

DEADLY PUCK DADDIES BOOK 1

PUCKING

DEADLY

ZACK WISH

Pucking Deadly

Deadly Puck Daddies

Book 1

Zack Wish

Zack Wish Books

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KEEP IN TOUCH

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Author's Note

Hey there, thank you for reading *Pucking Deadly*. Please note that this is a fictionalized version of the real world. As such, artistic license has been taken with the intricacies of the hockey season, team names, and of course the fact that in reality a Mafia family could never own a hockey franchise... *or could they?*

Pucking Deadly is intended to be fun, steamy, and full of just the right amount of action, violence, and sporting drama on the ice. Thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy *Pucking Deadly*...

PS - I will never, *ever* use AI in my writing.

Chapter 1

Chase

'*Bleurgh*, I said snooze!' Chase snapped, his voice croaking and a dull thud in his head as he gave his alarm clock one final voice command to shut the hell up. 'Okay, one last chance... *snooze!*'

But for whatever reason, Chase's alarm clock wasn't playing ball.

As far as Chase was concerned, there was only one thing for it. With a flick of his wrist, Chase pitched up the small beanbag on his bedside table and fired it directly toward the alarm clock on the opposite side of the room.

'*Chase Light is on fire!*' Chase giggled, the beanbag hitting the alarm clock dead center and knocking it off the shelf and onto the floor. 'Now time to get back to dreamland and all those Daddy dicks...'

However, Chase's hopes of going back to sleep were soon dashed.

No sooner than he had knocked the alarm clock off its perch, but the dreaded snooze alarm came back on. Chase may have wanted to lie in bed for longer, but the world was pretty much telling him that this just wasn't going to happen.

'I could keep fighting you, but some battles I just can't win,' Chase said, his bleary eyes beginning to focus again. 'Come on, Blade. Time to rise and shine.'

Chase picked his bear stuffie Blade up and held Blade underneath his arm as he got out of bed. It was 8:30AM and Chase knew that the chances of him getting into work on time were pretty low. Still, that wasn't going to stop Chase from making sure that he did his morning routine.

Strawberry oat milk drink? Check.

Choco-crunch protein bar? Check.

Two liter water flask? *Urgh*. Check.

Chase may have been twenty-one years old, but he still had to be convinced of the benefits of drinking so much water. Chase liked flavor, color, and preferably lots and lots of sugar and sweetness too.

Chase took a long gulp from his water flask and looked around his penthouse apartment. It may have been gifted to him for the duration of his playing contract, but Chase had spent a small fortune on getting the décor just how he wanted it.

Large, colorful couches and super-soft carpets made Chase's place perfect for playing with his vast selection of toys, games, and stuffies. In many ways, the apartment was just like the kind of dream home Chase would have conjured in his head back when he was a child.

Chase had even modified one of the guest bedrooms and turned it into a perfect arts and crafts room where he could paint, color, and make craft to his heart's desires.

This might not have been the kind of apartment you'd typically expect a red-hot ice hockey talent to live in, but Chase wasn't like everyone else. Just like his rare talent on the ice, Chase was a special individual off the ice too.

Chase Light was the league's most talked about prospect, and he had been duly rewarded with a substantial contract by his team, the Ice Bears. It wasn't

unknown for rookies to be given big contracts, especially those perceived as being the most talented in that year's draft. But Chase had been in demand to the point where it felt like he could have asked for anything and he would have been given it.

It wasn't merely Chase's skill on the ice that made his signature so in demand. With his cropped blonde hair and dazzling blue eyes, Chase was the perfect young hockey pinup for marketing and corporate purposes. Girls and boys wanted Chase's poster on their wall, and sponsors would pay big money to him and the Ice Bears to secure his image rights.

With several franchises all making serious offers to sign him up, Chase could have gone in any direction and still come out smelling of roses.

In the end, it was the Ice Bears who offered Chase the best deal, and there was just something about the franchise that made Chase feel like it was the right move for him. The Ice Bears had an edge to them, something that made them a little bit *different* – just like Chase himself.

Oh, and the fact that the Ice Bears management had given Chase such a great apartment to sweeten the deal was pretty awesome too. With enhanced twenty-four hour security, Chase felt safe and secure to be exactly who he wanted to be in the safety of his home.

Being a Little, and in the public eye too, Chase wanted to know that behind closed doors he was able to indulge in his love of all things Little. And after employing an interior designer who was a Little himself, Chase was delighted with the outcome. Everything in the apartment was on point, even down to the rainbow colored light settings.

But as much as Chase enjoyed his Little focused apartment, he was no homebody.

Chase enjoyed parties, fun, and staying out *all night*.

In fact, despite only being at the Ice Bears for a few months, Chase had already developed a reputation as one of the city's biggest party boys. If there was a club opening, movie premiere, or any kind of glitzy event going on, it was a pretty damn good bet that Chase would be there.

'I'm young, dumb, and full of... what's the word?' Chase giggled, picking up his phone and scrolling through all the photos from the night before.

Chase couldn't remember what time he had arrived home, only that his butt was still tingling from a double spanking at the hands of two seriously hunky Daddies at *Paddle Palace*, the monthly late night party that was hosted downtown.

The spanking had been fun – and it had certainly given Chase's peachy cheeks a winter warmup. But Chase would have gladly swapped out the two handsome strangers dishing out the punishment for one Daddy who he was truly connected with.

Chase smiled as he thought back to the additional fun after the spanking had finished and then took the last gulp of his milk.

Two Daddies can be serious fun.

Twice the Daddy, double the dick hehe.

But... is there a special one Daddy out there for me?

Chase sighed. He still felt tired, and it would be a while before Chase felt fully freshened up. Still, it was nothing that a quick shower wouldn't help to set right.

And once Chase was done freshening himself up, it was time to get his superstar of hockey butt over to the Ice Bears training complex. This morning's physio session was going to be very interesting indeed...

* * *

The Ice Bears training complex was situated in Pine Rise, a leafy suburb just on the outer reaches of the city. Only a twenty minute drive away in good traffic, Chase really had no excuses for ever being late.

But having no excuses didn't mean that Chase wasn't just going to be late regardless.

'Another early start I see,' the security guard said, winking at Chase knowingly as Chase entered the training center via the side entrance. 'Or should that be *late night?*'

'You know me too well,' Chase fired back, shaking the security guard's hand and doing his best to go unnoticed as he walked down the corridor and toward the relative safety of the physiotherapy room.

After some unexpected traffic on the way in, Chase was even later for practice than he had anticipated. But Chase didn't think it was such a big deal. The opening few games of the season had seen Chase hit his stride and prove to be an invaluable player for the Ice Bears already.

Usually playing on the right wing, Chase had been covering center due to the injury enforced absence of the Ice Bears' legendary Jack Steel. But rather than struggling to deal with playing in a slightly less natural position, Chase had actually found himself relishing his new role.

In fact, Chase was beginning to set his sights on keeping his central position in the offence even when Jack Steel returned from injury. After all, Jack was a veteran player and there was no guarantee that he would return from his serious injury as the same player – and that was if he returned to the ice *at all*.

‘Yo, Ricki!’ Chase said, full of bravado as he entered the physio room. ‘Quick massage before practice?’

Chase was doing his best to hide the effects of his late night fun.

With a pair of sunglasses covering his eyes, and a big smile, Chase was hoping that his physio and newfound friend wouldn’t try and give him any heat for being out late on a school night.

Chase wasn’t so lucky...

‘You can take the glasses off, Chase,’ Ricki said, shaking his head. ‘You must have been having a good time last night if you can’t remember talking to me just before midnight at Paddle Palace.’

‘*Ummm.... oh... riiiiight,*’ Chase said, desperately trying to recall speaking to Ricki the previous night. ‘Yeah, totally.’

But Chase’s pretenses weren’t fooling anyone.

Before he knew it, both Chase and Ricki were bursting into laughter and giving one another a welcome hug.

‘Of course I can give you a quick massage,’ Ricki said, his kind brown eyes and shoulder length chestnut brown hair looking as rich with color as ever. ‘Lower back still giving you a little niggle?’

Chase nodded and removed his t-shirt.

‘Yeah, it’s been getting worse,’ Chase said, climbing up onto the massage table. ‘But it’s no big deal. I’m still hitting the numbers in matches, so who cares right? I’m

young, I'm flying, nothing's going to stop me. And certainly not some silly niggler.'

Chase was lying face down on the massage table but could tell that Ricki was disapproving of his attitude toward injury.

'Just say it,' Chase said, a hint of mischief in his voice. 'Tell me what a silly boy I am.'

'You already know, what a silly boy you are' Ricki laughed. 'We might both be Littles, but you're more than welcome to the sass and the risk taking. I'm the safety-first kinda Little, you know?'

The two friends laughed again and Ricki set about working out the tension in Chase's lower back.

'Just say if it's uncomfortable at any point,' Ricki said, kneading his hands harder and working out the tension as best he could.

'Will do,' Chase replied. 'After the spanking I took last night, this is easy.'

'I should have known,' Ricki giggled. 'I do admire how you put yourself out there and have fun. But... I'll say it again... you have to focus on your fitness. You're in a good moment on the ice right now, but as the season goes on you just won't be able to keep on partying like this. Not unless you want to be spending more and more time in here rather than on the ice.'

Chase didn't respond.

Part of Chase knew that Ricki was talking perfect sense. But admitting that was a whole other thing. As far as Chase was concerned, he was riding high – and his already stellar performances on the ice were only going to get better as he got used to his teammates and the coach's tactical outline.

As Ricki continued to work his magical fingers into Chase's back, Chase cast his mind back to high school. He might not have been the biggest, and he certainly wasn't the strongest, but the second that Chase picked up an ice hockey stick for the first time had truly been a gamechanger – quite literally.

Despite only being a freshman, Chase had danced a merry dance around the seniors and established hierarchy. Some of the roughest, toughest kids had quickly decided that some strongarm tactics would put the cocky freshman in his place – but Chase had seen them all off in his very first practice session.

From that day onward, Chase was his high school's hockey star and pretty much untouchable around the school. From being a quiet boy who kept to himself, Chase had been catapulted to a whole other level.

And this journey had only continued, Chase's unstoppable upward trajectory now bringing him to the Ice Bears.

I play fast, I party hard.

I'm too good to try and control.

I'm Chase freakin' Light.

With that, Chase told Ricki that he was done with the massage. It was time to hit the practice ice and show all his new teammates that even when he was late, Chase Light was still the number one pick in town.

* * *

'Hell yeah!' Chase hollered, cutting inside and firing another deadly accurate shot past the goalie. 'And *another* one!'

‘Well done, Chase,’ Mitch Vale, the assistant coach shouted from the sideline. ‘Now hustle back into position. We need to be quicker in transition. It’s been happening too much in matches. And I’m talking to everyone here, not just Chase.’

Chase looked around and saw that not all his teammates welcomed Mitch’s comment.

The truth was that Chase didn’t enjoy tracking back and covering defense. Chase loved to attack the opposition goal and either score or assist. Doing the dirty work wasn’t Chase’s calling as far as he was concerned. Far from it, in fact.

‘Coach, I think *most* of us do hustle back,’ Connor said, his gruff voice carrying some hefty weight to it. ‘And there’s *some* of us who really need to step the fuck up in defense. Yeah, I’m talking about you, Chase.’

Chase shrugged.

And Chase could see that it was likely only the presence of some of the Ice Bears’ board of directors watching practice that was stopping Connor Valley powering over and making his presence felt.

‘Coach, I need to hit the locker room,’ Chase said, the fixed glare from one of hockey’s most feared players in Connor Valley proving enough to make his back niggle seemingly flare up again. ‘My back... I want to make sure I’m good for the game on Saturday.’

Chase could see that he was causing some consternation amongst his teammates, but he wasn’t going to lose any sleep over it. As long as he produced the goods when it mattered, it really would make little difference what his training standards were like.

‘Fine. Do what you need to do, kid,’ Mitch said, quickly moving on to barking orders at the remainder of the squad.

With that, Chase skated off the ice and hit the locker room.

Chase stripped, showered, and was just taking his seat when the rest of the squad came in from practice. The atmosphere was somewhat on edge, no doubt fueled by Connor's minor outburst to Chase only a few minutes ago.

'Guys, good practice,' Chase said, standing up in nothing but a fluffy white towel around his waist. 'We'll nail The Blasters at the weekend. You just need to feed me the puck and I'll rack up those numbers.'

Chase was feeling good.

No one could dispute how quickly he had made an impact on the squad. And every single one of the players in the locker room would rather have had Chase on their side than face playing against him, that was for sure.

But that didn't mean that Chase's cocky demeanor was going to go down well.

Locker room politics and hierarchies never bothered Chase much. He was going to do what he wanted to do regardless of what others thought. And the sight of a snarling Connor Valley and some of the other grizzled veterans on the team did little to put Chase off.

'You know, I'm the future of this team,' Chase said, allowing his mouth to run even looser. 'Just let me do my thing and I'll bring home championship after championship.'

Chase was wondering why none of his teammates were responding to his words. He had expected at least some reaction, be it good or bad. Not even Connor Valley was speaking up – instead, Connor Valley had nothing but a sly smile on his face.

Chase turned and saw that a new player had entered the locker room.

And it wasn't just any player either. No, this was Jack Steel...

'You may be the future,' Jack said, his voice stern and full of natural authority. 'But I'm still very much its present. I need a word with you, boy. And we can do that right here in front of everyone, or we can do it in private. It's your call.'

Chase felt his heart skip a beat.

Jack Steel had been recovering from a serious injury in a rehab clinic in Switzerland since before preseason. Chase had seen Jack on TV countless times over the years, but to be in his presence in real life was something else altogether.

With his dark brown haired littered with flecks of grey and his soulful brown eyes, Jack was every inch the mature hockey heartthrob that had been on people's screens for years. His body was clearly in immaculate condition too, perfectly filling out his smart shirt and tailored suit trousers.

Chase couldn't stop his eyes scanning all over Jack, drinking him in thirstily and marveling at his appearance.

He's bigger in the flesh.

Those arms, that face, he's so...

So... Daddy.

Chase felt himself blush.

Suddenly, Chase didn't feel like the next superstar on ice, he felt like something else altogether. Struggling to get his words out, Chase felt a mixture of arousal, anger, and vulnerability.

Jack Steel may have been in his final season as a player, but it was clear that when it came to the Ice Bears locker room, he was still very much in charge.

Chase's heart was beating harder than it would before a big game, and his cock was suddenly beginning to rise and press up against the thickness of his fluffy towel.

'Well?' Jack said. 'Do we do this here, or do we take it private?'

'P-P-P-P-Private,' Chase said, his cheeks by now flushed red.

Chase didn't know what to expect from this talk with Jack, but he knew one thing – his experience with the Ice Bears was about to change...

Chapter 2

Jack

Jack was walking toward *Power Roast*, his favorite coffee haunt in the whole city. It had been way, way too long since Jack had enjoyed a rich, strong double espresso at *Power Roast*, and now he was finally back home and with two working legs, it was definitely time to set that straight.

‘It feels good to be home,’ Jack said, muttering the words as he wrapped his heavy winter coat around his body and continued to walk down the tree-lined street in the city’s Western Quarter.

Jack had only arrived back the night before, sometime after midnight.

The flight back from Switzerland had been uneventful, boring even. But this was just how Jack wanted it.

After nearly nine months of injury hell, Jack had been through enough ups and downs to last him a lifetime. A ruptured ligament that turned out to be something even more serious had seen Jack’s entire career placed in jeopardy at one point.

The trip to the highest rated clinic in Switzerland had almost been a last chance situation for Jack. Even if the Ice Bears doctors didn’t say it out loud, Jack knew it was true.

But one successful operation and rehab period later, and Jack was ready to hit the ice again for one last dance.

And a sedate, sleepy flight from Switzerland was just what Jack wanted to allow him to refocus his mind on what truly mattered.

Jack Steel might have been thirty-eight years old and in his final season as a player, but he was determined to go out a champion. A near twenty year career as a pro had seen him lift numerous personal accolades and MVP awards.

However when it came to team titles, Jack had lifted far fewer championship titles than a player with his talent should have done. And having been part of the Ice Bears sporting project for the last four years, he was ready to cap it all off by winning the playoffs and going out as a champion at the end of the season.

Well, that was the plan.

But as Jack knew better than most, there was always danger lurking around the corner in the world of professional ice hockey...

‘Now we’re talking!’ Jack roared, the sight of his two closest friends on the Ice Bears approaching him. ‘You two sonsofbitches better be ready to welcome back your captain the right way.’

Jack was walking toward *Power Roast* at exactly the perfect moment to meet with Connor and Alex.

‘The king is back,’ Alex said, looking as dashing as ever in one of his many Italian suits.

‘Long live the motherfucking king!’ Connor bellowed, his dark beard looking thicker than ever and his eyes just as wild as his reputation.

‘I’ve missed you guys,’ Jack said, allowing himself an uncharacteristically sappy moment. ‘Fuck. I must be getting soft as I near retirement.’

‘True. But we missed you too, so what does that make *us*?’ Alex chuckled, the three men delighted to be reunited.

Both Alex and Connor were key components on the Ice Bears team.

Jack trusted them as his closest allies, and they were very much the trifecta of senior players who the younger squad members would come to when they had a question or needed help.

Oh, and the three of them were all Daddies too.

‘Here’s to *us*,’ Jack said, taking a seat inside Power Roast and toasting with his double espresso. ‘One more season left for us as a triple threat. After this year, it’ll be the two of you.’

‘Fuck, I still can’t believe it,’ Connor said, running his hand through his swept back hair and downing his espresso in one gulp.

‘You know how I feel about it,’ Alex added, sipping on his espresso and arching his eyebrow. ‘You’ve got *at least* one more season after this. If you want it bad enough...’

Jack leaned back in his chair.

One more season... it’s temping.

But my body’s had enough.

I can’t put myself through another bad injury...

‘This is my *final* season. End of discussion,’ Jack replied, his tone serious and making it clear that no more would be said on the subject – at least not on that day.

‘Say no more,’ Alex said. ‘Now, let’s talk about what’s going down on the ice with this cocky young gun we signed in the off season.’

‘Chase Light...’ Jack said, letting out a long sigh. ‘Cute as hell but, let me guess, a whole heap of trouble?’

‘You got it,’ Alex continued. ‘The kid can play. But he’s arrogant. Thinks he’s won five seasonal MVPs already when he’s barely out of diapers.’

‘And he trains like a clown,’ Connor said, an angry bristle in his voice. ‘No guts. No fight. Goes to the physio at the slightest fucking hint of trouble.’

Jack knew that Chase had been causing some friction amongst the team.

Although Jack had requested to not talk too much about the team while he was away in Switzerland, the odd tidbit had made its way over about Chase.

‘We’ve all seen these hot new prospects come and go,’ Jack replied. ‘We haven’t had any tough games yet, that’s when we’ll find out if the boy has what it takes to cut it as in Ice Bear.’

‘Yeah, but I just want to grab him and throw him up against the glass barrier,’ Connor growled.

‘I bet you do,’ Alex smirked.

‘Nah, not like *that*,’ Connor barked back. ‘The boy’s not my type.’

‘Okay, well let’s hold off for a minute,’ Jack said, using his experience to guide him. ‘As I say, we’ve got tougher games coming up. And maybe the kid is just trying to establish himself in the pack with his new teammates. We’ll see where we’re at with him a couple of months down the line. Agreed?’

Alex and Connor exchanged a look between them and then nodded in agreement.

‘Good,’ Jack said. ‘Now I’ve got a meeting with Antonio Doni in thirty minutes. I assume you two are required at practice?’

With that, the three Daddies got up from their seats and exited *Power Roast*.

As far as Jack was concerned, it was great to be back home – but now it was very much a case of getting back down to serious business.

The only thing was, when that business involved a one-on-one meeting with Antonio Doni, things were never that simple...

* * *

Antonio Doni's office was tucked away in a corner of the Ice Bears' stadium's upper echelons.

As Jack walked the familiar corridor that led to Antonio, he did his best to keep his focus on hockey – and not what Antonio might want from him that day.

But this was easier said than done, and Jack knew that all too well.

I can't do any more favors.

The Doni family don't own me.

I'm a hockey player... not a fucking gangster.

The truth about the Ice Bears and their rise to prominence from brand new franchise to one of the leading teams in the conference was almost solely down to the Doni family.

And the Doni family weren't like a typical ice hockey owning family dynasty. The Doni's were new money – and it was the kind of new money that you can only acquire through the most serious of criminal enterprises.

The unspoken truth was that the Ice Bears were owned and run by a Mafia family.

It was a far cry from the old money, East Coast families that Jack had been used to running teams during his early years as a player, that was for sure.

The Doni's were ambitious and demanded results on and off the ice.

Yes, the Doni family offered the most brilliant player contracts, but they expected the players to show their respect, and importantly – *loyalty*, in any way that the family required.

Players knew that you just didn't say no to the Doni family, no matter the cost. And typically, a one-on-one meeting with Antonio Doni was a sure sign that a favor was about to be asked.

But this time, Jack Steel wasn't so sure.

As he reached Antonio's office, Jack held back for a moment and took a deep breath. Part of Jack suspected that Antonio might be seeking to call an early end to Jack's contract. There was only the remainder of the season left on Jack's deal, and by releasing his hefty salary from the wage bill, it might be possible to bring in a new player or two to develop for the future.

'Okay, here goes,' Jack said, getting himself in game mode and knocking on Antonio's door.

'Come in,' Antonio replied, his warm smile meeting Jack as he stepped inside the plush office. 'It's good to have you back, Jack.'

Jack was somewhat taken aback by Antonio's more relaxed demeanor. But at the same time, it put him on high alert. Was Antonio trying to make this a soft landing for Jack just as he was about to release him from his contract?

'It's good to *be* back,' Jack replied, friendly but his guard up. 'I can't wait to get back on the ice. The team's doing

well, but they need me out there for the challenges ahead.'

'I agree,' Antonio said, standing from his chair and walking around the desk to Jack. 'We've missed you. On and *off* the ice.'

Jack felt his body tense up.

Here we go.

Here it fucking comes.

Crazy Mafia request incoming.

'It's Chase Light,' Antonio said, his green eyes and jet-black hair looking striking under the dimmed light. 'He plays well. He scores. He makes things happen. And the fans love him. Which means the corporations love him. Which means the family loves him.'

'Okay,' Jack said. 'But if you think I'm making way for the kid, you can think again.'

'One day, yes, it is inevitable,' Antonio replied, attempting to reassure Jack by patting him on his shoulder. 'But not this season. We still need you. But you do need to protect the boy for us.'

'Protect him how?' Jack said, arching his eyebrow. 'I can tell the other guys to go easy on him in practice if that's what you mean?'

'No, no, Chase must learn the hard way in practice,' Antonio laughed. 'I'm talking about in the city. He's been partying too much. And not only that, but he's drawn the attention of some less than positive people. Men who want to use him. Take advantage.'

'So how does this involve me?' Jack said, a sinking feeling coming over him.

'You will be his shadow,' Antonio replied. 'And if you cannot control him, you will take Chase to live with you

when his apartment suddenly becomes... *unavailable.*'

Jack felt his entire mood turn.

The prospect of having a cocky little upstart like Chase Light living in his house was not something that appealed. Far from it. Jack valued his privacy too much to be dealing with an over-hyped hockey boy and what would no doubt be wholly unacceptable behavior.

There was only one solution.

Jack knew he would have to ensure that he kept Chase under control and shadowed him just as Antonio requested. Besides the prospect of having Chase move in with him, the idea of upsetting Antonio – and the wider Doni family – wasn't something that Jack wanted to contemplate.

'So we are agreed?' Antonio said, holding his hand out to Jack.

'Of course,' Jack replied, taking Antonio's hand and giving it a firm shake.

'Excellent,' Antonio laughed. 'Jack Steel is a man of his word, and a man of true substance. The family will *not* forget your loyalty.'

'Thank you,' Jack said, keeping eye contact with Antonio. 'But if you'll excuse me, I have a locker room I need to take back control of.'

With that, Jack left Antonio's office.

The drive from the stadium to the training complex wouldn't take too long, but Jack knew that as he drove, he would need to start thinking of how exactly he was going to keep Chase Light under control and out of harm's way.

Things were never anything less than dramatic at the Ice Bears – and while this might be Jack's final season

playing for them, it certainly wasn't going to be his easiest...

* * *

After driving down to the training complex in Pine Rise, Jack jumped down from his SUV and made a beeline to the locker room.

Ever since his very first day as a professional player, Jack loved nothing more than the energy that a positive locker room brought to the players. Whether you were a joker, a leader, a member of the pack, or even a rebel – the locker room was the place where bonds were formed, and men became brothers.

Of course, Jack would have liked to have had a partner outside of hockey too.

As good as the camaraderie was with his brothers on the Ice Bears roster, it wasn't quite the same thing as having a boy to call his own. Jack had long since put having a relationship on the backburner though.

Something about committing to a boy and making a relationship work always seemed too far out of reach as Jack's career took off and saw him moving cities, travelling during the season, and generally having to deal with the day to day pressures of being an elite athlete.

And this had been fine for many years.

Jack was so consumed by his career and having fun with his teammates that settling down just didn't come up on his radar very often. But as Jack had edged toward the latter years of his career, the idea of finding a boy to make his own had become far more prominent in his mind.

The only problem for Jack was that all he knew was ice hockey.

The thought of finding someone who he could connect with on a deep level just seemed difficult to imagine. Jack had been on dates of course. But more often than not, the boy sitting opposite him at the dinner table was either too overawed to be himself or was only there to get his *I was spanked by Jack Steel* story to tell his friends – or worse, the tabloid media.

‘Maybe I’m destined to be alone,’ Jack muttered as he put his finger on the fingerprint sensor at the front entrance of the training complex – an extra measure of security that the Doni had added recently. ‘Fuck it. I’ve got the hockey guys for one more season at least.’

Jack stepped inside the building and felt a huge wave of relief come over him.

Jack felt truly at home at the training complex, arguably even more so than he did at the Ice Bears stadium.

There was something about Pine Rise that allowed Jack to relax into himself more than almost anywhere else in the world. But relaxation wasn’t on Jack’s mind in that moment.

It was time to see the so-called wonder-boy of ice hockey and make it clear that things were about to change whether Chase liked it or not...

* * *

‘What’s this all about?’ Chase said, the nerves coming through in his voice as Jack shut the meeting room door behind him.

‘Okay, you can drop the tough guy act,’ Jack said, rolling his eyes. ‘I remember the first time my captain brought

me in for a one on one too.'

Jack could see that behind his cocky bravado, Chase was still a twenty-one year old boy. All the talent and ego in the world wouldn't change the fact that Chase had less life experience in his entire life than Jack had accumulated in the last year alone.

'I thought *you* were injured?' Chase said, doubling down on his defensiveness.

'I was,' Jack replied, keeping a cool exterior. 'But Captain Jack is back. And I'm going to give you some advice, Chase.'

Jack could tell from the look on Chase's face that he wasn't feeling like hearing advice from a twenty season veteran. But like it or not, Jack knew that he had to tell Chase exactly how things were going to go down from here on in.

'Trust me when I say this,' Jack said, stepping forward and closing the space between him and Chase. 'How you move outside of here is being noticed. You're young, you like to let loose. *Whatever*. But you're a professional athlete. You're an asset to this organization. You need to be careful. And I'm telling you here and now that you need to *behave*. Am I understood?'

Jack waited for Chase to reply.

The boy's got something about him.

He's nervous, but he's not crumbling.

There's a defiance there... and I kind of like it.

'Sure, I hear you,' Chase said, a note of petulance in his voice, but not enough for Jack to act on. 'Can I go now? I've got fans to meet, autographs to sign. You know, what with me being the main corporate asset around here.'

Jack nodded and just about managed to keep his temper in check.

That was some Grade A sass from Chase, and what Jack wanted more than anything in that moment was to pull the boy's sweatpants and briefs down and roast his peachy ass right there and then.

But Jack knew that he needed to keep this professional.

Antonio Doni wasn't a man you fucked around with – and as he'd given Jack the task of keeping Chase on the straight and narrow, that was exactly what he was going to do.

However Jack suspected that this wouldn't be the last time he'd need to warn Chase about his conduct, and next time there was no guarantee that Jack would be able to keep his Daddy Dom instincts at bay...

Chapter 3

Chase

Chase was sitting in his car in the bowels of the Ice Bears stadium. It was game day, and he had a lot on his mind. As well as knowing that the day's game was another important match in their quest for the playoffs, Chase knew that with Jack steel coming back to fitness it was important that he played well.

'Jack Steel can kiss my butt,' Chase muttered.

Being pulled aside by Jack Steel and having to listen to Jack lecture him wasn't exactly what Chase wanted to experience at his new team.

Chase had just been settling down and getting to know his teammates, and despite some grumblings about his attitude it seemed like everyone was on board with him and taking his talent seriously. The last thing that Chase wanted was someone like Jack coming back into the picture and threatening Chase's emerging status as the most important player on the roster.

Coming up through the various local youth leagues and training squads at high school, Chase had always been the go-to player. The move to the Ice Bears was just another step on the ladder as far as Chase was concerned and he saw no reason why he should have to adapt his personality or behavior. Chase knew that when it came to the action on the ice, he was more than capable of delivering the goods, and the more his new

teammates saw this then the more they would accept him as a person.

But there was something about Jack that just didn't sit well with Chase.

For all that Chase had always admired Jack's accomplishments from afar, he had always had a strange relationship with Jack as a hockey player. From a fan perspective, Chase saw a player in Jack who lacked the outright flair and sense of fun out on the ice that Chase felt was so valuable to his own game.

Jack had a long and distinguished career. But Chase felt like he was part of the new generation of player who was able to have as much fun off the ice as he was on it. Chase wanted the freedom to express himself exactly how he wanted – and there was no way he was going to allow a tired old veteran player to push him around.

Chase was determined that he wasn't going to fold and allow Jack to totally assert his authority over him – either on the ice or off it.

I've spent too long getting here.

I'll have fun if that's what I want.

No big old grump is telling me otherwise...

But as much as Jack Steel was on Chase's mind, the most important thing in that moment was the upcoming game against The Blasters.

'Ok Blade, let's do this,' Chase said, readying himself to go through his time honored pre-game ritual.

Chase took his stuffie out of his Gucci backpack and gave Blade a kiss on his forehead, his nose, and then on his soft, furry tummy.

'Three kisses for you, Blade,' Chase giggled. 'And now three for me too, please!'

With that, Chase helped Blade return the favor and kiss him three times.

Chase wasn't normally the most superstitious player, but his pre-game ritual was something that had stretched all the way back to his first championship final as a youth player. It had worked all those years ago and was now a cast-iron part of Chase's routine.

'Tonight's going to be a good night,' Chase said, taking a big breath and allowing the excitement of game night to swell up within him. 'It's time to show the world what I can do. And if I can keep Jack Steel warming the bench even longer, then I'll take that as a bonus too.'

With his mind focused and the adrenalin beginning to pump over his body, Chase carefully packed Blade back inside his backpack and then got out of his two seater sportscar.

There was no one in the stadium yet, but soon enough it would be packed with thousands of Ice Bears fans, all there to cheer on their team to another victory – and Chase was determined that it would be *his* name they would be singing the loudest.

* * *

'Rebrov, I'm open!' Chase called out, his voice barely audible over the home supporters as they roared the team on. 'Rebrov! Play me in *now!*'

Alex Rebrov glided over the ice in the smooth, ultra-elegant style that was his trademark and duly passed the puck toward Chase.

Chase was through, one on one with the goalie.

Many players panicked in these situations. Lesser players than Chase would lose their composure, feel hurried, and

make a total rush job of the shot.

But this was Chase Light.

Chase was a player who played off instinct and natural self-belief.

‘Yeah! Hell yeah!’ Chase hollered, deftly passing the puck into the back of the goal and skating around the rear of the goal to soak in the adoration of the home supporters. ‘Chase Light is in the house!’

‘A thank you wouldn’t go amiss,’ Alex Rebrov said, a sour look on his face as Chase skated past him. ‘I could have taken the shot myself.’

‘Hey, relax, I’ve got this,’ Chase said, continuing to play up for the crowd.

This pattern of showing off continued. Chase was enjoying himself on the ice, and The Blasters truly were taking the kind of beating that not many commentators would have predicted beforehand.

Three goals for Chase later, and the Ice Bears were up by four goals to two.

But the party was brought to an abrupt end for Chase at the beginning of the third period. To Chase’s dismay, he was replaced. But worse than that, Chase was taken off to make way for Jack Steel...

‘Now we’re talking,’ Alex said, high fiving with Jack Steel as he took to the ice.

‘Let’s fucking go!’ Connor added, a streak of dried blood under his eyes as a result of one bone crunching collision earlier on.

Chase watched and listened as the crowd went wild for the returning hero. Chase knew that replacements were part and parcel of the game, but he never enjoyed being

taken off – especially if his replacement happened to be the team captain and a legend of the game.

‘Everything okay?’ Ricki said, shuffling over toward Chase as he sat on the replacements bench.

‘Yeah, I’m good, no injuries,’ Chase said, a hint of anger in his voice.

‘No, I mean are *you* okay?’ Ricki replied. ‘I can tell you’re not happy. I just wanted to check in on you.’

‘*Urgh*. Sorry, Ricki,’ Chase said. ‘I didn’t mean to snap. I’m okay. I guess I just don’t like being taken off for the dude who bawled at me for partying too much or whatever.’

Chase felt silly for admitting this, but he trusted Ricki.

Chase knew from experience that in a team environment, not everyone can be trusted. There would always be agendas and people would use any kind of perceived weakness in others to progress their own cause.

But Ricki was different. For a start, he was a physiotherapist rather than a player. But secondly, he was a Little, just like Chase – and from what Chase could tell, Ricki truly had a heart of gold.

‘Shall we go out this evening?’ Chase said. ‘We could have some fun at the club?’

‘Yeah, I think that would be good,’ Ricki replied, smiling and handing Chase a bottle of electrolyte water to help keep his hydration on point.

‘Cool, I’m in the mood to let loose in all kinds of ways,’ Chase said, his eyes now back on the game as Jack Steel made his first significant play of the game by stopping a Blasters attack.

The game continued to ebb and flow, with the Blasters seemingly in the ascendancy and bringing the scores

level at four goals apiece.

Chase was growing frustrated though and not being brought back on to help the cause. Other players were being rotated in and out, but somehow it felt to Chase like Jack steel was being kept on the ice because of his reputation rather than how he could actually affect the game.

‘Get me on there!’ Chase hollered, angrily kicking his feet and tossing his bottle of water up against the barrier.

But neither the head coach nor his assistants took heed of Chase’s words.

The game continued and with the clock ticking down, it seemed like the game was all set to go into overtime.

‘Bring. Me. On!’ Chase said, stomping his feet even harder. ‘We were two goals up when I was on the ice...’

With the crowd tense and a sense of unease coming over the Ice Bears stadium, it looked like the team might actually blow the game and end up losing.

But what Chase wasn’t factoring into the equation was the fact that Jack Steel was ready to demonstrate each and every one of his twenty years of being a professional hockey player.

All it took was a tiny mistake from the opposition defender, a moment of barely tangible hesitation, and Jack Steel fired in the winning goal with less than five seconds left on the clock.

With the crowd wild with pride at their team’s last-gasp victory, and Jack Steel’s name being sung from the rafters, Chase’s mood was mixed.

On the one hand, Chase was happy that the team had won.

But on the other hand, Chase felt like the coach had shown an obvious preference toward Jack. And now that Jack was creeping closer to full fitness, Chase's role in the starting team was suddenly looking a lot less secure.

With his mind full of doubt and his emotions all over the place, Chase trudged back into the locker room and was immediately met by a cacophony of his teammates and various members of the coaching team singing the Ice Bears anthem.

Chase simply began to undress and decided that he wasn't in the mood to take part in any jolly behavior.

'What's the matter golden boy?' Connor Valley barked, his thick beard and strong upper body both looking thicker than ever. 'The big man of the Ice Bears is back. You'll be sitting your ass on the bench a lot more from here on out. I guess you're just going to have to learn that we value team work here, huh?'

'Whatever,' Chase said, angrily slamming his skates down on the floor and beginning to dress without having had a shower yet.

'Easy, Connor,' Jack interjected. 'We're all on the same side. And, Chase, you scored some great goals. Good contribution, kid.'

While Jack's words may have seemed like he was keeping the peace to the other men in the locker room, to Chase it felt like he was being patronized.

'I would have scored four if they'd kept me on the ice,' Chase said, angrily pulling his t-shirt over his head. 'But, sure, well done on finally scoring in the last play.'

Chase's heart was thumping inside his chest.

Judging by the looks on the faces of the senior players, Chase's words were not going down well at all. And having already had one private warning from Jack, Chase

knew that he was running the risk of another – perhaps more severe – talking to from the team captain.

But Chase couldn't resist poking at the rest of his teammates.

Such was the injustice that Chase felt at being sidelined in the final third, he just had to get it all off his chest.

'You know, I'm not going to celebrate a win on the final play when we should have won easily,' Chase said, raising his voice. 'That's not what winners do. I guess some of you guys just ain't me though.'

If Chase's plan was to get his teammates angry, it hadn't worked.

Instead of confronting Chase, the senior players like Alex, Connor, and Jack simply turned away from him and continued to celebrate with the rest of the team.

This infuriated Chase.

Why was no one listening to him? He simply couldn't get his head around it.

'Screw it,' Chase said, picking his bag up and storming out of the locker room even before the head coach had come in to give his post-game debrief.

Chase was still very much going out to party that evening, but he was doing it in the blackest of black moods now. And more often than not for Chase, going out to party in a bad mood was just asking for trouble...

* * *

The drinks were flowing at Lux Lounge, as they always did on a Saturday night. With its exclusive guest list clientele and prices that would make even the highest earning hockey player take note, Lux Lounge was

somewhere where the rich and famous could come and let loose.

‘Another! Another!’ Chase said, now showered and changed having driven home for a quick pitstop after leaving the Ice Bears stadium in a hurry.

‘Hey, take it easy, Chaser,’ Ricki said, barely having finished his previous drink. ‘Let’s just hangout for a bit. There’s no rush. I mean, I *am* planning on leaving in an hour. But that’s plenty of time.’

‘*Nawwww*, an hour?’ Chase said. ‘It’s not even midnight yet. The night is young. We’ve got *hours* left to play.’

Ricki smiled and went along with having another drink, but Chase could tell that his heart wasn’t totally into it. The next hour passed by in a flash though, and soon enough Ricki had gone home in the back of an Uber.

‘*Pffft*, I’ve got more life left in me,’ Chase said, stumbling out of the bar. ‘All I need is my cellphone to call those two Daddies from *Paddle Palace* and I’ll be in for a fun night...’

Chase had barely spoken to the two Daddies who spanked his butt. And there had been barely any further communication since that night. But Chase was feeling horny, lonely, and full of energy.

The last thing that Chase wanted to do was admit that the night was over, so thought nothing of getting in touch with the two hunky Daddies and seeing if they would be up for indulging in some overtime...

However as he fumbled with his cellphone, Chase began to cross the road without looking. It might have been his youthful arrogance, or the fact that he had already taken on board too much to drink that evening, but before Chase knew what was happening, he saw two blaring headlights coming right for him.

'What the f-' Chase screamed, the oncoming SUV looking like it was making a direct line toward him.

Chase wanted to move. But everything felt slow and out of sync. It was like time had slowed to a snail's pace, but Chase was glued in position.

Not like this.

Please no.

I don't want to d...

But before Chase could finally put his body into action, he felt himself being picked up and swooped away from the menacing SUV.

It happened in such a blur, that Chase was barely able to put any words together. In fact, had he been asked to spell out his own name at that point he almost certainly wouldn't have been able to.

Luckily for Chase, Jack Steel was there to do the talking.

'I guess they never taught you road safety at Hotshot School?' Jack said, arching his eyebrow. 'It doesn't matter. I need to get you off the streets. The last fucking thing we need is a paparazzo seeing you like this.'

'B-b-b-but, where are we going?' Chase said, finally able to get his words out. 'I don't know what happened. It was like... *urgh...* I just don't know.'

'We're going to my place,' Jack replied, picking Chase up and standing him back on two feet, his strength coming to the fore as he handled the far more slender Chase with ease. 'No more questions now. We'll talk later. Right now, I'm taking you with me. I've got a boy on my hands who needs a warm mug of milk and a hot bath. Come on, let's go.'

With that, a shaken Chase leaned in and rested his bodyweight on Jack's strong, broad frame. They only had

to wait a minute or so before Jack's driver appeared around the corner and the two of them hopped into the town car.

Chase would *never* have imagined that he would be going home with Jack at the end of the night. But right at that moment, any locker room rivalry or old crushes were out of Chase's thoughts – he needed a safe haven, and Jack Steel was the man who had stepped up to provide it.

Chapter 4

Jack

The three Ice Bears veterans found themselves in one of their favorite haunts in the whole city, just like they often did after a big victory. The bar was called *The Rocks*, and while it may not have been a celebrity hangout it certainly did come out tops in terms of refinement, privacy, and the best whiskey in the city.

Jack, Alex, and Connor held their drinks aloft and toasted to the team, and to one another too. But the third and final toast was for Jack himself...

'We're all Daddies, but you're the Ice Bears' Daddy,' Alex said, a look of affection in his eyes as he held his whiskey glass up.

'Back to fitness, back on form, and the playoffs are there for us to smash,' Connor added, thumping his chest with one hand as he raised his glass with the other.

The three men cheered and took a sip of their vintage liquor.

With its classy lighting and low key members club vibe, *The Rocks* was somewhere that Jack felt like he could let go the burden of being team captain. While Jack loved the responsibility of being the team's longtime figurehead, he also knew that he needed time to simply be himself.

But hockey was never far from Jack's mind, especially now that he knew the clock was ticking down toward the

end of his glorious career.

‘So... I’m thinking we can seriously challenge this season,’ Jack said. ‘I’m talking playoffs. I’m talking winning the whole damn thing.’

‘Hell yeah,’ Connor said. ‘With you back, we’ve got the perfect balance. But...’

‘Don’t say it,’ Jack said, knowing full well that Connor was going to bring up Chase Light. ‘Just don’t say his name...’

‘Ha!’ Connor laughed. ‘The kid’s got talent. Fuck, he’s got more talent in one hand than I do in my whole body. But what he doesn’t have is team spirit. He who must not be named is a brat. And brats don’t work for the team. They play for themselves.’

Jack knew that there was much truth in what Connor was saying.

But what Jack also knew was that Chase was young. Sudden fame and money could be an unsettling thing for a young man to deal with. And it was more than possible that Chase was struggling to deal with his new status, no matter how cocky and full of himself that he seemed from the outside looking in.

Still, Jack also knew that it was bad for any sporting team to have a player in its ranks who wasn’t working toward a shared goal. Jack had seen it countless times in his career. All it took was one negative player to disrupt a season, or in some cases tear a franchise apart and set them back years.

Chase needed a strong man to guide him, Jack didn’t doubt that for a second.

But the fact that Antonio Doni had stepped in and made the Doni family’s wishes very clear to Jack added a level to this game that made Jack uncomfortable. It was one thing acting like a team captain and leader and guiding a

young player toward a better outlook. But with the pressure of a notorious Mafia family weighing down on the situation, it was far from ideal.

‘It’s the family, right?’ Alex said, noting how deep in thought Jack appeared to be. ‘They’ve said something to you about the boy?’

Jack nodded.

While it was an open secret amongst players that the Doni family were serious people who you simply did not cross, there was an unspoken agreement that any public talk about them was kept to an absolute minimum.

Jack knew that the Doni family had a far reach, and it wasn’t beyond the realms of possibility that they were operating a network of street spies across the city.

Some players felt like this was just a little bit too far on the side of paranoia, but Jack felt certain that the Doni family would stop at nothing to make sure that their franchise was run with just as much ruthlessness as their other business interests.

‘So... that’s a yes then?’ Alex said, quickly looking around to check that no one was obviously listening in to them. ‘Whatever they’re asking you to do, jut tread carefully Jack. This is your last season. I think I speak for me and Connor when we say that we both want you to get out of this game alive.’

‘Thanks,’ Jack said, a wry smile on his face. ‘It’s good. Don’t worry about me.’

But just as he was speaking, Jack noticed his cellphone flash up a message from none other than Antonio Doni...

Lux Lounge. The boy is acting the fool. He’s alone. You should be there, remember what we talked about.

ANTONIO.

‘Well, what do you know,’ Jack said, shaking his head. ‘It’s looks like we’ve managed to manifest an appearance from the Doni family via instant message. *Fuck*. I need to go.’

‘You want us to come with you?’ Connor said, ready to stand and leave with Jack.

‘No, it’s fine,’ Jack replied. ‘You two stay out and have some fun. This is something I need to do by myself.’

Jack bade a quick farewell to his friends and headed out of *The Rocks*.

It was time to find Chase Light and extricate him from whatever mess he was about to make for himself...

* * *

After a speedy drive of a few blocks, Jack thanked his driver and told him to wait just around the corner. Jack had called one of his doorman friends at *Lux Lounge* and apparently Chase had indeed been starting to cause consternation with his behavior.

This wasn’t good.

Jack knew that the last thing the Doni family wanted was any kind of negative press. If Chase was indeed acting the fool, the likelihood was that at some point he would push things too far and could end up brawling with some other partygoers, or worse... the police could get involved.

As Jack strode toward the club, he saw a message pop up from his contact at Lux Lounge. Apparently Chase had just left a few moments ago and was looking seriously the worse for wear.

‘That damn boy,’ Jack grumbled, suddenly furious that his night was being taken over by his wayward teammate.

The truth was that Jack had felt an undeniable attraction to Chase.

Jack had initially reasoned that it was probably just a physical thing, but there was something extra about Chase that Jack just couldn’t shake.

Of course, there was no way in hell that Jack was going to do anything about this attraction. It would not be looked upon very positively by the Doni family for starters. But equally, Jack knew that inter-team relationships came with so many complications and potential pitfalls that it was really asking for trouble.

No, Jack would deal with Chase in the most professional and reasoned way possible. Jack was the team captain, the elder statesman, and apparently also now a Mafia spy...

‘There he is, the silly boy,’ Jack muttered, noticing Chase wandering aimlessly toward the road crossing with his head buried deep in his phone. ‘I’m assuming he’s going to look up at some point. But what the hell is that SUV doing though...’

Jack walked quicker with each step before breaking out into a full-on sprint.

If Jack didn’t know better, the SUV headed toward Chase was doing so with the intention of hitting him. And the boy hadn’t even noticed it at all. As far as Jack was concerned, this could get extremely ugly very quickly indeed...

Fortunately for both Jack and Chase, Jack got to the boy in time and literally swept him off his feet and away to safety. After checking that Chase was okay, Jack called his driver and soon enough they were both safely in the

back seat of Jack's town car and headed back to his house.

But as a clearly shocked Chase nestled up to Jack, Jack's mind was whirring with possibilities...

Who the hell was in that SUV?

Some drunk asshole?

Or could it have been... the Doni family?

* * *

'You've got a nice big house,' Chase said. 'I bet you've got other big things too.'

'And I'd bet that you're absolutely way too drunk,' Jack said, shaking his head disapprovingly. 'Here, drink some of this.'

Jack handed Chase a small mug of warm milk with a sprinkle of cinnamon on top.

'Thank you,' Chase said, blushing.

'You're welcome,' Jack replied.

They were sitting in the large kitchen of Jack's house. With its granite kitchen units and sleek design, it was very much exactly the kind of kitchen that Jack had always dreamed of. It was macho, but practical too.

'How are you feeling?' Jack said, taking a seat next to Chase on the smart couch that ran underneath the floor to ceiling window with views out onto the dark streets outside.

'Tired,' Chase replied, his eyelids drooping.

'Okay, I know I said we'd give you a bath,' Jack said. 'But maybe that can wait until the morning. I think what you need is a nice sleep. I've got the guestroom on the first

floor that you can sleep in. It's got its own private bathroom too. You should be able to get some rest. How does that sound?'

Chase nodded.

'Okay, finish off your milk and I'll show you to your room,' Jack said, smiling for the first time in what felt like hours.

'Thank you,' Chase said, a slight reddening in his cheeks. 'This milk is... *yummy*.'

Jack could sense that Chase was a good boy beneath all the bravado and over exuberance. But that didn't mean that he was about to give Chase a free pass for his bad behavior. No, Jack could see that what Chase needed was some firm guidance – the kind that only a real Daddy could give.

But all of that could wait.

It was time to take the boy to bed and let him sleep it off.

Tomorrow would be a new day, and a much better time for Jack to see if he could convince Chase that it was in *everyone's* best interests for him to curb his enthusiasm for life just a bit.

In less than fifteen minutes, Chase was snugly wrapped up in bed and Jack could even hear him snoring from down the corridor. It was cute, there was no denying it.

In fact, with so much pent up energy inside his body, Jack decided that what he needed was a nice, late-night bath.

Jack walked into his master suite and shut the door behind him. Before long, he was naked and easing his aching body into a bathtub full of hot water and relaxing bath salts.

'I'm getting too old for this game,' Jack said, noting how stiff his back felt and how deep the purple and green

bruises on his body looked. 'But... I love this fucking game too much to not give it my all.'

But for once, Jack's mind wasn't on hockey for long.

As the bath salts worked their magic, Jack felt his cock hardening as thoughts of Chase flowed through his mind. Yes, Chase was a giant pain in the ass, but he was so damn sexy too.

Jack began to stroke his thick, long cock and it was rock-hard in a matter of seconds.

There was something about the mischief in Chase's ocean blue eyes that made Jack's entire mind and body react. Due to Chase storming out of the locker room earlier, Jack hadn't seen him naked – but that wasn't about to stop his imagination running wild with its own ideas.

A slender waist.

A small but strong butt.

Flexible, bendable legs that could...

'Oh, fuck,' Jack groaned, shooting a hot load over himself as he thrust his hips above the hot bath water.

Jack hadn't intended on climaxing so quickly. But there was simply something about Chase that was clearly incredibly stimulating to Jack. The boy was trouble, but he was all kinds of sexy.

What Jack needed to figure out now was precisely how he was going to handle his clear attraction to Chase and not jeopardize either the team's success or his own life if the Doni family suspected something was going on between them.

'Looks like I'm all set for plenty of late night bathgasms...' Jack chuckled, seeing the funny side. 'And now I think it's time to haul my old ass to bed.'

Jack knew that when morning came, he would need to give Chase a clear warning about his future conduct. But right now all he cared about was taking himself off to his emperor sized bed, popping a pain pill, and putting some rest and recuperation into his aching thirty-eight year old body.

Chapter 5

Chase

Chase woke up to the sound of an early morning removal truck backing up somewhere on the street outside. With its slow but punishingly loud beeping noise, there was no hope for Chase remain asleep.

'Urgh, my head,' Chase said, pulling the duvet over his head and attempting to snuggle himself back to sleep.

But as Chase brought his knees up to the fetal position, he realized something. He wasn't in his normal bed. In fact, Chase was in a bed he had never slept in before...

Where am I?

Did I hook up with a Daddy last night?

Oh... no... the SUV... then... Jack Steel.

As memories of the night before came flooding back to Chase, he felt a mixture of emotions come over him. On the one hand, Chase felt safe and secure in the big, comfortable bed. But on the flipside, Chase felt a nagging sense of regret over the fact that it was Jack Steel who put him in here.

'Did Jack make me a warm milk?' Chase muttered, gripping the duvet and bringing it even tighter around his body.

Chase then remembered just how kind and caring Jack had been once they were back at Jack's house. It wasn't just the warm milk, but Jack's whole demeanor seemed

different. Rather than barking orders and trying to boss Chase around, Jack had been gentle and full of empathy for him.

There was no denying it, it was a whole other side to Jack – and Chase liked it.

While the beeping from the truck outside the house may have stopped, Chase knew that he was now awake and there was no going back to sleep. But as he wriggled around in bed, Chase saw that there was another *issue* to deal with...

'Hmmm, okaaaay,' Chase said, looking down and seeing the big tent at the front of his banana print briefs.

It might have been a case of morning wood, but Chase was as hard as a rock.

Then Chase remembered the dream he was having right before being woken by the noisy truck. The dream involved him, Jack, and a distinct absence of any clothes.

Instinctively, Chase reached down and put both his hands inside his briefs and began to casually squeeze his erect dick. It felt good – but it also felt naughty.

Am I really jerking myself over Jack Steel?

He's so annoying and thinks he knows it all.

Jack can't teach me anything. I'm the future of hockey, not him...

As Chase fondled his hard cock, he delighted in thoughts of pushing Jack to his limits and enraging the big, burly hockey captain to the point where Jack decided that enough was enough...

'Oh... that's it... you can kiss my butt, Captain Jack,' Chase giggled, fully involved in his fantasy as he pumped on his shaft. *'What are you gonna do? Spank me?'*

But Chase was quickly brought back to reality by the loud thud on the bedroom door.

As quick as a flash, Chase let go of his dick and rearranged himself so that his head was poking out the top of the duvet.

‘You up?’ Jack’s voice boomed. ‘Time for a morning juice.’

‘*Um*, yeah, one second,’ Chase replied, a guilty tremble in his voice as he sat up in bed and made sure that his body was covered – especially down below.

Chase watched as Jack entered the guest bedroom with a big glass of OJ in one hand and what looked like a plate of pancakes in the other.

‘Wow, is that for me?’ Chase said, briefly forgetting the fact that underneath his duvet he was as hard as a rock.

‘Sure is,’ Jack said, carefully placing the drink and plate of pancakes on the bedside table. ‘These are protein pancakes too. You need to make sure you get your nutrition right during recovery after a game.’

‘*Uh-huh*,’ Chase replied, not entirely paying attention to Jack’s health advice as he sipped on the perfectly fresh OJ. ‘Can I have some maple syrup with the pancakes, please?’

Chase smiled as Jack rolled his eyes and quickly returned to the bedroom with a small pot of maple syrup.

‘Thanks, it’s the only way I eat pancakes,’ Chase said, hungrily pouring the syrup before devouring the pancakes. ‘Yummy!’

‘Glad to see you’re enjoying them,’ Jack said, his voice not exactly full of warmth, but not unfriendly either. ‘Listen, we need to talk.’

Chase could sense that Jack was about to say something that he didn't want to hear.

The last thing that Chase wanted was an early morning lecture after a hard game and ensuing night out on the town.

But Chase could sense that Jack didn't care much for how he felt about it, and this was something that he was going to say regardless...

'Chase, you need to listen to me,' Jack said, taking a seat on the edge of the bed. 'I can't give you the specifics of the situation, but you need to change how you're behaving. Partying too much, acting out when you're in public... it's not a good look. And some very important people have noticed it too.'

Chase could feel a hit of adrenaline shoot over his body.

This sounded a lot like a lecture, and Chase simply wasn't in the mood to listen to one of the older guys on the team talk to him like this.

Jack can say what he wants.

I've got to the top by being me.

I'm not going to change for Jack, or for anyone else.

Chase shrugged his shoulders and made it clear that he wasn't impressed with what Jack had to say.

'Boy, you're really not listening to me,' Jack said, a hint of irritation in his voice. 'I can't say it much clearer than this. Your career at the Ice Bears is in jeopardy if you keep this behavior going. And... I won't go into any more details. You're representing the Ice Bears. Just shape the hell up.'

This was as much as Chase could take.

In a rapid blur of activity, Chase flung the duvet off the bed and got himself dressed as quickly as he possibly

could.

All the while, Jack simply stood on the edge of the bed and shook his head.

'You can't tell me what to do!' Chase said, stomping his foot on the soft carpet underneath. 'You're just jealous that I'm the new star and you're...you're... you're past your best!'

Chase didn't wait to see how Jack would react to his comment.

Instead, Chase flung his coat and shoes on and made a beeline for the door. After charging down the stairs and finding his way to the heavy oak front door, Chase left Jack's house and began running down the street without the faintest idea as to where he was headed.

All Chase knew was that he didn't want to see Jack anytime soon.

The only problem of course being that they were teammates, at least for now...

* * *

After hailing down a cab, Chase managed to get himself home and surrounded by all the things he loved most...

Blade the stuffie.

A selection of the fizziest, most sugary drinks.

A ton of sour candies.

And to top it all off, Ricki came over for a playdate too.

'I'll never get tired of your place,' Ricki said, having changed into a red and white romper. 'You've got all the toys in the world here!'

'*Hehe*, maybe, but there's always *more* toys I want,' Chase giggled, his purple and yellow romper fitting him snugly. 'I'm just glad to be away from Jack.'

Chase looked for a reaction from Ricki, but it seemed like Ricki wasn't sure what to say. Chase liked Ricki a lot and didn't want Ricki to feel like he couldn't speak freely.

'You don't think Jack's so bad, do you?' Chase said, taking a pineapple and mango juice box and slurping it down.

'I do think he's someone who's seen it all,' Ricki replied, munching on his triple-choc cookie. 'He might sound all mean and strict and boring... but he's a Daddy, right?'

'Makes sense,' Chase said, the pair of them giggling together. 'He's... hot.'

'I know!' Ricki squealed with delight. 'Do you think you might like him?'

'*Bleurgh*, no way,' Chase replied. 'I might be a Little but that doesn't mean I can handle some grumpy guts bossing me around and telling me what I can and can't do all the time. I do feel a bit bad about telling him that he was washed up as a player though. I was just so angry, but now I feel all crappy for saying that.'

Ricki nodded and the pair of them quickly moved back onto playing with their stuffies and the various makeshift pillow slides they had assembled for them.

Before long, Chase was well and truly in Little Space.

With his voice softening and his pitch getting higher, Chase felt warm and safe playing alongside Ricki. While settling into the team at the Ice Bears might still be very much a work in progress, Chase knew that in Ricki he had a Little friend for life.

But just when Chase and Ricki were about to settle down for a nice nap on Chase's big pile of bean bags, Chase

received pretty much the worst message he could possibly imagine.

A message to all players. You're needed at Pine Rise training complex. ASAP. Attendance compulsory, no excuse. COACH TREMAINE.

The last thing Chase wanted to do on his Sunday off was head into Pine Rise. But he knew that coach wasn't screwing around.

It was time to leave Little Space and head somewhere far less appealing indeed.

And of course, there was the even more unwelcoming prospect of seeing Jack to contend with too...

* * *

Coach Tremaine wasn't in a good mood. After all, this was his Sunday too...

'Trust me, I take no pleasure in hauling your beat up asses in here on a Sunday,' Tremaine said, his weathered face and deep blue eyes fixed with their usual intensity. 'But this came from the Doni family. And they're the ones who built this franchise from the ground up, so when they ask... I fucking make it happen.'

After issuing everyone with some guidelines and hooking their bodies up with the usual GPS monitoring vests, the whole Ice Bears squad was put to the test on the indoor Pine Rise athletics track.

As far as Chase was concerned, it was a breeze.

Even though he still felt somewhat hungover, his natural fitness prevailed and he flew around the track for the first

few laps. And then when Coach Tremaine put the squad on sprint tests, it was more of the same.

‘Come on guys, this is easy work,’ Chase laughed, powering over the finish line for his fourth repetition. ‘We should all be finding this comfortable. Even the *older* players...’

Chase smiled smugly to himself.

It had been clear enough for Chase to see that the older players in the group, notably Cooper and Alex were pissed with him. Chase imagined that Jack had filled his two closest allies in on everything that had gone down between them, and they were likely taking Jack’s side entirely.

I’ll show these guys.

It should be me who’s leading this team.

Jack might be team captain now, but I’m what the Ice Bears need at front and center.

After a couple of sledge pull tests, Chase was starting to feel the heat. Maybe it was the partying on Saturday, or perhaps his failure to do his stretches on Sunday morning, but Chase was starting to wish that Tremaine would wrap the session up sooner rather than later.

For a moment, it looked like Chase’s wishes were about to be granted.

‘Right, that’s enough,’ Coach Tremaine bellowed. ‘Only one test left. Pairs racing. We want you up against a teammate. Light, you’re with Steel.’

Chase felt his heart jump.

Under any other circumstance, he would feel supremely confident about beating Jack in a track race. But with his legs beginning to feel heavy and his stomach churning over, Chase wasn’t quite so confident.

But Chase wasn't about to let that stop him acting like he felt the win was all but assured...

'I'll slow down to not make this *too* embarrassing,' Chase said as him and Jack lined up at the start line. 'Don't say I don't respect my elders.'

'You just focus on getting across the line,' Jack replied, a steely determination in his eyes that made Chase swallow hard. 'Try your best and don't stop giving it your all until the race is done. Trust me on that.'

'*Pffft*,' Chase retorted, roiling his eyes.

Chase readied himself for Coach Tremaine to start the race.

THREE.

TWO.

ONE... BANG!

Chase flew into an early lead, his legs suddenly feeling as light and gazelle-like as ever. But around the halfway point, the leaden feeling returned to Chase's legs and he could practically feel the lactic acid building inside his quads.

Worse, Chase could sense that Jack was rapidly gaining ground on him.

No no no no.

Keep going.

Don't let that grumpy asshole win...

But try as Chase might, Jack simply powered past him and ran out a fairly comfortable winner at the end of the one hundred meter track.

With the sound of the players cheering and whooping for Jack, Chase felt a mixture of fury, humiliation, and total despondency.

Jack had beaten him fair and square, and there was nothing that Chase could do about it.

‘Good race, kid,’ Jack said, walking over toward Chase, holding his hand out for Chase to shake. ‘Now shake my hand and we’ll move on as a team.’

Chase didn’t want to shake Jack’s hand.

But the longer Jack held his hand out, the more Chase’s resistance grew.

‘You’re coming with me, boy,’ Jack snapped, a hushed silence coming over the squad – including Coach Tremaine. ‘We’re going to settle this here and now.’

Jack took Chase by the arm and marched him out of the athletics track and into a nearby weights room.

Chase didn’t know exactly what Jack was going to say once they were inside the room – but instead perhaps what he should have been wondering was what Jack was going to *do*.

Chapter 6

Jack

After Chase stormed out of the house, Jack felt a familiar sense of exasperation and frustration with the young player.

Jack had been around in professional hockey for long enough to see plenty of supposed superstar players burn out way too early as a result of too much partying, ego, and hype. Chase seemed like he was a good boy deep down, but in that moment Jack was seeing far too many of the traits that could see Chase fail to live up to his potential.

‘What do I care,’ Jack grumbled, stripping the guestroom bed. ‘The kid can do what the hell he likes.’

The reality of the situation was that Jack was only so invested in Chase because Antonio Doni has instructed him to be. Were it not for that order from the Doni family, Jack would probably have ignored Chase and focused only on finishing his final season as a player in the most successful way possible.

‘But...’ Jack said, his mind drifting off to the same kind of thoughts that had seen him pleasure himself so satisfyingly in the bath. ‘No. *Not* going to happen.’

Jack was determined to put his lust for Chase out of his mind and concentrate on having the most relaxed Sunday possible. After all, Jack knew that he would be back on the training and game prep treadmill on Monday.

After such a long career, the one thing that Jack was looking forward to was a little bit more time to himself. Even though Jack loved meeting up with the likes of Alex and Connor and shooting the shit at Pine Rise, he certainly wasn't going to miss the grueling training schedule.

Jack tossed the laundry down the laundry chute and walked downstairs.

'Time for my own big breakfast,' Jack smiled, imagining the amount of calories he was about to consume all in the name of physical recovery.

But before Jack could settle into making his feast, he saw a message flash up on his cell phone. And just like before, Jack felt the very same sinking sensation when he saw that the message was from Antonio Doni...

Jack... I want an update on Chase. I need to see you face to face. Meet me at Pine Rise in an hour. Oh - and bring your training kit too. ANTONIO.

'Wait... what?' Jack spluttered. 'He wants me to bring my training kit?'

Jack couldn't comprehend why Antonio wanted him to bring his training kit. But it was pointless trying to question Antonio. None of the Doni family were ever very receptive to people questioning them or their *unique* techniques.

Despite feeling like this was a major bummer to his Sunday plans, Jack knew that it was pointless trying to delay the inevitable. His big breakfast would have to wait until next Sunday.

Jack picked up his training bag and made his way out of the house and into his two seater sportscar. It was time to power over toward Pine rise and find out precisely what the hell Antonio wanted that was so important that it couldn't be discussed over the phone.

* * *

'So you're saying Chase was out of control?' Antonio said, running his hand over his strong, stubbly chin. 'And what did *you* do to stop this?'

Jack took a step back and turned to look beyond the window of the Pine Rise office suite. It was clear that Antonio was putting Chase's behavior very much at Jack's feet – and Jack knew that as unfair as that may seem, it was simply the way it was.

The Pine Rise building was quiet saving for a few game analysts working away in the next door office. Jack had also briefly seen a grumpy Coach Tremaine on the way in too.

But Jack knew that unless he was able to give Antonio the answers he wanted, things weren't likely to stay quiet for long.

'Don't worry about me, you just take your sweet time,' Antonio said, more than a hint of impatience in his voice. 'You know, I have a lot of things to deal with. I'd rather not be here on a Sunday either. But this fucking Chase Light. I want him calm and acting like he should be.'

'He was drunk. I sorted it,' Jack replied, maintaining eye contact with Antonio. 'I've seen plenty worse over the years. Trust me.'

'Maybe so,' Antonio said, stepping out from behind the desk, his suit jacket briefly opening to give Jack a flash of a gun firmly planted inside a holster. 'But if Chase is

out and acting wild, and something happens to him... then we're down a player and also lose a valuable asset. So, we're left with a choice. Do we take control of that situation or do we allow it to ride and collect the life insurance as early as we can.'

Jack couldn't be sure what Antonio was hinting at, or how literal he was being, but either way it didn't sound good.

'We are a powerful family,' Antonio continued. 'We know how to win. Just like the Ice Bears know how to fight and win on the ice. But unlike hockey, we do not have to play by the rules. If you know more about Chase than you are letting on, that's a risky game to play with me, Jack.'

'Antonio, I've got this,' Jack said, firming his voice and trying to put all thoughts of the gun inside Antonio's jacket out of his mind. 'As I said, the boy was drunk. I'll keep him on the straight and narrow from here on out. You have my word.'

'Good,' Antonio said, walking over to stand next to Jack and take in the view of the majestic training complex that he and his family had built. 'I know this is your final season. But the family respects you. We'd like to consider keeping you as part of the organization. You could choose the role. Management. Corporate. Media. It would be up to you. But we need you to ensure that Chase does not cross the line. There's more at stake than you know. And you understand that I cannot say any more, I assume?'

Jack nodded.

The reality was that Jack didn't *want* to know any more details.

As far as Jack was concerned, the less he knew about the inner workings of Antonio Doni and his Mafia family, the better.

But before Jack could settle himself and get ready to drive home again, Antonio was about to drop another bombshell. There would be a whole-squad fitness session – and the individual player results and analytics would be seen by the Doni family.

Jack could tell that Antonio wasn't fooling around.

This might not have been a regular training session, but in many ways the stakes had *never* been higher.

* * *

The fitness session culminated in a one on one race between Jack and Chase. Despite Chase's bravado, Jack knew from the get-go that he would win the race.

Over the years, Jack had learned how to manage his body and pace himself.

Chase on the other hand was brash, cocky, and had way less smarts.

But it was Chase's behavior after the race that pushed Jack to the limit – and beyond...

'Boy, if your captain offers to shake your hand, you accept it,' Jack barked, shutting the weight training room door behind him.

'I... I... I didn't feel like it,' Chase replied, pouting and showing his immaturity.

'I don't give a crap what you felt like,' Jack growled. 'This is a team sport. We pull together as one. We can fight and brawl in training, but each and every one of us have to know that we shake hands at the end and have that spirit of unity.'

'*Borrrrring!*' Chase said, a slight quiver in his voice betraying his nervousness. 'So you got me in here just to give me some big teamwork speech?'

‘No, boy, I got you in here to spank your ass good and proper,’ Jack said, stepping toward Chase and towering over him. ‘I’ll tolerate locker room sass up to a point. But you took things way too far. Now tell me your safeword.’

‘You can’t do this,’ Chase stammered, his cheeks flushing red. ‘You’re not my Daddy, you can’t whoop me!’

‘I can, and I *will*,’ Jack replied. ‘Safeword, now.’

‘But... I promise I won’t do it again,’ Chase said, a look of shock in his eyes. ‘My safeword is turtle. But...’

‘Turtle?’ Jack said, his hands on his hips and his cock beginning to fire into life.

‘Yes, sir,’ Chase said, unable to hold eye contact. ‘Is it going to be on my bare bottom?’

‘It certainly is,’ Jack said. ‘Follow me.’

With that, Jack marched Chase over toward the black bench next to the free weight rack. Jack could see that Chase was nervous and excited too... Chase’s tight running shorts left very little to the imagination.

‘Ten spanks on each cheek. And you agree to this punishment?’ Jack said, watching as Chase covered the prominent bulge at the front of his shorts.

‘Yes, I agree,’ Chase said, his voice suddenly far more subdued.

‘Good, now lower your shorts and stand there with your hands on your head,’ Jack growled.

Jack watched as Chase removed his running shorts to reveal that he wasn’t wearing anything underneath. Chase’s cock was hard and bounced skyward as soon as his shorts came down.

Jack continued to observe as Chase duly put his hands on his head and waited for further instruction. Gone was the arrogant, totally full of it young superstar. This was a

different Chase now. This was the submissive boy version of Chase. And Jack very much liked what he saw.

‘Enough, now turn around, bend over and grip either side of the weight bench,’ Jack commanded, his voice full of total authority and confidence. ‘This is going to hurt. But it’s what you need. And remember, you do have your safeword to use, should you need it.’

‘Y-y-y-yes, sir,’ Chase said, bending over and holding the sides of the bench as instructed.

Jack took a moment and ensured that Chase was fully in position. He saw no harm in making Chase wait a little longer, the anticipation of what was to come all part of the disciplinary process as far as Jack was concerned.

After waiting a few moments more, Jack raised his hand and lined it up with Chase’s perfectly peachy left buttock.

‘Let’s get this show on the road,’ Jack bellowed, bringing his hand down and landing an inch-perfect spank right in the center of Chase’s tender cheek.

Chase hollered out in pain – but Jack wasn’t about to give Chase any respite. This was Chase’s first spanking from Jack, and Jack was determined to ensure that Chase realized what a *real* spanking was like.

One spank turned into two, and two quickly became three, then four, then five and six. As the spanking continued apace, Chase was crying out in pain but Jack could see that the boy was more than capable of holding his own.

‘Naughty boys get their butts warmed,’ Jack roared, landing a double spank on each cheek to round the spanking off in style.

‘Awwwwww!’ Chase squealed, hopping from foot to foot as he struggled to handle the burning sensation on his sore bottom. ‘It hurts! It hurts!’

Jack couldn't help but smile at the sight of Chase taking his medicine as best he could. But rather than watch on as the boy realized the outcome of his actions, Jack knew that it was time to apply some much needed cooling cream to Chase's lit-up butt.

'Come with me, boy,' Jack said, offering his hand – and this time receiving Chase's hand in return. 'I'm going to make sure that you're looked after.'

Jack took Chase over to the far corner of the gym space and lay Chase across some extra-thick yoga mats. As tenderly as he could, Jack began to apply some specialist cooling cream over Chase's exposed cheeks.

'This is for the most serious muscle tears, so I think it'll be more than good enough for your butt,' Jack said, a tenderness in his voice and in his actions too as he continued to ensure that each and every inch of Chase's round butt was covered.

'Thank you,' Chase replied, turning his head to the side and looking up toward Jack. 'And... I'm sorry. I'm sorry for being such a silly little brat.'

'I accept your apology,' Jack said. 'And when I say that, you know that I mean it. We've got a good team culture here, and I think you can play a big part in it. You're a good boy, I know you are.'

Chase didn't answer, but the smile on his face was enough to tell its own story.

Jack was pretty certain that there would be more ups and downs with Chase when it came to reigning in his wildest behaviors. But this was nothing if not a good start.

The last thing that Jack imagined he would be doing in his final season was taking on a Daddy role with a new signing. But that was the reality. The pair of them might have been thrown together by circumstance and a very

demanding Mafia family, but Jack wasn't going to let that get in the way of one fact that trumped everything...

The spanking felt right.

Chase took it like only the best Littles can.

The boy's trouble, but he might just be worth it – both on the ice and off it too.

Chapter 7

Chase

Being spanked by Jack was something that Chase hadn't seen coming – other than in his fantasies. And while the spanking hadn't ended in the same way it did in his late night dreams, Chase still walked away from it with a smile on his face. Oh, and a sore butt too. But Chase could handle a red butt if it meant that Jack would be slightly more chill in future.

And it wasn't as if a part of Chase didn't agree that he probably had gone a little bit overboard in trying to establish his role in the hierarchy of players. Chase felt conscious that he was a new, young player on a large salary and in his mind the best way of dealing with this was to be as confident as possible.

Maybe Chase had gone too far.

But now that the spanking was out of the way, Chase felt like he might be able to settle down a bit and concentrate on what mattered most – scoring and assisting goals on the ice.

However, that didn't mean that the good times off the ice had to stop...

'Okay, let's jump in after three,' Chase giggled, standing at the side of the pool with Ricki next to him. 'Three.. two...'

Chase had spoken to the building management at his apartment building and hired out the rooftop pool for the

morning. It would be just Chase and Ricki in the heated pool – oh, and just about every kind of inflatable animal you could imagine too!

‘Three... two... one!’ Ricki giggled, holding hands with Chase as the pair of them jumped in together.

Chase was wearing a pair of blue and pink octopus patterned MeUndies swimming briefs, perfectly complementing Ricki’s pink flamingo pair. It might have been fall, but with the water temperature set to warm, it was a perfect play date setting for the two Little friends to have some serious fun.

‘Let’s take the rubber ducky family on an adventure through the land of the giant dolphins,’ Ricki giggled, paddling over toward the collection of multi-colored inflatable ducks.

‘Yay!’ Chase replied, a big smile on his face as he followed suit and splashed his way over to the ducks too. ‘They’re one big, happy family... but this is their most dangerous journey yet!’

The two Littles laughed and began to play with the ducks, zooming them across the pool one at a time and entering the world of the pink dolphins.

‘Watch out, Quack!’ Chase squealed, picking up a dolphin and diving him back down into the water. ‘I don’t think the dolphins want to hurt you, but they’re much bigger and it’s their playtime!’

Ricki squealed with delight as he moved some more ducks in and around the dolphins, navigating a safe passage through the playful and boisterous dolphin pod.

‘This is fun,’ Ricki said, swimming down to the shallow end with his family of ducks. ‘It’s so awesome you hired the pool.’

'I guess that's a perk of the job,' Chase said. 'It's like whatever I ask for here, they just let me do it. I've heard some rumors about the Doni family, but they seem pretty cool to me.'

Chase could see a look of concern come over Ricki's face.

'Did I say something wrong?' Chase said, paddling over toward Ricki.

'No, not at all,' Ricki replied, his eyes looking from side to side as if to check that no one was listening to him. 'We don't really talk about the Doni family. It's just best to not think about them too much.'

'Why?' Chase replied. 'You don't really think they're... you know...M-'

'Don't say it!' Ricki spluttered. 'I don't know if they are or aren't. But all of us physios say the best way of dealing with it is to say nothing and do our jobs the best we can.'

'What about Antonio Doni though?' Chase said, not willing to give up talking about the subject just yet. 'I see him around all the time. He can't be Mafia if he's just looking after the Ice Bears day to day.'

'I don't know about that,' Ricki said. 'We shouldn't be talking about this.'

Chase could see that Ricki really didn't want to get into any deeper waters about the Doni family. And with the pair of them having such a fun time in the pool, Chase could understand that too.

'Come on, lets' swim our duck families back home for their bedtime stories and snuggles,' Chase giggled. 'Last one home gets a spanking!'

Ricki burst out into laughter and the pair of them splashed, dodged, and dived their way back through the

giant dolphin kingdom and back to the valley of the multi-colored ducks.

Once the pair of them were safely back on the other side of the pool, Chase decided that it was time to share with Ricki what had gone down between him and Jack Steel.

‘Wow, that sounds... hot,’ Ricki said, treading water in the deep end of the pool. ‘It’s sounds painful, but *definitely* hot.’

‘*Hehe*, it really was both,’ Chase replied, blushing at the memory of Jack eyeing him up as he stood with his briefs down around his ankles waiting for the spanking.

‘Do you think he might be Daddy material for you?’ Ricki said. ‘I know that relationships between teammates aren’t exactly encouraged, but...’

Chase wasn’t sure how to respond to Ricki’s question. Ever since the spanking, Chase’s mind had been full of thoughts about whether him and Jack could be a Daddy and Little couple together.

On the one hand, it was very easy to imagine how it might work. The pair of them clearly felt an attraction to one another, and the spanking did feel right – and afterward Chase genuinely felt glad to have received it too.

But like Ricki said, the prospect of being in a relationship with a teammate was full of potential problems...

‘I don’t know,’ Chase said. ‘I still don’t know whether Jack was spanking me for being too much trouble for the team, or whether he was seeing it as a Daddy and Little thing. Or both?’

‘It could be both, you’re right about that,’ Ricki said, ducking his head underwater briefly before popping back up. ‘But you should try and speak to him about it, you really don’t want any mixed signals.’

‘True,’ Chase said, his mind already wondering exactly how he would handle the situation next time he saw Jack. ‘Either way though, I might just need to keep my sass going just enough to get another booty warming from him!’

With that, the two Little burst out into excited laughter once more.

This was a fun playdate, and Chase was feeling better than he had in quite some time. First the spanking, and now a super-fun hangout with his Little friend. Things were looking up for Chase across the board, and that could only mean his performance on the ice would benefit too...

* * *

‘Good hustle, Chase,’ Coach Tremaine barked, visibly impressed as Chase worked hard in one of the final drills of the day’s training session. ‘Keep working. I want to see you take it all the way home.’

Chase felt a sense of pride that the coach had picked up on his increased work rate during training. Chase had never especially enjoyed the training drills, fitness tests, and more banal aspects of being a hockey player.

For Chase, the thing that got him *hot* was playing the game – but with Jack’s words about improving his attitude still ringing in his ears, Chase was determined to give it his best shot.

And to Chase’s delight, Jack noticed his increased effort too...

‘I like it, Chase,’ Jack said, skating over and stopping just in front of Chase as he sucked down an electrolyte drink between drills. ‘Keep this up and even Connor might warm to you.’

'I heard that!' Connor barked. 'But, yeah, good work today kid. Just make sure you keep it up.'

'See?' Jack laughed, patting Chase on the shoulder and skating back to his small group who were on shooting practice.

But just as he was about halfway toward his teammates, Jack stopped and turned to face Chase again.

'*Met Milkshakes* after practice?' Jack said, a warm smile on his face. 'I can run over some thoughts ahead of the next game. How about it?'

Chase felt his heart skip a beat.

Is Jack asking me out on a date?

Or does he actually want to talk tactics outside of practice?

Hey, a milkshake is a milkshake though...

Chase smiled and gave a thumbs up in return to Jack. The prospect of hanging out with Jack outside of official Ice Bears time was exciting. Chase didn't know for sure how Jack saw the situation, but for Chase it felt good.

As Chase watched Jack bark orders at some of the other players, Chase realized that despite coming over as having a stick up his butt when they first met, Jack was coming from a good place – even if it took a spanking to break the ice between them.

With the prospect of a hangout with Jack at *Met Milkshakes* to come, Chase refocused his energies on the final training drills and was determined to go even harder and give it everything he had until Coach Tremaine called him.

And Chase wasn't just going to see to it that he gave it his all, he was going to encourage his fellow players too.

‘Yo let’s go guys,’ Chase said, hustling his team mates along. ‘The more we put in today, the greater the reward on match day.’

Chase’s teammates all responded well to his rallying call, and the intensity and focus in the final drill was on point. Chase even noticed that Jack, Connor, and Alex broke away from their warm down to check out the action.

Chase knew that fully winning over the senior players wasn’t going to happen in one training session. But any progress was good, and Chase was determined to keep it up and reap the rewards.

Suddenly, Chase was beginning to realize that training didn’t have to be quite so much of a drag as he’d always imagined it to be. That said, the sooner he was sinking a triple fudge and hazelnut milkshake the better...

* * *

Fresh from his shower and a quick drive from Pine Rise into the city, Chase skipped along the street toward *Met Milkshakes*.

Ever since moving to join The Ice Bears, Chase had been totally in love with the vast array of milkshakes on offer at *Met Milkshakes*, and the fact that it was run by an adorable Daddy and Little couple was just the cherry on top of the cake – or should that be milkshake?

Chase stepped through the pink and blue candy striped door and took a moment to take in the sights and sounds that made *Met Milkshakes* such a wonderful place.

With the bright décor and perfectly retro furnishings, there was something super-comforting and safe about *Met Milkshakes*. In a sense, it reminded Chase of childhood – albeit now he was old enough to order

whatever he wanted on the menu and not have to worry if he wanted to order a second shake!

But Chase's daydreams were soon interrupted...

'Hey, Chase, good to see you,' Harry said, jumping over the counter to give Chase a hug. 'Great game last week by the way. Me and Daddy were watching on the TV at home, but we'll come to the stadium for the next game for sure.'

'Hey, I'll fix you up with some free tickets,' Chase said, smiling as Harry's wild mop of blonde and blue hair bounced all over the place like a shaggy dog's furry coat.

'Well that sounds like a great offer,' Silas said, his burly frame emerging from the kitchen area. 'And in return, how about a free milkshake or two?'

Silas was Harry's Daddy and together the pair of them were a great combination. They were always full of laughter, jokes, and of course the most scrumptious milkshakes in the whole city.

'Let me think about it... *yes please!*' Chase giggled, pointing up to the menu on the wall and selecting his favorite fudge milkshake. 'And for Jack I think I'll choose...'

'Hey, boy, no one chooses my milkshake except for me,' Jack said, entering Met Milkshakes and immediately making his presence felt. 'But I might make an exception just this once.'

'Good to see you Jack,' Silas said, leaning over the counter and shaking hands with Jack. 'I'm thinking The Ice Bears are all set with you two combining on the ice now you're back from injury.'

'We'll see, I just need to keep this young man's butt under control,' Jack chuckled. 'But don't bet against us going all the way.'

Chase giggled and rapidly scanned his eyes across all of the options.

Figuring that Jack wouldn't want anything too sweet or overloaded with colorful extras, Chase decided to go for the Oreo Extravaganza milkshake.

'Good choice,' Jack said. 'You're growing on me, Chase. Come on, let's take a seat.'

With that, Chase walked alongside Jack over toward the table next to the window. Chase still didn't know exactly how to define what was going on between him and Jack, but whatever it was, it felt good.

And with two top quality milkshakes due to arrive soon, Chase was full of confidence that this could be an afternoon to remember.

Chapter 8

Jack

Jack had known Silas for a few years ever since Silas moved into the city from up in Canada. A shared love of hockey and the fact that they were both Daddies had brought them together as friends and it was always a pleasure to make time to see Silas.

But of course the real attraction at *Met Milkshakes* that day was Chase.

‘I liked what you did in practice today,’ Jack said, picking up his rich, dark milkshake and taking a sip through the paper straw. ‘Keep that up and Tremaine will be thinking of you as the captain in waiting.’

Jack smiled as Chase blushed from the compliment.

For all of his cocky exterior and brattish outbursts, it was perfectly evidence to Jack that Chase was in fact a sensitive young man who craved guidance and sometimes a firm hand too.

But Jack also believed in giving praise where it was due and saw nothing wrong with talking up Chase’s potential to be the captain of the Ice Bears one day. Not that Jack was looking forward to giving up his role as the team’s leader. Far from it, in fact.

Being the Ice Bears captain was by some distance the proudest moment of Jack’s career. It even eclipsed the personal and team accolades that had come his way over the years.

There was just an unbeatable feeling that came with leading his team out onto the ice. A group of men, bonded by their desire to fight for the pride of the jersey together. The roars of the crowd that came with each goal and victory were something that Jack knew he would never be able to replicate elsewhere in life once it was time to hang up his skates for one final time.

However in Chase, Jack could see that there was hope for the Ice Bears in a post-Jack Steel world. Chase had all of the quality and skill on the ice, and suddenly it was looking like he might just have the leadership and spirit to back it up too.

‘How’s your shake?’ Jack said, noting the broad smile on Chase’s face.

‘I think I’ve got brain freeze!’ Chase grimaced. ‘It’s cold and I drank it way too fast.’

‘Ah yes, the age old tale of the boy who wanted it all too soon,’ Jack chuckled, playfully patting Chase on his knee. ‘Maybe you need to learn more discipline when it comes to milkshakes. I could always give you another toasty butt to help?’

For a moment, Chase seemed taken aback.

Jack wasn’t sure if he’d read the signals wrong or stepped over the line. The last thing Jack wanted was to make Chase feel uncomfortable. But Jack needn’t have worried. Moments later, an eager grin came over Chase’s sweet face.

‘Well the last spanking did help me quite a lot,’ Chase said, his cheeks rosy red and a huge smile breaking out on his face. ‘I’ve never been spanked that hard before. But...’

‘Go on?’ Jack said, arching his eyebrow.

‘Even though it was hard, I felt like you were doing it to help me,’ Chase said. ‘It wasn’t just for your pleasure. I actually felt like you were giving me the spanking to teach me something I needed to know.’

Jack felt himself beam with pride.

This was what every good Daddy wanted to hear, and Jack had to work hard to retain his composure and keep his cool.

‘Glad to have been of service,’ Jack said, still struggling to hide his delight. ‘It was a pleasure. And it’s not like I didn’t get anything out of it too...’

There was a pause as both Jack and Chase sunk some more of their delicious shakes.

Before long though, the pair of them were talking as if they’d known one another for years. Everything from their top five all-time hockey players to favorite movies, and then their dream holiday destinations too.

As Chase began to describe his dream trip to Asia, Jack could see the enthusiasm and wonder in Chase’s sparkling eyes. The boy had so much life in him, and experiences that he wanted to take on board.

Jack knew that the life of a hockey player was seen by many as being a glamorous and fun existence. But the reality could at times be different. As enthusiastic as Chase was about travelling, Jack knew that the realities of a career in hockey might make some of that pretty damn near impossible to organize.

Injuries, injury rehab, and a heavy playing schedule all made real vacations difficult to plan. But Jack couldn’t bring himself to put a downer on Chase’s wonder and open hearted enthusiasm.

But what Jack didn’t realize was that Chase was just as clued up as him, even taking into account his younger

years...

‘I think it’s why I party so much,’ Chase said, leaning back in his chair and with a reflective look on his face. ‘I know I probably won’t get to do all these long vacations until I retire. So in the meantime I just think screw it, I’ll have fun whenever and however I can.’

Jack nodded. It was difficult to argue with what Chase was saying, but at the same time Jack knew that Chase’s partying *was* getting out of hand – and that was without factoring in the Doni family factor too.

But right now wasn’t the time to be getting too deep, Jack wanted to keep the good times going and make it clear that Chase’s improvement at Pine Rise was going to be rewarded...

‘Silas! How about a double reload on these shakes?’ Chase hollered.

‘You got it!’ Silas replied, a knowing smile on his face as Jack and Chase began to talk about another shared passion in the shape of video games.

For Jack, this was turning into one of the best hangouts he’d enjoyed in a long, long time. And as far as Jack was concerned, he wasn’t about to let it end any time soon...

* * *

Jack opened the door to his house and allowed Chase to step into the large hallway ahead of him.

‘So, do you remember the place from last time you were here?’ Jack said, playfully ruffling Chase’s hair.

‘Very funny,’ Chase replied, trying not to smile.

‘Okay, I think we should go into the office and I’ll show you some ideas I’ve been working on,’ Jack said, pointing toward the oak door to their left. ‘Tactically, I

think Coach Tremaine is one of the best in the business, but I think we need to talk to one another about how we're going to link up on the ice.'

'Sure,' Chase said, smiling as they walked into Jack's office.

With its wood paneled walls and shelves littered with personal accolades from across the full span of his career, Jack's office was a constant reminder of how far Jack had come.

'See, I was a rookie like you once,' Jack said, picking up his *Young Player of The Year* award from his very first season in the league.

'But you know I'm going to beat your first season stats, right?' Chase said, provocatively doing a little victory dance. 'I'll beat them easy too!'

'Grrrrr,' Jack growled, not enamored with Chase's sudden upturn in cockiness.

The sugar's gone to his head.

And it was all going so well too.

If he keeps this up, the boy will be bent over my desk before he knows it.

'Come back to me when you've got twenty years in the bank,' Jack said, shaking his head. 'Then we can talk about stats.'

'Whatever!' Chase continued, clearly not picking up on Jack's irritation. 'I'll break all of the records. You saw how well I trained this morning. Now I've got that going for me, I'll be unstoppable.'

Jack was beginning to feel frustrated with Chase.

It was as if his earlier praise for the boy, and then the fun hangout, had gone to Chase's head. Jack was beginning

to feel like Chase might just need another spanking to keep him in line.

‘Boy, I think you need to calm down,’ Jack said, noting how Chase seemed to be on a mission to push the boundaries of respect between them.

‘Or *what?*’ Chase said, grinning mischievously before blowing a long, hard raspberry in Jack’s direction.

‘Or *this!*’ Jack retorted, taking Chase by the hand and spinning him around and bending him over the top of his large mahogany desk. ‘These jeans and whatever’s underneath are coming off and you’ll be regretting your sass very shortly I imagine.’

Jack yanked Chase’s jeans and tight white briefs down to his ankles and immediately reached for the wooden spoon that he kept in his desk drawer.

‘You’ve taken my hand, now let’s see how your butt likes the feel of my time-tested wooden spoon,’ Jack roared. ‘It’ll be ten on each cheek. And you’ll keep that ass perfectly still or we’ll start from zero.’

‘Easy!’ Chase said, stomping his feet on the floor.

‘We’ll see about that soon enough,’ Jack replied, wafting the spoon through the air as a practice spank.

Jack waited a moment and took aim. Jack had one of the highest shot conversion percentages in the league, and he wasn’t about to let his aim desert him when it came to punishing Chase’s bottom either.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

‘*YOWWWWWWWWWW!*’ Chase squealed, clearly taken aback by the sensation of the spoon landing on his

cheeks with such force. 'That wasn't what I was expecting.'

Jack shook his head. It was clear that Chase had never actually taken discipline from a spoon before. This was going to be a steep learning curve for the boy, but it was well deserved, and Jack wasn't in the mood to hold back either.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

The next four swats with the spoon landed just as sweetly and Jack could see that Chase was now gripping onto the sides of the desk for dear life.

'Think about what got you in this situation, boy,' Jack barked. 'And maybe next time you'll think twice about your words.'

'Y-y-y-yes, D-D-D-Daddy,' Chase said, his voice trembling in pain and anticipation for the next volley of swats.

Jack felt a surge of adrenalin from hearing Chase address him as Daddy for the first time. But if Chase thought that this meant he would get let off the hook any easier, then he had another thing coming.

As far as Jack was concerned, being called Daddy was simply confirmation that Chase was ready to take things to the next level. Jack now felt that the trust and connection was there between them to truly make this a punishment that Chase wouldn't be forgetting in a hurry...

'Present that bottom for me,' Jack commanded, his rich voice bouncing off the walls and high ceiling in this office. 'When Daddy spansks, he expects perfect placement from his boy.'

‘Yes, Daddy,’ Chase said, his words tumbling out of his mouth and the rapid readjustment of his legs and butt pleasing Jack immensely.

The remaining swats of the spoon were delivered with unerring accuracy and no little power either. To Chase’s credit, he showed great discipline to stay still and take each shot like a pro.

And after bringing down the final swat, Jack immediately scooped Chase up in his arms and carried him out of the study and into the bathroom.

‘You did so well, baby boy,’ Jack said, setting Chase down on the bathroom’s thick white rug. ‘And now it’s time that I help cool that bottom of yours down. Get on all fours face your cheeks toward me.’

‘Yes, Daddy,’ Chase replied, totally submissive and compliant with Jack’s instructions. ‘I don’t know why I suddenly went so bratty. It must have been the extra sugar or something. I think maybe next time I’ll stick to just one milkshake at a time.’

‘*Hmmmm*, that might be a good plan,’ Jack said, a wry smile on his face as he began to daub thick dollops of cooling cream on Chase’s throbbing behind. ‘Now after I get your bottom nice and cool, how about I tuck you into my bed and you can have a little nap?’

‘I’d like that a lot,’ Chase replied, cooing at the sensation of Jack rubbing in some cream down the crack between his cheeks. ‘And I like *that* too...’

Jack smiled – and he was tempted to take things further given Chase’s response.

But the most important thing for the boy in that moment was getting into bed and taking a nap. And no matter how big the erection in Jack’s pants was getting, Jack wasn’t going to let anything stop him from doing what was best for his sweet boy.

* * *

With Chase sleeping in Jack's bed, Jack leaned back in his office chair and let out a long sigh. It wasn't a sigh of frustration or unhappiness though. No, Jack felt happy. Administering another spanking to Chase and then seeing how Chase recognized the benefit of it was something that made Jack feel like he had done his job as a Daddy.

But the question remained... were he and Chase destined to be Daddy and boy together in a more concrete, permanent sense?

'Time for a whiskey,' Jack said, noticing the drinks cabinet across the office.

However before Jack could even get to his feet, he saw a message ping on his cell phone. And confirming his worst fears, the message was indeed from Antonio Doni...

Jack... taking the boy under your wing, I hear? Your methods are your choice. But understand that when it comes down to it, the family expects results – and personal feelings will matter for very little if we have any difficult decisions to make. I hope I am understood.
ANTONIO.

Jack put his phone down and ran his hands through the grey hair on his temples. The last thing he wanted to deal with was another cryptic message from Antonio Doni. But even though the message was fairly vague in many ways, what shone through loud and clear was that Antonio was keeping a very close eye on not only Chase's movements, but Jack's too.

Jack didn't especially appreciate being monitored like this. He was a private man who cherished time out of the limelight. Knowing that he was being watched by the Doni family was far from his ideal scenario.

This can't go on for too much longer.

I need to protect the boy.

And I need to protect myself too...

Chapter 9

Chase

The feeling of Jack's wooden spoon cracking on Chase's butt was something that Chase wasn't going to forget in a hurry – and that was putting it mildly.

But the way that Jack was so tender and caring afterward was enough to make Chase want a dose of wooden spoon discipline every day. Well, almost. Either way, Chase was beginning to realize more and more that Jack was ticking all of the Daddy boxes.

Jack was firm, but he was fair too.

Jack was stern, but kind and caring in equal measure.

And, of course, to top it all off Jack was impossibly handsome.

As Chase woke from his post-spanking nap, he was full of happy thoughts and a sense of peace. Chase would sometimes struggle to get to sleep back at his place, with his mind often full of way too many thoughts to keep a handle on.

But the way that Chase had crashed out and fallen so quickly into a deep sleep in Jack's big bed was something that Chase knew he wanted to happen again. And again. And hopefully a ton of times after that too.

Simply knowing that Jack was in the house was enough to make Chase feel so secure and safe. But Chase wanted more...

I want to fall asleep in Jack's arms.

I want to call him Daddy and sleep with him all night.

I need to wake up next to my Daddy...

Chase let out a dreamy sigh and got himself out of bed. After putting his clothes back on, Chase padded out of the bedroom and made his way down the grand, winding staircase.

'Jack?' Chase called out, his voice echoing off the walls and high ceiling.

'Chase?' Jack called back, his voice coming from the rear of the house. 'I'm in the games room. Come and find me.'

'Games room?' Chase replied, his voice suddenly full of excitement.

Chase didn't know that Jack had a games room, and the prospect filled him with so much eagerness that he nearly went head over heels down the staircase.

Fortunately for Chase, his naturally gifted balance and footwork ensured that he just about managed to stay on two feet and it wasn't long before Chase was bursting into Jack's games room.

'Wow!' Chase said, his mouth agape as he took in the sight of a huge TV set, several games consoles, and various arcade games lining the walls too. 'This... is... incredible.'

'Don't sound so shocked,' Jack laughed. 'I might be a pain in the ass veteran, but that doesn't mean I still don't enjoy video games and kicking back from time to time.'

Chase giggled and immediately jumped onto the super-comfortable couch next to Jack.

'What shall we play first? Can I choose? *Pleeeeeeease?*'

Chase said, his eyes wide at the vast array of video games on offer.

‘Go for it,’ Jack replied, ruffling Chase’s hair. ‘But understand this... I won’t go easy on you.’

‘*Pah!* I bet I’ll win every game,’ Chase squealed as he loaded up Mortal Kombat. ‘I used to play this every Sunday when I went to my Aunt and Uncle’s house. My mom had to work seven days a week, so weekends were always spent at relatives. I missed my mom, but it meant I got pretty, pretty good at games.’

‘Your mom sounds like she worked hard to give you the best start,’ Jack said, noting a slightly sad look on Chase’s face.

‘Yeah, she did,’ Chase said. ‘She passed away in my senior year at high school. She never got to see me turn pro. But... I hope she...’

‘She knows,’ Jack said, putting his arm around Chase. ‘She had faith in you. Who wouldn’t? Now, come on, it’s time for me to kick your ass!’

Chase took a deep breath, giggled, and the pair of them began to play.

Chase never spoke much about his past, preferring to bottle the emotions and not let them bubble up to the surface. Chase didn’t know if this was the best approach, but it had worked well enough to take him this far in his career, so wasn’t about to change it too much.

That said, even opening up a little bit to Jack had felt like a weight off his shoulders.

But Chase didn’t have time to get too deep into his thoughts. Chase was living in the here and now and in that moment there was nothing more important than putting together a big combination of punches and kicks to defeat Jack and show Daddy who the king of video games really was...

'Yay! I won, I won, I won!' Chase squealed, applying a killer combination of moves to defeat Jack.

With the victory sending a surge of adrenalin over his body, Chase turned and leant in toward Jack. Jack must have been thinking the same thing, and the pair of them met in the middle.

'OMG... I... *umm...*' Chase said, his words trailing off as his lips touched up against Jack's.

Before long, the pair of them were kissing.

Without a doubt, the way that Jack's lips felt against his felt totally right for Chase. The feeling of Jack's large hands resting on Chase's trim waist was also something that sent a high voltage charge through Chase.

The pair of them were totally in sync as their tongues overlapped and twisted alongside one another in each other's mouths. Chase could feel his dick hardening and straining against his trousers, and in that moment Chase wanted nothing more than to put his hand on Jack's crotch to see if he was feeling the same way too.

I want to know how hard Jack is.

I want to feel it.

I want to... so I will.

Chase eased his hand up Jack's thick, muscular leg and placed it over the top of Jack's crotch. Just as Chase had hoped, Jack was *very much* in the same condition as he was.

Before Chase knew it, the pair of them were continuing to kiss and squeeze one another's rock-hard cocks through their trousers. With each passing moment, Chase felt himself getting more and more excited.

'Daddy... I want to... take it... further,' Chase said, breathlessly between kisses.

‘Boy... we need to... slow down,’ Jack said, pulling back and with a look of pure animal lust in his eyes. ‘Believe me, I want to take it further too. But we need to think this through.’

‘But-’

‘No buts,’ Jack said, taking a deep breath and leaning back. ‘If this is what we’re doing, we need to do it right.’

Chase leaned back alongside Jack and let out a long sigh. He knew that Jack was right. It probably wasn’t a good idea to rush things. Not only was there the fact that they barely knew one another, but their status as teammates needed to be taken into consideration too.

Chase had heard all kinds of rumors about player relationships sending team dynamics into a spin, and the last thing Chase wanted to do was screw up everything he was building at the Ice Bears.

So even though the thought of getting down and dirty with Jack was incredibly tempting, Chase had to concede that this time at least, Daddy did know best...

‘Fine. I get it,’ Chase said, looking down toward the big tent in his trousers and then across to Jack’s equally prominent erection. ‘But what about *these*?’

‘Ha!’ Jack bellowed. ‘I guess we’ll keep playing video games until our dicks settle down. And once we’re done, we can get a contract sorted out between us. I want you to feel safe and secure no matter what we’re doing together. And it’s important that I do too, even though I’m the Daddy. Once we work out what our hard and soft limits are, we’ll be having some of the hardest, wildest fun you can imagine. Trust me on that.’

Chase could tell that Jack meant every word he said.

Despite his frustrations at things not going any further, Chase at least felt sure that when they did, he would

certainly not be disappointed.

But in the meantime, all that was left for Chase to do was reload Mortal Kombat and see whether he could go undefeated against Jack until both of their erections finally went away.

‘Okay, Daddy, it’s time for me to kick your butt all over again!’ Chase giggled.

‘Not if I kick yours first,’ Jack laughed.

* * *

After spending the following few hours playing video games with Jack, Chase finally found himself back at his own place.

Jack had some business to attend to with his management team, and Chase knew that with a big few weeks of training and important games to come, it was probably a good idea to get in some extra yoga sessions.

‘*Mmmmmmph,*’ Chase said, feeling a slight tweak in his groin as he got himself into position on the yoga mat in his small gym. ‘Breath. Stretch. Relax. Breath. Stretch. Relax.’

Fortunately, the pain in Chase’s groin soon left him and Chase was able to complete his yoga flow. Chase hadn’t always stuck to his yoga routines but was making a concerted effort now that he was taking his career more seriously.

There would always be temptations in his life, but Chase knew that he got so much out of yoga. There was the physical aspect of course. Knowing that his body would feel supple and pain free with regular yoga meant that Chase could put in harder work during practice up at

Pine Rise, which would lead to improved performances on match days too.

But yoga also made Chase *feel* good too.

The sense of calm and happiness that Chase felt after a yoga flow put most thoughts of partying and wild nights in the city out of his mind. It wasn't like Chase was ready to totally abandon having fun and letting loose after a game or anything, but he was certainly coming round to the idea that if he wanted to have a truly great career, he might need to keep on focusing on doing the right things both on *and* off the ice too.

'That was... good,' Chase said, sitting up from his final yoga pose and looking across to Blade. 'Stuffies need to do yoga too!'

Chase picked Blade up and gave him a tummy rub and then brought him in for a cuddle. Chase and Blade had been a partnership for a long time, and even in the dark days when Chase's mom was ill and then passed away, Chase knew that no matter how bad things felt, he would always have his most cherished friend to hug.

'I think you'll like Jack,' Chase said, looking into Blade's dark eyes. 'And he'll love you too of course!'

Chase put Blade down on the soft yoga mat and laid himself down.

The mention of Jack's name suddenly brought the memories of them making out flooding back. The feeling of Jack's heavy hands on him, his tongue, his stubbly chin...

'Daddy...'

Chase said, closing his eyes and raising his hips so that he could pull his yoga shorts and briefs down toward his thighs.

Before Chase knew it, he was as hard as hard could be.

Taking his cock in one hand and his balls in the other, Chase began to pump his closed fist up and down the length of his shaft. With images and fantasies of Jack coursing through his mind, Chase found himself building to an explosive climax very soon.

Fuck me, Daddy.

Put your cock in my mouth... my ass...

Make me yours, do whatever you want to me.

As Chase thrust his hips upwards and shot a plentiful load over his stomach, he let out a long moan of sheer delight. Chase was breathing heavily and his mind was overrun with thoughts of Jack and what the pair of them could do to one another.

Now that the pair of them had sorted out their contract back at Jack's place, there was nothing stopping them from taking their relationship to the next level in real life and not just in one another's fantasies.

But with a series of big games coming up for the Ice Bears, Chase could only hope that they would be able to find the time to make their desires a reality...

Chapter 10

Jack

The season was beginning to hit its stride and now that Jack was back to full fitness, he was relishing playing an increasingly important role in the team again.

Not everything was going the Ice Bears' way, but with two wins from three games in quick succession, Jack was feeling increasingly confident that this would be a season to remember in more ways than one.

After beating The Warriors at home, the Ice Bears lost a close fought game to The Comets before returning to winning ways with a big victory on the road to The Beasts.

Jack played a key role in either scoring or assisting all the goals against The Beasts, and it was equally rewarding to see that Chase was adapting his game slowly but surely to become more of a team player.

There were still moments, even in the game against The Beasts, where Chase would sometimes still prioritize his own performance over that of the team, but Jack was confident that the message was sinking in with his young protege.

And with a beer in his hand and the afterglow of that night's victory against The Beasts still strong, Chase was more than happy to be taking a moment to relax with his teammates.

‘Damn, do you remember the first time we came here?’ Jack said, looking around the VIP club’s rooftop bar.

‘Sure do,’ Connor replied, his left eye black and blue from an on-ice dust up with a particularly ferocious Beasts player. ‘We’d kicked The Beasts ass all over the ice.’

‘That was my third game playing alongside you two, sonsofbitches’ Alex said, smiling with pride. ‘And I think I was MVP too...’

‘Yeah, yeah,’ Jack said. ‘I had a feeling you’d bring that up.’

‘You were MVP because I was covering your pretty boy ass,’ Connor added, raising his beer to toast. ‘Here’s to the three of us!’

Jack felt full of love for his two oldest teammates and friends.

The three of them had been through plenty of ups and downs together and it was nice to take some time to reminisce over all the old memories of hitting the road and grinding out victories together.

But at the same time, Jack couldn’t resist casting his glance over toward Chase on more than one occasion. And this was something that didn’t go unnoticed by his two fellow Daddies...

‘I think you need to tell us exactly what’s up with you and the boy,’ Alex said, exchanging a look with Connor. ‘We’re both pretty damn sure that the pair of you are *you know...*’

Jack smiled.

While he may not have been one to reveal too many details of his personal life, Jack knew that there was no way he could keep his and Chase’s burgeoning relationship from his two closest teammates.

‘It’s early days,’ Jack said, trying to suppress a smile.
‘But... yeah. It’s what it looks like.’

‘Congratulations,’ Alex said, raising his beer.

‘About fucking time too,’ Connor laughed. ‘I thought you were going to become the first Daddy monk the way you were going.’

The three of them laughed. It was true that over recent years Jack had taken a step back from wild nights and fun and games with boys. While he had never been into serious relationships early on in his career, Jack would still go out and have fun on dates or in clubs. But that had become less of a thing as he got older, with Jack’s desire to concentrate on his career and commitment to the Ice Bears taking front and center position in his life.

‘As I say, it’s still early,’ Jack said. ‘We’re keeping it quiet. I’d appreciate a vow of silence from you two.’

‘Of course,’ Alex nodded. ‘Not a word will pass from my lips until you say it’s cool.’

‘Same,’ Connor said. ‘We’ve all got things in our lives we need to keep quiet from time to time. It wouldn’t be the fucking Ice Bears if there wasn’t at least one secret going on.’

‘Tell me about it,’ Jack said, laughing on the outside but internally wondering just how to play the situation with Chase.

The thought of telling Coach Tremaine wasn’t such a big deal, and Jack felt confident that he had enough trust and mutual respect with Tremaine for it to not be a problem.

However the prospect of the relationship with Chase becoming known to the Doni family was a whole other prospect. Even forgetting about the instruction from Antonio to monitor and look out for Chase, Jack knew

that the Doni family wouldn't want their most valuable young player falling in love with a soon to be retired veteran.

And when the Doni family decided that they didn't approve of something, then all bets were off.

Chase shouldn't have to deal with the Doni family.

He doesn't need to know what the Doni's are capable of.

I have to protect the boy at all costs.

'Something tells me that there's more you want to get off your chest,' Alex said, evidently noting that Jack's mind was on altogether heavier topics.

'Maybe another time,' Jack replied, shaking thoughts of the Doni family out of his head for a moment and instead focusing his sights on Chase.

Chase was across on the other side of the rooftop with a group of the younger players. They were having a great time and knocking back the drinks too. But Jack was prepared to cut Chase some slack. After all, the victory against The Beasts had been a good one and there was now a little break before the next game.

There was still another hour before the players had to get back onto the Ice Bears private jet to fly them home, and Jack was determined to make the most of it.

After all, he would be a long time retired.

'Men, I think we should take it back to when we were the young pups,' Jack roared. 'I'm ordering shots for the whole team, and as captain I must insist that the veterans show the young guns how to really celebrate success!'

* * *

After a short flight home, Jack departed the airport in his chauffeur driven town car and headed home. But he wasn't alone...

'I'm so glad you're coming with me,' Jack said, looking across to Chase as he sat in the seat next to him and casually scrolled through messages of congratulations on his phone.

'Me too,' Chase said, putting his phone away and looking at Jack with a big smile. 'You played so well against The Beasts. Honestly, I thought as a whole we did well. But you were the star.'

'Personal accolades are all well and good,' Jack said. 'But I'd take a win over an MVP award any day of the week. But... *thank you*. It means a lot to hear you say that.'

Jack couldn't deny that he enjoyed hearing the boy praise his performance.

Being one of the most dominant players in the league over the years was one thing, but Jack knew that he didn't have too many games left. So to hear Chase praise him made Jack feel like there was at least a little bit of life in the old dog yet.

And judging by the look of lust in Chase's eyes, Jack could see that Chase wanted to show his appreciation in another way too.

Jack leaned forward and asked the driver to put up the privacy mirror, and then sat back in his seat and gave Chase *the look*.

'Pull your suit trousers down,' Jack said. 'And your briefs too.'

'I'm not wearing any briefs,' Chase giggled, unbuckling his belt and duly wriggling out of his suit trousers to reveal his already throbbing cock.

'I can see that,' Jack said, spitting in his hand and rubbing the saliva between his palms. 'Now let me see about *this...*'

Jack began to pump Chase's cock, taking great delight in the looks of pure pleasure in Chase's face as he squeezed and released his rock-hard dick.

But if Chase thought he was about to get a release any time soon, then he had another thing coming...

'Daddy, keep going,' Chase said, his breathing heightened just as Jack let go of his dick. 'I need more...'

'Not just yet,' Jack said, a wicked look on his face. 'I want to keep you on the edge. I'll bring you close and then pull back until we arrive back at mine. You *will not* cum. Is that understood?'

Jack delighted in the sight of Chase's frustrated pleasure – and Chase let out another sigh of delight as Jack took his cock back in his hand and began the process all over again.

'Don't worry, the reward will be plenty enough. If you manage to hold out,' Jack said, letting go of Chase's cock once more and using his hands to rub the slender insides of Chase's thighs.

'It feels so... good,' Chase said, closing his eyes and writhing on the seat as the town car slowly went around a corner. 'Are we nearly there yet?'

'We might be, or we might not,' Jack said, playfully slapping Chase's pipe from side to side. 'But no more questions, or I'll tell the driver to take the scenic route.'

Chase giggled and did as his Daddy told him.

For Jack, this was turning out to be the best post-game celebration he had ever experienced – and it wasn't over yet. In fact, it wasn't over by a long shot...

* * *

The remainder of the car journey was a sheer delight for Jack as he continued to tease and please Chase to varying degrees.

Chase enjoyed it too, and somehow managed to hold off from release for long enough to get out of the car and up the steps and inside Jack's house.

'Wow, I thought I was going to pop on that last corner,' Chase giggled, the obvious tent at the front of his trousers showing no sign of going anywhere. 'So...'

'Chase, before we go any further,' Jack said, stepping toward Chase and putting his hands on Chase's strong but sleek shoulders. 'I want you to know that there's no pressure on you here. We can take things as far as you want, but if you have a limit then you need to know that I'm cool with it.'

'I know, Daddy,' Chase replied. 'I want you to show me *everything*. I'm ready. I want it. I want you to make me yours.'

Jack smiled and moments later the pair of them were collapsing in one another's arms at the foot of the staircase. With the night's rain rapping against the windows and the staircase illuminated by soft, seductive lighting, the atmosphere was perfectly geared toward late night fun of the naughtiest kind.

With its luxuriously soft carpet, the staircase made a surprisingly comfortable spot as the two of them set about removing their clothes.

Jack had imagined this moment for so long. Despite initially hearing so many mixed reports about Chase, the one thing that Jack had never been in doubt about was just how God damned sexy he found the boy.

And now that Jack knew that Chase had character as well as looks and talent, he was rapidly becoming the one thing that Jack thought about outside of hockey.

The world was full of cute boys, but Chase Light was something special – and Jack was determined to make sure that this was one night that Chase would never, *ever* forget for as long as he lived.

Jack saw the look of sheer horniness on Chase's face as he took off his shirt.

'You've got no idea how many times I fantasized about being in this position,' Chase said, eyeing up Jack's strong, well-defined chest.

'And how about this?' Jack said, unbuckling his belt and removing his trousers and briefs. 'Why don't you live out those fantasies right now.'

Jack gripped his thick, veiny cock in his hands and held it out in Chase's direction.

Chase didn't need telling what to do next either, eagerly leaning over and kissing the thick tip of Jack's cock.

'Swallow it,' Jack growled. 'I want to see you take each and every inch, boy.'

Chase nodded and did just as he was told. Jack was impressed to see Chase take his whole length with only the slightest of gags right at the end. Before long, Chase was working his mouth up and down Jack's shaft and taking extra time at the top to whirl and flick his tongue over Jack's bulbous dick head.

'Enough,' Jack said, pulling his wet cock out of Chase's mouth and playfully slapping it down on Chase's outstretched tongue. 'Turn around. On all fours. It's time for me to have some fun with that sweet little butt of yours. Hold those cheeks open nice and wide for me, I'll be back before you know it...'

Chapter 11

Chase

As Chase waited on the staircase with his ass cheeks pulled open and his body totally on display, he looked down and saw his hard dick twitch and bounce between his legs.

I don't know how I didn't cum in the car.

Or what Jack is going to do to me next.

But I think I might be able to guess...

Chase tried to listen out for clues, but all he could hear was Jack rummaging around in his office. Making out with Jack had been a dream come true, and the way that Jack had teased him so tantalizingly during the car ride back from the airport was something else.

Chase had fooled around with other Daddies, but none of them had the kind of expert hand that Jack had shown as he worked Chase's cock so expertly.

'Daddy?' Chase called out, his exposed ass hole tingling with excitement as he waited for Jack to return. 'Where are *youuuu*?'

And Chase didn't have to wait long for an answer either.

'I'm here boy,' Jack said, his voice stern but full of mischief too. 'And I've got something for you.'

Chase turned around and saw Jack with a thick butt plug in one hand, and a pot of lube in the other. Chase's entire

body shivered in anticipation at how good the lube and plug would feel.

Chase pulled his cheeks even wider in anticipation as Jack knelt behind him and applied a liberal dash of lube over his sensitive, eager hole.

'Wow, that's good,' Chase said, his breathing already heavy as Jack gently eased two fingers inside his wet, sticky ass hole. '*Mmmnph*, that's... fuck me, that's too good.'

'Push back for me,' Jack said, his command clear and non-negotiable. 'We need to get this tight little ass of yours as ready as it can be.'

'Yes, captain,' Chase said, pushing his booty back and taking Jack's fingers deeper inside him.

Soon enough, Chase was bouncing his butt on Jack's fingers, with a third finger now planted inside him too. And this was very much the cue for Jack to take things up a notch.

'I think you're ready for Big Blue,' Jack said, a wicked chuckle accompanying his words as he lubed up the royal blue butt plug. 'I want to see you give this your all. No slacking. Just imagine this is for the championship.'

Chase giggled but was determined to please his Daddy and take the big, thick plug inside him.

'E-e-e-easy,' Chase said, his show of bravado not fooling Jack.

'Good, you'll be happy to keep it deep inside you as you crawl up to the bedroom then,' Jack laughed, playfully brining down a big spank on each of Chase's butt cheeks. 'Now crawl up the stairs and wiggle that booty for me.'

'Yes, sir,' Chase replied, slowly beginning to crawl up the stairs and ensuring to make his plugged booty wiggle

and bounce as he went about it.

Chase felt a wonderful wave of submission come over him as he carried out Jack's orders to the letter. Jack was a natural born Daddy, and even more than that, Chase felt like Jack was the perfect Daddy for *him*.

The pair of them had so much in common. Yes, Jack might have been a serious Daddy and Chase a playful Little, but their genuine passion for hockey was just one of many things that connected them on a profoundly deep level.

But this wasn't the time for Chase to be unpacking their suitability as Daddy and Little, this was a moment of pure passion and fun...

'Now climb up onto the bed and twerk that ass for me,' Jack barked, quickly removing his clothes and placing them on the large lounge next to the bedroom window. 'You've got a cute ass, but I want to see you *work* it.'

Chase began to bounce and flex his butt for Jack's entertainment.

And judging by the way that Jack was eagerly pleasuring himself at the sight of Chase's ass, it was a pretty good bet that Chase was doing a good job.

'Keep working that peach,' Jack growled, stepping closer to Chase and placing his heavy hands on Chase's shoulders. 'Turn around. Kiss me.'

Chase turned to face Jack and immediately felt Jack's bodyweight on him as the pair of them fell onto the bed's firm but comfortable surface.

As their legs and arms intertwined and overlapped, Chase bumped and grinded his hard dick up against Jack's as the two of them kissed.

The passion and electricity between them was off the scale, and Chase almost felt overwhelmed by it all. But

there was no way that Chase would even consider stopping. He was having the best time of his life and felt readier than ever to take the final step with Jack...

'I think it's time to take Big Blue out and replace it with something even bigger,' Jack said, flipping Chase onto his back and lifting his legs up toward his shoulders. 'Hold your legs there.'

Chase let out a long moan of pleasure as Jack removed the thick butt plug.

But Chase was soon moaning again as Jack pressed his full width onto Jack's suitably prepped hole. The pair of them had already confirmed that this was a monogamous relationship and agreed that they wouldn't require protection, so there was nothing stopping Jack from plunging his cock deep inside Chase.

But Jack wanted to make Chase beg for it...

'Tell me what you want,' Jack grunted, his hand tight around Chase's waist.

'I want... your cock,' Chase said, his voice shy but full of desire too.

'More. Tell me more,' Jack growled, spanking Chase's ass cheeks as Chase continued to hold his legs up toward his shoulders.

'I want your cock inside me, all the way,' Chase said, gasping as he felt Jack apply more pressure and hold the tip of his cock just about inside Chase's willing ass. 'I want you... to fuck me. Fuck my brains out... do it. Just fuck me until my eyes roll back into my head.'

Chase stopped talking and looked directly into Jack's smoldering eyes.

'I'm going to give you everything you want and more,' Jack said, maintaining eye contact as he began to push his dick into Chase's ass.

At first it felt like Jack was never going to be able to fit all the way inside him, but Chase's body quickly began to accommodate him and allow Jack to fill him up all the way to the top.

Chase had to grit his teeth for a moment as the sheer girth and length of Jack's cock made his eyes water, but before long the discomfort quickly changed to pure pleasure. Jack was beginning to thrust his dick harder and faster in and out of Chase's willing hole, and Chase was enjoying every second of it too.

'Turn around,' Jack gruffly ordered, pulling his cock out of Chase and flipping him over onto his front. 'Get that ass up for me.'

Chase knew that this wasn't the time to try and sass Jack and did exactly as he was told. Moments later, Chase let out a groan of delight as Jack put his cock all the way back inside him and held it there.

'I'm going to push you hard now, boy,' Jack said, reaching down and putting his hands on Chase's shoulders. 'And you're going to take everything I've got.'

Chase gasped in agreement as Jack began to fuck and fuck *hard*.

As Jack built up the speed of his thrusts, Chase bit the pillow next to him and let out a long, guttural moan. This was intense, but Chase was enjoying every single second of it – so much so in fact that as Jack worked up to a crescendo, Chase felt himself shoot his load into the duvet beneath him.

'I... I... you... made me cum,' Chase squealed, his words falling out of his mouth and his mind blanking as Jack continued to fuck his brains out.

'Good, now it's my turn,' Jack said, his breathing heavy and his rock hard thighs banging against the backs of

Chase's legs as he had one final volley of thrusts before shooting a huge, hot load deep inside Chase.

'Damn, that was perfect,' Jack said, leaving his cock buried deep inside Chase. '*You* were perfect.'

'*You* were,' Chase said, his mind till scrambled but his body tingling as his dopamine levels hit the roof. 'I... I...'

'Me too,' Jack replied as he pulled his cock out of Chase and rolled onto the bed next to him. 'We'll talk more later. There's a lot I want to say to you. But right now, I think we need to sleep.'

'*Hehe*, I'm tired too,' Chase said, his brain already feeling like it wanted nothing more than to shut down for at least a week.

'A victory on the ice, a rooftop party, and the best sex ever,' Jack chuckled. 'There's still life in me yet.'

'And I've still got so much to learn from you too,' Chase said, snuggling up to Jack and burying his face underneath Jack's armpit.

'I think we make a great team, my darling boy,' Jack said, gently caressing Chase's flushed cheek. 'But let's sleep now. We'll have plenty more fun in the morning, you can count on that...'

With that, Chase closed his eyes and allowed himself to drift off to sleep.

Jack was right, it truly had been a great day.

And if tomorrow was even half as fun, then Chase simply couldn't wait to wake up and experience everything that was set to come his way.

* * *

'Jeeeeeeepers! This isn't what I was expecting when you said we were going to have fun,' Chase said, slowly lowering himself into the ice-filled bath at Jack's exclusive health club. 'I think my dick might just fall off in the cold!'

'Come on, don't be such a baby,' Jack bellowed, already up to his chin in icy water. 'If you want to have career longevity like me, you need to learn all my hacks. And ice plunges are right at the top of that list.'

Chase blew Jack a raspberry and did in fact lower himself fully into the water.

This is not what I was hoping for at all.

I wanted more of Jack's dick.

But what I'm getting is likely to make both our cocks retreat inside our bodies...

'Brrrrrrrrr! How long do we have to stay in here?' Chase said, desperately wanting to jump right out of the plunge bath.

'Until I say so,' Jack replied, rolling his eyes. 'Now, if you want to make things easier, look at me and copy my breathing patterns. Here, watch and learn.'

To say that Chase was skeptical would have been the understatement of the season. But as he watched Jack's controlled, measured breathing, Chase couldn't help but emulate him.

Slowly but surely, Chase felt himself calm down and accept the coldness rather than try to fight it.

'That's it, I think you're getting it,' Jack said, his body totally submerged and a smile on his chiseled face.

'It doesn't feel... bad,' Chase replied, still adjusting to the cold but already feeling a sense of wellbeing. 'I want to stay in for as long as you.'

‘Good, that’s the spirit,’ Jack said. ‘But fortunately for us both, that’s us done. Come on, it’s time to reward ourselves with a nice big breakfast.’

With that Chase watched as Jack hauled his hulking body out of the plunger and then offered his hand to help Chase out.

‘Thank you, Daddy,’ Chase said. ‘Not just for the helping hand, but for everything. I don’t think I realized how big a move it would be for me to go straight into a team like the Ice Bears. Maybe I acted out. I definitely could have conducted myself better. But with you guiding me, I think I know what I need to do now.’

‘It’s a pleasure and a privilege,’ Jack said, his warm smile almost as warm as the thick toweling robe that he handed to Chase. ‘And I can say the same for you. This might be my last season, but being around you has got me thinking...’

‘Thinking what, Daddy?’ Chase said, raising his eyebrows.

‘We’ll talk about it another time,’ Jack said, brushing the comment off. ‘There’s a huge plate of fruit, oats, and hot peppermint tea waiting for us. Oh, and there might even be some sweet treats too. Come on, follow me.’

Jack held out his hand and the pair of them walked from the cold temperature suite and toward the locker room.

The first part of the season had been a bumpy ride for Chase, both on and off the ice.

But with Jack looking more and more like he could be Chase’s Forever Daddy, Chase was feeling like the run to the playoffs might just be the most special season of his life so far...

Chapter 12

Jack

With thoughts of the night before running through his head, Jack for once wasn't especially looking forward to practice. Jack's body felt pretty good and rested, but to say his mind was elsewhere would have been an understatement...

In an ideal world, Jack would have stayed at home and ravished Chase over and over again. Chase felt the same way too, but to Jack's delight Chase said that he wanted to hit the ice at Pine Rise and show Coach Tremaine just how committed he was to the cause.

Jack decided that he and Chase should travel separately to the Pine Rise complex, the thought of publicly stepping out as a couple not being something that Jack thought was wise just yet.

In fact, with the Doni family still breathing down his neck regarding Chase, Jack wasn't sure when – or if – it would be possible for the two of them to making their situation official.

But that was a matter for another time.

Despite his initial reticence to hit the practice ice, as soon as Jack skated onto the lightning fast surface, he knew that it was time to get his mind into gear and set the best example he could for his teammates.

However it wasn't just Jack who was setting a high standard...

‘Come on guys, let’s up the intensity,’ Chase said, firing off shot after shot. ‘We can bring the cup home this season. But every practice session has to have an edge to it.’

‘Chase is right,’ Jack said, shooting his boy a sneaky wink. ‘We’re a good team. Very good in fact. But we’re not so good that we don’t have to put it all out there every day. Let’s fucking do this!’

With that, the squad of players roared their approval and the intensity of the session noticeably went up a notch or two.

Jack and Chase had dovetailed perfectly together in setting the standard, and Jack was beginning to truly believe that Chase could one day be the captain of the Ice Bears.

Next season might be too early.

But one day Chase will be captain.

And I’ll be the proudest Daddy in the world...

It wasn’t only Jack who was impressed by Chase’s improving maturity either. As Jack, Connor, and Alex took a moment to refuel, the topic soon turned to Chase...

‘Whatever you’re doing to the boy, it’s working,’ Alex said. ‘The younger guys relate to him, and he speaks so well. I can hardly believe he’s the same player who rocked up here with all that attitude.’

‘I might be helping, but it’s all Chase,’ Jack replied, shooting a look over toward his boy as he helped a reserve player with a drill. ‘He’s always had the talent, but now he’s discovering what else he’s got in his locker too.’

‘Whether it’s you, or him, or a combination of both... I’m glad,’ Connor said. ‘Even at his cockiest, most irritating self, I could always see that Chase had that God damned

star quality. Warriors like me will die for the victory, but we need the skillful boys too.'

The three Daddies laughed amongst themselves and talk quickly turned to how the Ice Bears were going to navigate what was a tricky run to the playoffs.

And the more that Jack talked about the playoffs, the more he felt like he didn't want this to be his last dance. The injury that had threatened Jack's career and led him to miss the start of the season was now totally healed, and even Jack's early morning aches and pains appeared to be subsiding just a little bit.

As Connor and Alex continued to talk, Jack looked off into the distance and contemplated whether he could reverse his retirement plan and go again for one more season.

I could do another year.

But my contract's up and everything's been announced.

And I don't want to play for a team other than the Ice Bears...

'Hey, earth to Captain Jack,' Connor said, playfully nudging Jack with his hockey stick. 'I'm sure whatever you're thinking about is interesting, but right now it looks like Coach Tremaine is going to lose his shit if we're not back hustling in sixty seconds or less.'

Jack snapped out of his thoughts and skated over toward Coach Tremaine along with the other players. Jack knew that it never helped his performance to have too much going on in his mind, so all thoughts of reversing his retirement decision would have to be put to one side for now.

It was time to listen to Tremaine and focus his thoughts solely on the game against the Wild Cats that was coming up...

‘They’re faster than us on the ice,’ Tremaine growled. ‘They’re on a six game streak. They’ve got their home crowd on their side too. But the Wild Cats don’t have that Ice Bears spirit. Never have, never will. We get into their faces from the jump, and I promise you that we’ll come home with the W.’

Jack was nodding in agreement as Coach Tremaine rallied the men.

And a quick look across to Chase saw that the boy was deeply focused on Coach too.

After Coach Tremaine finished, the players began to skate off the ice and make their way toward the locker room. Jack put his hand on Chase’s shoulder and took him to the side, away from everyone else.

‘I was thinking we might try something new today?’ Jack said, doing his best to look as if he was talking about something hockey related.

‘Something new?’ Chase replied, a smile creeping onto his face. ‘I’m interested...’

‘Meet me at *Met Milkshakes*,’ Jack replied. ‘I have a feeling you’re going to enjoy what I have in store for you.’

With that, Jack patted Chase on his shoulder and made his way to the locker room to shower. Practice had gone well, but as far as Jack was concerned the real highlight of the day was yet to come.

* * *

‘Now I know you’ve been to *Met Milkshakes* before,’ Jack said as him and Chase stepped inside and waved hello to Silas and Henry. ‘But it’s about time I showed you another side of it...’

‘Wait, do you mean...’ Chase said, his eyes lighting up.

‘Sure do,’ Jack smiled, wrapping his arm around Chase’s waist. ‘It’s time for your milk boy. And Daddy’s going to be the one to give it to you.’

Chase jumped with glee as the pair of them walked toward the rear of Met Milk and the private milk time suite.

‘I’ll be in shortly with the good stuff,’ Silas said, calling over toward Jack.

‘I look forward to it,’ Jack called back.

‘There’s a couple of other Daddies and boys in there already, but I’ve saved the perfect seat for you two,’ Silas said. ‘Harry will show you.’

Harry skipped out from behind the *Met Milkshake* service counter and immediately made a beeline for Chase.

‘You’re going to have so much fun, Chase,’ Harry said, excitedly leading the way into the milking room. ‘Look, you’ve got the big, super-comfortable couch in the corner. See? Just next to the stuffie mountain.’

‘Wowie!’ Chase giggled, excitedly taking Blade out of his backpack. ‘Look Blade, lots of other stuffies for you to play with!’

Jack felt his heart swell with pride that he was a Daddy to such a wholesome boy. The outside world may have been full of pressure, demands, and sometimes even danger too – but being here with such an adorable Little as Chase more than made up for the often dark realities of the real world.

‘Come on, boy, let’s get cozy,’ Jack said, walking over to the couch and taking a seat. ‘After all the hard work we put in during practice, I think we’ve definitely earned this time.’

‘We sure did,’ Chase giggled. ‘But please can I play with the stuffies until Silas brings the milk in?’

‘Of course,’ Jack smiled, watching with delight as Chase and Harry got down onto their hands and knees and began to play with the various stuffies at their disposal.

Jack looked around the room and saw the various Daddies and boys playing together. To many who didn’t understand their world, this might have looked like a strange sight. But to Jack it was the most normal thing in the world.

Having a safe place to be himself was something that Jack cherished. It hadn’t always been like this for Daddies and Littles, but Jack was grateful to be able to express himself and let the nurturing side of his Daddy persona come to the fore.

A few minutes later and Silas entered with a large tray of warm milk bottles, ready for the Daddies to give to their thirsty boys.

‘Come on, Chase, it’s time,’ Jack said, chuckling as an eager Chase clambered up onto his lap along with Blade.

‘I can’t wait, I’m thirsty,’ Chase said, his voice pitched higher and the look of innocence in his eyes telling Jack that he was close to Little Space. ‘I want my milkies please, Daddy.’

Jack quickly removed his and Chase’s t-shirt so that the pair of them could have skin-to-skin contact. With the warm milk bottle in one hand, Jack eased it down toward Chase’s perfectly pink lips.

‘Now, I know your thirsty, but don’t go *too* fast,’ Jack said, a loving warmth in his voice. ‘That’s it, that’s perfect.’

Chase didn’t respond, except for a look of satisfaction in his face as he steadily drank the milk.

Jack could see as Chase was reaching the end of the bottle that he was going to drift off to sleep. Rather than risk breaking Chase out of Little Space, Jack simply

eased Chase down off his lap and onto the couch. As he put a warm blanket over Chase, Jack leaned over and kissed him on his forehead.

Chase finished off the milk but kept the bottle in his hands and hugged it along with Blade. It was the most adorable sight that Jack had ever seen, and it brought it home to Jack that Chase was the most special young man he had ever met.

He's full of fun and mischief.

But the boy loves his milkies too.

Naughty and nice, just how I like it...

Jack took a seat next to a now sleeping Chase and carefully took his phone out of his pocket to scan over his messages.

After reading an email from Coach Tremaine covering some more detailed tactical plans for the upcoming game, Jack was just about to put his cell phone back in his pocket when a message flashed up on his screen.

Suddenly, Jack's heart sunk.

It was Antonio, and it sounded serious too...

We need to meet. Tonight. I'll message you the location. Come alone. ANTONIO.

* * *

Later that evening and with Chase safely tucked up in bed at his apartment, Jack took a drive downtown to the location sent to him by Antonio Doni.

As he sat in his Porsche, Jack looked nervously at the dimly lit streets around him. The rain was beginning to

fall, and only a few people were being brave or crazy enough to brave the weather.

Jack didn't know the neighborhood well, save for an all-night diner that he used to frequent in his younger days. All Jack knew for sure though was that being called to a meeting like this by Antonio Doni wasn't likely to be anything good.

As he waited, Jack took his cell phone and sent a message to Connor and Alex...

I've been called to a meeting. Nothing to worry about. I'll see you at practice tomorrow. JACK.

Got it. See you tomorrow. ALEX.

Message received loud and clear. CONNOR.

It has long been agreed between the three of them that should any trouble arise with the Doni family, they would send a message to each other in this exact wording. Jack knew that should anything go down that night, his two friends would know what the deal was.

Hopefully though, the message would be nothing more than a cautious check-in with his closest friends. Jack had been around the Doni family for long enough to know that from time to time situations could crop up and some serious drama could unfold – but now it was his turn to be back in the fold, and Jack was less comfortable with it than he had ever been before.

Having Chase in his life had made Jack reassess his priorities.

Being an Ice Bears legend and a trusted figure in the Doni family's extended hierarchy was one thing, but Jack was increasingly feeling like his number one concern was Chase.

'Okay, it's show time,' Jack muttered, the sight of Antonio's limo pulling up next to the sidewalk across the street bringing Jack back into the real world.

Jack stepped out of his Porsche and made a run over to the limo, quickly getting soaked by the increasingly heavy rain.

'You never heard of a raincoat?' Antonio said, handing Jack a hand towel as Jack sat down opposite him inside the limo.

'What's this all about, Antonio?' Jack said, knowing that it was best to get straight to the point. 'Chase is behaving. Ask Coach Tremaine, he'll tell you the same.'

'The family is happy with Chase,' Antonio said. 'But... there's been some trouble with the Cardini family. Bonds have been broken, and blood has already been spilled. It could be about to get *very* serious.'

'What's this got to do with me?' Jack replied, his brain going into overdrive as he tried to second guess Antonio.

Jack waited for Antonio to answer. He could see that the usually unflappable Antonio was considering how best to say what he had on his mind. This wasn't a good sign. This wasn't a good sign *at all*.

'The boy,' Antonio said. 'Chase.'

'Yes?' Jack replied, sitting forward in his seat and with worry etched onto his face.

'We believe that the Cardini family will target an Ice Bear player,' Antonio said. 'In years gone by, it would have been you. But now that you're in your last season, the

chances are that they'll make an attempt on our most valuable asset's life. And that's Chase Light.'

'No, not the boy,' Jack said, his mind filled with panic at the very thought of Chase being in mortal danger.

'I don't make the rules, and I certainly don't approve of how low the Cardini family will stoop,' Antonio said. 'But we have to be realistic. Chase is a multi-million dollar asset to the franchise who will be our most valued player for the next fifteen years. We have to be realistic about this. Chase is in serious danger.'

'So what are you going to do about it?' Jack said.

'Nothing,' Antonio replied. 'Well, not on the face of it. I want you to continue to guard Chase and keep him close. We'll be doing everything we can behind the scenes to settle this dispute and stop an all out war erupting between the families.'

'But... how can you... you just said Chase's life was in danger!' Jack bellowed, his anger drawing the attention of Antonio's two fully locked and loaded henchmen.

'Relax,' Antonio said, calming his bodyguards. 'I understand your response, Jack. I know you and Chase have grown close. But you have to put your faith in the family. We've been through things like this before. But it's imperative that you go about your business as normal, and that goes for Chase too.'

'But-'

'Jack, I'm not asking,' Antonio said, glancing at his two bodyguards. 'We appreciate your loyalty, as always.'

With that, Jack was left with no option but to nod in agreement.

'Good,' Antonio continued. 'Now, I suggest you go home and sleep. The Ice Bears have got some big games coming up, and our greatest ever player needs his rest.'

Jack nodded once more and got out of the limo.

As soon as Jack's feet touched the rain-sodden sidewalk he felt a desire to howl in frustration and anger into the night sky. But Jack knew that he needed to keep a calm head.

It was time to go home and think about exactly how he was going to handle this situation.

Chase's life was under threat – and as Chase's Daddy, Jack knew that the next decision he would make was by some distance the most important of his whole life...

Chapter 13

Chase

The milk time with Jack the previous day was something that Chase knew would stay in his memory for a long, long time. Chase had always dreamed of being given a warm bottle of milk by a Daddy, and it had well and truly lived up to his expectations.

The very fact that Chase was beginning to have some very serious feelings for Jack only added to how incredibly awesome the milk time was.

When Chase woke that morning back at his place, he saw that Jack had called him and left a message at some point during the night. The message was pretty straightforward, but Chase couldn't help feel like something was amiss.

Chase was waiting for Ricki to come over for an early morning playdate and couldn't resist looking at Jack's late night message once more...

Let's play a fun game. Daddy's In Charge. I want you to stay at home tomorrow and have fun. No leaving the apartment. Invite a friend over, have some fun. That's Daddy's Orders... JACK.

'Hmmm, I guess I'll go along with it?' Chase said, his attention quickly switching to the buzzer as it sounded

over by the apartment's door. 'Yay! Ricki's here!'

Chase buzzed Ricki into the apartment and moments later the two of them were getting ready to have some coloring and craft fun together.

'Let's change out of our clothes,' Chase said, stripping down to his briefs. 'I've got some cute painter's overalls we can put on.'

'Yes, I love it!' Ricki giggled, stripping down to his yellow briefs and gladly taking a pale blue overall from Chase. 'This will be so much fun!'

Chase and Ricki walked into the craft room and Chase took great pride in showing Ricki his vast array of coloring pencils, paints, crafting supplies, and endless reams of paper for all their artistic creations.

'Scratch that, this will be the most fun *ever*,' Ricki cooed, bounding over to one of the easels and opening up several pots of glitter paint.

'Yay! I was hoping you'd go straight to the glitter paint,' Chase giggled. 'It's my favorite!'

The two friends then began to paint to their heart's content.

With each splash and dash of vibrant color, Chase felt himself relaxing into the moment and simply enjoying himself.

As much as Chase loved the thrills and intensity of hockey, sometimes it was difficult to switch off. But with a paintbrush in his hand and a Little friend to play with, Chase was able to truly let go and let his creative side come to the forefront for once.

'I love this,' Chase said. 'I used to think that the only way to switch off from hockey was through partying, but now I can see that I really don't need that in my life.'

‘Did Jack help you to see that?’ Ricki said, applying the finishing touches to his green and pink panda portrait.

‘Yeah, he was a big part of it,’ Chase said. ‘I think... no, I don’t want to say it.’

‘*Nooooo!* You can’t do that,’ Ricki giggled. ‘Just say it. I think I know what you’re going to say, but I want to hear it come out of your mouth for real.’

‘I think Jack might be my Forever Daddy,’ Chase squealed, the excitement pouring out of him as he flicked a huge splat of color onto his canvas. ‘I think I’m totally in love with him!’

Ricki turned to Chase and seconds later the pair of them were jumping up and down together, painting splattering everywhere as they hugged and embraced.

‘That’s super-duper-awesome,’ Ricki said, full of pure joy for his friend. ‘You’re so lucky. And so is Jack to have found a Little as cool as you.’

‘*Nawwww,* that’s so sweet,’ Chase said. ‘You’ll find your Daddy too soon. There’s probably at least a hundred Daddies in the city all desperate to date you.’

Chase noticed that in that moment, Ricki looked like he wanted to say something but stopped himself. This could mean only one thing... there *already was* a Daddy Ricki had his eyes on.

‘Spill,’ Chase said, a knowing look in his eyes. ‘You’ve got a Daddy on the down low, or you’ve seen someone you like... which one is it?’

‘I definitely don’t have a Daddy,’ Ricki said, blushing. ‘But...’

‘Who?’ Chase said, excitedly bouncing on his tiptoes.

‘It would never, ever work,’ Ricki said. ‘And even if he liked me, he’s just too scary.’

‘Wait, you’re not talking about Antonio Doni are you?’ Chase said, shocked but suddenly thinking that Ricki and Antonio might actually be a good pair.

‘Here’s the thing,’ Ricki continued. ‘I started to crush on him a while ago. I mean, he’s hot. And there’s something about his dangerous vibe that is undeniably sexy for a Daddy. I’d started walking past his office on a regular basis to try and increase the chance of him seeing me and us having a conversation or whatever.’

‘Yeah, sounds like a good plan,’ Chase said, eyes wide open in anticipation of more juicy details.

‘But a few days ago I was doing my usual walk past his office and I couldn’t help but overhear Antonio’s side of the conversation,’ Ricki said, an ominous look coming over his face. ‘It was... scary. I mean, seriously scary. The things that Antonio was talking about weren’t nice at all.’

Chase felt his heart skip a beat, and not in a good way.

‘Was it... crime stuff?’ Chase said, almost too scared to ask for any more details.

Ricki simply nodded and the two of them silently agreed that this would bring the conversation to an end, for now at least.

‘Come on, let’s put some buttons and felt strips on our paintings,’ Chase said, desperate to lighten the mood again.

Ricki smiled a big smile of relief, and the two of them were soon enough totally engrossed in their artwork once more.

Chase knew that the Doni family weren’t exactly normal team owners, but hearing Ricki speak about Antonio’s phone conversation was hard to process. Still, with one canvas nearly finished, Chase knew that he had more

than enough art supplies to help put the Doni family right at the back of both of their minds for now.

* * *

The Ice Bears squad had an afternoon practice session to go over some new plays. Chase had been in the apartment all morning with Ricki and was surprised to see that Jack had arranged for his own personal driver to pick Chase up and take him to Pine Rise.

Still, Chase wasn't complaining.

Not having to drive meant that Chase could sit in the back of the car and play on his Nintendo Switch. But as the driver got closer to the training complex, Chase put the games console away and began to focus his mind on hockey.

As he arrived in the locker room, there was a good atmosphere. Chase could see that all of the players, young and old, were pulling in the same direction. With laughter echoing around the locker room walls, Chase felt motivated to have another brilliant practice run.

The only person who didn't quite seem themselves was Jack.

'Is everything okay, Jack?' Chase said, walking over toward Jack as he stood in nothing but his brilliant-white jockstrap. 'You look distracted.'

'I'm good, thank you,' Jack said, barely making eye contact with Chase. 'We'll talk after practice.'

'*Okaaaay*,' Chase said, rolling his eyes with plenty of sass. 'See you out there, *captain*.'

Chase wasn't sure what was on Jack's mind, but it could have been something to do with that fact that with a

heavy run of games coming up Jack was worried about his old injuries flaring up once more.

But in that moment, Chase decided that Jack was big enough and old enough to handle his own business. As far as Chase was concerned, it was time to get out onto the ice and strut his stuff.

Coach Tremaine had been impressed with Chase recently, and Chase was determined to continue to give it his all in each and every practice session.

But it wasn't just Coach Tremaine that Chase wanted to do well for.

Chase knew that in all likelihood this was the final chance that Jack would have to lift a trophy in his career. This being the case, Chase wanted to make sure he was in the best possible condition to help Jack go out as a winner.

And it was with this thought in his mind that Chase hit the ice and began to skate, pass, and shoot like his life depended on it.

With Coach Tremaine barking orders on the sidelines, Chase went at full speed and was quickly racking up the numbers and putting his teammates to shame with his enthusiasm.

'Okay, good work Chase,' Coach Tremaine bellowed, before blowing on his whistle. 'I want you to ease off the gas a little now though. We need you fresh.'

Chase nodded, but in truth he wasn't listening.

Such was Chase's determination to do well that all he could think about was setting the best possible example for the rest of the team. So, rather than take on board Tremaine's instructions, Chase continued to go full blast on each play.

'Jesus! Chase! Slow the hell down!' Tremaine shouted.

But yet again, Chase continued to go at full tilt, blasting goal after goal and showing his teammates that he was ready to take them all the way this season.

Finally, Coach Tremaine's frustrations got the better of him and he skated over toward the players and blocked Chase's path.

'Hey, what gives, coach?' Chase said, the adrenalin coursing over his body and his old rebellious streak coming to the surface. 'I'm kicking ass. Let me play.'

'You're not listening to me,' Tremaine shouted. 'I want you in the best shape you can be. But I don't want you to burn yourself out before the God damned game. Got it?'

Chase knew that he should keep quiet and agree with Coach Tremaine.

But something was bubbling up inside Chase that he couldn't control.

I want to be the best player I can be.

I want to skate and skate hard all the time.

Coach doesn't know me as well as Daddy does, so...

'No!' Chase shouted, crashing his hockey stick down onto the ice, much to the shock of the other players.

'Chase!' Jack barked, skating over to him and Tremaine. 'What the hell is going on here?'

'Looks like the boy's new attitude was just a phase,' Tremaine scowled, a deeply unimpressed look on his face.

'Chase, do you have anything to say about this?' Jack said. 'From what I heard, it looked like Coach asked you to ease off but you ignored him.'

'That's not true,' Chase said, shaking his head. 'Coach was trying to control me. I just want to do my best and win.'

‘Chase, calm down,’ Jack said, a slight irritation in his voice. ‘We all listen to coach when he talks. He knows best. And I want you to apologize to him right this second.’

Chase could tell from the look in Jack’s eyes that he wasn’t kidding.

But Chase felt only a rising tide of frustration creeping up through his body. In this moment, the least Chase expected was for his Daddy to back him up and show at least a little bit of understanding.

Why’s Daddy not on my side?

This is wrong. It’s all wrong.

Well if they don’t want me to be good, I won’t be...

‘Coach is an ass!’ Chase said, this time flinging his hockey stick across the practice ice. ‘I’m *outta here*.’

With that, Chase skated off the practice ice as fast as he could. He didn’t know what he was doing, or even why at this point, but all Chase knew was that he was going to get changed as quickly as he could and get the hell out of Pine Rise.

Chapter 14

Jack

The practice session was in total disarray. Chase's blowup at Coach Tremaine was something that Jack couldn't possibly have anticipated, and as such he was caught a little cold.

Jack had been distracted all the way through the training session by thoughts of Antonio Doni and what he might do with Chase. Had Jack been more switched on, he would have seen that Chase was ignoring Coach Tremaine's instructions and stepped in sooner.

Sadly, that wasn't the case.

But training ground bust-ups happened often, and Jack knew that Chase had plenty of credit in the bank with Coach Tremaine due to his recent improvements. That said, Jack knew that the situation had to be sorted out sooner rather than later – for more reasons than one too.

'Come back here!' Jack finally shouted, but it was too little too late as Chase disappeared inside the training complex.

Jack suddenly felt conscious that both Coach Tremaine and the players' eyes were on him. Would they figure out that there was something going on between him and Chase?

'Jack, go after him,' Alex said, skating away from the group toward Jack. 'He needs his captain right now. You've got all our support. Right guys?'

Alex turned to the players who all unanimously gave their approval.

Coach Tremaine wasn't a man to show much emotion unless it was shouting or balling someone out, but even he smiled and nodded.

'Alex, you take Jack's place calling the plays,' Tremaine said. 'Jack, you go after young Chase and see if you can work the old Jack Steel magic. We've got your back.'

'Thank you, Coach,' Jack said, not waiting a single second longer before skating off the ice and heading straight to the locker room.

However, the locker room was empty.

'Chase?' Jack called out, noting that the boy's locker didn't look like it had anything in it. 'Gone? Already?'

There certainly hadn't been enough time for Chase to get showered and changed. Suddenly, Jack's mind began to run wild with terrible scenarios. The threat of the Doni family's beef with the Cardini clan was one thing, but what if Antonio Doni had decided to use Chase as some kind of pawn in the deadly game the two families were playing?

Jack could feel his stomach churn over at the thought of his darling boy being in trouble. This wasn't good. This wasn't good *at all*.

Then it hit Jack, if Chase was going to be anywhere in Pine Rise it would be with Ricki in the physio suite...

'Thank God I found you,' Jack said, bursting into the physio suite and seeing Chase sitting on the physiotherapy bench next to Ricki, the glum look on his face telling Jack that he needed to step up to the plate and make his boy feel alright again.

'I'm sorry, Daddy,' Chase said, his bottom lip trembling. 'I screwed up. I don't know what came over me. I just

wanted to-'

'No, it was my fault,' Jack said, stepping forward and brining Chase in for a hug. 'I probably weirded you out when we spoke in the locker room. I had my mind on something else.'

Jack had been debating whether to reveal the truth to Chase or not.

The problems with revealing what had been going on between Jack and Antonio were numerous. In fact, Jack could only see it leading to trouble for both him and Chase too.

However the consequences of keeping Chase in the dark could be just as serious. In fact, they could be deadly.

In his heart of hearts, Jack knew that his darling boy deserved to know what was going on. This had always been a difficult secret to keep, but recent developments had taken it way beyond that.

So, no matter how difficult it might be, Jack knew that it was time to tell Chase the truth - and after a quick glance to see that Ricki was otherwise occupied, that was exactly what Jack did.

'Boy, you might want to hold my hand for this...'

And once Jack was done explaining, he could tell by the look on Chase's face that the news had come very much as a shock to his system.

'B-b-b-b-but why would... why did... will I be able to keep on playing hockey?' Chase said, finally finishing his sentence.

Jack had to smile.

Even after explaining to Chase that his life was potentially at risk, all the boy could think about was

whether he would be able to line up in the next Ice Bears game.

‘I don’t know, boy,’ Jack said, his face now serious. ‘The Doni and Cardini feud has been simmering for a while. Good men have lost their lives. Innocent men in some cases too. I know you want to play and do your best for the team, but I’m really not sure if playing is a good idea right now.’

‘And Antonio Doni thinks this too?’ Chase said, a look of sadness in his eyes that Jack hated to see.

‘I don’t know,’ Jack said. ‘I’m about as close as it’s possible for a player to get to Antonio, but even I don’t know how he thinks when it comes to matters like this. Honestly, I don’t think we can trust him right now.’

Jack felt Chase squeeze his hand in fear.

This was a lot for the boy to deal with, and Jack knew that it wasn’t going to be something that Chase would have even the slightest experience of in his young life.

‘Boy, we need to leave,’ Jack said. ‘The longer we wait around here, the more likely we are to find ourselves surrounded by Antonio Doni and his bodyguards. Or worse, we might have a visit from some of the higher-ups in the Doni family. And trust me, that’s not something you need to experience.’

Jack could see that Chase was scared.

The truth was that fear was coursing through Jack’s veins too at that moment.

But Jack was Chase’s Daddy, and he knew that the only thing that mattered was keeping his special boy safe and out of harm’s way.

It was time to leave Pine Rise, and Jack had just the place to go too...

* * *

‘You think we’ll be safe here?’ Chase said, taking his seat at the restaurant table.

‘We’re amongst a crowd at the height of lunch,’ Jack replied, feeling confident that the downtown restaurant district was the safest place to be. ‘They’ll be looking out for us at our homes, or maybe even *Met Milkshakes*. But a Chinese restaurant during the busiest period of the day? I don’t think so.’

Jack smiled and did his best to fill Chase with confidence.

But Jack could see that Chase was still shaken up by what had transpired earlier.

It was time to open up to Chase and give him a greater insight into what it was like playing under the control of a notorious Mafia family...

‘It all started a few months after I signed for the Ice Bears,’ Jack said, motioning to the waiter to give them a few more minutes before ordering. ‘The Doni family had only recently come in and taken over the franchise. It was on its knees. The Ice Bears could have gone under, that was a very real threat back then. But the Doni’s brought ambition, a desire to reach the top. And they were going to do it *their way*.’

‘How did you know they were... you know... bad guys?’ Chase said, leaning in to listen as attentively as possible.

‘It didn’t take too long,’ Jack said. ‘Some of the other teams didn’t like the Doni’s becoming involved in hockey so they decided to send thugs down to the old training complex. But what they weren’t accounting for was the fact that the Doni’s saw the play coming and were lying in wait... with some semi-automatic machine guns.’

‘O... M... G...’ Chase said, a look of shock on his face.

‘Yeah, that’s what the thugs said just before they got blasted off the face of the earth,’ Jack replied, a wry grin on his face. ‘And I should know, I was watching the whole thing play out from Antonio Doni’s old office.’

Jack felt himself back in that fateful moment.

Nothing would be the same again after that. In fact, it had been so long ago that Jack had almost forgotten that it had ever happened in the first place.

‘I don’t think about it much these days,’ Jack continued. ‘And after that, the other franchise owners knew to never fuck with the Doni’s again. But that wasn’t the end of the violence I’ve witnessed. There have been some dark times over the years. Assassinations. Betrayals. Beatings. It’s all gone down. But somehow, the Ice Bears have gone from strength to strength on the ice. I don’t know, I guess it all just worked out in a crazy way.’

At that point, the waiter returned to the table and Jack ordered some dishes for him and Chase to munch on.

Jack could tell that Chase was deep in thought, no doubt trying to figure out how the hell the Ice Bears were able to operate so smoothly given that they were owned by a family like the Doni’s.

‘You know, there’s worse people in the world than the Doni family,’ Jack said. ‘I know it’s hard to imagine, but not all bad guys carry guns and live violent lives. There are plenty of corrupt people in hockey who act like the sun shine’s out of their ass. You can trust me on that too. The Doni’s have done bad things, and they’ll continue to no doubt about it. But at the end of the day, they’ve never crossed a line that I can’t accept.’

‘But what are we going to do?’ Chase said. ‘You said that we might need to take this into our own hands and not do what Antonio wants. But isn’t that risky?’

Jack could see Chase's point – he'd thought the exact same thing himself.

'Ultimately, I'll do whatever you want me to do,' Jack said. 'If you want me to help you disappear, I'll make it happen. If you want to stick it out, I'll be by your side until the very end.'

Jack could see that this was a difficult moment for Chase and put his hand over Chase's delicate hands.

'I've got you, darling boy,' Jack said, looking deep inside Chase's eyes.

'Thank you, Daddy,' Chase replied, his voice quivering just a touch.

'Look, the food is on its way,' Jack said, noting the waiter approaching with their selection of sharing dishes.

The food duly arrived and Jack watched a Chase eagerly devoured his plates of Chinese delights.

But for Jack, he took a watching brief rather than tucking into the food.

Jack knew that logically, him and the boy were safe hiding in plain sight. However, it was easy to know that logically, but with the threat of the Cardini family and the Doni family too for that matter, Jack knew that he had to stay alert at all times.

'The food is delicious,' Chase said, eagerly polishing off another dish. 'Have you been here before, Daddy?'

'Once or twice,' Jack said, his attention distracted by an SUV across the street. 'We shouldn't stick around here for too long. There are plenty of places in the city we can rotate between until we come up with a plan. The last thing we need to do is making ourselves a sitting target.'

'Can we have desert though?' Chase said, making his best puppy dog eyes at Jack.

Jack was about to agree, but then saw his phone flashing up with a new message...

Come to our safehouse. NOW. I've sent you the address. This is not a drill Jack. The Cardini's are making a move, they've been spotted downtown. Get you and the boy's asses to the location right this second. ANTONIO.

Jack knew that he didn't have a single second to waste. Desert would have to wait. Now it was time to get into his Porsche and get to the Doni safehouse in triple-quick time.

Everything was up in the air right now.

This might have been his final season in professional hockey, but more important than even that was the fact that Jack didn't want this to be his and the boy's last day on earth.

'Chase, up on your feet,' Jack barked. 'We don't have single second to spare. It's time I showed you that I'm not just fast on the ice, but I'm pretty fucking speedy on four wheels too...'

Chapter 15

Chase

Chase had only just strapped himself into the passenger seat and Jack was already pulling out of the parking spot and revving the engine to the max.

‘Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing,’ Jack said, a look of total concentration on his face as he shifted gears and pulled out onto the busy road.

‘Y-Y-Y-Yes Daddy,’ Chase said, trying his best not to sound too scared.

As Jack began to weave in and out of the downtown traffic, Chase realized something. While high speed driving through heavy traffic was obviously not a regular situation to be in, it wasn’t this that was making Chase feel afraid.

In fact, being in the car with Jack was actually kind of exhilarating.

What was truly bothering Chase was the situation with the two warring Mafia families. The thought that he was now somehow involved in the drama between the Doni and Cardini families was actually pretty terrifying.

Chase had grown up in a small suburb and the nearest he’d ever been to organized crime was watching old gangster films with his Uncle Mitch on weekends.

However, this was very much not a movie.

This was real life.

Chase knew that while Jack would do everything he could to keep him safe, the reality was that Jack was a hockey player and not a mobster. Chase could see that Jack was stressed and fearful over what was going on, and Chase didn't think any less of him for that.

The very fact that Jack was doing so much to protect Chase was admirable.

Chase could see that as far as Jack was concerned, his safety was secondary if it meant protecting his Little.

I'm a Lucky Little to have a Daddy like Jack.

When this is all over, I'm going to make sure to tell him that too.

I just hope everything works out okay...

As Jack continued to swerve and dodge the traffic, Chase gripped the sides of his seat and tried his best to remain as calm as he could. Jack was in fact a very skillful driver, and Chase couldn't help but wonder if Jack might want to give race car driving a chance after he retired. This was probably not a question to ask in the moment though.

Chase could see that Jack needed to put his full attention onto driving and the road ahead.

'We shouldn't have any issues once I get us out of downtown,' Jack said, his eyes fixed ahead of him. 'It's busy here, but there will be a lull in traffic once I get us to Thirty Fifth and Lobos.'

'*Uh-huh,*' Chase replied, wanting to keep his reply as brief as possible.

As the traffic began to ease up, Jack was able to put his foot down even harder. As the Porsche's engine roared and crackled into life, Chase gasped and found himself almost cheering in delight.

I should be too scared to make a noise.

But I'm kinda enjoying this.

I guess I've always liked speed...

Chase couldn't help but think back to his early years as a hockey player, back in grade school. Chase had never really had much of an interest in sports, but when his Uncle Mitch took him to the local ice rink, that all changed.

It wasn't like Chase picked up a hockey stick and was a genius talent from day one.

However, the one thing that Chase *could* do pretty much from the get-go was skate – and skate *fast*.

Maybe it was a combination of naivety, a desire to impress his Uncle, or just a love of moving as fast as he could, but right from the beginning Chase was able to skate way quicker than anyone else his age.

Chase would sprint, stop, twist, turn, and then sprint again – and he'd do all this without losing his balance or falling over onto the hard ice beneath him.

Immediately, Chase's junior league coaches picked up on this and it wasn't long before Chase was able to fly across the ice with the puck totally under his control too. It was instinctive and always felt so natural to Chase that he was able to travel at such a high speed.

In fact, Chase was way quicker on the ice than he was on the athletics track.

For Chase, his happy place had always been on the ice. So while some of his classmates were developing interests in soccer, football, and track events, Chase was only ever interested in hockey.

And through a combination of positive coaches, his Uncle Mitch, and his own desire, Chase rapidly rose through the ranks up to the point of being the hottest rookie prospect in the league.

All of this had brought Chase to the Ice Bears.

And of course, it had brought him to Jack too.

Speaking of Jack...

‘Okay, hold on,’ Jack said, dropping the Porsche down a gear and slamming the brakes. ‘Holy shit...’

Chase held on for dear life as Jack pulled off an outrageous corner and swung the sportscar across two lanes and down a side alley.

‘Wow. Daddy, that was amazing,’ Chase said, the adrenalin pumping all over his body. ‘You need to teach me how to do that.’

‘I don’t think so boy,’ Jack laughed. ‘Coach Tremaine would go fucking ballistic if he knew I was teaching you these kinds of moves on the road. The last thing the Ice Bears need is you losing your driver’s license.’

‘Hehe,’ Chase giggled. ‘Maybe you could teach me *some* of your driving moves though?’

‘Fine,’ Jack replied. ‘Okay. We’re nearly at the safehouse now. Just a couple of blocks to go. *Urgh*. That looks like roadworks ahead though. Fuck.’

‘Is there another way around them?’ Chase replied, casting his eyes over the small buildup of stationary cars ahead.

‘No,’ Jack said, a note of concern in his voice as he slowed the car down the closer they got to the traffic. ‘Don’t worry though. Once the lights change, we’ll be back on track.’

But Chase could see that Jack wasn’t comfortable.

There was something bugging Jack and Chase was beginning to sense something was wrong too...

‘Daddy, this doesn’t feel right,’ Chase said.

‘What are you feeling?’ Jack replied. ‘Talk to me...’

‘There doesn’t look like there’s anyone in these cars ahead of us,’ Chase said, his voice filling up with fear.

‘And those roadworker just don’t look like they belong...’

‘Hold on, I’m getting us the hell out of Dodge,’ Jack said, bringing the Porsche to a halt and readying it to turn around.

But just as Jack was turning the car around, a volley of bullets ripped through the air.

‘Daddy!’ Chase cried, ducking down in the passenger seat. ‘What’s happening?’

‘It’s a fucking ambush,’ Jack roared. ‘The Cardini’s must have known we’d come this way. Hold the fuck on. I’m getting us out of here if it’s the last thing I do.’

With the sound of bullets whizzing past the car, Jack slammed it into first gear, then second, and pulled away with his foot to the floor and luckily without taking any direct hits.

But with the Doni safehouse no longer an option, Chase knew that if him and Jack were going to get out of this alive, they’d need to come up with a new plan and come up with it quickly...

* * *

‘Are you sure we’re safe here?’ Chase said, wiping his forehead and unbuckling his safety belt.

‘We’re as safe as we’re going to be right now,’ Jack replied, turning the engine off and taking a moment to look in his rearview mirror.

Jack had managed to evade the Cardini ambush and power along for a couple of blocks before realizing that the car had in fact been hit. With a blown rear tire, it

wasn't an option to keep driving, but fortunately Jack had found a secluded side alley to park down.

'We'll be safe for now,' Jack said. 'But I need to speak to Antonio and explain our predicament. It's also going to help if I know precisely where we are and what kind of potential hideouts we have around here. Do you know this area?'

'Not really,' Chase said, his heart still racing.

'Okay, I'm going to need you to be the bravest boy for me,' Jack said. 'I'm going to get out of the car and have a look to see if I recognize any businesses on this block that are owned by the Doni family. Even one Doni owned business will mean that we've got a safe place to hide until Antonio sends a car for us.'

'You're going to leave me alone in the car?' Chase said, his bottom lip trembling.

'I know you're frightened. But this is the best play, you have to believe me,' Jack said. 'I'm your Daddy, and I'm your team captain too. This is my play to call and I'm going to make it work. Got it?'

'G-G-G-G-g-got it,' Chase replied, the conviction in Jack's voice giving Chase the belief he needed to steel himself and follow Jack's plan. 'Come back soon.'

'I will,' Jack replied. 'I love you boy, and I'll be back before you know it.'

Chase felt his heart flutter as Jack uttered those words to him. It might have been the heat of the moment that prompted Jack to say that he loved Chase, but for Chase it meant the world to hear his Daddy speak in those terms.

But as wonderful as it was to hear Jack say that he loved him, Chase was now alone in the car and waiting for his Daddy to return.

'I'm not scared,' Chase said, totally unconvincingly. 'I'm a big boy. I'm not scared. I'm not, I'm not, I'm not.'

Chase knew that there was nothing he could do but wait.

And rather than wait alone and in silence, Chase decided to message Ricki and let him know what was going on...

Ricki, everything's gone wrong. We were going to a Doni safehouse and a bunch of mean men pretending to be roadworkers tried to kill us. Daddy says it was the Cardini family. I don't know what to do or what to think. I'm scared. Chase XoXo.

Chase! OMG! I can't believe it. I'm with Antonio right now and he's talking to Jack on the phone. I know they're going to work everything out, so just stay strong and think about bubblegum, videogames, and milky time! Ricki XoxoXo

Chase smiled and was super-glad of having a friend like Ricki to talk to in a moment like this. But one thing in Ricki's message made Chase do a double take... Ricki was with Antonio?

There was no way that Chase was going to let that slide, even in a situation as dangerous and scary as the one he was in at that moment.

You're with Antonio?!?!?! Why? What are you two doing? TELL ME! Chase XoXoXo

I'll tell you when you're all safe and this is over ;) Gotta go. See you soon. Ricki XoXoXo

Chase shook his head in frustration. Could it be possible that there was something going on between Ricki and Antonio? After Ricki mentioned Antonio earlier, it did seem like Ricki had something of a complicated crush on Antonio, but Chase had no idea that something might actually be going on between them.

But as exciting as the prospect of Ricki and Antonio being an item was, Chase knew that his own predicament required his attention.

Chase decided that he was going to keep a more active watching brief and adjusted the rearview mirror so that he could see if any suspicious men were walking around the neighborhood.

‘I feel like a real spy!’ Chase said, seeing the funny side as he imagined himself wearing a pair of fake glasses and a trilby hat.

However before Chase could settle down too comfortably into his spy roleplay, the driver’s side door swung open. It was Jack, and he looked like he had something to say.

‘Is everything okay, Daddy?’ Chase said, his voice suddenly full of hope.

‘Not yet, my beautiful boy,’ Jack replied. ‘But it’s going to be. Come with me, I’ve got a plan to get us out of this mess once and for all.’

Chapter 16

Jack

‘Hold my hand and keep your head down,’ Jack said, stepping out from the alleyway with Chase. ‘We don’t know who might be watching us, so it’s best to take precautions.’

‘Where are we going?’ Chase replied, his sweaty palm reaching out and taking Jack’s hand. ‘Did you call Antonio?’

Jack nodded.

Jack had messaged Antonio and asked for the nearest Doni protected business in the area. As it turned out, there was a laundrette that the Doni family owned just down the street. Jack knew that a Cardini attack on a Doni property was far less likely as that would trigger an immediate war between the families.

But it wasn’t just Antonio who Jack reached out to...

‘Quick, inside,’ Jack said, holding the laundrette door open and scanning around the busy street to see if he could spot any suspicious looking individuals who could either be the Cardini family or part of their network of spies. ‘I think we’re good.’

The laundrette was pretty much as to be expected.

The whir of the heavy duty washing machines and dryers almost blended into the background music playing on the old stereo behind the counter in the corner.

‘W-w-w-where is everyone?’ Chase said, looking around and noticing that the laundrette was literally deserted.

‘Maybe my friends can explain,’ Jack replied, smiling as he saw Connor and Alex step out from the staff area at the rear of the building. ‘It’s good to see you guys.’

‘Hell yeah, you don’t think I was going to miss a chance to get down and dirty like the old days, did you?’ Connor replied, a shotgun in his hand and look of wicked delight in his eyes.

‘When you called, it was an easy decision,’ Alex replied, an automatic pistol in each hand. ‘You saved my ass more times than I can recall when I first joined the Ice Bears. This is the least I could do.’

Jack looked at Chase and could see that his sweet boy was confused.

‘Don’t worry, I’ll explain all about it later,’ Jack replied. ‘But the three of us have been through some heavy shit together over the years. A career with the Ice Bears will kind of guarantee that.’

‘Why do you think Jack has so many grey hairs?’ Alex laughed. ‘Don’t worry, Chase. Between us, we’ll make sure that you’re safe.’

‘You can count on us,’ Connor added. ‘Your Daddy isn’t just a Hall of Fame hockey player, he’s a Hall of Fame friend too.’

‘This is wild,’ Chase said, looking like he was going to burst out into laughter. ‘I thought the most dangerous thing about hockey was getting fouled or saying the wrong thing on social media. But this...’

The three Daddies chuckled.

However Jack wanted to make sure that Chase was aware of just how serious the situation was. However unlikely it was that the Cardini clan would find them or

launch an attack while they were in the launderette, it was still a very real possibility.

‘Here, take this,’ Jack said, reaching inside Connor’s heavy duty black satchel and pulling out a small handgun. ‘Do you know how to fire one of these things?’

‘N-n-n-no,’ Chase replied, his eyes wide. ‘But if you show me, I’ll do my best.’

‘That’s my boy,’ Jack replied. ‘But I don’t want you involved in the action unless there is absolutely no other choice. This is a last resort option. Got it?’

‘Got it,’ Chase replied.

Jack began to run through the safest way of handling the gun, and Chase listened attentively. Jack could see that Chase was paying attention, and it was a testament to the way that Chase had matured over the last couple of months that he was now a really great listener.

However Jack’s impromptu firearms tuition was brought to a premature end when Alex spotted some movement across the street...

‘Jack, I hate to break up Gun Safety 101,’ Alex said, peering through the semi-obscured window. ‘But we’ve got a posse of Cardini men across the street. And... yup... they’re headed right over here. They’re fully loaded, and they mean business.’

Jack felt his body and mind focus in a way that it hadn’t needed to in a long time. This was far beyond any kind of pressure that came with a big game for the Ice Bears. This was life and death, and it was time to make sure that whatever else happened his darling boy was safe.

‘Chase, get into the staff room at the back,’ Jack barked. ‘Keep your gun ready and don’t hesitate to fire if you need to. But I want you out of sight.’

‘I want to help though!’ Chase said, his voice full of fear and bravery in equal measure. ‘I know I can do it, Daddy.’

‘Fine,’ Jack replied. ‘But stay low behind the counter. You’ll have cover there.’

Along with Chase, Jack, Connor, and Alex took their positions and waited for the Cardini henchmen to enter the launderette.

Jack calmed his heartbeat and went through the exact same process as when he had an important shot to make in hockey.

See the goal.

Shoot the shot.

Reap the reward.

What followed was a blur of gunfire, blood splatter, and three Daddies showing the Cardini men that they had more than enough deadly aim off the ice as well as on it.

‘Fucking retreat,’ the lead henchman called out, his bleeding shoulder and the fact that four of his men had fallen proving one step too far.

‘Daddy, should we follow them and finish them off?’ Chase said, poking his head up from behind the counter. ‘I shot one in the leg!’

‘No, we’ve done what we needed to do, boy,’ Jack said.

‘I think you might have trouble on your hands with this boy, he’s deadly,’ Connor said, reloading his shotgun just in case the Cardini’s were bluffing in their retreat.

Jack laughed, but his most burning desire was to get over to Chase and check that the boy was alright. While Chase may have seemed to be fine, this was a totally new situation to him and there was every possibility that he was in a state of shock.

‘You go to Chase, I’ll cover the window,’ Alex said, advancing with Connor by his side.

Jack wasted no time in retreating to the rear of the launderette and wrapping his arms around Chase.

‘You good?’ Jack said, feeling that Chase’s heartbeat was going at a thousand miles per hour. ‘You don’t need to be brave with me. I’m your Daddy, you can tell me if you’re scared.’

‘I’m fine, I promise,’ Chase replied, looking up at Jack with his bright blue eyes. ‘I might be young, but I’m not naïve. I know what would have happened if we didn’t defend ourselves. We did what we had to do.’

Jack kissed Chase on his forehead.

The boy was brave, maybe too brave for his own good.

Jack wanted nothing more than to take Chase home and give him a nice, soapy bath, read him a story, and then put him to bed for a long nap.

But before even contemplating that, Jack had to deal with someone else...

‘Better late than never,’ Jack said as he turned and saw Antonio Doni enter with his men.

‘We had to make a detour to take out Tito Cardini,’ Antonio replied, a bloodthirsty look in his eyes. ‘It turns out that Tito went against his family’s orders and was behind the recent troubles, including the attempted hit on Chase. The Cardini family agreed that we could take Tito out, and as it stands there is no longer a problem between the families.’

‘We nearly fucking died,’ Connor said, angrily slamming his fist down on top of a washing machine.

‘And you will be compensated accordingly,’ Antonio said, his voice severe but also with a hint of apology to it. ‘But

it doesn't look like you've lost any of your shotgun prowess, Connor. Thank you. As I say, you will all be compensated. And I must convey that your loyalty is appreciated by the family.'

'When you say *compensated*,' Jack said, standing up and walking toward Antonio. 'There *is* one thing I might request.'

'Yes?' Antonio replied, arching his eyebrow.

'We'll talk about it another time,' Jack said. 'Right now, I need to get to the doctor. One of those Cardini assholes actually hit me.'

Jack removed his jacket and revealed a large patch of bright red blood spreading across his left shoulder.

Maybe it was the adrenalin, but up until that point Jack had only been vaguely aware of a sharp pain in his shoulder. However judging by the look of concern on Antonio's face, this wasn't merely a flesh wound...

'We need to move quickly,' Antonio said. 'Someone call ahead. We're going to Pine Rise and the best God damn Mafia doctor in the business.'

With that, Jack and the others left the battered launderette together under the watchful guidance of Antonio Doni and his men.

Jack knew that even in a best case scenario a bullet wound wasn't great for his prospects of playing again that season.

But with the playoffs looming, Jack had to pray that something could be done to ensure that his season – and maybe even his career – hadn't just been brought to a premature end...

* * *

‘Fuck, that hurts,’ Jack grimaced as the doctor removed the bullet that was partially lodged in Jack’s shoulder. ‘Does it look as bad as it feels, doctor?’

Jack waited for the doctor to reply.

With Chase looking on anxiously, and Antonio Doni also pacing the room, Jack could tell that this was serious.

‘It could be a lot worse,’ the doctor finally replied. ‘In fact, if you’re talking about a gunshot wound, this is pretty much the best case scenario.’

‘But will I be able to play again this season?’ Jack barked, impatient as the doctor continued to assess the damage.

‘Come on, doc,’ Antonio added. ‘I’ve seen you save guys who were bleeding out. I’ve watched you sew fingers and thumbs back on. Jack has a chance, right?’

The doctor nodded.

However Jack could tell that it wasn’t exactly an emphatic nod. Perhaps conscious of not wanting to upset Antonio, the doctor seemed very reticent to commit either way.

‘Jack has a good chance,’ the doctor said. ‘But, and I say this respectfully, at his age it’s not so easy. Especially as he has his health to consider once he retires.’

Jack didn’t like the sound of how the doctor was seeing this situation panning out. A surge of frustration came over Jack and he thumped his good hand down on the metal tray beside him.

‘I need to make the playoffs!’ Jack roared, his voice thunderous inside the small room at the rear of the Pine Rise medical facility. ‘There’s no fucking way I’m going out like this.’

‘Daddy, you will make it,’ Chase said, forgetting that he was in the company of the doctor and Antonio Doni too. ‘You’re the biggest, strongest, and most determined Daddy I’ve ever met. You’ve got this. If anyone in the whole world can do it, it’s you.’

Jack smiled and then winced as he attempted to move his injured arm.

‘I’m going to stitch you up now, Jack,’ the doctor said. ‘Given the nature of the incident, this will be off the record as per the usual way we do it.’

‘Fine,’ Jack replied. ‘Just get me stitched up so I can get out of here.’

With that, Jack leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. He knew that Chase would support him every step of the way, but ultimately all the good will and love in the world wasn’t going to heal his shoulder.

For the first time in his life, Jack knew that he was looking down the barrel at the kind of defeat that there was no coming back from.

Chapter 17

Chase

The training block before the first playoff game was expected to be intense. Some coaches would allow their players more rest and relaxation in the lead up to a big game, but Coach Tremaine was from the old school and wanted his players on the edge.

Chase arrived at Pine Rise that morning ready to give his all.

Some of the other players were grumbling about Coach Tremaine's approach, complaining that they felt fatigued or simply wanted to rest up before a run of difficult games.

But Chase was determined to keep everyone's spirits up – and keep them buying into Coach Tremaine's work ethic too...

'Guys let's give this everything in practice today,' Chase said, standing in the center of the locker room in nothing but his jockstrap. 'And if we nail it, I'll buy everyone an ice cream milkshake from *Met Milkshakes*.'

Initially there was silence in the locker room as some of the other players weren't sure about whether Chase should be taking such a leadership role. After all, with Jack still recovering from his shoulder injury, there were other more senior players than Chase who would have been more obvious candidates to step up as leader.

‘Listen to Chase,’ Alex said, stepping forward and putting his arm on Chase’s shoulder. ‘He might be young, but he knows hockey. We need to step up and fight together. The further we go in the playoffs, the more chance there is that Jack will be back and ready for us on the ice.’

The players cheered in approval and Chase nodded in appreciation to Alex for his intervention.

The incident with the Cardini clan at the laundrette was still fresh in Chase’s mind. It wasn’t that Chase was still scared or scarred by what had gone down, but he kept thinking back to what had happened – and actually surprised himself by what he thought.

I was frightened.

But... I was excited too.

If this is life with the Ice Bears, then I think I joined the right team after all.

Chase smiled wryly as he recalled shooting at the Cardini’s henchmen. The feeling of holding and firing a gun reminded him of what it felt like to home in on goal and slap the puck into the back of the net. It was *exhilarating*.

‘Chase, thank you for stepping up to the plate,’ Coach Tremaine said, walking over toward Chase as most of the players left the locker room to hit the ice. ‘You’ve grown so much this season. You’ve got a great future at this franchise. And when I think about who could lead the team in the future, it’s your name that keeps coming up in my mind.’

‘Thanks coach,’ Chase said, blushing slightly at hearing the usually super-grumpy Coach Tremaine speak so effusively about him.

‘Okay, enough talk,’ Tremaine barked. ‘It’s time to get onto the ice and get fired up. Let’s fucking move, people!’

With that, Chase and the remaining players made their way out of the locker room and hit the ice. Chase's heart was swelling with pride and he knew beyond doubt that him and the Ice Bears were a match made in heaven.

The only question on Chase's mind now was whether Jack was going to be able to battle back from his injury in time to play a part in the playoffs.

And speaking of Jack, where was he right now?

* * *

'That's it. Chase, in and out then shoot,' Jack hollered, standing at the side of the practice ice with Coach Tremaine.

Chase followed Jack's instructions and scored goal after goal.

While it wasn't ideal that Jack was injured, it certainly was helpful to be receiving advice from one hockey's greatest ever offensive players.

Chase smiled as Jack gave him a thumbs up, and it felt good to know that he was impressing both his captain and Daddy too.

Chase couldn't help but think back and recall just how difficult his and Jack's relationship had been at the start. With Jack out injured at the start of the season and recuperating away from the squad, Chase had felt like he was stepping into a locker room that didn't quite have the right balance to it – and this had in part led to Chase's less than helpful behavior.

However Chase wasn't going to duck responsibility for his own actions either.

The reality was that Chase hadn't behaved well when he first signed for the Ice Bears, and even the absence of

such an influential figure as Jack Steel wasn't going to work as a genuine excuse.

But when Jack began to work his influence on Chase, it felt like something changed.

Chase could feel himself growing into his role as a high profile hockey player. The combination of Jack's firm approach and his years of experience soon helped Chase to understand precisely what he needed to do to maximize his talents and help the squad get on well together.

But now wasn't the time for Chase to reminisce and contemplate his journey at the Ice Bears. So Chase broke out of his thoughts and set about leading by example as the players moved on to a defensive drill with Coach Tremaine and Jack watching on and giving instructions as required.

'Yeah! That's perfect, Connor,' Chase said, watching as the grizzled veteran perfectly fell into Coach's new defensive pattern.

'Thanks but I'm pretty sure *you're* the one who needs to focus on his defense,' Connor barked backed, a slight smile in the corner of his mouth. 'Even a pretty boy like you has to show that he can dig in and kick some ass from time to time.'

Chase smiled and did exactly that as he clattered into Connor and showed off his new found love of working hard for the team.

'That's what I'm talking about,' Connor bellowed. 'Good fucking hit, Chase. I want to see some of that in the playoffs too.'

Chase felt a sense of satisfaction to see that even Connor Valley was giving him respect. Connor was one of the most feared defensive players in the league and he

was known for handing out physical and verbal roastings to both the opposition and teammates too.

The fact that Connor seemed to have warmed to Chase was something that Chase knew he should be proud of.

‘Okay, that’s... time!’ Coach Tremaine called. ‘Great work everyone. Now get showered and take the rest of the day to relax. We’ve worked you hard, but I want you all to chill out now and get yourselves mentally and physically ready for the big game. I trust you all not to do anything too crazy, but I’ve got a good feeling that you don’t even need me to say that. On three... *We’re the mighty Ice Bears!*’

‘We’re the mighty Ice Bears!’ Chase bellowed along with his fellow squad members.

It had been another high intensity practice session, but now it was time to relax. And judging by the look on Jack’s face, Chase could tell that his Daddy had something very fun in mind...

* * *

‘I thought after a such a hard session, this might be a good idea,’ Chase said, holding the door open to the *Met Milkshakes* special feeding room. ‘We’ve got enough time to *really* relax into it.’

Chase giggled in anticipation at what was ahead. The rest of the team had decided to go their separate ways and save the milkshakes for another day, so it was just Chase and Jack.

Having already changed into his favorite green and white alligator patterned romper, Chase was feeling ready for some play, milk, and then a long snuggle and nap with his Daddy.

Except this time, Chase had a big, fluffy diaper on underneath his romper.

‘What if I need to go pee-pee?’ Chase said, holding his stuffie Blade under his arm as he walked over toward the big box of toys.

‘Don’t worry about it,’ Jack replied, a warm smile on his face. ‘That’s what the diaper is for. I’ll make sure you won’t be wet for long either.’

‘But what about your shoulder?’ Chase said, his eye flashing to Jack’s left shoulder and memories of the blood and pain on Jack’s face coming back momentarily.

‘It’s healed. Well, nearly. Either way, it’s healed enough to change a sweet little baby boy’s diaper, that’s for sure,’ Jack chuckled. ‘Now, enough talk. Why don’t you see which toys you want to play with before Silas arrives with the milk.’

‘Yes, Daddy,’ Chase said, grinning from ear to ear as he got down on all fours and crawled toward the wooden toy box and began to gleefully rummage through it. ‘I want my train-train! Found it!’

Chase could feel himself slipping into Little Space super-quickly.

It might have been because of the intense practice session, or as a reaction to the recent stress in his life, but Chase felt himself totally let go and regress way quicker than normal.

I need this.

It’s time to let Baby Chase come out to play.

And I want to play-play with my Daddy...

Chase chose one big train and one small train and began to move them along the thick red carpet. With a big smile on his face and his fluffy diaper providing a wonderful

cushion when he fell, Chase was having the sweetest time.

‘Daddy, cuddle?’ Chase said, rolling over onto the floor once more.

‘Of course, baby boy,’ Jack replied squatting down and picking Chase up in his arms. ‘Good timing too, look... it’s Silas with your milk bottle.’

‘Yay!’ Chase replied, his eyes wide with excitement as Silas handed Jack the bottle of milk and Jack began to feed it into Chase’s eager mouth.

Jack carried Chase over to one of the super-comfortable feeding chairs and then sat down with Chase still in his lap. As Chase suckled and glugged down the milk, he felt himself begin to space out and focus only on the feeling of the warm milk entering his mouth and making its way down his throat and into his tummy.

‘Good boy, you certainly *are* thirsty,’ Jack chuckled softly. ‘It must have been all that hard work in defense back at Pine Rise.’

Chase giggled and gurgled in between gulps of milk and it wasn’t long before the bottle was finished.

‘More?’ Chase said, his voice soft and full of innocent wonder. ‘More?’

‘No, that’s enough for now,’ Jack said. ‘But maybe one day we can do a feeding at home? How does that sound?’

Chase simply nodded and smiled, the words not coming out of his mouth as he simply relaxed and felt himself drifting off to sleep in his big, strong Daddy’s arms.

With thoughts of Jack, Blade, toys, milk, and cookies in his head, Chase began to dream the most wonderful dreams. Everything in his life was beginning to come together in the most wonderful way – and being gently

rocked to sleep by his Daddy was the cherry on top of the cake.

Daddy...

I... l-l-l-l-l-love you...

I want this to be... Forever.

* * *

Chase woke up just as Jack was carrying him over toward the changing table. Still in Little Space, Chase could feel his diaper sagging and full of pee-pee.

‘Whoopsies,’ Chase giggled.

‘I don’t think I’ve ever felt such a heavy diaper,’ Jack chuckled. ‘But don’t worry, I’ll have you changed and feeling as fresh as a spring daisy in no time.’

‘Thank you, Daddy,’ Chase said, still half in Little Space but also more his day to day self than he had been before his nap. ‘Was I asleep for long?’

‘Quite some time,’ Jack said, unzipping Chase’s romper and expertly whipping the diaper off. ‘But you’ve had a busy couple of weeks. You needed this rest. Trust me, sleep is a huge part of being a successful athlete.’

‘Yes, Daddy,’ Chase said, wriggling as Jack used a wet wipe to make sure that Chase was nice and clean before then adding a sprinkling of powder for added freshness. ‘That tickles!’

Jack smiled and put a new diaper on Chase’s butt before then zipping the romper back up.

‘Come on, you can play for an hour and then it’s home time,’ Jack said. ‘How about we check out the ball pit?’

‘Hooray, yes please,’ Chase said, toddling off at great speed toward the large ball pit in the corner of the room.

‘Last one in is a diaper-butt!’

‘Hey, have you forgotten who just had a fresh diaper?’

Jack bellowed, laughing as he strode after his boy.

Chase felt himself gain a new lease of life.

Jack was right, it *had* been a stressful few weeks. In reality, it had been a highly difficult few months. Being a professional hockey player came with all kinds of pressures that Chase simply hadn’t anticipated – and that was even without factoring in the whole Mafia side of things.

But with everything looking rosy, and with the playoffs to come, Chase felt like he was a Little who had taken a huge step forward in his life.

The only question now was whether his Daddy Jack would be able to take his own stride forward and regain full fitness in time for the huge Ice Bears games coming up...

Chapter 18

Jack

The walk up to Antonio's table at the restaurant meant passing various tables full of the city's great and good.

Politicians...

Businesspeople...

Sports stars and actors too...

But not a single person was as powerful as Antonio Doni. The reach and command that the Doni family held on the city went way beyond their ownership of the Ice Bears.

In fact, Jack had often wondered why the Doni's decided that they needed the day to day drama of running a hockey franchise. After all, it wasn't as if their regular business was a walk in the park.

However, the inner dealings and motivations of Antonio Doni and the rest of the Doni family weren't Jack's business. Jack had long since accepted the fact that as far as the Doni's were concerned, they were best kept at as much of a distance as was humanly possible.

If only I'd known who the Doni family really were.

Would I have signed for the Ice Bears all those years ago?

Fuck it. What's done is done and I'm alive to tell the tale...

With the sound of the restaurant's hustle and chatter all around him, Jack found himself standing at Antonio's table.

Antonio was wrapping up a phone call and motioned for Jack to take a seat at the extravagantly ornate table.

It wasn't just the table that was extravagant either.

Le Steak was part-owned by the Doni family and had a reputation as the finest dining experience in the city. But it wasn't just the food that made it special in the eyes of the city's residents. The gold leaf paint, the grand sculptures, and the swooping and dramatic internal architecture all added to the feeling that *Le Steak* was way more than just a fine dining experience.

People came to *Le Steak* to be seen just as much as they did to fill their stomachs with the chef's undeniably exquisite cuisine.

'Don't worry, Jack,' Antonio said, handing his cell phone to his assistant. 'The chef has prepared a custom plant based meal for you. I know how much you swear by it.'

'I certainly do,' Jack replied, nodding respectfully. 'It's been a while since I've been here. It looks as impressive as ever.'

'Thank you, Jack,' Antonio said, smiling as he surveyed the grand dining hall. 'You see these people? The so-called movers and shakers. The establishment. These are the very same people who hated the Doni family only a couple of decades ago. We were made to feel unwelcome. We were chased and attacked from city hall to the DEA's office and back again. But then... then we *took over*.'

Jack nodded.

Jack knew all too well about how the Doni family rose to power and slowly integrated themselves into the city. By

this point, the Doni's weren't on the outside looking in, the Doni's were the establishment themselves.

'And the Ice Bears have played a big part in that,' Antonio continued. 'The Ice Bears are beloved throughout the city. Even people who prefer football or basketball have come to love the Ice Bears. And it happened because of us, the Doni family. But not *just* us. You played a huge part in that too, and for that we will never, ever forget you, Jack.'

At this point, Jack wasn't sure where Antonio was going with this.

The reason Jack had requested the meeting was that he was going to ask Antonio whether he could play on for one more season. This was going to be Jack's request having dealt with the Cardini men in the launderette and looked after Chase in the process.

But the way Antonio was talking, it sounded like Jack was being delivered a farewell speech...

'Antonio, I need to ask you something,' Jack said, deciding that it was best to rip the plaster off and find out whether he could play for another year or not.

However, as Jack knew all too well, when it came to the Doni family it was rare for anything to play out simply. And it proved to be the case here too...

'Stop,' Antonio said, raising his hand. 'I know already. You want to continue playing. I could see it in your eyes when you got back onto the ice after your injury earlier in the season. And I could see it in your eyes at the launderette too. I know you well, Jack Steel.'

'You do,' Jack replied. 'And I know you too, Antonio. So no bullshit, just tell me. Do I have another year or not?'

Jack could feel his heart thumping in his chest.

Jack had been in some of the highest pressure, winner takes all games in the history of hockey – but nothing compared to how he felt right at this moment.

Jack's future in hockey felt like it was hanging by a thread, and it would all come down to whether Antonio granted him a fresh contract.

'The answer,' Antonio said, leaning forward and fixing his dark stare on Jack. 'Is maybe.'

'Maybe?' Jack replied, not sure what to make of Antonio's response. '*Maybe?*'

'If it was just my decision, of course I would say yes,' Antonio said, his voice genuine and almost, *nearly*, friendly. 'But you must remember that I answer to the senior men in the family. And they say that you can play for another year, but only if you prove your fitness in the playoffs. The Ice Bears won't ever keep a player on for charity or nostalgia. And I know that you wouldn't want that either. So... fight for the team in the playoffs and you will have a *two season* extension. But if you cannot, then we will shake hands and accept that the journey is over.'

Jack could see that Antonio wasn't bluffing.

The offer of an extra two seasons sounded incredible, but Jack knew that unless he got himself ready to go for the playoffs then the offer would be off the table for good.

Jack knew that there was no room for discussion – that wasn't how the Doni's worked and Jack accepted that.

I have to back myself to succeed.

It's how I've always done things.

I'm going to show these mob sonsofbitches just how valuable I still am.

'It's a deal,' Jack said, offering his hand to shake with Antonio. 'You can expect to see me not only playing in

the playoffs but lifting the cup after the final game too.'

'Now that is the Jack Steel I've grown to know and love,' Antonio said, a smile of pure delight on his face. 'Agreed. We have a deal.'

The two men shook hands and Jack felt his brain shift up a gear.

The motivation to prove his fitness ahead of the playoff run was already there, but with the carrot of a new two season extension on the table the stakes had been raised several levels higher.

Jack was determined to win his fitness battle for himself, and for Chase too.

Speaking of Chase, it seemed like Antonio was keen to discuss the boy...

'In case you were unsure, I want you to know that you have my blessing,' Antonio said, leaning back in his chair and sipping on a glass of vintage red wine. 'You and Chase make a good couple. The senior family members do not need to know any details, but I have assured them that you are a good influence on the boy, and he is good for you too.'

'Thank you, I appreciate that,' Jack replied, a surge of relief coming over him. 'But... how did you know?'

'You know me, Jack,' Antonio grinned. 'I have little eyes and ears everywhere...'

With that, the two men laughed, and Jack was glad to see that his protein-rich plant based feast was on its way to the table along with Antonio's steak.

Jack knew that after this meal, it would be time to make sure that everything in his life was on point.

Fitness.

Sleep.

Diet.

Every aspect of Jack's life had to be fully focused on giving Jack the best chance of recovery he could possibly have. After leaving *Le Steak*, Jack already had a full hour of yoga scheduled into his timetable.

But one factor that Jack hadn't accounted for was the arrival of a certain horny boy and rookie of the year hockey player by the name of Chase Light...

* * *

'Here, let me help with that stretch,' Chase said as Jack lay on his back and spread his legs out.

'Just apply some pressure to my ankles and push outward,' Jack said, groaning slightly as his legs slowly eased into the position. 'Damn, I really must be getting older.'

Jack had been in his yoga flow for nearly forty-five minutes and was glad of Chase's company. It hadn't been as easy a flow as Jack had hoped for.

Inactivity as a result of his shoulder had seen Jack stiffen up somewhat. In his younger years, Jack barely needed to warmup or stretch before hitting the ice, but now it was an essential part of his routine. Even missing a single day would have a knock on effect on Jack's day to day life.

'How about this,' Chase said, moving his hands further down the insides of Jack's legs and toward his groin. 'How does *this* feel?'

Jack looked up at Chase.

The boy was wearing a black and purple Ice Bears t-shirt tucked into a matching pair of Ice Bear shorts. The word *cute* didn't do it justice. In fact, the sight of Chase's lean,

strong body in such tight clothing was making another part of Jack's body wake up too...

'Daddy!' Chase giggled, looking down toward the rapidly expanding tent at the front of Jack's yoga shorts. 'Maybe you need me to help stretch that thing out too?'

Jack growled.

This wasn't how a stretching buddy was meant to help out.

But on the other hand...

'Get down there,' Jack grunted. 'Help me relax. I've had a busy day. I've got lots to think about. Take my mind off things for me, boy.'

Chase didn't need asking twice.

Before Jack knew it, Chase had pulled Jack's yoga shorts and briefs down and off his feet. With his thumpingly hard cock fully on display, Jack watched as Chase moved his wide-open mouth in close and swallowed Jack's full eight inches in one attempt.

'*Mmmph*, that hit the spot,' Jack grunted. 'Now suck my cock until I cum.'

Giving Chase the command was hot, but seeing just how eager Chase was to please was *even hotter*.

Chase began to work his mouth up and down Jack's shaft, flicking and dragging his tongue up and down too. As Jack thrust his hips upward, Chase kept Jack's thick, throbbing dick in his mouth the whole time and showed that his ability with a hockey stick was far from his only elite skill.

'Lick my asshole too,' Jack growled, pulling his cock out of Chase's mouth and adjusting his body so that Chase had full access to his ass. 'Work my cock with your hands and use your tongue on my ass.'

'Yes, Captain Jack,' Chase said, obeying Jack without a second's pause.

Jack could tell how much Chase was enjoying this, and the feeling of Chase's tongue lapping over his asshole was enough to make Jack truly forget about all his fitness issues and the precarious nature of his contract offer.

As Chase pumped his fist up and down Jack's cock while pleasuring him with his tongue, Jack began to feel himself approaching the point of no return.

In another situation, Jack might have delayed the inevitable.

But what Jack wanted now more than anything was to feel a deep, fast, and hard release. With his body tightening and experiencing the most sublime pleasure from Chase's mouth and hands, Jack felt himself erupt and shoot thick ropes of hot cum up onto his rock-hard stomach and pecs.

'Damn, that was fucking spectacular,' Jack said, breathing heavily and full of a most pleasurable post-orgasm glow. 'You did good. You did *real* good.'

'And I know you're going to do real good when the playoffs start too,' Chase said, a smile on his face and his own cock now in his hands as he began to pleasure himself hard and fast. 'Daddy, p-p-p-p-please can I cum?'

'Of course,' Jack replied, watching with sleepy eyes as Chase pumped his fist harder and faster until he had his own orgasm. 'I think the two of us need to hit the shower. And after that, how about some video games?'

'Hockey? Mortal Kombat? Mario?' Chase said, a look of glee on his face.

'Whatever you want, boy,' Jack smiled. 'Whatever you want as long as it makes you happy.'

Jack was all set for a leisurely afternoon with his beloved darling boy.

But there was no denying one thing – the real challenge for both Jack and the Ice Bears still lay ahead...

Chapter 19

Chase

It might have been a normal day of practice for Chase, but he was very conscious of the fact that for his Daddy it was something else altogether...

'Are you okay, Daddy?' Chase said, reaching across to put his hand on Jack's knee as the two of them sat in Jack's Porsche inside the Pine Rise training complex parking lot.

'I'm good,' Jack replied, his voice stern. 'Let's get this over and done with.'

'Daddy, you're going to nail the fitness test,' Chase said, his voice full of hope.

'How can you be so sure?' Jack replied, for once showing a slither of doubt in his own powers of recovery.

'I just *know*,' Chase giggled. 'And if I'm wrong, you can give me two hundred spanks!'

Chase waited a moment for Jack to respond and wasn't sure whether joking around like that was actually the right thing to do. Chase knew how important passing the fitness test was to Jack. If Jack failed, then there would be no new contract on offer from the Ice Bears.

When Jack first told Chase about Antonio Doni's offer, Chase couldn't believe how unfair it seemed. But Jack had explained how the Doni family worked, and how once

they made an offer there was simply no room for negotiation.

Chase had suggested that Jack could look to play for another team in the league. There would surely be plenty of offers for such a decorated veteran. However Jack had batted this idea away. As Jack explained to Chase, if he couldn't play for his beloved Ice Bears, then he would hang up his blades for one last time.

Just as Chase was about to apologize for making such a silly joke, Jack burst into laughter. It was one of Jack's big, full-on belly laughs and it filled the confines of the Porsche's small cabin with ease.

'You do make me laugh, boy,' Jack said, still laughing. 'And that's why I think so much of you. Well, part of the reason. You've got so much going on for you. And whatever happens today, I know one thing for sure, my feeling for you won't change one damn bit.'

'I know, Daddy,' Chase said, relieved that Jack was laughing and relaxing just a shade. 'Shall we go?'

'I think we should,' Jack said, clenching his jaw before giving Chase a soft kiss on the lips. 'You and Ricki can gossip and have one of your Little related chats while I'm with the doctor. I'll come and get you when I'm done, okay?'

'Are you sure you don't want me in there with you?' Chase said, wanting to at least give Jack the option of some company.

'Thank you, but no,' Jack said. 'This is one thing that, good or bad, I need to face on my own. Trust me though, I'll be thinking about you the whole time. If nothing else, I've had enough of these medical checks over the years to know that they take a seriously long time.'

Chase smiled and the pair of them got out of Jack's car.

'I'll be with you before you know it,' Jack said, smiling and waving back to Chase as he walked toward the doctor's suite.

For Chase, it was time to head to the physio room for milk and cookies with his Little friend Ricki. And Chase was determined to find out exactly what was going on between Ricki and a certain Mafia man called Antonio Doni...

* * *

'I hope Jack is getting on okay,' Chase said, sipping on his milk and then taking a bite of his cookie. 'I wish he'd have let me go in with him.'

'You know what Daddies are like,' Ricki replied, smiling as he rustled in the cookie jar and pulled out two new cookies, one for him and one for Chase.

Chase smiled and gladly received his new cookie.

Ricki's physio room was looking as clean and organized as usual. Even with the possibility of spilling cookie crumbs to contend with, Chase didn't think he'd ever seen someone keep a space so neat.

However it wasn't Ricki's ability to keep his workplace neat and tidy that Chase wanted to dive into...

'So.... Antonio Doni?' Chase said, immediately noting how Ricki's cheeks flushed red at the mention of the Mafia man's name. 'Wanna talk about whatever's going on with you two?'

'I... *ummm*... can't talk about it?' Ricki said, his voice with a questioning, uncertain tone to it. 'I don't want to get in trouble.'

'Okay, but are you happy with whatever it is you're not allowed to talk about?' Chase said, wanting to ensure

that Ricki was feeling safe and comfortable with whatever the deal was between him and Antonio.

‘I’m *definitely* happy,’ Ricki giggled, covering his face with his hands in a burst of excitement. ‘I wish I could say more. But I can’t, not right now.’

‘Poop!’ Chase said, totally frustrated at the fact that his friend wasn’t able to share his secrets. ‘But when you can talk about it, I want to be the first to know. Okay?’

‘Of course,’ Ricki replied, a giddy look in his eyes.

Chase could see just how desperate Ricki was to spill the beans on his situation with Antonio. But while it would have been easy to keep trying to get Ricki to talk, Chase decided that it was only fair to respect his friend’s privacy.

After that, the pair of them began to talk about Chase’s plans for the off season and potential vacation destinations and so on. And it didn’t take long for the subject of Jack’s impending retirement or hopefully non-retirement to come around...

‘I’ve got everything crossed for good luck,’ Ricki said. ‘I’ve known Jack ever since I came to the Ice Bears, and he’s just as much a part of the Ice Bears as anyone or anything else. He’s a legend.’

‘I think deep down he regretted announcing his final season a long time ago,’ Chase said, worry in his voice. ‘And now if this fitness test doesn’t go well, that’s the end of his time here. I don’t even want to think about it. I just want him to get his new deal and then we can both have the happiest off season and come back ready to hit the ice next season.’

‘And I think next season the pair of you would both be even stronger as a partnership,’ Ricki said. ‘I know I’m a physio, but I’ve been doing some of my own analysis on

the team and I think you and Jack could dovetail even better on the ice.'

'Tell me more,' Chase said, immediately seeing that Ricki had some tactical plans that might well be worth listening to.

With that, Ricki picked up his iPad and began to show Chase some ideas for new plays that he'd been working on. Chase hadn't been sure what to expect, but he was genuinely impressed with what Ricki was showing him.

'These are great,' Chase said, his eyes lighting up as Ricki talked and demonstrated a really great instinct for the offensive side of the game. 'You should be working in the coaching team.'

Ricki blushed and Chase could see that Ricki definitely had aspirations of moving into coaching. But that was something that could wait, as no sooner had Ricki started explaining one final play than Jack walked into the room.

'Daddy?' Chase said, his heart skipping a beat as he tried to get a read on Jack's face. 'Is it good news... or?'

'It's not good news,' Jack said, his voice flat as he walked toward Chase. 'It's fucking incredible news!'

Suddenly the whole room erupted into the happiest, purest sound of celebration as Jack wrapped his arms around Chase and spun him around in delight.

'The doctor said that it was a close call, but ultimately there's no reason that I can't play again,' Jack said. 'I'll need to be careful, but I've passed the standard fitness testing and I'm good to go.'

'Yay! Yay! Super-yay!' Chase squealed, his face filling with emotion as the reality of what Jack was saying hit home. 'That means a new contract! That means we get two more years together!'

‘Boy, you do know it makes no difference to our relationship, don’t you?’ Jack said, pausing the celebrations. ‘Contract or not, I always wanted you to be mine... *forever.*’

‘I love you, Daddy,’ Chase said, his eyes filling with tears of pure joy. ‘I always wanted you to be my Forever Daddy, and now it’s really happening I don’t know what to say.’

‘Well we can both think about that kind of thing later,’ Jack said, arching his eyebrow. ‘Now it’s time to hit the ice and show the Titans that our destiny is the playoff final, and they’re not invited.’

The game against the Titans was tomorrow, but Chase knew that both him and Jack had time for one more practice together. And with Ricki’s new plays fresh in his mind, Chase was ready to hit the practice ice and get ready to make the entire Ice Bears family proud.

And with his Forever Daddy by his side, Chase felt like he could take on the world – and win too...

* * *

Game day came and Chase was ready to take the first step toward helping the Ice Bears to the title in his first season at the franchise.

‘Daddy, we’ve got this, I just know we have,’ Chase said as the pair of them waited for the signal to head out onto the ice.

‘That’s the spirit, Chase,’ Jack roared, turning back and raising his hockey stick to the rest of the team. ‘Ice Bears!’

Chase and the whole squad bellowed *Ice Bears* at the tops of their voices before heading out onto the ice for a rapturous reception from their home fans.

After a quick start, Chase scored one goal and assisted Alex Rebrov for another.

Things were looking seriously good for the Ice Bears – but Chase could see that Jack just wasn't quite himself out there.

'Everything okay?' Chase said during a brief pause in play.

'I'm fine,' Jack replied, tension in his voice. 'Just focus on your game. The Titans are going to come back at us hard in the final third. We need you on point and ready to strike. Okay?'

'Got it, Daddy,' Chase replied, seeing that Jack's role on the ice might have been lessened this time, but he was still a hugely important player from a leadership point of view.

After Jack's words of encouragement, the game ebbed and flowed all the way through to the final couple of minutes. The Ice Bears were still in the lead, but it was uncomfortably close going into the closing moments. The Titans had a reputation as a team who never gave up, and many of their wins that season had come from losing positions going into the final seconds.

'Keep fucking going,' Jack said, grimacing as he awkwardly passed the puck on toward Alex. 'Don't stop. Work. Everyone. Let's bring this home.'

Chase darted from left into the center and took the pass from Alex before homing in on the Titans' goalie.

This was a huge moment.

A goal now would seal the victory and see the Ice Bears into the next stage of the playoffs.

Chase knew what was at stake, but rather than let himself get into his thoughts he simply trusted that all his hard work in practice would pay off.

This is my time.

No one's stopping me.

Relax and....

The crowd went wild as Chase calmly slotted home what would be the winning goal. Chase was filled with sheer joy. It had been a goal crafted by the team and Chase had applied the finishing touch to it.

'Hell to the motherfucking yeah!' Connor bellowed, slapping Chase on the back as he skated back into position to see out the remaining couple of seconds of the game.

'Sweet pass, Alex,' Chase said, pointing his stick in Alex's direction.

'And an even sweeter finish,' Alex replied, nodding his head in admiration.

Chase then turned and saw Jack skating back into a deep position. Jack looked happy, but Chase could see that there was something not quite right. Jack hadn't played poorly. Far from it. But there was something not quite right, and Chase wanted to know exactly what that was.

But now wasn't the time.

The Ice Bears needed to see out the formality of the last few seconds and then enjoy the moment in front of their home fans. Chase was edging nearer to the finals in his first season – and having scored the goal that secured the win, he couldn't have scripted it better himself.

Chapter 20

Jack

The following playoff stages after the Titans match were actually easier than overcoming the Titans had been. But for Jack, things still weren't clicking into place on the ice – and it was becoming an issue for Jack both on and off the ice too.

Even as the final series of games for the title moved into the deciding game, Jack still wasn't feeling himself. Jack was even beginning to wonder whether the decision to stay on for an extra two seasons had been the right move for him. After all, he had initially decided to make this his final season for a reason.

As Jack paced up and down his office, he couldn't help but wonder whether it might have been better to stick to the initial plan and bow out this season. The last thing that Jack wanted to do was see his legacy in any way tarnished by struggling on past his best. That wasn't how Jack wanted to be remembered by the fans at all.

'Daddy? Are you in the office?' Chase said, his voice coming from the bathroom having just finished showering. 'Do you want to come and dry me?'

Jack smiled. But his heart wasn't in it.

As much as Jack loved Chase and usually found the prospect of drying off his boy's beautiful body irresistible, the stresses of what was happening on the ice were too off-putting.

‘No, you dry yourself,’ Jack called back, trying his best to sound upbeat. ‘I need to finish writing an email.’

‘Okay,’ Chase called back, a tinge of disappointment in his voice.

Jack sighed. He hated disappointing his darling boy. But with his mind unwilling to settle and the prospect of the final game against the Lynxes swirling in his head, Jack knew that he wasn’t the best company at the moment.

Jack stopped pacing and looked up at the various framed photographs on the wall. There was one photo that stood out. It was from Jack’s threepeat season where alongside Coach Mitchell, he not only won three titles in a row, but three playoff and regular season MVPs in a row too.

Jack had been the clutch player for the Ice Bears for so long that he had almost taken it for granted that this would always be the case. But Jack’s shoulder hadn’t felt right since returning from the shooting. According to the doctors, everything was fine with the shoulder, but Jack knew his body better than anyone – and there was something that just wasn’t the same.

As Jack stared at the photo with Coach Mitchell, the pair of them holding the large title winning cup on each side, Jack smiled ruefully. Did Jack still have it in him to bring on another MVP performance against the Lynxes. It was certainly set up for a classic Jack Steel show of skill, dominance, and total reliability.

A deciding game.

It’s a chance to bring the old Jack Steel back onto the ice.

But... does that version of me still even exist?

Jack began to recall meeting Coach Mitchell for the first time. Jack had been at the Ice Bears for a couple of years and was doing well. The team was still young, and

the coaching structure was in its infancy. The Doni family were still working on improving the training facilities and making sure that all the conditions for success were in place.

But it wasn't until Coach Mitchell arrived that everything changed for the Ice Bears, and more specifically, for Jack too.

It was as if Coach Mitchell saw something in Jack that no one else could see. Jack had always been a good prospect, and some earmarked him as a future hall of famer. However it was only Coach Mitchell who saw Jack's true ceiling as a hockey player.

Sadly, Coach Mitchell had passed away a couple of seasons ago. Jack would have done anything to have one of their famous four coffee sit-downs. The two of them would meet up even after Coach Mitchell had retired and sit there four hours talking about hockey and life in general.

But the option of talking to Coach Mitchell was gone and it wasn't coming back.

'Daddy...' came Chase's voice from behind Jack.

Jack turned around and saw Chase standing at the doorway to his office. Chase had dried off and was now wearing a white t-shirt tucked into a pair of light-blue denim jeans. To say that Chase looked cute standing there with Blade under one arm would be an understatement.

'Hey, sorry I didn't come through to you in the bathroom,' Jack said. 'You know...'

Jack allowed his words to trail off. The last thing Jack wanted to do was burden Chase with all his internal worries and problems ahead of the final Lynxes game.

‘Daddy, it’s fine,’ Chase replied, stepping into the office and walking up to Jack. ‘I know you’re worried about the game against the Lynxes. It’s a big deal. But I know that you’re saving your best until last.’

Jack felt a huge weight lifting off his shoulders.

To hear and see that Chase was fully supporting and still believing in him was a big deal to Jack. But as it turned out, the boy wasn’t content with giving Jack one compliment, he wanted more from his Daddy...

‘Tell me what’s worrying you,’ Chase said, walking over to the couch in the corner of the office. ‘Let me snuggle up in your lap and then just talk to me. Get it all off that big chest of yours, Daddy.’

Jack couldn’t quite believe what he was hearing.

But it was clear as Chase sat down on the couch and patted his hand on the expensive thread cover that he wasn’t about to take no for an answer.

Jack walked over to the couch and after a quick rearrangement, he was sitting with his baby boy cradled in his lap and looking up at him with his bright blue eyes.

‘It’s just...’ Jack said, searching for the right words.

‘It’s okay, Daddy, you can take as long as you want,’ Chase said, his sweet smile and cherubic face putting Jack at ease.

‘I worry that I’m not the player I was,’ Jack said, the floodgates suddenly bursting open. ‘I’ve done more laps on the ice than I can remember. I’ve seen it all. I’ve seen great players come onto the scene and fade away. I’m scared that I’m one of those players now. Even with the doctor telling me that my shoulder is good, I know that it just hasn’t felt right so far. I just want to get onto the ice against the Lynxes in the final game and feel good. I

don't even care about how well I play or even if we win or lose, I just want to feel good on the ice.'

Jack let out a long sigh.

The cathartic effect of letting go of all his worries to Chase was something that Jack hadn't anticipated. Although it wasn't quite like how he and Coach Mitchell used to talk, Jack felt so grateful to his darling boy for encouraging him to let go and let his fears spill out.

'I think you feel a bit better now, don't you Daddy?' Chase said, smiling and burying his face into the space underneath Jack's arm. 'But I've got a feeling that the Lynxes aren't going to be feeling so good once we're through with them!'

Jack chuckled.

Chase had the confidence and optimism of youth on his side. Jack was like that once himself. But now as a veteran, Jack was determined to instead draw on his experience and hockey IQ to help bring home the title once more – and the fact that he would be doing it with his Forever Boy alongside him just made the prospect of success all the sweeter.

It's about me and Chase.

Together we're going to bring the title home.

And after we do, I've got something very important I need to ask the boy...

* * *

The series deciding game against the Lynxes was every bit as tense and closely fought as the media had predicted. With the home crowd on edge and doing their best to fight their own nerves, Coach Tremaine called a timeout deep into the final third.

‘What in all hell do you call this?’ Coach Tremaine hollered. ‘We should be three goals to the good. And we’re tying? Don’t make me smash every God damn stick to prove a fucking point. I want to see you raise that intensity. Go harder than you’ve ever gone. Even if you’re not doing it for me, then do it for yourselves. And do it for the fans.’

Jack looked around the players as Coach Tremaine continued to rant and rave.

Alex and Connor had been here almost as many times as Jack had, and Jack knew that the pair of them would keep fighting until the end. Both Alex and Connor had looks of pure determination on their faces. These were two players who could always be relied on to do the jersey proud.

However a couple of the younger guys were wearing looks of rookies who weren’t sure how to handle the situation. A nervous crowd. A furious coach. This was hardly the best environment to bring home the title.

These guys need to hear it from one of their own.

They’re talented, but they’re green.

My boy needs to speak to them...

In a flash of inspiration, Jack whispered into Chase’s ear and told him to skate around to the rookie players and tell them that they were in it together. Chase nodded and did exactly as Jack commanded.

So with the words of Coach Tremaine ringing in their ears – but with their own minds focused individually too – the whole team skated back onto the ice ready for one final push toward a season defining victory....

‘Jack, I’m open,’ Alex shouted, his voice barely audible over the crowd’s renewed energy.

Jack wasted no time in firing the puck across toward Alex.

However at the last moment, Alex was bodychecked by an opposition player and the puck ricocheted over toward Chase.

Jack watched as Chase powered toward goal, only for his shot to be saved by the goalie cat-like reflexes.

The Lynxes now had the puck and began a counterattack, every single person in the stadium knowing that the next goal was almost certainly going to win the game – an no one more so than Jack himself.

I ain't going out like this.

I know I won't go on forever.

But today is going to be my day...

With that, Jack tracked back and in combination with Connor regained control of the puck. Chase and Alex both made darts ahead of him, but suddenly Jack found himself clean through on goal and bearing down on the Lynxes' legendary goalie.

For me.

For the boy.

For the Ice Bears!

Jack pulled his stick back and struck the puck so cleanly that it was like a heat seeking missile headed for the back of the goal. Not even the Lynxes' legendary goalie stood a chance as the net rippled and the Ice Bears sealed yet another title.

Jack barely had a second to contemplate what he had done. The sound of the buzzer ringing in his ears, Jack was mobbed by his teammates as the stadium chanted his name once more.

'Daddy! Daddy!' Chase said, jumping up on Jack's back.
'You did it!'

'No, boy,' Jack roared. 'We did it. You, me, all of us. I love you, Chase. I love you more than every damn MVP award I've ever won. Now let's have a fucking party to end all parties!'

The players bellowed their approval and together as one they skated off the ice as champions and with yet another remarkable season under their belts.

Jack knew that even with his two season extension, he might never experience anything like this moment again. Jack understood that hockey was a brutal sport, and he might even find his place less secure over the next two years, but that wasn't going to stop him enjoying this moment.

Along with the best boy a Daddy could ever wish for, Jack was happy to live in the present and make memories that would last him a lifetime.

Chapter 21

Chase

A couple of days after the triumph against the Lynxes and Chase was getting used to being not just the league's hottest rookie, but a certified champion too.

In fact, Chase was so proud of being a winner that he hadn't taken his winner's medal off once – not even when he was in the bath!

But Jack was about to put an end to that, and with good reason too...

'Boy, this neck needs a good wash,' Jack chuckled, standing behind a naked Chase as the pair of them brushed their teeth in Jack's bathroom. 'Shower. Now. And you can leave the medal here. Don't worry, it's not going anywhere.'

'No!' Chase replied, stomping his foot on the heated bathroom tiles and making his electric toothbrush spray toothpaste across the mirror. 'I'm keeping it on *forever!*'

Chase could see from the look on Jack's face that this wasn't the response his Daddy was hoping for. And more than that, the look in Jack's eyes told Chase that he could expect a stinging hand crashing down on his exposed buttocks in five seconds or less...

CRACK! CRACK!

Chase hopped from foot to foot as Jack brought his flat hand down on one ass cheek at a time. While the spansks

certainly did sting, Chase could also feel his cock tingling with excitement too.

‘You may be rookie of the year, but I’ll always be your Daddy,’ Jack growled. ‘Now unless you want your butt to end up being hotter than the sun, I’d take that medal off and get your sweet tushy in underneath the shower.’

Chase giggled and did take the medal off.

As he carefully placed the medal on the shelf next to the shower, Chase looked at Jack and could tell that there was something on his mind. But this time, Chase instinctively knew that it wasn’t to do with hockey...

‘Daddy, what’s on your mind?’ Chase said, wiggling his butt as he got underneath the shower head and turned the water on. ‘Remember, it always feels good to talk.’

‘You’re very perceptive,’ Jack said, a smile coming over his face. ‘As it happens, yeah, I do have something I want to bring up.’

Chase felt a blast of adrenalin come over him.

A part of Chase strongly suspected that he knew what Jack was about to say, but he didn’t dare admit it to himself just in case it wasn’t true.

Daddy might not ask.

He might think it’s too soon.

But... I hope this is what I want it to be...

As the hot water sprayed down over Chase’s head and body, he could see Jack take a deep breath. This was going to be big, Chase knew that almost beyond doubt. But just *how big*, Chase couldn’t guarantee.

‘Chase, I love you more than anything in the world,’ Jack said, his voice gruff but with an underlying tenderness to it. ‘It would make me the happiest Daddy in the city if you would consider moving in with me, permanently.’

In that moment, Chase's dreams came true.

Deep down, Chase had hoped that Jack would ask him to move in sooner rather than later. But to actually hear Jack say the words was something else. Jack was everything that Chase could ever dream of in a Daddy, and on top of winning the championship, this felt like the culmination of a very special year for Chase.

'Well do I need to get into the shower and beg?' Jack laughed, arching his eyebrow. 'Because I will!'

'Hehe, silly Daddy!' Chase giggled. 'Of course I want to move in with you and be your boy forever. But... you still could come into the shower anyway?'

Chase looked down at his rapidly growing dick.

And before Chase knew it, Jack was out of his clothes and pressed up against him as the powerful jet of water blasted down on them.

Some Daddy and Little fun in the shower was a great way to mark their first official day of living together, but the fun wouldn't end there that day either.

There was the small matter of an Ice Bears party to mark Jack officially signing the paperwork for his new contract - and Chase couldn't wait to tell Ricki the other great news about him and Jack too...

* * *

As Chase and Jack entered *The Rocks* together, it was full of familiar and friendly faces. Connor and Alex toasted Jack upon arrival and immediately handed him a new Japanese whiskey that had been imported especially for the big day.

'Two more years,' Alex smiled, touching whiskey glasses with a delighted looking Jack.

‘Two more years of saving your ass in defense,’ Connor laughed, smiling warmly as he touched his glass with Jack too.

Jack and Chase chuckled and continued to make their way toward the rear of the bar. They were stopped on their way by Silas and Harry who had closed *Met Milkshakes* for a couple of hours so that they could join in the celebrations.

‘Great to see you guys,’ Jack said, warmly shaking Silas’s hand.

‘This is so exciting,’ Chase said to Harry, the two Littles eagerly hugging. ‘Let’s have a playdate soon, please?’

‘One hundred percent yes please!’ Harry replied. ‘We can concoct a new milkshake together to celebrate the Ice Bears winning the cup?’

Chase squealed with glee at Harry’s idea.

But this wasn’t the time to stand around making plans. There was a contract to sign, and a certain member of the Doni clan to greet...

‘Welcome to the men of the hour,’ Antonio Doni said, standing up from his table and holding a fresh contract aloft for Jack to sign. ‘Make a good enough start next season and we might even think about activating a one year extension to the two years.’

Jack chuckled with laughter.

‘Right now, I’m thinking that two years is going to be more than enough,’ Jack said, a sense of contentment in his voice. ‘But I’ll let you know if that changes, Antonio.’

‘I’ve no doubt you will,’ Antonio replied, exchanging a brief look with Ricki. ‘And I want to be the first to hear about it.’

Chase stepped over toward Ricki as Jack and Antonio discussed some newly added details on the contract.

‘Come on, you have to tell me what you and Antonio have going on,’ Chase said, his eyes lighting up. ‘I saw the look that Antonio gave you. I *know* that look!’

‘I can’t say anything here,’ Ricki replied, a wicked smile on his face. ‘But me and Antonio are going on a stakeout after this. I’ll email you with all the details, I promise.’

‘*Pah!*’ Chase protested. ‘I wanted all the tea now. Still, an email is fine. But don’t hold back on anything. Promise?’

‘I promise,’ Ricki giggled.

Chase then turned and watched with immense pride as Jack sat down and signed off on the contract. Never in Chase’s wildest dreams did he imagine that he would get the opportunity to play with Jack for three seasons.

The whole idea of signing for the Ice Bears initially was that Chase was effectively Jack’s replacement in waiting. And it was perhaps this unspoken truth that had made Chase act out to begin with as a way of preemptively showing defiance to what he felt could be a hostile response from the senior players.

But as Chase had learned, the Ice Bears spirit was too strong.

To be considered a true Ice Bear, a player needed to show skill, fight, and a desire to win. And Chase had learned this from the man who he was initially intended to replace.

Hockey could be a crazy game full of ups and downs – and at the Ice Bears it seemed like violence, drama, and organized crime were par for the course too.

However with his Daddy having signed a new two year playing deal, things were feeling about as settled and secure as they ever could. Chase was in the mood to

party – and this time he would be letting loose with his Daddy's approval.

'Come on, let's hang with Alex and Connor,' Jack said, handing his signed contract to the Doni's lawyer. 'Alex messaged me earlier to say that he's got some news, and I think it might be a curveball for next season.'

'A curveball?' Chase said.

'Come on, let's find out,' Jack replied, taking Chase by the hand and walking over toward Alex and Connor as they propped up the bar, already into their second Japanese whiskey.

'So... what's the deal?' Jack said, arching his eyebrow. 'Next season... please tell me you're not going to take early retirement instead of me?'

'No,' Alex smiled. 'But I might be tempted too. I have it on rock solid authority that the Ice Bears are bringing in Joshua Ramone in a trade from The Lynxes.'

'Seriously?' Jack replied. 'I mean, he's a great player. But you two on the same team?'

'That's what I said,' Connor interjected. 'They've been going at each other every season for about four years now. I don't see how this works either on the ice or in the locker room.'

'It *doesn't* work, that's what,' Alex barked. 'I want nothing to do with Joshua Ramone. The leathers, the motorcycle, the rock and roll attitude. He's wild. Uncouth even. And don't get me started on his tattoos...'

Alex rolled his eyes and was quite clearly highly unimpressed with the prospect of his long term rival joining the Ice Bears for next season. Jack could see that this was a problem. But in that moment, Jack wanted to simply enjoy the fact that he was champion again and had an extra two years to live the life he loved.

‘We’ll work it out,’ Jack said, placing a reassuring hand on Alex’s finely tailored suit jacket. ‘You know why?’

‘Why?’ Alex said.

‘Because we’re the Deadly Puck Daddies and we run this city.’

With that, the three Daddies toasted. And with the sound of Ice Bears chants bubbling up amongst the rest of the squad, Jack took Chase by the hand and the pair of them walked out onto the small balcony together.

‘This has been a hard season,’ Jack said. ‘But it’s also been the best.’

‘I love you, Daddy,’ Chase replied, going up on tiptoes and planting a kiss on Jack’s lips.

‘And I love you too my perfect Little Ice Bear,’ Jack replied, his voice full of love, pride, and contentment. ‘Now, we should leave the party. Our flight leaves in two hours.’

‘Yay! This is going to be the best off season ever!’ Chase replied, his heart bursting with only the best emotions.

‘And when we come back from vacation, I have a feeling that next season is going to be even better than this one!’

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MORE ZACK

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