



MY
DADDY
IS AN

ASS-
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A LAUGH-OUT-
LOUD MM
FLUFFY MAFIA
DADDY
ROMANCE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
A S T E R R A E

MY DADDY IS AN ASSASSIN

A Laugh-Out-Loud MM Fluffy Mafia Daddy
Romance

ASTER RAE

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Publisher's Note

Amedeo speaking—

Don't judge me, girl!

I didn't MEAN to bust a hole in my... err—I'd better not say that out loud!

(Talk about embarrassing!)

Don't know what I'm talking about?

Well, well, well.

You'd better turn the page to find out XD

As always, check out the Trigger Warnings section on the author's website in case you need to read them!

Mental health comes first, girl.

Go ahead, turn the page... Muahaahahaha

Chapter One

Amedeo

It happens before I know what the fuck's going on.

My eyes lock on the angel inside the ice cream parlor—and I bust in my pants.

Bam.

I roar as I throw my head back, my hips pumping of their own accord.

Harder, harder—*the thrusts don't stop.*

“Motherfucker!” I bellow, my eyes rolling to the whites.

Hot shots of you-know-what wreck my boxers.

Fuck—I really liked those boxers!

Growly pants tear out of my lips as I stare at the boy yet again.

Curvy.

Fluffy.

Mature.

He's so unlike the other boys in this ice cream parlor it's not even funny.

His deep hazel eyes remind me of my favorite stuffy growing up.

His smile—*oh, that sweet smile*—is pretty enough to melt rainbows.

Don't ask me how that's possible, bitch!

All I know is that I've lived twenty-nine years on this planet.

I've traveled the world.

I've fucked hot ass models in Milan, Beijing, Paris, and even a few K-pop stars in Seoul.

No one has ever rivaled this gorgeous boy in beauty.

One thing's certain.

I must make him mine.

Cyan

“Girl.” I take a bite of my extra-chocolatey dairy-free turtle crunch ice cream cone. “This ice cream is the shit.”

“You can say that again.” Ryder, my bestie, shoots me a wink.

“I'll never get sick of it,” Enzo, my other bestie, drawls. “I could eat it for breakfast, lunch, and teatime—and also for my midnight snack.”

I shoot him a side eye. “You don't have teatime.”

“I'll start,” Enzo hits back, a touch of injured pride in his voice. “We only get one life. I might as well spend it eating ice cream.”

My friends and I are at Dino Tracks for the afternoon.

That's the Little-friendly ice cream parlor our friend Christian opened with his Mafia Daddy last year.

It's the perfect place for my friend group of mature Littles to hang out.

Well—Little Land—*the only adult-baby playroom in Manhattan*—is better, bitch!

However, it's a fucking Monday morning and Little Land doesn't open until Tuesday.

We're also here for another reason.

We're helping Ryder plan his wedding.

Ryder flashes us a toothy grin. "We need Dino Tracks ice cream at my wedding."

Oh. My. God.

This boy has great taste.

"Get them to whip you up an ice cream wedding cake." I cram another bite of my cone into my mouth.

Ryder rolls his eyes. "I'm not five."

"We know." Enzo nudges Ryder's ribs. "Your Little age is three-and-two-months."

Ryder groans as he hides behind his elbows. "No mentioning my Little age in the ice cream parlor."

"Why not?" I love to tease my friend.

"You know I'll start to regress."

I pat Ryder's shoulder. "We'll quit giving you grief."

"It's only fun when you're in on the joke." Enzo is an astute reader of the human psyche this morning. "Otherwise, it's mean."

Ryder sighs as he rubs his diamond engagement ring. "I hope Daddy's brothers take kindly to you."

A butterfly named Nervous Nelly snaps up all the real estate in my tummy.

I squirm in my seat—*and take deep-as-fuck breaths to calm myself.*

Today, Ryder and his husband, Vincenzo Luciano, set Enzo and I up on blind dates.

Vincenzo's two brothers, Amedeo and Tommaso, are smoking hot Italian mobsters.

We have it on good authority they're searching for mature boys.

Apparently, you can only play with so many twinks before you want to blow your brains out.

"I'll try not to annoy them too much." I can't help but grimace.

I've seen pictures of Amedeo.

That's the one Vincenzo's setting me up with.

He's twenty-nine. Ripped. Sexy as fuck.

He's the hottest man on the planet.

Apollo himself could flex his muscles all day long and he still wouldn't be as attractive as Amedeo.

He's got a head of thick wavy hair.

His jaw is sharp enough to cut diamonds.

I bet he's packing a hog, too!

Lord knows Ryder talks about Vincenzo's enormously large cock enough.

If Amedeo is half as well-endowed, I'm in luck.

I've barely swallowed my ice cream when the menacing man in the suit approaches us.

His eyes bore into mine.

Chapter Two

Amedeo

Well!

That's not how I wanted my first meeting with Cyan, a.k.a. the most precious angel in existence, to go.

Am I summing it up instead of showing how it went down?

Hell yeah.

Did I speak to him at all?

Barely.

Apparently, six-foot-seven Italian mobsters with chiseled jaws, bulging muscles, and giant uncut cocks get tongue-tied, too.

Also—I was dealing with a tricky—err, *sticky*—situation.

You see, I had a big ass hole in my boxers!

Hot strands of cum were trickling down my thighs.

Yeah—I might be a shameless fucker, a bona fide thoroughbred in the sheets, but I'm not the type to make a fool of myself.

It's bad enough that I, Amedeo Luciano, playboy extraordinaire, was nervous enough to make this boy's acquaintance.

Add pants full of hot jizz to the mix—yeah, that shit wasn't happening.

“So you only talked to him for two minutes?!”

That's Vincenzo—a.k.a. my annoying ass younger brother.

He's twenty-six and he's always giving me shit.

Well, he doesn't give me as much shit as Tommaso—that's my youngest brother.

He's twenty-three and has an uncanny ability to drive anyone he engages in conversation to drink.

My lips curl into a sneer. “Yes.”

“I busted my ass setting you up on that blind date.”

“I was dealing with personal problems.”

Vincenzo pinches the bridge of his nose. “I don't get you.”

What can I say?

I'm a man of mystery.

“I'll do better next time—shit!”

My brother better leave my ass alone.

I don't have time to answer questions like why I zipped out of the ice cream parlor faster than a bee that zapped itself with its own stinger.

Vincenzo snarls at me. “Cyan doesn't have all day to meet prospective partners. He's a very busy IT specialist.”

Ahhh.

Information technology.

That's what my brilliant angel does for work.

My fingers clench into fists. “I was going through a lot.”

Vincenzo finally shoots me a look that contains a smidge of sympathy. “Tell me this isn't about Travis.”

A low growl escapes my pursed lips.

The name of my ex-boyfriend sends a flare of rage surging through me.

“Definitely not.”

“If he’s blackmailing you, we need to take him out.”

Here’s what happened with Travis.

Last month, I discovered he was cheating on me.

Well—that’s not *entirely* accurate.

He was searching for other daddies in the area online.

There was also a bizarre situation with him walking down an alley at night next to a halfway house that held low-level financial criminals preparing for release.

I think he was visiting a prisoner he’d known romantically in the past.

Whatever it was, I was right to break things off.

My head snaps up. “He’s not.”

Vincenzo growls as he throws back a scotch on the rocks. “Then why the fuck did you run out of Dino Tracks? My butter biscuit told me everything—he said you didn’t seem interested in Cyan *at all*.”

Hell. The. Fuck. No.

That couldn’t be further from the truth.

I rise to my feet. “I was more interested than you could know.”

Vincenzo’s eyes turn to slits. “Tell me why Cyan should give your flakey ass one more chance.”

“I came in my pants—damn, quit interrogating me!”

I bellow out a roar as I rip my eyes away from my brother.

Hot shame—mixed with a dash of lust—pulse through me.

Vincenzo takes one look at me.

He roars with laughter. “I’ve got to tell my boy.”

I peer over his shoulder as he texts.

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: Amedeo had a man accident, angel

SecretMatureBaby: Hi, Daddy :p

SecretMatureBaby: Wait. A what?

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: A man accident

SecretMatureBaby: Does he wear diapers like Cyan

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: No. He came in his pants when he laid eyes on your friend—at least that’s what I think happened

SecretMatureBaby: He WHAT?!

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: You heard me right, butter biscuit

SecretMatureBaby: Wow. Just wow.

With a growl, I snatch Vincenzo’s phone. “This is going in the trash.”

“Like hell it is.”

I dangle it over his trashcan—*which is overflowing, gross.* “Try me.”

Vincenzo grabs his phone. “Go to Cyan’s house tomorrow and explain what happened. He has a right to know.”

I can do this.

I won’t chicken out.

God almighty—I’ve killed hundreds of men.

I’ve also closed billions of dollars in real estate transactions for my father, Romeo Luciano’s, holding company, Italian Luxury Villas, LLC.

Yet the thought of speaking to Cyan again fills me with divine fear.

“I’ll see what I can do.”

“He deserves a legitimate meet cute.”

Cyan

I'm turning the corner when I smack into the brick wall.

“Oops!” My briefcase containing my work laptop and, of course, my pacifiers, tumbles to the ground.

To my horror, my adult diaper—the one with adorable dino cartoons—slips onto the sidewalk.

I groan as my eyes flit around my surroundings.

Is anyone around to see?

I'll die if someone finds out I wear these.

It's my deepest darkest secret.

That's when my eyes land on the ginormous thing in front of me.

Only—it's not a brick wall at all.

It's a *man*.

A smoking hot, ultra-muscular, six-foot-seven Italian man.

He wears a snatched designer suit.

A diamond-encrusted watch glistens on his left wrist.

His blue eyes—oh Lord, they're the color of sapphires—*dazzle me*.

“Allow me.” With a growl, he drops to his knees and picks up my diaper.

He hands it to me—and that's when I realize who it is!

I shriek as I snatch it out of his hands. “Amedeo?”

“I owe you an apology.” Amedeo lets out a grumbly sigh. “I was an asshole the other day. I promised you a blind date—and I ran out before my ice cream arrived. I'd like another chance to woo you. See if we connect. Sweep you off your feet.”

I groan as I hide my diaper behind my back.

When I muster up the courage to stare at Amedeo again, my confidence level isn't any higher than the first time.

Mother. Of. God.

The man... *is even more gorgeous than in the ice cream parlor.*

His thick dark hair flutters in the breeze as he takes another step toward me.

His pointed Italian nose is exquisitely sculpted and manly.

And his thighs—*oh, Christ*—don't even get me started on those bad boys!

Thick. Mighty. Unwavering.

My inner Little gets the feeling that this man contains unparalleled power in his body.

I wonder if his ass is as muscular as the rest of him.

I try my best to hide my diaper. "I wish you'd caught me at another time."

A smirk tugs at Amedeo's lips.

It's predatory. Menacing. Full of amused glee.

"Tell me what you mean."

"I'm heading to work. I don't have time to chat."

Amedeo tugs a key fob out of his suit coat pocket. "Hop in my Rolls. I'll drive you."

My head shakes back and forth of its own accord. "Not today."

"Tell me why."

I try not to groan when I think of the diaper I'm clutching behind my back.

Does this man have any idea how embarrassed I am right now?

"My office is right around the corner." This is a bald-faced lie.

"I'm only half a block away."

Amedeo's eyebrows stitch together. "Tell me why I get the odd feeling you're rejecting me."

No.

No.

Amedeo is dead wrong to feel this way.

How could a man like me—a thirty-nine-year-old Little whose ex-boyfriend was only with him for nefarious reasons—ever reject a man like *him*?

I shake my head. "I'm not rejecting you. I simply need to get to work."

Amedeo curses as he steps back.

He roars as he rams his fist into the closest bus stop pole.

Clang.

The metal bends as his fist leaves an indelible mark.

"Fuck!" He tries to rip the pole out of the ground, but steps back in the nick of time. "I never should've left the ice cream parlor that fucking day."

"It's okay." Rushing toward him, I place my hand on his bulging bicep. "We'll meet up again this weekend. When I have more free time."

He growls as his eyes lift to mine.

Sharks swim in his baby blue depths—baring their teeth.

"Promise me you'll follow through." His firm fingers lock on mine. "Promise me you won't abandon me."

I stash my adult diaper back in my briefcase before he sees it again. "I promise."

Taking my phone from my hand—which I didn't even realize I was holding—he enters his number.

A smirk tugs at his lips. "I hope you don't mind that I set my contact as **DreamyBigDickedDaddy**."

I must've fallen asleep in the bathtub this morning and drowned.

The only explanation for this crazy turn of events—from a man I was certain rejected me so recently—*is that I'm in Heaven.*

I blush. “That’s fine by me.”

“I’ll let you head to work now, angel.” Amedeo’s lips curl into a sneer. “Don’t run from me again.”

Something tells me this man isn’t as sweet as I thought.

Chapter Three

Amedeo

I growl as I step into my office.

Heat spreads through me as I lock the door.

“Tell me it’s the fucking weekend.”

My attempt to beg my million-dollar diamond watch to alter the date for me falls short.

My watch, like Time itself, doesn’t give a flying fuck what I want.

Now, instead of taking my angel on our first date, giving him the wonderful time I should’ve given him at Dino Tracks, and sweeping him off his feet, I’m stuck heading into my father’s office for a meeting.

I’m pretty sure I know what this meeting will entail—which is why I don’t wish to attend.

We’ll find out for sure when Dad lets me in.

“Enter.”

Orange light blazes through Dad’s stained-glass window when I push the door open.

He sits at his mahogany desk and taps his pen on a notepad.

A drink rests on a coaster in front of him even though it’s only eight in the morning.

The light makes him look like the devil incarnate.

He glares at me. “Shut the damn door behind you. Shit—I raised you with more class than that.”

“My apologies.”

“You’re letting the goddamn breeze in.”

My father hunches over his desk.

His black eyes bore into mine. “We have a fucking problem.”

“You don’t have to remind me.”

Last month, my family fucked up.

Big. Time.

We took out Paulo Riccardi, a member of the prominent Italian Riccardi family, and didn’t dispose of his body properly.

When we were tugging his remains out of my father’s Manhattan skyscraper where some men Vincenzo hired dunked him in a vat of acid, his custom-made loafer fell out of Tommaso’s pocket.

Apparently, the Halal meat shop across the street—*the only store on the block we don’t control*—caught the incident on their cameras.

When the three remaining Riccardi brothers—Luigi, Petrie, and Giuseppe—confronted them after they received a tip from Ryder’s former boss, they gave up the footage.

Now, not only are they refusing to sell us their land so we can develop our new multi-hundred-million-dollar luxury villa.

They want revenge.

“Vincenzo put an innocent man in danger.” My father doesn’t mince words.

Here’s what happened.

When Vincenzo made Ryder his baby boy, he placed a target on his back.

Last month, the Riccardis abducted Ryder outside his workplace.

They brought him to an industrial warehouse and interrogated him.

Because Ryder and Vincenzo burnt the warehouse to the ground before they left, the cops are sniffing around to see what exactly went down.

They suspect foul play.

They'd better not open a fucking US-based investigation into our family.

“I’m well-aware.”

“In all my years of being a Don, I’ve always kept the violence between rival families. We never endanger innocent lives—it attracts far too much scrutiny.”

I nod. “That’s where we fucked up.”

“Ryder is part of our operation now. We can’t afford for anything else to happen to him. His reputation as a top-notch architect is too established in New York for the county attorneys to overlook bizarre events that involve him. *Especially because they know he’s mixed up with us.*”

I let out a growl.

It’s time for Dad to quit beating around the bush.

“Tell me what you need me to do.”

“Find the Riccardis. Hunt them down. Kill them.”

“I thought they were untouchable.”

The Italian government is aware of our feud.

In any turf war, they always side with Italian-based families.

Because we operate out of New York, they’ll color us with suspicion before we’ve even presented our case.

Although truth be told—we are guilty as fuck! At least in this matter. Still, we want to avoid scrutiny as long as possible.

My father’s eyes narrow. “That was before they kidnapped Ryder.”

“I understand.”

“This means war.”

Cyan

I tap my foot impatiently under my desk.

It’s Friday afternoon—and I desperately want this day to end.

It’s been a full workweek since Amedeo accosted me on the sidewalk and handed me my dino diaper!

God. Damn.

I still can’t believe he saw that shit.

But what I really couldn’t believe was how much desire was packed into his eyes.

Amedeo gazed at me like a ravenous wolverine.

He wanted to leap on me.

Pin me to the sidewalk.

Consume me.

Then, I could tell he wanted to take me in his arms, give me my favorite bottle, the one with zoo animals on it, slide a diaper on me, then help me into my special onesie, and rock me to sleep.

Don’t ask me how—it’s my Little sense, baby!

We always know when a daddy wishes to take care of us.

A groan escapes me. “Will this day ever end?”

My phone buzzes.

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I can’t wait to see you tomorrow ;)

Me: I’m glad you messaged. I’m SOOOO bored at work

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I need to confess something tomorrow, sweet boy. You might laugh at me

Me: Is it why you ran out of Dino Tracks? :(

Secretly, I felt like Amedeo ditched our blind date because he wasn't attracted to me.

I'd never felt more embarrassed or humiliated in my life.

The evil voice in the back of my brain that loves to nag me said that perhaps he even had another boy to meet.

I let out a sigh as I recline in my work chair with tip-top lumbar support.

My last relationship is the reason for my major insecurity.

My ex was a piece of shit.

He's currently serving a three-year prison sentence for the shit he pulled toward the end of our time together.

He's set for release soon.

Ugh, that's why I'm such a Nervous Nelly. I don't want him to antagonize me again.

DreamyBigDickDaddy: Yes

Me: You don't have to tell me if you don't want to :) I respect your boundaries

DreamyBigDickDaddy: I want to "cum" clean

Me: I have no idea what that means

DreamyBigDickDaddy: You'll find out soon enough, boy. You'll find out soon enough

I groan as I slide my phone in my pocket.

My eyes flit around my office, the other cubicles, and my boss's private space.

Our cameras malfunctioned last week.

The technicians haven't been able to solve the technological problem.

I haven't offered to help.

When I don't see anyone looking, I unzip my work khakis and tug out my cock.

"Daddy." A whiny moan escapes my lips as I spit on my shaft.

I feather my right hand up and down, working the liquid into my member.

Fuck.

Fuck!!!

Am I really jerking off in my office—thinking about Daddy?!

“I’m a naughty boy.” I let out a groan as I clench my thighs together, grinding into my palm. “Punish me, Daddy. Tell me I’m bad.”

I slap my cock against my keyboard.

Smack.

A strand of pre-cum shoots out of my slit.

It splatters on my monitor, before dripping onto the keys.

Throwing my head back, I let out a moan.

My left hand migrates to my right nipple, and I pinch it, twisting it, bringing it to a firm bud, unleashing scalding heat within me.

My hand travels down my tummy next, rubbing my belly, my fluffiness, before retrieving my adult diaper from my briefcase.

I moan as I rub the diaper on my tummy.

It’s so fucking freaky doing this in public—I barrel toward my orgasm in record time.

“Daddy!” I scream, my hips bucking, my man mounds shaking, my balls unleashing the cum I’ve been saving since last Monday when Daddy put his number in my phone. “Fuck my tight little ass, Daddy! Make me come!”

My cock squirts all over my keyboard.

Strands of cum even rocket onto my adult diaper.

Oh.

Oh.

This is what turns me on most of all.

With a helpless whine, I rub my diaper on my belly, nipples, and thighs, smearing my cum around my skin, unable to think before acting, unable to stop if I wanted to.

When I finish, I tuck my adult diaper back in my briefcase before anyone catches me.

“This is why no man wants anything serious with you.” A snuffle escapes me as I clean off my tummy. “You’re too much of a freak.”

I pray Daddy doesn't mind.

Chapter Four

Amedeo

I stand outside Cyan's rambler.

I clench a bouquet of roses behind my back.

In my briefcase, a tiny dinosaur with big googly eyes waits with a package of Zebra cakes.

A little birdy—Ryder—informed me that Cyan's favorite treats are Zebra cakes.

By giving him this treat, I pray he'll adore me—at least eventually.

A growl charges out of my lips as I wipe copious sweat from my forehead.

“I shouldn't be so fucking nervous.”

I've seen more dead bodies than most NYPD officers do in a lifetime.

I've beaten up countless criminals.

I've traveled the world in private jets.

Why the HELL does this date scare me?!

Cyan better accept my psychotic ass. If he doesn't, I won't know what to do.

I try not to think of my last failed relationship and how it affected my confidence.

Nah—I'll analyze that shitshow later!

Right now, all that matters is that I relax and enjoy the day with Cyan.

If we connect, we connect.

LMAO.

Fuck that shit.

I know we'll get along just fine.

Lifting my right hand, I knock on Cyan's front door.

The door swings open and gives way to my angel.

Oh. My. God.

He's beautiful.

I don't know how he's this stunning.

He wears a robe over his onesie—likely concealing it from his neighbors so they don't judge him.

A tuft of sexy chest hair pokes out from under his robe.

His hazel eyes sparkle with merriment as he looks me up and down.

After running a hand through his luscious hair, he issues me a smile.

“You're on time for our date.”

I barge in and growl as I hand him the gifts.

“There are yours, baby boy.”

His eyes widen as he accepts the fresh roses, Zebra cakes, and dino stuffy.

“You didn't have to do this!” He presses the new stuffy to his chest. “Oh, this little guy is too cute.”

The sight of him cuddling his gift is *too cute*.

I've never seen anything like it.

I smirk as I remove my shoes. “Tell me what you’ll name him, cutie pie.”

I pray to God it’s something adorable.

“I’ll name him Roary Rex.”

Ha—I didn’t need to worry.

Of course he picked a cute-as-pie name.

I let out a growl as I run my fingers over his hand. “Roary Rex is perfect.”

“It suits him. He looks like a Roary to me.”

“Invite me inside, boy. Pour me a cup of coffee.”

If this is too forward, I don’t care.

I bought my boy gifts—the least he can do is show me some hospitality!

He groans as he tugs me into the kitchen. “I completely forgot. I’m such a rude boy.”

“Not rude at all.” A smirk tugs at my lips. “You’re excited because of your presents, angel. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

Cyan tugs out a chair.

I settle into it as he slides a steaming latté on the table.

“For you.”

There’s a little heart on top.

Wow. Just wow.

How my angel found out I love designs in my coffee, I’ll never know.

I lift it to my lips. “This looks good as hell.”

Cyan sticks his nose in the air. “No cursing in my humble abode.” He clears his throat as he glances around timidly. “It’s not the nicest place, but I treat it as well as I can. The main rule is no naughty words.”

I can’t help but shake my head. “I’ll try my best.”

Asking me not to curse is requesting that I castrate my personality.

However, if it's what my angel requires, I'll do it.

Cyan cracks a smile. "I'm fucking with you. I don't give two shits if you cuss."

With a growl, I slam my right fist on the table. "Language."

Cyan shoots me the sweetest look. "I'm only copying Daddy."

Red-hot tingles swirl through my body.

I groan as my thighs clench together to conceal my aching shaft.

Damn—I didn't expect Cyan to get me randy this morning.

But he is.

There's no denying it.

I'm hornier than a pit bull in heat.

I tap the Zebra cakes. "Bust these open, cutie. Time for a treat."

Cyan wastes no time in tugging back the cardboard flaps.

"One for you." He slides me a plastic package. "One for me."

I can't resist the urge to smirk. "More like two for me, two for you."

The packages contain two cakes each.

Cyan gulps as he opens his package. "I know Ryder's trying to be healthier, and I commend him for that. But I haven't made that commitment yet."

I scooch closer to him. "There's nothing wrong with that, buttercup."

"I'm healthy." Cyan lets out a chuckle. "That's the weird part."

"I believe you."

"Every time I head to the doctor, he's astonished that he can't find anything wrong with me. My blood work comes back

normal. I sleep well. Still, he tells me to lose weight every visit—yet he never explains why!”

I grit my teeth. “I’ve read stories about that. Doctors need to catch up with the latest medical research.”

Cyan lifts his Zebra cake. “I mean, it’s not like I eat these things all the time. I do with Ryder and Enzo—i.e. when we feel Little. But otherwise? My thirty-nine-year-old ass doesn’t wanna eat pastries for breakfast every day! You gotta mix it up. Pastries some days, oatmeal others—like Ryder does.”

“Balance is everything.”

I’m fighting a Homeric battle not to collapse on the floor.

Hearing my boy speak is like listening to fucking Hippocrates—the first-ever Greek doctor.

His wisdom knows no bounds.

I rest my hand on his. “Would you mind if Daddy fed you a Zebra cake, precious one?”

Cyan waggles his eyebrows. “Well... you’re not my daddy *yet*. One thing at a time, Mister.”

“Yes or no.”

“I’d be honored.”

I take my angel’s Zebra cake from his outstretched fingers.

Breaking a piece off, I raise it to his mouth.

His lips part and I slide it in.

Cyan groans as he chomps it. “Why are these so good?!”

I try to slide another bite in.

But I can’t focus on the task at hand.

Our connection is too intense—my mind is fixated on one thing.

I know I said I was only going to get to know him today—*but I can’t*.

Every part of my body screams with need.

I desire him.

Crave him.

Need to plunge into his cheeks.

With a growl, I tilt his chin up. “I’m gonna kiss you, boy.”

Cyan’s cheeks flush pink. “I won’t say no.”

I slam my lips on his.

Cyan

I moan as Amedeo kisses me.

It’s ferocious. Powerful. Raw.

He swirls his tongue around my mouth, laying claim to my being.

His firm hands grip the back of my head, supporting it.

A whimper escapes me as he darts his tongue across my gums and teeth.

That—*combined with his feral musk that blasts into my nose*—is enough to turn me on.

“Daddy.” A gasp springs free from my lips as I lean back, my heart slamming in my chest, unable to believe what’s happening, unable to stop. “You kiss so well!”

Amedeo groans as he plunges his tongue back into my mouth, swishing it back and forth, so powerful, so strong. “You turn my dick to fucking stone, boy. You’re Medusa—one look into your eyes and I’ll never be soft again.”

I whine as I throw my head back. “Fuck me, Daddy!”

I’m not typically such a ho!

Usually, I try to wait until the third date to let men get a taste of my cherry.

With Amedeo, everything is different.

If we don't get naked right now, I'll lose my mind.

Amedeo snarls into my mouth as he lays me on the table.
“Bouta fuck you so hard our coffee falls on the floor.”

Holy. Shit.

I can't believe I'm about to fuck a man this hot.

He's everything I've ever dreamt about—a fucking male model come to life!

In MY kitchen—*goddam!*

Well, a boy can dream.

That's what this is—a dream.

I must've committed some act of charity in a past life and the gods blessed me in my sleep.

No other explanation suffices.

Ripping off my bathrobe, Amedeo tosses it on the floor.

“Oh yeah, boy,” he groans, ramming his right hand on my onesie-clad ass, grinding his digits into the fabric, teasing my pucker. “Got a tight hole for Daddy. Don't lie to me, angel. Tell Daddy you've been saving this raspberry for him.”

“It's all yours, Daddy!”

With a ravenous grunt, Daddy rips my onesie buttons off with his teeth.

My hard dick springs forth from between my legs.

It spurts pre-cum on the table as it smashes against my tummy, shaking and quivering.

Daddy spits on my hole.

Pttthebt.

I cry out as he works his mouth liquid into my flesh, pushing it deep, deep, as far as it'll go.

Thank fuck I cleaned myself out this morning—I didn't expect us to fuck, but you never know!

Planning shit ahead of time has its perks, bitch.

With a thunderous roar, Daddy whips his cock out—then slides a condom on—and enters me.

He fucks me hard, ferociously, viciously, slamming his aching shaft against my prostate, rutting inside me, using only his spit as lube, as if he's a fucking caveman in the wild and I'm the innocent man he stumbled across on a secluded path.

He *must* fuck me—that's the message he communicates with his cock, so sturdy and strong, a bona fide Italian man cock, one that rises like Caesar's scepter and is capable of giving another man ceaseless pleasure.

"Oh, Daddy!" I scream, shaking on my kitchen table.

"Hit the spot, eh?" Daddy spits on my hole again. *Thwack*. "Got a big fat cock in your Little hole? You didn't expect this when you woke up—I know you didn't. Surprise, boy. Your daddy had morning wood—he has to shove this big cock somewhere!"

Mother. Of. God.

He uses nothing more than his spit for lube.

It's everything I could want.

Filthy talk.

Unwavering thrusts.

Rock-hard abs pistoning against me as his mammoth balls slam against my taint.

He pushes out a roar as his cock flexes.

He yanks it out—and *unleashes a tidal wave of cum on my back*.

One, two, three, four, five, *oh Christ*—he busts out ten shots of white-hot nut.

Each squirt is more powerful than the last, stirring the embers of my arousal.

I scream when he brings his hand between my legs and strokes me.

"Bust out your cummies, boy. Don't resist."

“I’m coming, Daddy!!!”

It happens before I can stop it.

My dick juts out an endless jet of cum.

It gushes across the table, spurting in the same spot where I eat my morning oatmeal.

Some even splatters on the Zebra cakes package—which turns me on all the more.

“Ohhhhhhhh, Daddy!” My hot asshole shakes, puckers, throbs.
“You fucked me so good!”

Amedeo tilts my head back.

He slams his lips on mine.

He feasts on me like a motherfucking alpha wolf.

With every swirl of his tongue between my cheeks, he makes me soar even higher.

“Come on, angel.” A twinkle flashes in his eyes as he heaves me into his strong arms—like I’m made of air. “Daddy’s gonna run you a bath. Duckies. Playtime. Bubbles.”

That’s when the buzzing noise fills the room.

Bzzzzzz.

Amedeo groans as he reaches into his pants pocket. “*FUCK.*”

He shows me his phone.

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: We have an emergency. Come quick

Me: I’m in the middle of my date

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: You’ve ruined enough of my dates for me to not feel bad about this

Amedeo gnashes his teeth. “Shit, boy. I have to go.”

“Oh.” I lean up and kiss him. “Don’t worry, Daddy.”

It’s fine.

From what Ryder’s told me, I understand the Lucianos are a powerful crime family.

Work never ends when you're in the Mafia.

Amedeo kisses me. "Don't jerk off all next week, baby. Save yourself for me."

A blush spreads across my cheeks. "Yes, Daddy."

He heads out the door.

Chapter Five

Amedeo

My. Fucking. Family.

They're the world's worst cockblocks.

If Vincenzo accused me of cock-blocking him last month (or cuddle-blocking, more accurately), yesterday he did it to me ten times worse.

Cyan and I were having a life-changing experience in his kitchen.

Never has my heart felt so full.

I was on the cusp of throwing my gun into the garbage can and renouncing my evil ways.

His love was changing me—there was no denying it.

Vincenzo's damn text ruined everything.

Fuck—how is possible to have such terrible timing?!

I stomp as I head to the bar to meet Tommaso.

After my verbal brawl with Vincenzo, I didn't invite him to brother drinky drink night.

As it turned out, all he did was tell me we needed to come up with a plan to take out the Riccardis ASAP.

Urgent—*as if*.

He could've emailed me that shit.

But no, he had to drag me away from my precious baby boy—my angel who I didn't even get a chance to spoil rotten in the bathtub.

Hence, the only brother I care to see right now is Tommaso.

Tommaso's already sipping a drink when I step into the bar.

He seems to be in a serious conversation with the bartender.

"I'm not leaving."

The bartender glares at him.

Now, this bartender has some history with our family.

Last month, he told us we needed to start paying him extra to visit this bar.

We're not the type to negotiate with terrorists.

We promptly left and found a new bar.

The issue is that every other bar in this part of Manhattan sucks ass.

They're too crowded. Expensive. Bougie.

We don't mind higher-end establishments, but we hate price-gouging.

Twenty bucks for a fucking shot?!

Papa didn't raise no sucker.

But this bar is the seediest—and therefore the best—around.

The bartender's eyes turn to slits. "Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not."

I step forward to break up the fight—although I'm not sure how much help I'll be.

"Guys, guys." A growl escapes me. "No bickering."

The bartender groans when he glances at me. "Not you, too."

Yes—me, too.

This bartender acts like he doesn't want our money or something.

“My brother and I are here to drink. We won't cause trouble.”

The bartender crosses his arms over his chest. “All you do is cause trouble. Last time, you offered to play darts with a blind man.”

And?

What's wrong with that?

“I fail to see the problem with being inclusive.” I tap my foot on the ground.

The bartender's eyes narrow. “You got him so drunk he threw darts into my *Wonder Rection* posters. Those weren't cheap—now the boys have holes in them.”

Wonder Rection is the biggest boy band in America.

Their lead singer, Preston Harmony, is the cutest twink that ever did twink.

Oddly enough, Ryder claims to have met him.

Apparently, he's best friends with Christian, the twink who founded Dino Tracks, and they frequently head to Little Land together.

Tommaso waggles his eyebrows. “I've never seen any *Wonder Rection* posters on your walls.”

“They were new.” The bartender sure is snappish today. “I was told I wasn't LGBTQ+ friendly enough, so I bought them for my homosexual patrons.”

Homosexual patrons.

I didn't have that on my bingo card.

I can't help but smirk. “What makes you think *Wonder Rection* is LGBTQ+ friendly?”

The bartender places his hands on his heart. “Don't start with me. They're all so dreamy.”

“Wow.” Tommaso spins to me. “I can't say I expected this guy to be a member of the community.”

“You’re barely a member of the community yourself.” This comes out as a drawl.

Tommaso narrows his eyes. “I’ve sucked more dick than this guy.”

“You wouldn’t know what to do with a dick if it smacked you in the face.”

The bartender groans as he turns away from us.

“This is why you’re not welcome here.” He devastates us with a death glare. “All you do is stir shit up.”

We’re not the one whining about *Wonder Rection* posters.

I figure it’s best to keep this observation to myself.

“Give me a scotch on the rocks.” This is normally Vincenzo’s drink, but alas—he’s not here.

I’m fucking glad he’s not.

If he were, it’d be impossible to resist the urge to dump liquor on his head.

Tommaso makes a face. “I can’t believe you drink that shit.”

I normally throw back cranberry vodkas.

“I wanted to switch it up tonight. Pay homage to the brother who couldn’t join us.”

This rubs Tommaso the wrong way. “You’re the one who left Vincenzo out.”

Welp.

Busted.

“He deserved to be left out.” I accept my drink from the bartender.

“No one deserves to be left out of brother night at the bar,” Tommaso opines.

I glare at Tommaso. “Let’s see how you feel when Vincenzo texts you right as you’re preparing to bathe your baby boy.”

“I’d be honored to receive his message.”

“Something tells me it’d piss you off.”

“Well, you’re wrong. I’m always down to chat with family.”

The bartender places his hands on the bar. “Have you found a boy yet, Tommaso?”

We both stare at the bartender.

He withers on the spot.

“Fine.” He pushes out a groan as he backs away. “I’ll leave you two alone.”

“You’d better.” Letting out a snarl, I brandish my gun. “Otherwise, I’ll teach you a lesson you won’t forget.”

The bartender rolls his eyes. “You’re like one of those tiny dogs that won’t stop yipping. Your bark is worse than your bite.”

I growl as I ram my hands on the bar.

Rising to my full stature, I tower over the mouthy man who won’t quit giving me shit. “Ever had your fucking skull cracked by a man’s bare fists?”

He squeaks as he steps back. “Nope.”

“Unless you’re in the mood to see how it feels, I’d advise you keep your wiseass remarks to yourself.”

Tommaso pats my back. “You showed him.”

I glare at Tommaso. “You’d be smart to internalize the warning, too.”

His eyebrows migrate to his forehead. “What did I do?”

Don’t even start, motherfucker.

How about annoying the hell out of me until I get a migraine?

Does that count?

I toss back my scotch. “You don’t wanna find out.”

“You accused me of a serious breach of the brotherly love contract. I’d like to know what I did so I can fix it for next time.”

This is the line every guilty person uses when they get busted.

I shake my head. “Tough.”

“You don’t worship him,” the bartender drawls from across the bar—where he’s safe. “That’s a cardinal offense.”

I ram my glass on the counter. “I’d hate to chuck this fucking glass at your head.”

“And I’d hate to sue you for aggravated assault.” The bartender mulls this. “Actually, I wouldn’t. It’d give me great joy.”

I’d better calm my nuts.

The jury would take one look at me and convict me at once.

Or the bartender would mention my family’s illicit activity and I’d wind up with more than a civil case!

“It’d give you a great retirement fund, too.” Tommaso decides to join the bartender’s side.

Ugh.

There’s a Judas in the midst.

I didn’t expect him to be related to me.

I turn to Tommaso. “You’d better chill.”

“I feel bad for our bartender. He serves us cheap drinks every night and all we do is give him grief.”

“You don’t have to encourage him to sue me,” I say.

“He’s the only one here who sticks up for me.” Tommaso acts like I don’t do shit for him. “In fact, I think we should give him a couple hundred thousand bucks as a thank-you present. It’s not like we couldn’t afford it.”

“I don’t need your charity.” The bartender doesn’t know a good thing when he sees it.

I roll my eyes. “You blew it.”

Tommaso barks out a grunt. “You don’t know how much I planned to give you.”

“I’d need a lot more than a couple hundred thousand bucks for putting up with your shit.”

Wow. Just wow.

Call me nuts, but it sounds like the bartender’s prepared to die for his principles rather than accept a gift.

I can’t relate to people who do that shit.

Tommaso groans as he turns to face me. “It was a mistake trying to speak to this peasant tonight. Let’s talk about something else, dear brother.”

I nearly spit up my drink.

Tommaso’s never referred to anyone as a peasant before.

The bartender must’ve gotten under his skin.

I can’t help but grit my teeth. “I’m not in the talking mood.”

“That’s new.”

I scorch him with the fiercest glare in my collection. “I only want to hear about one thing.”

A boyish grin takes hold of Tommaso’s face. “Tell me.”

“How was your date with Enzo?”

Hearts fill Tommaso’s emerald-green eyes.

He touches his chest as he lets out a moan. “He’s sooooo dreamy.”

This is funny as hell to hear.

Twinky Tommaso confessed he liked older men after he met Ryder at my mother Isabella’s birthday party.

When he heard Ryder had single Little friends who weren’t young and annoying, he pounced on the opportunity at once.

I nudge his ribs. “Did you two have a lot in common?”

“We only spoke for a few hours.” He blushes as he stares at his drink. “He makes me feel like I could be a daddy.”

Hot damn.

I’m proud of Tommaso for realizing this.

Vincenzo and I give him a lot of shit—we think he acts more like a boy as opposed to a daddy—but clearly, he knows what he wants.

I fight back a snort. “Are you gonna see him again?”

Tommaso grits his teeth. “I want to. There’s only one problem.”

“Tell me.”

“He mentioned that I might be too young for him.”

My jaw drops.

No.

I refuse to believe it.

“You’re joking.”

Tommaso shakes his head. “He feels like a twenty-three-year-old is still a kid. I tried to tell him I’m mature, but he had his doubts.”

Ahhhhh.

Yeah, I get that.

Before I level Tommaso with a cutting remark, my phone buzzes.

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: There’s a carnival in town next weekend :) I was wondering if you wanted to go with me?

I show Tommaso my phone. “Cyan is adorable.”

Tommaso cackles out a laugh. “He still wants to talk to you after you came in your pants?!”

My cheeks flush pink. “Who the hell told you about that?”

“Word gets around quickly in our family, my friend.”

Vincenzo.

I growl as I envision myself wrapping my fingers around his neck. “Our brother is a dead man.”

Tommaso rolls his eyes. “Everyone’s nuttied in their pants at least once.”

“Not me.” The bartender’s voice is shrill.

“Me, neither.” A man in the back of the bar decides this is a perfect time to barge in on our conversation.

“Us, neither,” three men sitting beside us growl, each shooting me a curious look. “Although, if you wanted to show us how it’s done, we wouldn’t say no.”

That’s it.

I can’t take it anymore.

With a groan, I slide off my bar stool and stomp out the door.

There’s only one person in the world who can make me feel better.

Me: I’d love to go to the carnival with you

Chapter Six

Cyan

Stuffies. Candy apples. Funnel cakes.

Oh my!

I suck in a nervous breath as I rub my hands on my skirt.

I wasn't going to wear it today.

That's what I told myself when I woke up this morning.

"Amedeo likes me—don't freak him out by wearing women's clothes."

It was no use.

The second I saw the stunning skirt in my closet I was a goner.

I bought it to compliment the blouse I purchased wig Ryder at Little Store earlier this year.

My ass had to throw it on.

Now, here's the deal with me and skirts.

All my life, I've wanted to wear female clothing, but I've never had the guts.

Add my plus-sized figure to the mix, and I decided I was better off presenting as a man.

I pray Daddy accepts me.

Screech.

The sound of brakes skidding on pavement grabs my attention. Lifting my head, I lay eyes on the sexiest Rolls Royce I've ever seen—*with the hottest man in the backseat.*

A driver wearing white clothes exits the driver's door and cracks open the back.

Amedeo steps out—*holy fuck, he looks like a million bucks!*

“Hey, Daddy.” I opt for a teasing greeting.

Amedeo knows I'm not completely on-board with calling him *Daddy* yet.

The few times I've said it have been during sex.

Today, I opt for levity to defuse any potential tension.

Amedeo's wearing a suit that accentuates his bulging muscles.

His chiseled jaw has scruff on it.

His deep blue eyes pierce my soul.

With a groan, he slips his driver a handful of cash and walks to my side.

“Oh. My. God.”

Gruff. Growly. Packed with desire.

The manly twang in Amedeo's voice lets me know he enjoys what I'm wearing.

I bat my eyelashes. “Do you like my skirt and blouse?”

“Who told you to wear those pretty things to the carnival?” A grunt slips out of him as he looks me up and down, his eyes feasting on my body. “Damn, boy—you must know I have a problem controlling my erections by now! The last thing I want to do is bang you by the cotton candy booth.”

That's hot.

Daddy can fuck me beside the cotton candy booth any day.

I gulp as I clench my blouse. “I wasn't sure if I should wear this.”

Amedeo's eyebrows wriggle together. “Why not?”

“I wasn’t sure it was carnival attire.”

Amedeo shakes his head. “That’s not the real reason, boy. Be brave and confide in your daddy.”

It’s the little things like this that make me adore Amedeo.

He reads my mind like a fortune teller.

I stare at my feet. “I’ve always been partial to women’s clothes. Blouses. Scarfs. Panties. I’ve never worn them. My confidence has never been high enough.”

Amedeo takes my hand in his. “Do you feel confident around me?”

“Yes.” Lifting my head, I peer into his azure depths. “That’s why I donned my blouse I bought at Little Store with Ryder. And the skirt I snagged that paired well with it. I thought you’d like them.”

Amedeo heaves me into his arms.

He presses me against his Rolls Royce, groaning and growling as he slams his lips on mine.

“Daddy loves your blouse and skirt.” The earnestness in his voice rolls off in waves. “Fucking hell, angel—how you knew to wear that, I’ll never know. Someone must’ve tipped you off that I like men in girly clothes.”

I get the sense that Amedeo has experience with feminine boys.

However, perhaps something went wrong in one of his past relationships.

Is that why he’s so excited to see me?

I moan as I crush my lips to his. “Thank you.”

“I’m the one who should be thanking *you*. I get to walk around the carnival with a queen on my arms—a *veritable fucking princess*.”

I shake my head. “Still a prince.”

Amedeo groans as he pokes my nose. “I like that even better, boy. You’re my adorable Little prince this morning—one

who'll fit in perfectly at the carnival.”

I can't help but smile. “I'm glad you think so.”

“If anyone shoots you a mean look, tell me so I can beat their motherfucking ass.”

I cackle out a laugh. “For sure.”

He waggles his eyebrows. “And if anyone shoots Daddy a mean look—what will you do?”

Hmmm.

This is an excellent question.

I mull this. “First of all, you're not technically my daddy yet—let's get that straight.”

“Of course. Noted.”

Wow.

That's attractive.

Amedeo didn't even throw a hissy fit like so many other men would've done in this situation.

I've been with guys before who whine whenever you try to correct them on something or ask them to change certain behaviors.

It's the biggest turn off because they're such man babies.

Amedeo is the furthest thing from that—he's a bona fide mature young man.

I grin. “Well, shit. The way you responded to that makes me wish you *were* my daddy.”

Amedeo's lips pull back to allow a snicker. “Too late. I rescind my offer.”

My jaw tumbles to my feet. “You'd better be joking!”

“Daddy never jokes.”

Amedeo's dazzling eyes lock on mine.

Fierce. Sexy. Powerful.

The growl that escapes him as he runs his thumb across my jaw melts me.

“You referred to yourself as Daddy.” Luckily, I’m not too caught up in my feelings to lose my grip on reality.

Amedeo nods. “It was a test.”

“Did I pass?”

I have no idea what he was testing.

All I care about is whether I responded the right way.

“You passed with flying colors.”

Phew!

My ass was about to have a panic attack.

“Come on, Daddy.”

“Now *you* said it.”

“Oops. Pretend I didn’t.”

“You’re asking too much of me.”

I smirk as I dust his cheek with a kiss. “Carnival time.”

“I’m buying you candy apples.”

“Not unless you want to give me cavities.”

The carnival is in full swing by the time we arrive.

Well—not totally.

They’re still setting up a few treat booths in the back.

Apparently, Amedeo and I came early—which is a first for me!

I’m the type of bitch to dilly dally until the last minute and show up to shit in the nick of time.

Before she kicked me out because of my sexuality, my mother said I needed adrenaline to get into motion.

She wasn't wrong.

Without mind chemicals motivating me or some shit—I'm not a goddamn brain scientist who knows how that works—I'd never leave my bed.

Thank fuck Daddy—err, Amedeo—and I arrived early.

Now we get the carnival to ourselves before the crowd arrives.

“Smell that?”

Amedeo squeezes my hand as he stops at the ticket booth.

I inhale deeply to try to catch a whiff of whatever he's sniffing—*but I fail.*

“Damn, I don't smell anything.”

He shoots me a stern look. “You'd better get that checked out. It could be a medical condition.”

“You'd better not be saying that because of my weight.”

“Of course not.” He rolls his eyes. “A lack of smell can be a symptom of a deadly disease.”

I've never had the best nose.

When I was a boy, my father used to send me to clean up after the cows because the odor didn't affect me as much.

And the local priest at church loved to pass incense duties off to me because he had bad allergies.

I shake my head. “Nah. It's the way I am.”

“I'm trying to see if you smell my new cologne.” Amedeo waggles his eyebrows. “You didn't mention it in the car.”

I take another look at his Rolls.

Sitting in the parking lot, surrounded by cheaper cars, thus removed, thus fancy, thus glistening like a gem, it speaks to my soul.

I picture the wonderful ride we shared on the way here—Amedeo holding my hand, tugging me close to him, pointing out the constellations on the star ceiling.

But I didn't notice any special cologne.

A grimace spreads across my lips. “My sense of smell is whack.”

“Uh oh.” He furrows his brow. “Did something happen to you this morning?”

I roll my eyes. “I came out of the womb with a busted nose. The kids at school called me *cow pie* because my father always ordered me to clean up after Betsy Blue—sometimes reminding me to spray her down in front of everyone in town. And wipe her ass after she had a bad batch of hay.”

Amedeo’s eyes widen.

He steps back. “You’re a farm boy.”

I don’t know why he acts so surprised.

“Midwest born and raised.”

He lets out a wolf whistle. “Here I was thinking you were a Manhattanite.”

Wow.

Prejudiced, much?

I glare at Amedeo. “I’ve lived in New York since I was nineteen.”

Pretty much everyone in New York is a transplant.

This entire city is made up of people who come to achieve their dreams.

“I meant a *real* Manhattanite.” Amedeo rolls his eyes. “You know, one who learned to walk in Central Park.”

Un. Believe. Able.

“I learned to walk in the Central Park of my small town.”

Actually, it was more so a field than a park.

Actually, it *was* a field.

It had no swings except for a tire attached to a dead tree.

Amedeo smirks. “It’s okay, farm boy. That’s what I’ll call you from now on.”

I put my hands on my hips. “I’ll call you *garlic eater* then.”

“I fail to see the insult.”

“You’re Italian. That’s offensive.”

“I love garlic. I use it every day.”

“Of course you do.”

“How can you cook without garlic? I’d rather starve.”

This conversation isn’t going the way I expected it to.

I tap my foot on the gravel road. “Let’s quit talking about farms and head to the carnival.”

Amedeo slinks his arm around my waist. “You read my mind.”

Squeezing me tight, he leads me into the fairgrounds.

By this point, more people have started to arrive.

Best of all, the vendors are all open for business.

Delicious smells that actually reach my nose swirl through the air.

I smell cotton candy, candy apples, popcorn, and kettle corn.

I even smell regular corn—which is amazing.

Roasted corn is the best.

It’s a big lump with knobs and it’s perfect with butter.

It has so much juice, too.

I really can’t imagine a more wonderful thing.

Daddy smacks my ass. “I really can’t believe you couldn’t smell my cologne.”

I squeal as my booty jiggles.

“Oh my God!” I squirm. “You spanked me in front of the whole carnival.”

Daddy tugs me behind the popcorn booth.

He growls as he grabs a fistful of my ass, then swats it again.

“Plenty more where that came from.”

It's tempting. As. Fuck. To rip my skirt off and show Daddy my cock.

Ah, fuck—I forgot that's why I've never worn female clothes in public!

I sometimes get hard in them—everyone will see my erection.

“Tuck it in my panties, Daddy.” A whine springs free from my lips as I rub myself on Amedeo.

He growls as he palms my hardness over my skirt. “You're a naughty boy.”

“Naughty for you.”

He untucks my cock from my skirt, then slides it into my panty line. “There we go, my prince. Now, no one will see.”

I kiss his neck. “Thank you for protecting my dignity.”

He's not the vulgar alphahole I thought he was.

He smirks. “It wasn't for your benefit. It was for *mine*—I don't want anyone staring at you while we're enjoying our treats. I'd beat them into a pulp.”

Ahhh.

There's the crazy Mafia man that resides underneath his sweet exterior.

Amedeo slinks his fingers through mine and leads me back to the carnival.

The morning flies by.

We visit the various treat booths, play fun games, ride the Ferris wheel, and slide down the amazingly huge corn husk slide.

We take on the famous bottle game and Amedeo wins me a giant dinosaur stuffy.

“Oh my Gooosh!” I press the dino to my chest. “This is amazing.”

He pulls me close to him and pecks my forehead. “Roary Rex has a new playmate.”

“He sure does, Daddy.”

This time, Amedeo cocks an eyebrow at me—but he says nothing.

I say nothing, either.

Warm fuzzies build in my gut, but I push them down.

Yes, I called Amedeo Daddy for the first time without a hint of irony—still, that means nothing!

Watch out around this man. Your ex bought you stuffies as well and you can't forget what happened with him.

Chapter Seven

Amedeo

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: My dinos are on a playdate :)

Me: That's amazing, sweet boy

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: They're having so much fun

Me: Aren't you supposed to be at work?

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: I'm on my lunch break!! There are no IT emergencies so I actually get one

Me: Send me a video of your dinos wrestling

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: Heheh okay :) I have to put them in the right position first. Gimme a sec

I slide my phone facedown on my desk.

My heart is happy and light for the first time in fucking forever.

My carnival date with my angel was fun. As. Hell.

"It's been ages since I've relaxed like that."

I pick up the notes on the Riccardis my father handed me, but I can't focus on them at all.

All I want to do is speak to Cyan.

Ask him to show me his stuffies.

Tell him I need to be his daddy.

Vincenzo steps into the room. “Hey, *fratello*.”

A charged growl escapes my lips. “Don’t call me that.”

“You’re my brother.”

“Not after the way you ripped me away from my baby boy.”

Vincenzo cackles as he slinks into a chair across from me.

He kicks his feet up on my desk. “Payback, bitch.”

Wow. Just wow.

If Vincenzo weren’t related to me by blood, I’d ring his neck and toss him in the Hudson.

He has no idea how much he screwed things up by tugging me away from my prince.

Well—not *totally*.

Cyan and I still had a fabulous time at the fair, despite the fact that I gave him ZERO aftercare after our first hookup.

How I ever let Vincenzo tug me away from him, I’ll never know.

Failing to provide aftercare to your boy—even if he isn’t your boy yet—is the gravest sin in the daddy kingdom.

The daddy priests will excommunicate your ass for that!

I let out a grunt. “I’m starting to think you hate me.”

“I hate you for tugging me away from Ryder.”

“I thought you got over that ages ago.”

“The heart never forgets.” Vincenzo’s eyes turn to slits. “Now you know how it feels.”

I palm my forehead as I let out a groan.

Yeah—this is exactly what I expected from Vincenzo.

Why Mom ever gave birth to him is a mystery to me.

She should’ve sent his ass to summer camp and never picked him up.

“I had to discuss something important with you.” My voice comes out as a sneer.

“So did I.”

“No, you didn’t.”

“Yes, I did.”

“You told me we needed to come up with a plan to take down the Riccardis.”

“We do.”

“You could’ve sent my ass an email.”

Vincenzo shakes his head. “You don’t understand how sensitive this is. If my email gets hacked, our mission will be in jeopardy.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose. “No one’s going to hack your email.”

“You don’t know that.”

“You have nothing interesting in your email—no one cares.”

“I have lewd photos.” Vincenzo smirks. “Ryder and I sometimes use email to sext instead of text. It helps break up the mundanity of the workday.”

This boy is wild.

I groan as I recline in my chair. “No hacker wants to see your nudes.”

Besides, how would they even crack into his email?

We use three-factor identification.

Password.

Text.

Eye recognition.

It’s the biggest pain in the ass, but the hacker would need our physical phones and our eyes to gain access.

“I imagine that quite a lot of people would love to see my nudes.”

“Tell me how they’d even hack your email. We have three-factor enabled.”

Three-factor is super private shit.

Right now, only top government officials have access to it.

My father’s Mafia connections mean we’re ahead of the curve.

Vincenzo shoots me a look that’s the optical equivalent of calling me a moron. “I could lose my phone.”

My eyes roll to the whites. “That’d be such a *you* thing to do.”

“At least you’re taking me seriously now. Hell—any one of us could get our phones stolen at any time. The world is a dangerous place.”

I grumble to myself as I pick up a highlighter.

After emphasizing a key phrase in the packet of papers, I turn back to Vincenzo. “As long as you have three-factor enabled, you’re safe.”

A look of shame darts across my brother’s face. “Actually, I turned it off.”

Wait.

What?

“You’d better be fucking lying.” Snarling, I rise to my full stature.

He can’t make eye contact with me. “It’s too much of a pain.”

“Oh my God.”

“Every time I text Ryder, it makes me scan my fucking iris, get a text, and enter my password.”

“It’s to protect you.”

“I don’t have time for that shit. I’m a busy man. There are only so many hours in the day—I can’t waste them dealing with technology.”

Modern technology is the most annoying shit.

I’ll give my brother that.

However, it's cumbersome because if it were simpler, hackers would have a field day with your devices.

I palm my forehead. "You're putting us at risk."

"I'd say sorry if I truly meant it. But I don't—we need a better system than three-factor."

I mull this.

Dad would've told us if a better system existed.

"Turning it off is asinine," I say.

"How about only the eye scan? That should be sufficient."

I shake my head. "Someone could grab your phone and hold it up to your eye."

He grits his teeth. "A robber wouldn't even know about this technology. It's super advanced."

We deal with high-tech criminals.

They know about every piece of technology that exists.

My eyes turn to slits. "I have to tell Dad."

Vincenzo barks out a growl as he rams his arms over his chest. "Tattletale."

"I wouldn't have to tell on you if you followed the rules."

"Rules were meant to be broken."

I lean forward. "As your older brother, it's my duty to guide you down the right path. When you're out of line, I'd be failing you if I let you continue in your erroneous ways."

Vincenzo cocks an eyebrow at me. "I've spent five entire minutes explaining why three-factor is impractical. If anyone's erring, it's you and Dad."

Spoken like someone who knows they're in the wrong.

With a growl, I grab my brother's neck. "Don't make me do this the hard way."

"Threatening me. I love it."

I strangle the hell out of him. “Tell me you’ll re-enable three-factor.”

Vincenzo coughs up a lung when he shoves my hands away. “I’ll figure out what’s best for me.”

That’s when a stellar idea flashes across my mind.

With a devilish grin, I turn my head to the side. “It’d sure be a shame if someone got ahold of your lovey dovey messages to Ryder.”

Vincenzo frowns. “Explain yourself.”

“Nudes are one thing. Everyone has nudes on their phone.”

“Of course.”

“Intimate texts where Ryder calls you *daddy* are another ball game. I bet you wouldn’t feel very good with those plastered on a billboard in Times Square.”

Vincenzo sticks his nose in the air. “I happen to be proud of my kinky side.”

“Think about it.” I go for the close. “Everyone in Manhattan will know you call your partner *sweet butter biscuit* and *precious baby boy*. They’ll read your conversations about onesies, snuggling, and God knows what else.”

“I’ll deny it.”

“The hackers will have proof.”

“Like hell they will.”

“If you don’t enable three-factor, they will.”

Vincenzo crosses his arms over his chest. “The hacker wouldn’t put my texts in Times Square.”

“They’d blast them across the dark web. That’s ten times worse.”

“I’m not ashamed of who I am.”

“Our enemies will think you’re soft.” A growl escapes me.

Vincenzo gnashes his teeth. “I hadn’t thought of that.”

My brother has an uncanny ability to surprise absolutely no one.

“They’ll reason you’re nothing more than a big marshmallow inside—and use it against you.”

Vincenzo slams his fist on my desk. “I’ve killed hundreds of men.”

“Suuuuure.”

“I nearly killed the Riccardis after I saved Ryder.”

The operative word in that sentence being *nearly*.

“You didn’t quite do it.”

“They were driving too fucking fast in their getaway car. I did the best I could.”

The best doesn’t cut it in this business.

Vincenzo needs to finish what he starts—otherwise, we’re in deep shit.

Lifting the stack of papers, I wave them in front of my brother’s face. “As long as you’re here, let’s map out a plan to take these bastards out.”

Vincenzo’s pupils turn to points. “I already have a plan.”

Oh.

This should be good.

I lean back in my seat. “I’m excited to hear it.”

“I’m not telling you.”

My fingers curl into fists. “If you want Dad to include you in the will before he dies, you need to up your maturity game.”

Vincenzo shakes his head. “That’s never been my strong suit.”

“You can say that again.”

He grits his teeth. “The Riccardis own two summer homes in Sicily. One is in Palermo, the other is close to where Mom’s family is from—we know the area well. Medici believes they’re stationed there right now.”

I lean forward. “Go on.”

“They beat a trail to the one in Palermo after I nearly killed them in the warehouse. They know we’re too strong to fuck with.”

“I’m listening.”

“Ryder and I saw them trailing us in Hawaii. I was too smitten with my boy to realize they were the Riccardis—I only glimpsed them out of the corner of my eye.” Vincenzo curses to himself. “If I’d put two and two together earlier, they never would’ve kidnapped Ryder.”

I place my hand on his. “You did the best you could.”

“I was too fucking stressed—I let my guard down for a week, and look what happened.”

I shake my head. “You can’t blame yourself.”

“Then who the fuck do I blame?!” Vincenzo pushes out a roar. “I sure the fuck can’t blame Ryder!”

“Blame Tommaso. If he hadn’t cuddle-blocked you, you wouldn’t have had to go to Hawaii.”

One of my chief skills is deflecting responsibility.

In this case, shifting the culpability to our youngest brother is a perfect out.

Vincenzo doesn’t bite. “Tommaso is the only one of y’all I could stand last month.”

“Blame Dad. He’s the one who told me to bother you the first time.”

Vincenzo mulls this. “Dad will kick me out of the family if I blame him.”

“You know,” he continues, his voice dropping a notch, “he’s been much nicer to Ryder ever since he started using the little blue pill.”

This gets my attention. “I wasn’t aware he required it more than once.”

Vincenzo nods. “Mom says he takes it every night—it’s the only way he can get hard.”

I push out a breath. “That’s a shock.”

Our father, Romeo Luciano, was the world’s biggest playboy in his youth.

He fucked women all around the world.

He only stopped when he met our mother, Isabella.

She was a daisy-fresh eighteen-year-old vixen running naked on a beach in Southern Italy.

He told her parents he wanted to marry her, and the two lovebirds tied the knot less than a month later.

“You can say that again.” Vincenzo can’t resist the urge to nod.

When we were younger, Dad used to bang Mom every night.

We’d hear him grunting, her screaming, the bed shaking.

Tommaso especially hated it.

Every time Dad barged into my mother’s chambers, he’d bury his face in his pillow.

“Dad’s parents didn’t name him Romeo for nothing.” Sometimes, I’m a genius with words.

“More like Can’t-get-a-boner-eo,” Vincenzo drawls.

Wow. Just wow.

“I expect you to be more mature.”

Vincenzo snarls. “You’re the one talking about Dad’s bedroom problems.”

It’s not like I brought it up.

“You talked about them first.”

“At least I don’t enjoy talking about them. You get a kick out of it.”

“I crack up when I think of Dad wrecking Mom. It’s a damn shame his equipment’s starting to fail him.”

Vincenzo makes a retching noise. “I’ll pretend you didn’t say that out loud.”

Ehhh.

I don’t care.

I push Vincenzo away from me. “We need to get down to business.”

“I’ve been trying to. You’d prefer to talk about our parents banging.”

My lips twist into a sneer. “It’s not my fault I’m more open-minded than you.”

Where others have reservations, I have none.

Vincenzo’s voice drops an octave. “I’ll call Medici to help us get to Sicily without the Riccardis finding out.”

My phone buzzes.

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: Here’s the video, Daddy :)

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: *sends video of Roary Rex and new dino tackling each other*

Me: That’s the most precious video Daddy’s ever seen

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: Can’t talk right now. Too busy fighting

Chapter Eight

Cyan

I lift Roary Rex and stomp him over to Grrrrowly—that’s my new dino’s name.

“Roar!”

Grrrrowly charges Roary Rex and smacks him with his tail.

Roary isn’t the type to take this assault sitting down.

With a growl that sounds like Daddy’s, he attacks Grrrrowly—*and sends Grrrrowly flying under my sofa.*

“Oh, no!” I reach under my sofa to grab my friend.

I grasp in the dark trying to find it.

That’s when it happens.

Something creepy and crawly climbs over my hand.

I shriek and yank my hand out from under the sofa.

“Spider!”

I’m preparing to send Daddy a teary video when the doorbell sounds.

Ring.

Fighting back a sniffle—I’m fully in Little headspace now—I tiptoe to the front door. “Who is it?”

“Who do you think, bitch?”

Oh. Hell. Yes.

I'd recognize that familiar voice anywhere.

Rubbing my eyes, I swing the door open and take in my guests.

To my great fortune, Enzo's accompanying Ryder today—i.e. the one who originally spoke.

They hold bags that I know contain stuffies and other goodies inside.

From the top of one bag, a dash of baby blue pokes out—*Ryder's onesie*.

Hell yes. They came to play.

"Come in." I roll my eyes as I usher them inside.

Enzo shoots me a concerned look. "Is everything okay?"

"How do you feel about spiders?"

"I hate 'em."

Ryder bobs his head in agreement. "Me, too."

"Well, don't peek under my sofa." I rub my assaulted hand on my thigh. "You might find something you'd rather not."

Ryder takes my hand in his and marches me toward my dining table. "Good thing we didn't plan to sit on your sofa today."

"The problem is that Grrrrowly is stuck with the spider." A snuffle escapes me.

Enzo's eyebrows shoot up. "Uh oh."

"Grrrrowly and Roary Rex—those are the two dinosaur stuffies Amedeo bought me—were wrestling when Roary hit Grrrrowly so hard with his tail he smacked him under the couch."

Ryder pretends to wipe a tear from his cheek. "Time for a stuffy funeral."

Uhhh.

No.

I put my hands on my hips. “You’re supposed to retrieve him for me.”

Ryder looks sheepish. “I guess you’re right.”

Enzo smacks Ryder’s arm. “God, you’re morbid.”

“I thought we’d acknowledged the spiders had claimed the stuffy now.” Ryder shrugs. “None of us have the *cajones* to take on arachnids—we’ll let them win this battle.”

“This is my dino stuffy you’re talking about.” I can’t believe I have to remind Ryder of this.

Ryder chuckles as he sets his bag on my table. “I’m messing with you. After we play, I’ll ask Daddy how to retrieve a lost stuffy—which none of us are brave enough to save.”

Enzo nods in agreement. “That’s an excellent idea.”

“What?” I drawl. “Will he tell us to use a coat hanger or something?”

Coat hangers aren’t safe for Littles boys to play with.

The ends are sharp and pointy—we could gouge our eyes out.

Ryder chuckles. “We’ll wait and see. Daddy’s in an important meeting with Amedeo right now—he won’t be able to respond until he gets out.”

Important meeting.

Yeah, right.

Something tells me these Luciano brothers are probably getting drunk at a bar.

Enzo cracks open his bag. “Let’s see what I brought.”

I crack my neck. “I’d think you’d already know.”

The look Enzo shoots me is the optical equivalent of a gutter in the Bronx—i.e. dirty as hell. “I skipped through the dollar store blindfolded and picked out a bunch of random goodies.”

Sure you did, Enzo.

Sure you did.

From his bag, he tugs out rainbow gummies, chocolate cherry bombs, barbecue chips, juice boxes, three tiny bottles of spirits, and weed brownies.

Ryder stomps his foot on the ground. “You can’t bring drugs to a Little playdate.”

“Weed brownies aren’t drugs.” Enzo glares at Ryder. “In California, they’re herbal medicine.”

“No liquor, either.” I crook an eyebrow.

God, what part of *Little* doesn’t he understand?

We’re not supposed to be getting blitzed while playing with our stuffies!

Although something tells me the brownies and liquor aren’t enough to do much—they’ll help us relax into our special headspace.

“There’s nothing wrong with a tiny dash of spirits in our apple juice.” Enzo seems like he’ll die on this hill.

Ryder brings his fingers to his chin. “You know, Rowan told me he once spiked juice boxes with a bit of booze at a sleepover with Karter and Christian. They weren’t even twenty-one yet—maybe it’s not so bad.”

Rowan and Karter are Christian’s two friends we know from Little Land.

They’re slender, adorable twinks with playful sides.

Rowan helped Enzo create a wonderful dino T-shirt for me last month.

It said *No One Cums Between Me and Daddy*.

It’s basically the best clothing item ever.

I lift one of the bottles of spirits. “We’ll compromise. We’ll each take a baby sip from this bottle—but don’t open the others.”

Ryder rolls his eyes. “I highly doubt that’ll do anything.”

I’m not the biggest drinker.

Even the whiff of alcohol makes me tipsy.

Cracking open the bottle, I dump a bit into my juice box. “There. I’m ready to get hammered.”

“Don’t be such a prude.” Enzo can’t help but chuckle as he dumps the rest in his juice box. “Playdates for Littles are like regular people heading to the bar. They’re our only social event. It’s natural we have a tiny drink to help us get into our headspace.”

“I want these,” Ryder drawls, helping himself to the package of rainbow gummies. “Daddy’s not here to tell me to eat vegetables—I’m gonna pig out.”

You and me both, sister.

We move the snacks into my bedroom.

From their bags, my friends remove their stuffies, onesies, pacifiers, and other Little items.

Ryder slides into his cozy baby blue onesie.

Enzo dons the most comfortable-looking dino one I’ve ever seen.

That’s when I pause.

My eyes drop to my midsection as an uncomfortable sensation wells up within me.

“I can’t change yet.”

Ryder walks to my side. “If you want to wear a diaper, tell us.”

Enzo nods. “We won’t judge.”

I plant my ass on the side of my bed. “I told myself I’d use them sparingly. They’re expensive—and I wear them too often.”

“Hey.” Enzo holds my hand. “There’s no reason to feel ashamed.”

I stare at my feet. “I want a daddy who won’t judge me for my diaper use. One who’ll change me, kiss my belly, and allow me to wet myself. I feel so sad doing it alone.”

“I’ll help you into your diaper.” Ryder issues me a smile. “You know I don’t mind.”

“It’s not the same as when Daddy does it,” I say.

This is the truth.

As wonderful as my friends are, having a daddy to pamper me would be sooooo much better.

My mind drifts to Amedeo.

Is changing a Little something he’s comfortable with?

I’m older than a lot of Littles in the community who use diapers.

Daddies rejecting me because of my kink is a big insecurity of mine.

Never mind what happened with your ex. That’s the biggest reason for your insecurity and you know it.

Ryder climbs onto my bed. “On your back, Baby Cyan.”

He helps me remove my clothes.

My dick springs up against my belly, hard and achy.

Ryder wipes down my cock, belly, and balls, taking his time, scrubbing slowly.

Sliding my special changing mat under my ass, he coats my bits in baby powder and fastens the diaper onto me.

“There you go.”

I place my hand on my diaper and squeeze. “Perfect.”

Enzo cackles as he slaps my arm. “You had nothing to worry about.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“Friends who change each other’s diapers stay together.”

Thanks, Ryder.

After sliding into my dino onesie, I remove my changing mat from the bed and grip Roary Rex.

Sadly, Grrrrrowly is still trapped under my sofa—we’ll have to rescue him the second Vincenzo and Amedeo are out of their meeting!

For the next few hours, my friends and I busy ourselves with play.

Dino and bunny stuffies duke it out like they're mortal enemies.

We play a silly game called *End of the World* where we pretend asteroids are coming to destroy Earth.

We have to fight for the last few remaining resources—i.e. rainbow gummies.

“Hey.” I snap my head up. “Y’all forgot the Zebra cakes!”

Normally, when we play this game, Zebra cakes are our principal food resource.

Ryder looks sheepish. “Tell him what happened.”

“No, you.” Enzo can’t make eye contact with me.

I put my hands on my hips. “Fess up.”

Enzo pushes out a breath. “We may have eaten them in the car.”

I smack my forehead.

Why am I not surprised?

“You could’ve saved me one.” This comes out way more drawl-ish than I intended.

Ryder shrugs his shoulders. “We tried our best. Honestly.”

“Once you have one, you gotta have the whole pack.” Enzo could be a marketing consultant.

After we play for a bit longer, Vincenzo texts us a solution to my lost stuffy problem.

DiscreetDaddyPlzNoNudesWithoutAsking: Use a hockey stick to get the stuffy out

Ryder turns to me. “We need your hockey stick.”

Boy.

As if.

“I’d like to know what makes you think I own a hockey stick.”
I’m nothing if not blunt.

“You’re from the Midwest. Of course you have a hockey stick.”

“Or a lacrosse stick.” Why Enzo thinks this makes any more sense, I’ll never know.

I furrow my brow. “I grew up on a farm. We didn’t play hockey.”

“Then, lasso you’re damn stuffy out from under the sofa.”

“I’m not from Texas,” I snap. “Or the Wild West.”

“You should know how to lasso.” Ryder waggles his eyebrows. “It’s a skill that never goes out of style.”

Boy!

Do I look like a damn cowboy?

I tap my foot on the ground. “If Bolan hadn’t screwed me over, he could crawl under the sofa and retrieve Grrrowly.”

This leads to a pause in the conversation.

Ryder and Enzo turn their faces up in unison at the mention of my ex.

Both boys’ eyebrows slide together. “I forgot about Bolan.”

“Is he almost out of prison?” Enzo inches closer to me.

I sigh as I rest my chin on my fist.

This is my biggest emotional wound.

“He gets out in two weeks.”

Ryder’s jaw drops. “Oh, no. I’m so sorry.”

Here’s the deal with Bolan.

We met at a club and fell madly in love—or so I thought.

Nine months into our relationship, I discovered he was involved in a money laundering scheme.

He was only with me to appear legitimate as he bilked age play community members for cash.

It was terrible.

Bolan made the news when the authorities sentenced him to three years in a white-collar prison.

That was nearly three years ago.

They gave him such a short sentence. The judge should've added a few extra years in jail for poor behavior.

Enzo wraps me in a hug. “I can’t even imagine what you’re going through.”

“It’s okay.” It’s really not.

“I remember Bolan’s con like it was yesterday.” Ryder shakes his head in disappointment. “Everyone was upset that the judge let him off easily. He stole millions of dollars from community members—millions! We’re not the wealthiest crowd, either. For some, he wiped out their life savings.”

My eyes burn. “This is why I’ve been so desperate to find a new daddy. With Bolan coming out into the real world, he’ll try to contact me. I was his beard—his *cover* so he could con others. I lost my reputation. A new daddy could help me regain some of the friends I lost after Bolan’s con.”

Ryder pushes Enzo away from me so he can hug me. “We stuck with you, buddy. We know you’re a great person—not like your garbage ex.”

Enzo nods. “It’s not your fault he screwed people over. You were in love—he conned you, too.”

My phone buzzes.

DreamyBigDickDaddy: Hey, boy :) My brother tells me your special stuffy I bought you at the carnival is stuck under your sofa—with spiders! If I weren’t downtown, I’d retrieve it for you. Instead, I’ll tell you to do something with your friends—push the sofa back. All three of ya. Then, pick him up and give him a good shake to banish the dust bunnies

Tears well in my eyes. “This is the sweetest message ever.”

Ryder pats my back. “Amedeo adores you. You don’t have to worry about him screwing you over like Bolan.”

“Let’s head to the sofa.”

After setting my phone down, we march downstairs like duckies and push my sofa back.

Grrrrowly is waiting for us on the ground.

To my surprise, a black thread sits next to him—it must’ve fallen off the sofa.

“Dude!” Ryder grabs the thread. “This is what you felt when you reached for Grrrrowly earlier—a thread! Not a spider.”

I can’t help but groan as I grab Grrrrowly. “Oh my Gosh.”

Enzo takes Grrrrowly from my arms and shakes him off. “You’re too silly.”

Rushing back to my room, I take my phone and snap a pic of Grrrrowly.

Me: It worked!!! Thank you thank you thank you, Daddy!

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I knew it would, baby boy :)

As I head back downstairs to help my friends push my sofa back in place, I can’t help but think about how sweet Daddy is.

Still—something niggles in the back of my mind.

Bolan was sweet when we first met.

He didn’t show his evil side until after he conned my community friends.

Now, I don’t think Amedeo is the same type of man—but I’ve already been betrayed once and I’d swear off love forever if it happened again.

Don’t give your heart to Amedeo. Not fully.

Chapter Nine

Amedeo

“You don’t have to do this.”

My baby boy—err, *future* baby boy—hesitates outside of the luxury shop.

My eyes travel up and down—*and I let out a groan.*

Hot. Damn.

Even though he’s nervous, he still looks like a million bucks.

His slim khakis hug his curves and his dinosaur T-shirt—what a glorious design—accentuates his beautiful arms.

But what draws me to him most of all, what reels me in like a hungry fish in the Mediterranean, are his coffee eyes.

Dark. Deep. Hazel.

My boy’s eyes contain the universe.

“I want to, sweet boy.” I slink my arm around his waist.

Right now, we’re standing outside a top-rated girly clothing store in Manhattan.

It’s across the street from Little Land which is a pretty intelligent location.

It’s not for children—the blouses, dresses, and leggings it stocks are for adult babies.

Specifically, they're for adult babies who enjoy girly things.

Cyan bites his lower lip—that plush, full lower lip I want to suck. “I’m still shy about embracing my identity.”

No. Way. In. Hell.

A growl escapes my pursed lips. “I refuse to let you feel embarrassed.”

“I’m not embarrassed.” He kicks a pebble into the street. “Simply confused as to why you enjoy when I wear girly things.”

I tilt his chin up.

Sweet mother of Jesus—his lower lip is *trembling*.

Running my thumb across it, I seek to calm his nerves. “You have zero reason to be shy. You don’t know this, precious boy, but I’ve always enjoyed boys in feminine clothes.”

He furrows his brow. “You have?”

I take it he hasn’t met men like me before.

I nod. “My ex-boyfriend wore feminine clothes frequently. Well, he did at first.”

My voice trails off into nothingness.

Cyan takes the opportunity to rest his hand on my waist. “Sounds like something changed.”

No.

He changed.

There’s a monumental difference.

“He started acting strangely before our relationship ended.” I bite my lip. “He’d never had a problem wearing girly clothes or letting me baby him—until then.”

I’m not sure what caused Travis’s sudden personality change.

It was almost like someone flipped a switch inside him that altered who he was.

And don’t even think about the dark alleys he was wandering into toward the end of our time together—that was fucking

bizarre. Or the online searches he made on his burner phone. That shit was so unlike the boy I fell in love with it's not even funny.

Cyan grins. "I smell a mystery."

"Me, too." A charged grunt springs free from my lips. "I'd rather not talk about my ex right now."

"Can I ask what his name was?"

"Travis."

With this, Cyan's eyebrows migrate to his forehead. "That's odd."

"What?" I bark.

He pushes out a breath. "I'm not prepared to tell you about my ex-boyfriend quite yet. I'm sure you could look it up—but I'd rather you didn't. He was a bad person who used me to manipulate some of my friends. And—this is the weird part. He knew someone named Travis. He used to text him—he claimed he was a work colleague—as we were heading to bed."

This stops me dead in my tracks.

My eyes lock on his. "That *is* odd, baby boy."

"Like I said—I'm not comfortable discussing my past yet. Hopefully, I can someday."

There's something Cyan's not telling me.

It's as plain as day.

All at once, I recall the tidbit I learned about Travis's late-night alley prowling.

The alley was next to a halfway house for low-level financial criminals who were preparing for release.

My PI thought Travis might've been communicating with one of these men who was set to re-enter the real world.

I wonder if there's a connection.

Pushing this from my brain, I lift my boy's chin up. "I understand, sweet one. Let's go shopping and discuss this

later.”

Cyan blushes. “Are you gonna help me try on the pretties?”

Pretties.

It’s the little things my boy says that turn my heart into a melted s’more.

“Yes.”

“Does this dress make my ass look fat?”

I sit with my phone as I wait for Cyan to exit the changing room.

We spent three hours going through the girly clothes.

To my surprise, when push came to shove, he wanted to change alone.

Talk about upsetting!

I’d have loved to strip my angel down, growl as I rammed panties on his curvy body, then maybe even pop his cock in my mouth—or fuck him in the hot-pink maxi dress he selected.

However, my angel got cold feet at the last minute.

He still doesn’t believe I’m attracted to men who wear so-called “girly” clothes.

I’ll have to be patient to change his mind.

My eyes tick up—and my cock throbs in my briefs when I spot him.

Oh. My. Lanta.

Is this... my boy?

The dress is even pinker than I recall.

It squeezes his curves like OJ Simpson’s tight ass glove, barely allowing them room to breathe.

But Christ—*it's the sexiest dress I've ever seen in my life.*

“Angel.” A pulse slams behind my forehead. “No fucking way.”

I'm not sure which lie is worse.

The one where I tell Cyan his ass doesn't look fat—which it absolutely does in the best way possible—or that I don't love that his ass looks thick and juicy AF.

(Yes, I said AF—sue me!)

“Shit!” Cyan appears glum. “I was hoping I looked like the male version of Nicki Minaj.”

With a groan, I ram my hand down my pants.

The sales attendant glares at me. “Keep your fingers out of your trousers.”

“I'm only adjusting my balls,” I snap, staring at my angel's thick booty. “Relax, bitch.”

Cyan spins in a circle. “I can't believe you find me attractive. My last daddy said no man would ever love me if I wore pretties.”

I pump my shaft under my pants. “You look like a million bucks.”

“But do I look like Nicki?”

“Nicki. Doja. Cardi. You're the male version of pop singer sexy.”

Cyan's cheeks flush pink. “You know exactly what to say to me.”

“I only tell the truth, baby boy.” Standing up, I tuck my dick in my waistband so no one sees it and walk to my prince's side. “I don't know what to do with myself while staring at you.”

Cyan pushes his ass out. “I have one idea.”

The sales attendant yanks us apart. “Not here, you don't.”

Goddamn.

This attendant needs to get a life.

“Hands off my boy.” The growl that escapes me is deep. Low. Powerful.

It’s the type of growl to crack the foundation of the Empire State Building.

The type to shake the flaming torch out of the Statue of Liberty’s hand.

Cyan threads his fingers through mine. “Thank you for accepting me, Daddy.”

There it is again.

Daddy.

Coming from Cyan’s lips, it’s the most precious thing I’ve ever heard.

“I *am* your daddy, boy. I’m glad you finally realized it.”

Cyan blushes. “Only under one condition.”

Ahhh.

My boy’s a stellar negotiator.

I crook a smile. “Tell me.”

“When I tell you about my last relationship, please promise not to abandon me.”

This isn’t what I expected to hear.

My head tilts to the side. “I’d never do that.”

“A lot of people have.” Cyan’s head falls. “Including my former friends.”

Reaching out, I stroke his arm. “Hey.”

He looks up. “Yes?”

“I’ve already committed to you, angel. Unless you tell me you and your ex were ax murderers, I’m not going anywhere.”

Actually, even if he did say he and his ex were ax murderers, I still wouldn’t go anywhere.

I’ve done worse.

Far worse.

Cyan's cheeks flush pink. "It's nothing that serious."

"Good."

A growl escapes me as I spin him in a circle.

Look. At. That. Caboose.

Hallelujah—it's raining ass cheeks!

I tug Cyan close to me. "Tell Daddy you want him to help you change out of that dress."

Cyan presses his lips to my ear. "Yes, please. I'm not shy anymore."

I lead him into the changing room.

The sales attendant tries to give us shit, but I throw ten hundred-dollar bills at her to keep her far away.

Locking the door, I unzip the back of Cyan's perfect dress and let it fall to the floor.

Imagine my surprise when I see what he's wearing underneath—*pink panties!*

"Ohhhh, you're a girly boy." With a groan, I run my fingers up and down his cock—which is hard. "This was your Little secret, wasn't it? Baby Cyan's a Little girl under his big boy clothes?"

Cyan's dick pulses. "I have one more secret."

I smirk.

Then I pitch forward and crush my lips to his.

Hard. Hot. Powerful.

The stars align as I swirl my tongue around his mouth, connecting with him in a way I haven't yet.

"Look at it." I let out a groan as I tug my aching shaft out of my briefs. "See what you do to Daddy."

Cyan moans as he takes my cock and rubs it on his panties.

A squirt of pre-cum gushes out of the tip.

It lands on his balls.

“I’ll keep it with me for the rest of the day, Daddy.”

Ferociously, unable to control myself, I yank his panties back and beat off into them.

Garbled grunts escape me, so full of desire, passion, need.

Sweat pours down my forehead, dripping onto my cock, which I use as lube—*juicy, squelching lube*.

When I bust, my cream spurts all over his cock and balls.

I cover his privates with the panties. “Daddy gave you a gift.”

“I won’t wash it off until morning, Daddy!”

Leaning in, I nibble his earlobe. “Don’t ever wash those panties.”

Chapter Ten

Cyan

I'm Daddy's boy.

Daddy's good boy.

A breath escapes me as I climb into my shower.

I lather up my belly, arms, legs, and junk with pink princess shampoo, then pick up my razor.

After rinsing it under the hot stream, I bring it to my nuts.

“Time to shave for Daddy.” Whistling my favorite song, I begin to groom myself. “Gotta be smooth as marble for him.”

The hair comes off easily.

For the first time since I began shaving my penis, I don't even nick myself—what a big boy accomplishment!

When I've finished, I rinse my balls off and study my handiwork.

Yep.

Yep.

And yep.

Clean as a whistle—and smooth as ice cream.

One thing's not smooth at all.

With a groan, I squirt shampoo onto my dick.

I pump it hard, hot, throwing my head back as I stroke.

Heat waves through me, slamming into my core, taking me out to sea.

I picture Daddy's dirty acts in the girly clothing store changing room.

He covers my willy and bits with my pink panties. "Daddy gave you a gift."

A primal scream escapes me as my cut dick spurts in the shower.

Hot shots of cum rocket against the tile wall, slamming into the caulk lines, then dripping to my feet.

I groan as my back mashes against the wall, my lungs working a double shift to help me breathe.

"Daddy is *so* hot."

My mind traces the lines of Amedeo's firm abs. Biceps. Chiseled jaw.

I envision his giant Italian dick—pink and uncut—angrily, desperately unloading between my legs.

He's a feral man, that Amedeo.

But it's the way he promised to hear me out about my ex that truly speaks to me. Unlike everyone in my past—save for Ryder and Enzo—he refuses to rush to judgment. That's why he excites me so much.

After hopping out of the shower, I dry myself off and head to the kitchen for breakfast.

I've barely taken a sip of orange juice when my phone rings.

"This is a collect call from Bolan Bankman. You have a message."

It happens before I realize what's going on.

A stone sinks into my belly.

It weighs down my soul.

The phone nearly clatters out of my hand. "Accept."

I don't know why I say this.

No part of me wishes to speak to Bolan—hell, I haven't visited him once in prison.

Still, he's getting out any day.

I must prepare myself for when he inevitably tries to move in with me.

“Cyan?”

One word is all it takes to bring it all back.

The pain, the betrayal, the shock when I found out he'd lied to everyone in my life.

“Hey, Bolan.”

“I can't believe you picked up.”

A grunt escapes me. “Me, neither.”

“Look.” He decides to speak up at last. “You probably don't know this, but I'm getting out soon.”

“I did know.”

“I'm not going to ask to move in with you.”

That's a surprise.

My lower lip quivers. “Fine.”

“I have a friend in the Bronx who offered me a place to stay. At least for the summer. Until I get back on my feet.”

“I'm glad someone's there to help you.”

This is a bald-faced lie.

I'm not glad at all.

People invested their life savings into Bolan's scheme.

They haven't even recovered it yet.

Bolan deserves to live under a fucking bridge for the rest of his life.

“What I did to you was wrong.” Bolan finally decides to apologize—three years too late.

“No.” My voice is firm. Unwavering. “What you did to *my friends* was wrong. All you did was use me—you fucked up their lives.”

The age play community is tight knit.

Trust is our most valuable currency.

Bolan gnashes his teeth. “I’m figuring out a way to repay everyone. There’s no excuse for what I did—I have to live with my choices every day for the rest of my life. But I’ll go to the grave trying to make it right.”

“Okay, Bolan.”

I hate to say it, but he’s saying the right things.

I don’t trust him and I certainly don’t want anyone to give him a second chance.

Yet if he’s truly committed to mending relationships, helping his victims recover what they lost, and apologizing, what can I do?

“I’ll talk to you later.”

“Bye.” I kill the call.

Instantly, I pick up my phone to text Daddy.

Me: Hey, Daddy

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: Hey, baby boy :) What’s up?

Me: My ex called :/

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: Oh. Ok

Me: I hate that I picked up the phone. He was so cruel to me and my friends back in the day

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: Did he apologize for treating you poorly?

Me: Yes. I’m not sure if I believe him, though. And—before you ask, no, I don’t wish him the best. You can forgive someone and still wash your hands of them. I want nothing to do with him

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: That's very mature, sweetheart. Actually, I'm in a similar situation myself

Me: I feel like we should speak about our past relationships on our next date :)

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I agree, angel ;) How about a slumber party this weekend?

Me: That sounds like a plan :)

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: Bye, baby. I'll talk to you later

Me: Sending you kisses, Daddy :)

Amedeo

After I finish texting Cyan, I stare at my phone in disbelief.

It's almost too crazy to be true.

No, it's not the fact that his ex got back in contact with him—I'm confident in my manhood.

No motherfucker on Heaven or Earth is a better partner than me!

Cyan would be a goddamn lunatic to pick some loser ex over my Greek God-like ass.

“How strange.”

On the day where Cyan received a call from a shitty person in his past, I received a letter from Travis.

Dear Amedeo,

I'm not asking for a second chance. You were right when you broke up with me last month. We drifted apart. I should've been upfront about my changing desires.

I need advice. An old friend of mine is returning to town. I offered him a place to stay. He did some terrible things to me a few years ago. He conned me and took my money.

Now, he claims he's changed. I'm not sure I believe him.

Should I rescind my offer? Or should I let him stay with me over the summer?

P.S. I'll never lose my feelings for you, Amedeo. You're an amazing man. I was the one who changed, not you. If you ever want to chat like two old friends, you can call me anytime.

—Travis

“This is so weird.”

I set the note back on my kitchen table and pick up my coffee.

No part of me desires to get back with Travis.

We had the world.

He threw it away by accusing me of “stifling” him and searching for new daddies online.

And also walking through creepy fucking alleys late at night next to halfway houses.

Something in this note feels manipulative.

I can't pinpoint what it is, but the sensation I'm being toyed with like a mouse doesn't escape me.

Heading to my bedroom, I lock the note in the safe where I keep my passports, money orders, gold bullion, jade, pirate swords, and rubies.

As I'm leaving, a firm hand grips my shoulder.

“It's time to talk.”

I let out a yelp as Dad slams me into the wall.

Groaning, I throw his hand off and stare him down. “What the fuck, Dad?!”

Dad pushes out a breath. “You've been ignoring my calls. We need to chat about Sicily.”

I release a growl. “I'm not interested in discussing the Riccardis right now.”

Dad's eyebrows migrate to his forehead. “What? No. I'm talking about my upcoming trip with your mother.”

Wait.

Huh?

I step back as I furrow my brow. “Your voyage to visit Mom’s family in Sicily?”

Dad’s been “planning” to return to Southern Italy for years.

Every time the opportunity presents itself, he backs out.

Last month, Mom gave him an ultimatum—*head to Sicily with her or get lost.*

I’m pretty sure she was joking, but you never know.

Dad promised to visit her parents, Nonna and Nonno.

I can’t believe he’s following through on his promise.

“Glad you’re keeping up.” Dad’s tone is snappish.

I grit my teeth. “I’m not the one who’s avoided my in-laws for years.”

“First of all, it hasn’t been *years.*” Dad taps his foot on the ground. “Only three.”

“Four.”

“Three-and-eleven-months.”

Our family isn’t great with time.

I shake my head in disappointment. “That’s hardly a reason to corner me in my hallway and strangle me.”

Dad runs his right hand through his thick hair.

He turns away from me with what appears to be a dash of pink on his cheeks.

“I need your help.” His delayed admission gives me no joy.

A sigh escapes me. “Tell me what you need.”

When Dad asks for help, it’s a good idea to listen.

Of course, sometimes he’s so out of line you want to drop-kick him in the nuts—like that time he asked our Spanish gardener how to dance the Macarena.

He has the power to end your life if you ignore him.

Dad grits his teeth. "I'm nervous to see your mother's family again."

OMG.

He's kidding, right?

"You?" A snort escapes me. "I can't picture you being nervous."

"This is hard for me to admit." Clearly. "Don't make fun of me."

I don't get many opportunities to gain the upper hand over my father.

When they come, I take advantage of them.

"You're a mob boss, Dad." I have a tendency to state the obvious around him. "You've killed more men than top-notch snipers do in ten lifetimes. You have zero reason to be afraid."

Dad rams his arm around my shoulders and leads me into the kitchen.

He settles into a chair as he sips a cup of coffee. "It's because there's someone I'm trying not to see there. I'll have no choice but to confront some pretty uncomfortable feelings if I return."

Hmmm.

This is interesting.

I settle into a seat across from Dad. "Go on."

"Last time I visited your mother, your little cousin, Giosuè, invited a schoolmate of his over for dinner."

"Dino."

Dad nods. "That's the one. Spunky little fellow."

Annoying is more like it.

"I know the one."

Dad grits his teeth. "He couldn't have been more than eighteen. I tried not to stare at him. I really did. But he kept 'forgetting' to wear a T-shirt around the house. Dino and the rest of your cousins would come in for peach juice, and he'd

wear these skimpy little shorts without a shirt. Once, he dropped his towel in front of me! His entire naked body was on full display. I saw everything—his cock, his balls, his ass. I left Sicily that day with your mother and never came back.”

My jaw drops. “You’re. Fucking. Kidding. Me.”

Never in a million years did I expect my father to have a thing for a guy!

Dad’s cheeks flush pink. “I wish.”

“Does Mom know?”

Dad groans. “That’s the worst part.”

“I’m all ears.”

“She knew I’d explored things with men before I met her—she knew my type. She nudged my ribs and introduced him to me.”

Oh. My. God.

This can’t be real.

“I feel like this is a practical joke.”

“I don’t want to be around temptation.” Dad’s eyes turn to slits. “I’ve committed to your mother.”

I grit my teeth. “You’d better think about this really fucking hard before you head back to Sicily.”

Chapter Eleven

Isabella

I'm the mother of three rowdy Italian boys.

Amedeo.

Vincenzo.

Tommaso.

My husband met me when I was a daisy-fresh eighteen-year-old girl skipping naked on a beach in Southern Italy.

We've had many wonderful years together—more than I can count, shit!

“Son of a bitch!” I cackle out a laugh as I sip my martini in my luxurious backyard. “How the hell did I manage to put up with Romeo's ass for so long?!”

My husband is an amazing man.

There's no denying that.

Powerful. Strong. Unwavering.

However—and this is a BIG however—we've been behaving more like friends than lovers for years.

When we first tied the knot, Romeo ravaged me every night.

He had a dick that wouldn't quit and balls that wouldn't stop nutting inside me.

Hell, it's a miracle I only had three children!

You'd think with all the virile loads I took, I'd be fucking Octomom or some shit!

Nah—I got lucky in that sense.

(I love my children, don't get me wrong. But three's enough. Any more than that, I'd lose my mind.)

I twirl my fingers through my hair as a warm breeze blows across my body. "Romeo needs to return to Sicily."

This is the real reason I've been trying to get him to visit my homeland.

It's not to see Nonna and Nonno again—I know Romeo deeply loves my parents.

No, it's to figure out what the hell he wants to do with that boy!

My pedicurist exits my house with a tray of exquisite polish. "What color would you like today, Mrs. Luciano?"

I check out the options. "Dark green is perfect."

Green.

Sinister.

Snake-like.

That's how I have to think when I pop the question to Romeo —*again*.

He's been avoiding this boy who was totally into him and tempted him for the longest time.

My pedicurist starts working on my toes.

Speak of the Devil, that's when Romeo saunters out in his suit.

My heart fills with love when I lay eyes on him.

He has gray hair now, but he's still the love of my life.

"Good morning, dear." I beckon him into the comfortable chair to my right.

He grumbles to himself as he joins me. "Morning, *bella*."

He sips an espresso as he stares at our infinity pool.

I've been married to the man long enough to know something's on his mind.

I run my right hand across his bicep. "Tell me what you're thinking, dear."

A mammoth groan escapes him as he palms his forehead. "I'm going over the plan to take out the Riccardi brothers."

"Don't lie to me." I hate to sound like a bitch, but boy—tell the damn truth! "I won't put up with that."

He shoots me a pained look. "I can't visit your family in Sicily."

I grit my teeth. "Yes, you can."

"No, I can't."

"Yes, you can."

"No, I can't."

"Nonna and Nonno desperately wish to see you."

"I'll buy them another olive tree for their garden."

I take another sip of my martini. "We need to quit beating around the damn bush."

Romeo squeezes my hand. "Have you waxed your bush lately, my love?"

What!

My eyes turn to slits. "That's not what we're going to discuss and you know it."

Here's the deal.

It's not that Romeo's not hot in bed anymore.

The little blue pill doesn't even bother me—as long as he gets it up, baby!

I just... *need something different!*

Something to make me come alive.

And, I hate to say it, but Romeo does, too.

We'll always have love for each other, but—*maybe Romeo's bedroom problems are the result of a sexual relationship that's past its expiration date.*

Romeo barks out a grunt. “You won't let me leave until I spill my guts, will you?”

“No.”

“I was tempted by that young man.” He can't bring himself to look at me. “There—I said it.”

“First of all,” I drawl, ready to screw with my husband, “he wasn't a young man—he was an eighteen-year-old boy!”

Romeo squirms in his seat. “You're not making this easier for me.”

I pull out my phone. “This is a text from Giosuè—he said he was celebrating Dino's twenty-second birthday last week. That means Dino was absolutely above the age of majority during that week when you perverted on him.”

Romeo huffs and puffs. “I didn't do shit—he came on to me!”

My pedicurist smirks. “That's what they all say.”

I can't help but cackle and snort.

Goddamn—I'm hella unladylike this morning, but I don't give a fuck!

My husband wants to bang a twenty-two-year-old boy.

Romeo sends hellfire toward my pedicurist with his glare. “Stay out of this.”

“Darling.” A groan escapes me as I run my fingers across his chest. “You're bisexual—there's nothing wrong with that. You shouldn't avoid returning to Sicily simply because you're worried you might get with a boy.”

“Can you say *man*?” Romeo snaps. “It's freaking me out to hear you refer to him as a boy over and over.”

Well.

He is a boy—or at least he was when he showed you his dick!

I let out a sigh. “Tell me what’s stopping you from admitting you like him.”

“I’m loyal to you.” Romeo pushes out a growl as he takes my hand in his. “When I married you, I committed to you for life. I didn’t take that vow lightly.”

My heart fills with warmth.

I can’t lie—even though I need to push Romeo in a separate direction, I adore the fact that he’s always been loyal to me.

“I have a confession.” I grimace as I say this.

Romeo’s eyebrows slant. “Okay.”

“There’s a woman at the club who stares at me while I’m with my tennis instructor. I’ve never done anything about it, and I’ve barely returned her gaze. However, part of me doesn’t hate the thought of trying things out with a woman.”

Romeo’s jaw drops. “Darling—you’re joking.”

“She’s going through a messy divorce. Her husband cheated on her and she was the last to know—besides me, of course. I stay out of country club drama. This was too interesting to ignore. I imagine she could use a helping hand.”

Here’s another reason why I think Romeo and I should call it quits sexually.

For the past six months, we’ve had to play recordings of us having sex so our neighbors think we’re fully intimate!

Virility is integral to an Italian male’s masculinity.

Romeo can’t stand the thought of having bedroom problems—he needs everyone to know he’s still a thoroughbred.

Romeo’s lips part. “I can’t believe you never told me about this.”

“It’s a recent development.”

“You have always been partial to the poetry of Sappho.”

I glare at my husband. “You’d have to be a monster not to like Sappho.”

“Have you always been an honorary citizen of the city of Gomorrah—or did this come on all of a sudden?”

“I only noticed her staring two weeks ago.”

That’s why I needed to bring this up now.

The woman at the club might move onto someone else.

I want to be there to hold her hand.

Romeo pushes out a breath. “I haven’t been with a man in decades.”

I squeeze his palm. “Maybe this is what you have to do to quit taking the little blue pill.”

My pedicurist grins. “I’m getting all the juicy gossip today.”

I kick his ribs. “Hush, Javier.”

“I’ll head to Sicily.” Romeo shoots me one last look. “Are you positive you won’t be upset with me?”

“Girl,” I drawl, draining my margarita, “I’ll be too busy scissoring.”

“Shit.” My manicurist curses as he smears nail polish on my skin. “You made me fuck up your big toe.”

“Thank you, babe.” Leaning in, Romeo dusts my cheek with a kiss. “I’m ready to be more open with myself.”

“Well, hold your horses.” I let out a cackle-snort. “There’s no guarantee Dino is even into you anymore. Maybe it was a one-time thing. Maybe he wasn’t coming onto you at all. Maybe he got a kick out of seducing someone his grandpa’s age.”

Romeo bites his lower lip. “I hadn’t thought of that.”

My manicurist rubs Romeo’s thigh. “If he turns you down, my broke ass is always available.”

Romeo heads back inside. “Keep dreaming.”

Chapter Twelve

Cyan

“Awww.” I’m cuddling in bed with Daddy. “This is so sweet.”

Amedeo scrolls through his phone. “You can say that again.”

“I can’t believe your father did this for your mother.”

“He has a great heart.”

Our animated movie finished early tonight.

Right now, Amedeo’s showing me pictures of the love letters his father wrote his mother.

It’s the most adorable thang.

Dear Isabella,

I love you to the moon and back. Thank you for letting me explore this part of myself. I’ll buy you flowers every day for the rest of your life.

Your husband,

Romeo Luciano <3

My heart fills with warm fuzzies. “Your father must be getting hella action.”

Amedeo clears his throat. “Oh. Right.”

Erm.

I tilt my head up. “What?”

“He wrote Mom this note because she’s encouraging him to follow up with a twink who came onto him four years ago in Sicily.”

My head fucking explodes. “You’re joking!”

“He was too ashamed to admit it. Mom thinks that’s why he’s had to take the little blue pill—his body craved something else, but his mind held him back. Now, he can discover the part of himself he buried when he married Mom.”

Wow. Just wow.

Apparently, the Lucianos are wilder than I thought.

“I could’ve sworn your father was as straight as they came.”

“In Italy, men who fuck other men are no different from ‘straight’ men. You’d have no idea he used to bed men and women in his good days—it was merely a preference.”

I blow out a whistle. “I have to tell Ryder.”

Amedeo lifts his index finger. “This is kinda a big deal. I’d prefer it if Ryder heard it from Vincenzo if he’s going to hear it at all.”

Ahhhh. Right.

I rest my head on Amedeo’s chest. “I understand.”

Amedeo twines his fingers through my hair. “I can’t believe I didn’t know about this sooner.”

“Me, neither.”

“This is random, but I used to hear Mom and Dad having sex every night.”

I pretend to throw up. “I wouldn’t have been able to put up with hearing my parents have sex.”

Our farmhouse was small—so theoretically, I should’ve heard them.

Luckily, they had a dead bedroom by the time I came along.

“Oh, I didn’t press my ear against their bedroom door or anything. They were so fucking loud you could hear them in every room of the house.”

“Freak.”

“I was a teenager.” Amedeo shakes his head in amusement. “Looking back, sure, it’s gross. But then—I was quite innocent, believe it or not. I thought nothing of it.”

I doubt that’s the right expression.

Something tells me Amedeo thought quite a lot of it.

I rub his wrist. “Sounds annoying AF.”

“It’s not like they were having orgies in the living room. Just noises filling the corridors of our house at random times—sometimes multiple times a day.”

I crack out a laugh. “Imitate the noises.”

“Oh, Romeo—fuck me, you big steed! You thoroughbred! Oh, OH—yeah, I’m about to come all over your cock! Give you another baby!”

An amused grin forms on my face. “That’s graphic.”

“Don’t get me started on their role-play. You’ll never sleep again.”

I love how open Amedeo is.

My fingers thread through his. “I don’t want to think about the noises you’ll hear when you go back to Sicily.”

Amedeo makes a face. “My parents won’t be intimate anymore. Remember?”

“Oops. I forgot.”

“I mean—” Amedeo smirks. “We’ll hear Dad banging the *twink* who came onto him, but that’s not something any of us want to hear.”

My eyebrows scrunch together.

I try to picture Romeo Luciano bucking into a slender Italian young man.

With a groan, I fight like hell not to get hard in front of Amedeo!

“Yeah.” I roll my eyes. “Gross.”

Amedeo howls out a laugh. “You kinda sound like you wanna hear it.”

“Girl, I watch a lot of porn. I’m desensitized to that shit.”

Amedeo directs my lips toward his.

His breath cascades over my mouth, cheeks, nose. “You’re so accepting of my bizarre family. Thank you.”

I snort. “My family cut me off for being gay. I’ll take any family I can get.”

Even one consisting of incorrigible horndogs.

Amedeo kisses me.

He grips the back of my head, then swirls his tongue around my mouth.

I moan as I surrender to his firm lips.

Acceptance. Truth. Openness. Love.

The emotions that swell within me are too beautiful to describe.

His breath hitches as he scoots away from me. “I’ve wanted to do that all night.”

With a dumb grin, I boop his nose. “You can kiss me anytime, Daddy. No need to ask.”

Lifting Roary Rex, Amedeo slides him under my left arm.

A troubled expression forms on his face when he pats Roary’s head.

“I have something I need to bring up.”

I nod. “Go for it.”

I pray it’s not something bad.

And—can I just say—I freaking hate when people say shit like this!

It makes me feel like I’m about to be put in time out or some bullshit like that.

Amedeo turns to me. “I think it’s a good time to talk about our previous relationships, cutie pie.”

Ohhhhhh.

So that’s what he wishes to discuss.

I nibble my lower lip. “I’m not ready to tell you everything.”

“That’s okay.” Amedeo tucks a strand of my hair over my left ear. “You can share what you want. If you’d prefer to wait to chat about some things, that’s fine, too.”

“I like that plan.”

“I’d like to share my past with you, angel.”

“Can we snuggle while you talk?”

I hate to say it, but preparing to hear about Amedeo’s ex-boyfriends makes my body tremble.

How will I stack up to them?

Are they hot young thangs like the twink Romeo craves in Sicily?

Or are they mature boys like me?

“I’d be honored.”

Adjusting my grip on Roary, I bury my head in Amedeo’s chest. “Ready.”

“I’ve only had a few serious relationships in my life. My first was when I was in my late teens—I met a boy my age while I was studying abroad in Versailles.”

“Cute.”

“He and his older boyfriend taught me about *amour*. After classes, he’d take me into his bedroom to show me how to suck dick. I’d never been with another male before—I was extremely hard!”

“Wow.”

“His older boyfriend asked me to fuck him while he sucked the young man’s dick. We had a committed three-way relationship for nine months until I returned to Southern Italy.”

“You’re making me tingle, Daddy.”

“Wait—it gets worse.”

I suck my thumb as Amedeo tells me about his later loves and the day he discovered Daddy kink.

“Vincenzo learned about the Little Bunny Club in New York before me. When the three Italian Mafia brothers—Constantine, Gianluca, and Benedetto Ferrari—who ran the place invited us to a kink workshop, we were goners. We’ve been searching for our forever boys ever since.”

I swirl my tongue around my finger pad. “I bet it hasn’t been easy.”

“Not a chance. Most boys are too immature—they’re young, dumb, and only want sugar daddies. They only put up with you because they think they’re special and want money.”

“Icky.”

“My life changed when I heard about mature boys. That’s what my ex was—an older boy. At thirty-nine, he had everything I craved. Stability. Maturity. Kinkiness he wasn’t ashamed of—or so I thought.”

Thirty-nine—*that’s my age!*

I blow out a breath of relief when I realize Amedeo prefers mature men like me.

But then I frown. “This is the one who was talking to other daddies online?”

“Yes. I already told you most of this. Something happened—he changed.”

Amedeo tugs a letter out of his pocket.

He sets it on the bed beside me. “I removed this letter from my safe before I came to your house. Travis sent it to me.”

I read the letter and frown.

A snuffle escapes me. “It sounds like he wants you back, Daddy.”

“I know, boy. He claims he doesn’t—but I get the feeling he’s manipulating me.”

Something niggles in the back of my mind.

How strange.

Amedeo’s Travis *also* knew someone who conned him.

What are the odds of that?

I grit my teeth. “My love life isn’t as interesting as yours. I’ve been with a few daddies, but they don’t want a mature boy who’s into the things that I am.”

“Such as diapers?”

“Yes.” I nod.

Amedeo runs his index finger across my cheek. “You know, Ryder sent Vincenzo a picture of him changing your diaper last month. I may have seen it.”

I squeal as I cover my face with a pillow. “Daddy! You’re not supposed to peek!”

Amedeo tugs the pillow off. “I liked it, boy. You looked so pretty in your dinosaur diaper.”

My cheeks turn bright pink. “So theoretically—if a boy you were dating *enjoyed* being super Little like that—you wouldn’t be opposed to it?”

Daddy groans as he kisses my cheek. “No, boy. In fact, Travis got pissed at me because I babied him too much—he said I stifled him. I’ve been searching for a Little I can baby all I want.”

I moan as tingles course through my body.

I’m powerless to fend off Amedeo’s kisses.

“I’m not ready to show you my diaper yet, Daddy.” I issue Amedeo a stern look. “But it’s good to know you’ll accept me using one when the time comes.”

Amedeo’s left eyebrow shoots up. “Using one?”

I slam my hand over my mouth. “I feel like I wasn’t supposed to say that.”

“Oh, this is amazing.” Amedeo lets out a groan as he rubs me between my legs. “Travis only *wore* them—he didn’t *use* them. I’ve dreamt about a Little who’s confident enough to use his diapers for years.”

“You’re making my willy tingle, Daddy.”

Amedeo untucks my cock from my pajama bottoms. “Pick an animated short to watch. Daddy will take care of your tingles.”

He pokes my cock in his mouth, then swirls his tongue around the tip.

I groan as I select a silly animated short.

Amedeo seems like a perfect daddy—but Bolan seemed perfect, too. Guard your heart.

Chapter Thirteen

Amadeo

“All set?”

I flip out a growl as I throw my last T-shirt in my suitcase.

“Yes.”

“Doesn’t look like it.” Tommaso marches to my side.

“Well, I am.”

“You only have four pairs of briefs.”

“And?”

“We’ll be in Sicily for *two weeks*.”

I fail to see his point.

“Four briefs is plenty.” I could really use another coffee this morning.

“Not when we’re spending our days tracking down mobsters. You’ll have to take laundry breaks—we’ll waste valuable time.”

I stomp away from my annoying ass younger brother and head to the kitchen.

Pouring myself a steaming mug of dark roast, I try not to let him get to me.

We’re packing for our trip to Southern Italy.

My brothers and I finalized our plans to take out the Riccardis last night.

However, I needed this morning to pack in peace.

I didn't anticipate Tommaso globbing onto me.

I curl my fingers. "Make like a bee and buzz off."

"I like that one. I'm gonna steal it."

Sipping my coffee, I channel my inner Zen yogi.

I will not punch Tommaso's face.

I will not dropkick his ass onto the street.

I will stay calm.

"You only packed four pairs of socks, too." Tommaso peers into my suitcase once more.

That's it.

A man can only take so much.

With a snarl, I ram my coffee cup down and thrust my hands around Tommaso's neck. "Shut the fuck up!"

He gags as his eyes bulge. "Dear brother! Quit choking me!"

I strangle him until veins bulge in his forehead.

I'm not proud of my temper.

Still, it's undeniable that my actions are justified in this case.

"Promise you'll quit talking." I don't mince words.

Tommaso lets out a groan. "I'm only trying to help."

If this is his way of helping, I'd hate to see what he looks like trying to hurt me.

"I'm stressed as hell." Releasing my grip on his throat, I march back to my coffee. "We need to get to the tarmac by eleven to make our flight. We need to buy gifts for Mom's family. We need to pack our European laptop adapters."

This last one is what's stressing me out most of all.

Last trip, I forgot that stupid two-prong adaptor you need whenever you fly to Europe.

You think it'd be easy to buy a replacement once we landed.

No.

Apparently, our trip coincided with cruise ship season.

Every shop was charging an arm and a leg for those dumb ass pieces of plastic and metal—*if they had them in stock at all.*

I had to wait three entire days before I found a vendor who'd sell me one at a price that didn't make my head explode.

It wasn't that I couldn't afford it.

It's that I refuse to let anyone take advantage of me.

Tommaso lets out a snort. "I packed extras. Don't worry."

"There's one more thing."

"I'm all ears."

I grit my teeth. "I don't want to be away from my baby boy for this long."

This is the kicker.

After the wonderful time Cyan and I shared, the thought of leaving him to track down the Riccardis gives me acid reflux.

We connected in a way that transcended space and time.

I opened up to him about my ex—and he told me he'd love to wear diapers around me eventually.

We also have another odd connection, one that I haven't had time to give much thought to—the Travises in our lives.

Is it possible that my ex-boyfriend is the same Travis that Cyan's ex knew?

But what does that have to do with Travis's late-night alley prowling—or the halfway house that held someone he was likely visiting?

Tommaso pats my shoulder. "It's for the best."

I glare at him. "It's for the worst."

“You have a tendency toward violence. The less time you spend around him, the better.”

“My inner Hulk only comes out around you, Tommaso.”

He shakes his head. “Tell that to the gondola rower you threw into the water in Venice when I was a teenager. Or the strawberry vendor you threatened to turn into a smoothie. You have a rage problem, my friend.”

Rage, schmage.

“Only around incompetent cretins or my family.”

“Methinks you’re in denial.”

“Well, methinks you’re being a brat.”

“I know you are but what am I.”

“Please tell me you didn’t really say that.”

“You can be a brat, too. I’m not the only annoying one around here.”

“You’re the only one that’s annoying me.”

Tommaso pours himself a cup of coffee. “I also don’t want to head to Italy.”

This gets my attention.

Snapping my head up, I regard my brother with a concerned expression. “Dare I ask why?”

“The boy I’m in love with—sweet Enzo—is in New York. What if he finds another daddy while I’m gone—someone older than me? Someone more mature? I won’t be able to make him mine or cuddle him like I want to.”

I nearly spit out my dark roast.

“Are you and Enzo a thing?”

He lets out a groan. “I wish.”

“I take that as a no.”

“I’ve texted him a few times to hang out. He keeps telling me I’m too young—I should find someone my own age.”

I bring my fingers to my chin. “I respect that he doesn’t want to date a kid.”

“I’m not a kid!” Tommaso shouts. “I’m twenty-three, goddamnit.”

“You’re whining.”

“I have a dick that won’t quit and giant balls packed with cum. I’d make a perfect daddy—but I don’t want some loser boy my own age. I want a man—a mature Little! One who’s been around the block and won’t run when I spoil him.”

I fail to stifle a grin. “Vincenzo and I were wrong to peg you as a boy.”

“Don’t worry.” This comes out extremely snarky. “I won’t hold it against you.”

Tommaso and I finish our coffee.

My maid washes our cups, and then we head back upstairs.

“Tell me if I should bring more underwear.” I grit my teeth.

Tommaso scorches me with an apoplectic glare. “You’re twenty-nine. Figure it out yourself.”

“I’m not great with these things.”

“Do you want to spend your time in a laundromat or hunting down the Riccardis?”

“I’d rather spend it on the beach.”

“You and me both, sister.”

My phone buzzes.

AnnoyingAssDad: Get your ass to the jet ASAP. If you’re not here in fifteen minutes, we’re taking off without you

Tommaso grimaces. “I’m kinda tempted to ‘get stuck in traffic.’”

“Dad would see through that.”

“It’s not like he has a tracker on our phones.”

My lips crook into a smirk. “I wouldn’t be so sure.”

I text my angel.

Me: Hey, sweet prince. Daddy's heading to Italy to fight bad guys :)

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: I know, Daddy :/

Me: I'll come back in two weeks

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: TWO WHOLE WEEKS?!

Me: Unless something happens and I need to return sooner

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: Okay, Daddy :) I'll be a good boy and wait

Me: Sending kisses and hugs. Hold Roary Rex tight for me

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: And Grrrowly, too. I'll send you pictures of them every day :)

My heart melts as I read his messages.

This is everything I've desired for so long.

A boy who cares about me.

A boy who combines sweetness and charm in equal parts.

Still—there's something suspicious about this Travis person in our lives.

And—Cyan still hasn't told me jack shit about his ex.

I'd better be careful around him.

Chapter Fourteen

Cyan

I sit at my desk and tap my foot on the ground.

My eyes lock on my computer monitor.

I try to focus on my accounting spreadsheets, but it's hard. As. Hell.

"Daddy." A sniffle escapes me as I hold Roary's hand tight. "I hope you stay safe on your mission."

Right now, I'm at work—and desperately trying not to think of Daddy in Sicily.

He's hunting down the scary Riccardi brothers.

The same ones who kidnapped Ryder.

I don't know what to think.

Will he take them out?

Will he avenge Ryder?

Will he come back injured?

Will he survive?

The sound of footsteps distracts me. "I've told you to keep those goddamn stuffies at home a million times."

Ahhhhh. Shit.

It's my heartless boss, Rogan—*who hates all things soft and snuggly.*

I turn around. "It's my comfort animal, Sir."

Rogan crosses his arms over his chest. "You're a thirty-nine-year-old man. For fuck's sake, you're everything that's wrong with this generation."

"It helps me with my sensory issues."

"Sensory issues, schmensory issues. You're attracting the wrong kind of attention in this office. Lord knows what else you bring that I don't know about."

I gesture to the cameras. "You'd better get those fixed, Sir. You'll be able to see I'm only doing my work."

Rogan sneers at me. "Put that fucking dinosaur stuffy away. Get back to work."

I blink hard as I tuck Roary into my work bag.

Rogan doesn't understand that stuffies help me focus.

Being in a big boy setting overwhelms me.

All I hear are staplers, papers shuffling, keys clacking, and I hate it all.

The ultra-soundproof earplugs I bought only help so much.

Roary is the best focus aid I have.

Luckily, a special someone messages me in the nick of time.

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I've boarded the jet, angel :) The countdown until I return starts now

Me: I'll be waiting for you!!

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: Send me a pic of Roary and Grrrrowly :)

Me: Grrrrowly's at home snuggling in bed right now. Roary is here

Tugging Roary out of my bag, I set him on my lap.

I snap a pic to send to Daddy.

Me: *sends photo of Roary smiling like a happy dino*

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: So cute, angel. He'll give me the strength I need on my mission

Me: You got that right!!! He'll keep Daddy safe

It hits me that I should've given Daddy one of my dinos to protect him.

Damn—*why didn't I think of that sooner?*

That's when the menacing footsteps return. "I told you to put that stuffy away."

Rogan.

My vicious boss is back.

I sniffle as I ram Roary back into my bag. "I only took him out to send a pic to a friend."

Rogan sneers as he gets all up in my face. "You don't do naughty things with your stuffy in the workplace bathroom, do you? I've read about bad boys like you—jerking off into stuffed animals and wearing adult diapers. You'd better not be doing shit like that in the office. I'll call the cops."

My heart slams in my throat when Rogan leaves.

I take a sip of my juice box to calm my nerves, but inside, I fight the urge to scream.

There's only one balm for a verbal beatdown like that.

A playdate with my friends.

"He was soooo mean!" I shake my head in disappointment as I strip out of my work clothes. "He asked me if I beat off into Roary—*as if!*"

Ryder lets out a growl. "He sounds worse than my old boss that Daddy killed after the Riccardis kidnapped me."

Enzo nods in agreement. "You shouldn't have to put up with that."

My BFFs and I are at Little Land.

When I told them what happened, they wasted no time planning a play session.

For the rest of the night, we'll amuse ourselves in the stuffy pit, hit the dance floor, create magical bead paintings, and zoom duckies around the hot tub.

I'm lucky I have such great friends.

I gulp as I tug my onesie out of my special bag. "Here's the problem—I *have* beaten off into Roary. It only happened once. But Rogan wasn't wrong."

Pink tinges my cheeks as I confess this.

I know I shouldn't feel ashamed.

I'm a grown adult who can do what I want, after all.

Fuck the motherfucking haters!

But saying this out loud feels dirty.

Ryder lets out a laugh. "I've beaten off into Chubby Bunny. Daddy actually taught me to do it."

"You have?" My jaw drops.

"It's called stuffy kink."

Enzo wolf whistles. "Y'all are kinky as hell."

I help Ryder change into his baby blue onesie.

After, he and Enzo help me into my dinosaur onesie.

"No diaper today?" Ryder tilts his head to the side.

I shake my head. "Daddy and I discussed diapers before he left for Italy. He's fine if I wear them—so I wanna wait until he comes back to use one again."

Enzo grins. "That's adorable."

"Have you ever thought about diapers, Enzo?" I furrow my brow.

"I've worn them a few times."

Just then, footsteps greet us.

I whip my head up—and nearly topple on my ass.

Well, look who we have here!

“Hey.” The young man waves sheepishly at us. “Nice to see you again.”

It’s the twenty-year-old boy Ryder and I met when we were at Little Store helping me pick out a blouse last month.

His name is Mattie—he’s new to age play, and he asked us if we had any hot daddies we could set him up with.

We told him he was shit outta luck—we had enough trouble finding daddies for ourselves!

Ryder squeals as he rushes toward the young man. “What a surprise bumping into you here.”

Enzo cracks his neck. “Who is this again?”

We introduce the two.

Mattie extends his hand. “I’m new to age play. Also, I’ve never been to Little Land before, but I had time off from my classes this afternoon. I wanted to come.”

“You’re right on time.” Ryder smirks at me. “We’re here to help Cyan cope with his nasty boss.”

I glare at Ryder. “I can think of a few better adjectives than nasty.”

Like evil.

Or creepy.

Mattie chuckles. “I’m ready to play. Is anyone else?”

Enzo lifts his finger. “First, you need to don your onesie.”

Mattie sets his backpack down and lifts his shirt.

We watch in awe as his slender torso shines in the playroom lights.

He strips to his cartoon briefs and then tosses those over his shoulder.

“Uh oh.” He lets out a laugh as he shakes his dick back and forth. “Looks like my dick is ready to play, too.”

We all stare as his dick rises to his skinny abs.

It pokes his belly button, before twitching with his pulse.

I chuckle in amusement as I hand Mattie his onesie. “Don’t worry about it. Lots of us get excited before we play.”

“Yeah.” Ryder stares down at his hard dick between his legs. “My willy’s hard, too.”

“Willy.” Mattie pokes the tip of his cock. “I’ve never thought of using that word before. I like it.”

After Mattie slides into his onesie, we run to the stuffy pit and teeter on the edge.

“On the count of three, we’ll jump in.” Enzo’s voice is firm.

Mattie nods. “I’m ready.”

“One—”

“Two—”

“*Three!*”

Enzo and I laugh as we cannonball into the stuffies.

They fly everywhere as we land with a big “splash.”

“Jump in, y’all!” My eyes lock on Mattie and Ryder.

Damn!

Why haven’t these boys come in yet?

Ryder and Mattie hold hands. “Let’s goooooo.”

They leap in and crash into the stuffies.

Stuffies lift into the air before falling outside the pit.

I giggle as I grab a heart plushie. “Stuffy war.”

“We can’t do that.” Enzo has a serious expression on his face.

“Says who?” I’m feeling bratty today.

“It’s against the playroom rules.”

I glance around to see if anyone’s watching.

When I don’t see anyone, I toss the stuffy at Enzo anyway.

“Too bad.”

An all-out war breaks out.

We hurl puppy, kitty, dragon, heart, and even pencil stuffies at each other.

A chocolate chip cookie stuffy smacks into my cheek.

I groan as I whip it at Mattie—who promptly tosses it at Enzo.

Mattie scratches his temple. “How do we choose the winner?”

“We don’t.” A laugh escapes Ryder. “We fight until the death.”

When we finish our stuffy war—unfortunately, none of us die—we rush to the dance floor.

Fun party music plays as we shake our hips and wiggle.

Enzo rips his onesie off and does the Macarena while shaking it above his head.

Mattie takes one look at him and follows suit.

He gets naked and shakes his bum, laughing the entire time.

After dancing, we hurry to the hot tub.

“No onesies.” Enzo issues us a stern look.

I whine as I cross my hands over my waist. “I’m shy.”

“No shyness allowed.” Mattie issues me a look. “The sign says you can only enter the hot tub in your birthday suit.”

With a groan, I slide out of my onesie and drop it on the ground.

Mattie waggles his eyebrows. “You’re packing a hog.”

“I can’t believe you said that.”

“No being ashamed of your willy.” Ryder takes my hand and guides me into the water. “Time for duckies!”

We pick up our duckies and zoom them around the tub.

Yet as much fun as we have, I can’t quit thinking about one thing.

Daddy better come back alive.

Chapter Fifteen

Amedeo

I let out a growl as I hop off the jet.

I'm pumped as a motherfucker.

The adrenaline cutting through my veins is almost too intense to bear.

Sunlight shoots across the tarmac.

It creates orange webwork on the pavement.

It's morning here—thanks, time zone change.

I fucking wish it was night! That'd mean I was in New York where I belong—not in Sicily risking my ass to take out rivals.

Dad rams fresh bullets in his rifle. “We only have one chance to find these motherfuckers.”

“You don't have to remind me.”

My voice is deep. Low. Packed with emotion.

On missions like these, Dad leads the pack.

However, I'm a fucking twenty-nine-year-old man who's been killing since I was twelve.

At some point, he needs to hand the reins to me.

Vincenzo's eyes turn to slits. “You head to Mom's house. We'll be fine on our own.”

“No.” Dad won’t let this stand. “You boys will fuck something up. This is too important.”

“We know you have a lot of money on the line.” Tommaso’s voice drops a notch.

“It’s more than money.” Dad pushes out a snarl as he marches to Tommaso. “The Riccardis kidnapped a member of our family.”

“Ryder wasn’t a family member when they took him.” I know this isn’t the best time to debate semantics, but I can’t fucking help it.

“He was a soon-to-be family member.” Dad’s voice is deadly enough to stoke fear in Osama Bin Laden. “You don’t fuck with our family and live to see the day.”

“Thanks for saying Ryder’s part of the family.” Vincenzo grits his teeth.

“He is. I may have been shocked at first, but you two are engaged now—he’s been initiated.”

Tommaso lets out a growl. “I wonder if you’ll be so fucking understanding when I *propose* to my future boy.”

My fingers curl into fists.

With a roar, I march to Tommaso’s side. “Now’s not the time to be a brat.”

“I’m not being a brat.”

“You’re whining, fuckface.”

Tommaso’s eyes flare with rage. “One of these days, I’m going to hit you so fucking hard you see stars.”

“*Stop.*”

Vincenzo’s voice makes the jet tremble.

We look up to see him hulking over to us.

“Stay out of this.” I can’t conceal the rage in my voice.

“We’re here to take out our enemies.” Vincenzo spits at my feet. “You’re distracting each other—the Riccardis will gain the upper hand.”

Vincenzo's correct.

A divided house cannot stand.

"Let's go."

Blinding sunlight blasts through the windows of the black SUV.

I ram my polarized sunglasses over my face.

Tommaso steps on the gas as we race down the freeway.

Any minute, we'll pull up to the Riccardis' summer home in Palermo.

When we find these bastards, we won't spare their lives.

"All ready?" a familiar voice grits out.

My eyes tick up to Medici.

Our cousin—and a shitload of his crazy fucking brothers—joined us after we left the private tarmac.

We're packed into his SUV like front-line soldiers.

We're ready to kick ass and take names.

I issue Medici a curt nod. "Yes."

"Good." He lets out a snarl. "Because I'm not here to fuck around."

Whenever we call Medici, shit is serious.

His time is too goddamn precious to waste on missions we could accomplish ourselves.

"Thanks for accompanying us." Vincenzo's voice is deadly.

Medici adjusts his grip on his gun. "I swear to fucking God, I'll blow these fuckers' faces off the second I see them. No one fucks with my family."

The SUV grinds to a halt.

"We're here." Tommaso's fingers curl into fists.

With a roar, we rush out of the SUV.

My steel-toed boots kick up dust as I duck behind a bush with my brothers and cousins.

The Riccardis' summer home rises like a beacon of darkness.

All I see is red.

Pure. Blinding. Red.

These are the bastards who fucked up our business deal.

These are the fuckers who kidnapped Ryder.

These are the pieces of shit we'll kill today.

"Let's go."

Adjusting my grip on my gun, I charge toward the house.

Tommaso and Vincenzo run behind me, their feet slamming the ground.

We drag black ski masks over our faces to conceal our identities.

There's no time to waste.

Every second we don't spend killing these assholes is a second they can wreak more havoc in our lives.

They could do anything.

Sabotage the land they're contractually obligated to sell us.

Call the Italian authorities and tell them we're out of line.

Shit—they could even sick Interpol on our asses!

I snarl as I race over the threshold of the Riccardi's garden.

"Follow me."

Beckoning my brothers with my outstretched hand, I lead them through a maze of shrubs.

We saw this maze when we pulled their house up on our satellite feed.

The blueprints were tricky as shit to memorize.

They designed it after the mythical maze Dedalus helped create to trap the Minotaur in Greek mythology.

Right now, I'm grateful as fuck I paid attention to my classics lessons growing up.

That's the only reason I'll know how to escape!

With a growl, I plow through the rows of shrubs that would trap a less-sophisticated intruder.

My brothers and I dart left, then right—then we shoot up the small statue of Eros in the middle in case it conceals a camera.

Bang.

Shards of marble fly into the air.

They slam into the hedges, smoking as they light them on fire.

“Hurry the fuck up.” My voice could kill.

When we reach the Riccardi's back door, I raise my rifle.

These bastards will pay.

Today.

Bang.

The door flies off the hinges.

We roar as we pile into the house.

China plates and porcelain cups disintegrate into shards as my brothers and I race through the floors.

Vincenzo flips a grand piano through the extra-wide picture window—*searching for the Riccardis.*

We comb through every floor.

Top.

Bottom.

Closets.

Basement.

Attic.

Terrace.

“Petrie. Luigi. Giuseppe.” My life is a snarl. “Get the fuck out here.”

Nothing.

No one.

Vincenzo’s eyebrows slant. “This isn’t good.”

Tommaso grits his teeth. “It’s almost like someone tipped them off.”

It happens before we realize it.

Gas floods the room.

It stings our noses.

I roar as I yank my brothers toward the window. “It’s gonna fucking blow!!”

We don’t even get three seconds before the house explodes.

It’s like a firebomb.

BOOM.

Tommaso screams as the impact pitches us back.

It sends us crashing into the maze.

Fire and shards of glass swirl around us in a tornado of destruction.

Medici’s growls echo from the side yard. “Where the fuck are you?!”

I claw my way out of the shrubs.

Grabbing my brothers, I drag them to safety.

Black soot scars my skin.

My black ski mask burns off my face.

“Time to get the fuck out of here.”

Vincenzo and Tommaso cough as they collapse on their knees.

Medici grabs my shoulder. “Tell me what happened.”

“Someone tipped the Riccardis off.”

A scream emanates from under a burning wall.

I race toward the noise and kick the wall back.

A man with half of his face blown off stares up at us.

With a growl, I yank him on his knees and press a gun to his forehead. “Tell me who you are.”

“You gotta help me!” The man lets out a cry. “I was delivering lunch to the Riccardis—they didn’t answer the door. The next thing I knew, their house went up in flames.”

I grab his neck. “You’re lying.”

“I swear to God—I’m not!”

Reaching into his pocket, I retrieve his wallet.

I ram his ID in his face. “Tell me why the fuck this place is listed as your principal residence.”

The man coughs up blood. “Fine. I’m a Riccardi underling.”

“I don’t have all day.”

“I got into the drugs they had me run to Florence. They gave me a choice—death or a one-year prison sentence. I chose prison.”

“I’m listening.”

“This is where they kept me. They had me serve them—sexually. Each brother. They took turns fucking me. Sometimes, *I* fucked *them*. Sometimes they fucked each other.”

“Tell me why the house blew up.”

“They have it rigged in case of an invasion. They have lots of enemies—namely, the Lucianos.”

“Tell me about them.”

“They murdered Paulo. That was Petrie, Luigi, and Giuseppe’s brother. He was the only holdout on a land deal to sell their family’s villa in Tuscany.”

I grab his throat. “Tell me where the fuck I can find the Riccardis.”

“They were here an hour ago. I have no idea where they went.”

“What were they doing?”

“They were throwing shit into bags and cursing. They didn’t let me know what was going on.”

“They left you alone?”

“They do that frequently. They know I won’t get into their shit—I fear them too much.”

Medici joins us.

He grabs the man’s half-burnt face and punches it.

Smack.

The man screams as blood spurts from his jaw.

Medici presses his pistol in the man’s eye socket. “Where the fuck are your bosses?”

“I don’t know!”

“I won’t ask you again.”

“They said they wanted to return to New York.”

That’s it.

I can’t take this fucker’s bullshit anymore.

With a growl, I snatch Medici’s pistol and shoot this snitch in the face.

Bang.

Blood flies in every direction and coats the ground.

It stains my shoes—*ugh!*

“Goddamnit.” I rub the soles of my feet on the grass. “I got this asshole’s blood on my loafers.”

Medici stares dead into my eyes. “We need to head back to New York.”

Chapter Sixteen

Cyan

Pounding.

It sounds on my door—*bang*.

I groan as I turn over in bed, refusing to acknowledge it.

I'm having the most wonderful dream about Daddy.

In my dream, he takes me to Sicily and makes love to me on the beach.

It kinda sounds like what Vincenzo did with Ryder in Hawaii.

He gave Ryder that dick in the water, the resort, and yes, covered in sand!

But my daddy will do it in Italy—that makes it much more special.

“Baby boy.” A growly voice lets out a bellow. “Open up. *Don't make me shoot this fucking thing in.*”

My heart flip-flops in my chest.

Daddy?

With a dumb grin on my cheeks, I race out of bed and throw open the door. “Is it really you?”

Daddy stands in the hallway with flowers in his hands.

He groans as he swoops me into his arms, then crushes me against the nearest wall.

“Angel,” he groans, kissing my mouth, nose, lips, swirling his tongue across my skin, his hot breath fanning out across my face, so intense, so dominant, like an alpha male lion in the wild. “You have no idea how much I missed you.”

I moan as I throw my head back, grinding my hips against his firm waist, my cock throbbing, my asshole tingling in anticipation of spreading for him, of letting him inside my most sensitive regions.

“You’re back early, Daddy!”

“Had to come back for you.” A charged growl escapes him as he bites my left ear, nibbling my tender lobe, then swooping his tongue down to my neck and licking my Adam’s apple. “Didn’t know if you were okay.”

Duh, I’m okay.

What the hell did he think would happen to me?

“I can look after myself.”

This is an abject lie—however, it’s important for good boys to put their daddy’s mind at ease.

If they don’t, their daddy will have a conniption fit.

Daddy pats my hips. “Did anyone come to your apartment while you were alone?”

“My friends.”

He narrows his eyes. “Anyone else?”

I gulp.

If he’s talking about Bolan, the answer is no.

However, the concern in his voice is troubling.

It points to jealousy.

I whip my head back and forth. “I hope you don’t think I let my ex in my apartment.”

Amedeo’s tight eyebrow snags up—then he laughs.

It's loud, boisterous, glorious.

It spreads throughout my apartment and makes my windows shake.

“No, boy. I meant—did any *scary men* visit you? Not your ex-boyfriend. I know you wouldn't want him to come back in your life.”

I cross my arms over my chest. “I'm glad you know I've been faithful to you. I wouldn't dream of even speaking to my ex while you were gone.”

What a terrible thing to think!

I'd be the worst boy in the world if I did that—*no better than Daddy's Travis who cheated on him.*

“Tell me if any creepy men swung by.”

I can't help but smirk. “Besides my friends?”

Amedeo tilts my chin up. “That's not a kind thing to say about your friends.”

“I'm kidding. No, no creepy men swung by. At least—none that I remember.”

Amedeo's eyes turn to slits. “None that you remember?”

“It's possible someone broke into my window while I slept and prowled around my room. I don't have cameras and I'm a heavy sleeper. I wouldn't know.”

Pushing me aside, Amedeo paces around my house.

He checks the windows, floors, sofa, and door, shaking each one.

He mutters to himself as he lowers his head.

“This won't do.”

I bite my lower lip. “What's wrong, Daddy?”

“Your house isn't safe. Don't get me wrong—it's fine for a regular person. Unfortunately, you're not regular anymore, boy.”

“I'm plenty regular.”

I always eat my yogurt.

It's the best thing for digestion.

Amedeo scowls. "Not what I meant."

"Be more specific."

He barks out a groan. "You're dating a mob boss's son. Shit—I should've given you twenty-four-seven security the instant we started dating. This isn't safe."

"I can defend myself."

Rushing to my kitchen, I select a jagged knife.

With a roar, I hurry back to Amedeo and wave it back and forth.

"What are you doing?" Amedeo looks exasperated.

"I'm killing ghosts."

Slice.

My knife cuts through the air like a ninja sword.

Fine—I'm not the most talented swordsman, but I think I'm still pretty damn good.

Amedeo places his hands on his hips.

The most amused grin ever dances a jig on his lips. "That's it."

Uh oh.

"What's it?"

"You're cute—but you're not staying here anymore."

My eyebrows stitch into knots. "I own this house outright."

"Too bad, boy." He turns to me and tilts my chin up. "Daddy will help you rent it out. For the foreseeable future, you're coming to live with me."

Wait.

What?

"You're kidding."

"Pack your things. We're going to my mansion."

The limo ride to Amedeo's mansion doesn't take as long as I expected.

He lets me color on his lap and sip apple juice from the box he removed from his cooler.

I can't help but clench my thighs together as I work on my butterfly drawings—and eat the occasional cookie he feeds me.

Daddy wants me to move in with him.

That's so great I can't stand it.

I drag in a gulp of air and pinch myself.

Nope—I ain't dreaming, bitch!

My smoking hot Mafia killer Daddy is bringing me to his mansion.

“We're here, boy.”

I lift my gaze and forget how to breathe.

Oh—*oh*.

“Daddy.” My voice is breathless. “This is incredible.”

“You like it, eh?” Amedeo pushes out a growl as he grips my thigh. “I knew you would, pretty boy.”

“I'm speechless.”

Never in my life have I witnessed such extravagance.

I've hooked up with a few rich daddies in my day—but none had a house like this.

“This is my father's one-hundred-and-seventy-first investment property. It holds a special place in his heart—he bought it after he locked down his one-hundred-and-seventieth.”

Wow. Just wow.

“That's an incredible history.”

“He lets me stay in it because he’s living in his new mansion. Vincenzo has our penthouse, Tommaso—well, Tommaso bounces between houses—and I have this one.”

“I love it.”

“Allow me, angel.” Amedeo heaves my bags over his shoulder.

He carries me in his left arm—which is a fucking feat.

One-handing my ass!

Damn.

I needed to find a protector this strong far sooner.

Amedeo leads me over the threshold of his house and then sets me down.

“Good afternoon, Master Amedeo.” A servant in a bow tie bows at the door.

Amedeo issues him a curt nod. “Take Cyan’s bag to the bedroom on the third floor—*the one beside mine.*”

He turns to me. “This is Royce. He’ll be your servant while you live with me.”

Royce bows before me. “It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance, sweet boy.”

I take a good look at Royce.

With his kind eyes, subservient demeanor, and pleasant voice, he’d make a perfect boy.

I try to stifle a giggle—but it’s hard. “He called me *sweet boy*, Daddy.”

Amedeo rumbles out a laugh.

This time, it’s not the roaring, window-shaking laugh of before.

No, it’s one that’s adorable and understanding—it comes from his heart, not his gut.

“That’s because you *are* sweet, angel.”

I blush as I rock back and forth on my feet. “Gonna get shy.”

Royce hands me a tiny present with a chocolate on top. “Your daddy told me you liked treats.”

I take the gift and whimper when I unwrap it.

It’s a sweet card that boasts a picture of me and daddy.

“Where did you get this?” My breath hitches.

Amedeo massages my lower back. “I snapped it at the carnival when you weren’t looking. Royce must’ve seen it on my iCloud picture frame and printed off a copy for you.”

I pop the chocolate in my mouth.

Mmmmm.

“Yummy.”

Amedeo ruffles my hair. “Follow me, cutie.”

Taking my hand in his, he leads me to his living room.

I rest my head on his shoulder. “It’s incredible.”

“I’m very grateful for the life my father’s given me. I won’t lie—I wouldn’t be able to afford to live like this on my own!”

I snort. “It helps that you’re involved in criminal activity. Your father probably wouldn’t be able to afford it without that, either.”

Amedeo kisses my temple. “Sometimes, I wish we could focus on our property developer business and put murder and death behind us. Unfortunately, we’ve made too many enemies—and I won’t lie. Sometimes, killing a motherfucker who wants to cause us harm is a blast.”

Squeezing my hand, he leads me down the various hallways of his mansion.

He shows me each one, answering my questions, pointing out special things about the property.

He guides me in front of a row of paintings. “These are portraits of me, my brothers, and my cousins when we were boys.”

I stand on my tiptoes and peer at the gold-framed works of art.

Happy boys play with balls and dogs in a sprawling green yard.

A man and his wife compete against each other in a game of croquet.

In the back, older men and women sip martinis as they relax in the sun.

“You have a beautiful family.”

“Look how tiny Tommaso was.” Amedeo snickers as he points to a tiny baby swaddled in white snoring in a swing under a shady tree.

I can’t help but laugh. “This painting is *ooooold*.”

I pair the image of the baby with the smoking hot twenty-three-year-old I met when I accepted the blind date invitation with Amedeo.

Yep.

When you’re the youngest in the family, you always remain the baby.

Amedeo threads his fingers through mine. “Follow me, cherub. I’ll show you your bedroom.”

He takes me out of the hallway and up a flight of stairs.

I swear to God—I haven’t even been here for ten minutes, and I’m already lost.

Try as I might to make a mental map of the kitchen, foyer, portrait hallway, and back terrace, I can’t.

The Taj Mahal has a simpler layout.

“I’m lost, Daddy.”

Amedeo chuckles. “Don’t worry, angel. I’ll be here to help you and so will Royce.”

When we reach a gorgeous hallway, Amedeo leads me down it.

He stops in front of a locked door. “This is your room.”

After unlocking the door, he guides me into it.

I. Can't. Believe. My. Eyes.

Pastel pink lines the walls.

A large adult-sized crib sits next to a window through which gentle light shines.

Rows of stuffies line wooden shelves.

A spray of bubblegum-scented mist poofs out from a vent.

I bring my hands to my cheeks. "This is amazing."

"I designed this room for Travis."

My face falls. "That's all right."

"He stayed in it one night, sweet one. He couldn't stand the pink—he told Royce he'd lose his mind."

My eyebrows furrow.

I can't imagine what boy would ever ask to leave a room like this.

Travis doesn't sound like a real Little.

Amedeo guides me to the bed.

He helps me remove my big boy shirt, pants, and underwear, folding them into a neat pile.

Tugging a plus-sized onesie out of a closet, he instructs me to lift my feet and step in it.

I do as he says.

When he buttons me up, he takes me on his lap and runs his fingers through my hair.

"You're safe here, angel. Whatever you need, I'll provide. There's a tiny button next to your crib that'll summon Royce at a moment's notice."

I sniffle as I lift my eyes.

In the beautiful sunlight reflecting off the pastel walls, he looks like Willy Wonka.

"Why are you doing this, Daddy? Did something scary happen in Italy?"

He lets out a gruff growl. “Let’s just say that I don’t want anyone to be able to hurt you. This place will keep you safe.”

He leans in and presses his lips to mine.

I swirl my tongue around his mouth, surrendering to his firm tongue.

I spread my legs, then allow Amedeo to rub, rub, rub my cock.

He brings it to an erection, then exhales a pent-up breath across my lips.

“Daddy.” A needy whine tumbles free from my mouth. “Baby Cyan likes feeling safe.”

This is the best. Room. Ever.

I mean, it’s girly, Little, and oh-so-cute.

I foresee many happy nights with Daddy here.

Amedeo rubs my inner thigh. “This is your new home. I can’t make love to you right now, angel—I need to return to work. But we’ll reconnect soon.”

My eyes burn as I kiss him one last time. “Thank you for bringing me here. This is the best gift anyone’s ever given me.”

Tucking a strand of hair over my left ear, Amedeo boops my nose.

Boop.

“Don’t get in too much trouble.”

With a grin, I untuck Roary Rex and Grrrrowly from my bag. “I wouldn’t dream of it.”

Chapter Seventeen

Amedeo

I pace back and forth in my office.

I'm on the phone with Vincenzo and Dad.

Tommaso is in the hospital being treated for burns.

Luckily, they're not severe.

A growl escapes me as I ram a fistful of pistachios down my throat.

How the hell did we fuck this mission up?

It was supposed to be simple.

Take out the Riccardis.

Raze the joint.

Leave.

Instead, my younger brother's out of commission and Dad doesn't want to speak to me.

Apparently, that near-death experience fucked up his meeting with Dino.

It's not my damn fault, though!

No one could've prepared us for what happened.

Vincenzo lets out a growl. "Someone tipped the Riccardis off."

Dad gnashes his teeth. “You can say that again.”

“Who do you think it was?” My demand won’t go unanswered.

Whoever spilled the beans is going down.

There’s no getting around it.

“It was probably you, bitch.” Vincenzo’s snappy remark catches me off-guard. “We all know you wanted to return to New York early.”

Oh. My. God.

I roar as I lift my desk and flip it on its side.

“I wouldn’t put my family in danger like that!” I scream.

Adrenaline claws my insides with sharp nails.

I can feel my intestines shred in two.

Dad barks out a grunt. “We know.”

“Don’t let Vincenzo’s remark go unchecked.”

Dad snarls into the phone. “There’s a bug somewhere. Until we discover who has it, none of us are off the hook.”

That’s when a clicking noise sounds on the line.

I furrow my brow. “Someone tell me what that was.”

“I’m not sure.” Vincenzo’s voice is guttural.

It’s easy to visualize Dad furrowing his brow over the phone.

“Do you all have three-factor identification enabled?” Dad growls.

“Yes.” I don’t miss a beat.

Vincenzo pauses before responding. “Yes.”

The silence that rings out is deafening.

“Say that again, Vincenzo.” Dad doesn’t mince words.

“I have it enabled.”

“Was there ever a time when you didn’t?”

Vincenzo's voice turns to gravel. "Only for a bit. While I was getting together with Ryder."

Dad turns apoplectic. "WHAT?!"

"Texting is tough as fuck when I need to scan my eye every other minute."

Dad can barely contain his rage. "You compromised our security."

"I did no such thing."

"Give me your phone today. I'll run it through a malware analyzer to see if anyone's accessed it."

Vincenzo snarls. "I'd know if someone hacked my phone."

"No, you wouldn't." I decide it's time to ramp things up. "A savvy hacker can insert a keystroke tracker without your knowledge. Or install a hidden script to transcribe your spoken words into text—then send it to an out-of-network IP address where you can't trace it."

Vincenzo pops his lips. "I monitor my phone every day."

"Doesn't matter."

"This is a big fucking problem." Dad refuses to back down. "I need your phone ASAP."

That's when my phone buzzes in my pocket.

TestyTommaso: Ugh don't tell Dad, but I'm the one listening in on your call

Me: Are you F-ing kidding me

TestyTommaso: I'm really bored in my hospital room

Me. He's having a heart attack—tell him

TestyTommaso: He'll go WW3 on me

It's time someone came clean.

"Dad." I begin to spill the beans. "Tommaso's the one—"

A wave of static intercepts the call.

Crackle.

“What was that?” Dad’s voice booms over the intrusion.

“I said Tommaso’s—”

Craaaaaaackle.

My phone buzzes again.

TestyTommaso: I’m gonna keep ruining your call until you promise not to tell on me

Me: Are you the reason the Riccardis blew us up?!

TestyTommaso: Fuck no. Vincenzo accidentally opened up a new text verification line when he set up three-factor the second time. I was able to gain access to his account with my number

Me: TELL DAD

TestyTommaso: At this point, I think I’m more qualified to fix the issue than any of you

“Tommaso has something to tell you, Dad.” I let out a growl.

To my great relief, there’s no crackling.

Dad snaps his gums. “He’s in the hospital.”

“Hey.” Tommaso’s voice shakes. “Vincenzo needs his phone secured. His is like super easy to access.”

Dad roars as he throws something that sounds like it’s made of glass.

Crash.

“I’m gonna kill you, motherfucker!” he screams at Vincenzo.

Vincenzo clears his throat. “I have three-factor enabled.”

“I was able to insert my number into the ghost slot under yours,” Tommaso says.

“You need my iris to access my device.”

“I was able to get around that.”

I pace back and forth.

This is bad.

So fucking bad.

How many hackers have overheard Vincenzo's conversations?

What information do they have on us?

I slam my fist on my desk. "We'll figure this shit out."

"I think it's time we hire a new IT guy." Tommaso clears his throat. "This isn't working."

A bright idea pops up in my mind.

I whip up my angel's chat icon.

Me: I need to ask you something

CyanPreciousBubbalooBoy: I'm in the middle of a bubble bath, but you can swing by :)

Me: Great. Be there in a few

Tommaso pushes out a sigh. "I hope y'all aren't mad at me."

"You hacked my fucking phone!" Vincenzo spews. "My nudes were on there!"

"I thought you didn't care about anyone seeing your nudes," I drawl.

"I was lying!"

Tommaso snorts. "I couldn't gain access to your photos or texts. Only your calls."

"Well, that's a relief," Dad growls.

Perfect.

I'll mention this to my boy.

Cyan

I zoom my yellow ducky around the tub.

Bubbles part as I guide him toward the roaring waterfall—
a.k.a. the faucet.

I'm playing *swim little ducky*.

It's a game I invented when I was a boy.

The rules aren't static, and I'm never sure what the end objective is, but I adore it.

Amedeo—beautiful, sexy Daddy—enters in the nick of time.

“I pray I'm not interrupting anything.”

My eyes lift and I melt on the spot.

“Daddy!”

Amedeo looks wonderful today—*there's no getting around it.*

Instead of the sharp suit he usually wears, he dons a cable-knit sweater that hugs his muscles tight.

He wears white shorts that show off his sizable bulge.

I groan as I cover my privates with my ducky, unable to control my tingles!

Amedeo sits on the side of the tub. “It looks like you're having a wonderful time.”

A grin spreads across my face.

Yes, yes—I am.

“It's better now that you're here.”

Daddy issues me a stern look. “I'm afraid I'm not here to play, angel. I must ask your opinion on a technical problem.”

My smile turns upside down. “Booooo.”

He lets out a laugh. “I won't bug you for very long. I imagine you don't want to discuss big boy work things while in Little space.”

Got that right.

Scooting forward, I rest my damp chin on Amedeo's knee. “One condition.”

“A negotiator. I like it.”

“You must ask me questions in the tub. No ifs, ands, or buts.”

Amedeo stares helplessly at the water. “Do I have to?”

O.M.G.

Daddy's whining.

"Yes," I whine back in a mocking tone, then calm Amedeo's nerves with a grin. "It's the only way you can communicate with me while I'm Little."

Amedeo grumbles to himself. "I should've asked you later tonight."

Yes.

You should've.

"Too late, Daddy." A snicker escapes me as I lift a handful of bubbles. "Your boy wants to swim with you."

Amedeo stands up.

He rips his sweater and shorts off, casting them to the floor.

A whimper springs free from my lips when he removes his briefs next.

His dick and balls are so perfect I can't stand it.

Uncut. Thick. Hairy.

His bits complement his sexy rock-hard abs.

I want to lick everything.

"In Daddy goes." He slides in across from me. "Youch! I burned my ass."

I burst into laughter. "Daddy scalded his cheeks!"

"I sure did, boy." He pushes out a groan as he massages his aching behind. "Need an ice pack."

In one quick motion, he heaves me onto his lap and kisses my neck.

I giggle as his willy presses against my backside, first soft, then hard.

Wiggling my ass, I seek to stimulate it. "Naughty Daddy!"

"Very naughty Daddy." Amedeo snatches my left ear between his teeth. "It wasn't his intention to get this hard—he swears!"

With a giggle, I slide my rubber ducky into the bubbles.

I guide him to the left, right, underwater, overwater, and everywhere in between.

Amedeo takes my ducky and zooms him between my legs.

“Your ducky’s a powerful swimmer, angel.”

“He takes after you, Daddy.”

Amedeo barks out a laugh as he rubs my thigh. “Correct answer.”

“Do I get a gold star?”

“You get all the gold stars in my sheet,” he growls, nuzzling my neck. “And all the ones in New York. The dazzling stars in the night sky are yours, too. Daddy will pluck them out of space and drop them in your hand.”

I lean back against Amedeo’s firm chest. “You’re a poet, Daddy.”

I want every star.

I want to touch them, taste them, keep them in my belly so I never lose them.

“Some men like to lasso the moon for their partners. I prefer to steal stars.”

I moan as I turn around to kiss Daddy.

It happens so unexpectedly neither of us have time to prepare.

He sluices his tongue into my mouth, giving me all he’s got.

I stroke his hard cock. “You don’t know how happy you make me.”

A haze sweeps across Daddy’s eyes. “Wrap your pretty lips around my cock. I gotta find out what that feels like, angel. Here. Now. Surrounded by bubbles.”

I hold my ducky. “I shouldn’t.”

“Why not?” Daddy groans into my lips, his hips bucking, twitching. “I’d like to speak to whoever told you not to do this.

Someone planted a bad, bad idea in your mind—this is what good boys always do.”

A whimper escapes me. “You’re making me tingle!”

“Good.”

With a groan, Daddy stands up and buries his dick in my throat.

I gag on his cock, the sudden intrusion coming all at once.

His balls slap against my throat, packed with man cum.

He rams my head against the edge of the tub—*which fills me with so many warm fuzzies I want to dance for joy.*

“Take it, boy.” A bead of Amedeo’s sweat crashes into my right eye. “Oh, yeah! Suck my big fat willy! Can’t get enough of yer daddy, eh?”

I gurgle and gasp as his thick length scissors in and out of my throat.

With every thrust, I grow closer to him.

I adore this man.

Fucking *cherish* him.

Yet soon, I must come clean about the situation with my ex.

“I’m coming, boy. Batten down your hatches!”

Amedeo’s orgasm atom bombs my throat.

One, two, three, four—*shit, he busts out ten shots of cum!*

He tickles my armpits while he does it, which makes me squeal and laugh.

“Daddy!” I lick the length of his dick, then swirl my tongue around the tip. “You had a big one!”

Amedeo groans as he kisses me. “Looks like yours spurted, too.”

We both glance down at my bits.

Sure enough, my penis is twitching and gushing out cum.

“Shoot!” I zoom my rubber ducky away from my willy so I don’t get him dirty. “I made a mess, Daddy!”

Amedeo takes my cock in his mouth.

I scream as I have another orgasm.

This time, I’m cognizant of every bit of it.

Pump after pump of white hot cum spasms out of my dick.

It splatters on Amedeo’s tongue, lips, and chin.

“I’m a greedy man.” He pushes out a growl as he motorboats my nuts, lapping up the cum that trickled there. “Can’t go an hour without sucking my boy’s tender chubby. Gotta have it in my mouth.”

When he finishes, I relax on his chest once again.

We run fresh water—*gotta drain that shit out, damn!*

I turn to him. “What did you want to ask me?”

“Tell Daddy if you’ve ever dealt with hacking.”

I nod. “Once, someone hacked our systems at work. I patched our vulnerability checkpoint and found the predator.”

“Someone broke into Vincenzo’s phone.”

“No fucking way.”

“Tommaso knows more about it than me.”

“Okay.”

“I need you to meet with him and figure out who it was.”

Chapter Eighteen

Cyan

“Aaaand we’re done.”

Cyan sits next to Tommaso on my backyard patio.

Both sip mimosas as two masseuses massage their shoulders.

They huddle over Tommaso’s computer.

Code flashes on the screen.

I have no clue what it means—but then again, I’m a killer, not a coder!

Shit—computer bullshit is hard as fuck.

My ass can’t be an expert on everything.

Tommaso sets his mimosa down. “I don’t think so.”

Cyan’s eyebrows stitch together. “I’m pretty sure we solved it.”

“Nah.” Tommaso taps the screen. “Someone can still push past Vincenzo’s three-factor identification with a Trojan virus.”

I let out a grunt as I eye the olives with mozzarella and salami on toothpicks beside them.

Oh, yeah—I ordered a stellar charcuterie board for today’s sleuthing.

To my relief, Tommaso doesn't enjoy fine meats and cheeses as much as he used to.

My boy and I have pretty much had the whole thing to ourselves.

“Olive me, boy.”

My voice is rough.

Gruff.

Tougher than a grizzly bear's ballsack.

It's the tone I use with motherfuckers like the Riccardis who don't know when to quit messing with my family.

Right now, I'm using it to communicate my dominance to my boy.

My cherub—he really is an angel—shoots me a look. “I'm working, Daddy.”

I growl as I clench my fingers. “When Daddy tells you to olive him, you olive him.”

Tommaso rolls his eyes. “Get your own damn olive toothpick.”

Lifting my left hand, I jab my index finger in his face. “Don't start with me.”

Cyan scoots closer to the hors d'oeuvres.

He selects a juicy olive stick and brings it to my mouth. “Open wide.”

“I can't believe you're giving into his demands.” Tommaso pushes out a grunt.

Cyan shoots Tommaso a look. “This is my daddy you're talking about.”

“Good boy,” I bark.

Good boys always do what their daddy tells them.

It's the first rule of daddy kink.

Unless it pushes up against a hard limit.

Then, they'd better use their safe word.

“And?” Tommaso is one testy twink. “He’s my brother.”

Regrettably.

Cyan sticks his tongue out. “I can’t *not* olive my daddy.”

Tommaso’s eyebrows stitch together. “I have no idea what that means.”

Picking up an olive toothpick, Cyan hands it to me. “When Daddy requests a treat, his boy gives him one. That’s age play 101.”

I snort out a laugh.

Dare I say, my boy’s learning well.

Tommaso huffs out a breath. “So you’re saying when I become a daddy, I get a servant?”

“Not servant.” My voice is snappish as fuck. “*Boy.*”

Tommaso glares at me. “You were always entitled.”

Wow. Just wow.

“Way to stab me where it doesn’t hurt.” The annoyance cascades off my voice in droves.

Cyan waves the olive toothpick in my face. “Aren’t you gonna take your treat?”

Rolling my eyes, I accept the snack. “You’re such a good boy, angel. Daddy doesn’t know what he’d do without you.”

Tommaso reclines in his seat.

He crosses his arms over his chest. “I’m starting to think you’re sabotaging us.”

Me?

Sabotaging?

“How so?” I drawl.

Tommaso gestures to the computer. “Your *boy* and I were busting our asses on this code. Now, you’re turning this into a lecture on olives.”

That's not exactly the lesson I was trying to impart to my brother.

"All I wanted was a treat." Is that so wrong?

Cyan places his hand on Tommaso's. "Now, now."

"Don't *now, now* me." Tommaso's retort is viper-fast.

"I apologize if you don't like seeing your older brother live his best life as my daddy," Cyan says. "However, until he tells me he's sick of me, I'm sticking around."

"I don't mind that Amedeo's your daddy." Tommaso emits a groan. "I mind him treating you like a doormat."

I slink my arm around Cyan's shoulder like a boss. "Cyan is my adorable doormat."

Cyan shakes my arm off. "That's not the term of endearment you think it is."

Tommaso shoots me a triumphant smirk. "Love it."

I roll my eyes.

Well, you can't always get what you want.

"Daddy's joking, angel."

"You'd better be." Cyan crooks a brow at me.

"It's my unique way of thanking you for olive-ing me."

"Great," Tommaso drawls. "He's inventing verbs now."

Tommaso lets out a sigh. "I apologize for being such a grump. It's just tough seeing you two so happy when the man I love doesn't want me back."

Cyan furrows his brow. "What do you mean?"

"Enzo. I'm so smitten with him it's not even funny. Christ—when I think about that blind date we had, my heart gets all fuzzy. But I'm too young for him. He's told me five times now."

I let out a growl. "It's because he knows you'd yap his ear off."

Tommaso glares at me. "Not funny."

Cyan giggles. “It’s a little funny.”

“Great.” Tommaso pushes out a groan. “Now you’re mocking me.”

“I’m Enzo’s closest friend,” Cyan says. “Believe me—he’d totally be your boy. But he’s testing the waters to make sure you really want this. Twenty-three is young when you’re Enzo’s age. He doesn’t want to rob the cradle or leave you with a bad experience.”

Tommaso fakes a snuffle. “Those are a whole lotta words to say *rejection*.”

Cyan scoots closer to Tommaso.

Both bury their heads in the computer.

“No more chit-chat, Daddy.” Cyan’s voice is cherubic.

Leaning back, I cross my left leg over my right. “I’ll be here eating olives.”

As my angel and my annoying brother return to work, I can’t help but mull the events of the past few weeks.

I’m the luckiest man in the world—there’s no denying that.

Cyan is human perfection, and far, far out of my league in every way.

However, there are also some things he’s not telling me—*such as what the hell’s up with his ex!*

How can I fully trust him?

A hot bolt of pain zaps me when I remember Travis’s nefarious actions.

He also wasn’t forthcoming about his past.

It was a mammoth red flag—almost as red as my mammoth cock head.

I overlooked it because I adored him.

I can’t make the same mistake with Cyan. Either he tells me the truth about his ex or we’ll have problems.

“We’re getting close.” Tommaso stares fervently at the screen.
“The Trojan virus is almost disassembled.”

“We should infect it with a reverse malware attack.” My angel’s voice is fierce.

Wow. Just wow.

I’m surrounded by not one, but two computer geniuses.

Shit—both of these men could be Albert freaking Einstein—if Einstein were a hacker.

I lean forward. “You’re both so smart.”

Tommaso glares at me. “This is like hacking 101.”

There’s a lot of 101 courses being taught this afternoon.

“I thought you weren’t hacking.” I grit my teeth. “You told me you were patching a weak spot in Vincenzo’s phone.”

My angel grins. “Truthfully, I don’t know what the hell we’re doing, Daddy. I’m just executing the commands I use at work.”

Tommaso nods. “I didn’t go to fucking computer school or some nerd ass shit like that. All I’m doing is running Trojan malware checks.”

I’m amazed.

I’m so computer-unsavvy I don’t even understand what they’re saying.

“Vincenzo will be happy his phone is secure.” I narrow my gaze.

Both men ignore me.

Unbelievable.

I paid them a compliment, now they wanna act like I don’t exist.

Who am I?

Caspar the damn ghost?

Cyan glances at me. “Are you feeling left out, Daddy?”

“No,” I roar, my voice coming out as a growl. “I’m fine.”

“Do you need another olive?” Tommaso mocks.

I glare at him. “Watch it, bucko.”

“Bucko. I’ve never heard you use that one.” Tommaso types something into the coding dialogue box.

“There are many things you don’t know about me.”

Cyan pops an olive in my hand. “Here you go, Daddy.”

Awwww.

Warm fuzzies light up my insides as I accept his gift.

“Thank you, angel.”

He blushes. “You looked so sad and lonely. I had to olive you.”

“There we go with that verb again.” Tommaso must not like olives.

“Someone must’ve fed you an unripe olive as a boy,” I snap. “That’s why you’re such a spoilsport.”

The computer screen flashes as confetti darts across the screen.

Success.

“We did it!” Cyan claps his hands together.

I furrow my brow. “How do you know?”

“This is the same confetti that shoots across the screen whenever I solve an IT problem at work. I put the program on my personal laptop, but I forgot I had it installed. I never use it when I’m off the clock.”

Tommaso rolls his eyes. “We’re using *my* laptop next time.”

“I can install the confetti app on your hard drive. It’s an excellent motivator.”

“I’ll pass.”

My younger brother hates fun in addition to olives.

I can’t believe he’s related to me.

With a growl, I tug Cyan onto my lap.

Kissing his cheek, I seek to show him I adore him from the bottom of my heart.

“You’re so talented, baby boy. I wish you knew how proud I was of you.”

Cyan’s cheeks flush pink. “It was only a small Trojan virus, Daddy.”

“Did you find out who hacked Vincenzo’s phone?”

Tommaso nods. “The IP address is based in Sicily.”

Holy fuck.

It must’ve been the Riccardis.

Tucking a strand of hair over Cyan’s left ear, I inhale his precious scent. “I’m glad you’re staying with me, sweet boy. I wouldn’t be able to sleep if you were still at your house—shit! We need to get that bitch rented so you have money coming in. You’re a landlord now, baby boy! Eh? How’s it feel to be on the other side of the tracks?”

Cyan threads his arms around my waist and kisses me.

His breath hitches when he leans back. “I need to tell you about my ex tonight.”

Tommaso shoots us a jealous look. “I’ll be twiddling my thumbs and wondering how I can age five years so I can get with Enzo.”

Cyan pats Tommaso’s knee. “Text him again.”

Chapter Nineteen

Cyan

Moonlight falls through the windows as Amedeo leads me to my room.

We pass through his exquisite hallways, taking in the gold-framed pictures of his family, beautiful decorations, and sky-high ceilings.

We had a killer dinner after Tommaso left.

Now, Amedeo's bringing me to my private space so we can bond in another way.

I don't forget what I must do: I need to disclose everything about Bolan.

The thought makes me nervous as a bitch, though!

How the hell am I gonna do it?

What if I piss Amedeo off and he never speaks to me again?

Being with a man who conned the age play community isn't good. Amedeo could turn on me like everyone else and think I was complicit.

Amedeo runs his palm down my lower back. "You did such a great job this afternoon."

Tilting my head up, I stare into his gorgeous eyes.

My. Oh. My.

The moonlight pierces his blue pools and makes them dance.

Squinting hard enough, I swear to God I see dolphins swimming.

Leaning in, I run my thumb across his arm. “Thank you.”

“I had no idea you were such a computer whiz.” Amedeo pushes out a snort. “I mean, I knew you were an IT professional. But to save my brother’s accounts? That takes skill.”

I drink in his praise like a dog that’s gone without water.

Why I blush, I have no idea.

“It comes naturally to me.”

“I know, baby boy. That makes it even more impressive.”

I shrug—it really isn’t a big deal. “I’ve always been interested in technology. When I was a boy, I disassembled computers to see how they worked. In high school, I taught myself algorithms.”

“I thought you said you weren’t into all that nerd shit.”

I cackle out a laugh.

This is what I adore about Amedeo—he makes me stick to my word.

“I’m not.”

Amedeo cocks an eyebrow. “Suuuuure.”

Maybe a little.

“I do what feels right.” My shoulders shrug of their own accord. “I’ve never been the type to research what I was doing or learn the proper terminology. I simply initiate processes and protocols and have fun.”

That’s the best way to do things.

Amedeo massages my lower back. “You’re a genius.”

I blush as I rest my head on his chest. “I have my moments.”

Opening my bedroom door, he leads me inside.

A breath of wonderment escapes me as I take in my new room in the moonlight.

My adult-sized crib glows.

The pastel walls shimmer.

The stuffies on the shelves seem to smile at me.

Everything looks so much prettier bathed in pale white.

“Come to your bed with me.” Tugging me close, Daddy guides me to my crib. “Tell me if you mind if I sit beside you.”

I grin as I shake my head. “I don’t care. But…”

A smirk forms on his face. “What?”

I pat the plush foam mattress. “No outdoor clothes in the crib. This is a sacred space—pajamas only.”

Amedeo nuzzles his nose in my neck. “What if Daddy has a cozy onesie he wants to change into?”

Perfect.

That’s even better than PJs.

Or wait—are onesies pajamas?

I wonder who gets to decide these things.

I nod. “Onesies are preferable.”

“Wait here, angel.”

Amedeo leaves me on the bed for a moment.

He heads into his room which is conveniently located across from mine.

In fact, he slips through a door next to my closet to get there, which is disguised by a giant bookshelf which is why I didn’t even see it.

I twiddle my thumbs as I wait for him to return.

My eyes flit to the window.

“Gosh.” A huff escapes me. “What a beautiful night.”

I’m a lucky boy.

I had the best day with Amedeo.

Now, he wants to cuddle me while I tell him about Bolan.

I have no reason to fear anything—he'll accept my past. He wouldn't change into his onesie if he didn't.

The secret connection door creaks open.

In walks Amedeo with Roary Rex—who I let him sleep with—tucked under his left arm.

Amedeo's wearing the coziest oversized onesie I've ever seen.

“Daddy!” I fail to fight the urge to squeal. “I love your onesie!”

“Do you, eh?” Amedeo pushes out a growl as he rubs his hips. “I won't lie—it's been nearly a year since I've worn this thing.”

“I bet I can guess why you bought it.”

Travis probably said he liked when Amedeo wore onesies at some point.

Amedeo shakes his head. “Bet you can't.”

“Travis.”

He smirks. “I had a feeling you'd say that.” Sliding onto my bed, he drapes his right arm around my shoulders. “You're wrong. I actually bought it for brother movie night—but my brothers grew too busy for that event. I haven't had an opportunity to wear it since.”

Wait.

What?

I nearly choke. “Brother movie night?”

Amedeo roars out a laugh. “Vincenzo, Tommaso, and I used to block off Wednesday nights to watch action movies.”

This is hilarious.

“You're messing with me.”

“We've been doing it since middle school. Or, we *had* been—as I said, it's been a while.”

O.M.G.

Amedeo needs to start this tradition up again.

And he needs to buy more onesies—this one looks incredible on him.

I run my fingers over the plush fabric. “You surprise me every day.”

Amedeo and his brothers are the equivalent of those Russian Fabergé eggs.

They’re gorgeous and intimidating on the outside, but inside, they contain the sweetest things.

Amedeo pushes out a growl. “There’s nothing strange about brother movie night.”

There is when you’re Mafia.

“Tell me what type of movies you watched.” If they’re cutesy movies, I’m gonna lose it.

“Action. Al Pacino. Robert DeNiro. Joe Pesci.”

“So, mob movies.”

“No. We loved *Glengarry Glen Ross*.”

Of course they did.

“But mostly mob movies.”

Amedeo brings his fingers to his chin. “Now that you mention it.”

With a sigh, I cozy up to Amedeo’s onesie-clad chest.

I inhale his scent, letting it fill my nostrils.

Delicious sensations bloom within me when I slink my fingers through his.

“I’m prepared to tell you about my past now, Daddy.”

Amedeo tilts my chin up. “I’m glad you’re ready. You know, I was worried that you’d keep this from me forever—Travis also kept a few important things from me, and it made me uncomfortable. If he’d been honest earlier, I would’ve known not to give my heart to him.”

Shoot.

I hope my reluctance to tell Amedeo about Bolan didn't taint his perception of me.

"I'm not Travis." With a snuffle, I burrow deeper into his chest. "The only reason I haven't told you about my ex is because I'm ashamed."

Everyone judged me for his actions.

It made me question my faith in humanity.

Amedeo squeezes my hand. "There's no reason to be ashamed. The only things I don't like are secrets—I don't even care if they hurt me. Honesty is always preferable."

I agree.

Amedeo's words give me the push I need to come clean.

"My ex-boyfriend was Bolan Bankman."

Amedeo's jaw drops. "You're kidding."

His reaction lets me know he's not unfamiliar with Bolan's story.

I shake my head. "He infiltrated the age play community using me as a beard."

"I'm so sorry, angel."

"The only good part was that the reporters were kind enough to keep my name out of the press—which is rare. However, my entire circle, who I'd introduced Bolan to, judged me. Some of them thought I was in on the con—as if."

Amedeo claws out a growl. "I can't believe anyone would think that."

I bite my lower lip. "You might've thought the same if you'd been in their position. They didn't seek out the other side of the story—only the salacious one. When rumors spread that I'd assisted Bolan with his con, they cut me off. Influential people spread these rumors. Their followers didn't have time—or the desire—to hear my view of things."

Amedeo grits his teeth. “That’s called a heuristic. They got their news from someone they believed to be trustworthy—without checking whether what they said was true.”

“This only scratches the surface of this shit. People called me names that weren’t true. I could’ve sued them.”

“That’s also true, boy.”

“Still, I’m reluctant to write Bolan off as a lost cause completely. Yes, what he did was shitty—but surely, he can’t be a total piece of shit. He claims he’s thought about what he’s done and changed. That must count for something.”

Amedeo grits his teeth. “I’m not sure.”

“Why not?”

“How do we know if Bolan’s really changed?”

“We can’t.”

The fact is that some people never change.

They claim to have had spiritual awakenings, but it’s a farce.

“I wish there was a lie detector test that actually worked.” Amedeo pushes out a growly laugh. “To be honest, I’m one of those people that immediately wrote Bolan off as a demon from Hell.”

“Oh, he is a demon, Daddy.” I can’t help but snort. “Fuck his thieving ass.”

“Still, demons can have a change of heart.”

“Maybe. Or maybe not. Maybe he’s as big of a piece of shit as before. Maybe he’s desperate for an ally—but he plans to hurt me again.”

Amedeo tilts my chin up. “It’s fine to think he’s changed, but you must remember—it’s not like he stole a hundred bucks from you or lied about his profession. He manipulated, used, and cast you aside when he finished conning your friends. I hate to say it, baby boy, but you’re a mark.”

My eyes burn. “I know. Once you’ve been targeted, it’s easy to be targeted again.”

I was once scammed out of one thousand dollars by this bitch in Upstate New York.

She claimed to be an expert makeup artist and I really wanted to learn how to apply eyeshadow professionally.

She drove out to meet me, but she half-assed her lessons.

She left without teaching me a goddamn thing about eyeshadow—what a bitch!

Amedeo grits his teeth. “Be careful if Bolan contacts you again.”

“I will, Daddy.”

“Did he do anything else to hurt you?”

I nod. “He made fun of my weight.”

This causes something to snap in Amedeo’s eyes.

His lips curl into a snarl. “What else?”

“He kicked Ryder’s kitty, Strawberry Boo, once.”

It happens in an instant.

Amedeo gnashes his teeth as he turns to me. “Holy fuck! That crosses the line.”

I agree.

“I’d actually forgotten about it until now.”

“Hurting humans is one thing—but kittens? Nah, motherfucker.”

The tone Amedeo uses mirrors Samuel L. Jackson’s.

I whine as I hug him. “I think I’m a classic mark, Daddy. I’m trying to give him the benefit of the doubt—but he really, really hurt me.”

“As I said, you can forgive someone without excusing what they did—or letting them back into your life to hurt you again.”

“I know.”

Amedeo grips my chin. “You’re so brave for telling me this. I can tell why you were reluctant—no one wants to admit they’ve been with a monster. But I’m proud of you, precious boy. I’m so fucking honored you trusted me with your past.”

I sniffle as my eyes lock on his.

When he speaks like this, it makes me feel like I won’t be a target forever.

“I feel so safe around you, Daddy.”

Amedeo inches toward me. “I’ll keep you safe from him.”

Chapter Twenty

Amedeo

I lean in and crush my lips to Cyan's.

His lips spread for me and allow me to plunge my tongue into his mouth.

Our kiss is fiery. Hot. Passionate.

Untold depths of emotion open inside me.

I groan as I grip the back of his head, swirling my tongue around his cheeks.

How brave my boy is.

How sweet his gentle nature.

His ex-boyfriend is a monster—no wonder he didn't want to tell me about him!

Yet Cyan needs to tread very carefully when it comes to forgiving Bolan.

Yes, everyone deserves forgiveness and a second chance.

Yes, he claims to have changed in prison.

But my boy is a PRIME fucking target for his shit.

That pisses me off more than he could know.

“I won't let anything happen to you.” My growly voice cascades around his room, echoing off the moonlit stuffies.

“You’re safe with me, baby boy.”

Cyan moans as he climbs on my lap.

He grinds his hips into mine, kissing me passionately, his heart thumping against my chest, his cock lengthening, rutting against mine, making mine ache.

“Daddy.” He whines as he brings my hand between his legs, rubbing his dick. “You make me tingle.”

I snatch his lower lip between my teeth. “Tell Daddy where you tingle, boy. Let him see.”

He throws his head back. “In my special places, Daddy!”

I groan as I thrust him on his back, my mammoth body heaving on top of his.

My hand rubs, rubs, rubs his cock and balls, stimulating his tender bits.

I drink in the sound of his whimpers, moans, the sensation of his twitching cock under his onesie, lapping up everything, refusing to let a single shred of my boy’s arousal go unappreciated.

His nipples turn into stiff buds when I swish my other hand across them, squeezing, releasing, then squeezing them again.

Need moans tumble free from his lips. “My buds are hardening, Daddy!”

“They sure are, buttercup.” I push out a feral growl as I pop his left nipple out of his onesie, then swish my tongue across it. *My eyes roll to the whites as it throbs, quivers, hardens even more—goddamn, it’s turning into a pink pebble!* “Got two hard flowers for Daddy to suck. Tempt. Tease with his tongue.”

Cyan cants his hips up. “My body’s on fire!”

“What about yer willy, boy?” I groan, dropping my head between his legs, blowing a big fat raspberry on his privates. “Got a tingly one for Daddy tonight? Or are ya soft—need Daddy to take you in his mouth to make it hard?”

Cyan screams as he drives his fingers into my shoulders. “Put it in your mouth, Daddy!” He slams his lips on my ear. “Then

put your willy inside me!”

Something about this boy’s dirty talk stimulates me in a dark place in my soul.

Nothing compares to it—and fuck, I’ve never heard anything like it!

With a primal roar, I untuck his cock and wrap my lips around it.

Suck, suck, suck—I bob on that shit like it’s a sucker, one of the ones with a bubblegum center that I haven’t eaten since eighth grade.

Cyan moans as he squeezes my shoulder, pumping his hips, pushing into my mouth.

Drool trickles out of his lips, sneaking onto his pillow, creating a tiny pool of wetness.

I drive my fat thumb into his mouth. “Don’t open yer mouth around Daddy—he’ll pop his digit in! Ahhh, boy—that’s the stuff. Suck Daddy’s thumb. I fucking own your mouth hole. No one else’s—*mine*.”

Cyan slobbers on my thumb like a famished iguana eating a grasshopper.

His eyes roll back, and a series of desperate, horny whines tear out of his lips, so sexy and invigorating.

Spitting on my other thumb, I ram it between his legs—*straight into his berry*.

“Daddy!” Cyan emits a scream as his hole clenches. “You put your thumb in my ass!”

“I’m finna ram a whole lot more in your channel, boy. Prepare your hole—this is only the start of a long, hard night.”

With a groan, I twist my thumb around, relishing the way his passage clenches.

Fuck—my boy is so tight.

Nothing on Heaven or Earth compares to his channel.

Sweet. Slick. Tight.

He's older than me, but he's got an asshole like a twenty-one-year-old virgin's!

Ramming my digit in deeper, I push, push until I bottom out at the place where my thumb connects with my hand, then go for broke.

I yank my thumb out and then ram my index, ring, and middle finger into his hole, filling him with three of my digits.

Cyan bites a wooden bar on his crib, unable to control his pulsating hole, unable to stave off the pleasure coursing through him.

Don't ask me how I know this shit.

I just know, baby—Daddy always knows!

“Batten down the hatches.” A roar escapes as I tug my fingers out of his convulsing hole.

I rip my cock out of my onesie.

After lubing his hole and sliding on a condom, I ram it deep into his bussy.

Cyan emits a scream of epic proportions.

Tighten.

Loosen.

Tighten.

Loosen.

His hole can't make up its mind—should it grant me passage or fend me off?

A primordial choir of angels hollers Gregorian chants in my ears as I rut in his passage.

To be honest, I don't give a fuck if his hole doesn't spread for me—*let it try to resist!*

All the tighter for Daddy.

Raising my left hand, I bring it down hard on Cyan's ass.

Smack.

“Oh, Daddy!!!” Cyan throws his head back. “You smacked my ass!”

Ha!

Methinks my boy likes spanking.

“Goddamn right I did, boy.” A snarl rumbles free from my gut. “You like it. Don’t lie to Daddy. Your ass has been dreaming about this shit—hasn’t it? Quivering and tingling in your sleep? So has your dick—twitching uncontrollably in your PJs? Thinking about Daddy’s cock in your hole and his hand on your cheeks?”

Cyan’s body ripples. “Yes, Daddy!”

“Good boy.”

Tilting his hips up, I piledrive him while I force his face into his pillow.

He grips the bars of his crib, holding on for dear life.

Unintelligible gurgles spring free from his lungs as his ass shakes, jiggles, and tenses.

Reaching between his legs, I stroke his cock like a madman.

Hard. Fast. Hot.

Pre-cum juices from his tip, squirting down my wrist.

Using it as lube, I increase the rate of my strokes, fucking jelking his cut shaft.

I adore the fact that he’s circumcised.

I adore the fact that he’s so different from me.

I plunge my dick as far as I can into his hole. “Look at that, boy. You’re taking goddamn near a foot of Daddy dick right now—a trunk the size of a two-hundred-year-old oak tree in your boy cooter. Ugh—making Daddy’s balls heave. Any minute, I’m gonna blast like Captain Hook—arrrrrh! Pump out a fucking plank walk full of cum into your folds—fuck your ass into Neverland!”

My dirty talk is too much for my prince to take.

With a helpless mewl, he surrenders to his delicious release.

Shot after shot of hot white cum explodes out of his dick.

It rams on his crib, splattering on the soft sheets that I put on to protect his sensitive skin, spurting on the bars.

I moan as I use his hole to beat off.

That's when I get a freaky idea.

Laying him in his release, I pounce on his body like a madman—*and fuck his bellybutton.*

“Ohhhhh, boy!” A mountain lion shout leaps out from my depths. “This is even better than your ass!”

“Fuck my button, Daddy!”

My aching balls slap against his belly, ready to blow.

Any second, they'll—

“*BOOOOOYYYYY!!!*” I scream, my orgasm supercharging me, turning me into a steed, a prize-winning racehorse, one that comes and comes and doesn't quit, a breeder, a horse the trainers decorate with fine ribbons and beads, because I'm so much more virile than the others. “Take that load in your button!”

My angel can't control himself.

He rubs my hot seed around his belly.

It squelches and shines in the moonlight.

He gurgles as he stares up at me. “You can fuck my bellybutton anytime, Daddy.”

Dipping down, I slam my lips against his.

Our mating mouths turn me into a new man.

Sweet. Seductive. Honest.

All at once, I want to lay down my weapons, let Dad, Vincenzo, and Tommaso deal with the Riccardis, and devote the rest of my life to serving my boy.

Pleasing him.

Pampering him.

Giving him what he needs.

Cyan moans as he swirls his tongue around my mouth.

I heave him into my arms and brush a strand of cum—*I don't even know how that shit got there!*—from his cheek. “You’re my precious boy.”

“I’m Daddy’s angel.” He rubs his bum in his messy sheets. “Forever.”

“Let’s get you clean, angel.”

“No.” He fights back a smile. “Dirty tonight. Clean tomorrow.”

Holy. Fuck.

This is too good to be true.

With a growl, I lie down in the dirty adult-sized crib with him.

Yeah, we’re filthy—but shit, we’re descended from gorillas or whatever the fuck, baby!

I massage his beautiful belly. “I’ll run you the best bath ever in the morning.”

He stares earnestly into my eyes.

That’s when I know he has another desire I haven’t fulfilled yet.

One he’s reluctant to talk about out loud.

Chapter Twenty-One

Cyan

I yawn as I wake up in the coziest bed ever.

Rubbing my eyes, I try to remember where I am.

“This doesn’t seem like home.”

Where is my familiar photo of the Empire State Building beside my bed?

Where are my fuzzy dice I hang by my bookshelf?

A snore sounds from my left.

Glancing down, I see the sexiest studmuffin in the world by my side.

It all comes crashing back.

“Daddy.” I try not to laugh as I poke his shoulder. “Ewwww, Daddy! I need to get out of here.”

God. Almighty.

What the fuck were we thinking last night?

Never—and I mean *never*—in my life have I gone to bed after sex without a bath or shower first.

This is all too much like Daddy and I did something kinky in the spur of the moment without thinking it through.

Amedeo lets out a yawn. “Morning, cherub.”

I groan as I pry myself off the mattress. “Bathtime, Daddy.”

And we need to get Royce in here to wash these sheets, too.

A smirk forms on Amedeo’s face as he tilts his head up.

He blows a kiss on my belly.

BRRRRRRP.

“Daddy!” I shriek, covering myself with my soft blanket. “Oh my God—you *didn’t*.”

“Let’s go, baby boy.”

Groaning, I let Amedeo heave me over his shoulder and take me to the bathtub.

At this moment, I feel like a literal baby—and not in a good way!

“Time for you to scrub me clean, Daddy.”

Amedeo snickers as he pokes my nose. *Boop*. “Get the bubbles from under the sink.”

My bath is the best. Ever.

Amedeo takes his time scrubbing me.

He washes my underarms, legs, thighs, and belly—oh, shit!

I forgot about what he did to my belly last night.

With a groan, I slide my hands over my midsection, attempting to hide my abused button.

Wow. Just wow.

Never in my life did I think Amedeo would take such an interest in my bellybutton.

But shit—it was hot as a motherfucker!

I guess I needed Daddy to show me there were new holes to play with on my body.

Pecking my lips, Amedeo lifts me out of the tub. “Arms up.”

I do as Daddy says and raise my arms.

He pats me dry with a towel that’s fluffier than his heart.

My head rolls back in satisfaction, but he grips the back. “Ah ah ah. Gotta protect your neck.”

My insides squirm. “You’re too thoughtful.”

Amedeo shoots me a smirk. “I’m taking the day off from the family business today. Killing mobsters who line their houses with explosives can wait.”

I take it this recently happened to Daddy—damn, I wish he would’ve told me—I could’ve comforted him.

I rock back and forth on my feet. “Sounds like a plan.”

“We’ll start with breakfast. And then—” Amedeo’s voice drops an octave. “*I’d like to try something else.*”

This gets my attention.

Lifting my eyes, I stare into his eyes.

No.

No.

He doesn’t mean...

Does he?

“What are you talking about, Daddy?” I bite my lower lip.

Amedeo smirks. “Whatever you’re thinking, you’re right.”

Oh. Sweet. Jesus.

He can’t be serious.

Right?

Because if he is, this will be the best day of my life.

I hide my face behind my elbow. “I’ll trust that you can read my mind.”

Amedeo massages my hips. “I think I can, baby boy.”

I lift my baby fork to my lips.

Parting them, I guide a giant mound of strawberry pancakes into my mouth.

Amedeo roars out a laugh. “That’s the stuff, angel.”

Chomping happily, I turn to him with an amused grin. “Theethe are tho good!”

“Swallow before you speak.”

Whoops.

Guess I got a bit carried away.

I do as he says, then pat my lips with my adult bib. “These are so good.”

Amedeo cracks a smile. “Thank you for speaking clearly. I can understand you now.”

“I’ll try not to speak with my mouth full from now on.”

Walking to my side, Amedeo picks up a slice of bacon. “Prepare the tarmac for landing.”

I make zooming noises as I stick my tongue out.

Amedeo slides the bacon on my tongue—which I chew at once.

“Mmmmmmm.”

He waggles his eyebrows. “Tell Daddy how it tastes.”

“So goooooood! Like a piggy in my belly.”

Amedeo chuckles as he shakes his head in amusement.

He tousles my hair, then lifts my bib to my lips. “You’re my little piggy.”

“The bacon must’ve transformed me into what I’ve wanted to be all along.”

Kinda of like a reverse Frog Prince.

Amedeo lets out a sigh. “This is what I’ve always wanted. A sweet, sweet boy who lets loose around me. Frees his inhibitions. Makes me feel like a true daddy.”

I turn my eyes up to lock on his.

A balloon swells in my chest as I take his hand in mine. “You’re an amazing daddy. So much better than I thought you would be.”

Amedeo’s eyes turn to slits.

“Well, that’s what I wanted to hear.”

Damn!

There I go again with my social awkwardness.

“That’s not what I meant!” Shit.

Amedeo cracks out a laugh. “I don’t blame you for thinking it, boy. Sure—I probably came on a little strong.”

I furrow my brow.

There’s one mystery Amedeo hasn’t helped me solve yet.

“Why did you ditch me on our first blind date?” I tilt my head to the side.

Amedeo grits his teeth. “One look at you, and I wrecked my pants.”

Wait.

“You wet yourself?”

I didn’t expect Amedeo to be into that!

He palms his forehead as he groans. “No, boy. I came in my pants. I couldn’t control my spurts around you.”

I burst into laughter.

Fuck knows I didn’t expect to hear that shit.

“Daddy.” I clear my throat, urging myself to stay serious. “You’re the last person I expected to do that.”

“It’s never happened to me before. I doubt it will again.”

“There’s something I can’t control around you, Daddy.” Reaching out, I massage his hand.

It’s time.

All I want to do is see if Amedeo truly accepts me the way I am.

He leans in and huffs out a breath.

It cascades over my lips, warming me. “I know, sweet one. I’ve been waiting until we finished breakfast to see if you were ready.”

Leading me away from the table—Royce will clear our plates—Amedeo brings me to my bedroom.

I squirm as he sits me on the bed, then hands me Roary Rex.

Fumbling in a locked drawer, he retrieves an adult diaper.

My heart melts when I see it.

Dinos play with toy blocks that say A, B, and C.

But my warm gushy feelings are paired with nervousness.

Will Amedeo accept me wearing this?

Or will he think I’m too old—*like every other man?*

Inhaling a gulp of air, I spread my legs. “I’m nervous.”

“Don’t be, angel.” Amedeo approaches me, then rubs his hand between my thighs. “This is something I’ve wanted for a long time.”

My dick gets hard as I grind against his palm.

A whimper escapes me, so hot and needy, full of longing and anxiety.

“I ready.”

Amedeo leans in to dust my lips with a kiss. “I’m glad you said that.”

Removing my onesie, he lies me on my back.

After wiping my bits, he powders me.

He chuckles as a poof of the baby powder puffs in his face.

When he slides the dinosaur diaper on, he squeezes my hand. “I’ve got you, baby boy. Don’t feel nervous.”

I clench my thighs together as I hold onto his fingers.

Oh, Gosh—this is my biggest fear and desire in one.

With a whine, I tug Amedeo close to me and kiss him.

“I’m wearing my diaper, Daddy.”

He massages me in my special spot. “Does it feel good?”

“Mmhm.”

I swirl my tongue around his mouth.

Heat barrels through me, combined with a shy vulnerability I’ve never felt while wearing a diaper before.

My dick throbs against the dinos, spasms in the padding—but I try not to come.

Amedeo trails his thumb across my neck. “I’d like to see you truly let go. I’ll hold your hand the entire time, precious one. No need to be scared.”

Eeeep!

That’s unexpected!

Giggling, I whip my head back and forth. “Gotta work my way up to that.”

Amedeo pouts. “Please?”

Oh. My. Fucking. God.

Staring into Amedeo’s eyes, I can barely believe my good fortune.

Lady Luck smiled down upon me—oh yes, she did.

Never have I been with a man who actually wants to see me use my diaper.

It’s always a “comfort” thing.

Amedeo craves it. Desires it. Gets off on it.

I hold his hand. “I’m too shy today, but I hope I’ll be able to soon.”

“I respect that, angel. Whenever you’re ready, I’ll be here.”

We share another kiss.

I squeeze Roary Rex the entire time, holding him for comfort.

Amedeo massages my hard dick in my diaper, and I let out a moan.

Wow—this is amazing. Mind-blowing. *What I've craved for years.*

“Let's snuggle, precious one.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

Cyan

“Sooooo.” Enzo cocks a brow at me. “You’re telling me he actually wanted you to use it?”

“Yes, sister.”

“I’m in shock.”

“Me, too.”

“I thought daddies who were into that sort of thing were far and in between.”

“They are.”

Ryder pops a piece of licorice into his mouth. “I don’t get to change you anymore?”

“Nope.” A dumb grin spreads across my face like a vibrant sunrise. “You don’t.”

My friends and I are chilling at Dino Tracks.

Christian is throwing a special adults-only day which we couldn’t miss for the world.

Amedeo dropped me off—sweet, precious Daddy.

He said he’d pick me up in three hours and that he’d hack into the cameras to make sure no one kidnapped me like Ryder.

(Don’t tell Daddy I said this, but he can’t hack shit.)

(He barely knew what Tommaso and I were talking about when we discussed Trojan viruses.)

Ryder spreads his legs. “I hope no one minds that I’m manspreading like a heathen.”

Uhhhh.

Girl—we were talking about *my* thing.

I glare at Ryder. “This can wait until we wrap up my diaper talk.”

“Riiiiight.” Ryder takes a bite of his crunch cone. “I thought you told us everything. Amedeo likes diapering you and treating you the way you want to be treated.”

“He wants to be there when I use my diaper!” I blurt out, excitement barreling through me.

Why is this so hard for Ryder to understand?

Enzo gets it.

Daddies typically aren’t into that sort of thing.

I’m so glad Amedeo is.

Enzo bites into his chocolate hazelnut fudge cone. “Girl, I’m gonna need a goddamn diaper, too, if I keep eating all this ice cream.”

Ryder makes a face. “We don’t need to hear that.”

“Yeah.” I pretend to gag. “I only go number one. Let’s not chat about number two.”

Enzo shoots us a violent glare. “I meant I’m gonna have to take a whiz. Jesus, I had four shakes already. And two bottles of soda. That’s what I’m talking about.”

“Are you three talking about diapers?”

We glance up and chuckle when we lay eyes on none other than Mattie.

“It’s amazing how you show up at the most convenient times,” Ryder drawls.

Mattie plops into the seat next to us. “I heard Dino Tracks was giving away free ice cream today. I had to come.”

“Not free.” Enzo shakes his head. “Discounted—it’s an *adult* ice cream-lovers bash.”

I bite my lower lip. “That sounds like a euphemism for *Little*.”

“It is.” An unfamiliar voice makes us turn our heads.

We all stare at the blond boy approaching us in a dinosaur uniform.

Upon closer inspection, we realize who it is at once.

“Christian!” I wave for our Little friend to sit with us. “You make the best dairy-free ice cream.”

“Thanks.” Christian slides into the seat beside me. “And to get back to what I was saying, yes, today’s event is specifically for Littles. However, Daddy says there’s been an uptick in hate from intolerant communities—so it was best to disguise it.”

Enzo makes a sad face. “I wish we could be ourselves without worrying about people judging us.”

“I agree.” Mattie shakes his head in disappointment. “Being Little is hard enough on your own. Adding intolerance to the mix only makes you want to bury your head in the sand.”

Well.

Speak for yourself.

“I, for one, would prefer to bury my head in ice cream.” If I had a third hand, I’d pat myself on the back.

Mattie rolls his eyes. “Sand, ice cream. It’s the same as far as the point is concerned.”

Christian turns to Mattie. “I don’t think I’ve met you yet.”

No need to think about it, sis.

I’ll bet my life savings you haven’t.

Mattie extends his hand. “I’m Mattie.”

“How old are you?”

“Twenty.”

Christian waggles his eyebrows. “You’re only a little younger than me. Well—thanks for being here. Someone’s gotta keep the older Littles company.”

Mattie grins. “I love hanging out with Ryder, Cyan, and Enzo. They teach me so much about Little life.”

We do?

My friends and I share a look.

“We deserve free ice cream for being such fabulous mentors,” Enzo drawls.

Ryder pushes out a snort. “I agree, sister.”

Christian releases a trapped groan. “I’ll be damned to Hell if I give you any free shit.”

“We only want five more cones each.”

“Keep dreaming. It’s hard enough running this ice cream parlor with paying customers.”

That’s when a deadly man in a suit approaches Christian.

He has bulging muscles.

His jaw is chiseled and sharp.

The watch on his left wrist must equal the price of a luxury car.

“Baby boy.” He barks out a growl as he rubs Christian’s head. “You’re not working.”

“Hey, Daddy.” Christian blushes like a puppy as he surrenders to the man’s head rubs. “Ooooh, you’re getting my good spot.”

“I’m Nikolai.” With the hand that’s not rubbing Christian’s head, the man shakes ours. “Thanks for supporting my boy’s ice cream parlor. It’s been his passion project ever since he graduated from CUNY.”

Enzo squeals as he touches Nikolai. “You are like soooo hot.”

“He’s not *soooo* hot.” Christian waggles his brows. “He’s smoking, piping, and scalding hot in that order.”

Nikolai growls. “I appreciate the compliment, but I only have eyes for my baby boy.”

Rising to his feet, Christian wraps his arms around Nikolai’s chest. “You’re my favorite daddy ever.”

Nikolai’s eyes turn to slits. “Don’t make me shoot up this motherfucking parlor with my big ass gun, boy! You’d better say I’m your *only* daddy—right fucking now!”

Christian squeals with laughter. “Yes, you’re my *only* daddy. God, you need some ice cream—you’re hangry.”

Christian whips around to face us. “Daddy isn’t always this jealous. It’s just that, last weekend, he caught me spending more time with the brand-new rescue puppy we adopted than him. His sensitive meter is off the charts.”

Nikolai gnashes his teeth. “Way to make it seem like I’m some kind of lunatic.”

Well, well, well.

If Nikolai didn’t have a Russian accent, I’d bet money he was a Luciano.

“What’s your last name, Nikolai?” I hum.

“Antonov.” Icy. Fierce. Deadly. “You’ve likely heard of me.”

“Nope.”

“My brothers and I are the fiercest sons of bitches in New York City.”

Ryder, Enzo, and I share a look.

We burst out laughing.

“If you say so,” Ryder teases, clearly thinking what the rest of us are.

Only one family can be the toughest—*the Lucianos*.

Christian kisses Nikolai’s pecs. “Nikolai is the original *hitman daddy*.”

Hey.

That reminds me of this book I read once by this author named —

Ryder cuts off my train of thought. “I’m gonna ram my ice cream cone in your face if you say it.”

“Me, too.” Enzo’s eyes narrow.

I lift my hands in self-defense. “Relax! Gawd.”

It’s amazing how my friends can read my mind.

I guess that’s what happens when your friends all read the same LGBTQ+ Mafia Daddy romance novels.

Just then, someone else wanders into the ice cream parlor.

Enzo nearly faints. “Ohhhhhh. Heyyyyyyy.”

Tommaso stares dead into Enzo’s eyes.

In a split second, he rushes beside Enzo and slams into the seat to the right of him.

“I’ve been thinking about you all morning, sweet boy.”

Mattie nearly chokes. “Who’s this?”

Tommaso ticks his head up. “My name is Tommaso Luciano. I’m this beautiful boy’s future daddy.”

Christian claps his hands. “That’s adorable.”

“You know,” Nikolai begins with a growl, “I’ve heard excellent things about the Lucianos.”

Christian clears his throat. “Daddy says his family and the Lucianos don’t ever butt heads because they’re in two different industries—the Lucianos work in real estate and do most of their business in international markets. The Antonovs control the drug and weapon’s import-export business in downtown Manhattan.”

“Still,” Nikolai barks out. “I can’t say I expected Tommaso to pine for an older boy.”

Enzo groans as he turns away from Tommaso. “This is exactly what I *didn’t* want.”

Tommaso grits his teeth. “I still don’t understand why you won’t give me a chance.”

“You’re twenty-three!” Enzo averts his eyes in shame. “I’m robbing the cradle.”

Tommaso crosses his arms over his chest. “Cradles were meant to be robbed.”

Christian pats Enzo’s shoulder. “I was but a wee nineteen-year-old when Nikolai swept me off my feet.”

Why Christian suddenly sounds like a Scottish lassie, I’ll never know.

“That’s different.” Enzo emits a sigh.

“How so?” Christian is sure demanding today.

“You were the younger one in the relationship. That’s standard.”

Nikolai massages Christian’s rump. “I checked his ID like a dozen times.”

“Way to make it sound skeezy,” Tommaso drawls.

Enzo lets out a groan. “I’m old enough to be Tommaso’s big brother. I’d feel like an old ass man if I tried to land someone fresh out of high school.”

Tommaso turns to Enzo. “First of all, I left high school when I was sixteen, so you’re off by about seven years. Second of all, you’re forgetting who I am—*a grown ass motherfucking Luciano heir who does what I want.*”

“Cocky.” Mattie waggles his eyebrows.

Enzo scorches Tommaso with a death glare. “It’s not gonna happen.”

Tommaso places his hand on Enzo’s thigh. “Give me a chance.”

Enzo glances down at where Tommaso’s hand rubs him.

His eyes linger on the youngest Luciano brother’s hand a beat too long.

He groans as he forces his hand away. “Now you’re assaulting me.”

Christian, Nikolai, and Mattie chuckle in unison. “This is amazing.”

“You can say that again.” I nod in agreement.

There’s definitely chemistry between these two guys.

I’d love to see Enzo push past his fears and give in.

Tommaso scorches Enzo with a cutting wink. “I know you want my young cock. Admit it. I’m at least eleven inches—and uncut.”

“That’s enough!” Christian clears his throat as he waves his hand between the two. “No talking about dicks at Dino Tracks.”

This gives me a dirty idea.

“What if we said willy?” Impishly, I hide behind my right palm.

Christian snorts. “That’s not the code word you think it is—especially when everyone here is a Little.”

We all glance around.

Sure enough, the adults helping themselves to ice cream are in onesies.

I can’t believe I didn’t notice that earlier.

Mattie waggles his eyebrows. “If everyone here is a Little, surely, no one would care if Tommaso discusses the specifics of his uncut dick.”

“Not every Little prefers uncut dicks,” Tommaso snaps.

“Yeah.” Christian nods in agreement. “Some like ‘em cut. And—not all the Littles in my parlor are sex fiends like y’all.”

Sex fiends.

As if.

“You’re the sex fiend.” My inner brat is coming out.

Christian shakes his head. “You’re thinking of my friend Macon. He and his daddy, Aleksei, are porn stars.”

Goddamn!

Christian’s friend group is fun as shit.

“I wanna meet all your friends.” Enzo has the same idea as me.

Christian grins. “There’s a good chance we’ll hang out at Little Land sometime soon.”

Mattie does a jig. “That’s my kind of party.”

My phone buzzes.

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I got word that Tommaso crashed your party

Me: Don’t worry, Daddy :) He’s only coming onto Enzo a tad too strong

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: That boy will never learn

Me: At least we all learned his dick is eleven inches—and uncut

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: HA!

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: Try five-and-a-half

Me: He said eleven, Daddy

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: I’m his goddamn brother. I know what I saw when we used to swim together growing up

Me: Maybe he has one of those willy implants :p You know, the kind you see advertised on dirty websites

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: My brother is full of shit—I’ll bet you free ice cream for a year that his dick isn’t even four inches

Me: I guess Enzo will find out ;)

DreamyBigDickedDaddy: We’ll see about that

Chapter Twenty-Three

Amadeo

I chuckle as I read my boy's messages.

Damn—he sure is a cute one.

And, he's giving me the inside scoop on my brother's lying ways.

That counts for something, doesn't it?

“Tommaso is a compulsive liar.” I let out a growl as I send a string of hearts to my angel. “Eleven inches, my left foot. Try three on a good day.”

Now—I'm not saying that I've studied my brother's dick in depth.

That'd be some freaky fucking shit!

Nah, I happened to see it a few times on vacation—like most brothers do.

All I mean is that if Tommaso is packing eleven inches, I'm packing eleven hundred.

A knock sounds on the door. “I need to speak to you.”

Dad.

Fan-fucking-tastic.

A groan escapes me. “I'm busy.”

“Unless you’re beating off, you can spare fifteen minutes to hear my tale of woe.”

Goddamnit.

The man doesn’t need to pique my interest like that.

“I’m wrapping up the security script installation on Vincenzo’s phone.”

Dad pushes out a snort. “You’re not fooling anyone. You don’t know the first thing about technology.”

“Yes, I do.”

“I’ll bet my left foot you don’t.”

“My angel taught me everything.”

Dad snickers. “I doubt you’ll recall it tomorrow.”

I push out a breath.

Patience is a must with this man—hell, with my entire family.

Yet Dad has a special way of getting under my skin.

With a groan, I head to the door. “You get ten minutes.”

Dad looks exhausted when I let him inside.

He marches to the chair beside me, then grits his teeth. “Twenty.”

Yeah, no.

I’ll be damned to hell if I waste that much time listening to him spew his bullshit.

“You already said you only needed fifteen.”

Dad’s eyes narrow. “My story is more complex than I originally thought.”

Pushing out a breath, I try not to lose it.

As annoying as my father can be, he’s the patriarch of our family, after all.

He has the power to keep me from going on missions, cutting off my business cards, and, right, ordering hits on my baby boy.

He can also drag my ass out of our will.

That's something I can't risk under any circumstance.

I cross my arms over my chest. "I'm ready when you are."

A sheepish expression dawns on Dad's face. "Here's the deal, son. When we were in Italy, I didn't get a chance to head to your mother's family home."

"And?" This comes out oodles more snappish than I intended.

"I didn't see Dino."

My jaw tumbles to my feet.

Sweet. Creamed. Corn.

How did I forget about that?

Leaning forward, I rest my hands on my lap. "That's a shame."

"You can say that again. I don't know why I didn't stay another week—I could've seen if there was anything between us."

It takes everything in me not to roll my eyes.

"Dad." I clear my throat. "He's like one hundred years younger than you."

Of course there's not anything between them.

Dino flashed Dad during a family vacation—or something like that.

It was hormones.

Dad emits a growl. "You say that like it's a problem."

I was under the impression Dad was the one who didn't want to pursue Dino because of his age.

"You're old enough to be his grandfather."

"With age comes wisdom, son. I don't expect you to understand this yet—you're still in your twenties. You think you know everything."

I crook an eyebrow. "I've never professed that."

“Well, you do,” Dad snaps. “It’s because of your age. When I was pushing thirty, I thought I had this life shit all figured out. Then you turn forty and Father Time kicks your ass out of the football stadium. You hit fifty, and all your ass wants to do is nap. Don’t get me started on sixty!”

“You get senior discounts.”

Dad pushes out a growl. “All I want to do is pass my knowledge on to someone else. Someone who appreciates what I know—who won’t tune me out.”

I pat my father’s hand. “That’s why you have me, Vincenzo, and Tommaso.”

Dad makes a gagging sound. “As if I can expect you boys to carry on my legacy.”

Woooooow.

This man didn’t really say that—right?

“That’s mildly offensive,” I grit out.

Dad shrugs. “It’s the truth. You spend your time chasing after boys and trying to figure out how to disable three-factor identification.”

“That was Vincenzo.” I swear I’m the good son.

Dad pushes out a breath. “Your mother was right. I’ve spent far too long neglecting the man-loving side of me. A woman is a beautiful thing, there’s no denying it. Pants. Whimpers. Moans. Frida Kahlo gardens. But a man? I haven’t been inside a man’s hot asshole in decades.”

His views on women sound like a massive stereotype.

“Women are a lot more than pants and moans, Dad.”

“I’m talking about women in the bedroom! Fucking your mother. Making her come.”

“It sounds like you’re having a three-quarters-life crisis.”

Dad bares his teeth. “Three-quarters, my ass. I’ve got another fifty years left on this planet—not that I want it! Bury my ass

and give me the biggest tombstone in the graveyard. It'll say:
Here lies Romeo Luciano—father, fighter, lover.”

I push out a breath. “Okay, you’re clearly questioning your identity. There’s nothing wrong with that—it’s part of getting older.”

Dad snaps his gums.

He growls as he gazes out the window. “There you go again—acting like you know everything.”

Dad definitely needs to get some action.

All this worrying isn't good for his health.

I pat his knee. “Tell me why you want to meet up with Dino again.”

A helpless expression floats across Dad’s face. “I don’t fucking know! Damn, boy—maybe I wanna feel young again! I can share what I’ve learned throughout my life and he can reinvigorate me with this spunkiness.”

“You mean his spunk,” I drawl.

It was a perfect set-up.

Dad glares at me. “I wouldn’t mind tasting man juices again.”

I nearly vomit.

“Please rephrase that.”

Dad groans. “Cum, boy. Spunk. I gotta get a mouthful of it—swallow it. Inject it into my veins!”

I pull out my phone

Me: What the hell did you do to Dad?!

MamaMiaLikeTheABBASong: Whatever do you mean, honey

Me: He’s off his rocker

MamaMiaLikeTheABBASong: He’s having a crisis, dear

Me: I’ve never heard him talking about his love of man juices before

MamaMiaLikeTheABBASong: Boy—you're into guys, too!
Don't act like you don't like man juices

Me: You're no better than Dad

MamaMiaLikeTheABBASong: I like all the juices!!! Men,
women—everything in between ;)

Dad narrows his eyes. "Who are you texting?"

"Mom." I try not to gag as I tuck my phone in my pocket.
"You two were made for each other."

"Your mother is an amazing woman. It's a damn shame she's
leaving me for a divorcée at the country club."

Pushing out a breath, I try to refocus my attention on the issue
at hand. "So, you need to head back to Sicily."

"I don't know. Sometimes, I think that's the smart decision. Sit
in the sun. Fuck like I'm twenty again. Other times, I feel like
I should make things right with your mother."

Dad is the type of man who struggles to make up his mind.

I tap my foot on the ground. "Whatever sexual relationship
you had with Mom is over."

There's no "coming" back after you wax poetic about your
love of man juices.

"I know, son." Dad shakes his head. "I'm still coming to terms
with this. Finding out what it means to me."

There's only one way to solve this.

Whipping out my phone, I text Giosuè.

Me: Hey, cuz. Is that horny friend of yours still into my father

GayAFGiosuè: *Fratello* it's been way too long since you've
messed

Me: I know. But I really need to know this

GayAFGiosuè: You mean Dino?

Me: No, your other horny friend

GayAFGiosuè: I have a few

Me: Yes, him

GayAFGiosuè: Yeah, he's still got the hots for your dad. I apologize for what he did on vacation four years ago—that was out of line. He told me about it after the fact—that he tried to seduce your dad—and I smacked him

Me: My dad didn't hate it as much as he let on

GayAFGiosuè: He left Sicily right away

Me: Yeah but it's bcuz he wanted to bang your friend

GayAFGiosuè: Ooh la la *waggles eyebrows*

GayAFGiosuè: I'll have to let Dino know

Me: Don't blow this out of proportion. Dad has a man crush on him, that's all

Dad gnashes his teeth. "You'd better not be telling anyone about my problems."

"Where you see problems, I see opportunities."

He shakes his head. "Your mother and I should've sent you to military school."

"You would've had to send my brothers to military school for it to have had any impact."

"You would've learned to show respect for your elders."

I wave my phone in front of his eyes. "I have lots of respect for you. You have no idea what kind of a wingman I am."

Dad's eyes turn to slits. "Wingman?"

Oops.

Initiate backtracking sequence, brain.

"I'll tell you eventually." I slide my phone back in my pocket.

Dad huffs out a breath. "You'd better not be trying to get me to head to the Little Bunny Club with your brothers."

I waggle my eyebrows. "You don't wanna explore your kinky side with some baby boys?"

Dad pushes out a growl. "No."

This comes out far too uncertain.

Almost, it makes me think he wouldn't mind delving into this part of himself at all.

I lean back in my chair. "Your time is up."

"We've only been chatting for five minutes."

Chatting?

More like torturing me.

"I gotta go." This is the lie of the century—the only thing I have to do is send Cyan more heart emojis.

Dad rises from his seat.

He stares dead into my eyes. "Don't breathe a word of this to anyone."

He's not wrong to say this.

If his dirty secret gets out, his enemies will have unlimited blackmail fodder.

I nod. "Mum's the word."

He heads out of my office. "Please don't bring your mother into this."

Chapter Twenty-Four

Cyan

“This is amazing.”

I rest my head against Amedeo’s shoulder as he massages my lower back.

We’re at the Little Bunny Club for a Friday night kink activity. It’s a top-rated invite-only club with the finest clientele in New York.

Littles in onesies, daddies in suits, and puppies on leashes surround us.

When Amedeo told me we were going tonight, I couldn’t control my excitement.

“You get to wear your special diaper under your skirt.”

“Everyone there is kinky so no one will judge you.”

Now that we’re here, I’m even more pumped up.

I’m wearing a brand-new dino diaper—and my freaking blouse, too.

Life doesn’t get better than this.

Amedeo sweeps his hand across my bum. “It sure is, baby. I’m glad as hell you got ready when I told you to.”

“Me, too.”

“One more minute in the bathtub and we would’ve been late.”

I let out a groan as my eyes roll back.

Before we left, I was enjoying a bubble bath.

Ten duckies were zooming around the tub.

They were competing in the Rubber Ducky Olympics.

When Amedeo came to get me, I was having so much fun I didn’t want to leave.

I gulp as I turn to him. “I’m sorry for making you change your suit.”

Because I was in my Little headspace, I didn’t realize how egregious my actions were when I splashed Amedeo with bubbles.

He let out a roar as he stomped back to his bedroom, then donned a fresh suit.

I made sure to smother him with kisses in the limousine to make up for being such a bratty baby.

Amedeo’s eyes twinkle. “You were very naughty.”

“I know, Daddy.”

“Don’t think you’ll get away with this scot-free. Tonight, I’ll give you a punishment.”

I whine as tingles fire across my gut.

Yeah—I won’t mind a punishment as much as Amedeo thinks.

Epecially if it’s a naughty one, baby!

Moving closer to Amedeo, I kiss his chest. “Baby will never splash Daddy again.”

Amedeo growls as he runs his hand across his suit. “I’m not complaining. I didn’t like the other suit, anyway—it didn’t show off bulging muscles.”

“It’s very important to make sure everyone sees your gorgeous physique.”

“This new suit is way better. It cost an arm and a leg, but that’s what money is for.”

I thread my fingers through his. “Thank you for putting me in a diaper even though you were cross with me.”

Amedeo drops to his knees.

He takes my hand in his. “I was only cross for a moment, sweet boy. You’ll never—*ever*—upset me so much that I’ll neglect your needs. I’m a man—mature. Confident. Calm under pressure. I know boys like to be silly in their Little headspace. Hell—I should’ve known better than to interrupt you when you were entranced by your duckies.”

I squirm. “I’ll be more careful from now on, Daddy. I’m used to my friends acting as my protector—we splash each other all the time and drive each other batty. The last thing I want to do is make you cross with me.”

It’s our first scuffle.

Of course, it’s probably the most adorable fight of all time—but at least we’ve been through it.

Now, we know we can resolve conflict like mature adults and come out stronger on the other side.

Amedeo boops my nose. “Are you excited to meet the other Littles tonight?”

I bounce on the balls of my feet. “Yes!”

With a laugh, Amedeo rises to his full stature and leads me deeper into the club room.

We pass Littles eating suckers and playing with blocks.

We see puppies chasing balls.

We tiptoe past the men guarding stacks of diapers and pacifiers like their lives depend on it.

We even lay eyes on the giant consent poster in the corner of the room.

LITTLE BUNNY CLUB RULES:

ALL BOYS MUST BE WITH DADDIES

NO BOYS UNDER 18

PICKING UP AFTER YOUR PUP IS MANDATORY

HAVE FUN

I make a face. “Why do they need to say to pick up after your pup?”

My mind goes to a dark place—and I try not to get queasy.

Amedeo chortles out a laugh. “They’re referring to puppy toys.”

That’s not what it sounds like.

I groan. “I’d like to find out for sure.”

“Sometimes, Masters forget to pick up their puppy’s toys. Their puppy can’t do it, obviously—pups don’t clean up after themselves.”

I mull this. “So if I became a pup, you’d have to slide my rubber duckies back under the sink for me?”

Amedeo lets out a growl. “You’re not a pup, so don’t even start.”

A smirk tugs at my lips. “I could become one... if it means getting out of clean-up time.”

Amedeo tilts my chin up.

He pecks my lips. “You’re never getting out of clean-up time as long as you live. You can turn eighty and I’ll still make you slide your duckies back under the sink.”

A snuffle escapes me as my vision blurs.

Leaning up, I press my lips to Amedeo’s.

He says the perfect things.

This is what I want—a daddy who will force me to be a good boy, no matter how old I am, no matter if I’m old and wrinkly, a daddy who’ll still be there for me, guiding me down the right path, adoring me, pouring his heart into our playtime, and always, always treating me like the naughty Little who needs to pick up his playthings.

I rub my nose on his. “You make my insides flap like a butterfly’s wings.”

Amedeo wraps his arms around my waist. “I’m serious, boy. Don’t even think of becoming a pup. It’s hard enough keeping up with a boy like you already!”

Just then, a group of Littles rushes by us.

“Damnit, Arlo!” a red-haired boy sniffles. “Give me back my firetruck stuffy!”

The boy who must be Arlo stops dead in his tracks. “Here you go, Rusty. I’m sorry—I thought you said I could play with it if I lent you my alien stuffy.”

“I have an alien stuffy of my own to play with.” Rusty rubs his eyes. “I want both toys.”

A third boy pats his friends on their backs. “Boys, boys. There are plenty of toys to go around.”

Arlo shoots him an amused look. “I’m *really* taking a liking to Rusty’s truck.”

Rusty lets out a growl.

Yanking his truck stuffy back, he marches away from Arlo. “Mr. Red is mine.”

Rusty walks to our side. “You two look nice. You wouldn’t steal my firetruck stuffy, would you?”

Oh. My. God.

This red-haired boy with the spunky attitude is the cutest.

“Never.” I speak as earnestly as I can.

“Pinky promise?”

I place my right hand on my heart. “Cross my heart and hope to die.”

“Don’t say that, baby boy.” Amedeo pushes out a grunt as he massages my waist. “Someone will stick a needle in your eye.”

Rusty hands me his firetruck stuffy. “I trust you to watch Mr. Red while I use the potty.”

Arlo smacks his forehead. “You’re kidding me.”

Rusty whips around to glare at Arlo. “You’ve lost your firetruck privileges.”

“What about me?” the third boy asks hopefully.

“You, too, Callum.” Rusty sticks his nose in the air as he glides toward the potty. “You didn’t stick up for me.”

Arlo appears exasperated as he walks over to us. “I apologize for my friend’s attitude.”

“No worries.” I let out a laugh as I shake Arlo’s hand. “He’s cute.”

“He gets a little too, well, Little at times.”

Amedeo’s eyebrows slam together. “That’s impossible.”

“Try being around him when we go to the Alien Museum.” Arlo rolls his eyes. “All I want to do is stare at the pretty spaceships and stars. Rusty throws a hissy fit if we don’t get green alien popcorn right away.”

I stare at the two boys in front of me.

Arlo wears a green onesie with a cute alien design.

Callum dons a onesie with a knife on it.

“I’m Cyan,” I say. “This is my daddy, Amedeo.”

“It’s nice to meet you.”

“How long have you two been coming to the Little Bunny Club?” I ask.

Arlo grins. “Since last summer.”

Callum nudges Arlo’s ribs. “Tell them how you met your daddy, Constantine.”

Arlo cranes his neck. “Do you two want to hear?”

I nod eagerly. “Yes.”

“I was a broke boy living in a piece-of-shit neighborhood. I couldn’t afford to feed myself. One day, I stumbled across the Little Bunny Club because I really wanted to explore my Little side.”

“Get to the good part,” Callum drawls.

“I tripped on a racecar and bonked my head. When I came to, a beautiful man was holding me. He had firm muscles. A sexy chiseled jaw. The deepest hazel eyes I’d ever seen. His name was Constantine Ferrari—he owns this kink club with his two brothers, Gianluca and Benedetto.”

My jaw tumbles to my feet. “That’s so cute.”

“Constantine brought me to the bar where his brother who’s a doctor—Gianluca—poured me a glass of milk and patched my boo boo. Constantine let me ride in his limousine to Chelsea where he lives. We’ve been together ever since.”

Amedeo lets out a roar. “Your daddy is *the* Constantine Ferrari?”

“Yes.” Arlo blushes.

“As in the *Ferrari crime family*?!”

Arlo gulps. “I’m not supposed to tell anyone that, but yes. Daddy is a Mafia hitman.”

Wow. Just wow.

Reaching out, I squeeze Amedeo’s hand. “It sounds like you and Constantine have lots in common.”

Arlo tilts his head up. “Why? Are you a hitman, too?”

Amedeo steps forward.

His muscles bulge in his suit.

His jaw communicates power.

His eyes speak to his deadly nature.

“Yes.”

Arlo waggles his eyebrows. “You and Daddy gotta meet.”

Amedeo pushes out a growl. “I’ve heard wonderful things about the Ferraris. I’d be thrilled to make their acquaintance.”

I snort as I shake my head in amusement.

This club isn’t only a den for Littles and daddies.

It’s a Mafia hitman hangout spot, too!

I turn to Amedeo. “It sounds like you’ll make a new friend, Daddy.”

Arlo’s on the cusp of speaking when Rusty returns.

“The bathroom is out of paper towels.” He shakes his wet hands everywhere. “I had to use my booty to open the door.”

Arlo tugs Rusty toward me. “Rusty, this is Cyan and his daddy, Amedeo.”

Rusty turns his green eyes up to us. “Don’t use the bathroom unless your daddy lets you dry your hands on his suit. Otherwise, you’ll be soaking.”

Callum’s eyes roll to the whites. “That isn’t how you introduce yourself to someone.”

“Yeah.” Arlo shakes his head. “Gianluca would be disappointed.”

Rusty huffs out a grunt. “It’s a pleasure to meet you both.”

I elbow-bump him in lieu of a handshake. “The pleasure is ours.”

Rusty untucks a bag of Skittles from his onesie pocket. “Y’all want any candy? Daddy is busy guarding the entrance right now with Benedetto—he won’t know I snuck Skittles.”

My hand sticks out before I can stop it. “Skittle me.”

Rusty takes a curious look at me.

He snorts as he dumps Skittles into my outstretched hand. “New verb. I like it.”

Arlo motions for Rusty to hand him Skittles. “Skittle me, too.”

“Only if you promise not to steal Mr. Red again.”

“For the last time, I didn’t steal him. You lent him to me—and then changed your mind.”

“It’s not my fault Mr. Red wanted to hang out with Cyan instead.” Rusty shoots me a complicit look.

Arlo makes a grabby motion. “Give me Skittles and we’ll put our scuffle in the past.”

“Scuffle.” I can’t help but grin. “That’s a fantastic word.”

When we’re all Skittle-d up, Arlo, Rusty, and Callum lead me and Amedeo to the Little playroom.

My heart swells when I take in the pastel walls.

Shelves of stuffies.

Adult-sized crib.

Baby mat with extra padding.

Lullabies sweep out of cotton candy-colored speakers.

Everything about this room speaks to my Little side.

“This. Is. Gorgeous.” I don’t beat around the bush.

Amedeo nudges my ribs. “You like it, eh? Want Daddy to buy more things for your playroom?”

“No.” With a breathless whisper, I thrust my arms around Daddy’s chest. “Mine’s perfect the way it is.”

Arlo and Callum plop down on the ground. “Join us.”

Leaving Daddy, I sit beside my new friends. “What game are we gonna play?”

Callum waggles his eyebrows. “I was thinking racecars.”

Arlo snorts. “We did racecars last weekend. We should try cards.”

“Cards?” Rusty grimaces. “That takes too much mental energy. What about coloring?”

Callum taps his chin. “Benedetto bought new princess coloring books for the playroom last week. We could try those.”

My eyebrows migrate to my forehead. “That sounds amazing.”

Callum grabs the books from a shelf and dumps colored pencils on the playroom carpet.

“No coloring aliens any color but green.” Arlo’s voice is stern.

Rusty rolls his eyes. “These are princess coloring books. There ain’t no aliens.”

“You never know what’ll be flying over a princess’s castle.”

For the next hour, we busy ourselves beautify-ing the outlined worlds.

I get silly and draw a dress on a handsome prince who's trying to rescue a princess.

Arlo discovers a spaceship and squeals with glee.

"Told ya there'd be one." He taps the extraterrestrial vessel.

Callum snorts. "Of course there's at least one. Benedetto wouldn't buy these coloring books without *some* aliens."

"There are two." Rusty grins as he points to the last page. "Check out the alien princess in the back of the book."

We flip to the back as quickly as we can.

We chuckle as we lay eyes on the alien.

"She looks like Fiona the Ogress," Callum drawls.

If glares could kill, Arlo's would be the equivalent of an atomic bomb. "That's not funny."

It's kinda funny.

I don't dare say this out loud.

It's not until we reach for pacifiers do I notice the firm hands on my shoulders.

Amedeo's sitting behind me.

He's been kneading my stress knots this entire time.

"Shhhh, shhhh," he rasps in my ear, kissing my neck. "Keep coloring, boy. Relax for Daddy."

I moan as he gives me an instant hard-on in my diaper. "You're massaging me."

He tucks a strand of hair over my left ear. "I'd massage you for a lifetime if I could."

Best. Daddy. Ever.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Amedeo

“So, angel.” I let out a growl as I tug the gun out of my Rolls Royce. “I’m glad you’re finally showing an interest in my work.”

Cyan shoots me an unamused look.

He taps his foot on the ground. “I always show an interest in your work.”

Not like this.

After locking my Royce, I lead Cyan into the field.

We’re in Upstate New York for shooting lessons.

When I realized that my boy was basically a walking kidnapping victim in the making, I couldn’t let him *not* learn how to defend himself.

I originally wanted to teach him karate—I’m a motherfucking triple black belt.

Eventually, prudence prevailed and I opted to show him how to fire a gun.

Of course, I’ll always be there to defend my boy.

No doubt about it.

Still, it’s never a bad idea to instill the virtues of self-defense in him in case shit hits the fan.

If Petrie Riccardi bashes my face in and I pass out in the street, my angel better know how to kick some ass!

A growl escapes me. “You’re woefully underprepared for battle.”

“Battle?” Cyan fights a snicker. “Are you a military war hero, too?”

Uhhhhm.

Yeah, this level of sass is one thing I won’t tolerate.

“On my lap.”

“Daddy—”

“Now.”

Cyan whimpers as he rushes to my side.

With a growl, I yank his pretty pink maxi dress off and bring my right hand down on his diaper with a swat.

Smack.

Cyan screams as his body bucks.

His legs kick out and his ass shakes.

“Daddy.” He throws his head back as his eyes fill with need.

“You spanked me in my dino diaper!”

I massage the adorable cartoon dinos. “I’ll spank you again if you don’t show Daddy some respect.”

This is only the second reason for the discipline.

The first is that, after he splashed me before we headed to the Little Bunny Club the other night, I completely forgot to swat his tight ass.

What a terrible daddy!

He deserved all the delicious spankings for that minor act of rebellion.

Today, I’ll set him down the right path.

Cyan moans as he wiggles on my lap. “Stings, Daddy!”

“Good.”

Lifting my hand, I spank him again.

He cries out as his ass shakes, his body quivering.

“You’re making me hard, Daddy!”

“Tough shit. You’ll have to shoot with a hard-on—no getting around it.”

Perfect. Punishment.

It’s uncomfortable AF—yes, I did say AF—to fire a gun while aroused.

Believe me—*I’ve done that shit a million times.*

(Sometimes, it happens when I least expect it—danger is a potent aphrodisiac.)

I massage his cheeks. “You’ll live.”

He whines as he kicks a pebble backward while still perched on my lap. “I shouldn’t have consumed so much water before we left, Daddy. I’m stinging in more ways than one.”

Oh.

Oh?

A smirk pulls my lips into a Satan mask. “Say that again.”

Cyan stares dead into my eyes. “You heard me.”

With a growl, I tug my boy off my lap and stand him upright.

Positioning myself behind him, I slide my gun in his hands. “Here’s how today’s lesson will go down.” *It’s important to take charge of your boy when he’s trying to tempt you.* “You’ll shoot my gun. The kickback will send you flying backward into my chest. My mammoth muscles will protect you.”

I’m probably the best teacher ever.

I mean, who wouldn’t want to learn to shoot this way?

Cyan rubs himself on my body. “I’m ready.”

I kiss his neck. “Are you sure, baby boy?”

My angel’s voice is determined. “I’m sick of feeling weak. If firing a gun will give me confidence, I need to do it.”

“That’s right, angel. You’ll bloom when you learn to defend yourself. You can walk into the hood at night and know no one will fuck with you.”

He cracks his knuckles. “Well, I’m too old to walk anywhere at night—anywhere after five, actually. I’m typically in bed by then.”

That’s the cute part about dating an older Little.

They don’t need all-hours stimulation like younger guys.

“My point still stands.”

My voice is deep. Growly. Packed with emotion.

It’s time to show my boy how to defend himself like a *BOSS*.

Lifting Cyan’s hands, I bring them in front of his chest.

I guide his fingers to the trigger.

“When I say fire, shoot at the hay mound across from us.”

“Yes, Captain.”

“One.” I grit my teeth. “Two.” Blood thrums in my ears.
“*Three.*”

Cyan does nothing.

He whips his head back to glare at me. “Well?”

Huh?

My eyebrows slam together. “You didn’t shoot.”

“You never said fire.”

“I counted down from three.”

“Yeah, but you said you were gonna say fire. I got confused.”

I smack my forehead. “You’ve gotta be kidding.”

“I don’t want to shoot when I’m not supposed to.”

With a growl, I guide my boy into the proper pose once again.

“This time, when I say fire, you fire.”

Cyan doesn’t seem credulous. “Will you actually say it this time?”

“Say what?”

“Fire.”

“Of course.” God!

He glares at me. “You already let me down once. Don’t do it again.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it, boy.”

My eyes stare dead ahead.

They lock on the hay mound. “Fire.”

Cyan presses the trigger.

Bang.

The bullet whizzes out and slams into the hay mound.

Hay explodes everywhere and shines in the sunlight.

“Damn!” Cyan releases a squeal. “I did it!”

Holy shit.

I’m not saying I didn’t have faith in him—fine, that is what I’m saying.

“You did an excellent job.”

Cyan plasters a grin on his face. “Did I really?”

“Yes.”

Tilting his head around, I slam my lips on his.

We kiss as sunlight weaves webs on our cheeks.

“When Vincenzo taught Ryder to shoot, Ryder’s bullet flopped onto the ground.”

Cyan snickers. “That’s what I thought mine would do.”

“You’re a better marksman than me.”

He rolls his eyes. “Somehow, I doubt that. I got lucky.”

Nuh uh.

That was *way* too good of a shot.

“Shoot again.” The only way to get to the bottom of this mystery is to put my boy to the test.

Cyan lifts my gun.

Bang.

This time, the bullet flies into a tree.

It's nowhere near the hay mound.

“Uh oh.”

I snort out a laugh. “It looks like there was a *bit* of luck involved.”

“You can say that again.”

That's when Cyan lets out a whimper. “Ugh.”

My sculpted eyebrows furrow. “What's wrong?”

He clenches his thighs. “I have to go.”

Ashffflaifjasflkajwwll.

My brain malfunctions as I grip his hand. “Right now?”

“Right now.”

Setting my gun down, I lead him to a boulder in the middle of the field.

“No one's around for miles, sweet boy.” I help him sit down on it. “No one will see.”

Cyan tightens his grip on my hand. “I want you to swear you won't judge me.”

I get why this is a big deal.

Once you wet your diaper in front of someone, it's tough to return to the way things were.

If they judge you, your friendship, relationship, or casual acquaintanceship is over.

Squeezing his palm, I stare into his eyes. “I promise I won't judge you.”

His lower lip quivers. “I'm gonna do it now, Daddy.”

I let out a groan as I debate whether I should ask him what I *really* want to.

With my ex, I always dreamt about putting my hand on his diaper while he wet himself.

Don't ask me why!

I move my hand toward his thighs. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Yes."

"I'd really like to feel you while you go—place my hand on your diaper. If you don't want me to, I understand."

Cyan whips his head back and forth. "I don't mind."

I sluice my hand between his legs.

Cyan scrunches his eyes shut as his thighs clench even more.

At last, he squeezes my shoulders and whimpers.

"Oh—*Daddy!*"

"Is it happening, baby boy?"

He looks so shy as he buries his head in my chest. "Yes."

"Don't be ashamed, boy. There's nothing wrong with using your diaper. In fact, that's why I put it on."

He squirms beside me. "I-It's difficult to wee because I'm so hard."

Leaning to the side, I crush my lips to his.

He moans as I kiss him tenderly. Passionately.

I put my heart into it, letting him know I accept him.

No part of me judges him.

"Try a little harder, angel."

Cyan scrunches his face. "H-Here it comes."

This time, I rub his diaper while he releases.

He throws his head back, whimpering the entire time.

I kiss his lips, cheeks, neck, and ears.

Ahhhhh—this is what I’ve been dreaming about!

How many times did Travis refuse to use his diaper around me?

How many times did I fantasize about changing his mind?

With Cyan, there’s no hesitation—he desires this, too.

I groan as I rub Cyan’s diaper, fingering the sweet dinosaurs, so cute, so fluffy, so oblivious to what my boy’s doing to them. “You’re wet.”

“Wet, Daddy.”

Cyan can do nothing but echo me in a mumbled tone.

I lick his lips. “You’re the most precious boy on the planet.”

He sniffles. “Thank you, Daddy. You make me feel so safe.”

We kiss for thirty more minutes.

The sun starts to set, but we don’t budge.

Cyan wets himself again, and I stick by his side the entire time, holding his hand, praising him, telling him he’s a good boy, that he has nothing to fear, that I love when he’s his true self, that I’ll always be there to accept him for who he is.

“I’m close to making cummies, Daddy.” He bites my shoulder. “It almost happened when you were rubbing me.”

I can’t *not* bring my boy over the cliffs of horniness.

Not when he’s so horny.

I place my hand back on his diaper, then growl into his ear. “Come for Daddy.”

He cries out as his head slams back.

His body shakes as his cock spasms.

It shoots out not one, not two, but so many shots of cum I can’t count them all.

“I adore you, Daddy!” Cyan grinds into my palm, his eyes full of love.

“I adore you, too, baby boy.”

Heaving him into my arms, I slam him against the boulder.

We kiss.

Fiercely.

Desperately.

On fire.

Every time I swirl my tongue around his cheeks, he gives himself to me a little more.

I boop his nose. "Let's head home so Daddy can run you a tub."

"I love that plan."

Chapter Twenty-Six

Cyan

I lean back as Amedeo slides a wet wipe between my legs.

He scrubs me down, then tilts my legs up.

He fastens a fresh diaper onto me. “I chose rainbows and clouds today.”

Squeezing his hand, I try not to melt. “Perfect.”

I let Amedeo work his magic.

This is the fourth time he’s changed me since our gun date.

That day, I was too shy to let him help me out of my messy diaper.

Now, I don’t care.

He’s already been there while I wet myself.

Cleaning me isn’t that much further of a step.

What matters most is that he accepts me for who I am and doesn’t judge me.

He’s so unlike Bolan I can’t stand it.

Amedeo pats my bum. “All changed.”

Fighting a giggle, I raise my feet. “I like to kick, kick, kick my legs.”

Amedeo growls as he pushes my shins down. “You’ll smack Daddy in the nuts if you’re not careful.”

Good point.

The last thing I want to do is render Amedeo infertile.

I stick my tongue out. “Scaredy cat.”

“I’m warning you, boy.” He issues me a stern look. “Don’t ram your pretty foot into Daddy’s junk.”

Junk.

Why do I hate that word?

A snort escapes me. “Can you say something else?”

“What’s wrong with junk?”

“Nothing.” Everything.

“Tell Daddy what’s on your mind.”

I groan. “My doctor used to say junk when I was a boy.”

Amedeo’s eyebrows shoot up. “Ew.”

“You can say that again.”

“What were your appointments like?”

“You don’t want to know.”

“Tell me.”

“He’d instruct me to drop my khakis so he could check my junk.”

Amedeo gags. “That doesn’t seem professional.”

“The worst part was I wasn’t even wearing khakis half the time! Frequently, I was in jeans.”

Amedeo pushes out a snort. “Well... that doesn’t sound *that* traumatic.”

“His assistant, Tammy, was the best, though. She always complimented my khakis.”

“Even when you weren’t wearing them?”

“Nah. Only when I wore them. Sometimes, while wearing jeans, she’d remind me to throw on my khakis next time.”

Amedeo waggles his eyebrows. “This sounds like an exciting doctor’s office.”

You can say that again.

“I wish I would’ve told my doctor to take his junk and shove it up my ass.”

Amedeo coughs up a lung. “I think you mean shove it up *his* ass, baby boy.”

“What did I say?”

“Shove it up *your* ass.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“I swear to God you did.”

“There’s no way I would’ve said that. My doctor was such a geek.”

Amedeo shrugs. “Geeks can be cute.”

I smack my forehead.

Yeah, this is getting out of hand.

“Change me into my onesie, Daddy.” Time to show Amedeo who’s boss.

He shakes his head. “Ah ah ah.”

I furrow my brow—*the universal sign that someone is forgetting something*. “What?”

“We’re having a barbecue with my family tonight.”

Shit. Crap.

I pretend to wail. “I forgot, Daddy.”

“That’s okay, angel. You’re a busy IT specialist—you don’t have room to keep everything locked up in that beautiful brain of yours.”

A sniffle rips free from my lips. “I didn’t get them anything.”

Amedeo puts his hands on his hips. “You know damn well my family isn’t worth buying a gift for.”

“Yeah, but it’s polite,” I protest.

He chuckles. “Mom would think you’re up to something if you showed up with a package in hand. Dad would be suspicious, too.”

“I could bring chips.”

Everyone likes chips.

Or at least everyone with functioning taste buds.

Amedeo shakes his head. “We’ll have plenty.”

“I’ll take Zebra cakes.”

Amedeo mulls this. “That’s not a terrible idea.”

Last night, Amedeo and I had the serious Zebra cakes conversation.

Well, it’s serious in my view.

He said he’d never tried a Zebra cake before.

I told him he was out of his mind.

Breaking into my secret stash, I retrieved a small package of Zebra cakes—ones I’ve saved for a special occasion—and let him try one.

Mind. Blown.

Needless to say, Amedeo is now a full-fledged Zebra cake junkie.

I grin. “We’ll have to head to the store first.”

He barks out a groan. “No time.”

There goes my brilliant idea.

My eyes flit to the clock. “We can make it if we hurry.”

Amedeo clears his throat. “My suit is at the dry cleaner’s.”

Like that will stop me.

“And?” I demand sweetly.

“We can’t go treat shopping, pick up my suit, and make it to my family’s on time.”

I roll my eyes. “Buying one thing of Zebra cakes hardly counts as treat shopping.”

If we were grabbing enough for Luciano brother movie night, that’d be a different story.

Amedeo pokes my belly. “I know you, precious boy. Once we step into the treat aisle, you won’t be able to leave until you ask me to buy everything.”

This guy has some nerve.

I won’t want to buy everything—only the good things.

“You’re treat-shaming me,” I snap.

“Not having time to talk you out of buying gummies, chips, cookies, and brownies isn’t treat-shaming. It’s called valuing punctuality.”

“I don’t know what that means.” I sigh in disappointment. “I’m gonna maintain that you’re treat-shaming me.”

Amedeo pats my inner thigh. “Come on, cherub. We don’t want to be late.”

I stare into Amedeo’s gorgeous eyes.

I swear to God—mermaids are doing the backstroke in his blue depths.

“You have pretty irises, Daddy.”

“I was finna say the same to you.”

I moan as Amedeo slams his lips on mine.

He grips the back of my head, working his tongue between my cheeks.

He gives me all he’s got—which is a metric fuckton.

Nothing on Heaven or Earth compares to kissing this man—*especially while I sit in front of him in my diaper.*

I wiggle back and forth. “I’m gonna wear my diaper under my skirt.”

“I was hoping you would.”

I’m officially meeting the Lucianos.

Truly, I can’t believe it.

After all—this is the family that scared the bejesus out of Ryder when Romeo was still his cruel client at his former architecture firm.

This is the family that controls eleven billion dollars of real estate.

This is the family that shoots first and asks questions later.

I hold Amedeo’s hand tight as his limousine pulls up to an ivy-coated mansion.

I peep out a breath. “I’m so not dressed for this.”

Amedeo looks me up and down.

In one swift motion, he pops a kiss on my lips. “You look better than the brats we’re eating tonight.”

I thrust my arms around his waist.

I feast on his lips—desperate for stress relief.

If he transfers even one iota of his confidence to me, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Luciano won’t be a problem.

Dragging my lips away from Amedeo’s, I suck in a breath. “I hope I don’t make a fool of myself.”

I can think of a million things that could go wrong.

What if I trip in front of everyone and fall flat on my face?

What if my skirt splits open and exposes my sunshine and rainbow diaper?

What if Tommaso pokes fun of me and I cry like a little baby?

Amedeo tilts my chin up. “Remember the confidence you felt after you fired a gun for the first time?”

Closing my eyes, I recall that spectacular moment.

Pure power sung a Wagnerian chorus in my ears.

When I hit the target, I felt the insecurities regarding my ex fade to the wings.

I nod. “I’m recalling it.”

“That’s who you are inside, boy. A strong, fierce boy. Don’t let anyone boss you around or tell you what to do.”

“This is your family, Daddy.”

You only get one chance to make a first impression.

“Pretend they’re all naked.” Amedeo waggles his eyebrows.

With a groan, I try to ignore him. “I’d rather not.”

“That’s the best way to banish your nervousness.”

I try to picture the infamous Romeo Luciano—who I haven’t even met yet, only seen pictures of—in the buff.

A gagging sound springs free from my lips. “Please don’t put those images in my head without my consent.”

“I take it you’re imagining my dad.”

“Yup.”

“Maybe start with Tommaso next time.” Amedeo barks out a laugh.

My eyes roll to the whites. “No need.”

I’m never testing out this thought exercise again.

The only Luciano I want to see naked is Amedeo—his other brothers can go suck a dick.

Preferably, not each other’s.

Amedeo tightens his grip on my hand. “Let’s eat some brats.”

Why did the inventors of brats shape them like wieners?

They're not a good food item to eat when you're trying not to picture people naked.

I follow Amedeo into his parents' backyard.

I take in the stunning gardens, sky-high trees, rose beds, and immaculate marble columns.

Sprawling hedges outline a glistening infinity pool that stretches as far as the eye can see.

Greek and Roman-esque statues pave the garden filled with roses and lavender bushes.

A fountain the likes of which I've only seen in Vegas provides the crown jewel of the space.

I bite my lower lip. "This isn't intimidating at all."

"Breathe, baby boy."

"I'm trying."

"Remember—my family only murders those who wrong them. As long as you don't sell us out to the Riccardis, you'll be fine."

I try not to snort. "You don't have to worry about that."

Amedeo issues me a stern look. "My father will likely run a background check on you at some point—if he hasn't already. When that happens, don't be surprised."

I gulp. "It's a damn good thing I told you about my ex, then!"

That shit would come out regardless.

Amedeo snickers. "I wasn't going to tell you I could've looked it up in thirty seconds if I'd wanted to. Nah, I opted to protect your privacy—I'm a good man."

Anyone who calls themselves a good man is always a good man.

It's like the first rule of life.

We head toward the smoking grill.

The delicious smell of charred brats reaches our noses.

We've barely said hello to Vincenzo, who's manning the grill, when the growly voice stops us.

"I'll be damned." A man who looks like Don Corleone from *The Godfather* slams his meaty fist on Amedeo's back.

I recognize him at once.

Romeo Luciano.

"Hey, Dad." Amedeo sounds like he's forcing the chipper tone he uses.

"Your mother told me she heard you were at the Little Bunny Club the other night. I thought you'd skip today's festivities—you'd be wiped out from playing."

Amedeo pinches the bridge of his nose. "I'd hardly call a family barbecue festive."

Romeo extends his hand. "It's nice to meet you."

I pump it as firmly as I can.

This is a billionaire's hand I'm shaking.

This hand has murdered men.

This hand has had a hand in creating Daddy's life.

What a wonderful hand.

"Cyan—at your service."

Romeo cracks his neck. "This one's got a great smile, doesn't he?"

Amedeo growls as he steps forward. "Keep your observations to yourself."

I rest my hand on Amedeo's shoulder. "He was paying me a compliment, Daddy."

Romeo shakes his head. "Another relationship, another boy. Well, I hope you chose this one better than the last one."

"I did." Amedeo's voice is sure snarly.

"Travis was a colossal mistake." Romeo jabs a toothpick between his teeth.

“I overlooked a few red flags.”

Romeo glares at his son. “He cheated on you, boy. You should put a hit out on him.”

Amedeo growls as he jabs his finger in his father’s face. “I already told you—I’m not killing any more of my ex-boyfriends. Two were enough.”

Amedeo and Romeo turn to me.

Both burst out laughing.

“You should see the look on your face.” Amedeo waggles his eyebrows.

Romeo slaps his knee. “We really shouldn’t prank your boyfriends like that. They’ll piss themselves.”

That won’t be an issue.

I groan as I smack my forehead. “That’s not funny.”

Here I was, thinking that Amedeo would kill me if I ever ticked him off.

At least now I know that he and his family have a sense of humor—*albeit a terrifying one*.

Amedeo cackles. “It’s kind of funny.”

Romeo nods in agreement. “It’s super funny.”

I turn to Amedeo. “Is this billionaire humor?”

That’d explain why it doesn’t make me laugh.

Amedeo shakes his head. “It’s billionaire mob boss humor. You have to be super rich—and a killer—to laugh.”

Hold the freaking phone.

Are they joking or not?

My eyes dance between the two. “Now I feel you’ve actually killed Amedeo’s ex-boyfriends.”

Romeo’s eyes flicker with darkness. “As long as you don’t double-cross him, you don’t need to worry.”

Father and son stare at each other again.

Father and son roar with laughter.

“That’s it.” Gritting my teeth, I march away from these psychos. “I’m getting something to drink.”

“We’re joking, baby boy!” Amedeo calls after me, slapping his knee.

“Mostly,” Romeo drawls.

Tommaso’s by the drink cooler when I arrive. “Hey, bitch.”

I bite my lower lip. “Have any of Amedeo’s ex-boyfriends ever gone missing?”

Tommaso chuckles. “Ahh, they’re pulling that bit on you. Don’t let it scare you.”

Phew.

I chuckle as I select a juice box. “That’s a relief. I was worried.”

“As long as you don’t double-cross us, you’ll be fine.”

I wail in terror as I take a sip of apple juice.

My eyes flit around the gathering.

Men in suits consort with women in exquisite dresses.

Armed bodyguards with guns poking out of their pockets surround us.

Security guards on the roof aim automatic weapons at the street.

Yup—I should’ve stayed at home with my stuffies.

Tommaso pats my shoulder. “I’m only kidding.”

At what point do jokes become the truth?

A sigh escapes me. “I won’t ever turn on Amedeo.”

Tommaso smirks. “What if he doesn’t give you your nightly bottle on time?”

“I won’t turn on him.”

“What if he forgets to buckle you into your car seat?”

“Nope.”

“What if he talks to another baby boy?”

I stomp my foot. “You might as well kill me now, bitch.”

Tommaso howls with laughter. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

He’d better be.

“Daddy would never cheat on me.”

Tommaso nods in agreement. “No, he wouldn’t. He was crushed when Travis went behind his back and tried to find a new daddy on the internet. He was also disappointed when Travis was wandering around a dark alley. Yet Travis is still alive and kicking—no one hurt him. Nevertheless, it taught Amedeo that he despises cheating with a passion.”

I nod. “I hate cheating, too.”

“Amedeo would never cheat on you. And—he won’t kill you if you sell us out, either. However, the rest of us will make your life a living Hell.”

“Uh oh.”

Tommaso tugs his phone out. “Check out what I did to Travis.”

I peer at the phone.

A picture of a man with Satan horns sprouting from his noggin fills the screen.

The man is covering his crotch while a big hand-drawn dick rams into his ass.

I glare at Tommaso. “You’d better not be sharing revenge porn.”

“Nah. I’m merely keeping it to threaten him if he gets out of line.”

Tommaso lowers his voice. “Amedeo doesn’t know this—I told his PI to keep it from him—but we’re pretty sure Travis was meeting with a man named Bolan Bankman. Bolan was a former con artist who scammed the New York age play

community out of a ton of money. I don't know what the connection is between the two, but I'm going to find out."

Everything in me grinds to a halt.

"Who?" I muster.

"Bolan Bankman. The alley Travis was roaming down late at night is located next to the halfway house where they're prepping Bolan for release. He should get out any day."

My blood turns to ice.

It's official.

Amedeo's ex and my ex are connected.

But how?

Why?

What link brought these two together?

I recall the note Travis sent Amedeo.

He spoke about a friend who was staying with him—a friend who'd conned him, but who he was giving a second chance.

Oh my fucking God—Travis and Bolan are rooming together.

"I'll help you get to the bottom of this." My voice is firm as I stare into Tommaso's eyes.

He shoots me a look I can't place. "Why are you so interested?"

"Search my name and Bolan's. The press was gracious enough to keep my name offline, but I'm sure some gossip article links us."

Tommaso issues me a curt nod. "As I said—I'm keeping this from Amedeo. I don't want him to do anything drastic."

After closing the drinks cooler, we head back to Romeo and Amedeo.

Amedeo waggles his eyebrows when he sees me. "I hope you're getting along with Tommaso better than you were with my father."

I plaster a smile on my face. “Tommaso didn’t threaten to kill me.”

“Yes, I did,” Tommaso drawls. “You just didn’t understand me.”

Just then, a gorgeous woman wearing high heels walks to our side. “Ooooooh—Amedeo’s new Little is here! Gosh, I’ve been waiting to meet you for the longest time. I’m Isabella—your daddy’s mother. Amedeo had the toughest time in his last relationship. His ex-boyfriend never treated him well, and toward the end, he started looking for new daddies on the same damn phone my precious boy bought him! It was a terrible time. And it didn’t help that Amedeo was such a pansy—he couldn’t bring himself to break up with Travis. At last, he grew a pair of balls and pulled the trigger. Not literally, of course—Travis is still very much alive. We’d all like to see him have a fatal car accident, but we’re not in control of that—fate is.”

I try to ignore the terror simmering within me. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Dispense with the formalities.” Isabella lets out a laugh as she shakes my hand. “I’m your adopted mother now. My house is your house—unless you treat my baby like Travis. Then, we’ll have a different conversation.”

Tommaso cuffs my shoulder. “She’s only joking.”

I groan as I sip my juice box and pump Isabella’s hand.

Something tells me I’d better tread carefully.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Amedeo

I recline in the plush red seat as I dip my hand in the popcorn.

Royce prepared it with extra butter tonight—*exactly the way I like it.*

My angel and I are watching an animated movie.

It's a super cute one with a robot who goes to space.

The humans roam around a spaceship watching TV all day.

It's supposed to be a commentary on modern society or some shit—I don't see it that way.

I sure as fuck would like to watch TV and never worry about a damn thing!

Cyan reaches into the popcorn bucket.

He bites his lower lip when our hands touch. "Oopsie."

He yanks his hand out—and places it on his lap.

I let out a low growl. "No need to apologize, boy."

"You were trying to get some popcorn. I bothered you."

Uhhhhhm.

My brows caterpillar together. "You didn't bother me."

Moving the popcorn closer to him, I wave it in front of his face. "Eat."

He stares longingly at it—then shakes his head. “You first.”

My lips purse. “I said eat, boy. It’s an order.”

With gritted teeth, Cyan steals two pieces of popcorn.

He rams them in his mouth, then redirects his attention to the movie. “Thank you.”

Okay, something’s up.

Snapping my fingers—*this is Royce’s sign to pause the flick*—I face my angel.

The expression on his face is one I can’t place.

It combines distress and fear in a Julia Child-esque soufflé of restlessness.

“What’s wrong, boy?” My voice is calm. Soft. Gentle as a butterfly’s wing.

The last thing I want to do is make my boy fear.

Cyan turns away from me. “I’m okay.”

I reach between his legs, massaging his midsection. “Is it your diaper, baby?”

Cyan snuffles as he shakes his head. “Diaper’s fine.”

Hmmmm.

There’s something serious going on—but I have no clue what it is.

Tilting his head up, I urge him to look at me. “Daddy’s feeling like you don’t want to be around him right now, precious one. You’d rather be in your room than watching this movie.”

Cyan finally manages to peer into my eyes.

“Have you killed any of your ex-boyfriends?” His voice doesn’t waver. “Yes or no.”

For a second, I’m tempted to laugh.

Then I realize how scared my boy is, so I don’t.

I shake my head. “No, precious boy.”

He grits his teeth. “It sure seems like you have.”

“Why?”

“Your family wouldn’t stop joking about it.” He pushes out a breath.

“Angel.” I stroke his palm. “Those were only jokes.”

“At what point do jokes become reality?” He bites his lower lip. “Seriously—every single one of your family members joked that they’d murder me if I ‘double-crossed’ you!”

“Well, don’t double-cross me.”

Duh.

That’s an easy fix.

Cyan groans. “I wasn’t planning on it! Shit—I guess you’ve never been in a position where an incredibly powerful and rumor-plagued family is threatening you.”

I gnash my teeth. “Tell me who threatened you. I’ll blow their fucking brains out.”

Cyan shoots me a death glare. “You did.”

“Noooooo.” I shake my head, then chuckle. “Those weren’t threats, baby boy. They were jokes.”

“You threatened me jokingly.”

“I was messing around.” A sigh escapes me. “The emphasis is on the joke, angel. Not the threat—which doesn’t exist. Unless, of course, you cross me. In which case...”

Cyan lets out a horrified wail. “You did it again!”

I can’t help but smirk. “You sound like you’re planning to double-cross me.”

“I can’t take this!” Cyan rises from his chair. “I feel like you’re about to put a bullet in my brain or some shit.”

“Cool your jets.”

“I’m a Little, Daddy. All I want to do is play with stuffies. I can’t deal with threats.”

The seriousness with which my angel speaks arrests me.

All I once, I see things from his point of view.

Yeah—a family of billionaire known-killers “jokingly” saying they’ll exterminate you isn’t hilarious.

Not when you’re on the receiving end of the “jokes.”

“Wow.” Standing up, I rush to my boy’s side. “You’re right, buttercup. Thanks for checking me.”

Cyan pokes his eyes out from behind his hands. “Huh?”

“I said you’re right. It’s not funny to joke about murdering you—I wasn’t putting myself in your position. Now that I have, I understand how it’s terrifying.”

Cyan tries not to smile. “Are you still my snuggly daddy? Or—are you harboring a secret plot to end my life?”

I hate to say it, but Cyan isn’t even on my radar of people to kill!

With a snort, I lead Cyan back to the theater seats. “You’re not Italian enough to kill.”

Cyan’s jaw tumbles to his feet. “That feels... offensive.”

I shrug. “It’s the truth. Like it or not—we pretty much only kill our Italian enemies. Powerful, vicious thugs. You’re simply not connected to a powerful family, so the cops would smell foul play right away. They tend to ignore us when we only kill other mob members—we’re too powerful to prosecute. If a civilian gets maimed, however, prosecutors are more inclined to take the case.”

“What about Travis?” Cyan scratches his right temple. “Would you kill him?”

I shake my head. “Not important enough. And—I loved him. Dearly. Even though he hurt me, I’d never hurt a hair on his head.”

Cyan groans as he rests his head on my shoulder. “What if I told you a secret?”

Secrets, secrets are no fun, unless they’re shared with everyone.

I narrow my eyes. “Go on.”

“It was only hypothetical.” Cyan looks away. “I don’t have a secret to share.”

I tilt his head up. “Don’t lie to Daddy.”

“Here’s my first big secret of the night—I’m kinda pissed you insinuated I wasn’t important enough to murder!”

“I said Italian.”

“That’s not what you meant.”

My neck cracks. “I thought you didn’t *want* me to kill you.”

“I don’t.” He huffs out a grunt. “But damn, I’d like to at least feel worthy. This makes me feel like an ant.”

A laugh roars out of me.

I try to claw it back—but my efforts prove futile.

My whole body shakes, rumbling and jolting, my chest heaving, my breath wheezing.

“You’re not an ant, baby boy.” Struggling to rein in my laughter, I kiss my boy. “You’re my prince. My angel. My *everything*.”

“Your everything.” Cyan says this with no small degree of sarcasm. “You’d think I’d be important enough to kill, then.”

“I meant—you’re not Mafia. I apologize if it came out the wrong way.”

“Maybe I want to be a worthy target to take out. Maybe that excites me.”

A grin lays claim to my face. “You can’t be terrified of me and also want me to murder you, baby boy. That’s not a recipe for a healthy relationship.”

Cyan dusts my lips with a kiss. “I do have a tiny secret.”

“As long as it’s not about one of our ex-boyfriends, you’ll be fine.”

He gulps adorably. “Tommaso told me to keep this to myself. However—you’re my daddy. I refuse to keep anything from you.”

Hold up.

Rage flickers in my eyes. “You and Tommaso have secrets?”

“He may have spoken to your PI.”

My jaw tumbles to my feet. “Don’t fuck with me.”

“I really shouldn’t tell you this, Daddy.”

My fingers thread through his. “I’ll be very cross if you don’t.”

Cyan’s breath hitches. “Travis was meeting up with Bolan. That’s why he was prowling through the dark alley—Bolan was in the halfway house nearby preparing for release. I believe he and Bolan are rooming together now.”

A bomb.

An explosion.

A barrage of bullets.

Each of these war with the others in my chest.

I roar and spill popcorn on the floor. “Don’t lie to me.”

“I don’t know how they know each other or why. Travis’s letter to you said he’d been conned by a friend—Bolan. But where did they meet? How long have they known each other? Why did Travis invite Bolan into his home?”

I squeeze my boy’s hand. “You have no idea how grateful I am that you told me this, boy.”

“I refuse to keep secrets from you. Tommaso will be upset—but he’ll have to deal with it.”

I stand up and heave my angel into my arms.

I pin him to the wall, my hips corkscrewing against his, my tongue darting into his mouth.

My right hand rams into his pants, and I grip his cock, firm, hard, achy.

It’s already slick with pre-cum and rock-hard—*which surprises the fuck out of me.*

“I’m your servant tonight, boy,” I rasp, kissing his neck, lips, cheek. “Your fucking slave—whatever you want me to do, tell me. Want me to fuck you until the sun comes up? Say the magic words. Want me to feed you bottle after bottle of formula until you can’t control yourself? I’ll do it. Want me to rub Roary Rex on your willy and come in your hole? Anything your heart desires—I’ll do it. Don’t hesitate to ask me anything.”

Cyan whimpers as he kisses me. “You can start by helping me go wee in the potty, Daddy.”

“Does my boy need to empty his bladder?”

“Yes, Daddy.” He snuffles as he rubs himself on me. “Need a good wee and then a cummy.”

I take his hand and lead him to the bathroom.

Threading his cock out of his diaper, I direct it toward the toilet.

Cyan’s cheeks turn pink as he relieves himself, then groans.

I masturbate his cock after he finishes wee-ing.

It only takes three seconds for him to come.

“Daddy!!!!” Cyan cries out, grinding into my palm. “Feel so happy with you!”

I pop his cock in my mouth.

I suck it.

Greedy. Primal. Feral.

When he comes a second time in my mouth, I pledge my soul to him forever.

With a raspy breath, I raise my lips to his and kiss him again. “Let’s find out what the fuck our exes are doing together.”

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Travis

“Are you freaking kidding me?!”

I’ve barely stepped into my kitchen when I see it.

The half-eaten slice of cheesecake in the fridge.

Ahem—*my* cheesecake.

Ya know, the one I’ve been saving for a special occasion.

Bolan glances up—then swallows before he speaks. “What’s the matter?”

“You ate my cheesecake.”

I’m not here to play games.

It was one thing to let my former “business” partner room with me after he scammed the entire world.

It’s another to let him off the hook when he steals my food.

Bolan shakes his head. “You’re delusional.”

“It was on the top shelf.” Marching to the fridge, I jab my finger toward the empty spot that once held my favorite food in existence. “It was chocolate strawberry. The best flavor.”

Bolan shoots me a dirty look. “If you keep bugging me, we’re gonna have a problem.”

I stare at him—perplexed as a motherfucker.

Where does this man get off?

With a grunt, I stomp to my room and slam the door shut.

Here's the deal.

When Bolan hit me up last month, I didn't know how to react.

I hadn't spoken to him since I lent him one million dollars for his bullshit investment scheme.

The worst part?

It was my boss's money.

Luigi Riccardi.

I lost every. Fucking. Penny.

Bolan swore he'd get it back for me if I helped him when he left prison.

He claimed he had secret Cayman Island bank accounts where he kept every red cent.

It was a lie—at least *I'm pretty fucking sure it was!*

He's been with me a week, and he hasn't given me JACK.

Bolan opens my bedroom door. "I swear I didn't eat it."

"Then who did?" I snap. "Did a bunch of dogs break into my house like in *A Christmas Story*?"

That's like the best scene of the movie.

The family is about to feast on turkey when the next-door neighbors' dogs rip it off the table.

They try to save it, but it's toast.

They have to go out for Chinese food—and eat duck instead.

I don't plan to eat duck today.

But I'll stuff Bolan like a motherfucking roasted duck if he doesn't buy me more cheesecake.

Bolan pushes out a sigh. "You're not making this easy for me."

Easy for you?!

I want to jump out the freaking window.

“You can’t steal my cheesecake.” I clench my fists. “That’s a criminal offense.”

“In prison, we didn’t really label our food.”

“Bullshit.”

“It’s true.”

“You’d get shanked if you stole someone’s chips.”

“I was in a white-collar prison. The worst people did was make veiled threats.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose. “I can’t live like this.”

“You act like this is easy for me.”

God help me.

I’m gonna beat this man’s ass.

I rise to my full stature. “First, you steal one million dollars of my boss’s money.”

“It wasn’t *your* money.”

“Listen, you piece of shit.” A growl escapes me. “Do you know what I had to do to pay him back?”

“Nah.”

“I had to assume a new identity and pretend to be his enemy’s adult baby!” I shout. “Diapers. Pacifiers. Onesies.”

Bolan shrugs. “My last partner was into that. He was too old for it, though—it gave me the jeebie-heebies.”

“The heebie-jeebies,” I correct.

Bolan shakes his head. “I’m pretty sure it’s the jeebie-heebies.”

The ability to choose my battles has never come at a better time.

“The point is that I had to call Amedeo Luciano *Daddy* for nine fucking months.”

“I won’t even pretend to know who that is.”

“I’ll tell you one thing about him—he’s *REALLY* into Daddy kink. Like, really into it. Whenever I’d try to quit wearing my adult diaper, he’d get all pouty.”

“Oh, relax. At least you got to try something new.”

“I’m not even gay,” I snarl, gritting my teeth.

I pull up my phone.

Me: I’m ready to kill this bastard

FeliciaAKABottomBitchDearest: Don’t get your blood pressure up, honey. You’ve worked too long and hard to throw it all away now—once you find out where he stashed the money, you can pay Luigi back and be done with the Riccardis and Lucianos forever

Me: I love you, babe

FeliciaAKABottomBitchDearest: I love you, too—it feels weird saying that about an adult baby, but it’s true

Me: I’M NOT AN ADULT BABY

FeliciaAKABottomBitchDearest: Methinks he doth protest too much bahhaahahaha

Bolan stares at my phone. “Who are you texting?”

“My wife.” This comes out extremely snarky. “Don’t try to steal her, too.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” Bolan drawls, devastating me with a dismissive wave. “I’m only into guys, honey.”

I glare at him. “Your new hobby needs to be cheesecake-baking if you want to stay alive.”

“Oh, I can whip up an excellent cheesecake. Light years better than that shit you had in the fridge.”

Trapped.

Marching forward, I grab his neck. “So you did steal my cheesecake!”

“Oops.”

With a roar, I ram my fist into his cheek.

Crunch.

He screams as he drops to the floor in a puddle of blood.
“Fucker.”

“All I wanted was the truth—and my money.”

“And your cheesecake,” Bolan snaps. “Let’s not leave that out.”

I tug my dick out of my pants.

“Suck it.”

This is the ultimate revenge.

He should be used to sucking cock from prison.

And he used to suck me off all the time when we were
“business partners.”

Let’s not pretend he’s innocent.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

Bolan attacks my cock like a starving animal.

He groans as he swishes his tongue across my mushroom head.

He swipes it up the underbelly of my shaft, licking everything.

Damn—*damn.*

He sucks my cock better than Amedeo ever did!

I force myself deeper into his mouth. “That’s right, bitch. Suck Daddy’s cock.”

Maybe that’s why Amedeo and I didn’t get along—*I wasn’t about to become anyone’s boy!*

Bolan sucks me until my dick tingles.

Shot after shot of hot white nut explodes down his throat.

He chuckles as he swallows it. “You’re not as straight as you claim to be.”

“Get your ass in the kitchen and bake me a fresh cheesecake.”

Bolan pries himself off the floor and waggles his eyebrows.
“Yes, Daddy.”

Oh, God.

Someone tell me why that sounds so hot.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Cyan

The laptop screen flashes as I enter a line of code.

I pitch forward to study the results of the protocol.

Sure enough—*it's a success*.

Gritting my teeth, I bring up a satellite image of Travis's home.

My script allowed me to hack a Chinese satellite orbiting the moon.

Zooming in, I watch a light illuminate in Travis's window before flickering off.

Amedeo settles into the seat beside me. "You're working hard, angel."

I turn to Daddy.

In the glow of the computer lights, he looks stunning.

His thick hair sticks up in every direction because he hasn't had a chance to comb it.

His chiseled jaw reminds me a Roman warrior's.

His eyes are what I focus on the most.

So deep. So blue.

Tonight, they remind me of the Hope Diamond or the gorgeous frosting on blueberry Pop Tarts.

I grit my teeth. “You can never work too hard at computers.”

“Take a cuddle break.” Amedeo sets a tray of something on my desk. “You’ll strain your eyes.”

I glance at the mystery items.

My tummy groans when I realize what they are.

A veritable cornucopia of study snacks spreads out before my eyes.

Zebra cakes. Gummies. Chips. Nacho cheese dip. Fruit zips. Candy pops.

“Oh, Daddy.” Lifting my hand, I rub my belly. “You’re making me hungry.”

Amedeo massages my lower back. “I know you’re hard at work hacking satellites. You need tasty food.”

Letting out a moan, I bring a fruit zip to my lips. “Mmmmm.”

Amedeo watches me eat with wonderment in his eyes. “Everything you do is spectacular.”

A snort escapes me. “I’m only eating a fruit zip.”

“You eat it like a model on TV. In fact, you’re making me want to go out and buy more.”

Silly, silly Amedeo.

Swallowing my treat, I thrust my arms around his neck. “I like you so much.”

Tilting my chin up, his eyes make contact with mine. “I like you, too, boy.”

“Wanna see what I found?”

“Yes.”

I tap the screen. “When Bolan went to trial, one million dollars was never accounted for.”

“I’m confused.”

“The investigators were able to track where most of my friends’ money went. However, Bolan’s accounting records showed a surplus of one million bucks that didn’t come from them.”

Amedeo’s eyebrows stitch together. “I don’t know what you’re trying to say.”

“Someone gave Bolan a shitload of money. No one knows who.”

Amedeo rolls his eyes. “Well, let’s not call it a *shitload* of money. Someone gave your ex-boyfriend their monthly jet fuel money.”

Wow. Just wow.

My eyes narrow. “One million bucks is a lot of money for regular people.”

“You’re right. Go on.”

I shrug. “There’s nothing left to say. I can’t find out where Bolan got the money.”

“Did you ask him?”

I shoot Amedeo a dumb look. “Do I look fucking stupid?!”

“Give Tommaso this information. We’ll see what he uncovers.”

“I will.”

Tugging a bottle of something I can’t see out of his suit coat pocket, he sets it on my desk. “In the meantime...”

I tilt my head to the side.

What’s this?

After squinting, I realize it’s a bottle of strawberry syrup.

Not any old strawberry syrup—it’s *mixed with dark chocolate*.

I lift my gaze. “What’s this, Daddy?”

“Follow me, boy.”

Amedeo lets out a growl as he flings me over his shoulder.

He marches me to his bedroom, then guides me inside.

My eyes flit around the dimly lit space.

This is special. Sweet. One-of-a-kind.

He's never invited me into his bedroom before—normally, when we cuddle, he climbs into my adult-sized crib!

I turn to him. “You brought me into your room.”

“It's been a long time coming, eh?” Amedeo pushes out a grunt as he rams me on his bed. “You were thinking I didn't want ya in my bed. You were wrong, boy! Ha—the only reason I waited so long was because I wanted our first time to be special. Royce bought the best strawberry syrup in New York today. If that's not as special as it gets, I don't know what is.”

With a growl, he rips my clothes off and tosses them on the floor.

I arch my back, my body bucking, my man mounds shaking like bongo drums.

They quiver, quiver, then bounce when Amedeo snags the left one in his teeth.

He swirls his tongue around my nipple, hard, taut, turning into a pink bud for him.

“Daddy!” I throw my head back and surrender to his passionate tongue. “It tickles!”

“My tickly boy.” Amedeo roars out a growl as he grabs the strawberry syrup. “Prepare to be sticky. Daddy's finna lick this sugar jizz offa ya, that's what the fuck he's finna do.”

Amedeo squirts the syrup on my body.

I moan as it cascades over my man mounds, my tummy, my hips.

I smear it into my flesh, loving the way it clings to me, making me feel like a candy bar.

Amedeo licks my tummy.

I scream as red-hot flames spark within me, swirling across my gut.

He drags his tongue up, down, left, right, side-to-side—then back up.

As he licks me, I can't help but whimper with need.

Oh—*oh*.

This is hotter than anything I've dreamt about.

When Bolan and I were intimate, I begged him to do something like this.

Crazy. Kinky. Unexpected.

And the fact that Amedeo did this without asking, without so much as a warning, makes it oodles hotter.

“That’s right, boy. Rub the syrup into your body. The Lord didn’t give you a tummy like that to hide under a shirt. He gave it to you to show off—to *expose*. To let Daddy lick. Don’t be shy, angel. Rub your mitts on your belly. Get yourself nice and sticky.”

Squelching noises fill the air as I obey Amedeo’s command.

Strawberry syrup trickles down my sides, pooling on the mattress.

The delicious smells that reach my nose thrill me.

That’s when Amedeo does something crazy.

Bellowing like a T-Rex, he rips off his clothes.

He pounces on me, his teeth gnashing, his hips pumping of their own accord, harder, harder, faster, stronger, each thrust whipping me like a horny, penitent nun in a convent.

He rams his cock into my button, an ungodly squelching filling the room.

It’s louder than a locative—and *twenty times more powerful!*

“ARRRGGGH!” Amedeo’s mammoth balls slap against my belly. “Take it, boy. I’m ramming goddamn near a foot of cock in your belly.”

I scream as he fills me in a hole I'd never even explored until we met. "It feels good, Daddy!"

"I know it does, boy." With a groan, he smears his hands around my mounds, scooping up strawberry syrup and bringing it to his lips. "My dick's singing your praises. You're gonna make it holler with joy."

His giant nutsack slams into me as he thrusts, bucks, twists, grinds.

A whine springs free of my lips, one that borders on a mewl, but I don't give a shit.

Let me mewl.

Shit—let me purr if I want!

With a groan, I rub my hands on Amedeo's muscular chest.

He removes his fingers from his mouth and jams them into mine.

I gag on his digits, my head rolling back on account of his primal display of manly dominance.

He fucks.

He thrusts.

He forces me to suck his thumb.

Strawberry and chocolate explode on my tastebuds.

The flavor is so rich, so juicy I can't help but leak pre-cum.

"I'm gonna blow, Daddy!!"

Amedeo beats my shaft. "Wanna bust in Daddy's button, boy?"

Oh. My.

This is so erotic I can't fathom it.

"Yes," I whine, grinding my belly into his shaft, enveloping it in my fluff. "Please!"

Daddy rips his dick out of my belly.

He slides his button over my cock, letting me penetrate it.

“Ohhhh, boy.” He pushes out a groan as he flexes his muscles, letting me feel them ripple around my dick head. “I’ve never been penetrated before. You’re fucking a tight, tiny virgin button. Daddy’s button. One that’s excited for you.”

I cry out as I grind into his bellybutton.

My balls spasm so much I fear they’ll explode.

“Come in my button.” Amedeo’s voice is fierce. Deep. Unrelenting. “I won’t ask you again.”

It happens before I can stop it.

Pumps of cum tear out of my dick and ram into Amedeo’s belly.

He accepts every drop, refusing to let a single one trickle back onto me.

Then, he tugs my dick out, caps my load in his belly button, and moves his torso in front of my face.

With a carnivorous roar, he lets my juices steamboat out.

Boom.

They squirt out of his bellybutton and cover my nose, cheeks, chin.

He comes next.

Tilting his dick up, he juts out a giant firehose of spend.

One, two, *three*—at some point, I lose track because they blend into one.

Amedeo moans as he ducks down and seals my lips in a kiss. “*Mine.*”

“Yours, Daddy.”

It’s true.

I’m his boy—and he’s my daddy.

Where others judged us, we’ve found each other.

Where the world’s shown us scorn, we’ve nurtured a flower of acceptance.

Amedeo heaves me into his arms, then crushes me against the wall.

Like a hungry lion, the leader of his pack, one who hasn't eaten in weeks, months, he explodes down on my belly and chest.

Snarling, emitting saliva, he slobbers all over my body, sucking up the syrup, predatory grunts ripping free from his lungs, his eyes crossing, rolling back, his head bobbing until I think it'll detach from his neck.

I scream as he gives birth to another orgasm in my body. "If I could make babies, you'd have gotten me pregnant tonight, Daddy!"

With a groan, he leans up and slams his lips on mine.

We shut the world out with this kiss.

Fuck what anyone thinks.

Fuck the haters.

We have each other—that's what matters most.

"I'd offer to run you a tub, but I'd prefer to lick you clean."

Oh, Daddy.

You're a mind-reader.

I take his hand. "Do it in front of my laptop. I want to see if Tommaso responded regarding the money mystery."

We head back to my laptop.

To our surprise, something's flashing on the screen.

"We've got action." Amedeo's voice is deep. Low. Packed with emotion.

Rushing to the screen, we sit down in front of it.

Amedeo makes good on his promise.

He drops to his knees and swirls his tongue around my belly, nipples, and dick to lap up the syrup.

When I zoom in, my heart stops dead on my chest.

Fuck. No.

“Daddy.” A quaver shreds my voice.

Bolan and Travis are fucking.

Travis is balls deep in my ex-boyfriend’s ass, his hands in his hair.

He licks his palm and brings it down on Travis’s ass with a slap.

Smack.

We can’t hear it—obviously, we’re watching this through a hacked satellite stream.

But oh Christ, we see it.

Or at least I do.

“What is it?” Amedeo pops his head up.

I tap the screen. “Look.”

Amedeo grits his teeth. “So they’re lovers?”

I turn to Amedeo with sadness in my eyes. “Looks like.”

“Do you think they were together throughout my entire relationship?”

“I don’t know.” Leaning in, I wrap my arms around his chest. “I’m so sorry, Daddy.”

“He must’ve been seeing Bolan behind my back the entire time.”

My phone buzzes.

TestyTommaso: Travis was using a fake identity

My jaw tumbles to my feet. “Fuck.”

Me: You’re kidding

TestyTommaso: I traced the million dollars back to Luigi Riccardi. Travis was a Riccardi plant. We didn’t catch him because he adopted the identity of a real-life American who vanished last year but was never reported missing—until last week

I turn to Amedeo. “Travis was a double agent this whole time.”

Chapter Thirty

Cyan

“I’ll be right back, Daddy.”

Amedeo glances up from his laptop. “Your two friends are heading to the pastry store with you, right?”

I roll my eyes. “Of course.”

“I’ll send my security guard to follow you.”

“That’s not necessary.” I shake my head. “It’s literally two blocks away.”

Amedeo growls as he snaps his laptop shut. “I’ll be damned to hell if I let anything happen to you.”

Marching forward, he swoops me into his arms.

“You’re gonna make me whip out the syrup again, Daddy.”

“Good.” Amedeo issues me a deadly smirk. “That’s how I want you to be. Sticky. Sweet. Covered in juicy liquid that Daddy can lick off.”

“I’m heading out now.”

Damn!

This freaking guy is so horny!

I can’t help but cackle as I tug myself out of his arms.

After depositing one last kiss on his lips—*an ooey gooey marshmallow one*—I slip out of his mansion and head down the street.

The best pastry shop in the world is super close.

I stumbled across it online last night after Amedeo finished bathing me.

Apparently, he's never tried it—even though his ass lives hella close.

How is it possible to do all this hacking work without quality pastries?!

I'm not a robot, bitch—I need sustenance.

My phone buzzes in my pocket.

“Hey, chica.” Enzo's voice reaches me through the speaker.

“I'm heading outside now. Are you close?”

Enzo clears his throat. “That's why I called.”

“Go on.”

“I won't be able to join you.”

“Fine. Ryder and I will go alone... but don't expect us to buy you anything.”

“I can't come, either.” Ryder's voice is apologetic. “I will next time.”

“For Christ's sake, you two were supposed to keep me safe! Daddy will flip when he finds out I walked two blocks by myself.”

“Maybe you should head back inside and get Amedeo.” Ryder clears his throat.

I glance back at Amedeo's mansion.

Warmth fills my chest as I take in the beautiful fixtures, shrubs, and columns.

It's a bastion of safety.

I could be inside it in less than thirty seconds.

“No.”

“You’re so dumb.” Ryder busts out a laugh. “You’re dealing with deadly mobsters and you’re not taking this seriously.”

“I *was* taking it seriously—until you two ditched me.”

“We couldn’t get the bus.”

“That’s the worst excuse ever. Vincenzo could drive you.”

“Vincenzo is busy with his father,” Ryder explains.

“Mmmhm.”

“They’re planning a family trip to Sicily so his dad can get with that twink.”

“Ooh la la,” I drawl with zero amusement. “Come on, guys. I can’t believe you ditched me.”

“It’s only two blocks.” Enzo snorts. “You’ll be fine.”

“If the Riccardis kidnap me, I’m blaming you.”

“Buy us some pastries,” Ryder jokes.

“You’d better be joking.” Yeah, I’m not risking my life to buy them jack shit—*only me and Daddy*.

Snapping my phone off, I continue down the street.

Tall happy trees sway in the wind.

Sun beats down on my neck, warming me.

A bird swooshes past my face before landing on a mailbox.

But a deadly feeling bubbles up inside me.

One that’s dangerous and sinister—*one I can’t control*.

How long have Bolan and Travis been together?

Why didn’t Amedeo realize Travis was cheating on him sooner?

What are they planning?

I let out a growl as I wrack my brain for answers.

“It’s not right that they were hooking up behind our backs.”

I don’t have definitive proof they did this.

Still, when your ex-boyfriend reunites with your current partner's ex after spending three years in prison, and they're fucking like rabbits, it's hard not to suspect the worst.

That's when a lightbulb flashes in my brain.

There's no reason I need to waddle around like a lame duck and let Amedeo deal with this shit alone.

I can help him.

Tugging my phone out, I dial Bolan's number.

He answers on the first ring. "Hello?"

"I don't have long to talk." My voice is firm. Direct. To-the-point.

"Me, neither."

"I have a question I need to ask you."

"If you're wondering, no, I still don't want to move back in with you."

"It's not about that. How long have you and Travis been hooking up?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't bullshit me."

"I'm not."

"I have it on good authority that you two are fucking."

"Who told you that?"

"It's none of your fucking business. All I want to know is—*were you two intimate when we were together?*"

"No."

"Yeah, right."

"I'm telling you the truth."

"Tell me about your relationship with Travis."

"He's my former business partner. He screwed me over three years ago and I'm trying to get some money he owes me."

“The reverse is true.”

“I don’t know where you got that.”

“I saw the letter Travis wrote to Amedeo.”

“What letter?”

“You know which one.”

“I don’t.”

“It said that you fucked Travis over three years ago—you *conned* him. He doesn’t know why he let you move back in with him.”

“He’s not as innocent as you think.”

“Tell me everything.”

“You abandoned me during my time of need. I went to fucking prison—that shit wasn’t easy.”

“You deserved to go to prison.”

“Do you know what it’s like to suck so much cock you can’t swallow food? Or have men fuck your ass because you dropped the soap?”

“You should’ve thought about that before you conned my friends.”

“I loved you.”

“I doubt that.”

“Don’t make me be brutal with you. That’s not what I want to do.”

“Well, you’re not being honest,” I grit out. “Maybe you should tell the truth.”

“You were too old for me. I tried to adore you—tried to be the daddy you needed. It didn’t work. I wanted nothing to do with you.”

“Why the fuck did you stay with me for so long?”

“I was mixed up with bad men. The con was never my choice—I had to do it to pay back my ex-daddy. You were a perfect target.”

I tighten my grip on my phone. “Fuck you.”

“It’s not my fault you were so fucking dumb. God—why did you stay with me?”

“I lost my friends because of you.”

“Well, I lost countless years of my life pretending to be your daddy. You might think I made out like a bandit, but I didn’t. What a waste of fucking time.”

I kill the call.

Bolan hasn’t changed.

He lied to me from day one.

I’m turning around to head back to Daddy’s house when the firm hands grip me.

A deadly voice sounds in my ear.

“You’re coming with us.”

Chapter Thirty-One

Amedeo

“We have a problem.”

I let out a growl as I hunch forward in my seat.

My eyes lock on the clock.

My boy should be back any second.

I can't believe his friends were so kind as to come all the way here merely to walk to the pastry store with him.

Those are some nice ass friends.

Lord knows I wouldn't do that shit if I were them.

Talk about a pain in the ass.

My tummy rumbles as I think of the delicious pastries he's picking up.

Apple strudels. Donuts. Chocolate lava cake.

We're gonna have a party while we do some hacking.

I snap my head up. “Tell me.”

“I ran a malware analyzer on Vincenzo's phone.” Dad's voice is firm.

I grit my teeth. “And?”

“He has a bedbug virus.”

This causes me to pause.

Twisting my neck, I give Dad a confused look. “I’m not a tech wizard. Explain what that is.”

Tommaso comes to the screen. “A seasoned hacker buried the virus underneath layers of code—it’s ‘hidden’ in the cracks of the phone. They must’ve done it while he left his phone out one time. They slipped a bedbug virus into the motherboard.”

Dad lets out a growl. “I’m going to perform a bleach protocol.”

Tommaso shakes his head. “A bleach script won’t work on a bedbug virus. The only solution is to run a ‘heat protocol’ to fry the motherboard to one hundred-and-fifty degrees or ‘freeze’ the device for four days.”

That doesn’t sound good.

“Don’t wreck Vincenzo’s phone,” I snap.

Dad grits his teeth. “That sounds like it’ll destroy the hardware if I do it wrong.”

Tommaso shakes his head. “We have to try.”

“Get a new battery,” Dad snarls. “Or program it out.”

“It’s the most difficult virus to get rid of.” Tommaso doesn’t mince words. “You can’t program it out. You need to ‘heat’ or ‘cool’ the device—or throw it out.”

I’ve dealt with bedbugs before.

Now, I’m not an expert or anything, but those bastards are a PITA to get rid of.

You gotta torch your mattress in a faraway location.

And pray they don’t crawl into your shoes or some shit before you head home.

“You can’t throw Vincenzo’s phone out,” I bellow.

Unlike my old mattress, my brother’s phone contains irreplaceable data.

“Clone it.” Dad’s eyes turn to slits.

“We can’t,” Tommaso snaps. “It’ll transfer the virus to the new phone.”

“That’s what happened when I dealt with bedbugs, too.” I nod sternly.

Dad slams his fist on his desk. “Figure out a goddamn solution. I’m too fucking old to deal with this shit. My computer days are behind me.”

Tommaso grits his teeth. “The bedbug virus may have already infected our family of phones.”

No.

No.

I roar as I stare at the screen. “That can’t be possible.”

Tommaso glares at Vincenzo. “You really fucked us over by disabling three-factor.”

“I hated scanning my iris whenever I texted my baby boy.” Vincenzo cracks his neck.

“Well, you caught bedbugs,” Tommaso snaps, “in your phone.”

I pull out my device.

Me: Daddy has a task for you this afternoon, angel. He needs you to eliminate a bedbug virus

No response.

Hmmmm.

That’s strange.

My boy must be having so much fun with his friends he forgot to check his phone.

Dad clears his throat. “Tell us how to find out if our phones are infected.”

“You need to look for white patches in the hardware. The virus ‘breeds’ ‘eggs’ in the metal-slash-green part of the phone.”

Wow. Just wow.

“This virus is deadlier than I thought,” I growl.

I appreciate it that Tommaso, hacker extraordinaire, is using layman's terms for me.

If he were speaking at his usual high-tech level, I wouldn't be able to understand him.

"I don't get how a fucking computer virus can lay eggs," Dad grumbles.

"They're not actually eggs."

"Well, that's helpful."

"They're crystals that resemble eggs. The virus causes them to spawn."

"Tell us more," I demand.

"They allow the virus to hop from device to device. Sometimes, if you set your phone next to a contaminated one, say on a bed in a motel for instance, the virus will 'crawl' into your device. You can come back from a trip and not realize you carried 'bedbugs' home with you."

"This is one creative motherfucker who programmed this virus," I snap.

"You can say that again." Tommaso's voice is grave. "Sometimes, the most sinister inspiration comes from nature."

"We actually almost eliminated bedbugs in the mid-twentieth century," Dad explains. "You could go into any hotel and not have to worry about those bastards biting your ankles. However, the pests evolved to resist the pesticides."

"We're not talking about real bedbugs, Dad." God.

"I know," Dad roars. "I'm only saying—if only we had a solution like that for the bedbug virus."

"What the hell are we going to do?" I scream. "Spray our phones with neem oil?"

"No." Tommaso stares me dead in the eyes. "I'll run the 'heating' patch. Vincenzo's phone should be clear in a few hours."

“The Riccardis won’t be able to listen to our calls after,” Dad grits out. “Correct?”

Tommaso nods. “Correct.”

That’s when I get the message.

Unknown Number: We have your boy

Chapter Thirty-Two

Cyan

I scream as I struggle against my captors.

What the fuck is this shit?!

There I was, returning to Daddy's house like a good boy after my friends said they couldn't join me.

(Well, truthfully, it was because my shitty ex was an asshole to me.)

Sue me—I needed Daddy snuggles.

Before I could blink, three assholes grabbed me and brought me to a secret location.

One of the men—*they're all wearing ski masks*—snarls at me. "Shut your fucking mouth."

My mother might've disowned me for being gay, but she didn't raise no bitch.

I kick the man in the nuts.

He howls as he crashes to the ground.

He grips his dick, cursing me like a sailor who accidentally smacked his balls with an oar.

"Let me go!" Fury pounds my voice.

I stare at my three abductors with rage blazing a trail through my skull.

Who are these men?

The one who spoke to me had an Italian accent.

Do they know Daddy?

Are they his friends?

Or, worse—*his enemies?*

And what the hell do they want with me?

Another man walks to my side. “That was a poor decision.”

“I haven’t done jack shit to you,” I spit out.

The man tugs something out of his back pocket.

My stomach sinks when I see what it is.

A stun gun.

He waves it in my face. “You’re in an unfortunate predicament, Baby Cyan.”

Baby Cyan.

When he says this, my stomach churns.

I fight a Homeric battle not to toss up my lunch.

“Don’t call me that.”

“It’s your name, isn’t it?” the man croons, twisting the stun gun. “You, Ryder, and Enzo are all Little babies. You have three strong daddies—daddies who’ll do anything to save you. But you—*you*—you’ve been doing a lot of digging, haven’t you? Baby Cyan’s been poking his nose in places where he’s not welcome.”

Enzo doesn’t have a daddy.

I don’t tell this asshole that.

“What my friends and I do in our free time is none of your business.”

The man’s eyes crinkle. “It is.”

With a growl, the third man lashes my hands behind my back.

I scream as he rams me against a wall.

Cold concrete blocks chill my skin.

The man strips me out of my clothes.

He pushes out an amused laugh when he lays eyes on what's underneath.

“Oh, dear.” Reaching down, he grabs my diaper—*which makes me tense up*. “Someone's wearing dinos today.”

I whimper as my thighs clench. “Daddy will be pissed you're touching me.”

“So—you *do* have a daddy?” The man emits a sneer as he massages my ass over the diaper. “You're very naughty. It's wrong for Little boys to lie.”

Shit.

I didn't even realize I confessed that.

I try as hard as I can to move away from the man. “Don't touch me there!”

“Why?” The man unleashes a growl. “Is this your private square?”

All at once, he bends me over and lifts his right palm.

He brings it down on my diaper.

Smack.

I scream as a stinging sensation radiates through me.

Unlike when Amedeo spansks me, this man's hand is evil. Cold. Deadly.

It makes me shrivel up inside and wish I could crawl into a hole.

“Keep your hands off me!”

The first man rams the stun gun into my tummy. “We know you like it.”

With a growl, he presses the button on the gun.

Zap.

My body ricochets back as an electric current charges through me.

My lips part as a scream escapes them.

“You’re monsters!”

The three men don’t stop.

The man who spanked me does so again.

The man who stunned me with the electric gun does so again.

The other man, the one who hasn’t touched me yet, grabs a whip.

“Tell us where your two Little friends are.” He cracks the whip.

“Never,” I spit out.

“You won’t like what’ll happen if you don’t.”

With a growl, I puff my chest out. “Do your worst.”

Never, ever will I sell Ryder and Enzo out.

I don’t care how much these A-holes hurt me.

My friends’ safety comes first.

The man whips me.

The tip smacks my belly.

Sharp pain shoots across me, making my stomach heave.

I show zero emotion.

The man behind me spanks me again.

Smack.

“Look at that ass jiggle,” he growls, palming my diaper.
“Yeah, you’re packing a caboose for your daddy, aren’t you? A big fat ass for Amedeo to rut?”

“Keep Daddy’s name out of your fucking mouth!”

“What if I rammed my hog in your parts?” He grinds against my ass. “Boy—I bet you’d see stars! Fuck yeah you would. I

ain't no bitch like your Luciano lover. I gotta dick that won't quit—a thick trunk that rivals the hundred-year-old trees in the Amazon. The ones our jungle logging company cuts down for the black-market lumber trade. Spread them cheeks and let me ravage your pretty little hole. Ugh, you make a man lose his mind!”

I push my ass backward so hard it knocks him to the ground.

He screams as his skull smacks into the concrete floor.

“There.” Twisting my head around, I spit on his body.

The man with the stun gun spits at my feet. “You fucked up.”

The other man who's still standing nods. “Bring him in.”

The door on the far side of the room opens.

A familiar man enters.

Chapter Thirty-Three

Amedeo

I roar as I rush out of my mansion.

My eyes comb the street.

Every car is in its place.

Every tree is where it was the last time I checked.

There's only one thing missing—my boy.

“Where did you go, angel?” I roar, my deafening voice shaking the leaves off trees.

I march up and down the street, snarling as I peer into every car window, refusing to believe my angel is gone.

He was just here—*he only left for a few fucking minutes.*

I whip out my phone.

Me: Are Ryder and Enzo safe?!

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: Yes. They're playing in my living room

Me: WHAT

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: They couldn't accompany Cyan to the store after all. He didn't tell you that?

Me: SOMEONE TOOK CYAN

VincenzoAKAAnnoyingAssYoungerBro: Check the bakery.
Maybe he's helping himself to a secret pastry

With a growl, I charge toward the bakery.

Adrenaline shreds my insides.

It turns my rib cage into a lion's scratch ball.

I scream as I bash the bakery door in with my mammoth shoulder.

Crash.

Glass explodes everywhere and rains down on the floor.

I don't give a fuck.

I stomp through that shit like I'm wearing motherfucking steel-toed boots or some shit.

Some poor soul will clean it up later.

Right now, all that matters is that I find my boy.

Rushing to the counter, I grab the cashier's shoulders.
"Where's my boy?!"

She takes one look at me and screams. "I don't know!"

"He was here less than five minutes ago."

"I've been here for the past two hours—we've only had a women's book club come in!"

I shake her shoulders until I realize I'll injure her if I don't stop.

"Show me the security footage."

She bangs her chest as she coughs. "I'm sorry you lost your son. No one's been here but the book club—certainly, no men."

"He's not my son." With as much strength as I can muster, I jam my index finger in her face. "*He's my boy.*"

My heart slams in my throat as I rush out.

My head spins faster than an F5 tornado.

This can't be possible.

This can't be happening.

Who took Cyan?

Where did they bring him?

How can I save him?

I yank my phone out.

Me: I'll give you anything you want if you give him back

Unknown Number: It's too late for that

Me: Where is he

Unknown Number: You'll never know

Unknown Number: *sends pic of Cyan stripped to his diaper covered in welts*

Me: YOU FUCKERS

Unknown Number: Now you know how we felt after you killed Paulo

There's only one thing left to do.

I wasn't going to involve Travis or Bolan in this.

I didn't want to risk going apeshit on them.

Now, I don't have a choice.

With a roar, I rush back to my mansion and hop in my Ferrari.

It roars to life as I slam my foot on the gas, backing up like a motherfucker, or a top-notch racecar driver or some shit.

In no time, I reach the address Cyan and I spied on last night from the hacked Chinese satellite orbiting the moon.

Slamming my door shut, I race up to Bolan's apartment.

Knock knock.

"Open up."

No answer.

Lifting my gun, I shoot that shit in.

Bang.

The door disintegrates into shreds as wood splinters fly everywhere.

A muffled yell emanates from inside the space. “Who the hell is there?”

With a growl, I stomp inside—*straight toward the sound.*

I pass empty cardboard pizza boxes, discarded soda bottles, and boxes of cheap wine scattered on the floor.

A half-eaten cheesecake sits on the kitchen table, attracting flies.

I head to the room where we saw Travis and Bolan making love last night.

Bolan is the only occupant.

I grab my boy’s ex. “Tell me where the fuck Cyan is.”

Bolan coughs as his head rolls back. “I don’t know, man.”

“I’m not here to fuck around.”

“I’ve left him alone since I came out—I swear, I don’t have a clue.”

That’s it.

If this motherfucker wants to play hardball, we can do that.

Balling my right fist, I slam it into his jaw.

Crack.

He screams as bone shards beneath my fist.

Blood spurts out of his lips, cascading down his bare chest, landing on the floor.

A tooth soars through the air, before clattering on the mirror, leaving a bloodstain.

“You piece of shit!” Bolan screams.

I tighten my grip on him. “Tell me where Cyan is.”

“I’d tell you if I knew.”

“You’re lying.”

“I swear on my life, man.”

“Where’s Travis?”

“He went to the grocery store.”

“How long have you two been fucking?”

“You really wanna know, asshole?”

“Yes.”

“For years.” He spits the words out. “Yes, you two were together. I was with Cyan. I didn’t give a fuck—he even face-fucked me in the prison guest meeting room. He bribed a guard so we could go at it.”

Is he telling the truth?

Or is he only saying this to piss me off?

Whatever the truth is, I don’t give two fucks.

Right now, I’m not upset with this pieces-of-shit who went behind my back.

All that matters is one thing.

Cyan’s safety.

“I’ll ask you one last time. Where’s my boy?”

He coughs violently. “I don’t know.”

This is the fuckface who broke up with my boy because he was “too old.”

This is the fuckface who shamed my boy for playing with stuffies

He fat-shamed him, too.

He spits at me. “Travis and I were fucking the entire time you two were together. He used you—you were his fucking dupe. He installed a virus on your brother Vincenzo’s phone or some shit before you broke up. Vincenzo left it on a table while you were at a barbecue. He’s been listening to your calls. He never wanted you—*he only wanted me.*”

I tie him up and then cuff him to the bed.

“Where can I find my boy?”

“He’s in the Blackwell Shipping Warehouse in North Jersey.”

“I’m fucking killing you this afternoon,” I snarl.

This motherfucker will die a painful death.

I’ll sever his limbs one-by-one if I must.

I run out to rescue my boy.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Cyan

My blood turns to ice.

Travis.

I'd recognize Amedeo's garbage ex-boyfriend anywhere.

“Well, well, well.” Travis smirks as he marches to my side.

“You're Amedeo's new toy.”

I let out a low growl. “Tell me what you're doing here.”

Travis cackles out a laugh. “I don't think so.” He drags his fingers across my chin. “A better plan would be for *you* to tell *me* what you were doing snooping on us.”

Tension grinds my stomach.

I rip my eyes away from Travis, trying not to give him the attention he craves.

He's an evil-looking man with beady eyes and short hair.

Why Daddy ever trusted him, I'll never know!

I crack my neck. “I wasn't snooping.”

“Bullshit.” He slits his eyes. “You think you're the only one who can run a script to access that Chinese lunar satellite feed? I installed a tracking script on the satellite. I know which IP addresses access it—and *exactly what they're looking at.*”

“You’re delusional.”

“You and my ex-daddy were spying on me and Travis making love.”

I try not to gag as the memories of their lovemaking fill my mind.

Gathering courage, I stare dead into Travis’s eyes. “You tricked my daddy into thinking you loved him. You’re a monster.”

Travis chuckles to himself as he runs his fingers through his hair. “Ask me all the questions you want.”

“No.”

“You’re dying today. You might as well know the truth.”

The man holding the whip rips off his black ski mask. “We won’t kill him until we lure the Lucianos here.”

Travis’s eyes narrow. “I’ll be damned to hell if we wait for their slow asses to arrive. And besides, they won’t all show up unless we have their three boys—right now, we only have Cyan.”

“That’s not true,” the man with the whip snarls. “The Lucianos are loyal to a T. If you fuck with one, they’ll all come.”

Got that right, Mister.

“I think you’re forgetting who’s in charge here.” The man with the stun gun turns to Travis. “You’re our *underling*. You don’t run the show.”

Travis spits at the man with the stun gun’s feet. “I put up with Amedeo’s fucking ass for three years! Okay, I lost your money when I lent it to Bolan—but you don’t know what I went through. That man made me wear adult diapers and play with blocks.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.” I can’t help but push out a snarl.

Travis lifts his index finger. “Shut up.”

The man with the whip takes a menacing step toward Travis. “You’re out of line.”

“I deserve to have some say in this.” Travis doesn’t mince words. “Bolan is getting you your money back—he needs to navigate a little red tape first. That’s all.”

The man with the whip turns to me. “It’s time we introduce ourselves.”

“No.” The man behind me digs his fingers into my shoulder. “You remember what happened last time—because we fucked up Ryder’s murder, he—Ryder—got a clean look at our faces.”

I grit my teeth. “I’d rather you kept your masks on.”

My reverse psychology trick works.

All three men remove their masks.

“I’m Luigi.” The man with the whip glares at me. “These are my brothers, Petrie and Giuseppe.”

Giuseppe steps out from behind me. “We’re killing you anyway. You might as well see who we are.”

Terror. Darkness. Death.

These men chill me to the core.

My eyes burn. “I’ve done nothing to you.”

Luigi’s pupils dilate. “Your daddy killed our brother.”

“No, he didn’t.”

Travis smirks. “Actually, he did.”

I spit at his feet. “Like you know.”

“You’re forgetting that I was dating Amedeo at the time. You didn’t even know him yet. Amedeo murdered Paulo Riccardi—and Vincenzo hired men to clean up the mess.”

Petrie nods. “The Halal meat shop’s security cameras across the street from Romeo Luciano’s primary New York penthouse caught the three Luciano brothers wheeling out a vat that contained our brother’s body.”

“You don’t know that,” I spit out. “It could’ve contained anything.”

Petrie shakes his head. “A loafer that Paulo had custom made for him in Italy fell out of Tommaso’s pocket. We’d recognize that loafer anywhere.”

Giuseppe clips out a grunt. “Our brother did nothing to hurt the Lucianos.”

“Bullshit.” I don’t believe that for a second.

“It’s true.” Luigi’s eyes narrow. “Your daddy took him out because he didn’t want to sell our Tuscany land to Italian Luxury Villas, LLC. That’s Romeo’s luxury property holding company. Our brother was the only holdout—if we hadn’t discovered the Halal meat shop’s footage, we would’ve signed over the land.”

Giuseppe cackles. “Now, we’re going to sabotage the land before we transfer the deed.”

“I thought you didn’t want to sell it,” I say.

“*Paulo* didn’t want to sell it.” Giuseppe’s voice is deadly. “We still want the money. And we’re going to get it—the judges in Italy will side with us when we show them Italian Luxury Villas, LLC, must make good on their commitment.”

“We all signed the contract, after all,” Luigi snarls.

I try not to shake in terror.

This is real Mafia shit.

Whatever I’ve seen in *The Godfather* pales in comparison.

I clench my fists. “My daddy will stop you.”

“I don’t think so.” Petrie cracks out a snort-laugh. “I’m sure your daddy told you what happened when he and his brothers—and cousins—tried to nab us in Sicily.”

Something exploded.

I don’t know the specifics.

I shake my head. “No.”

“We had our house wired to the tits with explosives.” Petrie’s mouth crooks. “We listened in on your daddy’s family’s plans to kill us—and planned accordingly.”

“He still murdered the soldier we kept in our house, though,” Luigi spits out. “He was so good at sucking my cook.”

Giuseppe nods in agreement. “It’s a damn shame we lost him in the house fire.”

Travis clears his throat. “I’m going to kill Cyan if no one stops me.”

“No.” Petrie barks out a roar as he grabs Travis’s throat. “Kill him before the Lucianos show up—at your peril.”

“You won’t live to see the sunlight.” Giuseppe’s voice is unwavering.

Travis smirks as he marches over to me. “Bolan never loved you. He only used you for his con.”

“Why did he con my friends?”

“He was in debt.”

“To who?”

Travis bares his teeth. “You don’t want to know.”

“*Me.*”

A new voice echoes throughout the room.

I lift my eyes—and nearly collapse when I see who it is.

What the fuck is my boss doing here?!

“Rogan?” I gasp.

He marches toward me. “Look at you in your diaper. You *are* a fucking freak—I knew it.”

“You can’t speak to me that way.”

“Your ex-daddy was my former employee—and *my former boy*. He embezzled money from me three years ago—that’s why I haven’t had money to fix the cameras in our office.”

“You’re so full of shit.”

“I knew you were a freak when I caught you with your stuffy at your desk. You reminded me of Bolan—*that good-for-nothing piece of shit*. I never got my money, and he won’t respond to me now that he’s out of prison.”

“Bolan’s not a real member of the age play community,” I snarl.

“No, he’s not. He was a curious observer who only practiced in secret for years—until he had no choice but to join the community to get their money—to pay me back.”

“So Bolan conned my friends because he owed you money?”

“Yes.” He takes a step toward. “And soon, I’ll get my money back.”

Luigi lifts his gun.

Bang.

Rogan topples to the floor in a puddle of blood.

He smirks. “We don’t share.”

That’s when the side door swings open.

Chapter Thirty-Five

Amedeo

If I weren't so fucking livid, I'd exercise caution after hearing the gunshot echo inside the warehouse.

I'm too pissed to give a fuck.

Red.

Hot.

Anger.

That's what swirls through me as I break through the bolted door.

My enormous shoulder slams that fucker so hard it snaps off the hinges.

Crash.

It rams into the ground with the force of a Sumo wrestler smackdown.

Or like I'm fucking Hulk Hogan or some shit.

My eyes flit around the room.

No.

No.

I roar as I lay eyes on my boy.

His arms are tied behind his back and he's pressed up against a concrete wall.

Welts cover his belly and his clothes lie in a heap on the floor.

His diaper, the adorable dino one I so lovingly helped him into this morning, is sliding down his legs.

It pisses me off to no end.

These men didn't merely steal my boy—*they humiliated the fuck out of him.*

And I wasn't around to change his diaper, which desperately needs to be changed.

Rage.

Pure. Unadulterated. Unwavering.

I shoot Petrie Riccardi in the face.

He screams as he flies back.

Blood explodes everywhere as a piece of his cheek splatters on the ground.

Luigi unleashes a T-Rex bellow as he lifts a metal chair.

He throws it at me, using all of his fucking strength.

Cocking my gun, I shoot that motherfucker in mid-air.

Crunch.

The metal legs shard as the seat collapses in on itself.

Bits of paint leap into the air and cover the dead, bloody body on the ground.

Giuseppe charges me.

With a snarl, I lift my right leg and kick his chest.

Bam.

He heaves backward, inertia moving his mass so quickly I think he's in a time warp or some shit.

I march toward my boy and slide a knife through his bonds.

“You saved me, Daddy!” Cyan lets out a wail as he thrusts his arms around my shoulders. “Thank you!”

I tilt his chin up. “Who hurt you?”

“The Riccardis.” He emits a snuffle. “They took me while I was coming back to your house. I wasn’t trying to be a bad boy, I swear—I didn’t even go to the pastry shop. I knew it was a bad idea.”

I free him from his remaining cords.

Tossing them on the floor, I lead him to a safe spot against a pillar.

“Tell me who else.”

“Your ex-boyfriend hurt me!!”

A shadow falls across us. “I won’t give either of you much time to live.”

A gun presses against the back of my skull.

With a growl, I whip around to glare at the man threatening us.

Sure enough, it’s Travis.

My good-for-nothing, evil, cheating ex.

“Tell me why you’re here,” I snarl.

He sneers. “I never loved you. I adopted an assumed identity after Bolan stole my boss’s money—I had to be your boy to pay my debts. It was hell, Amedeo. You’re one stifling piece of shit. Wouldn’t let me breathe or be myself—always needed me to waddle around in a diaper.”

“Who’s your boss?”

“Luigi.”

“You’ve been working for the Riccardis this entire time?”

“Yes.”

I step forward. “Tell me how you beat our background check.”

“Since I’m killing you anyway, it won’t hurt to let you know.”

“Quit stalling.”

“I adopted the identity of a man who’s been missing for quite some time. Thanks to the Riccardi brothers’ money, I was able to pay off everyone in his life so they didn’t report him missing.”

“Where’s the money Bolan stole?”

“He’s telling me where it is this afternoon.”

I smirk. “No, he’s not.”

“Of course he is.” Travis cackles. “Then, I’ll be out of this fucking bitch ass country. My wife and I are heading to the Philippines.”

His wife?

How many lives does this man lead?!

I ball my fists. “I killed Bolan this afternoon.”

“Bullshit.”

I show him the picture I snapped of Bolan lying unconscious—*though he looks dead*. “You’re not getting the money—and you’re not getting out of this country alive.”

Travis rams his gun into my forehead. “I wouldn’t be so sure of that.”

He squeezes the trigger.

Before the bullet flies out, I spin-kick the weapon out of his hand—Jackie Chan style.

It soars across the room, smacking into the concrete wall, before collapsing to the ground.

My right fist makes contact with Travis’s cheek.

Bam.

His cheekbone crunches.

I can’t deny it—this is something I’ve wanted to do for months.

Travis falls to his feet as he coughs up blood.

I kick the side of his face again.

Again.

He flops onto his side—so I kick his ribs.

Bam.

Bam.

Bam.

Bone splinters as more blood gushes out of his mouth.

Cyan claps. “You killed the bad guy, Daddy!”

“Not yet, baby boy.”

With a snarl, I tug my second gun out of my back pocket.

I press it to his neck—then squeeze.

Bang.

Blood spurts out of his eyes.

His blown-off face collapses as his body stops moving.

I kick his face one last time, then blow the smoke from my gun.

“Now,” I growl, marching toward my angel. “*My work is done.*”

Pinning my angel against the closest wall, I slam my lips on his.

We kiss hard. Hot. Passionately.

Angels sing as I swirl my tongue around his cheeks, pouring everything I have into it.

He grinds against me, adorable moans escaping him, his heart thudding against mine.

My breath hitches as I pull back. “I love you, angel.”

Cyan blinks hard as he stares into my eyes. “I love you, too. You’re the best daddy ever.”

I know there are questions I need to answer.

I know Cyan needs to tell me things, too.

Right now, I don't give a fuck about what we must discuss, what bridges we need to cross, or what shitty things our ex-boyfriends did to us.

At this moment, with his lips on mine, with adrenaline flying through our veins, all that matters is we have each other.

Us. Together. Forever.

“Daddy.” Cyan lifts his index finger. “Luigi, Giuseppe, and Petrie got away.”

I whip around.

Sure enough, the Riccardis—even Petrie, who I fucking injured—*are gone*.

“I’ll kill them,” I rasp, slamming my lips back on my angel’s, pouring my heart and soul into our kiss. “Don’t fucking worry about it, boy. I’ll hunt those bastards down and tear their limbs off one by one.”

To prove how serious I am, I lift the hunting knife I rammed into my back pocket and bring it to my palm.

With a growl, I drive it into my flesh, piercing my skin.

I don’t move a muscle as blood seeps down my wrist, trickling onto my angel’s chest.

“Blood promise.”

Cyan’s eyes bulge. “I’ve never heard of that.”

“It means I’ll do what I say. I’ll track those fuckers to the ends of the Earth to make them pay for what they did to you.”

Cyan takes the knife from my hand.

He pokes his palm, only a tiny speck, an adorable contrast to my wound.

He brings our palms together. “Blood promise.”

I groan as I scissor my tongue between his lips.

I swish it back and forth, up and down, roaming over his gums, teeth, and tongue, giving him everything I have.

I let him know I claim him with this kiss, that he's safe, that I'll never let him out of my sight again, and also that, most importantly, he's mine.

Mine.

Nothing—*not a goddamn thing*—will come between us.

“Come on, angel.” I heave him into my bulging arms. *They're rippling with the excitement of ending a life in front of my angel.* “Bubble bath time.”

Cyan grins. “You know how to make me smile.”

Chapter Thirty-Six

Cyan

My. Oh. My.

That was quite the adventure.

I splash in the tub with Daddy.

Right now, he's soaping up my hair, scrubbing my back, and taking care of my Little needs.

Relaxing lullabies play on a waterproof speaker and we're munching pastries from the shop near his house.

After we returned home, Daddy had to run to the shop and buy their entire store out.

The innocent shopkeeper wanted to report him to the police.

He apologized profusely and swore he'd only buy his yummys there from now on.

The shopkeeper, who was kind of a bitch, to be honest, wasn't thrilled at first, but she eventually understood Amedeo was trying to make things right.

Talk about a wonderful man—he makes up for his mistakes like a boss.

Amedeo trails his palm down my back. "I'm proud of you for staying strong this afternoon. Most boys would've been reduced to a sniveling mess."

Uhhhhm.

Does this man think I didn't snivel?

"I sniveled, Daddy."

He must've missed the part where I bawled in the car as he drove us home.

It was traumatic. Scary. Heart-breaking.

I'd never been kidnapped before—it's as bad as you see on TV.

Now, I know how Ryder felt.

"I meant that you held your shit together while the Riccardis threatened you." Amedeo soaps up my lower back. "You likely kept yourself alive for quite a long time—after they'd planned to kill you."

"Thank God I have a big mouth."

"Not big enough. If you'd annoyed them too much, they would've ended you before I'd had a chance to save you."

I rest the back of my head against Amedeo's chest.

His massive muscles are my pillow, so soft, so sweet.

I feel like a baby, surrounded by bubbles, listening to cute lullabies, snuggling with my wonderful protector.

"Thank you for saving me." My eyes burn. "That was scary as hell."

Amedeo growls as he tilts my head around.

His eyes lock on mine. "You did an excellent job."

"I shouldn't have gone to the pastry shop without Ryder and Enzo."

"No, you shouldn't have. That was a mistake—I told you not to leave unless your friends accompanied you."

"I know, Daddy."

"It's okay, baby boy. Now, you know what it's like to deal with the Riccardis. God forbid this ever happen again. But if it

does, you'll know what you need to do to buy time until I come."

I smirk. "Next time, I'll be packing heat."

I make a shooting gesture—then fire an imaginary bullet into the tub.

Bang.

Amedeo smirks as he pats my head. "You killed the bubbles."

"That bubble was Luigi." I kill one to my right. "That was Giuseppe. And that was Petrie."

The Petrie bubble looks like half its "face" is missing.

It's a perfect portrait.

Amedeo rubs my shoulders. "You won't need a gun."

"No?"

"From now on, I'm not letting you out of my sight. When we head to the mall, I'm keeping you on a leash."

"That seems excessive."

"When we go to dinner, I'm handcuffing you to your seat."

"This sounds like BDSM."

"The park. The grocery store. The pastry shop. Our family vacation to Sicily next month."

This gets my attention. "Sicily?"

"I didn't tell you?"

I shake my head. "Nope."

"We're heading to Sicily—and *you're coming with us.*"

My jaw tumbles to my feet. "To track down the Riccardis?"

I feel like Ryder mentioned something like this on our call while I was walking to the pastry shop.

Clearly, I was distracted.

Amedeo crooks a smirk. "Nah. We've had so much stress lately—we need to visit Nonna and Nonno to chill. Plus, Dad

needs to meet up with Dino and see what happens. And you need to get to know my cousins better.”

Wow. Just wow.

I push out a breath. “That sounds amazing.”

“We can hike Mount Etna, swim in the sea, and eat pizza—*lots* of pizza.”

I picture the amazing time I’ll have with Daddy.

A big family vacation with top-notch food, relaxing swims, and so much more?

It sounds like paradise.

“And I’ll get to meet your grandparents?”

Amedeo kisses my head. “Yes.”

I snort. “I hope I make a good first impression.”

“As long as you’re with me, you’ll be okay. They’re very particular about their grandchildren having partners.”

“Do they know I’m older than you?”

“They won’t mind. All they care about is that we have partners.” Amedeo grits his teeth. “That’s why I’m concerned about Tommaso. Nonna won’t let him into her house if he doesn’t bring a date.”

Uh oh.

I run my palm down Daddy’s thigh. “I smell trouble.”

“With Enzo rejecting him, he’s gotta come up with a plan.”

I bark out a laugh. “Maybe he can ask Enzo to be his fake boyfriend—for a fee.”

I bet Enzo would agree to that.

And besides—it’s not like Enzo doesn’t like Tommaso.

He finds him smoking hot, actually.

No, he’s simply worried about robbing the cradle or whatever.

Amedeo mulls this. “You know, that’s not a terrible idea.”

I turn around. “Take me out of this tub and fuck me, Daddy.”

Amedeo tilts my chin up. “Are you sure, precious one?”

“I’m sure.”

“You’re not too traumatized from today’s events?”

“The best way for me to overcome my trauma is for you to fuck it out of me.”

Amedeo’s breath hitches.

He slams his lips on mine.

Hungry. Feral. Wolverine-like.

And yet he’s also passionate, passionate because he cares about me, loves me, wishes to be my protector.

He’s upset he let the Riccardis kidnap me, so he shows me he still adores me with this kiss, perhaps as an act of penance, but certainly an act of desire, one that’s as undeniable as it is beautiful.

“Out you go.” With a growl, he tears me out of the tub, then sets me on the edge.

He reaches for a towel, a fluffy one, then pats me dry.

He starts with my head, then makes his way to my shoulder, belly, chest, dick, and ass.

He takes his time with each part of my body, refusing to rush things, refusing to go at a pace I don’t like.

Then, with a feral roar, he heaves me over his shoulder, marches down the hallway—the one leading out of the bathroom—*and slams me on his bed once we reach his room.*

“Mine.” A twisted growl escapes him as he heaves himself on top of me, his hard dick poking out from between his bare legs. “*Daddy’s boy.*”

“Yours, Daddy!”

We kiss passionately.

My breath flies out of my mouth and enters his.

His does the same.

Our legs mingle as he ruts on me.

He doesn't poke his cock in my hole yet.

But he lets me feel it, lets it press against me.

I moan—and arch my back.

Pop.

A delicious knot cracks, unleashing a tidal wave of relief.

“You cracked my back, Daddy!”

“Good.” Dipping down, Amedeo snags my lower lip in his teeth. “I’m gonna crack your back a helluva lot more from now on. Wherever you go, all people will hear is *crack*.”

“Snap, crackle, pop!”

“Damn right, boy. I’ll snap your sex vertebrae into place—then pop it down to your ass. You’ll never be able to fuck again without thinking of the way Daddy rearranged your insides.”

His words are too beautiful.

My head sinks into the pillow as my eyes flutter shut.

Warmth swells in my body, delicious, stunning warmth that takes me out to sea.

That’s what’s happening—I’m in a tiny rowboat, one that Amedeo captains, that’s guiding me over tumultuous ocean swells, rocking me peacefully.

“My willy’s hard!”

Amedeo groans as he feathers his right hand between my legs. “Feel that hard willy. Gotta rod, boy. One that sticks up like a telephone pole.”

I grind into his palm, willing him to touch me, to stroke my hardness. “It’s hard for you, Daddy!”

Amedeo explodes down on my dick.

He sucks, swirls, and scissors his tongue around my crown, lapping up my pre-cum.

Hot tingles surge up my shaft, creeping into my tummy, making me shake.

My man mounds bounce up and down of their own accord, jiggling like tiny pumpkins on the back of a truck.

“My titties are shaking, Daddy!”

Amedeo licks a gluttonous path up to my tits. “Let Daddy at those puppies.”

With a slobbery growl, he attacks my mounds, first my right, then my left.

My left nipple stiffens into a taut, pink bud, one that’s so fucking hard I nearly explode.

I groan as he teases it with his teeth, nibbling the tender flesh, making it come alive.

Then, he migrates back to my right—*and swishes his tongue back and forth.*

“It feels so good!”

“I’m glad it does. This is what should always happen when you come into this room with Daddy. You should feel amazing. Big kisses on your mouth. Licking your mounds. Raspberries on your dick.”

I scream as a naughty tingle steamboats through me.

Chug, chug, chug—*it lassoes a rope around my insides and drags me behind it.*

“My dick likes raspberries!”

I’m not even sure WTF I’m saying.

It doesn’t matter.

This is Daddy’s secret language.

No one needs to understand, get it, like it, or tolerate it.

In this bedroom, with only the bed and the moon as witness, it’s the tender way we speak.

Daddy motorboats my tits.

Pttttttthbt.

I wail as my ass lifts off the bed, trembling, quivering, ready for him to take me.

Nothing I've ever done with any partner compares to this.

I wanted a man to make me shake, but they didn't know how.

Hell—I didn't even know *what* I needed.

Amedeo awakened these desires in me.

Motorboating my man mounds.

Performing oral on my willy.

Treating me like I'm the most special angel on the planet.

“Can't control myself a second longer, boy.” Amedeo gasps as his behemoth body shakes. “Gotta shove it in your hole.”

It happens a second later.

Bam.

In go all his inches at once.

In slides Daddy's enormous shaft.

I garble out unintelligible moans as I shake, buck, whimper.

My hole spreads for his cock, wider, wider, engulfing all of it, like it's a big ass leaf that a hungry, hungry caterpillar's eating.

His dick spreads my walls, stretching them to the point where I think they might tear.

They don't.

Ha!

As if Daddy's perfect cock could ever injure my pulsating assholes.

Nah, bitch—my ass makes room for him.

That's the beauty of being one with your partner.

Your body acclimates itself, adjusts what it can take, when you're with them.

No matter their length, girth, or power, your hole can make it work.

“Fuck me harder, Daddy!”

Amedeo growls into my lips. “I’m finna wreck this man cavern. This sweet cooter. You’ll never be able to slide a dildo in your ass again without thinking of me. Big, juicy willy in your channel. Make me beg, boy. Make Daddy get on his fucking knees and plead.”

“Beg for it!”

“I need your hole,” Amedeo rasps, sweat pouring off his face. “Need it—you don’t understand what I’m going through. Gonna fucking die without it. Spontaneously combust. My head will fly off and my heart will give out. Let Daddy have a taste. Just one, angel. That’s all he asks—then you can get back to whatever you were doing. Coloring. Playing hopscotch. Picking berries. He won’t bother you again.”

“More!”

“I’m a horny demon for your cooter. Feel how tight it is around my cock. My shaft. Spreading for me. Giving itself over to me like a virgin. You’re the nymph that a Greek God—*me*—espied in a flowery meadow. I’m gonna take you, bang you, and turn you into a motherfucking tree or some shit. And then maidens—and male maidens—*will sing your praises for centuries.*”

It’s too much to take.

I scream out my release.

My back bucks.

Shot after shot of hot white come shoots—no, *surges*—out of me.

It splatters on my belly, neck, and chin.

It makes me quiver and jiggle, moan and scream.

“No, ya don’t, boy.” Amedeo piledrives me as hard as he can.

“No one comes without including Daddy.”

He squirts deep in my channel.

I press my palm on my belly, feeling each shot of nut enter me.

A Wagnerian chorus sings opera in my ears, making me weep with joy like I'm listening to a masterpiece.

Daddy *is* my masterpiece.

Or—I'm *his* masterpiece.

We're each other's works of art and nothing can come between us.

"I love you, baby boy."

Leaning up, I snag his lips in a kiss. "I love you, too, Daddy."

With a growl, Amedeo rips his dick out of my hole.

He plunges it into my button, garbled screams tearing out of him, his giant nuts slapping against my belly, his chest puffing out.

He drags me to his backyard and fucks my belly under a fountain, roaring like a madman, squeezing my man mounds, then kissing me, fervently, desperately, like he'll die without me.

Then, he beats his chest and comes into my belly once again.

"Time for a shower, boy."

A naughty idea flashes through my mind. "Let's sleep under the stars."

He groans as he lays next to me, his arm slinking around my waist. "Perfect."

He becomes my big spoon as we watch the stars in the sky.

I rest the back of my head on his chest, adoring every moment.

He smears his come around my belly, mumbling loving words into my neck—and for a second, I almost feel like he got me pregnant or some shit!

I wriggle my ass against his hips. "I like this."

"I like this, too, angel."

I clear my throat. "I'm kinda getting chilly."

He kisses my neck. "I'll run you another warm bath."

Epilogue

Amedeo

“Give me a chance,” my younger brother whines.

“No.” Enzo stands firm.

“I swear I’m not too young.”

Enzo shoots him a look. “This has gone on long enough. No means no—*that’s final.*”

After Tommaso strides away from Enzo with a look on his face that suggests that *this*—whatever *this* is—is most certainly not over, Cyan nudges my ribs.

“It looks like Tommaso’s not taking Enzo to Sicily anytime soon.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that,” I deadpan.

Cyan turns to me. “Oh, yeah?”

I’m opening my mouth to respond when a chance sunbeam illuminates Cyan’s hazel eyes.

Oh—*oh.*

A butterfly flaps its wings in my belly and makes me gulp.

How is it possible my angel is *so* beautiful?

I take a step back to admire him in his skirt and blouse.

He's wearing the clothes he wore on our very first date to the carnival.

The skirt hugs his curvy hips perfectly and the blouse accentuates his beautiful eyes.

If we weren't already together, I'd pounce on him from across the room.

Right. Now.

No questions asked.

(Who am I fucking kidding? I'd do that now, too.)

Cyan shakes his head. "When Enzo says no this many times, he means it."

"Maybe the twenty-third time's the charm," a familiar female voice drawls.

Cyan and I turn around to see someone I know very well standing behind us—*with a guest*.

My jaw drops as I take in my mother.

She's standing with a woman rocking a gorgeous cable-knit sweater and a diamond tennis bracket.

"Mom?"

"Boys—" Mom waggles her eyebrows. "Meet my new *friend*."

"It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance." Cyan extends his hand.

I stare at the two in disbelief. "Is this the..."

"We're friends, dear." Mom shoots me an angry look. "I'm helping her through her recent divorce. Her terrible ex-husband cheated on her. She was the last to know."

The woman blushes. "Thanks for not putting my business out there like I requested."

Mom pats her friend's shoulder. "Don't worry. No one will tell a soul. My children aren't the gossiping type."

My phone buzzes.

TestyTommaso: OMG have you met Mom's lesbian lover

Me: Yeah WTF!!! We'd barely shaken hands when I got all the deets on her messy divorce

TestyTommaso: Mom's not supposed to be telling everyone that

AnnoyingAssDad: Your mother shouldn't be parading her lifestyle around you easily influenceable kids

Me: You're one to talk

TestyTommaso: Yeah all you talk about anymore is your love of man juices and that twink you want to fuck when we get to Italy

Me: Oh he told you about the man juices, too??

MamaMiaLikeTheABBASong: Give your father a break, boys. He's having a tough time seeing his wife with a new lover

TestyTommaso: Get lost, Mom

MamaMiaLikeTheABBASong: I can never figure out how to log out of this group chat

Me: Hit the three small buttons on the top of the screen

TestyTommaso: This is hopeless

Cyan shoots me a curious look. "Do you usually text others while you're standing right next to them?"

"It's kind of a Luciano thing." I crook my arm around his waist.

The rest of the party goes swimmingly.

Tommaso doesn't bug Enzo again (although he totally wants to) and Mom finally decides to stop blasting her friend's business to the world.

I feed my angel many hors d'oeuvres and steal at least twenty kisses.

Ryder and Vincenzo even tell us about their upcoming wedding plans.

“We’re still deciding on a theme.” Vincenzo chomps an olive.

“I’m torn between bunnies and kitties,” Ryder says, shaking his head.

I snort in amusement. “Do you know what kind of food you’ll have?”

“Ice cream.” Ryder looks super proud.

Vincenzo tousles his hair. “That’s for dessert, baby boy. My brother wants to know our main course.”

“Ice cream.”

“What about a buffet?” I drawl, nudging Ryder’s ribcage. “You could have tuna, beef, crispy vegetables, and other yummy things.”

“If the tuna and whatever else you mentioned is made of ice cream, then sure.”

Vincenzo growls as he tugs Ryder away from me. “That’s enough silliness for today.”

Enzo decides this is the perfect time to pop into the conversation. “Zebra cakes for entrée. Ice cream for appetizers and dessert.”

Ryder’s eyes sparkle. “I like the way you think, bitch.”

We all cackle and grab drinks and then sip them under the sun.

Because I’m with a bunch of wild ass Littles, I listen to their extravagant plans for Ryder’s wedding for the next hour or so.

Enzo thinks Ryder should hand out stuffed bunnies to everyone.

Cyan thinks Ryder should ride in on a giant mechanical kitty that resembles Strawberry Boo.

One thing’s certain.

I can’t miss it for the world.

When our family gathering wraps up, I realize there’s one thing I haven’t done.

A *very* important thing.

Taking Cyan's hand, I lead him to the flower garden.

I drop to one knee. "This past month has been the happiest of my life."

Ryder's jaw tumbles to his feet. "Are you doing what I think you're doing?"

"Yes, boy." Retrieving the velvet box from my back pocket, I tug out the diamond ring—*shaped like a damn dinosaur, of course*. "I've never been happier. Not with Travis. Not with any man before him. You've changed me irrecoverably. Gone is the man who couldn't find a boy to share his life with. In his place is a man who seeks to please his boy every chance he gets. That's what I'll do as long as I live, angel."

"You changed my life, Daddy. I was a lonely boy before I met you. My ex used and abused me—and damaged my heart. I thought I was too old, too chubby, and too undesirable to love. With your kindness, you helped me see that I wasn't a lost cause at all. No—I'm desirable. The ice my ex-boyfriend froze my heart in has melted. I don't even care what anyone thinks about me anymore. Fuck their cruel opinions. I'm all yours, Daddy. Your boy forever and ever."

My heart turns into a big ol' ooey gooey s'more as I slide the ring onto Cyan's finger.

He holds it up to the sunlight, then squeals in delight.

"I'm getting married like Ryder."

Standing up, I dust his lips with a kiss.

Eternity.

That's what I taste.

"Yes, boy." A growl escapes me as I tilt his chin up. "We'd better start planning your wedding."

Ryder boops my nose. "If our ring bearer doesn't deliver our rings on Roary Rex and Grrrowly, I'm gonna be pissed."

A smirk tugs at my lips. "I'll see what I can do, boy."

The dark storm we went through hasn't passed yet—not fully.

I still need to track down the Riccardis and make them pay.

And I must hunt down Travis's ex—he slipped out of my bonds.

He's a scamming, thieving liar who will hurt more people.

And he has one million dollars of the Riccardis' money to use to start a new life.

Yet for now, I can sleep soundly knowing Cyan's my boy.

My angel.

My prince.

I'll be his daddy until the end of time.

Can't wait to see what happens with TOMASSO and ENZO?! Turn the page for a FREE sneak peek of *My Daddy Is A Hacker...*

SNEAK PEAK OF MY DADDY IS A HACKER

Tommaso

“If you don’t get a boy fast, you can’t come to Sicily.”

This is a joke!

Right?

“It’s not like I haven’t been trying,” I snap.

My older brother Vincenzo shakes his head. “Nona is serious this time.”

“The boy I love doesn’t want me back. What the hell am I supposed to do?”

Vincenzo taps his foot on the ground. “Find a new boy.”

My name is Tommaso Luciano.

I’m the youngest Luciano brother—*and the sexiest by far, bitch!*

There’s only one slight problem.

For the past month, I’ve been wildly in love with an angel named Enzo.

He’s drop-dead gorgeous.

He’s fluffy.

He’s thirty-three.

He wants nothing to do with me.

I’ve never had a problem scoring men.

Blame it on my astonishingly good looks and killer body.

I have a chiseled jaw.

Model-esque muscles.

Thick hair that swoops across my forehead like I'm a boy band singer or some shit.

Yet for some reason, Enzo still rejects me every chance he gets.

He says he'd be robbing the goddamn cradle if he got with me!

Boy—cradles were meant to be robbed.

Vincenzo barks out a growl. "Nona is very serious about these things."

Here's why we're heading back to Sicily.

The past two months have been pretty shitty for our family.

Kidnappings.

Home explosions.

Computer viruses and hacked phones.

Busting our asses this hard takes a toll.

After a family meeting, we agreed we needed to sit back, chill on an olive farm, and let the Mediterranean sun paint us bronze.

Yet Nona doesn't want me to come back unless I have a lover.

"I can't find a new boy." This comes out way more abrupt than I intended.

"Enzo's told you *no* a dozen times." Vincenzo isn't impressed by my wooing skills. "You don't have another choice."

I bark out a growl. "He doesn't know what I can offer him yet."

Vincenzo crooks a smirk. "I think he does—a *whole lot of yapping and other annoying behaviors.*"

Wow. Just wow.

If Vincenzo weren't my brother, I'd chain a concrete block around his feet and throw him in the Hudson.

I'm on the cusp of giving Vincenzo the finger when I see the movie poster.

NOW PLAYING:

MY FAKE MAFIA DADDY

Watch this stunning new movie adaption of the hit FAKE BOYFRIEND romance between an adorable alien-loving Little and a grizzled mobster—who becomes his daddy!

A lightbulb flicks on in my brain.

“I have an idea.”

Vincenzo pushes out a groan. “This should be good.”

I brush past my brother. “You worry about keeping Ryder happy. I'll focus on making Enzo mine.”

Enzo

I'm pouring kibbles into my rescue poodle's dish when I hear the doorbell.

Ding.

I let out a groan as I stand up straight. “This better not be Ryder and Cyan.”

Look.

My friends are the best.

There's no denying that.

However—and this is a BIG however—they have a bad habit of popping in at the wrong time.

Last week, they swung by while I was testing out my new princess dildo.

The week before that, they arrived while I was trying to feast on an ice-cream cake I bought at Dino Tracks.

(I did NOT want to share.)

Let's just say that their timing is atrocious.

Baby Boo—that's my poodle—paws my foot.

That's his way of telling me he knows I'm nervous and that he wants to calm me down.

I swoop him into my right arm and nuzzle his nose. “Thanks for looking out for me.”

Did I adopt Baby Boo because he's a trained support dog?

Yes.

Do I always feel guilty whenever he soothes me?

Also yes.

This is why I need a daddy—to take the load off Baby Boo's tiny wittle back.

Popping one last bite of kibble into Baby Boo's mouth, I head to the door.

I've barely swung it open when I see him.

Tommaso Luciano.

The hottest fucking twenty-three-year-old on this planet.

He has taut muscles.

Viciously gorgeous blue eyes.

A chiseled jaw that could cut steel.

For the past month, he's been obsessed with me.

Why?

I don't know, bitch!

I've rejected the hell out of him—and he's a baby compared to me!

Tommaso stares dead into my eyes. “I have an offer you can't refuse.”

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About the Author

Aster Rae is a USA TODAY bestselling author of steamy MM Mafia Daddy that's light on the Mafia and heavy on the fluff. Aster enjoys reading Daddy romances waaaaay too much and can always be found buried in a Kindle.