

Tracey's Dad

May 2024 – Commission

Chapter Three

Thanks to BondageDiaperLover93 for commissioning this latest installment! Note to readers and moderators: this story features ageplay, BDSM, and other mature themes. As is the case for ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

Summer had come at last! With it had come the end of the semester... the return of warm weather... and yes, a fresh new phase in Tracey's relationship with Stephanie. A phase in which the two of them were no longer just boyfriend and girlfriend... but housemates!

Splayed out on the couch now, he grunted resentfully over his phone as Stephanie swept past him on her way to the bedroom they now shared. It was his attempt at showing her he wasn't at all bothered by her enviable successes. Sure, maybe she was the one with that awesome internship with the summer program in his home town. Maybe she was the one whom his dad had been deep in conversation with late last night, enthusing together about early childhood pedagogy and the pros and cons of Montessori education. And yeah... maybe *he* was the only one in this household without any form of gainful employment for the entire summer. An irony, considering *he* was the one studying business...

But hey! He'd just caught a shiny Loudred. Surely that counted for something!

Stephanie paused: lips pursed, hands on her yoga pantsed-hips, gazing down at her petite, smooth-faced slip of a boyfriend still wearing his pajama shirt and boxers. In that moment he looked less like the twenty-year-old college student he was, and more like... well, a kid. A kid whose ill-humored grunts sounded for all the world like the bratty sneers of a jealous ten-year-old.

"Hey, Tracey," she offered, wiping a trickle of sweat from her brow and tugging at her tight-fitting sports top. She'd just come in from her usual pre-breakfast morning jog, and she was radiating athletic feminine energy. "Your dad says breakfast is ready. And anyway, you're not gonna lie there *all* day, are you? I know you're here all day, but don't you have something to do? I dunno... getting dressed? Cleaning? Mowing the lawn?"

"Hey!" he complained, eyes narrowing in resentment as he rose grudgingly from the sofa and trudged toward the breakfast table. "It's freaking breakfast time, Steph! *I'm* not a fitness freak who gets up at four to go sweat myself to death." He flopped into his chair, and his dad James's

eyebrows rose slightly as his gaze met Stephanie's. "Besides – you know as much as I do that *I'm* the one who deserves a summer internship – not you. Like, who the heck even does internships in a *school*, huh?"

Stephanie gave a short, strained laugh, clearly wanting to dish back a spicy retort but unsure whether doing so in front of James was a good idea. "Well, I don't know," she began hesitantly, reaching for the ketchup. "Business and elementary education are pretty different, you know! You can't just compare the two-"

"I just did, so there," Tracey broke in, letting out a squeaky burp and smirking at her. "And?" she shot back, her already flushed face growing pinker. "So why don't you have one, then, mister business major? Why didn't you get busy and apply for one if you're so amazing, hmm?"

"Oh, frick off! Don't tell me what to do," Tracey practically barked, his face suffusing with visible anger. "Business is serious stuff, and you know it! Whereas *you* – you're just majoring in a lame, pussy-ass major like elementary education. So don't you dare tell me what I should do! You're not my mom, you know-"

Fortunately for her, James cut in with a firm reprimand. "Tracey, that's *enough!*" he barked, fixing the scowling Tracey in his blue-eyed gaze. "Look, I know you're upset right now. Maybe even a little jealous of Stephanie." He sighed and glanced at her sympathetically, then back to his son. "But if you're too immature to realize that someone else's success doesn't diminish your own... well, I'm sorry, son. But you've got a lot to learn about being an adult." He chuckled, attempting to end on a lighter note. "Being a big boy isn't all that easy sometimes, you know..."

"But I *am* a fucking big boy-" Tracey muttered petulantly – and at that, James's face hardened. "Okay, that's it!" He snapped, his voice cold and edged with menace. "Go to your room – before I make you." He pulled back his son's chair effortlessly and propelled him firmly up and toward the door. "Go up there and think long and hard – about how much you've just embarrassed yourself, and how badly you've just treated your wonderful girlfriend."

Well, at that Tracey could only retreat: red-cheeked and ashamed, mumbling incoherently about everything being so lame and stupid.

Stephanie sighed happily. It was late afternoon now, and as she made her way back to James and Tracey's place, she was relishing the early summer warmth. It had been a good day at her internship, despite the rough start. She'd learned so much about child development... gotten to

meet some really cool people...

All stuff that Tracey probably secretly envied her for.

She mused wryly to herself, remembering Tracey's childish outburst over breakfast. He really was envious, wasn't he? Poor guy. She'd even slipped up to his room after they'd finished eating and done her best to make him feel better. He'd been lying there in bed, fiercely stabbing at the Pokémon battling on his phone screen. And despite his noncommittal grunts, she'd mildly opined that it wasn't fun, she knew. But he could be mature, she knew it. He could be a big guy by being happy for other people... not minding defeat now and then... showing that he was responsible...

The memory of his childish sneer came to her mind... but then promptly flitted right back out. Because she was walking in the front door now. And right there in the kitchen, in all his sweaty, shirtless glory, was James: evidently just returned from mowing the lawn, and gazing mildly up from the fridge with a cold soda in his hand.

"Oh-! Oh, yeah- I, um. I'm back now-" She stammered, but all the while her eyes were riveted on this gorgeous hunk's naked torso. Oh, *fuck!* Why was he so incredibly hot? With that neatly trimmed beard, that sexy smattering of chest hair, those incredible blue eyes... Well, it wasn't just her heart that started thudding. Something else began clenching: something way down low. A fierce, primal longing unlike anything she'd felt until now-

"Oh, apologies! I'm so sorry. You're probably looking for Tracey? He's up in his room..."

But her eyes were still fixed on him. Her brain was awl. And just as several months before, her mouth was once again faltering out her most impulsive and blush-inducing thoughts. "James... I just- I'm sorry, but- Um, I wanted you to know. I, um... I- I think I'm in love with you. Like, *really-*"

His eyes widened for just a moment. He straightened. Fingers clenched ever so slightly tighter on the cold can. And in the awkward silence, Stephanie felt an instant wave of regret crash over her. What kind of idiotic thing had she just said? To an older guy – and her boyfriend's dad, no less?! "Uh- I mean, I'm sorry!" she faltered feebly. "I was just- just joking! Sorry, I shouldn't have said-"

But even as she fumbled her way deeper into confused embarrassment, a smile slowly appeared on James's handsome face. "Hmm, just a joke? Well, Stephanie, supposing it wasn't... I'm flattered! But I think there might be a bit of a problem." He tilted his head ever so gently in the direction of the stairs. "Aren't you in a relationship with my son already? He does seem to like you, you know – even after this morning..."

"Tracey? He's- he's so... ugh, so immature!" Never before until this moment had Stephanie actually articulated such thoughts. But now as they came tumbling from her lips, she felt their truth deep in her core. "James, I know I shouldn't talk bad about your son. I- Again, I'm sorry! But you heard him this morning, right? I- I need someone stronger. Manlier. More- more able to handle himself, and the world-"

"Stephanie." James was stepping closer now, and her breath caught as her eyes rose up over his sculpted torso to his earnest face. "Listen. You're a very, very nice girl. Very intelligent and driven. I admire you – I really do." He smiled, and a rush of giddiness swept over her. "And you know what? No one should ever, *ever* be in a relationship with someone they can't respect. Even – no, *especially* – when that someone is my son."

He paused, letting his large, warm hand reach over and come to rest reassuringly on her shoulder. Stephanie felt a shiver of repressed desire ripple through her at his touch, and her lips parted in sudden, hungry longing. "I- I know-" she faltered, but already James was beginning to speak once more.

"Stephanie, right now isn't the time to talk about your feelings for me, okay? It's not the time to talk about our age difference or any of that. All I ask you right now is this." He paused, and her heart fluttered as she nodded mutely. "Please. If you really don't see yourself being with my son – if you truly don't feel for him in that way – please just break it off with him first, okay? Please do that before we discuss anything else."

Her breath hitched. Again she nodded. James smiled gently, removing his hand from her shoulder. as a warm smile flashed across his face. "Thank you, Stephanie. Oh, and just in case you two *do* split up, please – don't worry about staying here or not staying here, okay? You're welcome to stay in our house anytime, no matter what your relationship with us."

Welcome anytime. No matter what. James's words echoed in her brain as she turned to leave, simultaneously horrified and giddy over what had just transpired. Up the stairs she fled, heart still hammering louder than the sound of her shoes on the wooden steps. And with every step she took toward her boyfriend's room, she felt the burning ache of longing for something else. *Someone* else, and someone far different.

A certain someone who was still standing there in the kitchen: shirtless and silent, gazing after her with a look that was almost... hungry.

(To be continued!)