking, and I couldn’t stop whining as I wiggled. I wanted more. I needed it. But Daddy was making such happy sounds kissing me. I liked kisses. I liked all of Daddy’s kisses but especially the ones he gave me when he spanked right over my hole.

“Daddy...” He chuckled and nibbled on my cheek before going back to kissing me and flicking his tongue over me to make me moan again. “I...I need you... Daddy...”

That was going to make me crazy.

Oh, more wonderful spanks.

“What does my boy need?” He sounded relaxed and curious, but his hand kept spanking me and making me ache so perfectly.

“Make love to me, Daddy.” Yes, he knew that. He had to know that. He was just trying to drive me crazy. “Claim me. Just like you promised.”

Yes, I belonged to Daddy.

Daddy made a happy, curious hum and kissed my tailbone like he was imagining my tail. “I promised to mark you and claim you.”

Nibbling on my hip as he shifted behind me again, he bit down just hard enough for it to sting and that was

even better than a spanking. "Yes, like that, Daddy. Please."

That was perfect.

He hummed again, pleased and proud like a dragon, before kissing his way over to the other side. "I'm going to make sure you remember who you belong to, my little dragon, and you'll know who's marked and claimed you by the time I'm done with you."

Daddy's words were incredible but it was the way he kissed my side and sucked on the skin, nibbling and leaving his mark behind, that showed me he knew me. Daddy was marking me and making sure I knew I belonged to him.

"Tomorrow when you change for me, you're going to ache all over and the only thing you'll be able to think of is that you belong to me." Moving higher up my back, he worked his way back and forth, kissing and biting and sucking until his wonderfully naked body was blanketing over me and his mouth was at my neck.

Oh, that was why Daddy had been wiggling...he'd been getting naked.

Best surprise ever.

I couldn't help rocking back against him, loving the feeling of the hairs on his chest and legs rubbing against me, marking me in a whole new way. "Daddy. That's... I..."

Daddy moaned but it was the way his teeth clamped down on my shoulder that sent sparks through me, and I came without a thought. "Daddy!"

I heard myself cry out from the pleasure and the overwhelming perfection but I couldn't have stopped it. Daddy knew it too because he rocked against me, rubbing his hard cock up the center of my ass and sending more incredible sensations through me.

Before the fireworks had faded completely, Daddy sat up and spanked me, making the sparks bright again. "Naughty boy."

If he'd wanted me to be sorry, then he shouldn't have sounded so sexy when he growled out his words.

"I...Sorry, Daddy?" Kind of?

Pushing my ass higher as pleasure randomly fired through me, I tried to take him inside me. "Please, Daddy. I'm sorry. Don't stop. I'll be good."

He might not have believed me because I got another spank, but either way it seemed like a reward to me. "I'm not sure you understand what being good means."

If he kept saying things like that and spanking me, I probably wasn't going to be good. "Show me, Daddy. Help me be good."

I squeezed my eyes shut and sent out a prayer to the universe that his help would come in the form of more spanks and a thorough fucking, and I was rewarded by another wave of fiery pleasure raining down on my other cheek.

Yes.

Daddy squeezed the area he'd just spanked, sending fresh pain and pleasure through me. "I might have to make you come over and over to drill it into your head that you belong to me."

As I tried to decide if that was a sweet promise or a threat I should be worried about, Daddy brushed a finger over my hole and reached for the nightstand. Lube. Just imagining him sinking inside me left me shaking and I hid my face against the bed so I wouldn't beg him to go faster.

That didn't seem smart at the moment since I wasn't sure if that would get me what I wanted or if it would make him go slower since I'd been naughty.

Not that it was my fault.

Daddy had made me come just biting me. It was definitely Daddy's fault but I wasn't going to point that out unless he tried to say I'd been naughty. He'd bitten me first. If he wasn't so human, I'd have thought he was a dragon too.

"I'll be good. Yes, I'll be very good." I really hoped I could be good, but promising seemed better than telling him the truth.

"Oh, I don't think I believe that." Daddy's rough tone sent another shiver through me and I was pretty sure my dick hadn't realized I'd already come because it was still half-hard...and the sound of the lube coming out only made it more excited. "Good boys don't come without anyone even touching their cocks."

Well, he might've had a point there.

"But...but you're so special, Daddy." Yes, it was Daddy's fault. "I didn't even know that could happen."

Yep, not my fault.

Who knew that could happen?

Oh, Daddy's low, sexy sound said he liked that, but before I could figure out how to use that to my advantage, Daddy scrambled my brains again.

He was really good at that.

"Let's see if you're naughty enough that we can make it happen again." Pressing one slick finger against me, he slowly eased into me, torturing me. "Yes, I'm going to be so gentle you won't know what to do with it. You've already come once, so I have to be careful with you."

Oh, Daddy was devious.

Yep, he was somehow a dragon.

He just didn't know it because he couldn't shift.

"I..." How did I beg him not to be careful? "I... You're such a good Daddy and you're smart and nice and..."

What else?

There was more.

"You cook for me so good and you made sure I had a hot lunch and you didn't even snap at Boyd when he was so weird." Yes, that was good. "You were patient and smart and you take good care of me."

Had I mentioned that one?

Daddy laughed but he gave me more of his finger, so I thought it was working. "I'm such a good Daddy I won't be gentle? Is that what we're doing here?"

"Yes. See? You're so smart." And he had ridiculously long fingers because it just kept slowly inching deeper without ever bottoming out.

How could he fuck me if his finger never stopped?

"Oh." Daddy spanked me and made his finger stop all at the same time.

Magic.

"Naughty boy, are you fucking yourself on my finger?" Daddy's tone said the answer wasn't yes, but it took me a moment and another spank before I could figure out another one.

"No, Daddy, I'm stretching myself for you. It's your turn." Yes, Lorne said he'd read a book about a sub who liked everything fair. I liked that idea and it was a good reason to keep fucking myself on his fingers. "I want you to come."

Inside me and after fucking me vigorously.

My punishment, or maybe my reward, for being smart was for him to add a second or maybe a third finger. I wasn't sure if I should thank him or apologize,



so I just moaned and clenched around his fingers as he stretched me. "Daddy..."

Yes, I didn't need other words that might get me in trouble.

Moans, whines, and stoplight colors were all we needed.

Yes...

He was petting me like I was his sweet dragon, all while doing wonderfully wicked things to me. "That's right. You're going to be so good while I claim you and mark you, aren't you?"

Yes.

I was going to be so good and he was going to claim me and keep me and mark me and—

Everything in my head went quiet as Daddy eased his fingers out of me, taking away the wonderful burning sensation and leaving me empty. But I knew that wouldn't last long. I just had to be patient and probably stop the shaking, but I couldn't seem to do that.

My whole body seemed to know what was coming, and the whirlwind inside of me only got stronger as Daddy stretched out over me, covering me with his body. "That's right. You're ready for your Daddy, aren't you? You ready to be claimed, baby?"

Nodding was all I could do and even that seemed almost impossible as Daddy's cock eased into me for the first time.

I was Daddy's dragon.

Yes, just Daddy's.

He filled me slowly but not the teasing way he had before. No, Daddy was being careful with his dragon but not too careful. "So tight. So good for me."

Kissing my neck, Daddy licked a sensitive spot and I heard myself moan as I clenched around him. He chuckled, nibbling and sucking. "I love seeing my marks on you. You're so beautiful."

I managed to nod because we both knew how pretty I'd be with his marks, but before I could find words, Daddy's hips rocked and he sent my brain flying again.

"My sweet boy." Daddy pinned me against the bed, holding me tight and fucking me harder with each thrust, but he kissed me so softly. "My funny sub."

I wanted to tell him how amazing he was and how thick his cock was and how I loved how fast he could move his hips, but Daddy scattered my brains with every wonderful thrust. "Daddy. Please. Daddy."

He chuckled, kissing my neck and fucking me even harder. "Is that what you wanted, naughty boy? You look so innocent but you're a wicked sub, aren't you? Needy and aching to be spanked and filled."

I might've managed to nod.

I tried to nod.

I wanted to be good, but Daddy made it so hard. He filled me so incredibly and made me crazy and shaky and so many wonderful things I didn't have the words for.

Daddy was claiming his dragon.

"Yes, I'm going to make sure my boy is spanked and claimed and filled so you'll never forget who you belong to." His lips brushed over my neck as his arms squeezed tighter around me. "Who do you belong to, pretty dragon? Who's going to claim you?"

Words were stuck in my throat and even swallowing felt impossible. I could feel myself shaking around him as he pounded into me, but I couldn't get them out.

Kissing me again, Daddy reached under me and danced his fingers over the head of my cock. It was still eager but confused since it'd technically already had playtime, and the sensation was incredible. I couldn't decide if it was wonderful or if it hurt, and that just made it even more insane.

"Daddy." The word jumped out like a plea, finally escaping the lump in my throat as sparks flashed in me, hinting at another orgasm that was just out of reach. "I belong to you, Daddy."

My reward was for his hips to shift and he started nailing my prostate with every long thrust. He remembered. I couldn't have figured out what was pain and what was pleasure no matter what was at stake, but I was a lucky dragon to have a Daddy who knew that both was perfection.

Between one thrust and the next, his teeth clamped down on me, and as his cock pressed right into my prostate again, I exploded. Everything went dark for a split second as a nearly dry orgasm raced through me. I'd never felt anything like it and it hurt in the most wonderful way, but the best part was feeling Daddy coming inside me, marking me and claiming me as his body jerked around me.

When we were both spent, Daddy stayed inside me and stretched me out on the bed so he could lie over me. He kissed my head and snuggled me tight like a living blanket. "My sweet dragon."

Nodding, I tried to keep the sleepies at bay, but it was so hard. "Your dragon, Daddy. And you're my human and I'm going to take good care of you. I'm going to cuddle you...and...and give you the best desserts...and make...and make sure you don't worry and..."

Yes, there was something else.

I was going to...

# Chapter 19

## *Talon*

“You don’t have to be ready if you aren’t, but if you are, I’m ready.” Kenzie’s earnestly delivered sentence would’ve been easier to sort out if he’d waited to deliver it until I was completely awake.

He hadn’t.

Opening my eyes, I had to bite back a laugh. Kenzie was staring down at me wearing a big smile and barely controlling his excited wiggles. “Hi, Daddy. Good morning.”

It was definitely his attempt at buttering me up, but I let it work since it wasn’t too early judging by the light outside the window. “Good morning.”

That seemed to be his cue for shenanigans to begin because his smile got even wider and he climbed on top of me. “I’m so excited. I’m very cute, Daddy, and it’s okay to be shy or nervous or anything else you’re feeling. There are no wrong feelings because we can talk through all of them.”

Before I could decide how to respond to his adorable pep talk, words kept tumbling out. “You can always safeword or ask questions, and you need to let me know what you’re feeling because I can’t reassure you or explain things if I don’t know what’s wrong.”

He was now the Dom giving a new sub encouragement.

“Thank you for thinking about ways to help me.” Even though I wasn’t sure if he was making me more

nervous or more relaxed. "Give me a kiss first."

He giggled, keeping his lips pressed tightly closed as he gave me a quick peck. "Morning breath."

I rolled my eyes as he sat up. "Nothing should get in the way of kisses."

That got more wiggles and laughter, but he wasn't going to get distracted. "Kisses after dragon time. I don't want to get distracted, and I have to show you so you'll know there's nothing to worry about."

He clearly underestimated my ability to worry.

"You're my Kenzie. I know there's nothing to worry about." And I was going to keep up that line no matter what tortures came...all while keeping my fingers crossed that I didn't do something silly like faint.

Fucking hell, that would be bad.

"It's going to be fine, Kenzie the cutie." Teasing him, I stretched my neck up and stole a kiss. "Ha, got it."

Giggling, Kenzie slid off me and curled up next to me, resting his head on my chest. "Safewords are for anything, though, Daddy, and we're both very smart, so we know that that means Daddies can safeword too."

Was he expecting me to panic or worrying that I'd get upset and not tell him?

Both?

"I remember." Kissing the top of his head, I tried to set healthy expectations for both of us and figure out what to say to make him stop worrying.

We both didn't need to do that.

"But you have to remember I asked you out on a date when I thought you were an alien, like a little green man kind of alien. You're just a dragon. That's a lot easier to deal with." Right?

That sounded like Kenzie logic but I wasn't sure I'd gotten it just right.

Waiting for him to take a deep breath and nod was painful but worth it when he sounded happier. "Yes, I don't have antennas or probes, and I won't beam you up anywhere. That's a lot less to worry about."

He had several good points.

"See, that's several things we've checked off the list right off the bat." I wasn't sure if I was serious or teasing but he wasn't wrong. "I'm going to be a bit surprised no matter how clearly I can picture you as a dragon, and I'm going to have silly questions and good ones."

We just needed to get the first time over with.

Like jerking off a bandage.

A very big bandage...with teeth and a tail I wasn't supposed to pull.

Pushing away the wild images that put in my head, I wrapped my arms around Kenzie and kissed his head again. "Alright. I'm going to the bathroom and then I'm going to put some clothes on—because I'm not going outside naked even if you are, naughty dragon."

That got a giggle from my cutie.

"I'll make you coffee, Daddy." Nearly bouncing out of bed, Kenzie scrambled to get to his feet without going headfirst off the bed. "You'll think I'm prettier if you're awake."

He wasn't wrong, but I wasn't sure the two things were as connected as he seemed to think they were.

"We have a plan." And a quick glance at my phone as I climbed out of bed said I had plenty of time before work...not that I thought my boss would mind me coming in late, seeing as how it was dragon reveal day.

Pausing in the doorway as I climbed out of bed, Kenzie glanced back at me. “What do you want in your coffee, Daddy?”

I wasn’t sure if coffee counted as cooked food or not, but luckily for me, I took it black most of the time. “Black will be fine.”

“I’ll remember, Daddy.” Dashing out the door after his curious response, Kenzie thudded through the house like a herd of elephants, not a dragon in human form.

A dragon.

Wrapping my head around it seemed too easy, but my explanation to Kenzie was true. I’d been expecting aliens, and while a dragon was unexpected, I’d run into too many odd things since moving here for it to be much of a shock.

Floating people.

Glowing eyes.

Hoard.

My boss exploding things.

The FBI asking me to find bars of gold.

Yep, dragons were not much of a surprise.

Keeping that thought at the front of my mind, I was in and out of the bathroom as quickly as I could and grabbed some sweats and a T-shirt from the stash of clothes I’d brought over. I hadn’t conked out as quickly as Kenzie had last night, so I’d had plenty of time to get my things organized.

I wasn’t sure if all dragons slept like the dead or just Kenzie, but I knew I’d never worry about accidentally waking him up at night no matter what time I had to leave for work.

The smell of coffee greeted me as I came down the stairs and only the fact that Kenzie was holding the

steaming mug kept him from bouncing like an excited rabbit.

Or a very excited dragon.

“Are you ready, Daddy?” Naked as the day he was born, Kenzie carefully handed over the mug before he started rocking back and forth. “I’m ready because I don’t need to put on clothes just to take them off.”

“Very good point.” Giving him a quick kiss to make him giggle again, I nodded toward the back of the house. “And thank you for my coffee.”

“You’re welcome, Daddy.” Bouncing, he gave me a beaming smile. “I like taking care of you.”

“You take very good care of me.” Following him through the house, I did my best to look relaxed and confident. “Now take a deep breath before you start floating away too.”

That had him laughing as we headed out the back door. “I’m not a mage with a cold, Daddy. I fly. I don’t float.”

That was good to know.

“But how do you fly without being seen?” As odd as the town was, I hadn’t actually seen any dragons over the mountains, so I knew there was some kind of trick to it.

My naked cutie hopped off the back porch, too excited for stairs. “The mages have a spell that keeps us invisible when we don’t want to be seen. It’s like a battery we have to recharge once a year and mine is on my birthday so I don’t forget.”

That was good to know and something I would have to put in my calendar too.

Kenzie the dragon didn’t need to make international news just because he lost track of what day it was.



“Good. That’s one less thing for me to worry about.” I’d find a new one to take its place, so the list wouldn’t go down at all but he didn’t need to know that.

“That’s wonderful.” Kenzie finally stopped bouncing and took a deep breath, closing his eyes and looking perfectly at ease. It seemed like he hadn’t been exaggerating his comfort with being naked outside and I couldn’t help but imagine him just as comfortable with his friends around.

Yep, I was going to have to keep that in mind too.

Dragons equaled naked.

When he opened his eyes and smiled, his sparkle was back. Just knowing it was his dragon side coming to the surface had me marveling.

A fucking dragon.

“How about you sit on the steps, Daddy?” Frowning thoughtfully, Kenzie scrunched up his face. “And maybe set the coffee down? Just for a second?”

That probably wasn’t a bad idea but it made me chuckle. “Yes, no burns we don’t want to have to explain.”

I’d never live it down in town either.

“No burns. No worries.” Nodding to himself, Kenzie took another deep breath. “I’m going to shift into my small form first so you can see what it looks like. Then when you’re ready, I’ll show you how big I get.”

Small then big.

Got it.

“Is that going to be hard on you?” What had I read about shifting and magical creatures that might actually be sound knowledge? “Is this something we should stretch out over a few sessions so you don’t wear yourself out?”

How much of this was magic and how much was physics I'd have no way of understanding?

Would he make himself sick doing it too much?

I felt better when Kenzie started shaking his head, but I didn't like how little I knew about the process.

The whole fucking thing needed to come with an instruction manual.

"No, Daddy." Kenzie responded so easily I knew he wasn't just trying to make me feel better. "I'll burn more calories when I'm bigger, but that's it. I might get tired if I went back and forth a lot, but I'll be fine."

Okay, I'd need to give him a few snack reminders throughout the day and probably make sure he had more food at lunch...and possibly an earlier bedtime. I could do that.

"Alright." Smiling and hopefully not looking like it was forced, I made an exaggerated motion to set my cup down. "All set."

He grinned like he thought I was ridiculous. "Thank you, Daddy."

Before I could think of another way to tease him or a silly comeback, he scrunched his face up and there was a flash of light like all his sparkles went off at once.

And then there was a fucking dragon.

Kenzie was a fucking dragon...subtle ridges around his head and even a pair of wings tucked close to his body.

Kenzie was a dragon.

I knew he'd said it several times and all his friends had said it. Hell, it'd even sounded logical at a certain point, but the reality didn't set in until I saw a small, probably two-foot-long, perfectly sculpted dragon sitting on the lawn where Kenzie had just stood.

Putting the coffee down had definitely been a good idea.

I really should've asked more questions.

Kenzie the dragon stayed so still I almost wanted to poke him and see if he was real, but after a few long moments, his tail swung back and forth. In any form, Kenzie could only stay still for so long and soon he was shifting from side to side, probably doing his best not to jump around.

"You're a dragon." It was stupid but it was the first thing that came to mind. "You're a dragon."

Yep, still not any smarter.

I did better when I imagined hearing an echo of Kenzie's giggles in my head, though.

Yep, those eyes were definitely smiling at me, but since he hadn't mentioned anything about being telepathic, I just took a deep breath and moved down one step on the stairs to get closer. "You're a beautiful dragon, Kenzie."

Mostly blue like the sky, his coloring seemed to subtly shift in the light as he moved, and I could almost imagine him in the air, blending in as he swept through the clouds. His wings seemed to get darker at the tips, but I wasn't sure if it was still blue or closer to a green color. It was hard to tell without getting closer but going up to him just to figure out his coloring sounded rude on some level.

*If I wouldn't do it to a person, I probably shouldn't do it to Kenzie the dragon* seemed like good logic, but I knew I'd have to come back to that when I was thinking more clearly. "You're right. I think you're very pretty, cutie."

His whole body wiggled, such a Kenzie move I had to laugh. "You're being very good too."

That got more excited shimmies from the small dragon and I found myself shaking my head. "Silly dragon."

That had him rolling over on the ground and I could've sworn there was more laughter floating around at the edges of my mind.

He looked like a silly puppy, adorable and slightly off-balance as he rolled and bounced. "Look at you."

Kenzie finally seemed to accept that I wasn't going to panic and spread his wings to show off before slowly inching closer. As he approached the bottom of the stairs, he stopped and cocked his head, clearly trying to make something obvious.

"Do I want you to come closer?" He nodded, an exaggerated motion so there was no doubt about what he meant. "No, you stay there and let me come down."

One step at a time, I slowly made my way toward my adorable and surprisingly patient dragon. "You know, I'm really glad we're doing this on our own. I can just imagine your friends giggling and grumbling. This is much easier."

Kenzie puffed up, doing another cute wiggle like he was excited or glad we'd made the right call, so I responded like he'd agreed with me. "This is much more relaxing and I don't have to worry about them helpfully sharing all over town how I reacted."

His entire body shook and I knew he was laughing at me again. "Yeah, this town has nothing to do but gossip most of the time, and the story would've been too good to keep to themselves. I have no doubt that we're already the talk of the diner this morning."

More wiggles said he knew I was right and found it hilarious.

"But you're going to get to tell them your Daddy was brave and confident and didn't even spill his coffee

because you're the cutest dragon ever." Well, he was the only one I'd ever seen, but I wasn't going to point that out.

I was too busy reminding myself how confident I was as I finally got within inches of Kenzie.

He was wonderfully smart and went very still again, thoughtful eyes staring up at me and looking so much like Kenzie, I reached out to touch his head without thinking. "You're soft."

There was no ignoring the more dragon texture of his skin but it wasn't as rough as I'd expected. The more I moved my fingers over the ridges on his head, the more I realized it was like worn leather. "Yes, you're going to be wonderful to cuddle, my little dragon."

I was fucking badass and didn't even jump when the dragon under my hand bounced in excitement.

Fucking hell.

"Soft and sweet, yes, I'm going to love cuddling my boy in all his forms." The human-sized and smaller ones, at least.

But we still had one to go...the bigger one.

I really needed to ask more fucking questions.

"You ready to show me how big you get?" He'd seemed proud of that or maybe just excited, so I made sure to put some energy in the question. "I can't wait to see it."

Yep, had to know if that was the point where I'd faint.

His head bobbed and he nudged my hand one more time before hopping backward toward the middle of the yard again.

"Yes, bigger. Good idea." Moving back up the stairs by my cup, I smiled and took a sip before setting it back down.

My goal had been to look confident, and I knew I'd hit the right note when he wiggled and the flash happened again.

Big seemed like it was an understatement since I was pretty sure my head would barely reach the top of his chest, but after a moment, I realized that he wasn't as overwhelmingly large as he'd first seemed...especially as I focused on the more familiar aspects of the creature in front of me.

He had Kenzie's eyes.

Those happy wiggles.

A wagging tail like a puppy.

Yes, this was my Kenzie...he was just looking slightly nervous and was obviously waiting for his Daddy to tell him everything was all right.

"I have to be honest, cutie. I think cuddling like this would be hard." Cocking my head, I tried to sound relaxed as I teased him. "If you rolled over to give me a snuggle, you might squish me."

Bingo.

More excited wiggles burst out of him and the worried look faded from his eyes.

"But you're even more beautiful and so big...look at your wings, Kenzie." Those were easier to focus on than the claws that were scratching at the ground like he was digging his toes into the dirt. Nope, those were a bit too big to focus on just yet.

Thankfully, Kenzie took the hint and spread his wings, giving me a wonderful distraction as they shimmered in the light. Powerful and light, they looked like he'd just stepped out of a movie, and tip to tip, it looked like he almost spanned the width of the house.

"Beautiful." He must've heard the sincerity in my voice because his chest puffed up and he bounced, a

purely Kenzie move like he was ready to wiggle and could barely contain himself.

As I tried to decide if my heart could handle a bouncing dragon who was probably just as easily distracted in his dragon form as he was in his human one, the light flashed again and a naked Kenzie threw himself at me. "I'm your beautiful dragon, Daddy."

## Chapter 20

### *Kenzie*

Daddy laughed and nodded, kissing my head as he hugged me tight. "That sounds like something my little Kenzie would say, not my big one."

As I sat down on his lap, I spread my arms wide. "Your big big one."

"Alright, wing tip to wing tip, you're the size of the house, Kenzie. I think we need another word rather than just big." Daddy was shaking his head as he reached up and traced one arm almost like he was still seeing my wings. "But yes, you're my happy, big big, beautiful dragon."

"I was so happy, Daddy." Hugging him tight around his neck, I kissed his cheek. "I was so excited and giggly and you were so cute and funny. It was perfect. You weren't even scared of me."

Daddy scoffed, rolling his eyes. "Daddies don't get scared of their boys, even if their cute littles have teeth the size of hands."

He was so funny.

"No chomp chomping Daddy." Hugging him tight again, I couldn't resist doing a happy wiggle. "Daddy cooks the food. Can't eat Daddy."

He laughed, nodding and kissing my nose. "I'm also going to help organize your hoard, don't forget that."

"No, won't forget." Just thinking about my toys and how brave Daddy had been made me even more wiggly. "Member, Daddy."



He raised one eyebrow and then kissed my cheek. "Because you're my smart and cute and funny little dragon."

I was a very cute little dragon, so I nodded. "You liked my little dragon size. You laughed and you petted my head and you said I was cuddly."

Daddy's eyes had gotten very big when I'd shown him my other dragon size, but he'd said I was beautiful and he hadn't run away. I had the bravest Daddy ever because regular humans knew they could be chomped and knew to be careful of predators but Daddy hadn't been scared of me.

"You were very cuddly." Daddy pretended to glare, making me giggle. "But, Kenzie the cutie, your big form is not cuddlable. You'll squish me if you roll over."

Maybe.

"But you'll cuddle my little me and you'll pet my head when I'm big and you'll ride on me?" Hmm...that might've been too much for Daddy.

His eyes went big again and he forgot to hug or kiss me.

So I waited.

And waited.

I was so patient that I was amazing, but after a few more seconds, I picked up his cup and handed it to him.

Caffeine would help.

Yep, I was so smart.

He took a drink and then blinked a few times while his brain restarted. "Is that physically possible? Would that be rude?"

Daddy had the best questions.

"I can pick up heavy stuff and still fly, so you're not too big." What else? "Oh, and we won't go far or very high, so you won't fall...and I don't understand the rude part."

Daddy worries were unique, so I wasn't going to try to guess what he was thinking.

"Oh, um, well, it seemed kind of rude to think about riding you. You're my special boy and my partner, so I don't know." Daddy shrugged. "You're not a horse."

Giggling at the image of him riding me with a cowboy hat and big boots, I shrugged. "No one ever said it was rude, but we won't ask just in case."

Then no one could tell us no.

Daddy smiled, kissing my cheek again. "As long as you're happy, I'm happy."

Because he was the best Daddy ever.

"Can we be happy with food? Pancakes? I like pancakes, Daddy." Giving him another kiss seemed like a good way to get pancakes. "I like cuddling and I like showing you how beautiful I am and I like watching movies with you and playing, and oh, can we watch *Pete's Dragon* again?"

Daddy blinked, then laughed. "We will watch *Pete's Dragon* after dinner tonight and you can pick out a special dessert for us to eat. But this morning I'm going to make my cute dragon something a bit healthier since you worked so hard showing me your dragon."

Aww.

"Are you pouting that I'm going to take care of you?" Daddy raised one eyebrow again, making the answer he wanted me to give him very clear.

"Yes, Daddy." Lying to Daddy would be naughty, so I tried to look cute instead. "But I'm going to appreciate you and hug you and say thank you once I'm full

because I like it when you take care of me even if it means I can't get pancakes."

Daddy's lips pressed together but his eyes were laughing. "You are the best manipulator I've ever met."

Aww.

"I'm smart, Daddy." I kissed his cheek again. "And I'm cute."

Laughing, Daddy nodded. "You are very cute and very smart...and if you want to watch a movie later or play toys with Daddy or get a spanking, it's time for breakfast and to start our day."

"Because you have to work." Being little sounded like much more fun and I couldn't help pouting. "You've got to save the day and keep people safe."

"I do." Daddy kissed my forehead. "It's frustrating but someone has to keep people like Lorne from being whammied and make sure mages don't float away because they're too stubborn to stay home."

He was right.

"You do a good job of keeping us safe, Daddy." But that didn't mean I had to get up quickly, so I cuddled against him one more time and rested my head on his shoulder. "What did you think of my big dragon, Daddy?"

He made a soft thinking sound and kissed the side of my head as he hugged me again. "That you were *really big*, but I saw my Kenzie's eyes and your happy wiggles and how proud you were of how beautiful you are and I wasn't scared."

"I'm glad, Daddy." He was right...I was very beautiful. "I'm blue. Like you wanted to paint my toy room."

Daddy laughed. "That's why you found it so funny."

Giggling, I nodded. "You knew how special blue was from the very beginning. See, I knew you were mine."

"Yes, I'm yours." Daddy ran his hand down my back before giving my ass a smack. "And that means I have to feed you so you can have enough energy to change for me later. Tonight, I'm going to pet my big dragon and check out those big wings."

I had the bravest Daddy ever.

"Then I'll say thank you very nicely for my pets and get a spanking?"

Bribes couldn't hurt, though.

He liked thank yous and spanking me, so they'd help him be even braver.

I was a very smart dragon.

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They were ridiculous.

"He made me breakfast and kissed me when he left." He'd even put dinner in the crockpot again. "Daddy was not scared or overwhelmed or anything."

Of course he wasn't leaving me.

"But he didn't touch your full size." Boyd was frowning and had started pacing across the workshop again, but I wasn't sure why he was so anxious. "He said you were big. What if that means he thought you were too big? What if your claws are too big and you scared him?"

Holding out my hands, I spread my fingers wide and looked between them and my feet. "I'm just right. I'm not too big or too small anywhere."

I was very proportional.

Alick was nearly giggling, so he knew why Boyd was nuts but didn't seem to feel like sharing. "Some men like

big claws.”

“My penis isn’t too big either, so I’m not worried.” Even if Daddy did think it was okay for me to top him. “Daddy thinks that’s very nice too.”

Groaning, Boyd scrubbed his hands over his face and went back to pacing. “I didn’t need to know that.”

He was the one who’d brought up size issues, so I wasn’t sure what he was complaining about.

“Daddy said my little form was very cuddlable and he smiled when he touched me.” That was very good progress. “He said my wings were really big in my larger form and he said I was beautiful. He wasn’t too scared. He even kept drinking his coffee.”

For some reason, Boyd looked very confused, but I didn’t let that distract me. “He’s a thinker and he likes worrying. He’s not going to rush into dragon stuff. I already kind of rushed to keep him, so I have to be patient somewhere.”

I couldn’t get everything I wanted fast, even if I was a very cute little.

“Oh, and he left clothes here too.” I even had his tablet with me so that meant he had to come back. “He picked out dinner and he made sure I had a lunch to warm up in the microwave, and he even knew everyone in town was already going to be talking about us.”

I looked over at Lorne, who just grinned. “Should I even ask who was the tattletale?”

He lifted his hand and snickered. “Me.”

That didn’t surprise anyone, but it made Boyd sigh and stop pacing. “Fine. I’ll stop overthinking the situation.”

That was not an accurate description of his panic, so I slowly walked over to Alick and leaned against him. “Why is Boyd nuts?”

Alick managed to explain it once he stopped giggling. "He's got to talk to the librarian."

Oh.

"He seems very nice and he likes dirty books too, so I don't think you have anything to worry about. I'm sure he'll like your penis." For some reason, that didn't help.

Alick and Lorne were both laughing and could hardly catch their breath, but Boyd was just groaning, so he didn't have that problem and had to talk. "That doesn't have anything to do with the situation. I'm not sure how he'll take the *we're dragons* thing."

That?

"Daddy said he already knows everyone is weird. He probably thinks we're aliens or something. I wouldn't worry." It wasn't like the guy thought everyone was normal. "He saw Ms. Dobbs floating. He's not a moron."

The librarian was very intelligent and someone had said he had something like a dozen college degrees. Anyone that smart couldn't think we were all human.

If that'd been the goal, they should've hired someone dumber.

"What did the deputy say about the librarian?" Boyd finally slowed down and went over to sit on the bench by the wall.

I thought that was progress, so I did my best to remember everything Daddy had said.

"Okay, Daddy said that the man was very nice and he thinks he's a sub but he's not sure what kind. He didn't think it was right to ask. Daddy is very polite and didn't want to use his deputy powers for evil." That wouldn't be nice at all because some subs had very good manners even around strange Doms and Daddy hadn't wanted to Dom him without permission.

“Um, Daddy said he talked about Ms. Dobbs and the librarian was more worried about her hitting her head on the ceiling of the library than he was about the floating part. It’s not padded and Ms. Dobbs is really stubborn.” What else? “Oh, and everyone mentioned the VFW Hall to him too but no one said why. Daddy said he was very confused, so we’ve got to work on our marketing.”

“But he didn’t say he was a sub?” Boyd’s question was one I thought I’d already answered.

Maybe I hadn’t?

“Daddy said he didn’t know but the librarian hadn’t seemed confused once Daddy explained about it.” But maybe he hadn’t wanted to show that he didn’t know what was going on? Maybe he didn’t know what a sub was?

It was obvious that a visit was definitely in order and couldn’t be put off any longer.

“He waved hello to me when he was driving home yesterday.” Lorne’s helpful response had Boyd nodding and looking less nuts. “He didn’t look scared or worried, and he didn’t hide from me. That has to be good.”

“See, he’s not scared even if he knows we’re weird.” That meant he was open-minded and friendly. “He’s going to take it just fine. You just have to make sure he knows that not all dragons are big and growly. Some of us are happy and cute.”

Boyd was not happy and cute, but that was okay. We needed all types of dragons to make the world go round.

“Now that we have that out of the way, I have a scarier question.” Lorne looked very serious as he glanced over at me. “Have you told your parents that you have a Daddy and he saw your dragon?”

Ugh.

That was not nice.

“No.” My pout had Boyd chuckling, so I ignored him. “I told my mother that we had a date and that Daddy was cooking for me. Oh, I think I called him Daddy, so she probably knows that part. But I haven’t really mentioned the changing forms thing yet.”

I hadn’t been expecting it, so that wasn’t my fault.

It was their fault and I was going to make sure she knew it. I wasn’t going to take the blame for those shenanigans. I’d have enough on my plate once she realized that I was going to talk Daddy into moving in with me next week.



# Chapter 21

## *Talon*

I was getting slightly tired of the odd looks I'd gotten all day.

Even my boss was starting to roll his eyes because we'd had people coming in and out of the station all day just to say hello and ask how I was doing. "I'm doing great, Mrs. Rosemont. But thank you for the casserole."

It seemed like shifting for me for the first time was like a wedding or a wake—everyone brought food and quietly asked how I was doing, and no one really believed me when I said I was fine.

"Are you sure, dear?" She hadn't actually said the word dragon but she was nervous enough there couldn't be anything else she was talking about. "Change is hard sometimes."

What had changed?

The shift from seeing them as aliens to dragons and mages was not as hard as everyone seemed to think.

"It's not much of a change, honestly." Trying to look reassuring, I held up the well-wrapped dish. "And thank you for the food. Kenzie isn't much on cooking, although no one bakes like him. I'll have to see if I can bribe him to make some cookies I can bring in soon."

I wasn't sure what else to say to explain to her that I wasn't having a mental breakdown.

"Deputy Winslow?" Thankfully, my boss decided to take pity on me and called out from his office. "I need to see you before you head home."

“Duty calls.” Giving her a polite smile, I set the dish down on my desk. “You timed this perfectly. It’ll still be hot when I get back to Kenzie.”

She made some mumbling goodbyes as I headed into the sheriff’s office to escape and she went toward the front door. By the time I was safely in his office, she’d left the building but I wasn’t going to take any chances by rushing through whatever he’d come up with to talk about.

“Sir?” Standing in front of his desk, I didn’t immediately thank him for saving me just in case he actually needed something.

He just raised one eyebrow and tilted his head toward the front of the building.

“Gone, Sir.” Doing my best not to laugh, I aimed for a serious and work-appropriate response. “I’m sorry my personal life has been such a distraction today.”

That actually got a bark of laughter from him.

“You’ve been the talk of the town all day, Talon.” Shaking his head and mumbling about it being an understatement, the sheriff leaned back in his chair.

Taking a deep breath, he gestured toward the chair opposite his desk. “Sit.”

As I obeyed, he let out a deep breath and frowned. “I’d rather leave your private life private, but this isn’t normal relationship stuff, so I’m going to ask how you’re taking it and if you have any questions.”

I was up to about a thousand at this point, but he probably didn’t want me to list them all.

“I thought you guys were aliens, so the whole dragon thing isn’t much of a mental shift.” I didn’t mind the chuckle he let out because the whole thing was slightly ridiculous. “Kenzie’s dragon forms are beautiful, and he’s very much himself no matter what the outside

package looks like. So I'm honestly fine. Questions? Well, I have endless questions, but I'll get them answered in time, I guess."

"You know"—the sheriff frowned, still leaning back in his chair as he cocked his head—"there are some classes at the high school that have our history and science built into them. I can probably ask a few of the teachers to put together some reading material for you."

I knew there had to be some fucking books on the whole thing.

"I'd appreciate that." Very much so. "It's basically learning about a whole new country I never knew existed, so I'm starting from scratch, and I don't want to spend all my time quizzing Kenzie."

That got another laugh from my slightly insane boss. "Yeah, I can see that being frustrating."

Luckily for him, he didn't have anything else to say about my distractible cutie. "I'll make some calls this week and see what kind of e-books and things are out there. I think it goes without saying that we're not making the information widely available."

I snorted. "Yes, I think that's obvious."

But it did raise a few questions.

"Why are you guys left alone so much?" The whole thing was odd. "The FBI won't even come to town to find that fucking gold."

He laughed, shaking his head. "That was well before my time, but from what I've been told, there was some moonshining going on up here during Prohibition and there was...well, let's call it a standoff that ended unexpectedly."

Good grief.

"Why didn't they bring in the army?" That was how nearly every movie or book thought it would go.

He was nearly giggling. "It was a dragon married to a mage and the mage was quick to make it look like the dragon was nearly invincible. Magical shenanigans and all. The uninformed humans from the government were given the impression that nothing would stop dragons, so they quietly declared the whole area off-limits to their people."

Magical shenanigans indeed.

"And after that?" There had to be more.

"During the World Wars, they figured out we weren't as magically immune as they thought, but we're still hard to deal with and it seems that no one wants to see what would happen if they go all *we're the government* again." Shrugging, the sheriff brushed off the chaos that might ensue. "They leave us alone and we do our best to keep crazy confined to the local area. Most of the time we do a pretty good job."

Most of the time?

"We're homebodies for the most part, so aside from a few oddities here and there, we don't drive anyone too crazy." He grinned as I rolled my eyes. "But the powers that be are happiest when we have some outside members in our community to balance things out, I guess? And no one wants to do the paperwork that gets involved when they deal with us."

Now that I could believe.

"I'm pretty sure they just want someone who can translate when things go pear-shaped around here." Yep, they wanted to make sure they had someone who understood the outside world and could handle the locals.

"You seem to be making them happy, so I'm not worried." He ignored my scoff. "We just won't tell them that Kenzie's keeping you, so that makes you a local now."

I wasn't sure if that was supposed to be comforting or scary, so I ignored it. "Probably for the best that they think I'm still a bit of an outsider."

"Agreed." Giving me a slow nod, the sheriff straightened in his seat. "But if you have questions or if something doesn't feel right, let me know."

"I plan on it." Because I still didn't have nearly enough information to handle anything on my own. "And if you could ask around about the reading material, that'd be great."

"I'll do my best." His brows pulled together as he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his desk. "It's been so long since someone new came in and actually stayed that I don't think anyone thought about how to give you a thorough background on our people."

Duh.

"It's going to be necessary just so I understand what trouble people can get up to. Like Ms. Dobbs." She'd made life interesting lately. "And you're aware that she was in the library recently? I'm not sure who's running the more interesting side of local politics, but the librarian knows you guys aren't human."

Groaning, the sheriff shook his head. "That woman. Mages will be the death of me."

They certainly seemed stubborn, but I wasn't sure if that would be rude or playing into some kind of stereotype, so I kept my mouth shut as he scrubbed his hands over his face. "Alright, you go and I'll make sure the council knows about our probably confused librarian."

"That'd be for the best." As I rose and headed toward the door, I turned back to the sheriff. "But if it's any consolation, he doesn't seem overly upset by it, and I think he's just looking for information, not to quit and lose his mind."

He was too curious and probably too kinky to want to leave a town with this many Doms.

We were just going to need to find the right one for him and everything would be fine.

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“I made you cupcakes, Daddy.” Kenzie’s exuberant greeting as soon as I came in the back door to the kitchen wasn’t suspicious in the slightest. “They’re chocolate with chocolate frosting and they look so pretty. I even put sparkles on them. The sparkles make your poop sparkle too but it’s edible. I promise.”

Ignoring the sparkly shit part of the conversation, I gave him a quick kiss and took the casserole over to the fridge. “They sound delicious. Thank you for making dessert for us.”

The way he ignored the odd food coming into the house said his mind was already whirling. I knew something else was coming, so I gave him a hug and waited to see what chaos would descend next.

The wait wasn’t long.

His brows pulled together and he gave me a curious frown. “Boyd was kind of worried you might not come back. I told him he was crazy but that didn’t help.”

Boyd was a pain in the ass.

“He doesn’t know me well yet, so he’s just trying to protect you.” Logically that seemed to make the most sense, but Kenzie’s frown didn’t abate. “What else do you think it could be?”

“Well, I asked Alick why Boyd was so worked up and he said it was because Boyd likes the librarian. So that means Boyd is really worried about what the librarian will think, not you, right?” Kenzie curled up against me, resting his head on my shoulder. “Boyd didn’t seem to

be in the mood to answer questions, so I thought I'd see what you think."

That was an easy yes from me.

"I think you're right." Kissing Kenzie's head, I tightened my arms and gave him a hug. "Boyd is probably worried about what the librarian will think and is projecting his worries onto us. He'll be more relaxed once they get the *there be dragons* conversation out of the way and then I can work on getting to know him more."

Kenzie giggled, forgetting his stress. "You sounded like a pirate."

I scoffed. "The best pirate. Come on...dragons? That's total pirate material."

More laughter followed as Kenzie pressed his face into my neck. "I have pirates, Daddy."

Little Kenzie had toy pirates.

"You do? Show me." Kissing his cheek as he straightened, I could see little Kenzie coming to the surface.

I wasn't sure if it was because of Boyd's stress or if the pirate thing was funnier than I'd realized, but it seemed like he'd slipped right into being little.

He'd been halfway to being little after his shifting earlier, though, so it could've been any number of things. "Should we play before dinner?"

The plan had been to have dessert and watch a movie afterward, so playing before we ate seemed like a good plan.

"Can we?" Rocking back and forth on his toes, the last of grown-up Kenzie quickly faded. "I was a good boy. I ate. I worked. I said no-no to Grumpy Gus."

That seemed to be Boyd, so I did my best not to laugh. "You were wonderful today, cutie."

Smiling widely, Kenzie nodded. "Daddy's dragon. Daddy's *cute* dragon."

Giving him a quick forehead kiss, I nodded. "The cutest dragon with the best hoard. Let's go play with your toys."

Part of me wanted to bang my head against the wall for missing out on so many of the obvious clues Kenzie had given me.

Fuck. He'd even said he was a dragon.

He'd talked about his hoard.

Part of me questioned how smart I really was, but in my defense, he'd been little when he'd talked about being a dragon and having a hoard. Most things littles said should not be taken literally. That was just something every Daddy knew.

But Kenzie always had to do things his own way.

"Yay. Hoard time." Kenzie bounced and then grabbed my hand, dragging me through the house toward the bookshelf that hid the entrance to his hoard.

Secret passages to protect his hoard.

Yep, should've realized that was important.

"Good work, Daddy?" As he opened the doorway, he smiled at me and bounced again. "Helper?"

Deciding he was asking about my day, I nodded. "Yes, I was a good helper and didn't even fuss at all the nosy people who came by today to ask me how I was doing."

Giggling, Kenzie dragged me over to a box in the corner before plopping us down. "Curious."

"Yes, they were definitely curious but they also brought food and snacks and one very frustrated teenage boy brought a potted plant. He said his mother made him bring it and he was supposed to ask me how I



was doing." That'd been one of the more interesting visits.

Cuddling closer, Kenzie looked very suspicious and not quite human as he climbed on my lap, eyes sparkling as he frowned. "Kenzie helps Daddy."

Was he jealous of other people bringing me food?

Kissing his cheek, I leaned my forehead against his and gave him my full attention. "Kenzie makes Daddy the best goodies and takes very good care of his Daddy."

The next World War was going to start over a jealous dragon if I wasn't very careful.

"You are the best helper and I love all the desserts you make me." Running my hand down his back, I kept my gaze on his. "You take very good care of me and I belong to Kenzie the cutie."

"I *Daddy's* dragon." Nodding slowly as I eased back, Kenzie looked slightly less frustrated. "Daddy *mine*."

"That's right." Was it a regular jealous thing or a *someone was threatening his hoard* thing? "I belong to Kenzie, the cutest dragon ever."

He'd said several times that he was keeping me.

Was that more literal than I'd realized?

Fucking cultural minefields.

"Keeping Daddy." It seemed like a warning, but I could see his muscles relaxing and feel him calming down as he curled into me, resting his head on my shoulder again. "Daddy mine."

"Yes, I'm all yours."

Why argue with a jealous dragon when I was exactly where I wanted to be?

## Chapter 22

### *Kenzie*

“Why is eating cupcakes always messier than making them?” Daddy always asked very good questions.

“Um, 'cause they're yummy?” I held up my fingers. “Help?”

I had icing on my fingers and my plate and my napkin and my Daddy.

Oops.

There was sparkly chocolate everywhere.

“No more touching...no more touching *anything*, cutie.” Daddy wrapped his hand around my wrists and held me still. “No more touching.”

Daddy scrunched his face up and cocked his head. “You have icing in your ear. How did you do that? I was watching you.”

“Magic.” Yes, the mages did it. “Mages naughty, Daddy.”

Nodding, Daddy frowned. “Yes, we'll have to watch them more closely.”

Daddy was so smart.

“More cupcakes?” I wiggled my fingers and laughed as it made his eyes big big. “Already dirty, Daddy.”

He huffed, trying to look stern and scary. “I don't think more cupcakes is a good idea.”

That no?

“Small, Daddy.” Had to look cute cute. “Special for Daddy.”

Oh, Daddy was going to say yes.

“Well, we could have another cupcake, but I was thinking that my little dragon could have a bubble bath before we watched *Pete’s Dragon*.” Daddy shrugged and looked kind of frownie. “Does my little dragon like bubbles?”

“Roar.” I Daddy’s dragon. “I best dragon ever.”

“Because you make me cupcakes and cuddle me.” He nodded and kissed my nose. “And you’re going to take me flying and take good care of me.”

Yes, I was Daddy’s dragon and I took care of him.

“Are you going to cuddle me when we watch a movie?” Daddy helped my hands stay still when he got me up from the table.

No more stickies everywhere.

“You’re the best cuddler.” Daddy needed my cuddles, so I nodded. “That’s wonderful. And you’re the only dragon who gets to cuddle me.”

’Cause Daddy belonged to me.

“I’ll take care of you, Daddy.” Yes, that was my job. “Sticky?”

“Yes, you’re going to take good care of me once we fix our stickiness problem.” Daddy made a silly face when I wiggled my fingers at him. “You have an amazing capacity for stickiness.”

“Amazing dragon, Daddy.” Big big amazing.

“The most amazing dragon ever and we’re going to make you a very clean amazing dragon.” Daddy knew I was special ’cause he kept my hands and smiled and wanted to give me bubbles. “And we’re going to play in

the tub and then we'll find Kenzie the cutie something special to wear."

Oh, jammies.

"I got jammies, Daddy." Following Daddy carefully, I couldn't wait to show him my jammies. "I got cupcake jammies and fish jammies and blue jammies and a dinosaur and footie jammies and lots of jammies, Daddy."

Daddy laughed as he helped me go careful careful up the stairs. "Lots of jammies, huh? Do you have...do you have bear jammies?"

"Growly bear and teddy bear and silly bears and Care Bears, Daddy." Lots and lots and lots of jammies.

Daddy made a silly groan as he took me into the big bathroom. "I think this is my cutie being very honest again. But where are the jammies?"

Giggling, I pinched my lips closed so I wouldn't tell.

"Oh, you've got another hiding place, don't you?" Daddy got his thinking face on and sighed as he led me over to the sink and washed my hands. "How many secret hoards do you have in the house, my little dragon?"

I roared but I didn't tell the secrets.

I was the bestest dragon ever.

Daddy groaned as he dried my hands. "That many? Oh, Kenzie. Daddy is not good at hide and seek with treasures."

Practice practice.

I'd help Daddy.

"Roar." But I gave him a kiss to make sure he wasn't scared of his dragon. "Dragon has to hide his treasures."

And Daddy would have to find them.

He scrunched his face up. "This does not sound like an easy game."

He was so smart.

"Let me think." Daddy was so cute when he was using all his thinking. "Okay, Daddy's thinking. You go potty while I turn on the water. You're clean enough you shouldn't get it too sticky. But don't touch your ear, just your penis, cutie."

Daddy's brows were funny and he was frowning as he shook his head. "There are so many options. All the fucking woodwork in the house could move."

Daddy said a naughty word.

Giggling, I bounced toward the potty and was a very good boy. I didn't even touch my ears. "All done. No treasures in the potty, Daddy."

"Thank you, cutie." Daddy looked like he wanted to stick his tongue out but Daddies didn't do that. "You're a good helper."

He was so funny.

"Good dragon." Bouncing over, I wiggled my fingers again. "No stickies."

Frowning bigger, Daddy looked at my fingers like they were little dragons and he had to study them. "Should we wash your hands again even though you're getting in the tub?"

I shrugged.

That was a Daddy question, not a Kenzie the cutie question.

"Yes, just to make sure." Daddy didn't seem to know what he was making sure of, but he washed my hands again as the water and the bubbles in the tub got bigger and bigger. "All clean. Well, your hands at least. You

have icing in your hair. How did I miss that? What were you doing at the table?"

Was that a Kenzie question?

"Never mind." Daddy realized it was a Daddy question and steered me toward the tub. "We're just going to get you clean and then we'll find jammies. Somewhere."

Giggling, I was a wonderful dragon and didn't tell.

Daddy was smart and he'd find the special hoards.

"I don't like the sound of that giggle, little dragon." Daddy was trying to look serious, but he was so happy he was almost a dragon. "You're very devious."

'Cause the bestest dragons were naughty smart.

When I giggled again, Daddy sighed and took my shirt off. "I'm very intelligent. I'm going to find all your treasures, little dragon."

"I got lots and lots and lots, Daddy." His silly groan made me laugh and laugh.

"You're trying to scare me, but it won't work. I'm a policeman and I can do it." Daddy was very confident, but I was a smart dragon.

"Smart Daddy." I kissed his cheek as he helped me not fall when I stepped out of my pants and undies.

"That would be more believable if you'd stopped giggling when you said it." Daddy's pout was so funny he made me laugh lots and lots. "Yep, not really believable, cutie."

I tried to look innocent but he sighed and looked very stern. "I'm very good with puzzles."

Daddy seemed to be talking to himself, so I didn't interrupt as he helped me into the tub. "Yes, this is just a big 3D puzzle. I can do that."

As I scooped up the bubbles, Daddy sat down beside me and picked up the toys in my basket. "Toys everywhere."

Yep.

Toys in the bubbles too because Daddy dumped them in the tub. "Duckies."

Finding my dragon duckie, I held it up for Daddy. "No chomp chomp."

Daddy laughed and shook his head. "The goose conversation makes so much more sense now."

"Feathers are yucky." I pretended to shiver. "No geese."

Groaning and being silly, Daddy made a face. "No geese. Please, no geese. Ugh, I'm a bad Daddy. I can't tell you what to eat."

I was so special, Daddy found something new to worry about for me.

"No chomp chomp feathers, Daddy." I was special but Daddy worried enough. "I don't like feathers. I like Daddy dinners."

Daddy deflated like a balloon. "I'm very glad you like Daddy dinners. I'll cook all the meat you want as long as you don't bring home a dead goose."

No feathers for Daddy.

"I'll be a very good dragon, Daddy." I made my duck squeak to make Daddy laugh. "No feathers."

"You're a very good dragon, cutie." Daddy leaned over the tub and kissed my cheek. "But once you're done playing, we're going to make you a clean dragon."

Then we'd play find the jammies.

That was going to be just as much fun as playing with my bubbles and toys.

"I'm going to ignore that evil villain giggle you just let out. Yep, Daddy's not going to notice that at all. He's also not going to start trying to figure out where your little clothes are." Daddy looked around the room like he was being sneaky, but I could tell he was trying to be smart.

"Yep, Daddy's not even trying to find the dead space in the walls or where the room isn't the right size." Daddy wasn't looking but he was frowning. "Daddy should've been going through more of the other rooms. I don't even know what's on the other side of this wall."

Daddy said he wasn't looking while I got my bath but he frowned and thought and frowned and thought and even started using my toys to not-picture the house. "No, that's got to be a bedroom. I remember a window over there."

By the time Daddy had me all played and all cleaned, he looked like a TV detective. "I'm going to figure it out, cutie."

He was so silly.

"You're my smart Daddy." I kissed his cheek to look cute as he wrapped the towel around me. I couldn't look like I was trying to make Daddy crazy. "You can do it."

He snorted...maybe he knew I was trying to drive him crazy?

"Alright, we're going to figure this out." He kept one arm wrapped around me and took me over to the bed. "Hop up, cutie. I'll be right back. Daddy has to do some math."

Daddy had a tape measure in his car.

Yep, I had to keep him 'cause tools were wonderful.

"Alright." Thinking, frowning Daddy was back and he was even using a little notebook to write numbers down.



It was even more fun than watching *Pete's Dragon*.

Daddy was amazing.

"There's at least three feet missing from this space, maybe four depending on how thick the walls really are in this part of the house." Daddy was solving the mystery of the bedroom like he was in a detective book.

I wanted to bounce and tell him how close he was, but I was very quiet and even sat on my hands because they kept waving around without permission.

They were very excited but very naughty.

"So downstairs you used a lever of some sort to release the door. You or your family would've built it. I really don't think you were ordering weird shit off Amazon to make the secret hiding places." Nodding to himself, Daddy started pressing on the wall, pushing at the different boards that made up the wainscoting.

The half panels on the walls looked like they were one piece, but he was right, they weren't.

More wiggles kept wanting to escape and I thought about burying myself under the pillows, but I couldn't even hide my face because I wanted to see what would happen when he found it.

Oh.

"Ha! Got it." Daddy pushed the panel just right and the whole section of the wall slid out to reveal the door.

He sat down, smiling and looking very proud of himself as he rolled the barn door-looking piece open. "This is a very short closet, cutie."

Laughing, I flung myself back on the bed. "You did it, Daddy! I knew you could and you did it so fast. I was so patient. I'm amazing."

Now Daddy was laughing too. "We're both amazing. You for your patience and me for my smarts. I found the

hidden treasures.”

Daddy walked over and held up my cupcake jammies. “Part of the hoard at least. I’ll find the others. Just wait and see.”

“You’re the bestest, most smartest Daddy ever.” I was a very lucky dragon.

“And you are the cutest, most smartest dragon ever.” Daddy leaned over and kissed my head. “I’m a very lucky Daddy.”

And he was so special he could read his dragon’s mind.

Best human in a dragon hoard ever.

## Chapter 23

### *Talon*

"I think we're being followed." It wasn't the strangest sentence I'd said all day, but it was since I'd gotten off of work. "I've made three completely unnecessary turns and there's still a large pickup behind us. Is there something you need to tell me?"

Had the FBI finally decided they wanted to come and visit?

"Is there?" Kenzie nearly turned completely around in his seat to look out the back of the car before letting out a sigh. "Oh, I'm sorry, Daddy."

Okay, so not the feds.

"Who is it, cutie?" We were never going to actually make it to dinner if we didn't get a few details worked out.

"My parents."

Oh.

That hadn't been what I thought he'd say, but it made more sense than the other ridiculous options it could've been.

"That's good information, but I'm not sure what to do with it." I'd never been followed by a partner's family before. "Should I pull over somewhere? Are we supposed to know that they're trying to invite us over? Have they texted you?"

Kenzie looked down at his lap and started patting himself down. "Um, I think I left my phone on the couch. You were kissing me and then I wanted to come,

but we didn't have time for a nap and dinner, so I picked dinner."

His explanation of how the evening had gone had me trying not to laugh.

"So that might be part of the problem." Knowing the people I'd sworn to protect, they could either be thinking I'd kidnapped Kenzie or they might not have any idea what they were doing was weird.

As I mentally sorted through our options, Kenzie huffed. "Sorry, Daddy. Um, let's just head to the diner for our date and see what happens? They know I'm seeing you and they know you're my Daddy and I have no idea what they're doing."

Kenzie was delightfully unhelpful sometimes.

"That sounds like a reasonable plan." And worst-case scenario, the diner would have lots of witnesses because no one knew how to mind their own business. "They were happy that we were seeing each other, right?"

I probably should've asked that much earlier in the conversation, but in my defense, we'd only been dating a week.

It'd just been a very packed week.

"Yes." Kenzie's cheerful answer made me feel better, but that was before he finished his sentence. "They just didn't think it would work out. They keep saying they're realists, and I'm kind of high maintenance, but they're really just frustrating."

Lovely.

However, there was nothing I could do about it at the moment, so I stuck with our plan and stopped going in circles around town. As we approached the diner, I tried to think about what else I needed to know.

Lots.

But I started at the very beginning and tried to keep things simple. “So they know you’re little. They know I’m your Daddy. They know you’re keeping me?”

That seemed to be a reasonable place to begin, so I was glad when he nodded. “Yes, I was very clear about the keeping you part.”

He didn’t seem worried about any of the rest of it, so I tried to keep that in mind. “Are we aiming to talk to them in the parking lot or are we asking them to join us for dinner?”

When Kenzie scrunched up his face, I hoped that meant we were on the same page. “The parking lot, Daddy.”

That definitely seemed like the best choice for a variety of reasons.

“Kenzie, what are your parents’ names?” He’d mostly just talked about his mother and that was in vague terms like Mom.

He went very still. “I almost said Mom and Dad. Everyone knows them around here. My mother’s name is Lindsay and my father’s name is Keith. Um, they’re both dragons, but they don’t have anything against humans because I’ve got an older brother who married one and she’s nice.”

That was definitely something I should’ve asked as well, but it hadn’t occurred to me that someone might not approve of us because I was human.

Now, I was pretty sure if he’d been dating a mage there’d have been comments, but no one had been weird because I was human.

Pushing that conversation to the back of my mind, though, I pulled in and parked, putting on a relaxed expression I hoped looked believable. “Ready?”

He'd better be because they pulled in next to us and his mother was already out of the vehicle. She wasn't happy, but she was looking very normal and like any other human mom who was pissed at her son.

"Yes, Daddy." Kenzie leaned over and kissed my cheek, not caring about our audience. "Don't worry. I'm keeping you even if they don't like you."

He seemed to think that would make me feel much better, but before I could question him, his mother was tugging on the door handle. "*Mackenzie McMillan*, did you find your mate without telling your mother?"

Oops.

"*Kenzie*." The frustrated tone in my voice had him pointing a big smile my way.

"No one says mates anymore. We use boyfriend or partner or spouse. Real words." His response and maybe the way he was ignoring his mother was making her even more insane. It was also making her eyes sparkle and I could definitely see where Kenzie got his looks from.

I hadn't actually meant to comment on it, but the shock of the situation had the words popping out. "You've got her eyes, cutie."

Yep, she could hear me.

But it seemed to work in my favor because her frustration level dropped dramatically and I got a warmer smile.

"Yeah, I'm a weird mix of both of them. I'm really glad I'm not as short as her, though." Kenzie seemed dead set on making her nuts because he giggled as she glared at him again. "Hi, Mom. I can't open the door while you're this close."

Yep, he was poking at her.

Dragons liked to live dangerously.

Thankfully for both of us, his father looked much more laid back and seemed to be trying not to laugh as he climbed out of the driver's seat. No dragon sparkles and no frustration there. He seemed completely unaffected by his wife's anger and his son's cheeky responses.

Seemed like a good sign to me.

His mother looked like she was going to charge back in, but Keith wrapped her up tight and took a few steps back, cutting off her frustration mid-stream. "Kenzie, come apologize to your mother and tell your...your partner why she's a bit miffed at you."

Understatement of the year right there.

Kenzie seemed to have complete confidence that he wasn't about to die, though, and nodded with a big smile. "I did."

Kind of.

I wasn't going to throw him under the bus, though, so I didn't point out that he might've left out a few important details. "How about you introduce me?"

Climbing out of the car to make it clear to Kenzie he had to stop fucking with his mother, I ignored his giggles and focused on looking relaxed and completely at ease with the situation. It seemed to work, thankfully, because his mother didn't look like she was going for his neck any longer and his father held out his hand as I came around the front of the car. "Good to meet you. I'm Keith McMillan."

Kenzie decided being polite was a good idea now that he was in strangling distance and completed the introductions.

When we were all politely introduced, I stepped closer to Kenzie just in case I had to protect him and tried to decide what to say next. "I was thinking that we

should have you over for dinner next week. We'll have to figure out a time that works for everyone."

I shrugged as they looked slightly surprised. "With my job, my schedule can be interesting to work around, though."

I had no idea what had them giving each other curious stares, but Kenzie did. "I told you I'd find someone who could take care of me. Daddy cooks and makes sure I have hot meals and don't just eat cupcakes."

It was the first time anyone had introduced me as Daddy to their parents, so I found myself smiling at Kenzie for a variety of reasons. "You take very good care of me too, and you're not a picky eater, so it's not a problem."

He seemed to eat almost anything that wasn't soup, so I wasn't going to complain about cooking for him. If I didn't, it would just leave us eating salads and sandwiches, which would end up punishing both of us. Nope. I didn't mind cooking at all.

"That sounds lovely. Thank you for inviting us over." Lindsay smiled politely and didn't remark on the fact that I was asking her over to have dinner at her son's house.

"I'm looking forward to it." They seemed to sense the honesty in my response because their smiles were less polite and more genuine. "Kenzie's had nothing but wonderful things to say about you both even though we haven't been seeing each other long."

I was hoping that reminding them both we'd only been dating about a week would smooth over some of his mother's frustration, but I wasn't sure it worked.

"Yes." She was trying not to glare at a smiling Kenzie and not doing very well at it. "He's had nothing but



wonderful things to say about you, and everyone in town has as well.”

Oh, was that the problem?

Was this a *she wanted to know things first* issue?

The way Kenzie’s father’s lips twitched made me think I might be right, but before I could figure out how to respond, Kenzie jumped in. “Yeah, everyone is really nosy and doesn’t leave Daddy alone. They were even lined up outside his office the other day after they found out he’d seen my dragon. It was so rude. He’s got to think we’re insane, but he was really glad you guys were giving him time to figure everything out. He said you guys had much better manners.”

Kenzie lied like butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth and had me wondering if he thought we’d already had that conversation.

It was impressive and confusing, and we were going to talk about that at some point when we had privacy. But to play along, I leaned over and kissed his head. “They’re excited and I’m glad to have everyone’s support, but yes, it was nice to have some time to get used to the idea.”

And to try to smooth things over with his mother a bit more, I turned to her and smiled. “With Kenzie having your eyes, does that mean he gets his dragon’s coloring from you as well? You must be a beautiful dragon. If it’s polite for me to say so, of course.”

Bingo.

His father’s lips twitched, but his mother gave me a beaming smile that was definitely Kenzie’s as well. “Thank you. You’re so sweet. Yes, he gets his height and his passion for woodworking from his father, but his coloring is from my side.”

“Well, he’s beautiful and it was an amazing experience getting to see that side of him.” I didn’t think

I was downplaying my nervousness too much, so I was glad to see his mother's smile get even wider.

"I have to admit, we were a bit worried when we'd heard how quickly you moved with that part of your relationship." She was back to aiming frustrated daggers at her son, who was just smiling sweetly.

My adorable brat was having a wonderful time.

"I didn't pick it." Kenzie shrugged, not willing to be thrown under the bus for that one. "The council did."

And his friends helped too.

Her face scrunched up, but she didn't call out the council. "Yes, well, I'm glad to see it all worked out."

Me too.

As she opened her mouth again, Kenzie's father stepped in. "We should be letting you get on with your date. We know how important those are because we were heading out ourselves. We've got some errands to run over by the interstate and we're gonna grab dinner."

She deflated slightly but seemed to realize arguing was fruitless. "Yes, we have to get going, but we'll figure out that dinner date, and Kenzie, I expect you to call more often. You've been ignoring my texts."

"I forgot my phone at home." Kenzie didn't seem to have any desire to promise to call her more because he just ignored that part completely. "Have fun."

Turning to me, he kept up that ear-to-ear grin, giving me the thought that it might actually be real. "You ready, Daddy?"

His willingness to show everyone who I was to him still amazed me, but I nodded and took his hand. "Yes, I'm starving and I haven't gotten to ask about your day yet."

Mostly because we'd started kissing as soon as I'd walked in the door.

Kenzie remembered that because he started giggling. "Yes, we were distracted."

That was a very good description of it.

"You are very distractible." As we waved to his parents, I was glad the truck's engine covered our words as they pulled away. We hadn't technically done much, but our conversation made it sound like we'd been one deep breath from doing stuff we shouldn't mention in front of his parents.

"Thank you, Daddy." Kenzie kissed my cheek, looking adorable. "And thank you for being nice to my mother even though she was kind of feisty tonight. Sometimes she's just like that and there's nothing you can do about it."

So he hadn't been fucking with her?

No, he had to have been messing with her.

But there'd been no tell.

He hadn't even done the pause thing like he did before he lied about something.

"You're welcome, cutie." Returning his kiss, I almost laughed when I thought about his description of his mother. "I like her and I can see why she was just a bit worked up, so it's fine."

"Really?" Confusion flashed across his face. "She's always very dramatic and most of the time I want to tell her to take a deep breath. But my father says that would make things worse, so I just try to show her that she should be happier. It doesn't really work, though."

Now he was fucking with me, right?

"I'll do my best to help." Squeezing his hand, I gave up guessing and just focused on our date. "Come on,

cutie. Food and then we'll get distracted again."

Kenzie's eyes sparkled as he gave me a beaming smile and bounced on his toes. "That sounds like a wonderful plan, Daddy."

Now all we had to do was run the gossip gauntlet and survive dinner.

## Chapter 24

### *Kenzie*

Daddy rolled his eyes every time someone walked past and smiled like they were excited to see us. His eyes were getting a very good workout and we hadn't even gotten our food yet because a lot of people were very excited we'd come for dinner.

"Kenzie?" Daddy's voice was super quiet as he glanced around the diner. "Does everyone in here...well, do they know?"

Oh, about dragons.

Daddy had very good dragon and mage radar, but it was harder to know when it came to the humans, so it was a really smart question. It also made sense why Daddy had been *only a dragon could hear him* quiet.

I was doing my best to not look too obvious as I glanced around the diner to check, but Mr. Kennedy was faster. "We're all in the know, Mackenize. Tell your Daddy it's fine to talk, but he needs to do it louder. Hamish doesn't have his hearing aids in."

Daddy seemed to be trying to decide if he was going to laugh or sigh but finally decided on just ignoring the shenanigans going on around us. "Alright, then I won't worry about whispering."

Yep, it would just frustrate everyone trying to eavesdrop.

"Sorry, Daddy." I shrugged as he smiled and shook his head. "You're very interesting."

Half the room laughed and the other half coughed.

“They’re about as subtle as a ton of bricks...or maybe that gold that’s still missing.” Leaning back in the booth, Daddy cocked his head. “Tell me about hoards, cutie. They seem to be private but everyone knows about them. It also seems like some people’s are more obvious than others.”

Daddy was so smart.

“Yes.” Trying to decide where to start was difficult. “When a dragon goes through puberty, that’s when their hoard instincts come out and they spend time figuring out what makes them happy. Kind of like...well, Boyd said I can’t talk about body parts or sex stuff in the diner, but you understand.”

Daddy pinched his lips together as he nodded. He thought that was a silly rule too but he managed not to point it out. “That’s probably a good idea in general, but I know what you mean.”

“I’m glad. I didn’t want to be too subtle and be confusing.” That wouldn’t help. “And there’s really nothing wrong with bodies.”

But I wasn’t going to get distracted talking about penises.

“But hoards. Yes, once a dragon figures out what makes him or her happy, then they take time to decide how to collect their special treasures. Everyone knows about my toys, so I’ll use that as an example.” I didn’t see the point in hiding it because my hoard was the best.

“Thank you.” Daddy was very patient and just took a sip of his water as he listened.

“I wanted to learn how to fix my toys so I could take care of them, and I slowly learned that while I liked all toys, my dragon side especially likes old ones.” They were *wonderful*. “So I found different types to collect and I studied about them and I worked to learn how to fix lots of different kinds.”

Nodding slowly, Daddy thought for a moment and cocked his head. "So, a collection in a hoard can be all kinds of different things, right?"

"Yes." What kinds had I heard about? "Um, I know a guy whose father was a dragon and his mother was a mage and he collects orchids. He's got a big greenhouse. I know someone whose hoard is tools and she's got all kinds. It's amazing but they take up a lot of space. You know about Lorne and his sparkles, but everyone does, so that's not a surprise."

"Yeah, the watch problem." Daddy shook his head. "That would've been hard to keep from everyone."

"But you fixed that even before you knew about dragons. You were very brave." And probably very confused.

"Thank you, cutie." Daddy smiled as he reached out and squeezed my hand, getting *awws* from people around the room. "I like fixing problems."

"You're a wonderful fixer." I almost got distracted talking about how many people Daddy had helped already, but he kept us on track.

"So some dragons collect hoards that are big...like cars?" The whole room went very quiet, and Daddy was amazing and pretended not to notice.

"Yes, Daddy." Wait. Hoards. Daddy helper problems. Oh, Daddy was so smart. "The dragon who might collect something like cars would like special ones too. Like ambulances or armored trucks. Right, Mr. Emry?"

I stretched my neck up and looked around the diner. "Oh, he's leaving."

That wasn't very polite.

"I was going to ask him to tell you how he found special cars." Because I was pretty sure he needed to tattle on himself.

Daddy's smile was ear to ear when I sat back down. "Thank you for that good information, cutie. I appreciate you helping me to understand how things work."

"You're welcome, Daddy." Wiggling in my seat, I rested my hands on the table to try to sit still. "But I'm a very good boy and would never steal for my hoard. My mother said that would be very naughty, so I don't want you to think badly of us."

Lorne hadn't been able to help himself, so I wasn't worried about apologizing for him...but Mr. Emry... well, that was a different story.

"Don't worry about it. I know how many upstanding citizens we have around here." Daddy was very good at making everyone feel guilty. "They'd never endorse thievery or anything like that."

"Nope." I did my best not to laugh, but Daddy was so proud of himself that he was almost giggling. "Never. But don't forget, I'm very good and didn't do anything wrong to begin with. So I should get a reward for that."

Yes, being good without being naughty first was definitely something I should be rewarded for.

\*\*\*\*

"Well, that went fairly well, cutie." Daddy wrapped me in his arms as soon as we walked in the door, making me laugh. "They only stared half the time and we only got asked a few inappropriate questions."

"It was much better than breakfast the other day." For some reason, people were much nosier before they'd gotten their coffee.

Daddy laughed and kissed my forehead. "You're right. It was leaps and bounds better than breakfast."

"They're just nosy because they like you, though, Daddy." Kissing his cheek, I wiggled to get him to hug



me tighter. "If they didn't like you, they'd leave you alone."

He groaned, resting his forehead against mine. "That's insane, but sadly it makes perfect sense around here."

"We're kind of special." I shrugged as he snickered. "We do things a bit differently."

"But that's not a bad thing." Daddy shifted and gave me a soft kiss, smiling. "Different means toy hoards and beautiful dragons and flying."

"And friendly people like Mr. Kennedy." I was serious, but Daddy laughed. "He's just kind of nosy too."

"He's more than *kind of* nosy, cutie." Daddy gave me another quick peck. "That man has to know everything that's going on around town."

"Maybe gossip is his hoard?" I shrugged as Daddy's eyes got wide. "I don't think I've ever heard anyone mention what his hoard was. Maybe that's because it's weird."

"That makes a lot of sense." Daddy straightened, looking confused. "Now I don't know if I should feel bad about not wanting him to be so nosy or not."

"Oh, that's a good question. If it's his hoard, we can't keep it from him. That just wouldn't be nice." Being a dragon was hard sometimes.

"No." Daddy shook his head. "We're not going to assume gossip is his hoard just because he's a nosy old man."

Still...

"Okay, Daddy." He had a point. "But we won't be mean just in case?"

Daddy sighed but nodded and kissed my nose. "Deal."

Wonderful.

"But..." Daddy's eyes said he wanted to laugh even though he looked very serious. "It's going to cost you, though."

Oh, bribes.

Trying not to giggle, I nodded and did my best to look solemn. "I understand and I'm willing to pay the price."

*Please let it involve spankings.*

*Please let it involve spankings.*

"You're going to have to take me flying." Daddy waited and then laughed when my eyes went wide. "I'm serious. That's your consequence."

"Really?" That was not what I thought he was going to say. "Really?"

Daddy wasn't scared of my big dragon form, but he'd been very cautious. He hadn't even touched my head. I knew Boyd had been ridiculous when he'd said Daddy might not come back, but it was okay for Daddy to be very thoughtful when it came to dragon stuff.

"I can't carry you when I'm little." He knew that, right? "Just big, Daddy."

My little form was stronger than he probably realized, but it wasn't Daddy-sized strong.

Giving me a very serious nod, Daddy straightened and relaxed his hold on me. "I know, cutie. We won't go high or do it for too long. I don't want to wear you out and I don't want to fall. But I've been thinking about it and I want to know what it's like to fly with you."

Oh, I wished I'd asked Alick more questions about humans before I'd offered.

“You won’t get too scared? Hearts stop beating if people get too scared.” Humans and some dragons...but definitely humans. “I don’t want you to get nervous.”

Daddy laughed. “Cutie, I’m already nervous. But I want to do this with you.”

Giving me a soft kiss, Daddy pulled me tight against him again. “You are my dragon and I’m not scared of anything about you.”

Maybe he was just very cautious.

That would be understandable.

“But you don’t have to do it if you’ve changed your mind.” Daddy cocked his head before leaning in to give me another kiss. “I’ve just been thinking about it.”

Okay.

“Why?” Yes, more information would be good. “I want to know why so I don’t worry about you worrying.”

Daddy laughed, not getting offended, which was a very good thing. “Come here, cutie. Cuddle time.”

I liked cuddling, but I wasn’t going to get distracted. “No orgasms, Daddy. Just innocent cuddles while we talk. I have to pay attention.”

And stay awake if I was going to take him flying.

Huffing, Daddy stuck his nose up in the air as he led me into the living room and over to the couch. “Would I distract you just to get my way?”

Yes.

“No, Daddy. I don’t know what I was thinking.” His eyes twinkled as he nodded, but we both knew I was right. “You’re a very good Daddy and take good care of your boy.”

Daddy wasn’t the only one who could use guilt.

He flashed me a grin before pulling me down to sit on his lap. "Yes, and that means explaining what I'm thinking so you don't worry about Daddy worries."

Yep.

So I put my hands on my lap and waited...and waited.

Daddy had his thinking face on and was rubbing my back as he got his words in order, so I didn't rush him. And thankfully just before my patience ran out, Daddy nodded to himself. "First, I want to fly with you, cutie. I want to see the world like you do and I want to explore something new with my boy."

Okay, that made sense.

But I knew if I waited, Daddy would keep talking, so I just nodded and sat still.

"Second." Daddy kissed my cheek and ran a hand over my head. "I want to show you that I'm not afraid of you, no matter what you look like. I know that doesn't have to be flying, but you were so excited to share that with me, and I keep coming back to it."

Well, flying was amazing.

And I was really smart for knowing that Daddy wasn't done talking.

"Third." He took a breath and gave me another kiss, soft and gentle, before leaning back against the couch again. "Third, I love my sweet little dragon and I want to make sure you know that. I want to make sure you know you can trust me completely and I want to show you that I trust you completely."

Aww, Daddy knew he loved me.

I was so patient, I was amazing.

"I'm glad you know you love me, Daddy." Kissing his cheek so I didn't get distracted by his lips, I stayed on

topic. "I knew it wouldn't take you long but it's been so hard to wait because I love you so much and I didn't want to rush you."

But now it wouldn't be rushing him to move in with me...he knew he loved me, so that made it okay.

Daddy gave me a big *you're so cute* smile and shook his head like I'd been silly. "You've been very patient. Let me guess, you knew you loved me right away?"

Nodding, I gave him another kiss.

Yep, we were going to get distracted if I wasn't careful. Daddy smelled so good and all I wanted was to snuggle closer and rub against him.

"Yes. You knew how smart I was and you had the best smiley eyes and you were so special." He'd been amazing. "You were always proud of me and you took such good care of me. You fed me the very first time we met. I knew you were meant to be part of my hoard."

Daddy blinked. "Because you get to play with me. Yes, I can see how that makes me part of your hoard."

He was so smart.

Best Daddy ever.

"Exactly." I'd told him I was going to keep him but I could tell now he understood. "I knew you belonged to me like I knew what my hoard should be when I was younger. I just looked at you and I knew. You were going to be my Daddy. I just had to learn how to take care of you like I did the other special things in my hoard."

Taking care of their hoard was the most important thing a dragon could do, so I was always going to be very careful with Daddy.

He was the most special thing in my hoard.

“I love you, Daddy.” Ugh, distractions just couldn’t be resisted sometimes.

Giving Daddy another kiss, I moaned against his lips and gave them a lick when he laughed. “Naughty dragon.”

But he loved his naughty dragon because he pulled me tight against his body and deepened the kiss, giving me everything I wanted. “Love you, little dragon.”

Nibbling on my lips, Daddy made happy sounds when I moaned again and he stroked his tongue against mine as he kissed me harder. “You take such good care of your Daddy, cutie. I’m the luckiest Daddy ever.”

Because he had the best dragon ever.

And I had to show him that I could take good care of him and always let him know how special he was.

Pulling back, I gave him one more quick peck as he smiled at me. “Let me show you flying, Daddy. You’re the only person I’ve ever wanted to ride me. I want you to see how amazing it is.”

“It will be amazing because it’s with you, Kenzie the cutie.” Daddy kissed my cheek. “Let’s go fly.”

## Chapter 25

### *Talon*

"I think you need a coat, Daddy." Kenzie was standing in the backyard naked as the day he was born and in no hurry to shift. "Do you think if we asked someone to make me a saddle, they could keep their mouth shut?"

My face must've said what I thought about that very clearly because Kenzie quickly sighed. "Yeah, I didn't think so either."

No one kept their mouth shut about anything and they were terrible at keeping secrets in general. The whole town would know about the saddle idea before Kenzie had finished explaining what he wanted.

"There have to be other ways to tie me to you." His wording had me trying not to laugh as he just kept rambling. "I want to be very secure for you and I'd look very nice restrained. I'm very cute."

And very confident about how he looked.

But since it didn't look like his nervous rambling would stop anytime soon, I stepped closer and gave him a kiss. Going right for sexy and rough, it effectively turned off his brain for a few moments, but that quickly ended when I had to let him breathe.

"Daddy..." Blinking at me, he frowned and looked down at his hardening cock. "I don't think we should do that again. I don't want to scare you."

How big was a dragon's dick?

Fuck, the questions I had to ask just kept getting weirder.

“Then shift and let’s fly. That will be a good distraction for us.” The logic for that was questionable, but Kenzie was too busy worrying about dragon erections to notice.

“Yes, Daddy. That’s a good idea.” Nodding to himself, he stepped back a few feet. “You move back. I don’t want to squish you.”

Definitely not. “Yes, cutie, and once you’ve shifted, I’m going to come to say hello and pet your head. Then I’ll use your wing to climb up.”

Kenzie had clearly thought about the mechanics enough that he hadn’t needed to think about how to make it work.

That didn’t mean it wasn’t slightly insane, though.

“That’s right.” Standing straighter, he puffed out his chest, finally ignoring his half-hard cock. “I’m very sturdy and you can’t hurt me. Just remember not to pull my tail.”

There was definitely a story with the tail, but for the time being, I nodded. “I won’t forget.”

There was no way I’d forget that piece of advice.

“Because you’re smart. Yes, no worries because Daddy is very smart.” Before I could ask Kenzie how the two things related in his mind, he flashed and there stood my dragon.

My very *big* dragon.

Somehow in the low light at the back of the house, he looked even larger. But ignoring that for the time being, he also looked darker in color.

“Kenzie the cutie, you look even more beautiful every time I see you.” Which hadn’t been often, but we were



going to work on that. "Look at how tall you are."

The praise had him wiggling and stretching out his wings, clearly bragging about how wonderful he was. "Yes, and your wings are so wide and they look so soft. You know, I think it's time that I figure out if they're as soft as they look."

Yes, and I was going to make my feet keep moving forward.

They didn't seem to agree with that plan, but I made them work through sheer force of will. I tried not to show that to Kenzie, though, but as I stepped closer, he sank to the ground and lowered his head so he was looking up at me.

"No puppy dog eyes when you're the size of a large SUV, cutie." My ridiculous order had laughter teasing at the back of my head again, and I finally started to question whether that was real or my insanity getting louder.

He was a dragon...and his mother had called us mates.

Having something new to focus on and analyze kept me from thinking too much about the fact that I was basically going up to pet a dinosaur.

He was prettier than a dinosaur, but yeah, I could see the resemblance and it gave me even more to think about.

From what I'd been able to piece together, the gate between our worlds had been around for as long as his world had had written records. It just hadn't been until a few hundred years ago that they'd explored it and figured out Earth was on the other side.

That told me there'd been more than just people who'd been going back and forth, but I left that question for another time too. I had dragon riding lessons to

worry about and that had to take precedence over wondering if Kenzie was related to dinosaurs.

But trying to remember the dinosaurs I'd seen in books was a wonderful distraction, and it kept the scared chompy mammal portion of my brain occupied until the adventurous side had reached out to pet Kenzie.

My dragon boyfriend.

"Fuck, Kenzie, you're a dragon." I wasn't getting any smarter about what to say to him, but he didn't seem to mind. The echo in my head laughed again and even Kenzie's eyes were filled with delight as he looked up at me.

Puppy eyes on a dragon.

Since the world just kept getting more and more fascinating, I kept stroking his head and decided to get a few more questions out there. "This is probably going to sound insane, but I'm petting a dragon, so I'm not going to obsess over that part."

More echoey laughter had me rolling my eyes. "Yeah, insane, but I think you're in my head, cutie."

Kenzie blinked, looking curious but not as confused as he should've been.

"Kenzie, do some dragons and their mates hear each other in their heads?" It should've been just another insane question the human asked but Kenzie nodded.

Great.

"I'm assuming you didn't know that could happen with us?" And his head went up and down again.

Before I could continue on the yes or no game, he scrunched his eyes closed.

*Daddy?*

For fuck's sake.

The echo sound was definitely a word that time and sounded much closer.

“Yes, Kenzie? Are you in my head?”

*Boo. Daddy, can we have cake when we’re done flying?*

Yep, Kenzie was in my head.

“Yes, good dragons who don’t drop their Daddies definitely deserve cake.” My dry response had more giggles filling my head. “You definitely heard me.”

*Yes, Daddy. Mom said mates used to do this but I don’t know many people who can do it now.*

Well, that was going to be interesting to explain.

But first, we needed to figure out a few of the important details about this mate telepathy business before we got up in the air. “Let’s try something. I’m going to think about what kind of cake we should eat and you see if you can hear what I’m thinking.”

That got me another giggle and a very wiggly dragon, but he closed his eyes again and stayed quiet to listen.

Closing my eyes as Kenzie had done, I did my best to think about where his voice had come from in my mind and aimed my thoughts toward it.

*Carrot cake.*

Waiting, I tried it again, louder that time, if that made any sense at all.

*Carrot cake.*

I wasn’t sure it’d worked, so I opened my eyes and saw a pouting dragon.

*Daddy, carrots are too healthy for cake.*

Yep, he’d heard me.

“Not if there’s cream cheese frosting.” I leaned over and gave my dramatic cutie a kiss. “But I know my cutie

has chocolate cake hidden in the kitchen somewhere, so I'll pick that."

Bright eyes shined up at me and giggles filled my head.

*Yay. Chocolate cake.*

"After we fly. Then you'll need a good shot of energy and cake is probably the best way to fix that." Kenzie wiggled, loving my ridiculous logic. "Are you ready?"

*Yes, Daddy. I'm big and strong.*

For some reason, being able to hear his earnest voice in my head made the whole thing easier to process. Yes, I'd known it was Kenzie before, but this was my adorable cutie.

"You're going to do great." Giving his head a quick kiss that I knew he'd love, I marveled at the slightly rougher texture of his larger form. It wasn't uncomfortable to the touch, but it felt like his skin was thicker in his larger form. "Alright, up I go."

He'd been right—his wings were sturdy enough to use as a mounting block, but it still felt wrong to ride him like a horse.

*Not a horsey, Daddy. Dragon.*

I laughed as I swung my right leg over his back, settling low at the base of his neck where it met his shoulders and seemed to make the most sense. "I can see that, my little dragon."

I was on a fucking dragon.

More giggles floated through my mind, reminding me that I was going to have to work on cleaning up my thoughts a bit.

*No fucking your dragon, Daddy. I'm too big.*

Groaning, I did my best not to imagine anything inappropriate.

*Naughty little dragon.*

That got me more laughter and he didn't deny being a wicked cutie.

*Hold on tight, Daddy.*

Fuck.

"Alright." Wrapping my arms around his neck, I tried to keep my feet out of the way of his wings.

My heart stopped as his wings flapped and something that felt lighter than air filled the space around us. Magic? Something his body produced to help? Processing everything logically helped me ignore the crazy whirl my stomach was doing as we moved higher off the ground.

*You can't fuck me, Daddy, but rubbing and tail pulling is very nice.*

Fuck.

Laughter echoed in my head as my brain found much more interesting things to worry about than flying or falling.

I definitely had a naughty dragon.

A naughty dragon who could fly because I was looking into the windows of the second floor of the fucking house.

I had to admit that I didn't plan on relaxing my hold on my sweet dragon, but as we circled the house and the air moved past us faster, I felt delight and something like freedom fill the space in my head where his giggles had been.

He loved this.

I wasn't sure if it was just the flying in general or because I was there with him, but I could feel how excited he was and that made it harder to be scared.

*Because you're with me, Daddy. Everything is better with you.*

Damn it.

*I love you, my little dragon, even if this whole reading minds thing is going to drive me insane.*

His giggles said he wasn't worried.

*I love you too, Daddy, and I love how many times you say naughty words to yourself.*

Because Daddy had a potty mouth...and the giggles came back as Kenzie slowly started lowering us down to the ground.

*I love your potty mouth and I love your naughty imagination.*

Damn it.

More giggles said he'd heard that too.

When he'd touched down and lowered himself to the ground, I forced my arms to relax as I ignored the way they were shaking slightly. I gave Kenzie's neck a quick kiss before relaxing into him and hugging my cute dragon.

"If you want dessert and an orgasm later, we're going to pretend you didn't see anything naughty in my head." There were some things I wasn't sure I was ready to ask.

*Yes, Daddy. I'm your good boy.*

Bullshit.

But he was my wonderful dragon, my sweet little, and my tender boyfriend...and that beat being good any day.

Because it meant I was loved.

# Chapter 26

## *Kenzie*

*Three Weeks Later*

"It's not too tall. It's got lots of layers like my relationship with Daddy." And if Boyd didn't stop being so unreasonably grumpy, I was going to dump my wonderful cake on his head.

Boyd looked like he was going to say something to make me have to dump it on his head, but Daddy saved the day...and the grumpy dragon.

"Let me help you with that, cutie." Daddy kissed my head and swept my weapon right out of my hands without even stopping to see what Boyd had done.

Well, he glared at Boyd too.

I wasn't sure that would help, but Daddy was magic and I shouldn't have questioned him because Boyd's grumpies deflated like a balloon. "Sorry. I was just...I was just frustrated about something else and took it out on you."

Aww, now I couldn't be mad at him.

"It's okay." I wanted to pretend not to know what he was upset about but playing dumb wasn't nice once he realized he'd been a pain in the butt. "He'll come."

Boyd tried to hide his surprise, but he laughed and shook his head. "I'm so subtle."

As a ton of bricks as Daddy would say.

"You're about as subtle as the gold Mr. Emry left in the parking lot of the police station." Of course,

everyone pretended not to know who'd left it, but we all knew who'd been naughty.

Especially after he'd kept the truck.

Daddy said he thought Mr. Emry hadn't realized there'd been gold in the truck, but I thought that didn't matter and he should've planned better.

What if he'd stolen an ambulance and hadn't noticed there were people in it?

Nope, he needed a time-out at the very least.

Boyd laughed, finally sounding happy and not like he was in pain. "Yeah, he must've really wanted that armored truck badly."

"Common sense is very important." And Daddy was right; it was lacking in our area. "He needs to make better decisions."

And learn to appreciate Matchbox cars better.

"You're not wrong." Boyd's smile faded a bit, but he didn't get grumpy again as he looked around the VFW Hall. "Let's go see if Lorne needs help. He said he was going to bring beads over for us to make necklaces and it looks like he has a thousand little boxes over there."

Oh, he was going to make a mess if he wasn't careful.

"We need a Daddy to tell him no more often. I don't remember him having that many boxes last time we made jewelry." I probably shouldn't have told on Lorne but Boyd needed something to do to keep him occupied, so it was for a good cause.

Yep, Boyd turned his grumbles into protective Daddy frustration as he marched over to see what Lorne was doing, but I didn't feel guilty. Lorne needed to stop shopping and Boyd needed to forget the librarian for a few minutes.



Daddy's arms wrapped around me and he chuckled. "Naughty dragon, shouldn't you be protecting Lorne?"

"Boyd's grumpy and it's Lorne's turn." I'd take another one for the team later when I told Boyd that I'd taken Daddy flying again.

That made the cranky dragon nuts.

Still laughing quietly, Daddy kissed my neck. "I think I'm going to have to punish you later. That doesn't seem very nice."

Yay.

Spankings.

"But it looks like some new friends have started to arrive, so that conversation will have to wait." Daddy kissed me again and distracted me so much that it took me too long to realize what he'd said.

"*Visitors?*" Turning around in his arms as he chuckled, I found them.

We had playdate visitors.

Two of them and we hadn't even gotten started yet.

"Boyd's going to be very excited but who's the other man, Daddy?" He was tall and just as grumpy looking as Boyd but that was where their similarities ended.

This grumpy dragon had *tattoos*.

"Don't drool, cutie. You're mine. I already moved in and everything." Daddy huffed when I giggled.

"Don't worry, Daddy. I'm just going to say hi, not keep him." But looking could be fun if it made Daddy jealous.

"If you say hi too happily, I'm going to ask Mrs. Rosemont to make me another casserole." Daddy laughed when I glared at him.

That was cheating.

“Come on, cutie.” Daddy kissed my cheek. “Let’s go say hi to our new friends and then we’ll play.”

New friends.

New toys.

And the bestest Daddy in the world to play with.

This was going to be the best playdate party yet.

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M.A. Innes and Shaw Montgomery are two sides to the same squirrely brain. M.A Innes is the part of my imagination that leads to kinky and curious things like age play and puppy play. Shaw is the aspect that likes sweet BDSM but isn't taboo in nature.

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