

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

DADDY'S BOY

Isla James

Contents

Love Has No Boundaries	3
CHAPTER ONE.....	7
CHAPTER TWO.....	13
CHAPTER THREE.....	21
Author Bio.....	26

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

DADDY'S BOY

By Isla James

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

One very naked, heavily muscled, man with his back to the camera. The words "Daddy's Boy" are tattooed across his back from shoulder to shoulder. His legs are spread and he is obviously standing over another man who appears naked from the waist down. The man below him has a large ruddy cock that is nestled between Daddy's Boy's ass cheeks.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I've been searching for so long. People think I'm dominant or that I want to top. What I really want and need is strong man who won't abuse me, someone who will let me trust. I would do anything for a man like that. I'm so tired. All I want is to be Daddy's Boy.

Feel free to take this anywhere you want to go. Just please make it HEA.
Thanks.

Sincerely,

Sassy

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: daddy/boy, tattoos, gay marriage, former military, security men, sex club owner, BDSM

Word count: 7,296

DADDY'S BOY

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CHAPTER ONE

I stood on the street looking up at the sign for what felt like an eternity. When I made this appointment I was one hundred percent sure that this was the most perfect wedding gift to give my future husband. After all, what do you buy the man who has everything? We of course had done the usual “the wedding is enough, no need to buy gifts for each other” thing, but I knew Rafe and he would do something spectacular for me. So I spent almost a month trying to come up with the perfect gift. Now as I stared at the sign “The Human Canvas” I thought I might chicken out for the first time in my life.

For a former SEAL who had been in some serious clusterfucks that was saying something. I could feel my hands sweating and my heart racing. I was, quite frankly, appalled and embarrassed by my reaction, this was ridiculous. It wouldn't be my first tattoo. After leaving the SEALs I got the usual trident, pistol and eagle, and I had my security company logo on my right bicep, but those were nothing compared to what I was about to do. I took a deep breath and thought of Rafe. This was the one thing I knew he longed for but would never ask of me, the one thing I told him I couldn't give. Yet over the last month as I tried to come up with a gift for him, I realized there wasn't anything I wouldn't do for him, nothing I wouldn't give. He already had my heart and soul; this was just going to inform everyone else who I belonged to. I wiped my hands on my jeans and opened the door.

The walls were covered with some impressive flash. I could see why my best friend Owen had recommended this artist. According to Owen, Damien was the only man who could do this tattoo justice. As I looked at the guy behind the counter, I started to think it was more than just his talent that had Owen recommending him. He was propped against a stool watching me take his shop—and him—in, and the smile that spread across his face made me realize that perhaps I was being a bit obvious in my perusal. He wore jeans and

a white T-shirt, was probably six feet and nothing but muscle. Good looking with amazing blue eyes and a jet black Mohawk. Yet that wasn't what made him remarkable. It was the silver collar circling his neck that caught my eye, and was most definitely the reason Owen sent me here.

"I see Owen left some of the facts out. I'm Damien Cole." He smiled as he held out his hand.

"Max Jones," I replied, grasping his palm with mine and hoping I had done a decent job drying it on my jeans.

"I wondered if you were coming in. You were out there for quite awhile."

I could tell he expected an answer even though it wasn't a direct question. He was probably worried I intended to back out, which I'm sure would totally screw up his afternoon schedule.

"Just needed a minute to make sure. This isn't something that's going to be easily hidden when changing with the team."

Damian started to laugh as he gave me the once over, his eyes sweeping me from head to toe. "I think you can handle them."

I guess I could; at six foot three and two hundred and fifty pounds of muscle there weren't many men willing to challenge me.

"You're probably right." I returned his smile and could feel myself starting to relax. Damien gave off an easygoing vibe that I am sure put everyone around him at ease. He reached back onto the counter and grabbed several papers.

"After we talked I worked up a couple of samples to show you." He spread the papers in front of me. "Any of these what you had in mind?"

I looked over the drawings he had laid before me. To say they were amazing doesn't adequately describe them. They were breathtaking in the literal sense, in that I honestly think I stopped breathing for a few seconds. I had been worried the words I wanted worked onto my skin would be somewhat girly, but all the samples were done in several styles of very masculine script. As I looked them over, one stood out above all the rest. I ran

my fingers over each letter and I could almost feel them declaring Rafe's ownership on my back. It was amazing. Somehow Damien had managed to work the design in Rafe's own handwriting.

"How..." My throat felt tight and the words seemed lodged there. I swallowed trying to clear it while I found the words I needed. I looked at him, obviously waiting for him to explain.

"Master and Rafe are friends, and when I told him about you..." Damien shrugged his shoulders, his lips twitching in a slight smile.

"I decided to help," A deep voice from behind me cut into Damien's explanation.

I turned around to find a handsome man in a designer suit standing there. He was slightly older than Damien but you could feel the connection as he smiled at his boy.

"Damien doesn't tattoo other subs without discussing it with me first." He walked up to the counter and looked down at the designs resting on top. "I agreed that this is the perfect gift for Rafe, so I called Micah and had him get some handwriting samples." He looked up and smiled at me. "I had Micah put some of his skills to use so don't worry, Rafe doesn't know anything about this. It's still a surprise."

I was struck speechless for a minute. Micah and Owen were not only my business partners but had been my best friends since kindergarten. We grew up together, entered the Navy together and now ran JRT Security together. They were my only family before Rafe came into my life. They also tended to meddle worse than old women.

"You know Rafe and Micah?" It was disconcerting to not know this man who claimed to be friends with not only my fiancé, but my best friend as well.

"I own The Club de Sade here in Houston, and have known both men since they opened Chains."

That made sense, as I really hadn't been involved in the club Rafe and Micah owned and had actively avoided it until last year.

"I'm Jonathan Taylor," he stated in a matter-of-fact tone, giving me a head nod as if that should explain it all.

"You're on the guest list," I stammered out, feeling as stupid as I sounded.

"Absolutely, we wouldn't miss it for the world." He smiled, although I'm not sure if it was at Damien, or myself. Jonathan approached the counter, looking at the drawings placed there. "Have you decided?"

I looked over each of the samples before me. They were all impressive but the one in Rafe's writing was without a doubt the one that called to me. "This is the one." I handed the sheet to him, reluctant to let it go. "It's really amazing. I can't believe you managed to do this."

Damien lifted his shoulders in a quick half shrug. "I thought you'd probably choose it, but drew the others just in case." He looked up, those blue eyes capturing mine. "The letters will be about two and a half inches high and will cover you from shoulder to shoulder. Not everyone wants a tattoo that big, so if that's an issue one of the others might be a better choice."

I took one final look at the drawing. I might have had doubts to begin with, but seeing those words in Rafe's writing they all disappeared. It was as if he was here getting ready to brand me for all to see. I looked up at Damien and nodded, then glanced at Jonathan, "I'm sure, I'm totally his."

Damien led me to a chair behind a curtained area. Jonathan informed me that since my master couldn't be here to supervise and make sure I was safe, he would be sitting in. It was reassuring to know I wasn't alone.

"Get comfortable, we'll be here awhile." Damien had already placed the transfer on my back and gotten settled on his stool.

My head rested in the opening of the chair, and my arms were on the armrests. I noticed my fingers were gripping the ends of the chair so hard they were white-knuckled and I tried to relax them. "I'm fine, just tense, but I'll be good for the duration." I shifted slightly, trying to find the best position, but something wasn't right. No matter which way I moved I couldn't relax.

Jonathan stood suddenly from the chair beside me. "Give me a minute pet."

He left the cubicle and I raised my head and looked at Damien. "Problems?"

He just gave me the patented shoulder shrug I was quickly beginning to associate with him, and continued prepping my back. I wanted to turn around and see where Jonathan had gone, but a year on my knees to Rafe had taught me it was best to hold the position and wait when dealing with a master. It wasn't long before he returned and crouched down so he was eye level with me.

"Give me your wrists."

I looked at him warily for several seconds then slowly placed my wrist in his hand. He wrapped a black leather cuff around my right wrist and fastened it securely. I had never submitted to anyone but Rafe, and my uncertainty must have shown on my face.

"You are submitting for him, not me," Jonathan reassured me, and indicated my left wrist. I placed it in his hand and let him fasten the other cuff. He took each arm and placed them back on the armrests. Before I realized what he was doing he had fastened each D-ring to a clip under the arm. I was restrained in front of two men I had just met and my master wasn't with me. I started to sit up and Jonathan placed his hand on the middle of my back, instantly settling me.

"Do it for him, give him this gift from a place of submission."

My body stilled. I heard Damien start his machine and move into position behind me. "Just relax. Go where it takes you—we'll watch over you."

I felt the needle enter my skin, beginning to tattoo my master's ownership in a way that would be difficult to dispute. As the sensations began to coalesce, I felt like Rafe was the one wielding the machine, marking me as his for all to see. The thought removed the lingering tension from my body and allowed the whirring of the motor and the pain of the needle to carry me to the place only my master had ever taken me. It was as if each time the needle

entered my skin it validated each touch, every kiss, the laughter and even the tears that had gotten us to where we were today—and, truthfully, to the step we were about to take on Saturday night. I realized it wasn't just the tattoo itself that honored my master, it was the trust I placed in him to never make me regret the words that were being written in his hand across my back. With the clarity of the moment I understood he had known from our first night together that the time would come when I would offer these words to him. I loved him more than I ever thought possible for his faith in me and his unshakeable belief that we were meant to be together.

CHAPTER TWO

One year earlier

“Why are we here Owen?” The look on my best friend’s face could only be described as a combination of pissed off and heartbroken, and it was damn hard to stare at. I took a drink from my beer and watched him scan the club, his eyes so obviously looking for something or someone. “Why do you insist on torturing yourself this way? Tell him how you feel, just be honest with him and get it done with.” My exasperation was obvious and my words came out harsher than I intended. I smiled and tried to lighten the moment. “You never know, he might surprise you.”

I was getting so tired of watching my two best friends dance around what was so obvious to everyone around them and had been since we were eighteen years old. Quite frankly, I didn’t have the energy to give to their little drama. I was tired in that bone-weary way that only emotional stress can cause and no amount of sleep will fix. We had just got in from our latest mission and Owen had insisted we stop at Chains for a beer. Although Micah was joint partner in our security firm, he was also a partner in Chains with Rafe Santos. Chains was the premier BDSM and fetish club in the Washington DC area, and although it was the place to be on a Saturday night for those in the lifestyle, I rarely entered the doors.

“How about you be honest. Why don’t you tell me why you hate coming in here?” He grabbed his beer and drained it, slamming the glass down on the bar top, hard enough to draw attention.

I hadn’t seen Owen this angry in a long time. His face was reddened, his mannerisms agitated and the words poured from his mouth in an unstoppable tirade. “Yeah okay, I’ll admit it just about kills me to watch Micah with the subs that flock to him. But while I’m sitting here I can at least see what he’s doing and not torture myself wondering. You sit here letting everyone think you are some big bad Dom when I know you’re every bit the sub I am. You think I don’t know that you would give just about anything to hand over control to Rafe, how badly you want to get on your knees before him and

never get up.” He stood scraping his stool against the floor. “You forget, Max, that as well as you know me, I know you. So don’t talk to me about honesty.”

My heart dropped into my stomach. I had been so careful to keep my feelings to myself. Even if Owen had figured it out, wasn’t there some sort of best friend rule that you didn’t say it out loud until I admitted it?

Owen took a few steps away, stopped, and deflated. The anger leaving him, he just looked broken as he watched me. “I’m gonna take a walk, I’ll be back.” He disappeared into the crowd, walking past the dance floor and into the playrooms. I stood to follow when a hand reached out and grabbed my arm.

“Let him go. Micah’s on DM duty and isn’t playing, so he’ll be okay.”

My heart picked up speed at the sound of that deep, husky voice. “Oh, thanks, Rafe,” I mumbled as I sat back down and took a drink of my beer. I still hadn’t looked his way but I knew he hadn’t left and had taken the seat beside me. I could feel his body heat along my left side and I swear I could smell his sandalwood cologne and the musky scent that was just him. I wanted to bury my face in his neck until that scent was imprinted on my soul. God, Owen was right; I’m not just obvious but desperate as a well.

I started to lift my beer, intending to drain it so I could make my escape, when Rafe reached over and wrapped his hand over top of mine. He lowered my arm back down and I turned to look at him, stunned that he had touched me. Not once in the three years I had known him had he ever touched me. Not even to shake hands.

“Are you ready?” He asked in such a nonchalant tone, I was sure I had missed something.

“Sorry, ready for what?” I responded, still conscious of his hand covering mine, holding my fingers around my bottle with little pressure, but still trapping my arm beneath his.

He looked at me and smiled. “To admit the truth. I have waited for you to come to me, and as I stood here listening to you and Owen, I realized you are not willing to admit you’re mine, any more than Micah’s willing to admit

Owen's his, and I'm done waiting." He stood up and moved behind me so quickly that in my stunned state I didn't realize what he was doing until he had both of my arms pinned to the bar in front of me. I could feel his breath on the side of my neck as he held me in this position and not once did it occur to me to struggle.

"I'm not willing for our first time to be in the middle of the club. I find I don't want to share you." His voice sounded somewhat confused at this revelation, as if he hadn't expected the possessiveness inside him. "Come up to my suite?" He stayed that way with his lips an inch from my ear waiting for my response, not rushing me.

It was the most incredible feeling to be wrapped in Rafe's arms, freeing in a way I had never felt before, and as much as I wanted to be offended at his high handedness, I wanted what he offered more. After telling Owen to be honest and take a chance perhaps it was time for me to do the same. "I'm not your regular sub, Rafe. I'm no boy," I answered, my consent implied in the warning of my words.

His voice was slow and husky promising a night I wouldn't soon forget. "I know, you're more."

He took my hand and entwined our fingers, moving back and letting me stand up. We walked through the club hand in hand toward the private staff entrance, and not one person looked shocked at the two of us together. Perhaps I was no better at hiding my feelings or needs than Owen was.

Rafe's suite was on the top floor of the club. I don't know what I was expecting, but the space we entered took me by surprise. The room was large and open-planned. A large four-poster bed was the focal point of the room, with a small sitting area and bar set off to the side. It was well decorated and comfortable but more like a fancy hotel suite than a BDSM playroom.

"Not what you were expecting?" Rafe laughed beside me. "I don't usually entertain up here. I prefer to play downstairs." He walked over to the long mahogany bar set against the wall and bent down to reach something in the mini fridge. "I'm having a Coke, do you want one?" It took a minute for me to

make out the words he was saying. God, he was beautiful and bent over, I couldn't look anywhere but at his ass. With the tailored suit pants molding to the muscles of his ass, it was a work of art. I could only imagine how amazing it would be naked.

“No, I'm good, thanks.”

He closed the fridge and walked over to the seating area, choosing one of the armchairs. He did that thing with his pants that only guys who are comfortable wearing suits do, lifting at the seams to give him more room in what was obviously a well-endowed crotch. He crossed his legs by bracing his ankle on his knee and leaned back, taking a moment to run his eyes over me. The look he gave me was like a caress to my cock and there was no way he didn't notice my aroused state.

“Come here and kneel beside me.” Rafe said it in such a way that I knew it wasn't a suggestion. My body did, too, as it moved forward and was on the ground beside him before I totally comprehended what happened.

We both sat there staring at each other for what felt like forever. Although I'm sure it was only seconds, I knew to wait for him to make the first move. I didn't want to be in control and there was no reason to pretend otherwise. We both knew Rafe firmly controlled the moment at hand, and it dawned on me that this was one of those times when my life was about to change. For better or worse, it was going to change, and at this moment I had no idea which way things were going to roll.

It amazes me what you notice and how life seems to slow down in the critical moments. I could smell Rafe's addicting scent, the cross between his cologne and that musky cock-swelling scent that was just him. I saw him reach out and grab me. His long fingers wrapping around my neck, pulling me close. His grip strong but still so gentle, that I never wanted to escape. I felt his lips touch mine, whisper-soft yet firm and unyielding, a prelude to so much more. Yet everything felt like I was living it through a filter. An out of body experience, watching myself be kissed by this beautiful man, and yet not really being present. Knowing it was happening to me, but not living in the reality of

the moment. It was surreal. Then with two small words the world slammed back into place, leaving me breathless and wholly unsettled.

“Open, boy.”

Two words.

I knew before I came up to his suite that Rafe was a dominant. I knew I was a submissive. I also knew that many Doms used the term boy lightly, interchanging it with pet, sub and other endearments. However, the way Rafe said it, his tone of voice, the way he cradled my head—this word carried great meaning to him and scared the shit out of me.

I ripped my head from his grasp and was on my feet in seconds. “What are you doing?” I asked as I turned to face him. “I told you I’m not one of your regular subs. I won’t sit at your feet, calling you Daddy and waiting on your every word, needing your direction to take a piss.”

He sat there watching me, his eyes taking in every detail. I felt like he could see into my soul and it made me angry that he was trying to breach my well-fortified walls.

“I came here to fuck. That’s it. We both like the kink so go ahead—tie me down, beat me and fuck me raw. But let’s leave the mind games out of it. We both want to get off so let’s go.” I pulled my leather jacket off and threw it on the sofa behind me. I was just starting to pull my white T-shirt over my head when I heard Rafe shift on the chair as if he was settling in for the show. He made no move to stand, and his unwillingness to follow my plan angered me more. “Well, you planning on joining me?” I threw my words and shirt at him and started working on opening my jeans.

He continued to watch me with that deep amber gaze, slowly raising my shirt to his nose and inhaling slowly. I felt like a trapped animal and he knew it.

“If all you wanted was a fuck, why are you here with me?” His voice was calm, and even though he asked the question, he didn’t wait for a response. “You knew who I was, too, before you ever stepped foot in this room, and you knew what I wanted from the moment we met three years ago. That’s why you

have avoided me.” He slowly stood up from his chair and walked over to me, each step that of a predator stalking his prey.

“No, you want this. You want to be on your knees before me, and more importantly, you want to be my boy—submitting to me and letting me care for you. You’re just afraid. Scared of the feelings and desires I bring to life inside you.” He approached me slowly, stopping within inches of my body. He handed me my shirt balled in his fist, refusing to release it even though my own hand was clutching it.

“If you don’t want to be here, then by all means don’t stay. But make no mistake. We both know that not only do you want what I’m offering, you need this.”

I knew I was being unfair and yet I didn’t seem to have the off button to shut up and save myself from my own stupidity. After a lifetime with Micah I knew that throwing a challenge at a Dom was a bad idea, yet my anger overrode every thought of self-preservation. “You think you can take me, make me submit? I’m at least thirty pounds heavier and several inches taller.” I smirked as I looked him up and down, making sure he didn’t miss the insult I had just implied.

Rafe stood there for what felt like forever watching me, waiting.

“Are you done?”

Three little words that took the wind right out of me. What was I doing here? I had agreed to play, but being someone’s boy was beyond new territory. I knew I was being an ass and Rafe was right—I wanted this. I might not be ready to admit it out loud, but I knew I needed him.

I felt the telltale whisper of movement too late, and couldn’t counter Rafe’s move as he cleanly swept my feet from under me. He cradled my head as he followed me to the floor, resting securely over me and yet breaking my fall. I was so surprised that he managed to get the drop on me that I lay beneath him motionless, aware of every inch of his body against mine.

“You might be bigger and you might win against me but I guarantee, boy, I will give you one hell of a fight and neither of us will go home unscathed.” He

shifted above me and I could feel the ridge of his hardened cock against my hip.

“Maybe one night we will fight for who gets to top, I think we would both enjoy that, but not tonight. Tonight you’re mine, boy.” Rafe’s stare was unwavering as he stated his intentions, his voice husky and promising untold pleasure if I would just submit, and I could feel myself giving in. His will, becoming my own.

“I won’t call you Daddy. I don’t play that game.” My voice seemed quieter than usual but I had to make him understand. “I don’t think I will ever play that game. I want to be yours, you can tell me what to do and I’ll obey. I really don’t want to be in charge but it feels weird to call you Daddy. I’ve never had one not even when I was little and I really don’t need one now. Besides, age play just isn’t my kink.”

Rafe looked taken aback for a minute and he released an unexpected laugh. I wasn’t sure what I had said that was so funny and my confusion must have shown on my face. He shifted slightly but made no move to let me up. Finally after several moments he stopped laughing and looked at me. His beautiful amber eyes staring into my soul, he reached up and ran his fingertips down my jaw. Slowly he lowered his head and brushed his lips across mine in a move that was more promise than passion.

“Someday you will call me Daddy. Not today, and that’s fine.” He silenced my token protest by placing his thumb over my lips, gently rubbing back and forth in a rhythmic manner. “You just need to realize that my role isn’t some age-play game. I have no desire to change your diaper.” His face broke into a grin as he continued. “I just want to cherish you and protect you from the world when you need it. I want to help you be the man that we both know you can be.” He paused to kiss me once more, and what started as a gentle press of lips quickly ignited into so much more, until we had to part in order to breathe.

“I never want to belittle you or your abilities and you are no child.” His hardened cock was pressing firmly against me and I couldn’t help the bark of laughter that escaped as his hips rolled against mine. “I just want to be the man who stands in front of you to keep the world at bay when you need it and the

man beside you when you don't and right now I'm really loving being the man on top of you." Our lips met once more as his words resonated with truth in my soul, and as our passion flared I was beginning to accept that not only was he probably right, but that I had no intention of letting him go either.

CHAPTER THREE

The wedding was held in the backyard of our home. It was perfect and everything I never thought I would have. We had planned the day so that following the wedding we would have a brief reception with all the vanilla friends and family before those in our lifestyle joined us at Chains for the collaring ceremony.

Rafe and I had agreed we would do the usual blushing groom routine and hadn't had time alone since I returned from Houston the night before. I had made the rehearsal supper but my delayed flight hadn't given us time for more than a kiss hello.

Micah and Owen had insisted I spend my last night of freedom with them reliving our youth, drinking beer and eating pizza; the usual tension between them put on hold to help me celebrate my last night as a bachelor. It was nice to be the three of us again, just hanging out, but I was more than ready to finally have time with my man.

I hadn't told Rafe I would be wearing more than my white leather jockstrap to the collaring. He had given it to me just before I entered the change room, as in his words, "the goods were now his and no one else needed to see them." I couldn't help but smile as he really had no idea just how clear it would be to everyone that I was all his. I slipped into the black robe I'd had Micah place in the change room for me, and opened the door to the club. It was time to declare to Rafe that not only was I his boy, but he truly was my Daddy.

The club was full. Our friends were all present to help us celebrate, and the mood in the club was definitely joyous. Rafe was standing on the raised dais, beside Micah who would be performing the collaring ceremony. The crowd quieted as I approached. I climbed the stairs and kneeled in front of Rafe. He looked down at me, his gorgeous amber eyes visibly confused.

"We are here to celebrate the commitment of Max and Rafe as Master and sub." Micah began, smiling down at me. "However, before we begin Max has a surprise for Rafe."

My throat felt dry and I was more nervous now than I was during the wedding. The speech I had planned for this moment disappeared from memory. I looked up and into Rafe's eyes and as I stared at the man I loved the words just started to flow.

"A year ago you explained the relationship you wanted with me, and at the time I told you that I couldn't give you what you needed." I cleared my throat and blinked rapidly to try to clear my vision. "You told me that someday I would call you Daddy and what that word truly meant, and you were right—you are that to me and so much more." The tears were rolling down my cheeks now and Rafe leaned down and cradled my face between his two big hands. The small gesture felt so right and it truly was as if the whole room fell away. "I wanted everyone to know who you are to me so there is never any doubt just how much I love you, Rafe." My fingers unknotted the tie at my waist and slipped the robe off my shoulders, letting it pool on the floor. I slowly turned so my back was to my master allowing him to see the words, *Daddy's Boy*, written across my back from shoulder to shoulder. The sudden intake of breath had me nervous, and I was tempted to turn around so I could see Rafe's face. For one brief minute I was afraid that he hated it, but then I felt him reach out and trace each letter.

"It's perfect. How?" His voice broke and I knew I wasn't the only one affected by this moment.

"A little help from our friends."

I turned so I was once again on my knees facing him. He leaned forward and slowly placed his lips on mine. I could still taste the champagne he had drunk earlier during our wedding toasts. The kiss didn't deepen, but it conveyed everything we were both feeling in that moment. As we broke apart our eyes held and I couldn't help but smile; I could see Rafe's impatience and his next words confirmed it.

"Let's finish this, I want to celebrate. I've missed you this past week."

Micah began the ceremony, and it wasn't long before I had an elaborate platinum chain collar around my neck. The weight of it was a reassurance that

my Daddy was always with me. It was closed with a platinum padlock engraved with a scrolled R. It matched our wedding bands, and was simple enough that to the vanillas around us it would look like a fancy monogrammed chain necklace. One I had no intention of ever removing. We had discussed just a simple metal collar but Rafe had decided to surprise me, as I knew he would, with a truly exceptional gift.

The ceremony ended to a round of cheers, well-wishes and plenty of boisterous catcalls. Rafe took my hand and helped me to stand. He pulled me into his arms, one hand secured around my neck to hold me in place for his kiss. The kiss started out slowly but it wasn't long until Rafe's tongue swept across my lips requesting access to my mouth; our teeth clashed and it was obvious we couldn't get close enough to each other. We pulled apart, our breathing ragged, our foreheads resting together.

"I wasn't planning on loving you in public tonight but I've changed my mind. I want everyone to understand you only belong to me." Rafe's voice was quiet but filled with possession. I loved it when he got like this. Often it meant his hard-held control was close to breaking, which only ever meant good things for me.

We were still on the raised area in the center of the club where our ceremony had taken place. I had presumed Rafe would want a quieter location but apparently he was in too much of a rush to relocate. He glanced around, finding a chair pushed off to the side. He grabbed it, dragging it into the center of the stage. Micah had obviously been watching from the sidelines and understood Rafe's intent, approaching with both lube and condoms and setting them discretely by the leg of the chair before winking at me and leaving us.

I moved to stand directly in front of Rafe before starting the slow slide to my knees. I was determined to wait for his direction, and thankfully he was in too much of a rush to drag our pleasure out. "Undo me and wrap those lips around me, boy." His hands were in my hair and guiding me in before his pants were open. I roughly pushed them down and out of the way, at the same time taking his plum-shaped cockhead into my mouth. Resting it in the cradle

of my tongue. His taste and smell exploded onto my senses and for the first time in a week I felt like I was home.

I continued to lick and suck, hitting all his favorite spots, and it wasn't long before he was actively fucking my mouth. He pulled his cock from between my lips so suddenly that I didn't have time to break suction and a noisy pop followed.

"Christ boy, it's been too long, but I refuse to come down your throat this first time." He roughly pulled me to my feet, crushing his lips to mine once more. I knew it turned him on when he could taste himself on me. We pulled apart, short of breath and so close to the edge that I wondered if we were going to make it to the main event. My head was resting in the curve of his neck as I tried to regain control.

"I need you in me so bad, Sir. Please fuck me." My voice was so husky and the words so quiet I wasn't sure he would hear them in the noisy club. His eyes flew to mine and I could see his desire and need clearly written there and knew the wait was over. He held onto my hand as he backed up to the chair. He pushed his pants to his ankles before sitting and, placing both of his legs between mine, reached to the side and grabbed a condom. He hastily rolled it down his very engorged cock before slathering it in lube. It gave his reddened cock a glorious shine and I couldn't wait to feel him inside me.

"I want you to ride me so that everyone can see the words on your back as I fuck you." Rafe's voice was rough and filled with emotion as he pulled me into position, holding his cock upright before nestling it between my ass cheeks. I could feel the pressure of him at my rim and slowly started lowering down onto him. My ass felt stretched and the burn was amazing. Taking him in this position, I knew I was going to start our honeymoon feeling his possession for several days. He grabbed my hips and quickly set the pace and rhythm he wanted followed. I may have technically been on top but I was under no illusions about who had control. As he picked up the pace, my moans of pleasure quickly turned to pleas for release. His fingers dug into my hips as he thrust up once more, at the same time pulling me down hard onto his lap.

The head of his cock slammed into my prostate, and with the growled “Come boy,” we both exploded.

I fell forward, resting my head on his chest, as we both came back to earth. His voice was ragged and short of breath as he placed his lips next to my ear and said the sweetest words I had ever heard.

“I love you Maxwell Jones Santos.”

I leaned back to look my husband directly in his gorgeous amber eyes. Needing the soul-deep connection to him as I responded with the words that were permanently written on my body and etched into my heart and soul.

“I love you too, Daddy.”

THE END

Author Bio

Isla James is a first time author who finally decided to start writing down the stories that float continuously in her head. Between three teenage boys, a husband and a house that never stops she looks forward to the quiet conversations with the very manly men who occupy her thoughts. She enjoyed writing for this event so much she has already started on Micah and Owen's story.

Contact & Media Info

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