

## Tracey's Dad

March 2024 – Commission

### Chapter One

*Thanks to BondageDiaperLover93 for commissioning this brand-new multi-part story! :-)*

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"Spring break at last! It's been one heck of a semester, hasn't it?"

Stephanie glanced over at her boyfriend with a grin... only to find that he was barely listening. Her grin faded slowly, her eyes traveling down to the phone in his hand that was captivating him so. On the screen was the same game she saw him on incessantly: the sort of game she'd once thought only weeps and kids played.

"Dang it! The train's going too fast," Tracey complained aloud, with a peevish glance at the map onscreen. "And a Litten had literally *just* spawned back there, too!" Stephanie laughed, sarcasm and good-natured amusement mingling in her tone as she spoke. "Aww, really? Well, I'm sure there'll be more Pokémon once we get to your home, right? You can catch 'em all then!"

"But it coulda been a *sbiny*," Tracey grumbled, slouching down in his seat with an air more suited to a frustrated five-year-old than a twenty-year-old guy on his way back from college. Not that his appearance helped with the illusion, either. Short-cropped brown hair, a petite frame, and approximately as much muscle as a prepubescent girl were all not doing him any favors. Nor was the fact that nowhere on his face could be seen a trace of stubble – despite his loud assertions about needing to shave "*at least twice a week!*".

Oh, Tracey. Stephanie shook her head again in quiet, deprecating amusement at her boyfriend's absurdly charming ways. She liked him, of course. She wouldn't have been with him these past five months if she didn't! But he certainly was quite the guy: so utterly un-masculine, and yet so firmly convinced that he was the toughest and coolest dude around. Never mind his hopelessly childish looks and hobbies...

"It's our stop next," she interjected not ten minutes later, under the crackling PA system garbling out the name of the upcoming town. "At least, that's what you said, right? Morristown?" "Yeah," he replied, eyes unwillingly lifting from his phone. "It's the end of the line, anyway. No big deal."

"Oh, okay. Cool!" Stephanie glanced brightly past him out the window, noting that already the scenery was flashing past less and less quickly. "And, um... You said your dad was going to meet us at the station, right?" "Yep. At least, assuming he doesn't go to his dumb tennis practice or

something and forget about us."

"Hah. Well, let's hope not!" And then, fumbling desperately for anything to keep Tracey from returning to his darn phone, Stephanie spoke up again. "Tennis, huh? Does your dad play often?"

"Ehh, I dunno. It's just a hobby."

"Oh?" She was rising from the seat now, stretching her own short frame upward to grab their two suitcases amid the creaking and swaying of the decelerating train. "What other kinds of things does he like to do, then? Just tennis?" "Lots of things, I guess. Cooking. Futzing around in the garden. Swimming and diving and stuff too."

Tracey snorted and rose from his own seat, taking the luggage she offered and following her down the narrow aisle toward the now-open exit. "He's forever trying to get me to join him. Says it's good exercise or whatever..." And that was where the conversation ended: drowned out in the clamor of the train station and the bustle of heading for the exit.

Luckily for them, not two minutes after emerging, their ride arrived. "There he is!" Tracey announced, gesturing toward the light blue SUV easing up to the sidewalk. "Hey! Hey, Dad-" And even before Stephanie had managed to lift her own luggage down to the asphalt, the driver had exited the vehicle and was briskly stepping forward – initially to greet his son, but then darting forward to catch the suitcase that was slipping erratically from Stephanie's grip.

"Gotcha!" The man smiled – and Stephanie found herself staring up into the kindly, twinkling eyes of one of the most gorgeous men she'd ever seen. To be fair, from her own viewpoint at four feet eight inches, practically everyone was tall – even short little Tracey. But this fellow?! He must be, what? Six foot two? Three? And that- that nice short beard- and those blue eyes-

"Uh- uh, thanks," she stuttered, while he gently swung the luggage away from her and effortlessly eased it into the now-open trunk. "I'm, um... I'm-" "Stephanie, right? It's so wonderful to finally meet you!" His hand was closing on hers, and she quivered with an undefined emotion at the sensation of his firm handshake. "I'm James, of course – Tracey's dad. Now, let's get you two-

*Honk! Honk, HonkkK!*

"So sorry, so sorry! Here, let's get in-" And then he was tossing Tracey's luggage in as well, and they were hastily scrambling into the vehicle to placate the irritable taxi-driver behind them. Only a minute later, once things had settled down and they'd caught their breath, did Stephanie realize with a sudden, strangely happy flutter that she was sitting in the front seat. Right next to this very,

*very* interesting man.

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Fifteen minutes later, they were there.

"It's like I said before, okay? *Nuestra casa es tu casa*. I know you're only here a week, but make yourself completely at home, Stephanie – really." James straightened his slim, athletic frame, and as he turned from depositing her luggage on the bedroom floor, Stephanie's breath caught once again. He was smiling once more, his eyes crinkling softly as he took her in.

"Tracey's one lucky dude, I can see that," he grinned playfully, over the sound of the toilet flushing in the bathroom across the hall. He gave a wry glance around the little bedroom, festooned as it was with shelves of model cars and Pokémon plushies and posters of video game characters. "And yeah, I hope you two don't mind sharing this room? I'm sorry the décor in here is a bit... well..."

"Hey, whatcha saying about my room, Dad?" It was Tracey, just emerged from the bathroom and padding into the room with all the cocky assurance of a king reentering his ancestral domain. "I like it how it is! You didn't go and throw any of my stuff out while I was gone, right?"

James sighed congenially, but even as he began to speak, Stephanie caught the slightest little wink from the corner of his left eye. "Didn't move a thing, son," he assured, and his half-bared, muscly arm settled affectionately around his son's short and slight frame. "Though remember – whenever you want to try out some real car repair instead of your toy models, look me up, 'kay? Suzie's gonna need an oil change any day now, and I'd be happy for some help!"

And with that, he was backing out of the room and thumping comfortably down the stairs, only pausing at the bottom to call back over his shoulder. "Oh, and I was thinking tacos tonight. How's that sound?"

It sounded perfect, Stephanie assured, her heart thudding with uncharacteristic speed. Already Tracey was enthusing to her about his sweet 1962 Mustang Roadster and the awesome paint job he'd done on it, but she... well, she wasn't really listening. Her mind was full of something else: a musical male voice, and a pair of blue eyes, and the roll of muscles underneath that sexy polo shirt...

Ugh, why the heck hadn't Tracey inherited all of *that*!?

*(To be continued!)*