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DADDYZINE



STARRING

**FOX
MCCLLOUD**

"Do a barrel roll...
on me."



A Daddy Among the Stars

I won't lie, being a "daddy" in zero gravity has its logistical advantages, if you catch my drift. On space stations, eyes latch onto my fur as if I were the last oasis in a metal desert. I notice how they scan me from head to toe when I walk into a starbase canteen; there's something about the confidence of a mature fox that drives the pups and those looking for a safe harbor wild. I love feeling that magnetism, that electricity generated when I walk past, leaving a trail of pure confidence. It's a constant game of seduction where I always hold the best cards. But, even if I enjoy that massive attention, what truly keeps me fired up is the heat emanating from my own body after an intense day of navigation, something I inherited from a very special lineage.

The Scent of a Legacy

That trail I leave behind isn't just presence; it's pure chemistry. My musk, that sweat soaking my flight suit after hours of maneuvers, is my personal signature. People say it's an aphrodisiac, and they aren't wrong; it carries notes of ozone, old leather, and that wild testosterone that only a space stallion can exude. This intoxicating aroma isn't a coincidence; it runs in the family. My father, James, was an absolute legend, a stallion who left his mark on every corner of the galaxy, and from whom I inherited those alpha male genes—the kind that knows how to mark territory without saying a single word. When the cabin heat rises and my skin begins to glisten from the effort, that scent becomes thick, almost tangible, enveloping anyone lucky enough to be near. It's a silent invitation, a primitive language speaking of long nights and ruffled sheets. It's not just sweat; it's the essence of a fox who knows what he wants and isn't afraid to use his instinct to attract his prey... or to surrender to the deepest desire.



EXCLUSIVE: Romance with Wolf O'Donnell

I know everyone talks about our rivalry. Wolf and I should be at each other's throats on the battlefield, right? But the reality, the one Daddyzine is getting as an exclusive, is much wetter and darker. Yes, we've met in hotels in the galactic outskirts, far from the radars. Wolf is an imposing wolf, a beast who challenges me in public, but in private, he makes me lose my mind. The funny thing is, even though outside the bedroom I'm the one in charge, with him, everything shifts.

When Wolf corners me against the headboard and I feel his raw strength, I let myself go. I love how that wolf goes crazy for me, how he claims me as his own and makes me feel things no other male ever has. It's a power dance where I allow myself to be dominated, enjoying every rough caress and his hot breath on my neck. Being his rival during the day only makes the sex more explosive.





They leave my room with flushed cheeks and a renewed loyalty

Discipline on the Deck

Running a crew isn't easy, but I have my methods to keep everything working like a Swiss watch. I'm no dictator; I like being that cool captain everyone respects because they know I look out for them. But of course, there's always some rookie or rebel who needs a reminder of who's in charge in this sector. When someone crosses the line, I don't shout or impose power through brute force; I simply ask them to join me in my private quarters to "settle accounts."

There, within the reinforced walls and dim lighting, the tone shifts. That "punishment" is usually much more sensual than people imagine. A bit of discipline applied with a firm yet caressing hand usually puts anyone in their place. I love seeing their legs shake when I get too close and whisper orders in their ear. They leave my room with flushed cheeks and a renewed loyalty that isn't bought with credits, but with that intimate connection only a daddy knows how to forge under the sheets.



A Date With Me

To my dear Daddyzine readers, I'll tell you something: don't strive to be perfect, strive to be authentic. To go out with me, or someone like me, you need that spark of confidence and you can't be afraid to play with fire. I love people who know what they want and dare to look me in the eye without blinking. I don't mind having an impromptu date at some lost port, having a few drinks, and enjoying a hot moment that makes us forget the cold of space. I'm a guy who appreciates life's pleasures and I'm always open to a good carnal adventure. However, I have to be honest with you: while my body might be yours for a night and I'll make you feel like you're in heaven, my heart has a very clear owner. Wolf has marked my soul in a way there's no turning back from. You can enjoy my company, my caresses, and my seduction, but at the end of the day, there will always be a trace of wolf scent on my fur.

