

Silver Daddy Excerpt 1



“You like watching other dudes?” the coach asked.

It wasn't the first time Coach James had noticed one of the students watching him. Young people were curious, after all, but this student in particular was incredibly hot.

As the shower steam cleared, Steve's light colored eyes, chiseled features, and strong jawline appeared.

He was only about 20-years-old, but he looked more mature, more developed. James would have been lying if he said he hadn't caught Steve changing before in the corner of his eye.

Coach James was passionate about helping young people and had always kept his interests private. He'd been 100% professional.

But in this case, it was harder than ever. With his shirt off, muscles rippling, pink nipples on display and his big blue eyes wide open, Steve looked completely vulnerable and prime for the picking.

James tried to keep his mind from fantasizing about the wrestling sessions they could have, seeing who landed on top.

“I ... I ... I was just ...” said Steve, babbling. James tried to

hide his smile, the more vulnerable the guy was, the more it turned him on.

James crossed his arms. "Uh-huh." He let those words hang in the air to see how Steve would respond.

Spying on another dude at this school was dangerous, and if he could scare Steve straight the better it would be for him.

Living in the closet wasn't easy and if the kid was merely curious, he ought to be more careful.

"Please don't say anything. I didn't mean anything by it," Steve said, swallowing. Maybe it was something innocent. But still, James had to know.

Narrowing his eyes at Steve, James asked, "You do this sort of thing often? Watch other dudes?"

"I ... not usually ..." said Steve, bowing his head and scratching the tile floor with his white gym shoes. Not usually? That meant this wasn't the first time and wouldn't be the last.

He sighed. Steve was definitely interested in men and he knew how hard that was for athletes. "You know a lot of guys would beat you up for that sort of thing," James said.

He hadn't meant to sound like his father or anything, but he really cared about young people, especially young gay ones. He knew their struggles.

Steve's eyes met his. "I think I can hold my own," he said, his jaw clenching.

James cracked a smile. He tried not to look the young man up and down, but his eyes unconsciously settled on his crotch.

"Bet you could. Big guy like yourself."

He had to get away, his cock swelled at the thought of what he'd like to do with him. He walked away.

“Wait. What happens next?” asked Steve, calling after him. James had to put the fear of God in Steve, give him pause the next time he tried looking at another dude in the locker room.

“What do you think is going to happen?” asked the coach, a side-smile curving on his face as he continued toward his locker room office.

Steve cleared his throat. “You’re not going to say anything, are you?” he asked, terrified. “Please.”

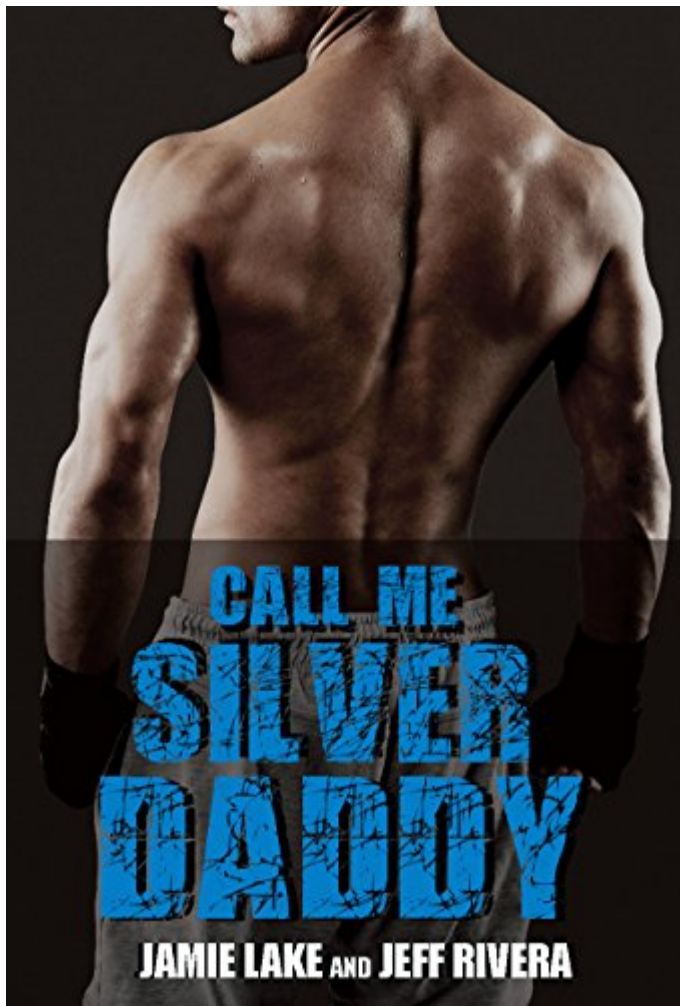
James shouldn’t make the guy suffer like this. He stopped in his tracks, turned around and asked, “What?”

Steve’s voice went up an octave. “I’ll do anything you want, anything.”

The coach arched his eyebrow. “Oh?” James’s cock twitched at the possibilities. [Click here for more](#)



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