



A NAUGHTY OR NICE STORY

*A Brat
For Kinkmas*

★
JP SAYLE

Naughty or Nice

Season Three

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Trigger Warnings:

There is a scene depicting rape at the beginning of this book and the slaughter of a family, if this is a trigger then skip the prologue.

Some of the content of this book contains sexually graphic scenes, with the use of explicit language and adult situations.

Gay Romance / Mafia Daddy / Second Chance Romance / Bratty Boy / Opposites Attract

Can two men from different walks of life cross the barriers between them in order to find and keep love?

Beau Lester is a social butterfly in heels. He has it all—friends, family, and a job he loves—but wants more. When he meets Zivkovic, Beau believes the man is everything he wants and needs. Until Zivkovic disappears, crushing his heart. Then Ziv reappears, but will Beau be willing to pick up where they left off?

Brought up on the streets of Serbia, Zivkovic Zamen has fought hard to gain fear and respect from his peers. Life is all about knowing where the next attack might come from. Nothing can prepare him for dealing with an attack on his heart. Now he's fighting for survival but he doesn't know the rules of the game. The stakes are higher than they've ever been because he's got much more to lose—Beau.

A Brat for Kinkmas is an age gap, sizzling hot romance, with a Mafia Daddy and a boy who knows his own mind. It's part of the *Naughty or Nice Season Three* multi-author series. Each book can be read as a standalone, but there are so many Daddies and boys finding their happily ever afters, why not grab them all?

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Naughty or Nice Season Three

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A Cutie for Kinkmas by Morticia Knight

A Kitten for Kinkmas by R.J. Moray

A Silver Fox For Kinkmas by Colette Davison

A Daddy for Kinkmas by Reese Morrison

A Beauty for Kinkmas by R.A. Frick

A Ginger for Kinkmas by Chara Croft

A Brat For Kinkmas by JP Sayle

Prologue

Zivkovic

It was a blessed relief to get out of the house, to escape the oppressiveness that came with his parents' daily growing fear. He moved quickly and silently through the woods, knowing how dangerous it was to be caught alone. Small twigs and chunks of wood were collected in his arms. His eyes scanned continuously as he moved further away from his home and the protection it offered.

A shiver wracked his body, and another until his teeth clacked together. The canopy of the trees appeared to keep the cold trapped between the large trunks, offering no respite. His clothes were no defence against the winter months. The cold dug deep and bit at his bones until they felt like they might snap.

The laughter under his breath was brittle and humourless as he continued on. He couldn't remember a time he'd felt warm, even in the summer he lived with a coldness inside him. Each day it seemed to take away a part of his soul. The war that was tearing his country apart ensured that.

He'd watched friends gunned down in the street in cold blood, over what?

Politics?

Religion?

Ethnic Cleansing?

Cleansing of what? Fuck if he could figure it out. And all the while, the war continued taking more than he wanted to give. His people were murdered, raped, and tortured for crimes the military and the paramilitary decided they were guilty of. His head was full of it, nothing switched off his brain.

Nothing allowed him to be the fourteen year old boy he secretly yearned for in the dark. He was no longer a boy, but a man who stressed over when his life was going to end. The murmurings over recent days between those brave enough to speak of the atrocities was that the military were coming for the younger boys. Did he want to fight for a country that didn't stand for its people? He was sure it wouldn't be long before they came for him, forcing him to make a stand.

It was one more worry he'd discussed with Отац. He had no answer for his son, only more concern about all the possibilities of how things would end for them all.

His mother's sweet face showed the ravages of hunger and fear. It hardened Zivkovic's heart to watch her suffer when he could do nothing. Was defenceless when those around him were too scared of what would befall them.

Death from starvation and hypothermia were high on the list of possibilities for them all, and in some ways, they were kinder than the other options. His eyes darkened with hate for his countrymen. The gnawing pain in his stomach was all consuming as his arms held on to the wood as if he could use it as a weapon.

Immediately alert, Zivkovic ducked behind a tree at the sound of a breaking branch. Slowly he lowered the wood in his arms to the hard ground beneath him. Had someone followed him?

His eyes alert for danger, his hands trembled, though he would never acknowledge it, and his heart thudded hard in his chest. He wasn't as strong as he'd like. Lack of food had taken its toll on his body. If they took him now and accused him of lies, there would be little he could do. Rage burned through him, giving him some respite from the cold.

There were things that were worse than dying fast. Dying slowly and without mercy. That was his biggest dread.

He kept his breathing shallow as he peeked out several minutes later, hearing nothing but the sounds of birds chirping. Darting back, he repeated the move until he was certain he was alone. His senses were on high alert for danger.

His breath misted the air in front of him when he finally stood on stiff legs and gathered up the meager collection of sticks and continued on his trek deeper into the woods.

The woods offered him some solace and peace from life, regardless of how it took most of his energy in his daily search for wood. He didn't want to think about how, as the winter

sunk its claws into the land, there was less and less wood to find to keep their home warm and beat back the winter freeze.

An hour later, his arms aching, he trudged back along the path with weakened legs. It was a path he knew well enough to walk it in the darkness, as he did now. It led to the tiny home he lived in, sitting on the edge of his hometown, Valjevo.

His heart stuttered in his chest, refusing to beat as a scream rent the air. Before he could fully register his intention, the wood fell from his arms in a clatter, hitting his legs. The pain barely noticeable while he stood frozen in place, his eyes searched the darkness. The next scream galvanised him. He took off running to the one and only house in this part of the tree line. His home.

Blood ran hotly through his veins as he squinted at the house that came into view. There were several military vehicles and his fear competed with his anger.

Through the small kitchen window he could see several reflections. His heart hit his ribcage painfully hard. He tripped and fell to the ground.

“Јебига,” he cursed under his breath as he struggled to catch it. Had they seen him?

Fear gnawed at his innards like nothing he'd ever experienced before. His hands stung from the cuts on his palms but nothing stopped his need to see what the monsters were doing. He belly crawled over the rocky ground to the house as he heard the soldiers shout obscenities at his mother.

The spit dried in his throat as he reached the base of the wall just below the kitchen window. The next scream cut through his heart, forever wrenching it apart as his mother begged for mercy. The screams grew ragged as Zivkovic forced himself to stand, to watch.

His eyes ached with the tears that were frozen on his eyelashes. They acted like a prison to stop him blinking and hiding from the horrors beyond the window. His mother's cries were deafening as the men took turns to violate her, laughing and joking as they held his father's face so he couldn't look away.

The fresh bruises he wore showed he'd fought, but to no avail; there were too many men crowding the room to fight against.

His fists were clearly no defence against the men and their guns and knives.

A knife was held at his mother's throat, cutting her skin when she struggled, which only made them fuck her harder. The table moved as the screams became nothing but strangled gasps, until there was no sound at all. That was so much worse.

Zivkovic's soul turned black, he was sure it had when the world became a dark place as he witnessed his mother give up. Her head flopped listlessly to the side, her soulless eyes meeting his gaze. The last man pulled out of her, cursing her for dying too soon.

His throat burned with bile but he swallowed it back, not wanting to give these men any part of him.

The man's comrades laughed at his misfortune, slapping each other as they redressed. Their callousness stamped a path directly to his broken heart.

It was then that Zivkovic looked at his father. The grief was etched into his features as he looked toward the window, as if knowing Zivkovic was there. Their gazes held.

His father's lips parted and Zivkovic was sure he heard the word 'run' in his mind as the sound of shots rang out and his father was released and dropped to the floor. His body writhed as blood stains appeared through his shirt, spreading around him to pool in a macabre red that glimmered in the overhead light.

"Run."

He wasn't sure if it was his father's final word or one he'd spoken himself, but as his gaze swept the room, he knew it was for the final time. His home was broken, much like the people inside.

As he turned away, what was left of his heart was laid in the room with those who'd loved him. He swore, as he ran like the devil was chasing him, that he would not let himself feel for another. That he would never be vulnerable again to the pain that was ripping his innards to shreds.

"Копилад," he sobbed. His boots crunched into the ground as he searched for the path to escape. Only there would be no escape for his mind and the pictures impaled brutally on his brain.

He barely entered the tree line before he heard the crashing sound of feet following him. His lungs burned as he used his knowledge of the woods to head deeper into the darkest parts, knowing if they caught him he'd suffer a similar fate or worse, if they took him alive.

The hate and devastating grief kept him upright. He ran using both, knowing there was nowhere to hide from them. But he could and would hide from those who hunted him and possibly wanted him dead.

His fists balled as his chest billowed from the exertion, using every bit of strength he had to keep going as the shouts behind him grew louder.

He wasn't ready to die.

His father had always said he had potential to make something of himself and he would, if not for himself but for their sacrifice. Iced tears ran down his cheeks unheeded as he promised himself never to be in a position to care for someone so they could be taken from him.

Never again would he hurt like this.

Never!

No one was worth this pain.

Chapter One

Zivkovic

The booth he'd picked allowed for a level of privacy and anonymity, something essential to Ziv. The men guarding him sat off to his left in a booth of their own, pretending interest in those around them dressed in leather and not much else. They all nursed bottles of water, the same as Ziv. The club had a strict no alcohol policy for anyone wishing to play. Ziv was aware none of his bodyguards were interested in BDSM, not that he cared. They were employed to keep him safe, nothing more. Their likes or dislikes were none his concern. The men just needed to be alert to any danger.

Ziv eyed the crowded room, with hardly a free seat. The place had filled in the last hour. The mix of men always got his blood pumping with anticipation. Would he find someone to interest him tonight?

It had been a while since he had taken any personal time out to play with a sub. This wasn't his first visit to this particular club. The Playroom, a discreet BDSM club in Notting Hill catering to men only. It was one of his favourite places as it suited his vast tastes. A thrill of expectation pulsed through

him. The tension that had been riding his ass hard for days had eased the moment he'd walked through the door of the club. Closing tough negotiations with the New York Mazzilli family had not been a walk in the park. Davidovic, his head of security, had intel suggesting they were up to something, so the venue had been changed and moved to London as a neutral place for all concerned. The figurehead of the Mazzilli family was a weak-assed punk. He felt secure due to the solid team of advisors and his family, making it hard, not impossible, to think about removing him. It was on Ziv's consideration list and if the difficulties continued, it would become more than that.

A hand on his arm roused him from his thoughts.

He arched a brow at Davidovic as he leaned in to be heard over the music. "How much longer before this thing starts?" His Slavic accent was thick and hard, matching cold silvery eyes that scanned the room. Davidovic had never worked to rid himself of his accent, unlike Ziv.

"Soon. Why? Are you impatient to watch?" he said in perfect English, with only the hint of an accent.

Davidovic stiffened, his gaze anywhere but on Ziv. He would rather be anywhere but here due to the risks he perceived it posed while the Mazzilli family were still in London. His job was to protect Ziv and he took the job seriously. Had always done so, since the first time he'd rescued Ziv's ass from men who thought they could sell him as a whore.

Ziv had been unaware of who he was dealing with and had been drugged. It was a life lesson he never forgot and was why he never went anywhere he didn't know who or what he was dealing with. His research team had a full dossier on The Playroom's owners, Nathan and Carl, as well as their partners, Lenny and Adam. It might be perceived as overkill to have checked out all those who worked in the club, along with all the members, but it wasn't in Ziv's line of business. One that crossed the line from legal to illegal, though more often than not he was a reputable businessman who owned shares in many different companies. Some of which included the illegal sales of certain things.

Being vulnerable to attack made Davidovic tense and, when combined with his current air of disapproval, pissed off. But he was wise enough not to question Ziv's choices, no one was stupid enough to do that.

The man might not have voiced his opinion, but Ziv was well aware of Davidovic's displeasure. The man was not always good at masking his thoughts from Ziv. They had grown up on the streets of their home country, Serbia, fighting for a better life than they'd had. They were closer than blood brothers and Davidovic was the only person in the world Ziv trusted implicitly. Despite this close bond however, they could never be mistaken for brothers. Ziv was the exact opposite of Davidovic's blond, silvery eyed appearance. He was dark and swarthy skinned, with dark eyes.

Ziv had cunning and intelligence. Davidovic was a fighter, driven by loyalty. They were of a similar build and both

enjoyed contact sports, which kept their fighting skills honed. One never knew when they would be needed in their business.

“No.” The clipped response held a wealth of information.

A wry chuckle was Ziv’s answer as he reached from his water and uncapped the sealed bottle to take a sip. Movement and light drew Ziv’s gaze to the bar. The light danced over the man leaning against it. His head was thrown back as he laughed at whatever the man next to him had said. The boy was alluring.

Ziv dismissed the companion but his gaze travelled down the willowy frame of the laughing man. The mesh top in a gold shimmery material highlighted the pierced nipples beneath the material. Long slender legs were encased in brown leather trousers and were tucked into spiked, heeled boots. An unbidden image filled Ziv’s mind of the boy wearing nothing but them as Ziv fucked him hard against a wall, not letting him come until Ziv allowed it. Would the boy beg?

His body stirred and reminded him it had been far too long since he’d last indulged himself.

The guy’s slender hand ran up the arm of the other man and something ugly unfurled in Ziv’s gut. His jaw ticked, his attention back to the laughing eyes. Gorgeous. Tempting. Carefree. All fitted the boy.

He batted glittery eyelashes at the man. The smoky brown eyeshadow extenuated the blue of his eyes and held Ziv’s attention. The full lips were in something glossy. In the light, they were slick and ripe like the insides of a peach.

Would he taste of peach?

His back molars ground together when the boy angled his body in a blatant invitation to the man he continued to touch. Stomach clenching, the ugly feeling, heavier than a stone, sank to the pit of his guts. His knuckles whitened around the bottle of water. The urge to get up and walk across the room and step between the two men was ignored. He never gave in to impulses, he knew better. An unsettled feeling gathered at the base of his neck, something he wasn't used to experiencing. The urge to rub at his neck was also resisted. Showing any outward sign of concern was unacceptable.

Ziv shifted his gaze back to Davidovic, needing a distraction though he'd never admit it. Davidovic's expression revealed nothing but it moved from Ziv to where his gaze had been.

Ziv held Davidovic's stare when it returned to him, showing none of the disquiet he felt at the urge to glance once more at the boy at the bar to see if the man had indeed taken the invitation.

“He's not your usual type.”

“I have no type.” It was true, he didn't. His only preference was for men who understood he wasn't looking for anything serious. Only for them to be willing to let Ziv do what he wanted to them, whenever and wherever. It was how he'd discovered The Playroom five years earlier, after he'd been invited by one of his boys. The man, whose name he couldn't remember, had been interested in BDSM and it had intrigued

Ziv enough to want to try it out. The boy was long forgotten, but his interest in this type of lifestyle had remained.

When he was in London, Ziv always paid a visit to the club to let off a little steam. Lounging back against the leather seat, he set his mind to doing just that. He inhaled the potent masculine scents of sex, sweat, and anticipation. The beat of the music was a low, sexy throb.

As he resisted looking back at the bar, the crowd became hushed as the centre stage, which could be seen from any seat in the large room, lit up to display the structure that was going to be used for the Shibari demonstration.

Two men walked up the steps. The huge blond, Nathan, held the hand of the slim, ginger-haired man, Lenny. He was slender, his muscle tone well defined. Ziv would have guessed the man did a manual job, had he not already been aware Lenny was a chef. When Davidovic had done his security checks, he'd uncovered Nathan's past. The man had endured his own demons and had overcome them to succeed in claiming back his life, something Ziv respected. He had spoken with Nathan once or twice.

Music died away and Ziv's gaze lingered on the couple on the stage. The air of anticipation was palpable as a hushed silence fell, the couple on stage moving in total harmony. The unspoken language of trust was easy to pick up. Lenny's confidence in Nathan was evident as he submitted to him in a way Ziv could admire and envy Nathan for.

Lenny was focused only on his Dom as he worked the ropes around his willowy body. The scars on the man's lower abdomen were avoided. A childhood of abuse had left their marks for all to see and Lenny didn't shy away from revealing them.

Time passed as the hemp ropes were intricately bound around Lenny's pale skin. The deep red stood out against his skin tone, bringing the pattern to life. His arousal, encouraged by the ropes Nathan had wound around his sac and cock base, stood proud from his body. When he was finished, Lenny was attached to a frame and hung suspended in a web of ropes. His expression was one of bliss, his hooded eyelids barely slits. The soft whimpers and groans as Nathan touched him could be heard in the silence of the room. It was as if everyone was holding their collective breath.

Ziv caught movement out of the side of his eye. The glimmer of the gold top drew his attention from the show to the gorgeous boy who was alone, standing mere feet from him. The boy's attention was held raptly by the couple on the stage. The tip of a pink tongue ran over the curvy lower lip, then caught between even white teeth.

For long minutes, Ziv forgot about the couple on the stage as he watched the boy who wore a captivated expression.

Was he imagining himself up there? No control? Vulnerable?

The nudge to his ribs brought his attention reluctantly to the man sitting next to him. "What?" he growled, keeping none of his impatience to himself.

“I thought you wanted to see the show!”

A feeling of unease flowed over him as he realised Nathan was removing the ropes and people were clapping, but years of controlling his emotions allowed him to keep it at bay.

How long had he been staring?

The unsettled feeling grew when he was tempted once more to look to his right. “I’ve seen enough.” His jaw rigid, his body felt tight in his clothing. He rose and the bodyguards snapped to attention and stood.

Davidovic cursed and rose. “People are staring!” he exclaimed in a frustrated tone.

Ziv’s curse was all internal at the error of judgement, but he paid no attention to those around them and made his way through the throng of people towards the exit. People moved out of his way as if sensing he wasn’t someone to be messed with.

He was nearly to the door when he caught the scent of something sweet and sexy, right as an arm brushed against his suit sleeve. Instinct took over. His defensive move had the other man’s arm pinned up his back in a position that immobilised him and brought him flush against Ziv.

Startled blue eyes with glittery eyelashes stared up at him and Ziv’s aroused cock pulsed when the expression became sultry, tempting.

“Darling, rough works for me but at least introduce yourself first.” The voice held a sensuality that ran over Ziv’s skin like

silk.

His grip tightened for a second before Davidovic intervened. “Is there a problem here?”

The curiosity in the boy’s eyes as they moved between the two men was blatant. “There is if you want there to be,” the brat of a boy quipped, without hesitation.

Ziv let go of his arm, feeling his fingers tingle from the contact and leaving him with a swirling sensation in his chest he’d never experienced, and didn’t like.

“I apologise for my rough handling.” He bowed his head a fraction.

“Don’t be.” The boy batted his eyelashes at Ziv. “Nice to meet you...” His head tilted to the side, waiting.

“Ziv Kamen,” Ziv answered, before he could think better of it.

Davidovic’s curse was loud enough for Ziv to hear, almost drowning out his own internal exclamation at his ridiculous behaviour around the boy.

He must be more tired than he realised.

A manicured hand was held out toward him and his gaze narrowed on it as if it was a viper, ready to attack. “Beau Lester, it was nice to bump into you.”

The bodyguards moved into a position surrounding the young man. Beau eyed them, one brow quirked up, though he showed no signs of fear. “Okay then.”

The hand dropped to his side when the men glowered menacingly at him. “I’ll take that as my cue to exit stage right.” He winked at Ziv. “It was nice almost meeting you Ziv.”

He spun on the heels that still barely brought him up to Ziv’s chest and waved his hand at the two men blocking his way. With some amusement, Ziv watched as Beau continued to make shoo-ing motions before walking at them, giving them little option but to move or be forced to touch the little spitfire.

Gone into the crowded room a second later, Ziv remained standing staring after Beau, baffled.

“What the fuck are you playing at?” Davidovic hissed in his ear. “What part of keeping a low profile here did you not understand?”

Their long term connection was the only reason Ziv tolerated Davidovic’s show of disrespect, plus the fact that it came from a place of fear for him. “That *is* me keeping a low profile. I didn’t put the boy over a spanking bench to show him what happens to a cheeky brat, did I?” The sarcasm thickened his accent. That was exactly what he wanted to do.

Davidovic’s skin was flushed an unhealthy red as his eyes glittered coldly. He gave a clipped nod. On that, Ziv continued onto the exit. Outside, he took a deep breath of the crisp night air, hoping to rid himself of the need to go back and...

No.

A full moon lit the cloudless sky. His car pulled up to the curb a second later and he slipped into the back seat. His head rested back and he shut his eyes. The image of the boy appeared behind his eyelids unbidden. He cursed and opened his eyes as the cars moved from the curb. His gaze on the window, he didn't miss Beau step out of the club, or that he wasn't alone.

“Ring Sylvester and have him go to the house at Clanricarde Gardens. Tell him to wear heels,” he ground out, determined to replace the image of the brat, naked in heels, from his thoughts.

Chapter Two

Beau

As they exited the club, Dean, his on again off again boyfriend asked once more, “Are you sure you don’t want to come back to mine?”

The man had been showing more interest in a blond at the bar, which had made Beau laugh because what else was he supposed to do? They were back to a place where Dean was looking for something extra to spice up their relationship.

Dean, for a while, was what Beau needed. It was fun and their arrangement had worked for both of them. They’d done a couple of threesomes and though Beau was adventurous and up for trying anything at least once, it was starting to lose its lustre.

His two best friends finding their perfect Daddies left him yearning for more. He’d discovered fun was fine, but he wanted what his friends had love. He wanted to be someone’s sole focus.

A pair of dark, dangerous eyes floated into his mind as the three large Land Rover Discoveries pulled away from the curb in a way that appeared co-ordinated and drew Beau’s gaze. As

if he'd brought those same eyes from his thoughts, they stared at him from the back of the second car. Enigma. It was perfect for the man.

A shiver ran down Beau's spine before the car headed down the street, the taillights disappearing out of view seconds later.

Who was he? Beau had never seen him at the club before. The Playroom was one of his regular haunts to go with Dean, or when he wanted to let off some steam from a bad day at work.

The edge of danger and power were not something Beau or anyone else could miss. Ziv. What kind of name was that? The accent was barely traceable. The blond with him looked Eastern European and sounded it, but Ziv didn't.

"Beau?"

The hand on his arm brought him from his thoughts. He smiled absently at Dean. He was attractive, dark and good looking, but there was nothing... dangerous about him. He was predictable and for a while that suited. Now...

"Hey, are you okay?"

Beau nodded. "I'm fine. And no, I think you should go back inside and see if the blond is interested in playing with you."

Furrows appeared before a look of relief, one Dean didn't hide. "Are you sure?"

He was a good man. "Yes. Go have fun."

"I'll ring you tomorrow."

“Darling, I think you and I both know that there is no point. If you ever want to go for a coffee or lunch, then sure. As for the rest, you need something... more.” If he was truthful, Beau needed more, only he wasn’t exactly sure what, besides being someone’s sole focus.

Dean brushed a kiss over his cheek. “I’ll miss you.”

Giggling, Beau fluttered his eyelashes at Dean. “Of course you will. What’s not to miss of all this fabulousness.”

The head shake was expected. The Uber he’d ordered inside the club before...

“Here’s your lift.” Dean opened the door, ignoring the other men piling out of the club behind them. “Let me know you got home safe.”

“Will do, Daddy.”

Dean coughed, as did the driver, but Beau didn’t care about others’ sensibilities, except his parents. That was something he’d not inflict on them. They didn’t need to know what their son was into.

“Be off with you, troublemaker.”

The door shut behind him before he could respond. Beau settled into the seat after giving the driver his randomly generated pin-code. He stared out the window, his nose twitching at the unfamiliar scent of Ziv’s aftershave that clung to the sleeve of his top.

Beau rubbed at his arm. The ache lingered from the rough touch and he was pleased the lighting in the club had not

revealed his body's reaction to the stranger manhandling him. If he was honest, as soon as he'd arrived at the club he'd been intrigued by Ziv and his entourage. The man exuded power, only with the added extra of a dangerous animal. The way he moved was all predator.

Beau, as a child, had gone to London Zoo and become fascinated with the Sumatran Tigers. The fierce cats and their killer, dark eyes spoke to them being the dominant species. One that knew how high it was in the food chain. They were dark and dangerous, warning people they weren't to be messed with when they stared at Beau. Ziv's stare was the same. The moment it had ensnared Beau, he'd felt it deep inside in the same way he had when he'd looked into the tiger's eyes. Danger, keep away and don't fuck with me. Impossible to resist.

Was that why I'd brushed past him?

You've never been able to resist a challenge.

It was all Jessie's voice inside his head. One of his best friends who was never one to shy away from telling him how it was. His other best friend, Patrick, was much the same, only he was the quieter one of the three of them.

A sigh escaped at what lay waiting for him at home... nothing. No best friend to talk to about the encounter, talk him out of doing something crazy like cyber stalking Ziv Kamen.

Being alone sucked.

The place he'd called home for the last several years was a flat in Clanricarde Gardens. It once housed him and his two best friends. The three of them were childhood friends and Beau just couldn't envision himself sharing with anyone other than them. The expensive rent wasn't an issue, not when Patrick's Daddy/boyfriend, Akker, had purchased the flat. He'd put it in Patrick's name so that Beau had a place to stay and Patrick had a bolt hole if he needed it at any time. It was such a caring thing to do, to think about Patrick's friends.

Another deep sigh left his parted lips when he considered all the changes that had happened over the last two years. Much had changed for his two best friends. Jessie had been the first to find love and his dream Daddy, Smithy. Then four months ago, Patrick had returned from his holiday to Italy and not many weeks later had moved in with his Daddy, Akker.

Leaving Beau as last man standing... *alone*.

It wasn't that he didn't see either of his best friends regularly, he did. He'd just never been alone before. He'd moved from home to uni and in with his two best friends. One positive, and he needed one right then, it was good for his OCD. The place had never been so tidy without Patrick messing it all up.

"There looks to have been an accident up ahead," the driver grumbled. Beau glanced out the front of the cab to see a line of traffic and lots of flashing blue lights illuminating the night.

He calculated where they were as the guy slowed. "Go along Moscow road and then take a right on Ossington Street. You can come out on Notting Hill Gate. It's the next right after that

to take you to Clanricarde Gardens. That will avoid whatever happened up there.”

“Thanks,” was the murmured reply as the guy took the road Beau suggested without argument. He noticed others were turning around in the road too.

Minutes later, they pulled up outside the building that housed Beau’s flat. He thanked the driver and got out. On the curb, regardless of the chilly November night air, Beau pulled out his phone to add a tip. The guy hadn’t got mouthy at him making suggestions, and that in itself deserved a tip.

Happy, he pushed the phone into his tight leather pants then tugged out the small keyring holding the flat keys. The lack of jacket was more obvious as seconds ticked by and the icy wind picked up. Beau ran hot most of the time and when he went out, style took precedence over warmth.

His nipples stiffened to hard peaks, the bars adorning both tugged as they caught in his top. He released a small moan at the sensation. Heading up the steps to the front door, he didn’t bother to look at the sound of engines slowing. It was a little unusual for traffic at this time of night, but not uncommon.

Up the steps and at the door, his key in the lock, Beau jerked at the sound of car tyres screeching, his hand letting go of the key to spin around. His heel caught in the grout of the old, uneven tiles and he tipped forward, arms flailing to stop him launching down the steps. Nothing worked and he let out a shout as he tumbled down the couple of steps. He landed hard, his skull hitting the pavement as the world went black.

~/~/~/~

Pain, not the good kind, brought Beau from the blackness. His eyelids fluttered open, then immediately slammed shut at the brightness of the light above his head. The memory of falling in vivid technicolour filled his brain, along with a myriad of aches and pains in odd places over his body.

Cold hard ground was not what he lay on. The softness under him was scented with a deep masculine odour that Beau was not familiar with.

Hospital's had never smelt this good, or not that he could remember.

Who had brought him?

Someone in the cars, had they helped him and called an ambulance?

The lack of chaotic noise roused him once more, only the pain was a motherfucker and any slight movement made the brutal headache sing like a damn canary. Beau lay still, hoping that would prevent the pain from worsening.

After a few seconds, Beau's lips trembled when remaining motionless did nothing to stop the pain. Why weren't they giving him the good drugs to help with the pain?

His senses prickled with unease when warm breath touched his cheek. His heart took flight in his chest and he struggled to keep his breathing even and get his eyelids to obey and open, regardless of what he'd suffer.

“Why isn’t he opening his eyes?” asked an unfamiliar, yet vaguely familiar voice.

The pain lanced through his skull as his eyelid finally got the picture something was wrong, only he wasn’t the one peeling open his eye lid. No, it was a gentle finger. Beau whimpered at the bright flash of light flicking over his eye.

“Stop that!” he shouted, only it came out as a hoarse whisper. Constrictive bands formed around his chest when no one paid any attention and continued to open his other eye.

“He’s likely got a concussion, along with the soft tissue injuries and bruising. There are no obvious breaks, but I’d need an X-ray machine to confirm that. I can arrange for him to be taken to the hospital.”

He wasn’t in a hospital! Where the hell was he? A cold sweat coated his skin and his panic filled thoughts fought with the pain.

“No, you assured me that there was nothing broken when you arrived,” the vaguely familiar voice said, curtly.

“From what you describe, it is unlikely he’s broken anything, but as I have said, to completely rule that out, he’ll need X-rays. As for the cut on his head, the wound isn’t deep so I’ve glued it, but there is a possibility it could open. If it does, it will require stitches. For that I’d need to shave his hair.”

The conversation came at him as if Beau was underwater, making it difficult to fathom if he should be struggling and running for whatever door was closest.

“No one is shaving my head,” he managed to say past his dry mouth, like that was his biggest worry. But the idea of shaving his curls was by far the easiest thing to focus on.

“You will do as you’re told.”

“You’re not my Daddy,” Beau said, with as much indignation as he could muster, which wasn’t much. He was god knows where, unable to open his eyes, and generally feeling in a shitty mood. No one got to boss him, especially a stranger. What he’d actually said registered somewhere in the back of his mind, but with the pain clouding his thoughts, he wasn’t sure what was wrong with saying ‘Daddy’ aloud.

A hand touched his head and he cried out before the world went black once more.

Chapter Three

Zivkovic

“This is madness, we can’t keep the boy here,” Davidovic repeated for the third time in the last eighteen hours, as he placed the file of information Ziv had requested on the boy down in front of him. “We are due to leave tomorrow morning for Switzerland. You have planned meetings.” The curtness was expected and easily ignored. The edge of anger was not.

Ziv regarded Davidovic with icy eyes, his brow arched. “And you are reminding me of this because? You think it was me who hit my head last night?” His tone matched the icy stare and chilled the room.

Davidovic’s shoulders were set in one stiff line. The tension rolled off him. His jaw was clamped shut and there was a tick next to his lip on the right side, revealing his restraint at voicing his displeasure. “No, Sir.”

“This discussion is over, leave.”

Davidovic nodded, turning to walk stiffly out of the room, the door shutting quietly behind him.

Ziv regarded the closed door leading into his bedroom, where the boy lay in a drug induced sleep. The doctor had remained for the first twelve hours, administering pain medication only after doing half hourly neuro observations for eight hours. When he'd deemed there were no signs of internal bleeding, he'd given the drugs and stayed a further four hours at Ziv's demand. He'd left Ziv when the boy had fallen into a settled sleep.

Ziv had the doctor on speed dial if there were any deviations. He'd personally continued hourly checks, not wanting his men in his personal space. Or that was the excuse he'd given to himself, not that he'd ever explain himself to those he employed.

That had been six hours earlier. The evening was drawing in and he had yet to make decisions about what to do next. The next day was Monday.

He picked up the file on the boy. He'd been honest about his name. He skimmed through the information, and frowned at the name on the deeds of the flat he lived in. The place had been sold recently to... Akker Carlson, but it was signed over to Patrick Holmes. Who were Akker Carlson and Patrick Holmes to Beau? Were Akker or Patrick the man he was with last night? There was nothing to give Ziv that information. He'd only requested information on Beau, he would need to remedy that later. He justified it as the boy was in his personal space, and therefore a possible risk.

Davidovic had told him there were three bedrooms in the flat that the boy's key fitted in the building just down from Ziv's. There was only evidence of one person living there, though.

He continued to read on. Beau Lester was twenty-eight, with a degree in accountancy. He had worked for Harper Collins since he'd finished at university, lived alone, and had no prior convictions or arrests.

His life was laid out in a couple of sheets of paper. Where he was born, who his parents were, and that he was an only child. His bank account and credit cards showed a man who liked to shop, but not excessively that he couldn't afford to live off his wages. There was nothing out of the ordinary about the boy's life. Nothing that set off any alarm bells, yet the unsettled feelings Ziv had since he'd laid eyes on the boy at the club continued to hum unpleasantly. What was it about the boy?

He shut the file, placed it down and reached for his phone, dialling Anya's number. It was Sunday and late but he was unconcerned about that. He paid his staff well.

"Sir," her tone was clipped and efficient, with no element of friendlessness.

"I need you to rearrange my schedule for the next seven days. If Baum gets difficult, remind him that I can take my business elsewhere." Karl Baum and Ziv had been doing business for several years and Ziv was aware the man could be difficult to handle when it came to any form of change that wasn't planned well in advance. Less than twenty-four hours' notice was not enough notice for the anal man.

There was no reaction. “Yes, Sir. Do you have any particular order you want for them?”

“No. Fit them in wherever they’ll go.”

“I’ll look at your calendar and make new arrangements. Once they are confirmed I’ll send the changes to your email. Is there anything else?”

He hesitated and considered asking Anya to do a more in depth search on Beau. “No.”

Ending the call, he placed the phone down on the desk, knowing she would not pester him with any stupid issues. She was perfectly capable of dealing with them. She had worked for him for fourteen years and was aware of what he wouldn’t tolerate.

She’d been fifteen when he’d found her chained to a bed in a whore house, one that could have been his home too. The men who’d taken him to sell him had not changed their habits and had been easy to find when Ziv had taken the time to go looking. Reprisals had been swift for what they’d done to him. The house held other victims. They’d found two girls and two boys in the house. They were not his concern but Anya, when he’d thrown the keys to the cuffs at her, had done the unexpected. Instead of crying, she’d looked him in the eye and asked how she could repay her debt for the freedom he’d given her.

When she’d fully healed from her injuries, she’d come to work for Ziv doing whatever he asked her to. She’d shown an aptitude for office work and organisation. She’d quickly

worked her way up into a trusted position, taking courses to educate herself. Eventually, she'd become his personal assistant and was now key in keeping his horrendously busy schedule on track.

One that was now going to need a miracle to fit everything in. He was aware of how tight things had been before he'd rung her. Anger and frustration he never revealed to others formed in a fierce scowl at his own behaviour.

There were no real gaps in his schedule up until Christmas to fit in the meetings he'd cancelled. Was he going to have to give up the two week vacation to go to his island retreat in the Maldives, on Cocoa Island? The island home was the one place he allowed himself to take some time to recharge.

There was no sigh at how that would now need to change, it was pointless. His actions last night had to be dealt with. The debacle was...

He ran his hands through his tousled dark hair and got up to walk to the door leading into his bedroom. He opened the door, seeing the boy lay sprawled in the middle of his queen sized bed, resembling a starfish. He couldn't see the boy's face, which was squished into a navy pillowcase as he lay on his front, possibly avoiding laying on the back of his head.

Ziv stared at the matted curls. The blood had been washed out of the hair leaving the ugly gash and the glue his private physician had used to stop the bleeding plainly visible.

Never one to be squeamish or unduly concerned at the sight of blood, last night had done something to Ziv. The sight of blood

oozing from the boy's skull had made him feel... *unsteady*.

Another first was the odd sense of what he'd had time to analyse as panic, which came after he'd witnessed the boy totter on his heels and fall down the few steps, before he could dive out of the car. He was honest enough to acknowledge his request for the driver to stop so quickly had resulted in the car behind them coming to a screeching halt, which had drawn the boy's attention. If he'd kept quiet, seconds later the boy would have disappeared into the building safely. Only the shock of seeing the boy standing not three doors from his home couldn't be ignored. His first reaction had been suspicion.

Once they'd moved the boy into Ziv's home and called his physician, Davidovic had gone and checked out where the boy was headed. Ziv had been shocked to discover Beau did indeed live inside the building, alone. The file confirmed that, yet there were more unanswered questions. Ones that set Ziv's teeth on edge. Was the man Beau had been with his boyfriend?

Anger was an ugly emotion he rarely gave into. It clouded one's judgement and Ziv always liked to be in control. He took a deep breath, then another, releasing each one slowly. He unfolded the clenched fists at his sides, unaware they had balled into fists.

Never one to consider anything a coincidence, Ziv couldn't say the boy living three doors from him was anything more than that. He didn't believe in fate or any such nonsense. The thick carpet muffled his approach to the bed. The rise and fall

of Beau's back as he breathed deep and even suggested he was asleep.

Several times overnight and through the morning, Beau had cried out in pain and it had made Ziv tense, demanding the doctor do something. His argument that concussion was dangerous and could be masked by drugs had done little to appease Ziv when the boy begged for him to help.

Ziv took the seat at the side of the bed, where he'd spent the night watching the doctor for reasons he didn't want to think on. Not when he was still unsure why he'd brought the boy into his home and not taken him to his own.

He'd barely sat for a minute when the boy stirred and groaned. "Need to pee," he mumbled sleepily. His gaze was unfocused as it met Ziv's before the lids closed and he whispered, "Help me."

"Jeбига." The curse slipped out in his natural tongue as he rose up out of the chair and considered if he should get one of the men, who were standing in the hallway guarding the door to his bedroom, to take the boy to the bathroom.

"Don't know what that means, but it better be yes," Beau replied weakly, but the bratiness, if there was such a word, remained.

The idea of anyone touching the boy got his teeth clamping together. He reached over and peeled back the covers, releasing several more curse words under his breath. The boy's clothes had been removed last night to check his body for injuries. The top was soiled and covered in blood. Ziv had

dressed the boy in one of his shirts, though it drowned him. It landed just above the boy's knee as he helped him stand.

Beau swayed, his face draining of color, his eyes continuing to remain closed.

Had he given the boy too much medication?

“Jeбига.” Scooping the boy up into his arms, he didn't so much as make a noise. Ziv stalked to the bathroom and sat the boy on the toilet, then realised he still had his skimpy underpants on. “Put your arms around my neck,” he ground out harshly.

It took several seconds for Beau to comply, almost like he was trying to compute what Ziv wanted. Eventually, his arms moved slowly to wrap around his neck. Ziv shuddered when slim fingers threaded through the hair at the base of his skull and stroked.

Beau made a purring noise in the back of his throat like a small kitten. “So soft.” He laid his head carefully on Ziv's shoulder.

Hot breath touched Ziv's neck and, a moment later, lips followed in a feather-like caress. A sigh, which could only be described as contented, followed.

Back to cursing at how strange and out of control he felt, Ziv stood and Beau came with him, the height difference dislodging his head so it landed on Ziv's chest and stayed there. He blindly slipped his hands under the shirt and touched the silky scrap of material the boy considered underwear and

tugged them down. Then he crouched back down, sitting the boy back on the toilet seat.

Going to step away, the boy clung on. “Help me, Daddy.”

Ziv jerked as if someone had zapped his balls. They tingled as blood rushed into his cock. He glanced at the boy’s face. It was pale, the make-up smeared. His eyes were shut, not allowing Ziv to read the boy to see if he was playing with him. Was he taking him for a fool?

Daddy Kink wasn’t something he’d indulged in, bar one brief interlude where the boy he’d fucked had called him Daddy. It hadn’t had the same effect, not in the slightest. He’d been mildly annoyed and cut the interlude short. Something that was common for him.

For reasons he could not explain, he crouched back down and rubbed at the boys stomach. “Pee,” he growled.

“There’s no need to shout,” Beau mumbled, “I’m not deaf. I can hear you over the jackhammer in my head. Why can’t you make it stop?”

A tear ran down Beau’s cheek, then another, causing his mascara to streak and adding to the mess on his face. There should have been nothing appealing about him, yet Ziv couldn’t stop looking at the helpless boy. His heart gave several hard thuds when finally the boy started to pee while he continued to rub at his soft, round belly.

“That’s it.” The soft words brought him up short.

His teeth clamped together to stop any more nonsense coming out of his mouth. He should call Anya back and tell her to not cancel his week, as requested.

The sound of pee hitting the bowl stopped and they repeated what he'd done to get Beau standing. Once he'd pulled the pants back into place, he lifted the boy back into his arms. He snuggled into his chest, much like a cat. He was asleep before Ziv reached the bed.

More carefully than he was used to, he placed the boy onto his side and covered him. Beau immediately snuggled back into the pillow Ziv had used. The boy settled, his rhythmic breathing never changing.

Ziv's hands ran back through his hair as he stared at the man on the bed like he was a species he had never encountered before. He wasn't known to be kind-hearted. It was not in his nature.

Stepping away from the bed cautiously, he eyed the pills and glass of water on the slate grey cabinet. Should he wake him?

He rubbed at his gritty eyes, undecided. He was no nursemaid, what was he playing at? No one had forced him to... take care of the boy...

Then why had he?

When he couldn't find the answer, Ziv left the room quietly and went back into his office. He eyed his phone for several seconds back to scowling.

“Jeбига,” he cursed, low and long, his hand reaching once more for the file on Beau Lester and a pen to make notes on what else he wanted to know.

Will knowing make a difference?

Chapter Four

Beau

The gnawing hunger in the pit of his stomach, so severe that he wondered if he might have done something to his throat to stop him filling up the emptiness inside him, pulled Beau from sleep. The scent on the sheets wasn't wholly familiar. He blinked the room slowly into focus. The cast of dim light from the lamp at the side of the bed showed he wasn't in his own room, or a room he recognized.

He sat up but pain lanced from the back of his head into his temples. The room swam in front of his eyes and he cried out, clasping the side of his head. Beau was a pain slut when it came to sex, but when it came to his health, he was a big baby.

A door he'd not noticed burst open and a stranger — no, not a stranger, Ziv — appeared in the doorway. Beau blinked, blinked again, and struggled to get his brain to give him the answers to the where's and why fore's of his current situation. Hazy memories filtered through the now dull ache.

“What are you trying to do?” Ziv demanded in a tone that sounded not in the least bit amused or sympathetic to Beau's plight.

“Trying to stop my head from falling off, and my stomach from thinking I’ve slit my throat.” Dark brows merged into one line. “I’m hungry, like faint-worthy starving.” Beau watched the man prowl towards the bed, his expression hard and unwavering.

“You’ve been asleep for nearly twenty hours.”

“What?” Beau screeched, then regretted it when it set off the throbbing at his temples.

A hand was raked through messy dark hair.

Beau’s fingers tingled at a memory of touching the silky strands. Was he imagining it or had he touched him?

“You fell down the steps with those silly heels you had on and cracked your head. We found you.”

Snippets of conversation ran through his head. His nose wrinkled and he asked the first question that popped into his head. “Why did you not take me to the hospital?”

For some bizarre reason, Beau wasn’t scared. Which, under the circumstances, should have unnerved him. He was in a stranger’s house and had been for hours, and they could have done... *anything to him*. He did a mental check of his body. There wasn’t anything out of the ordinary, just some achiness in his shoulder, hip, and one knee, besides his head.

Adding to the bizarreness, he felt a slither of disappointment that the guy wasn’t interested in...

Fuck, he was kinky but that was something he would need to think about when he was alone and had all his faculties

working properly.

“My physician was perfectly able to treat you.”

One plucked brow arched at the man in front of him, his lips twitching. “Is that so?”

The man had a great poker face. “Yes. My house is three doors from yours so it was easy to bring you here.”

The twitching stopped. “Oh.” The feeling of disappointment was back.

Beau slowly turned his head to look about the room, the layout of which, now that he was focusing, did resemble that of his flat. The decoration was masculine. Slate grey and cream walls were matched with grey grained wood furniture, which included the large bed he was on. Sleek and clean lines were something Beau could appreciate.

One door of the floor to ceiling wardrobes hung open and revealed an array of shirts. “This is your bedroom,” he blurted out. His gurgling stomach was not at the top of the list of priorities right then. Beau glanced down at the shirt he wore, then back at the man who’d not moved a muscle, or so it seemed. “Am I wearing your clothes?”

Unsure if there was a tinge of pink under the dark swarthy skin, Beau wasn’t convinced the other guy was blushing at his revelation. What person took another into their home and got their private doctor to take care of them and dressed them in their clothes, letting them sleep in their bed... alone?

The man in front of him, it would seem. Had he been wrong about him at the club? Or was he just waiting to take advantage of Beau? Only in what way?

The thoughts added to the misery of the headache so he stopped thinking so hard.

The man remained silent, his lips pinched tight. “Can I have something to eat before going home? I’m not sure I can even manage the short walk without falling on my face again.”

The word the brooding man uttered made no sense as he stalked to the bed and pulled back the covers, indicating for Beau to get up. That was easier said than done when everything swayed alarmingly as Beau swung his legs over the edge of the bed. A rolling wave of dizziness caused his stomach to dip then dive up into his throat. Bile burned his throat as he retched. The burn at the back of his nose was the only warning he got before the meagre contents of his stomach spewed over the front of the immaculate shirt and tie of a... very unamused looking man. It dripped down and onto Beau’s bare legs, causing another wave of nausea at the pungent smell of vomit.

“Јебига,” came again and on repeat as Beau was lifted and hauled into a bathroom fast enough to make the room spin. Beau would be envious of the show of utter strength when he got his bearings, he was sure. His head was held over the sink as the next wave of vomit splattered the porcelain. The stuff on Ziv’s shirt and tie rubbed over Beau’s shirt, not helping his predicament as the smell came at him in warm waves.

“Put me down,” he asked breathlessly, moaning as his stomach cramped. He shut his eyes, hoping it would help when he was shifted and his feet touched the ground.

Whatever Ziv was saying was lost on Beau. He understood nothing, not one word as Ziv never released Beau fully and held on to him while he guided him in the direction of where Beau had seen the loo. None too gently, Beau was pushed down onto his knees in front of the toilet. He didn't blame Ziv, so far he hadn't been the perfect house guest.

After several more bouts of vomiting, Beau was wrung out and no longer hungry. He lay his head limply on the edge of the toilet bowl and prayed for something to stop his skull pounding and his stomach roiling. Tears leaked out of his closed eyes. He was sure he looked a dreadful sight.

The only sound was the clip of shoes on tile as Ziv made his escape and Beau cried a little harder, hating being alone when he felt so dreadful. Was Ziv going to get someone to haul his ass home?

Where was his phone? He needed to call Patrick or Jessie and see if they'd come and look after him. He wasn't sure where his things had been taken to and right then, going to find them wasn't something he had the energy to do. Would Ziv let him go home in the shirt?

The smell of vomit coming from his body would suggest the guy might not want it back. Beau gauged how his stomach was feeling. He'd read somewhere that concussion could cause vomiting. Was that the issue? Was he concussed? The pain at

the back of his head suggested it could be. The thoughts ran into each other so he gave up and let his mind shut off.

The feel of a wet cloth to his brow roused him. Had he fallen asleep on the toilet? He'd definitely not heard the clipped sound of shoes on tiles.

Could this day get any worse?

Beau groaned as he was levered up and the cloth ran over his cheeks and mouth. "You need to brush your teeth." Ziv's tone was hard as ice.

Okay, it could!

Mortification flooded his cheeks. Beau peeled open his eyes and stared up at the naked chest. His pulse leapt at the expanse of tanned skin with a smattering of dark hair and the rippling abdomen. "I don't think I've the energy to do anything right now... maybe catch me in a few hours."

Where Ziv thought Beau was going to find the energy to move, he wasn't sure. The stench of vomit lingered in his nose and the sour taste in his mouth did need to be dealt with, he just wasn't sure when. "Home, take me home," he muttered.

If he'd been here for twenty hours then it must be the early hours of Monday? That meant it had to be dark out so no one would see him looking a frightful mess.

The glittering anger in Ziv's gaze had Beau question whether he could make it on his own.

"No. Look at you! You are a mess." The angry, snarled point did little to help.

A mess. He'd bet his last pound he was, but did the guy need to point it out when he felt so crap? "Thanks for pointing that out. If you could get one of your henchmen to help me, I'll get out of your hair."

"Is there something wrong with your hearing? No!" Ziv growled, a dangerous glint in his eyes that set Beau's pulse hammering hard at his already painful temples.

"Then you're going to need to take care of me." Beau rested his head back on the toilet and shut his eyes. Take that Mr. Bossy Pants.

The growl was low and menacing. The touch, when it came, was gentler than Beau expected. Arms came around his and fingers deftly dealt with the buttons on the shirt. It was taken off with no help from Beau. Before he could rest his arms back on the toilet, he was lifted from behind, to a standing position. An arm scooped under his legs and next thing he knew, he was nestled against warm skin that smelt faintly of vomit, but Beau was past caring.

Back on the bed, he shivered and the covers were pulled over him before he could complain. There was a loud knock on the door and he whimpered and buried his face into the pillow, wishing the world away.

There was a heated conversation, one Beau didn't understand.

He wasn't sure if he had fallen asleep again when he was roused by the damn flashing light in his eyes. "If this is a kink, I don't like it, so stop it!" he snapped in a thready voice that sounded nothing like him, only to get a rather strangled sound

in response as his other eye was tortured before he could pull away.

“Seriously, you better stop or I’ll... set my Daddy on you,” he threatened, with no heat at all.

There was a cross between a snort and a growl, but who’d done it, Beau had no clue as he was keeping his eyelids firmly shut in case the light torturer came back.

“His pupils are equal and reactive. It could be a reaction to the pills on an empty stomach. How many have you given him?”

“Every time he cried.”

Had I cried? They had to be talking about him, even if they weren’t talking directly to him, didn’t they?

“The morphine can make someone with a sensitive stomach sick and give him all the symptoms you describe. The nausea, dizziness, pale, sweaty and vomiting.”

“Are you saying I’ve overdosed the boy?” The question was one Beau wouldn’t have answered, not in a million years with the icy threat that was unmistakable even past the torment going on in his head.

“Possibly,” was the cautious reply.

“Then fix it.”

The cough was that of a nervous person. “He’ll need to sleep it off. He’s conscious at times and you’ve had conversations with him that have made sense?”

Were they sensible? Beau wasn't quite sure. The tiredness was easier to sink into when the men continued to talk like he didn't exist. It suited him and his misery just fine.

Chapter Five

Zivkovic

Stepping under the hot spray, Ziv groaned as the water hit his tense muscles. He tipped his head back under the pounding spray, letting it work to revive his tired brain. The four hours of sleep he'd managed in the chair next to his comfortable bed were barely enough after the last thirty-six hours. As a teenager, he'd had times where he'd hardly slept for days with the knowledge he might need to run. Living in a war torn country with his family murdered left him with no protection. They'd been difficult times and he'd done a lot of things many would find distasteful to survive. Yet, the man who remained in his bed left him running on the same type of adrenaline, and overthinking every action, something he'd not done since those childhood days.

The physician's assessment of the situation, when he'd come after Ziv had called him and insisted he come back to check Beau over, had proven correct. He'd over medicated the boy and after he'd purged the drugs from his body, the boy hadn't been sick again. He'd hardly stirred as he'd been checked repeatedly. It was twelve o'clock in the afternoon on Monday and Ziv had woken stiff and annoyed at himself, and the boy.

As he'd slept, he'd dreamt of the boy, of hearing him call him... Daddy. Would fucking the boy rid him of this sudden, strange obsession?

Reaching for the soap, he cleansed his body, his mind running over how to fix what the boy's appearance in his life had caused. He had six free days. Could he take what he wanted and then leave satisfied?

The boy had shown an interest, Ziv was aware of how he looked and had, when it was called for, used his attractive appearance to get what he wanted. The boy being attracted to him wasn't going to be an issue. He could be what the boy wanted, that was no hardship. He suspected, from the way Beau watched the show at The Playroom, that their tastes could be similar. Fucking him the way he wanted to *would* rid him of these strange emotions.

A slow, predatory smile crept over his face as he finished washing. Happy with the conclusion of his thoughts, Ziv stepped out of the shower and reached for a thick, fluffy towel.

Drying off the top half of his body, he then draped the towel around his hips and walked back into the bedroom. The boy needed to be claimed, and quickly.

Ziv stopped and stared at him objectively. He was pretty... alluring almost, with the contrast from begging boy to feisty brat. Last night, Ziv had managed to get most of the make-up off, revealing his soft, delicate pink skin. Flushed in sleep, he looked innocent as long eyelashes fanned over his cheekbones, giving him a delicate appearance.

It was a deception, the boy was no more innocent or delicate than Ziv. If the boy wanted a Daddy... then Ziv could give him that, to get what he wanted.

Decision made, Ziv swung back around and went back into the bathroom to search for something to pour hot water in. Seeing nothing of any use, he went back into the bedroom and out into the hallway. The two men in the hallway stood straighter.

“I need a bowl, get me one.” He shut the door before either answered and went back to the bathroom to find everything else he deemed he needed.

When Sergio returned with a plastic bowl, Ziv had laid out towels, soap, and a clean shirt on the bed. “I’ll want breakfast brought up on a tray. Fruit, bread, cheese, meats, and juice in forty-five minutes.” Sergio nodded and walked away as Ziv shut the door once more.

The man on the bed didn’t stir.

Ziv went back into the bathroom, ran the water until it warmed, and filled the bowl. Back in the bedroom, he laid it on the cabinet next to the bed. He eyed the boy’s naked back as he lay on his front once more, face buried in Ziv’s pillow.

His eyes narrowed with a calculating gleam. He sat on the edge of the bed, close enough to reach the bowl and the boy easily. He eased the covers down over the boy’s body until it was down to the back of his knees. Slender, his skin was pale next to Ziv’s, and hairless. The pert ass was covered in a scrap of purple silk. It barely contained the sweet cheeks. He licked his lips, his teeth aching with the need to bite the round globes.

Patience. Patience.

Not renowned for that, Ziv hooked his fingers into the band and slowly tugged the pants down waiting for the boy to react. There was a soft whimper as the silk reached his thighs, hips lifted a fraction and the smile was back at Beau's compliance. Leaving the silk at his knees, with the cover, Ziv reached for the washcloth and dipped it into the water. Soaping it, he squeezed out the excess water and picked up a towel. Slowly, he ran the soapy cloth down the boy's spine. Another low whimper came, only this time Beau didn't move.

Slowly and methodically, Ziv washed the boy's flushed skin with gentle strokes. The occasional noise he made became more frequent as the washcloth was smoothed over his buttocks. Water dripped between the tops of his thighs as Ziv moved the cloth over the backs of them. Time slipped by and Ziv became fully focused on each and every reaction the boy gave. His heart hummed with pleasure like he'd never experienced before. The notion was... something he would pick apart... just not now.

When he'd deemed he'd finished, the boy's breathing was more erratic, his chest rising and falling in quick succession as he finished drying him. "Roll over for Daddy, pretty brat."

A moan was followed by Beau finally lifting his head to look in Ziv's direction. For the first time, his expression was not pinched with pain. His pupils were blown and Ziv was sure when the boy rolled over his cock would be hard and dripping.

His stare was one he'd cultivated over time to get people to understand he wasn't making a request.

Beau slowly moved and rolled onto his back, his legs tangled in his underwear and the cover. The flush in his cheeks darkened as he glanced at his lower body.

Ziv followed his gaze. The slim cock was hard. It was pretty and it curved towards Beau's round belly. The slit was wet with pre-cum. His mouth watered for a taste. His nostrils flared at his base desire to take without permission. "Safe word?"

Startled eyes met his. Beau's tongue flicked over his lower lip. "Lipstick for stop, eyeshadow for slow down, and mascara for I'm good."

One brow rose marginally at the choice of safe words. Ziv nodded and didn't comment on the choices. "What are you now?" he crooned.

Hearing the husky tone come out of his own mouth, he struggled not to scowl. End game, this was all about the end game, to get the boy to trust him.

The hesitation was noticeable, as was the way the boy stared down at his hard cock. "Mascara."

At the honesty, and lack of pretence, the tension in Ziv's shoulders released. He reached out and pushed the cover and underwear down Beau's legs. Freed, his legs fell apart in invitation. His lids lowered and his gaze dipped away.

Ziv's cock, which was already semi-aroused, became painfully hard and bucked against the towel at the show of submissiveness. It was something Ziv particularly enjoyed in a partner. He calculated how long it would be before breakfast arrived, and considered how the boy had eaten nothing in nearly two days.

He didn't express his dissatisfaction that for now, he'd have to wait for what he wanted. He wasn't cruel, not with his toys.

And that is all the boy is, he reminded himself. He picked the washcloth back up, then moved on the mattress so he could reach the boy more easily. Starting at his face, he washed the remnants of the mascara and eyeshadow, drying the skin. Moving on to his arms and upper chest, he swirled the soapy cloth over the peaked nipples, the silver of the metal bars glimmered in the light coming from the bedside lamp, which remained the only light in the room. Ziv drew the washcloth over the hard buds repeatedly as Beau moaned prettily but never moved or pushed up into the touch, again filling Ziv's chest with warm pleasure at how the boy's instincts to please him were perfect.

No... no one is perfect.

He shook off the notion and replaced the wet cloth with the towel. Beau's stomach rumbled as the wet cloth was brushed over the quivering skin. Beau giggled sweetly, which was a sharp contrast to the drugged up, dazed look he wore.

Avoiding his groin, Ziv paid the same care and attention to the boy's slender, hairless legs. The boy had waxed his whole

body by the feel of the skin that brushed Ziv's knuckles occasionally. After drying his legs, Beau's chest was heaving, his heavy lidded eyes begging for more. Yet, he lay there, the picture of submission, enhancing the arousal pulsing through Ziv with a power to steal his breath. He was a thirty-seven year old man, not a teenager. What the fuck was wrong with him?

The unfurling disconcerted feelings were countered by a knock on his bedroom door. Unnerved by both the relief and the anger at the interruption, Ziv chose to ignore the feelings of regret at having to stop. Towel down on the bed, he got up and strode to the door.

The whimper Beau made was the only noise as Ziv opened the door wordlessly and took the offered tray. Sergio gazed past his shoulder. His eyes widened and then darkened with what looked like desire. Never one to care who saw his toys in a state of undress, a hot surge of possessiveness ran freely through Ziv.

"See something you like?" he snarled, the deadly tone, one that Davidovic advised could slice skin from bone, made Sergio take an involuntary step back.

A panther ready to attack its prey, Ziv stared the other man down until Sergio dropped his gaze, "No, Sir." He stepped back and faced forward.

Back in the room, Ziv shut the door a little harder than was necessary, making it crack in the wooden frame. He stopped, took a deep breath, then another. Under control, he carried the

tray to the opposite cabinet on the other side of the bed and placed it down. His gaze went to the boy, who lay exactly where he'd left him. His cock remained hard, his skin flushed.

Was it arousal or mortification at being seen naked?

Ziv suspected it was the first when he recalled where they'd met. He debated finishing the bed bath, then the boy's stomach gurgled. He went to the bowl, picked it up and went to the bathroom to swap out the water for cold. Taking one of the new toothbrushes from the cabinet above the bathroom sink, he grabbed the toothpaste. Back in the bedroom, he placed everything down.

“Sit up pretty brat, Daddy is going to brush your teeth,” he said, reaching for the pillows. As things go, it was not a sexual act and couldn't be classed as one, but the boy's cock bobbed and a drop of pre-come hung suspended from the tip.

Ziv's smile was on the inside as he brushed the boy's teeth, pleased at how the boy responded to his care.

White and even teeth showed the boy had parents who cared. The act was more intimate than Ziv would have considered when Beau never looked away, following his instructions. When he spat out the toothpaste and Ziv wiped at his lips with the edge of the towel, Beau's lower lip quivered. An odd fluttering started in the center of Ziv's chest and he was the first to break eye contact, not liking the feeling.

Satisfied, he got up off the bed, only Beau's gaze captured him again. Something about the boy's open expression caused the fluttering to become an ache that developed under his

breastbone. His teeth ached as they clamped together when he whispered, “Thank you, Daddy.”

He cursed silently and picked up the bowl needing a moment, one he’d never admit to, and went to the bathroom to regroup. That he needed to was an unfamiliar concept and one the boy would pay for.

Fuck him and move on!

Chapter Six

Beau

Breathing deeply, the fragrance of whatever Ziv had washed him with scented the warm air. Beau rubbed at his face and moaned into his hands. What was wrong with him? Having woken to the wet cloth touching him, he should have started screaming and running. All he could think about was that no one had ever taken such care of him. Maybe his mother when he'd been ill, but as for any of his previous hook-ups or boyfriends... no. They'd definitely not!

What was it about this man?

The whole situation was like he'd stepped into an alternative universe, one where he'd found someone who could give him all his secret fantasies without having to explain what was inside his head.

His memory was good and to his recollection, of the several men he'd had more than a hook-up with, they hadn't been so attentive to needs. Had he somehow revealed them in his concussed state to this man? He wasn't as unnerved by that as he considered he should be. What did that say about him?

None of his ex's had ever allowed him to immerse himself into a world where he didn't have one care. Where he was theirs to do with as they pleased.

A bed bath, holy cow. A man who brushed his teeth to make him feel better. Beau wasn't a little, and had never wanted to be, yet the gentle care was something he'd loved when it came with a Daddy who liked to use his boy in any way he chose. And he'd bet that was exactly what Ziv would do. Every instinct Beau had hummed with that intrinsic knowledge. It was an odd marriage, one no one had quite got right for Beau.

A flush of heat surged through his already over-hot body at how he considered Ziv had the potential to achieve his deepest desires. The gentle touches with that hard commanding look that said he was going to do also sorts of wicked things to him, and that Beau would let him, fuck it was hot.

The icy edged hardness when he'd spoken to the man who'd delivered breakfast while Beau had lain where he was, naked, aroused, and dripping, should have sent chills through him. It did nothing of the kind. Beau would need to think about it, and talk it over with his friends when he got home, because it was frightening to think he could have come from that scary voice.

Again, what did it say about him?

A thought teetered on the edge of his mind but was gone again as Ziv walked back into the room. The low slung towel was pressed against an impressive arousal. The chiselled bronze chest gleamed in the low light like polished metal. Dark hair traveled from his chest and down to his navel, disappearing

under the towel. The man stopped at the end of the bed and surveyed him in a manner that could only be described as assessing and hard.

Beau's cock was totally on board with that.

Dark eyes moved down his body and landed on his leaking cock. Hands balled at his sides and once more Beau was reminded of the predatory nature that he associated with Ziv.

"Food," Ziv muttered. To who, Beau wasn't sure.

Seconds later, Ziv walked to the tray and Beau sat patiently, waiting to see what Ziv would do next. Would he feed him?

He didn't have to wait long to find out. Ziv sat on the bed and lifted the tray next to him. He patted the bed cover in front of him. "Sit here." It wasn't a question.

Beau moved to sit cross legged, his leaking cock he could do nothing about. He had never been self-conscious so he sat with his arousal on show.

"Open."

Beau did and as the piece of watermelon touched his tongue, he groaned at the cold sweetness. He sucked on the finger that lingered in his mouth.

The flick to the tip of his cock was quick and painful. The pain morphed into zinging pleasure. He moaned, releasing the finger.

"Did I say you could suck Daddy's finger?"

The deep growl lodged in Beau's balls, his sac feeling tight with the need for more. His eyelids dipped. He swallowed the melon without chewing to answer, "No, Daddy." He didn't sound in the least contrite.

The second flick was more of a slap to the head of his cock. Pleasure bloomed deep at the base of his spine and he struggled to breathe for a few seconds with how close he was to coming.

"I was right. You are a brat, aren't you?"

Looking up from under his eyelashes he gave a coy smile. "No, Daddy."

His body was already anticipating the spank to his cock and he wasn't disappointed. Heat blossomed through the pit of his stomach, moving down the length of his cock that bobbed from the strike. Thick ribbons of cum pulsed over Beau's legs as the air arrested in his chest when Ziv spanked his cock three more times milking the cum out of him until his balls were spent and his cock felt as if it was on fire.

A sheen of sweat coated his clean skin as he worked to keep the same position and wait for his head to come back online. His spent cock twitched at the blistering gaze that met his. It seared his too tight skin.

Ziv's fingers clasped his throat in a possessive hold, the fingers digging in painfully but not enough to stop him being able to take a breath. He was dragged into Ziv's body. Their eyes locked and Beau's heart hurtled against his ribs repeatedly at the intensity. The moment his lips touched

Beau's, his parted. Expecting an explosive, hard kiss, Beau melted at the softness which was at odds with the fingers digging into his flesh, holding him captive. His tongue didn't plunder as it entered Beau's mouth, it danced erotically against his in a slow, seductive ballet. One that left Beau defenceless.

Chest heaving, his heavily lidded eyes stared at Ziv when he pulled back. "You will spend the week with me."

~/~/~/~

That command, after what he'd experienced, was how Beau found himself later that day ringing his boss. That was only after Ziv had cleaned him up and fed him until the plates were empty. It had been one of the most erotic encounters of his life and considering he'd been a member of two kink clubs since he turned eighteen, that was saying something. The cushion of erotic pleasure had surely clouded his judgement to everything, including that it was a workday and he should have been at the office, being a responsible adult not...

The sigh was all inside his head as he listened to his superior. "Beau, what on earth? Where the heck have you been? Are you okay? We've been ringing you every half hour since nine."

Shit, his phone, where was it? Had they called his parents? "I had an accident at the weekend and I got a concussion after bashing my head. I'm sorry I didn't ring sooner but I was so out of it."

Ziv, who'd left him alone to make the call, had explained again what had happened. Beau skipped the bit where he'd been given too many drugs because he was a baby. His pulse spiked again at the reason why. It was something he was going to keep in mind. It seemed Ziv wasn't good at resisting him when he begged.

"Oh Christ, I'm sorry to hear that. I rang your parents. You aren't staying with them?"

Oh fuck! "No, I was with a friend. He was actually the one who was with me when it happened."

"How are you feeling now?" Ray wasn't known to be the most sympathetic boss, but he was decent and Beau wasn't always the best at lying to anyone. Something he was going to have to think about before he rang his parents. They would have no doubt rung Jessie and Patrick, meaning right about now they'd be either heading back from their holiday to the flat or have asked either Jessie or Patrick to check on him.

"Not myself for sure." That was the truth. "Are you okay if I take the rest of the week off? Concussion isn't something I've ever experienced before and it's knocked me sideways." That was also the truth. The memory of vomiting all over Ziv would likely stay with Beau for some time.

"No problem. Take your time. If you need anything, let me know."

"Thank you. I appreciate it."

When the call ended, Beau braced, then rang his Dad. He was less likely to have panicked.

“Hello.”

It took a moment to register that his Dad didn't have the number he was calling from so wouldn't know it was him.

“It's me.”

“Beau, what happened? Why didn't you turn up for work? We've been ringing your phone. I've asked Patrick to go around to the flat after your boss called and you didn't answer. We're in the Lake District at the house in Coniston. Do we need to come home?”

“Dad, let me answer one question before you fire more at me.”

He took a breath. “I fell. I'm fine, just banged my head and gave myself a concussion. The person I was with took me to their home and looked after me.” Beau didn't make reference to the phone or lack of response, hoping his Dad wouldn't notice. How did one explain he didn't actually know where his things were? “I was a little out of it with vomiting and you know what a baby I can be, so I kind of lost all sense of time. Hence why I didn't ring my boss earlier to explain I wasn't feeling one hundred percent and wouldn't be going into work today. I'm sorry I worried you both.”

“Are you sure you're okay? I think we should come back.”

“Dad, it's a six hour drive at best and you were looking forward to having some time in the Lakes. I'm fine. My friend is looking after me and I've got Patrick and Jessie. I'll need to ring them so they don't start to worry too.”

After another five minutes of reassuring them he was fine, Beau made one last call to Patrick. He wasn't so easily appeased. "Where are you? You've not been in the flat all day."

"How do you know that?"

"You left out the make-up box. You only do that when you get ready to go out. When you get home, no matter how late, you always tidy up."

"Am I that bad?"

"Yes, now where the hell are you? I've been worried sick and so is Jessie. We were planning on camping out tonight at the flat to see what was going on."

Beau loved his friends so much. He eyed the closed door, wondering how much time he had before Ziv would reappear. "I can't really explain. I'll message you as soon as I can, I promise."

"No mister, you'll explain and what do you mean as soon as possible? Where are you?"

"I'm so close to the flat I could throw a stone at it. Listen, trust me, I'm fine. I swear. I'll ring you when I get home, then you can come to the flat and I'll explain everything."

There was a hushed silence. Beau got that Patrick needed to process. "Okay, but you have till Wednesday night, then I'm getting Daddy to figure out where you are."

A laugh bubbled out of him and Beau grinned. "Okay, deal. I'll speak to you Wednesday night." It took a few more

minutes to assure Patrick he was fine before he ended the call. The moment he finished, the door opened and Ziv appeared.

There was something about the tightness of his jaw and the look in his eyes that said he'd heard part, if not all of the conversation. Had he heard Beau tell Patrick he'd speak to him on Wednesday?

Dark eyes glittered as he approached the bed, his hand outstretched. "I'll take the phone."

A shiver ran down Beau's spine as he gave back the phone, which was tossed onto the side. "Safe word."

Chapter Seven

Zivkovic

The security cameras were fitted in every room, including his bedroom. Privacy was not something he could afford in the world he lived in. His enemies were far reaching and would take any opportunity to eliminate him. And they had tried more than once.

Sitting in the room next door, he'd listened to all the conversations the boy had had, watching him on the security feed. The boy appeared completely unaware he was being observed, plucking at the bed covers. He'd remained naked and hadn't bothered to cover himself up.

Ziv stared, unable to look away. Until he'd heard the last call. Wednesday? Did the boy not understand he was Ziv's until he said so?

Up off the chair, he stalked to the door, waiting until there was silence before entering. When he'd walked into the room, the boy's head had tilted to the side, his gaze curious, nothing more as he handed over the phone. "Safe word?"

"Mascara." There was no hesitation and the desire Ziv had been keeping on a tight leash was ready to snap at the breathy

response. The boy's eagerness shone in his eyes. The air crackled with a tension that was much the same as Ziv encountered at the club. Sexy and hot with anticipation of what was to come.

"Get off the bed and come to me." His mind ran through the items he had in the box he kept for playing with his toys. The bed had a board at the end but under the mattress were chains with cuffs attached that could be lengthened for arms, legs, or both depending on what Ziv wanted. Beau's cock was back to fully aroused when he stopped two feet in front of him, his head up but his gaze lowered.

Blood pumping hotly through his veins, Ziv silently took hold of Beau and guided him to the end of the bed.

"Spread your legs, feet to both corners of the bed." When he did, Ziv went to the corner of the mattress, lifted it and tugged on the chain that held the cuffs. Doing the same on the other side of the bed, Beau watched him silently.

He cuffed the boy's ankles, checking they weren't so tight as to cut off circulation, but that the boy couldn't wriggle out of them. Satisfied, he went to the wardrobe containing the box. He laid it on the tall cabinet behind the boy so he couldn't see what Ziv was taking out.

"What are your hard limits?"

The sound of breath hissing between teeth came first before Beau answered. "Scat play and blood play are a big no. Medical instruments that stretch open any part of me, no. Other than those, I don't have any major dislikes. I like pain."

Breathing was hard for a second at how the boy's tastes matched his own. He took out a blindfold and a cock ring. Going to the boy, he laid the blindfold down, then reached for Beau's now hard cock and slipped the leather down his length, cinching it snugly around the base of his cock before using the straps to wind around his sac. His cock and balls protruded obscenely and Ziv growled in appreciation when he'd finished.

Beau shivered repeatedly at Ziv's touch.

After slipping on the blindfold and checking the boy could see nothing, Ziv went back and retrieved a set of soft ear plugs. As they went into his ears, the boy kept quiet. His world was now dark and silent. Blood humming with anticipation, once more Ziv went to the box and considered which flogger to use. The one he picked was a soft suede that would cause the blood to rise to the top of the skin and warm it. The heat would build until the skin felt tight and hot. The benefit for Ziv was making the pale skin glow beautifully, and he could already envision it.

Wordlessly, he walked back to the bed and tucking the flogger under his arm, he removed the towel and dropped it to the floor. Then he picked up Beau's left hand and placed it on the bed frame, doing the same with the right. He pressed against each hand, indicating without words that Beau was to leave his hands on the bed.

Satisfied, he moved back and appreciated the sight of Beau's pale limbs, the smooth lines of his back as they ended at the dimples at the top of his taut ass. Ziv's cock stirred back to

life. Taking hold of the flogger, he ran the soft flanges down one buttock.

There was a soft gasp and Beau's body tensed then relaxed at the continued soft strokes. Ziv focused completely on the boy. His busy lifestyle left him little time to appreciate the toys he picked. The accident he'd caused had given him the boy and Ziv was going to relish every minute.

The soft whiz of the flogger through the air got his blood pumping. The boy didn't hear it and he jerked, groaning a second later when it hit the top of his buttock. Ziv waited a moment to watch Beau. He settled quickly, so Ziv set a slow, hypnotic rhythm. After the first two sets of ten strokes to each buttock, the boy's chest was rising and falling in quick succession, but he showed no signs of distress.

His body was reacting beautifully to the attention, his cock dripping onto the carpet. Ziv flogged up the boys back in slow, steady strokes, heating the skin. Then worked his way down his body once more to the dimples at the top of his ass. Beau's skin was pink, glowing and dewed with perspiration when he started to increase the speed and strength of each stroke to the back of his thighs. The flanges curled around the slender thighs, licking at the underside of his backside. With each touch, the boy canted his hips back and up, no longer appearing to be able to keep still.

There was a stream of noises, low groans, moans, and whimpers by the time Ziv switched arms when his shoulder started to ache. The boy's cries grew louder as Ziv aimed the

flogger while standing at the side of him so the flanges would wrap around his leaking cock. The bed frame had sticky residue on it as his cock brushed the wood as he undulated in pleasure. The strap around his balls stopped him from gaining the release his body was begging for.

Beau was spectacular, taking more than any of the others Ziv had played with. His whole body rippled with need, yet not one word passed his lips.

Ziv's eyes gleamed with devilish delight. He aimed the flogged, putting more power behind the next stroke as it landed to the head of Beau's cock. He screamed, his body stiffening as his cock bounced and dripped down between his legs.

Ziv aimed again, and again. The third stroke got the boy withering, the pleasure pain barrier taking him. His face morphed into a euphoric mask and Ziv's cock throbbed painfully. The base of his spine tingled madly before his sac pulled tight and ribbons of cum coated Beau's hip. He gasped in surprise as his body did something it had never done in his life, come without touch.

The boy groaned loudly, distracting him from getting caught up in his thoughts. His hips thrust erratically, long strands of cum hanging from the tip of his cock. "Please, Daddy. Pleaseeee," he wailed, his head moving blindly in Ziv's direction as more of Ziv's cum dripped over him, *marking him.*

The scent of their combined cum filled the warm air as Ziv, heart thundering at his reaction to the boy, reached to release the leather binding. His fingers fumbled for a second as they trembled. He convinced himself it was because of his release and nothing more.

Beau collapsed in his direction and Ziv dropped the forgotten flogger to reach out and steady him. Beau's cock jerked and spurts of cum decorated the bed frame and Ziv. Pained cries were muffled as Beau's head turned and he bit at the first thing his mouth encountered. Ziv's shoulder zinged with pain as even, white teeth dug in, setting another spasm of pleasure to run through him.

For long seconds, the boy made noises, his body shaking as Ziv held him upright and soothed hands down his sticky torso. "Савршено лепо дериште," he said softly.

The boy was fucking perfect.

The thought got his stomach clenching unpleasantly and he nudged the boy against the bed frame so he could hold onto that. Ziv pulled back and made a noise in the back of his throat in displeasure when the boy whimpered in what sounded like distress.

His hands fisted at his sides as he stared at the flushed, spent boy, fighting the urge to uncuff him and hold him in his arms. Something he'd never done with anyone. He had no recollection of ever being cuddled, or hugged. It was not something he liked and he had no time to pamper anyone in this way. After care for him was to give the toys something to

drink and eat after settling them on a chair or bed, nothing more. It was all about fucking and finding a release. There was no room for sentimental nonsense. He didn't understand it and was not going to tolerate such foolishness.

More than a little apprehensive at touching the boy, for reasons he wasn't going to consider, he stepped purposefully towards him and removed the cuffs from his ankles, blindfold, and ear plugs. The boy made no sound or move, as if picking up Ziv's unease.

He didn't look in Ziv's direction, he simply waited.

An ache developed in his jaw. "Go to the bathroom and clean yourself," he growled. It was the last thing he wanted, but he wasn't sure of his own restraint so he didn't follow when the boy did as he was told. At the door, Beau's gaze met his and the confusion was easy to read before the door shut quietly.

Ziv bit back a curse and eyed where the camera was in the room.

Fuck!

He would need to make sure the feed was removed.

Chapter Eight

Beau

There had been no repeat of the first day, where Ziv had left him without giving any after care. He'd showered in the huge bathroom and rooted through cupboards to find some lotion to put on his hot skin as best as he could. When he'd returned to the bedroom, the bed had been stripped and changed and the evidence of what they'd done was gone from the bedframe.

Ziv had not returned until much later that night. He sat in the chair next to the bed, watching Beau silently. It had been an hour before he'd got in the bed and then had stayed on the other side of the mattress, well away from Beau.

The confusion had nagged at Beau. The scene had been one of the most intense of his life. His body had done its best, regardless of the binding around his cock, to come when Ziv had come over his hip. His body had been held suspended in the throes of intense pleasure, his mind clouded as the pain had turned to sublime pleasure. A blissful place. When his cock had been freed, the pleasure had run through him in a violent flood. A giant tsunami tossed his feelings around, making it impossible to find his balance.

He had felt that Ziv's reaction, despite remaining silent, had matched his own, but then he'd sent Beau off alone to take care of himself, leaving him conflicted. It was scary on a level he'd never experienced how much he wanted to beg for what he needed. Beau had always been strong, he'd been brought up to go after what he wanted. To not let anything or anyone put barriers in his way.

Once his mind had cleared, and he'd had some space from Ziv's forceful presence, Beau had started to wonder if the man had got more than he'd bargained for. Beau sure as hell hoped he wasn't alone in his reaction. He really did.

The following days had blurred into one another and Beau lost all sense of time. They never left the bed except to use the bathroom. The curtains remained shut so Beau had no sense of time in the lamp lit room. The other door, leading out of the bedroom, he'd yet to explore. His natural curiosity and OCD behaviour, for now, seemed to be held at bay by Ziv's constant mood changes. They gave him something else to think about as they swung one way, then were polar opposite the next. The caring man was a huge contrast to the hard, unyielding man. One that was only consistent when he spoke to those guarding the room.

Why did Ziv need people right outside his bedroom? He'd attempted to ask once and had been shut down so fast he'd let it be.

The men who came and went did not speak to Beau. The only time he saw them was when they came with food or to take

away the empty plates. They never looked in his direction. Not once.

It was unnerving how much power Ziv held. They'd not talked about what he did, or what Beau did either. In fact, they really hadn't talked much at all. Mostly Ziv issued Beau with an order and he obeyed.

They'd spent a lot of time doing scenes which had not resulted in Ziv, as yet, taking that final step and fucking him. Beau wasn't sure why, not that he was complaining. Ziv didn't withhold orgasms, though he'd been edged several times. That, he was a master of.

Beau, not one to think about holding back, was learning that there could be pleasure in waiting, when it linked directly to Ziv's pleasure. The man did not hide his approval when Beau actively tried to hold back the need to come when his cock wasn't bound.

The door he'd yet to go through opened and he glanced up from his position on the bed, where he'd lain ever since Ziv had disappeared to take a call.

"What's in that room?" he asked, sitting up and letting the sheet pool in his lap.

He wasn't disappointed at the flare of Ziv's nostrils as his gaze went to the chain that hung suspended between his pecs. The tiny clamps at the ends of the chain were attached to the bar of his nipple piercings. The man had put the chain on the day before and liked to tug on it until Beau's cock leaked strings of pre-cum. Heat filled Beau's cheeks at how Ziv had made him

come just through tugging on the chain until his nipples had throbbled so hard the pain had morphed into indescribable sensual torture.

He squirmed on the bed, his body warming and reacting to where his thoughts had gone.

“My office,” was the clipped reply, making Beau return his attention to Ziv.

The predatory walk got Beau’s full focus. A shiver ran through his body, regardless that Ziv’s expression was closed off.

A soft smile played over Beau’s lips and he went pliant on the bed, sensing what Ziv wanted. Five days and he was more attuned to this man’s needs than he’d have ever been with anyone else. It could have been because the outside world ceased to exist and it was just them in a sexy bubble. Beau didn’t want to think about what would happen when it ended, when Ziv decided their time was up.

It was easier to think about sex, something that was on Beau’s brain most of the time, which was a new thing for him. Although, why this surprised him when Ziv matched his deepest desires, he wasn’t sure. He loved sex as much as the next person, he’d just never been obsessed with it.

Until now.

The man in front of him, staring with knowing eyes, had the ability to make Beau crave his touch. His cock was already painfully aroused, waiting for Ziv’s touch.

The gown Ziv had slipped on earlier was opened and Beau's breath hitched at the sight of his cock. Long, thick, and veiny, it curved up invitingly. The deep bronze skin tones were the same at his groin. The dark hair on his chest was as soft as silk. Was the short, dark hair nestled at the base of his cock silky?

He'd yet to taste, touch, or be allowed to feel Ziv.

Was he touch averse?

There were so many questions but none with any likely forthcoming answers. They sat between them as Beau sensed he wasn't allowed to go there. The man's life was a closed book, only Beau wanted to open it as the time they spent together increased. What he did know was Ziv was adventurous. Nothing was off limits as long as he was in control and Beau had no problem with that, *in the beginning*.

As the days passed, the need to touch had grown. The separation in bed remained when they settled to sleep. The barrier was there, invisible, but there nonetheless. Beau knew that if he breached it, things would change.

A dangerous glint in Ziv's eyes drew his attention. It was a warning of what was to come and Beau didn't look away as Ziv went to the wardrobe. The box of treasures was once more retrieved and laid on the cabinet, far enough away to stop Beau from seeing inside. He'd not been allowed to see what was in the box, Ziv liked to surprise him.

To date he'd been flogged with two different types of floggers. A soft suede one on the first encounter, the second a leather

one with strands that created stinging blows, bringing more pain to please his inner pain slut. There'd been the use of a paddle, a fur mitt, a penis wand, and a feather that made him laugh until he cried with the need for more. Each scene different from the last, but no anal penetration.

Would this time be different?

“Stretch out and put your hands above your head, reaching over to the corners of the mattress for Daddy.” The tone of his voice was hard and controlled and Beau's blood pressure spiked at what was to come. As yet, he'd not used his safe word. Was Ziv going to push to achieve that today?

The cuffs at the tops of the bed were pulled from under the mattress. “Safe word?”

Beau met Ziv's gaze in a challenge. “Mascara.”

The nod was curt. Ziv was quick and efficient. Beau eyed his unrestrained legs. Bar the first time, he'd been fully restrained each time since Ziv wanted to play. He'd not been allowed to touch Ziv while doing a scene. He'd made that clear the second time they played, when Beau had pushed his face towards Ziv, wanting to touch him in some way, that it was not acceptable. It had stung but without having a conversation about it, which the man did not want, Beau was at a loss on how to ask why. He didn't want what was happening to end, and he was sure it would if he pushed. There was something there, an obstacle that came after their first scene. One Ziv so far hadn't let him get past.

Oil coated hands smoothed down his outstretched body, fingers played over his sides and down his legs as Ziv knelt on the bed next to him. Beau's gaze followed Ziv's hands as they moved over his legs in gentle caresses, ones at odds with the grim expression.

The oil was replenished repeatedly until Beau's body gleamed and he was making constant soft noises of appreciation to each oily touch. Having always enjoyed a massage, this was a cut above all the others. Not that he'd ever had a naked man massage him before. His body was relaxed and excited at the same time. It was bliss as he sank boneless into the soft mattress.

On and on Ziv caressed until Beau's eyelids fluttered shut, his body melting like a ball of wax as his cock was ignored. Long, languid strokes changed to light delicate touches until a pool of pre-cum grew on his stomach. When the sensuous caresses to his groin started, Beau was floating in a sea of pleasure. Fingers roamed up the inside of his thighs and gently teased the crease of his leg where it met his groin. The rough pads of Ziv's fingertips and the oil caused tiny shivers of desire to run up and down his cock, almost as if it had been touched.

"Pretty brat, look at how needy your cock is as it drips for Daddy's touch. Such a good little slutty boy."

The moan rumbled up Beau's chest, the words catching him off guard. His hips bucked up and he was instantly punished with a slap to his balls. That made his hips cant up again just

as Ziv knew it would. He'd long since discovered Beau's love of pain.

There was no hiding as his ball sac was slapped with the tips of Ziv's fingers, his legs splayed wide. "Such a naughty boy for Daddy." Ziv tutted and stopped when Beau's body tensed, ready to explode.

He whined, unable to stop himself when he was so close to losing his load. "Daddy," he begged, "please let me come."

The glittering eyes were a warning Beau ignored. "You want to come?" The nod was uncontrolled as a fingertip ran over the head of his cock, smearing the evidence of his need. A delicious shiver ran through him as Ziv pinched the head of his cock. Pain bloomed out and down his cock delightfully.

"Daddyyyy," he cried, his hips rolling. He shifted his legs so he could plant his feet on the bed to get more leverage.

Only Ziv shook his head, the hard stare doing crazy things to Beau's heart. "Naughty." The way he said it was like a rough caress down Beau's cock. Pre-cum gathered on the head of his dick.

Ziv eyed it and the grin that appeared got Beau's lungs ceasing to work. Before he could figure out what was on Ziv's mind, he moved and grabbed both of Beau's legs and pushed them over his shoulders until his feet touched the headboard.

Ziv shifted so that his pelvis pressed against Beau's hips. Ziv's hard cock pressed under Beau's ass while Ziv pinned him in

place. Bent double, there was no way he could move with Ziv's weight holding him down.

A hand came through Beau's spread legs to take hold of his cock. Ziv stroked him slowly at first, the oily fingers gliding with ease. He increased the pressure of his grip repeatedly as his hand moved up and down his turgid flesh. The slick sounds were lewd with the oil and pre-cum leaking out of Beau. Each time he reached the head, Ziv would rub his slick thumb over the glans, milking him of pre-cum that hung suspended, then dripped onto Beau's face.

His stomach shivered at what Ziv was doing. His hips rolled as each drop hit Beau's face. "Part your lips, drink up like a good boy."

A shuddery breath got trapped in Beau's chest in his constricted position. His lips parted and Ziv pushed over him a little more, his cock slicking up Beau's back as Ziv folded him until his cock was closer to his lips. "Don't miss a drop, or Daddy will have to punish you."

Another trapped groan rumbled in his chest as Ziv increased the pace of his strokes to his throbbing dick. It took only seconds to reach the point of no return when Ziv locked his gaze with Beau's.

"Take everything Daddy gives you," he growled and cum pulsed from Beau's cock.

His eyelids fluttered as the first drop of warm cum hit his tongue. He didn't swallow, he couldn't. He wanted to catch every drop and please Ziv more than he wanted anything else.

The salty essence of his own come was not something he'd tasted before, and Beau wasn't sure if he should be weirded out or not. The moment Ziv finished milking his cock, a wetness hit his back and Ziv moved. Beau's legs hit the mattress and bounced due to his post orgasmic high.

Ziv was on him in seconds, his lips sealing with Beau's, his tongue seeking and tasting the bounty. Their groans were mixed together as Beau was devoured in hungry kisses, each dirtier than the last until he was lost in a world where all he could do was feel.

Breathless and with his cock trying to fill again from the heated kisses, Beau was released from the restraints and for the first time, Ziv gathered him in his arms. The scent of Beau's come lingered on the breath that hit his cheek as Ziv pulled him into his chest.

Nestled into the crook of his neck, a large hand stroked his hair. "Sleep," Ziv demanded quietly.

Exhausted, Beau fell into a dreamless sleep, safe and warm in Ziv's arms, a place he discovered he never wanted to leave.

Chapter Nine

Zivkovic

He woke at the strangeness of having someone pressed so close to him. His brain, always quick to wake, fathomed that it wasn't the boy clinging to him but the other way around. He was holding the boy so tight, his arms were aching.

The cast of light from the lamp didn't allow him to hide from what he was doing. What was it about this boy?

He glanced at the cabinet by the bed. Not quite able to see his watch, his body indicated it was still the middle of the night. Their last night. The time was up. The call he'd taken earlier brought home the reality that his personal time was over. Time had been inconsequential to him, he'd never worried about not having enough. Yet... he scowled when he wanted more, and was greedy for more. Wanted to freeze time, stop it for...

Beau stroked a hand up his chest and mumbled, "You okay, Daddy?" his voice thick with sleep.

Was the turmoil he was feeling that obvious? The boy was more attuned to him than anyone had ever been. Even Davidovic, who was the closest person to him.

The hand ran over his chest in slow circles, the touch warming a place inside him. He didn't want or need it.

Liar.

He growled and rolled onto his back only the boy came with him, sprawled over Ziv's chest. His heavy lidded eyes saw way more than Ziv wanted him too. The concern, the sympathy. He wanted neither, not from a fuck toy.

You haven't fucked him.

His heart pounded hard against his ribs and before he could get his bearings, the boy bent down and pressed a soft kiss to the side of his lips. Ziv stilled, not used to letting anyone touch him in this way.

Beau's silky soft lips trailed a path down his throat, moving over his collar bone. Delivering delicate, caring kisses. Each one longer than the next as the boy explored his chest. His nipples were teased with wet kisses.

His moan was strangled as he struggled to get his body to obey him and push the boy off. The slick of the oil he'd used on the boy aided his glide down Ziv's chest. When he disappeared under the covers, Ziv pushed back the sheet, needing to see... *just this once.*

Gentle hands cupped the base of his hard cock and Beau tickled the head with teasing licks. Warm lips kissed their way down his length. Reaching the base, Beau nuzzled his nose in the hair and inhaled, groaning before his lips parted and he sucked his balls into his mouth. Zaps of pleasure short

circuited his brain as he rolled his hips in encouragement. His thighs opened wider for Beau to take more.

Spit dribbled down between his cheeks and he started at the feel of a wet finger swirling over his hole. The pressure was barely there. *What the fuck was the boy playing at?*

He went to retreat when a tongue roamed over his balls and the suction got stronger, derailing his head faster than a train coming off its tracks. He groaned as slim fingers glided up his cock in a sure stroke, then back down in time to the suction on his balls. The finger touching his hole somehow added to the pleasure. Beau did no more than tease the rim until Ziv was mindless with need to sink inside Beau. Moving slowly, he eased away from the seeking mouth and hands and lifted Beau up the bed, rolling him onto his back. He reached over Beau for the oil, which still sat next to the bed.

Beau's gaze held Ziv's while he oiled his fingers.

His legs splayed open. His trusting expression, one that cut into Ziv's chest, stole his breath. The outside world was forgotten as Ziv eased onto his side and ran a hand down Beau's quivering body to his parted legs. He slipped his hand over and under his balls, a slick finger rubbing against the rim of tight muscle, feeling it twitch. In slow circles, he teased Beau much like the boy had done to him, until the boy bore down and Ziv couldn't resist him, sinking the tip of one finger in up to the first knuckle. They groaned together. The feel of the hot channel clasp tightly around his digit made Ziv's cock pulse.

Taking his time to let the boy adjust to the intrusion left him breathing hard. He didn't think, just closed off his mind and went on pure instinct. One finger became two and Beau keened and begged for more, his eyes beseeching. Only Ziv wanted to give him something he'd remember. He didn't want this to end too quickly and it would if he sank into the boy now.

His jaw ached by the time he removed his three slicked fingers from inside Beau. He rolled and opened the top drawer of the cabinet next to the bed, fumbling for a condom. The oil he'd used was suitable for condom use so he cloaked his cock, not looking at the boy, whose stare he felt in every fibre of his body.

In a move the boy would not see the significance of, he rolled them once more and lay on his back, giving Beau the ability to control what happened next. In doing so, Ziv hoped the boy would think on this moment with...

Beau rose over him wordlessly and straddled his hips. His heavy lidded, passion filled eyes were Ziv's sole focus. He was beautiful.

Beau waited for Ziv to move him into the position he wanted. *Perfect. He was perfect.*

His heart stuttered and he exhaled shakily as he lifted the boy up so he could slowly push into his pulsing sheath. The clasp and warmth sent ripples of deep seated pleasure straight to Ziv's balls. He struggled to draw in a breath, to not give in and rut like an animal as he stretched the boy wide open.

“Ohhh Daddy, burns so good.” Beau sounded drugged already, his voice slurring as his hands pressed against Ziv’s chest. Beau sank down, groaning when his arse hit Ziv’s pelvis.

“Daddy’s pretty brat,” Ziv crooned.

“Yes.” Beau came forward without warning and kissed him, his arse squeezing tight as he stroked his hands up Ziv’s chest, up into his hair, and held on. “Fuck me, Daddy,” he mouthed against Ziv’s lips in a wickedly hot tone.

Ziv was at a loss, his body taking over. He gripped the boy’s hips and thrust up, in slow measured strokes, until Beau was crying for more.

“Harder, Daddy. Make me feel you everywhere.”

They rolled over the bed and the boy landed under him. Before he could catch his breath, Ziv gave him everything he had. He punched his hips against Beau’s, the loud slapping filling the room and blending with the gasps and moans. There was no finesse when the boy begged for more.

His muscles rippled against Beau’s cock, stroking it with each brutal thrust. The boy writhed under him, his face a mask of pleasure as he arched into Ziv’s touch. His lips parted as warmth spread between them. The arse muscles clamped down tight but Ziv kept thrusting his own body, ready to join Beau’s. The need to mark the body had him pull out at the last second and rip off the condom.

The boy’s dazed eyes met his. “On my face Daddy, come on my face.”

Fucking perfect.

He shifted to kneel at Beau's head. Two strokes was all it took with how Beau looked up at him. Lips parted in anticipation, his face flushed, his eyes feverish with excitement. Hot ribbons of cum splattered over his lips, nose, and cheeks as the boy lay pliant, accepting that he belonged... *to me*. The possessive feeling lodged inside Ziv's chest like a bullet. The damage was irrevocable.

The boy is mine!

He trembled at the knowledge.

No, no, no.

Strong emotions wanted to steal his ability to think. Sheer will allowed him to keep it together. He cleaned the boy, sort of, and settled him in the bed. On the pretence of needing to use the bathroom, he walked on unsteady legs out of the room, naked and desperate to escape. He didn't look back. He couldn't.

The two guards at the door gave him curious stares as he walked past them, down the hall to the spare room he had on this floor. One he never used, except to store the suitcases that held everything he'd need for an emergency trip. This was an emergency. The door shut, he leant against the cool wood and shuddered. His eyes shut, only there was no escape from the boy as the image of him was there to torment him.

No!

No!

Forcing himself away from the door, he made himself take the time to shower, to wash off the boy's scent before drying and getting dressed. He checked he had everything he needed and silently slipped into the office from the door in the hallway. He collected his laptop bag, wallet, and gun, which he slipped into the pocket of his suit. The cold metal reminded him of why he'd never get to choose the boy in the room next door. Risks he never took with another and why this was only about fucking, nothing more.

He walked out and headed down to the suite of rooms Davidovic had on the lower floor. He tapped once and walked in. Davidovic sat up, alert with a gun in his hand. The light from the hallway illuminated him in the bed. "We're leaving."

His silver brows rose and he looked behind him. "The boy?"

"Get Sergio to return his things to him when he wakes. He is to lock up after he leaves." On that, Ziv left the room assured that Davidovic would do what was needed. He headed down the stairs, knowing it wouldn't take the other man long to get everything organised.

In the hallway by the door, he messaged Anya to confirm he'd be in Switzerland for the first meeting at ten o'clock the next morning.

By the time Davidovic appeared, he'd gone through three dozen outstanding emails while standing in the hallway.

"The cars are here," Davidovic said, not once looking at him.

That was fine right now, Ziv wasn't feeling friendly or up for anyone deciding to question him, including himself. The men came dressed and ready to go. Suitcases were transported to the cars before Ziv stepped outside.

In the street, the men formed the usual formation as he walked to the waiting vehicles and got in the car. Only when they drove past the building where Beau lived did he look out the window. The boy's soft smile was right there, forming in his mind, a temptation he didn't need or want.

Liar, whispered the voice that never let him hide.

Chapter Ten

Beau

He woke, his face sticky, and a smile formed as he recalled exactly why. He glanced sideways, finding the bed empty. He reached out and found the sheets cold. He sighed and rolled off the bed to go and use the bathroom.

After his pee, he eyed the shower, his body aching pleasantly as he walked over and switched on the waterfall shower. He took his time, his head no longer giving him any bother. The cut had healed but the glue was still lumpy in places when he touched it.

The doctor who'd come when he was awake and alert on the third or fourth day, had advised it would eventually just wash away. Although he'd said the scar might remain due to the position of the cut at the back of his head. That he'd not shaved his head was all that Beau had been worried about. He did not think he'd rock a shaved head, not in the slightest.

Out of the shower and dried, he wandered back into the bedroom and stilled at the large man standing in the doorway. It was then Beau remembered he was naked, he took a step back towards the open bathroom door. The man never so much

as looked at him, his gaze fixed on the floor. “Your things are on the bed. Dress and I’ll escort you out.”

Dazed, Beau looked at the guy like he had developed two heads. He can’t have heard him right? “What?”

He pointed at the bed. “Dress, you need to leave.”

The guys ears turned a dark shade of red as Beau marched to him and poked him in his chest. “Where is Ziv?”

“Gone.”

Beau’s legs weakened at that one word. “Gone?” he repeated stupidly.

“Yes. He left for Switzerland this morning.”

Stomach lurking, Beau turned to the bed, his mind not comprehending what sounded like the truth. Why had he left without saying a word? Beau’s gaze searched the tops of the cabinets, searching for a piece of paper, for anything that could be written on. His heart thundered and his hands shook at finding nothing. Seeing the man wasn’t going to move or say more, Beau started to dress, his nakedness making him feel far too vulnerable when Ziv wasn’t there. In his own clean clothes, Beau barely noticed the lack of blood stains. All he could recall was how excited he’d been, dressing for his night out the week before. Had it been seven days earlier he’d dressed in excitement, filled with anticipation. Now all he felt was dread as he laced up his boots. Dread at what it meant to walk out of this room.

The minutes melted into the most miserable of Beau's life as he wasn't given a chance to look at anything and was escorted out of the house. The guard watched his every move as he followed him down the street. A street that felt somehow unfamiliar after days of being inside. The weak sunlight hurt his eyes or at least, that was what he blamed the horrible ache on. He refused to shed any tears until he was inside his own home... *alone*.

He didn't look back as he walked up the steps with as much dignity as he could muster. Key sliding into the lock, he pushed open the door and quickly stepped inside. He kicked the door shut behind him and ran for the stairs, taking them two at a time.

Inside the flat, he dropped his keys, uncaring where they landed, and bent to take off his boots. Tears ran down both cheeks and dripped onto the floor unheeded. The second his feet were free, he fell to his knees crying, his whole body shaking with each big, wracking sob.

The sound of feet roused him from his misery, his pulse leaping. Was Ziv here? Patrick and Jessie stopped at the sight of him, then rushed to him, both getting down on their knees. Beau cried harder at the crushing disappointment. In reality, Ziv had indeed left without a word. Left him after...

Hands ran over his back gently, making him cry harder.

"You are in *so* much trouble for not ringing Patrick on Wednesday. You worried us so much we were going to go to

the police tomorrow, if you'd not come home." Jessie scolded, making Beau cry harder at having upset his friends.

"I'm sorry," he hiccupped through the sobs. "I can't explain what he was like, how he made me feel. I got lost in him."

Patrick patted his back. "Who, the guy who you were with? Do we need to call the police?" Patrick asked in a teary voice.

Beau looked from side to side at his two friends through tear drenched eyes. "No. I wanted to be with him, with Ziv. Oh god, why does it hurt so much?" He buried his face into Jessie's neck, the tears flowing fast. His chest was constricted by the band of tightening reality.

"We need Akker and Smithy. They'll fix this," Patrick mumbled.

"No one can," Beau cried.

Their words, though comforting, didn't help. Not when it reminded him that what he'd found in Ziv's bedroom was gone. It was more than sex, it was. He wasn't going to believe the other man had not felt the same connection. He couldn't... it would crush him.

It wasn't just sex...

The tears came harder as he inhaled the familiar scent of sweetness from Jessie. Both men talked to him in soothing tones as they helped him get off the floor and to his bedroom. He found himself stripped, dressed in his old, soft, cotton pyjamas, and wrapped in one of the fleece blankets Patrick had left behind for when he came over to visit.

They sat either side of him on the bed and snuggled in, letting him cry it out. Beau, when he let go, was like a storm that blew in and could then fade equally as fast, after a deluge of fierce tears.

Patrick pushed several tissues at him once he'd slowed to hiccupping every couple of seconds between each sniff. His head was thick and woolly, his nose was stuffy, and his eyes were gritty and swollen. Did he feel better for the cathartic release? Yes, he supposed he did, if he didn't think about what caused it. The stabbing pain under his breastbone remained.

"What happened?" Jessie asked quietly, the hurt still there cutting at Beau's heart. "Can you talk about it?"

He sucked in a shuddery breath and glanced at Jessie. There was nothing he couldn't share with his friends. "First off, I'm truly sorry, I never meant to hurt or worry either of you. I won't do it again, I swear." When both men looked a little more appeased, Beau released another shuddery breath and relayed what he could remember of the last week in as much detail as he could. When he'd finished, both Patrick and Jessie wore matching looks of shock and anger.

"He just left!" Patrick exclaimed in a furious voice, one that Beau hadn't heard often.

It warmed a little of the chill he felt at Ziv's actions. He nodded. "Yeah, nothing. I looked about while the guard stood waiting for me to dress."

"Guards? Why does anyone need them, and right outside his bedroom? What do you think he was into? Is he some sort of

mafia boss?” Jessie suggested with a nervous laugh, his gaze going to the window and back to Beau. “I mean, it’s all a little bit over the top, right? Or am I being silly.” He giggled but it sounded forced and his forehead was wrinkled with a frown.

Beau hadn’t let his head wander to those kinds of thoughts, not really. He’d been more preoccupied with getting his rocks off. Jessie could be right. The level of security Ziv felt he required could be considered overkill. Who, other than the King of England, needed several cars full of men to guard them? His heart stuttered at the possibilities of what Ziv could be involved in.

Patrick rubbed at his back. “My Daddy won’t let anything happen to you.” The utter confidence didn’t allay any of Beau’s worry, not when he wasn’t so sure he wouldn’t do whatever Ziv asked of him, *if* he came back.

“What is it?” Jessie asked, the frown deepening.

“I think I’m in trouble,” he whispered, his eyes beseeching his friends to understand. “If he came for me... I...” he couldn’t finish his sentence when his heart was being squeezed hard at the prospect Ziv wouldn’t come back.

“You’d go with him?” Patrick asked, with no condemnation.

Beau’s lips quivered, and another tear rolling down his cheek.

“Yes.”

“It was more than sex.”

It wasn’t a question but he answered anyway, needing to say it aloud. “Yes, it was. I need to think about it without him in the

vicinity. See if it was just an extreme situation or...”

“He sounds like he’s running away after you had sex,” Patrick answered, with more certainty than Beau felt when he felt so raw and exposed.

“I bought food,” Jessie chipped in. “Let’s binge on sweet things and watch silly movies.”

Beau hiccupped a sob, and buried his face in Jessie’s neck. “Thank you.”

“Hey, I like cuddles too. I might have a Daddy now, but you always give the best hugs.” Patrick pushed into his side, lifting Beau’s arm to snuggle in.

“Hello, I’m right here. Are you saying I don’t give good cuddles!” Jessie muttered with indignation.

They bickered and Beau let himself be consoled with the normalcy of his two best friends.

Tomorrow. He’d think about Ziv tomorrow.

~/~/~/~

A week later, Beau was obsessing over every scene in his head like it was a play and he and Ziv were actors. He played out every act, what they’d done, what they’d spoken about. What they’d not spoken about. Beau needed something to do in the evenings when he was alone. He wrote copious notes, like he was critiquing a book.

The Google searches he’d resisted until last night, Friday, when he’d given in, realising that what he felt was more than a

crush or something equally inconsequential. What he found was extraordinarily little. Ziv was mentioned in some things that made Beau's stomach quiver with nerves, though. The man in the pictures looked hard and dangerous. The powerful aura came through the screen of his laptop.

Beau had saved several of the pictures he'd found, one of which he'd used as a screen saver. He was pitiful, he really was. Especially when the information he'd gleaned from the internet suggested that Beau's first impression had been right. The man was a predator, and was involved with organisations that mentioned connections to the Mafia in Italy and New York.

He was the type of man parents warned their children to stay away from, with good cause. None of it mattered to Beau. He FaceTimed with both Patrick and Jessie last night while he'd read out what he'd found.

Both wore matching expressions of worry. Though they'd voiced their concerns, they'd not pushed or told him he was being ridiculous for still wanting to find Ziv and...

He wasn't sure what he wanted to do or say to the other man. The time he'd spent with him had been all consuming and broken down into hours and pockets of time, of emotions. There was a lot over the time they'd spent together. The more Beau analysed, the more he came to the conclusion Ziv had run from what they'd shared that last night. He'd a vague memory of him cleaning him, tucking him under the covers and going to the bathroom. Had he returned to the room? He

cursed the fact he'd been blissed out and missed what had happened.

Had he got what he wanted, then left? Or had he run from what was between them? Beau felt it was the second, but was a pragmatist and considered it could also be the first. Only, he'd had all week to fuck him, yet he'd chosen not to. Why?

He stretched out on his bed and idly sucked on the end of his pencil, staring out into the dark night. A Saturday night and he was home alone. This day two weeks before had changed his life. There was no clue where Ziv had disappeared too. The house three doors down was locked up tight, windows dark. The security cameras at the door flashed green, showing they were watching. Had Ziv seen him walking past the house, or had someone else been watching the security feed while he stood staring up at the house for endless minutes?

Beau jerked up, his eyes widening as something ran through his mind. Were there security cameras inside the house too? Ziv's need for guards at his bedroom door, would that go further? To cameras watching him?

The air got stuck in his lungs at the possibility someone had seen them. Watched those intimate moments where Beau had let go and given Ziv what he'd wanted. If they had, would there be a recording of it?

His mind buzzing, he got off the bed, unable to sit still. He was aware of how security cameras worked. The building he worked in had many of them. He'd not noticed cameras in Ziv's home, but then he'd only seen the bedroom and the

bathroom, the staircase, and the hallway. Had there been cameras?

His mind hooked onto the idea and wouldn't let it go. It was part of his obsessive behaviour. Once he got stuck on something, he struggled to let it go. His obsession with Ziv, his therapist said, was part of his obsessive behaviour. He'd made an appointment on Monday, when he'd considered ringing in sick and obsessing at home.

Never one to take time off work, he had to argue with himself to get out the door and go to work. His friends and colleagues had expressed sympathy, one or two wanting to feel the lump at the back of his head. The one that he played with to prove that he wasn't making up what had happened to him.

A week on, sometimes it felt like it was a dream, one he wanted to never wake from — as long as it was before Ziv left him. That part was more like a nightmare.

The appointment with his therapist the day before hadn't gone well. He'd listened to Beau as he always did when he was obsessing, then suggested it was the head injury that had altered Beau's perspective of the level of intimacy and attachment to Ziv.

It wasn't that, or not totally. The man had cared for him when he was most vulnerable, yes, but he'd done it reluctantly. There'd been frustration, even anger, though he'd not taken any of those out on Beau directly until their first sexual encounter, with its lack of after care. Beau hadn't gone in depth in those areas, or talked about the sexual element of the

Daddy kink aspect. No, he didn't need his therapist analysing that.

They'd talked extensively through his feelings. When Beau had walked away from the appointment, he'd been left conflicted, his head in worse shape than when he'd gone in. He wouldn't be going back. It was pointless.

How could someone know how he felt deep inside when they'd never been in the same situation? No amount of psychology could persuade Beau differently that what he'd experienced wasn't real or meaningful, regardless of the limited number of days they'd been together.

And okay, maybe it was part of his emotional make-up to obsess, pick apart, and over examine every nuance of the situation. That didn't mean it wasn't real... did it?

Chapter Eleven

Zivkovic

A dull ache had developed at his temples hours earlier and now was threatening to turn into a full blown headache as he listened to Davidovic organise for the plane to take them to Rome. The time in Switzerland had been profitable for all involved and Ziv should have felt satisfied that they'd managed to wrap up business earlier than planned.

The reason for this was his lack of an ability to sleep for more than two hours at a time. He woke from erotic dreams, the face of the boy there occupying his thoughts like an unwanted intruder. He was tired and struggling to control his anger, which left all his guards keeping their distance for fear of being in the line of fire.

He toyed with his cigarette lighter, staring at the view of the Alps from the hotel window. The crisp white peaks were stunning, yet they held no appeal. He got up and walked into the bathroom, shutting the door. Slipping the lighter in his pocket, he went to the sink and ran the cold tap. He splashed water on his face, the icy chill doing nothing to take away the heavy feeling of tiredness or ease the pain at his temples. He

reached for a towel, then stared at his wet face in the mirror. Dark circles around his eyes and deep grooves at the sides of his lips were evidence enough of his displeasure at his current situation.

Fucking the boy had been a mistake, he'd miscalculated. It happened, though rarely to him. It was annoying and he blamed the boy. Why hadn't he just driven past?

His body, so attuned to his thoughts, reacted at the idea of not sharing the erotic experiences with Beau. His attempt to assuage the desires that came with the dreams failed. His body showed no interest in the boys he'd got Davidovic to send to his room. He'd given up after the third boy couldn't hold his attention, no matter the resemblance to Beau.

Last night he'd given in and looked at the recording from his suite. The feed was coded to stop anyone going back and retrieving what was on them to use against him.

Another mistake. He should have deleted their final night together and not watched it. His expression as the boy had kissed him without his permission, fuck. He'd never have believed it was him if he'd not seen it with his own eyes. The... sappy expression... how had the boy done that to him?

He cursed at the ache growing between his legs, that throbbed in time to the headache. This was unacceptable. He wasn't going to tolerate it, he wasn't. He'd survived war. The massacre of his family. Two murder attempts. Walked away minimally scathed from it all. He'd conquered those demons and come out the winner. So why the fuck was this so

different? Why couldn't he get this pretty brat out of his head... out of his... *no!*

No one got past his barriers, no one. For good reason. And a pretty brat wasn't going to change that. He wiped the water off his face, his expression grim as he left the bathroom moments later.

“When is the plane leaving?”

Davidovic covered the speaker on the phone with his hand.

“Two hours.”

“Good. Arrange for Massimo to meet us at the hotel.”

There was no reaction as Davidovic stared at him. “Massimo Bura?”

“Yes.” His tone was clipped. Massimo owned several BDSM clubs across Italy and had a list of men willing to do anything, if the price was right.”

“I'll arrange it.” The stiffness of Davidovic's posture was his only reaction.

Satisfied Massimo would find someone to remove this stupid obsession, Ziv went to the bed to grab his laptop and put the offending thing back in his bag, out of harm's way. He would get Revan to clear the security footage as soon as he got to Italy.

~/~/~/~

Business completed, Ziv had a night free so had finally arranged for the boy he'd contracted via Massimo to meet him

at the Torture Garden, Club Qube, in Via di Portonaccio. The toy, objectively, was beautiful. Raven hair, brown eyes, slender, with just enough muscle tone to not be classed as skinny. The sprayed on jeans highlighted a nice sized bulge. An ultra-tight crop top revealed a belly with a pierced belly button. He'd been told the boy's cock was also pierced, though not his nipples, as he had requested. The point of this was to assuage Beau from his mind, so there were to be no reminders, none. The boy slid along the leather seat in the heaving club after Ziv had indicated to the guards at the roped off area to let him through.

The music was loud and, in Italian fashion, had a beat that was neither one thing or another, more all over the place. That didn't stop couples gyrating and enjoying themselves. The club tonight had no performance. That was the entertainment of those who chose to play on the many pieces of furniture designed for pleasure around the room. Massimo's design was all about voyeurism. Whichever way one looked, there were people involved in some aspects of BDSM, some more hardcore than others.

Ziv was in the mood for hardcore, something to release the sexual tension he'd been unable to ride himself of. He glanced to the area he'd picked to use. The sex swing one of his particular favorites. "Come," he demanded.

The coy look the toy gave him set his teeth on edge, it wasn't bratty enough. He shut out the thought and walked over to the black leather swing, not paying any attention to his men or the toy.

The toy would follow, he was being paid to. The straps on the swing were examined before he went to the small, three drawered cabinet that sat beside each piece of furniture. The toys inside were cleaned thoroughly. Massimo hadn't grown his businesses by cutting corners or doing a half arsed job.

Ziv rifled through the contents, his expression grim at the prospect of what would happen next. Across the top of his shoulders, there was a dull ache as he worked to keep his thoughts closed off. Taking out a ball gag, a bag of high tension clamps, leather bindings and a pinwheel with long spikes, he placed them down. The toy's tastes had been documented on the contract he'd signed when Ziv had requested it. The transaction was business-like, just how he wanted it to be.

He didn't look at the toy, who didn't smell sweet. His nose wrinkled in distaste when his head wanted to start the comparison game.

“Strip.”

There was a giggle that irritated Ziv when he heard it above the music. His stomach clenched as tight as his jaw. His body showed no signs of interest. He turned and looked over at the toy with disinterested eyes. Naked, his body did nothing for Ziv. There was no buzz of anticipation. No excitement for what was coming. Nothing. It was as if he was dead inside. Only he wasn't.

The prospect of touching the toy... repulsed him. His heart leapt into the back of his throat when a thought, one he'd

managed to avoid for weeks, wouldn't be held at bay. It ran through his brain like the stupid British stalker at a football match, showing way more than anyone wanted to see. Was his boy letting someone touch him? Was Beau, right now, doing the same thing as him? Looking for someone to...

His teeth ground together before he released a vicious curse and waved a dismissing hand at the toy. "Fuck off," he growled in Italian.

Ziv caught Davidovic's eyes widening behind the toy before he could mask his reaction. The toy picked up his clothes, shrugged, and walked off, arse swaying in a seductive manner that caught the eye of several men but did fuck all for Ziv. The boy would be paid regardless of what they did or didn't do, it was in the contract. For the first time in many years, Ziv began to sweat over something he couldn't control. Was Beau actively out there seeking other men, negotiating sex?

Shutting out all thoughts of Beau had done nothing for his state of mind and now... now he had something else to become fixated on. Being involved in a fucking catastrophe couldn't feel any worse. His lips pursed as he stalked away from Davidovic.

"We're leaving. Now." He didn't wait for him to answer and felt more than saw the men move with him.

Out into the night, Ziv inhaled the chilly air. Rome had a smell that was unique. The scent of car and scooter fumes was prominent but then there was a more earthy scent underneath. It was unmistakable. The rented vehicles pulled up seconds

later. Those on the busy street showed some interest but were kept at a distance by his guards.

In the car, the disconcerted feelings that had never left him since he'd walked away from Beau crashed down on him. The urge to sag in the seat was resisted. Showing such a lack of control after this evening was unthinkable.

He sat stiffly and stared out of the window as the car merged with the traffic. "Organise for the plane to take us back to London."

There was a pause before Davidovic spoke. "We were planning to go to Madrid. Julio's men are expecting us tomorrow."

Dark eyed pinned Davidovic with a bubbling fury, one that was really aimed at Ziv's own lack of control. "We leave tonight," he replied with a finality that did little to ease his inner conflict at what he was choosing to do.

Davidovic's curse was quiet but Ziv heard it nevertheless.

He held Davidovic's stare, one that this time revealed his concern. The glass partition between them and the two men in front of the car gave them privacy. "If you have something to say, say it."

"What has gotten into you? Or should I say who? Ever since you saw that boy... you've not been yourself. The week in London..."

From the beginning, living on the streets, Ziv had learned to trust no one. Over the years, he'd developed a level of trust

with Davidovic that at times allowed for honesty between them. His business acumen and the fear he created by his actions hadn't changed it. Ziv had never liked being questioned by anyone, not even Davidovic. He'd be honest with Davidovic, to a point, only if it showed no weakness. In his business, a sign of weakness could get a person killed.

His head tilted. Davidovic's face was illuminated by the passing street and car lights. "The boy is mine." Saying it aloud and to someone else made it real and Ziv understood in his bones that nothing was going to change that. A month away had changed nothing, tonight had proved it.

Again, there was nothing to indicate what Davidovic thought about his confession. "And this is why we are going back to London." It was a statement, but Ziv gave a curt nod. "What if he has moved on?"

Ziv accepted the courage it took to ask such a question of him. "Then I will remove whoever has taken my place and remind the boy he is mine."

The utter seriousness in his tone brought a deep furrow between Davidovic's brows. "What do you need me to do?"

Chapter Twelve

Beau

“Come on, it’ll be fun. You haven’t been out in weeks and I’m starting to think ‘he who shall not be mentioned ever again’ has taken away your ability to have fun. The friend I’ve known most of my life has never let anyone steal his slay. If I meet the guy, I’ll put on a pair of your heels and kick him in the balls.”

Beau giggled, the cocktails he’d made making him feel loose. “Now *that*, I’d like to see.”

The sloppy grin on Jessie’s face was just too cute. The man was no more a fighter than Patrick. It had always been Beau who had stood up to anyone who thought they could bully him or his friends.

“How do you figure signing up for Cuffd’s twelve days of Christmas kinky fun times Kinkmas thing is going to make me have fun?” he asked, changing the subject back to what they’d been talking about. Any conversation about Ziv was always guaranteed to get rid of Beau’s happy buzz.

Jessie’s phone, with the app still not deleted from it, lay on his lap. He’d rested it there while he’d been reading out what

Cuffd had planned that year.

“Just because you met Smithy that way doesn’t mean I’m going to find someone.” Not when Beau’s heart was already attached to the idea that Ziv was his and that maybe the man would see sense and come back. As yet, nothing had dissuaded him of this notion. “I don’t want anyone else,” he muttered, more to himself than Jessie, who continued like he’d not spoken.

“Don’t forget, Patrick met Akker through the app, too. I’m telling you, I have a good feeling about this. Cuffd is how we found happiness and I know it’s how you’ll find yours.”

Beau rolled his eyes at Jessie, who giggled at him. The idea of letting anyone touch him had the ability to render Beau a gibbering wreck. He’d been out once in the last four weeks and he’d not found any pleasure in watching others have a good time with their partners. The one visit to Jessie’s house to witness the cuteness that was him and Smithy together was enough to send him running for the hills.

No way did he want to upset his friends by being that person who was green with envy and couldn’t keep his tongue from being waspish with stinging comments. He wasn’t that person and his feelings for Ziv, which if anything were more tumultuous with every passing day, made it virtually impossible to be around anyone in a happy relationship. He hoped like hell he’d somehow grow out of his feelings, he really did, even if they went against the other conviction that the man would return. Thing was, he didn’t like being this way

and wanted to do as Jessie and Patrick suggested, and move on. Sort of... maybe. The memories of that week were too fresh and real to decide on anything... it was really fucking hard.

The man owning a house three doors down didn't help Beau's cause, with the obsessive part of him liking to walk repeatedly past the house to check for any signs of life. It was getting silly, which was why he'd called Jessie today to see if he wanted to come round. He didn't *really* want to spend his evening walking up and down the cold, wintery street pretending to look at windows decorated for Christmas. That was what he'd done the day before, and the one before that. It was getting beyond stupid. This pathetic man was not him and a part of him hated Ziv for how he was feeling.

"You were lucky. Both of you," he sighed and rested his head back on the sofa cushion, his eyes welling with tears as he confessed, "I'm jealous."

Jessie shuffled up the sofa after placing his glass and phone down on the coffee table in front of them. He took Beau's glass and laid it next to his, then cuddled into him, slinging his arm over Beau's shoulder and tugging him in for a hard hug. "I know," he whispered and kissed his cheek. "It's okay to feel like that."

"No, it's not." Resigned, he hugged Jessie hard before letting go and wiping at his aching eyes. "Let's have a look at the events they've got planned."

He ignored Jessie's look of relief. His friend wriggled on his seat and reached for his phone. "Go get your phone. Do you still have the app or do you need to download it again so we can go through the options? I'm sure there was a kinky cooking event. If I was single I'd definitely sign up for that."

Jessie didn't draw breath in his excitement. Cooking was his thing and he loved everything and anything connected to the kitchen, something both he and Patrick had really appreciated when they lived with him. They'd hardly had to do any cooking and the leftovers Jessie brought from work were sorely missed. "I think I might have deleted it as I was dating Dean and then..." he snapped his lips shut and swallowed before forcing out a giggle. "And don't let your Daddy here you say that."

Jessie grinned widely. Being the good friend he was, he didn't harp on about stuff Beau didn't want to talk about. "Daddy would happily create the event for me in our kitchen."

A sliver of intrigue poked at Beau. Getting up, he went to find his phone to check if he'd got rid of the app. Back a minute later, he sat next to Jessie. "Nope, I didn't delete it." He plastered a smile that he wasn't totally feeling to his face. "So what does a kinky cooking event entail?"

For the next hour, they got slowly more tipsy while laughing their way through all the different events planned in the London area. It would seem that The Flamingo Bar, which was on the floor above The Playroom, was geared towards role play. Beau had been in a couple of times with Jessie, who

worked for the same upmarket restaurant chain, La Trattoria Di Amore. Both places only catered to men and having a restaurant in Flamingo Bar, it gave the place a different vibe than The Playroom. It was more chilled and it also catered to littles and boys. There were also themed nights, though Beau had yet to go to any of those.

They were hosting a charity event where you could bid on a Daddy/Handler for the night. His brow arched as he read on, loving the idea of getting the chance to pick someone, just for a night, with no expectations. He could do that? The men were supposed to be experienced and were offering to give the highest bidder a night they wouldn't forget. "What would that involve?" he mused aloud.

"What would that involve?" Jessie peered from his own phone to Beau, wearing an adorably confused expression.

"This bid on a Daddy for the night thing. It says they'll give you a night you'll never forget, what do you think the guys would have in mind?" Discussing it, Beau's heart got a little zap of excitement.

"Anything, and isn't that the fun bit?" His eyes back to dreamy. "I'm gonna write all these down so Daddy can think of some things for me."

Tilting his head, Beau's eyes narrowed on his friend. "Er hur hum, this is about me, remember?"

Jessie's face fell and Beau regretted saying it. "Sorry, you're right, I was being selfish."

He couldn't take it, and scooted closer to Jessie to rest his head on his shoulder. "No, I was. I think it's a great idea. You make a list of all the events you want to do with your Daddy, and I'll sign up for the same ones and we can compare notes."

"We can't leave Patrick out."

Beau lifted his head. "Let's FaceTime him."

The grin was all mischief when he opened the app and hit the call icon. Seconds later, Patrick's face appeared on the screen with Akker's body behind him. "We didn't catch you at a bad time did we?" Jessie sounded like he hoped they had.

Biting his lips to stop the laughter, Beau leaned over Jessie's shoulder to grin at Patrick. "What he means is, he hopes you were being naughty."

"Is that right?" Akker's deep voice came through the speaker.

A blush coated Jessie's cheeks as he glanced at Beau.

"Maybe... but only if you don't tell my Daddy."

"Mince pies."

"Mince pies?" Jessie questioned Akker, his brow wrinkled.

"Yep. I'll not say anything as long as you bake me a dozen mince pies."

Patrick groaned loudly. "Daddy, that's blackmail."

There was the sound of a kiss. "I know. But there has to be some recompense for me when someone was a greedy boy and I only got one from the last batch he dropped off."

Knowing his friend, Beau laughed and Patrick scowled at them, blushing. “I have a sweet tooth, Daddy.”

“Understatement of the year,” Jessie said, his lips trembling when Patrick aimed a ‘you’re supposed to be helping me’ look at them.

“What did you FaceTime for?” Patrick asked pointedly.

“I’ll make the mince pies,” Jessie replied.

Beau shook with laughter at the snort Patrick gave. “We rang because we’re going through the Cuffd Kinkmas list of events and as Jessie thought some would be fun to do with Smithy, he thought you might like to do some too.”

“The app is for singles,” Akker immediately pointed out. His face was off screen, but the bite to his tone indicated he’d got the wrong end of the stick.

Jessie made a face at me, wise enough not to let Akker see it.

“Yes, but you could recreate them... *in private*.”

Patrick’s face disappeared from the screen as he bounced on Akker’s knee. “Can we Daddy, pleaseeeee. We can have our own Kinkmas.”

“Of course we can,” he answered, sounding indulgent, which was no surprise with how much he loved Patrick and what lengths he’d go to for his boy. “We’ll look at what’s on the list of event...”

Beau did his best to pretend the stab of jealousy hadn’t occurred while Jessie interjected, “We’ve the list right here.”

It was easy to focus on his friends once they got back to the list. They laughed so hard at the antics Patrick pulled as he wheedled at his Daddy, that Beau had tears running down his face. When they'd recovered, they went once more through the list with Patrick and Akker. It was the most fun he'd had in weeks and for a brief time, his head wasn't filled with Ziv.

By the time the call ended and Jessie had been collected by Smithy, Beau had been talked into signing up for several events. The first was the following Tuesday night which happened to be the first day of the twelve days of Kinkmas.

Feeling pleasantly buzzed, Beau went through to the kitchen, tidying up the mess they'd created when making cocktails and snacks, most of which Jessie had brought with him. There were several containers in the fridge. Jessie was a feeder and Beau had no issue with that.

He walked through the now silent flat, turning off lights as he went. In his bedroom, Beau went through the motions of getting ready to go to bed. In bed, he dabbed face cream onto his skin and then picked up his rose quartz roller. He'd just started passing it over his cheek when there was a loud knock to his front door, distracting him. His forehead furrowed when the knocking sounded again, only more impatient than the first time. Clutching the roller in his hand, his feet hit the carpet and yet more banging occurred. Who the hell was it? He stomped out of the bedroom, trying to figure out which of his neighbours would be hammering on his door at nearly midnight on a Friday night. No one had buzzed to be let in so

it had to be a neighbour, but as Beau rarely had any dealings with them other than to say hello, he was clueless.

Hand reaching for the lock, the door rattled in the wood. He snatched his hand back, his heart thundering when he heard voices outside the door. The handle rattled and Beau took a step back, his mind going through every horror movie he'd ever watched.

'Don't open the door,' screamed through his mind. He was having a movie moment, only he was the one screaming at himself when he reached out for the lock once more.

“Open the door pretty brat, I know you're in there.”

The roller fell from his limp fingers and Beau took a step back, then another. His eyes wide, he stared at the door as if it was preparing to attack him.

Chapter Thirteen

Zivkovic

The patience he was known for deserted him. Ziv hammered on the door in front of him. He'd arrived in London earlier that morning having flown straight from Rome, briefly returning to the hotel to collect his things. The disruption he'd caused by changing his plans for the boy once more left him furious at himself, and the boy. He did not chase after anyone, he had no need to.

Finding himself in this predicament was new and, as yet, he hadn't decided what he was going to do about it, if anything, besides throttling the boy who wasn't answering his door. On the flight, he'd decided to observe the boy for a few days before approaching him. It hadn't been missed by the security cameras how the boy walked past his home repeatedly. This gave Ziv an odd sense of satisfaction. The boy was clearly attached to him.

He eyed the door and banged once more. Had the man assigned to watching Beau got it wrong? Had a man stayed?

His blood fizzed unpleasantly as he once more bashed the side of his fist on the door.

“Sir, we’re being watched.” Mikheil, who’d been the only one he’d let come with him, much to Davidovic’s disgust, spoke in a low voice, but caught Ziv’s attention.

He twisted to look at the one other door in the hallway. The woman who stared out at him held something that looked like a bat in her hand. He wasn’t sure of her age, but she wore what looked like a long sleeping gown in a drab grey that washed out her complexion.

“Do you know what time it is?” she asked in an accusatory tone.

“I learned to tell the time long ago,” Ziv snapped, his eyes glittering with anger, warning her that pushing him would not be a good thing.

“Then you should realise that most normal people are asleep at this time of night. You banging on the door next to mine is disturbing me. How did you even get in the building? It requires someone to let you in and clearly the young man isn’t expecting you.” Her lips dipped down at the corners. Her gaze showed nothing but displeasure.

Ziv dismissed her, already over the conversation. He did not need to explain himself to her. He was already annoyed at having his plans for the evening interrupted. He’d intended to give himself some time figuring out his next move. His life was planned down to the last detail. This thing, whatever it

was, with the boy was going to be the same, once the boy answered the door.

He'd spent the time on his private jet running through his extensive calendar of meetings with Anya. She changed the ones that could be from in person to zoom calls. Those that required his personal attendance were grouped into days and destinations, each detail meticulously planned to make it work. It was a huge imposition to those he did business with, but Ziv couldn't find it in him to care. That alone set his teeth on edge. Some of the time on the plane he'd considered what the hell he was doing to make these types of changes, and for what? A pretty brat? A fuck?

The boy was more than that and he'd resigned himself to it when he'd gone back over their last night together. The connection was real. He might not like it or the feelings it gave him, but he was honest with himself. It was not going to go away so it needed to be dealt with. Leaving hadn't worked, so now he was trying something else.

The boy not answering his door was not going to work for him after all he'd changed his plans to come back, whether the boy was aware of it or not. "Open the door pretty brat, I know you're in there," he repeated loudly.

The silence irritated him further. He was tired and not in the mood to have to kick the door in. The day had been filled so full, he'd barely had time to eat or drink. His head was throbbing and he was in no state to be denied as the seconds ticked down and the door remained shut. He cursed Davidovic

for not getting a key cut for the flat as well as the main door, when he'd kicked his arse for doing that in the first place.

The security measures were Davidovic's business, as he pointed out, and they kept Ziv safe. Because Davidovic had seen more than Ziv wanted anyone to when it came to the boy, he'd remained silent.

Right now, as he hammered once more on the door and it rattled in the frame, with the knowledge he was going to have to kick the door down, he could see Davidovic's reasoning.

The woman he'd forgotten was there, snorted loudly. "You are going to break that door, I'm calling the police."

"Mikheil, take care of it," Ziv responded, his gaze never leaving the closed door.

Before he could lift his fist once more, there was the sound from the other side of the door. It opened a fraction, a chain stopping it from going far enough to give Ziv a good view of the flat or Beau.

His expression was not one of welcome. The accusatory stare and pursed lips were on a face half covered in white blobs.

Distracted, he peered a little closer, frowning. What was it?

The seconds ticked down. There was a commotion behind him but his full attention was on the man who was not moving to unlock the chain.

"What do you want?" he asked in a stiff, formal tone that gave Ziv an unwelcome, nervous fluttering in the pit of his stomach.

Narrowing his eyes on the boy, he stepped to the door until his face was close to the chain. “You know what I want, pretty brat. Open the door for Daddy,” he growled.

The boy stepped closer and the fluttering died down.

His face mere inches from Ziv’s, he met his stare with one that was pure defiance. “You left without so much as a goodbye. That does not give you the right to think you are or could be my Daddy. A real Daddy would never hurt me like that.” The quiet condemnation was somehow worse than some hysterical shouting.

“Open the door,” Ziv crooned. “Let Daddy in.”

Something flashed in the boy’s eyes. It was gone before Ziv could fully register what it was, but he was sure it was pain.

Beau stood straighter and shook his head. “No. I’ve signed up to several Cuffed Kinkmas events and I will find a Daddy out there who will treat me the way I deserve. Now if you don’t mind, could you leave and stop annoying my neighbours.” On that, the door snapped shut in his face.

Blinking, he stared at the closed door, not quite believing it had been shut in his face. Never had anyone had the courage to take such an action, to deny him, since his childhood, and not without suffering the consequences.

Hands balled into fists at his sides with the urge to punch his way through the door. The control he was renowned for, got him swinging around to find Mikheil coming out of the door

next door. He glanced at Ziv and the closed door. He was clever enough to keep his thoughts to himself.

Stiff shouldered, he silently walked down the stairs with Mikheil behind him. Ziv paid no attention to those standing in doorways as they passed. Outside in the cold night air, he exhaled his seething anger, then inhaled while he stared up at the building. The need to know if there was anyone else in the flat was like the blade of a knife slicing through the wall of his chest. The pain was unrelenting until the red mist faded and his mind started to work through the conversation. The boy had said he was going to look for a Daddy, not that he'd found one.

The dark windows of the top flat held his attention long enough that the cold seeped through his suit jacket while he contemplated his next actions. The shock rippled through him and continued to drive his pulse fast through his blood. He'd been denied. When was the last time it had happened?

Strangled laughter rumbled up out of his chest at the ridiculous boy being able to twist him into what? Dark eyes narrowed and Ziv calculated the angles to attack the problem that was his bratty boy.

When he headed down the street, Ziv did so with purpose. Mikheil threw him a worried look.

In the house, Davidovic appeared barely two seconds after the door shut. He glanced at Mikheil behind him, shutting the door. "Is the boy not there?"

Mikheil coughed as if he was trying to warn Davidovic from saying more. “Dismissed, Mikheil.”

A curt nod and Mikheil walked up the first flight of stairs, disappearing around the curve at the top fast enough that Davidovic’s body stiffened.

The three upper levels of the house were divided to accommodate everyone. The very top floor was Ziv’s, the second floor was Davidovic’s, and the first floor was for his security detail. The house had been renovated to give privacy. The ground floor was the only communal area used by the men when they were on their down time.

At the click of a door shutting above, Davidovic’s brow furrowed, the only sign of his concern. “What happened?”

“He shut the door in my face.”

“He did!” Davidovic forgot himself and lapsed into Serbian, his alarm evident.

A rare smile spread over Ziv’s face. “Yes.” The boy had balls... *I like it.*

His blood warmed at the prospect of seeing just how much of a brat the boy was going to be, and what he could come up with to punish him.

The smile disappeared when he recalled what the boy had said about finding someone else. “I want to know everything there is to know about the boy, everything! Who is in his life. Any and all personal relationships beyond his parents. And find out what Cuffd is and kinkmas.”

“Kinkmas?”

“Yes,” he ground out at the idea of the boy doing whatever ‘kinkmas’ was with anyone other than him. Ziv stalked up the stairs, taking them two at a time, heading to the floor that had a workout room. Needing to hit something, the full sized boxing bag was where he went to take out his frustration.

Who were the men in Beau’s flat, the ones his men had seen coming and going? Jealousy was for the weak, something he did not associate with himself. It was lowering to realise he was no better than anyone else.

He stripped out of his suit jacket, tie, and shirt, tossing them on a weights bench. He kicked off his shoes and took off his socks. He picked up a set of boxing gloves then laid them down, wanting something more physical. Approaching the hanging bag, he filled his lungs then got into a boxing stance. The first solid punch zinged up his arm, his knuckles taking the punishment as he struck the bag with hard jabs. Left, left, right, left, right, right. He set a punishing rhythm until his knuckles were swollen and bruised. Adrenaline pumped through his body until he was buzzing.

Sweat covered his chest and dripped down his back to the belt of his trousers and still he punched at the unseen person that might dare to touch what was his. His eyes gleamed with deadly intent as he slowed down, his chest heaving at the sound of feet approaching.

Davidovic appeared in the doorway, the file in his hands holding his attention.

Picking up his shirt, he swiped it across his brow and soaking hair, pushing it away from his forehead. “Tell me.”

“The registration of the truck that picked up the blond is that of Augustus Smith, a proclaimed Daddy Dom. He owns his own construction company and is dating another man who is a Sous chef at La Trattoria Di Amore and is one of Beau’s childhood friends, Jessie. Do you want age and past relationships?”

Ziv waved a hand and listened as he ran briefly through Beau’s life. His heart rate came down with the information that the man he’d seen Beau with at the club weeks ago was now dating someone else. From the information, Beau was currently single. “What about Cuffd?”

“It’s a singles dating app for those who are looking for kinky hook-ups. Beau is signed up to the app and has registered for several of the kinkmas events in the London area, the first of which is next Tuesday. That is a Daddy/Handler event where boys get to bid on men and get a guaranteed ‘unforgettable night’.” Davidovic read directly from the file.

Thoughts ran through Ziv’s mind. “Register me for the app, and book me as one of the Daddy’s to bid on.”

The merest hint of a brow rose as Davidovic tucked the file under his arm and pulled out his phone. “There will be others there bidding.”

A smile that would have made his enemies cringe appeared and Davidovic whistled through his teeth when Ziv explained what he wanted done.

Chapter Fourteen

Beau

In a very shitty mood, Beau roamed from his bedroom into Jessie's, and then Patrick's, his feet dragging on the carpet. Outside, the day was bright and crisp with frost coating the parked cars. He should have been bouncing with energy, raring to go and attack the list of shopping he needed to do for Christmas. None of it was appealing with the mood he was in. He'd not slept at all as he'd run repeatedly through what he'd done the night before.

The ache in his chest had come the second he'd closed the door on Ziv's confident expression.

Why he'd done that, he couldn't say at the time. Seven hours later, he'd come to the conclusion this man had the power to crush his heart. Beau went at life full throttle, he was here for a good time. The week they'd spent together had been exceptional, one of the best of his life, right up until he'd been discarded like last season's fashion. Gone and long forgotten. The intensity of their interaction was one Beau wanted. Fuck, he wasn't stupid to think that kind of connection happened often. Not to him. Maybe it never would again with anyone

else. Ziv, he was positive, wasn't looking for a long term relationship. Hell, not even short term. Before he'd met him, Beau could easily keep things casual. Their connection had changed something inside him, though. That pocket of time had given him a taste of nirvana.

For Ziv, it clearly wasn't the same or why else would he cut Beau out of his life without a thought or a backward glance. It had been too easy for the other man, otherwise why hadn't he been in touch? He'd kept Beau's phone for a week. The type of people Beau considered that Ziv knew would easily have obtained his number. Fuck, he knew where Beau lived. That reality had sunk in about four days after he'd come home, which was when the hope had died that Ziv would call.

Whatever had brought him back to London, Beau was positive it wasn't him and it was sure as heck not for the long term. Did he think he could pick Beau up and drop him whenever he felt like a fuck? It was that thought and that alone that stopped him from re-opening the door and running after Ziv, saying he'd changed his mind.

Oh, he'd wanted to. Fuck, it had been more painful that waking up to find him gone. Beau was hungry to feel his arms around him, to bury his face in his neck and let the world disappear. Ziv had that ability for Beau, but was losing his soul worth the risk he wouldn't be used?

The night before, with Jessie and how he spoke about Smithy, then watching Patrick and Akker together brought home that he was worth more than what Ziv was offering. He wasn't

going to sell himself short. The tears he'd shed to find Ziv gone, no that wasn't a road he was going to take again.

I'm worth more than that so 'Daddy' can go fuck himself.

Using 'Daddy' against Beau when Ziv was aware of the effect it had on him? Yep, that was cruel.

His sigh was long and heartfelt as he dragged his weary arse into the bathroom. He stared at his face in the mirror. His mouth opened and he lost the ability to think. The white blobs of cream on one side of his face were still where he'd put them... last night. *Oh god!*

He buried his head in his hands, his face heating. How could he have not remembered he'd still got cream on his face?

A scowl formed as he rubbed at the sticky lumps and headed to the shower, cursing the day he'd met Ziv.

Showered, dressed, and with the flat set back in order, he picked up a thick coat to ward off the cold. He grabbed one of his large shoulder bags he liked to take shopping and headed out, determined to act normal.

He'd taken two steps out his flat when the door next door opened. He smiled, not stopping as he called out a good morning, while going down the stairs without stopping.

"Beau, Beau a word please?"

Not in the mood for a talk about Ziv's behaviour, which he was sure wasn't friendly the night before, he shook his head, still moving. "Sorry, I'm late. I'll catch you later." Not if he could help it, he wouldn't.

There was some loud tutting but he kept going, glad he was wearing his converse so he could move quickly.

In the street, he debated with himself for a second, before he headed in the opposite direction from Ziv's house.

Exiting the tube forty-five minutes later, Beau headed in the direction of Oxford street. The streets were crowded and the shops he passed were all decorated for Christmas. The lights had been festooned down the streets and in the late afternoon would be switched on, something Beau was looking forward to.

He started to go through his mental list and where he needed to go to get his presents. The first couple of hours flew by and he'd filled his shopping bag. He even had to unfold one of the smaller bags he'd brought to carry everything. Having got Patrick's and Jessie's gifts sorted, he went to search out the secret shop he'd found that he'd sourced the horrible Christmas jumpers they wore at Christmas. It was a competition every year to see who could find the worst one.

The year before last, Jessie had beat him, then last year Akker had gone all out for Patrick. This year, Beau had come up with the idea of getting Akker and Smithy images of their boys on long sleeved T-shirts. He'd spent ages going through all the old photo albums at his parents' home and uploading them onto a memory stick, which he had in his pocket. He wanted a collage of some of their funniest pictures. It was what had given him his idea for this year's jumper. There was a picture of them when they'd been about eight. The three boys were

standing outside next to the garden Christmas tree Jessie's mum had tried to grow and failed miserably at. They, however, had decided it should be decorated. They were covered in mud, the sparse tree branches were coated in bits of toilet paper and sweetie wrappers they'd eaten and thought would look good stuck over the tree using mud. It looked utterly hideous, but they'd looked so proud of themselves. Jessie's mum had captured the moment and every time the tree was mentioned the photo, of which Beau had got a copy, was brought out so they could laugh at themselves and remember the fun they'd had.

He would win that damn jumper competition this year. He'd come up with the slogan, 'when all else fails to make Christmas perfect, ask these three idiots'. He wanted arrows pointing at the three of them, just to make his point.

At the shop, he stopped outside to wait for a lady to pass through the door. A tall, dark, foreboding figure appeared out of nowhere. Dark eyes not dissimilar to Ziv's moved from him to the shop as he passed and Beau shivered into his coat.

He stepped into the shop, looking back over his shoulder just as the man was swallowed by the crowd. He shook off the silly notion that he'd maybe caught sight of the guy earlier and that he was following him, and smiled at Nate, the owner of the shop, with whom he'd become friends.

Tall and gangly, Nate was all arms and legs. The man had the most engaging smile, one that you couldn't help returning.

“Beau, what delights have you got for me this year to turn into an ugly sweater?”

“Oh, I’ve got them beat this year.”

Nate chuckled, aware of what Beau was trying to achieve.

“You say that every year.”

“Yes, but this time I know I’ve conquered it.”

Nate leaned against the countertop that held an array of magazines full of sample photos of all the items Nate could put pictures on. “Okay, show me what you have in mind. What colour are we going for this year?”

Pulling out the memory stick, he handed it over. “I think I’ll let you decide when you see the picture I’ve chosen and what I want written under it.”

They laughed as Beau leant over Nate’s shoulder and indicated what he wanted first for his sweater, and then when he wanted on the two long sleeved tops for Akker and Smithy. He didn’t need to guess on sizes as he’d snooped in both men’s homes.

Finished thirty minutes later, Beau waved goodbye to Nate and headed off to find a café to grab some lunch. His stomach was ready for something, having not eaten any breakfast. The grump wanted to return as to why, and Beau forcibly shut off his thoughts when he entered John Lewis and headed up to the Benugo Café. His mouth started to water at the prospect of an afternoon tea, but with maybe a glass of bubbles to go with it.

He needed to get the scarf his mother wanted and the pair of leather gloves his dad had mentioned. Both could be found in

John Lewis so he had no guilt at having a treat.

Already feeling accomplished, he sat having ordered his food. Bags down on the seat next to him, Beau pulled out his phone and took a picture and sent it to Jessie and Patrick in their group chat with the caption, *'look where I am'*.

Patrick came back with a smiley face. Jessie, who was working today, didn't respond and probably wouldn't until after his shift. Kaden was a hard task master. The head chef was a little intimidating and ran his kitchen with a firm hand.

As the waitress approached with his drink, he placed his phone down and smiled up at her. It disappeared seconds later when he caught sight of the same man he'd seen in the street taking a seat on the other side of the cafe. He made no pretence that he wasn't staring and Beau's blood ran cold. Was Ziv having him followed? No, that was a ridiculous notion.

It was, yet he couldn't shake the feeling as he was served and sat eating his meal while the man sat with just a cup of coffee.

Beau took his time, even knowing that he still had a lot to do, and watched the other man from out of the side of his eye. An hour later, he left, going to the women's department. He headed to the underwear section and started to browse panties.

It didn't take long for the man to appear. Getting more than a little annoyed, Beau led the man around the department store while he shopped for things he needed, and some he didn't. When he headed for the lift, he managed to skip in and get off on another floor and go out a side exit. Beau kept moving,

heading straight into another café and waited to see if the man appeared.

Minutes later, the same man appeared from the side of the building wearing a deep frown. He glanced about while holding a phone to his ear.

“Can I get you anything?” a female voice asked.

Beau glanced to the left, having forgotten he was in a queue of people and though he didn't want anything, he nodded.

“I'll have a cappuccino, small please.” He glanced back out the window and chuckled when there was no sight of the other man.

That will teach you to follow me!

Chapter Fifteen

Zivkovic

Aiming a stare at the man who was supposed to be following Beau that could freeze water in a split second, Ziv repeated the question. “Explain again how you managed to lose him?”

The glacial tone was one that had instilled fear in many and Xavier met his gaze, a muscle in his cheek ticking. “He slipped into the lift before I could reach him and got out on a different floor to the one I went to, I’m sorry.” It was the third time Xavier has apologised in a stiff formal tone.

Ziv sensed no dishonesty, but it was inexcusable to lose the boy. He templed his fingers and continued to stare at Xavier until he started to fidget. “Get out of my sight,” he ground out, undecided about sacking him. Xavier had been with him for five years and to date, had never failed him.

How could the brat of a boy outsmart a trained man?

Davidovic stood silently at the side of his desk. He’d been the one to give him the news that Xavier had failed to do his job. He was as still as a statue. “Track his phone, find him.”

Davidovic's disapproving expression was ignored as Ziv waited for him to leave the room. When the door shut, he got up and went to the window and looked back out on the street. It was dark even though it was only a little after four in the afternoon.

How had the boy managed to turn his world upside down? More to the point, what was he going to do with the boy between now and Tuesday? His initial thought was to not have any contact with Beau until the kinkmas event but the tension riding through him at the thought of the boy out alone was irritating and Ziv wasn't one to avoid the reason why.

For the first time in his life, work was not his priority and the phone on his desk, ringing to indicate that it was time for his next meeting, was one he wanted to ignore. Considering it a sign of weakness, one he wouldn't tolerate for himself or others, he went and sat down. His expression revealed nothing of his emotions as he answered the call.

Four hours later, he was stiff and his back ached from sitting tensed up. His arms from the punishment of the day before, were heavy with fatigue. He stalked into his bedroom and ignored looking at the bed, going straight for the shower.

Stripped, he stepped under the hot spray and groaned. He shut his eyes as the pulsing jets hit his body. After a perfunctory wash, he dripped onto the heated, tiled floor as he got out of the shower. Towel draped around his hips, he walked back into the bedroom, using another towel to dry his hair. He stopped at the sight of Davidovic standing in the doorway.

“What?” he barked, his stomach knotting at Davidovic’s expression, one that suggested he had something unpleasant to share.

“The boy hasn’t returned to the flat. He’s in The Cocktail Club near Oxford Street.”

His tiredness vanished and Ziv changed directions, heading to his wardrobe. He dropped his towels, unconcerned about his nakedness, and pulled out a pair of black trousers and a white dress shirt. He forwent underwear. “Get me a car.”

“One?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t advise—”

“Understood. Now get me a car.”

Davidovic disappeared out of the room silently, the tension in his body evident in the stiffness of his gait. Ziv dressed, sprayed on some aftershave, then ran his fingers through his damp hair. A fitted, black leather jacket was taken from the wardrobe. Wallet and phone in his pocket, he went to find Davidovic.

The drive to the bar was done in strained silence. Davidovic drove and Mikheil stared at the phone tracking Beau.

The car was parked up and they walked down the busy streets, Christmas cheer everywhere they looked. The evening was chilly and many revellers were wrapped up warm. Never one for holiday seasons, Ziv didn’t stare at the lights or decorated

windows like those around him. He strode with purpose, following Mikheil's directions.

The bar was busy as they stepped inside. Excited, noisy chatter came at him from all angles as he searched the crowd for Beau. The place was dark, walls covered in wallpaper that depicted the London skyline. Long leather benches sat against walls with large copper lights hanging over tables. Stools were sat in front of each table. Every available seat was taken and the floor space was crowded with people holding glasses with a range of coloured cocktails.

Mikheil came closer and whispered in his ear, "Far left corner."

One sweep of the room and Ziv found Beau, who was facing away and speaking with a dark haired man who was leaning far too closely to him. A hand ran over the one Beau held a glass in. Beau's head tipped back and he laughed. He looked much as he did the first night Ziv had seen him, only the clothes were different, more casual.

Ziv was moving before it fully registered. He stalked through the crowd with a determined purpose that got people getting out of his way. When he stopped next to the table, he gripped the man's hand, crushing it as he dragged it off Beau.

"I'd take your hand off him if you want to keep it," he said with deadly intent.

The man jerked back, whatever he was going to say didn't pass his lips as he met Ziv's stare and then moved to Mikheil

and Davidovic looming behind him. Colour drained from his face.

“I don’t want no drama,” he mumbled, pulling his arm free with difficulty, when Ziv wasn’t in the mood to let go. When he did, the guy got up and walked away at speed, leaving his drink on the table.

Beau eyed Ziv hungrily before he seemed to remember himself. One brow arched up, then he eyed him up and down... pretending disinterest. Ziv had learned long ago how to read people, it was often what kept him safe.

“And what do you think you’re doing? First you have some inept fool trailing after me today and now you’re here stalking me?” He shook his head. “I know a good therapist if you want his number?” The glass of something that had a piece of passion fruit floating in it was raised and he took a sip. His eyelashes fluttered, bringing with it memories of how the boy had looked when he’d come.

Ziv’s body tightened with arousal when the boy licked his lips salaciously, giving Ziv a coy smile. “Delicious. Now why don’t you run along and leave me alone. I told you last night I wasn’t interested. You’ve had your chance.”

The boy looked away, dismissing him.

Whatever Ziv had thought he might usually feel at being spoken to in this manner, amusement was the last thing he expected. Intrigued, he took the seat the man had vacated and, placing his hand on the table, he crowded Beau. The boy’s pupils dilated and his chest started to heave.

“I believe we have unfinished business.” Ziv got within an inch of the boy, the sweet scent filling his nose as he breathed in. “Daddy is going to have fun showing *his* bratty boy what happens when he’s naughty.” He brushed his lips over the corner of Beau’s full lips. “Daddy is going to whip your cock until you’re ready to come, then I’m going to stop, wait till you calm down then start all over again,” he murmured against Beau’s lips, loud enough for only his ears.

The lips parted and Beau gasped, his lower body shifted on the seat. Ziv resisted reaching down to touch the boy’s cock, to feel his reaction to the threat. He didn’t need to. The boy’s eyes betrayed him. The need was there. “Now finish your drink so we can leave.”

Beau brought the glass to his lips as Ziv moved back and drained it, only he lifted the glass and pushed it at Ziv.

“If you’re staying then I’ll have another Pornstar Martini.” He batted his eyelashes, using a begging look that set Ziv’s teeth on edge. “Please.”

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Two hours later, Ziv still hadn’t figured out why he’d not dragged the boy out of the bar instead of getting Mikheil to buy several more drinks. The crowd in the bar remained pretty much the same, except the people got louder the more they drank.

Ziv paid them little attention as Beau laughed gayly as he told another story about him and his two best friends. The more he drank the more he shared stories of what he and his friends had got up to as children. Ziv, who rarely drank, sipped from a bottle of water, and eyed the tipsy man who he was surprised had entertained him with his past, one that was not in the file he had. Not having had the same experience, Ziv couldn't help but compare their stories.

If he was a decent man, he would get up and leave this untainted boy to it. Ziv was not decent and he always took what he wanted.

“You’re wearing that look again. It doesn’t scare me.” Beau glanced about, slipped his coat on and reached down to collect several shopping bags that sat under the table. “Thank you for entertaining me, it was fun, but it’s time I left to get some beauty sleep. Someone interrupted it last night”

He edged around the table, past Mikheil and Davidovic, giving them a wide grin and getting two rather bemused stares in return. Was he leaving... alone?

Dumbfounded for a moment, Ziv’s eyes widened as Beau sailed out of the bar, not once looking back. Up off the seat, he followed, uncertain how to react.

The boy was halfway down the street before Ziv was able to catch him. For someone so much shorter, he was fast on his feet.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Ziv growled menacingly.

Beau glanced sideways, that one brow arching at him. "Home." He continued his pace, not slowing down.

"I'll take you. I have my car." Which was in the opposite direction he was going.

"No, thank you. My mum taught me never to take rides with strangers."

Ziv cursed as they continued down the street. "I am not a stranger," he gritted out through clenched teeth. The boy was infuriating.

Beau snorted and continued. "I know nothing about you... other than the size of your dick and what it feels like to be left alone."

The last part was said quietly and with a large dose of hurt.

Ziv ran a hand through his hair. The boy was insufferable. "I took care of you when you were hurt."

That brought him to a stop and in the Christmas lights, he saw the boy's brow furrowed. "Okay, I'll give you that. However, that does not excuse you making love to me, then fucking off right after." He jabbed the bags he held at Ziv causing people walking past to show some interest. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were scared shitless of what was between us. How do I know you won't keep running away?"

With a scowl, Beau stomped off down the street, Ziv once more chasing after the boy, his mind struggling to comprehend why or what he was doing chasing him. It wasn't like him. At

the entrance to the tube steps, Ziv took hold of Beau's arm.
"I'm not travelling on the tube. You will come with me."

"Manners cost nothing, you know."

The haughty tone did something surprising. It got Ziv's body reacting violently. Dizziness swept through him and his grip tightened on Beau for a moment. "Please," he muttered, his chilled cheeks heated as he didn't break his stare with Beau.

The boy's gaze was searching and though there were tell-tale signs he'd been drinking, he appeared happy with what he saw when he nodded slowly. "Alright, but only because you said please."

The walk back to the car was made in silence.

Ziv's hands fisted into balls at his side, unsure what the hell to do with them with what was happening to him. He knew one thing, the boy was tying him up in a tangle of rope, one he was starting to think were the unbreakable kind.

It was something he was going to have to think about... alone.

Chapter Sixteen

Beau

Beau slept like the dead, waking at nearly lunchtime on Sunday after going to bed with a big, stupid-arse grin on his face at once more throwing Ziv off balance. He'd clearly expected to come in when he'd walked Beau to his door. Beau's skin had itched with the need to give in, to allow Ziv to waltz back into his life and into his bed. He suspected that Ziv was never denied anything, and although he might want a Daddy, he was no walkover.

The forcefulness Ziv had was real and Beau was mindful not to get swept up a second time. The scary vibe was something else that he exuded; it made people automatically get out of his way when he approached, as if sensing the danger. Problem was, it drew Beau like a damn magnet. Because regardless of how the man had behaved, leaving him without a word, the time and attention he'd lavished on Beau to personally care for him when injured showed a different side to him. One that left Beau conflicted when it came with the heavy handedness. And yes, he loved a heavy handed Daddy, because who wouldn't when it came with the deliciousness of a hot arse.

Yet, Beau wanted more, even when he came to the realisation Ziv might be capable of more after last night.

Who needed those kinds of resources? Ones where Beau felt as if he was in a spy movie. Spyware was the thing of make believe, only it wasn't, was it! The thoughts circled back to what kind of man Ziv was, and what he was really involved in. He was an enigma. One Beau wasn't sure he'd like any less if he really knew what the man was capable of.

He chewed his lower lip and focused on the one question that really mattered. Why had Ziv taken care of him personally when he could easily have gotten any number of people to do it for him?

It was a conundrum when it was married with how Ziv had left him. Last night, a part of him had wondered if losing the guy shadowing him was to test the theory that Ziv was indeed involved in the weirdness. He'd not considered Ziv would show up... or had he secretly wished for that? His heart took flight, mimicking what it had done last night, giving him a boost that no energy drink was capable of giving him, when Ziv had scared off the dude in the bar.

Ziv's possessive behaviour should have annoyed him... it didn't. He wasn't going to lie, it gave him an odd jittery sensation in the pit of his stomach. One he'd not felt with anyone else.

Seeing as he stood in the middle of the kitchen holding the bread he was planning on warming in the oven, Beau rolled his eyes. Bread in the oven to warm, his stomach gurgled in

protest at not having had breakfast. His feet slopped out of the too big unicorn slippers Patrick had bought him as a gag gift, that Beau loved, as he went to retrieve one of the tubs of food from the fridge Jessie had left him.

His mind remained occupied with the turn of events from the night before. A night that had been fun, and though Ziv didn't share anything about himself, he'd listened raptly to Beau. The intensity of his focus was better than the hit of the cocktails he'd drunk. It had been much the same when they'd been in the bedroom, alone. Had anyone made Beau feel so alive? He didn't think so. There was something between them that Beau was scared he felt alone, and that was the crux of the problem. And why he'd kept Ziv at arm's length. It was safer... *maybe*.

The two men with Ziv last night had remained there, watching them, but it was as if Ziv wasn't aware of them. Beau had no such luck. It was a strange thing having men hulking around him. Ziv might be used to it, Beau was not.

He placed the tub in the microwave and skipped over to the side to check the instructions Jessie had left to warm the ravioli. Jessie never did anything by halves when it came to food and Beau would be eternally grateful for that. He'd gotten spoiled over the years, and thankfully Jessie still liked to bring him food. The freezer held several tubs, ones that were replenished with a frequency that should have embarrassed Beau, but it didn't. His friends loved him and he loved them in equal measures.

Did Ziv have any close friends? Beau got the impression he didn't, though he wasn't sure why he thought it. The man kept all his cards close to his chest, revealing little about himself or, more to the point, refusing to answer any of Beau's probing questions.

Beau couldn't be like that, he needed to share and wanted a partner to be the same. His parents' affection for each other was something Beau wanted. They talked about everything.

An ache developed in the centre of his chest as he checked the time, going to retrieve the warmed, herb bread and place it next to the cutlery laid on the table. Piping hot food was next placed on the mat and Beau groaned at the scent of ricotta and the rich creamy sauce. He sniffed the warm air repeatedly while settling himself in his seat.

The hunger meant the food was relished with gusto. Beau groaned his way through the meal until he was stuffed and sending his eternal thanks to the universe for Jessie. His friend was a genius in the kitchen. Cutlery on the plate, he rubbed at his full stomach and picked up his fruity water, sipping it. He stared out of the window at the grey sky. What did Ziv do on a Sunday? Did he have a lazy day? Beau couldn't picture it.

He heaved a sigh and plonked the glass down, getting up to tidy the kitchen and wash the dirty dishes, avoiding thinking of the pang of regret at not being able to ask Ziv what he was up to.

Not long later, he picked up his glass and walked into the lounge, heading for the bags of shopping he'd left next to the

sofa for today's marathon wrapping session. Glass on the coffee table, he went to retrieve the bag of wrapping paper in his bedroom wardrobe.

Back in the lounge, he worked hard not to think about the fact he was alone. Though the boys hadn't often spent huge amounts of time together when they lived in the flat, they did love Christmas and the build-up. He'd had many fun times dressing the tree with Jessie and Patrick, wrapping gifts and just being goofy together.

Not wanting to get lost in comparing his life to his friends, Beau got up, retrieved his phone and found his happy playlist, then bluetoothed it to the large Bose speaker sitting on the bookshelf tucked into the corner of the room. Returning to the shopping, he rifled through the bags. Wrapping gifts was one of the best parts of Christmas. He made it his mission to make it as difficult as possible to get into the gift, increasing the anticipation. It drove Patrick, Jessie, and his family nuts.

Grinning at doing the same to his work colleagues, he laid out the several small gifts he'd gotten for those at work who he managed in his team. Next was the Clinique gift set for the office secret Santa sack. This year was just about doing a lucky dip from the large sack that was already sitting under the tree they'd erected at the beginning of December.

People in his department were like him and loved Christmas. Each year, there was a departmental Christmas challenge to see who could decorate their department the best. This year, Julie had come up with the idea of a bookish theme. The tree

was decorated with papier-mâché book balls. Pages from books the company had published were used to make the baubles. There were piles of paperbacks with colourful jackets stacked to make a fireplace and festooned with fairy lights. They'd even put books in the fireplace, aiming to make them look like logs. It was very pretty when the lights were turned on. They were colourful and flashed, making it very festive in the late afternoon when the sky darkened.

In the zone, Beau hadn't noticed that the greyness outside had turned to black, or that he was straining to see the edges of the last parcel he was wrapping. When he put it down cursing, he glanced up and groaned when his back protested to the movement.

He got up slowly, his legs rebelling from being folded for... shit, four hours. His bladder got him moving to the doorway where he put the overhead light on. He blinked, the sudden light blinding for a second. He was halfway down the hallway when there was a knock on the front door.

He hesitated and tilted his head, considering who might be on the other side. His parents had plans for today and never used the key they had, so would have wanted to be buzzed in. Jessie and Patrick still had their keys. None of his other friends would just show up. So that left either Ziv or his neighbour who, if annoyed, would be persistent.

The press of his full bladder won out and Beau ignored the knocking in favour of not wetting his pants.

His mum would be mortified. She was a stickler for manners but Beau wasn't sure he was ready for either conversation after having spent a lovely afternoon chilling. He took his time, listening out as he peed, washed his hands, and dried them. Back in the hallway, there was silence and Beau went with it being the neighbour, figuring she had given up.

Back in the living room, his hands twitched at his sides at the mess he'd made. Off cuts of paper lay all over the carpet. Sellotape was stuck to the edges of the table and the pile of wrapped gifts with labels attached were in a messy heap.

Jessie and Patrick had got used to his need to keep things orderly. He'd been diagnosed in his teens with a mild form of obsessive compulsive disorder. It was a real struggle to be in a space that was messy. They weren't sure why he needed things orderly, it wasn't like he'd had a chaotic childhood. Beau had given up worrying about the whys of it all years ago and had to a degree, with therapy, trained himself to mostly ignore spaces that were untidy that he had no right to touch. At home, Jessie and Beau had tried to be supportive. Of the two, Patrick had definitely found it harder as he was naturally forgetful and his nature was geared more for someone else to pick up after him. Somehow, they'd made it work, usually by both men using distraction techniques to get Beau to focus on something else. It worked from time to time. Beau, very rarely obsessed over people. Ziv was definitely in the rare column. The man was one big trigger, yet when Beau was with him, the need to obsess was much less. That was part of why he'd gone to see

his therapist in the first place, to talk about his negative spiralling with the need to constantly walk past Ziv's house.

How did that work out for you?

Sniffing at the snippy voice, Beau reached for one of the empty bags the presents had been in, and focused on the things he could control. He was halfway through when his phone started to ring. He walked over and picked it up, the number not one he knew. His stomach fluttered.

"Hello," he answered, his senses tingling with awareness as to who it was on the other end of the call.

"Why did you not answer your door?"

Was it wrong that he got off on that hard, growly tone? A shiver ran down Beau's spine and the mess was forgotten as he sat on the edge of the sofa, grinning. "I needed to pee. Did you want to help me... *Daddy?*" As soon as he said it, his mind flooded with a memory of Ziv doing just that. The quivering started in the pit of his stomach.

"You are..."

"Fabulous," Beau tagged on, when Ziv seemed at a loss for words, putting the grin back on his face.

"Insolent and in need of a good spanking."

The shiver lasted longer at the memory of how good Ziv was with a paddle. "Promises, promises. Did you forget how much I like Daddy to spank me?" He couldn't resist teasing and taunting the devil.

There was a deep rumble that could have been frustration or agreement. “Open your door.”

Beau blinked at the open door leading into the hallway. His heart rate spiked. “Are you outside?”

“Yes.”

Up off the seat, what he'd been doing forgotten, Beau went to the door faster than he liked. He cancelled the call and slipped the phone into his low slung lounge pants. The burgeoning arousal pressing against the front of the soft fabric gave him call to consider his next action.

The chain caught his eye and, not overthinking it, he slipped it in place and opened the door as far as the chain would allow. “To what do I owe this pleasure?”

At Ziv's booted foot was an insulated bag and no sign of any of his goons. A lightness Beau wasn't sure he liked developed when Ziv glowered and picked up the bag. “Let me in, pretty brat, I have food.”

“Maybe I've already eaten.” He really couldn't resist poking the beast.

Dark brows merged over the chocolaty eyes that showed impatience and something Beau wasn't able to read. “Have you?” His jaw flexed hard.

Not one to tell lies, he shook his head. “I have lots of food in my fridge and freezer. Jessie loves to take care of me.” The lack of reaction to the mention of his friend got a furrow appearing at the top of Beau's nose as his eyes narrowed on

Ziv. “You do remember who my best friend Jessie is, don’t you?” he asked, watching Ziv carefully.

Chapter Seventeen

Zivkovic

His life didn't feel like his own as he stared down the boy who was tying him in fancy plaits for his own entertainment. He never did anything that Ziv expected. Alone at the house once more, Ziv had gone to his bedroom and sat staring at his bed, his empty bed. It was lowering to acknowledge that he hadn't managed to persuade the boy to come back with him. At the same time, there was the oddest feeling of pride at the boy for standing up to him.

Davidovic had no such feelings. He was furious and currently back at the house having a coronary at Ziv leaving without his protection team. Ziv wasn't stupid and the gun he had taken from his safe was tucked into his jacket pocket. After a very unproductive day, he'd given in and ordered a selection of meals to be delivered. He'd not thought too hard about the need to take care of the boy. It just was. Because why else would he be here doing something he'd never have considered possible... wanting to take care of the boy?

He arched his brows and met Beau's stare through the cracked door. "Yes."

The door shut, and before he could consider what that meant, there was a rattling noise and it opened. Beau stepped aside and motioned with his arm for Ziv to come into the flat. He exhaled, his heart rate settling back to normal.

Inside, he glanced about and noticed immediately how everything was orderly and clean. Beau stayed silent as he locked the door behind Ziv and then walked off down the hallway. Ziv placed the insulated bag down and took off his jacket, leaving it on the coat hooks by the door.

He eyed the shoe rack that held several pairs, then his own boots. He didn't sigh, but he wanted to as he bent and removed his boots and placed them on the rack in the spare space. He picked up the food and followed after Beau.

The kitchen was big and bright, and Beau was at the countertop pulling out plates from a cupboard above his head. "Does the food need to be warmed?"

Ziv's brow furrowed as he eyed the bag he held. As someone that hadn't catered for anyone before, food or otherwise, he was clueless on how to answer. He lifted the bag and offered it to Beau. "Check."

Beau rolled his eyes as he stopped what he was doing and took the bag. "Please," he prompted, before laying the bag on the counter and opening it. "Oh nice," he murmured, taking out several containers containing French, Italian, and Thai food.

A feeling of pleasure came when Beau grinned at him. “What’s your pick?” He went back to removing lids from the steaming dishes.

“Anything.”

Beau paused once more. “You don’t have any dislikes? Like, none?”

“When you have gone without food for any length of time, what you like becomes less important than hunger.” The honesty of his answer, one he’d no intention of sharing, left him flummoxed. He stomped to the table and sat.

Beau remained in the exact same position, only he was nibbling on his lower lip. “Was that when you were a child? Where are you from? I can’t quite make out your accent.”

Although he expected questions, he hoped the boy didn’t notice the flinch. “That is not of your concern,” he snapped, the anger more at himself for opening a door he chose for good reason to keep closed. The past belonged right there, it had no purpose in the present, unless it was to settle old scores. Information given freely could be used against him and Ziv made sure he limited anything that was connected to him.

“Is that so?” The tub Beau held was placed down with exaggerated care. When he met Ziv’s gaze his head was shaking. “No, that’s where you’re wrong. It is,” he pointed between them, “if you want there to be anything more between us than fucking. Sharing is vital in my books. I’m not asking for a full recital, just the things that make you the man you are. Is that so hard to do?” His eyes revealed his need.

Ziv's frustration came out as it always did when the boy once more showed his courage, as temper. His heart pounded hard against his ribs. "There is nothing more than fucking between us."

It registered somewhere in the back of his mind that what he'd felt for the boy was far from just fucking, yet the intrinsic need to keep distance from emotions that he had no place for in his life left him using the barrier, as he'd always done.

Beau's nod was slow and the sadness emanating from him was palpable in the room as his shoulders drooped. "Okay...okay." His back stiffened as he twisted and carefully placed the lids back on tubs.

What was he doing?

Ziv's palms grew sweaty as he watched the bag being repacked. His stomach took a nasty dip when Beau turned and held out the bag.

"I don't eat with men I fuck, it complicates things. Gives the wrong impression. You clearly don't want there to be any wrong intentions here between us. I'm sorry for that." When Ziv didn't move, Beau walked to him and dumped the bag back in Ziv's lap, none too gently. "If you don't mind, please can you see yourself out? I've a headache and I need to go and lie down." The latter was said in a choked sob that cut at Ziv's restraint.

Beau spun around and was out the door before Ziv could think of something, anything, to say that would take away the look of devastation he'd witnessed before the boy had run.

Up off the chair, he clutched the bag and walked to the door in time to hear another slam and a distinct sound of a key being turned in a lock. He scowled and cursed, stomping to the front door to let himself out.

The chill of the night air alerted him that he'd left his jacket inside. "Fuck." The main front door clicked shut and with it the chance to get back inside. The key he'd used was in his jacket. The street was empty as he prowled back to his house and had to press the bell to get let back in.

Davidovic's expression was emotionless, the tension coming from him gave him away. "Where is your jacket?"

Ziv, not in the mood to answer any questions, shoved the bag at Davidovic, his appetite gone. He walked up the stairs and straight to his office. He threw himself in the chair and scowled at the empty room.

Why did the boy want to complicate things? Why couldn't he just accept what Ziv was offering?

Does he know what you're offering?

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During the following two days, he failed to set aside thoughts of the boy. It was an issue that left his men avoiding him. His arms and shoulders ached from the amount of boxing and sparring he'd done with the punch bag and his men. Mikheil and Davidovic both sported bruised faces.

Tonight, at the Cuffd event, he was determined to make the boy see reason. Ziv eyed himself critically in the mirror. His suit was black, as was the shirt. Both fitted him to perfection. His nostrils flared as he adjusted the belt at his waist, his shoulders rebelled, stiff from the exercise. Resigned to what he was about to do, his fingers combed his hair and he walked out of the room.

His face was an impenetrable mask as he descended the stairs. A dozen men filled the hallway, all dressed for the night's entertainment. One they were going to be part of.

Ziv didn't acknowledge any of the men as he came to a stop. "Davidovic, is everything set for this evening?"

The curt nod was his only reply.

"Good." It was then Ziv stared at the group of men more closely. They had been paid well to be on tonight's bidding list for Daddy/Handlers at Flamingo Bar. They could easily pass for Doms. He hoped that no one noticed how many wore expressions of concern. "Let's go."

During the drive to the venue, Ziv took the time to go through the Cuffd app once more and refresh himself with the required etiquette to participate in any of their events. The money raised from the event, he noted, was going to LGBTQ+ charities. In fact, all the events were donating money.

The money he'd paid the men and would be paying bidders to prevent Beau from affording any of the other men registered for the event would, it seemed, be spent wisely. Being gay hadn't been an issue for him. By the time Ziv had understood

what his preference was, he was in a position not to care about others' opinions of him. Ziv was well aware many were subjugated for their choices.

Arriving at the venue, the car in front indicated to go into the underground parking area under The Playroom. The four vehicles were parked in a well-lit area near the lift. The code Ziv had was used to access the lift and half of the men entered with him, the others stayed with Davidovic to wait for the lift to return.

Flamingo Bar was nothing like the club downstairs. The vibe was more relaxed and the name was also the décor theme. The place was packed when he and all his men walked into the bar area. Several men glanced in their direction. There were more than a few interested looks.

Ziv's gaze searched the room. He exhaled and inhaled, his lips pursing at the lack of a certain boy in the crowd. Had he changed his mind?

Davidovic remained at his side as he threaded through the crowd towards the large stage set up to the left of them. Nathan and another man Ziv recognised as Isaac, the bar manager from the lower club, were on the stage checking a microphone. The occasional tapping to the microphone indicated it was on.

“Hi, I'm Scott the restaurant manager.” The dark haired guy offered a professional smile as he came to a halt in front of Ziv. “Can I ask, are you registered for this evening's event?”

The bar is closed to the public tonight, I'm afraid to say." His gaze moved to the group of men with Ziv.

"We are registered. Ziv Zamen, party of fourteen."

The guy's eyes widened before he glanced down at the clipboard he held. A sunny smile replaced the professional one. "You're right here." He took the coloured wristbands attached to the clipboard. "Daddy or Handler?"

"Daddy's, all of us," Davidovic answered, stiffly. He'd also volunteered when he'd not been able to change Ziv's mind about tonight.

"Wow, the boys are in for some fun tonight." He giggled and handed out the red wristbands. "Please wear them so that any prospective boys can identify that you're looking for boys and not a pet." He gave Ziv a cheeky wink when he eyed the wristband with distaste. "If I wasn't already taken, I'd spend my hard earned money bidding on you."

"Scott, if you've quite finished, Nathan is ready to get started." The tall, dark haired, well-groomed man Ziv knew to be Sebastian, the co-owner of the restaurant in Flamingo Bar said, his tone indicating that he'd overheard Scott's comment.

Scott didn't appear at all abashed, gave them a nod and walked off towards the stage.

Sebastian nodded courteously at Ziv and his men. "I hope you all have a good evening."

"I'm sure we will," Ziv answered in an equally polite tone.

His eyes narrowed on Ziv for a second before someone called his name. He gave another polite nod and walked off.

It was then that Ziv caught sight of Beau. His breath caught in his lungs. Beau's delicate features were highlighted with make-up. His skin shimmered in the lights. The colour of his eyes popped with the dark eyeshadow and his lips glistened wetly. A wrap-around top in a delicate blue was cut to show off the top of his chest. When he moved, Ziv was convinced it would reveal one, if not both, of his pierced nipples. The trousers were long and fluid and hid the footwear which Ziv figured had to be heels, judging by the height increase.

His body stirred with the memory of what he'd envisioned doing to the boy the first night they'd met. He was so captivated, it took a moment to notice the two men flanked on either side of him. Neither of them were touching Beau but they were in a protective stance. A wave of intense possessiveness, one he'd not thought himself capable of, came when the dark headed guy lowered his head and whispered something into Beau's ear, making him smile brightly.

Davidovic's firm hold on his arm stopped him mid-stride. "The room is packed," he murmured, low enough for only Ziv to hear. His gaze dropped to Ziv's clenched fists. The nails dug painfully into Ziv's palms, alerting him to how tightly they were balled. "They are the partners of the boys friends, Augustus Smith and Akker Carlson."

The red haze that had descended receded enough to give Ziv a moment to consider the two men he'd been about to...

“Gentlemen, those registered to be auctioned off, please can you make your way to the stage,” Nathan announced.

Cursing under his breath, Ziv felt none of the excited buzz around him as he changed direction with a group of men and walked to the steps at the side of the stage, aware his men were following close behind.

His sanity in question, Ziv locked his gaze with Beau’s and the boy visibly started before he got a glint in his eye that was all challenge. Ziv met the challenge with one of his own. The boy was going to be out of luck if he thought he was going home with anyone but him.

Chapter Eighteen

Beau

Beau was pissed that he'd reacted to the sight of Ziv at the edge of the stage. Deep down, he'd admit a part of him was wishing for Ziv to show up, especially after recalling that he'd previously taunted him about his plan to go to the Cuffed events and Ziv's resources at finding information. He'd just not expected him to be one of the Daddy's being auctioned off.

Was this revenge? Was he trying to make a point? And if so, what was it? Was he wanting to rub Beau's nose in the fact he'd turned Ziv down... *twice* and he was now no longer interested and going to choose some other boy?

The thought of Ziv touching someone else set Beau's teeth on edge and got his stomach churning. All he wanted was for Ziv to see him as more, that he was worthy of his trust. Of sharing more than sex.

Was it wrong to want more?

The two men here to support Beau made the answer easy. No, it was not wrong. Akker and Smithy proved that anything was possible and he shouldn't sell himself short. Resolved to get Ziv to see him as more, Beau calculated what amount of

money he could afford as he glanced about at the men standing in front of the stage, vying to get a better look at the men lined up in front of them.

Beau tugged on Akker's arm. "Do you think you could loan me some money for tonight's auction if I need it?"

His gaze went to the group of men, trying to assess what kind of money they'd be prepared to spend. Then it went back to Akker, giving him a winning smile. Smithy chuckled on the other side of him.

"I'll happily give you some money. Which of the Daddy's has caught your eye?" Smithy asked before Akker could reply.

"Second one up from the blond. The guy in the black suit and shirt."

"Are you sure?" Smithy shifted a little to face Akker. "Akker did you notice the way that guy was looking at us before with... a murderous expression?" Smithy rubbed at his beard, his eyes narrowing as he glanced from Beau to Akker.

"He did? When was that?" Beau asked, his pulse jumping excitedly at the prospect that Ziv was jealous.

"When we first arrived. For a moment, I thought he was coming over to us. The guy with him, the big blond that could rival Nathan for size, stopped him." Smithy's broad shoulders shrugged, though he never lost the concerned look. "Then Nathan made the announcement and he walked off."

Akker nodded. "Yeah, I noticed. There's something a little wild about his eyes. He's not someone to be messed with. Are

you sure you want to bid on him?”

More intrigued than concerned, Beau stepped closer to both men, watching Ziv out of the corner of his eye, working on not being obvious. The second he touched Smithy and Akker, Ziv stiffened visibly.

Smithy chuckled once more. “You’re playing with fire, Beau. And I agree with Akker, he might be more than you can handle. I also don’t want Jessie to kick my arse if this all goes pear-shaped.”

The giggles burst out of Beau at the very idea of his friend kicking Smithy’s arse. The guy was a Dom Daddy and Jessie was more likely to threaten to cut off Smithy’s supply of baked goods than kick his arse. “Jessie would never do that, but he would cut off your supply of mince pies this Christmas.”

“Bite your tongue for even suggesting it.” Smithy mock scowled and shuddered.

“As long as he doesn’t cut off Patrick’s supply, that’s all I’m worried about,” Akker said in good humour, a wide grin on his handsome face.

“Will you lend me the money I need,” Beau pleaded with both men and got what appeared to be two reluctant nods of agreement.

There was a tap to the microphone and everyone quietened. Beau’s adrenaline coursed through him as he inched closer to the stage to make sure he was visible when the bidding started.

“I hope everyone has had an opportunity to decide on what man they want to bid on.” There were loud cheers and Nathan grinned. “Good, then it’s time to open those wallets and give generously.” He ran through the charities that were going to benefit and the rules. He explained the colour coding of bracelets once more before he called up the first man on to the stage, who was a puppy handler. It didn’t take long for him to be snapped up by a cute guy who wore a set of ears. The price he paid was five-hundred pounds. Beau could easily manage that.

As the evening progressed and the men dwindled down at the edge of the stage, the size of the bids increased and Beau got a little nervous. Nathan was a great host, playing to the crowds to increase the level of excitement.

Men shuffled forward and the men standing behind Ziv caught Beau’s gaze. He peered a little closer, his breathing stilted.

No way! He wouldn’t, would he?

Beau’s gaze travelled over the men in front of Ziv and it registered why some of them were familiar. They were Ziv’s guards.

You fucker! What are you playing at?

Another man stepped on to the stage and it struck how uncomfortable he looked. Sergei? Wasn’t that his name? Wasn’t he the one who’d brought the breakfast that first morning when Beau was... naked and aroused.

Sergei glowered at him, or it looked like that, and Beau got a sinking feeling that he hadn't volunteered for this willingly. All of Ziv's men couldn't be Daddy's, could they?

Beau didn't think so, reinforcing his theory that Ziv was up to something.

Whatever it was, his men were snapped up quickly. Each one left the stage looking like they were heading to death row, increasing the feeling of unease at what Ziv was up to.

When the man himself stepped on the stage, the crowd quietened in a way it hadn't for the other men. Could they sense he was different?

Beau was distracted by the two men standing in front of him when one whispered loud enough for Beau to hear, "I'm going home with him. Fuck, he's giving off a dark and dangerous vibe. I bet he'd spank my arse until I begged for mercy."

No fucking way was Ziv touching the guys arse!

Beau gripped the small paddle he'd been given to raise if he wanted to bid, his sensible side fleeing when Nathan started the bidding.

To start there were six men bidding. As the figure grew to the highest it had been all night, one by one men dropped out until it was just Beau and the guy he'd overheard.

"Five thousand pounds, do I hear five thousand," Nathan said and Beau raised his paddle, getting a glare from the man in front of him and a rather alarmed cough from Akker. Or was it

Smithy. He didn't have the time to check. He wasn't going to be outbid, hell no.

There was cheering as Nathan upped the bid once more. "Do I hear five thousand-two-hundred-fifty pounds?" Nathan's tiger coloured eyes moved to the guy in front of Beau and he held his breath.

The hesitation was noticeable before he shook his head.

"Are we sure? I can't tempt you?" Nathan glanced at Ziv who'd remained perfectly still throughout, his gaze somewhere pitched behind Beau, his features revealing none of his thoughts.

The tension crackled through the air as Beau waited several tortuous seconds before Nathan declared Ziv as sold and asked Beau to raise his paddle so the number on it could be written down.

Heart thundering against his ribs at what he'd just done, Beau's gaze locked with Ziv's and the smile that appeared was one that set his blood on fire and got him wondering if he'd just been played.

His suspicion was confirmed moments later when Ziv exited the stage and cockily sauntered towards him. "Such a needy, pretty brat."

Smithy made a noise in the back of his throat that sounded slightly menacing. Both him and Akker stepped closer to Beau as he spoke. "It's for a good cause. And remember, I get to choose how we spend the date I've just paid for."

Beau made sure to point out that fact. A part of it would be talking and not just the sexy times the glint in Ziv's eyes suggested it would be. Beau just needed to remind himself of that when excitement buzzed through him.

He was in so much trouble.

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Broken sleep was becoming a habit Beau didn't like. Akker had dropped him home after the event the night before and he had rushed inside when he'd noticed the cars following them home. He wasn't prepared for Ziv then, and to be truthful in the light of day, he wasn't prepared now. The man would tempt the devil himself.

The message he'd received from Ziv this morning advised he'd pick Beau up for their date at seven pm. A slow smile spread over Beau's face at what was on the agenda for tonight. Regardless of what Ziv thought, Beau was sticking to his original plans for the evening. Jessie had talked him into trying the cooking event on the Cuffd kinkmas countdown. When he'd read that participants were only going to be wearing tiny shorts and an apron while creating Christmas cookies, he'd signed up. He hoped that Ziv was ready for the crazy of the evening. It was going to be fun to be partnered with someone who was maybe as useless as him at baking.

He'd confirmed his attendance and added Ziv. Beau had used Akker's best friend Barnaby, who did the promotion for Cuffd, to pull a few strings to get Ziv added to the event list after

Beau had searched for his username on the app. Ziv wasn't the only one who could manage things to suit the occasion.

Feeling rather smug with himself, Beau rushed around the flat making sure everything was tidy. Time was tight when he'd barely been home half an hour, but he'd managed to get ready with two minutes to spare. He was going for a more natural look, not wanting to sweat off his make-up if it got hot in the kitchen.

One final check and he grabbed the bag of things they'd need for the evening entertainment before heading out the door. After all the effort he'd gone to, Beau decided he was going to be in control of the evening, just for tonight. After a long day of thinking about Ziv's actions, his return, the stalking, the appearance at the kinkmas event, Beau had come to an enlightening conclusion. The man was displaying more interest than any person would if they only considered Beau a fuck buddy. It gave him hope, which if he was honest, wasn't hard when he wanted Ziv. Figuring that out, Beau had decided keeping the other man off balance might get him what he wanted.

Exiting the building, Beau paused. The streetlight illuminated Ziv, who stood at the bottom of the steps. The pewter grey suit was beautifully cut over his broad shoulders. The jacket tapered down to his hips. Tonight he wore a tie with a dove grey shirt. His hair was brushed back, the curls on top not as noticeable.

Ziv's gaze roamed over Beau in a way that made him feel that he was on the evening menu. Reminding himself of the plans for the evening, Beau rushed down the steps, hoping he'd find more willpower to keep resisting the temptation that was the sex on legs in front of him.

He was weak.

"There's my pretty brat."

Beau swayed down the steps to Ziv and fluttered his eyelashes.

"Why thank you, Daddy."

"You are beautiful," the man murmured as he leant forward, his lips a hairs breadth from Beau's. The chill of the evening air was no competition to the incendiary look before his lips pressed to the corner of Beau's lips.

"Peach." Ziv stepped back.

Shallow breathing was all Beau could manage with the scent of Ziv and his skin tingling from the small touch.

Bugger it to all hell, the man did not play fair!

Chapter Nineteen

Zivkovic

The silence between them was full of sexual tension. Years of paying attention honed his skill at reading people, yet Beau gave off the appearance he was fully relaxed sitting next to him.

Ziv's eye caught on the bag the boy held. "Did you come prepared for the evening?" His mind ran through the possibilities of what the bag might hold.

Beau's smile was laced with mischief, though Ziv couldn't figure out why. "I have. You need to tell the driver we're to head to Paddington."

"I have made arrangements for tonight."

There was a head shake and Ziv tensed. "This is my night to choose what we're doing. I know you're the Daddy, but I've paid a lot of money so I can have an evening with you." Beau patted his knee, grinning in a way that increased his feeling of unease. "It's going to be fun. Though you're a little overdressed for the occasion." The bag was lifted and waved at him. "But not to worry, I've got you covered."

He eyed the bag sceptically. Whatever was in the bag wasn't very big by his judgement. His gaze ran over the long outdoor coat Beau wore then went down to small, heeled boots. It gave no clue to what was under it. Had the boy done that on purpose. "Where are we going?"

"A place to have fun." Beau eyed the front of the car. "How attached are you to having your men with you?"

Something about the question got him suspecting he wasn't going to like what Beau was up to. "Why?"

"They aren't on the list to attend the event and it's full."

"Event?" Extraordinarily little made his blood run cold but the smile aimed at him had that effect.

"Yes. I told you I was signing up for kinkmas events." He patted Ziv's leg once more, the cheeky smile growing. "Don't worry, I worked my magic to get you signed up for tonight too. You aren't the only one who has people to do stuff for them."

Ziv wasn't sure, but thought there was a choked cough coming from one of the men in the front of the car. Beau's ability to make him lose his footing left him at odds with himself. Another rarity. The boy was adding to a previous non-existence of firsts.

About to put an end to whatever the boy had in mind, Beau used his begging eyes. "Please Daddy, do this for me. I promise we'll have fun and afterwards," he came closer, his

hand running up his thigh close to his groin, “I’ll do whatever Daddy wants.”

A brat. The boy was lethal.

His teeth gritted at how his body reacted to Beau’s touch and offer. The idea of tying the boy up and torturing him for hours was a good trade off... *perhaps*. His eyes narrowed as Beau never looked away from him, using his eyes ruthlessly to rip away Ziv’s ability to say no. His nod was stiff. “What is the address?”

Beau recited an address and Ziv ran through the parts of London he knew to ascertain what Mad Hatters was. Not long later, the car pulled to a stop and parked.

One look out at the dark street and those heading into a nondescript building gave Ziv no clues as to what he was getting himself involved in. If he’d thought a place called Mad Hatters was strange, what people were wearing made him wary. Who wore shorts out in winter?

Beau had the door open before Ziv could stop him. “Come on,” he said excitedly, before disappearing clutching the bag.

“Fuck,” he muttered in Serbian.

“Sir, what do you want us to do?” Mikael asked in the same language, looking back over the seat at Ziv, his expression revealing nothing.

“Stay in the car.” Ziv got out much slower, his gaze scanning those outside on the dark, wintery night. Living on the streets in Serbia, Ziv never took his inner alert system for granted.

Sensing nothing out of the ordinary, he walked over to Beau who was outside the building talking to someone who was holding the door open. The first thing Ziv noticed was the warm scent of baking as he came to a stop. The room beyond the door gave little away. Men were taking off coats, giving Ziv a sense of foreboding.

“What is this?” His gaze traveled over a room full of naked chests.

The man holding the door open peered up at Ziv. “Are you registered for tonight’s Kinkmas cookie making class?”

“He is, it’s Ziv Zamen,” Beau answered before he could reply.

“Wonderful, come in, come in. You’re the last to arrive.” The guy shut the door, flipping the lock. He pointed to the far side of the room where people stood. “You can get changed over there. The aprons are in the lockers. They come in three sizes so there should be one to fit.” The man eyed Ziv, then Beau. His gaze lingered a little longer on Beau than Ziv liked.

The smile warmed. “You can store your things in the locker. The keys are on a wrist chain for you to wear. If you have any questions, I’m Frankie. I’ll be doing the demo and helping with anything you need.”

The last part was aimed at Beau.

“Thank you. I’m sure we’ll need lots of help. I’ll admit I have no cooking skills whatsoever.”

Ziv’s jaw clamped tight at the next grin aimed at Beau. “I can pair you with me if you like?”

“He’ll be paired with me,” he snarled, his eyes flashing a warning the man had better heed.

Eyebrows rose up as the guy looked between them. “Are you a couple? This is a singles event.”

“I’m single,” Beau said confidently. “I bid on Ziv last night at one of the other Kinkmas events. We met on the street so we came in together. Isn’t that a great coincidence.”

The man visibly relaxed. “That’s cool. Do you want to be paired with Ziv?” Frankie clearly wasn’t getting the message Beau was off limits and Ziv blamed the boy.

For a second, the devilish glint that appeared in Beau’s eyes made Ziv’s stomach dive for the floor, as if Beau was preparing to suggest he be paired with the flirty host. “Oh no, I don’t mind being paired with Ziv, I can’t wait to see what he has to offer... *everyone loves watching a man set the kitchen alight.*”

Frankie laughed. “That they do.” Someone called his name and Frankie waved at them. “When you’re changed, just take the second door to the left over there. It’s where we’ll be this evening.”

On that, he was off leaving Ziv staring at Beau. “You are here with me,” he snapped, hating that he’d voiced his thoughts aloud. Or that he was ignoring how the boy had set him up.

Beau’s features softened as he stepped to Ziv and stroked down his arm and over the back of his hand before intertwining their fingers. “I know. Let’s get changed.”

Way out of his depth, Ziv found himself standing in front of the locker, his eyes widening before narrowing on the skimpy pair of shorts that Beau was holding up. They were no bigger than a pair of boxer briefs.

“These are for you.” He pushed them at Ziv’s chest, forcing him to take them rather than look foolish when the couple of men left undressing grinned at them.

“Never been to an event like this before. Can’t wait to see how cute everyone looks while cooking,” one of the men said, a look of interest, he didn’t hide, when it skimmed over Ziv’s suit.

The boy was going to pay for this.

The thought fled when Beau stripped out of his coat. The air got trapped in his throat and made him cough as he struggled to take his eyes off Beau. The pair of skimpy shorts in red Beau wore barely covered his arse cheeks. He did a slow spin and placed a hand on his hip, cocking it out. The outline of his semi-aroused cock was there for all to see.

His body reacted as it remembered exactly what was under those barely there shorts. It took effort to look up, only that didn’t help. Pale skin gleamed under the bright lights. The nipples were adorned with hoops today and Ziv struggled to contain the desire to tug on the gold rings, knowing how the boy would react. The urge to give Beau a dose of his own medicine was not something he’d normally resist.

The others in the room and a situation he could not control kept him from reaching out. The snugness of his trousers was

also a consideration with how damn tiny the shorts he held were. He was going to be revealing more than his cooking skills at this rate. He didn't like it one bit.

Leave then.

“Hurry up, we want to get a good spot to make sure we can see what Frankie is doing. What we make is going to be judged and I don't have the skills Jessie does. I might be a little competitive, just so you know.” Beau's excitement came in the form of him bouncing up and down as he picked an apron from the locker. The green one he picked at least covered the front of him. The arse cheeks peeking out, they were a different matter altogether. One that was very distracting.

Ziv forced himself to look away and check out the place before he considered stripping and making himself vulnerable, which was laughable as he'd never felt more vulnerable in his life. Davidovic was right, Ziv had lost his mind.

A glance at the door they'd come through did little to allay the feeling with his men on the other side. The door was locked and there was no glass for anyone to peer through. He wasn't self-conscious of his body, more concerned about being in danger with no place to hide a weapon. He didn't even want to think about the one he'd left at the boy's flat, very much hoping that it had as yet gone undiscovered

What had the boy done to him?

He eyed the tiny shorts and swallowed a growl of frustration at what he was about to do. Placing the shorts in the bottom of the locker, Ziv stripped. He didn't look at the last remaining

man as he folded his clothes, slipping them in the locker, then took back out the shorts.

A whimper brought his gaze to Beau, who was standing staring at Ziv's body. The briefs he wore didn't conceal his earlier reaction to Beau and neither did the too tight shorts. "I think you should go without the apron."

The other man in the room seemed to think he had an opinion on Ziv's attire for the evening too. "Yeah, you really don't want to be covering up that body. This evening is already a winner for me." He was young, maybe twenty and definitely a boy by the way he was eye fucking Ziv.

Ziv dismissed him.

"Yes, well, the apron is to protect the skin from getting burnt," Beau muttered, reaching inside Ziv's locker to pull out a black one, contradicting himself. "Here."

An unfamiliar feeling came in the center of Ziv's chest and his lips curved into a smile. "You want me to wear it, pretty brat, then put it on Daddy."

"Oh fuck," the other guy murmured, "that is so fucking hot."

Beau shot the man a hard stare that got Ziv's blood simmering.

A door opened and Frankie's head popped through the gap. "Come on guys, we're about to get started."

The other guy squealed and slammed his locker shut, taking off in the direction of the door.

Alone, Beau took his time, his fingers brushing over Ziv's bare skin as he put the apron on. When he was done, Ziv was already wishing the night was over and happy the apron concealed the front of the shorts. Shorts that were impossibly small.

Once in the room Frankie was using, Ziv noted the ten workstations that held an array of cooking utensils and the makings for things Ziv could only guess at. Beau and Ziv were directed to the one remaining empty station. One that was close to where Frankie was standing. Ziv's stare hardened in warning as it was directed at Frankie.

People chatted to each other without paying them any real attention. Small talk was something Ziv hated. The Daddy's in the group were already instructing the men they'd paired themselves up with. The guy who'd suggested going without an apron was now giving a shy smile to a huge, silver haired man with a furry chest.

Frankie whistled loudly and everyone stopped talking. "Wonderful, I see everyone has paired up. This evening is about having fun and maybe creating a little Christmas magic in the kitchen." Frankie glanced at Beau and winked.

Ziv stiffened and stepped closer to Beau.

"As everyone is here, it's time to get started." Frankie picked up a laminated sheet. "Everything you need for tonight is on your countertop." He waved the sheet he held. "This has all the measurements and ingredients you'll need to make gingerbread cookies and mince pies. I know it asked on the

form you completed about allergies, but can I just check again that everything on the list is okay to be used by everyone?"

Beau flushed and picked up the laminated sheet handing it to Ziv, not quite meeting his gaze. "I guessed you weren't allergic to anything after what you ate when... you know," he whispered out of the corner of his mouth.

Skim reading the list, Ziv could see nothing that would cause him a problem. Beau chewed on his thumb nail while rocking on his heels, appearing concerned.

"I'm allergic to rice."

The thumb came out of his mouth. "You are?" His voice carried.

Frankie glanced in their direction. "Is there a problem?"

"No." The harshness was received with a dark flush to Frankie's neck.

"Okay... right." He glanced around the room. "Let's get this party started."

Chapter Twenty

Beau

Beau couldn't take his eyes off Ziv, the fierceness of his expression as he weighed out the ingredients they needed for the mince pies was something else. Beau had thought the man would be clueless in a kitchen, he wasn't. Beau recalled the one conversation where Ziv had confessed to going hungry. Did that have something to do with his ability to cook?

“When did you learn to cook?”

Ziv didn't look away from the scales. “I was ten when Majka taught me the basics.”

“Ma-jk-a, is that a name or does that mean something else? What language is that?”

The scowl was immediate, the deep lines only increasing as Ziv glanced sideways. “Did you know you ask too many questions?”

Keeping it light, Beau offered him a cheeky grin even as his heart thundered against his ribs at having been brushed off yet again.

“It’s Serbian, and Majka means mother.”

His mouth fell open at Ziv answering. Seeing it as the opportunity to learn more, Beau picked up the spoon needed to stir the mince pie filling that Frankie had made from scratch before they’d arrived. It took too long, he’d explained when someone had asked why they weren’t doing it. Beau was already aware it was a long process as Jessie made his mix months in advance of Christmas.

“So you’re Serbian?” The nod was curt. “Can you tell me a little bit of what it was like growing up there?” He had vague memories that something bad had happened in the country but he wasn’t exactly sure what.

The regret came hot on the heels of asking when Beau caught Ziv stiffening, his face morphing into an impenetrable mask. “The history of the country is easy to find on the internet. The atrocities of war are well documented.” When he finally looked fully at Beau, Ziv’s eyes were emotionless and coated Beau’s skin in an icy chill. “My family was murdered. I was orphaned, and had to survive on the streets for more years than I want to remember. Is that what you want to know?”

The way he spoke it was robotic, it gave nothing away of his feelings and it tore Beau’s heart into pieces. His eyes ached as he blinked back tears he was sure this man did not want. Placing the spoon he held down, Beau sucked in a shaky breath and went to the still man staring at him with unfriendly eyes. It hurt in ways Beau would need to consider alone.

Taking the bag of flour from Ziv, Beau sat it down and wrapped his arms around him. He didn't move a muscle, his body as stiff as a board. The hurt increased, only this time for the boy who'd had his childhood stolen from him.

Beau laid his head against Ziv's chest. The rapidly beating heart was the only giveaway to his distress.

"Yes." Beau went with honesty, seeing it was important. "It is, and I won't say I'm sorry for asking because it would be a lie, even though it hurts my heart to think of the boy you were." Beau looked up to meet the unfathomable gaze. "I want to get to know you and it explains a lot about you."

And it did. The man had learned early in life of its cruelties and that had to harden one's heart to the beauty around them, surely.

"Really." The sarcasm was to be expected.

Beau couldn't begin to imagine what Ziv had been through. His own childhood was something entirely different. What Beau hated was that he'd spoken so freely about his childhood joys, potentially hurting the man he was holding. "I'm sorry for being careless and not considering where we are and making you talk about something that has to be painful." Ziv's lips parted and Beau reached up and pressed a finger to his mouth. "Please don't say it's not, because I won't believe you. I should not have started this conversation here." He kept his voice low so no one could overhear him.

The sound of bright laughter made Beau aware of how bad he'd fucked up. With a forced smile, he asked, "Shall we

finish the mince pies? We have yet to start on the gingerbread cookies.”

The tension in Ziv’s body released a fraction. If Beau hadn’t been holding him, he might have missed it. “Yes.”

Back at the counter, Beau struggled to find something, anything to ease the tension between them. Men laughed and joked around them, creating mess as they worked together. Beau eyed the bowl of sticky, wet mixture Ziv had his hands in and the relatively clean counter, one he’d made sure was uncluttered.

Stomach fluttering as madly as a bee trapped against a window with no escape, Beau did something his OCD self would usually have a panic attack over. He worked his elbow out and accidentally on purpose caught the bag of flour, only he punched it a little harder than he thought. The bag fired over the countertop, hitting the bowl Ziv had his hands in. It tipped and wobbled as a white cloud billowed in the air, coating the whole of the front of Ziv.

He jumped back but it was too late. Thick lumps of flour, butter and eggs flicked in several different directions, some of which landed on the floor. Whereas other lumps splattered Beau’s shoulder and arm, leaving a trail of goo in their wake.

When he glanced at Ziv, he couldn’t stop the laughter from bubbling up. “You look like Casper the ghost.” He started to giggle when Ziv wiped at his face, smearing the sticky mess on his hand over his white cheek. When he blinked, flour

floated in the air in front of his face, making Beau laugh harder.

The room quietened as Ziv growled much like an animal, then launched himself at Beau. “You think this is funny,” he snarled, rubbing his face over Beau’s. The floury covered apron offering up wafts of flour as Beau struggled to escape, while laughing uncontrollably at Ziv’s playful actions.

Breathless and more than a little aroused, Beau shouted, “Lipstick.” The temptation to start humping against Ziv was nigh on impossible to resist, and Beau wasn’t absolutely sure he’d not already been doing that with how close he was to coming.

Ziv stopped, his arms releasing Beau.

“That’s a new one on me to get someone to let go,” Frankie said, bringing Beau’s attention to the other man who was watching them with what appeared to be avid interest.

Beau laughed. “It worked, didn’t it?”

“That it did.” He glanced at the messy counter, then at Beau and Ziv. “I’ll get you some more flour. I think you’re going to need it.”

Beau glanced down and was back to giggling, wishing he had his phone to take a picture because Jessie and Patrick would never believe their eyes.

“You’ll pay for this later,” Ziv whispered in his ear as he went past him to where the sink was.

“I hope so,” Beau called after him, totally unrepentant as he recalled Ziv’s laughter. That alone was worth anything the man could think up.

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Ziv had remained quiet on the car journey home, the scent of what they’d made wafting up from the box Beau had placed on the seat between them.

If Ziv had noticed his men casting them odd glances, he’d not shown it. There was no mistaking that they’d had a little issue with baking. The flour hadn’t been easy to get rid of. On a silent agreement, Beau had followed Ziv into his home. After the ups and downs of the date, Beau wanted to make amends. They’d shared a shower not more than fifteen minutes earlier, finally scrubbing away the last of the flour.

The naked man who now roamed around the bed made Beau’s mouth go dry, especially when Ziv held up something that made his cock throb. It took a moment but eventually his brain, the thinking one, realised what it was while Ziv just stared at him.

“This unique chastity harness,” he said eventually, “binds your cock in an upwards position.” He stroked a hand down Beau’s unbound cock.

Beau wriggled and found he had little room to move, though this was unsurprising given he was handcuffed and spread eagle on Ziv’s bed. Beau groaned as Ziv pulled his cock and balls through the metal ring and adjusted the straps around his

waist. The leather was cool against his warm skin and a shiver ran through him. Warm fingers brushed over his balls as they protruded up, then a leather strap was threaded between his ass cheeks, the soft leather sliding over his hole.

Biting back a groan, his eyelids fluttered at the sensations of warm flesh and cool leather. The scent of leather was strong.

Ziv moved back, his head tilting as he stared at Beau, then he reached forward and buckled the first of the four straps over Beau's dick, fully trapping it and making it impossible for him to come.

“Beautiful,” Ziv murmured, almost as if he was talking to himself. When dark, glittering eyes roamed over Beau, the shudder that ran through him was all desire. “See how a metal cock ring keeps everything exposed to me.”

One finger stroked down his protruding balls and Beau expected a slap, not the sharp pinch to his balls, which stole his breath. He gasped and, being the pain slut he was, pushed up for more.

Ziv's chuckle was dark and dangerous.

If not for the straps firmly holding his shaft to his body, Beau was convinced he'd have come at the next sharp pinch and Ziv ran the pad of his thumb over the wet tip of his cock. The gentleness was at odds with the sharp pinch.

“You want to ask me questions, no?”

The pain and gentle pleasure were hard to think past, never mind getting his lips to work. The aching pleasure in his balls

spread with the next sharp pinch. “Yes,” he panted, a bead of sweat sliding from his hairline to his ear.

Breathing under control, it didn't stay that way for long when a bag was lifted off the bed. Ziv's hand disappeared into the black pouch. When it came out it held odd looking clamps. “Safe word?”

“Mascara.”

“These are wireless vibrating nipple clamps, but they can be used in many interesting places.”

Oh fuck!

When Ziv placed one knee on the bed until it touched Beau's skin, he was conflicted about what was coming next.

He watched with hooded eyes as Ziv held up one of the clamps, which had a small sliver cylinder attached. The buzzing noise wasn't loud but the sensation as the clamp was attached to his scrotum was wild. The pain morphed quickly into an ache, only it was hard to focus on the pleasure initially as the vibration was making the clamp move against his skin. The second clamp was attached to the opposite side of his balls and Beau keened, his legs trying to close. The double sensations left him struggling to get his body to lay still. His safe word was there, waiting to pop out.

“Find the pleasure,” Ziv demanded huskily.

Hands caressed up his torso, stopping at his nipples. The pads of his fingertips circled Beau's budded flesh. The pressure was barely there and yet with what was happening between his

legs, it felt as if his nipples were being squeezed as tightly as his balls were.

“What do you want to know?”

Brain foggy from the sensation overload, Beau tried to focus on what Ziv was saying.

“Know what?” he asked at the next juddering wave through his balls, his teeth clamped together.

Lips brushed against his ear, hot breath skimming over his skin. “What do you want to know about me?”

“Unfair,” he gasped, after taking a second to unclamp his teeth.

“Who said life was fair, pretty brat?” A hand moved away from his nipple and resituated itself between his legs. Ziv flicked one of the clamps hard. Eyes rolling into the back of his head, Beau groaned and writhed on the bed.

Beau was unsure how much time passed before Ziv stopped flicking the clamps but his ass was feeling decidedly empty. The skin encasing his cock felt tight and hot. The pleasure was building in his balls and there was no outlet with how he was trussed up.

He was in hell, but the kind he craved. His body was alive in ways many would not understand. His brain was ready to shut off with the fuzzy edges creeping in as he sank into the sexual torment that turned his world bright with desire.

Chapter Twenty-One

Zivkovic

Was it wrong to torment the boy while offering to answer questions?

Possibly. The brat had pushed tonight and Ziv needed to take back control. He was also reeling from joining in with the boy's silly antics, something he'd never have considered or done before. Beau's influence on him was... strange.

Those he'd been with in the past were toys, something to play with in the bedroom then discard when he'd finished with them. They all knew the score. They were nothing more than a means to an end. There was no silly game playing. He had no memory of laughing aloud with any of them.

Yet there was no escaping what he'd done that evening. How had he ended up with this ridiculous boy shoehorning his way into his life?

His hands stilled as he stared at the boy, who wore a blissed out expression as he undulated against the sheets, oblivious to Ziv's thoughts. Beau's hands clenched repeatedly as his legs strained to close. A pool of pre-cum shone on the black leather

of the chastity belt, proving the boy was more than happy with his predicament.

The possessiveness he felt towards the boy was ugly and dark. It had wanted to strike tonight as Frankie had flirted with him.

The boy belongs to me.

Dark eyes narrowed while Ziv acknowledged what he'd avoided when he'd left the boy alone the first time, he was in deep waters and was no longer fighting against the current. What that meant in Ziv's world of danger and enemies would need careful consideration.

“Daddy, please.”

The breathy cry snapped him out of his head. “What, pretty brat? Does Daddy's boy want more?”

Ziv's own cock stood proud from his groin, his reaction to the boy's enjoyment more than evident. In the past, he'd needed to concentrate to gain this level of arousal. Beau, his pretty brat, only had to offer his submissiveness to achieve it. They were a pair, a matching set. One Ziv would do anything to keep.

Heart stuttering in his chest at what that meant for him, to him, he released a shuddery breath. Seeing where his thoughts were headed and not wanting to derail the evening, Ziv reached for the bag he'd discarded earlier and took out the prostate massager. His eyes gleamed with lust, thinking about the three powerful speeds and nine different tapping rhythms that would make his boy crazy. *Has he ever had an arse orgasm?*

The packet of lube in the bag was dropped on the bed. Beau's slitted eyes revealed pupils which could barely be seen as his Adam's apple bobbed.

"You didn't answer Daddy. Are you ready for more fun?"

A pink tongue snaked over Beau's lower lip, giving Ziv ideas. "I'm not sure... I can... take any more *fun*," he answered through chattering teeth as Ziv lowered the now lubed massager and slid it against the leather. He pressed the first setting on the control.

His fingers buzzed as he rubbed it over the leather, up Beau's taint, and back.

"F...uc...k," Beau mewled, straining down his feet, trying to gain purchase on the bed. The chains rattled as he failed.

"Use your safe word."

"Nooooooooo," he cried, "Dad...dy wanna come." The words were more a rasped whisper as his teeth went back to being clamped.

The pink flush that coated his sweaty skin was beautiful. His whole body was taut, with need pouring off him. The cries became moans, his head moving from side to side.

Could the boy be any more spectacular?

Dropping the plug, Ziv's fingers shook as he removed the clamps, undid the straps and then the buckles, watching Beau's eyes crunch shut. With the blood flow returning to his cock and balls, Ziv didn't have to wait long for Beau's reaction. His hips violently lifted off the bed and Ziv pulled the belt free.

Beau's throat worked repeatedly, his mouth moving but no sound coming out. His whole body locked tight as cum fountained out of his bobbing cock and sprayed the air. Cum hit Beau's chest and splattered Ziv's thighs. The warm liquid ran down his skin as he shifted and straddled Beau's upper body, his knees under Beau's outstretched arms.

Beau's eyes drifted open, the intoxicated look making Ziv's heart pound uncontrollably. He positioned his cock over Beau's lips and pumped hard and fast while he held Beau's gaze. "Drink from Daddy."

Beau's lips parted wide and that was all it took for Ziv to come violently. Cum coated Beau's tongue, lips, and chin. Beau whimpered low and needy as he swallowed. His tongue chased the cum off his lips.

The painful throb grew in Ziv's balls as they emptied faster than a formula one driver could reach top speed. With his cock spent, he lurched forward, barely having time to put out a hand in his weakened state. The sound of the thud was loud.

A groan rumbled up his chest when wet, warmth snaked around the head of his cock as Beau suckled on it. The lush warmth of Beau's mouth gave his spent balls ideas they had no business having. An unexpected spasm of pleasure thrummed up the length of his cock, stealing any thoughts of retracting it.

A knock on the door brought his head back online. "Sir, is everything okay?"

"Fuck off," he called back.

Giggles vibrated around the head of his dick and Beau garbled, “that’s not nice.”

“I’ll show you not nice.”

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The feel of weight on his chest roused Ziv. His eyes slitted and the lamp he’d not turned off cast enough light over the bed to see what the cause of it was. The boy was plastered to his chest, using him as a mattress. The curls were messy around the boy’s head. His face wasn’t fully visible from Ziv’s position. Long dark eyelashes fanned the cheek he could see. A dark circle around his eye showed the lateness of the hour they’d eventually fallen asleep.

Ziv lifted his arm slowly and checked the time. Six, his normal waking time. Beau had work too. Last night, they’d not discussed what time the boy left for work. They’d discussed nothing, Ziv had seen to that. A sliver of guilt, an unfamiliar feeling, came at how he’d taken advantage of the boy’s weakness.

If... *no*, *when* they talked, and they would - the boy was too tenacious to let it go, Ziv would need to decide what he could share. Giving out information could and would put Beau directly in the line of fire if anyone realised his importance to Ziv. His mind ran through all the things that would be required to ensure Beau was safe.

Davidovic was going to need to increase the security detail for Beau. One the boy had not noticed since the shopping trip.

How would he react to being in Ziv's world? Would he be prepared to change his life to be with him?

An uncomfortable ache developed in the centre of his chest at the possibility the boy would deny him. He was a brat, but would he want to obey his Daddy? Whatever Ziv had considered about this kink, the boy had changed his opinion. It suited Ziv that the boy wanted to be taken care of. He circled back to the earlier question: would Beau be prepared to change his life?

Ziv stared at the sleeping boy and he ran his fingers down his spine. The boy didn't stir. He did it once more, only this time he pushed the sheet aside to watch his fingers continue down to the top of Beau's arse, then ran a finger along the crease of it. There was a soft moan, but Beau didn't move.

His breathing quickened as a finger slipped between the cheeks. The sticky residue of lube they'd used allowed him to slide past the rim of muscle into Beau's arse. The muscle gave way easily after their night. He sank slowly up to his knuckle when the leg on the bed pushed away, opening Beau to Ziv's touch.

The boy's breathing was deep and even, showing no signs of waking.

Was he asleep or pretending? If he was pretending then he was a good actor. Ziv teased them both by easing his finger out and teasing around the outer rim of sensitive skin. The next moan was longer and the boy stirred enough to bring a hand up Ziv's

chest, fingers curling into Ziv's chest hair. He held his finger against Beau's hole, the boy remained passive.

Heart rate picking up, Ziv circled the hole, then pushed back in extremely slowly. The cock pressing against his hip took notice and thickened with each slow glide of his finger into Beau's hot channel.

He tormented himself, going at a glacial pace, his own cock hard and wanting as the boy made dreamy noises but remained passive, as if asleep. On and on he teased them both until Ziv was unable to think straight.

Not many seconds later, seeing he was too far away from the bedside cabinet to reach for supplies, he rolled them both over, his patience gone.

Beau's eyelids fluttered open. The soft smile stole his breath. "Morning Daddy, I was having the best dream."

Unable to resist, he brushed his lips over Beau's sweet mouth. "And what was that?"

"You were touching me," his cheeks turned pink, "fucking me slowly with your fingers."

The air caught once more in Ziv's chest. "Did you like it?" he rasped past the tightness.

Beau sighed against Ziv's lips. Pushing up for a kiss, Beau whispered, "Yes."

Beau captured his groan as Ziv reached out blindly to the side, searching for the cabinet. The sound of something falling was ignored as he managed to get the drawer open and find what

he needed. He rolled them once more so that he was laying on his back. The memory of Beau riding him was something he wanted a repeat of.

Gloved and pushing into Beau minutes later, Ziv held the boy's hips as he whimpered and lowered down until his arse sat on top of Ziv's pelvis. Beau's cock stood proud and curved towards his belly as he started to slowly roll his pelvis.

With each move, his arse squeezed Ziv's cock until he felt as drugged as the boy appeared with his eyes glassy and lips parted. "So good, pretty brat. Ride Daddy the way you want to."

The affectionate words pouring from his lips registered somewhere in the back of his head. Only Ziv couldn't find it in him to care. Promises made long ago seemed unimportant when his heart was full as the boy increased the speed of his rocking hips.

Beau reached for Ziv's hands and placed them over his nipples, his eyes begging. "Squeeze them, Daddy."

He had no resistance, none. Doing as Beau wanted, he tugged on the gold hoops, then alternated to pinching the budded flesh. A constant stream of noise came from Beau as he lifted his hips and started to slam down hard. His cock bounced as he repeated the move, groaning with each slap of flesh on flesh.

Beau reached for his cock.

"No, you can only come on Daddy's cock."

“Ohhh, Daddy,” he cried, his nose wrinkling.

The hand hovered, then went back on Ziv’s chest. Beau increased the rocking, slamming down hard enough the whole house was probably hearing him. The slap of skin overrode the sound of everything.

Pre-cum tickled Ziv’s skin with the constant drips coming from Beau as he chased his orgasm.

The way the arse gripping his cock rippled was his clue as to how close Beau was to coming. Ziv tugged on the hoops until Beau’s nipples were stretched to their limit.

That didn’t stop him from riding Ziv’s cock as he cried out, “Daddyyyyyyy.” A split second later his arse clamped tight, strangling Ziv’s hard length sublimely.

Spurts of cum fired over Ziv’s chest, some hitting his chin, triggering his body. The heat around his cock and the dazed expression the boy wore as he looked adoringly at Ziv was all it took. Hot licks of pleasure worked with the strength of Ziv’s emotions. He wasn’t sure what name to put on them, but it didn’t matter when they were too strong to resist and his balls emptied into the condom.

Held in the throes of a release that stole his ability to do more than cling to the boy, Ziv gave over to the feelings for the first time in his adult life. He sank into them, a part of him knowing the boy would heal a wound long held in his heart.

Seconds later, Beau collapsed against him, cum smeared over their hot, sweaty skin. His body shuddered repeatedly against

Ziv's as Beau clung to him. Ziv moved to wrap his arms around the boy, his mind working to come back online.

Lips brushed over his throat. "This feeling is highly addictive, Daddy."

The hands he'd been absently running up Beau's back stilled at the band squeezing his chest. "Fucking?"

The tut came with a lick to his neck. "No silly, waking in bed with you. Wrapped in your arms. I don't want to move for the next three decades."

There was no way the boy could miss how his heartbeat became more erratic at the notion, one that had him wanting to agree without considering all the consequences of such an action.

What had the boy done to him?

More to the point, what was he going to do about what he wanted?

Was this worth the heartache he'd suffered for...love?

Chapter Twenty-Two

Beau

The dark grey of the sky matched Beau's mood. It had been forty hours since he'd left Ziv after... whatever it was, it was a hard one to define when the man made everything so damn intense. Ziv was impossible to figure out. One minute he was distant, hard, and cold, then there were the rare moments when he let the shield slip and beneath was the man who could be funny, possessive, caring... *loving*? Or was that last one just wishful thinking?

Beau had been played the night before last. Ziv had offered to answer questions but at a time when he was in no fit mind to be able to ask any. He'd meant it, Ziv was addictive. There was nothing about him that frightened Beau. He wasn't stupid enough to not consider Ziv was mixed up in things Beau could only imagine. Did it make any difference to him? No. It was a conclusion that had only been strengthened through each encounter.

“Are you going to do any work today?”

Beau glanced from the window to Julie, who perched on the edge of his desk, mindful not to knock anything out of place.

They all knew what he was like about having an orderly space. He might have had one or two meltdowns when people had moved his things.

He arched his brows. "I could ask the same of you?"

"I've completed what you sent me to look over and sent it back an hour ago asking if it was okay to go ahead and send the spreadsheet. The fat cats in the ivory tower will want the figures before leaving as it's Friday." She rolled her eyes. "It's not like they'll be in much next week, but you know what they're like."

The office didn't close down for Christmas until the following Friday the twenty-third, but that never appeared to apply to those in upper management.

"I'll look at it now," he replied, offering a smile that he wasn't feeling, unnerved by being caught letting time slip by him with thoughts of Ziv. Had he been staring out the window for an hour?

"You okay? You've not been yourself since you had the week off with concussion. I read up on it as I was worried. Did you know you can have lingering effects for weeks, possibly months?"

If only that was the problem. "I'm fine." When Julie's expression became sceptical, he added, "Seriously, I'm just way behind on getting sorted for Christmas, you know me and being organised. And I'm not sure what I'm going to be doing for the holidays this year."

“Aren’t you going to Jessie’s this year?”

Julie was aware of his friendship with Jessie and Patrick; they’d worked together for six years. “I’m having dinner on Christmas Eve with my friends.”

“What about your parents?”

“They were invited by friends to cruise around the Caribbean. They left this morning.” He’d gone around after work the day before and they’d had an early Christmas celebration, one that Beau had struggled to enjoy with Ziv’s revelation about his childhood and family.

Has he ever celebrated Christmas?

The possible answer left Beau feeling all sorts of things, especially after he’d spent part of the day before googling the war in Serbia. The images were stuck in his head, leaving him feeling nothing but awed at Ziv making so much of his life after such a dreadful start.

“Oh my God, you’re going to be spending Christmas day alone!” She sounded horrified.

The part of Beau that would normally be in full agreement was squashed by images of mass graves, one of which could have contained Ziv’s family. There was simply no comparison between being alone and suffering what Ziv had.

“Yep, unfortunately.” What else was he going to say? It wasn’t like he was going to gate crash his friends Christmas. No, if he was gate crashing anyone’s Christmas, it would be Ziv’s.

His eyes narrowed as the idea caught hold and started to form into a nebulous plan. His decorated flat was nothing like Ziv's house. Beau wasn't even sure if there was a Christmas decoration in Ziv's home.

He ran through everything in his freezer that Jessie had made for him. Was there something Christmassy in there? Beau didn't fool himself into thinking he could make a wonderful Christmas meal. However, he had a friend who could. Would it be too much to ask Jessie to make extra for him when he was cooking for their planned feast on Christmas eve?

Beau chewed on his thumb nail, an old habit, more ideas running through his mind. Wasn't there a masquerade ball on Christmas eve? He'd a vague recollection when he'd gone through the list of events there'd been a ball planned. He was positive when he recalled him and Jessie discussing that he'd already had plans that day.

Beau thought getting Ziv to come with him to Jessie's on Christmas eve was slim to impossible. Could he go out after the meal to the ball?

"You have a look that suggests you're up to something."

He feigned innocence. "Who, me?"

"Yes you." Julie poked a festively painted nail at him. "You get this wrinkle between your brows when you're thinking hard on something."

"I do?" He rubbed at the furrow of skin. Why had his friends not told him he did that?

“It’s cute.”

“Thanks, I think. Though giving myself wrinkles on purpose doesn’t feel like it deserves a thanks.”

The responding laughter was more like several bells tinkling. “You’re still the prettiest in the office.”

He gave a half bow from his seat. “Why thank you, kind lady.”

A phone rang and Julie stood away from the desk. “Think that’s mine. Don’t forget to look at the file before you do your plotting.”

Beau waved her off. “I may be a man, but I can multitask.”

“You keep believing that,” she called back, then reached for her phone, her voice turning professional as she answered.

Only Beau’s thoughts had already turned to how he was going to get Ziv to the ball so he could work on getting him back to his flat so they spent Christmas together.

He was going to need to go shopping, too!

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The Friday tube ride home was packed. He had been squashed against a woman who’d no gaydar with how she’d flirted with him. It had passed the time and distracted him enough not to think how they were stuffed together tighter than tinned sardines.

The two shopping bags he carried up the street were tucked a little behind his back so they weren't visible in the darkness as he approached the steps to his address. He gave a furtive look at Ziv's house, releasing a breath at how the windows were lit up. Was he always going to be checking? They were in unknown territory. When Beau had made a conscious decision to go back to Ziv's, he'd known it was going to come with uncertainty. There'd been no mention of how long Ziv was going to be staying in London. For the little he'd read about him on Google, the man, if Beau believed everything he'd read, had several homes all over the world.

Would he go someplace else for Christmas and New Year? His stomach dipped at the very idea and he ran up the steps to the front door, hating how anxious the thought of Ziv leaving made him. He knew himself that he would never have gone back to Ziv's home Wednesday night if he wasn't already invested emotionally in whatever this relationship was.

In all the plotting and planning he'd done instead of working, Ziv continuing to remain in London hadn't been fully considered until Jessie had mentioned it in the many messages that had passed between them while Beau begged his friend to help him make Christmas special.

Inside, he went up the stairs, chewing over how he was going to find out what Ziv's plans were.

Ask him!

Was it that simple when Ziv hated answering anything that was personal?

He told you about his childhood, or part of it.

That he had, but did that mean he'd open up more when Beau wasn't tied to his bed?

Bags clutched in one hand, Beau kicked the door shut, dropped his keys into the pocket of his thick, padded coat. Placing the bags down, he took the coat off and hung it up next to Ziv's coat. Was it weird Beau had not considered reminding Ziv it was there? Beau blushed at how he liked the thought of Ziv's things being in his home and that was the reason he'd not pointed it out. He shook his head at his own pathetic behaviour. Then he reached down to take off his shoes and wriggled his toes, his feet sinking into the carpet as he picked up the bags and took them into the living room.

Lamps on, he then switched on the tree lights. The warm, cream lights hit the silver decorations. His lips formed into a slow smile as he opened and tipped out the bags of shopping. All gifts for Ziv. A mix of gag gifts, something to laugh at, and some which held a little more meaning.

Buried in the pile was a black velvet pouch. Inside was a black, leather, hand engraved bracelet. The jewellery shop owner had engraved the words Daddy's Boy on the inside next to Beau's name. The man had eyed him funnily at the request, but Beau didn't care. The thick leather was soft and sturdy and was held together with four small buckles, similar to the chastity belt Ziv had used on him. Would he see the significance of such a gift? What Beau was offering him?

That was a question he had no answer to. Only Ziv did.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Zivkovic

Ziv's fingers drummed on the table as he continued to work while eyeing Davidovic over the computer screen. He had come into the room after knocking, moments earlier.

"Anya, change Remus to four o'clock and switch Dante into Remus's two o'clock slot."

Her expression on the screen never changed as she tapped at the iPad she held. "What about the request Costas has made? Do you wish for me to add him to the list of in person meetings?"

"No." Ziv's Christmas plans had already been altered due to Beau. Adding Costas, who could take up to three hours to spit out what was on his mind, to the in person list would not work in Ziv's favour. The man could only be curbed without causing offence through Zoom. The time he'd allocated for down time was now at eight days and even at that, it was going to be a struggle to keep work at bay with how the boy had disrupted his life. After a little research, it appeared Beau was on leave from the twenty-third of December. Did he have family Christmas plans?

“Do you wish to give him a reason?” Her gaze rose from the iPad.

“No.”

She went to write something on her pad.

“Did you find what I wanted?”

“The gift?”

“Yes.”

Davidovic’s whole body stiffened.

“It’s ordered and should be with you by tomorrow.”

Ziv nodded. “Good.”

They wrapped up a minute later and Ziv sat back in his chair and eyed Davidovic. The man, as he suspected, had not been impressed with Ziv’s decision about the boy, not that he cared.

“Is the gift something I need to be worried about?”

Davidovic’s tone was curt.

His eyes pinned Davidovic in place. “If it was, would I have not informed you?” he asked in a voice that held nothing but cruel iciness.

Silver eyes snapped with temper. “Permission to speak freely, Sir.”

The tone was respectful, only the glint in his eyes suggested otherwise. Ziv waved a hand at him. “Go ahead.”

“Is this boy worth all this disruption? This house isn’t fit for long term use.” Davidovic had already pointed out how

crowded it was going to be with the additional security Ziv required for Beau. “My job is to protect you.”

“Your job is to protect who I say needs protecting.” The room chill dropped further. “The disruption the boy causes is none of your concern. As for the house, I’ve asked Anya to search out properties more suited to our requirements in London.”

“We’re staying... permanently?” Davidovic questioned, wearing a stunned expression. The loss of composure as he started to pace was something Ziv hadn’t witnessed often, in all the time they’d known each other.

Ziv had given himself time and distance to think rationally about the boy. Neither had been especially comfortable when what he wanted was the boy under his watchful gaze. His business interests were numerous and wide reaching, making his need to travel important. His base of operations were wherever he was at the time, regardless that Anya was in Switzerland where she’d asked to stay. As she could do her job from anywhere, Ziv had no issue with where she picked. So he’d bought a building in Zurich and set up her office. This was the first time he’d decided to have a base of operation himself.

“For now, yes.” As for the rest, he had an idea on how to coax the boy into being with him full time. It would require patience. The boy had a life here and Ziv wasn’t blind to his failings, or that Beau may not be happy to have security trailing him due to the risks being with Ziv would bring. Having no family had given him an immunity to threats. Beau

had changed that. Whether Ziv was happy about it or not, it was fact.

“I see.”

“Do you?” Their long held connection was the only reason why Ziv continued speaking, lapsing into Serbian. “Have you ever had deep feelings for anyone?”

Expecting a head shake, the nod caused Ziv to come forward in his seat, a tension pinching the back of his neck. They had known each other from teenagers, but Ziv had no recollection of Davidovic having any kind of relationship that was not a hook-up. He eyed the stoic man in front of him through new eyes. “Then you must know that sometimes you have to alter plans to enable others to fit in your life, whether you wish it or not. It would seem it is all about finding the right balance.” A principle he’d applied to making his way in the business world.

Davidovic didn’t respond, his expression shuttered.

Intrigued, Ziv, who didn’t ask personal questions of Davidovic, did just that. “Who was it?”

There was the merest sound of air hissing through teeth before he cursed. “You.”

Speechless, Ziv’s eyes narrowed on Davidovic to assess the level of truth. Was he serious? The years of being together ran through Ziv’s head. Occasions where they had been alone...

How had he not noticed? How? Was the recent dissent from Davidovic because of Beau?

“Do you still have feelings... for me?”

“No.” Was he lying? The sharpness of his answer didn't allay the odd feeling in the pit of Ziv's stomach.

“Is continuing to work for me going to be an issue?” He didn't need to say with Beau remaining in Ziv's life, that was already understood. Ziv was a pragmatist, regardless of what a loss it would be for Davidovic to leave his service.

Seconds ticked by as the muscles in Davidovic's jaw ticked. “It will not be an issue.”

They stared at each other until Ziv was convinced Davidovic wasn't lying. Ziv's gut was never wrong. “Fine, I hope that remains the case.” Ziv was a little surprised to realise he meant it. He looked at the pile of letters that needed responding to, then back to Davidovic. “What did you come to discuss with me?”

“The men we require for Beau, they will be here tomorrow morning. Do you still wish to interview them with me?” His posture stiffened as he spoke.

“Yes. I'll want the full security reports on them all. Send them to my email.”

Back to the curt nod, Davidovic left the room silently.

Ziv pinched the top of his nose and eyed the now closed door. How had he missed something so vital?

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An alert on his phone brought his attention from the file he was reading. He reached for it and frowned. He eyed the message on his phone advising the boy had registered for the masquerade ball on Christmas eve.

What was the boy up to?

Why was he thinking of attending a Cuffd ball... *alone*?

Off his seat, he eyed the darkness beyond his window. Was the boy home? He got several feet across the room before it registered where he'd left his jacket with his keys and gun. A man who was all about details, Ziv's step faltered. The boy was a pest, he really was.

Walking into the bedroom, he went to the wardrobe and retrieved a long, black, wool coat and slipped it on. Going down the stairs, he said nothing as his men followed. Out on the street, icy wind whipped at his cheeks and ruffled his hair as he stalked to Beau's building.

He pressed the buzzer with Beau's number on it. A screen lit up and Ziv stared at the small camera. "Open the door."

At the sound of the door releasing, Ziv pushed inside, his men right behind him. Up the stairs, Beau was standing within the open doorway, leaning on the doorframe. He was flushed and ruffled looking. He wore a pair of slouch pants and a sloppy T-shirt with a picture of a rainbow on it. There was no trace of make-up.

He was beautiful, yet there was an air of vulnerability about him. A state that caused Ziv to want to pick the boy up and...

“Hello... *Daddy*,” the bite to the last word wasn’t hard to miss as Beau flicked his gaze to the two men behind him. “No, they aren’t coming in. You know what they say, three’s a crowd, unless they all want to join us in the bedroom... then maybe—”

Ziv nudged the boy inside, a surge of anger sizzling through him at the thought of anyone but him touching his boy. He glanced at his men.

“Stay here.” Icicles dripped from the words.

He didn’t wait for a reply and shut the door, eyeing the bratty boy. “Are you after a punishment?”

“No, *Daddy*.” His expression said differently.

Ziv slipped off his coat and hung it over the one he’d left before, which remained in the exact same spot. Had the boy purposely left it hanging there? Ziv had noticed how orderly Beau liked his things. Ziv’s blood warmed at thoughts of Beau wanting Ziv’s things hanging next to his. The reason he’d come was forgotten as he approached Beau, who remained standing, staring at him defiantly. “Naughty brats get punished.” Ziv placed a hand on Beau’s shoulder meeting his gaze. “Safe word?”

Beau’s eyelashes fluttered and dipped. “Mascara.”

“Get on your knees, hands behind your back.”

Gracefully he folded onto his knees, hands clasped behind his back. Ziv opened the front of his trousers and pulled out his semi-hard cock. Holding the base so it was directed towards

Beau's plump lips. Beau's fevered expression caused him to harden further.

Using his free hand, Ziv pinched Beau's chin, getting his lips to part. "Suck Daddy, and you are not allowed to come."

The whine was muffled as Ziv pushed his cock into Beau's mouth without waiting for him to adjust. A groan vibrated up the length of his cock, making it zing with sparks of desire. Beau's cheeks hollowed when he sucked hard, his tongue rubbing at the underside of Ziv's dick. That it was hitting the back of his throat didn't deter his pretty brat. Ziv's boy liked it rough.

Lewd, wet, noises followed as saliva dripped out of the corners of Beau's lips as Ziv set up a punishing rhythm, taking hold of Beau's cheeks, tunnelling between his tight lips. He stroked at the hollowed cheeks, praising him. "Daddy's boy is such a good cock sucker. Look at you, on your knees for Daddy. See how much Daddy appreciates his boy by giving him his cock. You want it, don't you? You only want what Daddy can give you."

The groans, moans, and whimpers fed Ziv's desire. His arse clenched as he held his cock deep in Beau's throat. The boy's eyes were wild and begging. "That's it, take it for Daddy."

When Beau gasped, slobbered, and swallowed, the delicious squeeze to the head of Ziv's cock was too much. It was game over with how his balls ached in his tight sac. He withdrew and ribbons of cum sprayed Beau's lips, cheeks, and chin as he knelt, his lips wide open, wanting. Beau's whole body

shuddered as the last drops of cum landed in his mouth. Eyes begged for more, for Ziv.

His throat working hard at the emotions that could not be denied, Ziv got down on his knees. The kiss was dirty and wild, full of all the passion there was no denying was there between them. But it was much more than sex. Ziv wanted to absorb the boy inside him. Wanted his pretty brat right where he was now, needing Ziv as much as he needed him.

Beau pressed against him, his arms remaining behind his back, making Ziv's heart take flight in his chest. Tiny ripples ran through Beau as he passively let Ziv devour him, one hot kiss after another until Ziv's cock hardened once more.

When he finally pulled both of them to standing, Ziv recalled the reason he was there, or one of them. "Tell Daddy why *his* boy has arranged to go to a masquerade ball on Christmas eve?"

Chapter Twenty-Four

Beau

Beau wanted to congratulate himself on a plan well executed, apart from one thing. Ziv. He'd not mentioned about attending the event. In fact, Beau got the impression Ziv hadn't really believed his convoluted reason. He'd thought he was going to have time to come up with a reasonable excuse. One where Ziv didn't suspect Beau was attempting to get him in his home for Christmas. Beau had the feeling he might have fucked up. The man was no fool and his sex addled brain wasn't any competition against Ziv when he was in Daddy mode.

There was also the small issue of how the man had found out so fast that Beau had got a ticket to the ball. Beau got that Ziv had contacts and people who could find out things, he'd already demonstrated that. What he didn't get was how damn fast this time had been. He'd literally just registered for the ball and Ziv was at his door.

“How does he know stuff that I've only just done? How?” He aimed his question at Jessie, who was sitting cross legged on the sofa next to the Christmas tree, wrapping Smithy's presents.

It was Patrick who was sat by Beau who muttered, “Who knows, but to be able to find out that fast, you’d need some pretty impressive technology. I’m not sure I like it.” A deep furrow between his brows appeared as he stared at the wrapping paper in front of him as if it was being naughty. He lifted the half messily wrapped gift. “Can you help me? The shape of this really isn’t helping me.”

The whiney quality of his voice, Beau would admit, he missed. “Don’t forget what lengths Akker went to, to get you to Italy,” he pointed out, getting a massive grin from Patrick.

“Isn’t he the best Daddy?”

“My Daddy is the best,” Jessie chipped in.

“Are we having a battle of the Daddies here?” Beau joked and for long seconds wished that he could say with as much certainty that *Ziv was his Daddy* in the same way as his friends. He just wasn’t sure.

In an attempt to distract himself, he got up and knelt in front of Patrick. Unfortunately, it was then a struggle not to think about the memory of kneeling in the hallway on Friday night, before Ziv had brought up the ball. “You need to put some bubble wrap around it so it makes it more of a cylindrical shape.”

He took the gift from a relieved looking Patrick and unwrapped the wooden dilly. It was only three inches big and was decorated with a rainbow and had a heart in the centre of a circle on the front. It was super cute. “Is this for Akker’s office?”

Patrick's smile was wide. "Yes. When Daddy looks at it, he'll see the heart and know it's mine."

Patrick was a little and right now he was being super cute. On impulse, Beau came forward and kissed his friend on the cheek. "I love you."

He blushed and returned the kiss. "I know. I love you too." He glanced at Jessie. "And you."

"You better, as I've made all your special treats for the pig out for later when we've finished wrapping all our gifts."

Patrick wriggled on his seat, squealing excitedly.

It had been Jessie's idea that they come to the flat and continue on the tradition of wrapping gifts together. Beau hadn't mentioned he'd already wrapped his. Instead, he'd cut all the paper off the ones his friends could see and put them back in bags. Looking at his two friends, his heart ached with the love he felt for them. "I miss this."

Jessie got up and plonked himself next to Patrick. "We miss you too. But for a minute, let's not get sidetracked. How do you feel about Ziv watching you so closely? Do you think he still has men following you?"

"If they are then they're doing a better job than the first guy." Beau met Jessie's stare and confessed. "Sometimes I feel like I'm being watched when I leave the office. It's like an itch between my shoulder blades, but when I look around, I see nothing out of the usual. Anyway, that's not my issue really."

Beau blushed, looking down at the dilly in his hand. “Is it wrong that I like that he wants to take care of me this way?” He glanced back up, begging his friends to understand. “Is it? I don’t care that he’s probably done a lot of bad stuff in his life to get to where he is. When he’s with me, he’s just Daddy. The one I want more than anything else.”

Patrick was the one to reach out and take hold of Beau’s empty hand. He squeezed it gently. “Remember when I talked to you about what Akker wanted, what I wanted.” Beau nodded. “Then take your own words of advice. If it makes you feel good then it doesn’t matter what anyone else thinks. We love you Beau, nothing will change that.”

“What he said.” Jessie sniffed and gave Beau a watery smile.

A breath shuddered out at the acceptance Beau needed. His friends were his anchors and their opinion mattered to him. This thing with Ziv wasn’t a fling, it was anything but that. Beau sent out his secret wish, needing whoever was in the universe to hear him.

Please give me a forever like my friends.

Would Ziv run from what Beau wanted?

He shook off the worry of not getting what he desired. “Anyway, back to what I was talking about. I went on the Cuffd app on Friday evening to cancel all the other events I’d booked, but also to sign up for the masquerade ball on Christmas eve—”

“Hold up, aren’t you coming to mine on Christmas eve?” Jessie demanded, the teary look gone in an instant. His arms folded over his chest, his eyes narrowing.

“I am coming to yours, give me a second to finish.” Beau ran a hand through his hair. “Why do you think I was asking you to do extra food for me to take home for Christmas day? I thought I’d explained, I’ve come up with this idea of giving Ziv a real Christmas—”

“Hasn’t he had a real Christmas?” Patrick asked, his chin trembling.

Beau considered for a minute and, knowing his friends would never share the information with another soul, he explained, “Ziv’s Serbian. His family were murdered when he was young and he was left homeless. The country was at war and I’m pretty damn sure no one cared enough to think about his wellbeing, or whether he celebrated any of the holidays.” Beau found that if he thought too hard about Ziv’s past, he cried buckets. Ziv was not interested in his sympathy, Beau had figured that out, so he attempted not to dwell too hard on something he had no way of changing. He was choosing to focus on what he could offer in the now.

A choked sob came from Patrick as he leant against Jessie, who wrapped an arm around his shoulder while looking at Beau. The tears were back in Jessie’s eyes. “How awful for him. I can’t imagine the hell it must have been. Just watching the news about Ukraine is harrowing, but to experience that

type of situation first hand...” Jessie shuddered and pulled Patrick a little closer to him. “How can we help?”

Patrick nodded, a tear sliding down his cheek. “Yeah, what can we do?”

The ache from moments earlier was back in Beau’s chest at his friend’s support. “I need a lavish meal so I can give Ziv a taste of what Christmas is for me. Can you do that Jessie?”

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The week flew by and Beau had spent most of it going from euphoria to crippling anxiety. It was all Ziv’s fault. Monday evening he’d barely got through the door when Ziv arrived. They’d not made it out of the bedroom for several hours, and then it was only to eat then collapse back on the mattress and fall asleep. Then Ziv had left the following morning without saying if he’d be back again, only to turn up the next night and the subsequent nights after that. It was now Friday and Beau was in part waiting for the other shoe to drop. Ziv was unpredictable and hence the anxiety.

Beau, from today, was free from work for two whole weeks. Would Ziv want to hang out with him? Did he take time off for the holidays? He’d not had the courage to ask. The relationship was still so fragile and Beau was loath to step off the tightrope he felt he was walking.

“You coming for cocktails? We’re heading to Grind. Stu has booked a big table for anyone who wants to eat,” Julie said,

stopping at his desk as she slipped on a chic red jacket over a black blouse.

“I’ve got plans tonight darling, so make sure you have a cocktail for me.” He was clueless if he had plans or not, but Beau was not going to pretend that he didn’t want to go home to wait and see if Ziv would appear, like the last four nights.

“Bugger, I was hoping you’d come. Can’t you delay your plans for one tiny drink? Please?” She fluttered her eyelashes at him and weakened his resolve.

On the last day, the bosses let them finish a couple of hours early. If Ziv was coming around to his flat then it wouldn’t be for another four hours at least, by Beau’s calculations. “Okay, but only one.” Julie’s giggle was infectious. “No, Julie, I mean it.”

“Whatever you say.” She leant over him and checked his computer was off before reaching for his hand. “Party time.”

Grind was no more than a two minute walk from their building, meaning Beau didn’t have a chance to get soaked in the drizzling rain. He shook his hair as he placed his damp coat on the back of the chrome and leather seat. The place was busy, but not yet packed. The white brick walls were married with a lot of metal. The effect wasn’t as cold as many would think. The round lights on the walls cast a warm, creamy glow over the metal surfaces and added a layer of warmth to the atmosphere. The Christmas decorations did the rest.

“What are you having, Beau?” Julie asked, a menu already in her hand.

“Surprise me.”

“Ohh, I like that.” She walked off to the bar where other members of staff were standing. Most Beau knew by sight.

“God, I’m ready for this holiday.” Stu collapsed into a seat next to the one Beau had chosen.

Stu was long and lean and wore trendy clothes that suited his frame. The shirt was green and matched to the deep brown, skinny legged trousers that landed just below his calves. The vans were brown and cream leather and he wore no socks. An attractive smile graced his angular face, making his blue eyes sparkle. Stu tended to be a bit dramatic at times but was a whizz with figures. “Didn’t you have a week off in November and go somewhere exotic?”

“Bali,” he waved his hand dismissively, “but that was an age ago.”

“Going anywhere for Christmas?” Beau asked, intrigued by the number of holidays Stu had which was triple what most people had in an average year.

Blond hair flopped over his forehead as he nodded enthusiastically. “I’m off to Malaysia. One of the islands called Langkawi. The rooms are all built on stilts in the rainforest. It looks damn amazing.”

“Wow, impressive. How on earth do you manage to afford all these holidays?”

Stu winked. “I’ve got a sugar Daddy who likes to treat me.”

Beau kept his shock to himself at his lack of awareness that Stu batted for the same team as him. “Go you. How long have you been dating?”

He flushed a bright pink. Even the tips of his ears glowed as his gaze dipped to the table. “We’re not exactly dating, per se. I see him when he has some free time.”

“Oh. Well if that works for you, then great.” Beau stared at Stu who had lost his happy glow.

A feeling that Stu was far from happy came when he glanced back at Beau with a forced smile. “I’m all about fun.” He looked towards the bar and jumped up. “I’ll go give Julie a hand with the drinks.”

Beau watched his retreating back and started to compare his own situation to Stu’s. Was he the same as Stu? He scratched at his jaw. A sugar baby was given gifts and money, neither of which Beau had been given by Ziv. His heartbeat settled until he recalled how easily Ziv had left him once before without, it appeared, any problem.

Then why did he come back? Was it work or... Beau?

He didn’t have an answer. Did Ziv see him as just someone to play with? Granted Ziv had talked a little more about himself these last few days. But did Beau really know any more about the man?

By the time Julie returned with the drinks, an unsettled feeling had gathered in the pit of his stomach when he couldn’t decide how he could change something he had no control over.

“Here you go, this is a tamarind margarita. The barman says it’s an unconventional twist on the Mexican classic. It’s got lemon juice, lime juice, agave, tequila, and tamarind paste. He assures me it’s tangy and delicious.”

Beau picked up the glass with the brownish looking liquid and sniffed. “Here goes nothing.” He took a sip and the zing of alcohol came through, buzzing through him as he swallowed. The flavour was tangy and the barman was right, it was delicious. Grinning widely at Julie, he said, “You hit a winner there.”

She sat down across the table from him and then sipped at her own. “I think one won’t be nearly enough.”

Beau shook his head at her antics when she gave him a not so innocent smile. The unsettled feeling lingered from his thoughts and he considered if more alcohol would give him Dutch courage to ask Ziv exactly what he wanted from him. Because one thing was for sure, Beau was not going to be anyone’s sugar baby.

No.

His feelings were ‘the forever’ kind and Ziv better be prepared for Beau’s questions as this time, he wasn’t going to be put off.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Zivkovic

For what felt like the hundredth time, Ziv glanced at his watch. He'd had no word from the security detail following Beau to advise the boy was heading home. Ziv figured the boy should have been home at least an hour ago. His stomach dipped as his mind ran through possibilities, none of which were pleasant.

Where the hell was he? He picked up his phone and rang Davidovic.

“Sir.”

The bite to the word wasn't missed and Ziv considered if he was going to have to replace Davidovic, before he turned his thoughts back to what was important. “Where is Beau?”

“I'll check in with the men and ring you back.”

The call ended and Ziv stared at the phone in his hand. Nothing about the call should set off his instincts, yet they were humming. Was it Davidovic's behaviour? Or that they connected to Beau not being home?

His phone rang moments later. He didn't consider how his heart thudded hard enough to make his teeth rattle together.

“He is at a cocktail bar at London Bridge, Grind.”

“Organise a car.” The relief came first, then the anger at his fears. Fears that left him with the knowledge he'd rip apart anyone that laid a hand on Beau. He ended the call with shaking fingers, already up and out of his office chair, heading for the door.

In the car minutes later, he took several deep breaths and considered what he was going to do when he dragged the boy home. This last week, he'd thought he'd made his intentions clear. Had he not gone around to the boy's home every night? Hadn't he worked at being more open?

Not once had he allowed anyone to divide his attention away from what was important, business, until now. The boy made him vulnerable and as much as he hated it, he'd come to the realisation he did not wish to change it either. There was much he would never discuss with Beau, it was safer that way for all concerned. He was well aware of Beau's search history on the internet.

Mind in turmoil at these strange feelings, the buildings they drove past, the busy streets, Ziv paid them little to no attention. Had his boy mentioned he was going out? Ziv couldn't recall. What he did know for certain was that his boy had the ability to drive him to distraction. Regardless, Ziv wanted Beau, it was as simple and as complicated as that.

The moment Beau had stepped, or rather, fallen into his life, he'd somehow managed to change how Ziv viewed relationships. He'd originally thought them inconsequential, a bind he did not need or want, until a pretty brat with a sunny smile stole all logic from him.

“Sir, there’s nowhere to park.” Sergei interrupted his thoughts.

Ziv eyed the busy bar across the road. “Stop here, and drive back around. I won’t be long.”

Davidovic got out of the car first, his sharp eyes looking everywhere, his large body full of tension. He indicated to Ziv as horns blared and two cars whizzed past, one with a man throwing them a rude sign. Ziv got out and waited for a break in traffic before quickly crossing the road. His suit jacket was no defence against the damp, chilly evening air.

In the bar, Ziv shook off the rain drops and had a moment to consider that he’d experienced this scene before. The man sat next to Beau was blond this time.

He strode through the crowd and stood silently at the side of the table next to Beau. Ziv eyed the several empty cocktail glasses and the glazed expression Beau wore.

“Hey cutie,” a woman in a black blouse that showed off her lush curves slurred, “you want to join us?”

Beau glanced sideways, his eyes widened, then a sunny smile transformed his face, leaving Ziv with the urge to kiss him. “There’s my Da... date.” His lips quivered and matched the mischievous light in his eyes.

“It’s all Julie’s fault.” His hand waved in the air towards the woman in the black blouse. “She insisted I come for a drink. I told her just one, ‘cause...” his brow furrowed and he appeared to lose his train of thought, the glazed look reappearing.

“I think it’s time we go home.” He carefully helped Beau from his seat, taking the coat off the back and slipping it over Beau’s shoulders.

“As you’re such a hunk, I’ll apologise for stealing your man and delaying your evening plans,” Julie said gaily, offering him a cheeky grin.

Their evening plans?

Beau leant heavily against Ziv and looked up, his thoughts disappearing when there was something about Beau’s expression that gave him a blast of warmth to the centre of his chest. “Home... do you have one?”

Ziv stilled at the question, that was barely loud but appeared to him to have been shouted. The chatter at the table continued, no one appearing to be paying them any attention. Yet there was a silence surrounding him and Beau. “I do.”

Beau’s head lolled a little and Ziv wasn’t sure he was nodding or just off balance from the alcohol. “Come on.” Ziv easily lead them through the crowd of people and out the door.

Beau plastered himself against Ziv and started to shiver, his teeth making a chattering noise.

He glanced at Davidovic. “Where is the car?”

Davidovic pointed to the other side of the road where they'd been dropped off. "Double parked over there."

How he managed to cross the road safely with Beau choosing to cling to him, his feet appearing not to work, Ziv wasn't sure. In the car, the boy snuggled against him and Davidovic looked out the window.

Ziv kept his arm around Beau. The stench of alcohol masked Beau's usual, sweet scent. Beau remained so quiet that Ziv thought he'd fallen asleep, until the car stopped in Clanricarde Gardens. He immediately sat up and looked out the window. "Home, home again, home," he sang.

There was something underlying the tone that warned Ziv something was off.

Despite being sandwiched between him and Davidovic, Beau reached over Ziv to open the door and climb out. He was steady enough to make it to the front door so Ziv followed wordlessly, unsure of what to make of Beau's see-sawing mood. The boy didn't even look back to see if he was following.

Inside the flat, door locked, Beau didn't quiet meet Ziv's gaze. "What's wrong, pretty brat? Tell Daddy."

Beau stepped closer, listing to the left and then righting himself. His eyes were bright and wide. "Are you?"

"Am I what?"

A scowl came with a pout. Hands went to hips as he removed the remaining distance between them. "Don't pretend. Are you

my Daddy? I can't keep doing this.”

Ziv remained motionless, masking his feelings and the painful thud of his heart against the wall of his chest. The boy was his. “Can't keep doing what?” he asked in an emotionless voice.

Beau poked at his chest. “See, you can't even answer a simple question. Do you want to be my Daddy? In a proper relationship where you don't leave me when you can't cope with your emotions.”

Feelings, raw and powerful, were impossible to deny. That he'd been so accurately summed up was a hard pill to swallow. He was right, Beau was an absolute menace. And Ziv didn't want to change anything about him.

He cocked his head, holding Beau's gaze. “What do you think I've been doing coming here daily?” he asked quietly.

Was that hope in Beau's eyes? “Entertaining yourself.”

The brat was back and Ziv made a mental note to give his pretty brat the punishment he deserved and wanted later. He placed a hand over the one that was now stroking his chest. “The first time I saw you at the club, you could have been classed as that.” His hand tightened around Beau's. “Then you fell and there was no entertainment.”

A flash of bright pink coated the top of Beau's cheeks. “Yes, well, the less said about those first few days the better. No one wants to be reminded that he puked all over the guy he'd had the hots for.”

Amused, Ziv stared at the ridiculously pretty boy. “You are not entertainment to me. And yes, I’m your Daddy.”

The squeal hurt Ziv’s ear drums. Beau launched at him, his mouth missing Ziv’s and landing somewhere on his chin. The weight knocked Ziv back and he counter moved to prevent them from toppling over. Beau didn’t stop pressing wet kisses to his chin. “I love you,” he murmured in between the kisses, “please don’t leave me.”

Fuck!

He wrapped his arms around Beau and lifted him effortlessly. The boy clung on as Ziv strode down the hallway towards his bedroom. There, he placed his boy carefully back on his feet. The whine came as Ziv held the boy away and helped him sit on the edge of the bed when he staggered a little. The alcohol clearly had taken effect.

He didn’t want to think too hard on a drunk declaration, so bent to take off his shoes. Beau sat pliant, letting him do what he wanted.

It was this he craved, this his boy understood. There was no guile, just his boy doing what Ziv wanted.

Undressed and having drunk the large glass of water Ziv had obtained, Beau let Ziv tuck him under the covers. “Sleep.”

“Kiss, Daddy.”

He didn’t resist kissing the upturned lips that tasted of alcohol. “Sleep, we’ll talk tomorrow.”

“You won’t leave, will you?”

There was something about the way he phrased the question that suggested he meant something more. Focusing his attention on Beau so he understood the significance of his answer, Ziv cupped his cheeks, meeting his slightly glazed eyes. “Do you understand what it means to be mine?”

The nod was more felt under Ziv’s hands. “I want to be yours... *forever.*”

Ziv’s teeth ground together at the violent surge of possession those words caused. “We need to have this conversation when you are sober, but I promise, I will never leave you.” He meant it with every fibre in his body.

That seemed to appease Beau as his eyes shut and within seconds, his breathing evened out. Ziv let go, stepping back from the bed. He took off his coat and went to hang it up. His stomach rumbled, reminding him he’d eaten nothing since breakfast. He went into the kitchen and searched the fridge for something easy to heat.

The tub of pasta he found in the fridge smelled divine as it heated in the microwave. A glass of red wine, a fork, and the tub, Ziv went to sit in Beau’s living room. The lamp that the boy had left on gave a cosy feel to the room. One Ziv, over the last week, had found relaxing. He sat in the seat next to the Christmas tree, one that gave him fleeting moments of envy of the cheer it offered. It was foolish to think on things that could not be changed.

Placing his wine down, he tasted the steaming pasta. Flavour burst over his tongue, the herbs and garlic not too

overpowering to the meaty filling inside the ravioli. Aware Beau wasn't one to cook meals, Ziv suspected the food came from Beau's best friend, Jessie, who was a chef and generous to his friend.

When the meal was finished, he got up and went to wash up the tub, placing it back into the cupboard with the other empty tubs. The order was noticeable throughout the flat. Returning to the living room, Ziv picked up his wine and sipped at it. His body relaxed into the comfy cushions. His mind was always active, and it took long minutes to notice how it had quietened just by being in Beau's home.

It was pleasant and disconcerting all at once. He had little to no memories of any good times in his childhood except for the feeling of quietness that came when his parents sat with him in the evening before he went to bed. It was, he supposed, their family time.

They had very little, his father's job barely paid enough to keep the roof over their heads and food on the table. His mother mended their clothes repeatedly to get the winter chill from biting his skin. It hadn't worked, but he'd never complained, understanding from a young age why things were the way they were.

When the soldiers came and murdered his parents, he'd been out in the woods searching for sticks and chunks of wood for the fire. He'd returned before they'd finished entertaining themselves. The bloodbath and his lack of action were forever

etched into his memory. So easy to bring forward if he wanted to.

The boy he was, barely a teenager, only just big enough to reach the window ledge and peer inside, had been terrified for his parents. It gripped his throat as if it was yesterday, the bitter taste of terror. Ziv's gaze became unfocused. The glass he held was forgotten as he was transported back in time. Images came unbidden of a night that ripped apart his world.

His father's cries of anguish had matched Ziv's own, only his were inside his head as they'd both watched his mother raped repeatedly. The torn clothing when the soldiers had finished was left bunched at her waist, blood smearing her thighs, her eyes open and unseeing. It was then his father had met his gaze through the window, his lips parted as the shots were fired. His body shaking in the throes of death, his gaze never moving, his voice in his head telling Ziv to run. He'd run deep into the forest with the sounds of men chasing him. He'd hidden in a tree root for four days. Frozen and starving, he'd finally ventured out, the icy chill freezing his bones to brittle sticks as he trudged away from his home an orphan to the war and changed forever.

He blinked at the sting to his eyes. The room came into focus as sweat slid down his forehead. The glass was slippery in his shaking fingers. He placed it down and sat forward, his eyes shutting. His resolve to never let anyone take anything so precious from him again, was back. For years, he'd maintained a distance between himself and those he came into contact with, a simple matter of self-preservation.

Love... its power changed many things.

He glanced at the door with the deep seated knowledge. The boy he once was unable to defend against the soldiers and their guns. The promise the boy had made to himself never to allow anyone to hold the power to hurt him, was broken. Times were different now and he would do everything in his power to protect what he deemed irreplaceable... *his pretty brat.*

Chapter Twenty-Six

Beau

Rolling over, the room spun inside Beau's head. One eye slitted open and he groaned at the lamp light shining in his eye. He shut it and breathed deeply, trying to piece together why he was feeling more than a little delicate.

"Oh fuck," he muttered when his mind woke up enough to allow him to run through the previous night. How many drinks had he consumed?

Too many.

He buried his face in the pillow, then jerked up, the covers falling to his lap. Ziv brought him home! They'd talked... *shit!* He'd declared his feelings!

I told him I loved him!

Oh sweet Jesus!

Beau buried his head in his hands as another thought ran through his sluggish head. Would Ziv think he was playing him?

A sinking feeling grew in the pit of his stomach as he dropped his hands to eye the empty room and closed bedroom door. His

head tilted to the side, straining to hear if there was any noise inside his flat. At hearing nothing, his shoulders drooped.

Hadn't Ziv promised to never leave him again? Beau was positive he remembered that... he had, hadn't he?

A wave of heat covered his chest as he pushed the sheet aside and got out of bed, naked. He dithered before he strolled to the bathroom, his bladder suggesting it should be his priority, rather than seeing if maybe Ziv was asleep in the living room. Thoughts of the alternative weren't making his hangover feel any better.

After he'd relieved himself, Beau washed his face and brushed his teeth to get rid of the stale taste in his mouth. He avoided looking in the mirror, he didn't need to see how he looked when he felt rough.

Out of the bathroom, he stopped at the sight of Ziv standing next to the bed. His clothes were rumpled, his hair messy, and his jaw was dark with stubble. Ziv placed the full tray down on the bedside cabinet. The strong aroma of coffee drew Beau's gaze to the mugs on the tray.

Beau wasn't too proud to beg for some when he needed something to gear him up for whatever conversation was coming his way.

"Morning, Daddy," Beau whispered as he scratched his head, not quite meeting Ziv's gaze. The fluttering nerves in his stomach were still undecided about whether to run and hide.

Ziv looked pointedly at the bed.

Silently, Beau went to the bed, chewing on his lip and trying to gauge Ziv's mood when he remained quiet. On the bed, Beau tugged up the sheet for something to do with his hands. "I'm sorry."

Dark eyes narrowed. "For what, pretty brat?"

"For... well, erm... I'm not quite sure," he muttered, hating that he couldn't get a read of Ziv.

Ziv picked up the glass of apple juice that was bought for Patrick's visits, and offered it to Beau. "Drink."

He didn't argue that he'd prefer the coffee, drinking the sweet juice until the glass was empty, then offered it back to Ziv. Once he'd placed it on the tray, he finally sat on the side of the bed. "Do you remember the conversation last night?"

There was absolutely no emotion for Beau to pick up on. On a shuddery breath, Beau nodded.

"All of it?"

Was he meaning Beau's declaration? "Yes." His gaze met Ziv's. *Oh fuck! You can do this.* "I love you—"

Beau was glad he was on the bed when Ziv pounced, pinning him to the mattress before he could say more. The kiss was passionate enough that Beau's hangover disappeared, or it could have been the sweet juice. Whatever it was, Beau sank into the heat and desperation coming from Ziv. His lips parted, his tongue tracing Beau's until they parted. The kiss deepened degree by degree as Ziv savoured his mouth.

Beau roamed his hands up Ziv's shirt, stroking, trying to soothe but unsure exactly why. His lower body was trapped in the sheet. Ziv's hips ground down, his chest heaving, rubbing the cotton of his shirt over Beau's naked chest. His nipples budded, wanting more, needing Ziv's touch. Beau groaned when Ziv appeared to pluck what he wanted from his mind and tugged on a nipple ring. The delicious tug spiralled desire through Beau. He gasped with each pull that was directly connected to his throbbing cock.

"Need you," Ziv murmured against Beau's lips.

"You have me, Daddy." Their gaze held and Beau witnessed the moment of acceptance. Felt it deep in his soul as the kiss became more reverent, as if Ziv was touching something priceless. Gently, his lips made love to Beau, showing him without words his true feelings.

The covers were pushed down as Beau tugged and pulled at Ziv's clothing, rolling over the bed until they were both naked. One kiss after another deepened the desire. Their limbs tangled together, sweat coating their skin.

When Ziv finally pushed inside Beau, he was on fire, thirsting for more. A thirst only Ziv could quench. The feeling of completeness brought tears to Beau's eyes. Each thrust, every murmur, moan, and groan Ziv made, caused Beau's heart to swell with emotions.

"I love you," he whispered against Ziv's ear.

The animalistic sound rumbling through Ziv as he drove into Beau's willing body set all the hairs on Beau's body to stand

on end. It was possessive in ways that Beau would never tire of.

Beau's cock pulsed hard, his sac tingled as cum spread between them. Two more thrusts and Ziv's guttural moan was followed by heat in Beau's arse.

“Дечаче мог срца,” he murmured as he slumped against Beau, his head sinking into the pillow as he shuddered repeatedly.

Caressing his damp skin, Beau looked up at the ceiling grinning. How did he get so lucky?

“Why are you grinning like a fool?”

Beau twisted his head to glance at Ziv, who was now with his cheek on the pillow, staring at Beau. Hugging Ziv tightly, he didn't hold back. “Because whatever you just said, I know it was something that came from your heart?”

One dark brow rose. “You know Serbian?”

“No, but I know when someone is saying something important by the tone.” He moved a fraction to brush his lips over Ziv's, uncaring that he was squashing him to the mattress. “What did you say?”

“You are a menace.”

Beau giggled and wriggled, causing the cooling cum to slide between them. “No you never.”

The sigh was disgruntled and matched the frown, they both disappeared when Ziv kissed him hard. His gaze held Beau's

and his heart tripped in his chest as Ziv spoke. “Boy of my heart.”

“Daddy,” he whispered, “I am.”

“Are you sure? Becoming a part of my world will bring risks and potential danger. It’s not an easy world I live in. There will be those who would see you as a pawn to use. I can protect you. Will I be enough for you?”

There was very little emotion in Ziv’s words, yet Beau sensed his reply would change things. “If you’re trying to scare me off, it’s not working. I’m not silly, I just don’t care about any of that. Maybe I should, but the moment you walked into my life, you changed it. I’m selfish and greedy. I want what my friends have. I want a Daddy who puts his boy at the center of his world. Can you give me that?”

The kiss, when it came, was just the mere pressing of lips together. Ziv’s eyes were open and Beau felt deep inside what this man was offering. “Yes. I won’t let anything harm you.”

The strength of the conviction behind the quietly spoken words brought back the tears. Beau didn’t need to be a genius to figure out what he was referring to. “I know, Daddy. And I’ll do my best to behave.”

Rich, deep laughter rumbled up Ziv’s chest, making Beau’s vibrate. “I don’t think you should make a promise that you’ll find impossible to keep, my pretty brat.”

Beau huffed out a breath, holding on to his laughter. “I can try... just not too hard.”

Ziv's laughter increased, the sound filling Beau with a bubbling lightness. "There is my bratty boy."

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It was a further two hours before they managed to make it out of bed and that left Beau running behind to attend Jessie's for the festivities. He was showered and stood in front of the wardrobe with a towel around his hips. Chewing on his thumb nail, he considered how to broach the subject of Ziv coming for Christmas dinner with his friends. The masquerade ball planned that evening was the last thing on his mind when he wanted Ziv to come and meet his friends. He wanted Ziv to get to know them and vice versa. More than anything, he wanted them to see that Ziv was perfect for him.

The sound of Ziv coming from the bathroom got Beau twisting around, a bright smile on his face, eyes begging. "Do you think you might like to spend the day with me and come have a spectacular Christmas Eve dinner with my friends?"

Beau could see the refusal in Ziv's eyes so, not giving him the chance, he skipped to Ziv and ran his hands up his damp chest. "Please? I want you to meet my best friends. They are important to me."

There was a shift in Ziv's gaze, a look of resignation appearing. "My men will need to come."

Beau beamed, hoping the smugness he felt at winning didn't show on his face. "That's okay, I'm sure Jessie has extra food

that can be shared.”

“They’ll stay outside.”

“Whatever works.” Beau turned, going back to the wardrobe to keep his gleeful expression to himself. His Daddy was too easy... sometimes. He shivered at just how good Ziv was at doling out a punishment.

The lack of time and his already sore arse kept Beau from saying more. He glanced back when Ziv cursed in his own language, or he thought the word sounded like one he’d heard Ziv speak before. “Everything okay?”

Where Ziv’s clothes lay on the floor, rumped, and creased, got a disgruntled sound as he picked them up, and reached into his trouser pocket, pulling out a phone.

Beau’s lips twitched and he sensibly resumed figuring out what he was going to wear with his awful Christmas jumper.

The call Ziv made took barely a minute as he demanded a list of clothing to be delivered to the flat. Beau eyed the jam packed wardrobe and considered how he was going to make space for Ziv. There’d been no talk about living arrangements, but Beau suspected that it was going to be a conversation for after Christmas. He had more worrying things to consider, like how Jessie and Patrick, never mind their daddies, were going to react to Ziv and his men.

Beau pulled out the bag with his Christmas jumper in, along with a pair of red jeans, using it as a delaying tactic for the

moment. By the time he'd laid everything he wanted on the bed, there was a sound of knocking on his front door.

Beau eyed Ziv's naked chest as he got up from the bed where he'd been sitting, looking at his phone.

"I'll go," Beau said, forgetting he wasn't dressed any better than Ziv.

Dark eyes glinted with something that heated Beau's blood: possessiveness. "No you will not."

Beau giggled, not at all bothered by Ziv's heated stare before he'd exited the room.

Dressed in his jeans and a T-shirt, he was in the process of slipping on his sweatshirt when Ziv returned. It was a rarity, Beau was convinced, seeing Ziv with his lips flapping in the breeze when he took in what Beau was wearing.

"Why?" Ziv's brow furrowed as his gaze never left Beau's chest.

Innocently, he fluttered his eyelashes. "Why what?" He smoothed the sweatshirt down, doing his best to keep his laughter contained.

"That." Ziv shook his head, stepping closer whilst holding a suit bag in his hand, eyes narrowing. "Is that you?"

"Yep, me and my two best friends. We do a hideous jumper competition every year. I know this will be the winner this year. It's awful, right?" The bright yellow was more of a day glo yellow and the writing at the bottom of the picture was bold red, with the arrows leading to the three of them a bright

green. It really made the photo stand out, which was the whole purpose.

“It is hideous.” Before Ziv walked to the bed, Beau had not missed how his lips twitched.

“Let’s hope it’s hideous enough to win!”

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Zivokovic

Whatever he'd expected for his day, it wasn't being in a house with men who all thought it was funny to wear hideous jumpers and laugh at each other. The noise of the laughter coming from the three friends, after Beau had eventually taken off his coat, was deafening. He'd waited until his friends had returned to the room after they'd disappeared to change into their sweatshirts.

"God, that is truly the worst jumper ever," Patrick spluttered, though Ziv wasn't sure the one the man was wearing was any better. It, at least, wasn't a colour that gave Ziv a headache. The green sweatshirt had a picture of a turkey on the front with something poking out of its arse. The words, 'who wants extra stuffing this Christmas?', were underneath.

"Is that the three of you?" Smithy asked, not moving from the armchair he was sat in, next to the roaring fire that was heating the room.

Jessie, who appeared to be a sweet boy, nodded, and giggled. "We were so proud of our decorating skills. Mum, on the other hand, said we killed that tree."

“It was dead before we started,” Beau said between the gales of laughter.

Akker, who’d been quiet since Beau had made the official introductions, chuckled and patted his knee. Patrick went straight to him with an adorable smile lighting his face, right up until Akker spoke. “I think you’re right, this year Beau wins.”

Patrick’s pout received a kiss before he complained loud enough for everyone to hear, “Daddy, are you sure? You are supposed to be on my side.”

The indulgent smile said a lot about their dynamic, even though Ziv was aware of the Daddy/Little relationship they had. Neither Akker or Augustus, who had stated he prefers to be called Smithy, mentioned that they’d already seen each other at the event Beau had bid on him.

Beau glanced at Ziv and his stomach knotted at his expression. “I think my Daddy should be the judge, as he’s not dressed for the occasion.”

Both Smithy and Akker were wearing Christmas sweatshirts too. Although neither were as bad as the three boys. In no universe would Ziv wear a sweatshirt like the ones the group of men were wearing. It was never going to happen.

“Your Daddy will be biassed,” Jessie pointed out. His sweatshirt was no less awful. The Christmas baubles that periodically lit up, revealed couples in different sexual positions. His slogan, ‘ride hard, Santa has a sac load to deliver’.

Ziv considered how to get out of this madness. He got up from the chair he'd been offered when they arrived half an hour earlier.

“Wait a minute.” He went out into the hallway and out the front door. The two men in the car on the driveway sat straighter as he approached.

Opening the door, he spoke to Mikael. “I need you to come inside for a minute.”

Wearing a perplexed look, Mikael got out of the car and followed him back inside. Back in the large living room, that looked like a Christmas shop, he pointed at the three men who were once more huddled together and laughing at each other. “Which one is the worst?”

“Sir?” Deep frown lines appeared over his forehead.

Both Smithy and Akker were watching them closely, both looking amused. “The sweatshirts. Which is the worst one, in your opinion?” he asked, an impatient snap to his voice.

Mikael appeared to consider Ziv, assessing the seriousness of his request. When his gaze went to the three men who had gone silent, Ziv's shoulders relaxed.

Mikael stepped to them and took his time. When he turned back to Ziv, his lips were twitching. The usually stoic man appeared to struggle not to laugh aloud. He brought a hand up and coughed behind it. “Beau. It's insulting with that slogan, ‘when all else fails to make Christmas perfect, ask these three idiots’, and it is a dreadful colour that hurts the eyes.”

He was right.

Beau whooped loudly as Ziv dismissed Mikael, feeling he'd averted some form of 'Daddy' crisis.

"I suppose that's one way to do it." Smithy grinned at Ziv. "Are you sure you don't want those guys to come inside? Jessie has cooked enough to feed a small army."

The conversation Beau had with Jessie over his attendance for the meal had given little away. When they'd arrived, Smithy had eyed the car on the drive and the two men sat inside.

Davidovic had worn a stoic expression when Ziv had advised where he was going and how many men he was taking with him. Aware that it was Christmas eve, Ziv had made a decision that he only required the two men, which did not include Davidovic. Ziv had worn his ankle holster and gun as a precaution to appease Davidovic.

When they had arrived, Smithy had offered for his men to come inside, but Ziv had refused. The situation already left him unsettled without his men being present to observe his change in behaviour. "If Jessie wishes to take food to them outside, I have no objections."

The conversation was changed when Jessie plonked an awful looking crown on Beau's head. The laughter continued as the friends joked with each other before Jessie went off to check the meal. Beau and Patrick disappeared soon after Jessie, giggles coming down the hallway. The scents coming from the kitchen were mouth-watering.

With the boy's gone, it didn't take long for Akker to break the silence in the room. "I'm sure you've had us all checked out."

Ziv aimed his attention to the speaking man. He tilted his head in agreement, seeing no point in denying it. Akker sat forward, his eyes hard, and he went up in Ziv's estimation. "I've done some research of my own. Beau is a precious friend to Patrick and Jessie and I would not tolerate anything happening to him."

Akker came from money and was influential. Ziv didn't point out that the threat was meaningless to him. "Understood."

Smithy didn't move from his relaxed position but his expression revealed his alertness. "Are you serious about Beau? And what risk does that pose to his friends?"

Ziv was well aware that although keeping Beau safe was his top priority, the same would apply for those he classed as his real friends. Ziv might not have any of his own, but he understood their importance to Beau.

"The risk will be minimised as far as conceivably possible. You have my word." It was the best he could offer, nothing was guaranteed in life.

Smithy nodded slowly, his eyes narrowing. "And Beau, are you serious about him?"

Ziv released a breath, working to remind himself that this was how people behaved when they cared for someone. "Yes." He held Smithy's stare until the other man's lips moved into a small smile.

“Okay.” He glanced at Akker and back. “Shall we go see what our boys are up to?”

Somehow or other, Ziv survived the meal and actually found himself enjoying the friendly conversation that revolved around all the things the boys had done together over the years. He’d not said much, he had nothing to share, but he’d been included by everyone around the table.

The meals given to the men in the car had brought first confusion, and then a gushing of thanks. So much so that when Ziv and Beau returned to the Land Rover, both men eyed the scented shopping bags Jessie had supplied them with hungrily. There were extra Christmas pies boxed for his men, not only those in the car but at his house too. Jessie appeared to be happy feeding others for no apparent reason other than that he could. He was a generous soul.

Beau snuggled into Ziv’s side as soon as they got in the car, smelling sweet and spicy for all the food and drink they’d consumed.

They had hardly been in the car fifteen minutes when Beau brought up the masquerade ball planned for that evening. “I think I’m too tired and stuffed to go home, get ready and then go to the masquerade ball, Daddy.” The arm holding his gripped a little tighter, the passing car light illuminating his features as Ziv looked at him.

“You never said you were going tonight, but...” His voice dropped to a whisper, “I’ll let you in on a secret. I was really

looking forward to seeing you all dressed up, or not, wearing a black mask.”

Clearly Beau understood that in no universe would he have let his boy go to a ball without him, and risk other Daddies getting any ideas. It was never going to happen.

The black, ornate mask that he'd purchased after checking out the requirements for the evening was sitting boxed in his bedroom. His mind turned over an idea for a different kind of celebration as he made a noncommittal sound.

Parked outside Beau's flat, they exited the car and Ziv walked with Beau up the steps, the men close behind. Up in the flat, door closed, Beau turned, his eyes showing some apprehension. “Are you staying?”

His eyes narrowed as Beau stood perfectly still. “Are you asking me to stay for Christmas, or something else?”

The nod was slow. “Everything. I was going to wait till after Christmas, but I don't want to. I don't want you to leave me and go back to your house... on your own.” He removed the distance between them, eyes beseeching him. “I want us to be together, like my friends are with their Daddies.” The hands stroking up his chest wrapped around the back of his neck, fingers running through the hair they found there. “We never talked about living arrangements and I want there to be no misunderstanding.” The fingers dug in, hard. “You're my Daddy and I need to be where you are.”

The fierce light in his eyes left Ziv with strong, swirling emotions, ones he suspected would grow and he hoped the boy

was ready for all that meant. “When you said you were mine, that meant in every way.” He waved a hand at the small hallway. “Your flat isn’t big enough for what we need and neither is my house. I’m looking at buying a house in London that will meet all our needs.”

Beau’s squeal was followed by Ziv’s head being tugged down so Beau could reach to kiss him. “Oh Daddy, this is the best Christmas present... even though I did win the Christmas crown for the worst ugly sweatshirt this year.”

Unexpected laughter boomed out of Ziv. Beau was incorrigible. The warmth he’d lacked for most of his life was there, swirling in his chest, taking away the pervading chill left from his childhood.

“Are you saying Daddy’s gift is a brat for kinkmas?” he asked sardonically, swearing to himself he would work to honour what his boy gave him so freely... love.

Beau howled with laughter, his eyes gleaming with joy. “Absolutely I am. Now what is Daddy’s brat getting?”

Pressing a kiss to the cheeky mouth, Ziv murmured, “Me.”

Epilogue

Beau

One year later

The usual green foliage Beau could see from the kitchen counter when he looked at the wall of glass to the garden beyond, was covered in white.

“Do you think he’ll get back?” Ziv had gone away for work the week before, none of which was ever discussed.

They’d both come to a mutual agreement, Beau didn’t ask and Ziv never spoke about what he did when they weren’t together. And though Ziv was able to achieve a lot from his upstairs office, he was still required to travel for work a lot more than Beau liked. Granted, any time apart was too much in Beau’s opinion, but he’d not wanted to give up his job, he liked it. And Beau really didn’t want to be stuck in a room wherever they went, being minded by men who didn’t talk to him. That was not his idea of fun. Twice he’d insisted on going with Ziv, in the beginning, thinking it was a holiday for Ziv. The man worked harder than anyone Beau knew and the only time they’d spent together was in bed at night.

It turned out Ziv's business portfolio was wide and varied. There were more legal than illegal businesses. Again, Beau never asked and Ziv never proclaimed to be a saint. Beau loved him; it was as simple as that.

"If you ask me one more time, I'm going to throw this turkey I'm stuffing at your head," Jessie complained, his face flushed as he continued to ram his hand up the turkey's arse in a rather violent manner.

Beau's butt cheeks clenched and he offered an apologetic smile. "I only asked once."

One brow quirked up and the turkey was lifted off the board it was sat on. "Okay, three times." Beau huffed and went back to looking out at the settling snow, forgetting he was supposed to be following Jessie's instructions to help with the Christmas dinner. "Whoever entertains the idea that snow is good at Christmas, they need hunting down and shooting."

Jessie's giggle was pure mischief. "I'm sure your Daddy could arrange that."

Beau went for stern then gave up and started to giggle along with Jessie. His friends had got used to all the security measures required in Ziv's world. "He would if I asked him to."

And wasn't that the truth. Ziv was generous in every way, as Beau had found out. For his birthday, Ziv had gifted him the large, five bedroomed house in Templar street they now called home. The initial plans to buy a huge property failed because if Ziv liked it, Beau didn't. He'd not wanted something cold

and soulless. He wanted a home for them both, for Ziv to be able to relax in. They'd compromised and, five months earlier, they'd moved in. Ziv had bought the houses on either of theirs, taking over the street to give him the control over his environment he needed.

On the left side of their home, that house held his personal security team, those not on duty. The one on the right hand side initially housed only Davidovic, until Anya moved in when Ziv realised he needed her closer to handle all the changes he'd made.

Neither Anya or Davidovic were overly friendly when they came into the house. Beau didn't care as long as it helped Ziv be home more.

"What time did Daddy leave to go and collect Patrick and Akker?" Jessie glanced at the wall clock, a furrow between his brows.

Smithy had offered to pick up the other two men so they didn't need to fight for a car parking space with all Ziv's cars.

"Erm, an hour ago, they should be here soon." Beau looked at the window. "Unless the snow is causing an issue."

"Daddy's truck will be fine in the small smattering. Stop stressing. We'll have everything ready for when your Daddy gets home."

"Will we? I want it to be perfect. It's our first real Christmas."

Jessie rolled his eyes. "You spent Christmas together last year! He flew you to the Maldives so you could go to Cocoa Island

from Boxing day to the New Year!”

Beau blushed and tried not to think about the plane ride, where they'd used the bedroom on the jet and how he'd not been disappointed to find Ziv wearing a black suit, the white shirt undone to his waist, and a black mask. The mile high club was something never on his bucket list to tick off, but tick it off he did, twice.

“Oh my god, you're having sex thoughts!”

The heat in his cheeks increased while he tried not to look his friend in the eye. “Am not.”

“Are too.” Jessie's stuffing coated hand waved in the air and bits of filling splattered the counter, setting off Beau's need to clean up.

“Stop it, you're making a mess.”

Jessie put his hands on the counter. “What did I say about you mentioning me making a mess?”

“I...” Beau snapped his lips together and dropped the cloth. “Alrighttttt... I'll behave, or I'll try.”

“Go and do the list of things I gave you.” The hand waved at him less vigorously this time. “Get to it, you know I'll clean up.”

It was easier to distract himself when he started to help. When the turkey went into the oven, Jessie and Beau worked to prepare the vegetables. The long marble table, which sat ten, was placed next to the glass wall, decorated and set for the dinner. He eyed it critically. The red tablecloth was decorated

with tiny snowflakes. White and red linen napkins sat next to gleaming cutlery and wine glasses. The large crystal drop lights hanging over the table cast rainbows over everything. Champagne was chilled and the red wines Jessie picked to go with the dinner were breathing on the side.

Jessie slung an arm over his shoulder. "It's perfect."

He glanced at Jessie, a lump forming in his throat at how right Jessie was. "Thank you for helping me do this."

"I love seeing and knowing you are happy." Jessie ran a hand down Beau's arm. "I won't deny I was worried in the beginning. You were right, he is perfect for you. He makes you glow like no one ever did. How can I not want that for my best friend?"

There was a low sounding musical noise which alerted that someone was at the gate to the house and stopped Beau from blubbering all over his friend. Beau skipped to the wall, wiping his suddenly sweaty palms down the sides of the apron Jessie had insisted he wear. On the security camera, Smithy's face appeared on the screen.

"Daddy," Jessie called and waved, though Beau was sure Smithy couldn't see him from the angle of the camera on the wall.

"I'll buzz you in." Beau hit the button required to open the gates, waited until Smithy was inside, then shut the gate, making sure no one slipped in behind. Davidovic might not like him, but he'd made sure that Beau was knowledgeable about the dos and don'ts of keeping safe. His stomach settled a

little at seeing that Smithy had no issue getting to the house. Ziv's plane had landed an hour ago, so hopefully he'd be home in the next hour or so.

Playing host, Beau served everyone drinks and they all sat around the laid table, chatting as Jessie and Beau continued to finish the dinner prep.

"I thought you'd have your crown on," Patrick said, his eyes sparkling with amusement.

"I only bring it out on special occasions."

Patrick grinned cheekily, sitting on Akker's lap. "I hope you're ready to give it up."

"I've cracked it. You guys stand no chance." Beau wasn't actually feeling all that confident. He'd gotten two crazed, bloody looking elves on a white sweatshirt making them stand out, with the slogan 'it doesn't matter if you've been naughty or nice, the creepy elf on a shelf is going to kill you in your sleep'. Everytime he looked at it, Beau cracked up laughing. It reminded him of Davidovic, not that he'd ever say that to Ziv.

The sound of a door opening above them got Beau's heart skipping with the joy that never got old. He placed down what he was holding and started to undo his apron. "No, you don't get to skip off matey boy." Jessie nodded to the apron. "You aren't finished yet."

Zivkovic

Ziv had come into the house making sure to keep his arrival quiet until he'd had a chance to shake off what he never wanted to touch Beau. He was extremely sensitive to Ziv's mood, which was both good and bad when Ziv had a crap day. Today was such a day and he needed a few minutes to decompress before he went to interact with Beau's friends. They'd become regular visitors as Beau was aware it was Ziv's preference to have them here, where he could protect them all with little stress. The outside patio area the kitchen opened out onto had seen a lot of action in the summer. There were evenings Ziv would admit he'd had fun, manning the barbeque while Jessie helped Beau in the kitchen and he'd chatted with Smithy.

Smithy's construction company had been instrumental in making the three houses he'd bought function as he needed them to.

Brushing off the snow, he walked silently up to their bedroom, which overlooked the walled garden which sparkled like someone had littered it with diamonds. Beau loved things to look pretty. Christmas seemed to come with even more sparkle, not that Ziv minded when Beau was happy.

He hung his suit jacket up and put his trousers and shirt into the dry cleaning basket. His boy had a place for everything. At home, he'd learned to be more casual with his clothing tastes and picked out a pair of brown linen trousers, leaving his feet bare as they had under floor heating. In the walk-in wardrobe, he went to the set of drawers where he had hidden the

sweatshirt he'd bought two months ago when Beau had started talking about hideous jumpers.

Beau never asked for anything. Ziv on the other hand, wanted to make sure his boy had everything his heart desired. And that included what he was about to do. His thoughts from last Christmas eve were laughable now, when he was about to humiliate himself in front of others. Ziv wasn't blind to the look of yearning Beau wore when he talked about how Akker and Smithy joined in the Christmas fun.

He didn't sigh as he eyed the sweatshirt he'd got from the same shop Beau got his from. The man in the shop had laughed when Ziv had given him the picture of Beau and the slogan 'I told Daddy what I wanted for Christmas and he washed my mouth out with cum'. The brown sweatshirt had a picture of Beau with his mouth open and cream filling it.

It was a funny picture he'd taken and sent to Ziv when he was away, saying he'd wished it was cum. He'd been amused at the time and saved the picture, unbeknownst to himself that he'd have the perfect idea for what to use it for after seeing the slogan he'd slightly altered.

He stared at the mirror in front of him, his lips forming into the smile Beau made appear on a regular basis. It no longer felt foreign to have the warm feeling in the center of his chest. It carried him through some bad days when all he wanted was to wrap himself in Beau's arms.

With one more look at his appearance, he shook his head and made enough noise to alert Beau he was home. The scents and

noises coming from the kitchen said everyone was here to start the festivities. Stomach rumbling, he headed down the stairs to hear Jessie say, “you aren’t finished yet.”

Ziv took his time and strolled down the stairs into the kitchen.

“Dad... holy fuck!” Beau spluttered as he turned to face Ziv, then he started to laugh, doubling over and clutching his sides.

“I didn’t think it was *that* funny.” Ziv’s lips twitched when he caught Smithy and Akker trying hard to contain their laughter as Patrick got off Akker’s knee, coming closer with Jessie who’d come around the counter.

“I think your Daddy has me beat,” Patrick said through his giggles.

Jessie met Ziv’s gaze with approval. “And me.”

Beau flung his arms around Ziv’s waist and nestled his head on Ziv’s shoulder, looking up at him. “My Daddy’s the winner of the worst jumper contest!”

“No, I’m the winner,” Ziv murmured, his lips brushing over Beau’s, “to a competition I didn’t even know I wanted to enter.”

Beau’s eyes sparkled to match the lights and Ziv could see his brat was back. “You can enter me any time, after you’ve cleaned out my mouth.”

“Gross,” Patrick said giggling.

“Really!” Jessie muttered, then gave himself away laughing.

“Welcome to the club,” Beau said, his arms squeezing tightly.

He frowned. “What club?”

An angelic smile appeared on Beau’ face. “The ugly jumper club,” he had the cheek to say with a straight face.

“I’m not sure I want to join.”

Smithy’s laughter was followed by Akker’s, who spluttered, “There’s no leaving now.”

Ziv looked at Beau’s warm smile and he said with utter truth, “That’s okay, you’re stuck with me.”

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Thank you for reading *A Brat for Kinkmas*. I hope you enjoyed Beau and Zivkovic’s story. Please consider leaving a review on Amazon.

Don’t forget to check out the other book in *Naughty or Nice Season Three* here [Naughty or Nice Season Three](#) if you missed one.

If you are interested in finding out what happened at Christmas on the plane... then keep reading for the bonus scenes :)

Bonus Scene's

Beau

Beau rolled over and butted up against a solid wall of muscle. His lips widened into a smile as his eyes flickered open, happiness wedged in his heart knowing Ziv was his. Beau's fingers traced the weight and warmth of the platinum chain nestled around his neck, and what it meant to the man snuggled behind him.

Of all the things he'd expected to happen at Christmas, it was not to be granted the one wish he'd craved. On their return Christmas eve from Jessie's home, Ziv went to his place and packed a bag and essentially moved in with Beau. If that wasn't the best gift, only Ziv had surprised him with the chain he was touching with the diamond encrusted padlock. The key came on a matching chain, one that Beau got to fasten around Ziv's neck after Ziv locked the padlock on Beau's. It was a moment of honesty that his mind drifted to.

Surrounded by wrapping paper, thinking the present opening orgy was over, Beau's eyes widened as Ziv produced a square, flat box wrapped exquisitely.

Beau swallowed to wet his mouth as he glanced from the gift to Ziv. "What is it?" he asked dumbly.

Ziv inched closer, placing the box into Beau's hands. Ziv's expression gave nothing away. Yet there was something about the tightness of his jawline, suggesting Ziv was uncomfortable. "Open it."

With no clues why, Beau's stomach fluttered madly as he slowly peeled the edges away to look inside the wrapping. The black box didn't help. Placing the paper on the pile next to him, Beau stared at the plain box.

"Are you always this slow?" Ziv questioned with an edge to his tone. It confirmed Beau's suspicion of how unsettled Ziv was.

Beau didn't answer and flipped open the lid. His mouth dropped open at the treasure inside. The intricate design of the chains lying next to each other. One with a diamond encrusted padlock clasp, the other holding a key. They glittered in the reflection of the Christmas lights, blinding Beau as his eyes watered. He sniffed and blinked rapidly at what the two items together meant. Then the label on the inside of the lid caught his eye and left him stunned into silence: Harry Winston.

Holy mother of god!

The jewelry company weren't based in the United Kingdom, but in the States. That could only mean one thing. He lifted his gaze to Ziv. He'd had to have bought this before Beau had declared his feelings. His cheeks ached at the wide smile he aimed at Ziv. "You bought this before I confessed I loved you."

Slashing red covered his cheekbones. His eyes glittered with something Beau wasn't sure he could name. "Do you like it?"

A wariness that Beau wasn't used to coming from Ziv made the answer easy. "I love it. Put it on me, please."

If Ziv's hands shook when he lifted out the stunning chain, Beau never let on he noticed. His gaze held Ziv's as he clicked the lock in the clasp using the key. "The other chain... is that for you to wear?"

If possible, the nod appeared clipped, and Beau clamped his lips together to stop the telltale desire to laugh at the man who to the world was hard and unyielding but to Beau was warm and loving. Ziv stroked a finger over the chain as it nestled at the base of Beau's throat. "You are mine... Daddy's treasure to keep."

An ache developed in Beau's chest at the fierceness of the conviction. He placed the box down on the sofa and climbed on Ziv's lap and wrapped his arms around his neck, hugging him hard, his head nestled into his neck, breathing him in. "Always Daddy, always."

Beau wiped at the tear rolling down his cheek for the man who'd lost so much as a child. Ziv didn't want sympathy, but he deserved it despite what came after. There was much about Ziv's old life, Beau figured he would never share. Whatever trauma's he'd suffered besides what happened to his parents, they formed the man he was. For good or bad, they didn't change how Beau felt about the man today. All Beau wanted was for Ziv to be a part of his life and embrace what was

important to him, their love for each other, and his friendship with Jessie and Patrick.

On Christmas eve Ziv engaged in the conversation and though he might not have looked wholly at ease throughout the afternoon at Jessie and Smithy's, he was there for Beau. And it was that his friends noticed and supported, despite what Ziv did for a living.

Ziv was different to Smithy and Akker, Jessie and Patrick's Daddy's and for Beau, it worked when he could see the heart of the man.

"You're thinking too loudly," Ziv growled sleepily.

He rolled away, before Beau could complain Ziv rolled him onto his back, before crowding over the top of him, caging him in.

Warm, naked skin slid over his, and Beau groaned. "Am I?" He giggled at the sharp nip to his ear. Beau wiggled, his body responding to the hard length pressing against his thigh.

"You are." There was another nip to the fleshy part of his lobe. Then Ziv moved off him.

In the morning dimness, Beau's eyes narrowed. "Daddy, where are you going?"

Ziv stretched his arms up, his body rippling in the most delightful way and distracting Beau easily. "We've got a plane to catch."

Beau blinked, his brain taking a moment to catch up with what Ziv had said. "A plane to catch," he repeated.

“Yes, we are going to Maldives, Cocoa Island. I have a home there.”

“A home in the Maldives?” Beau thought he was stuck in repeat mode as he stared up at Ziv, who stepped back to the bed and leaned over him.

It didn’t happen often, so Beau noticed when Ziv’s lips twitched. “Yes.”

Beau squealed and sprung up to wrap his arms around Ziv’s neck, his disappointment at not getting sex gone with the excitement of an unexpected holiday. “A hot holiday at Christmas. Woo hoo.” Beau all but dragged Ziv back on the bed with his enthusiasm.

Beau pressed several kisses to Ziv’s twitching lips. “You’re the best Daddy in the world.” Beau then wiggled out of Ziv’s arms and darted off the bed to run to the bathroom, shouting, “Come on Daddy, we need to shower. I have to decide what to pack and if you didn’t know this about me, it might take some time.”

There was a strangled noise coming from behind him and Beau grinned, skipping to the shower, his mind racing.

Four hours later, with a grumbling Ziv, Beau got into the waiting car while a bodyguard packed their suitcases into the boot. Going in a private jet opened up all the possibilities of clothing options without the weight restrictions normally

imposed by an airport. Beau was giddy with excitement as Ziv settled next to him, phone in hand, when the car pulled away from the curb. Davidovic, Ziv's head of security, sat in the front seat, silent and staring forward. His jaw appeared as if made of stone.

Beau refused to let the fact they had to share the holiday with Ziv's bodyguards ruin his first holiday in two years.

Ziv tapped at the screen of his phone, his gaze unmoving. Beau fidgeted next to him. "What?"

Beau's lips twitched at the level of impatience that accompanied that one word. Already aware Ziv had clock watched as he'd dithered over shoe choices. "Are you working?" The gaze didn't move from the screen as he nodded. "I thought you were taking a holiday with me?"

Davidovic, Beau was positive, made a grunting noise. Ziv's head rose and aimed a stare capable of melting an iceberg at the front of the car. When he looked at Beau, it softened. "I have a few things that need my attention"—he tapped on the end of Beau's nose—"because of a certain pretty brat."

Unrepentant, Beau smiled widely, his eyes sparking with mischief. "Then maybe that brat needs to be punished." He kept his voice low, so only Ziv heard.

"Is that right?" The husky demand sent shivers up Beau's spine when accompanied by the hotness of Ziv's suggestive smirk.

Beau nodded, his mouth too dry to get any words out right then. He squirmed on his seat when Ziv dropped the phone on the seat and hauled him as far onto his lap as the seat belt would allow. Ziv's breath touched the shell of his ear as he whispered, "Then it's good the jet has a separate bedroom where bratty boys can receive their punishment."

"Oh gods! Yes please," he muttered.

A groan followed at the light touch of Ziv's fingertips running over his groin. Ziv was a tease when the mood struck, and Beau moaned in complaint at the retreating hand.

The rest of the car journey was both fun and torture when Ziv picked back up his phone while the other occasionally ran over Beau's cock, keeping him on edge, waiting for the next touch. By the time they got to the plane, Beau's underwear was sticky, and he was ready to beg. Exactly how Ziv liked him.

The ease with getting through security and onto the jet distracted Beau from what was coming next. He stepped on the jet and it really struck just how rich Ziv was. The jet was beyond anything he could have imagined.

A seating area with a long marble-topped table with a leather bench on one side and chairs on the other were on the right side of the plane. The off white leather padded seats were more suited to a home than a plane. Further up on the left side of the plane were two single seats facing each other, with a small table between them. Beyond that was what appeared to be a kitchen area that led up to the cockpit, which was

sectioned off. The other way was a closed door, and Beau's stomach fluttered at what was behind it.

Ziv guided him to the two chairs facing each other, before he walked off to where two men were talking, both dressed in white shirts and black trousers. Never having experienced first class, Beau considered the soft leather seat that cushioned his arse was way better. He didn't pay any attention to the conversations, which were all spoken in a language he didn't speak.

When Ziv returned, he held two flutes of sparkling wine. "Once we have taken off, dinner will be served. Then when we've eaten, we'll retire for the evening."

No hint of a smile accompanied the threat that was clear in Ziv's tone. One that caused tiny shocks of desire to run through Beau. His arousal from earlier which had waned, coming back to life. Never one not to push for what he wanted, Beau picked up the glass Ziv had placed in front of him and lifted it in salute. He was hungry as they'd not had lunch and it was already past four in the afternoon, but food was not what he wanted. "We'll see about that." Beau sipped at the wine, letting the wine linger in his mouth, appreciating the fizz and fruity undertones while holding Ziv's gaze. The challenge there for the other man to read.

When Ziv picked up his glass and came forward to clink it against Beau's, a predatory smile appeared. "That we will, pretty brat."

Zivkovic

If he admitted it, he'd realised he wanted to fail his challenge as much as Beau did. The test he'd given them both was an epic fail on his part. The pretty brat could push his button's like no other. That it was a constant surprise how little it bothered him was something he was coming to accept when the reward was Beau's beautiful smile.

He supposed he was lucky he'd made it halfway through the delicious meal—one he'd not tasted a mouthful of—when he placed his cutlery down on the bone china plate. Resigned to giving in when Beau made a show of eating the lobster tail like it was Ziv's cock.

Beau's tongue snaked around the shell, and he made yet more obscene slurping noises, holding Ziv's gaze as juice dripped down his chin. "Yummy," he murmured sexily as he placed the shell on the plate and licked at his chin, chasing the juice. He picked up his napkin and wiped his chin, then his fingers. Back on his lap, his gaze went to the plate. "What else will I suck on?"

The teasing quality to his voice set Ziv's teeth on edge and they ground together at how Beau filled the comment with sexual innuendo. He'd give him something to suck on!

Off the seat with a barely controlled desire to kiss the sexy grin off Beau's lips, Ziv beckoned Beau. "You are going to pay!" he growled.

Ziv spun around and was sure he heard Beau murmur, "I hope so." The plush carpet stopped any sound of footsteps, but Ziv

didn't need to look behind him to know Beau was following.

Past his men, he went to the door of his bedroom and opened it, stepping aside when Beau reached him. The familiar sweet scent that haunted his dreams when apart tugged hard at Ziv's arousal. He wanted to bury himself in the boy until all he smelt of was Beau.

His eyes gleamed with the desire, and he didn't miss how Beau shivered in anticipation. Beau never hid from his desires or offering a challenge. The one his eyes were issuing raised the temperature in Ziv's inflamed body. His fists clenched at his sides when he stepped into the bedroom after Beau.

Behind him, Ziv stared at Beau, his head twisted from side to side. "Holy cow, I've slept in some swanky hotels, but this beats the biscuit." Beau walked over to the bed, his hand running over the velvet topper in blue. The under bed lighting cast a blue glow over the grey carpet. Transition glass was currently black to block out any light. He'd relayed the instructions to the steward before they'd left Beau's home. His suit and mask, he'd planned to wear for the masquerade ball, were in the bathroom, ready for him to get changed into.

When Beau mentioned how he'd wanted to see Ziv in his mask, the one he'd bought for the ball they'd never attended, Ziv didn't question his need to give it to the boy. Only he had a little something more planned than just wearing the mask.

Beau roamed around the large space, exploring. The large, king sized bed faced the windows and Beau leaned back as if trying to see what view he'd have from the bed.

Ziv chuckled evilly. The boy would find out soon enough.

Going to Beau, he captured both of Beau's hands in one of his. "Daddy is going to strip you." he kissed Beau's parted lips, tasting the buttery taste of the lobster sauce. "Then he's going to see how good his boy is at keeping quiet."

Beau moaned against his mouth. "Daddy," he whined, "you know I struggle to be quiet."

The chuckle was as evil as the first. "Daddy will reward you if you can keep quiet," he murmured against his mouth. Kissing him again, he slipped his tongue into his mouth. Beau sucked on it as he'd done to the lobster tail. The zip of Ziv's trousers dug painfully into his cock and Ziv stopped kissing the temptation that was Beau, needing a moment to regroup.

The heavy-lidded eyes staring up at him got him silently cursing as his fingers trembled when he unbuttoned Beau's shirt. The boy went pliant. Warmth developed in the centre of Ziv's chest as he took his time stripping Beau. Each caress of his silky skin got a soft sigh.

Beau's skin glowed in the light with the flush of arousal. His cock was erect, and the tip gleamed with pre-cum.

Ziv guided Beau onto the bed, positioning legs and arms wide, reaching for the corners of the mattress. Going to each corner, Ziv tugged out the silk ties attached to a harness under the mattress.

Beau eyed the silk, and his expression held a question. Beau was easy to read, with the tension spreading through his

previous relaxed body. Ziv shook his head. Never one to explain himself to anyone, the desire to please this boy changed that. “I have invited no one into this space. You are the first *and the last*.” Ziv touched the key hanging from the chain. “I’m yours.”

The tension bled away as the boy melted onto the cover, then offered his hand to Ziv.

That one action settled Ziv’s pulse, and he exhaled. Inhaling slowly, Ziv tasted the buzz of sexual energy zinging between them as he worked his way around the bed, tying the silk around Beau’s limbs. By the time he’d finished, a string of pre-cum hung from Beau’s cock and his stomach was wet.

He placed one knee on the bed and sniffed the air. “You smell delicious.” He bent forward and clasped his lips firmly around the hard flesh. The salty sweetness that was all Beau coated his tongue as Ziv sucked solely on the mushroom head.

The low rumbling in Beau’s chest was as if he was purring. The noise growing with each suction action. It took but a minute before Beau was writhing on the bed, his groin rocking up to push his cock deeper into Ziv’s mouth.

Withdrawing, Ziv placed his foot back on the floor and stepped back, getting an instant complaint. “Daddy, nooooo, don’t stop.” Although he was begging, he didn’t look nearly as desperate as Ziv wanted him.

A slow, sexy smile appeared as he took a couple of steps back. “Who is in charge, pretty brat?”

He groaned, but a giggle escaped too. “You are, Daddy.”

It registered somewhere in the back of his mind with Beau: he’d never been the one in control. And it was getting easier to acknowledge it. “Am I?”

An unrepenting grin came and went as Beau sucked his lower lip between his teeth as he nodded.

Ziv turned around and went towards the bathroom to hide his own twitching lips at the cheekiness.

“Where are you going?”

He stopped at the door and glanced over his shoulder, a devil may care glint in his eyes. “To get changed.”

At that, a wrinkle appeared between Beau’s brows. “Huh?”

Only when the door shut behind him did Ziv chuckle. He didn’t waste time and stripped; he re-dressed in a crisp white shirt, leaving most of the buttons undone. Leaving off his underwear, he slipped on the tuxedo trousers and jacket. He picked up the mask and slipped it on, tying the silk ties at the back of his head. He brushed back his hair and eyed himself in the mirror. The effect got another chuckle. The playful side, something wholly new. Ziv shook his head before going to the cupboard under the sink.

Inside the box on the shelf was a Winston’s Tongue. A toy designed to entice a partner to gain a unique sexual experience. Intrigued by the suggested lifelike texture and wide-open jaw and the idea of slicking it up with some lube and using to stimulate Beau with what the site suggests was a

realistic licking sensation, Ziv had ordered it. Beau was a pain slut, so he'd bought the large one but gone with medium firmness.

He ran his hand over the length of the tongue and his groin tightened, generating small pulses of pleasure down his cock at the thoughts of using it on Beau. The texture was lifelike. He grabbed the bottle of lube and carried both back into the bedroom.

Beau's eyes widened, and his cock bucked, spilling pre-cum onto his belly. Ziv wasn't sure if it was what he wore or the tongue toy he was holding.

"Oh Daddy, you look hot! I knew the mask would be sexy on you." His gaze dropped to Beau's hand and his limbs twitched. "What's that?" he asked in a strained whisper.

Walking to the bed, Ziv held up the purple tongue. "This?" Beau's eyes never left his hand as he nodded. "It's Winston's Tongue. It's supposed to mimic the exact sensation of a tongue. Mine can't go deep in your arse," his grin was pure evil, "but Winston's can."

The spurt of pre-cum that landed in the centre of Beau's chest spoke to how much he loved the idea.

Ziv took his time, lubing up the tongue, making sure it was slippery.

Beau's limbs trembled with excitement. It was there in his eyes, in the straining cock that bobbed with each beat of his heart. In the short gasping breaths. Each tell driving up Ziv's

own need. When he knelt on the bed at Beau's side, it was a toss-up between them who wanted what was coming more.

His intention was to make the boy come with only the toy as many times as possible. They had hours, and Ziv was going to use every one of them. Eyeing the bouncing cock, Ziv moved to get into a better position. His knees touched Beau's side.

He winked at Beau, who groaned. "Daddy, you're such a... argh... fuck," he cried off at the end when Ziv slid the tongue over the head of Beau's cock.

His limbs pushed down against the mattress as he rocked his hips up, seeking more. The needy sounds increased with each swipe of the tongue over the head of his cock. Lube joined with the pre-cum that was leaking in a steady stream. Ziv moved the tongue down the length of Beau's cock, reaching his balls. He batted them with the tongue, rolling them in the sac.

The noises Beau was making were needy and getting louder. He dipped the head of the tongue under his balls, teasing his arsehole.

"Ugh... fuck Daddy!" The cry was loud enough those in the plane's cabin would have heard it.

"What did Daddy say about keeping quiet?"

Beau's answer was to rock faster, trying to impale the tongue in his arse. Ziv pushed it against the rim of muscle, but not enough to penetrate.

“Oh... oh... more,” he panted, squirming his fingers clasping around the silk binds as Beau worked to get what he wanted.

Moving the tongue back up over his cock, Ziv went back to teasing the head. He wriggled the tip of the tongue against Beau’s slit, making him gasp and curse while grinding up.

“So needy for Winston’s Tongue.”

He moaned, his eyes crumpling shut at the next swipe of the tongue. “Why does that sound so hot when you say it?” he gasped around the next couple of moans.

Unable to resist, Ziv moved the tongue around the head, mimicking him licking it as he bent and lapped at Beau’s parted lips.

He swallowed Beau’s cry as he crushed his lips to Beau’s at the feel of cum hitting his hand and the scent of sex filled the warm air. When his chest was about to burst with the need for oxygen, Ziv eased back.

His own chest heaving in time to Beau’s, Ziv stared at the replete expression Beau wore, which made Ziv’s heart do a crazy dance in his chest. Beau’s eyelids fluttered.

Ziv brought his hand up and licked the cum off the back of his hand, his gaze holding Beau’s. “One.”

Beau’s head moved on the mattress, the wrinkle back between his brows. “One?”

“Yes, one. You will count the number of times you come.”

“Count the number of times,” he asked with uncertainty. Brows now halfway up his forehead, Ziv, with effort, held back the smile.

He slid the tongue over his sticky, spent cock, teasing it. “Yes. The night has only just begun, pretty brat.” He came close enough he could feel Beau’s breath on his lips. “Were you not the one who challenged Daddy earlier?” Ziv brushed his lips over Beau’s while continuing to tease the head of his cock. “Are you going to take your punishment like a good boy?”

Beau groaned, then coughed, his eyes widening as a shiver ran through his body. Then a smile full of mischief set Ziv’s blood on fire. “Bring it Daddy.”

He moved the toy and pushed the tip into Beau’s arse, the lube and flexibility of the tongue getting a loud moan in response.

Ziv whispered in Beau’s ear. “Let’s see how fast we get number two.”

Cuffed Collection

Naughty or Nice Season One:

Dear Daddy, Please Love Me by Gianni Holmes

Dear Daddy, Please Spank Me by Chara Croft

Dear Daddy, Please Hold Us by Colette Davison

Dear Daddy, Please Want Me by Reese Morrison

Dear Daddy, Please Praise Me by Luna David & Amy
Bellows

Dear Daddy, Please Trust Me by Rheland Richmond

Dear Daddy, Please Keep Me by Morticia Knight

Dear Daddy, Please Punish Me by Skyler Snow

Destination Daddies Season One:

Reel Love by Kate Hawthorne

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Living in Zin by G.R. Lyons

Sink or Swim by Chloe Gray

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All Dolled Up by Chara Croft

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Naughty or Nice Season Two:

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His Boy to Treasure by Susan Hawke

His Boy to Cherish by Colette Davison

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His Boy to Ride by Jamie Luther

His Boy to Tame by Skyler Snow

His Boy to Heal by Rheland Richmond

His Boy to Cuddle by Morticia Knight

Destination Daddies Season Two:

Love At First Sighting by Chloe Gray and A.M. Bellows

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Agrippa My Heart by JP Sayle

Two Greeks Are Better Than One, by Morticia Knight

A Monumental Love by Sammy Cee

Pretty 'N' Peak by Reese Morrison

You Had Me At Merlot by GR Lyons

Tide To You by JJ Harper

Love In Slow M'Ocean by Gianni Holmes

Suite Dreams by Jacki James

Naughty or Nice Season Three:

A Cutie for Kinkmas by Morticia Knight

A Kitten for Kinkmas by R.J. Moray

A Silver Fox For Kinkmas by Colette Davison

A Daddy for Kinkmas by Reese Morrison

A Beauty for Kinkmas by R.A. Frick

A Ginger for Kinkmas by Chara Croft

A Brat For Kinkmas by JP Sayle

Other Books by JP Sayle

Standalone

When Fake Changed Everything

Christmas beyond Christmas

The Elves and the Bondage Daddy (Grim and
Sinister
Delights Book 5)

Agrippa My Heart

His Boy to Tease

Headshot

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Tangled Tentacles Series

Alexi #1

Victor #2

Todd #3

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The App: Littles (book two)

The App: Puppy play (book three)

The Flamingo Bar Series

Always More (book one)

The Little Side of Me (book two)

3 Is the Magic Number (book three)

La Trattoria Di Amore Series

Puzzle Pieces (book one)

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The Playroom Series

Mine, Body and Soul: Part One

Mine, Body and Soul: Part Two

Mine, Body and Soul: Part Three

Ferron's Journey: Damaged Part One (book four)

Ferron's Journey: Hidden Part Two (book five)

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Mine, Body and Soul Trilogy

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Love (Book 4)
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Audio Books

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Mine, Body and Soul, Part Two: The Playroom Series

Mine, Body and Soul, Part Three: The
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Daddy Kink: The App (book one)

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Ferron's Journey: Hidden Part Two

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***Romance books in a mixed series of M/F and M/M by the
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Fox & Faith (book four)

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Crime and Thrillers by the Author under a different pen name

J Paton

Headspace

Chozen: Dark MM Crime Drama (Headspace Book 1)

Chozen: Dark MM Crime Drama (Headspace Book 2)

About the Author

Eccentric cake lover who has a passion for words of all kinds. I'm Jayne or JP, I live in the Isle of Man. A tiny place in the Irish sea where all the magic happens. I'm a confessed bookaholic and if I'm not writing I love to snuggle with a book or two...if you catch my drift.

If you're interested in keeping up to date, then I've a few places you can do that, and they're listed below. My website is where you'll find all the different Me's there are, LOL. As I travel this path into the future, I'm going to be writing in different genres so to stop there being any confusion I'll be writing under different pen names.

If you would like to give me any feedback or just have any questions, go ahead and friend me on Facebook, and I would be happy to answer anything. I hope you enjoyed this book and if you would also like to leave a review, then I would love to read your thoughts. Even if you just want to rate it, I'll be grateful 😊

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