

My Little Human



M.A. TUNNIG

MY LITTLE HUMAN

The New Neighbors, Book 4

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MY LITTLE HUMAN

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My Little Human

Weirdest munch ever.

Dane isn't expecting much from the mostly straight munch he's somehow ended up at. As awkward encounters turn into a boring meet-and-greet, he's ready to escape when the most interesting Daddy in the room sets eyes and tentacles on him.

When an earnest new Daddy and a slightly confused little come together, sparks and laughter fly because tentacle Daddies make the best Daddies.

The New Neighbors Series

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[His Human](#)

[Their Alien](#)

My Little Human

[Your Mate](#) (Smashwords and the author's site)

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Chapter 1

Dane

This was the weirdest munch ever.

Somehow it'd ended up being all straight people besides me and possibly one other exception...an interesting one.

"Your innocent attire and the way your body reacts to youthful educational stimuli suggests you would be classified as a little." His voice was almost mesmerizing and it took me a second to realize I had no idea what the tall alien had said.

Huh? Innocent attire?

His sentence or question, or fuck, string of words had me looking down at what I was wearing because at that moment I had no idea what I'd put on.

Okay, I was starting to see what he meant.

I was definitely wearing more clothes than any of the other subs in the room and the He-Man T-shirt I had on wasn't the most grown-up item of clothing I possessed... but it was vintage. That made it cool. But I could see what the guy...man...alien had picked up on.

Dom?

"Yes, I'm a little." That was what he'd wanted to know, right?

What else had he said? Oh, the toys.

The bookstore where the munch was being held was owned by a woman in the lifestyle, and she was little too, so there were toys tucked everywhere. Most of the

customers saw it as her being family-friendly, and it was, but it was also her way of having fun at work.

“And, um...”

How was I supposed to respond to that?

Had it even been a question?

Was honesty really the best policy with these guys?

Fuck it all.

Dropping my voice lower so the humans milling around the space probably wouldn't hear, I took the advice I'd heard somewhere and told him what I was thinking. “The toys are more fun than the conversation. I thought there would be more Daddies here, but I'm the only not-straight person. It's awkward.”

Everyone was really nice, but it was like they were all wondering what I was doing there. Even after Amy had bounced around introducing me to people as her friend and work neighbor, they'd still found it weird.

She didn't seem to have realized that she only knew straight people and no one looked like they wanted to be the one to tell her that.

Not that I was going to be the one to do it either, so I probably shouldn't judge.

Well, yeah, I was going to judge.

But I'd do it quietly.

The rather large alien guy shook his head, and it was such a human gesture, I smiled. It didn't look like something his head would do naturally, but it was cute.

But he went from cute to confusing in a flash. “I should be sorry there are not more individuals for you to interact with romantically in a control-based relationship; however, I am not.”

Huh?

He was really the only person who'd taken the time to talk to me, so I wasn't going to chase him off, but I had no idea what his point was.

What I knew about these guys would fit on an index card, but one of those facts was that they weren't mean or rude. So...I finally decided just to fuck it and ask. It wasn't like he'd find it weird. "Why are you not sorry?"

He took it as logically as I thought he would. "In social interactions with humans, often the default conversational and romantic preference is for other humans. It makes declaring interest difficult. The lack of competition will increase my odds of success significantly."

Oh.

That hadn't gone like I'd thought it would.

Wait.

Declaring interest?

Better odds?

Oh, dude, the alien liked me.

Maybe?

"I have no idea how to respond to that but it's nice to meet you." To another human that would've been too blunt for them to handle, but my new friend the alien nodded.

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance. I have been eager to make the acquaintance of more human submissives with the moniker of little." He gestured toward the far corner that was filled with beanbags and toys on a low shelf. "Would you like to sit and discuss your preferences for partners in a control-based relationship?"

Did I want to sit down and talk about what I wanted in a Daddy?

Yep, weirdest munch ever.

But he was the only guy to have talked to me so far besides the one Dom who'd asked if I knew where the bathroom was, so I figured it couldn't hurt.

"Do you understand what a little would be looking for in a relationship?" The control-based comment said he at least understood the basics of BDSM, and somehow he'd ended up at a lifestyle meet-and-greet, so he had to get at least some of it.

Right?

Again, my new friend didn't appear to be offended. "In my research, I have come to understand that the domination-based title for my position would be Daddy and I would be required to provide comfort, structure, and playtime for a submissive human who would be defined as a little."

Okay, so he did know what I wanted.

This kept getting weirder and weirder.

"Good." Now what? Oh, he'd asked if I wanted to sit down. "Yes, I'd like to sit down and get to know you."

It couldn't hurt, right?

He seemed nice and they were all super rule followers. He understood I was a little and I'd made sure he knew I wasn't straight. Oh, did he know what that meant? He'd said he'd be a Daddy in a relationship with a little. Had he actually said he liked men?

I was starting to wish my notecard's worth of information had been a bit bigger.

One tentacle loosely looped around my back to lead me over to the sitting area, but he was careful to keep his touch light. It was all very old-school polite and kind of cute. He even studied me carefully as I sat down on the beanbag like he was making sure I couldn't hurt myself.

Very gentlemanly.

However, watching him curl his tentacles around the base of his torso as he lowered himself to the floor made it clear he wasn't human, not that I was sure it mattered in this case. But that would probably depend on what he wanted from me.

"Does the arrangement of my body bother you?" Before I could answer, he kept going. "Human reactions to our physiology have been...curious."

Oh, I bet they had been.

"We're weird and rude sometimes. Sorry." It took my brain a second to jump back to the original question. "No, your tentacles don't bother me. Was that the question?"

He was so distracting it was hard to keep track of what he'd asked.

"Yes, that was the question I felt was of the utmost importance to clarify first." He lifted a smaller one and held it out toward me with what I thought was a *touch it* gesture. "Have you interacted socially with a member of my species before?"

It seemed to be a *have you dated someone like me* kind of question, so I shook my head. "No, I own a small craft store down the block. You guys aren't big on crafting, so it's mostly just been saying hi in places like the grocery store."

One of my neighbors around the block might've been his species, but the guy seemed to work crazy hours or only came around once in a while because I hadn't seen him more than a few times.

"Humans have fascinating hobbies." That seemed to be some kind of approval and I found myself smiling as he inched his limb closer. "Making sure you don't find my touch...troubling will be the next step in discovering compatibility. Please do not worry, I am not *slimy*."

Something about the way he said it made it clear there was a story behind it.

“You look soft, not slimy.” I wasn’t sure I should be randomly touching him.

That was...rude, maybe?

Weird, definitely.

It wasn’t the tentacles, though. I wasn’t sure I would’ve been stroking a human Daddy’s hand the first time he introduced himself either. But he did look soft. And he wanted to make sure I didn’t find him slimy or yucky.

Before I could decide what to do, because this had never happened to me before, he smiled and changed tactics. He was silly. He reached out and grabbed a big stuffed octopus off the shelf. “This looks very soft as well.”

He wasn’t sneaky at all, but I found myself reaching out and taking the toy from his limb. *Accidentally* touching him as I took the toy, my fingers caressed over the tip. Oops. But I wasn’t testing him out like he was some sort of sea monster. It was an accident.

And I’d accidentally found out he really was soft.

“Amy has lots of toys all over. I like coming in here on my lunch break sometimes.” It was fun and she was nice. She’d been nice even before she’d figured out I was little too. “I have crayons and stuff like that, but not toys.”

I’d end up getting too distracted.

“Do you enjoy coloring, little human?” His question had me wondering if he thought I was short or if it was because I technically was a human who was a little.

“Yes.” The way he was giving me his undivided attention made telling him more about what I liked easier. “I have the special grown-up coloring books at

work and I use the fancy colored pencils to help people see how much fun it is. But at home, I have fun ones.”

Holding out my shirt with my free hand and tucking the octopus against my side, I smiled. “Like He-Man.”

My new friend was nodding and looking very serious as he studied my shirt. “The character on your clothing looks as if it would be very fun to apply color to.”

He was so cute.

“Thank you.” Was that the right response? I wasn’t sure, but it made him smile again, so I didn’t worry about it. “What do you do?”

I probably should’ve started by asking his name, but he hadn’t asked mine, so I decided it didn’t matter.

“I work in aerospace engineering.” He said it like he was a dentist or something. “I have a familiarity with space.”

Duh.

“That sounds fun.” It actually sounded stressful, but that didn’t seem like the right way to respond. “I’m glad you found something to do when you moved here.”

Hmm, that didn’t sound any better.

“Yes, it was an adjustment.” He shrugged and the wavy way his body moved had me wanting to touch him. Thankfully, he continued and I assumed he couldn’t tell how much I wanted to climb all over him.

He was like a big smooth jungle gym that moved.

“I enrolled in a university program. That helped me to understand how humans saw the mechanics of flight.” He shook his head like it was ridiculous. “Before something can be fixed, one must understand the flaws in its logic.”

Laughing would’ve been the wrong response, right?

“That sounds logical.” He had to learn where we’d fucked up before he could fix it. “You enjoy what you do now, though?”

His beaming smile and the pleased way he puffed up said that was a good assumption. “Yes, I find it very fulfilling.”

“That’s good.” I wouldn’t claim to be the best in social situations, but this was so new, I wasn’t sure if we were going to continue the small talk or not.

Gesturing toward the other side of the store where most of the people were hanging out, I jumped in with a slightly random question. “How did you find the group?”

“I have been in the store several times for reading material. The proprietor, Amy, did not mind answering questions about her relationship with the human male she calls Daddy.” Something about the look on his face and the way he didn’t say Ralph’s name said he didn’t like him either.

We seemed to have a lot in common.

“She’s nice.” I wasn’t going to admit what I thought of Ralph while we were in the store, but the way my new friend was studying me said he’d figured it out.

Hmm, hadn’t someone come into the store and mentioned that they could tell shit about us just by smells and heartbeats?

Was I thinking really loud?

Smelling like Ralph was a dickhead?

“She is exceedingly polite.” The almost neutral tone in his voice didn’t help me figure out what he thought of her beyond that. Did he like women? Did he not like women? Did he think she was cute?

Nodding, I tried to figure out how to ask any of that without sounding awkward at the very least. There

didn't seem to be a way.

Fuck it.

"Do you like male subs?" Yep, this whole friendship was going to be based around one awkward question after another.

"I do not have enough familiarity with intimate human social interactions to accurately answer that question without risking offense." He shrugged as I tried to wrap my brain around that sentence. "I can very clearly state that I am looking to be a Daddy to a human little and I find no issue with your form or gender."

Huh?

"Okay." What had he said? "I'll do my best not to be offended by anything you tell me as long as you're not mean about it."

And as long as he said it more simply.

I wasn't stupid, but he made me think way too hard sometimes.

"I'm glad you don't have an issue with my form." Keeping my voice low made me feel less stupid about that sentence, but I was pretty sure no one else could've heard us anyway. Most of the group seemed to be discussing different types of impact play, and I'd rather be talking about crayons versus markers.

My new friend didn't think it was silly, though. He perked up. "Thank you, little human."

"You're welcome." Now what? "Okay, another human would think this is too blunt and would call me rude, but I'm going to ask it anyway. What are we doing here?"

There were a few other female littles running around and I was pretty sure at least one was single, but he'd zeroed in on me, so...

My new friend cocked his head and his limbs went very still, but nothing made him seem upset, so I waited while he thought about the question. "I approve of highly direct questions and conversations. We do not consider it to be rude. *Dancing around the topic*, as humans might say, is much harder and not something we excel at."

It was his turn to wait for me to think again and he seemed relieved when I nodded. "Thank you for letting me know. I'll remember that."

So...now what?

Weirdest munch ever...but that might not be a bad thing.

Wright

Humans had the most interesting habit of asking questions they did not want to know the answer to.

From everything that I had experienced and researched, explaining to the little-presenting human that I wished to court him and test our potential to be mates was not a response he would expect or be able to process at this time.

However, a dominant partner who identified as a Daddy and potential mate did not lie to one who submitted.

Interacting with humans was fascinating and took much mental dexterity.

Chapter 2

Dane

“What other forms does your playtime take?” My new friend seemed to have decided that avoiding my question was the best way to handle the situation.

If he hadn't basically already told me he was some kind of genius, I'd have thought he'd forgotten. He hadn't, and he wasn't terribly good at changing the topic. We weren't going to let him play poker under any circumstances. His words were fine, but his limbs went all squiggly when he came close to lying.

It was cute.

And I was going to pretend I hadn't already thought everything he was doing was cute.

Before I could find a way to poke at him to get the answer, he sighed dramatically like he'd been watching TV soaps. “I should not hide my thoughts from a submissive human I wish to court.”

What the fuck had he been watching on TV?

Wait.

What?

My brain was entirely too slow to play catch-up, giving him the chance to continue before I could respond. “The dominant partner in a human relationship such as the one Amy and her Daddy have is required to be honest and upfront with their submissive.”

Was I his submissive already?

Oh, had I actually met anyone who said how they dated?

Had I actually met anyone who said how they had sex?

That might be important in the long run.

I really needed to pay more attention to the gossip channels online...oh, would that be one of the science ones instead?

I had questions and he kept piling on more.

“Here we are becoming acquainted so that I may see if you respond to me as the dominant partner. I have learned to identify human physiological responses such as arousal.” He said that so confidently I almost didn’t realize he was talking about knowing when someone was turned on.

As I marveled over that one, he shrugged and kept my brain whirling. “However, I have not found any research to explain the physical characteristics I should be looking for in Daddy-little pair-bonding.”

He looked so frustrated with himself, I actually reached out to pat his shoulder. “That’s okay. Humans are weird.”

I told myself I wasn’t going to worry about how awkwardly that’d come out. I had a feeling I’d end up with stranger sentences to panic over sooner or later.

“Thank you, little human.” Somehow he took the pat, or maybe whatever the fuck I was feeling, as permission to shift things in a very Daddy direction because he gathered me up in his limbs and basically sat me on his lap. “Until I learn to identify your responses and emotions in *little headspace*, you must articulate them to the best of your ability.”

I was back to wondering what I’d agreed to that’d landed me on his lap.

Not that I minded a good cuddle...and we were in public, so he'd behave himself.

But I still wasn't sure how I'd ended up there.

"Um, yes, I can tell you what I'm thinking and feeling." I had to fight to keep myself from calling him Daddy. "But...but what are you thinking and feeling? Um, we have a harder time figuring that out."

And I was confused.

He didn't seem to have the same thoughts running through his head, though.

He puffed up, looking very pleased with himself. "I am thinking I have found a human little in need of a Daddy who inspires thoughts of bonding and domination."

Patting my back, he looked even happier as he continued to explain what was going through his head. "I am feeling very successful in my hunt for a human submissive partner."

Shrugging, he looked frustrated with himself, but thankfully, I didn't have to guess why. "That is not an appropriate emotion. However, we evolved from predators, not prey, so some lower-order influences must be accepted."

Oh, there was so much to go through I wasn't sure where to begin.

"It's okay to be proud of yourself." That probably wasn't the right place to start, but I didn't want him to feel bad about being excited...and it wasn't like he was *actually* hunting me. He'd found me at a munch, not in the forest somewhere or even at a club.

Smiling, he stroked my back and made me feel like I'd been the best boy ever. "Thank you, little human."

Since my emotions and thoughts seemed to be disagreeing on a few things, I focused on his. "Is

inspiring thoughts of bonding a good thing?"

He was at a BDSM event, so the domination part seemed obvious. Nothing in his behavior said sub, and if he wasn't sure about that part of all this, he hadn't done enough research on being a Daddy.

"Yes." Before I could explain that I needed more information, he continued. "Our species has evolved strong protective instincts in specific relationships. You inspire thoughts of having my own bonded mate, and I would like the opportunity to explore such a relationship with you."

I was smart enough to sense the thousand and one holes in that explanation, but I was having a hard time worrying about it. He liked that I was little. He wasn't messing around and wanted a relationship with a little. He looked pleased as fuck to call himself a Daddy.

"Does that mean you want to...what...date?" I'd never had a conversation like this with a Dom, but I'd never met a Dom like this guy.

Fuck.

"What's your name?" Yep, had to know that too.

He went still again and this time I could feel how truly unmoving he was. Would it be rude to ask him not to do that when I was on his lap? He felt like a statue.

Oh, he moved...thank goodness.

"It seems I have skipped a step in the opening social interaction ritual of humans." For a moment he looked frustrated, but it didn't last long. "Finding a compatible human was a distracting moment. I will do better."

Was distracting a good thing?

Before I had to make that decision, he sat straighter and looked delightfully serious. "I have taken the human designation *Wright*."

“Like the Wright brothers?” I thought it was obvious, but his beaming smile said some people hadn’t made that connection before.

“Yes.” He gave me a hug and another pat on the back. “You are a very smart human.”

It was another *good boy* moment and I did my best not to melt into him but damned if whatever he could sense about me didn’t make it perfectly clear. His smile softened and he stroked over my head. “I will tell you how smart you are all the time, little human.”

Yep, he could read my...my something.

Fuck.

“I’d like that.” There was no point in lying about it when he could basically read my mind. “I’m Dane and I’d like to be called your good boy too.”

Making him figure that out on his own seemed stupid.

That earned me a hug and his limbs stroked over me like he was rewarding my good behavior. “I am proud of you for articulating your needs and for volunteering that information, little human Dane. Communication is very important when dating a human.”

Because we were frustrating.

“I’ll try.” I wasn’t going to promise anything until I figured out what that would entail and what the consequences of lying would be.

“I will also do my best to communicate my thoughts and needs to you, little human.” The limb that had been stroking my back shifted to pet over my head and something about the way the nubby things on his tentacle massaged my scalp sent tingles through me.

It wasn’t sexual but more like a wonderful massage that made me want to melt into him. I thought it’d been subtle, but my new friend looked pleased as punch and

did it again. Yep, clearly he understood I liked being petted.

“One of my thoughts revolves around the status of your designation as a little.” Wright petted over my head again and seemed to take my statement that I wanted to know what he was thinking very seriously because he jumped right in. “How would you describe the stage of childhood that you mentally descend to when you assume your role as a little?”

That had me blinking for a few seconds. It wasn't a hard question to figure out, but in my defense, everything about the situation was distracting. “Um, it depends on the situation, but I'm usually about five or so when I play, but I can go a lot younger than that when I'm being cuddled or in that kind of situation.”

Or if I had a partner who wanted to control more.

That always made me feel younger, but I wasn't sure this was the right time to point that out. I had a feeling Wright would take that as an invitation, not an explanation.

“I have done extensive research on appropriate play activities for a variety of ages, and I have a thorough knowledge of bottles and diapers. I will be a very competent Daddy, little human.” He said it so seriously, I found myself nodding and taking it in like he'd told me about his resume.

“You sound very knowledgeable.” And he sounded sweet, but I wasn't sure he'd appreciate that reaction.

I really didn't know enough about him or his species to be this comfortable with him, but I had to fight the urge to curl into him and rest my head on his shoulder.

My praise had him petting my head more firmly and smiling when he stroked me just right to send waves of pleasure through me again. “Thank you, little human.”

His excitement at figuring out what I liked was so obvious I found myself sighing as he massaged my head a tiny bit harder. "I like that...thank you..."

Wright made a pleased sound and the limbs that were gently wrapped around me to brace me against his body tightened before relaxing again. "You are a very good boy for articulating your pleasures, little human."

My body couldn't decide if it wanted to melt into him or blush. "Thank you...I..."

Hiding my face against his torso, I sighed and whispered, knowing he could hear me. "Would it be too soon for me to call you Daddy? It keeps wanting to slip out."

His limbs immediately shifted to stroke my back and over my legs, pulling me more firmly to his body. "I would be honored to bear the designation Daddy for you, little human. However, I do understand social conventions dictate consuming meals and having planned outings together as well as exploring trust-building physical activities to strengthen bonding."

The dating part translated fairly easily and made sense, but I wasn't sure I was ready to ask about what trust-building activities he thought we should participate in. My first guesses were confusing and slightly dirty since he'd already talked about all the research he'd done, and I wasn't sure I wanted to encourage that side of things just yet.

I still wasn't sure how they had sex and if we were even compatible on that side of things. Now I was the one who was going to have to do research, but honestly, even if he was just an asexual Daddy and some kind of partner, it wouldn't be a deal breaker. I had a very good right hand and enough grown-up toys that I could handle that part of my life fairly well without anyone else.

At the very least, based on the research he'd mentioned and the fact that he was comfortable with diapers said he wasn't squeamish. I was pretty sure he wouldn't mind holding me while I handled things on my own, so we'd figure it out.

Ignoring the fact that I was planning out options for our sex life before we'd gone on our first date, I snuggled closer to my new Daddy. "Yes, Daddy, I want to date you and get to know you more."

That probably should've come first, but he wasn't human, so I wasn't going to worry about it. I had a lot of other things to focus on that seemed more important, like those trust-building activities.

Shifting me and the little octopus so he was almost cradling us, Daddy curled me into his body and seemed to wrap himself around me. "Were you aware that you require additional sleep and nourishment, little human?"

I giggled, nodding. "Yes, Daddy. I was doing inventory last night and then stayed up too late playing."

And I hadn't actually eaten much today.

He huffed, clearly not approving of that schedule at all. "That is not acceptable. I was advised that caretaking is very important. However, I did not fully grasp how necessary or immediate it would be."

I wasn't sure telling him how sweet he was would be the best move on my part when he was worrying about my not taking care of myself properly, so I nodded. "I'll try to do better, Daddy."

Wright made a low hum that, if he'd been human, I would've said meant he didn't believe a word I'd said. "I shall endeavor to make sure that task is accomplished, little human."

Yep, he didn't believe me at all.

Daddy was so smart.

“Our first step will be to schedule appropriate nourishment and then you shall be put down for a nap.” The hug and confident smile he gave me as he explained the plan said he wasn’t expecting an argument. “Human developmental media suggests that children should be given two reasonable choices when making a decision.”

Oh, that was—

“You may choose for us to consume food at your abode and then you will show me your nursery or playroom for relaxation, or you may request that we eat at a local establishment before we go back to either of our personal habitats.” His tone made it obvious he was proud of the options, and honestly, they were reasonable for this situation.

Sure, I probably wouldn’t have invited any old human Dom over to put me down for a nap, but he wasn’t human.

So the regular rules didn’t apply, right?

This was definitely a special circumstance kind of first date.

Petting my head, Daddy Wright made a rocking motion like he was putting a baby to sleep. “You require renewal, little human.”

He wasn’t wrong, and damn, he was strong.

“Um, yes.” I needed a nap. “Um, we can go back to my place if you want.”

His pleased sound said he definitely wanted.

“Yes, that is a very good option.” I got another pat on the head as he smiled at me, proud of me this time. “You are very smart to trust your Daddy, little human.”

Some people might’ve debated that statement, but he was Daddy, so I wasn’t going to argue. “Thank you,

Daddy.”

So we had a plan and I had a Daddy.

Now what?

Wright

Why had no one explained that the subvariant of human submissives labeled as *littles* were highly uncoordinated?

He found walking to be dangerous.

Chapter 3

Dane

“I promise, Daddy. I can walk.” His frown seemed to disagree with me, but he didn’t directly call me out on it. He simply wrapped one limb strategically around my back like he was ready to catch me if I so much as coughed.

“You were descending toward the ground at a rapid velocity.” He was trying to play it cool, but I could hear the tension in his voice. “That is not safe. I will endeavor to prevent you from coming to physical harm, little human.”

I wasn’t sure what that meant practically, but I was glad he understood he couldn’t prevent me from getting my feelings hurt.

“I tripped. I’ll pay more attention.” Somehow explaining that it was an accident had seemed to make everything worse. He’d physically recoiled at the idea of a human getting distracted by the stuff in their head and then tripping over nothing.

“That would be helpful, little human.” The way his limb tightened said he doubted my ability to actually do it, though. “However, I understand sometimes human submissives require physical reminders to make a change in their behavior.”

It took me way too long to realize physical reminders were spankings.

And that had me tripping over nothing again.

Daddy actually sighed and wrapped another tentacle around me. It was almost like I was wearing a safety belt because he thought walking was entirely too dangerous. “Yes, I will research options to help you remember that safety is important.”

That was...

I scrambled to figure out a better plan than whatever he could come up with from the internet as we finally got to my store. Daddy looked confused as I unlocked the front, making me realize I might not have explained where we were going. “I live upstairs, Daddy.”

In my defense, he was distracting as hell.

“That is very convenient.” He perked up as we walked inside and I locked the door behind us. “Daily driving in human automobiles has a much higher rate of fatalities when compared to walking.”

Walking bad.

Cars worse.

Got it.

But he frowned as we headed up a small staircase at the back of the store. “I shall have to do additional research on how stairs change the statistics.”

Oh, I didn’t like the sound of that.

“I’ll use the handrail, Daddy.” Holding it tight and making a show of taking every step carefully, I didn’t let myself get distracted—and I did my best not to even *think* about falling down the last two steps a few weeks ago when I wasn’t paying attention.

“Rules for dangerous situations shall be part of our relationship dynamics, little human.” He said it with such confidence I found myself nodding before I realized what he meant.

I was going to have rules for going down the stairs safely.

Did that mean I shouldn't tell Daddy that I'd signed up for rock climbing lessons?

We'd come back to that.

"Rules are important, Daddy." That wasn't agreeing, was it? "What do you want for lunch?"

That sounded like a much safer conversation, but as we went into my apartment, he frowned again. "Kitchens have a statistically significant number of household-related accidents. Only bathrooms are more dangerous, little human."

Oh.

"I've never had any safety issues in the kitchen, Daddy." Nothing that I could think of at least. "How about I make us some sandwiches and show you how careful I can be?"

That couldn't make him nervous, right?

Daddy frowned but nodded as we finally walked into the kitchen. "Yes, I will be a very patient Daddy and make sure you are safe as you provide for us. Human submissives sometimes find joy in serving others."

Giggling would not have been the right response, but the image of him searching through the internet trying to get data on human submissives was just too cute. It was like he'd been reading some book on the care and keeping of humans.

"However." Daddy had the Daddy-stare down really well and even made me squirm as he paused. "Cutting utensils must not be sharp. You must also articulate your steps and decisions as you prepare our meal so that I may anticipate potential difficulties."

His view of my abilities should've probably frustrated me, but somehow it made my little side want to pout

and stomp my feet. "I can do it, Daddy. I'm a big boy."

Oh, not terribly big evidently.

"It is not your size or gender designation that is at issue here, little human." Daddy crossed two limbs over his torso.

It was such a human look I almost giggled before I remembered I should be pouting...or something. "I'll show you, Daddy."

I could do it.

Yes, I'd show Daddy I was a big boy.

"It was just slippery, Daddy." I held my yucky fingers out for him to see. "It only poked me."

Mayo was *so* good but *so* slippery.

Sometimes it got everywhere...including on the knife...but it was a butter one so that wasn't dangerous even if I got poked.

Daddy wrapped himself around me, pinning me to the counter as he frowned. It made me squirmy as he took my hand and gently turned it over. "You now have a blemish on your finger, little human. That is not acceptable."

His face scrunched up as he figured out firsthand that the mayo was slippery. "You are also *slimy*."

Daddy didn't like that.

"Slimy isn't bad, Daddy." I shrugged. "You can scrub me."

"Yes." Daddy shook his head and sighed like he'd been watching too much TV. "Our schedules must be altered. Daddies must be constantly vigilant and flexible."

Being a Daddy was harder than I'd thought.

“Sorry, Daddy.” Kind of. It was just a little poke...and I wasn’t *that* slimy. “I’ll be careful. I can do it.”

“Yes, you are a large young human male.” He patted my head as he wiped off my hand, and I giggled. “I understand you wish to provide for us, but I must insist that you have closer supervision.”

“Yes, I’m a big boy, Daddy. We can do it together.” I thought that meant he would help, but Daddy didn’t seem to understand that.

He wrapped two of his small tentacles around my arms and carefully moved my hands like I was a puppet. “I’m Pinocchio.”

As I giggled, he let out a happy, bubbly sound. “You are already a real boy, little human. You are simply one that requires additional guidance to be safe.”

“It’s a scary movie, Daddy.” I giggled as he used my hands to put mustard on the other side. He thought he was being sneaky when he took the ketchup and put it back in the fridge. “*Daddy.*”

He pretended to be confused. “I was informed that film was classic children’s entertainment.”

Daddy’s huff said he didn’t agree with that. He patted my head again as he moved my hands to put the bologna on the bread. “I am sure we can find visual artistic entertainment that is not as frightening. Resting should be peaceful and recuperative.”

Right, no nightmares.

“I’m a good boy. I won’t be a donkey, Daddy.” That would be scary. “Oh, Daddy, we need more. That’s the good meat.”

Daddy made another very Daddy sound. “Purchasing sustenance and planning how it is consumed shall now be an activity we do together, little human. You require supervision.”

Oh, Daddy was going to make me be healthy?

Did that mean I shouldn't show him my ramen or the ice cream in the freezer? Hmm, maybe I shouldn't show him the Chef Boyardee in the pantry?

"I like doing things together, Daddy." Because being a puppet was fun. "Make me get the milk, Daddy. We can't forget that."

I had the best Daddy ever.

He picked me up with two of his big tentacles.

Carrying me around and moving my hands like I was a big puppet, Daddy helped me pick out the cups and even got the milk out. But he didn't want any. Daddy even scrunched up his face as he set my cup down on the table. "I will have water, little human. That is... distasteful."

A good boy probably wouldn't giggle, but as he set me down at the table, Daddy kept looking at my cup like the milk was going to grab him. "You don't have to drink it, Daddy."

"Thank you, little human." Daddy gave me another pat as he got his water and sat down beside me. "Once you have finished consuming enough nutrition, I will make sure you are clean before your nap."

I wasn't that dirty.

The mayonnaise just kept escaping every time I took a bite...and I took lots of bites.

"I can wash my hands." I held out my fingers when I was almost done and wiggled them as Daddy pretended to sigh. "I'm a big boy."

"A Daddy's primary role is in caretaking. One of the most commonly listed activities that a Daddy will usually help with is cleaning and bathing." Picking up a napkin, he wiped my mouth and my hands again to show me. "I have read a variety of educational materials

on the bathing of submissive humans who are in the subcategory of littles. Do not worry, little human.”

“I won’t worry, Daddy.” Taking another bite, I tried to figure out how to explain that we needed ketchup next time. “I scrub good. I even have grown-up soap and fun soap. The fun soap is under the sink. It’s a duck.”

Daddy gave me a funny look before getting up and going over to peek under the sink. “Ah, a plastic imitation duck for storing liquids.”

“I don’t have a real one, Daddy.” It wouldn’t fit under the sink. “I’d need a yard for that, but I like living here.”

“It is good to know that you do not have any unexpected animals in the vicinity.” Daddy said he understood, but he kept looking around like he wasn’t sure he believed that I didn’t have a duck. “They require even more caretaking than humans.”

So he wanted a little, not a pet?

Did that mean I was more special than a duck?

“A fish wouldn’t be hard to take care of, Daddy.” Taking another bite, I hurried to swallow and told him all about how wonderful a fish would be. “And I could carry his bowl with me downstairs to work and he wouldn’t be lonely and—”

“On the stairs?” Daddy’s expression looked like I’d told him I wanted to date the fish, not just take him to work. “On the stairs?”

Maybe I should’ve asked for a bird?

Before I could figure that out, Daddy was shaking his head and hurrying around the room cleaning everything so fast I didn’t even have time to take my plate to the sink like a good boy. “You require a caretaker more than I realized, little human. However, do not worry. I will take very good care of you.”

I definitely wasn’t getting a fish.

“Thank you, Daddy?” I tried to decide if things with teeth would be really out of the question, but Daddy picked me up from the table and distracted me. “What are you doing, Daddy?”

He was strong.

And kind of bossy.

And really protective.

“You require a bath, little human.” As he carried me through the apartment, Daddy looked down at me like it should’ve been obvious. “You have the viscous oily substance from the sandwich on your cheeks and your hands and in your hair.”

I did?

Somehow reaching up to touch my hair and find the mayo seemed to get more mayo in my hair, making Daddy wince. He might’ve been right about me being a tiny bit slimy, but a bath?

“I like bubbles, Daddy.” He might not know bubbles needed to go in baths. “A bath with no bubbles means I’ve been *naughty*.”

“I am to assume you feel that becoming covered in edible lubricant is not *naughty*?” Daddy looked down at me and sighed as I giggled. “You are very tired.”

No, Daddy was just funny.

“It tastes so good, Daddy.” Holding up my hands, I stuck them up to his face. “See?”

Daddy licked me.

Laughing hard, I would’ve fallen out of his arms if he’d been a human Daddy, but he had so many hands, I was nice and stuck.

“Human humor is fascinating.” Daddy said that with such a straight face he made me laugh all over again.

“For now, we will focus on cleanliness. Where is your bathtub?”

I pointed down the hall and was still giggling when we got to the bathroom in my big bedroom and all of Daddy’s magic hands were doing everything at once. “It’s magic. I can’t even pat my head and rub my tummy at the same time, Daddy.”

“You have a Daddy now to help with a variety of difficult situations, little human.” As Daddy finished pouring the bubble bath that he’d dug out from under the sink into the water, he shifted some of his smaller limbs to grab my hands again.

He was amazing.

Daddy helped me pat and rub at the same time.

“We shall practice if you find this to be a necessary skill to learn.” Helping me as the bubbles got bigger and bigger and bigger, Daddy even got my clothes off as he helped me pat and rub.

Alien Daddies were much better than human ones.

“Our practice can continue after your nap, little human.” Daddy stopped my hands and lifted me up off the floor to take my shoes off so my pants could fall.

“You’re so strong, Daddy.” He could pick me up and take my shoes off and turn off the water. That was even better than patting and rubbing at the same time. “But I’m naked.”

“Yes. Human bathing rituals require nakedness.” Daddy carefully set me down in the water, holding on tight. “You must not stand up because the surface you are on has very little friction.”

Daddy looked so serious I decided I didn’t need to tell him that I’d fallen last week.

It’d just been a little bump.

“I’ll be careful, Daddy.” I gave him a big smile as he picked up my toy basket from the floor and held it out to me so I could grab my little people, but Daddy looked very skeptical. “Very careful, Daddy.”

I almost made him believe me, but somehow when I reached for my pirate ship, my butt slipped and down I went.

Oops.

But Daddy got me before I even got bubbles in my mouth and the water only sloshed a tiny bit. When he had me steady, he sighed and wrapped one limb around my tummy like I had a bathtub seat belt. “I am not certain we are using the same definition of that expression.”

“It was an accident, Daddy.” I wiggled, trying to see if he would let me go.

He didn’t.

“I won’t fall, honest, Daddy.” No matter how big I smiled, Daddy frowned and shook his head.

“I will make sure you do not injure yourself.” Picking up my ship, he pushed it through the bubbles. “Playtime is mentally soothing, little human.”

Daddy was trying to distract me.

Oh, it was working...Daddy was a sea monster.

Wright

Human littles were a danger to themselves.

Somehow his coordination was worse than anticipated. However, it was too early to tell if it was physically related to his submission or psychological in nature. His own feet caused him potential injury, the bluntest of kitchen utensils could damage him, and he fell while sitting down. Admittedly, a loss of friction may have played a role, but to date, the data I had collected suggested a connection with his submission was much more likely.

My Dane would require constant supervision to keep healthy, but I was up to the task. I was his Daddy.

Chapter 4

Dane

His tentacle came up from under the boat and he made it rock and slosh. "They are being attacked, little human."

"Man overboard." Splashing my hand in the water, I searched for the pirate who'd fallen off the boat. "He's going to get eaten by the monster."

Oops.

Wiggling as close as I could since I was still kinda stuck, I kissed Daddy's cheek. "Just for pretend. You're not slimy or scary or a monster or big enough to sink a pirate ship, Daddy."

What else?

"Oh, and I know you wouldn't eat him, or drown him, or take him off to an island and ravish him." I'd read a story online where the monster did naughty things to the pirate, and Daddy was too nice to do something like that.

Daddy cocked his head and frowned. "That is not appropriate imaginary play. Your entertainment media may need to be monitored for violence and sexual content, little human."

Oops.

"Man overboard, Daddy." Digging around in the water, I found one of the pirates and pushed him up out of the bubbles.

"I've got to save him." Yes, that was much more important than showing Daddy the stories I'd found.

“Oh no, the boat is sinking.”

Daddy sighed.

He looked very human doing that.

It was cute, but it was also kind of scary because I had a feeling Daddy wasn't going to forget *anything*. That could be dangerous because little me forgot where he put his filter lots of the time.

Daddy was a very nice Daddy and nodded. “We must not let him drown, little human.”

Whew.

Saved by the drowning pirate.

Hmm, I probably shouldn't tell Daddy the pirates had made people walk the plank last bath time. He probably wouldn't find that as funny as me. Oh, and I probably shouldn't tell Daddy about what they'd done to the aliens.

Nope.

Daddy liked happy playtime.

“Lots of man overboards.” They were everywhere. “Man the dinghy. Hurry. The monster is going to sink the ship.”

Looking up at Daddy, I gave the big tentacle that was keeping me stuck...oops, safe...a pat. “Because he's very strong and he knows the pirates were naughty. He's the hero.”

If Daddy were human, he'd have rolled his eyes. “Your imaginary play is highly questionable.”

Daddy was so cute.

“It's pretend, Daddy.” Patting him again, I tried to smile big. “How about next time they're scientists and they talk to the...to the Kraken?”

Wasn't that a big sea monster that we didn't call a monster?

I'd read a book about that and the scientist fell in love with the big sea monster that wasn't a monster.

"They'll be very happy." Yes, happy playtime for Daddy or he'd get stressed...and worse...he'd ask to see my books. "Lots of happy people."

Daddy still looked slightly skeptical, but he was a wonderful sea monster until the most terrible thing ever happened.

I yawned.

"It is time to finish cleaning you, little human." Daddy picked up my boat and all my people all at the same time.

Even pouting didn't help.

"But Daddy, I have to...I need to...we have to save the pirates?" Shoot. "Um, we have to teach them manners?"

Daddy froze, cocking his head and giving me his Daddy look again. "If you can explain the process by which we would educate them on manners, I will concede."

Shoot.

"Um, we can make them walk the plank if they use naughty words?" Daddy's sigh said that was not the right answer.

"You are tired." As he finished picking up my toys out of the water, he stroked my head, sending tinglies through me because of the nubby bits. "If you were not so tired, you would have found a more logical falsehood."

Ugh, smart Daddies were so hard.

"I'm not tired, Daddy." Maybe a little sleepy but not tired. "I...I need a snack?"

As I tried to think up another good reason why I didn't need a nap—which was hard because I needed a nap—Daddy picked up the soap and found a washcloth with his magic tentacles that could pat and rub at the same time. "What relaxation articles do you need to find sleep, little human?"

Huh?

I was too tired to figure out why I shouldn't nap.

"Um, I have a binkie sometimes? Oh, and my bear. And I need a drink of water, Daddy." Yes, I needed that too. "And a snack?"

Daddy shook his head. "That is not believable, little human. You may request a snack after your nap."

Shoot. Too soon.

I almost found more things to ask for, but Daddy started washing my hands and arms and slowly stroking my back. He was sneaky. He was making me tired. "I need...I just..."

Oh no, I did it again.

Yawns were sneaky like Daddies.

"You need a regular sleep schedule and to be monitored for overexertion." Daddy said it like he wasn't going to be questioned, so I just pouted.

He kept washing, and then when he got to my belly button, he put another tentacle under my butt and lifted me up.

"Oh, Daddy." He was so strong. "Now I'm the pirate ship."

That made Daddy actually laugh.

The funny sound made me giggle as he scrubbed my legs. "You will not be made to walk the plank. You will be made to nap."

"Oh, Daddy." I'd rather walk the plank, but after I asked my question. "Daddy?"

"Yes, little human?" The way he scrubbed my toes made me wiggle but then he started back up my legs and I remembered my question.

"Are you gonna wash my thingy?" Some Daddies did that but I wasn't sure if my Daddy was going to do that.

He was kinda special.

"I am under the assumption that *thingy* is the current designation for your external genitals?" Daddy looked very seriously at my thingy and then wrapped one of his little tentacles around the base and wiggled it as he looked at it like it might be a bug. "Yes. I shall wash your *thingy*. You have an amazing capacity to get dirt everywhere, so there is probably *mayonnaise* on your penis."

Well, he wasn't wrong about the messy part.

But as he washed my thingy and between my legs, I had to remind him that I'd been a good boy. "I didn't touch my thingy when I was making the sandwich, Daddy. I was *very* good."

Daddy nodded and started rinsing me off. "Yes, you were very good by not manipulating your penis while making our lunch. That would have been highly dangerous. You were using blunt instruments and you injured your hand."

Shaking his head as he picked me up out of the tub, he looked more worried than when I'd poked myself with the knife. "You could have injured your penis, little human."

Maybe?

“But I didn’t ‘cause I kept my hands out of my pants.” Daddy didn’t look like he believed me. “Honest, I’ll be very good.”

Daddies were so suspicious.

“Human males find great importance in their external genitals.” Wrapping the towel around me, Daddy picked me up again. “I will make sure you do not injure your penis and we will discuss in great detail the best practices for keeping it safe and clean.”

I wasn’t sure if that should be scary or funny, but I giggled anyway.

Daddy said penis.

“You are very tired because I am positive there was no humor in that statement.” Daddy didn’t understand why that made me laugh again. “You will require a schedule that involves additional rest, little human.”

Daddy was so bossy.

“Yes, Daddy.” Curling into him, I pointed toward the door. “My little room has my stuff, Daddy.”

“The room that carries the scent of wax and paper?” When I nodded and giggled, Daddy headed toward my little room and ignored my sillies. “I am very glad to see that you have taken care to satisfy your little side in my absence. I have read about many human submissives who do not have a playroom or nursery, and I found that to be most alarming.”

“I was a good boy while I waited for you, Daddy.” Yawning again, I made sure not to close my eyes so I didn’t look too tired. “I colored and played and I waited for you.”

Yes, I was very good.

And I was very patient while Daddy picked out my undies and my undershirt.

He was so smart he even knew I had to match.

When I was dressed in my train undies and my special shirt, he picked me up again and took me to my cute bed. It was little and soft and it had lots of blankets and all my stuffies. "Daddy...I...I need..."

I needed something, but I forgot what.

"You need to sleep, little human." Daddy tucked me in and didn't even give me time to find another reason why I wasn't tired. He was very stubborn...and very fast. "If you wait patiently, I will find your binkie, little human."

Oh, I needed my binkie.

"But you have to come back." Oh, what if he didn't come back? "And you have to stay. You can't go. You have to make sure I take my nap."

As I wiggled my fingers toward my big chair next to the bed where my binkie was hiding, I pouted. "You can't leave yet, Daddy."

"Your fears are unfounded, little human." Stroking one tentacle over my head, he wrapped another tight around me and got my binkie with another.

He was magic, but that didn't mean he could leave.

"I have no intention of leaving you." Sliding my binkie in my mouth, he stroked over my forehead as another tentacle patted my back. "I cannot take care of you adequately if you are left alone. Do not worry."

Pat.

Pat.

Pat.

I was pretty sure I should be worried about something, but Daddy kept patting me and stroking me and even though I told myself I wasn't tired, my eyes didn't listen.

Wright

The human mind was their greatest weakness and strength.

It was fascinating and highly stress inducing. Pirates being ravished. Concerning emotional responses regarding instinctual bodily reactions. Fears of abandonment. It was exhausting to watch and explained the need for humans to psychologically reset on a regular basis with relaxation and naps.

I would be diligent in preventing my Dane from injuring himself through stress and the overuse of his imagination for stressful fantasy play.

Chapter 5

Dane

I wasn't alone.

Why wasn't I alone?

Shit. I had a Daddy.

"Your heart rate has increased significantly, little human." Daddy's voice got closer until I knew he was beside my bed. "Have you become injured again?"

Memories of the butter knife and slipping in the bathtub made me groan.

He was never going to forget that.

"No, Daddy." Might as well be honest. "I just forgot I had a Daddy for a second."

"Human brains are fascinating." Daddy seemed to think that summed it up nicely as he pulled back my covers and stroked one hand over my face. "You must inhale and exhale slowly and do your best to remember that as your Daddy, my primary responsibility is your safety."

Deep breath. Don't be scared because Daddy was here?

As my mind finished waking up, I started to remember why I'd invited him back to my place to begin with. He was so cute. And definitely not a human Dom.

Peeking my eyes open, I nodded. "I remember now."

That didn't tell me what to do next, though.

“You’re here.” Okay, well, I’d figured out something.
“Thank you.”

That was reasonable...and polite, right?

“Leaving you was not an option, but I understand your fear-based response to abandonment.” Daddy Wright made a firm nod and wrapped me up in his tentacles, pulling a bark of laughter from me as he sat us down on my big chair. “Evolving from prey animal to the dominant life form on your planet would leave... mental oddities.”

When I was settled on his lap, giggling and way too close to being naked for me to know what to do, he curled his limbs around me and started the glider going back and forth. “Your heart rate increased again, little human. Please articulate the reason.”

Daddy Wright liked honesty.

Daddy Wright liked honesty.

Fuck it.

If honesty would make things weird, I needed to know it now before I somehow ended up living with him.

Curling into him, I hid my face against what would be his shoulder if he was human. “You really want me to be honest about that answer, right? I mean, sometimes humans ask questions and then get frustrated when you tell them the truth. I like how honest you are but I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

Or me uncomfortable.

Daddy Wright kept rocking, but he was so quiet I knew his mind was working on whatever he saw as the problem. “Yes. The human expression of honesty being the best policy is the only way to communicate effectively between our species. I cannot fix a problem I am not aware of.”

Okay, he wasn't wrong about that and it was clear Daddy Wright liked fixing problems...and taking care of me...and that thought brought my brain back to bath time.

And now my heart was beating too fast and I was embarrassed.

"Little human Dane, silence and wiggling are *not* an acceptable form of communication until I have the ability to read you better." His slightly frustrated and definitely Daddy tone said he wasn't going to put up with what he saw as my ridiculousness.

Wait. So eventually it would be okay?

That was good to know, but it didn't help me now.

Sighing, I nodded and decided to stay hidden. "Um, I was nervous and didn't know how to act when I realized I was just in my undies and T-shirt."

Daddy Wright kept rocking us, but he went very still and made a thinking sound that was so cute and so human I knew he'd picked it up from TV or somewhere like that. "Humans have very interesting reactions to clothing and nudity."

That said everything and nothing.

"Yeah, sometimes." Now what? "But I feel safe with you. It was just...I'm a bit nervous 'cause I don't know what to do."

The way he was stroking over my head and rocking us made part of me want to relax, but that led to other problems and made me anxious again when I realized I was getting hard.

This was going to be a vicious cycle.

"Am I to understand the increased anxiety in you again is related to your body being on display?" Daddy Wright barely waited for me to nod before he started moving me around and stretching me out. "Please

explain what part of you should be covered. We should use this as an educational opportunity. Humans call it *a teachable moment.*"

Dead.

Yep, I was going to die and he would have to explain having a dead human who'd keeled over because of erotic shame.

Hiding behind one hand and closing my eyes, I gave up pretending that this was a normal Daddy-sub kind of conversation and sighed. "Um, well, I was kind of embarrassed about being in my little undies when I'm not feeling really little."

Might as well start at the beginning and get everything out for him before I died.

That would make it easier to explain to the coroner he wasn't really at fault.

Was death by miscommunication an option on the paperwork?

"Then once I relaxed and was just enjoying being held, because you're a good cuddler, I started to get hard." In case he had no idea what I was talking about, I pointed to the evidence, which was still a bit confused about what we were doing and was begging for attention.

He was an idiot.

"That made me nervous because I wasn't sure what to do about it and I couldn't really hide it because I don't have a lot of clothes on." Somehow I was still alive, so I shrugged and sighed. "And now I'm kind of embarrassed for having to explain everything, but I know it's important to explain stuff. So that's okay."

I could be a grown-up about it and still want to crawl under my bed and hide.

“Submissive humans worry more than I anticipated.” Daddy Wright made another cute, thinking sound then stroked one tentacle over my torso before pulling my undies down.

Since I didn't die this time either, I scrunched my eyes up tighter and ignored how strangely erotic the whole thing was...and I reminded myself that he was my Daddy.

That did not help my dick or my anxiety go down, but it helped me pretend it was kind of normal.

Daddies and Doms got their subs naked all the time.

Yep, just an everyday occurrence.

“This is considered a perfectly normal human reaction to stimuli, my Dane.” Daddy Wright's teacher tone was so fucking hot, he made the problem worse even though he really didn't mean to. “External male genitalia react to a variety of situations and it is not something shameful.”

For some reason, he thought patting my dick like it was a good boy was a reasonable way to help fix my drama.

“According to everything I have read, it is how you show one aspect of your bonding, so I am very pleased to see the physical evidence of your feelings toward me.” Stroking over it like it was some kind of cute pet, he sounded very pleased. “You are a very good boy, my Dane.”

How was that so fucking erotic I wanted to explode?

“Thank you for remembering I liked that, Daddy.” He really was nice for remembering what I liked and what was important to me.

But besides knowing he thought it was perfectly normal and that he seemed to think my body belonged

to him, I had no idea what he thought about human men in a sexual sense.

“You are welcome, my Dane.” When he stroked my dick again, I had a feeling it was some kind of reward for my good manners.

A situation this confusing should not turn me on this much.

What had he said?

“Um, yeah, it’s part of our bonding.” That wasn’t wrong, but I was glad to know he realized arousal was only one part of it. “What do you think about it? I’m...I need to know what you’re thinking.”

Yes, he’d said communication was important.

That didn’t explain why he sighed, though.

“I am thinking I should have explained our thoughts and reactions to the human need for sexual stimulation in domination-based relationships.” He sounded a bit frustrated and I could only assume it was with himself because he kept rocking me and running a soft tentacle over my cock as some kind of reward or way to soothe me.

I wasn’t sure if it was working as he intended, but it was fucking hot.

How had life gotten this confusing over the course of an afternoon?

“Yeah, I think that might be a good idea.” The fact that I managed to get that out without moaning made me super proud of myself. “It would help me to know how to explain what I’m thinking.”

Because if he thought getting me off was weird, then he needed to stop accidentally getting me off.

“As a species, we do not have pleasure-based sexual intercourse as humans do. We come together for

procreation only and that is not physically possible with humans." He made a weird kind of surprised noise that almost had me peeking to see what he was doing.

Almost.

"Ah, I was told to explain to my human mate that I cannot accidentally impregnate you." He sounded like he thought that was kind of off...which made two of us. "Evidently, there is a variety of erotic media that presents the option of male pregnancies. That has not happened between our species."

Okay, good to know.

Wait.

"Does that mean you want to do something to me that's going to make me think of how I'd get pregnant?" I hadn't read a lot of mpreg, but the only way I could think of that happening was if he put his tentacles... places...interesting places.

I peeked.

Daddy Wright looked like we were talking about picking out dinner. He used one tentacle to give me a pride-filled pat on my head. "You are very brave for not hiding, my Dane."

That made me blush and get harder.

He didn't miss that last part either.

As he kept caressing my cock, he looked down at it curiously. "Your reaction suggests pleasure at being praised?"

It came out as enough of a question that I knew I had to answer it so he didn't get confused. But answering it just turned me on even more. "Yes, I liked it when you were proud of me for not hiding."

God, this was...

“Since I’m not little and you’re playing with my dick, the happiness got translated into sexual pleasure.” Teachable moments. This was simply a teachable moment and I needed to explain it logically so we didn’t get things all fucked up. “Um, if you weren’t playing with my erection or I’d been little, then it would’ve made me regular happy...like giggling and smiling kind of happy.”

Not the dirty kind of happy.

God, had that made any sense at all?

As I took a breath, Daddy Wright nodded and looked wonderfully thoughtful, like we were discussing ancient history...while he continued to explore my dick.

The confusion running through my head was the only reason I hadn’t come...so I was kind of grateful for it.

“That was a detailed explanation, my Dane.” Giving me a hug and stroking my head again, he smiled. “You are a very good boy and a very good submissive human.”

Then he looked down at my dick.

It was completely confused and jerked in his tentacle, which seemed to delight Daddy Wright. “Yes, there is a direct correlation between praise and sexual arousal. That is fascinating, my Dane.”

His commentary did not help the sexual arousal situation.

“While we do not experience sexual pleasure the same way, I will find great enjoyment and something similar to human emotional pleasure in controlling you and applying sexual stimulation to your body.” He’d completely scrambled my brains, so it took me a second to realize he’d gone back to the original topic from before we’d gotten distracted on the praise tangent.

I'd have been able to think through that a lot more easily if he'd stopped jerking me off, but I'd have also been more embarrassed if he'd stopped. So...

"Um, okay, so that means you want to touch me sexually, but you're not going to come, but you're going to enjoy it?" Oh, I had so many questions.

"Yes." Daddy Wright looked so proud of me, my dick reacted again.

It was so confused.

Daddy Wright gave it a little pat and smiled down at it like he'd been a good boy too. "I have not experienced the sensations firsthand. You will be my only bonded mate, my Dane. However, I have researched the topic thoroughly and discussed it with several mixed bonded pairs."

His cute frown made it hard to remember he was talking about quizzing humans about sex. "Finding humans who are comfortable discussing sexual pleasure was difficult, but I persisted."

Huh?

"I am confident that I can adequately provide you with pleasure-based stimulation to achieve orgasm." As I did my best to figure out who he would've talked to about learning how to make a human come, he seemed to have decided we'd done enough talking and it was now on to the practical side of the experiment. "Please communicate your pleasure vocally as we proceed, my Dane."

Wow...

Wright

Some research did not move well from the theoretical to the practical.

However, I was glad to see human responses to sexual stimuli were not one of them. As I had been told, his physical reactions were clearly evident in his vocalizations, heart rate, blood pressure, and blood flow. Even the suggested starting pressure was correct.

Exploring pleasure techniques with a mate was a highly rewarding experience.

Chapter 6

Dane

Daddy Wright was highly educated.

Somehow thinning out his tentacle, he used it as a small rope to twirl around my erection. It was like some kind of dirty carnival game that was going round and round. The sensation was incredible, but the visual and seeing how pleased he was with himself was just as hot and almost mesmerizing.

He must've been honest when it came to the whole *sensing what I was feeling* thing because he was puffing up with pride before my brain had managed to make me moan. As it finally escaped, he gave me a sweet hug that was completely at odds with the crazy things he was doing to my dick. "Good boy. Yes, I am very proud of you for responding verbally."

I really shouldn't get that much pleasure from being called his good boy, but whatever he sensed from me had him looking even prouder. I wanted to respond verbally, because it seemed like something I should thank him for, but he threw all my brain cells into the wind as he fucked my slit with the tiniest nubby thing on one of his smaller tentacles.

The jolt of desire it sent through me as he turned me nearly inside out with pleasure had him making happy sounds and wrapping his tentacles around me to hold me tight. "You must not be allowed to injure yourself during pleasure time, my Dane."

A seat belt during sex was not sexy.

No, that was not sexy.

That was...

Fuck.

“Daddy Wright...” As I squirmed and begged for something...anything...his limbs tightened around me even more, completely immobilizing me in the most incredible way possible. “That’s...I...”

The real world was getting more and more difficult to cling to as the way he was controlling every part of me had subspace teasing at the edges of my brain. I’d never had even the most well-planned scenes get me this crazy this quickly, and it had the last remaining brain cells I could muster marveling at how incredible Daddy Wright was.

“Good boy, my Dane.” His limbs pulsed around me like the best full-body pat I could’ve imagined, sending sparks of need and the most incredible happiness through me. Daddy Wright said I was a good boy. “You are very obedient. I am proud of your vocal submission.”

He obviously knew how much I loved the trapped feeling his limbs gave me and didn’t let up. He was making soft, happy sounds as he found new ways to fuck my dick and new patterns to twirl around my cock and balls to make me whine, but that was when things got even more mind-blowing.

Daddy got confident.

“There are numerous erogenous zones on the human male body.” He seemed almost delighted to be able to pass on that bit of information. “It is fascinating. You were strangely designed to experience pleasure in a variety of different ways.”

And it seemed like he was ready to explore every one of them while he edged me like a pro, subtly changing tactics every time I got close enough to come.

He clearly didn't want our educational time to end too quickly.

As the nubs on his smaller tentacles plucked at my nipples, my squirms and cries and maybe just whatever the fuck my body was doing had him making the cutest, delightfully excited sounds like he'd figured out how to eat his favorite ice cream during an orgy.

Yep, even if it wasn't sex to him, whatever the fuck this was made him very happy.

Thank fuck.

That meant no worries about wanting to be jerked off or, oh...fucked.

"I do not understand how this can be an erogenous zone." I didn't have the brains to explain it as one tentacle teased around the tight opening he'd started exploring.

"Evolutionary biology would seem to dictate this as an area that should be avoided to prevent injury." The curious tone in his voice as he shallowly fucked my ass made me feel a bit like a science experiment...and it turned out that was a kink I hadn't known I had.

"You do find it to be pleasurable. How wonderful." He beamed excitedly as either the moan I let out or the full-body shiver that raced through me as I clenched around him told him how much I was enjoying his new form of fun. "I was advised that not all human males enjoy penetrative sexual pleasure, but I am pleased to discover it is an activity we can both enjoy."

Fuck.

Gonna come.

Fuck.

Gonna come.

“It seems that the information I was given on anal physiology was also correct. My skin is smooth enough that you do not require lubricant to facilitate penetrative pleasure.” For some reason confirming that earned me a pat on the head. “I do not need to get you *slimy* in order to give you stimulation, my Dane.”

It was not the time for laughter—I knew that with every part of my being—but the image of mayo and him talking about my being slimy was the only thing that came to mind and I knew I would remember that moment forever.

Yay, I didn’t have to get slimy for him to play with me.

Dead.

“You also stretch, my Dane.” He proved that point by making his dick-like tentacle swell and pulse in a rhythmic beat that had my prostate going crazy and dirty fantasies of knotting flooding my brain.

I was starting to understand why he’d needed to explain that I wouldn’t get pregnant.

Pleasure fired through me as he used his tentacle to give me the best fuck of my life. It was mentally and physically the most overwhelming experience and I knew I’d never be the same.

No human man would ever compare to Daddy Wright.

He was too good at playing with me, pushing me right to the edge, but it was his genuine excitement and utter focus on pleasing me in as many ways as he could that no human would ever be able to compete with.

There was no way I could hold back. It was all...too incredible. He threw me right over the edge and into insanity as he started to fuck my slit and my ass at the same time. As he rocked back and forth in me, I made it

about five seconds before my orgasm exploded out of me.

He held me even tighter as he continued, almost forcing the overwhelming pleasure on me. The more I squirmed and cried out, the more he gave me until it was just too much. Right at the point where it would shift from pleasure to something else, he gentled his touch.

Bringing me back down, he eased out of both of my holes and slowly relaxed his grip until we were back to rocking and the gentle petting that had started our exploration into human sexual pleasure. I couldn't have moved even if aliens had started to invade this time instead of wanting to come hang out with the interesting humans.

But thankfully, I had Daddy Wright there to keep me safe.

And make me laugh.

"That was fascinating." He was so excited, it was exhausting. "We shall endeavor to find more mutual pleasures to enjoy. I am supposed to ask what your recuperative timetable is before we begin again."

Nope, before we began again, he was going to tell me all about the human men who had been explaining anal sex so helpfully.

I had questions.

And I was going to get answers before the exhaustion took over and I forgot how important they were. "Who helped you, Daddy Wright?"

Instead of answering right away, he went still for a moment before the petting and rocking resumed. "I approve of the new designation to indicate a submissive headspace that is not tied to your little tendencies. That is still considered respectful while making sure I understand how you are feeling. Good boy, my Dane."

God, he was so cute.

And I actually understood that on the first try.

“I...good.” I had no idea what to say to that, though.
“Thank you, Daddy Wright.”

Wait.

New designation.

My Dane?

Nope, I wasn't going to get distracted yet.

“Who helped you figure out about human sexuality, Daddy Wright?” Might as well use his new designation to make sure I kept his complete attention on that question.

He got distracted again, though.

Looking down at me curiously, he smiled after a moment. “Is this the emotion *jealousy* I have seen described online?”

He was way too enthusiastic as he said that.

“Daddy Wright, who helped you?” We could come back to my nonexistent jealousy later.

Still seeming to be way too satisfied over the turn the conversation had taken, he puffed up and looked delighted as he grabbed a tissue and cleaned me up. “I have made what humans would call friends with several mixed-species couples that have domination-based relationships. I know a human who is a little and another who is considered a general submissive without a specific subvariant.”

Oh.

“Human social standards for what are appropriate questions vary greatly based on the style of friendship designation and form of submission.” He seemed to find that weird and a bit curious, but he didn't get stuck on it.

“However, they both understood that to please my future bonded mate and human submissive, I must gather information.”

Those had to have been *fascinating* conversations.

“But they were both bonded to other Doms? Right?” He was too cute to be running around asking single human subs about how sex worked.

One might offer to show him.

Daddy Wright was still looking very proud as he nodded. “Yes, my Dane. Your jealousy is not warranted but is very pleasant to experience nonetheless.”

Good grief.

I was not going to reward that nonsense with a comment, so I cuddled back into him. “I’m glad you found stuff we can both enjoy doing together, Daddy Wright.”

He laughed.

The bubbly sound made me want to grin, but that would’ve just encouraged his jealousy nonsense. “Yes, my Dane, and we shall find other ways we are both compatible. Humans are highly versatile.”

I wasn’t sure what that meant, but I decided I wasn’t going to worry about it.

If Daddy Wright could read my reactions when he did stuff to me, I probably didn’t need to obsess over every detail the same way I would with a human Dom. Maybe it was short-sighted, but it was honestly a relief.

Daddy Wright continued to hold me and rock me as I came down from the high he’d pushed me toward, but he didn’t keep up the teasing. He was just gentle and gave off a very pleased feeling as he made happy sounds and stroked my back and legs.

When I felt centered again—and surprised I wasn't more freaked out—I snuggled into him and took a deep breath. "There is a good chance I'll fall asleep if you keep rocking me."

Chuckling, he hugged me again. "You do not require additional rest at this time, so according to my research that means your body is finding my touch and presence soothing."

"Yes." Before I could figure out if I had to elaborate on anything, Daddy Wright tucked my soft cock back in my undies and sat me up carefully. He still didn't trust me not to fall or do something ridiculous because the seat belt tentacle was back in place.

I had a feeling that was a losing battle, so I ignored it and kissed his cheek. "Thank you for making me feel so good, Daddy Wright."

Making sure he knew what I was feeling just in case, I leaned into him and rested my head on his shoulder. He somehow seemed even taller when he was sitting, but I liked it. His wide torso and the way he held me so easily made me feel safe.

Safe enough to ask a question I might not have with a human Dom.

"What do you want to do next? Are you going to stay or is our date over?" If he'd been human, I'd have waited and tried to guess what he wanted or read between the lines.

Daddy Wright was nowhere near human, though.

And I wasn't sure I wanted him to leave anytime soon.

"I have no intention of leaving." His confused tone said he thought that should've been obvious and it made me smile. "You will need additional nutrition shortly. That is dangerous. There are also other questions that

must be asked and answered so that we can progress in our relationship.”

Barely managing not to laugh because he was so cute, I nodded. “Then do you want to go out to dinner? It might be a bit early for that, but it would give us a chance to talk and get to know each other more. Well, get to know you outside the bedroom and the playroom.”

I wasn’t sure if I should’ve explained what I meant by that, but he nodded and seemed to get it.

“Yes, I must understand your schedule to keep you safe. I must also understand what you require in a mate in the areas of our relationship that are not strictly domination-based.” When he paused, I knew he was going to spring something on me.

“However, I feel it would be dishonest not to mention that as a species, when we bond, we are not, as you would say, *laid-back*.” My quiet snickers as I pressed my face into him had him sighing dramatically again. “I realize this may be surprising, but I will need to practice being a *boyfriend* instead of a Daddy or generic Dominant.”

Yep, that was very surprising.

When I knew I wouldn’t immediately start to giggle —because he was so fucking cute—I sat up and aimed to look understanding and sweet. I wasn’t sure how well I succeeded in that, but I did my best. “I know a bit about you guys and that’s something I was prepared for. I don’t need you to try to be a regular human boyfriend.”

I liked him because he wasn’t anywhere near human, so I didn’t want to change that.

“It’s okay if you like taking charge outside of the bedroom and outside of your role as my Daddy as long as you listen to me and you understand that submission doesn’t make me weak.” He hadn’t given me that

impression, but as he'd said, communication was very important.

"No, my Dane." Running a tentacle over my head, he seemed to take the whole situation very seriously considering what I was wearing and what we'd just been doing. "I understand you are bright for a human and I find you to be most capable in many situations."

There was a big *but* coming...I just knew it.

"However, your views on safety are concerning." His slightly stressed tone said that was an understatement. "*You fell in the bathtub, my Dane.*"

I'd slipped, but yeah, that was going to come back to bite me in the ass over and over and over.

"I must be vigilant in your safety, but that does not mean I will see you as inferior." He shrugged like there was nothing he could do about it. "You are simply in need of adequate supervision."

I wasn't sure he'd answered my concern at all.

But he was sweet?

Yep, we definitely needed a few regular dates so I could figure out what that all translated into...and I might need the numbers for his human friends.

If they could explain sex, they should be able to explain Wright.

Hopefully?

Wright

Somehow, humans did not see the direct connection between age-based submissive play and the increased risk of injury. My Dane's confusion at his obvious need of additional supervision was concerning. If he did not understand the dangers around him, how could he be vigilant?

Chapter 7

Dane

My list of questions kept growing as we sat down to eat at the small pub-type restaurant down the street.

What was a bonded mate?

Why did *my* designation change?

When would he let me bathe without a seat belt?

How was he planning on keeping me safe all the time?

I was smart enough to realize I wasn't ready for the mess that last one would bring up, so I kept it to myself. The others were probably just as dangerous, but I had a feeling they were more important.

When we had water—because the idea of me getting soda seemed to make him physically uncomfortable—I leaned back and tried to figure out where to start. Not limits, because I could see why he didn't want me having caffeine and chemicals this late in the afternoon...and some of the other stuff that could come up in a limits conversation would be stressful, so I avoided that too.

Nope, it was the designation stuff...

Probably not smart for a variety of reasons, but it kept coming up in my head.

"I have a question." Before I could decide how to actually get it out, he smiled and reached over to pat my arm.

“I must first commit a manners error by interrupting and telling you that you are a very good human for knowing water is much healthier.” Pulling his tentacle back, he smiled. “You are a very good human.”

Good *human*...

Someone had clearly explained we didn't say submissive human or little human in public.

It was good to know we didn't need to have *that* discussion.

And it was good to know that while he might squirm and wince, he wouldn't actually tell me no about getting something like a soda at dinner.

“I thought you might think it was a better decision.” Designations were important, so I started sorting through options in my head as I got down to the rest of our discussion as we waited for our food. “Can you explain why you're calling me 'my Dane' now and does that relate to the bonding thing?”

Bingo.

Daddy Wright looked guilty.

It was cute, but I wasn't going to point that out until I'd figured out what he'd done...or more likely...what he'd left out.

“Wright? It seems like it might be something I need to understand in more detail. Sir?” He liked that last part... the rest of it he would've liked to ignore, but something about the Sir had him melting for me. It might not be the most inconspicuous thing I could call him in public, but it was better than Daddy.

“Yes, information is important for good communication in any relationship.” That seemed to be more of a pep talk for himself, so I nodded and waited. After a few seconds, he sighed like we were in a soap opera and started opening up.

Yep, there were definitely a few things I needed to know.

A look that could only be described as sheepish made that very clear.

“Bonding or bonded is a process as well as a way to describe a type of relationship.” He paused, seeming to think it was important, so I did my best to process what that might mean.

Verb and noun?

We do processes or we go through processes.

Oh, processes...

“Process as in a *biological* one?” That question got me a bright smile and he barely held back another good boy pat.

When he learned a lesson, it obviously stuck.

I was going to have to remember that.

“Yes, my Dane.” That had him stopping and shifting...and giving me more information when he felt guilty again. “While you were...resting, I called a member of one of the bonded pairs I am acquainted with. I was advised that while he was pleased I have found you, I should have already more thoroughly explained bonding.”

It took me a second to jump from the way he’d been careful not to say nap to the whole *thoroughly explain bonding* thing.

Yep, we needed more conversation and less cuddling.

“I’m glad he’s happy for us and I’m glad he seems to be giving you good advice.” Positive reinforcement. Positive reinforcement. “It makes me feel good that you’re doing your best to take care of me.”

He frowned, shifting again.

Yes, guilt was going to work.

Grandma would've been proud of me, but I did my best to stay relaxed and not react. Guilt wouldn't work for long if he could sense when I was using it.

This was going to require some effort, but he was worth it.

Hmm, maybe I should take up yoga? Wasn't that supposed to help you control your breathing?

"Yes, you are very important to me, my Dane." He said that so seriously and with such honesty in his tone that I knew he wasn't lying.

I told myself I was going to remember that when he finally finished explaining what he should've already said...and I also reminded myself that I couldn't get pregnant.

Who knew that would be comforting?

"I was relieved to find out that I was not the only nonhuman in a domination-based pairing to have not given enough details." He shrugged as I tried not to laugh. "We have decided a checklist is in order."

Oh yeah.

If they were all forgetting a few important details once they'd fallen for a human sub, better planning was needed.

"Checklists are good. What should've gone on it first about the bonding thing?" There was entirely too much to stay focused on. If I wasn't careful, the conversation would wander off again.

"Yes, our list." Daddy Wright's body went kind of squiggly again before he settled down, looking slightly resigned. "I should have explained in more detail that for us bonding is a physiological process as well as a relationship designation."

When I just blinked, still confused, he continued. “We become...we become highly attached to our bonded mates, and as it progresses, we become uncomfortable when we are away from them for long.”

Dude, were humans addictive or just mates in general?

Doing my best not to respond badly and send weird messages to my new Daddy, I let out a breath and tried to figure out where to start. When that didn't really work, I mentally said fuck it and jumped in randomly.

“So, if I were like you and we weren't a mixed couple, as you called it, would you still feel the same way?” Had that made any sense at all? “I mean...when you bond?”

I'd started to reword it in my head when Daddy Wright nodded confidently.

“Yes, the process would have been much stronger if we were the same species.” With that out of the way, he seemed to find explaining the rest easier. “I have been told I will become very attached. However, since I am now your...”

He glanced around and frowned, clearly not liking having to watch his language.

“However, since I am now an important part of your life and your *boyfriend*, I do not see that as a problem.” He gave another of his cute shrugs and waved a few of his smaller tentacles around. “I must stay close to you so that I can prevent injuries and care for you adequately. You must not be allowed to damage yourself with a knife again.”

The way he said that so matter-of-factly said I should be worried...but the bonded thing was still more important than the not-so-vague hints about him wanting to stay over all the time.

“We can talk about how you're going to do that, my Wright.” That had him looking very pleased. Yep, the

new designation had something to do with our new relationship status.

How had we just met a few hours ago?

“Okay, this is going to sound nuts, but how does this affect me? I mean, the bonding thing?” There was no way I was this laid-back about him basically saying he was going to move in to make sure I didn’t fall down the stairs.

That question had Daddy Wright going very still.

His confused shrug and slightly frustrated look gave me the impression he didn’t like not having the answer, but I tried to be patient. “I do not know. I did not think to ask. You are human. You do not bond.”

Well, we didn’t bond with each other.

“I’m not terribly worried about it at the moment.” He made me feel relaxed, not drugged or anything. “I’m just thinking we should ask about it at some point? I really should be more worried about how fast we’re going.”

That seemed to offend him.

His huff was adorable.

And how cute he was might’ve had an effect on my lack of fear too.

He was so ridiculous and adorable when he worried about me, and he just made me feel warm and fuzzy.

“I am your...” He frowned again before dropping his voice low, giving up on being completely discreet in public. “I am your Daddy, little human. You should never be worried about me.”

Yep, adorable.

“That’s not the correct word, you’re right.” Doing my best to take the whole thing seriously, I reached across the table and stroked his smaller tentacle.

I wasn't quite sure how I'd offended him so fast, but I wanted to fix it. I wasn't worried about him and I didn't want him to think that I was. "You're my Daddy."

God, I really hoped the background noise was loud enough that no one heard us.

"And I really liked having you around today." Petting my fingers over the nubby things on the underside of his tentacle, I did my best to think good thoughts. Happy, slightly dirty, cuddly thoughts.

Bingo.

Daddy Wright was getting much calmer.

This bonding thing wasn't too bad as long as we could both function.

I'd been at a munch looking for a Daddy and I'd found a Daddy. I couldn't really complain about getting what I'd wished for.

"Can you stay tonight? I know we both have to work tomorrow, but I'd like it?" Those were good boundaries, right? Staying tonight and making sure he knew we both had to work? "I have to be up fairly early to open the store."

The mornings were usually quiet and a great time to get work done.

His body seemed to relax and the excitable twitching had stopped, which said we were moving in a better direction. "Yes, I would enjoy spending additional time with you, my Dane."

The more he calmed down, the more his tentacle teased over my hand, doing the twirling motion around my fingers that he'd done on my dick earlier. It definitely brought back fond memories and his pleased expression said he knew it too.

"I will also endeavor to ignore the dangers of your work environment." He seemed resigned to that even

though I wasn't sure how it could be worrying him. I ran a craft shop. I wasn't even using heavy machinery unless you counted the occasional glue gun.

"Um, thank you?" I wasn't sure what to say even though it needed to be addressed in some way. "I know you're worried about me but I enjoy my work."

Daddy Wright's nod said he understood, but he still wasn't happy. "Yes, humans need a variety of mental and physical stimulation to be happy. It is worrisome but understandable."

This was such a weird conversation.

"When you guys have...when you have this kind of relationship, how does it work? There seem to be some big differences with humans." It seemed to be a reasonable way to take the conversation because he really shouldn't be upset that I still wanted a job.

Making a thinking sound that was adorable, he wiggled and looked cute and guilty while he worked up the courage to explain something he knew I wouldn't like. When he finally gave in and realized he was just going to have to do it, he glanced around and dropped his voice again.

"In our bonding, the partner who submits chooses to do so completely." He paused for a reaction, but I didn't know what he meant.

If I was supposed to be shocked, I'd missed something important. "How completely?"

"Completely." The succinct answer had my eyes widening and his slow nod said he knew I'd finally gotten it. "It is something close to a biological imperative. However, we choose it deliberately."

This time when he paused, my brain was working to sort through everything and I was glad to have the quiet moment.

As he continued, his behavior and logic made a lot more sense. “One protector. One who requests protection. It is considered a great honor to be chosen to protect. We also have great respect for those who choose to submit. It shows immense trust in their bonded.”

Oh yeah.

Swallowing, I did my best to project calm while I thought about what he’d said. There wasn’t anything I was specifically worried about, but it was still a lot of information at once.

The one thing that hit me was that it explained why his first thoughts were always about keeping me safe. It also made it clear why he’d never made me feel lesser for being a sub. He didn’t see it as something negative in any way.

“I’m glad you see that it’s not exactly the same between us.” Because we wouldn’t work otherwise. “We’ll figure it out because we’re great at communicating.”

Yes. We just needed good communication and a few reminders that things like butter knives weren’t as inherently dangerous as Daddy Wright assumed.

Wright

My Dane's emotional reaction was much less stressful than anticipated. Were submissives who identified as *littles* more logical than other variants?

Chapter 8

Dane

Now what?

As we made it back to my place, I realized I should've done more thinking about what would happen after dinner and less worrying about things I couldn't control...like bonding.

That was still a slightly nebulous concept, but this was happening right now.

Did he want me to be little?

Did he want us to have sexy times again?

Did he just want to hang out?

Was he ever going to let me go up the stairs without a tentacle seat belt?

I had a pretty good idea about how he'd answer that last question and just thinking about it made me smile as I locked the door behind us and he finally released my seat belt. Walking belt? Daddy Wright took that moment to wrap two of his larger tentacles around me, pinning my back against his torso.

"You are giving off highly variable signals, my Dane." The slightly huffy tone to his voice said he didn't appreciate the swings in my mood. "Please elaborate."

Where to start?

When I didn't answer quickly enough, he picked me up and tucked me against his torso as he walked us into the playroom. The fact that my glider seemed to now be our conversation chair had me trying not to laugh.

“You are still variable, my Dane.” His disappointed tone did not help my terrible sense of humor, but I did my best to stop since it was obviously confusing Daddy Wright.

“Sorry.” As he settled us down in the glider and started rocking, I kissed his cheek and did my best to figure out where to start. “A lot of times I’m going to find something you do really cute or funny. We come from very different backgrounds and I don’t mean it negatively at all. I don’t want to be confusing either, but sometimes you’re sweet and so perfect it makes me smile.”

He huffed again.

Telling myself over and over it wasn’t cute, I did my best to be patient. I wasn’t sure how he’d respond, but I wanted this to be a conversation, not a lecture.

“Perfection is not attainable, my Dane.” Shaking his head, he stroked one soft limb down my cheek. “Our goals and descriptors should be ones that can be practically reached.”

Hmm.

“You’re right.” Snuggling into him, I rested my head on his shoulder and petted one of the larger limbs that was wrapped around me. “I don’t mean it in a literal sense. I meant it in more of a...well, if I listed off everything I wanted in a Daddy, you would’ve fit everything on that list, but you’re kind of unexpected. So you’re perfect but still a surprise. Does that make sense? That’s why you make me smile so much.”

He made a soft, thinking sound as his limbs rippled soothingly around me. “Yes, in this situation I will accept that description of perfection.”

I managed not to laugh, but his sigh said he’d felt how cute I thought he was.

“Sorry.” Snuggling into him and stroking his hands as I tried to tone down the mental giggles into a more laid-back humor seemed to help him stop pouting. “You’re very sweet to me and I simply like being around you, Daddy Wright.”

That was honest and made him even happier.

It also made him comfortable enough to keep poking at his questions.

“You are a very sweet submissive human as well and usually well-behaved.” The pat on the head that accompanied the interestingly worded compliment made me smile again. He ignored it that time, though. “Please explain your additional emotions and thoughts. You may begin with our ascension to the second floor.”

Coming up the stairs...got it.

“I was thinking about the random questions I had.” This was such an odd way to have a relationship, but I was starting to get used to the explaining everything part. “I can’t remember all of them, but basically I’d been thinking about the bonding stuff we talked about at dinner.”

Okay, that hadn’t been as awkward as I thought it might be. “When we got home, I realized I hadn’t thought about how the rest of our night would go. I was wondering what you’d want to do and I started to...to frustrate myself, maybe? I wasn’t worried about you.”

I had no idea what my thoughts had felt like to him, so I figured that was something important to point out.

“Ah, as a submissive human, you required guidance I had not provided.” He patted my back, probably trying to be soothing as he shook his head. “I should have realized that. I will make my thoughts on our plans clearer. I will also do my best to provide you with appropriate choices when possible.”

Because you should always give submissive humans two good options to pick from.

He was so cute.

And he was probably right.

So as he ignored how cute I thought he was, I nodded. "That would've been nice. I start to overthink the situation when I don't know what to expect. That's why I like running my own business. I'm always the one that gets to decide what happens next."

Working in more traditional environments had been stressful.

"Thank you for the additional information as to your emotional needs." Giving me a hug, Daddy Wright stroked over my head. "You are a very good boy, my Dane."

"Thank you, Daddy Wright." Ignoring the warm feelings that gave me, I gestured toward the chair. "Why are we in here?"

His tone said that should've been obvious. "You find the motion soothing and your body responds with a variety of pleasure signals when I hold you securely."

Yep, should've been obvious.

"You're right." But I didn't want to have every conversation in the playroom. "How about we get another for the living room or my grown-up bedroom? This can be our talking chair for little stuff and we can use the other for more regular relationship discussions? I've got plenty of room."

"Yes." Daddy Wright looked around the room. "You have a deceptively large space for your home. The human dwellings I have seen that are labeled as *apartments* are usually smaller."

"It was originally two small units a long time ago. When my grandfather bought the building, he renovated

it to combine them both." Stroking his limb, I kissed his cheek. "You'd have liked him. He was very straightforward and said exactly what he was thinking."

He'd pissed humans off left and right, but he'd have liked Wright.

"When he died about five years ago, I inherited the building. I actually own the bookstore and all the way down to the café." I didn't volunteer that to most people—even Amy didn't know. Everyone talked to the management company that'd been running things since my grandfather had gotten older.

I had enough on my plate running the shop, so I let them continue handling the day-to-day stuff. "Most people don't know that, though, Daddy Wright. So we're going to keep that private."

"Having that known would bring additional stress. I understand." Sounding even more relaxed, his limbs rippled over me again. "I am making an assumption about your personal finances and stability, my Dane. Is it appropriate to presume you are able to provide for yourself without worry?"

"Yes." His happy sigh said I'd taken one stressor off Daddy's plate. "No worries about money. I'm very careful and the shop does fairly well too."

"Wonderful, my Dane." The pat on the head he gave me made me smile. "Thank you for the additional knowledge. Now, we shall resume our discussion on your varied emotional responses."

Yes, what had I been thinking?

Oh yes, now I remembered.

This seemed like it was going to be the hardest part of having a Daddy like Wright.

Ignoring the way my face started to get hotter, I sighed. "When you wrapped your arms around me and

pinned me against your body, it turned me on. There was a bit of shock because I wasn't expecting it and the combination was arousing."

Explaining what I was thinking was still weird, but I had to admit it got easier every time we did it.

"You process emotions and thoughts very rapidly, my Dane." It seemed more of an interesting fact instead of a complaint, so I nodded. "I will remember that and not assume one continuous session of internal dialogue."

He'd assumed all the things he'd felt from me related to one thought?

"Yeah, my brain jumps around like a rabbit." There was nothing I could do about that. "If you get confused or worried, I promise I'll explain things."

"That will be appreciated." There was a pleased sound in his voice that made me think of getting a hard task checked off my to-do list.

I liked being on Daddy Wright's to-do list.

"To put your *overthinking* at ease." He paused, probably wondering about the wording of that sentence before he just kept going. "You may choose for us to watch an entertainment program on your television while we cuddle, either little or as a grown-up, or you may choose for us to go directly to your bed where I will give you pleasure."

Those were two damned good choices.

Swallowing, I did my best to push the memories from earlier out of my head so we could have a logical discussion, but that didn't work terribly well. I knew he could feel my desire rising when his tentacles got tighter around me and a small one started rippling over my dick.

"Daddy Wright..." His happy, *pleased with himself* sound had me shaking my head. "You make me feel so

good, but what do you want to do? Is there one you like better?"

Getting to know him was still important and there was that whole *he's only focused on me* thing. But I wasn't surprised when he made a low hum that somehow sounded wonderfully controlling. "I enjoy controlling your pleasure, my Dane."

Well, it seemed we were in agreement about that.

"I like having you take control." His limbs tightened as I tried to move and get his tentacle to rub harder against my dick. "I don't have to worry when I'm with you."

My reward for talking about my feelings was for him to use the tip of one tentacle to caress my growing erection. I knew I was being rewarded for being good, but that just made it even more erotic.

I liked being his good boy.

"I know you'll understand if I don't like something." Knowing he didn't mind my rambling answers had my brain happily tossing out ideas as he continued to reward me. "You make me feel safe and you make me feel special when you remember things like how I like it when you wrap me up tight."

Oh, that was...

He did that so good...

"Yes, Daddy Wright, like that." Just like that. "I...I liked it when you teased my cock with your tentacle earlier."

Yes, more good boy rewards.

Two wonderfully dexterous limbs quickly stripped my pants off and soon the tiny, tight briefs he'd picked out for me earlier had joined my pants on the floor. There was something wicked and wonderful about being so obviously rewarded for being good.

“I liked it when you fucked me with both your tentacles at the same time.” I’d honestly had no idea that was possible. Just remembering how incredible it’d been made me realize I needed to spend some time researching *everything* about my new Daddy.

My reward this time was for him to stroke right over my slit. He knew what I was talking about, but he made me wait for more. He hadn’t even started fucking me yet, but the way he caressed me had every nerve ending in my dick sparking at the memory of how it’d felt.

“Human males have many fascinating points where pleasure may be focused.” Daddy Wright’s wicked, excited tone said he couldn’t wait to play with all of them. For the time being, though, he dipped one impossibly slender nub in and out of my dick. “It is amazing to see a species whose bodies seem designed for pleasure.”

Yep, we were just fun like that.

“I like exploring pleasure with you, Daddy Wright.” That very earnest confession had him sliding two small tentacles up under my shirt so he could play with my nipples.

The way he plucked at them had me moaning and desperately trying to arch up for more. That didn’t work. My wiggling did, however, make him chuckle. “You are delightful, my Dane.”

I wasn’t sure if it was because of my ineffectual struggle or if it had something to do with the desire he kept sending through me. Either way, I loved that I made him happy. And I loved how that happiness made him want to play with me more.

As his body seemed to almost be sucking on my nipples, he thought that was the best time to start a conversation. “Have you researched our physical bodies, my Dane?”

I wasn't so distracted that I missed the big neon sign flashing caution, but I was too distracted to care. "No, Daddy Wright."

His low, happy sound did crazy things to me, but it was the way he tightened his hold on me even more that had subspace peeking out from the back of my head. "We have many ways to provide pleasure to humans. We have much more control over our physical forms and can lengthen and stiffen our muscles to adapt to many needs."

The way one thin tentacle inched inside my ass, barely big enough for me to register until it started making what felt like circles over my prostate, proved his point. "Oh...I..."

Words weren't quite working, but his satisfied sound said he knew I was enjoying his touch. "Yes, my Dane. Your body responds well to gentle stimulation."

Understatement of the year.

"We must also have discussions about other types of pleasure." Until he kept going, I didn't realize he meant we were going to talk about it right then. "Controlling your movements is something we both find enjoyable. However, what about more intense forms of pleasure?"

Intense?

It was one of the more easily worded questions he'd asked me and I was grateful for that, but I wasn't sure what he meant.

"I need..." Fuck, I needed to be able to think but I wasn't going to ask for that...he might give it to me. "What do you mean?"

It was either going to be a spectacularly stupid question or a dangerously erotic one...but the delight in his voice didn't help me decide which.

He decided to show rather than tell.

Pinching my nipples, he gave them both wonderful tugs that sent sparks of pain through me. It wasn't anywhere near my limit and sent a cascade of pleasure through me as he gently caressed them again. "Pain, my Dane. Human submissives are often said to enjoy *painful* pleasures."

Fuck.

Yeah.

Okay, it'd been stupid *and* erotic. "I like pain."

The honest answer had him making a low laugh. "I am glad to see your mind and body are in agreement, my Dane."

He was cute even when he was being a dick.

Before I could figure out a response that wasn't too cheeky, he went back to his questions. "What forms of painful pleasure do you enjoy?"

Fuck.

"I don't know." Words. Had to give him words or this could go all kinds of fucked up. "I haven't played with it much. I know...I know I like being spanked and I liked what you just did with my nipples. I...I don't know anything else right now. Lists. There are lists online."

Yes, we'd do lists later.

"That is a very good idea, my Dane." The pat on the head he gave me had a sweet happiness flooding through me, but the way he rewarded me with a rough thrust against my prostate gave me a whole nother form of pleasure.

"Humans are fascinating." His words didn't tell me what he'd sensed from me, but he was enjoying whatever it was.

“Let us experiment, my Dane.” Daddy Wright was definitely feeling confident about giving his human pleasure because there wasn’t a hint of caution in his voice. “You will articulate very clearly your feelings on this new type of pleasure.”

Huh?

I didn’t know if I would’ve asked enough questions or not—probably not—but he kept going before I could do more than process the words.

Lightning.

I didn’t have any other word for it. One minute he had the desire in me humming along at the perfect pace where I could almost think but I was still sliding toward subspace, and the next my orgasm exploded out of me as fireworks went off in me.

In one split second, he’d tossed me right over the edge of the cliff and into a volcano’s worth of desire. Just the aftershocks and memory of the overwhelming sensation had my orgasm going longer than any I’d ever felt before.

Even when there wasn’t an ounce of cum left in me, I could still feel the crazy sensation of the dry orgasm wringing the last bits of pleasure from me. Eventually, it faded, leaving me exhausted, slightly confused, and marveling.

Daddy Wright made lightning.

“That was a highly successful test.” Dipping one tentacle into the cum that was pooling on my chest, he made a low, thinking sound. “Although it worked better than I had intended. I think we have learned that while you enjoy what I think humans would call *electricity play*, it should be saved for the end of your pleasures.”

Yep.

I was going to agree and I was probably going to laugh once my brain came back online.

“That was...” I gave up wording and closed my eyes, loving the way Daddy Wright was petting me and rocking us back and forth.

When my brain started coming back online, I realized he’d been right. I liked lightning and I liked rocking. But we were not going to do lightning in the playroom, so we were definitely going to get another fucking glider.

Forcing my eyes open as he started to relax his hold, I was amazed when I got words out of my mouth. “That was crazy.”

His head cocked, curious. “That is a good thing?”

Words.

Yes, better words.

“Yes.” Okay, slightly better words? “Very good.”

With that out of the way, I let the floaty feeling wrap around me again and sank into the utter contentment and just soaking up his touch. The next time I surfaced, everything felt clearer and I was cleaner. Both were good things.

“I liked that, Daddy Wright, but let’s talk about fun new things before we try them.” Maybe? “I think that might be a good idea, but we should probably try it a few times and see how it works for us.”

Just in case he had any more fun surprises.

But...his surprise had been fabulous.

“That is a very logical request, my Dane.” The gentle caresses grew firmer as his tentacles rippled over me making me want to stretch and move, but Daddy didn’t seem to have any intention of letting me go yet. “We shall do as you suggest and look at the online lists that discuss pain-based pleasure. Then we will create a list

that is species specific. Many couples find mutual hobbies to be a way to strengthen their relationship.”

So sex research was going to be our mutual hobby?

Well, I’d had boyfriends who’d suggested worse.

“I’d like that, Daddy Wright.” I could move my head just enough to press a kiss against his torso and I smiled when he made a happy sound. “I want to do things with you to strengthen our relationship. I want to get to know you more and I want to be a good boyfriend and mate for you, not just a good sub.”

Daddy Wright shifted me around so I was sitting up and pressed against his torso but still wonderfully trapped. As I tried to snuggle even closer, he stroked over my head and seemed to relax as he held me. “And I shall endeavor to be a good boyfriend and mate for you, my Dane. Finding you has changed my life.”

Smiling, I couldn’t help wondering if he could feel all the good emotions whirling around in me. “Mine too, Daddy.”

The low, almost blissful tone of his voice as he told me all the sweet thoughts in his head had me guessing he was feeling something he liked. “Humans talk of *turning points*. I had assumed my major turning point milestone was coming to Earth.”

He gave the cutest shrug and sighed. “I was wrong.”

Utterly adorable.

“I’m glad I was your turning point, Daddy Wright.” Mates or not, however we defined ourselves and however long it took us to say those three little words, this would always be the moment everything changed for me.

The moment when I became his turning point.

I’d changed Daddy’s whole life and he’d changed mine.

Wright

No matter how thoroughly planned or the species involved, the future is never as expected.

Chapter 9

Dane

At some point I was going to figure out how to stop overthinking about asking Daddy Wright weird questions...but we were not at that point, so I squirmed. "Daddy Wright?"

He was still slowly moving us back and forth, seemingly having endless patience with holding me and rocking, and wrapped me up tighter in his limbs as he ran a tentacle over my head. "Yes, my Dane?"

Telling myself that he wouldn't think anything I asked him was weird or too clingy, I let out a breath. "Are you staying here with me tonight?"

If we'd talked about that, the lightning had zapped it right out of my head, not that I would complain about it. Lightning orgasms were definitely worth a few lost brain cells. But I didn't want Daddy to think I was forgetting things we talked about.

"I know we talked about work tomorrow and something else, but..." As my voice trailed off, Daddy Wright stroked my head again, making me yawn. "I'm not tired."

It'd just been a long day.

"You are right. It is not bedtime yet. However, we shall arrange the evening so we are working toward that goal." Daddy seemed to think that was enough on the subject, but I wasn't sure it made sense.

As I tried to figure out how to ask him to repeat his answer using different words, he picked me up and

carried me out of the playroom. We'd talked about going to my grown-up bedroom earlier but we hadn't made it that far.

So what was he doing?

"Humans require bedtime routines to shift their biological rhythms." He made the announcement like he was teaching me about puppies. "You shall explain your current routine and then we will adapt it going forward."

Current routine?

Oh, bedtime routine.

I needed more working brain cells before we negotiated anything.

"Well, I don't have much of a routine." I knew he didn't like that answer when he sighed dramatically and shook his head.

I still hadn't figured out what he'd been watching on TV, but it'd given him some fascinating human mannerisms.

"Um, but we can work on that together." It was probably a good idea and necessary if I was going to have a Daddy around all the time.

Human Doms liked routines and it seemed that alien ones were very similar.

It was kind of cute actually.

But Daddy was still shaking his head and looking at me like I'd been careless with the butter knife again. "Yes, a structured routine is something we will work on together. I will have a proposal for us to discuss at length after your work concludes tomorrow."

At length?

Somehow that felt like it was a warning about how extensive his plan was going to be.

“I can just get a shower if I get...well, sticky and then brush my teeth. That’s a good routine.” Right? “Sometimes I read before bed.”

I wasn’t going to point out that it was erotica.

Daddy had very firm opinions about what should go in a little’s head and I’d already done enough damage on that during my bath earlier.

As he carried me through the bedroom and into my bathroom, he nodded approvingly. “Yes, reading is a highly encouraged bedtime activity. It promotes relaxation.”

Well, at least he hadn’t said it was supposed to have educational aspects to it.

“I like relaxing.” That seemed safe to encourage. Hopefully. “How often are you going to do my bedtime routine with me?”

I thought that was a pretty good way to ask how often he was planning on staying over, but he went all stiff and squirmy before changing the subject. “We must discuss your current routine for now. Would you prefer a bath or a shower? Humans have very specific bathing preferences.”

Because we were fascinating creatures.

“A shower, Daddy Wright.” Giving up on the question that’d clearly made him nervous...because he wasn’t supposed to lie to his little but he knew better than to give me the real answer...I rested my head on his shoulder as he moved us around the room. “Baths are for little time.”

Or sexy time, but I was kind of sexied out for at least a few minutes.

Daddy was *thorough* when he put his mind to something.

“I will remember that preference, my Dane.” Daddy didn’t seem to see the need to put me down as he turned on the shower and moved us around the room. He peeked in cabinets and looked at every hygiene product he could find, reading labels and mulling over them.

I loved that he didn’t even try to hide how curious he was about his little human.

Yep, he’d read some kind of care and feeding book and now he was working his way down a mental checklist.

“My little human, you have products designed for play and products designed to invigorate but none to aid in relaxation.” Daddy was back to shaking his head as he finally set me down on the ground. “That is easily remedied, however. Humans place value on being able to get any product delivered in a timely manner.”

Yep, we liked delivery.

Before I could agree with him or ask what he was planning on buying, he steered me toward the shower. “Do you require significant amounts of physical space to enjoy bathing?”

Huh?

I must’ve looked confused because as he walked me into the shower, he tried again. “Some humans find small spaces to be unpleasant when filled. Your bathing space fits the requirement to be defined as a small space.”

His vague gesture toward the shower finally made me realize what he was talking about. But before I could find the words to respond, he kept going. “I can remain outside the shower and still aid in bathing you, however, I was attempting to verify your needs.”

Oh.

Communication. Right.

“I don’t get...claustrophobic doesn’t seem like the right word...um, bad squished.” God. “I like being snuggled up next to you.”

Wait, had he been asking if I wanted to shower by myself?

That didn’t seem right because even though he was standing outside the shower, he was still turning me around and steering me into the spray to wet my hair. Maybe he really had just been talking about not wanting to squish me?

It seemed like asking to wash me never occurred to him...maybe because he’d already given me a bath earlier? Maybe because I belonged to him? The confidence was cute, and a bit worrisome, but I told myself we’d slowly figure out boundaries we could both live with.

If taking care of me was top on his priority list, letting him get me clean wasn’t the worst way we could’ve satisfied that need...and thinking about his needs prompted me to glance over at him and really think about what he’d said verses what he might’ve meant.

“Do you want to get in the shower with me, Daddy Wright?” His immediate nod didn’t really surprise me but his worries did.

“Although I have adapted to wearing human-style clothing, I am not arranged like a human, my Dane.” He looked down at his body while I tried to figure out what he was warning me about. “I do not want to surprise you.”

Huh?

Not arranged as a human?

Was he talking about his tentacles?

The no visible penis thing?

Did he have a visible penis hiding there somewhere?

Did it matter?

“I know, Daddy Wright.” How could I not? “I like your tentacles. They help you hold me tight...and you can carry me...and you multi-task really well.”

He could pat my head and rub my tummy at the same time without dropping me.

Nope, I pushed that thought to the back of my head so I wouldn't accidentally talk myself into being little. I needed to get to know Daddy as a grown-up...then I could avoid being a grown-up.

And if I got little it would definitely end up being bedtime.

Daddy ran a small tentacle over my head and made a thinking sound, but he didn't take off his clothes. “I am glad you do not find my form unpleasant.”

Daddy had clearly tried to date some human who hadn't been very adaptable.

That sucked but I was glad he hadn't found another little before me.

“I like your form.” As he reached for the shampoo, I closed my eyes and let him take care of me. “You make lightning and you hold me really good and your tentacles help you take care of me and you can make them really thin and put them interesting places.”

Hmm, maybe I did want to encourage some sexy time.

“They are very practical limbs.” One tentacle lifted a hand and turned it over to examine my fingers. “Yours are aesthetically pleasing, however.”

They were built more practically but we were cuter?

I could accept that.

“I like how practical your limbs are, Daddy Wright, and they're soft. And they're on you so that makes them

even better." He must've heard the sincerity in my voice, or maybe I just said something right, because as he massaged the shampoo into my hair, I heard him moving around and clothes dropping to the floor.

Yep, multitasking was fabulous.

He hadn't even needed to stop touching me to take his clothes off.

Tentacles for the win.

"Your safety is paramount to me, my Dane." Several tentacles wrapped around me as he climbed into the shower. "This provides much more security."

He said it so seriously he made me laugh.

"You take very good care of me, my Wright." I didn't bother opening my eyes as he moved me around, but I nuzzled against a tentacle that slid next to my face. They might've startled me if I'd met him after they'd first arrived, but I'd gotten past that. "And this is very cuddly...and intimate."

Encouraging romance and intimacy seemed to be a good thing while we were in the learning curve portion of our relationship. I didn't want him to think caring for me was all practical and not emotional in any way.

Humans were funny like that...we needed both to be happy.

"I did not expect you to find this activity intimate in an emotional bonding way." Daddy's voice said he was still thinking about whatever bad thing had happened in the past. "I will remember your words on intimacy."

Maybe if we'd started out differently the tentacles might've given me more trouble, but he'd been so funny and cute from the very beginning that they'd never scared me. I hadn't been lying when I'd said I associated them with cuddles and lightning.

Neither of those things would ever have negative feelings associated with them.

“You’re so good to me, Daddy.” The way his limbs were rippling over me was like the best massage ever and it was making it hard to remember that I wasn’t tired. “I think having a routine is going to be good.”

Especially if I got massages every night.

Daddy stroked over my head and made a soft, pleased sound. “Humans enjoy routines and learn to anticipate them. We will make sure you have enjoyable associations with your routine, my Dane. Then you will want to be obedient for bedtime.”

He wasn’t wrong, but he made me wonder what he thought *enjoyable associations* were.

“I like being your good boy.” That seemed like a safe admission that wouldn’t get me into too much trouble.

Agreeing with Daddy when my brain wasn’t working at full speed seemed dangerous.

He was so good at making taking over my life sound very practical and enjoyable. It was dangling all those cuddles and enjoyable associations in front of me that were going to have me agreeing with ridiculous things.

“You are a very good human submissive and a very sweet human little.” His gentle tone and touch made the cute words even sweeter. “I will give you many opportunities to be obedient and to earn praise.”

That wasn’t questionable at all.

“Thank you, Daddy.” I’d worry about it in the morning, though, since it didn’t seem like he was going anywhere.

“You are welcome, my little human.” Soap-slicked tentacles started massaging over me as Daddy scrubbed me with the bodywash he clearly didn’t think was bedtime appropriate.

It prompted my brain into working just a bit more and I ran my hand over his limb to steal some of the soap so I could return the favor. I had to admit, he was more dexterous than I was but part of that was just because his brain was working better.

Having more limbs made it easier too, but he seemed to like my cute hands wandering awkwardly over him. "Your preference for caretaking is showing, my Dane."

Chuckling at the memory of making him a sandwich, I nodded. "I like taking care of you."

I just needed to learn how to do that because so far all I really knew was he liked bossing me around and making sure I was safe. That didn't seem to be enough to go on as far as being boyfriends went.

"Your thoughts have shifted, my little human." It wasn't really a question, but it felt like it should've been.

Knowing he didn't understand the way my mind jumped from topic to topic, I snuggled into him and did the think happy thoughts game again.

Perfect.

He made pleased sounds and held me more snugly.

Definitely another *enjoyable association*.

"I was telling myself I needed to learn how to make you happy, Daddy." Snuggling against him earned me an even tighter hug and I had to remember to think. "You pay attention to that stuff a lot and I didn't want to be greedy or a bad boyfriend."

Or a selfish sub.

Or a bratty little.

The list could probably keep going on and on, but Daddy made a huff like he was an offended little old lady. "You make me happy through your submission, my Dane. That will always be enough. However,

humans need goals and boundaries, otherwise they become stressed.”

Whatever he’d read or whoever he’d talked to must’ve been fabulous.

“So, I will give you rules and structure to please me. You may start by continuing your caresses. We have many nerve endings that provide a relaxing-type pleasure. Verbally expounding on ways to provide you control-based pleasure would also be seen as favorable.”

Because guessing what humans wanted could be frustrating.

Got it.

“I like talking to you, Daddy. But sometimes it makes me embarrassed.” Before I could explain that wasn’t always a bad thing, he kissed the top of my head and distracted me.

Somehow, that didn’t seem to be a surprise to him.

Wright

Submissive caretakers who required play and erotic humiliation to be content. Humans came in so many curious subspecies.

Chapter 10

Dane

“Embarrassment and an emotion that may be described as *erotic shame* seem to provide you with additional sexual arousal. There may be some difficulties reading those emotions, so until I learn to read you more thoroughly, I will not assume negative stress unless you advise otherwise.” Daddy shifted his limbs and suddenly they were soapy again.

He really was amazing with soap and fascinating logic.

He was also really smart.

Happy dirty thoughts unless his little said otherwise.

Got it.

“Yeah, there’s going to be a learning curve, so I’ll tell you if it’s the bad kind, Daddy.” Hiding my head against his chest made me feel better and I vowed to never open my eyes again. “This isn’t the bad kind either.”

Because I was definitely embarrassed...it was a conversation we needed to have, though.

Daddy chuckled, though, obviously not worried. “Your body signaled that thoroughly. However, thank you for using verbal clarification.”

Ugh.

My dick was such a tattletale.

Daddy seemed delighted by the whole thing, and I wasn’t sure why, but knowing I was making him happy made my dick even happier. That continued the

frustrating cycle of embarrassment and arousal until his tentacles moved lower.

Oh.

As I went stiff, he shrugged, making my head bob against him. "There are many places on the human body that should be cleaned, especially if they are routinely part of pleasure-based play."

He wasn't wrong, but the way his tentacle slipped between my ass cheeks sent sparks through me. I was trying not to moan and hump him like a rabbit as he took thoroughly cleaning me very seriously, but difficult didn't even begin to describe it.

"You enjoy penetration, and while I am glad we do not need additional lubricant to facilitate your pleasure, you still require attention." His reasonable and yet somehow still erotic words had me moaning in pleasure-pleasure and in embarrassment-pleasure.

"I am assuming this is erotic shame?" The earnest question left me no choice but to nod against him. It might not have been too bad if he'd just ignored it but he made a very pleased-with-himself sound and tightened his hold. "See, I will learn to read your signals very quickly as long as we communicate thoroughly and clearly during our initial mating phase."

That made my confused dick even harder, but it was the way he patted my head that sent it into overdrive.

As I blushed and squirmed, Daddy held me tighter and chuckled as he inched his tentacle into me to make sure I was clean.

At some point, we were going to figure out if embarrassed arousal could kill a sub.

"Daddy..." I wasn't sure what I was begging for, but he was twisting his tentacle and making it throb in me. The pleasure left me shaking but that just had him

holding me tighter and that got me even more turned on.

The crazy circle of lust got even wilder as he stroked my head and rocked my hips forward. “You may take your pleasure while I clean you, my Dane. Be a good submissive human and show me your need.”

We were inching closer to figuring out the death-by-arousal thing and he didn’t even seem to notice it.

But he liked it when I was obedient.

And I liked it when he embarrassed me.

Fuck.

All it took was one more gentle rocking motion to have my hips taking over without a thought from me. Daddy’s limbs pulsed around me in happiness. “You are a good boy for humping your Daddy. I’m very proud of you.”

God.

As my already fragile control shattered, he slid his tentacle deeper and started using the tip to play with my prostate. “Good boy, little human. Do you understand you are being rewarded for your obedience?”

I managed a nod but that was all I could get out as he sent waves of pleasure through me. I’d never thought I had a magic button—I thought it was a happy one at the very best—but Daddy made it almost fairy-tale-like.

Tentacles had been what was missing because it was definitely a magic button now.

“Some submissive humans respond well to pleasure-based rewards and some require punishment to effect change.” His “human fun facts” lecture brought the good kind of humiliation back in full force. “I am glad to see you respond well to the pleasure-based rewards. I shall endeavor to plan accordingly as we work on establishing rules for your health and safety.”

I had a flash of a fantasy where Daddy was rewarding me with an orgasm for going up the stairs safely and something about the ridiculousness of it all sent me right over the edge.

As my orgasm crashed over me, Daddy kept me tucked safely against him and his tentacle throbbed inside of me. The combination of restraints and his enthusiastic attention to my ass kept the pleasure going even though my dick was hardly getting any attention... or maybe because it wasn't getting any attention?

Because something about that was doing crazy things to me too, and it was hard to tell what made it all so incredible.

When he finally stopped using the tip of his tentacle to tease my prostate and settled into a slow routine of just stroking me inside and out, he kissed the top of my head again. "You are such a good submissive for giving me your pleasure again so quickly. Good boy, little human."

His utterly sincere and wonderfully sweet praise had all the happy submissive parts of my brain buzzing. It wasn't quite subspace, but it was perfect enough to have Daddy and I both wonderfully happy. He kept making relaxed, almost drunkenly pleased sounds as he picked me up and rinsed us off.

"Yes, you are a very good submissive human and mate, my Dane. Very good." Hearing Daddy's enjoyment made it impossible to fight against the distracting pleasure that kept pushing at my brain.

With a human partner, I'd have worked to be more functional, but I didn't worry about it with Daddy. He loved doing everything under the most boring circumstances, but doing it because he'd given me so much desire I couldn't function made it perfect for him.

And he really had fried my brain.

I was so dazed with the hazy pleasure still rolling through me like waves that I didn't realize I'd opened my eyes until we were in front of the sink. When that'd happened, I couldn't have said, but it didn't matter, so I let the thought float away.

"Human bodies are fascinating." The way Daddy was holding me and petting me said the sentence didn't need a response, so I just let him talk to himself as he found my toothbrush. "They require extensive maintenance, but as your Daddy, I will keep you healthy."

He made it sound like a big commitment, but it was just brushing my teeth, right?

That required too much thought, so I focused on the important parts, opening my mouth and being good.

I was very good at being good and I even managed to rinse my mouth out without using my hands. I used Daddy's and soon we were heading back into the bedroom. For a moment, my brain started to worry that he'd ask me what to do next but that was silly.

Daddy liked making decisions and just walked us over to the bed. "Unless you have an objection, the human habit of sleeping in night clothes will be entertained on nights when you are little. When you are my submissive human, you shall remain open to my touch so that I may give you pleasure and gauge your reactions more clearly."

With that announcement, he settled us in my bed and wrapped me up on his lap. Not having to use any muscles or brain cells made it difficult to stay focused but I wasn't tired. I was just relaxed as he stroked his tentacles over me and made soft, relaxing sounds.

No, I wasn't tired...he was simply making it hard to stay awake.

Yes. That made perfect sense.

But what didn't make sense as I was floating in and out was hearing something about murder and a soft feminine voice talking about fishing...and as everything finally faded out completely, there was something about a bicycle.

"I promise it's safe." I'd said that so many times in the twenty minutes I'd been awake that I hadn't found time to even be weirded out about waking up next to my interesting new Daddy.

He'd started us off on a fascinating foot when he'd realized we hadn't gotten up in time to give me an orgasm. According to something he'd read, human submissives functioned best when their day started off right...and in this case, that seemed to mean an orgasm instead of a spanking.

I wasn't sure if I was grateful for that or if I should explain that they could be successfully combined together. But since time was an issue, I decided that could wait in favor of negotiating using the stairs and the coffee maker.

That was going to give him a heart attack, but I wasn't sure how to keep him sane and me caffeinated.

"It expels concentrated heated water at temperatures that could *burn you*, my Dane." Daddy was looking at it like I wanted to use it as some kind of weird sex toy. "It could permanently damage you."

One slip-up with a butter knife and I was never going to get to have coffee again.

Okay, we could fix it.

I just had to think outside the box.

Daddy liked control and he liked doing things for me.

Daddy liked keeping me safe and making me happy.

We could work with that.

Relationships were all about compromise...I knew that. I'd just never expected to have to compromise on these exact topics. I'd kind of assumed it would be about restaurant choices and having to visit asshole family members once a year.

"Will you help me make a pot this morning and then you can put it in a thermos for me to have later?" When he stopped squiggling out and shaking his head, I knew we'd made progress. "And I can pick up some stuff for iced coffee and tea when I go to the grocery store later?"

Or when I got them delivered?

I didn't care as long as food showed up and at least half of it was something that a nutritionist would frown at.

Not that I was going to tell Daddy that.

He'd frown too.

"Setting aside the discussion on your caffeine consumption." Daddy frowned again like he hated saying that, but all I felt was relief that he couldn't have missed. "I think that is a fair compromise."

Thank God.

He must've sensed that too because he sighed as his headshaking focused back on me. "However, I am glad to hear you acknowledge the need for additional sustenance. Did you know you have a serious deficiency of vegetables and fruits in your kitchen? Do you keep them stored elsewhere?"

Shit.

Slow heart rate.

Don't let him feel the panic.

Wide eyes.

No lying.

“Thank you for looking in my fridge, Daddy.” Innocent. I was very sweet and innocent. I just had to tell the truth. “I think bananas would be fun to get.”

They could be dipped in chocolate and put in cereal and mixed in milkshakes.

Bananas were happy fruits and didn't have yucky seeds.

And they had vitamins or something in them that would make Daddy happy.

Happy fruit.

Fun fruit.

Penis-shaped fruit.

Shit.

“My Dane.” Daddy cocked his head. “Humans are quite fascinating. Please explain how your body shifted from worry to happiness to arousal.”

Fuck.

“Can we make coffee first?” I was going to need it. “And we have to make breakfast too. It's the most important meal of the day.”

Bingo.

Yes! I wasn't going to have to explain phallic fruit to Daddy.

He stood straighter and his nodding shifted from a *what the fuck* expression to a *take care of his little* look. That was much less stressful and said he was distracted enough that I might get good cereal instead of something overly grown-up...or worse, yucky.

“Yes, you require sustenance to start your day and we must discuss your need for additional food during the day.” He gave me a very suspicious look before glancing

toward the fridge. "Otherwise, you may be tempted to make sandwiches unsupervised."

And that would be dangerous.

"I won't make a sandwich without you here, Daddy." I thought that was a reasonable promise. I could just eat ravioli out of a can for lunch, and as long as I didn't volunteer how sharp the edges of the top could be, it'd be fine.

Daddy looked relieved as I made the promise, walking over and hugging me tight. "I realize there will be an adjustment period where we will both make uncomfortable compromises. However, in return for you not touching the sharp implements while I am away, I will not explain how dangerous pouring hot liquids can be."

Okay, maybe he was compromising too.

Trying to decide if I wanted to laugh or sigh, I snuggled into his torso and encouraged him to wrap me up tighter. He obeyed without my having to say a word, which just showed how good we already were together.

I'd dated guys for weeks who would've asked me what I was doing and Daddy just knew it was time to hug me. Yep, definitely worth a few pain-in-the-butt moments as long as he didn't take away my caffeine completely.

"It'll be weird and frustrating sometimes, Daddy, but so far, I've been able to understand why things make you uncomfortable and you've been good when we find compromises." He wasn't unreasonable...he was just a worrier.

A worrier of epic proportions.

There were so many ways it could drive me crazy I decided not to look for any new ones and just counted my blessings that Daddy hadn't figured out how dangerous my being alone in the store could be.

Nope.

I was going to look on the bright side of life and think happy dirty thoughts to make my Daddy happy before he went off to...to do whatever aerospace engineers did during the day.

Hmm, maybe I had a few things to look up too.

Like how often could lightning strike a prostate before it was actually dangerous and what Daddy did for a living.

It was going to be an interesting day.

Wright

I had been advised of the number of compromises that would have to be made to keep a human both content and safe. However, I had not taken the counsel as seriously as I should have.

Every habitual activity in his life was highly dangerous in ways he did not seem to comprehend. Yet, I am a highly inventive individual and there are no feats I cannot overcome. One must simply think *outside the box* when it comes to humans. There was no box but the one constructed in their own minds due to their creativity, however, I will combine it with the phrase *calling in the cavalry* to find an additional unique compromise.

My Dane was fortunate to have such a smart Daddy.

Chapter 11

Dane

Oh, they looked interesting.

Nothing about the mixed human-alien couple looked suspicious or dangerous. I wasn't worried that they'd rob the store or anything reasonable...no, my fears were all based on how wide-eyed the alien looked and how naughty the human looked.

And familiar.

Why were they familiar?

Daddy was definitely behind the new visitors, but I pretended not to notice as they wandered around the store and I helped one of our regulars finish buying beads that I knew she didn't need.

"Dane?" Ms. Emmaline actually managed a fairly subtle whisper that was too low for the human to have heard but something about the way his partner or friend twitched said it hadn't been quite low enough. "You have...there are...do they craft?"

I wasn't sure if it was rude or speciesist or just her being nosy and old but all I could do was grasp at something that resembled the truth. "I don't think they understand why it's so much fun, but in this case, I have a...well, I think they're acquainted with my new friend."

Her schoolgirl giggle had me blushing. "I heard someone mention that you had an interesting date over the weekend."

My neighbors were so nosy.

“He’s very nice and the perfect gentleman.” That got another giggle from her as she took her bag.

“I hope not too much of one.” Then the naughty old lady nearly skipped out of the store as she giggled again, clearly impressed with how naughty she was.

I was just going to be eternally grateful that she hadn’t asked more questions.

As wonderful as most of my neighbors and customers had been about my being gay, I wasn’t sure she really wanted the details about my relationship with Daddy or what he did when he wasn’t being a gentleman.

With the lunch rush done and my assistant James in the back, sorting through an order that’d just come in, I enjoyed the peace and quiet for a moment as the alien whispered to the human. Once the human was caught up to date, he grinned wickedly and that made him look even more familiar.

Why was his naughty grin so fucking familiar?

Who did Daddy know?

As I mulled over the options and wondered if they had some kind of an online blog, I cleaned up around the register and smiled at the couple like they were just new customers. “Let me know if there’s anything I can help you find. Oh, and some of the yarn is going on sale today, so just let me know if you’re interested in that, and I’ll show you which brands will be included.”

I’d been a bit too distracted this morning to get signs up before we’d opened, and after that, we’d been surprisingly busy. I was starting to wonder if some of that had been because of the gossip but I decided I didn’t care. They’d bought stuff and no one asked too many weird questions about my weekend.

It’d eventually blow over because aside from the age play thing, I wasn’t terribly exciting. I owned a craft store for fuck’s sake.

The alien looked down at the human who wiggled and bounced on his feet like he was barely holding back his excitement. "We're not really crafters but I might have some questions about the fancy crayons."

The not-a-crafter part wasn't a surprise, so I just tried to look relaxed as they started slowly working their way across the store, exchanging meaningful looks with each other that just reinforced the feeling that they were a couple. "I'd be glad to help with any questions. They're good quality."

By the time they made their way over, I was jumping between curiously relaxed and slightly nervous. If they were Daddy's friends, making a good impression was paramount, but it also left me wondering if they were the couple who'd answered his questions about how to have sex with a human.

I shouldn't judge a book by its cover but something about the excitable, smiling human just said he'd be the type of friend to explain how to lightning a prostate.

What had Daddy done to have them showing up at my work?

He'd only been gone a few hours.

When they were finally in front of the register, still giving each other meaningful looks, I had several reasonable guesses, including that they were just nosy about Daddy's new mate. His vague explanations had me assuming it'd be kind of a big deal, so it seemed like the most obvious one.

"How subtle should we be about the whole mate-Daddy-kinky-relationship thing?" The human's whispered question had me rolling my eyes and sighing. He just smiled wider and glanced toward the stockroom door. "Aristotle said there was someone in the back?"

Well, at least they were nosy and careful.

“My assistant.” Trying not to sigh again and look like a disgruntled teenager, I waved my hand toward the back of the store. “He knows but as long as we’re quiet, he won’t hear any conversations. He was wearing headphones the last time I went back there, but he’s going to be coming out any moment so I can take a lunch break.”

He’d come in hungover as fuck and it’d been the best place to put him.

“Great.” The human bounced again and smiled even wider. “We’re not too late. We’re supposed to ask if you need help making lunch.”

When I just slumped over and crashed into the counter, the human giggled and the alien, Aristotle, hummed worriedly. “Is he...broken or dramatic? I am leaning toward dramatic.”

His understanding of humans was fascinating.

“That’s right. Good job telling the difference.” I heard the human give his partner a kiss and had to smile at his pride. “You didn’t even start worrying right off the bat.”

“Thank you, my Evan.” The tenderness in his voice as he talked to what was clearly his mate had me taking a deep breath and straightening.

“I promised him I wouldn’t make a sandwich.” Ignoring the human’s giggle, I shrugged. “There was a small issue with a butter knife and he worries.”

The human, who seemed to be Evan, nodded subtly like it wasn’t a surprise. “Once Wright started working earlier, he realized there were probably more dangerous things he should be worried about.”

Damn it.

“But he couldn’t get out of a meeting, so he sent backup.” Evan was obviously delighted at having been sent on a *protect the human* mission. “We can use butter

knives and other sharp implements and even escort you up the stairs because Aristotle promised not to let you fall.”

Aristotle was nodding like he was taking the whole thing incredibly seriously, but Evan was just enjoying it all like he'd landed in a circus and was just going to have fun with the chaos. “Wright was adorable when he was talking about you, so we had to come help. Luckily, we had the afternoon free.”

Yes, lucky indeed.

“You're the annoyingly happy friend in your group, right?” My snarky response got a confused look from Aristotle but Evan laughed.

“I knew I was going to like you.” Beaming at me, he bounced again. “If you're nice to me, I'll tell you where you know us from.”

He was going to be such a brat.

“After lunch.” I huffed and looked toward the back room again. “I ran out of coffee sooner than I thought and I promised Wright I wouldn't use the coffeemaker. It's hot and the water is under pressure.”

That had Aristotle's eyes going wide and as he turned to Evan, the brat looked up at him and shook his head. “I'm not a little and you like it when I do things for you.”

Trying not to laugh as Evan headed off some kind of *should I be taking better care of you* panic, I decided I wouldn't kill Wright for sending strangers over to help save me from the butter knives. I liked meeting interesting new people and they definitely qualified as interesting.

When I turned over the store to a slightly more functional James...who was definitely the reason my coffee had run out way too soon...we headed upstairs

with Aristotle following last and obsessively worrying about my stairs.

“Wright is correct. These are highly dangerous.” He muttered to himself as I carefully took several steps before deciding to be helpful again. “I wonder if Wright is knowledgeable about the human chairs that will help you ascend more safely. It has a seat belt.”

Evan was laughing so much I was worried about him going ass over teakettle down the stairs, but when we all made it safely up to the second floor, I scrambled to figure a way out of that one. “What if it breaks when I’m alone? Anything with gears is probably more dangerous. It’s human-made, remember.”

Ha, got that one right.

Just mentioning that we’d made it, not them, had him immediately changing course.

“That is a valid concern.” Nodding to himself as Evan did his best to stop snickering, Aristotle sighed. “The caretaking of a human little is more problematic than I had expected.”

“And you thought Wright was silly for worrying so much.” Evan found the whole thing delightfully funny and I could only imagine how odd the original conversation had sounded.

But he seemed to get the whole Daddy-little thing, so I wasn’t embarrassed about that.

“He won’t be as worried once we settle into a routine and find some compromises.” Ones that wouldn’t involve me running out of coffee.

And speaking of coffee.

“Would one of you make a new pot of coffee, please?” As I led them into the kitchen, I pointed to the pot and cabinet where everything was located. “Daddy will have a heart attack if I make it and something goes wrong.”

It was not worth doing that to him when there was someone around to help.

Oh.

“And did that make anyone uncomfortable?” As I headed over to the fridge to see what I had to eat, I glanced back to see Evan shaking his head and Aristotle looking confused again.

I wasn't sure what he'd gotten stumped on but Evan seemed to know his partner well enough to help out. “He was worried that calling Wright *Daddy* might make us nervous. It's that human privacy thing coming into play, just verbally this time.”

Huh?

It was technically a good answer but it gave me a lot of new questions.

“Ah, like the human idiosyncrasy of not discussing sexual topics because while they enjoy the activities, it is considered socially taboo.” Aristotle gave me a very polite smile that made me want to giggle. “I am what humans would call open-minded and I have extensively read about human sexual customs. You will not shock me with titles, honorifics, or conversations that are of a sexual nature.”

How was I supposed to respond to that?

“That's good to know.” Yes, polite and smile. “Thank you.”

Aristotle seemed pleased with my response, but Evan was back to nearly giggling as he bounced over to the coffee pot. Since I was left kind of stumped about what to say next, I focused on the practical things. “Have you guys eaten lunch? I'm not sure what the social conventions are for this kind of visit.”

That had Aristotle nodding. “Human social conventions are difficult on occasion. It is why I

appreciate work functions much better. They are well planned out and the rules between naked and clothed interactions are always clear.”

Oh.

I could feel my eyes widening even though I couldn't stop it.

Evan was donkey laughing by the coffee pot, but Aristotle looked concerned again. “Should I have not mentioned unclothed humans? He did approach the topic of human sexuality first.”

He had a good point.

“I didn't recognize you with your clothes on. Sorry.” Was that response polite or creepy? “Sorry?”

Just repeating that didn't seem like it would help but I wasn't sure what else to say. Evan was useless because he was still laughing so hard he couldn't catch his breath, and Aristotle looked like he was worried that he'd broken Wright's new toy.

I might not have been cracked but my brain was definitely lagging behind.

Well, at least I could safely bet who'd explained human sex to Wright.

Did I owe Evan flowers?

Were helpful sexual lectures a chocolates kind of thing?

Oh, I was going to have to cancel that subscription. If I was going to be having lunch with someone, I probably shouldn't watch them orgasm before I went to bed.

Aristotle was right...human social conventions were hard.

“Um, lunch. Yes. Have you already eaten?” I wasn't sure if they'd want ramen, but I was glad when they nodded.

“Yes, we have consumed food because it is not polite to show up unannounced and ask for sustenance.” Aristotle’s answer sounded like he was listing off a rule out of a book and I was back to wondering about that *care and feeding of humans* thing.

“That’s usually true.” It was also the easiest topic to grab ahold of, so I kept going. “But once you’re friends with someone, it’s okay. If you’re worried about being rude, you could always just text me and give me a heads-up.”

Yes, that was much easier to focus on...that and my lunch.

“I’m just going to reheat some leftovers.” That seemed safer than them telling Daddy I ate ramen, but I paused as I took the container of leftover Chinese to the microwave. “Will this give Wright a heart attack?”

Aristotle shook his head slowly but didn’t look too confident about his answer. “While there are numerous ways you could be damaged with the appliance, you are under supervision and it is not sharp. As long as you do not heat up the contents to a scalding temperature, I believe you shall be safe.”

Daddy had the strangest friends...but they were helpful, so I wasn’t going to point out how odd the whole situation was.

“Thank you.” Unfortunately, waiting for the microwave and the coffee pot left too much silence to fill.

“You don’t have to worry. We didn’t sleep with Wright and we’re in complete support of your relationship.” Evan did his best to stop snickering as he gave the helpful information. “I’m glad he found his mate.”

I was actually grateful for the knowledge, so I pushed away the weirdness I was feeling and smiled as I decided to get the hardest part out of the way first.

“That’s good to know, but I wouldn’t have been weird about his past either way.”

That had Evan smiling even wider and it wasn’t until the stress was gone that I could see he’d been worried. “That’s great. I wasn’t sure what you would’ve thought about that. People are kind of weird about sex, but with our job, it’s kind of hard to be worried about it.”

As the coffee started to fill the carafe, Evan bounced over to his partner...mate...and gave him a kiss. “And there’s no one better to explain how to give humans orgasms than my mate.”

Well, that answered one question.

And it was good he was so proud of his mate?

I’d never met a porn star before, so I wasn’t sure what would be polite to say to that or not. Focusing on the stuff with Wright seemed like the safest way to steer the conversation, though, so I didn’t wander away from it as I tried to respond reasonably. “Humans are kind of interesting and being in the lifestyle would’ve given him more to figure out too, so I’m glad he had friends to turn to.”

Yes, that was good.

Polite.

Not weird.

Not talking about naked jobs.

Everyone had a past, and since it looked like with the bonding thing I wouldn’t have to worry about him cheating, I wasn’t going to obsess over Daddy’s.

I was his future and that was all that mattered.

Wright

Meetings and phone calls and discussions with no logical plan.

Work and adequately caring for a human submissive do not seem to be compatible, yet, social convention dictates I cannot explain why I must reorganize my day to attend to the needs of my little human.

He used a microwave under another's supervision. This cannot continue.

Chapter 12

Dane

Your friends were nice.

I liked your porn star friends. It was nice to see them with their clothes on.

Sending over a real grown-up to make my coffee was sweet.

Nothing sounded quite right, and even in my head it'd started to sound slightly sarcastic, so I kept my thoughts to myself as Daddy hurried in the door like a tornado of tentacles. Part of me wanted to point out it was ridiculous. Another part of me wanted to poke at him and see if he could find the flaws in the *obsessively worry about his little* logic, but then he had to go and be sweet.

He stepped close beside me and whispered even though there was only one other person besides James in the store. "I will use your personal moniker while there are strangers in the vicinity but that does not mean you are unimportant to me, my Dane."

Aww.

How was I supposed to be frustrated with someone who was such a cute pain in the butt?

I nodded and whispered back. "Thank you, Daddy. Me too."

He gave a decisive nod and straightened like we were in a business meeting and millions of dollars were at stake. "I hope that your day was productive and you accomplished your goals, Dane?"

How was that even cuter?

“Yes. Thank you for asking, Wright.” Making sure I didn’t say Daddy seemed like it would be harder than I’d thought it would because the word almost jumped out. “Let me double-check a few things with James, and then I’m going to ask about your day when we go upstairs.”

I was more than ready for my part of the workday to be over.

Giving him a quick peck, I hurried over to James and gave him some last-minute instructions as I waved at another one of my nosy neighbors who was buying something she didn’t need. Sales were incredible today but I was starting to worry about how the refunds would look over the next few days.

When he was set for the afternoon, I smiled at Ms. Adams as I took one of Daddy’s smaller limbs and led him toward the stairs near the door to the storeroom. She was doing her best to listen in, so I chattered about how busy we’d been until we made it upstairs.

Freedom.

As soon as we had privacy, Daddy swept me up in his arms and cuddled me tight. It was another too-sweet-to-complain-about moment, so I curled into him and tried not to send mixed signals with my emotions. “Was your day productive, Daddy?”

He nodded and seemed relieved to be able to snuggle me close. “Yes, my Dane. Too productive, however. I was unable to attend to you as much as I had planned. I feel I must apologize for not being able to contact you via text message as often as I would have liked.”

Aww.

“That’s okay, Daddy.” I kissed his cheek, feeling slightly guilty about the relief that flashed through me. Hoping he’d missed that emotion, I focused on happy thoughts and on being glad to see him again. “You

texted me as often as you could and you sent your friends to meet me. You did great.”

And I’d been polite to them.

And my odd praise hadn’t even come out snarky.

I was a fabulous little and mate.

Daddy’s relief was obvious as his limbs petted over me and he took me right to the playroom. When he’d snuggled us into what had become the cuddle chair, he curled me up like a baby and started the gentle glide back and forth. “You are a very good mate and did not complain about my lack of caretaking.”

Before I could ask him if this was a mate thing, because he was more worked up than I’d expected, he petted over my head and seemed to relax even more. “It was not my personal attention. However, I hoped by sending friends, you would understand your value to me, little human.”

Aww, now I couldn’t even be pissed at the strangers showing up to make me coffee.

“They were very nice and I liked meeting your friends.” Giving up on being able to complain effectively, I closed my eyes and let him rock me. “They were very interesting and Evan made me coffee.”

I decided I didn’t need to mention that he’d giggled the whole time, mostly because I didn’t think Daddy would understand why it’d been so funny.

“They are highly educated. I knew you would appreciate meeting such career-focused individuals.” Daddy’s description of them was so perfectly Daddy that it chased the last of my frustration away.

“Yeah, Evan talked about his degree and Aristotle said something about humans having fascinating physiological and emotional responses to stimuli. He seemed really smart too.” I couldn’t decide if all porn

stars were bored smart people or if it was just a them thing, but they'd seemed nice.

Did Daddy see them as some kind of unique small business owners?

Deciding not to ask at the moment, I pushed that question to the back of my head. "They visited while I had lunch and they made sure I was safe."

And at least Evan had realized how funny it was.

Aristotle had just started reading up on how dangerous the microwave was as Evan told me about their job and how they'd met. To say that Daddy knew the most interesting people would've been an understatement.

"I am glad to see you were unhurt." Daddy didn't seem to believe it, though, because he was trying to somewhat discreetly study my hands and arms. "The human world can be dangerous."

"But I was safe today." Not even a papercut or glue gun accident.

Thank God.

"Yes, you were a very good boy today, my little human, but we shall review microwave and *food safety instructions* as humans say just in case." He patted my head again as I sighed, probably expecting the drama, because he didn't even comment on it.

"For now, we can either have playtime or provide you with additional nutritional variation by the process of *getting groceries*." His two good options comment popped back in my head and I knew he'd already figured out how to get me healthy stuff even if I hadn't wanted to be big.

But that sounded like it could involve a lot of vegetables and not enough fun stuff.

“How about we cuddle for a few more minutes and then go to the store?” The plan didn’t sound like fun at all, but it was better to suffer for an hour or two than for the next week until I went to the store again.

Daddy was so worried about not taking good enough care of me, who knew what he’d come home with.

Yep, I had to go to the store with him.

“Your resolve to accompany me on my caretaking errand is something that should be rewarded, my Dane.” He seemed pleased and proud of me for some reason, and it took me a few seconds to figure it out.

He thought I was going to suffer for him.

Aww.

Yep, I couldn’t trade him in no matter how crazy he made me...only my mate could find a way to reward me for being a snarky brat.

“I like doing things with you, Daddy.” Yep, had to throw a bit of truth in there to make sure I wasn’t a *lying* brat. “And I missed you today.”

I wasn’t sure if I should be encouraging his stalker level of worrying but I couldn’t help myself. He was sweet and I wanted to make sure he knew I liked having him around just in case some helpful human told him dating didn’t work like this for us.

He snuggled me closer and rolled me against his torso so he could pat my ass. “You are a very good boy, my submissive human.”

Not *little human*.

I knew that probably meant something, but again, I was a bit slow on the uptake. Something about the oddness of the day or just having found a life partner about twenty-four hours ago made focusing a bit more difficult than usual.

“You deserve a reward for being patient today and for being accommodating to my concerns for your safety.” His limb stroked firmly over my ass before giving it another firm thud. “You waited for help to use the dangerous objects in the kitchen and Aristotle said you ascended the stairs in a highly safe manner. I am very proud of you.”

I was going to get a reward because another Dom had said I was a good boy on the stairs?

Was that supposed to turn me on?

It did, but I wasn't sure if he'd realized how it had come across.

Luckily Daddy didn't wait for my brain to work to continue the game, giving my ass another firm pat. “Yes, good submissive humans deserve rewards.”

I wouldn't admit to it unless I was being tortured at some point, but I didn't realize what the plan was until Daddy turned me over again and I was draped over several of his larger tentacles.

Oh, they could get wider too.

They made a very stable platform to be spanked over and the mechanics of it all was distracting enough that I almost missed him pulling my pants down. “Good submissives require rewards to continue to encourage the desired behavior.”

Keep being a good boy and get more spankings.

Got it.

Suddenly, having to ask someone else to make coffee didn't seem like a bad tradeoff.

Of course, just thinking that way, as my ass was offered up in the air to my Daddy, had me blushing and squirming, even though I had no desire to escape. Daddy found my behavior, or maybe my emotions,

delightful and made the happiest, silliest sound as he stroked a smaller tentacle over my ass.

“Rewarding you will be highly pleasurable to both of us, my Dane.” Something about his excitement and his almost punch-drunk tone made me even more embarrassed which made me even more turned on which made him even happier.

It was the best kind of feedback loop and only got better when he brought his tentacle down to spank me. The firm thud sent a wave of pleasure through me, and after I instinctively flinched and squirmed, I could feel myself almost melting into him.

My dick was the only hard part about me as he spanked me again, making soft, pleased sounds as he caressed me between spanks. “Yes, submission is difficult for humans. That is why incentives are so imperative.”

The updated “human fun facts” lecture made it all even more erotic, but he had me so trussed up I couldn’t even fuck his lap...which might end up driving me insane at some point.

Spanking me again, he continued his utterly unique praise and dirty talk. “You must continually strive to yield your submission. Thank you for understanding my need to keep you safe, my Dane.”

I told myself I’d let him keep me safe from almost anything if it kept earning me spankings.

Daddy had to be aiming to be the best Dom ever because they were firm and thuddy, leaving me aching and needy without being too hard. It was the perfect build-up to an orgasm and I could already feel subspace teasing at the back of my head. “Yes, good boy. My submissive human, give me your pleasure.”

I wasn’t sure if he meant emotionally or something about pheromones or just my orgasm in general, but I

decided all of the above was perfectly reasonable as he spanked me again.

“You were careful in the kitchen.” His tentacle came down low on my ass, and as the heat and pleasure rolled through me, he used another tentacle to circle my hole.

The sparks it sent through me had him chuckling, like it added the best flavor ever to whatever he could already sense from me. “You were vigilant as you climbed the stairs.”

Another spank came down, and I knew I’d never think about holding the handrail the same way again.

“You were polite and made a very good first impression as a submissive mate.” The wonderful mix of sensations he had rolling through me made it hard to track everything, but I loved that I was getting rewarded for being a good mate in front of his friends. “I am to be envied for the wonderful mate I have found.”

It was ridiculous in the cutest way possible.

He’d wanted to brag about me.

“You were patient while Evan made you coffee. He said you should be rewarded for being a wonderful mate.” Daddy’s words had me scrambling to find a few random brain cells to make function together but it was impossible.

Had Evan encouraged Daddy to spank me?

His giggles covered up a very naughty mind.

I knew I liked him.

But Daddy sent my brains flying apart again as he gave me another wonderful spank and the limb my dick was pressing against started to undulate.

It was like being fucked into a vibrating mat with every spank.

Best Daddy ever.

Tentacles were awesome.

New friends were awesome.

Spankings were awesome.

And as Daddy finally thickened one tentacle and fucked me with it as he brought another tentacle down on my ass again, he threw me over the edge and pleasure exploded all around me. Even without the lightning, I cried out and shook as he kept my orgasm going like he owned every inch of me and he wasn't ready for the game to end.

Fucking me with his tentacle, he kept changing the size as he twirled it around my prostate after every thrust. That would've been enough to make me crazy, but then a thin one wrapped around my dick. It was winding around me and fucking my slit, and the most erotic thing of all was how pleased he was.

"Good boy. Yes, you are such an obedient submissive human. Your arousal is beautiful. Your continued pleasure will make me very happy, my Dane."

Daddy wanted pleasure.

Got it.

I did my best to chase every drop he teased out of me, but eventually, I was left an exhausted mess that was worn out and covered in cum.

A tiny logical part of my brain said we should've played that game *after* we'd run our errands, but I ignored it. I was a good sub and Daddy had wanted to reward me.

What else could I have done?

Yep, making Daddy happy was one of the most important parts of being his mate. Besides, he was strong enough that he could pack me around in one of those baby carriers if it came down to it.

Yep, we'd make it work.

"Thank...I..." One more time. "Thank you, Daddy."

Did it...but that was a lot of work.

Did anyone actually make grown-up-sized baby carriers?

The neighbors would probably love it too...I'd be a wonderful mate and a great businessman all at the same time.

Evan would definitely approve.

Wright

Research did not adequately prepare me for shopping with a human little to purchase nutritional products and produce. Information on the caretaking of submissive humans must be updated to provide more accurate descriptions of the subvariant labeled brat.

Chapter 13

Dane

“But...but I think cereal is healthy, Daddy.” I tried to climb over him to see in the cart and find the box but Daddy had too many hands and he kept me on the ground. “I just want a tiny bit.”

It had marshmallows and fun shapes and it was going to taste so good.

“Your primitive ancestors are showing in your current behavior, my little human.” Daddy wrapped a tentacle around my arms. “Feet must stay on the ground for you to be safe in this environment.”

Daddy was so silly.

Carrying me to the car would’ve been the best way to keep me safe, but I’d tell him that after I found the cereal. “I’m a good climber, Daddy. I like going up. Up. Up.”

Up was fun.

“I must decline that request, my little human.” Daddy sighed as he finished leading me to the car. “You must stay upright with feet on the ground. Climbing me or the cart is not safe. The cart moves, my Dane.”

But Daddy would keep me safe.

I petted the tentacle that was my walking seat belt. “You’d make sure I didn’t fall.”

For some reason, he sighed again. “I would, my little human.”

So he knew I was right but still wasn’t going to let me climb over him and get the cereal? That seemed kind of

mean.

I was going to tell him that as I pouted to make sure he knew I was sad, but he distracted me.

“If you are a good boy as we drive home, I will provide you with a snack and a distraction.” Daddy made that sound like a good deal but what distraction?

Before I could ask, he made the car appear and buckled me in as fast as he could. “Remaining stationary while I relocate the groceries is a requirement for your distraction.”

Shoot.

I stopped pushing the seat belt away from me and nodded, looking like the best boy ever. “Yes, Daddy.”

Once I figured out what my distraction was then I’d decide if I should keep pouting.

Daddy frowned, cocking his head. “Is your ability to modify your behavior so quickly part of human innate idiosyncrasies or an aspect of your particular type of submission?”

Huh?

Did that mean I wasn’t going to get my distraction?

“Never mind.” Patting my lap, Daddy looked very stern and Daddy-like. “The seat belt will remain on for your safety.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Only good boys got distractions. “I’m your good boy.”

“That is...” Daddy went back to shaking his head as he shut the door and finished putting the groceries in the back of the car.

He was mumbling so much, it sounded like he needed a distraction, so I was very helpful when he got back in the car to take us home. “Did you know good boys get dessert too? Evan said so. He also said that he

liked helping his friends, so he talked to you about making your human submissive happy. And he was happy you found a little. He thinks they're cute. He didn't say if it was sweet cute or naughty cute, though."

As I told Daddy all about my lunch with Evan and Aristotle, he drove us home and was a good listener and I was a good distraction. I was so good we got home super-fast. "And then he said...oh, we're here."

"Yes, we are." Daddy climbed out of the car and walked around to help me out and I was so good I waited.

That definitely meant I should get dessert.

"I was very good, Daddy." I wanted to make sure he knew that, so I didn't make him figure it out on his own. "Very good. I was helpful too."

Daddy nodded and his seat belt tentacle steered me toward the back of the car. "Yes, my little human. You were very helpful and you were safe. You kept the seat belt firmly in place."

Yes, because I was so good, I was going to get a big dessert.

"I can help." As Daddy opened up the back of the car, he sighed.

Daddy did that a lot sometimes.

He was so smart, he picked out his favorite humanism things really fast and did them so good.

"You may carry one item, my little human." Daddy kept his serious face on as he handed me the bag with my cereal and hot chocolate in it. "However. You must use the handrail as you ascend the stairs and you must be very careful to stay close to me."

Rail.

Close.

I stood straighter and nodded. "Yes, Daddy."

For some reason that made him giggle.

He was so funny.

"I can help again too." Sometimes I had to go up and down the stairs a thousand million times to bring in all the groceries.

I was being helpful again but he looked confused as he reached in to grab the bags. "Once will be sufficient."

Daddy was magic.

He had bags everywhere.

We were going to do grocery time in one trip?

Magic.

And he still had one limb free to wrap around me as we went upstairs.

But I was so good I didn't tell him that I didn't need it. I let him keep me safe and didn't even drop my bag when we got to the kitchen. "All done."

Kind of.

Daddy chuckled. "Are you indicating that it is time for your snack and distraction?"

Yes.

"I'm very patient, Daddy." And I kept my feet on the floor as I pulled out the box of cereal. "I'll just put this on the table so we won't lose it."

"Do you often lose groceries that have been recently acquired, little human?" Daddy watched me as I carefully carried it over to the table with two hands. He looked like he thought it was slightly suspicious, so I smiled big.

"Some things just go missing." Like weird vegetables and squishy things. "They escape. But I'm going to keep the cereal safe."

“That is good to know.” Daddy nodded as he started putting away the groceries. “I will watch the rest of our important items diligently.”

Shoot.

I didn’t like the sound of that.

“Would you appreciate your distraction now or is guarding the dessert masquerading as a breakfast product more worthy of your attention?” Daddy’s expression was too serious for how silly his sentence was and I started to worry he meant it.

“I’m very good at doing two things, Daddy.” Sometimes. “Just not patting my head and rubbing my tummy. You have to help with that.”

Daddy nodded as he headed out of the kitchen. “You are right, little human.”

I wasn’t sure where he was going, but then I remembered he’d brought a bag to make sure he could stay a long time. I was going to ask what was in the bag but he kept talking. “You also require help using cooking utensils and staying upright in the bathtub.”

He remembered things *forever*.

“It was just a little poke, Daddy.” Mayo was slippery. “And I didn’t even bump my head in the tub.”

I hadn’t gotten a lump or even a booboo.

Daddy snorted.

Daddy was so funny.

He liked human stuff like sighing and rolling his eyes too.

“I am certain you do not want to know what goes through my mind when you casually mention damaging your body, little human.” His warning tone made *me* sigh that time.

“You’re the best Daddy ever.” I wasn’t sure what else to say, but I really did mean it as he brought in a present.

It was wrapped and everything.

It had bears on it.

“Oh, Daddy.” I wiggled so much the cereal fell over but it was still closed so it hadn’t made a mess. “Oops. But Daddy, it’s not even my birthday.”

He shrugged as he set the present down on the table. “Natal anniversary celebrations will be appropriately revered. However, this is in honor of finding my little human mate and showing you suitable appreciation for being a good boy.”

Oh, good boys got spankings *and* presents.

“Thank you, Daddy.” Yes, manners. Daddy liked good boys. They got presents and he got to tell his friends how good I was too. “It’s very pretty.”

I wasn’t sure if good boys wiggled but Daddy didn’t seem to mind, so I didn’t bother sitting still.

“You are welcome, little human.” Daddy stroked my head before lowering himself on his big tentacles until we were the same height.

Magic.

“You may now open your present or continue to appreciate the appearance of the exterior if you prefer.” When he smiled and kept petting my head, I realized that meant I could open my present.

“I can open it?” Making sure I would be a good boy so I could get more presents soon, I waited until he nodded. “Thank you, Daddy.”

I wasn’t sure if good boys were careful with wrapping paper, so I was half careful and half not. Daddy smiled bigger so I must’ve got it right...and he even helped me open up the box that was inside.

For a minute I was worried it might be clothes because it was in a big white box, but Daddy was so smart. "Oh, Daddy."

I got crayons and colored paper and a new coloring book.

"Daddy, it's you." Kind of.

Giggling, I opened the pages to see lots of people who looked just like Daddy doing jobs and being good helpers. "I'm going to find you, Daddy."

As Daddy kissed my head and went back to the groceries, I searched for a Daddy in the book that was like mine. I looked for airplanes and Daddies in meetings and finally found Daddy shopping for food and smiling. "That's going to be you, Daddy. He's got vegetables."

Oh, Daddy was so smart.

He even brought me lots of *new people* colors. There were blues and greens and all kinds of pretty colors to match their people colors. I was going to make Daddy look so good. He was a helpful Daddy and a pretty Daddy and a smart Daddy because he gave me cereal in my little bowl.

Then he started getting out lots of veggies for dinner.

There were green beans.

And I saw broccoli.

I even saw cauliflower.

I didn't even know I had that, so I decided it was safer not to know what scary things were coming. What if Daddy didn't know veggies need to have cheese or sauce or dip on them? No, I had a smart Daddy who'd read his *taking care of humans* book lots and lots.

It would be fine.

Daddy had even said he knew littles needed treats even if it wasn't good for us.

It would be fine.

Daddy was very smart about little humans.

"Hiding your eyes will not prevent the vegetables from appearing on your plate, little human." Daddy did another big sigh and I knew he was shaking his head but hiding seemed like a good idea.

"There were lots of veggies on the counter, Daddy." And somehow, he'd even snuck the veggie dino nuggets in the cart too.

I was going to have to pay lots more attention next time because he was sneaky.

"Human littles will consume vegetables if offered in a creative and distracting presentation." Daddy patted my head as I hid my face against my coloring book. "But you will not appreciate the visuals I have created if you continue to hide."

Oh, shoot.

I had to appreciate Daddy or he'd get sad.

"Thank you for making them pretty for me, Daddy." What else? "You worked really hard and you found lots of healthy stuff at the store for me, Daddy."

He'd even found good stuff for sandwiches and had decided that I could use a spoon to spread the mayo around when he was gone. Mr. Aristotle had told Daddy that spoons were safe because I was smart enough not to do anything naughty with them.

I wasn't sure what I could do naughty with a spoon, but I'd told Daddy that he and Mr. Aristotle were so smart and I'd be very safe.

"And thank you for letting me use the spoons, Daddy." Yep, I should be nice about that too.

“Compromises are important.” He gave me another pat but then waited...and waited.

Daddy was so patient.

Ugh.

I lifted my head and peeked.

“Oh...” That wasn’t scary...and Daddy was right... he’d needed the little trees. “Daddy, it’s very pretty.”

Daddy had made me a mashed potato volcano with trees and boulders and logs that got knocked down by the lava and there was so much lava to dip the veggies and the dinosaurs into.

“It’s...I’ve got lava for the dinosaurs and the trees and everything.” I had sooo much lava.

“There are many helpful tutorials online about making the human food named *gravy*.” Daddy was looking at it like he was worried it might be slimy.

So I stuck my finger in the lava to taste it.

“It’s not slimy, Daddy.” I gave him some, and after he sighed, he licked my finger. “It’s not slimy like the mayo, Daddy. You’ll like this.”

It was just kind of sticky or slippery or something... but it wasn’t slimy.

Nope.

It was *lava gravy*.

And it was getting everywhere.

Wright

Cultural research must be widened to include the study of slick and mildly adhesive viscous substances in the human diet. Particular attention should be paid to answering the question of why they are considered desirable.

Chapter 14

Dane

"I don't know how it happened, Daddy." Somehow it was messier than mayo. "It just...it was very good."

I tried to run my finger over the plate to find the last of the gravy, but Daddy was fast and stole the plate.

"Your curious habit of exploring every surface with your fingers is making a mess, little human." Daddy was looking at me like I was a wiggly bug as he came back over to the table. "You are—"

"Not slimy, Daddy."

He didn't like slimy.

"Sticky." He said it like it was kind of like being slimy but then he said the best words. "You need a bath."

Bubbles!

"The directions for this project should have included several warning labels. I shall leave an educational comment on the website to help future Caretaker Dominants in their planning." Daddy sighed and shook his head as he picked me up and held me out in front of him. "*Numerous* warning labels were excluded."

"You'll be helpful and tell them to fix it, Daddy." And I was helpful for making sure he knew what they were missing.

We were all helpful.

"Can I have more gravy with breakfast?" Daddy held me tighter as his eyes got big, so I thought he didn't

understand. "It can go on eggs and toast and grits and maybe oatmeal?"

I wasn't so sure about that one, so I just kept going as he carried me into the bathroom. "And biscuits. I have those in a can. And...and lots of stuff. Oh, sausage and bacon too."

Everything would be better with gravy.

"We shall see, little human." The way he frowned, I knew that was Daddy speak for no. "Finding more recipes will be at the top of my tasks list."

Hmm, maybe it wasn't a no?

"I liked your dinner, Daddy." Looking cute seemed like a better plan than pouting. "I'd like your biscuits too."

Or toast.

I wasn't picky.

"I appreciate the compliments and the clear enthusiasm, my little human." Daddy nodded like that was very important. "Yes, that is what we will focus on, your fervent praise."

Because I was such a good boy.

Yep.

So I reached out and grabbed his face to give him a kiss. "I'm fervent to you, Daddy."

He couldn't seem to decide if he wanted to laugh or sigh. "I am as well, my Dane."

That made me giggle. "I'm your little human now, Daddy."

Laughing, Daddy shook his head. "How could I forget?"

"I don't know." I tried to shrug but he trapped my hands as he set me down in the bathroom. I was stuck

but I didn't forget my words. "It's probably cause you're smart, Daddy. You think about lots."

He thought so much he made me stuck.

"Daddy?" I wiggled again but he just held me tighter like that finger puzzle thingy that'd trapped me that I got from the Dollar Store. "I'm stuck."

"I am being helpful, my little human mate." He gave me his bug look again as he started filling the tub with water. "Otherwise, you would spread the edible viscous substance *everywhere*."

But it was so good.

"It's not slimy, Daddy." He kept forgetting that, so I tried to hold out my hands and show him. "It's just good."

Not slimy.

Nope.

Daddy just sighed and pretended not to hear me.

He was *so* dramatic about not-slimy things.

"Daddies who love their little boys lots would always give them big hugs and let them touch stuff." Yep, the best Daddies let their littles touch everything. "You love me, Daddy, so I should get to touch stuff."

"That advice is questionable, my little human." Daddy didn't even sigh as he poured in the bubble stuff and dumped my toys in the tub. "My emotional attachment to you does not affect my ability to keep you safe or to keep you from dispersing *gravy* onto every surface that you encounter."

Shoot.

I was gonna give him a big *big* sigh, but he distracted me.

He was good at that.

He started taking off my clothes so he could put me in the tub. "I can help, Daddy. But I'm still kinda stuck."

Daddy was really good at keeping me stuck and getting me naked.

He was smart.

I was gonna have to remember that was dangerous.

"If you would stop attempting to escape, I would not need to hold you so securely." Daddy frowned when I almost got unstuck as he took my shirt off. "You are very dexterous, my little human."

Daddy cheated.

He picked me up again.

"This is much safer." Daddy nodded to himself as he finished getting me and the tub ready...and I couldn't even wiggle.

I was big stuck and Daddy looked like he'd won a big prize. "Yes, being a proficient caretaker to a human little requires patience and creativity. I shall make a note of that as well."

Well, if I made Daddy be creative and use his smarts, then he couldn't be mad at me later.

I was being helpful because Daddy liked being smart.

"You're very creative, Daddy." Looking down at the floor, I pouted, but I didn't sigh too much as he took a washcloth and wiped my face and hands and legs. "And you're very strong."

Yep, he cheated.

But I forgot to stay pouty once he put me in the tub with my toys and my bubbles. He'd even put my ship in the tub and it was bobbing around in the bubbles just waiting for a monster.

A very polite one that wouldn't hurt any real humans...and wasn't slimy.

"I shall remember to prepare the bathroom in advance the next time gravy is included in a meal." Daddy shook his head again and crossed two tentacles over his chest. "That information should have been included in the recipe as well."

Daddy was going to be very helpful and tell them how to fix the recipe. "You're so smart, Daddy."

He puffed up and nodded, looking big and like a proud pirate. "I am highly intelligent and have the creativity and imagination to adapt to having a human little as a submissive. I am very impressive."

Yep, Daddy was a very proud pirate.

But soon he was going to be a Kraken.

I just had to find the right toys to play that, but it was hard because Daddy kept me stuck in the tub too. "I found it."

The clear plastic ball was perfect for the Kraken game, but it was hard to find in the tub. It looked like the bubbles and kept escaping because it wasn't stuck with a Daddy seat belt just 'cause it slipped one time...or two.

Holding up the toy so Daddy could see, I wiggled it around. "This is the special submarine that is going in the ocean to explore. The smart man inside is going to find a very nice but very *biiiiig* special tentacle friend called a Kraken."

Yep, nothing scary here.

They were just going to be special friends.

"And he's going to save the scientist and then...and then take him to an island where they can be friends together." Good friends. Naked friends. "They're both very nice."

Daddy scoffed. "I have read fictional accounts of this *Kraken*, my little human Dane. I do not think it would be a pleasant encounter."

The human was going to have lots of fun...I'd read about it in a book.

"It'll be fine, Daddy." I gave him my biggest, most sweetest smile. "It's just pretend."

And kissing made everything nice.

And abducting the cute scientist wasn't mean if the Kraken was saving him.

Yes, he'd be grateful and that meant more kisses.

"Your smile is slightly more wicked than I think you are intending, my little human Dane. It must be altered if you wish to continue with the fallacy in question."

Shoot.

"That is better." Daddy patted me on the head then took the ball and put it on the ship. "Scientific vessels are important to society and should be the most up to date. We shall use our imaginations. I am pretending there is a large mechanical lift to safely introduce the submarine to the ocean below."

He gave me a look that made me sigh when I reached for the boat. "There is no *man overboard* for scientists."

Aww.

"Yes, Daddy." Nodding, I made the sounds for the big arm that would plunk it in the ocean. "Down he goes. Safely. And nicely. And no man overboard."

Just a big monster waiting down below.

He was going to be scary and cute and keep his special friend scientist all safe away from everything so he could kiss him.

It was going to be so much fun...once I figured out how to explain nice friendly kissing to Daddy.

“And they lived happily ever after.” Yes, that was good. He couldn’t argue with fairy tales. They were always nice and innocent and happy. “With lots of babies.”

Daddy cocked his head. “I do not think scientific curiosity works in that manner, my little human.”

I shrugged. “You were curious about me, Daddy. And you guys were curious about humans.”

Daddy made a thinking sound as he picked up the washcloth again. “This requires more thought.”

He kept looking at the island, a small floating plate, and frowning. “Your definition of consent is also highly questionable.”

Daddy didn’t seem to understand pretend.

“I have more gravy, Daddy.” Yep, it was time for drastic measures. “I’m sticky.”

I had to save my new friends, so I would distract Daddy so they could kiss and make babies.

Lots and lots of babies.

But Daddy wasn’t a Kraken so no babies here.

No little babies in the tub...just little me in the tub.

But as Daddy ran the washcloth over my arms and down my chest, I pushed out my tummy. Daddy was so smart he knew he had to sigh and shake his head right away. “We have had the discussion on human anatomy, my little human Dane.”

“But I’d look very cute with Kraken babies in my tummy.” I lost my Kraken belly when Daddy tickled me.

When I giggled and wiggled, he kept me safe and stuck and chased away the last of the gravy. “I find you to be highly attractive in all forms, my little human.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” I tried to throw my arms around him and give him a big hug but I was still stuck. “I’m gonna hug you when I’m free, Daddy.”

Daddy sat up straighter and looked around. “Thank you for the warning, my little human.”

He was so silly, he covered himself in a towel. “Now we are ready to remove you from the water. You are starting to wrinkle.”

Picking up my hand, he turned it over and frowned at my fingers like they’d been naughty. “For a species that enjoys water to such an extent, your anatomy was not designed to live in it for any period of time.”

I shrugged.

Humans were fun.

Bodies were weird.

That was why we needed Daddies.

“But we have to save...the scientists on the boat.” Yes, we’d lost them somewhere but they probably needed help too. “I—”

I looked down as the water started to disappear. “Oh, Daddy.”

Daddy’d been sneaky, and somehow, he’d already unplugged the tub. “We have numerous additional steps in our evening routine, my little human. You have already yawned three times.”

Ugh.

My own yawns tattled on me.

It wasn’t fair.

“I have to—” Before I could figure out what I had to do, Daddy picked me up and wrapped me in a towel. “Daddy...”

He looked like he was going to laugh. “Dane...”

“No, Daddy.” Shaking my head as he stood up and started to dry me off, I sighed. “I’m your little human or your little human Dane. Or maybe your little Dane?”

He knew I was right because he nodded right away as he carried me over to the sink. “I was being facetious. However, my little Dane does have a pleasing sound to the moniker.”

Daddy started brushing my teeth before I could tell him I liked it when he was silly and that I liked my new name...and he even distracted me after I was all clean so I couldn’t tell him then either.

He was very sneaky.

Picking me up again, he kept me wrapped in my towel as he carried me to the playroom. “The rest of our evening shall consist of finding you appropriate clothing, watching a cartoon program while you have a bottle, and that will be followed by bedtime.”

A bottle?

I wiggled and snuggled against Daddy. “My bottles are in the kitchen, Daddy. I... They...”

Hmm.

“They help you to regress to a younger state of mind so that you can enjoy submitting more completely.” He ran his tentacle over my back and held me tighter. “I have read up on the fascinating phenomenon and I will provide you the appropriate framework with which to submit.”

Huh?

Oh.

'Ppropriate meant diapers.

Wright

The subvariant of human littles who desire to wear the protective, sometimes disposable clothing called a diaper provide the best possible mates for caretaking. However, they are exceedingly difficult to find due to confusing cultural norms.

Chapter 15

Dane

Daddy was really smart.

He was confident too.

He even remembered *everything*...like where the diapers were.

I'd kind of thought he might've forgotten about them since he hadn't pointed them out in the playroom, but I forgot that Daddy was sneaky.

"You have had a long day of human work, becoming acquainted with new individuals, you even ran errands and became sticky." Daddy ran his hand over my back and rocked me in his arms making me yawn again.

So sneaky.

"You discussed crafts with numerous individuals who needed to find ways to express their human need for creativity." Somehow as Daddy kept listing off all the grown-up stuff I'd done, he made me even tired. "You also colored and played imaginative games in the tub. You also struggled mightily to escape."

"I..." Shoot. I did it again. "I'm not tired, Daddy."

Maybe not.

"Listing off additional activities you performed today would not be difficult, my little Dane. Shall I continue?" Daddy made a humming sound when I sighed. "I am glad to see you are capitulating to my logic."

Daddy used big words but I knew he meant he liked winning.

Daddy was a brat too, but since he was Daddy, he got to decide that was okay.

It was cheating, but he was Daddy.

So I had to think of better ways to be right, but he distracted me again when he put me on the bed. "If you are a good boy and do not injure yourself by impacting with the floor, I will reward you later."

Huh?

Oh.

"I won't fall, Daddy." I was good at learning lessons. "I'll stay still."

Because the floor was hard.

Daddy was really smart because he looked very suspicious. "We must look into additional safety restraints."

As I tried to look very still and very innocent, Daddy went over to the closet to get my stuff. "Until I find the appropriate device, we will rearrange your little space so that I can keep you safe."

I must've looked confused because as he brought my diaper and a onesie with rabbits on it over to the bed, he gestured around the room. "We will move the bed closer to your diapers, little mate."

Oh.

"I like games." I looked around the room as Daddy lifted my bottom up off the bed. "Can I have stars on the ceiling, Daddy? I read a book and the boy had stars. And Legos. I have Legos, but he had Legos too."

I didn't have stars, though.

"Stars are educational and can be aesthetically appealing. I will research what other caretakers have done to provide visual stimulation." Daddy brought the

diaper up between my legs and didn't even scrunch his face up.

"Some Daddies don't like diapers." I had human fun facts too. "But some do."

Daddy looked confused and tilted his head. "I must admit ignorance. I do not understand why anyone would object to such complete caretaking."

I shrugged as Daddy sat me up to put my onesie on. "I don't know."

I kind of knew but I didn't want to talk about mean people.

As my head popped through the head hole, he kissed it. "You are allowing caretaking on an intimate level that shows your trust in me. That will always be valued, little mate."

He put my hands through the sleeves and moved me around like a doll, making me giggle. "Seeing your happiness is also something I will value, my little Dane."

By the time Daddy had moved me around again and buttoned the onesie to cover my diaper, I was yawning and made gimmie fingers so he'd pick me up. "Daddy."

He was so smart he knew I needed cuddles and wrapped me up tight. "That's..."

Sneaky yawns.

"You're such a good Daddy." I managed to hug him, but it was kinda hard because I was stuck again. "Smart and...and funny...and you play..."

Yes.

There was other stuff but it kept leaking out of my head when I yawned.

"You are also smart and funny, my little mate." Daddy kissed my head as he started walking us to the kitchen. "You are also generous with your affection and

were a gracious host who allowed others to keep you safe.”

Safe.

Yes, that was important to Daddy.

There was something I was supposed to tell him about that, but it leaked out too. I tried to find it, but by the time we got to the kitchen, it was just gone. Thoughts were so slippery they kept escaping. Maybe Daddy was right to keep me wrapped up and safe.

I might escape without even knowing I'd done it.

“Everything’s slippery, Daddy.” He patted my head and made one of his thinking sounds. “You’ll keep them from wandering off or escaping.”

“That is what dominant caretakers are for, my little human.” Daddy was so good at doing everything at the same time, he walked me and rocked me and even got my bottle.

Magic.

I wished everyone had tentacles so they could do all the stuff, but I was pretty sure I'd just do naughty stuff if I had all those hands.

Was that why humans only had two?

We'd get into trouble if we had more.

“Your logic is fascinating, my little human, but I am going to sternly suggest that thinking is over for the night.” Daddy curled me up on my side and brought the bottle up to my mouth before I could pout and tell him I wasn't too tired for thinking.

He was so fast.

“Good boy.” Sucking on my bottle got me more cuddles and he gave me a big smile. “Complete submission into your most youthful headspace will

provide you with relaxation and comfort after such a long day.”

I liked sucking or I'd have pouted.

For some reason.

Yes, I liked pouting too.

But Daddy kept rocking me and that made my pout escape too.

He was so sneaky.

I kept forgetting that.

I forgot to keep my eyes open too but that was Daddy's fault because one small tentacle stroked over my forehead. It was like a magic button that made my eyelids not work. Once I'd finished my bottle, I'd tell him that I was broken but I liked sucking.

I liked being rocked too.

Daddy knew that, so he took me back to my chair. “Adjustments to plans and schedules must be made to provide the best caretaking possible. We will watch cartoons another time. I am altering our agenda to gliding and playing age-appropriate music.”

Music?

Oh.

As Daddy snuggled me in the chair, the Sleeping Beauty music came on from his phone and he started us going back and forth. Between the sucking and the music and the snuggling, I gave up trying to make my eyelids work. “Yes, that is a good little human mate. You are safe with your Daddy and your mate and I will be a highly competent caretaker for you.”

I told myself I'd tell Daddy how good he was...after my bottle and...and after something else...

As soon as I rolled over and tried to figure out why I seemed to be stuck, the world tilted and I was floating.

It took a few seconds to remember Daddy but that was okay because he was still kind of new. "Daddy?"

Hopefully it was just Daddy and I hadn't gotten abducted by new bad aliens.

That would suck and be kind of ironic considering how quickly I'd fallen for this one.

He made shushing sounds and patted my back as he carried me somewhere. "I must immediately take charge and give you the appropriate reminders that I am proud of you."

It was too early for whatever he was trying to be nice about.

Wait.

Forcing one eye open, last night started to come back to me, and I knew why Daddy was panicking making sure that I didn't panic.

Clearly, his book on taking care of human submissives had mentioned the wake-up and freak-out that sometimes happened.

It was really thorough research.

I didn't think I needed him to be quite so take-charge and worried, though. But before I could figure that out, he ran a tentacle over my head and gave me a big smile.

"Good boy, little human, you slept all night and are now refreshed as planned, and will calmly allow me to continue your intimate care." He'd charged right back in like it was all really important, but it was way too early to start sorting through what he meant. "You were even helpful enough to begin waking up before your alarm, so we have additional time in your schedule for an appropriate wakeup routine."

Somehow that meant he was going to plop us down in the glider again.

And he had a bottle.

With coffee.

The caretaking book had gone slightly wonky with this one, but I wasn't going to argue with anything that got me a caffeine delivery first thing in the morning.

"I have adapted the suggested routine for your safety and chemical dependency, my Dane." Daddy seemed to know I wasn't little, but he still slipped the nipple of the bottle between my lips and started gliding us back and forth.

I gave up trying to sort through the weirdness and just closed my eyes as I enjoyed my iced coffee. It really wasn't a bad way to wake up and I was about a quarter of the way through my coffee before I realized I was still in my diaper and I had to pee.

Oh.

A new routine.

Was he bribing me with coffee to use my diaper without worrying?

Sneaky Daddy.

But he was Daddy and my Dom and my mate...and he was doing his best to start our day off right. It was kind of cute and I really couldn't panic when he'd planned it out so thoroughly. How had he found so much time to plot and plan?

Hmm, I was going to have to ask if he slept like a human because I couldn't remember him actually sleeping.

I really needed to start writing down the things I needed to research.

Maybe that was how he had so much time to study up on humans?

It was definitely a question for another time because my bladder was being very loud and my coffee was really good and Daddy clearly wasn't moving until I'd been a good submissive human little mate and used my diaper.

No one had warned me that finding the man of my dreams would be so interesting.

Mate of my dreams?

"Yes, good boy, my Dane." One of the smaller tentacles kept stroking over my head and he was almost radiating positive confidence like he could will me into being okay with everything and not having a human panic attack.

He was so cute and delightfully insane.

But he was right in this case.

I wasn't sure I should be rewarding his behavior...but he'd brought me coffee and he was doing his best to make me happy while doing what he thought was right.

Which was honestly a lot more than my past couple of relationships had tried to do.

Snuggling closer to Daddy and encouraging his tentacles to wrap around me even more, I tried to put out happy thoughts as he wrapped me up tight. "I am very proud of you for being so brave and confident in your mate, my Dane."

Confident in my mate?

It took a few more potty dance wiggles and another quarter of my bottle before I'd worked out what he might've meant. He saw it as my being confident that *he* wasn't going to panic. He'd been trying to show me that he wasn't going to have any issues with what he saw as intimate caretaking.

Right or not, it seemed like he'd needed the cuddle even more than I had, so I rubbed my cheek against his torso and managed to wiggle a hand free enough to pet one of his bigger limbs as I drank my bottle like a good boy.

Happy thoughts.

Happy thoughts.

Relaxing thoughts.

Daddy was amazing thoughts.

Bingo.

He made a happy, almost humming sound and rippled around me. "Yes, you are a happy mate and there is no reason to worry. Allowing me to take care of you as my submissive mate provides me with much pleasure."

Don't worry, you're making me happy too?

Sounded good to me.

So I just relaxed like he wanted and sucked, and eventually, my mind and my bladder got on the same page and I officially became a very good boy for Daddy. When my diaper was full, he gave me more ripply hugs and pats and pleased sounds no human could've ever made.

It was impossible to be anything but utterly content. I was too much of a sub to not respond to all his proud happiness. Every excited hug made me feel so good. Daddy loved that I trusted him and that I knew he wanted to take care of me.

Ugh.

Yep, it was going to be a new routine alright.

But at least I got coffee?

Wright

While there has been some debate over the different variants in submissives, I can highly endorse a relationship with the praise-based reward-motivated subvariant. The smallest actions when accompanied by the appropriate “good boy” verbiage can be seen as emotionally rewarding to a human submissive.

The range of options that can be seen as a reward is extensive and I have found it to be personally gratifying. See chapters on avoiding morning-after emotional trauma and reward-based reinforcement for additional details.

Chapter 16

Dane

“I have not forgotten that you are a submissive human who responds well to rewards, my Dane.” Daddy looked very pleased with himself as he finished cleaning me with the wipe and I had to assume it was because he’d gotten a very thorough *rise* out of me.

“Thank you, Daddy.” I had no idea what his plan would be, but he’d been so fascinating already, I decided not to even try to guess. “I like rewards.”

And I liked making my Daddy all excited and happy.

He was adorable when he was planning naughty things.

Patting my head, he smiled even wider. “I have such a good human submissive.”

I was clearly the best mate ever and he decided that meant my dick needed some attention.

Yay for rewards.

And yay for Daddies that didn’t think diaper changes should be awkward.

“As a good boy, you deserve a reward.” Daddy seemed to have a very well-planned idea of what kind of reward he should give me, and I had a moment where the sleep question popped back into my head.

But he chased it away again as one of his larger limbs slipped between me and the mattress on the bed and he wrapped me up tight. I’d overthink what he was doing all night another time. He was too distracting at the

moment for me to care, because I loved the way he could completely immobilize me.

I couldn't help moaning as his limbs slid over me, which just made him even more pleased and got me even more wonderfully trapped. "Yes, good boy, my mate."

I loved being Daddy's good boy.

But every time I tried to tell him, he'd wrap another tentacle around me and soon the only thing that could move was my dick...and all it wanted to do was wave at him and beg for attention. Even my brain seemed trapped in my head because it felt wonderfully heavy and slow as Daddy's limbs rippled over me again.

"Your enjoyment of my tentacles provides much satisfaction, my Dane." Daddy sounded almost like my *enjoyment* gave him some kind of desire-like pleasure, but I wasn't thinking straight enough to figure out how to even ask a question about it.

I managed another moan but that was mostly automatic because he'd flicked the head of my cock with the tip of one thinned-out tentacle and sparks fired through me. He held me so tight, I couldn't reach for him or even shake, so it felt like he'd trapped the incredible sensations inside me too.

It made me feel even more helpless and that just made my dick beg even more.

Daddy liked that, though.

He smiled as he sweetly caressed the head of my dick and then gave it another smack that had me gasping and my eyes nearly rolling back in my head it was so good. "I have continued studying more about the human submissive's desire for painful pleasures. Your internet provides education on many different techniques."

Yay for the internet?

“But do not worry, my Dane.” Daddy gave me another light smack that had me desperately trying to thrust up against him. “I have consulted with Aristotle and Evan about appropriate safety measures and have confirmed my knowledge of human pain tolerances in relation to your preferences.”

Good grief.

We were going to have to talk about who he was oversharing with but that could wait until after I’d orgasmed...at least a few times...and after I’d sent Evan flowers for being so helpful.

Another flick of his tentacle over my slit had my breath getting caught in my lungs but it also almost made me come. For a second, I worried about the mixed signals I was probably sending but Daddy just hummed pleasantly, and I realized he had several tentacles wrapped around pulse points.

He was smart.

Or maybe Evan was smart?

Someone else probably deserved flowers too, but I wasn’t going to figure out who until after I’d exploded and Daddy had put me back together. He must’ve sensed the point where I decided nothing else mattered because the painful pleasure came faster and he even spread my legs to spank right over my hole.

Then he decided to up his game.

Whip-like tentacles flicked over my nipples and my dick and my hole in lightning-fast succession and soon it was coming so quickly, all I could do was let the pleasure and pain sweep through me like fire. It might’ve been five minutes or it could’ve been an hour, but just as it got to be too good and was almost too much, I tried to cry out but nothing was working like it should. Daddy was magic, though. He thrust a thicker

tentacle into me and nailed my prostate in one smooth motion.

Describing my orgasm as fireworks would've been an understatement.

The only reason I knew I didn't die and come back to life was because Daddy wasn't worried. Nope. He was so pleased with himself that he was nearly floating and his excitement sparked my mind that time.

As a few brain cells clumped together again, I wondered if he knew he should *not* talk to people at work about how good he was at giving me orgasms.

"You are a wonderful submissive human for trusting your Daddy and mate." His limbs stroked over me and he was looking at me with such pride, I knew I'd been worried about the wrong thing.

He was going to tell everyone what a good sub he had.

Shoot.

"Thank you, Daddy." Wiggling just enough to get him to relax his restraining hold and shift me to the cuddling hold, I snuggled into his torso and kissed his chest.

It was the only part I could reach but it worked and got a soft, happy sound from him. "Daddy? Did Evan and Aristotle explain to you that with most regular human jobs you can't talk about what a good submissive you have at home?"

His disappointed and slightly dramatic sigh sent relief flooding through me.

"Yes, my Dane." He seemed dejected to have to admit it. "Humans have curious expectations around privacy and mates. I will not mention spankings or little time or submission at work."

He wasn't done pouting yet but I was just glad he wasn't going to brag about my orgasm at work. "I find I am being subjected to the uncomfortable emotion of jealousy. Aristotle is allowed to show off his mate at work in a variety of ways."

Daddy was pouting that we weren't doing porn?

"Well...but we like our jobs, so we have to make sacrifices." Right? "But we'll make friends you can brag to. I'm sure there are a lot of other couples or people in the lifestyle around here that we can get to know."

Just because my social life had sucked recently didn't mean we had to keep that track going.

It seemed like Daddy appreciated my suggestion because it got me a big hug and a happy sound from my goofy mate. "Yes, we shall plan socially engaging activities designed to meet other Dominant and submissive mates."

If anyone could do it, my Daddy could.

I just wasn't sure how he was going to do it without outing us all over the neighborhood.

This was going to be interesting.

"So..." Amy nearly bounced at the register as I double-checked to make sure we were alone. "How did it go?"

Thankfully, after a flood of people at an ungodly hour, it'd settled down to just the regulars and I'd finally gotten some peace before the lunch rush would start. The morning had been great for the balance sheet but not good for a fuzzy-headed, well-spanked sub who'd just wanted to spend the morning floating.

I'd survived, but I was still frustrated enough that fucking with her and playing dumb sounded like fun... because the crazy had to be partly her fault. "Well, the

morning went well aside from everyone on the street coming in to buy something weird.”

I glared at her because this much attention could *not* have been because Wright and I had gone out to dinner the other night. “That crazy old man who owns the smoke shop two blocks over even came in to ask me about cutting machines so he could make his own graphics.”

I couldn’t tell if he’d been high or just weird, but either way, we’d decided he should think about it before making a big purchase. He was nearly a thousand, so I wasn’t sure talking him into buying anything would be smart. The chances of him getting his money’s worth out of it were slim to none.

“What is going on, Amy?” She didn’t look guilty at all, just smiling and bouncing like her little side was desperate to come out. “Why am I the talk of the neighborhood?”

She collapsed against the counter in a heap of drama and giggles and rested her head in her hands, barely looking big enough to have the conversation. “You two were so cute.”

That was not helpful.

It was also distracting as fuck because I wanted to giggle right along with her and it wasn’t the time to be little.

No, I was going to stay big...and stern...and get some answers. Thankfully, all it took was a huff and another glare to get the words flooding out of her. “I wasn’t the one who told. It’s not my fault.”

She was delighted to be able to tell me that and it explained why she wasn’t looking more guilty. “One of the regulars at the meetups owns a sandwich shop a few blocks over and he’s the biggest gossip I’ve ever met.”

Rolling her eyes, she seemed to miss my panic. "But he knows I'll cut off his penis if he talks about BDSM or little stuff, so he was just talking about how you were dating Wright."

Great.

Well, at least the neighborhood didn't know I was a sub?

"Nearly every sale I've made over the last few days has been to people who don't craft. It's ridiculous." There hadn't been a run of returns yet, though, so I was hoping that was a good sign.

"It's like buying something to use the bathroom at the gas station." Amy shrugged, not seeing the problem. "They have to buy something and just hope they get lucky."

That was...

"My love life is not a bathroom." That set off her giggles and she had to stand up and really work at staying big.

"Stop saying things like that. I have to go back to work." Shaking her head like that would clear out the sillies, she went back to bouncing and wiggling.

If she got anything done the rest of the day, I'd be amazed.

"So you've got a love life with him?" She took my sigh as a yes and squealed. "I knew he'd like you. They're so...and you're so...aww."

That made no sense at all but she wasn't in the right headspace to realize that.

"I'm so glad you're getting along." Picking up a pink pen with a fluffy top that was really just good at being a fidget toy, she beamed as she twirled it between her fingers. "They're supposed to be really good Doms and

he was very open about wanting to be a Daddy. He's so cute but he seemed gay, so I thought of you."

She thought Wright was gay?

They really didn't seem to notice gender much aside from a *penises are fun to play with* kind of attitude, so I wasn't sure what she was talking about. But ignoring it seemed like the best idea when nothing reasonable came to mind.

"We're getting along great and they're definitely *move at lightning speed* kind of Doms." Just ones that were actually really good guys and not dickhead Doms who were pretending to be functional people.

"Is that in a *he's already my Daddy* kind of way or a *he's already moved in* kind of way?" Her grin just kept getting wider. "Because a little birdy told me that he's been at your place a lot already."

Ugh.

My attempt at a vague shrug set off her giggles again. "Really?"

That was all she could get out and she spent the next couple of minutes laughing and bouncing before she got herself under control. "You're not the *date a Daddy and bring him home* type so I'm thinking he's the one?"

I couldn't help blushing and that seemed to tell her everything she wanted to know. "I knew it."

"He's...he's special." I wasn't going to go into the mates thing because I hadn't figured out a way to explain it where we didn't sound like werewolves in a dirty romance novel.

But she didn't find it weird, it just got another romantic sigh from her before she started bouncing toward the door. "I'm so glad it's working out. Bring him again the next time you come. I bet you guys are so cute together, and oh, if you head over to the sandwich

place, Curtis will probably give you a discount for giving him more gossip. Don't pay full price if you hold hands or something."

She'd stolen my pen.

But at least she'd explained why I was getting so many weird new customers...so maybe it was worth losing the pen?

"Is she gone?" James peeked his head out of the back, whispering and looking slightly spooked. "Every time she sees me, she tries to set me up with someone. I had to buy books online last week because I was scared to go in. Online, man."

Considering how big James was into shopping locally and being...well, just thoughtful with everything, that said a lot.

"I don't know how to rescue you." I wasn't going to lie to him. "But I think hiding is reasonable until she gets distracted, and if you give me a list, I'll go pick up your books?"

That seemed to be the only way I could help and his sigh said he knew that. "Thanks."

It seemed to take a moment for him to work through his stress and it made me wonder who she'd tried to set him up with, but I wasn't sure it was worth it to ask. Eventually, he nodded to himself and took a deep breath as he straightened and stepped out of the back.

"I know I'm slightly early, but I wanted to make sure we got the stocking done because we sold a lot of weird shit over the past few days." He looked around the store before turning his gaze back to me. "Your love life is definitely good for business."

"Don't you start it too." I rolled my eyes as he laughed. "It's ridiculous."

“But they’re not picking cheap shit.” He shrugged. “At least they feel guilty enough about being nosy that they’re buying stuff with a reasonable markup.”

He had a point.

“You know, maybe you should plan on getting caught making out with him or something toward the end of the month when it gets slow?” He barely dodged the squish ball that *somehow* went flying at his head.

It was another fidget toy and soft enough that I wouldn’t have hurt him, but he managed to jump out of the way and made a dash to the storeroom. “I’m gonna see if we have more beads. That section is picked over.”

I had such a helpful employee.

I was going to have to remember that because otherwise, I’d probably kill him.

Wright

Information on how quickly humans' thoughts and emotions shift should be more detailed and possibly updated after additional research is conducted.

The estimated number of thoughts they cycle through in a minute does not appear to be correct. After experiencing the emotions of a highly creative submissive, I feel that a more appropriate starting point is double the current estimate.

New dominant mates should expect a range of feelings from their mates that do not always indicate a human's current emotional state.

Chapter 17

Dane

“Your emotions and thoughts have become highly variable, my Dane.” Daddy swept me up to cuddle me before I could even begin to process the sentence, and before I knew it, we were in the playroom chair.

Buying a new one was currently at the top of my to-do list and so far the plan was for us to go furniture shopping on Sunday. It was the only day the craft store was closed. I was usually a bit selfish and wanted to do absolutely nothing on my one day off but sometimes there were more important things than being lazy.

“I’m not upset, Daddy.” But rocking was always nice, and it got me out of explaining why he shouldn’t be frustrated at me for taking out the trash on my own earlier.

He’d still been kind of huffy about that and I wasn’t sure it was going to change anytime soon.

“Please explain the variability in your emotional well-being.” His words came out slightly skeptically, like he wasn’t sure if there was something he should be worried about.

With a human partner, I would’ve assumed he thought I was lying, but Daddy seemed to think I didn’t always know when I needed his help.

Since his thoughts were interesting at the best of times, I did my best to focus on happy memories and plans and let him cuddle me for a few moments before I tried to answer him.

When he was more relaxed and his tentacles were doing a ripply caress over me, I nuzzled against him. “I was thinking about what Amy said the other day and trying to figure out what I thought of us going to the next meetup at the bookstore.”

Daddy made a low, thinking sound and the tentacles started petting over me again like I needed to be soothed or distracted. “I do not understand why that produced such swings in your thoughts and emotions.”

Me neither.

“Um, I think I was feeling guilty for not wanting to go.” I had several things I was feeling guilty over on that front. “And I was worried about possibly offending her. I was also thinking about what we talked about with wanting to meet other couples socially and was frustrated with myself for not wanting to take the opportunity that was right in front of us.”

And that was probably just the tip of the iceberg.

“Ah.” Daddy stroked my back and snuggled me tighter against his body. “And the flash of innocent pleasure that may have been delight or amusement?”

Those were different?

No, I was not going to get into a *what do I smell like when I'm happy* discussion.

“I like the bookstore and James said something funny that I remembered. It was nothing relevant to the discussion.” That seemed to make Daddy happy and earned me another hug. The only thing I could think of was that he was pleased to have been able to toss out the one emotion that hadn't fit with the others.

As the Sesame Street song about one thing not belonging played in the back of my head, I stroked my hand over the tentacle that I could touch without trying to escape his hold. “So, nothing big or wrong was going

through my head...just lots of random stuff that all piled together."

I was going to have to remember not to think too much the next time I tried to sweep the kitchen or Daddy would start to think that was an emotionally dangerous activity.

Like cleaning the shower because, evidently, that made me too grumpy to function?

"I am glad to know there were not significant fears or worries that I neglected to monitor, my Dane." A few things fell into place as he hugged me tight again. "Is the topic of our social schedule a mental debate you are having on your own or one I may join?"

"Huh?" As I tried to piece together what he said versus what he might mean, he was sweet and explained what had been going through his head.

"Humans often feel the need to have internal debates about topics to arrange their thoughts and beliefs before they bring the discussion to other individuals." As he gave me a new human fun fact lecture, he started to sound like one of my professors from college. "This happens in work and social environments, primarily with the branch of humans labeled *introverts*."

Wait.

Did he think they were another species of humans?

No.

Not getting distracted.

Nope.

We were going to stay on track.

"I don't need to process it on my own. It just kind of popped up in my head as I was sweeping." When he went still, I realized he didn't understand how one thing related to the other. "Um, when humans are doing

something physically repetitive it can make our brains frustrated and it seems to find something random to focus on.”

“Ah.” The rippling caressing started up again as he nodded. “Repetitive physical movements prompt additional brain activity. Is this why a human who is not assigned janitorial tasks may decide to clean random spaces?”

He knew the strangest people.

“Yeah, like cleaning the breakroom or something like that?” My question had him nodding again and making his *humans are interesting* sigh.

“Yes, my Dane. It was highly curious but he would not explain.” Daddy huffed and shook his head. “His physical responses indicated embarrassment without arousal being present and he refused to expound on the phenomenon.”

Laughing wouldn’t have been the right response but I knew Daddy had probably driven that guy nuts. “Some humans just aren’t good at describing things.”

Poor guy.

“I try hard at it, though, Daddy.” Yes, a distraction was in order. What had we been talking about? Oh, random thoughts while sweeping. “Did you understand what I was saying about the socializing stuff?”

I couldn’t remember exactly what I’d said anymore because the conversation had gone too many places, so I was glad when he nodded and used that steel-trap brain of his to keep it going. “Yes, my Dane. While I appreciate Amy’s enthusiasm and intentions, I find I am not experiencing the same emotions.”

Daddy didn’t want to go either?

“Their conversation was lacking as a whole and one-dimensional at best.” His frustration with that was clear

in his voice. “The *people-watching* as it is called was not stimulating either.”

Obviously, that was some kind of cardinal sin as far as social events went.

“Where do you like to go people-watching, Daddy?” His answer was either going to be delightful or really confusing because I already knew he found the grocery store to be endlessly entertaining, but he managed to surprise me again.

“At the restaurant which serves imitation Italian cuisine called *pizza*.” There was no hesitation in his voice at all which made me even more curious.

“Do you like pizza?” It wasn’t something I’d thought to order for him, so I started to wonder if he’d been avoiding his favorite food because he assumed I didn’t like it.

“No.” To him that seemed to be a complete answer, so he didn’t elaborate until I let out a soft laugh. “The combination of ingredients is interesting in a scientific capacity, but I have not found a consistency that I enjoy.”

I thought I knew what he meant by that...thin crust versus something like deep dish, but I figured that discussion could wait until I knew what we were talking about.

“Why do you like going to the pizza place then?” It was something about people-watching, so maybe it had to do with BDSM in some way, but I couldn’t remember any local events that met up at a restaurant.

A coffee shop about an hour away was the only thing that came to mind but that didn’t seem to be what he was describing.

“It has a highly diverse clientele and there are two youthful members of our species who are starting out on their mate journey. It is highly educational and

entertaining." Daddy seemed confused when all I could do was groan. "I find inebriated humans to be curious creatures but the youthful flirtation does not include alcohol."

Don't worry, they're sober?

It was good to know but I felt so bad for the guys that were under such a weird microscope.

"Daddy, how many people are going there on a regular basis to watch them flirt?" How were they functioning at all?

"I do not know an exact number, my Dane." Daddy shrugged and seemed to think the question was odd at the very least. "From what I have seen, the numbers vary. The individuals and couples who are watching alter on a random schedule. However, I have seen at least twenty separate cross-species couples and individuals."

Oh, good grief.

Wait.

"That many cross-species couples?" I wasn't sure if that sounded speciesist or not, but I went with the description for the time being. "Friends of yours?"

"No." It just took a few seconds of silence that time for him to realize that wasn't enough of a response. "However, there appears to be several in domination-based relationships."

He was a wealth of curious information sometimes.

"Maybe this weekend we should go people-watch and get pizza? If it's any kind of an Italian restaurant we could get you pasta instead?" They might have a salad or something like that too. "There has to be something other than pizza."

"I will be happy to experience curious and drunk humans with you while consuming mediocre nutrition."

He gave me one last long hug before sitting me up and making me feel a bit like a doll he was playing with. "Have we answered all of your varied concerns?"

I had no idea.

"Yes." It seemed to be the easiest answer but I added a qualifier just in case. "But if I start thinking more, I'll let you know."

He didn't seem to understand how that was insane at all and just nodded like it was a very serious conversation. "Thank you, my Dane. I will do my best to remember the psychological connection between manual labor and a varied thought process."

"Thank you, Daddy." Kissing his cheek because I wasn't sure there was another good response, I tried not to smile too big. "I don't want you to worry."

Otherwise, we'd never get anything done.

And we were only halfway through cleaning my place, we hadn't even made it over to his at all yet.

Shit.

Now I had another random varied thought process.

"Daddy?" I hadn't even made it out of his lap, so I just curled back in as I remembered something else we should've already talked about. "Where do you live?"

He'd spent nearly all of his free time at my house for the last week and had only gone back to his place long enough to water a plant.

God, that'd nearly taken a thesaurus and a biology degree to figure out.

Who called plants by their Latin names anymore?

It'd sounded like he was hydrating a demon, not talking about a fucking flower he'd been given at some kind of work event.

The way he cocked his head said he didn't understand where the odd question had come from, but he seemed to chalk it up to some kind of human thing because he answered right away. "I am renting a room from my immediate supervisor at my place of employment. For some reason, he found my initial house-hunting journey in this city to be...cumbersome and advised me to move into the miniature building that he calls a pool house."

Before I could respond, he leaned down and frowned at me. "Did you know that does not mean the house contains a pool but that it is a house *beside* a pool? I am not even certain a pool is necessary. Human naming conventions are curious."

He had a good point, so I didn't laugh.

"I'm glad you found a place to live, Daddy." Well, at least it meant he didn't have a lease to break when we stopped pretending he wasn't living with me already. "Why was your house hunting cumbersome?"

He used the best words.

Based on his frown, Daddy didn't seem to understand what had gone wrong. "I was told that choosing rental housing should not be based on the varied nature of the local inhabitants and that safety was a factor I was not taking into consideration."

Oh.

"However, I have not interacted with humans who made me unsafe." He shrugged like the thought was weird. "As long as I am firm and use my inflection to indicate their inappropriate behavior, most humans make good decisions and keep their weapons holstered securely."

Where the fuck had he tried to rent?

Nope.

“I’m glad you found a safe place to live and I’m sorry it’s not as interesting as your other options.” God, his boss must’ve freaked the fuck out when he realized his brilliant new employee was going to get himself killed before he’d made them millions of dollars.

“Maybe you should explain that you’re moving in with your partner and into a very safe neighborhood when you get around to telling him you’re leaving.” The comment kind of went off from the plan of pretending he wasn’t living with me, but giving his boss a heart attack was not a good idea either.

I’d hoped that Daddy would kind of miss that aspect of what I’d said, but he went very still and then very squiggly.

I’d broken Daddy.

Petting his chest, I went back to basics and thought about happy things and silly memories and added in a few delightful fantasies about lightning.

Bingo.

He went back to his normal consistency and started petting me again as he carefully rocked us like he was keeping track of the rhythm in his head. “I have a firm grasp on human dating rituals and I have also extensively researched average timelines for major events in human relationships.”

He paused like he was either trying to let that sink in or figure out what to say next, but I wasn’t sure how to help. “However, I will keep your advice in mind when we approach that relationship event. In a long time, of course, because I am not rushing my mate into making commitments he might find to be troubling if introduced in too quick succession.”

Huh?

So it was okay to take over my life as long as we both pretended he wasn’t taking over my life?

Doms were fascinating creatures.

“We’re not both human, Daddy.” Had he thought I’d forgotten that?

What the fuck did that chapter in the book say about moving in together?

Not sure how to fix this, I tried to focus on logic he couldn’t argue with. “We’re mates, so we’re not just dating. You’re also very trustworthy and you can’t take good care of me if you’re too far away.”

Got it in one try.

His limbs squeezed me so tight I almost popped like a balloon before he remembered humans weren’t that squishy. “Oh, my Dane. Yes. You are a very smart submissive human. We are both unique individuals and must set boundaries and timeline goals based on our specific relationship. Good boy, my Dane.”

Weirdest conversation ever.

“We must reinforce your appropriate behavior and smart decision-making, my Dane.” As Daddy scooped me up in his limbs and started carrying me out of the playroom, I remembered what reinforcing good behaviors meant.

Yay.

But eventually, I was going to have to finish sweeping.

I was a good sub, though, so pleasing my Dom had to come first.

Yep, there was nothing I could do about that.

Wright

Never forget that human logic is highly variable. One individual will hold firmly to traditional dating timelines and another will see the logic in living with their mate as soon as possible. There does not seem to be any scientific way to predict their reactions.

Chapter 18

Dane

“I really think this is more important, Daddy.” Shoot. I was going to have to watch that when we got to the store. Calling him Daddy would not make dealing with the salespeople easier. “We can go get more vegetables later this weekend. I don’t know how quickly they can deliver a new chair, and I don’t want to have to worry about trying to get that organized next week.”

The idea of strangers coming in to carry a large chair up to the second floor had him sighing and the weird pushback stopped. “You are right, my Dane. That is an activity I must be present for and I have additional meetings this week.”

Since that seemed to be painful, I tried to look sympathetic.

“My division has started the interesting human habit of *meetings that should have been emails*.” He enunciated the last part so oddly, I almost laughed as he started moving around the living room, gathering up his phone and wallet as he mumbled to himself about falling humans and heavy furniture.

The list of all the things that were stressful just kept going and it seemed like Daddy had found something new to obsess about. Delivery men. Of course, the whole buying furniture thing seemed to frustrate him too, so I probably shouldn’t have been surprised that he didn’t like that part either.

I knew there had to be something else going on in his fascinating brain, but I waited until we were in the car

and I was safely buckled in after a long lecture on the dangers of being wiggly in a moving vehicle before bringing it up.

Cars were much more dangerous than coffee makers, but he hadn't figured out a way to get around needing one yet, so he'd just sucked it up.

And complained.

A lot.

But at least he hadn't tried to take the car away from me, so I was going to listen to his worries politely. I was also going to pretend that I never drove at all and stayed home all week. Yep, there was no reason to mention bank runs or having to go to the post office.

"Why don't you want to go pick out a new chair?" There was some kind of logic, but I hadn't figured it out yet.

Daddy liked rocking me.

Daddy had understood why I wanted a little chair and a grown-up chair.

Daddy had even helped me move furniture around in the bedroom so the chair already had a home.

He just hadn't wanted to actually buy it.

"I have not found salespeople to be..." His voice trailed off and he let out a wonderfully dramatic sigh. "It is not polite, my Dane."

Daddy was never rude.

None of them were ever rude.

This was going to be fun.

"I won't tell, Daddy, but I think I need to understand it before we get to the store." Or he was going to be dramatic all afternoon and that would drive me crazy.

“So please feel free to be rude and I won’t hold it against you.”

He wiggled and let out a deep breath as he somehow used nearly every limb to drive the car. It was distracting as fuck to watch and let him drag out answering me way too long. But eventually, I managed to pull my gaze back to the front and he realized I was paying attention again.

“Please remember you encouraged my discourtesy, my Dane.” He sounded ashamed of himself but he’d also gotten the same tone when he’d forgotten to buy milk at the store the other day...so I wasn’t overly concerned yet.

“I promise, Daddy.”

Yep, I was right.

“The humans that have self-designated as *salespeople* are...are not intelligent, my Dane. It is...I was...” He actually had to take a deep breath, but I was too focused on controlling myself to give him the right amount of sympathy.

It was just too funny.

“They do not understand color variations and most cannot articulate how their items are designed or manufactured.” He seemed shocked by that. He could’ve made more sense out of seeing humans walking around naked to sell showerheads better. “No matter if they are selling cars or beds or the appliance called a toaster, they do not understand the basic components.”

Oh, that would’ve been...

I’d have loved to have been a fly on the wall for those conversations.

“I’ll handle the salespeople, Daddy.” Yep, I could do that. “I don’t mind dealing with smart humans or dumb ones, and I’ll use simple words to describe the colors.”

His relief was almost tangible, but he seemed sad or something. "I cannot make my human mate suffer."

God, he was the cutest thing ever.

"But I'm a sub, Daddy, remember?" How could I word this where it wouldn't come back and bite me in the ass? "I don't always want to suffer for you, but I like taking care of you, and this is something that's not dangerous. It's just annoying."

I hadn't sounded like I was trying to suffer constantly.

I'd reinforced there was a difference between dangerous and just being a pain in the ass.

I'd made sure he remembered that I liked taking care of him.

Perfect.

He let out his *my sub is so cute* sigh and I thought we'd made progress. "I will handle this struggle if it is too stressful for you, my Dane. I am your Dominant Caregiver."

He was Daddy, so he should suffer not me?

"I promise to let you know if it becomes too stressful and I need help." What else? What else? "Oh, and maybe we should look up the company website online before we go in? I think that might have a better breakdown of how the chair is made."

Just because someone was cheerful enough to sell us a chair didn't mean they knew how to build it.

Daddy would never see that logic, though, so I focused on what he could control.

Research.

"I attempted to research human reviews but...but it was not helpful." Daddy frowned and shook his head. "And many did not seem to be in any standard language."

Adorable.

“We won’t look at reviews since I already have one, Daddy.” Nope, I knew what I wanted. “We’ll just look at the research side.

Someone had to have put the specs of the chair online.

People put *everything* online.

As he finished driving us to the furniture store I’d used to buy most of the stuff in the apartment, I frantically searched for the manufacturer’s website.

Bingo.

“I found it, Daddy.” And it was even in scientific English. He was going to love it. “You can read up on the company and I’ll find my chair.”

I wanted the same one I already had, just in brown this time to match the bedroom stuff. As long as I didn’t get stuck with a Chatty Cathy who wanted to upsell me on a fabric protector I didn’t need, we’d be in and out in minutes.

We were never going to escape.

“No, he’s fine. He’s just studying the schematics on how to build one of the couch beds you have in the living room section.” Because Daddy had decided that we needed more places to cuddle and he wanted to make sure it was safe and sturdy. “I just want the chair.”

I’d said the same thing five times and I was starting to think I’d need to talk to a manager.

I wasn’t sure what the fuck was going on but the short grandma lady who was our salesperson was stubborn as hell and seemed to decide my partner should have the final say in the process. The fact that Daddy was perfectly happy downloading a thousand

files about furniture manufacturing on my phone like a toddler who'd just discovered the app store hadn't seemed to have occurred to her.

"I'm sure you understand that it's a big decision." She'd started out with a longer, more well-rehearsed bit about why she needed both of us to be paying attention, but we'd gone through it so many times she was forgetting her sales techniques.

"No." I was just going to pull a Daddy and be rude. "It's not a big decision and I would like to talk to your manager."

She actually rolled her eyes at me.

I was not the idiot in the situation, so I just glared at her and waited as Daddy mumbled quietly about them using the right kind of something that sounded like a metal.

When he ignored her and I didn't budge, she actually turned around and huffed off. I was just about ready to walk out the door and try to order the damned thing online, but it seemed like the manager had been stalking us and was hurrying over to give me a big fake smile before I could turn to Daddy and let him know he could escape.

"I'm Todd." Todd looked like he was twelve and was smiling a bit too wide for a salesman. "It seems like there's a problem?"

He was insane if he thought that big toothpaste grin would do anything for me.

I had Daddy.

Pointing to the chair I'd been trying to buy for way too long, I glared at him. "I would like to buy this chair in brown leather. I already own one. I just need a second in a different color for another room in the house."

When the manager had the gall to glance over at Daddy, I lost my last remaining patience. “He’s not going to be talked into buying more pieces or something more expensive because he didn’t want to come to begin with. This is for my house and I will be paying for it with my money.”

Surprisingly enough, Daddy hadn’t argued about that.

He’d thought it was cute that I wanted to provide for us and had only asked if I could afford it.

“If we don’t get this done in the next five minutes, I’m going to let him special order one from Europe because every single one of his people has more money than Midas at this point.” I’d started doing a bit of research lately and it turned out they were almost magic when it came to the stock market.

And they were all brilliant too.

How they hadn’t crashed the economy was beyond me.

“I have no idea what the problem is, but this will be the last time I shop here and I will make sure everyone I know understands why.” As soon as I understood why. “Let me buy the chair or I will take your lawyer’s name and number.”

That had him blinking and sputtering.

It actually took nearly five minutes and Daddy moving on to what kind of wood the dining room tables were made out of before he got real words out again. “I’m very sorry. They’re just... His people are...”

Okay, he got *some* words out.

“They’re picky.” He paused like I was supposed to understand what the problem was. “It’s company policy not to let anyone but them make the final call on a purchase. We’ve had decorators—”

"I'm not his decorator. I'm his fucking *husband*." Kind of. "I'm paying for the chair and he wanted me to talk to you because he thinks salesmen are too fucking stupid to deal with. Precisely for moronic behavior like this."

God.

Daddy didn't even tell me not to curse or frown at me for tattling about his rudeness, so I had a feeling he was done shopping.

"We will all be here until the Second Coming if we're waiting for him to buy the goddamned chair." I was pretty sure I was going to owe Daddy an apology for giggling earlier. "They're all walking, talking geniuses."

Understatement of the century there.

"He's trying to decide if he wants to start *making* furniture because humans don't do things safe enough." I wished I was kidding about that. "If you drag this out until he starts a new company, I'm going to sue you for wasting my time."

Daddy did not need a new hobby.

"It would not be hard to improve upon the designs, my Dane." Daddy finally piped up and focused on my conversation with the idiots for the first time in almost ten minutes. "When comparing the manufacturing costs versus the retail price, the markup is considerable. There is plenty of *wiggle room* for additional safety measures and less toxic chemicals in the manufacturing process."

He shook his head and sighed. "None of these products should be ingested."

I didn't bother asking if that was just interesting information or if he was actually worried about me eating the chair. I just nodded like it made perfect sense. "We'll remember that if we ever have kids."

As that seemed to give Daddy new things to start obsessing over, I turned back to the salesman. "Do you

understand now?"

He just nodded.

And I got my chair.

And Daddy actually let me drive on the way home because he wanted to email someone he knew about making nontoxic...something. I knew it had to do with glues or stains, but I'd still been a bit worked up as we'd walked out to the parking lot to focus on the details.

By the time he'd finished emailing his friend who was probably some kind of scientist or race car driver who played with chemicals as a hobby, I'd calmed down and we'd made it home. "I can logically walk through how things went wrong, but I still don't understand what they were thinking."

As I turned off the car, I looked over at Daddy who shrugged. "I frequently have similar thoughts on human interaction, my Dane."

Laughing would've definitely confused him, so I tried to keep it in check and leaned over to kiss his cheek. "Humans are illogical, but we did it."

Daddy seemed to appreciate the way my insane anger had faded and was back to smiling as he stroked my face. "You accomplished a great feat, my Dane. You purchased the chair and defended your mate like a predator. I feel very cared for, my Dane."

He was so cute.

"Thank you, Daddy." I gave him another kiss before deciding I was ready to be cuddled. "Let's go inside and rock."

It'd already been a long day.

Daddy was right...dealing with humans was exhausting.

Wright

While human submissives require protection and constant caretaking for peak emotional stability, they have a fascinating capacity to become aggressive under highly specific circumstances such as when dealing with humans who self-identify as a salesperson.

However, just as quickly as their aggression manifests, once the danger has passed, it will fade and they will require additional affection and caretaking. It may be related to the phenomenon of *subdrop*, however, that will need additional research before a definitive connection is made.

Chapter 19

Dane

“You are a very smart mate for understanding when caretaking is required, my Dane.” Daddy didn’t wait until I was completely out of the car before he wrapped his tentacles around me. He just picked me up and went about shutting the door and locking it like doing everything at once was a piece of cake.

“Thank you, Daddy.” He was right. I was smart and he needed to take care of me. “And I didn’t throw anything at the sales manager either.”

I was kind of proud of that...and judging by the way Daddy patted my butt and chuckled, he was too.

“You are welcome, my mate, and I am also appreciative of your self-control.” Stroking my head and down my back, he made a soft, soothing, rumbling sound that had me closing my eyes as he carried me into the rear of the building. “I do not think we could have adequately explained the altercation to the police in a manner they would have quickly comprehended.”

“Probably not.” Yeah, that would’ve sucked. “But it would’ve made me feel better.”

Daddy just made a low hum that seemed to be his way of acknowledging me without actually telling me it was okay to throw stuff at ridiculous people.

He might’ve had a point, so I just snuggled against him so he’d hold me tighter and relaxed as he took me upstairs. Daddy seemed to like that response and made a happy sound. It made me want to smile which seemed to make him even happier.

“You are a very good boy, my Dane. You are self-regulating your emotions and are no longer thinking of ways to *create havoc*.” Daddy found such a nice way to say I stopped imagining murdering the sales manager that he made me laugh.

“Yes, you are a very good boy and your emotional high is delightful, my submissive mate.” The way his limbs started stroking over me and managing to tease every sensitive area at once said he really liked that I was happier.

Something about the whole thing struck me as hilarious and it was all I could do to keep my response down to a snicker.

That got another chuckle from him that was accompanied by a head pat. “My Dane.”

It didn’t help me stop laughing, but he didn’t seem to mind as he carried me through the house and to the bedroom. “Your joyful emotions are appreciated, my Dane.”

My happies felt so good to him that he kissed my head as he sat us down on the bed and arranged me across his lap. As his limbs rippled over me and continued holding me tight, he made another low, pleased sound and ran one of his smaller tentacles down my cheek. “You were a very good mate today. I find humans to be curious beings. One moment you are aggressive and confident in your ability to defend your mate, and another you are curled into your Daddy awaiting caretaking. The variability you provide is a constant surprise and pleasure, my Dane.”

Since that seemed to mean he liked that I could be submissive and still yell at the salespeople for him, I rubbed my cheek against him and nodded. “Humans are interesting, but you’re smart and you’re adaptable.”

That seemed to be higher praise than I'd expected, honestly, because his entire body puffed up and I could feel the happiness fire through him.

I was going to have to remember that the next time I walked down the stairs without my Daddy seat belt.

Stair belt.

"My Dane." As he went back to normal, he continued petting me and making contented sounds. "You provide challenge as well as emotional pleasure. I am honored to be your mate."

I was so relaxed it took me a second to realize that it was uber-good boy praise and meant it required a physical reward. It wasn't until a tentacle started pulsing right between my legs that I realized how his sounds had changed.

Daddy was closer to Master, and he was happy with his sub.

"I find great pleasure in ensuring your safety." The way his tentacles wrapped around my arms and legs to immobilize me said that was probably about keeping me from falling off the bed again.

Get startled one time and he'd never forget it.

"Providing for your physical and emotional well-being as your Daddy and Dominant brings me much fulfillment, my Dane." Physical well-being might've technically meant feeding me more than just takeout and ramen, but the way his tentacle was pulsing against my erection said it had other meanings as well.

"I also anticipate every moment of our domination-based sexual connections." That earned me a thuddy slap against my dick that was too muffled by my clothes to be painful and just left me whining for more. "Whether that be rocking you and giving you slow pleasures or providing you with a painful variant that

causes you to cry out in conflicted desire, I find sincere enjoyment in every moment with you, my Dane.”

Aww.

I was going to tell Daddy just how sweet he was as soon as I could function.

He was making it hard to estimate when that would be, though, because every time I tried to take a deep breath and function, he'd scatter my brain cells again. Pulses and spans, pinches and caresses, he was playing me like I was an instrument he made beautiful music with.

Except this time, it was whines and moans as he chuckled.

“You are a very good boy, my Dane, and I will thoroughly enjoy rewarding you for all of your appropriate and fascinating behavior.” As he mumbled something about salesman and spanked my dick again, I realized that was probably about nearly taking the manager's head off.

Yeah, it could probably be called fascinating to a species who didn't seem to understand bad behavior.

“Daddy...” Whatever I'd been going to say was lost as he pinned me to the bed and a smaller tentacle started working at the button on my jeans.

Yep, brains go poof.

“*My Dane.*” Daddy chuckled and thought he was wonderfully funny as he copied me. “I am very glad you are a reward-based submissive, my mate.”

Me too.

Me too.

Somehow he kept me trapped and stripped my clothes off at the same time and I decided tentacles really were magic. They held me down and made my dick

harder than it'd ever been in my life and even softly caressed me as Daddy smiled like I was cute.

Magic.

"Rewarding you is very fulfilling, my Dane." Daddy looked like we'd been having the most meaningful conversation ever as he twirled one thinned-out tentacle around my erection like it was some kind of dirty lollipop. "Your emotional range during our domination-based physical activities is much appreciated."

Huh?

I'd have been able to figure that one out if he'd just kept doing the twirly thing, but then a slim nub dipped into my slit and sent my brains scattering again. They went all over like a glitter bomb had exploded and the chaos was all around me...just with brain cells instead.

There seemed to be a few stuck to me because I knew he was happy and that just made me feel even happier, but that was about it. The last few brain cells were mostly good for smiling and begging, both things that Daddy seemed to appreciate because it had him playing with me even more enthusiastically.

Daddy was so good at rewarding me.

"Submissive humans make the most beautiful emotions, my Dane." He stroked over my head like he'd said something sweet, but before I could figure out what he'd meant, he spanked right over my hole.

Poof.

Brains were gone again.

Magic.

He settled into a slow pattern of fucking my dick, spanking me somewhere, and then pinching my nipples as he praised me for something random like my ability to go up the stairs safely. It didn't matter that he was proud of ridiculous things. The last few cells that

seemed to be stuck in my mostly empty head just loved how happy I'd made him.

It seemed that being a good boy over something dumb still got the full good boy reaction...throbbing erection and all...and that delighted Daddy. He even gave my dick a firm pat and praised me for being hard. "Good boy, my Dane. Your length is firm and highly reactive. Good boy."

Yay for being Daddy's good boy.

I'd figure out what I'd done later, but for the time being, I just soaked up the way he was caressing me and then let the fireworks burst through me when he spanked me. The way the nubs on the underside of his tentacles plucked at my nipples was just the icing on a fabulously dirty cake.

He seemed to be taking delight in stretching out the scene and the pleasure in general because every time I got close to my orgasm, he'd back off and would shift things up. It was perfect and maddening all at the same time, and I was pretty sure between my emotions and my begging, he knew that.

"Yes, an additional reward to show my approval of your vocalizations would be appropriate." He gave a big smile as I just nodded, not having any idea what he'd said. I got a reward and approval, but that was it.

Oh.

Daddy finally slid a tentacle inside me, pulsing it to make it thicker and thinner as he slowly inched it deeper. It was like the craziest sex toy ever because it vibrated and changed size and came with a dexterous tip that seemed to be magnetically attracted to my prostate.

I didn't have the words to describe it.

That was mostly because it was taking all my concentration to breathe. At some point that didn't seem

to be automatic, so I was diligently bringing oxygen in and out to keep from dying.

Daddy would definitely stop playing with me if I did something stupid like that, so I was doing my best to be his good boy.

Air in.

Air out and moan.

Repeating the cycle over and over, my world narrowed down to pleasure and pain and Daddy's wonderful praise. It left me shaking as subspace inched closer and slowly cushioned me from the outside world. The best part was that it made Daddy so happy too.

"Yes, my Dane. This is also worthy of a *good boy*." The pleasure in his voice sent tingly sparks through me and the world narrowed down again as I floated on his praise like it was a cloud.

Nothing else mattered as he wrapped the floaty sensations tighter around me, and I could've stayed hovering on the edge like that for hours, but Daddy always had a better plan.

Lightning fired through me and the pain was so good and so perfect it tore my orgasm from my body and everything went dark.

It didn't seem to faze Daddy because when the world came back into focus, he was rocking me in the playroom and all I was wearing was my diaper. I wasn't sure if that was weirder than waking up naked or not, but I decided it didn't matter when he made a soft, rumbly sound that was pure happiness.

"You have become conscious again, my little human." The sweet tone and immediate offering of a binkie made being little sound like a wonderful plan, so I didn't overthink that either.

I wasn't quite in the right headspace as he rocked us, but with my binkie in my mouth and Daddy being so Daddy, it didn't feel far off. Since words weren't really necessary at the moment, I just nuzzled against him and did my think-happy-thoughts game.

Thankfully my dick was still completely worn out, so the happiness didn't spread everywhere. That made it easier to pull my little closer, especially when Daddy tickled me. "My little human requires hydration and a new protective covering."

For some reason calling clothes *protective coverings* made me giggle and that just seemed to reinforce the little-playtime plan Daddy had organized while I'd been out. "Yes, good boy."

Head pats and cheerful smiles had me giggling again.

"So obedient." I had a feeling that was about being little as soon as I'd woken up and it made me giggle again.

Daddy seemed to think diapers were magic little makers.

As I snickered and buried my face against his chest, he puffed up and carried me over to the closet. "Would you like to be dressed as a dinosaur or in racecar clothing?"

The way Daddy was glaring at the fast racecar on the front of my red shirt said he didn't like that one. "I am not sure this encourages safe play, my little human."

My shirt was dangerous?

As I giggled, I decided to be nice and pointed to my dino shirt. It had shorts that matched and it made Daddy happy. I liked making Daddy happy, but he kept making me laugh. He glared at the racecar shirt and moved it to the back of the closet when he thought I wasn't looking.

Having so many limbs made him super sneaky.

“While he is not accurately portrayed in the current drawing, he is at least colorful and can not promote unsafe behavior.” Moving me around, Daddy got my arms through and the shirt over my head. “Cars must never be driven at high velocities by humans. Simply driving in circles does not increase safety, my little human.”

I had a feeling Daddy was going to make my racecar shirt disappear.

“We shall explore additional clothing options that promote safe and educational material.” Daddy sounded very confident and I thought about telling him no but then he said the perfect thing. “Good boys who compromise get additional rewards, my little human.”

Ugh.

Daddy was so good at bribing me.

I liked rewards.

“There is a new collection of matching diapers and oral self-soothers that you would visually appreciate, and I have found a website that produces a variety of stuffed animals in safe materials.” He patted my head as he slipped my shorts on. “They are safe to consume as well.”

Teddy bears might taste yummy?

Tentacle Daddies might taste yummy too.

That made me giggle so much I almost lost my binkie, but Daddy was faster than a falling binkie and saved it.

He was better than a superhero.

Super Daddy to the rescue.

“You are in a jovial mood, my little human.” Daddy seemed to like that a lot because he chuckled when he made me laugh again. “Yes, this schedule was soundly

designed. I shall make notes while you consume liquids from your bottle.”

Super Tentacle Daddy could do anything all at the same time.

He was amazing.

Wright

No matter how wide a human submissive makes their eyes, the *appearance* of innocence with an accompanying expression called a pout does not indicate actual innocence.

A caretaker must remember the simple phrase “no.” It is not *mean* to explain to a human little that they may not have a coffee bottle before a nap.

Limits are important to their overall physical and mental health. However, be forewarned, it will be difficult to remember. Effective emotional manipulation may be an evolutionary advantage that has not been adequately researched to date.

Chapter 20

Dane

“Do you have any idea why we’re here?” Evan looked around the pizza place like he’d landed in a foreign country. “Wright was very insistent but kept saying something confusing about people-watching? Aristotle wasn’t much help either.”

I was trying not to laugh and risk catching Wright’s attention while he waited in line with Aristotle to order the pizza for us and a salad for him. For some reason, he’d thought ordering anything other than pizza would be an *afront to the owner of the fascinating establishment*, but we’d fixed that.

But at the moment he was more worried about the wait than the food.

Evidently, they were crazy understaffed, so we’d needed to go up and place our order instead of having a server come to the table. Daddy didn’t like leaving us alone, but I didn’t mind because we weren’t in a rush and it gave me time to talk to Evan without curious ears listening in.

It’d taken a while to organize the night out, so I was ready to gossip with my helpful new friend.

“The people-watching.” Leaning over the table, I dropped my voice as low as I could and tried not to laugh. “Evidently there’s a budding romance between a fairly new mixed couple, and Wright says they’re fascinating. I’m nosy enough to thoroughly enjoy it, so I figured you would be too.”

That got a laugh and a nod from Evan.

“And Wright *loves* watching the wonderful variety of humans who come into the restaurant. He said the older guy who seems to own the place is interesting, and I think that’s code for he has to yell at drunk morons, but I’m not sure.” There were a few ways I could’ve taken the slightly convoluted story Wright had told.

Daddy did not know how to get to the point when he was telling a story no matter what he seemed to think.

Evan was trying not to laugh again because it kept making Wright and Aristotle too nosy, but he was doing a terrible job of it. “I can see him being fascinated by naughty humans. He’s so curious and keeps working at figuring out how to explain us.”

Rolling my eyes got another giggle from Evan. “Yeah, he’s working on updating some kind of research material that was originally a manual designed to explain how to deal with human subs.”

I knew there was a *care and maintenance of humans* book...I just hadn’t actually expected to be right about that.

Evan had to clamp his lips together, but his delight must’ve been radiating out because we got another long stare from our mates. “God, that’s...”

He took a deep breath and tried again as his eyes sparkled. “You have to figure out what it says about porn.”

I snorted. “To hell with porn. You need to read the chapter on you and Aristotle. It basically describes you as cultural icons.”

I wasn’t sure if it was cute or bizarre, but his eyes went wide. “*No.*”

Would I make up something that weird?

“Look at the two of them and then tell me again it doesn’t sound completely reasonable.” As we looked

over at the two innocent-looking troublemakers, they turned around in unison and made us both crack up.

Evan shook his head as he got control of himself. "Okay, good point."

I smiled and waved at Daddy, hoping to look well-behaved. His happy expression said it worked but it also attracted the attention of half the dining room area. That wasn't a huge number of people but it was enough to make me want to squirm.

"This isn't the place to go into detailed explanations," because every nonhuman in the place had tuned into our conversation, "but I'm just going to say it was interesting."

Evan's giggles turned dirty and made several eyes light up, human and otherwise, as they seemed to realize who he was. I wasn't sure if I should point it out or not, but as several blushing faces quickly turned away from us, his giggles got worse.

He'd noticed.

After a minute, he was breathing normally again and most of the giggles had stopped. "People are so much fun."

"You sound like your mate." And mine.

That almost got him started again, but he held it back. "This is so much fun. I don't have nearly enough people to hang out with, and once we didn't have to check on you at lunch anymore, my social life narrowed down quite a bit again."

Groaning, I shook my head. "He worries so much, but we're working things out."

Over the weeks since we'd first met, we'd figured out some compromises and I'd laid down a few boundaries that made him pout, so overall, I couldn't complain about the worrying.

Evan looked skeptical...because he was smart. "Can you use a knife unsupervised? Can you make hot coffee? Are you allowed to buy dessert without him having a cow?"

Ugh.

"Kind of. Kind of. And are you kidding?" When he stopped laughing, I shrugged. "Okay, so we've negotiated on sturdy plastic knives. He hates to throw them away, so we have to wash them after every use, but he says they're safe enough that he doesn't worry too much."

And he was letting me walk up the stairs by myself as long as I promised not to do the rock-climbing class. I thought it was a fair trade considering the class had been canceled due to some sketchy issues with their overall safety.

Of course, I hadn't explained any of that to Daddy. He kind of stopped breathing every time the topic came up, so it was something we left safely in the past.

"Hey, that's great." Evan beamed, so proud of me that my little side tried to wiggle free.

It liked Evan just as much as big me did and made it hard to stay a complete grown-up around him. I didn't think he'd mind if I wasn't a real adult when we hung out, but I hadn't figured out a good way to ask and Daddy had never brought it up.

To distract myself, I focused on the questions. "He found what he considers to be the safest option for making coffee. It's a single-serve machine that doesn't have a hot plate. He says there's less to burn myself on and he liked something about the way it heated up water."

We were back to him not liking the environmental side of the decision, but he was working on ways to

make himself feel better about that. I was just glad I got coffee, so I'd feel guilty about being wasteful later.

Evan opened his mouth, but I interrupted before he could ask what I knew was going to be a ridiculous question. "No, I can't go up and down the stairs with coffee. Don't be silly. The new machine lives downstairs and my employees are eternally grateful."

I'd hired two more part-timers so that I had more time with Daddy. It'd been something I needed to do for a while, but when I'd been single it hadn't been a problem. Watch a thousand hours of TV by myself or work?

Hmm, hard decision.

Barely managing not to laugh at the silly grin on his face as he waited for my last answer, I sighed dramatically. "He found my Pop-Tarts stash. He's gotten really good at guilt. I think he's working on adding a new chapter to the book and using me as research."

Daddy was evil sometimes.

He was really good at it too.

Evan's entire body shook with barely suppressed laughter and it was enough to have both Doms turning to stare at us again. "Sorry."

He might've been sorry but he had to clamp his lips together again and was barely hanging on. I just sat there shaking my head. "You are terrible at being subtle."

Why was that a surprise?

I was an idiot.

He did porn for a living.

Shrugging, Evan took a deep breath and sat straighter. "Sorry. The attention whore in me can't help it and Aristotle keeps telling me I should go back to school and get a psychology degree because humans are

fascinating. So that's just making everything even funnier."

They were the weirdest couple.

But the cutest had to be the new mixed couple Wright had talked about.

Oh. They were adorable.

"Don't look. Don't look. But look." My ridiculous nonsense had Evan clamping his lips together again, but he managed to hold the laughter in as he shifted to the side and got a quick peek behind him without looking too obvious.

He did that very well.

Even the alien cutie who beamed at the young human guy who quickly hurried around the counter to go say hi to him for a second didn't notice us...and that took skill because they noticed *everything*.

But when all his focus seemed to be on the human working at the restaurant, that probably helped. It looked like his world had narrowed down to the blushing human in front of him and nothing else mattered.

They had mates written all over them.

"Aw, look at them." The melty smile Evan gave me as he turned back to me said he thought the two young guys were adorable. "They'd look so cute on camera."

Well, they did seem photogenic.

But I wasn't sure what to say about that part, so I just ignored it.

"They have to feel like bugs under a microscope because every person in here is watching them." Aw, the human cutie had squeezed his mate's tentacle and kissed his cheek before rushing to the back again.

Yep, the people-watching was the best and definitely worth it even if the pizza sucked.

“Okay, I can see why Wright wanted to come here.” From the weird mix of human couples to the wonderfully sweet budding romance, it wasn’t a bad way to spend an evening.

And Daddy and Aristotle had finally gotten to the front of the line. Fingers crossed Daddy didn’t talk himself out of ordering what he actually wanted, and then I could say that it would be a great double date.

“They were so cute, Daddy.” Nuzzling up against him as he carried me into the apartment, I sighed and did my best not to giggle.

Aristotle had somehow talked Daddy into ordering a few drinks at dinner and I was feeling wonderful. I didn’t care if it was some kind of experiment with human submissives or not, it’d been fun. But Daddy had found something new to worry about, though, so I was being very good.

“The youthful mixed couple? Yes, they are highly entertaining.” He chuckled as he shut the door and carried me back to the bedroom. “However, I sometimes find their slow method of courtship to be stressful to watch.”

Daddy wasn’t the take-his-time kind of guy, so I got that.

“Yeah.” Rubbing my cheek against him as he sat us down in the new chair, which was a constant reminder of my badassery, I smiled as he started stripping me right off the bat like that was just what he was supposed to do when we cuddled. “But everyone goes at their own pace.”

I couldn’t decide how old they were, but it was possible the human was in college, so they might have to

go slow.

“They were really sweet and didn’t seem to mind everyone watching them.” I couldn’t resist closing my eyes as Daddy started rubbing my back as he carefully finished taking off my clothes and started rocking us. “I think I would’ve felt like a bug.”

Daddy made a soft, almost laughing sound and gave me a hug as the last of my clothes were placed neatly beside us on the floor. “You must not worry, my Dane. The young human submissive finds much sexual pleasure in being watched.”

Oh.

Well, that was good to know?

Since I wasn’t sure what a good response to that would be, I tried to stay factual and keep it simple. “I’m glad he isn’t upset.”

Yes, that was a perfectly reasonable response.

“He is not.” Daddy must’ve decided to help me stop worrying because he kept right on being helpful. “He finds physical pleasure in being watched and his mate took many opportunities to acknowledge his human’s desires. They have grown to have what humans call *good communication*.”

Over their kinks.

In public.

Oh, every alien in there heard their conversations.

Those two were a lot dirtier than I’d expected. The human had to have known that everyone would overhear them. Mates weren’t subtle in the slightest. His cute alien boyfriend would’ve probably mentioned it right off the bat and very bluntly too.

“I’m glad they’re communicating.” I wasn’t sure if that sounded stressful or erotic, but it was definitely

something. "I hope they have a relationship as good as ours."

And I hoped that the cute alien guy hadn't given himself a heart attack when he realized his human was touching dangerous things on a daily basis.

"You are a very good mate, my Dane." Daddy gave me another hug and his tentacles slowly rippled over me. "I will wish them good communication and orgasms, but I do not think anyone will have as fulfilling a relationship as ours, my Dane."

That sounded like it would be one hell of a toast...to good communication and orgasms.

I couldn't hold back a giggle and Daddy sighed. "Intoxication gives you another form of happiness, my Dane."

I wasn't sure if he liked that or not, but either way, I decided we should communicate instead of letting him overthink my slightly giggly state. "I like being happy and I like making you happy, Daddy."

He let me wiggle around until I was straddling his lap, giving me the illusion of being in control as he shifted his hold on me. "This is unexpected, my Dane."

His frown said he was worried it had something to do with my buzzy state, but his limbs were stroking over my ass, so I decided he wasn't too confused. "This is just another way of me being happy, Daddy."

Yep, we were going to have lots of happy, good communication.

Daddy let out a quiet thinking sound that made me want to laugh, but I was the best human mate ever and kept my giggles inside...where he could smell my happy, not see it.

That was just too funny and I laughed.

He smelled me.

Still highly confused, Daddy tried to frown at me again, but I gave him a quick peck. "I bet you could hear what Aristotle kept whispering to Evan."

I knew the answer would be yes, but I was hoping it would be a good distraction.

It was.

Yay.

"Aristotle found the restaurant to be a unique setting and was talking Evan through several scene possibilities." His serious expression said Daddy thought that was perfectly reasonable and not just random dirty talk. "He was also wondering how much money would be required to rent out the space for a pornographic movie."

Yay for fascinating friends.

"That would definitely be hot, but I'm not sure the health department would be pleased with that idea." Sex on the tables? Probably not. "I knew they were saying something naughty."

That just hadn't been what I'd expected.

As I kissed Daddy's face, hoping that I'd distracted him enough, two of his larger tentacles were winding their way around my legs, trapping me in the best possible way.

I couldn't help moaning, but Daddy just sounded like we were having a normal conversation. "They were discussing work, my Dane. How is that considered *naughty*? That word implies possibly inappropriate erotic behavior in that context, is that correct?"

Him trying to confirm if I was talking about the dirty kind of naughty was cute.

"Yes, it's about erotic behavior." I wasn't sure there was a good way to explain why it was wicked, though,

so I decided to shift the conversation slightly. "I had fun with them, Daddy."

I was also having fun with him, rocking back and forth like he was my glider. "The food was good and the people-watching was fun and it was nice seeing Evan and Aristotle again. That was definitely the good kind of socializing with kinky people."

Daddy made a low, pleased sound as his tentacles teased over my ass and sent a shiver through me. "They are a good social match and increase your happiness which provides me with much pleasure, my Dane."

If I thought about it too much, I'd have started giggling again, so I just nodded and tried to rub my dick against his body...because that would increase my happiness too.

Daddy seemed to be playing keep away, though, because he chuckled and just let my dick barely graze his torso before he rocked me backward again. "Alcohol has a fascinating effect on you, my submissive human."

It made me horny.

"I'm almost sober, Daddy." At the very least, I was close enough that he didn't need to worry about anything.

"Humans should not participate in sexual activities while impaired, my Dane." Daddy was studying me closely like he wasn't sure we should be having sex.

I didn't like that look at all.

"I'm not that drunk." And the threat of no sex was sobering me up pretty quickly. "Promise."

He just scrunched up his face into a fabulous human expression that made me want to start giggling again.

"Please provide me with a unique fact that will show your mental clarity." Daddy waited like it was a perfectly simple request, but just working my way

through the question should've made it clear I was clearheaded enough to get an orgasm.

Hmm.

A unique fact.

"I love you." Giving him a quick peck, I giggled as he huffed and rolled his eyes like I was being ridiculous. "That's very unique."

"No." Daddy shook his head. "You provide me with the physical proof of the love promise daily and you have already made the verbal statement while little. I require additional proof of sobriety. Your love is special and reciprocated but will not earn you orgasms."

I had?

It wouldn't?

I couldn't decide what to do, so I pouted.

Daddy brought one tentacle up and plucked it over my lip like it was some kind of musical instrument. "The ability to show thoughtful manipulation indicates higher brain functions. I concede to sexual gratification."

Good grief.

"I'm not manipulating you, Daddy." Not much, at least. "I'm your good boy."

Because good boys got rewards and I wasn't sure what a manipulative one would get.

My denial made him laugh...so I should probably work on making that more believable for next time. But Daddy seemed to think I was cute, so I didn't worry too much. "Refusing to acknowledge the truth does not make your words more believable, my mate."

Somehow, he thought it was funny and worth rewarding, though, because it earned me a spank and Daddy rocked me so my dick finally rubbed completely against him.

Okay, maybe I didn't care why he thought I was worth rewarding.

"Daddy..." Whatever I'd been going to say disappeared as he gave me another spank and started a steady rhythm of rocking and grinding and spanking. "I..."

"Your Daddy is providing pleasure for his sweetly manipulative submissive and you are grateful, are you not?"

Yes, grateful.

I managed to nod as he spanked me again, but he wasn't making my attempt at words any easier. "I... good boy...yes..."

Yes, I was Daddy's good boy.

For some reason, he found that funny.

As he chuckled, he stroked a smaller tentacle over my head and gave me a look that said he thought I was adorably delusional. "My Dane."

Once he stopped spanking me and my head cleared a bit more, I was going to huff until he admitted I was his good boy, but that had to wait.

Daddy kept me too distracted to figure out how to argue that and win. The way he was spanking me and slowly caressing me kept chasing every thought out of my head. It was definitely cheating but I decided to mention that part later too.

"My Wright." Yes, my mate. "Love you."

This time he made a happy, proud sound and the tip of one tentacle caressed over my hole. "Love promises are beautiful, my Dane, and will always be reciprocated."

He loved me too.

Waves of sparkly pleasure swept through me, earning a pleasure-filled moan from Daddy. "My submissive mate. Your happiness is beautiful as well."

He was so sweet.

But he was so wonderfully naughty too.

Somehow my reward for being beautiful was for him to press a thick tentacle against the tight ring of muscles he'd been teasing. "Ride your mate, my Dane. Take your pleasure in dominant submission."

Ride.

Yes.

Pretend to top?

I told myself I'd figure out the rest later as he gave me just enough leeway to rock back and forth on my own. With my hands braced against his torso, I rocked slowly, sinking lower on the tentacle he was using almost like a dick.

When he hit just the right spot and sent sparks through me, I rocked faster and clenched down around him. "Daddy..."

Words scattered again as I tried to slam down on his thick new toy, but he stopped me and gave me another spank as he kept me still. "You may not hurt yourself in your quest for an orgasm, my Dane."

Daddy was obviously the only one who got to hurt me because he spanked me again, sending waves of painful pleasure through me. "The push for aggressive submission seems to affect judgment."

Maybe.

Daddy fixed that, though.

Trapping me tighter, he kept rocking me back and forth, but it was just the illusion of riding him that time. Somehow that made it even better, though. Daddy was

controlling his naughty little, but it made the naughty little feel very wicked.

“Yes, good boy.” Letting Daddy set the pace for how I rode his now cock-like tentacle earned me an enthusiastic smile and a flick to my dick.

The fantastically mixed signals sent crazy sensations firing through me and did wonderfully fucked-up things to my emotions too. My body couldn't decide if it was turned on or embarrassed, but it seemed like it would approve of either one.

Even my little side loved that it felt like we were on a big rocking horse...just one with a dick and a mind of its own.

Whatever combination Daddy felt radiating from me got his approval because he chuckled and patted my head again. “Good boy. Your happy pleasure is delightful.”

That did not help me get the embarrassed side of things under control.

But Daddy knew that wasn't a problem and gave me another big smile. “Embarrassed arousal is the sweetest scent on a human submissive. Good boy, my Dane. You are making your Daddy very happy.”

God.

He was going to make me come saying things like that.

When all I could do was groan in more sweet-smelling humiliation, Daddy made another happy sound. “Yes, good boy.”

That phrase coming out so sweetly when we were doing such wonderfully dirty things would never get old.

And neither was the way he spanked me so good.

As another wave of pleasure washed over me from the mix of praise and teasing, I relaxed into his hold and stopped trying to even pretend to be in control. Daddy rewarded my submission with another slap to my dick and made the cock in my ass even thicker and longer.

“I...Daddy...” I lost whatever I’d been going to say as it started to pulse faster against my prostate.

“You find pleasure in many types of rocking, my mate. I will remember that fact.” The way his limbs were petting over me said he really liked the new game. “It satisfies you on many levels.”

I wasn’t sure what that meant, but I didn’t even try to figure it out.

“Please, Daddy.” Begging was a much better use of my limited brain power and earned me another flick to the head of my dick before he started fucking my slit like he was a live sounding rod.

Best Daddy ever.

Tentacles were magic.

Creative Doms were incredible.

Yes.

My rocking horse moved me faster as his cock thickened again and suddenly it seemed like the sound had reached completely through me. It was the weirdest most fabulous version of double penetration ever and as he slipped the tentacle out of my slit, he pulled my orgasm out with him.

It was almost like a ribbon of sensation that exploded as it hit the air and it was so close to the lightning pleasure it was almost painful.

And perfect.

And utterly overwhelming.

Daddy kept up the barrage of sensations, some wonderful and some wonderfully painful, and pushed my orgasm to keep going higher and longer until I was a limp ragdoll, still riding the dirtiest rocking horse ever.

When he finally let it come to an end, aftershocks fired through me as the rocking stopped and his limbs slowly stroked over me. There wasn't a bone in my body or enough working brain cells to use words, so I played the happy thought game as I managed to rub my cheek against a tentacle.

I used all my remaining energy to think about Daddy...about how much I loved him, how special he was, and how incredible my life had become since he'd found me. I was the luckiest little on the whole planet and I wanted him to feel my love for him radiating from me.

I knew he'd felt me when he puffed up and almost purred with satisfaction. "Yes, my Dane. You give so much love to your mate. How could I not have already been basking in your emotions?"

Daddy kissed my head as he snuggled me close, resting me against his body as he wrapped himself around me so he kept me safe. "You give your love in so many ways, through your caretaking and submission, with your compromises and aggressive protection. You are my little human, my submissive, my mate. I am very loved."

And I was very loved as well, I had the best mate ever, the most protective Daddy ever, and the sweetest lover ever.

Tentacle Daddies were definitely the best Daddies and I had the most precious one of all.

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Need more tentacles in your life? Check out my merch store.

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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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