



Enemy

R. A. FRICK

ENEMY

RUTHLESS DADDIES 2

R.A. FRICK

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AUTHOR NOTE

Enemy has connections to characters in my X Club books—Felix and others from the novella, *For You: X Club 1.5*—but is a standalone. The Prologue is told in Felix’s POV, who uses they/them pronouns though other characters sometimes say he/him. Except for the Prologue of *Enemy*, Felix is secondary, and the two main characters do all the talking. You can read his story: *For You: An X Club Novella*, but it isn’t necessary to understand the story or characters in *Enemy*.

WARNINGS & KINKS

Listed below are a list of content warnings and kinks on page in *Enemy*. Reading this list may cause spoilers:

Kinks include: *Chastity (cock cage), bondage, orgasm control/denial, 25+ year age gap, Daddy play (no abdl) with Stoic bi Daddy (new to it), bratty gay boy (closeted), first times, impact, cnc, sounding, peeing in front of Daddy, and docking.*

CW for: *Guns/knives, “kidnapping” and sexu@l torture, s#x and k!nk where consent cannot be fully given, and consensual s#x/bd\$m involving consenting adults.*

Still down? Awesome! Enjoy this deliciously dark romance...



PROLOGUE

TAPPING my matte black nails on the arm of a leather chair, the tune of a classic pop song played in my head. I was dressed in black leather pants and a neon pink mesh tank top, sitting in a lounge area while half-dressed people writhed on the dancefloor below us. I might have been in charge of the Russian mafia in San Francisco, as well as the greater Bay Area, but I still managed to get out and party with my boyfriend on occasion.

“Kot?” My head bodyguard and the love of my life, Maksim, caught my attention with my nickname. He held out his hand for me to hold from the seat beside me, brow furrowed in concern. Maksim was also my Daddy. “Happy thoughts?”

“Mmmhmm,” I took hold of his much bigger palm, threading our fingers together before turning to the other man in the room, Gregor. “I’m so proud of you, cousin.”

“You’re proud of me for dancing in a gay bar instead of at the bar where I pick up chicks?” Gregor asked with a smirk, leaning back in his own armchair. He was looking around the club at anything but my face, sipping a whiskey neat and taking in the crowd.

“I’m proud of you for coming out as bisexual,” I spoke the truth into the space, letting it sit before continuing, “publicly. You didn’t have to come out at all, but I’m glad you felt safe to do so.”

“You were my example, Felix. My way forward,” Gregor admitted, leaning forward to scrub hairy hands over his face. “It’s not a big deal after you paved the way.”

“You were still brave,” I insisted. “I was forced out of the closet.”

“The family is different now,” Gregor said and then paused, standing to pace the small space of our VIP balcony seats. Maksim didn’t let me get lost in any crowd with unvetted people. “And the world in general is changing. I didn’t even know I was bi for sure, until I went out with you two to that kink club.”

“You are welcome to go to X Club anytime,” I pointed out. Maksim nodded beside me, having seen how much Gregor enjoyed it. “I paid for a membership for you after your visit.”

“That’s the thing, I want to go back as soon as possible.”

Maksim raised one brow in his tall, dark, and handsome way. Gregor plopped back down and looked back and forth between us, “Seeing men in rope and harness called to me in a way I never felt with women.”

“Then let’s go now,” I offered, standing and pulling a couple Benjamins from my wallet. Maksim followed suit, grabbing our jackets. “No time like the present.”

“Just like that?”

“My life is regimented and restricted in a lot of ways, as Boss,” I stated, slipping on the purple leather jacket my Daddy held up. “But I decided kink, and doing what I needed for my sanity, was not to be sacrificed.”

Maksim and Gregor flanked me, my Daddy leading and Gregor following along, still in shock. I alternated between calling back to Gregor and checking out Daddy’s ass as we weaved our way toward the exit.

“Are they even having a party tonight?” Gregor asked, stepping beside me when a drunk lady in a Bachelorette sash almost crashed into me.

“The dungeon is hosting a public event, I believe, for new people to check it out,” I recalled from the email notification. “So it’s a general kink theme, not restricted to any one kink.”

“It is safe,” Maksim answered for me in his thicker accent. We exited onto the street, where there was a long line of people waiting to get in, and both men went on alert for any threats. “Not as safe as member-only events, but safer than before.”

“Because of the truce?” Gregor asked, thinking of the Italians.

We had worked together with the head of the Italian mob in the Bay area the year before, when our cousin, Ivanna tried to oust me as Boss. I would have liked to see her tarred and feathered, but I won in all the ways that mattered. She ended up missing a finger or two, shipped back to Russia, while I got to be out as non-binary, queer, and still the boss.

“George—Giorgio Greco—was happy to call a truce,” I reminded Gregor. “He said something about going full legit.”

We were walking to the dungeon, since it was only a few blocks from the Market Street gay bar to X Club in the Tenderloin. San Francisco was a huge city, but a lot of the good stuff was close. I lived on Russian Hill with Maksim, and Gregor lived South of Market, aka SOMA, with our younger cousin, Basil. Everything was within walking distance, but I usually preferred Maksim’s motorcycle or my luxury SUV.

X Club’s entrance was marked with a big red door and bright neon sign, a doorman I didn’t recognize checking people in. Our ID’s verified, we made our way through the entry hall with its leather-clad walls.

“Welcome to X Club. Have you been here before?” The blue-haired greeter stopped their spiel and smiled widely. Cielo was the sub of two owners, and he recognized me as a friend. Coming around the counter, he offered us hugs in turn. “Oh, Felix! Great to see you. Hi, Maksim, how’s your evening? And who do we have here?”

“Cielo, this is Gregor, my cousin,” I waved a hand like I was Vanna White showing off a prize, “and he has a membership here but has only been once.”

“Fresh meat,” Cielo clapped their hands and had a mischievous look. “Lots of that tonight. What’s your kink?”

Gregor rubbed the back of his neck and chuckled at the perky little sub. He put on his Russian accent stronger and answered like the flirt he was, “Well, I just came out as bi, so I want to explore that. You interested?”

“Ha, my Daddies would be the judge of that,” Cielo winked and looped arms with Gregor as another person came to take over duties at the check-in counter. “Can I show you around?”

Gregor looked amused and eager, nodding and letting the boi he just met lead him around. Gregor gave off strong Dom vibes to me, but I could see him exploring both sides of the slash. What was the line? Bisexual people didn’t have to choose one.

“Well, he’s sorted.” I turned to Maksim and took his hand, leading him to the lounge area. He was my nurturing, rough sex giving top, but I was his Dom. “Do you want to play here, or wait until we get home, Daddy?”

“Hmm, lots of newbies around, could give them a show?” Maksim considered the options and pulled me against his bulky frame. “Let’s wait until home, though. If you want to scream and hurt for me.”

“I like the way you think, Daddy.” I pulled his head down to kiss me, my heeled boots giving me more reach. He sank into the kiss and I thanked my lucky stars for him. For how fate gave me his love and acceptance.

When I started grinding on his bulge, practically climbing my sexy beast, he stopped the kiss and cupped my face. “Are we people watching while Gregor explores, or am I taking you home right now?”

Sighing, I rolled my eyes and stepped back, “People watching until we check in with Gregor.”

My cousin wasn't in the lounge, but someone else was. I gasped, "Speak of the devil."

"Which devil?" Maksim asked, suddenly on alert for hidden enemies. "Where?"

Lifting our joined hands, I gestured to the sexy silver fox leaning against a far wall by a dungeon entrance, sipping his drink and taking in the crowd. George Greco was in X Club.

Maksim cursed under his breath in Russian, "Do we need to leave?"

Tilting my head back and forth, I considered the options. "If we leave and he sees us fleeing, it looks weak. If he continues to come here, we'll cross paths again. Might as well bite the bullet."

"No bullets," Maksim growled. He had a concealed weapon permit, but I was pretty sure he'd left all guns at home. Clubs and bars were full of drunk people who could hurt themselves if they got the weapon off of you. "So, we approach as friends?"

"Maybe not friends," I conceded, starting to lead us over. George was a sexy older man, silver-haired and dressed impeccably in a black, three-piece suit. His fierce expression gave nothing away, even when he spotted our approach. "Cautiously cordial."

Despite what I said about not wanting to appear weak, I had to know what the straight-laced and always heterosexual-acting man was doing in the decidedly kinky queer club.

CHAPTER ONE

VASILY "BASIL" KISELOV

IT WAS UNSEASONABLY hot for San Francisco on my graduation day. June was usually cooler in the Bay than the rest of the country, and foggier, but there we all sat. In our long black robes and tight black hats with the sun beating down on the hundreds of us gathered in hard metal chairs, it was starting to smell like a locker room.

My mood matched the weather we all expected, gloomy and prone to sending you indoors, away from crowds. I was not a fan of the sunniness around me, both from my fellow graduates and the sky.

My parents had sent me to California for a fancy school at age seven, to be trained under the Bay Area wing of the family business. I went back to see them for a month every summer, but at fifteen my dad said I was too old for needing care from my parents, and I hadn't seen them since.

Should I really be surprised? They didn't bother to come over from the motherland to see me graduate with a Master's degree in Business—with highest honors I might add—since they hadn't bothered when I got my high school diploma or Bachelor's either. I didn't bother attending for my BA, after the disappointment from High School when they declined my invitations. Dad was busy traveling to the former Soviet nations, working directly with the higher ups.

San Francisco used to be big for the family and the whole Bratva, but Felix Kiselov changed that. I was a Kiselov by birth, so this was where most of us were sent, but I didn't think they cared too much. Felix made them money, though not by

selling guns and women like his father did. I knew my business degrees would be more valuable to the family now, since he was mostly out of the crime arena.

“School of Business, please stand,” a disembodied voice called out and my area got up before shuffling out to the center aisle. I wasn’t short, but I wasn’t tall either, so I didn’t see the speaker announcing names until I was turning in front of the stage to ascend the stairs. He wasn’t my thesis advisor, a chubby, older woman who always had cookies in her office. Instead, it was a gray-haired and thickly mustachioed professor I hadn’t had the pleasure of meeting before. He was on J names, so I would have my turn soon.

We made our way up the steps to the line of Deans, handing over the notecards with our phonetically spelled names. They never got mine right, anyway, in English either. I wasn’t Vay-seel-lee or Bay-sul, I made it easy enough going by Basil.

“Vase-ill-lee Kiss-eh-luv,” the man’s pronunciation was close enough, “San Francisco State School of Business, Summa cum laude.”

“Woo, Basil!” A booming cheer caught my attention, and I whipped towards the voice as I stumbled off the stage. My extra stole and cords for earning those honors almost slipped off, but I regained my balance.

A few rows up, I saw my Bratva superiors, who were also blood relatives. Felix Kiselov, the boss, next to his head bodyguard, Maxim. They were partners, and it still shocked me the higher-ups back home hadn’t taken him out for the relationship. They were sitting with a great uncle and two cousins. I didn’t know they were coming to see me graduate, and I felt a sharp pain in my gut. They’d been some of the only ones to come for my high school ceremony, too.

My cousin, Gregor, was cupping a hand to his mouth and cheering for me, “You cum loudly!”

Groaning, I rolled my eyes and studiously avoided looking at my family again while I took my seat and a few hundred more names were read. When I was thoroughly soaked in

sweat and ready to hide away in my dorm room, the announcer told us to stand and move our tassels.

After pulling the tassel off to keep, I tossed my cap into the air and unzipped my robe. I wasn't headed back to my dorm, though. That era was over.

Starting that afternoon, I was moving in with Gregor. The same mature cousin in his late thirties who made a sex joke at my graduation. Joy.

At twenty-three, I should get to live on my own. I'd spent ages eight to seventeen living with my Aunt Ivanna and Uncle Igor. She was super smart, but was punished and sent back to Russia, along with her brother, when they tried to depose Felix. Unsuccessfully, of course.

Since then, I spent long breaks between dorm rooms at my Uncle Stefan's house. My great uncle mostly kept to himself, and lived a quiet life, so that suited me fine. But I didn't get to stay there, either.

Without consulting me, Felix decided I would be moving into Gregor's condo after graduation. He was nothing like Ivanna, with her sharp wit, or Igor with his brooding silence. Gregor reminded me of the men around my father back in Russia. Loud and flashy.

Ivanna had drilled into me that being flashy only got you killed. Between her words about being a strong Russian man, and my father's beatings when I asked if I could have a nesting doll, I had learned to hide all aspects that made me look weak. No bright colors or garish designs, my wardrobe consisted mostly of suits and knit pullovers in blues and grays. It fit after years at schools with uniforms, and what I'd be expected to wear working for the family.

Being what was expected would keep me alive and in good standing, but I wanted to make a name for myself as well. Ivanna had given me some ideas, though we didn't get to message much anymore.

It may take a couple years, but I would prove I was worth more than running some dry cleaners or bar. I should be sent

back to Russia to do bigger and better things.

“Basil? Vasily!” I thought I heard my name called out in Russian and English, but I ignored them. I would be seeing plenty of my California family.

Ducking through the crowd to the exit where I could catch a bus back to Uncle Stefan’s—to grab my few belongings—I successfully evaded their attention.

They could wait.

Unfortunately for me, they had other plans. They must have come straight home when I ignored the texts from Gregor about meeting up, because all of them plus a few other cousins and guards were present in Stefan’s narrow living room.

“Pozdravleniya! Congratulations!” Everyone yelled in an off-key chorus, mixing languages and tossing confetti at me. Fun.

After nodding along, accepting a shot of vodka, and answering their questions in one-word answers, I finally snuck away for my things. Mostly I needed quiet and a moment to myself. I’d been called a spoilsport and a brat over the years, but really, I was just not a people person.

No one had ever made me want to spend more than five minutes in their presence yet, and I chalked that up to their Americanness. Loud, too personal, overly sensitive. Ivanna and my parents had taught me those were traits to be avoided.

My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I pulled it out to find a message from the very aunt I’d been thinking about. Freaky, but she was always two steps ahead.

Tetya Ivanna: Congratulations, nephew. Don't forget. You need to prove yourself and get away from the den of sin in San Francisco.

Sighing, I threw myself back on the bed. Her congratulations were not as emphatic as the ones I’d received downstairs, and it felt weird. She had told me this same advice before, more than once, and my father said the same when he bothered to reply. But how?

Me: In what way? How do I do this, Tetya?

Tetya Ivanna: Kill an enemy.

CHAPTER TWO

GIORGIO “GEORGE” GRECO

THE TERM “EMPTY-NESTER” wasn’t one I’d ever considered for myself. As Don of the Greco family and West Coast mob, I’d always had men and guards in the house. Then, for eighteen years, my twins filled the cavernous halls with laughter and too-loud music. Their bedrooms were on the same floor as mine, and I held on tight after their mother, Angelique, passed in childbirth.

The house was another issue. Seven bedrooms and six-point-five bathrooms, not including the pool house and guest villa, were more than excessive. The Italian Villa style was a rare find in the Oakland hills, but the security wall around it was my favorite feature. Angelique picked it out, and it was made for a dozen people to sleep in.

We talked about having a lot of children, enough to fill a soccer team—or *calcio*, as my cousins from Italy always insisted. We started off strong with twins, but all our dreams ended when she died after an emergency c-section. Instead of a soccer team, I had two infants to raise.

My children became my whole world, my reason for being ruthless as a leader.

While I was in charge, no one came near my children. I stepped in as enforcer if anyone threatened our peaceful bubble, and I reveled in those moments where I could let my baser instincts out. But I never wanted that for my *bambinos*.

My daughter, Angelique, was named for her mother, but we only ever called her Angie. She had a mischievous streak a

mile wide. Giuseppe got my middle name, passed down from my father, and I called him Beppino: my little boy. Beppino was always more soft-spoken, letting his “big sister” fight his battles. Angie was only three minutes older, and she acted every bit the older sibling. When he came out as gay at sixteen, Angie stood at his side, hand in hand, with shoulders squared and no fear in her eyes. She made it clear I would accept her twin for all that he was, or I would have to go through her.

“Giuseppe is gay,” she announced without preamble, standing over me with fire in her eyes. Jutting her chin out, Angie delivered another blow, “And I’m bi. So deal with it.”

I wish I could say my first reaction was one of love and acceptance, but some things are deeply ingrained. I’d swallowed back my questions and told them I appreciated knowing and needed time to think. It was the best I could do. They left and I’d broken down in tears.

Angelique and I had talked endlessly about our hopes and dreams while she was pregnant and on bed rest. A sweet daughter, who would never find a man I’d approve of, but also how I’d walk her down the aisle. Our fearless son, who would excel at sports and be a ladies-man. We talked about grandkids and their weddings.

Their confession felt like a knife in the chest, an end to everything their mother wanted for our children. Something else, hidden somewhere inside my consciousness, told me it went deeper.

Angie taught me the phrase “internalized” and often added racism, misogyny, or homophobia after it. My parents were born in Italy, and I was raised to take over a crime family. We didn’t do internal dwelling. You confessed them to your priest, absolved your guilt and moved on. But the thought of not accepting my children for who they were, trying to mold them into the long-held image I’d created, didn’t sit right.

The next day at breakfast, I greeted my children as I always did, with a kiss to the top of their heads and asking what they had planned. I wasn’t always there for dinner, and

missed the occasional school event when life or death situations arose, but I tried to be there every morning. Even on no sleep after tossing and turning until I gave up and read a book, I was there to send them off to school.

Angie gave my Beppino a sideways glance and answered in the same tone I'd used. I was the one who gained a new perspective, but nothing was different for them. They were in their dark blue and plaid Catholic school uniforms, and they stayed in the school even when both decided they no longer wanted to attend Mass. My worldview was forever changed, but my protective instincts only grew.

Which brought me to the present, in which my babies were eighteen, and I had dropped them off at Berkeley before returning to my empty mansion.

The West Coast mob presence had decreased over the years, with me not traveling to Europe as often and letting other families run our old territory with less and less bloodshed. Plus, the Sicilians had taken over from the Neapolitans worldwide and veered into the Heroin trade. That life was too dangerous for my children, and I didn't want the men under me leaving their own bambinos as orphans.

After finding other employment for most, the ones who didn't get killed, I was down to two employees. My lifelong guard, Santo, who had guarded my father before me, and his wife, Josefina, who was my chef and house manager. They lived in the guest house and had treated my children like their own grandchildren. Despite being in their seventies, both refused to leave, and I was secretly glad. My house was too big for one man.

"Don Giorgio," Santo's voice called out from behind me, and I turned to find him and Josefina standing in the entrance to the kitchen. He always insisted on using my christian name and title, even after fifty years. "Are you okay?"

Santo was the only one who wanted to know how I was besides my children, and all of them rarely asked. I always said fine, or good, and we moved on with our lives. Who

answered that question truthfully? At that moment, I felt like I might cry if I told them how I really felt.

Josefina jumped in before I could reply, maybe seeing my mental fatigue. “Come, *mangia*, you are too skinny,” Josefina told me the same way she did every day of my life, her skirt and ever-present apron swirling as she headed into the kitchen, expecting me to follow. She just wanted to feed me. She always wanted to feed me, and despite my stomach growing softer over the years, I thought I would always be too skinny in her eyes.

“I could eat.” I gave them the lopsided smirk I’d perfected over the years and followed Josefina before Santo could ask me the same question again.

My smirk was the one I used to appear carefree, yet mysterious. Half of being in charge was looking the part and never showing weakness. Angelique got that side of me, and it died with her. No one else had penetrated my carefully crafted facade.

All I had left was a big empty house, with a career of crime and pain in the rear-view mirror.

CHAPTER THREE

BASIL

GROWING up Bratva would be a great name for a reality show, but it was not as much fun in real life. Much like those trashy shows I pretended not to watch, the truth was far less exciting than it was portrayed on TV.

Moving in with my obnoxious older cousin would be good drama, though I hated to admit it. Those shows always paired opposites and watched them combust. Not that I watched them, of course.

“You get the bedroom on the right, I’m on the left past the kitchen. The living room TV is fair game, as is the fridge,” Gregor explained dramatically, gesturing like Vanna White giving out a prize with a giant smile in place. I didn’t buy his enthusiasm for my moving in at all, and his next words proved I wasn’t wholly welcome, “Don’t leave your cum-covered socks and dirty underwear in the attached bathroom, brat, that’s also the guest bath.”

“Fine, I’ll bring my hookups in here, then?” He smirked at my unlikely suggestion, since the family had never seen me date anyone. I gestured toward the low, white leather couch, “Or there, so we have a better view?”

Gregor pretended to gag to hide his cringe. I tried to retreat into my latest cage, but his arm shot out to stop the door. The room had the basics: bed, dresser, two nightstands, a small closet—and I only had two bags besides a few boxes Uncle Stefan had already dropped off. Most of my belongings were clothes and books. Gregor stopped teasing me about morning emissions and where to leave my laundry each day when I

ignored his taunts and closed the door in his face. The silent treatment always confuses talkers.

My new home was all clean lines, gray industrial and stark whites. It felt the opposite of Stefan's house, the old Victorian oozing granny chic. Ivanna and Igor had a three-bedroom apartment, but nothing as fancy as Gregor's. Theirs was way over in Richmond Heights by the Pacific and my college, while Gregor's was in the heart of the SOMA neighborhood. Trendy and close to things.

In short, it didn't feel like home anymore than my dorm rooms had.

There were very few things I got to choose for myself. I was told where to live, what to wear, and got an allowance for food. I even had to ask permission to attend college, an endeavor my aunt Ivanna took on with Felix for me.

The Boss didn't come across as imposing to some, who judged his stature—and more recently some feminine clothing choices—but I'd always been intimidated by him. Felix was my size, if not smaller, and went by *Kot Felix*. Felix the Cat.

Ivanna and Igor always grumbled about how childish our cousin's nickname was, but I had a hard time seeing Felix that way. Even when he was barely over twenty—taking over as head of the Bratva in San Francisco when his father passed—there was a keen, cat-like quality to Felix. As if he saw your every move and would pounce if you faltered for a second.

Lucky for me, Ivanna and Igor were in charge of my training, so I rarely saw the man. Ivanna taught me names and history, while Igor trained me in guns and hand to hand combat. I'd been carrying a Smith & Wesson 9mm since my sixteenth birthday, though not to school. A full two years before I got my Concealed Carry Weapons License, I started going on jobs.

Shadowing Igor was often boring, but it put me in Felix's house and some of our businesses to see how things worked. I was appalled and confused when I found out most were legit now, not only fronts for more lucrative criminal sales. Igor only scoffed when I brought it up at home, but Ivanna told me

how ridiculous our boss was, getting rid of the Bratva structure and investing the money instead.

As a teen, I only heard her words and couldn't believe Felix was in charge instead of someone like her. In college I saw how he was keeping more men alive, attracting little to no heat from authorities, and following sound business practices.

When Ivanna tried to cut Felix out, exposing his perversions and queerness, I had mixed emotions. My whole life I'd been tamping down any feeling or thought the Bratva might see as weak. That included my body's reaction to the same sex.

It felt right to out Felix, by the family standard, but also wrong. I'd spent most of my life in San Francisco, one of the most progressive and liberal cities in the world. My school was for Russian-speaking elites, though, and they leaned in the opposite direction. So I'd tamped down my conscience and rooted for Ivanna to win.

Ivanna didn't win, though.

In the middle of my senior year, while working hard to finish my degree and get into graduate school, the tables turned. Ivanna had told me all about how the Italians were causing problems, and they really needed Felix to step up as Boss. She took matters into her own hands when one of ours got killed by an Italian, but Felix triumphed in the end.

He always landed on his feet, and that was why I respected him as Boss, if begrudgingly.

The part I had a hard time with was Felix asking us to use *they* and *them* instead of *he* and *him*. My logical brain said it was hard after a decade and a half calling Felix *him*. My rational side said to get over myself and do what the Boss asked. Somewhere in the middle, there was Ivanna's voice, scoffing at me even questioning what to do.

The less time I spent around Ivanna and Igor while living in the dorms, then with them being sent back to Russia, the more my voice overrode theirs. Still, she had given me direct

advice on how to prove myself and move up the ranks faster.
Kill an enemy.

Easier said than done.

Sure, I had access to untraceable guns, and I knew a few targets I could pick from. The Italians were at the top of my list. The tricky part was Felix and Maksim's insistence that the Italian mob had fizzled out in the bay, going straight and dispersing elsewhere with new families in charge. Ivanna said it was all lies, and Felix just didn't want to fight anyone.

It was true, I'd never seen Felix pull his gun, or heard of him killing a rival. He let his men do the dirty work.

There, on my new bed—that had admittedly wonderful bedding—I pulled out my phone and started researching. Did the Italians have an old man in charge like the Godfather movies? I'd always enjoyed those movies for the romanticized version of the mob. But I wouldn't learn anything new from something I'd watched multiple times already. What did the boss get called? A Dom?

The search got distracting when I looked up that title, ads suggesting some porn I needed to ignore. It was clearly gay porn, with a fit man on his knees in only a jockstrap, drool leaking out past some kind of metal gag holding his mouth open, while a suited man stood before him holding a riding crop. My dick took notice, and I pressed the heel of my hand into the semi I was sporting from one erotic image.

No one was there to catch me, except Gregor, and he'd recently been going to gay clubs with Felix and Maksim. For all I knew, he was bi, or gay like them. Looking around, I didn't see a place in the stark concrete ceiling where a camera might be, and the vents were on the floor. I'd have to sweep the room for bugs before I jacked off. Ivanna had used a video of Felix to out the Boss and I didn't want Gregor or anyone else recording me.

Clicking away from the temptation, I found one picture of an Italian mafioso from Oakland who was in prison for laundering money. No other charges, so he wasn't important. What caught my attention was who accused him. Giorgio

Greco. The name rang a bell, and I texted Ivanna his name and picture.

Tetya Ivanna: Yes! Greco is an enemy. He is the head of the Greco crime family. Kill him and they can't deny your skills.

Me: I understand. I'll find him.

How hard could one Italian in the Bay Area be to find?

CHAPTER FOUR

GEORGE

“OH MY GOD, Papa, what are you doing here?” My daughter exclaimed by way of greeting when she opened her apartment door. I’d set them up with their new Berkeley place early so Angie could do a summer program and her brother could join the track team.

“A father can’t visit his children? Hi Angie,” I kissed her cheek and asked with faux innocence. “Why? Are you doing something I shouldn’t see?”

“No,” Angie rolled her eyes and stepped back to let me in. “It’s just that everyone texts before showing up these days.” She called over her shoulder, “Pino! Papa’s here.”

Giuseppe stepped around the corner while yawning and running fingers through his mussed brown hair. I’d paid for movers, and they had a cleaning service every two weeks, but I hoped I wasn’t coddling them too much.

“Did you just wake up, Beppino?” I asked, trying to keep the judgment out of my voice as I checked the time. “I was going to ask if you want lunch, but maybe breakfast?”

“Ha, yeah,” he shrugged and rubbed his eyes, “Early morning sprints. I conked out after my shower. Starving now, though.”

“Of course, you are.” Chuckling at my little bottomless pit—I swore he had a hollow leg—I leaned against the wall and crossed my arms. “Any cuisine in particular?”

“Ooh,” Angie jumped in, “there’s an Afghan place nearby I’ve been dying to try.”

“Not Italian?” I teased, knowing her answer.

As expected, I got another eye roll as Angie reached for her jacket on a hook by the door. “If I want good Italian I’ll go home to Josefina’s kitchen. Plus, I love introducing you to new cuisines.”

“Fine, let’s go.” I opened the door and checked to make sure the coast was clear, an old habit I’d probably never shake.

Beppino grabbed his windbreaker and slipped on flip flops while Angie zipped up her leather boots. One of them cost me a lot more in the wardrobe department.

“Is Afghan more like Indian or Persian food?” I made conversation as we headed out of the building and onto the street, where the fog hadn’t cleared yet. The place I got them was modern, and halfway between the university and downtown. I’d attended college and knew the experience was about more than coursework. So long as they didn’t overdo it, and knew I was always a phone call away.

“Afghanistan is a mix of cultures, so both, plus their own things,” Angie explained. She was hoping for a degree in international relations or political science and loved learning about geography and culture. “Like curry, but theirs is milder. From my research, anyway.”

“I’m surprised you haven’t tried it yet,” I mused, linking my arms with my children as we made our way around the corner of a big old brownstone. “You guys have been here a few weeks now.”

“I’m surprised you held off dropping by so long,” Angie teased, matching her steps to mine, while her brother did so unconsciously.

“Ha-ha, are we almost there?”

“Yep,” Angie tugged my arm past a flower shop to a small restaurant with bright red and green colors. Not dissimilar to many Italian restaurants. “We’re here.”

Aria, as the large sign declared the restaurant, looked to only seat about twenty people. Bollywood sounding music

came through speakers and a man with tan skin and wearing a tunic led us to our table.

“Thank you for choosing Aria Afghan, I’m Abdul,” he gestured to the four-top table by the window. “Here are your menus. The special today is lamb kebab. I will get you water.”

Abdul went off to get our drinks, and Angie poured over the menu. “Kebab sounds good. I have to get the Qabili palau. Oh, and sabzi paneer...”

“How about you order for us, and if it’s too much, you have leftovers,” I suggested.

She nodded and rattled off a half dozen things to Abdul. I was happy to hear her mention bread and rice, though I wasn’t picky.

“So, why the random visit? Miss us?” Angie asked when

“Were you lonely, Papa?” Beppino asked softly, with real curiosity.

“He was so lonely,” Angie replied for me, “Since he doesn’t even date.”

Scoffing, I unfolded my linen napkin, buying time. “I’ve dated.”

“No, you’ve found women to hook up with. You haven’t dated,” Angie pointed out in her blunt way before the real blow, “and you’re not getting any younger.”

The urge to roll my own eyes was strong, but it didn’t suit me and I couldn’t deny it. “Guess I’m too old to date, then.”

“We worry about you alone in that big house.” Beppino reached out to place his hand over mine, “You need human companionship, Papa.”

Looking outside to give myself time to think. Across the street, a young man in tiny black shorts with a pink shirt tucked into the waistband—allowing sweat to drip visibly down his body, reflecting the rays of sunlight peeking out of the clouds—was jogging in place waiting for the light to turn. My stomach did a weird flip and an image of me licking his

abs popped unbidden to my head. Where the fuck did that come from?

“Hottie, nine o’clock,” Angie stage-whispered to her twin, who had to turn half around.

“He’s more your type than mine,” Beppino replied and I tore my eyes away from the man—who was likely only a year or two older than my children—to tune back into their conversation.

“Do you two really check out men together?”

“Of course,” Angie shrugged as Abdul returned with a woman to bring us tea and our first round of dishes, before loading the table down with a second set of family-size bowls. “This smells divine, thank you!”

We started dishing up things onto our plates, Angie encouraging us to try everything. It did smell good, and I loved our little family.

“So what’s your type, dad?” Beppino asked innocently, but it made me choke on some curried meat.

“I, uh, I don’t know,” I cleared my throat to say before stuffing it again. Finally, under my daughter’s intense glare, I added, “Your mom was my type.”

The thing was, I knew my type. Smart but not boastful, smaller than me but strong enough to keep up, independent but needed me, opinionated and decisive but submissive in the bedroom... I’d found women to fuck over the years, but never one who was my match out of the bedroom.

“Then you should just try people out and see what you’re into,” Angie suggested.

“Mmm, sure,” I gave a noncommittal answer and asked her to pass the flat bread. I might date, but I didn’t want to discuss it with my eighteen-year-olds.

The sweaty man must have been doing loops of the blocks, because he passed by again on our side of the street, stopping to stretch and check his fitness band within view of me. He bent over to lace his shoes, and the white strap of a jock

peeked out over his crack. My first thought was what a brat he was, showing off his sexy body like that. My second was how hot it would be to punish him for the display. And then those two thoughts hit a brick wall, and I closed my eyes to breathe deeply.

“It’s okay, Papa,” Angie patted my forearm sympathetically. “With that silver fox hair and striking gray eyes, they’ll be falling into your lap.”

Hours later, when I’d walked my children back to their new place with two meals’ worth of takeout and was alone in my study, the day came crashing down on me.

Seeing that shirtless man, and thinking of my type—what I was attracted to—nowhere in there did I think of a woman. I didn’t think of femininity or breasts, only their personality and how I wanted to be with them. I’d only ever been with women, and always thought my appreciation for a strong man or well-fitted suit was admiration alone.

Could I be bisexual?

CHAPTER FIVE

GEORGE

RESEARCH WAS ALL WELL and good, but it kept leading me to porn and I didn't get off that way. I'd read somewhere that men were stimulated visually while women were mental. And I meant that as in their heads, not in a bad way. Clearly, the sexes weren't as binary as the old scientists would have us believe, because I much preferred reading a good erotic story over video.

So I'd dug deeper, past the advertisements. The amount of genders and sexualities was mind blowing, and the kink world had expanded a lot since the few times I'd checked out seedy clubs in my youth. Angie and my children's friends had taught me some things over the years, but I'd never wanted to look further than what they told me. Besides, I wouldn't ask teenagers about their sex lives.

Some information I passed immediately, when I saw they were meant as click bait, and not to educate. I took an online Kinsey scale test, and it seemed to have me as more heterosexual. Many of the questions were about sexual partners I'd already had, so my score of two was surprising to me. A zero meant only being attracted to the opposite sex, a six meant only being into the same sex, and a three would be even. Bisexual.

How did you know if you were into dicks if you'd never let yourself think about them beyond taking a piss?

Moving onto my kinkier tendencies, I did a test which said I was ninety-eight percent Dominant, ninety-five percent Daddy, ninety-two percent Owner, and ninety percent Sadist.

The Daddy part I had to wonder about. Was it from being a devoted father? Dominant and Sadist didn't surprise me, since I had a perverse desire to hurt not only my enemies...

Everything led me to X Club in San Francisco. An inclusive kink dungeon with local owners and a lot of educational information. I read a lot about consent and edge play, getting hard at the images of people on their knees, tied up with heads bowed in supplication, red marks across bare skin. And some of these people were clearly men.

If I wasn't bi, I was definitely kink-sexual.

This X Club wouldn't have only straight people, so I could look my fill and not feel out of place, and they had visitors nights open to the public. I very much doubted anyone I knew would be there. And if they were? Then they weren't "vanilla" either.

Bookmarking the page, I saw the next visitor's night started in a couple hours. No time like the present, right?

Throwing on my suit jacket, I pressed the built-in intercom on my desk phone, "Santo, I'm going into the city for a few hours."

The city always meant San Francisco, and Santo responded by the time I stood to button my coat and check for wrinkles. "Of course, Don Giorgio. Do you need me to drive you?"

Considering for a moment and making my way out of my study, I found Santo waiting in the foyer where I'd expected him. X Club was in the Tenderloin neighborhood, a very seedy area, but I'd carry my concealed weapon and walk a couple blocks. I had never been mugged, and didn't intend to let it happen now I was out of the mob.

"No, thank you, Santo. It will be a quick trip to one location." I straightened my cufflinks before patting the older man on the shoulder. "I'll take the Jaguar and pay for parking."

"Understood, Don Giorgio."

Josefina poked her head around the corner from the kitchen, "When should we expect you home? I made *Risotto*

alla Milanese.”

“I’ll likely be home before midnight,” I explained. Her food was divine, but I’d get the saffron tinted sauce on my face or suit and would have to shower and change. “Thank you, Josefina. Leave a plate for me?”

She grumbled in Italian about risotto not being as good reheated, but still came over to kiss my cheek before disappearing.

“Don’t wait up,” I waved to Santo and got my favorite car from the garage. I didn’t have to uncover it, since I’d taken it to Berkeley.

The drive to the Bay Bridge and into the city after eight was easy, and I found a theater with good parking. My stomach started doing a dance from nerves I wasn’t used to, and I was glad I hadn’t eaten. It was just a kink club. I had nothing to fear.

After my ID was checked before entering under a big, red, neon X sign, a rainbow-haired hostess greeted me. “Hello, Welcome to X Club! Have you been here before?”

My answer in the negative led to a full rundown of the club rules, their philosophy on consent, and an offer of a tour. I turned it down, wanting to explore and make my own observations first. I didn’t catch their name, and called them *Rainbow*, and they said that worked as good as anything, so long as I used *they* and *them* pronouns.

“Noted, thank you for information,” I gave my patented half smirk and they purred.

“Ooh, you are going to be popular,” the little rainbow sprite pretended to paw the air at me. “Have fun, Daddy!”

Information I’d read online said that most titles like Dom and Owner were reserved for relationships, but Daddy seemed to be a queer culture term for older men. I was that. Looking around at the people stowing bags in cubbies, some half naked while others wore formal attire like me, I was one of the oldest people in the place.

Maybe coming to the club had been a mistake?

They were clearly inclusive of genders and sexualities, and had a big sign that read ‘Your kink is not my kink, and that’s okay,’ but that didn’t mean it was the right crowd for me. I turned a corner, past couches with people making out and cuddling in little to no clothing, and saw a few men with white hair or none at all.

Breathing an internal sigh of relief, I pushed off my momentary lapse of confidence. A drink would help, but I found out—from a fit and tan man with a name-tag sticker on his bare chest reading ‘Roman’—that it was a dry bar. Only water, juice, and snacks were available. Not wanting to come across as a total *newb*, as Beppino would say, I asked for sparkling water with lime. At least I’d have the facsimile of a drink for something to do with my hands.

After walking around the club and seeing kinks I’d only read about, I decided to hold up the wall in the lounge area. I could see everyone coming and going, but not feel like a creep by staying in the dungeon to stare. The balance felt like a learned one. Watch, but don’t look like you’re about to jack off on the people in the scene.

Just as I was considering another round—there’d been a Femme Domme paddling a young man in chastity and making him beg to come that I wanted to see the finale of—a familiar face froze me in place.

A year ago, I would have murdered everyone in the room if this person had seen me in a queer-friendly kink dungeon. I’d still had one foot in the mob, mostly for my cousin, and the Russians weren’t friends of ours.

Felix Kiselov looked different than the last time we’d met, but his hulking bodyguard, Maksim, hadn’t changed a bit. They spotted me before I could decide if I wanted to make my exit and seemed to be discussing me while continuing my way. Felix was in tight fishnet, high heels, and had a lot of makeup on. If I wasn’t mistaken, he also had pointy, painted nails.

Maksim’s jaw tightened, and I saw the threat in his dark eyes. I’d heard Felix came out as gay, and I’d seen how close the two were, but my recent research and own thoughts made

me jump to a conclusion about the two Russians. The way they clasped hands and stood in front of me confirmed my suspicion. They were lovers.

Reigning in my racing thoughts at how wild it was to see a Bratva Boss holding hands with his very male bodyguard, I nodded instead of speaking. I'd let them choose the tone.

"Greco, I didn't expect to see you here," Felix raised an eyebrow in question. He was really asking what the fuck I was doing there, and if it had to do with him or mob business.

"Kiselov, I could say the same," I smirked to pretend nonchalance, "But I've never been here before." My head tilted to ask the real question, *'is this going to be a problem?'*

"Ah, well then," Felix tilted his head in response, answering that it wouldn't be a problem on his end. "Welcome to X Club."

"We don't have a problem, no?" Maksim asked, always more blunt and to the point.

"No," my answer was as direct as his. I'd learned to mimic the mood of those speaking to me to help them feel settled and safe. In this case, it wasn't for nefarious reasons. "I was glad to hear your cousins were sent away."

Felix raised one perfectly groomed brow, and I was struck again by his perfect makeup. Maybe thinking *his* was using the wrong pronoun? I shouldn't assume either way, but old habits die hard.

"Yes, Ivanna and Igor were dealt with," Felix finally replied, after deciding I wasn't giving an underhanded insult. "Their passports were taken away, as well as a couple fingers. Though I know that doesn't make up for the death of your own cousin."

Narrowing my eyes, I did the same thing as him, waiting to see if he would add insult to injury. All I saw was anger and disappointment, but they weren't aimed at me. Ivanna had exposed Felix's secrets and almost killed him as well. He wanted more revenge. A man after my own heart. Although...

“Yes, that is true. But I accepted our deal when I passed on information for you to find that Italian friend,” I conceded. Then I tried out the language I’d learned online, “Please, call me George, he and him pronouns.”

Felix and Maksim both reacted to that, though almost imperceptibly. They were well-trained, too. Maksim took my offered hand and shook firmly. “Maksim, I use he and him as well.”

It was clear that Maksim was replying so Felix didn’t have to, and I was fine with that. Felix stuck his hand out for me to shake, holding it as firmly as his much bigger guard. “Felix, and I use all pronouns, but prefer they and them.”

“Glad to know,” I smiled to let him know I meant to harm, but he wouldn’t take a smile as my word. “I don’t want any more mob business, and I won’t do anything with this information. I swear it.”

Felix held my grip and gaze a moment longer before nodding and letting go. “Good. Neither do I.”

The Russian couple walked away to greet friends after a few more platitudes, and I realized a couple things. I was more able to learn and integrate new ideas than my old-fashioned family would ever believe. And I was definitely attracted to men.

CHAPTER SIX

MY HUNT for an enemy to kill felt pointless after a couple weeks of fruitless searching. This Giorgio Greco was proving difficult to find. He didn't have a *Facebook* or other social media, but I did find a lot of other Greco's in the Bay Area. Most were in blue-collar jobs or teenagers, but none mentioned a Giorgio.

Going over to the East Bay to check out known haunts was just as pointless. Everyone was close-lipped or genuinely oblivious. I also wasn't great at putting people at ease. Having a baby face didn't help, nor did my blond hair and blue eyes. In Russia, it would have won people over. In Oakland, I looked like a frat bro who walked into the wrong bar.

One thing I did find was a marriage announcement in two-thousand, to an Angelique Chiarello, but there was no picture. And then her death announcement in two-thousand five. Complications from childbirth, which was wild in such a modern country. Somewhere, there was an eighteen-year-old Greco, but birth records weren't as available. If all else failed, I'd try to find them.

There didn't seem to be a missus Greco after the first passed, so that was a dead end, too. If only I'd majored in Computer Science like my aunt. Ivanna was doing tech related things for the Bratva in Europe and Asia, but was confined to a family house and restricted with certain words. She wasn't allowed to search anything in the Bay, so I couldn't get her help.

Ivanna and even Igor were messaging almost daily, asking about my progress. I was smart enough to know they wanted me to succeed so they could say, “*Look, I’m an asset and leader. I got a rival killed without even being in the country.*” I didn’t mind, so long as I proved myself.

Sometimes I felt like a failure before I even started. I was Bratva, a company man, but I didn’t feel like I belonged. It didn’t help that Felix told me to get acclimated to working in an office with my business degree, rather than guarding him or something more important. Accounting and payroll didn’t say *competent member of the mob*. My required Psychology class in college told me it was called imposter syndrome.

If I could find Greco, take him out, I’d show my worth to the Kiselov family. Maybe my father would stop calling me *zhopa*, which was like an idiot and brat rolled into one. I knew I was privileged, getting to live in America and get almost two decades of expensive education. Most sons never got the chance to do anything but crime in my family. But that’s why I needed to show my father and everyone else I was able to do both. Be smart and work hard.

Leaving the Kiselov-owned dry-cleaners by Union Square—which used to run drugs but was now in competition with French Laundry—I let myself wander. It was after eight, since I’d stayed late to research more, and I was hungry. An Irish pub caught my attention, and I took a seat at the bar. They had copper fittings and dark wood tones, reminding me of Kot Felix’s house.

A thought had been niggling at the back of my head for days: *what would Felix say when I killed Greco?*

Would he be proud or angry? I didn’t know, though I hoped for the former. Ivanna said the Italians killed one of our own, so wouldn’t he be glad to hear I took out their boss? I’d heard whisperings of them meeting the year before, and ‘the Italian Boss’ not being happy. Felix had to be wanting Greco dead, too. I was doing him a favor, really.

“What will it be?” A tall man with a trimmed black beard, pageboy cap and Irish brogue interrupted my musings.

“You don’t have to fake the accent,” I told him in my strongest Russian inflection before dropping it. “I’ll take a pint of Guinness and a menu, please.”

“Accent’s all mine, mate. ID please?” He rapped the counter while reaching underneath the counter for a one page glass-covered page. I showed my ID, which was still sideways from when I was under twenty-one and couldn’t drink legally in America. I looked young, but I was legal. “Nice to meet you, Vasily. Conor’s my name, and I’ll have that right up for ye.”

Perusing the list of traditional food, while he poured the drink with the perfect amount of head, I caught sight of his thickly muscled arms. Straining the tight black T-shirt, I licked my lips and forced my eyes back to the menu.

“Find anything ye like?” A glass slid into view and I hoped my cheeks weren’t red.

Pointing at random, I read the description. “Shepherd’s pie sounds good.”

“Coming right up,” Conor rapped his knuckles on the bar again, jarring my frazzled nerves.

Taking a hardy gulp, I willed my heart rate to slow. The thick beer wasn’t my first choice, but a whiskey wasn’t the best idea on an empty stomach. The food was delicious, and Conor ended up being easy to talk to. It was a Thursday night, and the place only had a few patrons I assumed were tourists. One trio looked to be out for a birthday bar crawl and ordered the wildest drinks off the big chalk menu over the bar.

“Chocolate mint beer?” I asked Conor, trying to suppress my grin.

“People with money will try anything,” he shrugged and took my empty plate. “Need a refill or something stronger?”

After expressing my frustration that my employer didn’t see my potential and stuck me on easy jobs, he seemed to sense I needed it. “Yeah, I’ve got money. I want to try a whiskey I’ve never heard of.”

Conor got a twinkle in his eye and held up one finger before going down the bar to a ladder that slid across the whiteboard so he could reach the top shelf. He grabbed a bottle and brought it down. “Teeling, single malt, 32 years. You have to buy the whole bottle because it comes with a certificate of authenticity. Want to know the price?”

“Naw, I’ll put it on the company card. Keep it here for me and I’ll come by after work for a glass or two until it’s done.” If anyone in the family asked, I’d say it was for a month of dinners. I did the accounts, anyway. “Pour me a finger and one for you as well.”

“Thank ye,” Conor grinned with appreciation and retrieved two highball glasses. He poured carefully and hovered a hand over the ice. “It’s best to bring out the flavors with water, but I can do it on the rocks.”

“The pained way you said that tells me otherwise,” I chuckled. “I’ll take a dash, no ice.”

“Perfect,” Conor squeezed the water nozzle over both drinks briefly, barely touching the dark color. He held up his glass and I took mine before he clinked them together, “*Sláinte.*”

“*Za oospheh,*” I replied, wishing for my own success as well as Conor’s.

First I smelled the dark amber liquid, its sweet and malty scent was strong. It was a drink to be savored. We spent the next twenty minutes sipping and discussing the hidden notes of vanilla and ripe red fruits.

“I have to admit,” Conor said, whipping down the bar after the girls with adventurous tastes had left, “When ye walked in asking for a Guinness, I thought it was the only Irish drink ye knew. Ye surprised me.”

“I plan to surprise everyone,” I quirked a grin and handed over the card Gregor had given me for business expenses. I didn’t pay for rent or food, but I knew it would be a big bill. Conor didn’t even question putting all on one card, and I signed for a hundred dollar tip. Better to ask for forgiveness, I

always said. “It was great to meet you, Conor. I’ll be back soon.”

People rarely took to me like Conor had, and I would be back for the conversation as much as the drink. He came around the bar to hug me with a hearty back pat, and I guessed the drink made him extra friendly. I’d been drinking vodka and whiskey straight since I was a child, and a beer and one finger of single malt wasn’t enough to get me drunk. Waving as I went out the door, I did have a warm buzz.

The July night was cool, but still nice to walk in. I could catch a ride back to Gregor’s place, but a walk wasn’t so bad if I cut through the Tenderloin. He had told me he’d be out late, but that wasn’t a surprise. He’d been going out a lot and checking when I’d be home. It felt more like he wanted to bring hookups over than him looking out for me, but that suited me fine.

Noise canceling headphones were in order every time I was in my room, and I didn’t feel in any rush to go back. I didn’t need to hear women moaning his name, since the sound echoed through the minimalistic place a little too well.

As much as my goal was to go higher in the organization, I didn’t hate San Francisco. Americans were weird about wanting things compartmentalized or assimilated, and San Francisco did that to an extent. Sure, there were more people on the streets than when I was a kid, but we still had Golden Gate Park, the beach, and every culture and food your heart desired. The Tenderloin was rougher, always had been, but I liked the grittier energy of it over the touristy side of town that was cleaned once or twice a day to keep an image.

Despite it never fully feeling like home, I loved the Bay Area, flaws and all. Thumping music caught my attention, and I looked up to see a neon glow. A karaoke and hookah bar wasn’t my vibe, but the big blue X next to it intrigued me. Not enough to cross the street—until a man approached, and I froze.

In a nice suit with broad shoulders, the gray-haired man stood out under the contrasting neon. First he glowed white,

then he stepped under the blue X. With only an afternoon shadow of a beard, I could see his face clearly while he waited for a door guard to check ID. He was clearly over twenty-one, but the ID check wasn't what drew me in.

Giorgio Greco had crossed my path. Older than the one picture I found, but undeniably him. His salt and pepper hair, tan skin, strong jawline, and sharp eyes couldn't be anyone else. Before I could make a move for the gun at my back, Greco disappeared behind a large, red door.

To my success, indeed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

GEORGE

AFTER MY FORAY into the kinky and queer space of X Club, I was conflicted. I spent the next few weeks taking a lot of walks, working out in my home gym, and swimming in my pool. None of it could erase what I'd seen and felt.

Did I want to forget?

No, I didn't want to forget. My problem was wanting *more*. I'd tried looking things up online again, even downloading some queer romance with BDSM, but it didn't help. Although, I did get hornier than I'd been in years.

My basement had a TV room my staff or children had hung out in, but a locked door held the furnace and a wall with torture devices. I kept imagining how a consenting partner would look in there, getting off on the pain and pleasure I could give them.

At dinner with the twins, Beppino called me out, "You seem so distracted, Papa."

"What's going on?" Angie asked. "You're not back in the family business, are you?"

"No," I assured her. "Nothing like that, I promise."

As much as I tried to shelter them, my children were smart and knew who I was. Sending a cousin to prison and burying many family members over the years was a hint, but the kids at school also called them Mafia Prince and Princess. Plus, we had a staff who called me Don Giorgio and Boss.

“Good. You swore you were out,” Angie nodded and sipped her merlot.

My children had wine with dinner, the same way I was raised, but it also gave her an air of superiority. It felt weird, but also very Angie.

“And I keep my word.” I sipped my own wine and raised an eyebrow. Angie was fiercely independent, but I was still her father.

“Then what’s up?” Beppino asked softly, ever the mediator, “Something else?”

His eyes looked wet, as if he feared I was dying and worried about telling them. I couldn’t let him look so hurt. “I am distracted, but it’s all in my head. Nothing in particular is wrong.”

“Can we help?” Angie bit her lip, and I saw the worry there too.

Considering my words, I figured my children were better to ask than anyone, “If a person is attracted to people, regardless of gender identity or genitals...” I paused, unsure if my conversation starter would work, “More of an attraction to how you interact together. What is that called?”

Both of them blinked at me for a moment before Angie settled in for a mini lecture. “Pansexual is a term under the bi-umbrella, meaning attracting to a person. Demisexual means you have to warm up to a person first, or feel a connection before there is sexual or romantic attraction. Why?”

“Well...” Why wasn’t the response I wanted, but I would be honest since I started it, “I think I’m bi. Maybe Demi? Or, *pans*, was it?”

“Pansexual,” Beppino corrected, grinning. “Not an attraction to cookware.”

“That’s Josefina’s sexuality,” Angie quipped with a giggle. “Sorry, it’s just I’m pansexual and Demiromantic. I thought you’d been reading my journal.”

“Oh, no, I wouldn’t do that,” I assured her. I was glad my sort of coming out wasn’t a big deal, leading to Angie sharing more about her own life. “But thank you for telling me.”

“Damn, who would have thought a mafia family would be so queer?” Beppino mused. “Our family in Italy would be so confused.”

“They know what being gay is,” Angie pointed out, leaning back and swirling the last of her wine.

“Gay, yes, but not the rest. And not about one of their former bosses,” Beppino added. “What does this mean for you, Papa?”

“It means they don’t need to know.” Mirroring my daughter, who looked like a replica of her mother when we met, I swallowed the last of my wine before answering, “And my dating pool got a lot bigger.”



MY CHILDREN WERE GROSSED out at the thought of me actually dating, despite their earlier word about my loneliness. Still, Beppino texted me afterwards to let him know if I had questions. I didn’t want to imagine my kids having sex any more than they did for me, so I thanked him but didn’t ask.

A big part of my conflicted emotions was the mafia boss part. If I’d had this realization while still in charge, especially a decade ago, I would have been stripped of my duties and shipped off. Or worse.

Seeing Felix Kiselov at the club, queer and still in charge, gave me pause. I wasn’t the Boss anymore, technically, and no one was checking up on me. I made my money from real estate investments and was retired in their eyes.

Something about X Club had me wanting to return. I didn’t feel I should go back until I knew a bit more. But there is only so much you can learn online. Finally, I gave in and looked up

the next visitor's night. It was on Thursday rather than a weekend and was a queer-only event.

On Sunday I wrote that off as not for me. I was only just learning about my sexuality. I wasn't ready to be out-out. Events like that were meant for people secure in their sexuality, right?

Monday, I ordered some rope and other gear I wanted to try out. I just didn't have somebody to try them on yet.

Downloading a kinky dating app on Tuesday was a mistake. Even without a face picture—I'd shared one of my chest and jawline so my age was clear—I had men messaging me lewd pictures within minutes. I wasn't interested in that, though a quick hookup might be good for my level of lust.

When Wednesday came and went without any resolution to my mental gymnastics, I made an account on the X Club site to register for the event. They wanted my ID uploaded to give me access to other events, so I used my fake ID. I got that they probably did background checks, but hopefully mine was good enough. I didn't need a paper trail for my attendance, and I realized I would be attending.

Thursday I was anxious, but prepared. I didn't feel comfortable bringing anything with me, though the overnight shipping had come in. I'd stashed it all in my bedroom after the cleaner left. Rope and torture gear in my basement I had my men see and clean, but not this.

"Santo, I'll be going into the city tonight," I informed him when I entered the kitchen for a quick bite that afternoon. "The town car."

"Will you have a guest, sir?" Josefina asked, stirring something red in a giant pot on the stove and raising one brow that belied her interest. "I'm making plenty of cioppino."

"Smells *delizioso*," I evaded her question, "but I'll eat before I go."

Her cioppino was amazing, and I was glad she would be freezing most of it to eat later. The woman only knew how to cook for an army, and my belly showed it. Something I noticed

on the app before I deleted it was the older men were either very fit or called bears. I wasn't a bear, but I did have a soft belly. Since I was otherwise muscular and my suits didn't need to be let out since I exercised regularly, I decided to count it as an asset.

Sure, I wanted to find a person to torture sexually, but I also wouldn't mind cuddling afterwards. Softer bellies seemed ideal for cuddling.

Santo and I made conversation on the way into the city, discussing the twins and family we both knew. It helped distract me from wondering what I would see when I got to the club. I was going, and I would observe, but I didn't think I was quite there yet to play publicly.

If they wanted to go home and try things out in privacy, I was willing and ready. I'd leave my gun at home, and hope for a different kind of action.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“ID?” a hulking man at the door under the blue neon X asked, and I pulled it out for the second time that night. He opened the black, wrought iron security gate, revealing a red door that was wide enough to fit two of him side by side. “You’re good.”

“Thanks,” I mumbled, unsure if this was a bar or maybe a fancy drug dealer. That would track with the Italian, and meant he was working in Kiselov territory.

A low, bass-thumping music seemed to emanate from the curved leather walls, a different vibe than the karaoke bar next door. It felt almost sensual.

“Visitor?” A blue-haired person standing at a host stand asked when I turned a corner, making a guess, then seeing my confusion, “Just looking tonight?”

“*Da*. Yes,” I corrected in English, taking in their androgynous features, makeup, and silky top that almost showed nipples. Their look was somewhere between formal and sexy, giving me no hints at what this place was doing behind closed doors. I went off their cues, “Not partaking, myself.”

“Welcome to X Club, then,” they greeted, holding out a rubber bracelet and pamphlet with an image of the red front door and a blue neon sign titled *Rules*. “Here is a red wristband to show you’re only looking. No one will bug you with it on. Would you like a full rundown and tour, or to explore and read for yourself?”

“Oh, I can explore and see for myself, thanks,” I answered, not wanting to miss my opportunity to find Greco. I slipped the red band over my hand and started to make my way past.

“Have fun, and no touching without asking,” they called after me.

The open shelving for bags and a coat rack felt strange, but they must have a rule about bringing in anything you could steal product with. I didn't stop to read the pamphlet or check if there were cameras on the bags to discourage thieves, since I didn't plan on returning.

From behind a closed double door, I heard someone cry out in pain and another person laughing. It sounded like a man being beaten or electrocuted. Was Greco taking his rivals to the same place he dealt from? Good way to strike fear in them, I suppose.

The hallway naturally flowed to a stretch with couches, where people cuddled under blankets. I had to wonder if they let people use on site. Dangerous and safer in different ways. Dangerous, because more laws were broken, but safer than letting customers go out and resell your product or cut it with ketamine. Dead people were bad for business.

But I didn't see anyone using drugs. First, I took in the lack of clothing on many people, and then how many of them were on their knees. Some were in collars on leashes, and others were wearing masks. I heard a man near me refer to a naked person on his lap as a pet. Most were in leather harnesses, carrying floggers and whips. I wasn't in a drug den. At least, I didn't think I was.

This was some *Eyes Wide Shut*, kinky shit.

The thought that I should turn right around and wait outside was tempting, but a suit-wearing patron turned a corner further down the hall. I hadn't seen Greco in the lounge area, so I was hoping that was him. Spotting him in a crowd of onlookers, the red and purple lights showing him in contrast, I almost missed what was happening on the raised platform in the center of the room.

Red velvet ropes separated the watchers from the people engaging in all manner of acts for the audience. I knew the terms *voyeur* and *exhibitionist* in practice, but this club was a visceral lesson on the topic. We were the voyeurs, and the exhibitionists were being beaten, tied up, and fucked for us to see. Some cried out in pain, but most appeared to be enjoying their torture.

I couldn't look away.

Thinking back to the video I'd stumbled across when I'd looked up Doms, I couldn't just close a browser and pretend I wasn't turned on. And what I was turned on by. A blonde woman only a few feet away—with huge tits being tied until they turned purple—wasn't appealing, but the man doling out the pain had my attention. He was bald, wearing a black kilt, and had a gleeful expression on his face. This was sadomasochism.

My dick swelled at the thought of the older man tying my genitals up the same way. It would hurt, but I liked the way he kept telling the woman what a good girl she was, how she would get to come if only she allowed him to push her further. The way she replied, “*Yes, Sir,*” in a reverent tone.

Swallowing hard, I closed my eyes to clear my head. I wasn't there to fuel more deviant fantasies. Remembering my goal, I looked around for Greco and saw him eying me. It was him for sure, and he'd caught me staring.

He smirked like he knew my secret—and not the one about me hunting him for the Russian Bratva—before turning and walking back out of the big open space.

“*Blin,*” I cursed under my breath and followed him, squeezing past onlookers to get back to the hallway. He didn't go fast, like he was avoiding me, only moving with confidence, like he had all the time in the world.

Not if I had my way.

Greco entered another area I hadn't been to yet. It was lit more brightly and with most people talking, though some were

still naked. It was a lounge of sorts, but my damn eyes were glued to Greco's tight ass. I mean—on following my mark.

He went to a water cooler and refilled his cup. It felt oddly out of place for the tall, formal suit-wearing man, with an air of sureness he was important, carrying a plastic cup. He tilted his head back and swallowed the water down in a few gulps, and I found myself staring at the thick Adam's apple bobbing under his salt-and-pepper stubble.

Licking my lips, I cleared my throat and thought through a few options. I could shoot him dead and be out of the room before anyone thought to stop me. Though some of the larger men in the room looked beyond capable of tackling me. Approach and ask to speak outside? Then I would definitely be on camera. Not a good way to prove myself.

Greco tossed the cup and turned my way, eyeing me up and down. It felt very clearly like he was checking me out. Giorgio Greco was into men.

"*Blin,*" I cursed again. I knew exactly how to get him alone, even though I'd never done it before. Throwing my shoulders and head back, I approached the sexy—I mean, that's what I wanted him to think I was thinking—man and held out my hand, "Hi."

"Hello," Greco took my hand in his bigger grip, holding it somehow firmly and gently at the same time. "I'm George"

"Hi," I said again, like an idiot. I'd never found anything about Don Giorgio going by George, and I also didn't want to give my name up so easily. "Is that short for something?"

"Yes," he smirked again, sharp gray eyes never leaving my face, "Giorgio."

Confirmation. I'd found my enemy. Now all I had to do was get him alone.

CHAPTER NINE

GEORGE

RETURNING to the X Club had been even better than expected. Knowing what I might see and not worrying so much about if I'd be recognized—Felix and Maksim already had—meant I could enjoy myself.

I'd already learned so many new kinks, and how my skills of interrogation could be utilized, but I also got to see another sounding scene and rope play. The tops were skilled and clearly curated to show visitors what was possible.

After wandering back into the dungeon, I noticed a cute, blond guy come in right after me. While he watched the demonstrations, wide-eyed in his suit and tie, I watched him. The blue pinstripes and gold cufflinks were flashy and seemed more appropriate on a stockbroker. Despite him looking too young for me, too young to be in the club even, I was drawn to his innocence.

The boy probably wasn't aware of his partially open mouth as he barely blinked. A hand moved to his crotch, and I hoped it was to give himself a squeeze. Following his gaze, I saw it was the man who'd caught his attention, not the nude woman on display. Good to know.

When he finally stopped watching the show and looked around the room, I felt a pang of sadness, guessing he was there with someone. So when he focused on me, I couldn't help smiling. Blinking a few times as if to clear his head, he didn't look away. Something in his gaze was off, though he was beautiful. When the boy didn't approach or smile back, just kept staring, I wondered if I was being a creepy old man.

Leaving the dungeon, I made my way to the lounge for water. I remembered there was a mirror there on the wall and wanted to check I didn't have anything going on with my face. While filling my cup, I found nothing out of place. He probably wondered why an old guy like me was there on visitor's night when the rest of the older gentlemen in attendance had partners and toys with them.

Gulping down the cool water, I was about to leave when I found the blond standing nearby, looking my way again. I had to know. But before I could approach him, he crossed the few steps between us and held out his hand.

"Hi," he greeted, and it was a little higher in pitch than I expected, causing him to clear his throat.

"Hello." I took his soft hand in mine, savoring the warm, smooth touch. "I'm George."

"Hi," he said again before cursing in what sounded like Russian under his breath. He bit his plush, pink lower lip. "Is that short for something?"

"Yes," I smiled, hoping this was flirting, "Giorgio."

The boy, who hadn't given his name, finally smiled then. A look that spoke of mischief and curiosity helped me feel more comfortable believing he was flirting. He didn't let go of my hand, either.

"New here?" I asked, hoping to find common ground. He nodded and bit his full lower lip again. "You look lost, boy."

His cheeks turned as he jutted out a dimpled chin and insisted, "I'm kinky."

"Hi, Kinky," my mouth twitched, and I turned slowly until he had his back to the wall beside the water. "I'm Daddy."

He snorted and blushed at the same time, dropping my hand, "Is that supposed to be a pickup line?"

This boy didn't know it yet, but I planned to invite him home. But first I needed to be sure we were on the same page. Stepping forward, he stepped back as well, his back hitting the wall until we were only inches apart.

“Why use a pickup line when I already have you pinned down?” I leaned one hand on the wall beside his head, boxing the boy in but leaving an opening if he wasn’t into it. I still hadn’t touched him beyond our handshake.

“Not yet, you don’t,” his cheeks reddened as he bantered back, licking his lips before pressing his hips up to meet mine.

A solid erection pressed against my thigh, and then his hard heat met my balls. I got hard in an instant, holding my moan in as all the breath left my lungs. It was time to get bold, and finally see what sex with a guy was all about.

“Do you want me to pin you down somewhere more private?”

He swallowed hard and nodded.

“Give me your words, boy?” I commanded, still not knowing his name. “Or would you prefer I call you something else?”

“B-b– *blin*. Basil. I’m Basil,” he stumbled and choked out a whisper before clearing his throat and meeting my eyes, “and I want you to take me somewhere more private, Giorgio.”

“Basil,” I tasted the name on my tongue, wondering if he was British despite the Russian curse word. I wanted to explore, but it didn’t need to be in public. I’d always been discreet with my hookups, and this wasn’t any different. “I have a car and can take you to my place, if you don’t mind a drive to the East Bay? Or yours, if it’s private.”

“I–” Basil licked his lips and seemed to be processing a lot of thoughts, eyes bouncing all over my face. He was clearly interested, if the erection he’d pressed against me was any indication, so I gave him time to think.

People always said gay guys were easier, even my own son. Even with that stereotype, I couldn’t have expected it to go smoothly on my first try. Still, I really hoped he’d be down. I didn’t want to be pushy, either, though I had one more offer to sweeten the deal.

“Whenever you say the word, my driver can take you wherever you want to go. Or take me home, either way,” I

added, hoping the commute was his only issue. Basil's suit said money, but I knew looks could be deceiving. I stepped back and held out my hand. "Come home with me for the night?"

Releasing his abused lower lip, Basil nodded, "Yes, I'd like that. Your place."

Taking my hand, I squeezed his before checking all the bases. "Is anyone here waiting for you? Or anyone at home?"

Basil's eyes narrowed, but he shook his head. "No, no one is here with me."

"Good. Would you like to go now?"

"I would," he nodded eagerly and stepped closer, "I'm ready."

We made our way out of the lounge and I spotted Felix cuddled on Maksim's lap, eyeing me with an inscrutable expression. Whatever they were thinking about my leaving with Basil, I had better things to do. I dipped my head in acknowledgement and kept going. Neither of us had to get dressed and the only thing in the cubbies was my phone, so we left the club with only a short pause to text Santo for the car.

"Someone waiting for you?" Basil asked.

"My driver will meet us at the corner," I explained, since the street we were on was one way. I went to rest my hand on the small of his back, but pulled it back when he stepped up to my side and leaned into me. I was so into the younger man, and glad to know he'd been checked as over age twenty-one at the door. My body rarely reacted to someone so quickly, but I was ready to go.

"East Bay, you said?" Basil asked distractedly, as my black town car pulled up to our curb.

Santo stayed inside, the way I preferred, so I opened the door for Basil. He paused at the door before sitting down and sliding over. It felt odd to me, since I always opened doors for women, but never expected them to move. I'd half expected to close the door and walk around to the other side. He wasn't a woman, and I was still on board.

Taking my seat beside Basil and closing the door, I didn't bother with my seatbelt, closing the partition window and focusing on the boy before me. Now that the logistics had been worked out, it was time to get back on track. Basil and I both turned inward, and I met his piercing blue eyes. There was trepidation and lust, and I wanted the latter to be the main feeling for Basil going into the evening together.

"I'll have you alone," I ran my fingers down Basil's arm from his shoulder to wrist, wrapping them around his slighter frame, "and pinned down underneath me in no time."

"Can't wait," Basil smirked and raised an eyebrow in challenge. I was so glad I'd come to the club.

CHAPTER TEN

BASIL

GETTING Greco alone was easier than I anticipated. Ivanna would have opinions on the Italian mob boss being queer. He'd had a wife and children with her, so I had to guess he was bisexual. And finding him in the sex club added fuel to the fire. She'd say he deserved to die for those things alone, but I only wanted to kill him for my own prestige.

Besides, him being attracted to me made things much more simple. My body's reaction was only natural. I was playing a part, and it was a sexual situation. Plus, I was young—it happened. So long as I didn't dwell on what got me hard, I could use it to my advantage.

I'd only caught a glimpse of the driver, his bald spot and white hair standing out starkly against the dark interior as his narrowed eyes caught mine in the mirror. I saw surprise there, and only had a moment to wonder if I wasn't the usual type Greco picked up before he was raising the privacy screen.

George leaned towards me, and I decided to lean into him. It had to be a calculated decision, because the alternative meant I was attracted to him as well. *No*. The fingers wrapped around my wrist in a tight grip didn't have me thrusting into the air, wishing his hand was elsewhere. His warm breath, so close to my skin I could smell the mint, didn't mean I wanted to kiss him. Nope.

When George leaned in and my breath caught, it was only natural to let him follow through. He nudged my nose with his, breathing me in like I was a rare single malt he wanted to scent before tasting.

“Can I kiss you, Basil?” George whispered, his deep voice vibrating through me.

Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath and *decided* to let him feel a false sense of security. Besides, the windows were tinted. “Yes.”

The word was barely past my lips when I felt the first soft press of his skin on mine. George kissed my lower lip, licking it before moving on to the top and giving it the same treatment. He was kissing me. I wasn't kissing him. That meant I wasn't into it, right?

For the life of me, I couldn't open my eyes. I let Greco lick into my mouth and gasped at the sensation of his tongue touching mine before it caressed the roof of my mouth. My body was on fire, and I was shaking with the effort to hold still. Cupping my face in his hands, I felt how hard I was panting and couldn't do anything to stop it.

When George sealed his lips with mine, I heard a mix of sounds that turned me on even more. One was a guttural grunt of pleasure, and the other a soft, moaning whimper. My face flamed under Greco's touch when I realized the second sound came from me. I let him take the lead, and while he savored my mouth, sounds kept tumbling out of me. I wanted to be mortified, but all I felt was fire.

Kissing women had been perfunctory, something they expected and a way to try to grow an interest in them. Kissing George felt nothing like kissing a woman. His hands engulfed my jawline and the rough stubble around his lips added sensation in a way I never thought would feel pleasant. His deep grunts and sounds of pleasure had me wishing I could climb on George's lap and rut against him.

So I did.

Without breaking our kiss, I threw my leg over George's lap, and straddled the man I'd been hunting. Deepening the kiss to get another taste, he let me lead. Letting me was how it felt, like he would be in charge the second he decided to. I licked into his mouth and feasted on George's lips the same

way he'd done to me. Bursts of pleasure and joy raced through me and I wanted more.

Thrusting my hips in a slow circle, I was gyrating on him like a stripper giving the most selfish of lapdances. I gripped his lapels and tried to ease the ache I'd never felt so acutely before. It wasn't enough but I didn't want to stop. And I didn't care how my actions made me look. George let me indulge myself for a time, until I paused to take a breath.

Running thumbs along my cheekbones gently, George pulled back. I opened my eyes to find him looking at me with an awestruck expression. We both panted and tasted our lips, staring at each other in wonderment.

Was the kiss as mind-blowing for him as it was for me?

It felt impossible to think so. I'd never kissed a man, let alone a man I planned to kill. He was so confident. I could only guess the number of guys he brought home. The thought made me angry for some reason, and I used it to bring me back into the present. I wasn't there to kiss him, and I crawled off his lap.

"If that's the chemistry we have with a kiss," George moved his hand to my neck and caressed my bare skin under the collar of my dress shirt. The touch against my body, which could easily incapacitate or kill me if he chose, only sent sparks through my belly. "I can't even imagine how good you'll be in bed."

The car slowed and made a few stops and slow turns, leading George to sit up and straighten his clothes. I couldn't make out much through the dark windows, but street lights showed me snippets of an upscale suburban neighborhood. It made sense a guy with *Armani* suits and a driver would live in a nice place. It didn't impress me.

We pulled into a driveway that wound around a large house, stopping smoothly. I heard the driver get out and close his door, but he didn't open ours. Discretion, I appreciated it. Also meant the driver didn't get a good look at me. I needed as few people seeing me there as possible.

“Do you have a lot of staff?” We stepped out after Greco opened the door and offered his hand. I pretended to look around out of curiosity. I spotted one camera immediately and was thankful for the dim lighting. Another was over the door, so I turned my body into his as if I couldn’t keep my hands off. He did have broad shoulders and thick muscles under his layers.

“No, not as much as I used to,” he opened the ornately carved side door and let me inside, a brick and marble covered kitchen with dimmed lighting made it easier to see. “Mostly my driver and his wife, now.”

Two people. Two old people. “Do they live in the house?”

“Why? Do you plan to be noisy?” George asked as he led me out of the kitchen to a butler’s pantry and a back staircase. He chuckled at my shocked expression. “But no, they live in the guest house. We’ll have our privacy.”

“Oh, good,” I nodded and followed his tight ass up the stairs. “And if I change my mind and want to leave?”

“If you want to leave,” George stopped short at the top landing. He turned to me with a soft expression I didn’t expect from him, but it passed quickly. “Go out the way we came and get in the car. Santo will know the side door was opened and come to drive you home. If you stay, I plan to have my way with you.”

It was the perfect situation. The Italian Mafia boss didn’t want to see me go, and he wouldn’t. I’d kill him and go home before his people knew a thing. I’d never have to think about the way he made my body feel ever again. Giorgio Greco was an enemy, and I needed to hate him a little to kill him. But I wanted to feel how George made my body sing, just a little longer.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GEORGE

BASIL ACCEPTED MY TERMS, and I was thankful when he didn't flee down the stairs. It would be mortifying, and I wasn't sure how long I'd need to recover and try again. I held out my hand and pulled the boy to me when he accepted, nuzzling his throat where there was no stubble, only smooth skin.

"How old are you?" I couldn't help asking after licking a stripe over his Adam's apple.

"Twenty-three," Basil answered, letting me walk him backwards until we reached my bedroom door. He leaned his head back to give me better access, panting, "Why? Are you going to say I'm too young?"

He might have been lying about his age, but I didn't sense it, and it was a relief to know I wasn't about to fuck a teenager. Basil pressed himself against my body, and I loathed the layers of clothes between us. I wrapped an arm under his ass and pulled Basil's thigh up so I could grind into him.

"If I say fifty, will you think that's hot, or leave?"

Basil grabbed my right hand from where I'd been pulling on his thin tie, moving it down to grab his other ass cheek. He was not turned off at all. Without thinking, I hoisted him up and spun us so his back was to the door. I needed him pinned sooner than it would take to undress and get to my bed, and this lined our cocks up perfectly. Basil followed my lead and wrapped his arms around my neck.

"Can I take your dick out, Basil?" I kissed the column of his neck up to his jaw, nipping at his pale earlobe. I wanted to

try something I saw online, “And rub it with mine?”

“Stop asking permission and use me, already,” Basil grunted in frustration and cursed in Russian before reaching to undo my fly. “Too many questions.”

Without another word, I used the door for leverage and let him go. Basil’s legs tightened around me as I grasped both of his wrists to hold them beside his head. With a stern look, I put his hands behind his neck. Basil understood and kept them there, clasping his fingers together and humping up into me.

Making quick work of my belt and zipper before moving to the clasps on his *Tom Ford* pants, I decided those were the only important things to remove. The suit fit him like a glove, and it was all I could do to get his dick out. I didn’t touch Basil’s dick, only admired its long, veiny length against the white of his dress shirt. Uncut like mine, the head was pinker than the rest, and peeking out in its hardness. I wanted to worship it and torture it in equal measure.

While he had gone commando—maybe wanting to avoid lines? —I had to tug my pants and briefs down to get my cock out. The heavy weight of it bobbed and touched Basil’s. We both gasped at the touch. Silky smooth and hot, I needed to feel the sensation again.

Taking us both in hand, I reveled in the feeling of our most sensitive skin against each other. The taboo of it wasn’t lost on me, after years of repression. My darker skin made a pretty contrast, and I couldn’t take my eyes off the view. Pre-cum leaked out of his foreskin when I glided up and down, joining mine and lubricating the way.

“Yes,” Basil moaned, moving against me but never dropping his hands. “More?”

“Say please,” I commanded on instinct, squeezing his dick and ass at once.

“Please, George? It feels so good.”

“Good boy,” I gripped tighter, not sure if it was the pressure or my words making Basil cry out. My cock thickened and made it impossible to get all the way around us

both. Picking up the pace, I twisted my hand to get more precum and stopped teasing us both. Basil moaned wantonly, panting and cussing in English and Russian, eyes closed tight as I brought myself to the edge. I wanted to feel him fly first, “Come for me, boy.”

As if my words were all he needed, Basil bowed forward and held my shoulders tight. His orgasm overtook all other thoughts, and his body jerked in my arms as his hot cum squirted out, coating my dick and hand in just the right combination to push me over the edge with him. I thrust my hips one last time, causing Basil to whimper at the overstimulation.

The aftershocks rolled through me like heated waves. We stayed there, holding each other and breathing hard for a minute, until my knees protested the weight.

With my clean hand still on his ass, I opened the door to my room. I’d clean the doorknob later so Josefina didn’t have to. Walking the boy who was wrapped around me like an octopus to my bed, I was able to get his suit jacket and my shoes off on the way. I set him down on the edge before turning on the lamp and getting wipes out of my nightstand. I’d been chronically single, but my libido never died.

Cleaning up our mess, I watched Basil’s face. He was smiling, eyes closed and arms slack, in a blissful state where he barely noticed my touch. I wasn’t sure if this was the subspace thing I’d heard of, but he was certainly cum-drunk. I removed his tie and unbuttoned his dress shirt, where a stylish leather harness went across his chest and over one shoulder. Moving to his shoes and socks, I saw he had small feet with blond hair on the big toes, and I found it oddly sexy to have him barefoot in my bedroom.

When I laid him back and pulled off his pants, a *thunk* hit the floor that I assumed was his phone. My phone and gun were still on me, and it felt like too intimate of a moment for those items. My phone went in the still open drawer on a wireless charger Angie got for me, and I saw a picture of my children on the nightstand. I didn’t need to see their faces with

my dick out and faced the frame down and set my gun beside it.

Turning back to my bedmate, I found him sitting up with a knife to my neck.

“You have me at a disadvantage, Basil,” my eyes flicked from his face to our exposed genitals. “I thought you wanted me to fuck you?”

“No.” Basil spat out his next words with venom, “We’re enemies.”

“Have we met before tonight?” I asked with a bored nonchalance, raising my hands as if in surrender. I could disarm him before he hurt me. Unless he was a trained assassin. The leather harness he had on over the undershirt must have held the knife. That *thunk* on the floor had been his gun. I was stupid not to check him for weapons. “Though, I bet Basil isn’t your real name.”

“We haven’t met, but it doesn’t matter,” Basil pushed the knife into the side of my neck, right over an artery. “You are the Italian Don, I am Russian Bratva.”

“I *was* the Don, but I’m out of that life,” I told him, raising an eyebrow and laying it out there. He wasn’t law enforcement, and a trained killer would have finished me off by now. Maybe he could be reasoned with, “I am friendly with the Kiselovs now. Do you report to Felix?”

Basil’s blue eyes widened. He had to be new if he didn’t know not to attack Italians as Felix had ordered. “I will kill you and avenge my family.”

Both of my eyebrows went up then, “If you mean Ivanna Kiselov, she deserved worse.”

“No, she—” Basil shook his head and I saw my opportunity.

With one raised hand, I grabbed Basil’s wrist so he couldn’t cut my throat. With the other, I pushed him down and used my body weight to hold him. He headbutted me, but it only met my lower jaw and lip. It was a fight to get the knife out of his hand, the boy was fitter than I’d expected.

No, not a boy. A Bratva-trained man.

This night did not go like I planned. From the mind-blowing orgasm together to the attempted murder. But, I could feel Basil getting hard under me when I finally restrained him. A drop of blood dripped down from me to him, and I wasn't sure if he'd nicked my throat or busted my lip. The dark red fluid landed on his cheek, rolling down his neck to the white collar of his shirt while he panted below me and I felt myself get hard as well.

“Told you I'd have you pinned down.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

MY MIND WOULDN'T STOP SPINNING ENOUGH for me to make a plan. I prided myself on being analytical, with a single-minded focus on my goals, and I'd let go of all my instincts after a kiss from Giorgio Greco.

The sound of my gun hitting the floor was my wake-up call. I had let someone—a *man*— put me in a sex stupor to where I didn't notice him removing my gun. I'd seen his gun and raced to get my knife out. It was a small switchblade I kept on me at all times, and I was grateful at that moment.

My mistake was letting our moment get to my head. I felt like I had to explain why I was killing him. The guy who rambled instead of acting always fucked up.

“Let me go,” I demanded, trying to buck up and roll him off.

Instead, I felt our exposed dicks getting hard from the skin-on-skin contact. Fuck. Not what I needed. It was just my body reacting anyway. I had played my part and used George, I mean Greco's, perversion against him. If I let myself come more often, I wouldn't react at all.

“Your mouth says go, but your body says don't stop. I don't think you want to go.” George taunted, his legs pinning mine. He settled in with our cocks side by side, pushing up to see my face. I saw a mix of emotions there, the main one being unamused. “There's also the small matter of you trying to kill me.”

“Fuck you,” I spit, missing his face and hitting a still-suited shoulder. He didn’t even flinch. “My family will expect me home. They’ll come for you.”

“Did you lie about that like you lied about your name?”

“*Blin*, I didn’t lie,” I struggled a bit, but he had me truly under control. “Basil is my English name. And I said there was no one at the club with me. I never lied.”

“So, kissing me and getting off on my dick was all above board?” He looked more severe than I’d seen him, jaw ticking and eyes narrowed. Like he fucking cared if I faked it. “Or did you decide to seduce me and kill me before we met?”

“I—” I really was no good at lying. It was a weakness of mine, and I usually chose to stay quiet. “What does it matter?”

George moved me until he could restrain both wrists under one arm. I struggled to get free again, but the feel of his dick on mine had my eyes rolling back. He pulled something from a nearby drawer and I felt the rope on my skin before I noticed he was tying my wrists together. The rope wasn’t as soft as the sheets, but it wasn’t rough either.

“You kinky fucker,” I bucked and groaned at my mistake when pleasure rolled through me again. George sat up and slapped me across the face. I gasped and refocused, “What are you going to do to me?”

George ignored my question, reaching for more restraints in the drawer. He pulled out a bar with cuffs on each side, turning his body until he was facing my feet. I tried to kick him and he grabbed an ankle. Fuzzy fabric was secured on that leg, and my range of motion was severely limited when he did the same to the other.

Lifting my head off the pillow, I watched as George gripped the bar and pulled me down the bed until my arms were tight. A chain in the middle was secured to the bottom rail of the ornately carved wooden sleigh bed.

“I think I’ll play with you a little,” George ran his finger up my leg, skipping my cock all together, then continuing

along my sensitive lower stomach to tweak at my nipple through my shirt. “Let’s get this shirt off you first.”

He climbed off the bed, picked up my pants and gun. Rifling through the pockets with my own gun pointed at me, George pulled out my phone and wallet. He set my things in the nightstand and closed the door, only pausing to grab the knife from where it fell on the floor during our fight. Holding the knife to my throat, fear finally set in.

“Is this an eye for an eye? I cut you so now you cut me?”

Ignoring my rambling, George unbuttoned my harness before lifting the collar of my undershirt. He nicked the seam before dropping my knife in the drawer as well. Meeting my eyes, he gripped both sides of the cut and tore. The ripping sound echoed in the room as he made quick work of laying me bare.

George took me in at his own pace, running his fingers over my smooth skin until he reached my pubes. My cock jerked in response, a puddle of pre-cum pooling over my belly button. “I might cut you, but first I want you to admit you were into it.”

“Into what?” I choked out, George’s fingers threading through the coarse, curly hair around my dick. “You sick, kinky, fucking queer.”

“Ah, as in denial as I was, maybe more so,” George returned to my nipples, pinching them and rolling the pebbled skin there. My body reacted, arching off the bed like I’d been shocked. “Have you ever been with a man before?”

“Of course not,” I sputtered, with George leaning over to lave my abused chest. My body lost control of speech when he sucked one nipple into his mouth, “Oh, fuck, *yehbat’*, *chert*, *trakhni menya...O Bozhe!*”

“See,” George popped off my nipple and straddled my chest. Looking down at me past his own hard-on, he started stroking it lazily, “I believe in consent, and all that jazz, but you took that choice from me. I wouldn’t have laid a hand on

you If I knew you wanted to kill me. So you are going to make up for it.”

The feeling of being restrained and the sight above me was too much when George squeezed my jaw open and let his precum dip onto my tongue. I barely took in his words, writhing on the bed and praying for friction. Somewhere, anywhere. The bitter taste of him had me salivating. I wanted a hole filled and I was seconds from admitting it.

“You want my dick in your mouth, don’t you, boy?” George growled and held my jaw tighter.

“No, I don’t,” I tried to deny my base instincts, twisting my head to get out of his grip. “I never—”

“Hold still,” George slapped me again when I didn’t listen, and my body went slack. “Good boy.”

Something about those words opened me up inside. I craved the praise and validation. I let him open my mouth again and looked up at him past the thick cock he was still stroking. Fighting only got me tied up and denied touch where I needed it. I’d be good.

“I like your fight, boy, but now I need to hear you beg for it,” George reached a thumb in my mouth and rubbed my tongue. I got the gist. He wanted me to ask for his cock in my mouth. “I’m not going to force you until you ask, but then I don’t care what you say.”

Panting in a mix of lust and fear, I closed my mouth to swallow and take a deep breath. *Don’t think too hard, Vasily. Just get him off and obey, then maybe he’ll untie me and let me go.* A small part of me also hoped he’d suck my dick too, though the bigger part said I should bite his dick.

George seemed to guess I would think of that. “Beg me to use your mouth. Leave it open while I fuck your throat. Swallow my cum down...and I’ll contact the Kiselovs about you.”

Right, bite him or spit and I’d stay tied up with no one knowing where I was. I could do this.

“Will you, will you please use my mouth?” I asked without inflection.

“You can do better than that, Vasily,” George purred out my given name, sending a shiver through my body. No one had ever said that name in bed before. Americans always stuck to the easier version. He ran the wet tip of his dick along my lower lip and I licked it involuntarily. “Why do you want my cock?”

He wasn't going to make this easy for me.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

GEORGE

BASIL GLARED at me with equal parts loathing and lust. How could someone look so hot while wishing I was dead? He was amazing. I wanted to pick Basil apart and put him back together again.

Sure, it hurt for my first queer experience to be a ruse to get me alone. Straddling Basil's chest and bobbing my dick over his face eased a little bit of my error in judgment.

"Tell me why you want my dick, boy, or I'll leave you here," I ground out my words, holding back from choking him on my cock before he asked for it.

Perhaps Basil needed proper enticement to admit his desires. I remembered a toy I bought with the bondage rope and pulled the items from my drawer. They were still in the packaging, so I used the boy's knife to cut them out of the plastic. Of course, I made sure the label was facing Basil before holding up a thin, hollow metal rod and matching chastity cage.

"No food, no talking, no contacting your people. And before you say you'll piss on my bed," I sat back until his dick was between us, lining the rod up with his hole. He twitched under the touch of cool steel, and I couldn't help my salacious smile. "Although maybe you'd like my new sounding kit?"

"I-no! I really don't think I would," Basil sputtered and squirmed in his bindings. I could have used a slip-knot, but he was clear about his intention to kill me.

Moving back up to straddle his face, I was amazed at how quickly I'd bounced back after an orgasm and attempted murder. Having an unwilling bedmate get off on my torture seemed to turn me on like nothing else. Well, I didn't believe Basil was truly against sex with me. He could have killed me in the car before Santo started driving, rebuffed my advances in the car, or shot me dead before we got off together in the hall.

"But you asked for this, didn't you?" I teased his lower lip with my thumb where a bit of my cum had dripped. Basil licked at it almost involuntarily and I knew I'd won. "Do you want my cock in your mouth, Basil?"

He sucked my thumb into his mouth, nodding with closed eyes, and that wouldn't do. Using my thumb behind his teeth, I opened his mouth. Basil stuck his tongue out like a good boy and I told him as much, since he always moaned for compliments.

"So good for me." Letting go of his jaw, I tapped Basil's forehead so he'd open his eyes. "Just say the words."

Basil swallowed hard and licked his lips, looking straight at my cock, "Yes. Okay, yes. I want you in my mouth."

"Why?"

"Because-I've-never-sucked-a-dick and," Basil rushed through his words before dropping to a whisper, "I want to."

"Good boy," I praised, petting his blond hair that had loosened some from the gel, revealing a sexy waviness. He wanted to kill me and had declared us Enemies, but I couldn't stop thinking about how pretty Basil was. It was time to take my pleasure from my would-be assassin. "Open, tongue out. No biting or I'll put that rod and a cage on your dick and throw away the key."

"Yes..." Basil seemed to be looking for the right word to comply with my command.

"Don Giorgio."

"Yes, Don Giorgio," Basil said the title with a touch of venom. There was my little friend who thought Italians were

the adversary.

Keeping my hands firmly on Basil's jaw and forehead in case he changed his mind and chose violence, I eased forward until my head rested on the tip of his tongue. I was dying to plunge into his hot, wet hole. Instead of biting or gagging to show his anger, Basil licked at my foreskin until my slit was bare to him.

"Enjoy the taste now, because I'm going to be fucking your throat in a second." Our eyes met and Basil relaxed his jaw, letting me slide in without resistance. "What an obedient boy. And you say you've never done this before? Allowing me to pop your blow job cherry is so kind."

My words were meant to compliment and taunt. His eyes popped open, but before he could even try to reply, I plunged deep. Basil's throat blocked my way, not ready to take me. I eased back enough to give a few slow thrusts over his tongue.

"I know I have a thick head, so you're going to have to relax for me, baby."

The term of endearment came out of nowhere. Instead of overthinking it, I pushed in deep again, getting the tip past the previous resistance. Basil's eyes watered and I felt his throat contract around me as I held myself there. His body bowed and strained on the bed until I eased back and let him breathe.

"There you go, you can take me," I threaded my hand to grip Basil's hair, using his mouth like a hot, wet cocksleeve. "You have such a pretty mouth, stretched and red around my dick. Like you were made to suck me."

Basil squirmed and I looked back to see his dick standing straight up, the tip a darker pink. He wanted to come and couldn't. Basil would have to wait.

Thrusting faster and harder, I was close from the sound of Basil gagging and choking on me. Taking his throat in one hand, I eased back to deliver one more promise. "Make me come and lick me clean, and I'll return the favor."

Basil's eyes flew wide, and he started sucking me like a vacuum. He was sloppy in the best way, all tongue and

eagerness. Drool covered Basil's chin where my balls slapped faster, and I savored the mix of pleasure and pain. When they drew up tight and heat pooled in my groin, I went deep one last time. I spurted once in his throat, holding his jaw open to release the rest on Basil's tongue.

"Drink it up, boy," he lapped at me, along the sides and under the foreskin as my hard-on flagged and I grew too sensitive. Leaning back and releasing my hold on Basil's head, he kept his tongue out. I had the urge to rub my lingering cum all over his face, so I did. "You like being filled with my spunk, covered in my scent, don't you?"

Basil's now familiar look of anger battling with horniness made an appearance. I chuckled to myself and moved back until I was kneeling between Basil's spread legs. His cock twitched at my perusal, and I was looking forward to fulfilling my promise. Biting my way up his body, starting at his toes, then his hair-dusted calves, I really sunk my teeth in on his thighs.

"Ah! Ow," Basil whined and moaned as I alternated between biting hard and sucking hickies into his pale skin before laving the spots with my tongue. I was enjoying watching his expressions and hearing the begging, "Oh God, just suck my dick already!"

"Do you give the orders here?" I nipped the fleshy spot where his leg and groin met, making him jump. I wanted to draw blood for the cut he gave me, but it could wait. "Or do you not want my mouth on you?"

"No, I mean yes. Yes and no? Yes, Don Giorgio. You give the orders and I want your mouth on me." Basil mumbled the next bit under his breath, "*Angliyskiy* is stupid."

"*Sono d'accordo*," I replied, getting the gist and agreeing in Italian. "Where do you want my mouth, baby?"

The sweet word caught him off guard, and he focused back on me. I was hovering over his dick, elbows balanced on either side of his hips, and I knew he could feel my hot breath. Basil swallowed hard and bit his lower lip, his dick bobbing to hit my chin. I raised an eyebrow and waited.

Basil released his lip and lifted his head to meet my eyes. “I want your mouth on my dick, Don Giorgio. Please?”

If I didn't already want to get the boy off so I could lock his dick up, his *please* might have won me over. I pressed down on his hips to hold him still and took my first taste of Basil's cock. Licking a stripe up the base, I finished with a swirl of the head. He was rock hard, the contrast of velvety-smooth skin over a solid cock more fascinating than my own.

As I expected, Basil tried to buck up and go deeper. He wasn't as thick as me, but he was long. I wanted to take him deep, but I also planned to take my time. His precum was bitter and salty, but not unpleasant, and his foreskin was stretched completely. Basil was on a hair trigger, and I was the keg of gunpowder.

He tried to protest how slowly I was going, and Basil definitely wanted me dead when I squeezed his balls and the head of his dick to stall his orgasm. “Fucking fuck, man, just let me come. Please, Don Giorgio?”

“Tell me how much you enjoyed kissing me? How you want my dick in you again, and again.”

“You're a fucking sadist, you know that?” Basil growled and squirmed, but I didn't stop or give in. “Fine, coming with you was hot, and I didn't hate your dick. Happy now?”

“Not yet, but I'm satisfied for now.”

Sucking Basil deep, I relaxed my throat and swallowed around him until my lips met his pubes. The unfamiliar feeling made me gag, but that seemed to turn Basil on. I gripped the base harder, but it was too late. His dick twitched on my tongue and released his cum in thick spurts. I swallowed it down and kept licking gently, wanting to be thorough for the metal I'd be placing there.

Basil was out cold. Breathing low and deep with his mouth slack, I took my time getting off the bed to retrieve what I needed. First, I made a trip to the bathroom and ran the hot water tap while I took a piss. The cage would be less likely to wake Basil if it was warm.

He stirred some when I squeezed his cock through the base ring with his balls, but settled and didn't wake as I locked it in place. Basil's dick was mine.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

BASIL

WAKING up in a strange room wasn't that unusual after years of being shipped between family members and then the dorms. The sensation of being immobile was panic inducing.

"Oh good, you're awake."

Giorgio Greco entered the room with a tray, and the night before came rushing back. He'd changed from the suit to gray sweatpants and a white, V-neck t-shirt, but It was him. The same salt and pepper hair, sharp eyes, and strong jaw, just in casual clothes. He wasn't smiling like he had in the town car, though.

"Have a nice nap?" He asked conversationally, setting the tray over my dick.

"What's going on?" I lifted my head to see a carafe of orange juice, an empty glass with metal straw, and a bowl of something rich and delicious smelling. Then I noticed something under the tray. A metallic glint reflected the dim lamplight. "What the fuck is on my dick?"

"A chastity cage," George replied, like that answered the real question. He sat on the edge of the king-size mattress and lifted the juice to pour a glass. "If you behave, I'll let you sit up to eat."

"Fuck. You." I spat at him, squirming in my bindings to no avail. He did remove the tray so I didn't spill things.

"Not hungry? Fine. I'll eat it in my study." George lifted the tray and turned to go.

“Wait,” I called out before he got to the door, “you said if I sucked you off you wouldn’t stick that rod in my dick.”

“I didn’t, though that can be arranged.” George turned and set the tray on a side table with two chairs I hadn’t noticed on our way to the bed. “I’ve locked you up until I get to the bottom of this assassination business.”

“Call them now,” I begged, desperate to get out of the mess I’d made. “They’ll insist you return me unharmed.”

George returned to stand beside the bed, though I still had to strain to see him over my stretched arms. “Who will?”

“Gregor will expect me home. We’re roommates.” Gregor also had a habit of coming off perpetually positive, but I knew he’d show up with guns blazing when needed. Not to mention the head of the family, “And Felix won’t be happy you held me prisoner and fucked with me.”

“Did you consent to sex with me before trying to cut my throat?”

“We didn’t have sex,” I sputtered and stared up at the coved ceiling, where a chandelier hung just past the edge of the bed. My traitorous dick tried to swell, but only met resistance. It was in a tight grip, a mix of oh-my-god-yes and please-god-no met simultaneously and confused my body further. “I’m not...we didn’t.”

“I beg to differ, Basil,” George reached out to finger the cage he’d put on me. “*You* asked to be pinned under me and *you* wanted the privacy of my home. We kissed with the goal of getting our clothes off, and we came together just outside the door. We took each other into our bodies. If that’s not sex, I don’t want to know your definition.”

His logic was sound, but I only thought of sex as a dick in a hole. We’d sucked each other off, but that was after he tied me up. I refused to accept his reasoning. “No.”

“No early morning play, then. Got it,” George stood and opened the nightstand to pull out my phone. “Face recognition to unlock, perfect,” he held the device over my face, and it

unlocked before I could turn away. “I’ll call Gregor and Felix, let them know where you are.”

“I hope they all show up and kill you,” I ground out through my teeth. Probably not the best thing to say to your kidnapper when he’s about to contact the people who can help you, but I never said I wasn’t petty.

George tapped at the screen, maybe sending a text message, before pointing to the table where the steel items labeled “*sounding*” were waiting. His warning was clear as George leaned into my space. “They can try, but I know it won’t be you doing the killing.”

We stared at each other, neither speaking, and I felt the layers of tension between us. I wasn’t sure if he wanted to hurt me or fuck me, and I wasn’t ready to admit my desire for any of it. My phone buzzed on the lacquered wood surface beside the bed, interrupting our standoff.

George leaned back and picked up my phone. “I see they got my message.” Who *they* were became clear when he answered the call, “Felix. Yes. Basil is here with me.”

“*Blya da,*” I cheered under my breath. Kot Felix and the Kiselovs would come rescue me.

“Free will is a stretch, since I have him tied up at the moment.”

George’s eyes perused my naked body as Felix yelled over the phone. I felt like an object, and my cock strained in the confines of its cage. Somehow, some part of me fucking loved being seen as a toy to play with.

“I didn’t kidnap the boy, Felix. Basil seemed to think we were enemies and tried to kill me, though he didn’t say the call came from you.” Pause, less yelling, “I agree.” George chuckled and sat at the edge of the bed. “Proof of life, really? Fine.”

George listened for a moment before hitting the speaker button. Finally, I might get a word out. Felix’s voice came out with more concern than I would have expected. “Vasily, are you there?”

“Yes, Kot! Greco has me tied up in his bed and—” I stopped, not willing to admit the things George and I had done to each other. I needed to express the urgency of the situation. “He plans to torture me more.”

“What the hell were you thinking?” Felix hissed angrily in Russian, “You tried to kill an ally without my go ahead. He has every right to restrain you and even kill you for the stunt you pulled.”

“You’re going to let him kill me?” I replied in Russian, meeting George’s eyes and finding a blank but fierce expression there. He would kill me if he wanted to, I was sure. “I’m sorry. I just wanted to prove I could do more than sit in an office.”

“You proved the opposite. How could you be so smart and stupid at the same time? Greco has a right to teach you a lesson, but I won’t let him kill you,” Felix conceded. I sagged in relief until he switched back to English and spoke to George, “The boy will take his punishment. You have three days to take your pound of flesh. Vasily will be returned to us with no permanent damage, understood?”

George looked straight at me as he replied, “I can’t promise he won’t be changed mentally, but you have my word.”

They ended the call without pleasantries and the reality of Felix’s words sank in. Giorgio Greco, the infamous leader of the Italian mafia, known to enjoy getting his hands dirty on interrogations, had me for three days. I’d tried to kill him after a mind-blowing orgasm, and he got to choose. Three days of pleasure or pain, and I didn’t think I’d be getting much more of the former.

George’s placid expression turned into a wide, predatory smile, and I knew I was in trouble.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GEORGE

BASIL REJECTING food wasn't a huge surprise, but Felix saying I could keep the boy was. Sure, only for a few days. I still got to have my fun. Felix said the boy needed to learn not to act without the Boss' consent, and I agreed. I got a few days to strike some fear into Basil, and I was man enough to admit I'd also be living out a few fantasies.

By the end of it, I didn't care if Basil hated me, but the best result would be him admitting he was into dick. Probably a stupid goal. I should be trying to get him to not hate the Italians, but something inside told me to help Basil as much as punish him. I wasn't going to be bothered by a sullen boy—I'd raised two teenagers. Persistence and not rising to the bait were key.

"Sure you're not hungry?" I gestured to the waiting tray. "Cinnamon oatmeal with fresh fruit and pulpless orange juice."

Basil kept his mouth shut, seething to himself over the situation. I'd be livid if my family left me in the hands of a sadistic mafia leader, but I wouldn't have tried to kill him without backup. Really, it was his own damn fault.

"Alright, I'll let you rest." I stood and pocketed Basil's phone. "It's not like you'll need to pee or drink water over the next few days."

My intention was to go in my closet and get dressed for the day, but Basil likely thought I was leaving him alone. He made a sound of frustration before whispering, "Wait."

“I’m sorry, what was that?” I turned and found him breathing through his nose with eyes closed. “Was there something you needed?”

“I’m thirsty and need to pee like a racehorse,” Basil finally admitted.

“Well, why didn’t you say so?” I taunted, crossing to sit on the bed and reach for his bound hands. Releasing the ropes from the headboard, I left his wrists tied together. “Boys who ask for what they want usually get it.”

“Let me go?” Basil pleaded. His attempt at an innocent expression had Basil’s blue eyes wide as his lashes fluttered. He bit his lip and I laughed.

“I have you for three days, and then I’ll let you go. That was the deal your boss struck.”

Pulling on the lead rope, I sat Basil up. He blinked several times in the low morning light, brighter than when I’d first entered the room. He flexed his fingers, and I rubbed underneath the loops on his wrists. This bondage rope was much softer than what I used over the years on my captives. There was barely even a trace on his skin.

Next time, I’d make sure to leave my mark.

After removing Basil’s ankle cuffs and setting the spreader bar aside, the little minx tried to wiggle his way off the bed. I tugged on the lead rope and climbed between his legs, pushing his knees up until Basil’s arms were behind his thighs.

“No you don’t. If you leave before my three days are up, Felix will know you didn’t learn your lesson,” I warned. “There’s no telling what he or I might do to settle the score.”

Flipping him over on his shocked face, I pulled Basil to the end of the bed. While I’d removed or cut off most of Basil’s clothes, his white dress shirt hung limp on his shoulders. His hands were still secure, restrained over his lower back where the shirttails bunched, and that juicy ass begged to be punished.

“Let’s take care of the punishment for your infraction, shall we?” I rubbed one hand into a plump globe.

Remembering how much I'd enjoyed one hookup in my thirties, I kneaded at his flesh. Basil moaned and tried to move away, his reactions at odds with each other. My hookup had begged me to spank her and called me Daddy, and I liked it enough to fuck her again.

"You're going to take your spanking and thank me for it, do you understand?" He whimpered and nodded against the rumpled black comforter. There was no way Basil would ask for this, but he needed it all the same. "You didn't use your words, so I think I'll have you say '*thank you Daddy*' after each spank. Now, what do you say?"

Basil's anger and fight against lust had him squirming, but he finally acquiesced. "Y-yes...Daddy."

"Good boy," I couldn't help smirking at his bitter tone, followed by an exhale at my words. He liked being good for me. "I think ten is appropriate for trying to run off when I so graciously uncuffed you."

My hand came down on his right cheek, and Basil jumped. My bed was high and his toes only just touched the ground, so he didn't get far. Moving my other hand to hold his arms and back down, I laid a hit to his left cheek. Rubbing and squeezing after each blow, Basil let out yelps and moans in turn. Each blow made his ass redder, with the edges showing my fingers lines. Not enough to mark him for more than an hour or so, but it was a start.

The last blow rang out and was followed by silence. "What do you say, boy?"

Basil took a deep breath in and out before mumbling into the bedding, "Thank you, Daddy."

Knowing Basil might run again—and then I'd get to punish him harder—I stepped away to the dresser to get lotion. It wasn't necessary, but I liked rubbing his peachy ass.

"Where are you going?"

Basil's question caught me off guard, and I saw he was looking at me. A few longer strands of his wavy hair had fallen into his eyes, and I couldn't help reaching over to brush

them aside. There was fear and confusion there, but fear of what?

“You did well, Basil. I’m going to rub some lotion on you, then I’ll take you to the bathroom.”

Basil licked his lips and nodded, “Okay...Daddy.”

Moving to stand behind him, I was struck by Basil using that word after the spanking was over. I’d only meant for it to be used as humiliation during his punishment, but it did something to me. Besides that one gal, I never had anyone use the term for me before. I was Don, Giorgio, Boss, Papa, and George, but not Daddy.

While I still wanted to hurt Basil and play with his body as my personal sex toy, his calling me Daddy also made me want to protect him. I chalked it up to being a father, as I rubbed the lotion into his reddened skin. It was an act of care, and I wasn’t going to go against my instincts now. They’d been serving me well for five decades.

Basil moaned and whined when I got to sore spots, but otherwise stayed silent. I could only imagine how chastity felt if this was turning him on. Pulling on his rope, I stood him up and pressed myself against Basil’s back. His hands were between us, in just the right place for him to feel how hard I was. He went stiff, but didn’t move his hands away.

Progress.

Walking him past my closet, we entered my en suite. It was a wet room with more shower heads than one man needed, and two sinks, plus a toilet room where I led the boy. When my late wife insisted on a bidet, I got a urinal stall, but that wasn’t what I wanted. Basil was wide-eyed, taking in the floor to ceiling quartz, and didn’t say anything until I turned him to sit on the toilet.

“I just need to take a piss.” I raised an eyebrow, and he finished differently than I’d expected. “Daddy.”

Clearing my throat to hide how it affected me, I stepped back and crossed my arms. “So, pee.”

“But–how?” He looked down at the cage around his cock, dangling heavily over the toilet bowl. Looking back at me in disgust, he asked, “Are you going to watch?”

“The chastity device packaging said you can pee in it, and I don’t trust you not to try anything,” I shrugged, grinning. “Let’s see if you can rise to the challenge?”

Basil twisted and turned his body like he could hide it. I wasn’t sure if he really had to go and didn’t want to piss with me watching, or had performance anxiety, but I decided to help. I stepped to the bidet and turned it on low. The small fountain stream made a trickling sound. Basil groaned and then I heard the telltale sound.

“Good boy. Now to clean you up,” I lifted Basil under his arms and over the bidet, since I didn’t want the cage covered in piss. He grumbled again but couldn’t do anything until I stood him up and grabbed a clean hand towel from a nearby shelf to dry him. He did not like that either. “Are you hungry now? Or is it hangry?”

Basil’s face was beet red to match his ass, and I could only grin. He was so much fun to fuck with.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

BASIL

CHASTITY WAS NOT FUN. I didn't even know it was a thing still, let alone for people with dicks. I could generally ignore my random twitches at things I was definitely not turned on by, but the cage made every one jarring. I noticed what was turning me on.

Being manhandled shouldn't turn me on. A spanking should have done the opposite, and yet... Peeing in front of a man really shouldn't turn me on, and it sure made things more difficult. Calling George, Daddy? I couldn't even go there.

George acted like it was perfectly normal to have a man tied up in his bed, but a few comments told me he was trying new things. His face never revealed much beyond excitement at my pain and displeasure when I disobeyed. Every so often, if I paid close attention, his mask would slip.

The man I tried to kill got a thrill out of controlling me. He also seemed to enjoy feeding me.

"Hello, Basil," George stated—as if he hadn't tied me to a chair and put cartoons on—walking through the door with my third meal of the day. "Ready for Dinner?"

Lunch had been peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, followed by him brushing my teeth. He still hadn't untied my hands, so everything was done by George for me. It was humiliating, oddly sweet, and yeah, my cock tried to get hard from that, too. Watching a rabbit and duck fight made me feel like I was the duck, constantly being outsmarted by the rabbit.

All day, he touched me. Brushing his fingers over the openings in my cage, a tease that made me strain within my steel confines. He laid kisses on my head and cheeks, followed by tweaks to my nipples. I was on edge, literally and figuratively.

It was all too much, and I'd had enough.

George set the tray on the table, and I wanted to flip it over in his face. He stood there, smugly waiting for me to ask him to feed me. My hands were uncomfortable behind the chair back and my legs had been secured as well. All I had was my voice.

"No."

"No? If I haven't told you yet, you are free to say no and stop anytime."

George's words had my heart soaring. Maybe he wasn't a complete sadist. I'd go about my next two days and nights with him a lot happier if I could do things for myself.

"I can?"

"Sure," he nodded, face still placid, "but I will take them as your request to continue and go harder."

Fuck me.

"If you're not hungry, then I can do what I want."

Glancing at the tray, I saw he brought two bowls of a savory red dish, like he was going to eat with me. Maybe he was hungry? I wasn't so lucky.

Pacing back to his nightstand, I was dreading what new torture he had in store for me. The sound of metal on metal didn't bode well.

"What do you want?" I asked, my voice less steady than I liked.

George returned, taking a seat across from me, "I want what's best for you, Basil."

"To make me hurt and embarrassed?"

“That, yes,” George smirked in the way I was coming to associate with pleasure and pain. “But first I will give you what you want.”

“Yeah?” I tilted my head and looked toward his hands, hidden under the table. “I don’t believe you.”

“Do you want me to remove the cage and let you come?” George asked with mock innocence I wasn’t buying, and yet, I did want what he said.

“Da, yes.”

In one graceful move, George was kneeling to the floor in front of me, holding a key. “Ask nicely.”

My dick was bulging at the seams, and he traced the skin with his free hand. I knew what he was asking and had no choice but to comply. I begged, “Please take it off, Daddy.”

“Good boy.” George grasped my dick and inserted the lock sideways as I watched the mechanism turn to line up. He pulled the lock out, and it was immediate relief. My half-erection pushed on the metal as it fell loose into his hand. George set my cage and the key on the table, running one finger around the metal ring still circling my balls. “I see we have a problem.”

“What problem?” I panted, wanting his hand to close around me and finally allow the release he’d been building towards all day.

“I can’t get this ring off,” he told me, like it was truly puzzling. Still teasing me anywhere but where I needed his touch, he met my eyes. “You could come, and I’ll take it off.”

“Okay, *da*. Do that, please?”

“You said you aren’t really attracted to me, and you’re not *like that*. So I shouldn’t be the one getting you off.” George took his hands away, and I whimpered at the loss. “If you don’t come, it stays on until you’re small enough to be locked up again, and I won’t touch you after that until you leave.”

My mind raced. I needed to come. Desperately. The ring would keep me hard unless I was truly turned off. So far,

everything George did had the same effect. I didn't see it letting up anytime soon.

"If you let me come, it won't go back on?" I left off the real question, '*you'll still touch me?*'

"Not today. But it will if you come without permission or continue being disrespectful." George sat back in his chair, taking out his own erection and playing with it. My cock was a dick and got even harder. He licked his lips and eyed my reaction. "Hmm, but then I could use the sounding rod and keep you hard."

"No, sir. I mean, please? I want to come," I rushed out, remembering he always wanted me to be explicit. "You can touch me and make me come, Daddy."

George stroked himself lazily and my mouth fucking watered. He eyed me for a silent moment before moving to straddle my thighs. My chair had no arms, and his feet could reach the floor, but I had no clue what was coming next.

"Let's have some fun then," was the only warning I got.

George scooted back and took both our dicks in one hand. He wasn't as hard as me, and I thought it would be a repeat of the night before, where he rubbed us together until we came. Except, he had our tips touching, their wet slits meeting in a sort of sensual kiss.

The erotic sight had me leaking precum, and then he enveloped my head in his foreskin. George stroked us back and forth, our heads covering each other in turn. With his other hand, he played with my nipples and held my throat in an almost tight grip. I didn't know what the hell he was doing, but it felt amazing.

"I, oh, God, what is this?" I moaned, feeling my balls tighten. The ring made it hard to go soft, and harder to come. "I need—" I had no clue what I needed.

"I read this is called docking," George grunted and pulled back to stand, depriving my dick of his touch. I couldn't even try to process his words. "I'm going to cum all over you, boy. Mark you so you smell like me. And then I'll let you come."

“Yes,” I moaned, trying to thrust my hips while he jerked off over me. I wanted to come so badly, but a small part of me wanted to see him so turned on he lost it all over me. “Please, just let me come?”

George’s mouth opened in a perfect O, eyes glued to his dick as it let loose a stream over my abs, then another on my dick. The hot cum had me moaning as he squeezed out another dribble onto the head. Shivering once and letting himself go, George ran his fingers through the mess and rubbed it in, marking me and playing with me all at once. I was a hair trigger away from my own release when he stepped back.

“As much as I want my scent all over you, I think it’s time for a shower.”

“You bastard,” I cursed at him. “You said I could come and get this thing off.”

George shook his head at me, but said nothing as he undressed. He’d gone barefoot, without a jacket or tie, and his button-up shirt and slacks went on his chair. George bared himself and stood there naked before me. I should have cared what punishment would come from my words, but the sight of his body almost unmanned me.

Thick, muscular legs, arms that had seen the gym often, and all the confidence in the world. George was covered in black hair with silver threaded through, and I had a strong urge to bury myself in his chest hair.

“If you’re done drooling,” George drawled. I snapped my eyes back to his face where I found that smirk again, “I planned to give you a shower and make you come in there.”

“Oh,” I swallowed and felt my face heat. “Okay”

“I *planned* to, but now I have different plans.”

Fuck me sideways.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

GEORGE

WASHING BASIL WAS A DELIGHT. His cock ring was still in place with no sign of coming off soon, but I'd switched out the rope for handcuffs on a handlebar after cutting his shirt off. I'd had the room remodeled five years ago, and the designer pointed out I might need handles when I got older. I told her I didn't care, as long as I got a steam shower with a bench and a large, jetted tub.

The handles and removable shower head were coming in very handy with the boy. I cleaned him thoroughly, and every time he grumbled or shied away, I'd ask if he wanted to come. When I got to his ass, I'd thought he would resist, but he leaned into my touch. Until I got to his hole.

“What are you doing?”

“What do you think I'm doing? Cleaning you.” I rubbed the soap over his cheeks with my bare hands. “And I thought we were working on obeying with respect?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Basil replied, leaning back over for me. “But you're not going to—?”

“Fuck your ass?” I asked bluntly, lining my dick up with Basil's crack to reach around and wash his front. “Why do you think I'd do that?”

“Because I tried to kill you after my—a person confirmed you were a good target,” Basil paused on a moan when I washed his dick with one soapy hand. He continued when I moved on. “And you get to do what you want with me.”

“True.” I made him shiver when I got to his nipples and thrust my dick against his lower back. “Though I wasn’t a good target. You had bad intel.”

“She said you killed one of ours—” I cut off his words with a hand around his throat.

“You were lied to.” I tightened my grip, cutting off some blood flow, but not his airway. He needed to be conscious to hear me. “I will assume this person is Ivanna, who killed my cousin in cold blood to try to spark a war. I didn’t play along and made an agreement with Felix.”

“She what?” Basil tried to speak, but I wasn’t done.

“You should be blaming her for the situation you are currently in, not me.” I let his neck go and went for the shampoo. Caressing it into his darkened locks, I felt the tension radiating off Basil. He was in shock from the news or still afraid I’d take him right here. I could only clear up one of those worries. “I won’t fuck your ass unless you beg me for it, but I’ll gladly play with it to get you off.”

“What does that mean?”

After rinsing Basil’s hair, I put the shower wand back on its hook and turned it off. The steam still permeated the warm room, but I could see him clearly. Running one finger down Basil’s spine, I went all the way until I tapped his hole, making him jump. He was so responsive, and I wanted to try more new things with him.

“It means I can finger or tongue your ass and give you an orgasm that way.”

Basil looked over his shoulder at me in confusion. “Why?”

“Because it feels good,” I rubbed a circle around his hole and watched it pucker and soften under my touch. “Because I’d enjoy doing it to you.”

“But I’m being punished?” Basil stated it like a question. “For calling you a bastard?”

“You are.” I squeezed his ass and leaned in to whisper in his ear, “but that will come after your orgasm.”

Basil’s body quivered under mine, his breathing erratic. I returned to circling his hole, teasing at what I might do. He moaned and moved like he wanted more, but I still wasn’t sure if I’d let him come, despite my promise.

“So, do you want me in your ass?”

“Yes, anything, just let me come. Please, Daddy?”

His final words decided it for me. I grabbed the teak footstool from a corner and sat it between his legs. “Spread. Good. Now hold on to the handle and lean back. Just like that.”

Basil followed my instructions without hesitation, and my view when he was in position had me ready to go myself. Peachy globes with only a little pink left from his morning spanking, balls tight against the steel ring, and his dick hung straight below. My attention was more focused on the tight hole I needed to explore. I wouldn’t fuck his ass yet, but I could play.

Even before I questioned my sexuality, I enjoyed anal sex. Everyone had an asshole, and the forbidden aspect made it hot. It was also a good way to help mitigate the risk of getting some gold digger pregnant. One woman I’d fucked on a trip to New York had stuck her finger in without asking, and I’d tried it out myself. I only had a few toys, but prostate orgasms were something else.

With Basil, I had to guess he never went near his sexuality, let alone his p-spot. This would be a treat for him as well as me.

Spreading his cheeks, I thumbed at his hole, and it tightened more, making me want to spend time opening him up. First, I lapped at his taint, the sensitive skin over his prostate, working my way up, before licking around his hole. He tasted like my soap, a general cleanliness, but a bit of his own musk was there as well.

“Mmm, you are a delicious alternative to our dinner, boy,” I praised, nipping his ass before diving in. It took a minute or two of licking and sucking, but he finally relaxed and let go.

“Oh God, yes, fuck! Make me come, Daddy,” Basil moaned and shook, pushing back until I speared his hole with my tongue. “Mmm, yes, more?”

When he let go, Basil became a wanton whore, and I paused to tell him so, taking his dick in one hand. “There’s my good little slut. Are you ready to come?”

“Yes,” Basil cried out once, then again when I slipped my middle finger in to the second knuckle. “You’re inside me.”

His voice was full of wonderment, and I chuckled, “My dick and tongue have already been in you, but yes. I’m touching your deepest, most untouched place. Do you still want to come?”

Basil pushed back experimentally and groaned, “Yes! Please stop asking, Daddy.”

Stroking him faster, I rubbed his insides until I found the right spot. It was down and my fingertip curved perfectly to hit his prostate.

“You can come now,” I commanded in a growl, stroking him inside and out as Basil shook. His orgasm overtook his whole body, and I had to let go of his spurting dick to catch him. I uncuffed him—they were quick release, but I made a show of hiding the key on a shelf—and took him to the bench seat with me. “That felt good, didn’t it?”

“So good,” Basil mumbled into my chest as I rocked him in my arms. Whether it was a holdover from raising twins alone, or I just felt he needed comfort, it seemed to soothe him. “Thank you, Daddy.”

In all my years, I’d tortured real and false confessions out of numerous people, but always with physical violence or mental suffering. Tormenting my victim through sexual edging and release was far more fun.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

BASIL

AFTER LETTING George feed me an Italian seafood stew that had gone cold but was no less delicious, he secured me to the bed with only one arm and leg tied down. In my post-orgasm haze, I wasn't sure how I felt about being naked under his covers, but George said he wouldn't stick anything in me without my asking. Somehow, I believed him.

After removing our place settings and brushing my teeth, all with the handcuffs removed, George had tucked me in and curled around me. It had been a long day of sexual denial, punishment, and finally, a mind-numbing, body-quaking climax. I needed sleep, but my mind was racing.

I'd asked him to do those dirty things to me in the shower. I'd begged for his tongue and fingers to fill me, to go deeper. Was this Stockholm Syndrome? That was the only explanation I could accept and not feel shame.

Calling him Daddy was a head trip. I *liked* George taking care of me, and I knew why deep down.

My dad was only ever *Otets*, Father. Even then, he told me to stop calling him that when I was sent to America. He'd certainly never washed me or rocked me to sleep. I had a nanny after my first few months, so I didn't even have memories of my mother being nurturing. Ivanna and Igor certainly didn't fill the gap either.

George did the things I wanted a parent to do at the age I was shipped off to family I'd never met. The title rolled off my tongue whenever he was giving me pleasure. But then, when I

was feeling sullen and petulant, I resented him for making me feel that way.

“Why did you ask me to call you Daddy?” I asked in the darkness, knowing from the rise and fall of his chest against my back that he was awake like me.

“Hmm,” George kissed the back of my neck with a hum. “I think it was to humiliate you at first, but then I liked it.”

“It did humiliate me.” I blushed, but it wasn’t from embarrassment. *I liked it too.*

“Go to sleep, *Mio dolce*. In the morning, I’ll think of new ways to humiliate you and turn us both on.”

George moved the hand under his pillow to tuck it around my neck, holding me with both arms and a leg thrown over mine. I’d never consciously shared a bed, since I assumed he slept beside me the night before, but I didn’t remember it. Women I’d tried fucking got bored when I didn’t compliment them and ask them to stay for another round, and I’d always declined their offers.

Whether or not he was trying to, George was opening my mind to things I’d swept under the proverbial rug for a decade. It took me a long time to fall asleep, imagining what he had in store for the next two days, and it wasn’t all fear.



“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” I asked after eating my breakfast of cereal and fresh fruit. George had only given me a spoon, but I liked my hands being free. I didn’t like the feeling of tightness around my throat.

“Putting a collar on you,” George told me in the same tone he’d asked me to pass the sugar ten minutes earlier. I heard a lock click in place and the jangle of a chain. “And a leash.”

“What the f—?” I turned to face him, but rephrased when I caught his no-nonsense expression. I wasn’t feeling very cared for at that moment, but I bit out, “Why, Daddy?”

“Because I want to.” George smiled placidly, tugging me to stand in front of him beside the chair where he’d introduced me to docking the night before. “So I can keep you close.”

My mixed reactions warred inside me. He wanted me close, which could be very bad. But he wanted me. My heart raced and I couldn’t convince it I wasn’t happy to hear those words.

“Okay,” I licked my lips and held my hands to be cuffed as well.

“If you promise to behave, I’ll bring you with me downstairs without restraints.” George reached out a hand to tuck a lock of my hair behind one ear. “And if you misbehave, I’ll enjoy punishing you in my office just the same.”

“*Da*. Yes, please?” I wanted out of this room and the freedom of movement like I wanted my next orgasm. “I’ll be good, Daddy.”

“Glad to hear it, let’s go,” George tugged on the chain leash with its red leather handle, and we passed a mirror.

“Wait, I’m naked,” I stopped in my tracks, giving his lead resistance.

My neck was encircled by a thick, red leather collar with a small gold lock, similar to the one he’d put on my cock cage—which I was thankful hadn’t returned. My hair had dried wavy and was longer than I usually kept it, having been due for a cut before George had come into my life. I had bruises in weird places but was otherwise my usual pale self. I needed to get out of the room, but he had staff.

“Can’t I put some pants on, at least?”

“Are you misbehaving already?” George asked, but I could tell I wasn’t meant to answer as he *tsked* his disapproval. Instead of continuing out the door, he grabbed a bag from his nightstand and tugged again. “You are exactly how I want you to be, but that can change.”

He jangled the bag, and I had to guess it had my cage and other devices inside. “No. No, Daddy. Whatever you want.”

“Good, now quit lollygagging and keeping me from my work.”

We went out of the door, and I found the space where we’d first got off together much brighter than the last time I’d stepped foot in the hall. My mind had been focused on killing him, but my dick had led the charge. I could take in my surroundings better in the daylight as we marched down the stairs.

From the outside, the Greco mansion had looked like an old Italian estate, all terracotta and pillars, with stone and stucco. His house was light and bright inside, and while his room was the only thing on the right of the stairs, the other way seemed to have more bedrooms.

“Does anyone else live here?” I couldn’t help asking, partially to know if my screams would be heard, but also out of curiosity.

“Not anymore,” George answered cryptically.

Leading me to the main floor and down a painting lined hall. Images of men and children who looked a lot like George were covering the surfaces that didn’t have suits of armor, pastoral paintings, or thick wooden trim. We turned into a bookshelf-lined room with a leather couch and chairs before a big, stately desk. He walked me to stand beside it, and I saw only a touch of sky out of one long, high window.

“You will keep your eyes down and mouth shut unless I ask you a direct question, understood?”

Ah, so I needed to behave like an obedient dog. Fun. *Not.* “Yes, Daddy.”

George let go of my leash to close the door, lock it, and grab a pillow from the couch before tossing it next to the high-backed armchair behind the desk. Taking my leash, he looped it through a drawer pull and tied the chain in place. I could untie it easily, but he was testing my ability to be good and listen.

He had commands, and I needed to follow them, “Kneel. Good, now spread them. Hands facing up on your thighs. Chin down. There you go. Now I can see my toy on display.”

Everything in me wanted to rebel, curse him and his whole family on the walls outside. One tiny shred of dignity begged me to avoid the pain George would dole out, and that was what I used to follow his instructions.

Keeling was uncomfortable, but George kept making it worse. He typed on a laptop and bigger screen with a separate keyboard, and the clacking was getting to me. Each time he paused to read over something, George would pet my head, or stroke my chest. His touches were at odds with the casual way he ignored my existence.

“I need to make a call,” George’s sudden words startled me out of some headspace I’d gone to, and I felt it in my knees how long I’d been sitting there. Turning, he stretched out one bare foot to run a toe along my half-erect dick. “Can you be quiet for Daddy while I work?”

“Y-yes, Daddy,” I stuttered as his two biggest toes continued stroking me to full hardness. I couldn’t take my eyes off the sight of it. “I’ll try to be quiet.”

“Good boy,” George praised before pulling me to stand between his legs. He moved the pillow there and pointed at it. “If you can’t be quiet, I will give your mouth something to do. Understood?”

He freed his dick and left it there, resting half out of his briefs on his lower stomach. I got the message, and so did my dick. “Yes, Daddy.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

GEORGE

CALLING Felix while I jacked off his family member—who was on my leash and calling me Daddy—was probably a new kind of fucked up. Didn't mean I was going to stop. I pressed *Call* on the number I had saved and reached out for the boy's dick with my free hand.

“George?” Felix said by way of greeting, “Is something the matter with Vasily?”

“Hello, Felix.” Basil bit back a noise upon hearing the name. Or possibly because I squeezed his balls. Either way, I commended his control. “No, Basil is doing well. Enjoying himself, even.”

“You haven't got him strung up in your basement telling all his secrets, have you?” Felix asked, a touch of concern in his voice. “Because there are limits.”

“Basil hasn't had anything done to him he didn't earn or ask for, isn't that right Basil?” I held the phone away from my ear and leaned over to lick at the head of his dick, tracing the foreskin before sucking it deep.

“I, Felix, I- Oh God. *Blin*, yes, I'm—Mmm, so good,” he stuttered out before I popped off. He didn't get to come yet.

“See, happy as a clam,” I looked up at the boy's face, licking my lips. “I'm even feeding him three meals a day and letting him sleep in my best bed.”

“George,” Felix growled, and I heard someone speaking in Russian in the background, likely Maksim. “That didn't sound

like Basil was himself. I want proof if you are to keep him another day. He fucked up, but he's still family."

"As you wish," I tightened my grip on Basil's dick, making him keen loudly. Uh-oh.

"Is Basil...moaning?" Felix asked, with shock in his voice.

"Yes," I answered plainly. "I'll send video evidence within the hour."

Felix agreed and hung up.

"You made a noise when I said to stay quiet." I opened the camera and switched it to video. Tilting it so you couldn't see my hand on his body, I hit record. "Tell me you've been a naughty boy and deserve punishment."

"I've been a—" Basil tried to school his features, but he was unmistakably close to an orgasm when he repeated, with stops and starts, and my hand moving lazily over his cock, "I'm a naughty boy. And, and I, I deserve...I deserve your punishment."

"Good boy," I praised and ended the video. Pointing to the pillow at my feet, Basil melted to the floor like he had no bones. "Now put that mouth to good use."

Watching the video back, I knew it was something I could jack off to when Basil was gone, but I didn't want to think about that. It also hid what I was doing, but showed Basil wasn't in pain, though he wore my collar. I sent the file to Felix, knowing it was obvious I was doing something sexual to the boy. Let them ask questions later.

Basil pulled on my slacks to get more of my dick out and I allowed it. Anything he did to get my dick in his body was fine by me. I loved his rare eagerness. He looked up at me with those big blue eyes and bit his lip. "Can I suck your dick, Daddy?"

"Fuck," I cursed. Whether Basil was doing the sweet and desperate act to gain favor, or he really wanted my dick, his words were doing it for me. I pulled on the chain right at his throat until he was close enough to lick me. "Make Daddy feel good."

Slipping one hand in his hair, I controlled some of his motion, but I let him explore. He licked and sucked, but couldn't take me all the way without force. Drool dripped down and made for a hot, sloppy blowjob.

"That's right, show Daddy how much you love this dick," I took hold of his head and the speed. Increasing my pace, I could feel my impending orgasm. "You have one chance to come today, and it ends when I finish in your mouth. If you don't come, I will spank you over my table and tie you to my bed again."

"Yes Daddy." Basil popped off my dick to lick a stripe up the length. "Thank you, Daddy."

"Don't thank me yet," I chuckled, knowing what he got if he did come in time. I held both sides of his head and choked him on my next thrust. Basil groaned around my head, adding to the sensation. He was close, too. "You will swallow every drop, even if I miss. God, your mouth feels amazing. You better come for me. Now."

Just when I thought a spanking was in order, that I'd come first, my balls drew up tight. Basil jerked and snapped his eyes shut, coming on my command. I felt the heat of his climax hit my feet, and I couldn't hold back if I wanted to. The boy choked around me and I pulled back to come on his tongue. The image of him kneeling under my desk, coming on the floor while he sucked my cock, would be seared into my brain forever.

My phone buzzed on the desk, Felix's name popping up with a text, but I ignored it to focus on the boy between my legs.

"Such a good little cocksucker. No spanking and restraints for you." Petting his head as he sucked lazily, I congratulated him before dashing all hopes for a reprieve. "Instead, you get to fulfill one of my latest fantasies."

"What?" Basil pushed my half-soft dick out of his mouth and sat back on his heels, hitting his head on the edge of my desk. He rubbed at it and gave me a sour look. "Ow. Why am I being punished?"

“I said spanking and being tied up was punishment for not coming, not that there would be no other punishments. Let’s see...You made a noise while I was on the phone, you spoke without being asked a direct question, and you came all over me. This is also for coming on my antique rug, which I’ll have to clean up,” I ticked off on my fingers. A new idea occurred to me. “Maybe I should have you lick it clean along with my feet?”

“There’s no winning with you?” Basil crossed his arms and pouted. It was oddly adorable, but he wasn’t done. “This doesn’t make any sense. I tried.”

“You tried?” I raised an eyebrow, and he blanched.

“I’ll do better next time, Daddy.”

“You will,” I nodded. Pushing his head toward the floor, I reached for the bag I’d brought downstairs, “But first you’ll clean up your mess.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Basil pouted from the floor, starting on the drying cum on my toes. I’d have to brush his teeth again, but I got a perverse pleasure from doing that.

While he lapped towards my ankles, I upended the bag and laid out the things I’d bought. Sexual torture and mutual orgasms—what more could I ask for?

Reading the text from Felix could wait until the boy had his cage on, and I’d get to explore sounding.

“Stand up and sit on my desk,” I instructed, moving my laptop and some papers on a property I owned aside. Basil glared but did as he was asked. His leash only stretched far enough to prop his ass on the edge, flaccid cock at just the right angle for me. “I’ve watched a lot of tutorials. This can either hurt or feel good, depending on you.”

The bag included a single-use lube packet, and I pondered the idea of keeping a bottle of lube in my desk. The silicone rods for beginners were still in their sterile packaging, so I donned the gloves provided and opened a smaller one. Lubing it, I looked back up at Basil, finding his eyes and mouth wide open.

“What do you mean you’ve watched tutorials?” Basil gasped. I blinked at him a few times before he added. “You’ve done this before, right, Daddy?”

“No, but I’m a fast learner,” I grasped his soft cock in hand, the head almost completely hidden in foreskin. I exposed his slit and lined up the rod, which had a large, round loop at the end for removal. “Take a deep breath and let me know if you feel any sharp pains.”

Moving the sound with minimal force, the tip entered his hole and Basil jumped, “Oh, ow!”

“Sharp pain, or just surprising?” I asked, not stopping the forward motion as his urethra seemed to allow entry with no resistance. This first stretching rod was halfway in already.

“Not sharp,” Basil breathed in and out deeply, gripping the edge of my desk with white knuckles, “unless I move. Just weird as fuck.”

“Good, weird?” The gravity and Basil’s dick plumping a little answered my question as the sound stopped at the base.

“Not bad, just intense,” Basil’s breath shuddered as I let go. I tapped the end of the loop experimentally, his dick bouncing with the extra weight. Basil moaned, “Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck. Do that again, Daddy?”

Basil didn’t complain at the sensation of the sound being removed, or when I switched to a metal tube, but the cage that fit over it ended his fun.

“You can still pee,” I explained, standing and untied the leash from my desk, “but I think it’s time to clean up and have lunch.”

Basil was still panting hard, but he slid off the desk, “Yes, Daddy.”

CHAPTER TWENTY

BASIL

GEORGE KEPT SURPRISING ME. Sometimes in fucking scary ways that made me want to scream for help, while other times I felt the safest I'd ever been, held tight in his arms. He also gave me pleasure by doing things I would have thought I'd hate.

The urethral sound, as the label George first showed me had called it, was a mix of the two. There was a slight burn when it went in, and a fullness. It was similar to feeling his fingers in my ass the night before. A sense of wrongness for an out-hole to have anything going in. And yet... It also felt extremely erotic.

George controlled my body.

My orgasms, my food, when I could go to the bathroom or even leave the room. There was a certain liberation in those moments when I gave in and just sat, with my mind relaxing and letting go while he took over. He would make sure I ate at mealtimes, drank water, brushed my teeth, and was bathed. I was free from decisions, and if I was good, I got to feel very, very good.

“Hush, brat,” he chastised me when I protested the cock cage going back on. “You’ll get it off when Daddy decides you need it off.”

Why did that calm something in me?

Rewards came when I gave up control and listened. Thinking before I spoke and insulting him got me what I

wanted. Even if my wanting orgasms from the man holding me captive was insane.

Punishments were so often tied to sex as well. He never withheld basic necessities, only his presence. Somehow, I craved it after only two days. I couldn't deny that some of his discipline turned me on.

Maybe it was Pavlovian. George gave me orgasms, and I associated his arrival with good feelings. That made more sense than having Stockholm syndrome this quickly. But I couldn't remember how many days Pavlov's dog took to remember the bell.

Either way, he had me drooling.

All of my other thoughts were an attempt to distract from the fact that I couldn't stop thinking about gay sex. I popped boners all the time in my daily life, but I was twenty-three and rarely jacked off. This was different.

When George had come all over me, I wished it had been in my mouth. When he licked at my hole, I craved something bigger, harder. His finger traced the spot inside me and I'd exploded. How much better would it feel with his dick?

This was a problem.

My whole life I'd been told that men attracted to men were fucked in the head, testing out their deviancy, and definitely not fit for the Bratva. My father called me too frail and too pretty on the rare occasions I'd seen him. Ivanna had Gregor teach me about dressing masculine, being more stoic and deeper voiced, and keeping private things private.

Felix being outed and in an openly queer relationship had upended a lot of my beliefs. My boss used all the pronouns, wore makeup, and dated a man. Ivanna had raged, but ultimately, the family sided with Felix over her.

Then along came George, and my world felt like an *M.C. Escher* painting, all stairways to nowhere and warped reflections. Nothing connected to what I'd been told or made sense with what I expected.

My thoughts were spiraling more than usual because George had left me alone. One ankle was chained to his bed, but I could walk to the table to sit. There was food and a water pitcher there, but also a bucket to piss in. That was his solution when I pointed out how short my leash was.

“What if I need to pee?”

George disappeared for a few minutes and returned with an empty paint can. “I would love to see how you react to peeing with the hollow sound, so hopefully you can hold it for a few hours.”

“A few hours?” I heard the panic in my voice but couldn’t hold it back. “Where are you going?”

“Something came up I have to attend to in person,” was the only explanation I got. “I’ll be back.”

He had tried to do the famous Austrian’s accent, but it sounded very Italian, with George smirking at his own joke. I’d crossed my arms and turned away from him on the bed, pouting. This man seriously brought out the brat in me.

George kissed the top of my head and tugged on the collar he left on me until I faced him. “Be good, and I’ll reward you when I’m home.”

At least an hour had passed, and I was fucking lonely.

Never in my life had I longed for another to be in my personal space, but there I was. I forced myself to eat a bowl of pasta and drank half of the water, paced, turned on mindless reality TV, and turned it off again. I’d even peed in the can. The water was probably to blame, but I couldn’t hold it any longer.

Peeing with a sound in had been an experience that distracted me momentarily. It was a mix of pleasure and discomfort, confusion and eroticism. So it was like everything with George. The bad always came with good, and I wasn’t ready for any of it.

Sure, I could make a scene, throw things around, but he’d probably make me clean it up with some new form of sexual torture. A maid costume? A butt plug? I shuddered, and not

from fear. Would he call me names in Italian again? I was never sure if they were sweet or cruel, but they sounded nice.

A plug was a whole other thing, though. I'd seen a couple when I got bored and looked in the drawer beside the bed. George had removed the gun and my knife, along with the key to my chastity device, but it was stacked with other things. If his tongue felt great and his finger amazing, how would something bigger feel? I wanted to find out but would never ask.

Pulling the drawer open again, I stood by the bed and took in the options. Three different kinds of lube made me question my masturbatory sessions. There was a string of graduated balls, which I found daunting beyond the first two. A large, rainbow-speckled dildo was still in its packaging. No way would I attempt that big boy, though it was smaller than George.

Had he overnighted these things just for me? The thought made me smile. Seriously? He kidnapped me and chained me to his bed. I was messed up in the head.

In another clear plastic bundle, there were five butt plugs in different sizes. Before I could overthink it, I ripped the encasement open and laid them out. They were all black, silicone with flared bases and pointed tips. The smallest one was no thicker than my little finger, and not what I needed. The second had ridges, and I wasn't sure how I'd like that, while the two biggest seemed too far. The plug in the middle looked about as thick as two or three of George's fingers. Just right.

Before I could second guess myself, I grabbed the lube that said "water-based" and leaned over the bed. I'd never played with my hole before, but I felt so empty. It took a lot of lube before I got the tip in, and then I pushed in once and it popped past the barrier of resistance. I sighed, feeling better, but also very naughty.

Would George be happy I did something with my ass, or mad I did it without permission? I rutted against the bed,

making myself hurt even more. I ached in my ass and my dick, and there was no way for me to ease it on my own.

Fuck. I just wanted George to fuck me already and stop with the teasing and games.

Well, fuck, indeed. Once that thought crossed my mind, I was vibrating with need and in a lot of pain in my cage. It strained and lifted the stainless steel, obvious in my nakedness. I wanted to jack off, but I couldn't for a lot of reasons. Besides being locked up, I didn't think he'd like it.

My body wanted George and the things he could do to me, even if I wasn't fully on board to say so out loud yet. He was good at taking what he wanted and making me love it. Yeah, I was screwed.

But where the fuck was he?

When he walked in the door, my reaction could only be blamed on physical desire. Right?

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

GEORGE

FELIX INSISTED on meeting with me about the boy to discuss his situation. Leaving Basil alone for even an hour felt like a hardship, so I had to agree if I wanted to keep Basil another day. And I was loath to give up that time with him. I'd stalled long enough to give Basil aftercare and make sure he ate before setting him up.

Our meeting was set for six p.m. in an old warehouse I'd recently sold to the Kiselovs, with no furniture and a lot of work needed. It was good for conducting business when you didn't want other businesses or passersby to overhear anything. I had no use for it except to make money on the sale I could invest elsewhere.

"Don Giorgio," Santo interrupted my thoughts as we waited in the town car for the Kiselovs to arrive.

"Hmm?" I was watching seagulls dive and soar over the nearby waves of the San Francisco Bay and not fully paying attention. Would Basil like to spend a day outside with me?

"Are you alright, sir?" His concerned tone drew my eyes to the rearview mirror, where I found his furrowed brow. "It's just...the missus and I are worried about you."

"Why?" I asked, unsure if he was more bothered over my keeping a man in my bedroom for sex, or that I was keeping the young man in my house at all.

Having told Santo the bare minimum about Basil, he understandably had questions. Santo and Josefina only knew he was there with permission from his family, and I needed

two servings at each meal, but not that Basil had gotten a gun and knife into my house.

Santo tilted his balding head but didn't turn around. "This meeting makes me wonder about the reason for keeping your guest locked up. I thought you were friendly with the Russians?"

"I am," I conceded, "but I'm getting friendlier with one Russian in particular."

There, I didn't lie or scandalize him with my kinky sex games. Basil would be gone in another day and a half, and we would move on from the whole thing like it never happened. The thought made my stomach clench in an odd way. I chalked it up to not drinking enough water as I saw a black SUV pull up beside us. Santo stepped out to join me between our cars.

Maksim stepped out of the back first, followed by Felix before another man in the passenger seat and the one who'd been driving joined them. Four Bratva men was a lot for such a low-key meet, but I shrugged it off. The two larger men wore black suits and stoic expressions like Maksim, while Felix bucked tradition in a fitted red dress with matching red-bottom heels.

"Thank you for agreeing to meet," Felix spoke first, holding out a well-manicured hand. I took it, and Felix gripped it tightly. "Is Vasily with you?"

"No, he's at home," I replied, the tightening in my stomach feeling fluttery at the thought of basil in my bed. "I still have two nights with the boy."

"Two nights, but—" the older of the two blond men sputtered to a stop at Felix's raised hand.

"Yes, the first night didn't count. He came home with me on his own accord." Basil was more than willing until he pulled a knife on me. "And we made the deal in the morning."

"Your video raised some..." Felix trailed off with an arched brow, "...questions."

“Such as?” I asked as innocently as I could manage while remembering how Basil had stuttered through the recording I made. Yes, he was good.

“Perhaps we should have our men stay here while we walk and talk?” Felix suggested.

“Alright,” I frowned, unsure why we needed privacy. Santo stayed with Maksim, and the two blonds I heard them call Stefan and Gregor.

“Was my video not sufficient?” I started the conversation when we reached the corner of the warehouse. It had crates and full trash cans, letting me know it was likely under construction to fit Felix’s needs. “Because I swear Basil is in fine condition.”

“We were surprised by the sexual nature of your situation,” Felix stated as we rounded the building and were out of earshot of the others.

“Ah,” I hummed, getting to the bottom of his issue. “But you saw me leave with him at the X Club, right?”

“I did, and I pointed it out to Maksim and Gregor.”

“So why were you surprised?”

“Because-” Felix stopped short, popping a hip out to cluck their tongue at me. “Basil isn’t gay. Hasn’t shown any interest in dating at all, really.”

“How do you know?” I couldn’t help asking.

“We check his search history regularly,” Felix answered with zero guilt.

“Then what did you think he was doing at the club? Or what us leaving together might mean?”

“We didn’t know and didn’t want to pry when you looked so cozy, and I was a little out of it.” Felix waved a hand in the air as if indicating the whole situation. “But then he didn’t come home, and you called, saying he tried to kill you.”

“Basil lives with you?” I did my own prying, ignoring the last statement.

“No, he lived with Stefan on school breaks, but now he is with Gregor.”

My blood grew hot thinking of Basil living with either of the blonds, even though the older man had at least ten years on me. Jealousy was a rare emotion for me, and I knew it was misplaced.

“If he is with Gregor,” I spoke through gritted teeth, “why do you think he isn’t gay?”

“Mostly his statement about being queer and Bratva. That it is unacceptable,” Felix shrugged.

“You let him say this to you?” I was angry for Felix, having an underling say such things.

Felix waved it off. “That was before, when he lived with Ivanna, and I was in the closet.”

“Ivanna,” I growled, remembering Basil’s mention of a woman in his family. I’d guessed it to be her when I told him about her killing my cousin. “She put the idea to kill an enemy—specifically me—into the boy’s head.”

“*Yebat*,” Felix spat on the ground. “Of course, it was Ivanna. She is a poison. I thought we had cut off her contact with Vasily, but I was too lax with him in the past year while he finished his masters.”

The boy had a master’s degree. I wasn’t totally shocked, as he’d shown his intelligence. He just lacked some common sense. I could help with that, at least a little. “Where do we go from here?”

“Don’t worry about Ivanna. Bratva leadership lets me do what I want here, since I’m not a player in world affairs, but she did this under their watch.” Felix grinned in a dangerous way that reminded me of his Kot Felix reputation. “I doubt she will be able to speak or type a word again.”

“I still want to keep Basil–Vasily—for the agreed-on time.”

Felix met my eyes and seemed to be measuring me. An odd feeling at twice their age and a foot taller. “Do you promise that you are not committing any war crimes?”

Thinking over our experiences, I didn't think I was. "The boy may not have looked up gay porn or random kinks, but I guarantee you he is exploring them now."

Felix started walking us back around the corner to our waiting cars, the sun starting to get low in the summer sky behind his head. "Consensually?"

"At first, yes. He came up to me and asked to come home with me. It was mutually beneficial. After he tried to kill me, not so much, though I never forced myself on him, if that's what you're asking. But now..." I licked my lips and stopped us before we got close enough for our men to hear. "He's coming out of that closet you were in, I think."

"No permanent damage," Felix reminded me, and held out his hand. "Gregor will pick the boy up the morning after next, then."

We shook and went our separate ways. Back in the car, Santo eyed me in the mirror again. I was sure he had his suspicions, especially after knowing we had been fooling around in the car on the way home from the club and seeing some of my recent purchases. But he wouldn't ever ask for specifics.

"All worked out, Don Giorgio?"

"Yes," I smiled, knowing what I had waiting at home across the city. "We have our guest for two more nights, and the Russians are in agreement."

"Very well, sir."

Basil had already eaten when I found him propped in the bed with a remote in hand. There was nothing broken or out of the ordinary, so at least he hadn't thrown a tantrum.

"Hello, Basil," I greeted him, stepping out of my shoes and taking off my coat.

"You're home!" He rushed to turn off the TV and scrambled off the bed, his cage covered genitals swaying heavily as he barreled toward me. Basil had just enough chain to reach me for a hug, which I accepted despite my surprise.

“*Sì, ragazzo mio,*” I hugged him back and rocked us side to side. I felt wonderful to be greeted by such a warm welcome. Calling him my little boy had rolled off my tongue like it was natural for him to greet me this way. I’d only been speaking to Santo in Italian, and I didn’t seem to remember needing to switch back to English. “*Sono a casa.*”

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

BASIL

GEORGE'S WORDS and touch flooded me with even more confusing sensations. I should have hated him, but I didn't. I didn't know what *ragatso*—or whatever he said—meant, but I caught the rest. My Latin lessons paid off and had my stupid heart fluttering.

Yes. Mine. Home.

“Have you been a good boy for me?” George pulled back, but kept his hands on my upper arms, rubbing me on my bare skin. “I'd love to reward you.”

“Yes Daddy,” I nodded and looked at the table, “I ate dinner and drank my water.”

George squeezed my neck, but then his eyes caught something over my shoulder. “You got into the toys?”

He stepped away from me, and I froze on the spot. This was when I found out how much trouble I was in. George fingered the open bottle of lube before counting the plugs next to the open container.

“Where is the missing plug?” George turned to ask, and I felt my face heat. I couldn't meet his eyes, but I could see his feet approaching. “Have you been playing without me?”

“I'm sorry, Daddy,” I bit my lip and tried to brace for what would happen next. I always fucked up somehow.

“I don't know if you need to be sorry,” George reached to take my hand, and I let him. “First, I need to know how and why?”

“It’s just, I can’t jack off, and you would have been pissed if I tried. You left, and I didn’t know what to do with myself without you. You have taken over my every waking thought, and I needed to feel something, anything. *Yebat*’, I felt so empty,” I finished my rambling in a whisper, still unable to meet his eyes.

“Bend over the bed and spread your cheeks,” George commanded after a short pause.

Rushing to follow his orders, I tripped over my own chain and landed face first on the rumpled comforter. If I wasn’t desperate for his approval—or to get my punishment over with quickly, whichever he decided—I would have hesitated to bare my hole to him. Grasping both cheeks in my hands, I laid it out there and felt the tug of the plug inside me. It hit the same spot George had massaged with his finger and I bit back a groan. I could feel him looking, the sound of fabric the only interruption to my racing heart, until I thought I must be blushing all over.

“I see,” George stated, the only warning before I felt pressure from him touching the base. I pushed back. “How does it feel?”

Turning my head so I could be heard, I admitted I had only just gotten it in when he got home, and hadn’t really processed it yet.

George leaned over my body, and I felt the press of his skin on mine, his hair abrading me and making my skin feel like it was all an erogenous zone. “Is this what you really want inside you?”

Swallowing, I was too desperate to attempt lying. “No.”

“What do you want inside your hole, Basil?” George ran his finger up and down the length of my crack, adding pressure to the plug before continuing to cup my balls. It felt like a warning to answer honestly. “Tell me now.”

“I want your dick in me, Daddy” I all but yelled, turning my face back into the blankets.

George took his hands from my body immediately. I'd learned to never say what I actually wanted over years of being punished for it, and George was unlikely to be the exception. I heard a rattling before the weight I'd almost forgotten on my ankle was removed.

Gathering me in his arms, George set me in the center of the bed, wrapping his body around mine before pulling the covers up to our thighs. He didn't speak right away, only held me and kissed my neck and shoulder. I didn't know what to say, so I stayed silent.

"Where do you want my dick?" George's breath fanned over my cheek. "Do you want it in that tight little hole? Because I've never been jealous of a toy before, but I am right now."

"Yes, Daddy," I whimpered. George turned us so he was rubbing my ass against the bulge in his underwear, the only scrap of fabric between us. He was jealous of a toy, and I was turned the hell on. "Please, I need release. Have I been good, Daddy?"

"You've been so good while I was out, even exploring yourself in a way I didn't expect." George turned my body and propped himself up on one arm. I could see his face, and it was not angry. "I'm proud of you."

The words impacted me more than I could imagine. Had anyone ever said they were proud of me? Maybe a teacher or principal when they were saying it to a group, but not to me specifically. I met his earnest eyes and leaned up until I was a breath away.

It was definitely the first kiss I'd initiated since being held captive in George's room— possibly ever, with anyone. His beard stubble was rough, the opposite of his soft lips on mine. Closing my eyes, I let George take the lead, his experienced tongue sending sparks throughout my body.

We broke apart when George pulled back to look at me, and I felt myself settling into that space where I didn't have to make decisions. "You're a good kisser, Daddy."

“Thank you, it’s been a while,” George chuckled. “But let’s talk about my dick in your hole, first.”

“What’s to talk about?” I drawled, feeling anxious and under the spotlight.

“This is different. I told you I wouldn’t do that without you asking, but now you’ve asked, so we need to set some boundaries.”

“You usually just take me however you want.”

“So, I can strap you to my bed again and have my way with you?” George asked. I bit my lip and nodded, but he wasn’t done. “I can cut you, carve my name into your ass, choke you until you pass out, and then fuck you?”

“Oh,” I thought over his questions, and smiled to myself. “You’re saying there *is* a ‘*too far*’ for you?”

“Everyone has their limits.” George walked his fingers down my chest until he reached my cage and pulled at the lock. “For instance, I can keep you in this and only fuck you for my pleasure.”

The suggestion didn’t turn me off, and I would love it to be removed, but I wanted something else. Time to speak up again, and to ignore the devil on my back calling me all the names my father and Ivanna used for people who had butt sex.

“You decide, Daddy, but I’d like it to be for both of our pleasure.”

George smiled, and it transformed his face. Before, his smirks only made me wonder if he had any real feelings. A smiling George was a different story altogether. The charisma and open joy on his face was mesmerizing, and I could stare at him for hours.

“I want that too, *ragazzo*.” George’s hazel gray eyes, the crinkles at the corners deepening as he bent to kiss my forehead, held reverence. “It’s an honor to have your submission.”

Submission? I guess I was submitting to his will. “Can I still fight you, Daddy?”

“You like it when this old perv forces himself on you?” George pulled me against his body and then rolled on top of me. He looked down at me as he rolled his hips against me. “You want me to manhandle you?”

The same devil, telling me everything about George and what my body wanted was wrong, was also the impetus behind what I was asking.

“If I say no or stop, I want you to keep going. And I’ll leave it up to you what we do. Does that make sense?”

“Yes, *ragazzo mio*,” George repeated the same phrase as when he’d walked in the room. “I want to take you, play with consensual non-consent, and be your first. But I think I’ll leave your cage on.”

It took everything in me not to pout and roll away. I was being punished and rewarded at the same time. I relied on my newfound trust, and the peace it brought my mind, when I agreed, “Okay, Daddy.”

George kissed me again, and I wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing our bodies together. I may never get to indulge in my deepest, darkest fantasies again, so I needed to savor every second.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

GEORGE

IT WAS a shock to come home to Basil with a butt plug in. I'd expected him horny and begging to be let out of his cage, but he'd gone a step further. The view of him bent over, plugged ass exposed, panting for me... It wasn't something I ever wanted to forget. I called him my boy, and he was living up to that, deferring to me on all decisions.

Asking for me to fuck him, though? And to play with consensual non-consent? My dick had never been harder.

We rutted against each other, Basil's feet pushing at my briefs until they were below my knees as we kissed. When my dick met the metal of his confinement, I pulled back to kneel between his legs and take my last piece of clothing off.

"I want you locked up," I explained, pushing his knees back, "because I can make you come without touching your dick. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, Daddy," Basil bit his swollen lip, redder from our kissing. He seemed unsure but willing to follow my lead.

"Good boy. Now, hold your legs while Daddy plays."

Basil held the back of his knees, and I settled between them. Squeezing one finger under the base of the plug, I tugged gently. The toy didn't come out at first, but I added lube and played until it did. Basil moaned when I pushed it back in. It was a tight fit, and he would need more to work up to me. Twisting and tugging back and forth, I set a rhythm of loosening his hole until the plug went in and out easily. I kept

stretching Basil until I could get a finger in beside it, and he was a mess.

“Please, Daddy, I can’t take anymore. Please?”

“Please, what, *ragazzo*?” I pushed the plug against his prostate before removing it completely, licking a stripe from his hole to his balls. Basil’s head was thrown back, eyes closed, and he whimpered when I stopped. “Do you want me to breed this ass?”

“Yes, please, Daddy? Fill it with your cum?”

Though he still couldn’t look at me when he asked for the dirty things I could do to him, I wasn’t going to say no. “Can I fill you up? No barriers between us?”

Basil finally looked at me, licking his lips and nodding, “Yes, Daddy. You decide.”

“Such a good little boy for me,” I praised.

On edge and shaking with need myself, I flipped the boy over to his knees and lined up with my cock along his crack. He wanted force, and I needed to show him how good it could feel. Basil started turning his head—to protest or beg me to get on with it, but I didn’t find out—so I grabbed the back of his collar and pushed his head back down.

“No,” he whined, and I ignored him. Just like we both wanted.

“This will hurt,” I warned. Lubing myself, I set the tip right on his pucker, willing myself to go slow. “Now I’m going to make you my good little bitch.”

“Stop! Wha—” Basil’s words were cut off as I slid the tip inside his hot hole, transforming into a moan. I held myself there, letting him adjust until he was squirming. “More, Daddy?”

“I thought you wanted me to stop?” I teased, pushing in a millimeter more, “I told you I’d make you like it.”

Before he could protest or beg again, I let gravity do the work and slid halfway in. Basil keened, his ass stretched

further than ever, and he tried to lift up. I pushed his shoulders back down, still holding the collar in one hand.

“It’s too much, Daddy. It burns,” Basil whined.

“Good,” I laughed, and pulled out before slamming all the way in.

And I didn’t stop, pounding into him until Basil’s body seized up and went limp, finally accepting my intrusion. I set a medium pace, deep and hard on each thrust, feeling him tighten around me. He shook and moaned as I took my pleasure, blabbering nonsense that spurred me on. When I aimed down, snagging his prostate, Basil bowed his back and I let him come up.

Taking his neck in my hand, I pressed his back against my chest. Playing with his nipples and thrusting up into him harder, I enjoyed the sight of his cock cage bobbing up and down as much as his ass bouncing on my dick from behind.

“You’re such a sexy little boy, making Daddy so hard with that sweet ass,” I slowed and bit his earlobe before whispering, “I might come in your ass before I let you orgasm.”

Basil moaned and whined, wanting my cum and his own orgasm. He had turned into the perfect little slut I’d thought he was when we met, and I was honored to be able to bring that side out of him.

Instead of pounding my way to a quick release, I aimed down, hitting his p-spot over and over again. I wanted to feel him orgasm around me.

“No, I can’t. Daddy? I’m going to...Oh, God,” Basil bucked back into me, almost involuntarily, and then he froze.

Throwing his head back on my shoulder with a silent scream, his whole body shook as Basil’s dick squirted through the metal cage. Most of it was clear, but when I slammed into his tight grip once, twice, and then a third time, letting go inside of him, Basil finally finished his orgasm. His ass tightened around me again, and I let out a growl as I felt my own cum dripping down my still-hard cock.

Pulling Basil down so we laid on our sides, I stayed inside him as our bodies kept convulsing, rubbing his thighs and hips. “God damn, boy, your ass is heaven.”

“Thank you, Daddy Giorgio.” Basil pulled one of my arms to wrap around him. I liked his spin on calling me more than just Daddy. Like he felt it, as though it was more than just a platitude.

We stayed that way, connected and in the moment, until my dick slipped out. “I’m going to get a washcloth and water. And maybe some new sheets.” I started pulling away, but Basil held on.

“Wait.” Basil turned in my arms, an awed but curious look on his face. “What was that?”

“Sex,” I smirked, and he rolled his eyes. “Are you referring to how it felt like you came twice?”

“*Da*. I’ve had sex, I’ve orgasmed plenty from my own hand, and you’ve made me come playing with my...hole,” he still hesitated to say certain things out loud when he wasn’t horny to reach that orgasm. “What did you do to me?”

Basil’s question caught me off guard, because I didn’t know if he meant helping him see he wasn’t straight, or the sex we’d just had. I decided to go with the straightforward answer. “That was a prostate orgasm. Basically, from my research, you squirted precum similar to the way women can squirt. Then I kept fucking you into a full orgasm, and that’s when you came.”

“So you can make me come in two different ways, just from fucking my ass?” Basil blinked, seeming to realize what he’d said.

“And I can come inside you as much as I want without getting you pregnant,” I winked before standing. It had been a fucking treat to fuck him bare. I hadn’t done it since my late wife. “Are you okay for a minute while I get stuff to clean up?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m good,” Basil replied in a daze. He’d orgasmed hands free through a sound, multiple times, while

wearing chastity. Basil had a right to spend some time processing everything.

Pulling him to stand, I sat him on a chair before handing him a cup of water. Basil took it and drank absently as stripped the sheets and got out wet wipes. I didn't want to let him out of my sight. After cleaning myself, I got clean sheets from the linen cabinet by my closet. I tossed them on my bed before retrieving the key to his cage.

"I think you've earned some time out of this, *mio ragazzo*," I leaned against the table and reached for him, but Basil covered his locked up dick. "No?"

"Can I...I can't believe I'm asking this." Basil shook his head and huffed out an exasperated breath. "Can you remove the sound but put the cage back on?"

"I would love to keep my cage on you," I told him with a smile. I wanted to have a piece of myself claiming him, even though my seed still filled his ass. "Especially since I'd rather you didn't sleep in such a thick collar."

Basil fingered it and looked up at me. "You decide, Daddy."

Kissing his forehead, I removed the collar and set it on the table before moving to his other restraints. He sighed when the cage came off, then winced and groaned when I pulled out the sound. Its loop was on the side of the top opening, and had been tucked in to keep it from coming out on its own.

"Did you pee while I was gone?" I asked, wanting to let him use the toilet while I cleaned the metal.

"Yes, Daddy, but I could go again." Basil blushed to the tips of his ears.

"Let's get that over with, then," I had him grab the old paint can and let him empty it and his bladder without following. He didn't close the door though, which made me happy to not have any barrier between us. Hot water and soap had the cage shining by the time he reemerged. "Help me make the bed, *ragazzo*."

We snuggled up under the covers after the bed was made and Basil's cage was back in place. He had nothing to keep him in my house, except a lack of clothes.

"Daddy Giorgio, what does *mio ragazzo* mean?" Basil asked quietly in the dark, his body tucked against mine. He yawned and smacked his lips.

"It means my little boy."

Basil didn't reply, his breaths evening out in seconds. I kissed his head and held him tighter. Even if he hadn't heard me, I still wanted him to be mine.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

BASIL

THE MORNING LIGHT brought the return of my conflicted feelings. Everything made so much more sense when George held me in his arms and took away all my worries. Now I was back to overthinking everything.

I'd had the best orgasms of my life with George, even though I'd planned on killing him. I couldn't deny liking dick anymore either, despite a decade of lackluster tries with girls. Was I gay? Or just George-sexual? Whatever I was, he had me dick-matized.

George was gone, though. He still had me for another day and night, but I was alone, and I wasn't chained to anything. I could raid his closet and be gone in under five minutes.

A heavy weight on my thigh reminded me of one problem.

Maybe I could stop by a hardware store and get bolt cutters. But I didn't want to risk something sharp so close to my genitals. I also didn't have my phone or wallet. No way to call a cab or rideshare, and a young man in an ill-fitted suit would look way out-of-place walking in his neighborhood.

Did I even want to leave? George had claimed me, or at least my body. And I liked his claim. I liked him, and that was a real mind-fuck.

How could I be sure my feelings were real, and not induced by my captivity and multiple life-shattering orgasms? Trauma bonding was a thing, and I had felt so alone the night

before. He made me dependent, and that felt like shit. I was dependent on him, but he wasn't on me.

As if codependency would be even better. Though my heart said it would. Because then he would like me back, need me as much as I needed him.

Voices filtered through the door to me, and they sounded like multiple people were downstairs. Was George having a work meeting? Or maybe Santo? A trill laugh reached my ears, and I realized there had to be a woman.

Had George ever said he was gay? He was probably bi and closeted. George could have a steady girlfriend for all I knew, and I was just a way for him to blow off steam. He may not be the head of an active mob family anymore, if George was to be believed, but he still had to keep up appearances.

Just when I started for the door to his closet, George popped his head in. Maybe he would let me put on clothes and join him?

“Basil, please try not to walk around too much, and no TV,” he frowned, and my hopes were dashed.

“Oh, okay.” I turned to face him, but kept my head down and folded my hands over the cock cage. “I’ll be quiet, Daddy.”

“Thanks,” he replied brusquely, no pet names for me today. “I have guests and don’t want to explain why someone is upstairs. Should only be a couple hours.”

He closed the door and dismissed any reply or question I might have without a second thought. As much as I wanted to pace and scream when he clicked the door shut, I did nothing but sit at the table and stare at my food. A pancake with strawberries and whipped cream was waiting for me, but I had no appetite.

George agreed to keep me for three days, but never mentioned what would come after. He was taking his pound of flesh for my failed assassination attempt, not getting attached. I was an idiot for catching feelings.

There was no way I could stomach another night of pleasure just to have it ripped away when George was done with me. He'd had his fun, and I was lost. I needed this cage off my dick and George out of my life.

Rifling through the drawers on either side of the bed, my body reacted to the sight of the butt plugs and sounding supplies. George had seriously fucked me up.

Flipping over a picture, I saw a teen boy and girl who both looked a lot like George. Was *Daddy* a daddy? They looked to be around the same age, though the boy was taller, and both were in matching school uniforms. Twins, maybe. Their young, smiling faces made me uncomfortable in my nakedness, so I put it back face-down in the drawer.

Moving from the drawer with the sex toys, I found an old landline phone on the other side of the bed. A phone...

It wasn't a key, but I had a new idea. I plugged it in by the table where breakfast was laid out for me and listened for a dial tone. I didn't have Felix or Gregor's cell numbers memorized, but I knew Stefan's house by heart from living there and calling it from the dorms.

"Four-one-five..." I said the numbers out loud and then held the phone to my ear as it rang twice. "Pick up, pick up."

"Stefan Kiselov. Who is calling?"

"Uncle, it's Vasily," I replied in Russian to match him.

"Are you alright? What has Greco done to you?" Stefan growled. He was always so overprotective of me, telling me I shouldn't stay up late or nagging me about my grades, but I'd never heard him angry. "Are you hurt?"

What had George done to me, really? He locked me up, in multiple ways, but I was not tied down anymore. My ass and cock ached, but I'd asked for the things George did to cause them. He took over my entire existence without any bondage needed, making me beg for his brand of sexual torture.

In two days, Giorgio Greco had turned my world upside down and inside out. I didn't know who I was anymore.

“Not physically,” I finally answered, choking back a sob. No one in the family had ever seen me cry, and I wasn’t going to let them now. I built a wall back up between my inner thoughts and the world, and I felt the tears dry up. “I want to go home.”

What I didn’t say, because the thought stayed tucked away where it belonged, was how George made me feel more at home than anywhere else I’d ever lived.

“We have the address, but the agreement was for tomorrow.”

Felix had let me be kept by the older man from a different mafia for three nights. I didn’t care if George claimed the first night didn’t count. I had been tied to his bed and scared for my life. It fucking counted.

“Can you tell Felix I feel the three days of punishment has been doled out, *Dyadya*?” I begged my uncle, “Get him to contact Da- I mean Greco?”

Almost calling George Daddy was a step too far. I was completely unsure of myself and my rash decision to call Stefan, but I needed room to breathe.

“I can do that *dvoyurodnyy brat*,” Stefan assured me, and we ended the call.

Dvoyurodnyy brat meant cousin, and the term *brat* struck me as funny, since it basically meant brother. Brat. Bratva. It was like we were an organization of bros. Just men being manly. Brats.

Slapping a hand over my mouth when I realized I had barked out a laugh. I was getting hysterical and tucked myself back under the covers. A pillow over my head quieted most of my laughter until I calmed down. I was hyperventilating, but I didn’t want to come out.

Whether from mental exhaustion or lack of oxygen, I fell back asleep. I didn’t know what time it was when I heard the door open and slam against the wall, waking me from a nightmare. George had been about to let me orgasm, but kept laughing at me for trusting him, over and over again.

“What did you do?” George’s voice filtered to me through the fabric before I felt the sheets yanked off my body. “You called your family and asked to go home early?”

“Are you going to call me a brat?” I mumbled from under the pillow before it was also removed. Judging by the stormy expression on George’s face, he didn’t get my joke.

“Is that what you want? To leave me?” He growled under his breath, anger radiating off of him.

“Yes,” I sat up, squaring my shoulders despite my entire body screaming, *No. I want you to want me like I want you.*

George’s face morphed from livid and confused into one of zero emotions. “If that’s what you want, your cousin will be here in an hour to fetch you.”

He turned to leave, but veered into his closet, returning with a plain white t-shirt, along with my suit pants and jacket. He dumped it all on the bed beside me before retrieving my shoes as well.

“Wait?” I called out when he got to the door. George didn’t turn, but I could see the tension in his shoulders return. He was just mad at me for taking away his toy. “What about my cage?”

“Get dressed and I’ll be back to unlock you before your family gets here.”

With a slam to the door that rattled my nerves, he was gone. I was alone again, left to think about whether I’d made a huge mistake or had finally come to my senses.

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

GEORGE

AFTER RUSHING my children out faster than I would have liked, I checked my phone and found multiple missed calls and texts from Felix Kiselov.

Kot Felix: The boy is done.

Kot Felix: You have had three nights, and he wants to come home. I can't ignore his plea for release just so you can play with him further.

Kot Felix: Do you understand me?

Kot Felix: We are not waiting for you to reply. Someone will be there at noon to bring Vasily home.

My heart stopped in my chest. Basil had contacted his family, which wasn't a huge deal, but he asked them to come get him. We'd had a breakthrough the night before, or so I'd thought. Basil asked for sex and everything we did. He'd put a plug up his ass and begged me to take him.

Was it all a ruse so I'd set him free? I refused to believe that.

Waving Josefina off when she asked if I wanted anything else to eat—I'd barely touched my food over brunch with the twins, a meal I'd forgotten about planning the week before—I rushed up the stairs. The door swung too hard in my haste to find Basil, banging into the wall and making the lump on the bed move.

He was hiding.

“What did you do?” I asked a little too loudly, noting the phone on the table by the food he hadn’t touched. He didn’t answer me, so I stepped to the bed and yanked the sheets off my boy. Though it seemed he didn’t want that role anymore. “You called your family and asked to go home early?”

Basil didn’t move from under a pillow, despite his smooth, pale skin being exposed to the cool air. His back was to me and I heard him mumble something I couldn’t understand. I’d had enough. The pillow went next, flying across the room as I glared down at Basil.

“Is that what you want? To leave me?” I gritted out, hating the words even though we’d never had any discussions about him staying. I had counted on having another twenty-four hours with him.

He sat up, squaring his shoulders and settling gaze on my shoulder rather than looking me in the eye. “Yes.”

Something crossed over his face I couldn’t decipher, but it didn’t look like he was hiding a lie. I didn’t know Basil well, but I could tell there was truth in his answer. A weight dropped in my stomach. I wouldn’t keep him if he needed to go, no matter how much I wanted—no craved— to lock him back up and throw away the key.

“If that’s what you want,” I nodded and turned away, unable to keep my emotions off my face. “Your cousin will be here in an hour to fetch you.”

I went into my closet for Basil’s suit I’d had cleaned and pressed, grabbing one of my t-shirts since I’d cut his off. Once he had a change of clothes and his shoes, I knew I had to get out of the room before I locked him away for good and started a war.

“Wait?” He called out when I was almost out of the door, but I couldn’t look at him with tears brimming my eyes. “What about my cage?”

Somehow, I managed to speak one sentence without breaking down, “Get dressed and I’ll be back to unlock you before your family gets here.”

Slamming the door closed, I went to my backyard and stripped down before doing a couple laps. Screaming into the water before getting out and drying off, I could pretend Basil wasn't leaving. Why I was so upset was multi-layered, and no one needed to know. I was a man used to getting what I wanted, and making others pay if they didn't follow through on an agreement. I wanted to throw Basil over my knee and spank some reason into him.

Instead, I dried off enough to go upstairs in only a towel, reentering my room to find the boy fully dressed, sitting at the table. He sat up, and I saw him tracking the water dripping down my chest and getting caught where my towel was slung low. If Basil was going to deny that he wanted me, he didn't get to look anymore.

After a quick shower to rinse off, I redressed in my closet before coming out to take the final piece of myself off the boy.

“Open your pants and stand up,” I commanded, getting a perverse pleasure out of Basil obeying without question. When I remembered he hadn't called me Daddy since the night before in a post-orgasmic haze, my mood soured. Without any teasing or dirty words I'd normally use, I got the key from over the doorway where I'd left it and stepped up to grasp his cage.

“Do I get to come when you take it off?” Basil asked, an odd tremor in his voice.

“You can do what you want,” I slotted the key in place and pulled, taking the cage with me before stepping back. I couldn't have my hands on his body a second longer. “You wanted to be free of me, and now you are.”

Basil gasped, but hid it when he bent to pull the ring off from around his cock and balls. He handed the last piece over and I saw he was half hard. Too fucking bad.

My phone buzzed from the table where I'd left it in my anger before I'd gone swimming, not even realizing. I checked, and it was Santo letting me know a Kiselov was here for the boy.

“Time to go, Basil.” I walked to the door until I heard the rustle of his clothes and his steps behind me on the carpet. He followed me down the stairs, neither of us speaking.

What more was there to say? Please don’t go, I want to keep you? Basil had called his family the second I left him alone. He didn’t want to stay.

“*Vasil’yev*,” the younger blond Kiselov I’d met the day before called out, his deep voice echoing in my marble entryway.

“Gregor,” Basil replied, walking fast until he was by the bigger man’s side. They were almost definitely cousins, but I still felt jealousy roll through me.

“Are you ready?” Gregor asked him, only sparing a glare for me.

“One moment,” I told them, going to my office for his phone and wallet. When I remembered what we did on my desk only the day before, I took a moment to breathe deeply before rejoining them. I handed the items to Gregor, not willing to risk my fingers brushing the boy’s. “You’re good to go.”

They left with an awkward wave from Gregor while Santo looked on. He asked if I needed anything, but what I needed had just walked out the door and out of my life.

I was back to where I’d started the summer. Alone.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

BASIL

LEAVING GEORGE HURT—AND not just in the metaphorical sense. Seeing him in only a towel, water dripping down his smooth back and furry chest, one slip away from bearing it all... I was aching in my cage.

Asking if I could come wasn't in the plan.

If I could even call it a plan. I panicked. George had locked me up and thrown away the key, and I didn't know what to do when he left me untethered.

Then, when the man I'd been calling Daddy for two days walked in looking like a Roman god, I only had one thing on my mind. George ruled my body, and I was turned the fuck on. I had to ask him for permission. But he said no.

“You wanted to be free of me, and now you are.”

The tears I'd fought back before threatened a return. I was free of him, and I only had myself to blame for being upset. I'd grown attached, despite George never giving an inkling he wanted more than what he agreed to with my boss.

Hell, we barely knew each other. I didn't know his favorite color or if he watched sports. The framed photo of two teens suggested children, but I didn't know how recent it was. He didn't know the first thing about me, either.

Except how to turn me on in ways I never imagined.

Squirring in my seat, feeling uncomfortable from the ache in my hole and an unstoppable boner after days of it being contained, I caught Gregor's attention. “You alright, cuz?”

Gregor had always been more American than the rest of us. He was born in San Francisco, his father the brother of our former Boss, Felix's father. Their sister was my mom, but they weren't close. Stefan had told me not to be like his son, who favored dance clubs and being flashy with his wealth. Still, he was always supportive and loving to Gregor. Gregor was more of an annoying big brother type, and not who I wanted to open up to.

"*Da*, why wouldn't I be?" I pulled the knee closest to him up and wrapped my arms around it. I had to hide the awkward erection and put on a brave face.

"Because the man you tried to kill held you captive for *days*," Gregor dragged the last word out for emphasis as he drove us over the Bay Bridge. "And you were messed up enough by Greco to call my dad to come pick you up."

Blin. I hadn't thought of a way to explain George's brand of torture that didn't sound like I had a three night stay as his personal rent boy. Oakland was a speck in the side mirror, disappearing when we turned towards the Treasure Island tunnel. I needed to forget my time there as easily.

"I'd rather not talk about it."

For once, Gregor let me drop the topic and the rest of our drive into the city was blessedly silent. When we got to his apartment, my cousin reached a hand out for my arm but stopped when I flinched. "I'm here if you need anything. Felix and Maksim want a debriefing at their place tomorrow."

Grunting in the affirmative, I made my way to the room I'd only spent a few weeks in. I put my phone on the charger, and when I saw how many notifications I missed, I put it in airplane mode. I didn't have any friends. And the only family I had had let George keep me.

Nothing could hold my attention, and I paced, finally taking a shower and throwing on jeans and a long sleeved shirt. I needed to move, not stay cooped up in another bedroom. Everything made me think of George, and I wanted out.

Brushing through the living area, I almost escaped unnoticed, but Gregor walked out and saw me. “Where are you going?”

“I need some air,” I unlocked the door and swung it open. “I will be back before dark.”

Gregor tried to say something, but I was already out of the door, taking the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. I was a few blocks away when I realized I forgot my phone and wallet. I wasn’t going back for them, though.

A walk was what landed me chained to a bed, but I avoided the Tenderloin with one destination in mind.

“Vasily, welcome back,” Conor greeted me in his lilting accent, a wide grin on his face.

“Hello, Conor,” I replied, taking a seat at the far end of the bar. “I’m ready for another glass of that whiskey I bought.”

“Delightful, coming right up.”

He rapped the bar top with his knuckles, and I brought me back to before. Before everything blew up. Before I lost my sense of self. Before George.

“How’ve ye been, mate?” Conor poured into the glass he’d placed before me, and I gestured for more. He stopped at two fingers and eyed me, “If yer wanting to get drunk and not taste it, I’ve got cheaper stuff.”

“I don’t have my wallet, and I’ve already paid for this,” I took the glass and slammed it back without hesitation.

The burn was like fire, tracing its way down my throat and into my stomach. I remembered the feeling of George releasing his own hot liquid inside of me, and I choked, coughing and feeling my eyes water.

“Are ye alright?” Connor came around the bar to pat my back. It was late afternoon, and no one else was there. “Are ye sure a drink is what ye need, Vasily?”

Part of me wanted to rage at Conor. I could drink what I’d already paid for as fast or slow as I liked, and it was none of

his damn business. But he was also as close to a stranger I could get, while feeling comfortable oversharing.

“I fucked up.”

“Ach, don’t we all sometimes?” Conor accepted my reply for the lifeline it was, going back behind the bar and getting a clean glass. He reached under the bar for a pre-tapped bottle of whiskey—Jameson, I noted—pouring me another two fingers and pushing it my way, “On the house.”

“Thanks,” I accepted without question, downing it as quickly as the first. I needed liquid courage to say any more, and the oblivion of getting drunk would mean falling asleep that night.

“What’s eating ye?”

Connor leaned his forearms on the bar, and I noted how veins popped out from the corded muscle. Connor was hot, and I definitely noticed it before. I just didn’t know why I noticed it until after. Would everything forever be before and after George?

Tapping my glass for a refill, I considered how to start. “I tried to...collect a new client for my boss. But I ended up being the one acquired.”

“Switching jobs?” Connor asked while he poured, unable to follow my convoluted explanation. “Or careers?”

“He had me almost ready to switch teams,” I tipped my third drink back and felt my body start to loosen, the tension leaving my shoulders as the liquor worked its magic. “But then I felt like he only wanted to use me, not keep me permanently.”

“No one likes to feel that way,” Connor nodded, as if he understood my predicament. “People want to be wanted, but they need to feel needed as well.”

Somehow, he got to the root of my problem. George wanted me, but once he’d had me, I wasn’t needed anymore. It made me feel dirty.

“*Da*, exactly,” I sat back, leaning my head back to stare aimlessly at the giant blackboard of random beers. “I lost all sense of who I was.”

Conor whistled, “Wild, mate. All that in the three days since I saw ye last?”

“The three longest, most uncomfortable days of my life.”

Also, the most exhilarating and life-changing. A big sigh gusted out of me and I bent over my arms on the bar. My head was spinning, but with less and less thoughts as the alcohol took hold.

“Well, good on ye for leaving the asshole who made you feel this way.”

Conor kept trying to engage me in conversation until I got the will to get up and say my goodbyes. “Thanks for the drinks, but I think I need to sleep this off.”

“No bother. Hope to see ye in a better mood next time.”

I knew I couldn’t stay fucked in the head forever, but I doubted my mood was going to improve anytime soon. I didn’t have to be happy to be Bratva, I just had to listen to Kot Felix and do as I was told.

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

GEORGE

THREE WEEKS after letting Vasily Kiselov walk out my front door, I was doing fine. Life went on without a blip. I was solid. Perfectly fine, in fact. Absolutely and completely... fine.

If I tore off all my bedding and broke a few plates that day, it was only because I was annoyed to lose my toy.

Josefina had asked if I wanted to talk when I came downstairs in sweatpants the day after, but I told her I was fine. While I'd canceled a few meetings about potential properties to invest in, I was still working out and eating, living my normal, healthy life. There was nothing to talk about.

The Kiselovs had given me three days to make sure Basil learned his lesson, and that was that. He no longer wanted to kill me, and I believed that, going forward, Basil would also question things that came from Ivanna. Though I was sure Felix had taken care of her access to the boy as well. I got one less day than expected with him, but I didn't think the boy would try something so stupid again. Mission complete.

My personal goal of getting Basil to see his own sexuality as normal and not something to be ashamed of was on its way. He'd asked me to let him come as he was leaving, so I'd made progress. Hopefully, he was exploring it more. Though the thought gave me stomach pains and a headache.

Basil had wanted to go, and I didn't control him. But I wanted to. Some part of me wanted to keep Basil beyond those

three days. I needed to think of that stolen time as a precious memory and nothing more. I could get out there and explore it more, too—I just didn't want to.

Maybe I got my exploration out of the way for a time. I'd been having a hookup every six months or so for almost two decades. I didn't need to change that pattern. In a few months, maybe a year, I'd check out X Club again.

You won't be so lucky next time. My nagging conscience reminded me of how well Basil and I fit together. Both from crime families, both new to sex with men, and he'd seemed to revel in the kinks I tried out with him.

Reality didn't always match expectations. We were perfect for each other for the brief moment when all our kinks had aligned, but not in the real world. I was too old for him, anyway.

Rolling over on the couch in my office, I realized I'd dozed off. Sleeping in my office because my bedroom reminded me of Basil was not a sign of depression; I just found it more convenient. It was *fine*.

"Papa," I heard my daughter's voice ring out, echoing down the hall and in through the cracked door. "Where are you?"

Sitting up, I tried to tame my bed head, but she and her brother found me before I could check if I had dried drool on my face. "Angie, Beppino? What are you doing here?"

Angie pushed into the room, annoyance clear on her face, while my son followed with concern as they took in my appearance. I couldn't remember the last time I'd worn a suit or left the house, but I *was* retired.

"Are you okay, Papa?" Beppino asked, sitting beside me on the dark leather couch.

Taking his hand, I offered a smile, "I'm fine—"

"No," Angie interrupted. "You have been saying you're fine for weeks and I don't want to hear that word again."

“Alright,” I shrugged and stood to stretch. “What brought on this impromptu visit?”

“We texted and called but you didn’t answer, we were worried,” my son leaned forward and bit his lower lip, reminding me far too much of the person I didn’t need to think about.

“I was napping,” I gestured to the couch and crossed my arms, leaning against my desk. Groaning at my sore muscles from the too short nap in a too small space, I grunted. “I’m old.”

Angie rolled her eyes and mirrored my stance, “You’re in sweatpants on a Friday afternoon, and Santo says you’ve been sleeping in here.”

“Oh, does he?” I raised a brow, planning to have a talk with my man Santo. “That’s none of his—or your—concern.”

“Papa?” Beppino stood, “You were fine when we had brunch, just distracted. What happened?”

Closing my eyes, I thought back to how they’d teased me for smiling and telling them I had plans. I wanted to see how many times I could make Basil come before he begged me to stop, and instead I’d found him hiding. And he was gone within the hour.

“I...”

Stopping the unformed lie I was trying to come up with, I rubbed at my eyes. How to explain that I took a young man home, minutes after meeting at a kink club, got us off, and then had him threaten my life. Followed by my holding him prisoner while I had my way with him. But he called his criminal family, who I used to be at odds with, to take him home early. And I was still fucked up over it almost a month later, because it was deeper than all of the other meaningless hookups I’d had over the years.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I wiped away a single tear. I hadn’t cried while deep in my denial, but I also hadn’t talked about Basil to anyone. Maybe it was time to vent a little. My children have always been so open with me, and I

wanted to be open with them. I looked to my son and he nodded in encouragement, opening the floodgates on my emotions.

“I met someone,” I sniffed, trying not to start crying in earnest.

“That’s wonderful,” Angie clapped, a smile brightening her face. “Can we meet them?”

Angie’s use of *them* instead of *her*, made my lip quirk and wiped away my furrowed brow. My children had accepted my change in sexuality without blinking. How to explain it wasn’t wonderful, though?

“It started off good, then we had a misunderstanding,” I summarized the night I met Basil and what came after. “I got him to come around, I thought.”

“What happened?” Beppino asked, catching my tone but not reacting at all to the person being a *him*. I’d raised them well.

“He rejected me,” I admitted, hating the truth in my words, “and asked to end it suddenly.”

“So, you’re not avoiding us, you’re just sad,” Angie stated as if it was good news.

“I’m not sad, I’m—” I cut myself off when she raised an eyebrow. “*Fine*, I’m sad. Are you happy now?”

“Of course not, Papa,” Beppino rushed to assure me, giving his sister a glare. “We only wanted to know what was going on?”

“Well, now you know.”

“What are you going to do about it?” Angie’s question caught me off guard.

“I’m taking it easy, but exercising a lot,” I turned away from the twins to grab a tissue for my nose. “Maybe in a few months I might put myself out there again.”

“That’s great, Papa, but I think Angie meant about this guy who got away,” Beppino came up behind me and put a hand

on my shoulder. “What are you going to do about him?”

“I did,” Angie confirmed. “So, he got spooked and ran away. Do you still want to see him? Because the Giorgio Greco I know wouldn’t give up so easily.”

“It’s not so easy,” I protested. I didn’t give up on anything I put my mind to, but they didn’t know the whole picture.

“Do you not know his number, or his full name to look the guy up?” Angie challenged.

“Of course, I know how to contact him,” I turned around to face her, trying to think of some palatable reason I couldn’t contact Basil. “He’s half my age.”

Beppino shrugged, “Like I haven’t dated a man your age?”

“I do not want to know that,” I closed my eyes and scrubbed the image from my mind.

“Did this guy say age was an issue?” He asked. “Or name any deal breakers you can’t change?”

“No,” I shook my head. Basil hadn’t given a reason, only that he wanted to go home. “Nothing like that.”

“Then what are you waiting for?” Angie smirked and eyed my clothes, “Except maybe a shower.”

“Brat,” Beppino teased his sister, “But I agree. Maybe a haircut too?”

I didn’t know what I’d do without my children, but I was ready to go see my boy.

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

BASIL

WITH A LITTLE DISTANCE from my captivity, and too much time to think, I was fucking miserable. Whether from the knowledge I was as queer and kinky as the Boss, or because I missed George, I couldn't know.

Probably both.

It reminded me of my time learning in the Orthodox Church as a child. I'd been led to the tree of knowledge and now I was cast out of the garden. In this case, I felt like Adam while George was the serpent, or maybe Eve, and the apple was knowing I liked dick.

They said knowledge was power, but I felt powerless. I liked the feeling, as much as I hated to admit it, when George held the key. Feeling powerless and alone was horrible.

Every time I had a few minutes where everything felt normal, the image of George's hands on my body would push me back into the sensation of that moment. The feeling of his dick docking with mine, or how it felt when he filled me with his cum, claiming my body as his. I floated in those moments, until reality crept back in and it all came crashing down.

Stefan had tried to visit and bring me pastries from the Russian market, but I wasn't eating much. Gregor told me I should see a therapist, admitting it had helped him. My upbringing said it was weak to whine about your problems to anyone, especially a shrink. When I realized I'd been staring at the same spreadsheet for over an hour without typing a thing, I wondered if I might actually consider his offer.

“Earth to Basil.” Gregor waved a hand in front of my face. I blinked up at him and looked around.

We were in the family-owned bar, and the others had been discussing marketing while I looked over the financials. They were solid, thanks in part to Gregor’s management, and I was supposed to contribute something... Right, budget.

“The money is there for a more concentrated marketing campaign,” I provided, rubbing at my tired eyes. I also hadn’t been sleeping well. “We could try integrating it.”

When no one replied, I looked around at them. Maksim was leaning against a table by Felix, who sat in a high-backed chair that reminded me of a throne. When had they gotten the seat from the VIP section? They narrowed their eyes at me, looking around at the others. Gregor and Stefan were there, as well as a few second cousins who were bouncers and bartenders at the club. They all blinked at me.

“What?”

“We moved on from marketing half an hour ago,” Stefan explained in Russian, though not unkindly. Almost everyone who worked there spoke Russian, and the ones who didn’t were non-family. “Are you alright, Vasil’yev?”

“*Da*, why?” I answered without letting myself think too hard about how I really was, or how I hated being called ‘son-of Vasily’ in Russian.

“You are not good,” Maksim stated, though he rarely spoke up.

Felix nodded beside him. “All non-family employees are dismissed.”

Even if they weren’t Bratva or related, everyone knew Felix was in charge. They all filtered out until only six of us remained, with a guard I didn’t know as well, Smirnov, going to see them out. He was even bigger than Maksim or Gregor, and had been sent to replace Igor. Which was probably why I’d never tried to get to know him.

Ivanna and Igor hadn’t messaged me, and my one attempt to tell her I was angry she had misled me was bounced back as

undeliverable. They were completely out of my life, and it was probably for the best. Felix snapped his fingers to grab my attention, and I focused back on them.

“I’ve been lenient with questions, but you need to tell us if Greco hurt you,” Felix insisted. “Our doctor cleared you, but perhaps mentally?”

George had hurt me, but I liked what he’d done. Felix and Maksim might understand, since I’d walked in on them sorting canes and whips and other BDSM things the week before, but I wasn’t ready to talk about what went down. Maybe not ever. And he hurt my feelings. But I shouldn’t have developed feelings in the first place.

“He hurt me,” I started, putting everyone in the room on edge. I rushed to clarify, “But I des—”

“Hey Kot,” Smirnov interrupted me with a deep Russian voice, reentering the room from the front entrance hall. “I have someone to talk to you.”

Giorgio Greco stepped out of the shadows behind him, and everyone stood up. He was looking as fierce and impeccable in his suit as when I’d met him, and my heart ached when he looked past me to Felix. Why were they all glaring and pointing their guns at him? Oh fuck, I’d just said he hurt me.

“Greco, what are you doing here?” Felix asked in English, hostility dripping from his voice. “We have no business. Unless you’re here to apologize?”

George scrunched his brow and finally glanced my way. “Apologize?”

Did he wonder if I’d told them everything? Or if I’d exaggerated and put him in danger? Neither were true. I hadn’t told them anything, especially not about my newfound sexuality. *Please don’t out me.*

“Vasily was just about to tell us how you really hurt him,” Stefan gritted out in his deep accent. He didn’t lower his gun when he continued, “How about you tell us so he doesn’t have to?”

George licked his lips and fixed his stare on me. I don't know what he found there, but he shook his head. "I did hurt him; physically and with my words. And I must have hurt him worse than I planned to. For that, I am sorry."

"Is that all you're sorry for?" Gregor asked, stepping forward so he was a little between George and I. "I think you fucked him up more than all that. You don't even feel bad about what you did?"

"No, it wasn't his fault," I tried to interject, but I could tell George wanted to say more. I shut my mouth and let him speak.

"I don't regret taking Basil home, or any of our time together."

George was firm in his response, not breaking eye contact with me. My whole body heated and a rushing sound filled my ears. What was he saying? He didn't want me, which he made very obvious the day I'd left when he unlocked my chastity and let me leave so easily. I hadn't been able to come since.

"What do you regret?" I asked, the croak in my voice giving away how close I was to breaking down.

A ghost of his smirk appeared on George's face, and I didn't know if what came next would break my heart or make it whole again. He stepped toward me and everyone refocused their guns on him. George ignored the threat, his eyes on me. I swallowed and nodded, letting him know I really wanted to know.

"I shouldn't have let you go, *mio ragazzo*."

Everything stopped as I took in his words. *Mio ragazzo*. My little boy, he'd said it meant. Not just any boy for a few days of fun, but *his*. And he didn't want me to leave when I'd called my family.

"But that morning," I started, forgetting everyone else in the room, "you told me to stay hidden and quiet?"

"That morning?" George blinked and rubbed at his bearded jaw. It looked like he hadn't shaved in a few weeks. Possibly

since I left. Had my leaving been as hard on him as it was on me?

Choking back a sob for him not even remembering, I admitted, “I was just getting out before being hidden away hurt too much.”

“Oh, no, *mio ragazzo*,” George stepped towards me again, reaching for my hand. Stefan moved to stop him, with Maksim flanking me from behind.

“Stop calling him that, whatever it means,” Gregor muttered.

“It’s fine, you guys,” I waved them off, and they lowered their weapons to point at the floor. “It’s not an insult. Can we have a minute?”

They grumbled and gave warnings in English to George and words of promise in Russian to me, but went to sit at the table. They could probably still hear every word we said, but it gave us some semblance of privacy.

We were only a couple feet apart, and I ached to touch him. I needed to hear if he had a valid reason for what happened. Turning back to George, I nodded for him to go on.

“That morning,” he started again, “I was about to wake you up for pancakes and coffee when Santo told me my children were there.”

“Your children?” I remembered the picture on his nightstand. If they were older than me, it would make things awkward, and if they were younger, I would get not introducing me. “How old are they?”

“They are twins, and they’re eighteen,” George smiled fondly. “I forgot we had brunch planned that morning and I was rushing to get back to Angelique and Giuseppe. I call them Angie and Beppino, though.”

And I understood, finally. He hadn’t been brushing me off as a secret side piece. He was protective. His twins were between children and my age, so doubly awkward.

“Well, I’m glad you don’t call your son *ragazzo*, at least.”

“That would be weird,” George chuckled at my dry humor, and I couldn’t help smiling along with him. The first time I’d smiled in three weeks.

“And they don’t call you Daddy?” I whispered, stepping forward until our toes touched.

“No, *mio ragazzo*, only you,” George promised. “If you still want me?”

My head spun. George wanted to be my Daddy. Did I want him to fill that role? I’d been pining and trying desperately to forget him. Three days together and three weeks apart should have been plenty of time to shake it off and move on. But I didn’t want to move on.

“What I want,” lifting my head until our faces were inches apart, I rested my hands on his chest and gripped his lapels. “Is for you to need me as hopelessly as I need you.”

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

GEORGE

BASIL'S WORDS SANK IN, and I smiled. "You don't have to worry, *ragazzo*. I was useless without you."

"Then what are you waiting for?" Basil smiled right back, mischief in his blue eyes as he went up on tip toe to reach my height. "Are you gonna kiss me, or what?"

"Yes, *amorino mio*, I think I need to," I slanted my lips against his, trying to convey the repressed feelings of missing him into my boy's mouth.

Hoping he felt how much I wanted him, I licked my way into his mouth and he sighed, melting into me. I wrapped my arms around him, wanting as much contact as I could get after weeks of deprivation from his touch. Basil made a needy sound in my mouth and I ate it up. He tucked his hands under my jacket and clawed at my back, as needy as I was, eventually making his way down to grab my ass.

"Get your man, Vasily!" Cheers and hollers rang out, interrupting our moment. I didn't look away from Basil, though. He was blushing and pressing his forehead under my chin.

"Do you prefer Vasily, like your family calls you?" I asked him, still in our little bubble.

"No," Basil shook his head and looked up at me. His eyes were open and earnest, like I was finally seeing the real Vasily Kiselov. "My father is Vasily. I prefer Basil. And I like being your *ragazzo*."

His sweet blush had me claiming his mouth all over again. I wanted to get him alone. “Alright, *mio ragazzo*.” Stepping back reluctantly, I held his hand. “Is this okay, with your family here?”

Basil considered my words and then turned to face them. “So, I’m gay. And I have a thing for the guy I tried to kill.”

Chuckling at his attempt to soften the announcement with humor, I decided to join in. Looking at Basil and speaking louder than necessary for the room to hear, I announced, “I have more than a thing for the boy who tried to kill me.”

“Wouldn’t have ever guessed you were gay, Greco,” Gregor said as if it were a compliment. “But that’s what I get for assuming.”

“I’m bi, actually,” I corrected, knowing it wouldn’t be the last time. “Or pansexual and demiromantic, according to my daughter.”

“Well shit,” Gregor rubbed the back of his neck. “There I go again. I’m an ass, and I’m bi too.”

“Is everyone queer except me?” Stefan mused, a befuddled smile on his face.

“*Da*,” they all chorused back.

Felix nodded, doing an exaggerated hand gesture. I finally noticed they were wearing a fitted black suit with a frilly blouse and red lips. It suited Felix well. “Super queer mafia.”

We laughed and there was a sense of camaraderie I’d never had before. Mafia life meant never knowing if someone would smile to your face then stab you in the back. Being a father was a power imbalance, where my children looked up to me. Being in a room of people who understood loving outside of societal norms, in addition to our family and religious pressure, was liberating.

“Mind if I steal Basil away?” I asked when there was a lull in conversation. I hadn’t let go of him, but there were things I couldn’t do around his cousins and uncle.

“Do you promise to bring him back without conditions?” Felix raised a brow, not waiting for my response before turning to Basil and asking, “Do you want to go with him, *dvoyurodnyy brat*?”

“*Cousin*,” Basil whispered to me, translating helpfully. I thought Felix was calling him a brat, and while I agreed Basil could be one, I wanted to be the only one to call him that. He looked up at me like I’d hung the moon. “Yeah, I want to go with you. And you can make all the conditions you want.”

He bit his lip as he finished, and I could tell *Daddy* was on the tip of his tongue. “Then let’s get out of here. We can stop by your place for an overnight bag, and I’ll make sure you get to where you need to go each day.”

“Are you moving him in before the first date?” Gregor teased. “I thought that was only lesbians.”

“And possessive Italians,” I replied, not looking at the man. “Get what you need. I want you alone within the hour.”

Basil went up on tip-toes to peck my cheek, speaking quietly so only I could hear, “Yes, Daddy.”

Letting him go to grab a laptop and backpack, I mourned the loss. But he returned to me in only a minute, and we said our goodbyes. He said something to Gregor I didn’t catch, and I asked him about it when we got to the car. I’d driven, so I opened the passenger door for him before hopping in and retaking his hand.

“I told him not to come home for at least an hour.”

“You’re roommates, right?” I asked, not sure where he was going with his statement.

“Yes, because I don’t want to wait the length of the Bay Bridge before you get me naked,” Basil told me in a flirty tone that made me dizzy as my blood rushed south. “And you probably wouldn’t approve of road head.”

“You’d be surprised,” I growled, pulling up the GPS so he could type in his address.

Since it was early evening on a weekday, it only took us ten minutes before we were entering an industrial size elevator in a newer condo building. Basil was on me the second the doors closed, pulling me down for a kiss as he ground the obvious erection he was sporting against my thigh. We broke apart when there was a *ding* followed by the clearing of a throat. A little old lady stood there with a tiny, white, fluff-ball of a dog, giving us the stink eye.

“This lift is going up,” Basil reached out to press the close door button. “Catch the next one.”

We laughed at her shocked expression, and it felt so good to laugh with the boy. I wanted to make him laugh every day. But also moan my name.

Stumbling out, still all hands and mouths, Basil typed in the door lock code between kisses to my neck. “My room’s to the right.”

By the time we made it there, we were both divested of shoes, belts, ties, and jackets, with his backpack tossed on a couch. I didn’t get an impression of Gregor’s condo, because I only had eyes for my boy.

He stripped off a sock and put it on the door before closing it. “I always wanted to do that after a college roommate did it almost nightly for a semester.”

“Well, I’m nothing if not a wish granter,” I bit at his lip, unbuttoning his shirt while he did the same to me. “What other things have you always wanted to do?”

“Make love,” Basil blurted, before his eyes widened and he turned away to cover his face.

Wrapping my arms around him from behind, I removed his hands and rocked him in my hold. “I think we can arrange that, *amorino mio*.”

“What does *amorino* mean?” Basil asked in a way that told me he had some guesses, but wanted me to say it. “You said it before at the bar?”

Kissing along his neck and I pulled his unbuttoned shirt off his shoulders, I spoke quietly in his ear, “My little love.”

Making my way along his jaw, I felt Basil smile, “You like that, don’t you?”

“No one has ever said they loved me before,” Basil admitted, his head bent. I just knew he was biting that sweet lower lip I wanted to suck on. “You’re not just saying that because of what I said, are you?”

His words were a convoluted jumble, but I got the gist. I turned him to face me. “No *ragazzo*, I’m not just saying it. My heart broke when you left my house, and I couldn’t go on without telling you how I felt.”

“How do you feel?” Basil broached tentatively, as if there was any question. “Like you want to get me naked and in bed?”

“Definitely want you naked on every surface, as often as I can get you,” I shrugged off my own shirt before pulling him against me so we were skin to skin. “I feel possessive, and protective. Turned on, physically and emotionally,” I kissed his cheek, then his neck, setting a path to his nipple and down to his stomach with each word, until I was on my knees. Tugging his pants down and tapping each leg until he stepped out, I looked up at my boy again. “But mostly, I feel like my life is empty without you. If that’s not love, then I don’t know what love is.”

“Oh,” Basil breathed out, staring down at me in awe. “Then I guess I’m in love with you too, Daddy.”

My heart beat faster in my chest, and I rose to kiss him. I hadn’t been in love for almost two decades, and a little piece of me would always love my late wife, but I was so damn happy Basil had walked into my life.

“Still want to make love?” I teased my fingers along the wristband of his briefs, wanting to see all of him, touch him everywhere.

“Are you asking, now?” Basil licked his lips and smirked at me, “Because the Daddy I fell for took what he wanted.”

A growl rumbled in my chest at his words as I tackled him to the bed, Basil’s breath gusted out of him in surprise before I

took his mouth in a claiming kiss. “You’re mine.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Basil leaned his head back to allow me better access to his neck where I sucked and bit, leaving my mark. “Only yours.”

CHAPTER THIRTY

BASIL

COMING out to my family as gay, and in a sort-of-relationship with the much older man who'd held me captive, was much easier than I expected. Embarrassing, but also freeing. And then he'd come out, too. He came out for me and even said he loved me in two different languages.

Saying it back felt natural. I was so gone for Giorgio Greco, but I was still coming to terms with the fact that he wanted me right back.

"You really want to date me?" I panted as George licked and sucked at my nipples. "Like, as boyfriends, exclusive?"

"I really want to keep you," George clarified. "I'm too old to be anyone's boyfriend."

Laughing, it cut off when I moaned as he stripped me of my last article of clothing. He stood to remove his own pants, no underwear in the way. His heavy dick bobbed in the air, and he gave it a stroke while he eyed my body on display. George wanted me, alright.

"No, you're Daddy. I'm the boyfriend."

"You're my boy," George's low tone matched the predatory look in his eyes as he climbed on the bed to straddle my face. "Say it."

"I'm your boy, Daddy."

"And I'm all in." He grinned down at me, and I realized he was making a double entendre as he held his dick toward my mouth. "Open up for me, *ragazzo*."

Doing as Daddy said, I opened wide and stuck my tongue out for him to slide right in. I'd missed the weight of his cock on my tongue, using me for his pleasure. He started slowly, easing in deeper and deeper while grunts and groans fell from his lips. I did that to him, and I felt a surge of pride.

Before we got to the choking and gagging I expected, George sat back, "I need to stop before I blow inside of you."

"Why?" I pouted, trying to lean up and get him back in my mouth. "I like you filling me up, Daddy."

George moved to the spot between my legs, lifting them up until I was folded in half, "Because I want to make love to you properly."

He dove into my crease, licking at my hole and teasing it with his tongue. I lost all train of thought as he loosened me, moaning and writhing under his tongue. The man knew how to eat ass, and I could almost come from that alone.

"It's too good. Need you inside. Please, Daddy?"

George came up for air, looking at me over my straining erection with a grin as he slid a finger inside. "Lube?"

"Don't have any, just fuck me," I begged. George added a second finger and raised an eyebrow. I keened before adding, "Americans are obsessed with lubricant. I want it to hurt a little."

George took me at my word and rose to his knees, his spit-slick cock catching the light from my window. "I'm happy to give you pain, *ragazzo*. But why don't you have any lube? Didn't you jack off?"

"Rarely," I admitted, trying to move my ass so it lined up with him better, "and even then, my hand was all I needed."

"Good to know," George finally pressed his head against my hole, leaning over me until we were breathing each other's air. "I love you, Basil."

Smiling, I pulled him in for a soft kiss, "I love you too, Daddy."

With those words on our lips, George pushed inside of me. He stayed there, half in and half out, while we both breathed.

“I’m good,” I told him, wanting more despite the burn.

“Yeah, but I need a minute. You feel so goddamn amazing,” George’s voice was strained, his arms shaking on either side of my head. I wrapped my legs around his hips and let him settle against me. His cock slipped all the way in, and we both moaned into one another’s mouths. “Fuck, Basil.”

“That’s the plan, Daddy,” I rocked as much as I could, and he finally started to thrust. “Yes, fill my hole, claim me.”

“Such a dirty mouth for someone who had never had dick before he met me,” George teased, giving me long, hard, deep thrusts. “I bet you were a virgin.”

“Yes, you corrupted me, Daddy,” I managed to get out before he targeted my prostate.

We rocked together, sweat and my dick the only thing between us, kissing and professing all our dirty plans for each other.

“I want you back in my chastity. Your orgasms belong to me,” George professed.

“Yes, Daddy. I haven’t come since I saw you,” I panted, wondering if I could get a hand between us to help myself along.

George grabbed both of my hands and pinned them over my head, “I’ll be the one changing that. I want to feel you come on my dick before I spill inside of you.”

He started moving faster, tagging my p-spot on every thrust, and it wasn’t long before my pent-up-for-weeks dick was exploding between us. The hot spurts seemed to be pulsing in time to my ass tightening around him. George’s thrust stuttered as he roared above me, his hot cum filling me up.

Oversensitive from my own orgasm, his continued thrusting had me begging, “Please, too much, I can’t—”

“You can and you will,” George grunted, rolling his hips lazily against me. “Daddy decides when you’re done, *ragazzo*.”

Something calmed inside of me, and I realized it was the headspace I had loved with George. A place where I didn’t have to make any decisions. Daddy would know how much I could take. He slowed his pace when I relaxed under him, letting aftershocks roll through me with each final thrust until he collapsed on top of me.

“Thank you, Daddy,” I kissed his nose where it rested beside me on the pillow. We were together, and it truly felt like we’d made love. “I love you.”

George blinked his eyes open and kissed me back on the cheek, “I love you. And when I regain my strength, I’m taking you home and we’re doing this again.”

“Why wait?” I wiggled where I felt him still hard inside of me. My ass was pleasantly sore, and I couldn’t get enough.

“Because we’re going to pack you up so I can have you in my bed again,” George kneeled up, letting his dick fall loose before shoving two fingers in my sloppy hole. I winced and he just smirked down at me, “Where I can plug you to ensure I’m always inside of you.”

“I like the sound of that,” I smiled back, letting him shove his seed back inside of me. “You do have a big bed. Was it lonely without me?”

George frowned and I worried I pushed too far. “I wouldn’t know. I couldn’t sleep there without you. Couldn’t sleep much at all.”

“Oh, Daddy,” I almost sobbed at the desolation in his voice. Ignoring how sitting up dislodged his fingers and made a mess under me, I wrapped my arms around his neck. “I couldn’t sleep much without you, either.”

“Do we have to?” George asked, going on when I tilted my head in confusion, “We could never sleep apart again, if you wanted.”

Grinning, I pushed him back and climbed on top to hold his face in my hands, “You promise? No take-backs, or whatever American children say?”

“Move in with me and never leave my side, *ragazzo? Te amo, amorino mio.*”

“Well, when you say it so sweetly...” I trailed off, and George pulled me down to stake claim on every inch of my mouth before we eventually came together again.

Daddy owned all of me, mind, body, and soul. And I had given every part of myself over to him willingly.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

Three Months Later

MAYBE IT WAS BEING OLDER and wiser, or not having the urgency of running a criminal enterprise, but I often had to stop and marvel at how happy I was.

Marrying Angelique when I was twenty-nine, I'd felt so old already. I had been in charge only a couple years, and romance was the last thing on my mind. She'd snuck up on me, loving me in bits and pieces until I hated the hours we spent apart. I got four years with her, from courtship to giving birth, and I hadn't been truly happy since.

My children brought me joy, once I was past the oh-my-god-I-have-to-raise-them-alone phase. I was in awe of their ability to take in knowledge like sponges, growing into full-fledged humans in the blink of an eye. Their wins became my wins, and I saved all my smiles for them.

At the beginning of summer, I thought I had lost that sense of daily happiness. The twins were off to college, and I wouldn't see them as often. My parents had long since passed away, and I had few real friends. Josefina and Santo were more like aunt and uncle to me—caring, and there if I needed anything, but they didn't need me.

With no one to focus my attention on, I was rudderless. Then came my boy.

Much like my late wife, his love snuck up on me. Basil went from exploratory hook-up to would-be assassin. I held him captive and took out my sexual frustrations on him.

Somewhere in there, the frustrations turned into fantasies, resentment to attachment. Now, I couldn't imagine being without him.

Life with Basil by my side was more than I could have hoped for.

Sharing my space after almost two decades of solitary living wasn't as hard as I'd imagined. Within weeks, I had the second walk-in closet opened and dusted for Basil to fill with his things. And he was so grateful, not just for my making space for him, but for every scrap of love and attention I gave him. The boy was touch-starved and had been largely mistreated for his whole life, though he never complained. His awe at simple acts of care told me everything.

Angie was happy for me, but still wary of my dating a man half my age. So long as she was polite and not hostile, that was all I asked. I knew she would come around, because I planned to have Basil in my life for the long haul.

My Beppino was accepting from the moment they met, and I'd taken to calling them '*the boys*' in my head. Mostly because Basil said it was weird when I said it out loud, but it was so much shorter than *mio ragazzo e Beppino*. They liked to go shopping together and I was pretty sure my son taught Basil how to better prepare for anal, something I decided not to ask about.

"Logic can be really hard until you think of it like a math equation," Basil was explaining to my children as we walked them out after dinner together.

Sunday nights had become a family affair, with my children and sometimes Basil's cousins stopping by, though only the twins plus Santo and Josefino had been there that evening. Basil was coming out of his shell little by little.

"Like a pythagorean's theorem?" Beppino asked, collecting his backpack from the entryway closet. Basil had helped them with studying, since they had finals coming up.

"*Da*, especially with Boolean logical operations," Basil continued while I hugged Angie and she side-eyed him,

pretending she wasn't listening for advice as well. "If a and b are true, and c is false, solve for d. The rest is just memorizing vocabulary."

"Sounds like a fallacy of oversimplification," Angie drawled sarcastically. I poked her in the middle of the back to be nice. She narrowed her eyes at me before looking back at Basil, "But thanks for the tips."

"No problem," Basil smiled, knowing she was the toughest nut to crack, but also longing for her approval. "Berkeley may do it differently than SFU, but I was the TA for my logic professor junior year. With so many tutoring sessions and papers to grade, I'm sure most of it stuck."

We all blinked at him for a moment before I sent my kids off with hugs and cheek kisses, the boys promising to go out for coffee together before the test. I closed the door behind them and eyed Basil.

"You've been helping them all semester and never mentioned you were a TA in Logic," I raised a brow, lowering my voice to a seductive growl. "What else are you hiding?"

Basil caught my tone and started back toward the stairs. "Nothing, Daddy," his tone was mock-innocent. "You know me inside and out."

"What a little liar." I stalked forward, matching him step for step, unable to keep the predatory smirk off my face. "You'd better run, *ragazzo*."

Basil took off like a bullet up the stairs, always a little faster than me. I liked to swim and punch a bag for exercise, but my boy was a runner. He rounded the top and disappeared, giggling as he pushed the door to our room open. I caught sight of one bare foot disappearing into his closet and decided to change course. I would pin him down and fuck him later, after our night out. Also, I liked making him wait. I chuckled to myself as I entered my own closet.

He had more clothes than me, so I'd turned one section of my side into the kink cabinet. I pulled out what I needed and laid them on the open shelf.

“Get dressed in the clothes I laid out for you, *amorino*,” I called out to him. There was a thin wall between the two spaces, and both doors were open so I could hear him gasp at what I’d picked.

“Yes, Daddy,” Basil replied, a little breathless.

Switching from a pullover sweater and jeans to a dark suit and crisp button up, I secured my cufflinks before emerging. The sight in front of me had me drawing in a quick breath. He looked even better than I imagined.

Basil was kneeling on the bed and biting his lower lip, the collar we used for scenes on the blanket between his legs, but that wasn’t what had me speechless. His caged dick was under a thin layer of black lingerie with the fabric stretched over the metal that peeked through and caught the light. The lacy jock was strappy and attached to a criss-crossing pattern that wrapped around his thighs, hips, and stomach, going around his nipples and revealing more skin than it covered.

“Do you like it, Daddy?” Basil asked, insecurity in his tone letting me know I’d been silent too long.

“I love it, *mio ragazzo*.” I crossed the few steps toward him until I could kiss his lips. “You’re stunning.”

“It was a bitch to put on,” Basil complained, then caught my raised brow. “I mean, thank you for the outfit, Daddy.”

“Better.” I kissed his cheek and lifted the collar to put it in place. Basil had recently shared an errant thought about how hot a masculine *Instagrammer* was in lingerie. I saw it as a fantasy to fulfill and had started researching that day. “I wanted something special for tonight.”

We finished getting ready, with Basil only allowed to wear a jacket and sandals. I liked him in as little clothing as possible, and the club was no exception. The lingerie that allowed access to his holes was new, but so very sexy. I made a note to order more in different colors.

X Club was letting me have a private party, with only friends and club leaders invited. The X Club owners, Q, A, Shepherd, and Ash, along with their partners, had been happy

to join and help me set the night up. We'd gotten closer to them after Basil grew more comfortable being there at the same time as Felix and Maksim. We had an agreement not to fuck our partners in front of one another, for the sake of being able to do a scene without worrying Basil's cousin slash boss was watching, and vice versa. Tonight was an exception.

"Kneel, *ragazzo*," I commanded, standing center stage with an audience of about a dozen people around us. "Do you accept my day collar, and promise never to remove it without permission?"

"Yes, Daddy," Basil smiled up at me beatifically, nothing but love and joy in his gaze. "I love you so much."

"I love you, too, *mio ragazzo*."

Bending with the platinum chain, I secured it below the play collar and put the sapphire encrusted lock in place. To anyone else not in the know, he had a pretty piece of jewelry that straddled the line of what society called feminine and masculine. I hadn't let Basil see it, though he'd caught me looking them up and let me know what he liked. He hated diamonds and yellow gold, and I'd wanted blue stones to match his eyes.

We kissed until I could tell he was on edge. I pulled a leash out of one pocket to clip onto his leather collar, leading him on hands and knees to the spanking bench. "Face up," I instructed, watching him follow my orders before strapping him down.

When he was secure, I fondled my boy all over, teasing him until he was panting and squirming. "Please, Daddy?"

"My perfect boy, what do you need, *amorino*?" I leaned over him, kissing from his jaw to his nipple, lingering there. "Kisses?"

"No, please," Basil panted, arching off the hard, leather surface when I sucked one pink bud into my mouth before letting it go with a pop. "Hurt me. Mark me. Make me yours, Daddy."

“Anything for you,” I cooed, reaching for the bag I’d left beside the bench. I got out my elk-hide flogger to warm him up, my Wartenberg wheel to rub it in, and then my favorite cane to make my marks last.

By the time I was done, Basil wouldn’t be able to sit or wear pants for at least a week without remembering who he belonged to. It was what we both wanted, and I was looking forward to babying him. I laid into his flesh, focusing on his chest and upper thighs before turning him to have a go at Basil’s upper back and ass, having made sure the lingerie left those bare. As he whimpered until he fell into subspace, moaning and crying at once, I imagined how I’d feel bathing him gently before rubbing lotion into his skin at home, mixing care with a bit more pain.

“Such a good boy, for me,” I cooed in his ear as I removed the restraints. Basil had a dreamy smile on his face, completely at odds with his reddened flesh, blood drops raised in a few places. “Can you walk?”

“No, Daddy,” Basil managed, and I lifted him in my arms.

I’d already arranged with Q and A’s sub, Cielo, that they would clean up so I could focus on my boy. He stayed leashed and on my lap as I socialized with Felix and the others, talking about how good it felt to claim the boy as my own.

The full claim would come at home. Our home. And I would never stop claiming my would-be enemy as my own.

EPILOGUE

Three and a half years later

“WELCOME to the Berkeley graduation of twenty-twenty-eight,” a burly co-ed greeted, handing me a program with the same words emblazoned in the school colors. Blue and yellow Cal banners were waving along with balloons around the stadium. It had to be as big as my graduation, if not bigger.

“Josefina and Santo are in section three-A,” George put his hand on my back and steered me toward the blue sign with a yellow A on it. “They certainly have a lot of school pride.”

“It’s almost more than at Pino’s track meets,” I agreed. We made our way to the seats Santo was fiercely guarding for us and gave them both hugs. We had a side view of the stage, where we could see them walk off with their diplomas. “Ready to watch them walk the stage?”

So proud of George’s children, I felt like a step-parent to them on days like this. But I was more a friend to Pino, as I called him, than parental. He and I had become fast friends, both navigating being queer and introverted in the very accepting Bay Area, but also from strict religious and family upbringings. I was also proud of George for raising such amazing, centered children. He was a good dad as well as Daddy.

Fidgeting with my hands, George placed his over them to still my movements. “Stop tugging at your ring finger, *ragazzo*.”

“But it already feels too naked,” I whispered, looking up at him through my lashes.

He wasn't budging. “Not yet, *amorino*.”

“Boo.” The ring he'd put on me the night before was burning a hole in my pocket. “Then you shouldn't have given it to me the night before their graduation.”

“We don't need to overshadow their day. And I thought I'd taught you some patience.” Daddy leaned in close, his lips brushing my earlobe. “But I'd be happy to strap you up again and not let you finish. You can go a few days without coming after last night. It might teach you more about how to wait.”

Biting my tongue, I shook my head. I needed another release after his proposal left me wrung out.

Putting the ring on me while I was strapped to a St. Andrew's cross, having my cock and balls tortured until he made me cum so hard I blacked out, wasn't really a proposal. I'd woken up in bed when he tucked me in, and we kissed until my lips were swollen. He told me I had to put it away this morning, and that my sore dick in his cage and my day collar would have to suffice as his claims on me. Somehow, they didn't.

A ring was a sign to the world that I was taken. His.

An engagement was happy news, and I was anxious to get the announcement over with, especially with Angie. She'd been the toughest to get close to. Angie had come around, though, and we'd bonded over our fierce protectiveness of George and Pino. She finally trusted me with her father's heart, and I cherished the respect we had for each other.

“Look, the twins are seated together,” Josefina pointed out, though it took a minute to find them in the sea of faces in matching caps and gowns. They had similar features to their father, so I eventually saw them a few rows back near an aisle.

Both were graduating with honors in Law, though with different minors. I had been fielding a lot of tears as they were about to live apart for the first time. Angie was going abroad

for her Master's work in Law & Diplomacy. Pino wanted to stay in the Bay with his new boyfriend, and was doing a dual Master's of Energy & Resources as well as studying Law for a Juris Doctorate.

They wanted to change the world in different ways.

Bryan, Pino's boyfriend, texted that he found seats with their friends on the opposite side of the stadium. They would be joining us at the house later. We were throwing a graduation party, though Angie insisted it was also her going away party, since she didn't want a separate one just for her. They were the only twins I had ever met who wanted joint birthday parties, or nothing at all. She loved her brother more than anything in the world.

"I brought tissues," I told Josefina, who had already started crying silently, soaking Santo's handkerchief.

Without asking, I handed one to each of the men as well. Big, strong, Italian men tended to get weepy when you least expected it. I was starting to need one myself, thinking about how much I loved George and his children. Our nerves settled through the long speeches by famous alumni and admin of the university. One thing about people who graduated from Berkeley, they loved to talk about it ad nauseam. At least it was cooler than my last graduation.

Finally, they got through the speeches and a couple other majors, and it was time for the twins. Angie was up first, and we cheered loudly as she walked the stage.

"Angelique Josefina Greco, Highest Distinction," the dean announced, and we caught sight of her head turning instead of continuing to walk. *It must be to wait for her brother*, I thought. "Giuseppe Giorgio Greco, Highest Distinction."

Our whoops and cheers rang out, along with others around the stadium. They were Summa cum laude, like me, though Berkeley didn't use the Latin. Sill, I couldn't help smiling, remembering how Gregor had yelled out at my own graduation.

The siblings left the stage, walking down the ramp hand in hand. Even though they would be a world apart for the foreseeable future, I knew they would stay close forever.

We waited through the whole thing, drying our tears over the hours-long wait, so we could congratulate the twins after they did their cap toss. Angie had bought them an extra cap and tassel so they could keep a set, which I'd never even considered. Going back to college wasn't for me. I'd done my graduate degree because I didn't know what I wanted in life. Now that I was working for Felix and helping George with financials, I had more than enough on my plate.

Santo and Josefina had left to get the house and food ready for guests, but they left bouquets to give to the twins. They were still living in the guest house, but doing a lot less around the manor as their age caught up with them. I'd settled into a domestic servitude role that suited my need to please Daddy, and Josefina had been teaching me her recipes. It was more than I could have ever dreamed of.

We found the kids in the mob with texts, and after a teary George congratulated them in person, we left for the house. They would be coming later with their friends. Stefan and Gregor were already there when we arrived, and I was surprised to meet Gregor's partner.

"This is Finnley, and they use their pronouns," Gregor stated with a fierce protectiveness.

As much as I wanted to giggle at his delivery and ask if he used his pronouns, I held back. Gregor had always been a jokester who I thought was bullying me, but I'd come to see how much he cared for those he loved. And I was one of those people. He'd become like an uncle to the twins, and I was glad to see him.

"Nice to meet you, Finnley." George and I shook their hand and sent them to the dining room, before I excused myself to the powder room. "I'll be right back."

George gave my ass a playful smack, "Better be, *amorino mio*. We're about to be swarming with people your age."

Pecking his cheek, I closed myself in before he could try to follow. Daddy had a thing for watching when I was in chastity.

Once I'd flushed the toilet and washed my hands, I paused after unlocking the door. Reaching into my suit pants, I found the platinum band I'd hidden away. George watched me put it back in the box and into my nightstand after our shower, but I snuck it out when he was picking a tie. I needed it on me like I craved his cage that controlled my orgasms.

Slipping it back on, I turned and held it up to the light. The sentimental old man got it to match my day collar and my eyes. A thick row of sapphires went across the top, almost obscuring the metal ring. The engraving inside was what made me want to keep it close.

MIO, da amare per sempre.

MINE, to love forever.

"I just have to go after the never-ending—" Angie's voice cut into my wistful thoughts and I froze, hand still hanging in the air over the sink. "Basil, what are you doing?"

"I, um," I tried to drop my left hand. Maybe she hadn't noticed? "Going pee, why?"

"No." She narrowed her eyes the same way her father did when he planned to get what he wanted. "What was that?"

Well, *blin*. "Nothing."

Angie grabbed for my hand, and she was surprisingly strong for someone who hadn't done any sports in college. The space was small, only a half bath, and the dark wallpaper made it feel even smaller. I didn't want to hurt her, and she eventually got my hand out of my pocket.

"Oh my God! That's an engagement ring," Angie squealed and dropped my hand, jumping in place and blocking me from the exit. "We have to tell Pino. Wait, why didn't you guys tell us?"

"Well," I bit my lip and sighed. "It just happened last night. George wanted us to wait until after your big day."

“Nope. No. *Het*,” she repeated in Russian. It was her language of choice in college after Mandarin, and, at the time, I’d thought it was sweet. “This just became a Graduation-Going Away-Engagement Party.”

“We’re going to need a bigger banner,” I muttered. Following it up under my breath as she turned to leave the room, “And my ass is going to be so sore tomorrow.”

Felix was in the entryway beside Maksim, handing a thick envelope to Pino. It likely contained a lot of hundred-dollar bills. “Don’t spend it all in one place, Djuzepe. Or do. *Pozdravleniya*,” He congratulated Pino in Russian. “Ah, and I have one for you as well, Anzhelika.”

“*Spasibo*.” Angie giggled at his insistence on using Russian pronunciations of their name. The two had grown closer than anyone expected, and I think it had to do with their similar personalities. “But we all need to gather in one place. Basil and Papa have news.”

She rushed us into the wood-paneled dining room, where I’d decorated with Cal colors and Josefina had laid out a buffet. I stepped up to George and let him embrace me.

“Sorry, Daddy, the cat is out of the bag,” I told him quietly, holding up my hand to show him the ring. He gave me the same narrow-eyed look as his daughter only minutes before. I was for sure getting spanked. And probably a few days of orgasm denial.

“Did you do this on purpose, *ragazzo*?”

Before I could reply, Angie clapped her hands together. “Go on, Papa.”

George couldn’t deny his daughter anything. “Basil and I are to be married.”

There was a moment of silence, and I flashed back to the fear of accepting my attraction to men, of coming out to my family. But I needn’t have worried. These people were my family. By blood and by choice. They accepted and loved me, just like I did them.

“Congratulations! *Pozdravleniya!* When is the wedding? How did he propose?” Felicitations and questions rang out around us. I was not fielding that last one.

We were engulfed in hugs but I held onto George’s left hand, where one day soon there would be a matching ring to mine. Finally, I’d have my mark on him.

“I love you, Daddy,” I whispered in George’s ear, everyone having moved on to the food. I used to be a man with no love in my life, and my big mistake led to more love than I knew how to comprehend. “And I can’t wait to take your name.”

“Everything I have is yours, *mio amorino*. Take whatever you want.”

AUTHOR NOTE

Thank you for reading about these two falling in love! I hope you'll check out the rest of the Ruthless Daddies series from a group of amazing authors, as well as my other books!

If there were terms you don't know, check the [*Index of Terms on my website: rafrickauthor.blog*](#)



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Obsessed - Morticia Knight

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MORE R.A. FRICK

R.A. Frick loves reading and writing so much, they teach it as a career. They have been writing for decades, have multiple pen names, and have lived all over Northern California. R.A. started telling stories to make friends as a child and never stopped. Their favorite things are romance novels, cuddling with their corgi, champagne with strawberries, and dark chocolate, preferably all at the same time. When not writing, teaching, reading, or raising two gremlins, R.A. can be found visiting friends in San Francisco or trying (butt failing) to get a tan on the lake.

If you enjoyed this book, I hope you will consider leaving a review and all the stars on and Goodreads! Reviews help other readers find books, and help the other know what you liked. You can follow R.A. Frick in all the places!



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