Dorm Room Daddy

by andlat

“Hey man! I'm Kyle.”

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Dorm Room Daddy - Chapter 1

“Hey man! I'm Kyle.”

“Nice to meet you, I'm Dan. I guess we're roommates.”

“Yeah, um this is a little weird, but how old are you, Dan?”

“Eighteen” Dan's voice trailed off. This had happened all his life. He was short and had what his mom called a baby face.

“Really? I thought you were like a high school freshman.”

“Ha ha, very funny.” Dan rolled his eyes and began filling his dresser with his clothes as Kyle watched with a critical eye.

“Boxers? No, that won’t do at all.” Kyle said, stepping right up next to Dan so that the smaller guy could smell his deodorant as he became fully aware of just how big his new roommate was. “I think a little boy like you needs something more like these.” He held up a package of Paw Patrol underoos.

“How do you have those?”

“Facebook stalking you let me prepare.” Kyle said. “Look, we can do this the easy way or the hard way. You’re going to wear these, little boy.” The steel in his voice with the last two words made a chill run down Dan’s spine. “Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, daddy, you mean?” Dan quivered, unable to even argue

with Kyle’s masculine smell in his nose.

“Yes, daddy.” Dan stammered.

Chapter 2

Dorm Room Daddy 2: Bedtime - Chapter 2

Dan sighed as he came out of the shower, towel wrapped around his waist. He still did not understand why exactly his roommate Kyle insisted on him using a Sesame Street towel, but at least no one ever seemed to mention it, beyond snickering behind his back. He knew that Kyle would beat up anyone who did, but that did not make him feel any better. He shuffled toward his room with another sigh, glaring at the placard that had been recently changed to state Danny, not Dan, lived there.

“Was about to send a search party.” Kyle teased as Dan walked into the room.

“Hi, daddy.” He said dutifully.

“Laid out your jammies for you, mister morose.” Kyle said, walking over and sniffing the smaller guy’s hair. “Gotta love that smell of tears free baby shampoo.” Dan remained silent, dropping the towel and stepping into his Paw Patrol underoos. Kyle watched, loving how resigned Dan had become to his fate. It had only been a month and the tiny freshman acted like he had never been out of colorful little boy briefs. “See? It’s your smiley crocodily jammies.” Dan forced a smile as he pulled on the t-shirt and shorts. “What time’s bedtime?”

“7:30 for little boys like me, Daddy.” Dan said dutifully.

“Very good. Daddy loves his little boy.”

“Love you too.” A knock at the door caused both of them to turn. The door squeaked open and one of Kyle’s friends stepped in.

“Cute boxers, Danny.” He said, eying Dan’s rainbow striped pajama shorts. Dan looked away, but Kyle cleared his throat.

“Show Aiden what you really wear.” Kyle said. Dan shuffled over to his underwear drawer and pulled out one of his many pairs of Paw Patrol underoos. Kyle had made him practice this over and over. He forced a smile and held them up.

“Look at my big boy underwear!” He declared proudly. Aiden’s face turned red as he burst out laughing.

“Oh, my god. Perfect.” He said. “C’mon, Kyle. We’re going to be late.” Kyle smiled and gestured Dan over.

“You be a good boy for Daddy, okay?” Dan blushed as he pulled him in close so that Dan’s nose flooded with Kyle’s musk. “Bedtime’s at 7:30. Uncle Jake will be stopping by to make sure you’re in bed, understand?” Dan whimpered and mumbled a ‘yes, daddy’.

Chapter 3

Dorm Room Daddy 3: Test Time! - Chapter 3

"Ready to go, Danny?" Tristan asked. Danny, formerly Dan, nodded as he slung his Paw Patrol backpack over his shoulders. At least his t-shirt and shorts looked like normal college student attire, even if his underwear matched his backpack. He walked over to his roommate's desk and hugged him.

"Bye-bye, Daddy." He said, bottom still stinging from the swat he had received for failing to properly greet Uncle Tristan. His duties done, he took Tristan"s hand. He was not allowed to go to any class without holding the hand of his designated uncle. He still was not sure how Daddy Kyle had managed to find a willing uncle in every single one of his classes.

"Excited for Chem?" Tristan asked, grinning down at the tiny freshman holding his hand.

"We're getting our tests back and I know I failed."

"Oh, come on. Be more optimistic. Your Daddy and I spent a lot of time helping you study, didn't we?" Danny nodded. "You even got to stay up past your bedtime a couple nights ago to study, didn't you?" Danny nodded again, but he was more sullen this time. Past his bedtime meant he had managed to see 8 PM before he had been forced to go to bed.

"Alright, students." Dr. Borchardt said as she surveyed the classroom. Even after a full ninety minute lecture, she seemed severe. "I have your tests. I must say I'm pleased with most of you, but a few of you need to reassess your priorities." Why did it feel like she had looked right at Danny when she said that?

His hands trembled as he took the test from her. Why did she always hand them out facedown, as if each one had an enormous red F emblazoned on it? Tristan let it sit on his desk for a moment until Tristan whispered to him.

"How'd you do?" Danny turned over the test, feeling like he would soak it with how sweaty his hand was. His gasp seemed to echo in the quiet classroom as he saw the B+, but then his gaze moved to the sticker next to it. Rubble, one of the Paw Patrol characters, grinned up at him. Under his paws were the words 'Grrr-eat job!' He saw Tristan's test next to his. Tristan had gotten an A, but no sticker. Danny felt his cheeks burn, but all the same, he had done it! He had gotten a B+! As silly as it sounded, he realized, deep down, he could not wait to tell Daddy!

Chapter 4

Dorm Room Daddy 4: Swimming - Chapter 4

"Did your episode end, Danny?" Kyle asked, looking up from his calculus textbook to eye the little boy sitting on a beanbag nearby.

"Yes, daddy." The boy dutifully mumbled. In truth, he was Kyle's age, though it was hard to remember that when Danny sat there in nothing but his Paw Patrol briefs. Kyle could not remember which of his friends had mentioned remembering his kid brother refusing to wear clothes for like a year, but it had been enough to seal Danny's fate. Now he only ever got dressed to leave the dorm room. There had been a couple weekends where Danny had gone from Friday afternoon to Monday morning wearing nothing but his underwear. He had become such a good little boy.

"Do you want to watch another episode?"

"Not really."

"Well, what should we do instead?" Kyle asked, closing his textbook. That could wait. With how early Danny went to bed, he had hours yet to do his schoolwork. "Oh, I know!" He stood up and went over to his closet, ignoring Danny's inquistive expression. "Let's go swimming!"

"Swimming?" Why did it always seem as if Daddy Kyle had some new torment for him?

"You do know how to swim, don't you, buddy?"

"Yeah." Danny pondered whether or not that was an invitation to tell Kyle about how he used to be a lifeguard.

"Well, just in case, I got you this." He held up a swim vest, Paw Patrol themed like nearly every gift he gave Danny now. "I don't" his voice failed him.

"What's the rule?"

"What Daddy says, goes." Danny mumbled.

"That's right. Go put your swimsuit on. Unless you need Daddy's help."

Determined to have at least a little maturity, Danny pulled on his orange swim trunks and dutifully reported to Kyle for what he thought of as his toddlerification. At least he had not been forced into Little Swimmers or something!

Shuddering at the thought of that, Danny held still as Kyle fed his arms through the inflatable sleeves before buckling the chest piece around him.

"Thank you, daddy." He mumbled as Kyle knelt and slipped Paw Patrol flip flops onto his feet.

"Be sure and hold my hand, Danny." Kyle said as he straightened, towering over the diminutive freshman. "We've got to walk all the way across campus to get to the pool." Danny immediately saw it for what it was: yet another opportunity to show him off in all his little boy glory.