# TROSTING COLOMBINATIONS

RS McKenzie

# **Trusting Quin**

# RS McKenzie

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# **Trigger and content warnings**

This book contains Daddy/boy dynamics, panic attacks, sex work, references to sex trafficking, graphic violence, on page murder, off page murder, murder boyfriends, spankings, inappropriate humor, and strong sexual content.

Please remember this is a work of fiction. Some content may seem a little over the top and implausible. I took many creative liberties with this book, so suspend your disbelief and enjoy the wild ride with Quin and Red.

## **CHapter one**

#### Red

S HOVING MY KEY IN my apartment door, I open it with a feeling of despair. I try to tell myself that I didn't want that job at the diner, anyway. The smell of grease and fried food gets into my clothes and lingers for weeks. But I was counting on the tips to pay my electric bill. I'm sixty dollars short and those tips would have been the difference between a hot shower and reading by candlelight.

Flopping on my couch, I think about the evening and where it went wrong. It wasn't my fault I tripped over a bag that was in the middle of the fucking floor and fell with a tray full of orders. Okay, it's my fault that I cursed the man out and almost beat his ass for getting in my face, but Gary should have seen that I was in the right before that.

Gary, the uptight manager who thought he ran a five-star restaurant and not a shitty dive bar, comped the guy's meal—which I think was a kiss-ass thing to do since it was his fault in the first place—and told me to get my shit and go. Real fucking nice way to stand up for his employees.

I only made about fifteen dollars in tips for the three hours I was there, and that's not nearly enough to make the payment. At least my rent isn't due and I have somewhere to lay my head—the only silver lining about not having a job right now.

Being out of a job when I need it the most is not high on my priority list. It's actually pretty fucking low. Grabbing my phone, I pull up the contacts for my best friend and free therapist, Cara, hoping she can make me feel better about the shitty turn of events. If there's one thing Cara can do, it's help me put everything in perspective and make me feel like I can tackle the world. She's good like that.

Her phone only rings once before she's crooning beautifully in my ear. "Hey, babe! I was just thinking about you. What's wrong?"

She's eerie when she does that. Sometimes when shit goes down in my life, Cara will call and ask what's wrong. Even if we talk almost every day, she knows when I'm having a shitty time of it.

Sighing, I tuck my knee under me and flop my head back on the sofa. "Lost my job today."

"Aww babe." I hear rustling over on her end of the phone before she says more. "What happened? Were you late or ..." she cuts herself off, then curses. "Someone started shit, didn't they?"

Fucking. Scary. "Yeah. Some douche had his bag in the middle of the aisle and I dropped an order for a six top. Food fucking spilled everywhere and when I said something about

it, he tried to get in my face. It wasn't pretty." I cringe, thinking about how I acted today. I wasn't in the wrong, but I didn't have to try to attack the guy because he was an ass.

Cara spews a few swear words, then says, "You need money? I can help you with rent or with—"

I cut her off with a groan. "No. I can't take money from you and you know it. We've been down this road." Cara has been trying to get me to move away from the crappy apartment I live in and into her neighborhood, saying she'll pay my rent until I get on my feet, but she knows I hate handouts. Something that's really fucking backwards, because if I get desperate enough and if it's easy, I will lift a wallet in a heartbeat.

I'm a really smart guy, apparently.

"I know, Red." She sighs and gets quiet for a beat, and I'm about to let her go so I can wallow when she gasps. "You can work for it!"

"Uh, I don't think Gary will let me back to work after he just fired me. Not like I'm the best server he's ever met."

She giggles, and I hear more shuffling in the background. "No, you can work for me tonight. You're the only person I know that's a boy for real, not someone doing it just for pay. You can take this client I just got a request from. He's looking for a boy that's a natural. No fake shit."

Barking a laugh, I shake my head. "His request said, 'no fake shit'?"

"Of course not," Cara says. "He said, and I quote, 'No one that is playing at a kink. I can tell.' Basically 'no fake shit' in more words."

Even though it's not much to go on, I'm intrigued. Cara runs a very lucrative escort service, employing someone for any kink there is, as long as everyone involved is of legal, consenting age and no animals are involved. Her website is advertised for modeling services, but everyone knows what she offers. She's the best—making sure her models are safe and well cared for, paying them well, and giving clients what they ask for. I've worked with her a few times before.

"Send me his photo and I'll tell you if I want to do it or not." This is why Cara won't put me on her roster. I am shallow. She knows it, I know it. No amount of money will have me sleeping with someone I'm not attracted to. Attraction varies for me. I don't have a type, but they have to have kind eyes. If I don't think their eyes are kind or feel something gentle in their expressions—even if they're scowling—I will turn down the job. Cara's models have to be ready to do whatever the client asks of them, no matter if they're attracted to them or not.

"Already sent, babe."

Pulling my phone from my ear, the screen illuminates and I see a text from Cara. I suck in a dramatic breath when I open the message and see the handsome man staring back at me. It's a simple face pic, probably taken in a hurry for Cara's records. No smile, no expression, but fuck, he is gorgeous. His dark

eyes are serious, but they aren't unkind. His dark brown skin is flawless, a nice goatee framing the most succulent pair of lips I've ever seen. He has long dreadlocks that are lightened at the ends, brushing his chest delicately.

In short, I'm looking at a god and I would be an idiot to turn down being his boy for the night.

"Yes, yes, and fuck yes! Set this up, please." I wonder why he needs a service to find a boy. "Fuck, he's ... fuck."

"I know, right? If my men didn't make me very, very happy, I would have taken him up on the offer myself."

"He asked for a boy, Cara," I tell her unnecessarily.

"I know," she says with a sigh. "A girl can dream. He says he's only in town for the night, so I'll have to let him know soon if you want to take the job. No one else will do, since no one else is in the life like you."

Cara has known me since I was in college and she tried to recruit me when she came into one of the many diners I worked at. Although I didn't take her up on the job offer, we formed a quick bond and over time, I confided in her what I was looking for. She knows I've wanted a Daddy for years, only getting lucky once. It was a college professor, and we had a good thing going for about five months until I graduated. I think the taboo nature of our relationship got him off more than the relationship did, so when I was no longer a student, he ended things. At least we ended on good terms. I would have hated for our relationship to have been marred by a shitty break up.

It's five fifty now, so I ask Cara, "When does he want me to be there?"

"Eight. When you get there, you can discuss what you want to do and how long he wants you. He's already paid the flat rate for the night. And for you, I'll only take five percent."

"Nope. You'll take the fifteen and you'll fuck off with your charity. I'm working for it. Don't give me special treatment because I got fired, Cara."

She groans. "You're a pain in my ass. Fine, fifteen percent. And as usual, any tip he leaves is yours."

"Yes, ma'am. Any special requests from this handsome Daddy?"

"Not that he added yet. If there are, I'll contact you before you head out. Have fun and be safe, babe. If you feel weird about anything going on—"

"I know, call Brad. Got it." Brad is one of the bodyguards Cara has on staff for her models. He, along with two other guys—Keith and Jax—usually go with the newbies for their first few jobs to make sure they're comfortable. There is also at least one of them on call, so to speak, in case they're needed. They're good guys that take their jobs seriously. I like them. They're also Cara's lovers, so they're extra invested in making sure her business runs smoothly.

We bid each other goodbye, and I hurry to my room to get ready for my date.

When I'm washed, shaved and fed, I pack my bag. My phone pings just as I tuck my last item inside. I see it's an incoming text from Cara.

## Cara: Wear pretty panties.:)

I laugh, thankful that I have what I need in my bag. When I take a job, I always go in street clothes and dress for the client in their room. It builds suspense and excitement. Also, so I won't get shitty looks from hotel guests and give away I'm a hired companion.

I text her back a thumbs up and she sends me the address to the hotel. Well fuck, it's one of the most expensive hotels in the city. I've only been once, and that was to take my grandfather to brunch for his birthday when I saved a few paychecks to splurge on us. So this guy has money. Hopefully, he leaves me with a generous tip.

At eight on the dot, I'm knocking on the hotel room door, the jitters almost getting the best of me. I stopped smoking and drinking when my hours got cut and I couldn't afford it anymore, so I have nothing to take the edge off. This will be

my first job where I'm one hundred percent sober and I'm nervous as fuck.

The door opens and I forget how to breathe when I see the fine ass man standing across from me. His photo did not do him justice. Along with his kind eyes, he has a lovely smile that's aimed at me. His locs are pulled back from his face, giving me a clear shot of his chiseled jaw and slightly crooked nose that looks like it may have been broken a time or two. I'm a sucker for a man with a nice nose. He has on a pair of dress pants that hug his thighs and his dress shirt is unbuttoned to show the top of his pecs and ribbed undershirt. I have to wipe my mouth to make sure I'm not drooling.

He steps back and I walk in, turning to him when he shuts us in. "Hey. I'm Malcom. If you want to get changed, the bathroom is through there." He points to a room and I nod my thanks and hustle inside, shutting myself in. My back against the door, I take a few steadying breaths before I reach into my bag.

### **CHAPTER TWO**

#### Quin

Looks LIKE THE SERVICE I hired knows what they're doing. The man they sent over is fucking stunning. Not small like the men I usually go for or as thin, but I feel the immediate attraction. He's probably five ten—tall, but still short compared to my six three. Taller than what I'm used to. My date's slender, but muscular frame is also a revelation. His shoulders are wide and what little of his arms shows veins snaking through his toned arms. His big, green eyes are enchanting, so innocent but sultry at the same time. The blond waves of his hair are pushed back from his face, but not with gel or product—like he ran his hand through it over and over. His pouty pink lips are quirked up into an open but flirty grin, drawing my eyes to them immediately.

After noticing he had on street clothes and a bag slung over his shoulder, I figured he'd want to get changed into ... whatever it is he wears to these kind of dates. Chuckling to myself, I walk over to the bar and fix us a drink. *Date*. That's a pleasant way to put it, even though we both know what it is. I

wouldn't mind taking him on an *actual* date, getting to know him before we come back here and I spank his ass red. It's been years since I've been on one.

When I booked with this escort service, I asked for a boy, letting the madam know I would be aware if he wasn't, but I wouldn't have faulted her if she couldn't find anyone. It's not like boys line up to work for an escort service, hoping to run into a Daddy. We'll see how this man works out.

Taking my drink to the couch, I have a seat and wait for my boy for the evening to come out and join me before we get started. I dim the lights with the remote from the table, sit back and sip my drink, eager to see what he changed into.

Shortly after I put my drink back on the table, the door opens and I see him framing the door, wearing a sexy corset and pretty ruffle panties. My mouth goes dry and I sit up a bit straighter. He looks fucking amazing. The tone and definition of his strong arms and legs that are dusted with dark blond hair isn't something I'm used to—I tend to go for boys that are dainty and groom themselves within an inch of their lives—but I can't look away from him.

Head down in a demure way, he makes his way over to me, a faint blush on his cheeks. He licks his plump lips nervously, then meets my eyes when he sits on the table in front of me, sliding my drink out of the way. "Long day, Daddy?"

Just those few words has my dick growing in my pants. Yes, this boy definitely has experience. The worried expression, the soft question, the wide eyes that say he really wants to know the answer so he can help me is enough to make me want to rip those pretty panties off and bury my face between his cheeks.

Smirking, I undo the buttons on my cuffs and roll my sleeves up to my elbows. "No, not really. Thanks for asking, boy. What's your name?" I ask, loving how he meets my eyes with shy vulnerability.

He stands and I watch him make his way over to the bar, grabbing his drink. The way his ass hangs from the bottom of those panties has me groaning to myself, wanting to see those cheeks red and his ass bouncing on my dick. "Red," he answers, then takes a sip of his drink without facing me.

"That your real name?" I walk over to him, standing just behind him but not touching him just yet.

"No, Daddy. But I'd rather keep that to myself." That makes two of us. I would love to tell him my real name is Quin, but that wouldn't do either of us any good. Besides, I won't see him again after tonight.

Chuckling, I press against him, feeling his warmth through my clothes. "I don't like secrets. Boys that keep secrets gets spankings."

Red lets out a breathy laugh, downs his drink, then turns around to face me. Pressing his body to mine, he kicks up his chin and says, "My last Daddy called me Red because of how fast my ass would turn red when he spanked me." He places one hand on my chest and the other travels down to my hard

dick. In a low voice, he adds, "And my last Daddy always had to spank me."

I haul him to my body, watching his eyes flare then darken with lust. "What are your limits?"

"No water sports." I snort and nod, making him smile. "No humiliation. Nothing more painful than spanking with a belt. I don't want to be afraid."

"What can I do to you?" He gives me a puzzled look, so I run down a list of things I want to do. "Can I touch you?" Red nods. "Kiss you?" Another nod. "Finger you?" This nod is accompanied by a whimper. "Fuck you like I want to fuck you."

"Yes, please," Red purrs, soft and sweet.

"Anything you want out of tonight?" This is my date, but I want to make him feel good, too. He's giving me his time and his body. I want him to enjoy tonight.

"Whatever you want, Daddy."

"And if I want to spank you right now? Even though you didn't earn a punishment?"

Red snickers, low and full of mischief. "Oh, but I did, Daddy. I won't tell you my name, remember? I'm keeping secrets. Your boy shouldn't have any secrets."

Turning him around, I bend him over the bar and watch his ass jut out at a delicious angle. Running my hand over his body, I love how the stiff material of his corset feels under my fingers. "This is nice," I whisper, the intricate ribbon on the

back keeping my attention, wondering what it would be like to fuck him with it on. I want to kiss his body too much to explore that, which is a shame since I won't be seeing him again after tonight.

"I wore it for you, Daddy," he responds breathily. Goddamn. I wish this could be for more than one night. Just thinking about fucking him while he wears a corset has my dick hard, cockhead tingling with arousal.

"That's sweet of you, baby boy. I love it." I feel him shudder against me. Leaning forward, I trail kisses down his neck until I get to the top of the corset. I mouth the area before I start to undo the ribbon, loving how good his skin tastes.

It takes no time to get the ribbon untied and I work the rigid but supple material down his body until I'm kneeling behind him. After he steps out of it, Red spreads his legs slightly, pushing his ass back. I kiss the exposed parts of his cheeks, hearing a sharp inhale above me. "I love these," I tell him, rubbing his pretty panties, "but I want them around your ankles."

"Yes, Daddy," Red murmurs, easing them down his legs, bending his ass closer to my face.

Leaning forward, I bite softly into his exposed flesh and Red makes the most beautiful sound I've ever heard. "Again," I growl, biting with more pressure. He makes that sound again and I'm fucking hooked.

All over his exposed ass, I nip at him, leaving my marks on his creamy skin. Red takes it beautifully, body shaking with the effort to keep still.

"Safe words?" I ask against his skin.

"Yellow for slow down," Red stops to moan as I suck on his delicate skin. "Fuck, Daddy. Umm ... Green means good. Orange is stop."

I chuckle against his cheeks. "Orange?"

"My name is Red, Daddy. Might get confusing."

"Understood." I stop kissing and biting at him, sliding a finger into his crease and putting pressure on his hole. "What are we now, sweet boy?"

"We're so fucking green, Daddy."

Slapping his ass soundly, I listen as Red makes that tempting fucking noise again. It's irresistible.

I stand and pull his body flush against mine, loving how his hands rest on mine, squeezing gently. He rubs his ass against me, arching into me in an obscene way. "Still gonna spank me, Daddy?"

"In the room and on the bed. Hands and knees." I give him a lingering kiss on the neck, sucking the delicate skin into my mouth. Letting him go, I give him a slap on the ass as he walks past me to get to the room. Before I follow, I remove my clothes, save my briefs, giving him plenty of time to get in position and wanting him to squirm for me.

When I walk in the room, Red in posed beautifully, ass high in the air, my marks visible in the faint light. I see his chest rising and falling unevenly and the flush on his skin. I can't wait to touch him.

"Good job, sweet boy. You did so good for me. You look beautiful like this."

Red shudders again and I hear a faint, "Thank you, Daddy."

Walking over to the bed, I take Red in and I am not disappointed. He's a vision—head lowered, ass out, thighs spread, cock and balls heavy between his legs, showing me all of him. "I'm going to use my hand on you. I want to feel the heat of your ass while I spank it."

"Yes, Daddy."

I go to my luggage and grab the lube and condoms. I don't want to have to leave the bed once we get started.

Stripping out of my underwear, I climb on the bed behind him, rubbing my hands over his back and ass. Red trembles but doesn't otherwise move. "You gonna tell me your real name now?" I know he won't, but I like this game we're playing.

"It's a secret, Daddy." I can hear the smile in his voice and I like that he's being bratty and playful.

If I were in town for more than tonight, I would have asked for a whole week with him. But Michael—my best friend and business partner—and I got called on an urgent security job and I'm due back in Quebec tomorrow. I can work remotely, but he likes me to be with him so we can go over our plans as a team. He knows I need tonight to get my head on straight.

Too long without feeling the heat of a man's ass around my cock and I start to complain. Michael does not want to hear me complain. Even better if I can get a boy to call me Daddy for a few hours.

Red doesn't strike me as someone who is only doing this for a few hours. From the way he kept his eyes downcast when he stepped into the room and how he pushes the boundaries without effort lets me know this ain't his first rodeo. I wish I could make it his last. He's fucking perfect.

"Count so I can hear you." I tell him, rubbing his lower back lightly. I wait until I get his nod of confirmation before I start his punishment. The first swat to his ass has Red crying out, rotating his ass into my hand as I soothe the heated flesh. He doesn't say anything, so I swat him again in the same place. "I don't hear you, boy."

"Two, Daddy," he whispers and I tsk him.

"Oh no. We start from the beginning. That was one."

"But you—"

I cut him off with another swat on the other cheek, making Red groan and curse. "What number was that, Red?"

"O-one, Daddy."

Smirking, I rub my hand over his reddened flesh. "Good boy." I murmur and I feel that shudder again. I'll have to remember to praise him more during the night to feel that beautiful shudder roll through his body.

I can't help but grab and caress his ass, my finger drifting down to his hole. Red moans and pushes back against my finger. Another swat on his ass has him flinching with a groan, cursing as he says, "Two."

We make our way up to ten swats without him losing count again, and I see his nickname is very apt. His ass is an angry shade of red and I want nothing more than to palm those fiery cheeks while I fuck into him.

Instead, I place gentle kisses over the inflamed skin, hearing Red hiss and groan, circling his hips gently. "How do you feel? Still green?" I ask against his skin.

"Still green."

"Turn around and suck my cock, sweet boy." Red turns around and wraps a hand around my aching dick. Ass still in the air, Red lowers his mouth to my cock, taking as much as he can to the back of his mouth before closing his lips around me and sucking. I see fucking stars. His mouth feels like heaven. Red makes soft sucking noises as his head bobs slowly on my cock, taking me deeper each time.

Threading my fingers in his hair, I move my hips forward, pushing in far enough to touch his tonsils. Red gags and pulls off my dick, wiping the spit from his chin and the tears from his eyes. He looks up at me with heated eyes and licks my cockhead gently, dipping his tongue into my slit. Drawing my dick back between his lips, he makes hungry noises as he sucks me, his eyes never leaving mine.

I hiss, and yank him up to my mouth, finally tasting his lips. Red's kiss is hungry. He greedily bites and sucks at my lips and tongue. My hand still in his hair, I pull him back, making him whimper. Red looks at me with hot eyes, his bottom lip poked out. Smiling, I lean forward and suck that lip into my mouth, making Red melt into me, his hands on my shoulders to hold himself steady.

With one final suck of his plump lip, I drag him back down to my dick and Red sucks me in quickly, moaning around me and taking me deep. "Fuck. Just like that, baby boy." Red hums around my dick, one hand jerking my cock while he sucks me. "Suck my balls, baby." Red moves down and takes one, then the other in his mouth, sucking them softly, then with more pressure, using his tongue to get them wet. He slowly jerks me off while he laves at my sac, keeping me hard and ready for him.

Again, I grab his hair and yank him up to bury my tongue in his mouth. His mouth is fucking dangerous. Soft and delicate but doing wicked things that have my nerve endings ablaze.

Snatching my lips from his, I lay him on his back and settle between his legs. Red wraps them around me and thrusts up, our cocks sliding together deliciously. Groaning, he looks at me with pleading eyes. "Can I feel you inside me now, Daddy? I'm prepped and ready for you."

I groan and lay my head on his shoulder, nipping at the skin there while I trail my fingers down his body to his waiting hole. When I slide a finger into him, I groan again, loving how hot he feels around my digit. Sliding a second, then a third inside him has Red whimpering and moaning under me, rolling his hips to meet the thrusts of my fingers. He's ready for me, but I like the sounds he's making right now, so I keep fingering him. Raising my head, I capture his mouth again, my tongue dancing with his in a sensuous glide that has my dick swelling and leaking.

Curling my fingers, I find his prostate and give it a gentle nudge. Red jerks and quivers, cursing into the kiss. Moving my mouth from his, I lean down to his ear. "Green?"

"Yes. Please, Daddy."

"Tell me what I want to hear."

"Green. So green, I'm a fucking leprechaun," he babbles.

"Good boy," I say and I hear the faint whimper at the praise.

"Turn around, sweet boy."

I remove my fingers and Red turns over, putting a pillow under his stomach, raising his still reddened cheeks in the air for me. Donning the condom and adding some lube, I line up with Red's hole. "Tell me if I hurt you. Don't forget your safe words."

"Yes, Daddy. I'm still green."

Sliding into Red feels too good for words. His hole sucks me in, gripping me, dragging me into what can only be described as paradise. His ass is snug and I have to fight not to sink into him too fast. Instead, I inch inside, making sure not to hurt him. My cock isn't small, so it'll take some getting used to, but I'm a patient man.

When I bottom out, my thighs touching his, Red blows out a long breath, hands gripping the sheets. "Fuck, Daddy. I feel every inch of you. You're ... so fucking big."

Leaning over him, I pull out to the tip and thrust back in slowly. Over and over, I give him my dick with unhurried strokes, wanting him to beg me to speed up. But while I'm playing these games, I might lose in the process. Red is ... fuck, I can't describe what I feel. He's making the right noises, sucks my dick the right way, his ass feels soft and warm around me. God, I wish I could keep him.

Shaking those thoughts away, I kiss his neck, trailing my tongue over to his ear. Red shudders and says, "Oh, Daddy. More. Please more."

"More, what, baby boy?" I bite his earlobe then glide my tongue over it to ease the sting. Red arches his back, making my dick sink deeper and I curse, not expecting the bolt of pleasure that shoots through me. Goddamn, this boy will be the death of me.

"More of you. Please, Daddy."

"Can you take more, baby?"

"Yes, Daddy. Please."

He begs so beautifully. Raising from crowding over him, I pull his hips off the pillow, but keep his chest on the mattress.

I spread his thighs to open him up more for me. Then I fuck him how I want to fuck him.

Getting a good grip on his waist, I hold him steady while I thrust into him hard and swift. I fuck into him, watching his crimson ass jiggle and listen to him moan and babble. His ass is squeezing around my dick and it takes all my efforts not to come. Growling, I pull Red up until his back is resting against my chest. Wrapping one hand around his torso to grip his shoulder and the other at his hip, I fuck him with deep strokes, circling my hips to brush his walls. Red reaches up, both hands locked over the arm against his chest.

I swing mine freely, pounding into Red while I suck his neck and graze my teeth over the sensitive skin. Red tilts his head to the side, cutting off my access to where I'm tasting his skin, so I move to the other side and do the same there.

"Yellow. Fuck, yellow, Daddy," Red squeaks in a high pitched voice.

Slowing down, I stop kissing his neck and release the death grip I have on his hip. "You okay, mouse?"

"Fine, Daddy," he says after swallowing roughly. "Overwhelmed. Too much. Too much at once. It's ... you're ... fuck. I don't know what to say. You're fucking intense."

Still moving inside him, I wrap my arms around him and hold him. "Orange?"

"Orange," he says and I stop immediately. "Wait, no. Maybe change positions? I'll come too fast if you keep doing that," he

finishes with a breathy chuckle.

I pull out gently and turn him over, keeping the pillow under his hips. "Like this?" Red nods and I lean down to kiss him, putting my hand under his ass and squeezing, making him jump a little. "Your ass sting, sweet boy?"

"A little, but I like it. Feels good." Red ducks his eyes and his cheeks turn pink, suddenly bashful. Squeezing his sore ass again, he lets out another adorable squeak.

Realizing how selfish I've been tonight, I reach down and take Red's cock in my hand for the first time. His back arches and he gasps audibly. Working my hand over him, I watch him come apart from my touch. While I have my hand working his cock, I slide back into him, encased in his warmth once more. Red curses and moans and mewls, tightening his legs around me.

Using my free hand, I grab his waist and angle my hips to bump against his prostate. Red's dick leaks around my hand and his moans become louder and more insistent. "Can I come, Daddy? Please, I can't ... Please. I need ... I need you ... oh fuck. Please, Daddy. God ..." Red's head is tossed back, and his back bowed, a fine sheen of sweat covering his skin. "Daddy, please," he groans.

"Come, sweet boy. Let me see it, mouse." I speed up jerking him and my thrusts, jabbing his prostate more urgently.

A few strokes later, Red is crying out and spilling over my closed fist. His ass spasms around my dick and I feel my orgasm race through me. Letting go of Red's dick, I put my

cum slick hand on his waist and thrust into him hard and fast, chasing my release desperately. Red's hole clenches around me and I roar, come shooting into the condom while buried deep inside my boy.

Once my breathing is under control, I pull out, roll over and take the condom off. I toss it on the floor, then pull Red closer to me. He melts into my chest, taking deep, unsteady breaths. "How do you feel, mouse?" I ask, rubbing his back slowly.

He shakes his head and is quiet for a while. I keep my arms around him, whispering to him softly. After a minute or two, Red lets out a light laugh and says, "That was ... my brain feels a little scrambled. You're intense. I don't think I've ever been fucked like that."

Chuckling, I continue to rub his back, bringing him down until he feels more like himself. Red is boneless in my arms, leg thrown over my thighs and his arm lazily tucked around my waist. "Need anything?" I ask, kissing his forehead.

He squirms in my arms, then turns his head into my shoulder. "Not need, but I want to ask. Why 'mouse'?"

"You made this cute squeaking nose when I was deep in you. Like a mouse." Red scowls at me but drops it almost immediately and laughs.

"Fine. Mouse it is."

"I'll be right back. Let me take care of you." I gingerly move him from my arms and lay him back on the bed, kissing his forehead again before I pad to the bathroom. I wet a warm cloth for him and scoop up my bottle of lotion. It has cocoa and shea butter, so it will be soothing for his heated flesh.

After wiping his chest of his come, I slide on the bed and take his mouth, loving how he moans and arches into me, hands going around my back. "Lay on your stomach," I murmur against his lips, nipping the bottom one before he does what he's told.

Gliding a hand over his ass, I rub it softly, loving the feel of his soft flesh. Red flinches, then pushes back into my palm. As I'm rubbing him, I admire the view before me. Red looks so good lying here with a flaming ass.

I settle on the back of his thighs without putting my full weight on him, put lotion in my palms and start to massage it into him. I can feel the heat coming off his skin and my dick takes notice too. It's been so long since I've had a boy whose ass I can paddle when he's being brat. Red wasn't as bratty as I'm used to, but he earned his spanking and I'm glad I can soothe him after. I love aftercare, making sure my boy is feeling good after a scene.

"That feels good, Daddy. Thank you," Red mutters, eyes closed and face relaxed. I put more lotion on my hands and move my hands higher, massaging his back and shoulders, feeling him relax under me. Red's breathing deepens and I smile when I realize he's asleep.

Hopping off the bed, I dispose of the condom, then slide back into bed with Red. I pull him to my chest and hold him until I drift off to sleep, feeling happy and sated.

## **CHAPTER THREE**

#### **Red-Two Weeks Later**

TILL NO FUCKING JOB. No call backs after applying for literally every job that I'm qualified for and some I'm not. It fucking sucks. I didn't think it would be so hard to get another job, especially with most of the listings saying they're hiring urgently. Maybe they meant they'd hire anyone urgently that didn't include me.

Tossing my tablet on the couch beside me, I lean my head back on the sofa and sigh dramatically. Fuck, I really shouldn't have lost my temper at Gary's. That's a constant thought that runs through my mind. My rent is due in a few days and I have less than half of what I need. Malcolm left me a very generous tip—along with his business card—but I had to use it for my electric bill, groceries, internet, and water bill. They were coming up due faster than my rent and I figured I would have a job by now and could talk my landlord into waiting until I got my first check to pay the rent.

But with rent due soon, I have no choice but to call Cara. If I keep calling her, she'll ask to put me on the payroll. It

wouldn't be a problem if I didn't have my whole thing with people's eyes.

Malcolm has gorgeous eyes. He has gorgeous everything, especially his dick. I've never had a dick that big inside me, but he was so gentle when he slide home. I felt it the next day, for sure, but while he was inside me, it wasn't painful at all. Like I told him, he was intense. No matter what angle he fucked me, it was almost too much. He made me feel safe, protected, hot, aroused, stuffed full and wanton all at the same time. It was way too much. Way more than I'm used to, making me say "yellow" before I passed out from sensation overload.

Every day for the past two weeks, I've looked at his card and the little note he scrawled on the back. *Call me if you're ever in Trois-Rivieres*.

Sighing, I tuck the card into my wallet. There's no way I'll be going to Quebec. I can barely pay my rent, so I won't be able to afford traveling to another province. I'm not sure why I kept the card, since there's no need to hold on to it. I'll never see my Daddy again.

I groan at that thought. Malcolm was the perfect Daddy. Everything from his commanding voice to his teasing to how he spanked and fucked me. Then how good he was to me after we came. Fuck, I've never had anyone treat me so gently, but not like I was fragile. He treated me like ... he knew I needed someone to take care of me. Was I obvious or was it so deeply ingrained in him as a Daddy that he could tell?

"Ugh," I say aloud, disgusted by how I'm pining over a client. I immediately discount that thought. He was more than a client. He was ... more. He'll always be the Daddy that got away.

Stupid thought, since I never really had him, but it's how I feel. If I had a way to have him keep me, I would have done it in a heartbeat. But we both knew what it was. When we woke the next morning, we had a slow and lazy fuck, then I was showered and out the door. He was nothing but nice to me the whole while, but I don't think he felt the same things I did. His beautiful, kind eyes held the same distance they did when we met the night before and he spoke to me with a hint of detachment, which shouldn't have hurt, but it did. I was hoping he was as gone as I was.

Blowing out a frustrated breath, I move to the kitchen, cooking up some dinner while I put off calling Cara. After I went by her studio to give her the fifteen percent from my date, she asked if I wanted her to set me up on another date, but I declined. I really thought I would have a job by now. Even though I got fired a few times, I would always land on my feet, finding another job in a matter of days.

Maybe this is a sign that I need to get control of my temper. It's not like I really snapped or anything, but I did almost deck that guy for bumping into my chest with his. That would be classified as self-defense, right? Not important right now, obviously, but I wasn't completely in the wrong there. But my other jobs where I cursed my bosses out for taking a certain tone with me was avoidable. I could have pulled them to the

side and let them know I didn't appreciate being spoken to like a child. You know, spoken to them like an adult.

Now I'm sitting here, eating ramen because I can't afford groceries. When I moved to Ontario from British Columbia for university, I didn't think I would be struggling like this. I figured with a degree, a lot of doors would open for me and I wouldn't have to search high and low for a job.

I guess being a music major doesn't rake in the dough like I thought it would. With a minor in business management, I figured that would at least qualify me for a job as, you know ... a manager somewhere. Guess that's not how it works.

Swallowing my pride, I scoop up my phone and call Cara. "Hey, puddin'!" she croons in my ear and I smile. It's the first time I've smiled in days and it makes my cheeks feel stretched and tight. "No job, huh?"

"Nope, nothing. Not even the gas station up the street. My rent is due in four days."

"Need a date tonight?"

"Yeah," I say with a sigh. It's not that I have anything against sex work. That's not why I feel so defeated. It's the fact that I keep fucking up my jobs and have to turn to Cara to bail me out when I do it to myself.

"I have one left for an event tonight."

"I'll take it," I reply hastily.

"Hold on. I'm still waiting on his photo." I'm not sure what Jax did or how he did it, but all the pictures that come to Cara are secure and can't be accessed by anyone but him and Cara after she has it transferred there.

Rushing on, I say, "Don't need it. I'll take it. It's mine. I need the money."

Cara is silent for a beat, then says, "Okay, Red. It's yours. I'll send the information over when he gives me his instructions for the night."

"Thanks, babe!" I blow her a kiss through the phone and hang up. Time to get showered and ready for my date. I can check what the date needs when I'm done showering and shaving.

The text comes through asking that I wear a simple suit with a red tie, which isn't a problem since a job I had as a personal assistant required me to wear suits all the time, even when everyone else was dressed down. One of the reasons I cursed that boss out. He had me in a full suit during a team building exercise outside in twenty-three degree weather. Everyone else, including him, had on shorts and tank tops. My dumb ass had to wear a suit because he liked the control. Fucking fucker.

Suit, check. Red tie, check. Hair combed and gelled back, ugh, but check. Before leaving, I assess myself in the mirror and I look ... passable. With the gel, my light blond hair looks darker and makes me look like one of those corporate types. The red tie doesn't really bring out my green eyes—in fact, it makes me think of Christmas, but in a really unflattering way. The bags under my eyes can't be helped, but I don't look

terrible because of them. In short, I don't think this client will be upset with what he sees.

The drive to the hotel is spent with me singing at the top of my lungs to hide my jitters. I didn't get a photo of my date, but being able to afford my apartment until I can get another job forced my decision a little. Maybe he has kind eyes and I'm worried for nothing. Or if he doesn't, this will be the one and only time I have to break my rule. I plan to get a job and actually keep it. Guess I'll have to attend some anger management classes or something.

In my defense, I never go out of my way to curse people out or start an argument. It seems that people like to start with me and I never back down. It would probably be beneficial for me if I just kept my fucking mouth shut sometimes, but I have a problem with people talking to me like I'm a child unless said person is my Daddy. As adults, we need to learn how to effectively communicate to get our point across.

I scoff at the absurdity of my thoughts. That's really fucking rich, coming from me. A person that has been consistently fired for not using my words like an adult when I get angry. If I learn to take my own advice, I could probably pass the year mark at any job I have.

After a few more minutes of my wayward thoughts, I pull up to the hotel. Instead of using the valet service, I pull into the lot. I'll be able to leave when I want and not stand awkwardly in front of the hotel with a wet ass if my date

decides he wants to extend the evening. That would be embarrassing.

The inside of the hotel is beautiful. It's large with ornate gold trimmings and fixtures adorning the walls and ceilings. Every ten feet or so is a beautiful crystal chandelier and there are fireplaces dotted here and there in the lobby or walkway or whatever it's called. It's like no hotel I've ever seen. It looks more like an extremely large banquet hall. Must cost big money to stay here for the night.

Walking over to the desk, I get the attention of one of the employees. Plastering a wide smile on, she says, "Welcome to Calla-De Ritz. I'm Abbie. Would you like a room for the evening?"

"No, thank you. I'm looking for the Houston dinner party.

Am I in the right place?"

"You are, indeed, sir. Shall I walk you?" Instead of waiting for an answer, she comes around the desk and makes a gesture for me to follow her.

We start walking and I think about how my parents would love this type of treatment. They're the type that want to be waited on hand and foot. If Abbie didn't offer, my folks would have been all smiles in her face and reported her to her supervisor for being unprofessional behind her back. And they wonder why I want nothing to do with them. My grandfather is nothing like them, thank all that is holy, so moving out here to be near him for university was very refreshing and exactly what I needed.

Pushing away thoughts of my parents, I tune in to what Abbie is saying. "The dinner portion hasn't started yet. There's a cocktail hour scheduled before we start serving the guests." She waves a hand towards a room after we turn the corner. "Here we are, sir. I hope you enjoy your evening and thank you for spending it with us."

I watch Abbie walk away, a pep in her step. She really must love her job and I love that for her. If I had money, I'd slide her a tip before I left. In those few short moments, she made me feel seen and important. Which makes my mind wander back to Malcolm. He really made me feel seen. The entire night was one long orgasm. While I was there to provide a service, he fucked me like he owned me and treated me so well when he was done. God, I wish I could have that for longer than the few hours I got.

Getting my head in the game, I shake myself and bounce on the balls of my feet a little. I'm here for a job. My rent and other bills depend on me doing well and providing this man the best date he's ever had. After I've cleared my head of the Daddy I'll never have, I walk into the room.

Immediately, I spot two of the other models that are employed by Cara, but we don't speak. Not that any of us are rude, but we want to build the illusion that we're here on our own free will, not because they paid Cara's ridiculously high —but totally worth it—rate to have good looking men and women on their arms.

My date spots me and waves me over to a small circular table at the back of the room. As I make my way over, I study him and get a bad feeling in my gut. He's on his own, surveying the crowd gathered. I would say he looks bored, but that's just a façade. What he really looks is calculating. His face is set in a mask, but his eyes stay on certain people for a few seconds longer than they should and it makes me uncomfortable. When his eyes drift over to me, I can't suppress the shudder. His eyes are cold and dead. They feel clammy on me, raking over my body and leaving an awful feeling behind. I hate it. Makes me want to take a long, hot shower.

It takes everything in me not to turn around and bolt for the door. I continue walking and plaster a fake smile on my face. "Hey there, handsome," I greet him, feeling my cheeks heat from the lie. Well, not a complete lie. He's quite good-looking, but his fucking eyes are creeping me out.

The smile he gives me is both reptilian and wolfish, and I fight hard to keep the wince under control. "Ryan, it's good to meet you. I see you followed instructions. That's good." I'm so glad Cara didn't tell this creep my preferred name or my real name for that matter.

"Anything you need," I respond and try to sound suggestive, but I'm not sure I pull it off. Something isn't right about this man. I can't put a finger on it, but I'm a little afraid of him. "What's your name?"

"Andler." There's no way that's really his fucking name. It's awful. Even worse than my name, but at least my name can be said with some dignity. For some people, at least. I fucking hate it, which is why I go by Red, even though it doesn't really make sense to people.

Shortly after our introductions, the host for the evening announces we're to be seated, and Andler places his hand on the small of my back to escort me to our table. It's a fight not to dodge from his touch.

The other models are seated at the same table and we finally greet each other, but as if we were strangers. Courtney has on this nice grey suit that makes his grey eyes pop. He's sans a tie, but that doesn't matter, even though everyone else has one on. He has the confidence and the looks to pull it off. His medium brown skin glows in the lights of the room, making everyone do a double take when they see him. If he weren't a bottom too, I would have tried to saddle up to him ages ago.

Nabi, the other model, looks stunning in her red form fitting dress. The half-Korean beauty is probably the only woman that made me look twice. She's fucking stunning and has a beautiful personality to match. Both of them look very good this evening, like they really belong amongst all this money in the room.

It doesn't take long for dinner to be served and for everyone to branch off into their own conversations. Andler hasn't spoken much, too intent on looking at about five different people with hungry expressions, Nabi and Courtney included. I see Nabi fidget and I'm sure she can feel his eyes on her. To help my girl out, I turn to him and ask, "So what do you do, Andler? I don't know much about you."

His lips turn up into what I'm sure is supposed to be an easy going smile, but it only looks sinister to me. "I'm in acquisitions. It's my job to acquire things to keep my customers happy."

"Oh?" I ask, sliding some chicken that's dry as the fucking Sahara into my mouth. "What do you acquire?"

Looking at me with a dangerous gleam in his eyes, he says, "Art." Yeah, I'm sure that's not what he really does and the implications makes me uneasy.

We talk for about thirty minutes. Well, I try to talk to *him*. My back will be in pain tomorrow from how I've been carrying this evening's conversation. I'm not sure why he wanted a date if he's not going to pretend to be entertained. I'm doing my best to make this date fun, but he doesn't seem into it.

After the dinner is cleared from the table, Andler leans over to me and whispers, "I have to make a phone call. I'll be right back. Don't sneak out before I can come back for you." He huffs a laugh and I laugh along with him, though his statement makes me feel weird. It's not what he said, but how he said it. It sounded like a threat.

When he leaves, I look over at Courtney, who raises an eyebrow as if to say. What the fuck is that guy's deal? Shaking

my head, I shrug, communicating back that, I have no fucking idea.

Ten minutes pass with no Andler and I start to get antsy. People are breaking off to either dance or mingle and I'm sitting at the table looking like a fucking idiot. Deciding enough is enough, I walk out of the room in search of the bathroom. Hopefully by the time I clean up, he'll be back and we can close this date out. I've had enough with feeling on edge around him. It's like my heart rate hasn't slowed down since he spotted me across the room.

The bathroom I enter looks like something out of a movie, with its large stalls that look like half baths with their own sinks inside each. I find one stall door in the middle closed with the other two next to it unoccupied. Stepping into the one closest to the door, I do my business and wash my hands. While I'm adjusting my tie, I hear my name and freeze. Well, not my name, but my name for the night. Which could only mean one thing—Andler is talking about me. He's not speaking very loud, but the walls are thin—probably the only cheap thing in this place.

Placing my ear closer to the wall, I hold my breath, but it leaves in a rush when I hear what he's saying. "Yes, his name is Ryan and he's perfect. The right amount of innocence and seduction. The men will go crazy for him. The other two don't have that spark that will sell." He's silent for a moment, then he laughs. "No, he suspects nothing. I'll get him to my room and have Tom tranq him. We'll have him back in Thunder Coast in a few hours and the new warehouse will be

soundproofed by then." Again he goes silent, then laughs a manic laugh that has me squirming and ready to bolt. Something holds me in place though. Probably stupidity. "No, the shipping yard will be shut down permanently by next week. No one will know what that warehouse is used for. With the new rooms we installed, we can have clients meet us there so there's no chance for those whores to escape. He won't know where he is and the men can use his holes until he's worn out. Set the room up in the front and I'll get a photo for you to use on the website. I'll have a go at him first, break him in. I want a taste of his ass before it's fucked out from all the cocks he'll take." He lets out another laugh that makes me want to yomit.

I've heard enough. As quietly as I can, I inch out of the bathroom and speed walk to the front of the hotel. I have my keys out of my pocket before I remember Courtney and Nabi. I can't leave them. If I disappear—as the intended target—one of them can be taken. Blowing out a frustrated breath, I duck to the side of the entrance and pull out my phone. I call Cara and hope she's still awake. She answers on the fourth ring.

"Hey, babe. You safe?"

"No, Cara. They're fucking traffickers!" I whisper-shout into the phone. I probably should have called one of the bodyguards she keeps around, but I don't want anyone to get hurt. We just need to leave and I need to call the cops to go to that fucking warehouse. Thunder Coast is about three hours from where we are, but I think I know where it is. There aren't many shipping yards that will be closed in that area.

"What?" I hear flapping in the background, like she's climbing out of bed. "How do you know that?"

"I'll tell you later. Right now, I need you to call Courtney and Nabi and tell them to get the fuck out of there. We've been pretending like we don't know each other all evening, so if I suddenly walk up to them whispering, it'll look suspicious." At least I think it will. I'm not well versed in how to deal with this situation. "And I don't have their numbers to call them. Please, Cara. Call them now and tell them to leave. Tell them to excuse themselves to the restroom and go the fuck home!" My voice doesn't get any louder, but it does get more urgent. I need them to leave before I can, to ensure I'm not putting them in a situation where they end up in Thunder Coast against their wills.

My breathing is uneven and I close my eyes to get myself under control. Cara is quiet on the other end and I thought she hung up until she says, "I just texted them. It's not your job but keep an eye out to make sure they leave. Then I'm sending Jax and Brad to come get you."

"No, I'll be fine. I'm going to leave as soon as they do. Look, I'm heading back in just in case they head out of a side door. When they're no longer in the building, I'll leave as well. I'll give you all the information I heard when I see you next."

I hear sniffles over the line and I hate that she's this worried. This situation is very serious and I want us out of danger as quickly as possible. "Okay, babe. Call me when you're home. We can figure out next steps from there, yeah?"

"Yeah." I hang up and stroll back inside as calmly as I can, though I'm screaming inside to turn the fuck around and away from danger.

Stepping back into the room, I see no sign of Nabi and Courtney bumps into me when he's walking out. He smiles a light smile at me and says, "Excuse me, sir. Where's the restroom?"

Keeping up with the charade, I point in the direction of the front entrance and say, "Make this left and go straight. You can't miss it." Code for: that's the way to the exit, get the fuck out of here.

Courtney nods his thanks and walks smoothly down the hall, making a left out of sight. Taking that as my cue, I turn from the door and smack right into a chest and catch a whiff of familiar cologne. *Fuck*. Andler.

He reaches his hands out to steady me and I stiffen. Andler narrows his eyes and I grin to play it off. "Sorry, you scared me." I roll my shoulders and he drops his hands with a stiff smile.

"I apologize," he says, not sounding sorry at all. "Hey, looks like they're starting to wind things down. What do you say we go back to my room for a bit of ... private fun?"

Dread fills my gut. I look up into his eyes and try not to recoil. Fucking fuck! Why did Cara take this contract? I banish

that thought quickly. She couldn't have known they were traffickers. He really does look like a nice guy with his round cheeks, and open smile. Oh, but those eyes tell it all. At least to me. To anyone else, they would have thought Andler was a normal client wanting a normal date.

Before I can turn him down, he takes my arm in a firm grip and pulls me close to him. "Listen to me, you whore." I flinch and my eyes go wide. "I paid good money for you. I own you tonight."

I look at him, stunned and afraid. I wonder where my fight is. The fire that's usually just under the surface, waiting for someone to try me. But looking into Andler's cold eyes and no long friendly face and it's like I'm doused with cold water, my fire extinguished.

Before I can pull away or gather my courage to make a scene, he shoves me into an elevator that just opened. I try to make eye contact with the man that just exited, to convey that I need help, but he has his head down, scrolling through his phone. When I open my mouth to speak, to beg or plead, Andler grips my arm painfully and I turn my head to look at him quickly, then realize I missed my opportunity. Fuck!

I watch the man's back as Andler presses the button to the fourteenth floor. "If you make a fucking sound," he growls in my ear, "I will end you. Do you understand?"

Tears brimming my eyes, I reluctantly nod. My mind is racing, trying to think of a way out of this. No one gets on the elevator, so there's no hope of asking for help. When the doors

open on his floor, Andler yanks me out and pushes me in front of him. He marches me down the hall, sticking close to my back. I look around without moving my head, looking for a means of escape if I get the chance.

We stop two doors down from the fire exit stairs and I'm thankful. If I can get away, I won't have far to run. Just in case I get away to report Andler, I try to find the room number, but I don't see it. The door tag is made of some reflective shit and the light glints off of it harshly and I can only make up the number four. I'm not sure if it's in the middle of the door number or the beginning. I want to cry.

Dammit, how am I going to get out of this? I recall the training I got while in high school back in BC. My best friend dragged me to some classes after a few people got attacked and robbed while walking their dogs at night. She said it would come in handy one day, even though neither of us had any dogs to walk and didn't spend a lot of time outside. I try to remember that training and think I can do enough to get away. Depending on what moves he and whoever the other guy he talked about make, I can try to break their attack and run away.

At least I hope I can.

His body pressed to my back, Andler slides the key card into the door. He releases my arm as the door opens and light spills inside. Darting my eyes around quickly, I spot the tip of a shoe barely visible behind the wall opposite me and I know this is it. I need to try to get the fuck out of here.

I don't think. I step back into Andler and knock my head back into his nose as hard as I can, headbutting him. He roars and tries to grab at me, but I duck and push him into the room. I turn around in time to get a brief glance of the man that was waiting behind the wall. He tries to hop over Andler and grab at me, but Andler tries to stand up at the same time and they collide in a tangle of arms and legs. Instead of just running away, I pull the door shut, hoping that will slow them down for a few seconds so I can get the fuck away.

Charging through the door that leads to the stairs, I pound down them, taking some three at a time and slipping a time or two. I hear the door above me open when I'm on the second floor and I put on a burst of speed, skipping the last four stairs when I see the door to the outside exit and push through it. Behind me, I hear alarms blaring, but I ignore them, running to the lot where I parked my car. I snatch my keys from my pocket before I'm even in sight of my car.

When I get behind the wheel, I don't fuss with my seatbelt. I just start the car and peel out. Looking in my rearview mirror, I don't see anyone behind me, on foot or driving. I'm breathing heavily and I have a stitch in my side, but I keep my foot on the gas pedal, sweat pouring down my brow. After I put a few miles between me and the hotel, I slow my speed down so I'm not pulled over.

Feeling like I'm out of immediate danger, I pick up the phone and call Cara. She answers when the phone barely rang once. "Are you safe, babe?"

Immediately, I start crying. The tears come hard and fast and I have to pull over into a well-lit parking lot to avoid running off the road. "Cara, they almost took me. I barely got away. Oh fuck, Cara. What am I going to do? What if they find me? What if they try again? I'm fucking scared."

My cries go on for quite a while, with Cara in my ear trying to calm me down. When I get myself under control, I curse myself for being stationary for so long. What if they know what kind of car I drive?

Wiping my face quickly, I pull out of the strip mall parking lot and drive aimlessly. We're silent for a moment, then Cara says, "Babe, you should leave. Go back to BC."

"No. Fuck that. I will not go back there. I'll go home. I have no money to go anywhere else and I'm not going to ask my parents for shit."

My phone chimes and I pull it away, seeing that Cara deposited three grand into my account. "Cara" I start, but she cuts me off.

"No. You need to leave. I already sent Courtney and Nabi away. He's catching a flight back to the States and Nabi is driving to her parents' house in Toronto. That puts about eight hours between her and them and another country between them and Courtney. The guys and I are going to New York for a while, staying in our penthouse there until all this shit blows over. I've contacted the other models and they know we'll be shut down for a bit. I need to keep everyone safe. That's my

job. I wish I had waited for his photo. I would send it in with an anonymous complaint."

I try to cut in again, so she won't feel guilty about my impatience, but she shushes me. "No more talk from you. You need to leave. Jax will leave the day after we do and he's going to check your place. If you're there, he has orders from me to hogtie you and send you back to BC. Do you *want* me to send you back to your parents like that?"

That pulls a laugh out of me, along with a shudder. "No, Cara."

"Good. That should be enough to get you somewhere, be it another province or to the States. Either way, you need to leave in the next few hours. You know where you'll go?"

"Yeah." No. I don't have people. My parents would only gloat that I'm back home when I told them I'd never darken their doorstep again and my brother is off somewhere in the military. He hasn't spoken to any of us in years. I don't blame him. None of us were especially close. More like four strangers sharing an overpriced mansion. My grandfather lives in a retirement home, so that's out too.

"Okay. Be gone by tomorrow morning. You hear?"

We say our goodbyes, with me promising to call her when I'm settled somewhere. For an hour or so, I drive in silence not paying attention to where I'm going. Before long, I pull into the airport. I don't have my passport, but I have money, so I can fly anywhere within Canada.

Initially, it seemed like my subconscious was telling me I needed to suck it up and go back to BC. I was almost kidnapped for fucks sake. Maybe it's time to realize what's important in my life and try to make up with my parents.

The weird thing is, we're not estranged because I'm gay. They took that shit in stride, saying they suspected when I didn't have a girlfriend when other kids my age did and because my best friend was a girl. That last bit made no sense, since I could have been straight and had a girl as my best friend, but you can't argue with people like them, so I just let them keep their stupid assumptions. What made us estranged is I knew they never loved me. I never felt taken care of. We had nannies but they were no real role models. My grandfather —my mother's father—did his best, but he was on the other side of the country. We probably saw him once a year if he could afford travel. My father was fucking loaded but never thought to fly his wife's father out—not like my mom objected about it. He said it would set a bad example for us and we'd think it was okay to give handouts. It's no surprise I got the fuck out of there as quickly as I could.

All that rolls through my head and I sigh, imagining how smug my father will look when I show up on his doorstep when I get to the ticket counter. I look up at the wall of departures and try to find one that's leaving for British Columbia soon, but my eyes snag on a flight leaving in forty minutes. Quebec.

My Daddy is in Quebec. He told me to call if I needed anything. Did he really mean it or was he being nice? Playing

the role of caring Daddy until the date experience was over? I'm not sure, but I guess I'll find out.

While I wait in line, I think about my Daddy and feel a sense of calm settling over me for the first time in hours. Even though I only met him once, he felt familiar, and I need familiarity right now. Seeing his wide eyes, easy grin, deep brown skin, and beautiful locs will set me at ease quicker than anything else I can think of. Just thinking of him makes me feel safe. I can only imagine how I'll feel when I see him.

"How may I help you, sir?" the ticket agent asks when I approach the counter, smiling warmly at me.

"One way to Quebec on flight number 1015." I drum my fingers on the counter, looking over my shoulder to make sure Andler and his crony don't barge in here for me.

"Cutting it close," she jokes, printing off my ticket. I laugh lightly with her and take it. "Any luggage?"

"Nope, spur of the moment trip."

She nods and points behind her. "Your gate is C18. Luckily, it's right next to security and it's a slower time for travelers, so you should get through in time for boarding to start."

I give her a shaky smile, trying to look normal and hurry through security. It doesn't take long and I get lucky because nothing beeps or goes off like it would any other time and I'm ushered through. The ticket agent wasn't lying—the gate is the second from security and people are already standing in line to board. I follow suit, glancing over my shoulder, but finding it

unlikely that Andler and Co will buy a ticket just to kidnap me. Then I reconsider, seeing as how they booked multiple dates with an escort service out of town to kidnap someone.

If it wouldn't look suspicious—or worse, get me kicked out of the airport—I would shoved to the front of the line so I can get on the plane and out of sight. But I keep calm and follow other passengers at a leisurely pace.

My seat on the flight is right next to the bathroom, something I would complain about any other time, but right now, I'm just thankful I'm about to get away. The flight is only two hours, so it's not like I'll be stuck there for an eternity.

It takes for-fucking-ever for everyone to board and I feel like I'm going to burst out of my skin. I still haven't come to terms with the fact that I was almost abducted and I need this plane in the air and to Quebec before I break down. All I can think is how Malcolm's strong arms felt around me and I pull in deep breaths, willing myself to keep calm until I can feel them again.

If I can feel them again. I'm being very presumptuous, just flying in and hoping he'll come save the day. If he turns me down, I'll have no other choice but to go back to BC and hide out. The good thing is my parents live in a gated community that's heavily patrolled. Even if I'm not especially happy there, I would be safe.

Reaching into my wallet, I pull out the card Malcolm left me and stare at it, memorizing the number, just in case I drop the card, or it falls in the toilet, or someone steals my wallet, or ... something. I should punch the number in my phone and save it, but I like having this piece of him.

Malcolm Hayes. He doesn't really look like a Malcolm. I'm not sure what he looks like, but that name doesn't really suit him. I scoff to myself, looking out the window at the air traffic controllers and baggage handlers. I know the man for three, four hours tops and I think I know what name he should have? I'm a fucking idiot.

Finally, the captain comes over the speakers and tells us about our flight, the attendants give us the safety demo and then we're jetting down the runway, pulling up into the big friendly skies. My breath comes out in a whoosh. I know I'm not completely safe just yet—not until I have somewhere to stay and regroup—but at least I'm on my way and I can relax just a little.

I pull out my phone and see that I only have seventeen percent on my battery. Instead of leaving it on airplane mode, I power it down completely, wanting to keep some battery life so I can call Malcolm. Which leaves me with nothing to do but think.

What the actual fuck was I thinking, attacking Andler like that? I mean, he deserved it and a lot more, but that could have gone horribly wrong. I didn't think any of it through and I could have gotten really hurt on top of being kidnapped. I don't know what higher power there is, but I really thank them from the bottom of my heart for getting me out of that.

Because what I did was not taught to us in that self-defense class. And taking that extra second to close the door? I mean, what the fuck, Red? It was all okay with my adrenaline pumping and fight or flight kicking in, but in hindsight, I should have just taken off, not worrying if they got to their feet or not.

The lady in the aisle across from me taps my arm and I look over questioningly. She has a tissue in her hand and I reach up to find tears streaking my cheeks. Giving her a grateful nod, I take the tissue and clean myself up, willing the tears to stop, just until I get to Malcolm. If I start breaking down now, I won't be able to stop. I'm glad she didn't ask if I was okay because I'd become a blubbering mess.

To my surprise, we land about thirty minutes early. The pilot said something about clear skies and no headwind—whatever that means. I'm not complaining. I'm in Quebec and I'm almost to safety. Since I don't have luggage, I make my way to the front of the plane, most people letting me by when they see my empty hands.

I make my way past baggage claim, find a bathroom, and lock myself into a stall. With shaking hands, I pull my phone out and power it up, willing it to hurry so I can get some comfort. I wince when I see it's past four thirty in the morning. I hope he still answers, even though it's the buttcrack of dawn.

Dialing Malcolm's number is the work of a moment and I take a deep breath when I hear ringing in my ear. I hold my phone tightly in my hand, willing him to answer. Praying this

goes right for me. "Hayes," I hear in that lovely baritone and the breath I was holding flows out of me.

"Malcolm?" My voice is shaking, but that can't be helped.

There's a pause, then he asks, "Who's calling?"

I cough a strangled laugh that's more of a sob and say, "It's Red. Daddy, I really need your help."

## **CHapter Four**

## Quin

T'S RED. DADDY, I really need your help. That plays in my head over and over as I drive to the airport to get my boy. Well, not my boy. This man that needs my help. I never thought I would hear from Red again, even if I went back to Ontario. For him to call me was a shock, but I dropped everything I was doing—which isn't much since I was getting ready for a workout, but that could wait until I found Red, took care of him and figured out why he needed my help.

Since it's so early in the morning, traffic is light until I approach the airport. Then it's bumper to bumper, with drivers blocking the streets to let people out to catch a flight or to pick people up that are arriving. I drum my fingers on the wheel and glance around with impatience. I told Red to stay where he was until I got here, so he could feel safe. He sounded frightened when we spoke and I didn't want him overwhelmed around people.

When I spot a car pulling away from the curb, I jerk the wheel over and pull in. I hop out, much to the annoyance of

those driving behind me, but I don't give a fuck. They can wait until I get Red safe.

Fuck, what is his real name? I could have easily looked it up when I got home, but I wanted him to keep that and I liked the thought of our little game. I liked thinking he had a secret from me that only he would tell me, same as I do about my own name. It's not important that I know what it is, but it would be nice to know what to call him besides the pseudonym he uses when he's working, even though he identified himself that way on the phone earlier.

Looking around for the landmarks Red told me about, I find the ATM between the newspaper holders and spot the bathroom right beside it. He said he was in the middle stall, so I make my way there and stand against the wall right across from it. I don't want to knock on the door and startle him, so I just say, "I'm here, baby boy."

The door flies open quickly and the next thing I know, I have my arms full of a crying and shaking boy. Red clings to me and lets out harsh breaths and quiet sobs, soaking my neck and shirt pretty quickly.

I hold him tight, rubbing his back and smoothing his hair, letting him know I have him now. Other people come in and out of the bathroom, but neither of us pay them any mind. Pulling him snug to my chest, I comfort him from whatever is bothering him and the people giving us strange looks can fuck off. Or I could shoot them. I'm good with either.

Sniffling softly, Red pulls back from me and drags a trembling hand down my face. "You really came."

Smiling softly at him, I kiss his forehead, feeling suddenly protective of him. "Of course, I came, sweet boy. You called and said you needed help. What can I do?"

Red wipes under his eyes and looks around. He huffs a laugh and tucks himself into my side. "That breakdown was a little embarrassing." He looks up at me and smiles, but it's weak and uncertain. "Can we go somewhere to talk?"

"Of course. We can go get food or I can get a room so you can rest. I live about an hour and a half from here, so a room would be more comfortable."

He looks down at his phone and his eyes grow wide. "I didn't realize I was in there that long."

Wrapping an arm around him, I walk us out of the airport to my car. I'm surprised I don't see a ticket on the windshield. Opening the passenger door, I get him inside, reaching across to put his seatbelt on. On impulse, I kiss his forehead, linger for only a moment. He smiles softly at me with a faint blush on his cheeks, and I jog around to get behind the wheel. There's a hotel next to the airport that has room service, so I take us there, get us checked in, and up to the room.

Red has on a suit, and I wonder where he was and why he was at the airport. I don't ask those questions just yet. I pull Red over to the couch, sit him down and lift his foot. I take off his shoes, then his socks. From there, I remove his jacket, tie, shirt, and slacks. When he's only in an under shirt and his

boxer briefs, I sit down and pull him onto my lap so he's straddling me. Red puts his head on my shoulder, tucking his hands around my body. I want him to be comfortable when we talk, not feeling choked up by the tie that was clasped around his neck.

Running a hand down his back, I murmur, "You want to tell me what happened or you want to get some rest first?"

He shakes his head against my shoulder. "I need to tell you now. If I go to sleep, it'll only be worse when I wake up. I have panic attacks and I feel like if I don't let this fester, the eventual attack won't be so bad."

It's hard to keep my voice steady to ask what's going on again. I feel my temper just below the surface, but I can't defend him from a panic attack. I can't shoot that. "You have meds with you? How do you come down from an attack?"

"Breathing exercises. I didn't have time to grab my medication before I hopped a flight. As you can see, I'm in a suit and I'd never travel in that."

"Show me your breathing exercises." I need to know so I can help him when he feels it coming on. After he does, I nod and say, "Okay, baby boy. Take me to the beginning. What happened? Why did you hop on a plane in the middle of the night?"

Red takes a deep breath and says, "I'm not really an escort. I mean, I've done it before, but only when I need the money if I get fired. Well, I've been looking for a job for the past few weeks and nowhere has called me back, so I asked Cara to set me up with someone so I can pay rent."

He launches into a tale of everything that happened tonight, from making the call to Cara and how he felt when he saw his date for the first time. How he felt that he was being "creepy and weird" but ignored it because he needed rent money. That alone pisses me off. Had I known he was struggling, I would have tried to do more to help. He's not really mine, but he feels like mine. And I take care of my boys.

Red tells me that after he was left alone for over ten minutes, he went to the restroom where he overheard his date telling whoever someone on the phone that he planned to kidnap Red at the end of the night. From there, my sweet, brave boy tells me how he head-butted this Andler guy—stupid fucking name—and managed to get away. A blaze of white hot anger flows through me at the thought of someone trying to take my boy, but I keep that sentiment to myself. Red finishes up by telling me how he found himself at the airport and got there in time to catch a flight leaving for Quebec, which made him think of me.

After he finishes recounting his night, the panic attack starts. Red's breaths are coming quickly and tears are streaming down his cheeks. Grabbing his face between my hands, I hold him there and stare into his eyes. I breath in quickly two times, hold my breath and let it out. Again and again, I repeat this breathing exercise like he taught me and soon, Red starts to mimic me.

We breathe like this for what could have been minutes, hours, days, weeks. Long enough for Red to stop crying and for his breathing to regulate. When some time has passed between his previously erratic breathing and the soothing breaths we're taking now, he collapses on my chest, nuzzling into my neck.

"Thank you, Daddy." His voice is soft and small. I want to rip this guy's fucking head off, but I don't say that to Red. He doesn't know about my old life. Red knows nothing about me, other than I live in Quebec and I know how to fuck him. I have to fix that before we go any further. But that can wait until I feed him and get him some clothes that don't remind him of the night he was almost abducted for sex slavery.

Kissing the top of his head, I say, "You're welcome, sweet boy. You were really brave tonight. You should be proud of yourself."

I hear Red sniffling again and it makes me angry and breaks my heart simultaneously. "Thank you, Daddy. I was scared. I didn't think I'd get away."

"I know, boy. I know. You're here with me now, so you don't have to worry about anything else."

Red tucks himself closer and I both feel and hear his long exhalation as he makes himself comfortable. "What happens now?" my mouse asks me, quiet and squeaky. God, the sound of it melts my heart, but his voice is laced with fear.

Kissing his temple, I rub my hands up and down his back. We really have to talk about him calling me Daddy. We had a scene that I paid him for. I don't want him to think that just because I'm helping him, he has to continue to call me Daddy. I'm willing to help him with nothing in return because it feels good to give him what he needs.

If I'm being honest, though, I would love for Red to continue to call me Daddy and mean it. I love hearing it from him—how passionately he says it, the reverence with which he treats it when he addresses me, the way he looks at me to take charge of him and his body.

The selfish part of me wants to hold off as long as possible before I tell him he doesn't have to call me Daddy, but I'm not an asshole. I might not be a good man but I'm an honest one. Red deserves honesty after what he went through tonight.

Drawing in a deep breath, I blow it out slowly and say, "Well, first we get you some clothes so you can shower. Then I'll feed you, and if you're not sleepy by the time we're done, we can talk. How does that sound?" I pose it as a question instead of telling him what we'll do because I don't want Red to feel obligated to do what I say.

"Sounds good. Where are we going to get clothes?"

I move him from my lap and sit him beside me so he can meet my eyes. "You're going to soak in the bath while I go get you clothes." I see the fear in his eyes and he grips my hand solidly.

"I want to come with you."

"You want to put that suit back on and go out with me to buy clothes?" I'm sure he doesn't, seeing as he was so relieved to get it off, but if he wants to slide it back on and come with me because he's afraid, I won't stop him.

Red glances at it and starts to quake. Grasping his chin, I bring his face around until he's looking at me. "Hey, it's okay. Breathe with me, baby boy." Fuck, I need to stop that. He's not mine. He's in danger and needs help, not a Daddy.

He takes a few more deep breaths, then nods. "I can't ... no, I don't want to put that back on. Can you, I don't know, call someone? Or have it delivered?"

I shake my head. "I don't think people deliver clothes. But here," I reach behind me, under my shirt and pull out my Sig Sauer that's usually holstered there. "Take this and you can protect yourself until I get back."

His eyes grow wide and it takes a second for me to figure out why. "Why do you have a gun?! Is it real?!" he exclaims, then I remember that I am no longer in the US.

Sighing, I put the Sig on the table and Red leans away from it, eyeing it warily. It's kind of cute, but also not really helping because I want him to feel safe. "It's real. I need it for my job. And I'm used to carrying it." I don't mention that, while I'm in security and we all carry, I work more on the cybersecurity side.

Red kicks up his chin and I see a bit of that bratty side peeking through. "If you're a cop, you may as well turn yourself in, since you paid for my services." Barking a laugh, I shake my head. "I'm not a cop, Red. I work in security. We have a lot to talk about and I promise I'll tell you everything." I won't mention anything about Abel, Savage, or Michael without talking to them first.

Before we came to Quebec, Michael, Savage, Abel and I lived in the US. Savage was the head of the Benavelli family, a mafia family with connections to selling guns and cocaine wholesale. Savage was getting tired of the life of crime when Abel showed up and traded himself for his brother's life. He agreed to stay with Savage for a year in exchange and during that time, Abel and Savage fell in love. Unfortunately, the Russians that were trying to move in on Savage's territory kidnapped Abel and tortured him for information. Abel stayed strong and didn't give Savage up. We already had a plan in place to get out of the life. After we got Abel back, we put that plan in motion, faking our deaths, and moving to the opposite side of the continent to begin new lives in another country.

I have to fill Red in on all of that without telling him why Michael, Abel, Savage, and I moved to Canada. If I'm helping him, it will be inevitable that he meets them, but for now, I want to have their permission to tell Red anything about why we're really here. Their stories are theirs to tell.

At first, I think he'll accept that explanation, but as I thought, Red is smarter than that. "Most security personnel don't carry weapons. Are you into some illegal shit?"

I sigh and sit back so we can talk for a bit. If he's going to trust me with keeping him safe, he'll need to know the basics until we can talk more. "I used to be. I worked for a very dangerous man for over ten years before I came to Canada. Carrying a gun is second nature to me. I almost feel naked without one." I smirk at him, but Red just gives me a wide eyed look. Sighing again, I continue. "When we left the States, I had one of my guys at the border get my guns through so I'll always have them. I'm pretty handy with a knife, but I'd rather have a gun so I can protect myself."

"Are people after you?" Red whispers, tears brimming in his eyes but he doesn't let them fall. God, the strength on this boy.

"No. All the people who were after me are dead and no one back home knows I'm alive. I'm safe, but I feel better with a gun." Tilting my head to the side, I ask, "Are you afraid of me now?"

Red stares at me for a full minute and I don't rush him to answer. He needs to figure out what he wants to do and if he can trust me. I don't want him afraid of me, but I won't try to convince him not to be. He's been through enough in the past six hours. I want him to feel safe to make his own decisions about where he wants to go from here.

After a while, he shakes his head and pulls his legs to his chest. "No, I'm not afraid of you, Malcolm." I keep the wince to myself. He didn't call me Daddy and he doesn't know that's not my real name.

No time like the present to tell him. "My real name is Quin. Quin Harris." Red's mouth drops open and he stares at me some more. "What's yours?" There's no way Red is his real name.

Again, it takes a full minute for him to find his words. "Anything else you need to tell me? You're American, you have guns, used to work for dangerous people, you're supposed to be dead and your real name is Quin. I got all that right?" He ignores my question, but I don't push. Not yet anyway.

My jaw flexes with the need to tell this boy to temper his attitude when he's talking to me, but I know he's been through some shit, so I allow it. Just this once. "That about covers the basics. If you want me to tell you everything, I will. I won't lie to you about anything, Red."

That seems to deflate him. "I know. At least I think I know. But after tonight, I'm a little on edge."

"I get it, baby boy, I do." I watch Red lean towards me when I call him that, but I won't look too much into it. He's still unsure on how he feels. I know he trusts me with his life, but our relationship dynamic will take a different kind of trust.

Looking shakily at the gun, he inclines his head towards it. "Show me how to use it?"

Keeping my smile to myself, I slide over and scoop up the Sig from the table. Before I let him hold the gun, I show him where the safety is, telling him how much pressure he needs to put on the trigger to fire, and telling him to aim center mass for the largest target. When I put it in his hand, he jerks and looks at me with wary eyes. "Red, you don't have to take it.

But I want you to feel safe and if anyone comes into this room that's not me, I want you to protect yourself. Understand?"

He nods and watches me flick the safety off, then back on. He repeats the motion and looks at me quickly. "Good boy," I murmur and watch his eyes get soft and a small smile twitch on his lips. "I'll be quick. I saw a store a few miles back that will have some sweatpants and a few t-shirts. Something for you to throw on until we get you settled. Okay?"

Pulling in a deep breath, Red looks to be steeling himself. He blows it out and nods. "I'll wait until you get back to shower, if you don't mind."

"I don't. Give me half an hour. Charge your phone and keep it close. Call me if you need me and I'll be back as quickly as I can."

I leave Red in the room, looking small and vulnerable sitting on the couch in the room. Rushing to the car, I drive the few miles down the road to a shopping center. Quickly, I grab what I need for him, also adding a new cell phone, a duffle bag for him to put these clothes in and something things he might need, like body wash, deodorant, lotion and what I hope is the right product he can use for his hair.

It takes much effort not to call Savage and Michael so we can go and take this Andler fuck out. Not only for what he tried to do to my boy, but for abducting anyone against their will. That's laughable coming from me, since we kidnapped Abel's brother, but that was different. He was breaking into Savage's home and it was my job as his bodyguard to keep

him safe. Besides, we let him go, although we shouldn't have with what happened.

That being said, traffickers take people so they can get assaulted day in and day out for money. That's not something I'm okay with. While Savage was involved in gun running and selling drugs, he never agreed with trafficking. He would never allow anyone to talk him into it to get more money and wouldn't associate with any bosses that did.

So, yeah, I want to fucking off this guy, for Red and anyone else he pulled this shit with, but I need to keep my boy safe first, get him somewhere secure, find out what else he knows, then I can put a bullet through Andler's brain.

Twenty-seven minutes later, I'm sliding my keycard back into the door and pushing my way in. I'm met with Red aiming my gun at me, hand steady and his eyes hard. I drop the bags and raise my hands, stepping into the room and shutting the door with my foot. "It's me, baby boy. You're safe."

Red drops the gun with a groan and wraps his arms around himself. I move slowly towards him, making sure not to make any sudden moves. When I get to the couch, I move the gun to the table and put a hand on Red's arm. Sliding over to me, he puts his head on my shoulder and lets out a hard breath. "How do you keep ahold of that thing? It's heavy."

Giving him a smirk he can't see, I rub his shoulder and say, "It's not that bad. You had good form."

We sit in silence for a few beats, then Red says in a quiet voice, "You know, the other day, I was thinking you didn't look like a Malcolm. Quin fits."

"Malcolm is a good name, but you're right, it doesn't fit. You ready for a bath now? I have some body wash that I saw you use when you were at the hotel in Ontario. I'll sit out here and make sure you're safe."

Red nods, then makes his way to the bags. He grabs all of them and shuts himself up in the bathroom. When I hear the lock click, I peel off my jacket and reach for the landline, ordering us some room service. Even if he's sleepy, Red needs to eat. He's been through a lot and I'm not sure when he ate last. I order a bit of everything, not knowing what he likes. I even get the kitchen to make a cheeseburger, just in case he doesn't want any of the breakfast foods I ordered.

Just as the food arrives, Red comes out of the bathroom—hair wet, eyes red, and looking smaller than his muscular frame should. He looks over at the cart I'm wheeling inside and he gives me a soft grin. "Did you order the whole kitchen?"

"Almost. Come on, we can eat and talk."

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

## Red

ALMOST CAN'T BELIEVE everything Malcolm—I mean *Quin*—is telling me. He's American—which explains his comfort around guns—and he used to work for a major crime family. He gives off the energy that he doesn't take shit. He has that calm air about him that you can tell can be flipped on a dime if need be. Oh God ... has he ever killed anyone? He probably has. Shouldn't that scare me?

After we finish eating and Quin puts the cart outside the door, he ushers me over to the bed. Tucking me under the blankets, he sits down beside me and brushes my now wavy hair out of my face. "You okay, mouse?"

Smirking a little at his nickname for me, I nod. "Thanks for helping me, Daddy. It means a lot. I don't have a lot of people. Just Cara and my grandfather."

"You're welcome," he responds, brushing my hair from my forehead again. "And you don't have to call me that anymore."

Without meaning to, I feel my face fall, even though I try to keep it neutral. I look away and nod, turning over to my side away from him.

We sit in silence for a second, with me trying to discreetly wipe the tear that escapes my right eye. I'm not sure why I'm crying. Quin went above and beyond for me today. Picking me up from the airport, helping me through a panic attack, showing me how to use a gun—that was fucking scary—feeding me, buying me clothes and other supplies and being so open with me about his old life. I should be grateful, but all I am is sad that he doesn't want me.

I wanted to be his boy. I thought after I got my shit together and out of danger, he would want to pick up where we left off on our single, amazing night together. Unfortunately, it seems like I'm the only one that thought there could be more if we were in the same place. It wasn't on my mind to pick up the relationship when I called Malcolm—Quin—but while I was in the shower, I realized we had been referring to each other like we had during our magical night together.

A hand lands on my shoulder and Quin pulls me to my back so I can look at him. "What just happened?"

Shaking my head, I say, "Nothing, Da—Quin. I just..." I shake my head again and take in a shuddering breath, trying to get the courage to say what I want to him without being afraid of the rejection I know is coming. "I thought we had a connection. Back at the hotel?" It comes out like a question. "But it was just a job, I guess. You see me as just a hooker?"

"Wait, stop." Quin holds up his hand and I clamp my mouth shut because he put on his Daddy voice that drives me fucking crazy. I'm not sure he did it on purpose—it probably just happened because of who he is. "I'll start with your last question. No, I don't see you as 'just a hooker,'" he air quotes the words. "There's nothing wrong with sex work." He runs a hand down my face and I fight to keep still. "There's no shame in it. I would never look down on you or anyone else that chooses to do it. It's your body and your decision what to do with it.

"Your other question. No, Red." I turn away, bracing myself for rejection. "Look at me, boy," he growls and I gasp and my eyes flick up to his. Eyes locked, he says, "I felt it too. The connection. But we lived so far away, so there was no point mentioning it. I said you don't have to call me Daddy just because I'm helping you. My help comes without strings for as long as you need it."

I search his face, hoping against hope that he means it. That he really felt what I felt and he wants me to be his.

"What if I want to?" I ask, voice small.

Quin's brows knit together and he asks, "Want to what?"

"Call you Daddy. Be your boy. What if I want that?"

"Yeah?" he asks, a beautiful smile spreading over his face.

Swallowing thickly, I nod. "Yeah. We can talk and straighten some things out, but yeah. Please? I kinda need

someone to take care of me because I'm a fucking mess." I try to laugh it off, but it sounds hollow to my own ears.

Quin frames my face between his big palms and my own fly to meet them, caressing his smooth and warm skin. "I felt like you needed a Daddy when we were together. I could feel your need to be taken care of. So yes, we can talk and if we want the same things, we can do it."

"Is it too fast?" I mutter, wondering why I'm sabotaging this. What if he says yes and he wants us to wait until we get to know each other better? Wait until I'm less broken.

He shrugs and lowers his hands. I miss their warmth. "I'm not getting any younger. Up until two years ago, I didn't think I'd live to see my forties. So no, not too fast. Do you want to wait until we can spend more time together?"

I shake my head quickly. "No. I know what I want. We can get to know each other while you're my Daddy."

I don't think I'll ever get enough of how beautiful Quin's smile is. It makes him look so gorgeous. "Okay. We can talk when you wake. For now, you need some rest." He looks at me sternly and I shiver at the command.

"Lie down with me?"

"Okay, baby boy." Quin undresses down to his undershirt and underwear and slides under the blankets with me. With his big, warm chest to my back, he tucks me in close and wraps a strong arm around my waist and puts the other under my head. He kisses my neck and whispers, "You can rest, baby. I'll protect you."

Listening to my Daddy, I close my eyes and sink into sleep.



Before I open my eyes after my nap, I take the time to appreciate how warm I am. We changed positions while we were asleep and now I'm sprawled across Quin's massive chest and he's lightly brushing his fingers along my spine. Letting out a contented breath, I wiggle and blink my eyes open slowly.

When I meet his gaze, Quin grins at me and strokes a hand down my cheek. "How did you sleep, boy?"

"Good, Daddy. Did you sleep? How long was I out?"

"Three hours. No, I didn't sleep. I rarely nap. Once I'm up, I'm up until bedtime."

I groan and inch further up his body. "Three hours. Shit, I'm sorry. I thought you were going to sleep too. I wouldn't have asked you to lie down with me if I knew you would be up."

Under the cheek I put to his chest, I feel the rumble of Quin's laughter. "It's okay, Red. You needed sleep. It's been a while since I had a day off. Listening to you snore was relaxing."

Face burning, I burrow into his chest. "Oh God. Did I really snore?"

He laughs harder and I grab a pillow and gently hit him with it. He grabs it and tosses it away, then pulls me up until I'm looking at him. "You snore, but it's cute. Adorable, even." I roll my eyes and turn my head, but Quin turns it back. "Do not roll your eyes at me, boy."

A shiver runs over me and I have to duck my head so he won't see the heat lingering there. "Sorry, Daddy."

"Come on," Quin says, patting my ass. "Time to go home."

"Home?" I squeak, tossing my leg from over him so he can stand.

When he's standing, he stretches and I watch how his shirt rides up so I can see his beautiful abs on display for me. He catches me looking and smirks at me, then pulls me up until I'm flush against his body. "Yeah. Home. Do you want to stay somewhere else?"

"Without you? No." That sounds needy as fuck, but I am needy. I realized after literally one night that I wanted more from this man. Him offering to share his home with me? I'm not turning that down.

His chuckle warms me and I press against him, wrapping my arms around his waist. "It's not my permanent home. It's a house built in the woods I use when I want to get away from work and Michael for the weekend." My head whips back so fast, I feel like I pull a muscle. "Michael?"

"My best friend and business partner. We've been living together for almost a decade now. And no, we are not a couple. Michael is not my type and I'm not his."

"What's your type?"

He grins at me and kisses my nose. "You are, sweet boy. Any objections to staying in the woods?"

I shake my head. "No. I want to be wherever you are." I pause and glance up at him. "Won't your roommate be upset you're not there for ..." I cut myself off and go in another direction. "How long will we be out in the woods?"

Quin shrugs, kissing my lips this time. "Not sure. Until you feel like you want to leave."

I love that answer. Although he's my Daddy, he's still letting me decide things about my life. While my college professor wasn't a bad Daddy, I was never allowed to make such a big decision. I liked my Daddy taking the reins so I didn't have to make most decisions, but I want a say in big things.

"Thank you, Daddy."

He smiles at me knowingly. "Get dressed. It's almost an hour to get there. We can go shopping in a few days. I want you to get some rest and get comfortable first."

"Yes, please."

We pack up our things and clean up as best we can before we hit the road. The drive to his home is peaceful. Neither of us talk too much, content in the effortless silence we share. This is a new experience for me. I'm used to filling the empty silences with chatter about any and everything, but it doesn't feel necessary now. I like that I can enjoy the silence like this with him. I also like the firm grip Quin keeps on my hand the whole drive.

About an hour later, Quin turns off onto a dirt road that looks as if it doesn't belong. He stops a few feet after he turns off, presses what looks to be a garage door opener, then he continues to drive. I look at him quizzically and he smiles at me. "My alarm system. I have a sensor around the perimeter of the house and only Michael and Savage have a remote to deactivate it."

"Who's Savage?" He said Michael is his roommate. Is Savage another one?

"My other best friend. We all came from the States together."

There's nothing wrong with Canada. I love it, but I'm not sure why the three of them wanted to come *here* of all places. Not many people from the States want to move north. Usually when they're wanting to start a new life, they go overseas or to Mexico. I'm not going to complain because had he not come here, I would never have met him.

When the house comes into view, I lean forward with my mouth open. It's beautiful. It's all wood and glass, a large wall

surrounding it that I hope is to keep out the black bears that sometimes plague these woods. The door is large and black, almost out of place, but it fits the modern ruggedness of the house. The almost floor to ceiling windows have me imagining myself sitting in front of one, reading a book or playing a guitar while watching nature pass me by, or curling up with a blanket early in the morning and watching the sun rise, Quin tucked in behind me.

After that, my mind runs away from me and I imagine Quin and I building a life in this house. Not worrying about neighbors, so we can fuck as loud as we want. We can walk around naked. He can fuck me against the glass. We could live and love and fuck and argue and grow and be ... all in this beautiful house.

I shake myself, knowing how I get ahead of myself sometimes. But fuck, this is the dream. I haven't even been inside and it feels like home. I haven't ever had anywhere feel like home to me, even the house I grew up in. It was a mansion that had the emotional range of a morgue. Everyone living there was dead inside. But this house? It looks like it will feel like the complete opposite. Just looking at it makes me feel happy. Whole. Hopeful. At ease. It could also be the company of the man beside me, but I think it has more to do with the structure and who it belongs to.

"You like it?" Quin asks, breaking into my train of thought.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I love it. It's beautiful."

## **CHAPTER SIX**

## Red

FEW DAYS AFTER arriving at the woodsy hideaway, I finally start feeling like myself again. Though I know Quin wouldn't let anything happen to me, it was tough to believe I was truly safe. Even sleeping in his arms didn't completely erase the feelings of fear in my dreams. I know it caused him stress when I woke up trembling, but he just held me and whispered softly to me until I could calm my racing heart and stop shaking. By the fifth night, I wasn't having nightmares and I slept through the night.

I'm feeling really good this morning, so I slide out of Quin's arms and, after I relieve myself and brush my teeth, I pad to the kitchen, wanting to make him breakfast.

Though I hoped we would, we didn't speak much about anything deep, especially not about our relationship, over the past few days. I have a feeling he was waiting on me to not feel so overwhelmed with what happened and what he revealed about himself, which I appreciate. Last night before

bed, I resolved to tell Quin about the warehouse. Honestly, I'm disgusted with myself for waiting so long.

I opened my mouth a few times to tell him, but right before I could, I would feel the telltale signs of an anxiety attack. So I would stop and breathe through it. I was afraid after that and wanted to wait to build the courage to tell him. Since I didn't have a nightmare last night, I think I'm ready. Hopefully, Quin will be able to do something to make it right. Call the Royal Canadian Mounted Police or something.

Another reason I've sat on the information? I'm afraid. Afraid that they might find out I said something and harm the people inside the warehouse before they can be rescued. It's a stupid fear, since they're probably having untold things done to them already, but it's how I feel.

Quin needs to know. He told me about his business and how he and his business partner have a contact in the RCMP they work with sometimes. If I tell Quin, he can possibly get his contact to do something and rescue anyone that may be inside.

Shortly after I have the toast buttered, Quin walks out of the room looking so fine, I almost want to jump him. He smiles slowly at me and walks behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist and kissing my neck. I turn my head and he kisses my lips, his breath minty fresh. I didn't hear him get up and use the bathroom. I was also in my own little world, so that might have a lot to do with it.

"Good morning, Daddy," I breath when he releases my lips from the earth shattering kiss he just laid on me. Everything about Quin is so intense. He half-asses nothing and I fucking love it. I can't wait until we fuck again. I'm so ready for us to be together without a business transaction.

"Morning, sweet boy. Thanks for making breakfast. It looks great. You did a good job." My cheeks heat under the praise and I lean into him, soaking up what he tells me. I love when Quin praises me. It's only been a few days, but it makes me blush and my pulse quicken every time he does. I know he's not saying it because he has to—he really means it.

After blushing furiously, I shoo him away so I can make him a plate. We don't really have much here after what I'm cooking today, so we'll have to go shopping soon. But right now, he'll have some pancakes made from scratch, turkey bacon, eggs, and toast. Hopefully, he enjoys it.

I set Quin's plate in front of him, then grab the jam and syrup so he can dig in. Before I grab my plate and sit beside him, I watch him take the first bite and a sense of pride fills me when he groans at the bite of the homemade pancakes.

Sitting beside him, I grab the syrup and almost drown my pancakes in it and put jam on my toast. "Where did you learn to cook?" Quin asks me around a mouthful of food.

Smiling sadly, I cut into my pancakes. "Family cook, Ms. Franklin. She was the best. Ms. Franklin started working for my family a few months after her husband passed away when I was twelve. She was the only person in my house that was nice to me. I would sit in the kitchen and talk to her often, and after a while, I started helping her." I smile fondly at the

memories. "She taught me subtly. First, she would ask for me to hand her things she forgot. Then she would ask me to flip a pancake or check a roast while she was tending to something else or went to the restroom. After a while I would help her with a lot of the dishes."

Quin grins as I talk about my old life. "Where is she? Ms. Franklin."

My face falls. "She passed a year after I went to university. She had a heart attack. My parents didn't even wait until she was buried to hire another cook." I stab at my pancakes, still pissed by their audacity. Not even twelve hours after they found out the cook they'd had for almost eight years was dead, they were starting the interview process for another one. They were fucking selfish. I was so torn up about it, having been so close to her, I had to take a week off classes so I could mourn. My brother, Gil, told me about them hiring someone right away on one of the few occasions we spoke. Though he wasn't as close to Ms. Franklin as I was, he was just as disgusted. Neither of us were pleased with our parents at any point in our lives and that really compounded it for us.

"I'm sorry," Quin says and I know he means it. "Are you close with your parents?"

I laugh sardonically and shake my head. "Definitely not. I'm sure my mother only had me and Gil as accessories. She never really loved us. And my father was always so busy with work and building his fortune. He never had time for us. My brother and I were pitted against each other all our lives, so

we're not close either." I swallow roughly. "I wish we were. I think too much happened for us to mend our relationship, which sucks because I love my brother. I rarely see or talk to him now. Our parents fucked up our relationship with each other—and with them too."

My brother is only two years older than me, but it felt like ten. My parents always pushed him to do more, study more, learn more. And I was always lagging behind, no matter how hard I tried to do what he did to make them happy. By the time I was fourteen, I said fuck it and started doing what I wanted. I'm a pretty smart guy, so I didn't fail classes or anything like that, but I didn't do advanced classes like they made my brother do, no sports, and no extracurricular activities. I was beyond sick of their snide comments. It was always, *Gil never gives us this much trouble*, or *Gil takes advanced classes so he can be a physician one day*, or *Gil is a star tennis player and will go far*. Imagine their shock when he decided to join the military. Best day of my life, seeing their shocked expressions.

Quin nods but doesn't seem like he pities me. "Me and my brother were the same. We patched shit up later, but it was rough going for a few of those years. He's older, bigger, and smarter than me, and my parents made sure I knew it. As we aged, we realized what they were doing and we got close despite what they wanted us to believe. Up until I faked my death, we spoke often."

He looks sad and I think about what he had to give up because of his job. "You think about reaching out?"

"Nah. That would cause problems."

"With your parents?"

Quin shakes his head, putting a piece of bacon in his mouth and groaning appreciatively, making me smile. "Parents are dead. It'll cause issues for my brother. He has a family and it would be too much to ask him to keep that from them." He looks at me with a pained expression. "It wasn't a decision I made lightly. When we agreed to come here, I set things up for him and his family, so they would be taken care of. His kids have college funds set up for them and he has a hefty life insurance policy that will have him living comfortably for a long time."

I nod in understanding and rub his arm in sympathy. "I'm sorry you had to leave your brother, but I'm glad you took care of him. My parents are dead too. Well, dead inside. They're still breathing."

Quin pauses with a fork to his mouth and looks at me seriously. "They disown you?"

Shaking my head, I push my plate away, no longer wanting to eat. "No. I left and decided to go no-contact. They were toxic. I moved to Ontario to be close to my grandfather and for school. They're back in BC and I haven't spoken to them in years. I like it that way."

Looking pleased with my answer, Quin finishes his food and looks at my plate. "You need to eat."

"Not hungry."

"Boy, you need to eat your breakfast. You worked hard making it and I won't have you starving yourself. Now pull your plate back like a good boy and eat."

Hastily, I drag my plate back and eat more pancakes. Quin using his Daddy voice is sexy as fuck. He's also right. I do need to eat. Over the last few days, I've been picking over my food since my stomach hasn't been settled since the events of that night.

Instead of leaving the table since he's finished eating, Quin stays where he is, watching me eat and talks to me about nothing. It's sweet. It's refreshing. And I'm hooked.

I clean the dishes and put them in the dishwasher before I go over to where my Daddy is laying on the couch. He holds his arms out to me and I sink into them, cuddling on his chest. "What do you want to do today, baby boy?"

"Can we talk some more? I really liked that."

"About what?"

"What we're doing? We haven't really said anything more about it since we left the hotel. I want to make sure we're still on the same page here. I want to be your boy, but I want to know that we want the same things and won't waste each other's time."

"That's fair. So tell me, boy. What do you want?"

What *do* I want? I know I want someone to take care of me. To actually make decisions for me so I don't have to think so hard or worry about anything. I want someone that will put me

first while allowing me to do the same for them. I want someone strong, but who's not afraid to be vulnerable with me. I want someone that depends on me as much as I depend on them.

I tell Quin all this and he hums in his throat. "Those are things I want too, Red. I want to take care of you. Be there for you. Be a safe space for you. Protect you. We want the same things, for sure. You told me your limits at the hotel. Are there others? Things you want me to know about you?"

"Nothing. I told you what I wanted then because that's what I like all the time. There may be some things I haven't explored yet, but I'm not really into pain or anything really rough. And watersports, remember?"

My daddy laughs and kisses my hair. "I remember. We like the same things. I don't like to do more than spank my boy's ass with my hand and maybe a paddle when he's earned a punishment. I have a feeling I might have to think of something clever for you. You seemed to like me spanking you."

Shivering, I put my arms around his back. "I did. Not much of a punishment when you feel so fucking good."

To prove my point, Quin reaches down and swats my ass and I groan into his chest. "Not all my spankings will be as light as they were then. Even so, I'll find something that fits."

That sounds ominous, but I don't hate it.

"What else?" he asks. "What do you do for fun? Hobbies?"

Smiling softly, I stare off into space. "One thing my parents did was allow me and my brother to choose what instruments we wanted to play. We *had* to play an instrument. I chose guitar, thinking I would try it and hate it since they got me an acoustic instead of an electric. But after a few lessons, I loved it. I've played since I was eight."

"Why'd you stop?"

It's tough to talk about, but he asked. "My parents wouldn't allow me to take my guitar from their house, so I scraped up enough money while I was in university to get a new one. But I had to sell it when I needed rent money. I didn't have the money to get it out of the pawn shop right away and when I went back, it was gone."

He pulls me closer to him. "Sorry, baby boy."

"It's okay, Daddy. I'll get another one soon, I think. I miss it. It was the only thing I had for a while and I'm ready to have that again."

Quin tips my chin up and plants a soft kiss on my lips that has me groaning in his mouth and trying to slide closer to him for more. He snickers when he breaks away from my lips, putting my head back on his chest.

We're silent for a while, then I take a deep breath, steeling myself for what I have to do. My heart rate picks up and I feel the flush of heat over my body right before an anxiety attack, but it's not as bad as it was days ago, so I can push through it and say in a rush, "Quin, I know where the warehouse is."

"Warehouse?" His voice is full of question and I don't blame him. I only told him about Andler wanting to take me, not *where* he wanted to take me.

"I overheard Andler talking about a warehouse and where it's located. I figured you could help since you're in security and obviously have contacts, what with getting all your guns over here." I shudder a bit, remembering the feel of the heavy weight in my hands. It felt foreign and rough, too bulky to be natural.

He dips his head and I continue. "If I tell you where it is, if there are people inside, can your gun contact get them out? Make sure they're not hurt? I would feel terrible if something happened to innocent people."

Quin sits up and brings me up with him. He looks at me with serious eyes and I know he'll do what I ask. "Of course, baby. Tell me where it is and I'll call my guys. I know a lot of people everywhere, especially since I work closely with the RCMP. I can get the right people there to help."

I let out a shuddering breath. God, I really hope he can do what he says he can. "You're so brave, mouse. So, so brave."

He pulls me into his arms and I let out a deep sigh. Knowing Quin will be able to help takes a great stress off my shoulders that I didn't know was there. My heart rate is slowing down and my hands aren't shaking anymore. He rubs my back and kisses the side of my face, telling me how brave I am and how good I did. The praise sends shivers down my spine and heats me up.

When he goes to place another kiss on my cheek, I turn my face and meet his lips instead. I don't wait for him to open me up—I part my lips so he can delve in and I groan when his thick tongue strokes over mine. Quin slides his hand down to my ass and squeezes.

Dragging his hand higher, Quin tangles it in my hair and pulls me back. I whimper when his lips part from mine. "Tell me what you want, boy."

"You, Daddy. Only you."

Quin stands from the couch and I wrap my legs around his waist. I'm not a small man, so I'm surprised and turned on by his show of strength. The walk to the room is short and quick, Quin laying me out on the bed. He strips me out of my clothes and his eyes linger on every inch of my skin he reveals. I pose for him, making him chuckle and he blankets me with his much bigger body. "You're beautiful, mouse." He kisses me breathless and I wrap my legs around his waist and my arms around his back.

After he's had his fill, Quin pulls away and starts to kiss down my body. I don't even try to hold the moans in. I'm not sure what it is about Quin, but even his simple kisses turn me on more than anything I've ever experienced.

When Quin gets to my painfully hard cock, he brushes his lips over my cockhead and I groan when he continues to kiss down my legs. He chuckles against my skin at my reaction and I shiver when his warm breath hits my skin, flittering the hair on my legs.

Reaching my left foot, Quin places feather light kisses on it, then drapes that leg over his shoulder and moves back up to my groin. Again, he places an open mouthed kiss to my cockhead, then makes the same descent down the opposite leg, placing gentle kisses across my body. I try to stay as still as possible, absorbing all the sensation and watching Quin pay special attention to every part of me.

Placing the other leg over his shoulder, Quin moves back up until my legs are folded and he's face to face with my straining erection. "I wanted to enjoy your body when we were at the hotel." He kisses along my shaft lightly and I thrust up, wanting to be in his mouth. To feel his thick tongue and his pillow soft lips wrapped around me. But Quin continues to tease me. "You get a beautiful flush when you're turned on." He turns his head to the side and sucks marks onto my thighs. A shudder runs through me and I reach down to run my fingers over where his hands are gripping me, moaning wildly.

Taking the mushroom head of my cock into his mouth, he twirls his tongue around it and I arch from the bed, loving how warm his mouth is. Jesus, Quin's mouth feels so good.

My Daddy groans around me and pulls off, making me whimper with need. "You taste sweet, baby boy."

"Please," I beg, biting my lip and trying to keep still so he can go back to making me feel good.

"Please, what?"

"Oh, please, Daddy. Please suck me."

"I love how beautifully you beg. Don't come until I tell you to." Then Quin engulfs my cock with his hot mouth and I moan so loudly, it echoes off the walls. He takes my balls in his hand and pulls them gently, rolling them around while he does sinful things to my dick with his tongue. Bobbing his head, he sucks on me gently at first, then harder, almost pulling my whole cock into his mouth.

"Oh fuck, Daddy. I can't ... hold it ..." I babble and groan, trying to get away from how good his mouth feels, but wanting nothing more than what he's doing to me.

Thankfully, Quin pulls off my cock, but my reprieve is short lived. He lifts my legs higher and licks around my hole. I shout, hands gripping Quin's as he holds me up and open. My body starts to vibrate, and I sob and beg, wanting him to put me out of my misery and let me come.

Lapping and licking at me, Quin makes obscene noises of appreciation as he eats me out, thrusting his tongue inside me before pulling it out and sucking at my hole. No amount of squirming can get me away from his tongue, as his strong hands grip me tighter to keep me in place.

"Please ... Daddy ... I'm going to come ... I can't ... Daddy!" Right when my come is ready to spurt out of me, Quin moves away and I sob in thanks. God, he felt so good, but I want to be a good boy for my Daddy. I can't come when he didn't tell me to.

Wiping his mouth, Quin smiles down at me and if I didn't see his erection straining his pants, I would have thought he

was unaffected by the whole thing. "You did well, baby."

I grin back at him, happy I could please my Daddy and do what he told me. Crawling from between my legs, Quin makes his way over to the nightstand and grabs lube and a condom. He settles back between my legs and drops soft kisses on my face and neck while I hold on tightly to him. "I need to fuck you, baby boy. I need to be inside you again."

Arching into him, I moan out, "Yes, please, Daddy. I need you."

Stretching me and getting me ready takes a while, since Quin is so big. When I had him the first time, I didn't know how he would fit. Not only is his cock long, it's thicker than any I've ever had before. My fingers barely touched when I had my hand around him and it's a wonder I was able to fit more than the head of his cock in my mouth.

One lubed finger, then another find their way inside me and I let out a groan. I know he's only trying to get me ready for him, but his fucking fingers. Goddamn. How is this man even real? How did I get lucky enough to have him as my Daddy?

"Mmm ... you're ready for me, aren't you, sweet boy?" Quin kisses an especially sensitive spot on my neck and my body jerks, causing me to sink deeper on his fingers. He brushes my prostate and a flood of precome leaks out of me. Before long, he removes his fingers and I'm able to climb off the orgasmic cliff he just had me on.

Quin drags his pants down and leans back to sheath himself. I watch with greedy eyes, eager for him to fill me up once more. He drizzles lube over his condom-covered cock and I'm almost coming out of my skin in anticipation.

Leaning back over me, Quin brings his lips to mine and I melt into him, loving how good he makes me feel with just his mouth on me. Not moving his mouth from mine, Quin reaches between us and I feel his dick at my entrance. He drags it over my hole, then pushes in slowly. Tearing my mouth from his, I pull in a deep breath and moan, loving the sting and burn of his intrusion.

"Can you take me, mouse? Is it too much?"

I shake my head quickly, opening eyes I didn't know were closed and meeting his. "Not too much. We're green, Daddy."

Quin sinks into me with care, careful not to hurt me since his cock is so fucking big. When he's bottomed out, he lets out a deep grunt and closes his eyes, swallowing roughly.

"Slow?" He asks.

"No." I don't need slow right now. I need him to own me. I need him to show me I'm really his. Slow is good, but I need more from him. I need his big cock ripping me apart and his words and touch putting me back together. Maybe this will make me feel like my nightmares won't break me and things will get better because I'm his boy.

Pulling out to the tip, Quin thrusts back into me and I gasp, clawing at him back at the feel of his cock dragging against my walls. "No, what, boy?"

"No, Daddy. Don't go slow. Fuck me hard. Fuck me deep."

Throwing my leg over his shoulder, Quin sits up and grips my waist in big hands and holds on tight. "You can come when you want, baby. I won't last long. You're already squeezing my dick."

Another whimper leaves my lips, then Quin takes me on a ride. Keeping my body still so I can't meet his thrusts, he rolls his hips and snaps them into me. Over and over, he drives his cock into me hard and deep like I asked him. There's nothing I can do but moan and try to hold off my release until Quin is close.

That's a losing battle. Quin grips my dick and starts to jerk me in time to his hard thrusts, his calloused hand dragging over my length easily, thanks to the copious amount of precome I'm leaking. He angles his hips and taps my prostate with such precision it takes my breath away. In no time, I'm spilling over his fist, loud moans and incoherent words tumbling from my mouth as my body jerks and twitches with my release.

"I'm close, baby boy. Can you take me a little longer?" Quin asks me in a strained voice, his thrust into me getting deeper and more clumsy.

I nod frantically and open my arms to him. Quin moves my leg from his shoulder and sinks down to me, kissing me messily while he fucks me at a maddening pace. He groans into my mouth and I feel his hips stutter and he unleashes a deep groan that I swallow down along with my own moans.

The feeling of his cock swelling inside with from his release has my own cock twitching.

Even when he stops moving inside me, Quin doesn't drag his mouth from mine. He simply pulls out and lies on me, nipping and licking at my mouth, gliding his tongue over mine languidly.

Minutes later, Quin pulls away from my mouth with a sigh. He runs his thumb over my bottom lip, which feels kiss swollen and sensitive. I drag my eyes open and give him a lazy smile, body feeling loose and lax. Rolling over, Quin takes the condom off quickly, then pulls me over to him. He kisses my forehead and rubs my back, letting out a deep, satisfied breath.

I nuzzle his chest, giving him a soft kiss there while I throw my leg over his waist. "How do you feel, baby?" he asks while rubbing my hair gently.

"Good. Going to be sore for a while, but it was just what I needed."

"I'm glad," he says softly and kisses my head again. "We can go talk to Michael tomorrow. I could call him if you don't want to leave, but I'd like to show you where I work."

Lifting my head, I stare up at him. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. And I want my best friend to meet my boy. I don't plan on letting you go."

The smile that stretches my face hurts so good.

## **CHapter Seven**

## Quin

RED'S EYES BOUNCE AROUND as we pull up to our security firm, Services de Securite Hayes et Gray, looking this way and that. It's adorable how happy he is from just this short drive back to the city. He has a soft smile playing across his lips as he takes in his surroundings.

Cutting the engine, I look over at him and ask, "You okay?"

He nods. "Yeah. Nervous. This is your best friend. I've never met anyone's best friend before." Red tries to smile at me, but I see the strain in it and how it pulls at his eyes.

I can't have my boy nervous. While it's natural to want to make a good impression, I don't want him to stress himself because of what Michael may think of him. Grabbing his hand, I bring it to my lips. "You don't need to worry, boy. I got you."

His smile turns soft and he leans towards me. I meet his mouth in a soft kiss and I love how he sighs against my lips, like I've set him at ease. "I know, Quin. I'm overthinking it, huh?"

I kiss him quickly once more. "Little bit. Come on. We can tell Michael the details of this fucker that tried to take what's mine." I growl that last part and his eyes flare and grow heated. He needs to stop looking at me like that or I'll take his ass in the car before we talk to Michael.

"Okay, Daddy," he breathes and scrambles out of the car. I grab his hand when I get around the front of the car. Looking around the parking lot, I see that Michael is here, as well as two other employees, Judy and Grant. I've known both since we were in the Marines.

Judy was already living in Canada, running away from her old life and abusive ex, and I reached out to her when I landed. Just like me, she isn't supposed to be alive—she drove her car over a bridge to make it seem like she drowned and her body washed out to sea. A few months after Michael and I got out of our depressive fog and feelings of uselessness, I called her and asked if she wanted to work with us at our firm when it was off the ground. She jumped at the chance and became our first employee.

Grant was the second, having kept in touch with Judy, even after she disappeared herself. He had no wife, husband, kids, or dogs, so he packed up and crossed the border when Judy let him know my plan.

There are five more employees, but they're probably out on various jobs. Not only do we work security at smaller events, we outsource ourselves and work to protect high profile clients. Michael, Judy, and I usually stay away from those, just so we don't run the risk of running into someone from our past lives. Also, Judy and I are better at cybersecurity. That's what we did in the Marines and we kept up with the skills after we got out.

Red squeezes my hand and walks close to me, still looking around. "Never been to Quebec?" I ask,

"Never. Just BC and Ontario. It's nice, eh?"

Smiling down at him, I tease, "Eh?"

His cheeks flush pink and he shakes his head. "Don't tease me, you bland American." I bark a laugh and kiss his temple.

Inside of the office is pretty standard stuff. We have a desk at the front that we take turns manning, filling in as receptionist and PA until we hire a good one that gets along with everyone and is bilingual. Our last two seemed resistant in speaking French in the workplace, even with the threat of language police coming around. There's a frosted door across from us and through that, there are several offices. Michael and I share one, Grant and Judy share, and the other employees split the others. It's nothing fancy, but it's ours and we take pride in it.

Walking through the frosted door, I lead Red down the hall to our office. I find Michael behind his desk, eyebrows scrunched as he reads whatever is on his screen. Michael is a handsome son of a bitch. His gray eyes, chiseled jaw, full lips and lush blond hair turn heads wherever we go.

He looks up when we walk in and he grins at my boy. "You're Red."

My boy squeaks, then looks at me. I grin down at him and nod. "Yeah, I am. And you're Michael."

"Yep." Michael stands and holds his hand out. "Is your real name Red?"

Red shakes his hand but doesn't answer.

An uncomfortable silence fills the room until I clear my throat and direct Red to the chair behind my desk. I sit and he perches on my thigh and I wrap an arm around his waist. Red looks at me and I wink, making him blush furiously. Grinning, I look over at Michael and catch a wistful look on his face that I see sometimes when he looks at Abel and Savage.

"So," I begin and Michael shakes his head and looks at me. "Red had an ... incident and we need to contact Jared down in Ontario." Red looks over at me and I squeeze his waist briefly. "Jared is a guy we've done business with that has ties with the RCMP. He'll be able to find the right people to maybe conduct a raid on the warehouse if people could be in danger." Red nods and we look back at Michael.

My best friend nods and reaches for a notepad. "Tell me everything, if you don't mind, Red." Michael's voice is gentle when he addresses my boy and I appreciate it. My mouse is skittish and I don't want him to freeze up when I know he wants to help those that may be trapped in that warehouse.

After giving him a reassuring look and rubbing his back, Red goes over the full conversation he overheard from Andler. What kind of fucking name is Andler? It takes several deep breaths for me to control my anger when I hear Red go over what he went through again. My hand itches to palm my Sig and track this fucker down and put as many bullets in his head that my clip holds. No one touches what's mine.

Red finishes telling Michael what happened and Michael clenches his jaw before nodding. While we worked for Savage and the Benavelli family for over ten years, we never had to hurt or kill anyone that didn't deserve it. After Joe B—Savage's father—was murdered, Savage told us he wasn't going to stand for bullshit violence attached to his family name and everyone in his crew stuck to that. So I know Michael doesn't like hearing that fucking Andler and his crew might have snatched unsuspecting men and women.

Putting the notepad away, Michael picks up his phone. "Jared? It's Evan. Listen, man. I have some sensitive information that needs to be handled quickly, but delicately." He stands and takes the phone call into the hall, leaving me and Red alone. Jared is a contact we both share, but I shout to Michael to have him call me back with any updates so I can give them to Red right away.

"Evan?" Red asks me, then gets a thoughtful look on his face. "Evan Gray? And Malcolm Hayes."

"Yes, my sweet boy. We opened the firm under our assumed names. Safer that way. Only two employees here know our real identities, so try to call us Hayes and Gray if you come visit."

Nodding, Red leans into me, taking a deep breath. "When will it happen?"

I shrug. "Depends on how long it takes them to put a task force together and do some investigation. A month or two at the most."

That seems to be okay with Red because he smiles shyly at me. "I can't believe I did it. Getting them off the streets will help me sleep better at night, even if it'll take a while. I wish it could be done now though. Those poor people." He shudders and I have to agree. If the RCMP go in without a plan, it could cause more harm than good.

"I can believe it. You're so brave. I'm so proud of you, baby boy." Red lets out a sigh and melts into me, kissing me gently.

Before the kiss can get deeper, Michael walks back into the room. "They're going to check the area out and get a task force together. They'll let you know what happens after the raid is over. A few people have reported their loved ones that are sex workers missing in this province and Ontario. So you might be responsible for getting some people home." Red beams and I rub his back, extremely proud of my boy.

I would rather have found the pieces of shit and killed them myself, but I know it's unwise, as we've already left one life of crime. I don't want to pick up and move again. I like Canada. But who knows? I might be able to get my chance.

Thinking about the empty desk at the front of the building, I ask Michael, "Who's on desk duty today?"

He curses and stands quickly. "Supposed to be me. I tried to route the calls back this way, but I can never get that shit right. We need a fucking receptionist." He rushes to the door.

"I'll do it," Red mutters, stopping Michael and making me raise an eyebrow at him. "What? I can do it. I was a personal assistant for a lawyer a few years back. I'm sure it's much the same. I need to pay my way here. I can't live off you, Quin. It wouldn't be right. At least if I'm working, I'll earn the paycheck you sign. Besides, I speak fluent French."

I look at Michael and he shrugs. Turning back to Red, I ask, "You sure? We'll have to use your birth name on the payroll documents. Can Andler identify you by name?

"About as much as you can," he says cheekily and I give him a look. He quickly tacks on, "Sorry, Daddy."

"We can change it, if you want."

"My name?" Red asks and I nod. "Oh God, yes please. My name is fucking terrible and I hate it."

"What is it?"

Red looks back at Michael and Michael steps out of the office with a smirk. When Red turns around, his face is blazing and he drops his head and whispers something. "Speak up, boy," I demand.

"Dwight."

I blink and stare. I expected worse with how closely he guarded it. He meets my eyes and his eyebrows are dipped. "That's not too bad."

"Not too bad? Quin, it's fucking terrible. Imagine calling a fucking three year old Dwight. I was in elementary school before my friend started calling me Red because my face turned bright red when anyone called me Dwight. God, it's a terrible fucking name. Please change it. I'll do anything."

That pulls a laugh from me and Red's face gets this adorably irritated look that makes me stop laughing. It's not fair to tease him about something he had no hand in. "Okay, baby. What do you want your name to be?"

"Something normal please. Joshua? Caleb?"

"Caleb fits."

He smiles at me brilliantly then leans his head on his chest. "Thank you, Daddy. Caleb sounds good."

I bring his face to mine and give him a deep kiss, loving the little moan that escapes when I give him my tongue. Red pulls himself closer to me and takes my face in his hands, fingers grazing my stubble. I'm surprised the chair is holding our weight. Red has to be at least one hundred seventy pounds of lean muscle.

"Get a room, you two!" Michael jokes when he walks back into the office. Red gives a little squeak and snatches his lips away and I glare at Michael. He looks at me like he didn't just interrupt me and my boy.

Rolling my eyes, I pat Red's hip and he stands, trying not to look at Michael. "I'll be at the other house for a few more weeks. You good at home by yourself?"

"I've killed people, Quin. I can handle a few weeks in a house alone."

Smirking, I take Red's hand and we head out. "That was embarrassing," he says when we're inside the car.

"Why? You don't kiss in front of people?"

"I don't dry hump in front of people, Daddy," he huffs and crosses his arms, lip poked out.

Chuckling, I put the car in gear and drive away. It takes Red a moment to realize we're not going the way we came. "Where are we going?" He's looking around like he was before, taking everything in with an awed expression. I love the look on his face. He's one of the most beautiful boys I've run into.

"It's a surprise." He doesn't question it—he just gets comfortable. After a few minutes, he takes my phone and puts on some music, singing sweetly while he takes in his surroundings. I grab his hand and kiss the back of it, watching him practically melt in the seat from my peripheral vision.

An hour later, we pull up to a large mall in Quebec City. Since it's the end of the day, it's fairly busy, but I don't mind. Glancing over at Red, it doesn't look like he does either. "This

place is huge," he says, voice full of excitement. He hurriedly gets out of the car and I laugh, watching him practically bouncing off the walls. "I still have money from Cara. I can buy more than sweatpants." He looks over at me quickly and his eyes grow wide. "Not that there's anything wrong with sweatpants. I love them, of course.

"It's okay, Red. I know what you mean." My boy lets out a relieved breath and turns to head inside.

Before he can walk off, I grab his arm. He looks at me quizzically and I hand him one of my credit cards. His eyes go wide and he shakes his head. I cut off his protests. "I know you're not about to tell me no. My boy wouldn't tell me no, right?"

He huffs and looks away. He's quiet for a moment and I see his eyebrows dip and a frown mar his face. "Hey. Why are you upset, mouse?"

"Why?" he asks, raising his voice. "Because I'm not—" He cuts himself off, then takes a deep breath. "We just met, Quin. It's too much for you to take me shopping and giving me your card ... it's too much. I'm not ... I'm not worth all that." Red bites his bottom lip and shakes his head. "I still have money of my own. I can use that."

Pulling him off to the side—since we were standing right in the middle of the sidewalk—I tip his face up to look at me. "You are worth it. To me, you're worth it. So let me take care of you. If that means holding you, talking to you, or spending money on you, that's what I'll do. Because I want to and you're worth it. So, all I want to hear from you is "Yes, Daddy," or "Thank you, Daddy."

Red gives me a small smile that grows when I pull him close to me. "Yes, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy," he says cheekily and I spank his ass. "What? I said what you wanted me to say."

"With sass, you did." He giggles and puts his head on my chest. "You did well, expressing your feelings. I'm glad you got your temper under control. I'm proud of you, boy."

"Yeah?" he asks, looking up at me with bright eyes.

"Yeah. Now come on. You need clothes."

We walk into the mall hand in hand and Red pulls me this way and that, trying on clothes, grabbing a few long- and short-sleeved shirts, basketball shorts, joggers, and shoes. He did get a few pairs of jeans and sweaters when I told him he needed warmer clothing. If I saw him looking at something too long, I would add it to his pile, knowing he really wanted it, but doesn't want me to spend the money. Although I know he wants to, he doesn't complain.

When we get to the sixth store, I notice something two stores down. "Go ahead in and get what you want, Red. I'll be back." He gives me a look and his eyes dart around, but he straightens his spine and nods. I wish I could give him my gun again, but he didn't look comfortable with it last time and I don't want him to get in trouble. Gun laws are way more strict here than they are in the states.

In any case, I shop as quickly as I can, getting what I need and rushing back to my boy. Before I step back inside, I pull out my phone and place an order, hoping what I need will be delivered to the office in the next few days, then I go in search of Red. I find him in the back of the store, sliding shirts on the rack, pausing to look at a few. I watch him for a moment and admire how handsome he looks with his eyebrows scrunched and biting his lip in concentration. He catches sight of me and smiles, waving me over.

"I got you something." He hands me a neat little leather bracelet that has an R stamped on it. "I used my own money when you ran off." He looks smug and I give him a stern look, making him blush. "I got one too." Red holds his arm up and I see his has a Q stamped into it. I can't keep the smile off my face as I pull him in and kiss his forehead.

"Thank you, baby boy." Giving him back the bracelet, I hold out my wrist and he ties it on. He beams when he has it fixed. "I love it. I won't take it off."

"Me either," he says, a soft look on his face.

We only spend a few more minutes in this store, then Red says he thinks he has all he needs, so we call it a day. I have eight of Red's bags, plus the one filled with items I purchased and he has almost as many. I would say this shopping trip was a success.

Instead of driving back home, we go to a hotel for the night. It's not really necessary, but with what I have for him in my bags, it will be fun. When we get checked in and up to our room, I hand Red the bag and tell him to go get changed. He looks puzzled but does what I say.

I reach into my wallet and pull out supplies, placing them on the table in front of me. Taking a seat on the couch, I undo the cuffs from my shirt, and undo my pants but don't remove them just yet. I'm getting comfortable when I hear the door to the bedroom open and Red steps out. I drag my eyes over his body as I soak up the sight of him in a pair of red ruffle panties and a black corset. It's almost identical to the one he had on the first night we met and my mouth waters. He walks over to me just as he did when we met the first time, his eyes down, but a smirk playing across his face.

Standing in the middle of the floor, Red looks shy and gorgeous. All that creamy skin on display, begging to be touched and marked up, leaving him bruised for me. "You like?' he asks, turning around slowly so I can admire all of him. Again, the ruffle panties has his ass peeking out the bottom and I have to clench my hands to my sides so I don't reach out and grab him.

"I do, baby. You look amazing."

"Thank you, Daddy." He looks down again, cheeks pink. "What do you want me to do?" His voice has taken on a deeper, huskier tone and I see his erection has started to grow in his pretty panties.

Smiling, I pull out my phone and pull up the music app. "Dance for me," I tell him when a slower R & B song starts to

play.

Red walks closer to me and steps between my legs. Slowly, he starts to move his hips, running a hand over his front down to his cock. His palm glances over it, then moves back up. Red runs that hand through his hair and plays with the waistband of his panties with the other.

I sit back and enjoy the show, loving how Red looks equally shy and erotic. His cheeks are still pink, but his eyes are hot and his breathing is coming out in soft pants. "You want me to take this off, Daddy?" He asks, running his hands over his corset.

"No. I'm going to fuck you with it on."

Red smirks, then turns around to gyrate his ass in my face. He pulls his panties down just enough for me to see an inch of his crease, then he pulls them back up. I reach out to run my hand up his thigh and he pops it. "No touching."

Growling, I pull him into my lap, making him laugh huskily. Red takes that opportunity to roll his ass over my crotch, giving me a slow lap dance. "You're mine. I'm allowed to touch you, mouse."

"Yes, Daddy. Only you." Red leans his head back on my shoulder and I turn his head to the side to claim his mouth in a hot kiss. I will never get enough of Red's mouth. He gives as good as he gets, so eager to take my tongue.

Throughout the kiss, Red hasn't stopped grinding on my dick and I squeeze his hip, wanting him to stop, but also to

keep going. He feels so good on me, his body responding to me beautifully.

Breaking the kiss, I tell Red, "Turn around." He does hastily, straddling me. Then he lowers himself onto my dick and starts grinding on me again. "Fuck, boy. Are you sore? I don't want to hurt you." I want to be inside him, but not if it will cause him pain.

He gives me what I'm starting to recognize as a cheeky grin and says, "I think I can handle it, Daddy."

Surging off the couch, I take a hold of his ass, pick up the supplies from the table and head into the bedroom.

Red bounces as I toss him on the bed, snickering softly. I swallow the noise as I blanket him with my body and take his mouth in a deep kiss. His snicker turns into a moan and he wraps his arms and legs around me, holding on tight. His erection bumps against mine and I reach between us to rub his stiff dick over his panties. A hiss leaves his mouth when he snatches his lips from mine.

"Daddy. Can I feel your mouth on me? Please?"

"Anything you want, sweet boy."

I kiss down his body over his corset, wanting it off but wanting him to keep it on. When I get to his panties, I mouth over his cock through the soft silk material, loving how he thrusts up to meet my tongue. After I lower Red's underwear, I look and admire how he looks with just this sexy ass corset on.

I kiss along his neck, nipping here and there, loving the noises Red is making.

"Daddy?" he breathes, squirming under me, brushing his leaking cock against my thigh.

"Yes, baby boy?"

"Can I ... touch your hair? Please?"

I shake a few of my locs forward for him. "Of course, baby."

Red buries his hands in my hair and rubs along my scalp, making me groan low in my throat. His fingers feel nice, pulling when I kiss a sensitive area of his skin.

I make my way down his body, Red's hands firmly in my hair. Without preamble, I stand his cock up and take him all the way down to the base. Red's cry makes me want to smile arrogantly, but that will be hard with a mouth full of my boy's cock.

Sucking him in, I move my head up and down his length slowly, savoring the taste of my boy. When I get to his cockhead, I flick my tongue over it before sinking back down his shaft.

"Fuck, you're so good. So good at that. You make me ... oh fuck. So good." Red's disjointed babbling is music to my ears as I continue to please him. I jack him off while I suck him, using my thumb to put pressure on the underside of his cock. Red jerks and groans, squirming and thrusting into my mouth. "Daddy! I'll come. Please?" His voice has an edge to it and I

know he's only seconds away from exploding in my mouth. I could continue, put him out of his misery and let him come down my throat, but I want to fuck Red from behind while he has this corset on.

Pulling off his dick, I give the head one last kiss and I hear Red let out a long breath. "You're ... amazing," he saying breathily, making me laugh before I take his mouth. "My turn," he says and tries to wiggle from under me.

Holding him still, I answer his unasked question. "I'm too close to the edge, seeing you in this corset and having you in my mouth. I want to come in your ass, not your mouth."

Red groans and leans up to take my mouth in a blinding kiss. My cock is hard as bricks and leaking in my pants. If I'm not inside of him soon, I'll fucking explode.

Opening the lube packet, I slick up my fingers and start to prep Red. It takes longer than I want it to, since I'm so worked up, but I'll take as long as I need so I don't hurt him. He's probably still sore from yesterday so I need to be gentle.

One, two, then three fingers enter him and Red thrashes around on the bed. I'm not trying to tease him, but I can't help my fingers brushing over his gland ever now and then.

When my fingers can move inside him with ease, I pull them out, get undressed and cover my cock with the condom. Slicking up doesn't take long, then I'm back on the bed with my boy. "Turn over. I want to see your ass."

Red flips over and positions himself on his elbows and knees, body shaking with anticipation. Sliding up behind him, I rub my cock against his hole before I start to push in. Red's hole immediately engulfs the head of my cock and starts to pull me in. It takes all my self-control not to shove all the way inside in one thrust. Under me, Red is panting and fisting the sheets, easing himself back at the same pace I'm pushing forward. Working together, we get me fully inside him. Red curses and drops his chest to the mattress, eyes shut tight.

"You need a minute, mouse?" I ask before I move, gliding a hand up his back.

He shakes his head quickly and lets out a light laugh. "No, Daddy. God, you're so fucking big. I can feel you everywhere."

Smirking, I pull him up, placing a hand around his throat and the other on his hip. Red tips his head back and I move inside of him slowly. Pulling back and shoving in, over and over until he's used to me. Dragging my hand lower, I take his cock in hand and let him fuck into my fist as he tosses his ass back to meet my strokes.

"I won't last, Daddy. Am I allowed to come?" The gruffness of his voice indicates just how close he is. Music to my ears.

"Come when you want, baby. I'll be right behind you. Your ass fits me so well. Your body knows my dick, baby." Red moans and moves back faster, fucking himself on my dick and the circle of my fist. "Look at you. So eager for me. Wanting to get off. You want to come, sweet boy?"

"Yes, Daddy!" Red keens, pushing back into me harder, ass bouncing against me. "Please, Daddy. Fuck me!"

"I love when you beg," I growl, letting go of his dick and pushing his chest down to the bed. Grabbing his hips, I start to drill into him hard and deep, watching his ass jiggle when my hips meet his delicious looking cheeks. My orgasm builds higher and higher and I grunt with each thrust, loving how hot Red feels around my dick. Raising a leg, I piston into him, listening to the sweet sounds he's making under me.

Shouting incoherently, Red announces his orgasm and I feel his ass clench around me. Groaning, I fuck him through his orgasm, then I pull out, snatch the condom off and come on his pretty corset. Seeing my release against the dark material has my orgasm going on far longer than I expect, my dick kicking off wave after wave of spunk.

When I'm empty, I lean over Red's back and roll to the side, bringing him down with me. He's taking deep, shaky breaths and aftershocks roll through his body. I kiss the back of his neck and keep him close to me, whispering to him to help bring him down.

"You're okay, baby. I'm right here. What do you need?"

A chuckle leaves his throat, then Red spins around in my arms. "Damn, Quin. You are amazing. Did you really come on my new corset?"

I laugh and kiss his neck. "I did. You look so fucking good in it. I can always buy you more."

"Yeah? You want to fuck me in another one?"

"Most definitely. I like the black, but I'd like to see you in a sky blue one. It would look good against your skin."

Looking up at me with gleaming eyes, he says, "You look good against my skin." Then he buries his head in my chest, making me laugh.

After we take a shower and remove the blanket, we climb back into bed, Red laying on my chest. He plays with my locs, using the end of one to rub against my chest. It tickles, but I love the sensation.

"How long have you been growing your hair?" Red asks with a yawn.

"Sixteen years. I started a little after I got out of the Marines. I only planned to keep them for a few years since I couldn't have long hair when I was in the military, but I liked them. Now I don't I'll ever cut them. I do trim occasionally. Abel did my trim last year and he did a good job." I smile, thinking of how scared Abel was to cut the bottom of my locs. Savage and Michael outright refused and I didn't feel like searching for a loctician that might be booked for months. "He does my retwists, too."

"Who's Abel?" Red asks, no longer playing with my hair. Is he jealous?

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

## Red

AM NOT JEALOUS. At least I tell myself that when he mentions another man's name with a smile in his voice. Who is this Abel person that's making him sound like this? He told me all the names of the people he works with. So who is he? A former lover when he first got to Canada? While I shouldn't be upset if it *is* a former lover since everyone has a past, I can't help but get irritated that someone else saw Quin naked.

"Are you jealous?" Quin asks in a tone that suggests he thinks it's funny. I want to fume, but that will only get me punished—I haven't really been punished yet and I don't want to be.

So I lie, which isn't much better. "No, Daddy." Then I think better of it and say, "Maybe a little."

He chuckles and kisses my hair. "Don't be, mouse. Abel is my best friend's husband. Not Michael," he says when I open my mouth to ask. "Then who?" It clicks almost immediately. "The one with the weird name? Brutal?" I know it's something like that.

That really makes him laugh. "The fuck? No." He laughs more and my cheeks heat in embarrassment. "Hey, I'm sorry. I shouldn't laugh or tease you. It was funny, that's all."

I relax into him. "It's okay, Quin."

"I mean, you weren't far off. His name is Savage. You can call him that or Savyon. Whichever you prefer. Abel is a nice man, but he only has eyes for his husband. Has ever since they met." That makes Quin chuckle more, but he doesn't share in the details. "Want to meet them?"

Sitting up, I look at him and see that he's serious. "You want me to meet more of your friends? Like we're ... a couple?"

Quin raises an eyebrow at me and asks, "What did you think we were?"

Shrugging, I bite my bottom lip, wondering how to answer. Of course, I asked him about us being together, but I didn't think it was more than me being his boy.

Quin sits up against the headboard and brings me with him, where I straddle his lap. Running his hands up and down my back, he asks, "Why would you think we're not a couple?"

"Because my last Daddy said we weren't a couple. We just had an arrangement to get what we needed from each other, but that was it. I figured that's what you wanted, too," I tell him. I watch several emotions cross Quin's face, starting with frustration and ending with a soft expression. "That's not what I want at all. You and me?"—he gestures between us—"We are a couple. You're mine and I'm yours. I want you to meet all my friends. I want to meet yours when all this shit is settled and those fuckers are in prison. I want to meet your family. I want us to be together for a long time. As a couple, not just being your Daddy. Is that clear enough for you? I'm willing to say more if it will get you to understand that I want more from this than just an arrangement."

I nod quickly and grin at him. "It's clear, Daddy. I won't question it again."

"Good. Let me make a call, then we can order dinner and get some sleep."

After I climb off Quin, he reaches down for his pants and pulls out his phone. He put his back against the headboard once more and I slide down, lying in his lap.

"Hey, boss," he says into the phone, making me curious. I thought he said he and Michael were the bosses at the security firm. The light laugh he releases has me staring up at him, enjoying how fucking stunning he is. His beautiful dark brown skin, even, white teeth, those soft, juicy lips, and that nose. Jesus, my Daddy is handsome. "I know. I like fucking with you, Savage." Ah, the other best friend. Abel's husband. Could he be the mafia boss he worked for before he came to Canada?

"You and Abel free tomorrow night? I have someone I want you two to meet." Quin looks down at me and winks, making me smile so wide, it's a wonder my cheeks can contain it. "Six is cool. I'll make dinner. I'll be down at the cabin." He pauses. "Yeah, you can crash there. The spare room is empty." He pauses again, then playfully rolls his eyes, letting out a huff. "Yes, you can bring that little fucker, too." The laugh he barks lights up his whole face and I can't look away. "Do not tell Abel I called him that. Yeah, see you tomorrow."

Quin hangs up and slides down on the bed, pulling me into him. I love that about Quin. He touches me a lot. He's not ashamed to pull me close to him, hug me, rub my back. I love that he's so handsy with me. Makes me feel wanted. Maybe even a little loved. "Abel has this dog. An English bulldog. And he's spoiled rotten. He'll be joining us for dinner tomorrow too."

"What about Michael? I'd hate for him to feel left out."

Kissing the top of my head, Quin says, "That's sweet of you, boy. Michael is on a job tomorrow. He won't be in town for a few more days."

"I'm sorry. About the whole jealousy thing. I'm not usually like that. I just ... I don't know. I'm not sure why I felt like that." I honestly don't. I'm not a jealous person. If I feel like that, it's because someone gave me a reason. But Quin hasn't. So what is it? Do I feel possessive of him because of how he treats me? Probably. Hell, that's what it is.

He tips my head up and smiles at me. "It's okay, baby. Even though there's nothing for you to be jealous of, I appreciate you telling me so I can put your mind at ease. Never be afraid to tell me anything about your feelings. It's my job to take care of you and that includes your emotions."

"Yes, Daddy."

We lay there in silence for a while until my growling stomach interrupts our peace. Laughing, Quin moves from under me and calls room service, ordering dinner so we can eat and go to sleep. While this hotel is nice, I ready to go back home with Quin. Where I belong.



I'm a nervous mess the next evening. Quin asked me to help him with dinner and I'm glad. I don't know what to do with all this nervous energy. The meeting with Michael went well, so I shouldn't stress, but I can't help it. I've never met anyone's friends or family. And since they all fled the States together, this *is* his family. I don't want them to think I'm not good enough for Quin.

Their acceptance is important. It would be easier to be in a relationship with him if his family likes me, right? Fuck, I don't know how any of this goes. I'm out of my depth here and Quin sees it.

I fuss over what to put on and think I pulled out all the new sweaters and shirts Quin bought me, as well as laying out jeans and joggers. Quin saw my distress and stepped around me, picking up a thin blue sweater and dark jeans. After that, he turns me to the bathroom and spanks my ass, telling me without words to shower and get dressed. Thank God he was here because I had no idea what to put on and was getting a headache trying to figure it out. When I'm showered and dressed, I exit the room, seeing Quin is dressed similarly except his sweater is black.

After he finishes stirring the food, he walks over to me and kisses me until my mind clears and I calm down. "Feeling okay?" he asks, nipping my bottom lip.

"I am now. Thank you."

He leads me to the couch and we have a seat. "Don't worry. They'll love you. What are you afraid of?"

Remembering what Quin said yesterday about him taking care of my feelings and emotions, I tell him how I feel. "I'm afraid they won't think I'm good enough for you. Because of how we met. What if they just look at me as a hooker? Then you'll have to choose. I would hate for you to choose me over your family and I would hate it if you *didn't* choose me."

Quin kisses the back of my hand and sets me at ease. "No one will look down on you for sex work. I won't tell them how we met, if that makes you feel better, but it's nothing to be ashamed of." It's not, but that doesn't mean Abel or Savage won't make me feel ashamed. I'll have to take Quin's word for it that they won't.

"You can tell them, if you want. I just don't want to be judged."

"You won't. And I won't have to choose. That won't happen because Abel and Savage will love you. Hell, Pogo will, too. But Pogo likes everybody if you give him belly rubs."

Ah, so the dog's name is Pogo. That's weirdly adorable. "Okay, I believe you. I get in my head sometimes about not being good enough. It fucks with me."

"You need to go see a therapist or get your meds again? I can get your prescription refilled if you need me to."

Nodding, I lean towards him and he pulls me into his lap. God, I will never get over how free Quin is to touch and comfort me. "Yes, please. I should have asked you the day we got here, but it slipped my mind."

"I'm sorry I didn't remember. Give me a few days and I'll have them."

"You need my prescription?"

"No. I'll take care of it." I don't ask how, I just trust him.

We sit there for a while, until there's a beeping noise in the house. I stand from his lap and Quins walk over to the wall by the door. There's a monitor mounted there that shows whatever camera footage trips the motion detector. The first time it happened, I looked and saw a herd of deer meandering through the woods. Only large movements set it off, so every rabbit that hops by won't have the alarm going off.

Turning around and shaking his head, Quin mumbles, "Fucker forgot his remote." He puts the code in and the beeping stops.

Seconds later, I hear tires across the gravel driveway. The nerves return and I wipe my sweaty palms on my jeans. Quin kisses my temple, then walks past me to open the door. I stayed rooted to the spot, wanting to go out there and introduce myself and not be this shy person. When did this even happen? I've never been like this.

I've also never met someone like Quin that I want to be with for as long as he'll keep me. I don't want to fuck it up with him. The same old argument of not being good enough plays in my head in my parents voice. They used to say it when they compared me to my brother and it's always a running loop when I want something I probably shouldn't have.

I hear talking and laughter drifting in, then clicking across the floor before I see a cute, chunky dog making his way over to me. On instinct, I drop to my haunches to pet him and he immediately rolls over to his back. Laughing softly, I rub his belly and talk to him, telling him how cute he is and how much I love the little scarf around his neck.

"You're going to be his new best friend," I hear and I look up to see a stunning man with a mess of dark brown curls, light brown skin, sparkling blue-green eyes and a wide grin on his face.

Swallowing roughly, I give the pup one more pat then stand up, extending my hand. "I'm Red. It's nice to meet you."

He takes my hand and shakes, still smiling. "Abel. Your name is Red?" I nod. "I love that. Nickname?" I nod again,

pulling my sweaty hand back to rub on my pants. "I love nicknames. Right, Sav?"

A huge, sinfully handsome guy walks up behind him, wrapping an arm around his chest and pulling him back. "Yes, my beauty." He kisses the top of his head and Abel looks up at him, a beautiful smile on his face. My heart fucking flips. They're beautiful together. Their love for each other is so apparent, I'm almost choking on it. God, I want that. I want someone to look at me like that and not like I'm a fuck up. Quin doesn't, but he doesn't know me well enough yet.

I want to be loved like this.

Savage looks over at me and his smile dims. He reaches out a hand to me and I automatically take it. When he envelopes my hand with his, he pulls me in until I take a step forward. "Quin is my best friend in the world besides my beauty here. If you hurt him in any way, that will be the last decision you'll ever make. You get me?" I swallow hard and nod. There's something in his eyes that tells me he would hunt me down and chop me into little pieces if I fuck this up. No pressure, right?

"I won't," I whisper, hoping he believes me. "I wouldn't ... he ... Quin takes care of me." While he does so much more than that, that sums it up. In the few short weeks we've been together, he's become everything to me. My Daddy, my friend, my *boyfriend*, my protector. I'm going to try with everything in me not to give that up. I want him to keep me.

Abel pushes against Savage's chest, making him drop my hand and I take a step back. "Leave him alone, Sav. Damn. You're such a fucking bully." Savage bends down to whisper something in Abel's ear that makes his cheeks turn pink and he turns his head to kiss his husband. I look away, trying to give them some privacy and to hide the jealousy I feel. Not because of the two of them, but because I feel like what they have is something I'll never, not in a million years, get.

"Okay, you fucking love birds," Quin murmurs when he walks past me to get to the kitchen. They pull away slowly, Abel looking a little dazed and Savage trying to adjust himself.

Shaking his head, Abel takes my hand. "Come on. We can take Pogo out and talk for a bit while these two catch up. They gossip like old women," Abel says while we walk to the back of the house.

"I heard that," Savage grumbles.

"You were meant to," Abel says back in a light tone.

Pogo shoots out of the house when Abel opens the door, running around and rolling in the grass. Abel watches him with a tender expression, laughing when Pogo tries to climb a tree, but only ends up falling on his back. "He's amazing," he remarks, hands clasped together under his chin. "A gift from my Sav." Abel turns and looks at me, a soft smile on his lips.

How I'm feeling must be written on my face, because Abel says, "You don't have to be afraid or nervous. And don't mind Sav. He doesn't know how to talk to people, but he means well." Abel smiles at me and I think my lips tip up.

"Were you nervous when you met Quin and Michael?" At least if he was, I know I'm not overreacting.

"Oh, I was scared shitless, but for different reasons. I'm sure Quin filled you in on that." He chuckles but it fades when he sees the look of confusion on my face. He tilts his head to the side. "What did Quin tell you about why we moved here?"

"He said he worked for a mafia boss that wanted out, so you guys faked your deaths and fled."

Abel nods slowly and sits down in one of the chairs on the back deck. Pogo comes over and tries to jump in his lap but doesn't quite make it. Abel rolls his eyes playfully, then bends to pick up his dog. I sit as well, looking out at the backyard, loving how peaceful this area is. Quin has a huge wall surrounding the small house, which I understand since we're in the middle of the woods and bears are a thing here. Thankfully, I haven't seen one, but you can never be too sure.

My attention is pulled back to Abel when he exhales roughly. "That's the short story, yes. Longer story is Savage was the head of a notorious crime family, but he didn't really love it. Despite how brutal he had to be, it wasn't for him. He wanted to leave. I was actually his prisoner, kinda?" He lets out a laugh when I give him an incredulous look. "Sorry. Let me start from the beginning. My brother was a thief and broke into Savage's mansion. He was caught and I traded myself in order for Savage to set him free. I promised to be his for a year. Sav never really forbade me from leaving or doing anything, like he still let me go to school and whatnot. But I

stayed because I wanted to keep my word. In that time, we fell in love. He turned out to be a lot different than I thought he was. I got lucky that he fell in love with me too."

His smile is so radiant when he talks about Savage. But it dims when he tells me the rest of what happened. "We were going to leave, ya know? Without saying anything. Just pack our shit and go, leaving the drugs and guns and life of crime behind. But my brother ..." He swallows thickly and shakes his head, wiping under his eye. "He sold me out to Savage's enemies. Savage and Quin and Michael had to come get me after hours of being beaten and tortured." Abel shivers with a deep frown on his face, eyebrows dipped like he went somewhere else in his mind. Shaking himself, he tries to paste a smile on his face, but his eyes have lost some of their shine. "They got me out and blew the warehouse up. Some way, they made it look like we all died in the blast, so yeah. We're all dead now and here we are."

What a terrible thing to happen. Abel seems like such a sweet man. To have his brother betray him had to be hard. "I'm sorry to hear that, Abel. I'm glad you're okay and even more glad you chose Canada to settle and start your new life. It's beautiful here. How did you land on Quebec?"

That makes him laugh, the tears in his eyes drying. "Savage set up a date for me and hired a chef from Quebec. It was the best date I've ever had."

We grin at each other and I decide to tell him what happened to me and why I'm here. I wrap my arms around my middle, trying to protect myself from the fear I feel because I don't know where Andler and his crew are and the fear for the people that might be stuck in that warehouse. I hope they're not going through hell while the RCMP get a task force together. I wish I could have done more. Not sure what exactly, but something more. I'll probably always beat myself up for not telling Quin as soon as I saw him.

By the time I'm finished, both Abel and I are teary messes. He wipes under his eyes and says with a small smile. "Looks like both our guys saved us, huh?"

"Yeah. I'm so thankful he came for me. Quin is the Daddy I've always wanted."

"He's a good guy. They were all really good to me ... after they stopped holding me hostage."

"Were you ever really a hostage, though?" Quin asks, looking down at Abel with a smirk.

"You bet your ass I was, Captor," Abel tells him with a smirk of his own.

Quin barks a laugh and steps outside, Savage right behind him. I stand and Quin sits in the seat I just vacated and I plop on his lap. I'm not tiny like Abel—not by a long shot at five ten and almost one hundred and seventy pounds—but Quin doesn't seem to mind my weight or me sitting on his lap. Savage stands beside Abel and takes Pogo from his lap. The dog wiggles his butt and tries to lick his face, but Savage dodges. "We've talked about licking in the face, Pogo. Knock

it off." He chuckles and sets the dog down. Pogo lays down with his head on Abel's feet and lets out a breath.

We sit outside for a while, talking about nothing and everything, getting to know each other. Savage isn't really nice, per se, but he's not as scary as I thought he was when he threatened me. Maybe as time goes on, he'll like me more and I can be a part of the family too.

Dinner is great. Quin is a great cook. I look over at him over my plate and he winks at me, making butterflies dance in my belly. He talks to Savage and Abel effortlessly and he looks so happy to be around his friends, it's hard to imagine he was a guard for a mafia boss. It's not hard to believe Savage was the mafia boss, though. He has that aura of power radiating from him, like he's used to giving orders and having them followed.

"Dinner was great, Quin. Thanks for having us," Abel tells Quin as he collects plates from the table. "Sav and I will clean up."

"Then we can watch Ever After," Savage says with a wink.

Quin groans and I give him a skeptical look. What the hell is *Ever After*? He shakes his head and grabs my hand, leading me over to the couch. Pogo looks up at us, then at the couch and lies back down. Guess he doesn't want to try to jump up there to hang with us. "It's their favorite movie," Quin answers me. "They *always* watch that movie. They're obsessed." I chuckle and tuck my feet under me, leaning into him.

After they finish with the clean-up, Savage scoops up Pogo and they all sprawl on the other side of the sectional, turning on the movie they wanted to watch. It's actually quite good. Drew Barrymore was beautiful in this film and her acting is phenomenal. The end had me tearing up because it was so sweet.

With the movie done, we bid each other good night and Savage and Abel go into the spare room while I join my Daddy in his. Or is it ours? This isn't his home, so I'm not quite sure.

We undress and climb into bed, Quin spooning me and kissing the back of my neck. "You okay, mouse?"

"Yeah. I had a great time tonight. Your family is great."

"They are." Quin pauses for a beat, then whispers, "Abel told you what happened?"

I nod. "That doesn't even sound real, but it obviously is because you're here. You guys went through a lot. And poor Abel." He's stronger than I am. I don't think I would have given Quin up either, but you never know when you're in the situation what could happen. To be beaten like that for hours on end ... I can't even imagine.

"He's strong, that's for sure. Savage chose well. He needed someone like Abel. Tough, doesn't take his shit, but sweet too. They fit. Like we fit."

I gasp and turn to him. "You think we fit?" I ask, wanting it to be true, but not knowing how he really feels.

Rubbing my face, then running that hand through my hair, Quin smiles at me. "Of course I do, baby boy. I felt that way from the first time we were together. Didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I'm also needy." Quin chuckles and kisses my nose. Then meets my lips and kisses me languidly, making me clutch his shoulder to keep myself from climbing all over him.

Pulling his lips from mine, Quin kisses my forehead and puts my head on his chest. "You're not needy, boy."

"If you say so," I tell him with a smirk. He pops my bottom and I yelp, then giggle.

"Don't get cheeky."

"Sorry, Daddy," I reply, lifting my head to kiss his nose. "What happened here?" I ask, running a finger over where it has a slight curve.

"Broke it playing football with my friends in high school the first time. A quick pickup game in the park. Took an elbow to the face." I wince in sympathy and Quin chuckles, pulling me closer. "The second time was while I was in the Marines. We were training in hand to hand combat and they were teaching effective strikes. I was paired with Judy." I give another wince. That's one tough woman. Not someone I'd want to be paired against. "She still feels bad about it."

Shaking my head, I kiss his nose again. "I like it. It fits your face. Gives you that tough look. Like no one should fuck with you."

"They shouldn't, mouse. I carry a gun, remember?"

Groaning, I roll my eyes and feel a sharp slap to my ass. "I told you about rolling your eyes."

"Yes, Daddy," I grumble, rubbing my stinging ass cheek. It feels good, but still stings. "You had an eventful life before here, huh?"

Quin shrugs. "More eventful than most but not as eventful as others. I'm glad it's behind me though. It was time for me to start slowing down. I'm glad I didn't have to leave Savage and Michael behind. We've all been tight for over a decade. It's fitting we all left together.

I nod, understanding what he's saying but I can't relate. My best friend from high school and I lost touch right after we graduated. We both tried to keep the friendship going, but we grew apart. I wish I had what Quin, Michael and Savage have, but maybe I can get there with them now. Have some people I'd rather not leave behind.

"What's the matter?" Quin asks, reading me like a book.

"That's creepy, you know that?"

He barks a laugh and rubs his hand up and down my spine, making me shiver. "Not creepy to know when you're deep in thought about something, boy. What's on your mind?"

"I was thinking how it's nice the three of you have such a good friendship and how I want that someday." Cara is my best friend, but I wouldn't be super torn up if we didn't live close by anymore. I'd miss her, but I would understand. That pales in comparison to their close relationship.

"I have no doubt you will. I can be that for you, Red. I was serious when I said you were mine. I don't have any plans on

letting you go. You're stuck with me, boy."

Yawning, I sidle up close to him and throw my leg around his waist. "What a great place to be stuck."

Quin shakes his head and laughs, some of his locs falling over his shoulder and tickling my nose. "You're sleepy. Get some rest and we'll take more in the morning."

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"Okay, Daddy"
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When I wake the next morning, Savage, Abel, and Pogo are on their way out the door. I hug Abel, pet Pogo and give Savage a small wave before they head out. After Quin shuts and locks the door, he walks over to me, wrapping me in his arms and giving me a long, deep kiss. "Good morning, sleepy boy."

I steal another kiss. "Morning, Daddy. Hungry?"

"No, but I'll eat if you're cooking."

I move into the kitchen taking out things to make a quick breakfast while Quin goes outside to do God knows what.

When he returns, he steps into the kitchen and pulls me away from the stove. I rush to turn the burner off, giving him a dry look. He snickers and says, "Sorry. I have something for you."

Curious now, I follow him to the front door when I see a box. The same box he had the other day when we left his job. I

<sup>&</sup>quot;Good night, boy."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Good night, Daddy."

wondered about it, but I didn't want to be nosey. Quin lets my hand go and inclines his head. "Open it."

Excitement races through me as I hurry over to the box. I control myself and don't rip it apart like a five year old at Christmas, but it's a near thing. I lay it down and pull the top off quickly, then sit back on my heels, tears brimming my eyes.

It's a guitar. A beautiful mahogany Taylor acoustic guitar, much like the one I left at my parents' house. Tentatively, I reach out, running my fingers over the strings, feeling how taut they are. I pluck one and the sound reverberating back to me has me choking back a sob.

I'm not sure why I'm so emotional about it. I'm sure it wasn't cheap, but it's a guitar like any other. Except it's not. It's from Quin and it's because I told him about my hobby. My Daddy listened to me, hearing the strain in my voice when I told him about selling the last one and how my parents made me leave mine behind when I left BC. He did this for me, to make me happy. We haven't known each other for long, but this gift shows me he cares.

Bursting to my feet, I jump into his arms, making him laugh, but he wraps his powerful arms around me, squeezing tight. "You like it?"

Trying and failing to keep the tears at bay, I say thickly, "I love it. Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome, baby boy."

He's so thoughtful, so attentive. If Quin isn't careful, he's going to make me fall in love with him.

## **CHapter Nine**

## Red

Abel, I'm getting comfortable working at the security firm as Caleb Hughes. I'm not sure how Quin pulled it off, but a week after I told him I could work for him and how much I hate the name Dwight, he presented me with a passport, license, a few credit cards—that I tried to give back to him, but he used his Daddy voice to make me take them—and a new social insurance card. I'm officially a new person and I'm pretty excited about it.

There aren't many phone calls that come in for services, as most people use email. Other than a few people inquiring about prices for small events, the phone stays silent. But emails come through constantly. I find myself sending the same correspondence to people with a list of services and pricing to make it easier when they ask about hiring Quin's company.

The other people that work here are really nice. Grant is huge, only slightly smaller than Quin, but has this cute face

that makes you think he's a big teddy bear. He helped me get the email template together so I can send it out for the inquiries. He's also asked me about BC and what it was like growing up in Canada. Grant told me he was born and raised in a state called Utah, a stark contrast to the landscape of Canada.

Judy is so sweet. You can tell she's as tough as the guys she works with, showing me a few take downs she learned in the Marines, but she has a vulnerability surrounding her. I like her immediately. She reminds me of Cara, which makes me feel like shit because I haven't called her in weeks.

Last we spoke, she told me Jax had my stuff in my old apartment packed up and it's sitting in a storage unit that's paid up for a year outside of the city until I can have it delivered.

Even though I got rid of my old phone, so there would be no way Andler could track me, I know Cara's number by heart. Since it's fifteen minutes until my lunch, I knock off a bit early so I can make this call. After routing the calls, I punch in Cara's number.

It rings four times and I think it's going to roll over to the voicemail and I go to hang up, but then I hear her sweet voice and my eyes well with tears. I've missed my best friend. "This is Cara."

"Hey, Cara. It's me.

"Red! My God! I was so worried about you! I've tried calling you for weeks but didn't hear back. Jax had to talk me

out of reporting you missing since we knew you got to Quebec okay." I promised to call her when I could after my first morning here, but it slipped my mind because I was having so much fun with Quin. I scold myself and tell myself to do better calling her and checking in.

"That's a good call on his part," I say, laughing. "How are you? Still in the States?"

"Yeah. We're going to stick around for a while. New York City is busy, but the countryside is beautiful. We have a short-term lease here and we'll figure out if we want to come back when it's up. The guys like having a break and the rent is paid up. Might as well relax. How are you? Who are you with?"

Sighing, I put my head on my hand that's resting on the desk. "Remember the guy that was looking for a boy you sent me to?"

Her gasp is loud and comical. "Are you serious? How did that even happen?"

I tell her how Quin gave me his card when I left the next morning, but I never thought I would use it. Then I tell her I saw the flight leaving less than an hour after I got to the airport was going to Quebec and thought of him.

"That sounds like some fate shit. I like it." I laugh, but sober quickly.

Pulling in a deep breath, I tell her, "Malcolm"—I make sure to use his alias with here—"told his people here about what I overheard that Andler fuck say. About taking me to a warehouse in Thunder Coast. I'm not sure how many are in that area, but Malcolm said they'll get a task force out there as soon as they can. They won't get away with it."

Cara agrees. "I'm glad. Hopefully, they'll find it soon. Those guys deserved to be locked away for a long time. I'm glad you got away and you were able to report them. You did a brave thing, Red."

Blinking away tears, I thank her for her words. We talk for a while more with me promising I'll check in with her more often. We say our goodbyes, with Cara promising to visit so she can meet Quin properly. Judy, Grant, Michael, and a few of the other employees head out for lunch. Not seeing my Quin, I head to the back to see what's going on. I find him behind his desk, a headset on, talking and typing away.

An idea pops in my head and I know it'll get me punished. But it'll be so worth it.

I hurry to the front to lock the door, checking the time and seeing I have forty-five minutes to do what I have to do before everyone comes back to the office. Checking my messenger bag—doing a quick happy dance when I see it—I pull out the travel packet of lube and condom I've taken to packing every day, just for a situation like this. Working with my daddy is like the ultimate fantasy, especially when he has a desk he can bend me over.

Taking a deep breath, I make up my mind and head to Quin's office. I poke my head in, smiling when I see how good Quin looks behind his desk.

Not wanting to alert him to my presence right away, I watch Quin, loving how his mouth forms the French words he's speaking with near perfect dialect. I'm not sure when he learned to speak French so fluently, but it's sexy as fuck.

After another few seconds of staring, I knock at the door lightly. Quin looks up and sees me, smiling as he holds up one finger. Nodding, I make my way over to him and drop to my knees. His eyes go wide but he doesn't try to stop me. Eagerly, I undo his pants and pull out the most beautiful dick I've ever seen. Long and veiny, thick and slightly curved, it's the best looking cock I've come face to face with. Not wasting any time, I close my mouth over the head of his cock, groaning when I taste a drop of precome on my tongue. I look up at Quin to see his heated gaze locked on me.

"No, that's fine. It's just a matter of repairing the firewalls," he says to whoever he's talking to, tripping over his French just a little.

Swirling my tongue, I close my lips around the head of his dick, making him groan low in his throat. "Mmm ... yes, that works. Let me ... mmm ... let me send you an email with the details." Quin sounds strained and a little out of breath, the groans low enough for me to hear and maybe the person on the other line. "Yeah, sure. You got it. Fuck!" He curses in English when I drag my teeth over his dick lightly. From how much precome leaks into my mouth, I'd say my Daddy likes that.

I put a hand around his length and stroke him while I take as much of his dick into my mouth as I can, moaning softly while I do. I love sucking Quin off. Love how he responds to me when he's in my mouth. He runs a hand through my hair and says, "I'm sorry. Stubbed my toe." He laughs and palms the back of my head, rocking into my mouth. He goes a little deeper with each thrust, but not enough to gag me.

"Let's ... uh ... talk tomorrow after I've ... checked the ... level of security you have." I suck faster, bobbing my head up and down using my hand to squeeze and stroke him while he pushes inside. Popping off his cock, I kiss along the shaft, licking the underside until I get to his cockhead, then I lick around him thoroughly, catching all the precome that leaks.

I don't hear him hang up or say goodbye. I get entranced in what I'm doing, wanting more of his precome in my mouth. I moan around him and drop my hand to my own hard erection, straining against the fly of my pants. "Do not touch your dick until I tell you." My eyes flip up to Quin and I see the headset no longer on his head. I whimper around his cock, but move my hand to his thigh, gripping it tightly to keep my hands off my dick. "Open wide, boy. I'm going to fuck your mouth." Sliding closer to him, I open my mouth and let Quin slide his impressive length in and out of my mouth while I sit there and take it. It's hard not to gag and choke, but I keep it to a minimum and close my eyes, letting the tears and spit coat my face while I make my Daddy feel good. His grunts and groans fill the office and I could have jerked myself to orgasm from his sounds alone.

Standing from his chair but with his cock still in my mouth, Quin grabs both sides of my head and thrusts into my mouth, making me gag, but there's no way I'm taking his cock from my throat. He tastes like heaven and I love that he's using my mouth to get off. I glow from the attention and how I'm making him feel.

Squeezing my eyes shut is the only thing that is helping keep my orgasm at bay, but my Daddy is having none of that. "Look at me," he commands and my eyes flick up to his. He slows down his thrusts and rest a hand under my chin. He thumbs through the mess of tears and spit on my face and my eyes flutter. It's a fight to open them and look at him once more. "You're beautiful with a mouth full of my cock, mouse. So fucking gorgeous."

As much as I want to, I can't look away from his intense stare. Reaching up, I grab his shaft and meet his thrusts, stretching my mouth wider to get more of him in. "Just like that, baby boy. Your hand feels so good on me. You know what Daddy likes, huh?" I nod as much as I can while bobbing on his cock, not letting him escape from my lips. Quin drags a hand through my hair and pulls me in closer, shoving to the back of my throat. I try to breathe through my nose, but I keep gagging and spit leaks from my mouth. No way I'm letting that get in the way of what I'm doing. Unfortunately, Quin has other ideas and pulls out of my mouth.

The whimper I let out is shameful and I follow his dick forward, trying to close my mouth around it again. Quin backs up and offers me a hand, stroking his cock slowly. When I stand, I go to clean my face off, but he stops me with his tone. "Did I tell you to do that?"

"No, Daddy," I answer automatically and drop my hand.

"Pants off, then I want you to sit on my desk. I don't have a condom and lube, but I can suck you until you lose your mind." That sounds good, but I need him inside me.

Shakily, I reach a hand into my pocket and produce the condom and lube packet and hand it to him. "Use these, Daddy." My voice shakes as much as my hand and I drop my eyes so he can't see how fucking nervous I am. While Quin and I have fucked before, I've never taken the lead like this. This is ... new. Scary. Fucking arousing.

Quin pulls me in and gives me a sloppy kiss, not caring about the mess on my face. Grabbing me under my ass, he lifts me and plops me on the desk, shoving his keyboard out of way.

Pulling his mouth from mine, he looks at his watch. "We have to hurry before everyone gets back. Might be fast and rough. Tell me 'orange' now if you can't take that."

"Green. Green, green, green." Taking my mouth again in a blazing kiss, Quin takes my breath away completely before he pulls away and works my slacks down my legs. They'll be wrinkled as fuck later, but I don't mind. I don't care if the others know what we were up to.

I step out of my pants quickly, kicking them to the side before I turn around and bend over the desk. He steps between my legs and his fingers dance down to my hole, sliding two slicked fingers into me. The slice of pain has me wincing, but I tell Quin we're green before he tries to stop. Throwing my head back, I let out a long moan while he moves his fingers in and out of me, pushing against my spot. "If we weren't pressed for time, I would edge you, make you wait to come for what you did while I was on the phone. But I need inside you. We'll think about a punishment later." I nod frantically, not really caring about a punishment while his fingers are in me.

After he stretches me, Quin flips me over and puts me on his desk. Tossing my legs over his shoulders, Quin lines his cock up to my hole and starts to ease inside. It's a struggle, but I keep my eyes on his, watching how he bites his lip and lets out a long breath when he's bottomed out. I shudder with need and fight the flutter of my lashes to keep them on my Daddy. "That's it, baby boy," he croons, then moves his hips back. "Take my dick." Quin thrusts back into me quickly and I yelp, followed by an equally loud moan. "You okay?"

"So okay. So green. You're just ... green. So green." I've told Quin repeatedly how intense he is, how every minor thing he does never seems that minor. A simple thrust inside shouldn't have my body tingling and my breath coming out in sharp bursts.

Quin does not hold back as he fucks me. Holding my thighs in a tight grip, Quin thrusts into me deep and fast like he promised, hitting my prostate with each stroke and his cock touching every part of my walls. I toss my head back and moan, unable to do anything more while in this position. I'm at his mercy and I fucking love it.

"Damn, baby boy, you feel good. *So good*." Quin bends his knees and angles his hips up and I yelp again. I shake my head when he tries to slow down and grit out a short "green" so he knows that yelp was not in pain. The complete opposite. It's the only noise I can make because moans aren't really cutting it anymore.

Clawing at his desk, I clamp my eyes shut to keep from touching myself. Quin hasn't given me permission.

I must be obvious, because Quin grasps my leaking cock, making me cry out and arch my back. Slowly, he pumps me off, his hand going all the way down to my base and dragging up lazily, rubbing a thumb over the head of me. His slow hand job and how fast and hard he's fucking me is a contradiction and I'm losing my mind, coming undone.

"Faster?" Quin asks, grunting with each thrust.

"Please, Daddy."

When he lets my cock go, I almost cry until he says, "Touch your dick, baby. I want to watch you come for me."

I take myself in hand and start to stroke. Quin speeds up, cock pounding into me hard enough to slide me up the desk and making my head bump his monitors. I couldn't give a fuck less. A sex injury is worth it for the dicking he's giving me. "Can I come, Daddy?"

"Yes, baby, but don't let it get on your clothes." He struggles to get that string of words out as he swivels his hips into me.

My orgasm seems to have heard Quin give me the command. Five strokes of my cock is all it takes for me to come in my palm, and I struggle not to let it drip on my clothes.

"Give me your hand," Quin tells me, bending me almost in half while he fucks me in quick, deep strokes. "Let me taste you."

Reaching up at an awkward angle, I hold my hand up to Quin, my palm close to his mouth. He grabs it quickly and drags his tongue over my hand. He laps and sucks all the come from my hand and all I can do is take his dick and moan at the sucking sensation on my fingers.

When he has my hand clean, my Daddy lowers his mouth to kiss me, letting me taste myself on his tongue. My oversensitive prostate is screaming in protest but I would never dream of telling Quin to stop. He's pushing me past the point of pleasure and has me teetering on the edge of pain, but it feels fucking amazing.

"Almost there, baby," Quin groans, squeezing my ass. "Damn, your ass is so tight. So good, baby boy." I whimper, then clench around Quin, making his curse and his strokes falter. A few strokes later, he stills over me, his face a beautiful mask of pleasure.

Although I know we should be getting ourselves together and trying to look like we *weren't* fucking in his office, Quin makes no move to let me up. And I don't try to move from under him. After taking greedy pulls of air to come down from

an intense orgasm, Quin takes my lips in a delicious kiss. Quin is hands down the best lay of my life and it's even better that he's my boyfriend *and* my daddy.

Time would hold no meaning and I would be content to lay here forever with his tongue in my mouth and his hard body over me, but I know everyone will be back soon. While we can do nothing about the scent of sex in the air, we *can* go get lunch because of how much we just worked up an appetite.

Breaking the kiss, I press against Quin's shoulder, and he lets me up. He looks down at his watch and says, "We have ten minutes. Turn around, hands flat on my desk."

With apprehension and excitement warring in my belly, I turn around and do as he says. Quin steps up behind me, rubbing my ass lightly. "Your spanking is punishment for distracting me while I was talking to a client."

Nodding, I swallow roughly and say, "Yes, Daddy."

"I want you to count for me. We're only going to ten. I know you like your spankings, but you won't like sitting on your stinging ass for the rest of the day."

Groaning in both nervousness and anticipation, I nod and repeat, "Yes, Daddy."

Quin squeezes an ass cheek before he starts. The first swat is blazing, making me jump. "One," I murmur, feeling the heat of that swat bloom over my ass. Unlike last time, Quin swats me quickly and on the same cheek four more times. It takes

effort not to move away from his hand. It burns, but I won't safeword. I earned this punishment.

"Halfway," Quin mutters, running a hand over my inflamed flesh.

"Halfway, Daddy."

His hand comes down on the opposite cheek and I jump and whimper. The flesh burns immediately and I have to fight around a thick tongue to squeak out, "Six." Seven, eight, and nine come so fast, I count them on the same breath.

"Almost there, baby boy."

Biting my lip, I nod, not able to say much else. The last stinging swat seems like the worst one and I whimper loudly before I remember to count. I don't want another swat.

It's obvious Quin took it easy on me at the hotel. I like being spanked, but not like that. That felt like the punishment I rightfully earned. Fucking hell.

Quin pulls me up, turns me around and wraps me in a hug. I melt into his arms gratefully. "Good job, sweet boy. You took that well."

"Thank you, Daddy," I say on a sigh, my chest glowing from his praise.

Although I don't regret what we just did here, I know I won't be happy for the next few hours. Working a desk job with a stinging ass sucks.

# **CHapter Ten**

### Quin

HY ARE YOU SMILING?" Michael asks, glancing over at me while I'm sending an invoice to my last client. It's been almost two weeks since I had Red on my desk and every time I look at it, I remember his moans, how he clutched at me, how he came in his hand and fed it to me. My boy tastes amazing. Any way to get him down my throat, I jump at.

Smirking at the memory, I look over at my other best friend. "Nothing you want to know about, I'm sure."

He stares at me for a moment, then realization dawns on him and his face is hilarious. "On your desk, Quin? Really?"

"He started it," I retort maturely, making Michael shake his head.

"You're the Daddy, Quin. He can't start anything you don't want him to finish."

I shrug, because he's right. Had I not wanted to fool around with Red in the office, I could have put the client on hold to

tell him no. While Red is a brat, he would have listened. There would have been some pouting, but he would have listened. I wanted Red on my desk so I took him. Michael can't expect me to tell someone like Red no. My boy is too beautiful—inside and out—for me to turn him down.

"What's that like?" Michael asks in a quiet voice.

"Fucking on the desk?" I ask absently, scrolling through my emails. While Red has control of most emails and routes them to us, some of them slip through and I have to get rid of junk mail and forward him the inquiries.

It takes a while to realize Michael hasn't answered me. Looking over at him, I notice the look he's giving me and I give him my full attention. "What's up, man?"

He shakes his head and sits back. "I haven't had that, you know? What you and Savage have. Hell, I thought of all of us, I'd be the first to find someone. You two are so picky with who you see, while I'm just trying to find somebody to love me." His admission is strained, but full of emotion.

My heart goes out to Michael. He's had a rough life, being in foster care, then his biological mother wanting nothing to do with him when he tracked her down. Him falling in with Savage started as a suicide attempt, since the Russians were taking shots at our crew often. Luckily, nothing bad happened to him and after my and Savage's accident, he got his shit together and stuck closer to us. If anyone needs someone, it's Michael.

Sighing, I close my email, turn to Michael and answer his initial question. "It feels ... better than I've ever thought it would. You remember Reese and Cam," I mention the two boys I had before and he nods. "It never felt like this with them. What I had with them seems like a joke compared to what I feel for Red. It might be because we're here and not guarding Savage all day, but I don't think that's it. I think it's him."

"He's a good guy. He fits you. Just like Abel fits Savage. I could see from the first time they met that Abel was going to be his. Meeting Red tells me he's always going to be yours. What if I never find that?"

What can I tell him? Of course he'll find it? Don't give up? Michael is forty. We probably have more yesterdays than we have tomorrows. So I'm not sure what I can say to make him feel better. "Have you ever had someone you wanted to be with forever?" I ask curiously.

He chuckles and turns back to his computer. "Yeah. Wild thing is, I've never spoken to him. But I felt it."

"Why not try? It's not too late to speak to him now."

"Can't," Michael says, sighing and putting his hands behind his head. "He thinks we're dead."

I wince. He's from our old life. While nothing will happen if we go back to our old lives, it will put Savage in danger. "Fuck, man. I'm sorry. Can you find a way to tell him you're not? Without freaking him out?"

"Doubt it. But thanks for trying to give me an idea. I saw him twice and I started thinking we could have had something. Weird, right?"

"Nah, I don't think there's anything weird about what you feel. You never know. You might find a way to get what you want."

He nods, then turns back to his computer, ending the conversation.

Hearing Michael ask what it's like to feel how I do about Red kind of crushes me. Besides Savage, he's my best friend and I want the best for him. I wanted the best for Savage when he started dated Abel. I remember doing more than normal to keep him as safe as possible so they can have what they do. Having what they have is almost more than I expected.

It makes me wonder who he's talking about. While Michael had his fair share of sex over the years—not just with men—he never tried to have a relationship. I didn't think he even liked anyone enough to consider it. I can't think of who he might be talking about from our old lives.

While I wish Red had never gone through what he did, I count my lucky stars that he called me to take care of and protect him.

The phone ringing breaks into my thoughts. Scooping it up, I bark, "Hayes."

"Hayes? Lorry from the RCMP, Ontario. I'm the contact for Jared, your Quebec guy. I'm calling to thank you for the tip. It

was good. We found the warehouse and we rescued eleven individuals chained in different rooms. It was an elaborate set up, one that went back a few years, but we shut it down."

A smile stretches my face and I think about how thrilled my boy will be when he hears this news. Then I think about how sad he'll be when he hears about how many people they found in that warehouse. I'm not sure how he'll take the news, but I know I have to tell him everything. I promised myself that if I found a boy after I stopped working for Savage, I would be honest with them about everything. Probably why the two I had before didn't last. When you work for a crime family and you can't tell your boys everything they want to know, they tend to check out of the relationship. If you tell them you work for the Benavelli family, they run faster than Usain Bolt to get away from that danger.

"Thanks for calling, man. How big was this operation? Any chance it could be going on in other provinces?" Since I have an in with Jared, hopefully he'll give me that information. If not, it's only the work of a moment to find out myself. While it's been years since I was on active duty, once a Marine, always a Marine. The skills they taught me never left. There's a reason I co-own and operate at a physical and cybersecurity convergence firm.

I hear a creak on the other end of the phone, then a sigh. "Thankfully, it's just the one warehouse we found. Solo operation. The guys we caught are all trying to confess faster than the others to get better deals, but eleven counts of human

trafficking and kidnapping won't have any of them seeing the light of day anytime soon."

We discuss the raid a bit more then hang up. I'm satisfied with what he told me, but I want to see it with my own eyes. Hacking into their system isn't difficult since they have shit firewalls. Finding the files I'm looking for, I read over the reports and see all the information he told me. I'm glad to know he was honest, but I can't be too careful when I tell Red. He needs to know it all.

I need to call them back one day to have them update their firewall. While I have excellent skills, I didn't even break a sweat getting into their mainframe.

I call Red at his desk, asking him to come to my office. Since Michael is still here, I know he's not getting the idea that we'll fuck in my office again. Though it's definitely something we'll have to find a way to repeat. I need new memories.

Rapping on the door, Red sticks his head into the office, looking nervous with a notepad. I probably should have told him it wasn't work related to put him at ease. Smiling at him, I pat my leg and he hurries over, sitting on my knee and looping his arms around my neck. He leans in, then freezes, eyes wide. "Shit, we're at work," he says, trying to scramble off my lap.

Not gonna happen. Getting a hold of his hip, I keep him in place and put a hand in his hair. Red melts under my touch and leans in and I kiss him. "You're forgetting I own half of this company, right?" I ask rhetorically against his lips.

"And the other owner is out. Keep it in your pants, you two," Michaels shouts over his shoulder as he leaves, making us both grin.

When we're alone, Red leans in for another kiss and I slid my tongue into him, opening him up so I can taste his sweet mouth. My boy moans softly, putting a hand on my chest and grabbing my locs with the other.

I'm sure we would keep this up all day if Red had his way, but I need to tell him the good news. I only hope he sees it that way when I tell him the number of victims that were rescued.

I pull back and see Red's pupils are blown and his breathing is uneven. Smirking, I give him another peck that has him pouting when I pull away. "I called you in for a reason." Red nods and sits up, giving me his undivided—and lust free—attention. Drawing a deep breath, I tell him what Lorry told me. About the raid, the arrests and the victims. I'm very candid with him, giving him all the facts without sugarcoating anything. Red is strong and brave, so I know he can take it, even if it will make him feel terrible hearing about how many people this operation had.

"Good news is," I tell him, finishing up with what Lorry told me, "they were a solo operation. There's no bigger person they have to go after to shut this shit down. With the sweep they did, they got them all. No more." That's not the case with many trafficking rings, so I'm grateful it is with this one for Red's sake. I would gladly spend my life tracking each and

every one of the fuckers down if it weren't isolated, but I'm sure Red wouldn't want me to go around killing people.

Red nods, looking off into space. He sits in silence for a bit and I rub his back gently, letting him know I'm here, but I won't crowd him or treat him like he can't handle basic shit. Shaking himself, he looks at me with sad eyes. "Will they be okay? Will anything be done for the people they rescued? I don't know if I can bear the thought of them being rescued from that hell without the means to get better and live a reasonably normal life."

I didn't think to ask. Fuck, I didn't even think about it. They'll need a lot of therapy and have a lot of healing ahead of them. Canada has universal healthcare, but will the limited therapy sessions be enough to help them? Probably not. They'll need regular visits for a long time. Three to five appointments a week for the foreseeable future.

Shrugging, I pull him closer. "I'm not sure, baby boy. I can make sure they have some therapy sessions for the next few years. How does that sound?"

"You'd do that for me? For them?"

"Of course. It's what will make you happy and it's a good thing. Besides, I can afford it and I like the thought of my money going to something good. Or I can spend it on you. I don't mind either option."

Red laughs reluctantly and frames my face with his soft and warm hands. "Thank you, Daddy. Thank you so much." Then he gets a horrified look on his face. "Oh my God, please don't think I'm using you for money. I didn't know you had money. Not enough money to pay for therapy for eleven people for years. You don't have to spend money on me. That's why I wanted to work for you, so I can earn my own money. I'm not the type of person ..." I let him ramble on and on, thinking it's pretty cute that he would think I thought that about him.

"Boy," I say, interrupting him and he clamps his mouth shut.
"I don't think that. We're still new, but I know you. Here." I lay a hand over his chest where his heart is beating rapidly. "I'm not worried. You didn't even want me to spend money on you at the mall, Red. No offense, but I don't think you're that good of an actor."

He lets out a relieved laugh. "I'll have you know I'm a brilliant actor." Red sobers, leaning into where I still have my hand. "But not about that. I promise. That's something you'll never have to worry about."

"Good," I remark, kissing his nose. "Now, how are you feeling? You want to take the day off to process?"

"That would be great. I'm okay right now, but panic attacks can crop up whenever."

"Speaking of, your meds will be here in a week or less."

"How ... do I want to know how?"

Smiling, I shake my head and motion for Red to stand. "Getting into your medical files was easy. Your old therapist needs tighter encryption."

Red shivers and leans into me. "Yes, Daddy, speak nerdy to me."

Barking a laugh, I wrap him in a hug, relieved he seems to be doing okay with the news. Then I remember that I have to call Lorry back to set up the therapy sessions for the victims. Not a bad way to spend a few million dollars.

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

#### Red

OW. IT'S HARD TO wrap my mind around the fact that eleven people were rescued because I stopped being afraid long enough to tell Quin what I overheard. I'm thankful Quin and Michael knows whoever they do and trusted my word enough to look into it. It took over a month for the RCMP to conduct the raid, but better late than never. And Quin vowing to help the victims with therapy definitely helps. Since I got away that night, I've been thinking about the people they might have been holding. It still gnawed at my gut that the RCMP didn't recuse them sooner. I understand they had to set up a taskforce and have a coordinated raid, but fuck, it was terrible waiting and imagining what could be happening. Another source of nightmares for me.

For the past few days, Quin has been keeping me wrapped up in a blanket on his lap every day after work and I have to say it's the best feeling in the world. Having his arms locked around me while he talks to me and tells me about his old life is relaxing. While he's not treating me like I'm fragile, he's taking care of me by keeping the panic attacks at bay. When he has me in his arms, I don't have to think about anything else.

My favorite thing to hear about is Quin's military career. He tried to teach me the United States Marine rank structure, but I got confused with pay grades and rank and time in service and time in grade and other military jargon.

I got the basics down at least. "Your first assignment was in California? Like Los Angeles?"

Quin shakes his head. "Not in LA, but not too far away. About an hour and a half, depending on traffic."

"Did you love it there?"

He shrugs and pulls the blanket around me more. "Didn't love it or hate it. It was an assignment. I met Judy and Grant there, so it wasn't all bad."

"Where are you from, Daddy? You know so much about me and my shitty childhood and I don't even know where you were born." I frown, thinking how selfish that is. Quin has been making an effort to get to know more about me by asking me questions about my life and I'm not doing my part to move our relationship forward.

Like he creepily does, Quin knows what I'm thinking and reassures me. "It's okay, Red. We're both new at this and working at it. Soon, we'll know all there is to know about each other." He kisses me softly. "I'm from Chicago. Left when I was seventeen and haven't been back since. I joined the Marines right after I graduated high school. My brother moved

to Washington State to attend college, so it was easier for me to stay on the West Coast because it was closer than Illinois."

"That makes sense. Do you miss California? Sounds like you spent a lot of your life there."

"I miss aspects of it. But no," he answers, shaking his head.
"I don't miss it. It wasn't safe. We spent over a decade looking over our shoulders there."

He talked his nerdy talk to me about how he learned basic backhacks before joining the Marines and how the Marines built on those skills, resulting in the level of expertise he has now. It's all very refreshing and makes me admire him more than I already do.

On the last day of the week, we both come home exhausted. Quin had to deal with some potential breaches that had him almost shouting into his phone all day and I had a million things to do for everyone, as it seemed there were contracts and inquiries coming in left and right. Luckily, it's Friday, so no work tomorrow.

While he was busy putting our fires, Quin lost the tie he wore to work, but seeing him still mostly dressed in his business casual is a turn on. When I started working for him, I asked why he insisted everyone wear dress clothes all the time. He said he and Michael are used to wearing suits after years working as bodyguards for Savage at his corporate day job. It's weird thinking of a mob boss having a normal day job, but I guess it helps that he did, so they could integrate easily when they fled.

My Daddy still has a frown on his face from the shit he had to deal with earlier and that simply won't do. After we enter the bedroom, I stop him before he can head into the bathroom for a shower. Pulling him into my arms, I paste myself against him and feel the tension leave his body. We stand for an uninterrupted amount of time, just absorbing and taking comfort from one another.

Finally, Quin exhales and pulls back, kissing me on my forehead. "Thanks, baby boy. I needed that."

"I know," I respond cheekily, making him pinch my ass. I yelp and pout, then start to undo the buttons on his shirt. "Want to tell me about it?"

Sighing, he runs a hand through his locs. "A company I've been doing business with for about a year found a cheaper option and canceled our contract. No big deal. Happens all the time in this market. Except the cheaper firm was cheaper because they don't have the best quality of work. They've had three breaches in the past three months and they're trying to patch it, but it's not easy. It pisses me off they let someone tamper with my software and now it's all fucked. I have to go back in and start from the ground up, which means they have to shut down their operation until I have it figured out."

"That's not so bad," I tell him, pushing his shirt from his shoulders, then bend to get his shoes off so I can remove his pants.

"It wouldn't be if they weren't trying to get me to rush my work. I've been fighting with the CEO all day about a

timeline. On Monday, if he doesn't have it figured out, I'm not taking the contract at all, no matter how much he offers."

Quin doesn't need the money, so I know he's serious about not taking it if he's pissed enough. After he steps out of his shoes, I work his belt, staying on my knees in front of him to distract him from his day. "Don't let it stress you out, Daddy. If you don't want to take it, don't. They shouldn't put you on a timeline because they were being cheap. You're the best, right?" He nods and I smile up at him. "Then they need to be on *your* timeline." Dragging his pants down his thighs, I see his cock is hard and throbbing.

Glancing up at him, I give him another smile. "Guess you're feeling better then?"

He huffs a laugh and rubs my face. "Brat. I always feel good when I see you on your knees for me."

"Yeah?" I ask, leaning in to breathe him in, mouthing at his cock through his briefs. "What do you want me to do while I'm down here?"

"Just what you're doing now. Don't stop."

"Wouldn't dream of it." I continue to suck on him through his underwear, leaving wet stains behind as I bathe his cock in my spit.

Not able to resist any longer, I pull his briefs down and swallow most of his dick in one swift motion. Quin lets out a deep groan and thrusts forward, pushing his cock down my throat. I gag, but keep sucking him, trying to inhale his dick.

Carding both hands through my hair, Quin grabs on and moves deeper into my mouth. Spit and tears cover my face, but neither of us stops to clean me up. As much as I can with a mouth full of his dick, I swirl my tongue over every part of his cock I can reach, bathing the underside of his shaft. "Yes, baby boy. Mmm ... open your mouth. Wide."

I drop back on my heels and open wide for him. Quin takes his cock from my mouth and slaps it lightly on my face, lips and tongue. "Damn, baby, your mouth feels good. I'm going to fuck your face. Tap my leg three times if it's too much." I nod, waiting for my prize.

Quin isn't gentle with how he fucks my face and my own dick throbs because of the rough treatment. Holding both sides of my head, Quin shoves in and holds there, and I choke around his thick length. Again and again, he shoves in and holds, shoves in and holds. My face is an absolute mess and I'm in heaven.

"I'm close, baby boy." I nod, but don't otherwise move as Quin uses my mouth to get himself off. "Suck," he orders and I close my lips around him, sucking while he fucks my face. "Oh, fuck yes." Quin's smooth baritone has me moaning around his length, loving how sexed up he sounds.

Plunging into my mouth a few more times, Quin snatches his cock out and comes on my face, a loud grunt leaving his mouth after every rope of his release hits my face.

When I open my eyes, I find Quin looking down at me with the same lustful expression he had when I put him in my mouth. "You always look so fucking good when your face is a mess like this." Not sure if it would be a compliment for anyone else, but my face heats and I duck my head to hide my blush.

"Thank you, Daddy," I murmur, chest light because he admires the mess he makes of me.

A hand enters my field of vision and I take it, allowing Quin to help me to my feet. He takes my messy face in his hands and gives me a sloppy kiss, pressing me against the dresser. "Rub against me and come, baby boy. Get yourself off," Quin says against my lips, then goes back to devouring my mouth in a brutal and unhinged kiss.

It won't take long. I spread my legs and grind against him, loving the feel of all his hard muscle against me. Quin reaches down, squeezing my ass and pulling me tighter to his body, lips never leaving mine. I shudder through my climax in his arms, moaning into his mouth. His hands locked on my ass move my body along his, stretching out my orgasm.

When I'm spent, I pull my lips from his and drop my head to his chest. Quin chuckles and rubs my back then kisses my hair.

After I've gotten my breathing under control, I lift my head and meet his eyes. "We're a mess, Quin."

He bends to kiss me again, chuckling against my lips. "And you look even more gorgeous because of it." At that, Quin kisses me until I'm breathless, his arms locked around me, holding me close.



After spending an outrageous amount of time in the shower getting clean—I may or may not have gotten on my knees for my Daddy again—Quin suggested we go out to dinner instead of cooking. Which is fine with me because I don't think either of us is in the mood to cook. Quin and I have been switching who makes dinner every evening, but we have no energy after his long day and our steamy shower session. Before we head out, I make a quick detour to the bedroom for a surprise for Quin.

He takes me to a really nice Italian restaurant that's not too upscale but has a nice vibe to it. Exactly what I like. Having to endure the stiff restaurants growing up, I would rather not eat at one again. I told Quin I came from money and hated that life, so maybe he knew I wouldn't be interested in anything over the top. We definitely aren't dressed for anything fancy, as Quin picked out a pair of blue jeans and a button up shirt for me while he has on a pair of black jeans and a black shirt that hugs his chest in a way that makes me want to drop to my knees and worship him. Unfortunately, we had no time for that. Thankfully, he threw a gray cardigan over it to hide some of his amazing body.

After we're seated and put in our order, Quin puts his forearms on the table and stares at me, smiling. "What is it?" I

ask, wondering why he's giving me this look. While I love it, I feel like he knows about my surprise.

"I like you, Red."

Smiling back, I feel a blush heating my face. "I like you too, Quin." Well on my way to more than like, but I keep that thought to myself. "Or do I need to call you Malcolm in public?" I ask in a whisper.

"Quin is fine. Tell me about your life before you went to college. You didn't say much except your parents always wanted you and your brother at odds."

My smile becomes a frown like it usually does when I think about my parents. While Quin got the gist of it, it was so much more with them. They not only compared me and my brother until we practically hated each other, they weren't there for us. They weren't present at all. I think they had us because it was expected of them. It fit the image of success my father was supposed to show the world—college education, marriage, a nice home, two kids, and a cute dog. After getting all that, they didn't care about keeping it.

Shrugging, I ask, "Can we talk about something else? I miss my brother and want to try to reconnect, but I don't like talking about it. If that's okay?"

"Of course, it's fine, sweet boy. I won't make you talk about them if you're not ready or ever, for that matter. But if you ever want to, I'm here for you." "I know, Daddy." Bringing up my family always puts me in a blah mood. I'm having dinner with Quin. I don't want my mood to be blah. "How did you meet Savage?"

He smirks. "It's not that interesting. I met him at a job interview."

"Really?"

Quin chuckles, rubbing his hands together. "Yes, really. He needed a bodyguard and I heard about it in the circles I ran in after the Marines. I asked the right people to meet his father and I was hired to guard Savage. That's pretty much it."

"That's anticlimactic," I drawl, making Quin laugh harder.

"Sorry I can't say we met at a shootout."

I scowl at him and he gives me that Daddy look he's so good at. "Sorry, Daddy," I say.

Our food comes and we start to dig in, talking and sharing little tidbits about each other. Thankfully, Quin and I feel the same way about kids—no interest—so if this works out, we won't have to worry about having that conversation in the future. He did say after being around Pogo for so long, he would like a dog. I must admit Pogo is a lazy sweetheart. He loves his belly and ear rubs but does not like to move around to get them. My kind of dog. We do disagree on a breed. Quin wants a Cane Corso, I want a Frenchie. Looks like we'll have to get both if we get that serious.

Quin also tells me more about his military service. While he was in, he deployed and worked in what he called recovery.

When I asked what exactly that meant, he simply said, "I promise to tell you if you ever need to know." Not knowing what that means, but trusting him, I agree.

"So why cyber security?" I ask, spearing a piece of steak on my fork. "When you said you worked security and," I drop my voice and lean in, "you have a gun," I lean back and speak normally, "I thought you meant, you know, physical security."

He smirks. "Most people do. It goes back to what I did in the Marines and what Michael and I have been up to for years. While I guarded Savage physically, I was also in charge of his home security. I kept his systems updated and made sure there were no data breaches. We only had one incident, but that wasn't because of the system. Abel's brother cut the power source directly and shut everything down." I look down, feeling sad for Abel.

"Savage doesn't like me." I'm not sure how true that is, but I don't want it to be. I don't know him well enough to dislike him, but he wasn't exactly warm and fuzzy when we met.

"He doesn't *disklike* you." I give him a look and Quin sighs. "I had two boys in the time I was working for Savage. Both of them left when I told them about my work for him. So he's a little hesitant to trust that you'll stick around. He's really protective of me, like I am of him. Give him some time and you'll be part of the family too. You're not going anywhere, Red. You're mine." I smile at his ownership and he gives me a wink.

It makes sense why Savage would be colder to me and warn me that he'll basically kill me if I fuck Quin over. I have no plans of doing anything to mess up what I have with my Daddy, so all I have to do is win over his best friend. Easy peasy. *Not*.

We're halfway through our meal when I start to get antsy. While blowing Quin and having him get me off with his kisses and his hard body rubbing against my dick was fan-fucking-tastic, I want more. So much more.

I slip off my shoe and rub my foot over his calf lightly, but don't meet his eyes when I feel him staring at me. When he goes back to eating, I rub higher, moving my foot up his thigh to his groin. As soon as I put pressure on his cock, Quin looks up at me with narrowed eyes.

"Move your foot," he warns, eyes blazing, dick straining against his pants. I put more pressure on him, rubbing my foot back and forth over his growing erection.

"What do you mean, Daddy?" I ask sweetly, smiling at him while I speed up the motions my foot, feeling his dick twitch beneath my sole.

Quin leans forward and drops his voice, which sounds tight and strained. "If I fuck you in that bathroom, I will punish you when we get home. Move your foot."

I weigh my options. I could listen to my Daddy's command and move my foot, waiting until we get home to ride him. Or I could continue what I'm doing. I'm horny, I prepped before we left—the surprise I have for him—and I want him.

Again, I press on his dick and he growls low in his throat. "Go to the bathroom, boy. First stall. Have your pants down and around your ankles by the time I get there."

"Yes, Daddy," I rush to say, giddy that I'm getting my way. I'll think about the consequences later.

I've never had public sex before. I've thought about it and wanted to, but never found anyone I would want to do it with. Knowing I would be out with Quin and knowing how impossible it is for me to keep my hands off him, I knew I would want to try it.

Doing what he told me, I hastily pull my pants around my ankles and face away from the door so Quin can squeeze in. The stalls are very clean—thank all that is holy—and pretty roomy, but even with the extra space, it'll be a tight fit when Quin slides in.

After what was a few minutes, but felt like hours, I hear the door open and hold my breath, hoping it's Quin. My hope is answered when the stall opens and he squeezes inside. Quin moves me around so I'm facing the door and thrusts my hands up to keep my balance. "Don't move and don't come unless I tell you," he growls in my ear while I hear the rustle of his pants being undone.

"Yes, Daddy," I groan, wanting to rub my ass against him to get some sort of friction *somewhere* while he's getting ready.

Quin's hand glides down to my hole and he growls again when he finds me wet and open for you. "You prepped?"

"Yes. Before we left."

Pushing me flush against the door with his body, Quin grinds his dick on my ass and bites the side of my neck. I moan but hold myself still while his hands move all over me. "You've been bad, Red. You know that?"

I nod, knowing this would earn me a punishment, but so far, nothing feels like he's terribly upset about it.

"We'll talk about that later. Did you bring a lube packet and condom with you too?"

I nod my head, but keep facing the door, not moving like he told me. "I put one in my back pocket."

Quin rummages through my pants while I try to hold myself still, but the tremors because of his proximity and where we are keep racking my body.

I hear the rip of the condom and the squelching of his hand moving over his cock. Without warning, he lines up to my hole and starts to slide inside. I moan loudly, loving how stretched he's making my hole, how wide I have to get to take him. Quin's hand covers my mouth and he leans to my ear. "I'm going to enjoy the feel of your tight ass around my dick."

He pulls out and slams back in, making me groan around his hand, the sound bouncing off the walls. He pushes in deep until his thighs are touching mine, making me raise on my tiptoes to absorb all of him.

In my ear, Quin whispers, "I'm going to fuck you hard. You will not make any noise. There will be consequences if you do.

Say 'yes, Daddy'."

Stifling the moan I want to release from his words alone, I nod frantically and grit out, "Y-yes, Daddy," when he removes his hand from my mouth.

He kisses the side of my neck then fucks me hard. The only noises are the sound of skin hitting skin, my sharp gasps and rough exhalations and Quin's soft grunts. Quin holds me roughly, his fingers digging into my hip, sure to leave marks. God, I hope so.

"You teased me all night," Quin whispers, kissing and licking my ear and where my neck meets my shoulder. I try to tip my head forward to get away from how good he's making me feel since I can't come, but my Daddy isn't having that. He grabs my blond waves and pulls, bringing my head back to rest on his shoulder. His hand moves around to my throat and he squeezes while he thrusts into me deeply. I bite my lip, my cock hard as a rock and bouncing against my belly.

"Don't run from me, Red. You've been a naughty boy tonight." His teeth clamp onto my shoulder and he fucks me so hard my teeth clack together. "Fuck, mouse. You feel so fucking good. Always so tight around my dick."

Try as I might, I can't keep the moan from bubbling up my throat and once it escapes, the floodgates open and I can't stop them from slipping free. They're not loud enough for us to get caught, but I know Quin hears them. Fuck, I really tried, but how he's fucking into me and talking to me, I can't help it.

Quin's dark chuckle promises consequences. "Naughty boy," he whispers seductively in my ear. "Squeeze around my cock, boy." I do what he tells me and Quin thrusts into me faster, groaning in my ear and then goes still behind me. Leaning over my back and panting, his breath ghosts over my neck, drying the spit he lift behind earlier. He mouths against my neck and murmurs, "Someday, I'm going to plug your ass after I breed you, so you can feel me inside you."

I groan and wiggle, trying to get more so I can come. I was so close, only a few strokes will get me there. But Quin pulls out of me and ties the condom off and flushes it. "Pull your pants up, Red." I groan, knowing where this is leading. Orgasm denial is the worst.

With shaky hands, I bend to grab my pants, glancing over my shoulder at him with pleading eyes.

When I'm all buttoned up, Quin pulls me in for a long kiss and I melt into him, trying to grind against his leg to get myself off.

Quin stills my thrusts and I whimper in his mouth. He nips my bottom lip and breaks the kiss. I try to chase it, since kissing Quin can get me off, but he knows me. "You don't come unless I tell you, remember?"

I pout. "Please, Daddy," I beg, trying to get closer to him and bring him down for another kiss. He gives me a small peck but moves me to my previous position away from the door. "Wait five minutes, then come back to the table. Do not touch your dick or try to come in those five minutes." With

one more kiss, he leaves the stall, washes his hands and leaves the restroom.

Plopping on the toilet, I put my head in my hands, enjoying the ache in my ass, but hating how my balls throb and how hard my dick still is. Fucking fuck. I knew it was risky to rile Quin up in public, but I thought he would at least let me come and punish me later. This is the worst.

Before I leave the stall, I clean up as much as a packet of wet wipes allows and wash my hands, walking back to the table where I hope Quin is paying the check so we can get the fuck out of here.

## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

### Quin

RED REALLY THOUGHT WE'D be leaving as soon as he got back to the table. Nope. My naughty boy needs to get the full extent of his punishment. Not only can he not come, he has to sit and squirm while I finish my food and order dessert. Red shifts and rocks in his chair, looking uncomfortable and turned on simultaneously. He bites his lip often, looking at me with those shy eyes, the same ones that were my undoing the first night I met him.

Even though I know it's hard for him, he listens when I tell him to stop fidgeting and eats some of the chocolate mousse I ordered. I can see how hard it is for him not to be suggestive about it, knowing he might not be able to come at all tonight. His face when the server comes with the check is almost like a kid in a candy store. I pay quickly and Red practically bounces out of the restaurant to the car. I chuckle and follow behind him, knowing I'll let him come as soon as we get home.

After I've had my fun of course.

The whole ride, Red keeps his hands in his lap, but away from his dick so he's not disobeying me. I reach over and rub his thigh, my hand drifting to his hard cock. With my fingertip, I drag it over his dick, feeling him twitch and jerk under my hand. "You need to come, sweet boy?"

"Yes, Daddy," he groans softly, thrusting up to my finger.

I move it and I hear his whimper. Still, Red keeps his hands away from his dick and stays as still as possible.

Seeing how good he's being for me, I decide to reward him as soon as we step in the door. No need to wait for the bed like I planned at the restaurant.

As soon as we step inside and I have the door shut and locked, I push him against the wall just inside the door, taking his lips in a kiss that has my dick hard, wanting back inside him. Red wraps his arms around my neck and pushes his body into me, his cock sliding against mine. Dragging my hand down to his ass, I pull him close, loving the feel of him in my arms. The sweet whimpers he lets out into my mouth taste good and I swallow them down greedily.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. So sorry," Red whispers against my mouth, grabbing tightly to me.

"It's okay, sweet boy." I reach up and unhook his arms from my neck. Red tries to move closer, but I break his hold easily and step back from him. His face is flushed and his breathing is heavy and he's never looked more beautiful. Except when I make a mess of him. Then he transcends beautiful into gorgeous. Especially with my come mixed in with his tears and spit. "Take your clothes off for me, baby. Let me see you."

Red rips his clothes off and stands before me with nothing but shy eyes and flushed cheeks. I hum in my throat, taking him in and loving the view. Despite what I'm used to, I like the lean muscles of his body, how lithe and strong he looks. How his muscles bunch and pull under my hands, my mouth and my dick.

Twirling a finger in the air, I tell him, "Turn around. Hands flat on the wall."

Quickly, he turns and places his hands on the wall bending slightly at the waist. Walking over, I run a hand down his spine, watching him tremble. "Did you touch yourself?"

Red shakes his head quickly. "No, Daddy. I promise I kept my hands to myself." His voice comes out breathy and strained. Leaning forward, I kiss his shoulder and drag my hand down to his hole, pressing a finger in.

The groan he lets out goes right to my cock. "Sore, baby boy?"

"A little. Not too bad though," he rushes to add.

Giving him another kiss on the shoulder, I step back from him. "Don't move, mouse."

He nods frantically and says, "Yes, Daddy."

Taking my time to walk to the room when I really want to run, I reach into the nightstand and pull out the bottle of lube. I strip off my cardigan and my shirt, not wanting much to get in the way of how I have my boy.

When I walk from the room, I see Red in the same position I left him in, body flushed and ass poking out for me. "Good boy," I whisper when I step behind him.

He mutters a thank you and I waste no more time for the rest of his punishment. "You need to come?"

"Please, Daddy."

"When I give you permission."

The whining moan is so cute that I almost give him what he wants. Almost. "I'll be good."

Without more conversation, I drop to my knees behind him and spread his cheeks to gaze at his fucked out hole. I plant a kiss there, teasing the ridges with my lips. Red moans, trying to push back against my mouth. I pull back and slap his ass. "Don't move or you won't come at all." With a whimper, Red goes rigid and I go back to kissing his hole. My tongue slips out a time or two, wanting to hear more and more of Red's beautiful moans.

Gripping his cheeks in both hands, I spread him more and devour him. My tongue circles his hole, taking his taste down my throat. Pulling him tighter against me, I tongue fuck him, licking all around his entrance. "You taste good, baby," I murmur, sucking him in. "So good."

Red babbles and begs, his body vibrating from what I'm doing to him. Reaching around, I grab his cock, finding him

hard and leaking for me. Stroking him quickly, I dine on his hole, loving how unhinged the noises coming out of his mouth are. "Daddy, can I come please? I can't ... hold ... back ..."

Dropping his hand from his cock, I move back from Red's hole, kissing his ass cheeks gently. Red sags against the wall, sobbing and groaning. After a few seconds, I pull his ass back and rub my thumb over his hole. Then I start his punishment all over again.

His hole is loose when I slide my tongue back into it, opening for me while I enjoy him. I wrap my hand back around his cock and stroke him slowly while I twirl my tongue around his pucker. Lowering my head, I take one of his balls into my mouth, sucking it gently. Red yelps, but it turns into a loud moan. I move over to the other, giving it equal attention while I jerk his cock quicker. "Daddy ... please. Please." His tone tells me he's close, so I move my mouth and drop my hand. "Daddy!" Red whines, sobbing and babbling. Tears of want streak his cheeks and I've never seen anything more beautiful. I want to lick the tears from his face while I fuck him.

After edging Red once more, leaving him a boneless mess against the wall, I stand and kiss his neck. "You okay, baby?"

"I'm...green...Daddy," Red pants, holding completely still but his body is shaking from the strain.

I pull my cock out, stroking it a few times before I add lube. Then I reach around and grasps Red's cock again, making him moan loudly. "That's it, baby boy. Let Daddy hear you." Red moans and sobs, begging and apologizing while fucking into my hand. I work Red's dick at the same pace I'm jerking my own, the sounds of ecstasy he's making better than any porn I've ever watched.

When I feel like I'm almost on the edge, I nip Red's ear, then say, "Come now, sweet boy."

On a strangled sob, Red bellows his orgasm, spilling over my fist. A few strokes later, my own release hits me and I pump come on Red's pert ass, loving how it looks against his skin.

I catch Red when his legs won't hold him up and scoop him into my arms. He looks at me with unfocused eyes, smiling at me lazily. "That was amazing, Quin. So ..." he stops and sighs, burying his face into my chest and taking deep breaths.

Smiling, I walk him down the short hallway to our bathroom. I sit him on the toilet and kiss his forehead when he gives me the same sleepy smile. "Let's get cleaned up and in bed." Red nods lazily, looking completely blissed out.

Our shower is quick, with me holding Red up so he doesn't fall over. When it's time for me to get myself clean, I sit him on my shower bench and make quick work with the soap and washcloth.

I wrap Red in a towel and scoop him up again, laying him out of the bed, drying him off quickly, but gently. Finally, I pull the blankets back and we climb in, Red getting comfortable on his side and holding his arms out to me. I could never turn that down.

Feeling Red in my arms like this will never get old. I love how warm he is and how his body molds to mine when I hold him close. For the past few days I've had him like this, hoping to keep his mind off the bad news I had to give him about the victims. He seems to be doing okay so far and I want to make sure it stays that way.

I pull his body close to me and kiss one eyelid, then the other, making Red smile softly at me. "Are you always like this?" he asks, wrapping his arm tighter around me.

"Like what?" I ask, tipping his chin up so I can take his lips. Red immediately opens for me, moaning in my mouth and pressing his chest to mine. When I pull free, he lets out a long breath and fidgets. Feeling his half-hard cock on my leg makes me smile.

"So ... affectionate," Red finally answers when he catches his breath.

Pulling back, I look down at him, trying to read his expression. "You don't like it?"

His cheeks pink and he drops his eyes. "I fucking love it. I'm just not used to it." Red reaches up and drags a hand in my hair, pulling my mouth back down to him for a softer kiss.

"I haven't always been like this," I answer when we pull away. "I was working for Savage when I was with my other boys, which was a full time job. I couldn't give them what they needed. Add to that, anyone would run when I told them who I was working for, I never got the chance." I sigh and hold Red closer. "But I've always wanted to touch and kiss

and love on my boys. I'm more stable now and the Russian threat isn't hanging over my head anymore, so I can do this." I kiss the corner of his mouth, making him grin. I want to give him my tongue, but he looks exhausted.

Turning around in my arms, Red tucks himself in and lays his head on my bicep and I get as close to him as I can, his solid back against my chest. "Get some sleep, boy. I know you're worn out."

Red nods and yawns. "Night, Daddy."

"Night, baby boy."

## **CHapter Thirteen**

#### Red

THE WEEK FOLLOWING OUR restaurant date—just thinking about that night gets me half hard—has been one of the best weeks of my life. Quin doesn't do anything different than what he's already been doing, but I feel closer to him for some reason. How he took care of me after he almost edged me into a coma is something I've always wanted. He was so gentle with me and it was a nice change of pace from the random hookups I had after my professor broke things off.

He was so gentle, so sweet—after the punishment of course. Quin touches me and talks to me in such a soft way without it feeling condescending that I'm quickly becoming addicted to.

If I wasn't careful, I'd fall for him pretty quickly. Oh, who am I kidding? I'm already heading that way fast. Faster than I thought but fuck it. I can't help how I feel and I won't try to. Quin is an amazing man that not only saved my life, he made me feel appreciated. He made me feel heard. He made me feel ... alive. He made me feel, period. Who wouldn't fall for a man like that?

Quin and I have plans to have dinner with his little family at Abel and Savage's house, with me hoping to get Savage to kind of like me a little bit. I'm not holding my breath with him, but Abel is great. We've been texting since our first meeting and I enjoy our conversations.

My phone buzzes in my pocket and I look around before I pull it out. Quin never said I couldn't use my phone while I'm working, but I don't want anyone complaining about me. I'm Quin's boy, yes, but he has a business to run and I don't want to make it seem like I'm getting preferential treatment. I smile when I look down at the phone. It's a picture of Pogo laying on his back.

Abel: He says he misses your belly rubs. He wants his Uncle Red to come to visit.

My heart leaps when I read "Uncle Red." Abel sees me as part of his family and I feel myself tearing up.

Me: Tell my sweet nephew I'll see him tonight and he'll get all the belly rubs he can stand.

Abel sends me back a thumbs up and a heart emoji and I can't stop the smile from spreading across my face. It would be nice to have a brother like Abel since Gil and I aren't close. Maybe someday soon, I'll get up the courage to call Gil and maybe we can video chat or something? Who knows?

At the end of the workday, my Daddy finds me closing out my emails and shutting my computer down, a big smile on his face. I return it and melt into his arms when he holds them out for me.

It's torture working with him all day. I can see him when I want, but we keep things professional—besides our desk incident—and we don't really touch or kiss or anything while we're working. It sucks because I've gotten used to how much Quin touches and hugs and kisses me.

"We'll go home and change, then head over to Savage's. Sound good?"

"Yep."

"No funny business before we leave," Quin warns and I chuckle. Of course I'll try. Quin knows me well. But I'll make it quick.

And I do. Even though he told me to keep my hands to myself, Quin started it. He got into the shower with me and started kissing my neck and stroking my cock. How am I supposed to keep my hands off him when he won't keep his off me?

By the time we finish up and get dressed, we're officially late. Quin keeps giving me looks while he's driving and I try to pretend I'm innocent and didn't immediately drop to my knees in the shower when he let go of my dick.

Abel opens the door with a knowing look before he smiles and opens his arms to me. "It's great to see you again, Red. Hello, Captor," he jokes with Quin as he brings him in for a hug next.

"It's been years, Abel," Quin says dryly, making Abel laugh.

"Yeah, but I think I'll continue for a few more years. Then I'll drop it, promise."

Quin huffs and steps past Abel, probably going to hunt down Savage. Before I can follow, I hear the jangle of a collar and Pogo barrels into me. I bend down and take him in my arms, rubbing him and talking to him, telling him what a good dog he is while he pants and drools all over me.

"He told me he missed you so much," Abel says in a sweet voice, making me look up at him and smile.

"Did he?" I look down at Pogo. "I'll come over more often, I promise." We both sit just inside the door, talking and loving on Pogo, who's lying between us, soaking up his rubs. I don't realize time passed until Savage shouts from the kitchen that dinner is ready. Abel rolls his eyes at his yelling and helps me off the floor. Pogo races off to his other dad, jumping on his leg for attention.

"Red," Savage says as a greeting as he bends down to pick Pogo up to carry him to the back deck where we're having dinner. It's a little chilly outside, but they have these nice heat lamps that make it warm and toasty in our little bubble.

"Hey, Savage. Good to see you," I reply in a shaky voice, probably sounding like a suck up, but whatever.

Glancing over his shoulder, he gives me a small smirk and I take that as a step in the right direction.

Abel walks over to me and leans in close. "He likes you. He just has a problem expressing his feelings. And realizing he's allowed to have them."

"I can hear you, my beauty," Savage says after he sets Pogo down.

Skipping over to him, Abel hugs Savage from behind. "I know, you grumpy old man. Stop being mean."

Savage lets out a light, unexpected laugh and turns around to wrap Abel in his arms, then helps him to chair. I walk over to Quin and he kisses my cheek, making me blush before we sit.

After we're settled and passing around dishes to fill our plates, Abel asks, "Where's Michael? He said he was coming tonight."

Quin wipes his mouth with his napkin and answers. "He said he had some last minute invoices to send out and emails to answer." He sighs and looks at Savage. "I think he feels like he'll be a fifth wheel since you have Abel and I have Red."

They keep eye contact for a moment, having a silent conversation that speaks to their years of friendship.

"Next time, we'll go to your house, then," Abel proclaims, stabbing a potato. "He can't run away if he lives there."

It sucks that Michael feels left out. I hate thinking that me showing up is the reason he can't hang out with his friends.

I'm more than happy to sit in the cabin with Abel and Pogo, talking and watching movies while the three of them hang out. I say as much, much to the surprise of Savage. His eyebrows fly to his hairline. He clears his throat to ask, "You'd do that?"

I shrug. "Well, yeah. I don't want to be the reason he doesn't come around."

"You're not," Quin reassures, grabbing my hand and kissing the back of it. I smile at him and go back to eating.

Haltingly, Savage says, "That's ... very kind, Red. And a great idea. Next weekend, then."

We all agree and I look over at Savage, who gives me a nod and another small smirk.

Dinner is great and we sit outside for about thirty minutes after we're done just talking and laughing. It's such a good time that I should have known it was too good to be true.

Quin's phone rings and he pulls it out, smiling a little. "Michael," he tells us before answering the call. "Hey. We're at Savage's. Wanna co—" He stops talking for a moment, then his face pinches and his eyes dart to me. "Yeah. What channel?"

Standing, he grabs my hand and we walk to the living room, where Quin turns on the television. I shoot him a perplexed look, but he doesn't say anything. Just hangs up the phone and keeps his eyes on the television, eyebrows dipped in anger. Instead of trying to get answers, I turn to the news report and my blood runs cold.

"Two weeks ago, we reported a raid on a warehouse in Thunder Coast, where eleven human trafficking victims were rescued and treated for various injuries. We just received word from a trusted source inside the RCMP in Ontario headquarters that two of the traffickers escaped justice by being absent at the time of the raid. There were also three bodies found buried in shallow graves behind the warehouse. One of the recovered victims informed RCMP officials about those victims taken from the warehouse and weren't returned mere days before the raid. There will be more information on both the deceased victims' identities as we get it.

"The two escaped men, Andler Wolfe and Thomas Furman"—a photo for both is plastered across the screen—"are said to run this operation but were not apprehended in the sweep. The RCMP has put out an alert that these men are armed and dangerous, as some victims say they were threatened with guns and other weapons. We'll report more when we have the information."

I can't breathe. Seeing Andler's face again is like a shot to my heart. I didn't get a good look at Tom—Thomas as the report called him—so I wouldn't be able to identify him if he passed me on the street. But Andler. I would recognize those cold, dead eyes anywhere. And I'm afraid.

# **CHapter Fourteen**

### Quin

Son OF A BITCH! How could this happen? And why didn't Lorry call me? I should have been notified that two of those fuckers escaped justice. The look on Red's face is heartbreaking, frozen in shock and fear. This isn't the place for us to have this conversation. I look behind me and see Abel and Savage standing behind the couch, Abel with a haunted expression on his face and Savage's hands on his shoulders.

"We're gonna—" I start, but Abel cuts me off.

"Yeah, of course. Here." He hands us our coats and my keys, then they leave us alone. Tentatively, I sit beside Red, who hasn't looked away from the TV, even though it's turned off. He hasn't so much as moved a muscle since the report aired. Cursing, I put a hand on his shoulder, and he jumps, looking at me with wide eyes.

"Oh. Um ... what ... um. Quin, I ..." Shoving to his feet, he looks around wildly and says, "I'm going to the car." He leaves before I can say more or try to comfort him.

This is the most awful news he could hear. Knowing that two of the traffickers are still out there had to have rattled him. They'll never get near my boy while I'm alive, but that won't stop the fear. I know that Andler fucker is the one that tried to take my boy, the one who plotted to have him dosed and kidnapped, so he's already a dead man if I have anything to say about it. The other one? Well, if they're together, he'll end up going the same way as his boss.

When I step outside, I see Red standing beside the car, head down and hands fisted on his thighs. Since I have the keys, he was stuck outside in the cold with no jacket. "Come here," I tell him, pulling him away from the car and sliding his coat over his shoulders. He doesn't slide his arms through, just pulls it tight around him, keeping his head down. Putting an arm around his shoulder, I pull him away from the car and lead him down the street.

"I'm okay, Quin. It's too cold for a walk," he murmurs, head still down.

"We won't walk long." I'm not kidding. Less than a minute later, I'm walking up the driveway and sliding my key through the lock.

Clicking the lights on, I grasp Red's arm and lead him over to the sofa. After guiding him down, I slide his jacket from his shoulders and kneel in front of Red. He doesn't make eye contact, just looks off into space. I let him sit like this for a while without speaking, letting him collect his thoughts and feel his feelings. I curse to myself that I didn't think to have

any of Red's pills in my car. He could have an anxiety attack at any time, not just when he's overwhelmed. I need to have some with me at all times, in case he forgets. If he has a panic attack right now, the only thing I can offer him is me.

I can't read him and when the silence gets unbearable, I reach out and put my hands on his thighs. "Talk to me, Red. What are you thinking?"

Still, he says nothing. I fucking hate it. I can do anything Red needs me to. I can slay his demons, I can hold him while he cries, I can kill someone that's putting his life in danger. But I can't fix it if he doesn't talk to me. He's not doing anything. Unblinking, not letting me in. I feel useless, just kneeling in front of him staring into eyes that won't meet mine. Red is stone, like he got stared down by Medusa.

What does he need? Quiet? A hug? Space? Reassurance? Since I've been his Daddy, Red has been pretty easy to read and I can meet his needs. This is a big one though. A warm blanket might not be enough. But it's worth a try.

Getting to my feet, I turn to get him a blanket to wrap around him, to give him an ounce of comfort since it seems like he doesn't want to talk right now, when I feel a hand on my wrist. When I look down, Red looks devastated. His face is tight and his eyes are wide and shiny. "Please, Daddy. Hold me."

Not wasting time, I pull him into my arms, holding him close to me. When it's still not enough, I pick him up off his feet and Red wraps his legs around my waist and I hold him

this way. We stand for a while, Red breathing heavily and shaking. I keep a hold on him, making sure he knows I'm here and I'm willing to do anything to keep him safe. I've already made up my mind that these men are on borrowed time, but Red doesn't need to know that right now.

I hate seeing my boy like this. He's been so brave, so strong, that him breaking like this makes me imagine all the ways I can bury these sons of bitches.

Sniffling, Red pulls back and meets my eyes, his red and tinged with tears. Cradling him with one hand, I reach up to wipe his tear. "Can you take me to bed and hold me please?" he asks in a thick voice. "Wrap me in blankets like you did last week?"

"Of course, baby boy. Anything you need." He wiggles to try to get down, but I take him to the room with his arms and legs still wrapped snugly around me. Only when I get upstairs to my room do I let him down so I can undress him. I leave him in his undershirt and briefs and then strip down myself, but I remove my shirt. Then I grab him again and lay him on my chest, letting him rest on me and hold me as tight as he needs to.

We lie in silence, with Red's silent tears dripping down my neck, and I've never felt so helpless. I'll have to get in touch with my Ontario contact to see what the fuck happened and why he didn't call me to give me a heads up. Then I need to get started on finding Andler and Thomas. There's no way they'll live out the year while my boy is this frightened.

They'll be lucky to see next month. If I have my way, they'll be dead in thirty days or less.

It'll be easy enough to find them. While the government pretends they don't have the technology, it's easy enough to find people using the CCTV cameras in airports, bus stations, ATMs, and anywhere else they're available. Disguises won't matter with the software I'll be using. They can go off the grid, but I have ways to find them. Hacking the government is easy when they're the ones that taught you how to do it.

Quietly, Red says, "They're somewhere out there. Not getting the justice they deserve. They killed people, Quin. They stole them and killed them. It's not fair."

"It's not, baby boy," I respond, holding him tighter. I've killed people before and haven't lost any sleep because of it. I won't lose an ounce of sleep killing these men for my boy.

As his Daddy, it's my job to keep Red safe. If I have to go back to my old life for a moment for him, I'll gladly do it. I'll shed the two years I've been Malcolm Hayes and become Quin Harris again. I'm already Quin to him, but not the Benavelli Quin. Not "Sergeant Harris" Quin. Shedding my new identity for my old will be easy if it makes my boy happy.

He lifts his head and looks down at me. "You think they know it was me? You think they'll be able to find me?"

I fucking *hate* the note of fear he has in his voice. No one will ever get to him. Ever. "As long as you're with me, you'll never have to worry, you understand? They won't find you because I won't let them."

Red sits up, straddling my lap. He looks so broken, so sad, so terrified. I will cause pain to these two fucks if it's the last thing I do. "You promise?"

"I'll do anything to keep you safe. Trust me."

"I do, Quin. More than I've ever trusted anyone. So I know you mean it."

Sitting up, I keep him in my lap and put my hands on his waist. "You want to go back to the other house or stay here?"

"Stay here," he responds quickly, then looks around. "Where are we?"

"The house I share with Michael. I can give you a tour if you want."

He looks around my room, taking in the dark reds and black that make up my curtains, sheets, blanket and pillowcases. When he turns and looks at me, I see the exhaustion pulling his face down into a frown. "No. I wanna go to sleep. Hold me until I do?"

Kissing him lightly, I tug him to my chest and lie back. "Anything, baby."

It takes Red about twenty minutes to fall asleep and I wait another fifteen to make sure he's really out. When he starts his cute snores, I slide him off my chest and tiptoe to the hall, phone in hand. I don't want to go too far from the room in case he has a nightmare or calls out to me.

Shutting the door softly behind me, I pull out my phone and call Jared. When he answers, he immediately says, "We had no

idea that was going to be leaked."

"I'm fucking sure," I snarl in a low voice. "Why weren't we told? You knew I know the person that gave the tip. What the fuck did you think would happen when they found out? They could be in fucking danger and your fucking department didn't give enough of a fuck to inform me before all of fucking Canada found out." I'm speaking in a tone slightly above a whisper, but I'm sure he hears the venom in it.

Over the years, Jared has kept us abreast of any bullshit under the guise of us wanting to know in case we ran into a criminal while we were working security. The truth is, we needed a contact on the inside to make sure no one got wind of Savage being alive. So far, so good.

This is different. Michael gave him direct information, so he should have called him at the least, not Michael finding out because he was scrolling the shitty cable channels we have in the office. He should have given him a heads up. What if I wasn't who I was? What if I couldn't protect Red? What if they knew who he was, where he was, *and* that he was the one who gave the warehouse's location to the RCMP? He could have been targeted, kidnapped, murdered, or all three. If I were a regular guy, Red would probably be a marked man.

Thankfully, I'm not a regular guy.

Jared exhales in frustration. "I didn't find out until it was on the news myself. I called Lorry and he said he planned to call you in the next few days, when they had them apprehended. Malcolm, you have to believe I would have called you. We've been working together for years. I want to keep that working relationship going."

I don't really care about working with him or not. I care about what he can tell me about the men that I need to eliminate. "What can you tell me about them?"

"Not much. They're like fucking ghosts. The most we know is that the names given to us aren't aliases. No one knows where they're from or if they have family. A paper trail shows they haven't used any credit cards or taken money from their bank accounts since the day before the raid. So they're in the wind. Tell your contact that we're doing all we can to find them. We'll have them soon. In the meantime, do you want us to have a few officers sit on your contact, make sure they're not a target?"

Stupid fucking question. No one can protect Red as well as I can. "Nah. We got it. Call me if you get another update." Hanging up, I take a deep breath and blow it out roughly, then shake myself, not wanting to bring any tension back into the room with Red. When I have my anger under control, I slowly open the door, slide in and shut it softly.

Turning around, I find Red sitting up in bed, looking at me with the blanket wrapped around his shoulders. "Everything okay?" he asks in a small voice.

"Fine, baby. You should be asleep."

"You left."

Making my way to the bed, I sit down and feel him trembling. "I'm sorry baby boy." I pull him close and kiss his hair, soothing him with my touch. "I just made a quick phone call."

Red crawls over me, tucking himself against me and holds me tight. "You can't just leave me like that. I didn't ... you have to tell me if you're leaving. Please?"

Any other time, I might have joked about his neediness or chastised him for trying to give me orders, but not right now. Not when I know he needs me. He needs to feel safe. "Okay, baby. I'm sorry. I won't leave your side. I promise."

"Thank you, Daddy," Red whispers and my heart clenches. Fuck, I can't have my boy sounded so fearful and defeated. Not when I'm here and he can always count on me to keep him safe.

"What can I do for you, Red? What do you need right now? I'll do whatever you need me to do."

"I ... well ... it's stupid," he says haltingly.

Kissing his temple, I squeeze him to me briefly and Red lets out a small squeak. "Tell me, mouse." He huffs at the nickname and I pull back, smiling at me.

He returns it, though it's shaky. "Can you make love to me? I know you don't feel it, but can you pretend? Please? I need to feel something besides numb and afraid."

Oh my sweet, brave boy. If only he knew.

I've known since the first moment I met Red that I could easily fall for him. Getting to know him, talking to him, touching him, being with him, only made the pull to him stronger and falling for him was effortless. Seeing my bright, cheeky, affectionate, loving boy like this is killing me.

Bringing my mouth to his, I kiss him slowly. The way Red clings to me speaks volumes. He needs this and I can give him what he wants.

I won't have to pretend.

Flipping our positions, I lay him down on the bed, covering him with my body, not breaking the kiss. Red thrusts his hands into my hair, grabbing my locs and massaging my scalp. I only break the kiss long enough to take the rest of his clothes off and grab the lube and condom from my night stand drawer. When Red sees the condom, he shakes his head and takes it from me. We've both been tested over the past few weeks but haven't talked about going bare. It wasn't some forgone conclusion that it would lead there anytime soon, so I didn't bring it up until Red was comfortable.

"You sure?" I ask. He's not quite himself right now, so I need to know this is really what he wants.

"Yes, Daddy. Claim me. Make me yours."

Red has always been mine, but if this is what he needs from me I'm more than happy to oblige.

I prep him as thoroughly and as quickly as I can without risking hurting him. Red writhes under me beautifully, keeping eye contact as I stretch him and stroke along his prostate lightly. Two, then three fingers enter him and open him up for me. I take Red's mouth in a soft kiss, hoping to convey as much of my feelings into it as I can.

"I'm ready, Daddy. Please."

Not wasting anymore time not being inside my boy, I remove my fingers and drop between his legs, sliding into him slowly on one even thrust. When my hips touch his, Red lets out a long moan tinged with a soft sob. Looking at him, I see tears leaking from his eyes and I start to pull out to check on him.

Gripping my ass in strong hands, Red shakes his head quickly. "I'm fine, Daddy. Green. Please don't leave me."

"I'll never leave you, baby."

Dragging my hips back, I thrust forward slowly, rolling my hips into him in an easy motion. Red keeps hold of me, his hands tight on my back and legs wrapped around me snugly.

I rub his cheeks gently as I thrust into him, lazily dragging my cock along his walls, the soft moans from Red indicating that, while he's not one hundred percent, this is making him feel good. He opens his eyes and meets mine, the green eyes filled with so much vulnerability and what I can only describe as the love he wants from me. God, I hope so. "You're so beautiful," I whisper to him, grabbing his hips and plunging languidly inside his hole. He's pulling me into his body, trying to make me come, but I hold off, making sure he gets there first. I don't want him to feel numb and afraid anymore.

"Thank you ... Daddy," he says, breath hitching when I tilt my hips up, changing my stroke to hit his prostate more directly. "Yes. There. There." Red moans and twists his hips but doesn't try to have me speed up. Our slow fucking is perfect for what we both need.

"Whatever you want, baby." I take his lips in a slow kiss, slipping my tongue to him gently. I continue to kiss him while I give him unhurried strokes. His mouth feels so good, yet so uncertain under mine that it breaks my heart.

Pulling back, I rub a thumb over his bottom lip, loving how pink and kiss swollen it is. "You're Daddy's sweet boy," I murmur, driving into him while his ass squeezes me tight. "I'm never letting you go. You're mine, Red."

My boy rolls his hips deliciously, making me grab his hip to hold him steady so I don't blow my load before him.

"Yes, Daddy. Please don't let me go." Red claps his eyes shut and I kiss him again.

"Mine," I whisper against his mouth, reaching between us to grab his cock, jerking him in time of my strokes. "All mine." I kiss him again quickly. "My sweet, sweet Red. My sweet boy."

Red moans in my mouth when I give him another deep kiss, my tongue sweeping over his.

A light sheen of sweat covers our bodies, but I make no move to speed up. My hand moves slowly over his cock and my dick moves smoothly inside him. I feel my orgasm rising

slowly, a gradual wave that isn't in a hurry to crash through me.

His lips leave mine as he tilts his head back, groaning loudly and announcing his orgasm. "I'm coming, Daddy. I'm ... oh, *God!*"

The warmth of his release over my fist and the way Red arches into me pushes me over the edge, and on a warm and gentle wave, I release inside him, coating his walls and showing him that he belongs to me.

Red shudders under me, trembling with aftershocks and something else. When I look down at him, I see his eyes are shiny again, but they don't look so blank and detached. His smile is slow and a little unsure, but it's there. I'm so glad to see it.

"Thank you, Daddy. That was exactly what I needed."

"I'll always give you what you need, baby boy." I kiss away his tears, cleaning him up.

I gather Red in my arms and roll to my side, taking him with me. "You okay?"

Red lets out a soft breath and starts to nod, then shakes his head. "Not really, no. But I'll get there. Right?"

I'm not sure if he's asking because he knows I'll keep him safe or he knows that I plan to put them in the ground. Either way, I answer him honestly. "Right. I'll make sure of it."

"I know, Quin. My Daddy wouldn't leave me now." He grins up at me and I kiss his nose, loving that he's trying to get

back to who he was before this bombshell hit him.

"I'll always take care of you, baby. Always."

Red slides closer to me, his come drying between us, but we pay it no mind. "I believe you, Daddy." He takes a deep breath, laying his head on my arm. Soon, Red is taking even breaths, having fallen asleep while I held him close.

I think about what I need to do tomorrow to get started on my hunt. If I have it my way, Red won't have to live in fear for much longer.



We go to work the next morning as usual, but I don't plan to do much working. I have Red sit in my office, using Michael's desk while Michael takes the day off. After today, I don't plan to work until we bury Andler and Thomas.

Sitting at my desk, I glance over at Red and see the look of concentration on his face. I told him to stay off news websites so he doesn't scare himself and I know my boy listened. He still looks pale, but not as much as when he first heard the news. He feels my eyes on him and glances in my direction, giving me a sweet smile. I wink at him and he blushes, shaking his head with a smirk and goes back to his task.

Dragging my eyes from him, I stare at my screen and the software I have in front of me. While I was in the Marines, Judy and I were on a team tasked with finding targets that

needed to be neutralized. That tech is old as fuck, but I have an upgraded version that is used in the military now. Really, they probably should have better protection from people like me. Hacking the tracking mainframe only took five minutes and that was because I was taking my time and covering my tracks. Not because I'm not worried about anyone finding out it was me or backhacking me, but because I want to use the software again and I don't want them to update their systems just yet.

Once I'm in, I run the photo for the first man, Thomas Furman, through the database, hoping it can find him in the next twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Even if they wear disguises, I'll be able to find them. With this software, it tracks the measurements between facial features. An individual can change their hair, their eye color, even their skin color if they want to be dicks, but they can't change the spacing between their eyes, between their mouth and nose and the distance from their nose to their ears. Since this software measures more than one section of the face at a time, it shouldn't take too long.

Once I get the notification that the search has started for Thomas, I move on to fucking Andler Wolfe. Terrible. Fucking. Name. I know Red hated his old name and says his brother's is also terrible, but they are miles better than fucking Andler. His picture is uploaded and I get notification that it's searching as well. Now, all I have to do is wait.

When we head home, I feel antsy. Like I can't stay in my skin because all I want to do is rush out the door, find the nearest weapon and demolish the two escaped traffickers. Find

the nearest axe and hack off their limbs and bury the blade in their chests. Watch them bleed out, that glint in their eyes fading as they take their one way trip to hell. Put a bullet between their eyes, ensuring my boy is safe. But I can't do any of that until I figure out where they are.

Instead of going back to my and Michael's place again, we drive back to the house in the woods. Maybe when all this is over, I can take him to my house to see if he likes it there. I love being with my boy and having him all to myself, but I would be lying if I said I don't feel a little lost without my roommate of the past ten plus years. Maybe Red won't mind us all living together. If he does, I'll just build a house on the lot a few doors down so I'm still be close to my family.

That's not something we have to think about right now.

When we get home, Red drags me inside and sits me on the couch. "Wanna get changed?" he asks, bending down to unlace my shoes so I can slip them off.

"No, I wanna sit here and let you kiss me until I feel better."

Smirking at me, Red stands to his full height and walks to the back of the house. When he comes back, he has his guitar with him, a grin on his face. "I can do better than that. When I'm having a bad day, I like to play or listen to videos on, like, YouTube and shit." He sits on the floor across from me. "Want to hear the song I wrote? It's called *Sweet Daddy*." Red winks at me, smiling widely.

Laughing, I slide back and get comfortable. "Yes, *sweet boy*," I reply cheekily.

Giving me a playful smirk, Red starts strumming, making me feel mellow and at peace quicker than I thought it would. He plays really well, the melody pleasant and sweet, lulling me and making me feel relaxed.

Yeah, my boy always knows what I need.

When he's finished playing his song, I sit on the floor with him and pull him into my arms. "That was beautiful, Red."

"Thank you, Daddy. I needed music today."

"Me too." I sigh and release him, watching him tune his guitar. "I'll protect you, baby. You know that, right?"

Red smiles at me, soft and sweet, and nods. "I know, Daddy."

Good. My boy has faith in me. I'll make sure it's not misplaced.

## **CHapter Fifteen**

### Quin

REALLY HATE TO break the peace Red has had over the past few days, but it's necessary. My phone beeped this morning with the notification that Thomas Furman has been located in Vancouver. He took a flight, then hopped on a bus, found a rundown hotel and has been holed up there ever since. Luckily for me, I know some people that aren't on the legal side of life and have a few places nearby that they use for interrogation and disposal. After I tell Red, I plan to make a call to them so they can arrange what I need.

When I memorize the information, I delete the message, pocket my phone and head out to the living room. I find Red on the couch, cross legged with his guitar, crossing something out in a notebook. Ever since he played for me, his guitar isn't far behind and he's always writing in his book.

Upon seeing me walk into the room, he grins and sets the guitar aside. "Hey, Daddy. You okay?" His eyebrows dip and I figure I wasn't as good at hiding my anger and eagerness as I thought.

"I'm fine. I'm gonna be gone for a few days, baby. You can either hang here or I can see if you can stay with Abel and Savage. Despite him not being about that life anymore, Savage is good with a gun and would never let anything happen to you. Or you can sleep in my room at me and Michael's house. He wouldn't mind and he'd watch over you."

"Oh?" Red wrings his hands, swallows roughly, but nods. "Yeah. Okay. Out of town job?"

I don't want to tell him where I'm going, but I don't lie to Red. "Not a job. It's personal. I found the man that you said tried to drug you. Tom." Red shoots to his feet and starts pacing in front of me. "I started a trace on him a few days ago and I got the information on where he is."

"And you weren't going to tell me, huh? If I hadn't asked just then?" His expression is equally hurt and mad.

"I'm telling you now, Red," I answer.

"Yeah, well, thanks for that fucking breadcrumb."

"Watch it, boy," I growl. While I understand his anger, he needs to cool his temper and we can talk like adults.

He looks contrite, but continues pacing after a quick apology for cursing at me. "It doesn't matter. I'm coming with you."

Shaking my head, I tell him in a firm voice, "No, you're not."

"Daddy! You can't leave me here when they tried to take *me*! I get to see what happens for the survivors who can't and

for the ones that won't get to see that justice! I'm coming!" He stomps his foot for emphasis.

Raising an eyebrow, I look at him in shock. "Did you just stomp your foot?"

Red's face turns a bright shade of pink and he flops on the sofa, putting his head in his hands. "Oh, God, that was fucking dramatic. I'm sorry, Daddy," he says through his fingers and I chuckle, glad the tension is broken.

Sliding over to him, I grab his hands and pull them from his face. "A bit, but it's okay. I get it." Getting more serious, I pull him into my lap and Red wraps his arms around my neck. "I'm not going to have a conversation with him. Do you understand?" Red nods slowly. "This won't be a situation where I find him and turn him over to the police. I plan to put a bullet in his brain." Red's face pales, but he keeps my gaze. "Tell me you understand that and you can handle that. I need you to know I won't feel bad about killing either one of these pieces of shit. I need you to understand there's no talking me out of it. They will die and I will kill them. *Do you understand*?"

I need to keep asking and I need to get a clear answer. I won't lie or sugarcoat anything for Red. He's been through some shit, so I know he's tough. But this is different. Not everyone can kill. Not everyone is okay knowing they're responsible for someone's death, even if by someone else's hand. I am Red's executioner, even if he didn't ask for that. I

am his huntsman. I will find and kill anyone who makes my boy feel unsafe.

Dragging in an unsteady breath, Red nods. His bottom lip trembles, but he doesn't let the tears fall. "I wasn't supposed to go." I raise an eyebrow and he keeps talking. "When I took the few dates with Cara, I would only go on dates with people with kind eyes." Red leans in and gives me a soft kiss that wakes something up inside me, but now isn't the time. "Like when I saw your photo. I knew you weren't a bad man."

"Debatable," I quip and Red smirks.

"Maybe," he says with grin. "But you've proven I was right. You have kind eyes. But with Andler," he shivers when he says his name, "his eyes burned with evil. Even when he pretended otherwise. But I didn't see his photo. I didn't wait for Cara to send it across before I accepted the date. I really needed the money. I keep wishing I'd never taken it, but if I hadn't those survivors would probably still be stuck in that wretched warehouse, being abused and mistreated. I owe it to them to see this through to the end. I understand what you're saying and I want to see. I want to be there. I want to watch."

Not real sure about that last part, but I won't tell him that right now. "Have you seen a man die before, Red?"

"No, but they're not men. They're demons and I can watch them take their last breaths."

My boy is tough as fuck. When I caught my first body, I felt a sense of unease, but I had years of training to help me get over that feeling. After that, it was easier and now I feel nothing. Red isn't like me. He won't be able to shake it off as easily. But I'm willing to give him what he wants with Tom. We'll reassess for Andler.

"How did you find him?" Red asks, eyes still wide and his face still pale.

"Updated program I used in the Marines. It's able to find anyone using different aspects of facial recognition. The shape of their face, along with how certain features measure against each other. Short of getting plastic surgery, it can find anyone regardless of if they're disguised or not. Thomas tried to disguise himself, but the program got him anyway. He's in Vancouver, so if you're coming, you need to go pack. We'll be there a few days."

Nodding, Red slowly walks to the room to get ready. I always have a go bag packed just in case I have to move fast.

Pulling out my phone, I call Michael and Savage on FaceTime. When they both answer, I'm sure they can read the look on my face. Savage is the first to speak. "Where you headed?"

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"Vancouver."
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"Need the jet?"

"Need me to come?" Michael asks.

"No, Red is coming with me." Silence. Michael looks shocked, but Savage has a slight smirk on his face. "He asked

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yep."

to." Laughing, I amend my statement. "No, he *demanded*. Accompanied with a foot stomp."

Red walks from the room with a shirt in his hands. "Daddy, can you please not tell anyone else that? It's embarrassing."

"I promise, baby boy." He gives me a look of disbelief but nods and goes back to packing.

I turn my attention back to my friends. Michael runs a hand through his lush blond waves and smirks. "Well, can't say you and Savage didn't pick some tough men. If you need me, call me and I'll be there."

"Same," Savage says, but is cut off by Abel.

"I'm coming too!" His face pops into the screen and Savage laughs, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "I know it's not a vacation and shit, but I can be there for support. I'm a good supporter."

"You are, my beauty."

Red comes back into the room with an overnight bag packed and sits beside me. "Thanks Abel," he says, smiling at him.

"You two be safe," Abel responds more seriously. "Call when you land and when you're ... done. Please."

We agree and I hang up, pulling Red close to me. "You sure you want to come?"

Nodding vigorously, he adds, "And watch. I get to see."

"Red, this isn't like the movies. It will be bloody and it might affect you negatively. I don't want that for you. So you can come but stay in the hotel room and I'll let you know when it's finished."

Looking deeply into my eyes, Red shakes his head slowly. "I don't want to disobey you, Daddy, so don't ask me to stay behind. I won't. I need to be there. I can handle it. And if I can't, you'll help me through it, right?"

Sighing, I lean forward and nip him on the neck, making a laugh burst from his lips. "Right. You're a brat, you know that?"

"Yep." The smile on his face is bright with no trace of nervousness or fear.

For his sake, I hope he won't have any negative feelings watching somebody die. I can be there for him and keep his mind off it, but there is a lot that is unknown about the brain. It could burp up memories out of nowhere for no reason with no triggers. That could happen to Red. There could be a time that he has a flashback and I'm not with him. That gives me pause.

I can't think that. I can't push my thoughts and fears onto him. For all I know, Red will smile and dance on their corpses. I guess we'll see.

Taking his hand, I lead him outside so we can drive to the hangar to get ready for our first meeting with his attackers.

## **CHapter Sixteen**

### Red

I'm REALLY NERVOUS ABOUT going on this trip with Quin to fucking *kill* someone, but this jet is fucking *insane*! I've never been on one before and I know my mouth hasn't closed since we sat down. We've been in the air for an hour and I'm still looking around the interior and touching the soft leather seats. The flight attendant is really sweet, asking me repeatedly if there's anything I need and to call her if we have any questions and want snacks. I didn't even know private jets had flight attendants.

I know I should be more nervous about what we're going to do—or what Quin is going to do—but I'm not. I don't want either of us to get caught, of course, but that's the extent of the nerves. I couldn't give a fuck less what happens to Andler and Tom. Fuck them. I hope Quin makes it hurt. They deserve it for what they did to all those people and for what they tried to do to me.

Maybe Quin will let me join in and not just watch. What am I saying? I don't want to join in. While I'll defend myself and

won't let anyone give me shit, I don't think I could kill someone. I'll leave that to Quin since he says he's used to it.

How used to it is he? "Quin?" I call, wanting to get some answers while we're on the way to what can only be described as a hit. When he hums and looks over at me, I lean over and ask him, "When did you kill someone for the first time?"

Even though the flight attendant is probably in the cockpit with the pilot, Quin waves me to the back of the plane where the bedroom is. He sits on the bed and I lie down with my head in his lap. He reaches down and runs his fingers through my hair and I close my eyes, absorbing the feeling.

Clearing his throat, Quin says, "The first person was when I was deployed while I was active duty. I don't know who he was, but I knew he had to die because he was trying to kill me. It was my life or his and I chose me."

"That's understandable. What about when you were working for Savage?"

"One of his men tried to kill him about a year before the Russians tried. We knew about his plan, as he told another one of the other guards, thinking he'd help and want a slice of Savage's empire. The other guard told Savage to save his own neck because he wanted nothing to do with it. So Savage played with his would be assassin, setting a trap to bring him to me. I put him down."

"How did you feel when you did it?"

Quin chuckles softly. "I didn't. I felt nothing. He needed to go. Not only was I Savage's bodyguard, he was my best friend. No one threatens my friends and think I won't take them the fuck out."

I probably should be afraid. This man just admitted to killing two people—even though one was done for his country and his life—but I can't find it in me to be scared of Quin. He's been my protector for months, keeping me safe from the very men we're on the way to kill. Quin would never hurt me, so there's nothing to fear.

"Does that scare you? That I've killed people before?" Quin's voice comes out strong and sure, but underlying that, I can hear how much it would mean to him that I'm not afraid.

"Daddy, I'm more afraid of you carrying a gun and getting arrested than I am that you killed someone." I sit up and look at him, hoping he knows I'm being for real. "If you get arrested because of a gun, I'll be really pissed at you because you said you wouldn't leave me."

Barking a laugh, Quin pulls me up to him and gives me a long kiss, heating me up and making me liquid in his arms. Against my lips, he says, "Don't worry, baby boy. I won't leave you." Taking my mouth again, he pulls me into his lap and wraps his arms tightly around me. My hands go into his hair, loving the feel of his thick locs in my hands and how he groans when I scratch across his scalp.

Snatching my lips from his, I ask in a husky voice, "Can we join the mile high club, Daddy?"

"I think you're reading my mind, baby boy."

Not wasting time on words, I drop to my knees in front of my Daddy, undoing the buttons and zipper to his jeans and sliding them down his legs. Reaching inside his briefs, I pull out his beautiful cock and stroke it slowly. Quin watches me with hooded eyes and I give him a smirk while I tease him with my hands. Leaning forward, I stick my tongue out and lap up the drop of precome leaking from the head of his cock. Groaning, I wrap my lips around him, sucking him gently, wanting more of his taste in my mouth.

Wrapping my hand around his thick cock, I open my mouth wider and try to take him all the way in. An impossible feat, but I'm not a quitter. I gag and sputter, but I keep sucking him, his groans and grunts fueling me. Quin tangles a hand in my hair and thrusts up, fucking my face. "Just like that, baby boy. So fucking beautiful like this." As is his way, he wipes a hand through the mess on my face, his swiping thumb a welcoming comfort.

Looking up at him, I'm treated to the sight of Quin's head thrown back and his hips pumping, chest rising and falling quickly. Lowering my eyes, I move the hand that was stroking his cock lower to his balls, massaging and pulling them gently. More precome leaks into my mouth and I hum around him, loving the taste.

Quin's hips move faster and I gag more, but wrap my lips snugly around his dick, not wanting to let it go until he explodes down my throat. The deep, long groan he releases tells me he's close, so I apply more pressure to his cock, sucking him in deeply while he fucks my throat. "Mmm ..." I moan around his cock, wanting Quin to know how much I love sucking him off, how much I love pleasing my Daddy.

Unfortunately, Quin snatches his dick from between his lips. I pout, looking up at him with a sad, messy face. He drags me up to drape my body over his. "The only place I'm coming is inside you. Lie on the bed."

The next few minutes of Quin stripping me bare and prepping me are fucking bliss and I want to live in the moment forever. My legs spread, Quin looking at my puckered hole, writhing because of his fingers. It's the best feeling, besides how my body feels when he's inside me.

When I'm prepped and ready for him, my Daddy sheds his clothes and hovers over me. He hikes my legs around his waist and I trail my hands up and down his back. "Hurry, Daddy," I whine, wanting him inside me already.

Smacking my hip, Quin chastises me. "Don't rush me, or I'll make sure you don't come until we get back to Quebec."

My eyes peel wide and I trip over myself to apologize. "Sorry, Daddy."

"Forgiven, baby boy. Grab my dick, baby. Put me inside." Doing what my Daddy says, I grab his monster cock and put it against my hole. Bearing down, I feel him slip inside me and he pushes in to the hilt, making me toss my head back and a low moan escapes my throat.

"God, yes, Daddy. You feel ... so ... good."

"It'll be quick, baby. We have to get ready for landing soon," Quin says through gritted teeth before he starts to move inside me.

I nod and drop my hand to my cock, jerking quickly. Quin follows my speed, pumping into me quickly and deeply, pulling my hips to him.

Slowing down, Quin pulls my hand from my dick. He grips both of my hands in one of his and thrusts them over my head.

"You belong to me, right, Red?"

My head is fuzzy, my orgasm rising quickly without me touching my cock. I can't think, but I manage to get my thoughts together enough to respond. "Yes, Daddy."

Quin speeds his thrusts and squeezes my wrists tighter in his hands. "You're mine."

"Yes, Daddy, I'm yours. I'm... all ... I'm coming!" That wasn't supposed to be the end of my sentence, but my cock is shooting off between us, spraying our abs.

"Yeah, you're mine. Now I'm going to breed you so you walk around all day with my come leaking out of you."

His words have another unexpected orgasm rolling through me, though there's no more come leaving my body. Quin fucks me hard and then he roars his orgasm, clutching my wrists hard enough to make them go numb. Like I give a fuck. Quin was fucking magnificent in his release, his big body shuddering over mine as he empties into me. I feel the warmth of his come inside me,, breeding me like I've wanted since we met.

I'm ready for his weight when Quin drops on top of me, my legs still wrapped tightly around him so he won't pull out yet. He lets go of my wrists and drags his hand down to my face, framing it and giving me a slow kiss.

"Sorry I came without permission," I mutter when he pulls away.

"I'll give you a pass since it seemed unexpected." His smug grin makes me want to roll my eyes, but I'm not getting punished for coming and don't want to push my luck.

"I take it we're not going to find anyone today. I can't walk with come dripping from me," I murmur. My Daddy laughs and sits up, bringing me to straddle his lap. He takes my hands into his, rubbing my wrists in rough hands with a soft touch.

"Did I hurt you?" Looking down, I see the bruises around my wrists, red now but will probably be purple by morning.

Smiling at him, I shake my head. "No. Never. I didn't even notice. I want more."

"Anything you want, sweet boy." With one last kiss, Quin lifts me off his dick and I sets me on the bed on my stomach. I look over my shoulder at him with a raised eyebrow. "Raise up on your knees and show me that sweet hole, Red." Groaning and feeling a stirring in my groin, I do what he says. "Spread yourself." I reach behind me to show him my hole. Not able to take my eyes off him, I watch Quin swipe up the come that

leaked out of me and push it back inside, sliding two fingers in and out gently. The rumble of his groan flows through me and I fuck back against his fingers.

I wish we had that plug he promised me all those weeks ago.

Quin gives my ass a kiss, then slaps my right ass cheek. I moan and he gives me another kiss and slap on the opposite cheek. "Come on, boy. We can take a quick shower then we have to get ready for landing."

Moving quickly, I slide off the bed to follow behind a naked Quin. The stall isn't that big, so Quin and I have to fight to get under the spray, but we get it done, with a lot of laughs and kisses exchanged. Which is good, because something tells me the next few days won't have much of either.



My Daddy is sexy as fuck when he talks his nerd hacker lingo to me. I have no idea what any of it means, but I love how his face morphs into a serious expression and he uses terms I couldn't even guess the meaning of. And I love listening to him talk. His baritone washes over me as he shows me his computer and the program he used to find Tom. Thomas Furman, piece of shit trafficker that drugs men and women to make them sell their bodies against their wills.

On the program, it shows highlighted areas on a man's face and the measurements between them compared to Tom's photo. Next to the highlighted areas are numbers like 1.5 mm and flashing at the top is "100% Identification Match".

"So," Quin continues, switching to another tab, showing me Andler's information. Photos flash beside his picture, highlights flashing as well. "It seems we have to wait a little while for the main man to show his face. He may be traveling by car in an area where there aren't any cameras or he might be lying low for now. Either way, when he pops up, this program will find him. Unless his partner wants to give him up before. I have my ways to get that information."

I nod—and inwardly shudder—because I understand that part. What he said about the program before he showed me the screen? Went right over my head. "So we'll have to wait to get Andler?" Just saying his name makes me want to throw up. His name in my mouth feels like ashes—dry and toxic.

"Let's hope not, baby. I have a few people that I know who aren't exactly on the right side of the law. They're keeping an eye out as well, using their own means to monitor. Judy is also on it full time, in case I miss something."

That makes me feel better. I've heard Judy and Quin speak their nerd talk and she's just as well versed as he is. So if he says she's on it, I know she will do what she can to keep him abreast if he doesn't have eyes on it.

Quin told me he knows exactly where Thomas is, so we'll be heading there tomorrow. Right now, it's way too late and we don't have a plan, so ironing one out and getting rest is important. I would rather get it done now, so the nerves of getting caught go away, but Quin is the mastermind. He knows better than me.

Instead of more sex, I lay on Quin's chest, listening to the even beats of his heart. It's steady and strong, not racing at all. He's not afraid of what will happen tomorrow. I take solace in that, knowing that Quin knows he'll be successful when he meets Tom.

Quin squeezes my shoulder and kisses my forehead. "What's on your mind, mouse?"

Blowing out a breath, I drape my leg over his and pull in closer before I answer. "I haven't been back on this side of the country in almost eight years. Not since I went to university at eighteen. I haven't seen my parents since the day after my graduation when I flew to stay with my grandfather. I haven't seen Gil since about six months before that when he came to visit for a day or two. I haven't seen my family in ... a long time."

"Do you want to? After we get this all straightened out?"

After I think about it for a while, I still don't have an answer. "I'm not sure. Can I think about it?"

"For as long as you want, baby. Now get some sleep. Tomorrow will be tough."

Like a good boy, I listen to my Daddy and close my eyes, falling asleep almost immediately.

The next morning, my stomach is a bundle of nerves. Quin tries to get me to eat, but I can't. I can't concentrate. At this time tomorrow, I will have seen a person die and I'm not sure how I feel about it.

Quin rubs my hand, massaging over the beautiful bruises on my wrist. "You can stay here, baby boy. I can handle it."

"No. I'm okay, Daddy. I promise. Don't make me stay, please." I know if Quin tells me to, I wouldn't disobey him, but I hope he won't. I need to do this, to make sure justice is served by my Daddy.

"Here's the plan. I've looked at the floorplans for the hotel he's in. I know which room and it's on the first floor with a bathroom window. All I need you to do is knock on the door and talk to him for about thirty seconds. I can get in and dose him so we can take him away to the house my contact is letting me borrow. Can you handle that?"

Can I? It's a lot of pressure. What if he recognizes me right away and slams the door in my face? Or if he tries to attack me? I can defend myself, but will I be strong enough to fight him off until Quin can get to me? Will it draw unnecessary attention to us if he *does* attack me? Will I be able to not fuck this up so Quin can subdue him?

"Baby," Quin grabs my hands in his. "You don't have to if you're afraid. I can always kick the door in and drag his dumb ass out."

"No!" I shout, then rein in the volume. "No. I got it. I can do it. If we can go shopping, I can get a ball cap so he won't

recognize me. It's been months, but I don't want to risk it. I want to give you all the time you need to get him."

"My brave boy." Quin wraps his arms around me and I melt into him, loving that he thinks I'm brave and wanting to be brave for him. "When it gets dark, we'll head out. We can go shopping now and get you a disguise."

My disguise turns out to be a shitty wig and a Toronto Blue Jays baseball cap. I stick to the regular t-shirt and jeans I have on, since Tom last saw me in a nice fitting suit. We spend the day sightseeing around Vancouver, but I'm not really taking anything in. I will the sun to set faster so we can get started on closing this shitty chapter in my life.

I really wish I could tell the people that were trapped in that warehouse that I was doing this for them, but that would just get Quin and I sent to prison. It'll suck for them not to know what happened to the two that escaped and it might affect their recovery. That stops me short for a moment, but I figure I can ask Quin about maybe calling in a tip that will have their bodies found. That way, the people know what happened to them and they won't come after them ever again.

We get back to the hotel a few hours later and wait for dark. "Quin, is there a way we can ... I don't know ... have someone find their bodies? So the people who were rescued from the warehouse will have some closure? I know it's a lot to ask, but is it possible?"

Quin shrugs and walks over to me, adjusting the god awful wig under my cap. "Depends on what I do to them. They're

wanted fugitives on the lam for sex trafficking and their pictures are plastered across the news outlets. Could be vigilante justice if I do it right. Could get bloody." The smile on his face is almost feral and if it were directed at me, I'd be running for cover. As it is, it sends a shiver down my spine and I almost feel sorry for them. Then I reconsider because fuck Andler and Tom. They deserve everything they get.

I pout. "Aww. That means you can't shoot them."

Quin laughs and kisses me hard and fast. "For someone who's afraid of guns, you sure want me to use one." He laughs again, then turns me to face the mirror. He loops an arm around my chest and kisses the back of my neck. I watch us in the mirror, Quin so much bigger and taller than me, even though I'm not really small. His beautiful brown skin always seems to glow under the lights and his locs tickle where they brush my shoulder. This is my perfect man and he's willing to do anything for me—even kill—so I feel safe. I don't think I'll find another Daddy that will take care of me this good.

Moving closer to him, I let out a shaky breath. "It's not that I *want* you to shoot them. I just want to see if it's like the movies."

Chuckling against my skin, Quin lifts his head and meets my eyes in the mirror. "It's not. More blood, depending on where you shoot them and what you use. I have my Sig with me, so it won't be too bad. If I had say ... a shotgun, the pellets would cause a lot of damage and there would be a mess."

"Can you shoot him? Just once?" I know I sound a little deranged, but I really am curious about guns. Not curious enough to hold or shoot one myself, but how they work. They're a novelty here in Canada, only used for hunting and by police, so I want to see. Just once.

Turning me around, Quin pulls me to him and tilts my head up, framing my face with his huge, rough hands. "Just once. Then I'll figure something out so I can call in a tip. I'll make sure there's an exit wound, just for you."

This is probably the strangest conversation I've ever had, but I smile at Quin, since he's going to make sure the survivors know these men won't be able to hurt them anymore. "Thank you, Daddy."

"Come on, it's go time. Remember, don't carry on the conversation too long or about anything that matters. But chat him up for long enough that I can sneak in. I'm a big guy, so I'll need time."

"Yes, Daddy. I got it, I promise."

It's about a twenty-minute drive from our hotel to the rundown motel where Tom is renting a room. Quin tracked the route and is taking roads that have little to no camera activity, so we won't be seen. He also switched the license plates for the rental car with a pair he brought with him—he thought of everything—and made sure a car was waiting for him when we deplaned. I don't know who rented it for us and I didn't ask. The less I know, the less I'll be able to tell if we get caught.

I need to stop thinking we'll get caught. We don't look suspicious and I'm making sure I don't act suspicious. When I look over at Quin and see how calm he is, I force myself to relax and steady my breathing to match his. It works fairly well and my heart rate doesn't kick up until we pull into the parking lot of the hotel. Quin cuts the engine and turns to me. "I need you to be careful, boy. It's not worth it if you're in danger. I want you safe first and foremost. We can always find them later if things go south."

"I know. I'm good."

"Tell me the plan again."

Even though we've been over it a few times, I repeat it back to him. "Knock on the door and when Tom answers, keep him talking long enough to give you time to get in through the bathroom window."

"Very good, baby. If you can't?"

This is when I roll my eyes, even though it's not allowed. Quin knows this is a part of the plan I don't agree with. "I drive to the strip mall down the street and wait for you to meet me there." I don't ask what if he can't get away, because I don't want to think about that.

Quin doesn't let me not think about it. "And if I don't come for you in an hour?"

Through clenched teeth, I say, "I'm to go back to the hotel, pack and buy a plane ticket back to Quebec."

"Good boy," he says, kissing my forehead. "Promise you'll keep yourself safe."

"I promise, Daddy. The same goes for you. You keep yourself safe. You remember you said you wouldn't leave me? I'm holding you to that."

"Good, because I'm not going anywhere." Quin presses a fierce kiss to my lips and I return it just as urgently. It's not like we're going into battle, but we don't know what we're walking into.

When we break apart, I hop out of the car first, walking leisurely to the room like I have every right to be there. Pulling the cap down lower over my eyes, I knock on the door, humming a tune like my heart isn't in my throat.

"Yeah?" a gruff voice asks behind the door and I have to fight not to vomit. I only heard him say one word when he cursed after tripping over Andler, but it's him. The man with the syringe.

Shaking myself to calm down, I dip my voice and say, "Hey man, you got an ice bucket? Mine ain't there and me and my lady friend want to have some fun, if you know what I mean." I huff a laugh, hoping my comment put him at ease.

I hear rustling behind the door, then it's pulled open only enough for the bucket to be squeezed through. "Here. I don't need it." He tries to shut the door, but I put my hand on it, then wonder why the fuck I did that.

To cover up that blunder, I say, "Wait a second." He gives me a dirty look and I force a chuckle. "Wanna join in on the fun? She's a good time and doesn't mind having a third. She gets more wild when she has an audience." I give him a lecherous smile, hoping he takes the bait and feeling sick about it.

"Nah man. She's all—" His words are cut off as he slaps a hand over his neck and drops the ground, unconscious. I release a breath and push the door open wider, sliding inside. Quin is standing over him, looking disgusted. I feel the same way.

"She gets more wild ..." Quin says in a high pitched, mocking voice. "The fuck was that about? And what were you and your lady planning to do with that ice bucket that was so fun?"

I whine. "I don't know, Daddy. I had to think of something!" I suppose turnabout is fair play, so I walk over to him and rub against his side. "I might get more wild with an audience too, you know. Wanna see?"

Quin grabs me by the throat and pulls me close to him, the leather of his gloves caressing my neck, our mouths inches apart. "I will gouge the eyes out of the man that sees you naked. Understand?"

Groaning and trying to remember why we're here, I nod and kiss him quickly on the lips, then step back, trying to get my head back in the game. "What now?"

"Bring the car around and back it up to the door. I'll dump him in the trunk. I jammed the camera as soon as we pulled up and it won't start working again until we leave. No one will know we were here."

God, I love his nerdy brain. "You're so sexy when you're telling me about jamming cameras."

The grin he gives me is gentle and he shakes his head. "Yeah, so you've said. Come on. I'll pack his shit and have it ready to toss inside. We're only taking him a few miles down the road. It's down some isolated roads with no CCTV, so we'll be good."

Tossing me the keys, Quin turns to grab Tom's bags and I hustle to the car. Once I've backed in, I pop the trunk and hop out, eager to help Quin get Tom and his shit inside so we can go. I knock softly on the door and open it, making way for Quin who has Tom over his shoulder. He dumps him in the trunk, and I smile at the sound of bone hitting something metal and heavy inside. I unceremoniously throw his luggage over his body and slam the trunk shut. With that, Quin and I hop in the car, ready to take out the trash.

# **CHapter Seventeen**

### Quin

T DOESN'T TAKE LONG to get to the house my contact told me about. It's a rundown piece of shit in the middle of nowhere. Perfect for what I have planned. Glancing over at Red, I see him biting his nails and running his hand through his hair repeatedly—after he removed the wig—making it stand on end in some areas.

Reaching across to him, I take his hand from his mouth and he looks at me quickly. "You can stay in the car. If you don't want to see this, you don't have to. You can trust that I'll make sure he pays for what he did."

Red doesn't answer right away—he looks out the window, soaking in the surroundings. Finally, he says, "I think I'll watch. But if I can't handle it, I'll leave. I promise."

I kiss the back of his hand and loop my fingers through his. "You don't have to prove anything to me, Red. I know you're tough. I know you're brave. Nothing will change if you want to sit in the car. You're still responsible for these

motherfuckers meeting their end, so you can take solace in that."

Red was able to keep a cool head while he thought of a way to keep Thomas's attention. He didn't panic or freeze—he gave me the time I needed to get inside. My bulk made it a tight squeeze through that bathroom window, so I needed the extra time he provided me with. He had to be fucking terrified, but he did what needed to be done and I don't think I could fall more in love with him if I tried.

Many people would talk a big game, but when it came down to it, they wouldn't be able to think as quickly as my boy did. Him being brave is one of the reasons I fell in love with him.

"I want you to know, before we go in there and shit gets crazy ..." I let my words trail off to make sure I have his undivided attention.

"Let me know what?"

"That I love you." I glance over and see Red's wide eyes and pale face through the darkness of the car.

"What?" Red's voice is a whisper, like he's afraid I'll take it back if he speaks too loudly.

We're approaching our turn, so I wait until I make the turn and pull in front of the run down shack that will be our work station for the evening. There are no other structures in sight. Perfect.

Putting the car in park, I look over at my boy to see he still has the same expression on his face as he had before—eyes

peeled wide, mouth slightly open and face pale, except the bright pink spots on his cheeks. I rub my thumb over his blush and watch my boy shiver and close his eyes. "I said I love you. I'm *in* love with you. You're the perfect boy. The perfect man. More perfect than I deserve, but I'm not letting you get away from me. You're smart, funny, brave, bratty," Red huffs a laugh at that and shakes his head, biting his lip and looking at me through his lashes. Grabbing him by the back of the neck, I pull him to me, resting my forehead against his. "You're who I've been hoping for and more. You're mine, Red. And I love you."

Hearing his sniffles has me pulling back and I see a few tears dripping from his eyes. He chuckles and wipes at his face. "Fuck, Daddy. I love you, too. More than I probably should since we've only been together for what? Two months? Is that insane? Are we insane?"

"If loving you is insane, then get me a straitjacket."

Red laughs and kisses me hard. When he pulls back, he says, "You're so corny." That makes me laugh with him and we take some time to explore each other's mouths. I'll never get enough of kissing and loving my boy. When I say he's mine, I mean it. He belongs with me and I'll show him every day that we'll always fit.

When I've had my fill of his tongue, I pull away and kiss his nose. "Come on. We have some work to do. Don't forget to put on your gloves."

"Yes, Daddy," Red murmurs, voice sounding shaky. I don't repeat that he can stay in the car. Red knows what he wants. One thing about my boy is he never does something he doesn't want to do. If he feels like it's too much, he'll step out, but he said he needs to do this. I won't take that from him.

I watch him slide on the gloves and flex his fingers. He looks at me and nods and I nod back, happy they fit comfortably. We picked them up yesterday so we don't run the risk of leaving nitrile gloves or pieces of one behind.

Climbing out of the car, I walk to the trunk and open it quickly. Thomas is still passed out, the dose of animal tranquilizer still working through his system. Pulling him from the trunk, I drop him to the ground with no regard to any injuries he'll suffer and I drag him by his collar into the shack. Red brings up the rear with the zip ties, tape and a metal folding chair from the back of the car. After dropping everything inside, he scurries back out to the car for the gas and matches.

The plan is to kill Thomas, set the shack on fire with his body in it and call in a tip. There aren't any trees close enough to the shack that will ignite and cause a wildfire, so we're in the clear there. This way, we make sure he's taken care of and there's no evidence left behind. We have on gloves and I plan to wipe everything down, but it's better safe than sorry.

Tying Thomas down takes no time at all and by the time I apply the duct tape to his mouth, he's coming around. Good, time to get this show on the road.

Red stands in the corner by the door, arms wrapped around himself and he's worrying the shit out of his lip. "Come here," I beckon, holding my arms out to him. Red walks over to me quickly, melting into my embrace. Pushing his hair back from his forehead, I kiss him there and tilt his head up so he meets my eyes. "It's okay to not be okay. You're here with me. No need to be afraid of him."

"I'm not afraid of him, Quin. Just feeling a little out of sorts since I know you're going to shoot him. Is it as loud as the movies?"

I shrug. "It can be. I don't have to do it."

Red tilts his head to the side and thinks. "No, I want you to. Just to see what it's like."

"Whatever you want, baby boy."

I hug him and we stand there until we hear movement behind us. Thomas is shaking his head, trying to clear it and pulling against the zip ties. The metal chair isn't that sturdy, so he wobbles a bit at first, then more as he pulls harder.

Letting me go, Red steps back to the corner and that catches Thomas's attention. He pulls against the zip ties and shouts behind the tape. His neck strains and his chest pumps rapidly. I look on with what I know is a bored expression. There were marks like this when I worked for Savage, trying to get out of the shit they got themselves into and I always grew bored of their hysterics.

Walking over to him, I reach to pull the tape from his mouth, but he leaps forward as if to tackle me to the ground. Unfortunately for him, how I zip tied his ankles to the chair has him toppling over before he can cause any damage and there's no way to break his fall. He falls on his face and I hear the curse and groan behind the tape. Rolling my eyes, I give him a swift kick in the gut before I set him upright.

Bending in front of him, I grab his face and pull it around so he's looking at me. "Try that dumb shit again and I'll put a bullet between your eyes. Nod so I know you understand." He nods frantically, probably thinking if he does what I tell him, I'll let him go. Not fucking likely. He tried to take what's mine. He was dead when he made that decision.

I rip the tape off quickly and Thomas shouts and curses. Standing to my full height, I hover over him, waiting for the begging to start. It doesn't take long. "Listen man, whatever you want, I'll get it for you. Is it money? I have money. I have a lot of money. And not the accounts the news knows about. I have four million in an account in the Cayman Islands. I can give you the account number and you can take it all. Just let me go."

Before I can say no, Red moves forward and says, "Give me the account number now. And it better be legit." I give him a questioning look and he walks over to me. Bending down, I feel Red's soft breath on my skin before he whispers, "We can send that money to the survivors. They deserve it." Smiling, I give him a quick kiss and he steps back.

Thomas is nodding and he rattles off the banking routing number and account number. I send Red out to get my secure laptop so I can check to see if he's telling the truth. When it's in front of me, I tell Red to keep an eye on Thomas and I put the information that he gave us into a secure site and see a little over four million in the account. I transfer the money to one of my Swiss bank accounts, close the laptop and give it back to Red. He takes it back to the car and I wait for him to return before I address Thomas again.

"Appreciate that," I say and Thomas ducks his head, looking relieved. It's short lived because I say, "Now, where's Andler? We want him more than we want you. But we can't seem to find him."

Thomas darts his eyes between me and Red and I step in front of my boy, not wanting Thomas to look at him at all. Thomas looks up at me but doesn't say anything. Sighing, because I knew it would come to this, but hoping to avoid it for Red's sake, I step closer to him. "Tell me what I want to know, Thomas."

He shakes his head and I flex my hands, knowing what comes next. My fist flies to his mouth and it takes him a second to absorb the pain, but when he does, he curses loudly. Blood drips from his mouth and he tries to wipe it on his shoulder, but I slap his face in the opposite direction, halting his movement. He groans and flinches back when I raise my fist again. "Okay, wait. I'll tell you."

"How will I know you're not lying?"

"I'm not! I wouldn't! He texted me his location. Check my phone under the name Beth. Please! Just let me go!" He drops his head and starts crying. I feel disgust curl in my gut. I can only imagine how many of the people he drugged cried just like this and he didn't give a fuck.

Turning to my boy to gauge his reaction, I see his face is red and contorted in anger, his hands fisted at his side. He takes a step forward, but stops himself and looks at me, pleading with me to do something. He needn't worry about that, something will be done to this fucker.

Walking over to Thomas, I find his phone in his pocket and scroll through, looking for Beth. When I find it, I open the text and see a group of coordinates and the message "Meet me here in ten days." That's not fucking happening. The message was sent four days ago, so we have some time to get there and take care of the other fucker.

I take a picture of the message with my phone, then drop his phone and stomp on it, not wanting Andler to be able to track his location. I want him to think Thomas is in the wind, coming to meet him in the next week or so. Thomas makes a strangled noise and I look back at him with a smirk. "Don't worry. You won't need that anymore."

Realization dawns on him and I relish the fear in his eyes. It feels good to know he's at my mercy and there's nothing and no one that will save him.

Thomas looks over at Red and tries to plead with him. "Please. I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry. I didn't mean

it. I ... uh ...I ...didn't want to do it. I was ... forced. Yeah, I was forced into it."

Before I know he even moved, Red comes over and slaps Thomas across the face. Then he balls up his fist and decks him in the nose, shattering the bone. "You lying piece of shit! You knew *exactly* what you were doing! Look at me!" When Thomas raises his eyes—after his pathetic ass cried for a few seconds—he looks at Red with a miserable expression. "You tried to take me and you failed. I'm the one that got away and you have to pay for what the fuck you did!" Again, that light clicks in Thomas's eyes and he shakes his head, wiggling around in his seat.

Irritated with his pitiful display, I pull out my Sig and shoot Thomas in the knee. Red yelps and Thomas thrashes and tips the chair over, screaming loud enough to wake the dead as his blood starts to pool on the floor. Red's face turns green and he backs away quickly, bumping into the wall, eyes wide.

Calmly, I walk over to Thomas and place a hand on his knee, squeezing it between my hand. He screams and yells, trying to dislodge my grip, but he can't move much while he's zip tied. I'm not worried about the bullet being found, since it fragmented on contact and there won't be enough of it to identify anything.

Thomas screams and screams and I let it go on, knowing I can do worse, but I need to take care of Red. He looks like he might vomit any minute and I need him to wait until we can get somewhere they can't collect DNA evidence.

When I'm sure he's suffered enough, I let Thomas go, wiping the blood on his pants. I still have need of these gloves. Can't get rid of them until Andler is in the ground. "While I'd like to stay longer, I have a flight to catch and another bitch-ass trafficker to kill."

Thomas continues to scream and thrash, but I don't care about any of that. I walk over to where Red is standing and grab the duct tape. Before I walk back to Thomas, I tip his head up until his wide eyes meet mine. "You'll be okay, baby boy. I'll take care of you, I promise."

Wetting his lips, Red whispers, "I know, Daddy." I give him a quick, hard kiss that he returns eagerly, then walk over to Thomas. He's stopped his thrashing, laying on his side, crying and praying.

"Too late for praying, bitch," I tell him, pulling his chair up and slapping him on the back of the head. The clear plastic bag I have stashed in my pocket will make his death clean, but not painless. Placing the bag around his head, I quickly follow it up with the duct tape, wrapping it around his neck to secure the bag in place. Then I step in front of him and watch.

He tries to hold his breath, but it doesn't work for long. Thomas exhales and tries to inhale fresh air, but there's nothing for him to breathe in. He flails in his chair, eyes wide with panic. "Turn away, boy," I say over my shoulder and hear movement behind me. I trust that Red turned away, but don't look to confirm, I just keep my eyes on Thomas. For Red, I want to watch him take his last breath to confirm he is dead.

It takes longer than one might think. Thomas is a strong, persistent fucker, I'll give him that. But he can't fight the Grim Reaper. His struggling slows down and he tries to pull in one more shuddering breath before he goes limp, face a sickly shade of blue. I wait another minute to make sure he's really dead and when there's no movement, I make my way over to Red and turn him around, pulling him into my arms.

"You okay, sweet boy?"

"Fine," he squeaks. "I'm okay. It's just ... so much ..." He swallows roughly, then shakes his head. "So much blood. And so loud."

"We can talk when we get out of here, baby. Let me get the fire going while you get in the car. I'll be right there." I give him the key to the car and press my lips to his to give him some strength and Red walks shakily to the car.

Before I douse the place in gas, I move around and wipe down everything we touched. It's not much and we wore gloves, but I don't want to leave anything to chance. The doorknob, the chair, the bag, and the wall behind the door. Wanting his body to burn hot and fast, I dump gas over Thomas's body, then walk around the room, adding gas to every corner so the fire will burn evenly. Then I walk backward towards the door, making a path that leads from the body in the middle of the room.

When I stop outside, I see Red standing by the car, matches in hand. I told him to get in the car to wait, but he needs to do this. He needs to close this chapter to help him heal. I wave him over and he hurries over, looking small despite his lean, but muscular body. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I know you said—"

I cut him off with a quick kiss. "It's fine, boy. Set this shit on fire so I can take you back to the hotel and give you a bath."

"Yes, Daddy. Thank you." He moves past me and stops in front of the door, just staring inside. I don't rush him—he probably needs a moment to figure out how he feels about what he's about to do. His break doesn't take long. He takes a deep breath, strikes a match on the side of the box, and tosses it through the open door.

The flame is immediate and Red stumbles back into my arms. Then he laughs. I back us away from the growing inferno and he laughs and laughs until his laughter turns into sobs. His legs go out from under him and I hold him while he cries, releasing the pain and fear from his system. The flames are over taking the cabin and I move us until we're flush against the car where the fire isn't so hot. And I hold my boy until he feels like himself again.

# **CHapter Eighteen**

### Red

HAT CRY WAS CATHARTIC. Exactly what I needed after feeling like I was burying my emotions for the past few weeks. Everything bubbled to the surface faster than I thought, but I needed it. Even more than the tears I shed, I needed to feel my Daddy's arms around me while I lost my shit. I needed to have him hold me together when I felt like I was coming apart.

He did more than that. He kept me tethered to him when I felt like my brain was going to take the same route as my emotions and run away from me. While he kept his arms securely around me, he talked to me and hearing his soothing voice was worth more than I could have imagined. Just listening to him, his voice breaking through my loud sobs made me feel like I would be okay.

I will be, I know it. I didn't see Thomas take his final breath—something I'm not sure I'll regret too much—but I turned him to ash. Well, maybe not *ash ash*, but his body was set ablaze because of me. I feel like I should have done worse.

There are countless lives he and Andler and the rest of them fucked up. The people who were rescued will have to live with the scars of what they did to them and the three people they found behind the warehouse will never grow old. I wish like fuck I could have done more to him, but he can't get more dead than he is, so I'm calling tonight a success.

The ride back to our hotel is quiet, but not in a bad way. I feel five pounds lighter, the emotion and stress I was carrying around lifting slightly from my shoulders. I won't be able to breathe easier until Andler is dead, but for now, I feel buoyant.

Quin looks over at me and takes my hand, kissing the back of it. He was amazing tonight. Calm, unaffected, completely in control. He's usually like that, but to see it from a different perspective was a heady experience. To know he was doing this for *me* makes me fall for him even more.

"The gun was louder than I thought it would be," I murmur, breaking the silence.

"Oh?" Quin glances at me quickly and I nod. "Don't like it?"

Shaking my head, I say, "I don't think I do. How can you stand it? I feel like my hearing will never be normal again."

Smiling, my Daddy shrugs and threads our fingers together and puts my hand on his lap. "I'm used to it. Might fuck with my hearing down the line, but for now, it doesn't bother me. Us gun crazy Americans are used to the noise." He gives me a wry look and I laugh, the sound bursting from my chest and making me feel all tingly. I'm not sure why, but I'm not going

to question why I can laugh after being involved in a murder. It might hit me later that I'm the reason a man is dead and another one will die, but I can't begin to feel sad about it. They weren't good people. Like I told Quin, they are demons and deserve to die.

"Thank you. For taking the money for the survivors. That means a lot to me. How will you get it to them?" Quin is fucking brilliant and knows all the computer shit I could only ever dream of, so I'm sure his big brain will work it out.

"I was thinking of sending correspondence via courier with an account number and banking information so they know it's legit. Send along a note saying they're being compensated by a private donor for their ordeal and leave it at that. Ask them to keep it confidential. Doesn't matter if they don't. The government won't be able to seize private funds and they won't know where it came from."

Sounds like a good plan to me. Nodding, I lean back in my seat, closing my eyes and letting the car rock me to sleep.

It feels like I just closed my eyes when Quin is tapping me, telling me we're back. I groan and sink further into the seat. I hear the exasperation in his tone when he says, "Come on, boy. I have to get you in the bath, put some food in you, and put you to bed."

Groaning again, I lift my arms in front of me, still not opening my eyes. "Carry me, Daddy."

Quin laughs and I drop my arms, cracking an eye to look at his gorgeous smile. "You're no fun."

"We know that's not true. Come on. Bath, food, sleep. Don't make me repeat myself, boy." I love it when Quin puts on his Daddy voice, even when he's reprimanding me. Quickly, I undo my seatbelt and reach for the door handle, making Quin laugh again. Sleep is a thing of the past as I hurry to do what he says.

"Piggy back ride?" he asks, surprising me, but not enough for me to say no.

I hurry around the car and hop on his back, wrapping my arms and legs around him snugly. Moving his locs so I can kiss the back of his neck soundly, I snicker against his skin and whisper, "Thank you, Daddy. I'm so tired."

"I know, baby boy."

When we enter the room, Quin sits on the bed and lets me climb off him then makes his way to the bathroom, stripping out of his clothes on the way. While I know he likes to be naked around me, our clothes smell like gas and smoke. He plans to get rid of them soon.

Taking a cue from my Daddy, I strip my clothes off, putting them and Quin's discarded clothes in a plastic bag by the door. Naked, I make my way inside the bathroom, just watching how Quin's muscles flex as he runs his hand lightly through the water, checking the temperature.

"Should be warm enough for you to get in, baby boy."

Dragging my feet a little from exhaustion, I make my way over and sink down in the tub. "Can you get in with me?" I ask quietly with my eyes closed, loving how the warm water feels against my tired muscles. Who knew crying could make you so tired?

"Slide up."

I do as he says, sliding forward so Quin can climb in behind me. After he takes off his briefs, he steps in, putting either leg beside me and I lean back against his chest. We both sigh, mine sounding more ragged and full of relief. Quin wraps his arms around me and I feel tears prick my eyes. I'm not sad, per se, just a little overwhelmed that we actually did it. Thomas is dead and can't hurt another person.

One thing I know I can't do but wish I could is tell the people that were rescued that one of the bastards is dead. While the others will be in prison until they take their last breaths, the two that got away won't be coming back. But they'll hear it eventually when the news breaks about the fire and however we're going to leave Andler. I wish I could speed up the identification process, but that's asking for trouble. The quick tip we left already has me on edge. Anything more will make me think the police are right around the corner.

Quin reaches beside me for my body wash, rubs some between his hands and washes my upper body. When he gets to my back, I lean up so he can reach and groan when he starts rubbing my shoulders. He rubs and kneads my muscles, relaxing me, the final dregs of unease drifting from my body. Another tear falls and I wipe it, laughing lightly. "We really

did it. I still feel strange. Is it normal? Shouldn't I be, like, happy or something?"

He doesn't answer right away. Quin uses a cloth to rub the soap in more, then rinses me off. When he's done, my Daddy pulls me back against his chest again and kisses the top of my head. "You can feel how you want, baby boy. You don't have to hammer it down right now. Let your emotions roll through you and I'll be there every step of the way to help you out."

"I know, Quin. I just wish I was tough like you."

"You are, boy. This isn't something you're used to doing. You didn't come from my background—something I'm thankful for. After this is over, you won't ever have to do anything like this again. Because I'll always keep you safe and nothing bad will ever happen to you."

Pulling in a deep, shaky breath, I whisper, "Promise?"

"I promise, my sweet, lovely boy. I would never break a promise to you."

We sit in the bath until it starts to get cold, then Quin stands me up so he can wash the rest of my body. After he's finished with me, he washes up quickly and gets me out of the tub. Quin is gentle with me as he dries me off, not like he thinks I'm going to break, but like he wants to savor touching me as much as possible.

Not bothering with clothes, I climb into bed naked as Quin orders us some room service. I'm shocked to see we were only gone for about three hours. It seemed like we were gone half

the night, days, a whole lifetime. The kitchen isn't closed yet, so Quin is able to get us some burgers and fries and he even gets me a vanilla milkshake. "The sugar will help," he tells me when I give him a confused look.

While we wait for room service, we spend the time in bed, my head on Quin's lap while he runs his fingers through my hair. His strong, sure fingers massaging my scalp almost has me falling asleep again. The knock at the door makes me want to throw something at the poor server that was unlucky enough to interrupt my quiet moment with Quin.

But I am hungry, so with a grunt of displeasure, I sit up and cover myself while Quin gets our food. We both make quick work of our dinner, Quin stealing a few of my fries and I narrow my eyes at him, making him promise a spanking if I keep it up.

As usual, my Daddy is right. After drinking the milkshake, I do feel better, less bogged down by what I'm supposed to feel and just feeling. And what I feel right now is tired and needy. I want to feel Quin's arms around me while I fall asleep listening to the strong thump of his heart. His warm body wrapped around mine will be the best therapy right now and exactly what I need if my head gets scrambled.

When we're in bed and comfortable, Quin's big, warm body tucked behind me, a few of his locs over his shoulder and tickling my back, I feel all my muscles relax, down to my toes. "Get some rest, baby. I'll keep you safe."

Listening to him, I close my eyes and sleep.

When I wake up, I feel ... fine. Not sad or conflicted or fucked up in any way. I feel like I would have any other day before I was almost kidnapped and while I was with Quin in the beginning. I feel like I didn't set fire to a house with a man's dead body inside. Digging deep inside myself, I search for any feelings of discontent or anger or upset and I feel nothing.

Sliding from under Quin's arm, I walk over to our suitcase and slide on a pair of sweatpants. Then I walk over to the window and look down at the street below.

I should feel something, right? Before meeting Andler and his ilk, I didn't imagine I'd ever be involved with abducting or killing someone. I never expected I'd watch a man get shot and the beginning of his slow death. I didn't think I'd ever set a shack on fire with the body of a demon inside. While I wouldn't say I'm a pacifist—since I'd gotten fired for almost decking a guy in the face—I never would have imagined I'd be involved in a murder. But here I am, on the other side of one murder and on my way to watch another.

Did Andler and Tom fuck me up? Did they change who I am as a person? Did they make me evil like them? Is it evil to kill someone who hurts people for their own gain? After this is all over, will I ever be the same?

Tears flow down my face as I try to answer those questions. I want to know that I'll be okay, that I'll be the same person I used to be. That I value life for people that deserve it and I won't be a person that, once I've had a taste of death and destruction, I'll want more. I can't be that person. I won't.

Strong arms wrap around me and I jolt until I realize it's Quin and I'm immediately put at ease. "Tell me what's wrong, Red."

Letting out a shaky breath, I tell Quin about my thoughts, hoping he can help me make sense of them. Turning me around, Quin wipes my tears, kissing me gently when my face is clear. "They did change you, Red," he tells me gently and I let out a small, strangled sob, but he's not done. "What happened to you was awful and it would change anybody, but, baby, they didn't make you evil. You're not like them. You will never relish killing. If we're being technical, *you* didn't kill anybody. Don't put that burden on yourself. You will always be changed, but not in a way that will make you a bad person. You're a fighter. You will always be a fighter. For you and people you don't even know. You're not broken, baby. Don't try to force yourself to feel anything. You don't have to feel bad about what happened."

Sighing loudly, I wipe the tears from my face and bury it in Quin's chest. He wraps me up, feeling warm and solid and *good*. He feels like mine. As he said all those weeks ago, we fit. I feel like we fit now more than I ever have.

Pulling back, I look up at him and mutter, "Take me to bed, Daddy. Please."

Smiling down at me, Quin leans down and gives me a soft kiss that makes me feel warm inside. "Let me hold you, baby boy. We can talk and try to sort out your feelings. How does that sound?"

Fucking amazing. It's just like Quin to know what I need. Even though I would rather he sort my feelings by burying his dick inside me, this is better. What I need. What will make me better, I think.

"Sounds good." We crawl back into bed and Quin pulls me on top of him. His locs tickle my nose, but when he tries to move them, I shake my head. I like the tickle. "So what do I do? Do I pretend nothing is wrong?"

"Do you feel a certain way or do you think you *should* feel a certain way?"

"I think I should," I murmur.

Wrapping his arms around me in a tight embrace, Quin kisses my forehead and all over my face. "Oh, sweet boy. You don't have to force yourself to feel bad. I'm not saying you might not feel bad later, but right now, if it's not there, don't make it a thing."

"But," I sit up so I can look at him. "We killed a man, Quin."

"No, *I* killed a man. A man that deserved to die. You have nothing to feel bad about."

That's true. I still feel responsible because I told Quin about it, but I think if I tell myself that little loophole of not actually killing him, I won't beat myself up so much. Then I feel like shit for wanting to put it all on Quin. "You can't shoulder that, Daddy. I can't let you feel guilty on your own."

Quin shrugs. "I don't feel guilty at all. I did what needed to be done so you would feel safe. I'll never feel guilty about that. You shouldn't feel guilty because you had me avenge you."

As usual, Daddy knows best. Even though his words are hard to hear—since regardless of what he says, I did kill someone—he's right. If Thomas was someone that wasn't a danger to so many people, I never would have asked Quin to kill him. Something like tension leaves my shoulders and I nod, blinking back tears. "Thank you, Daddy."

"I'm always here for you, baby. Always. I'll tell you every time you feel guilty that what you did was necessary, for you and for the people whose lives Thomas ruined. He was not a good man and deserves to dance with the devil as he is now."

Sighing, I nod again and lay my head back on Quin's chest, his heartbeat in my ear and his soft fingers on my back lulling me into a peaceful headspace.

A few minutes later, Quin kisses my cheek and slaps me gently on the ass. "Come on, sweet boy. Let's shower and get our day started. We have someone to find."

"Are we getting a new room or coming back here?" Sliding to the end of the bed I stretch and look over my shoulder at him.

"New room. I want to find out where the coordinates lead. And I need to make a call. I need a drone."

A drone? Why? I open my mouth to ask but think better of it. There are some things Quin does that I don't understand and while I love his nerd brain, I know I won't understand half of what he tells me. I also think too much information would overwhelm me and I'll want to pull back on this. It's too late, but I don't want it to even be a thought. Like when he told me about the program that found Thomas. It wasn't until we were in the room, ready to snatch him that he explained everything to me. So yeah, I won't ask why he needs a drone. *He* knows why he needs it—that's enough for me.

"What about our clothes from yesterday?"

"I'll take care of them when we get back home. I don't want to run the risk of something being found here."

From there, we shower, make sure nothing is left behind, then head out, on the way to find the last piece of this fucked up puzzle.

# **CHAPTER NINETEEN**

### Quin

T TAKES TWO DAYS to get the drone, which is fine with me, but not so much with Red. He's not antsy about going to kill Andler. He's antsy about being so close to his parents. While we were two hours from them when we were in Vancouver, we're only forty-five minutes away now. He mentioned it in an offhanded way, but I think it bothers him to be this close. I don't know if it's because he wants to talk to them and doesn't know how or because he still harbors resentment for how they treated him and his brother.

"Wanna talk about it?" I ask, breaking the silence and the uncomfortable blanket of discontent that's resting over my boy.

"Not right now. Maybe later."

"Whenever you want," I tell him, meaning it.

"Can I ask you something?" Red asks me, laying his head down on my lap.

"Always."

"Why was Savage surprised when I said I would give you time to hang out with them? It's not like I own you, ya know? I love spending time with you, but you had a life before me."

Smiling down at him, I trace his handsome face with the tip of my finger. "Remember I told you I had two boys before you?" Red's face drops into a scowl, but he nods. I chuckle and bend to kiss his temple. "You're the one for me, Red. You don't need to be jealous of those guys." He rolls his eyes and nods. "No eye rolling," I warn him. "Anyway, they would give me shit about being with Savage, even though it was my job and I didn't have a choice. They also wanted me to move from the pool house I shared with Michael. They wanted all of my attention, to the detriment of the relationship with my family. So, I guess hearing you say the opposite surprised him."

"That makes sense. And I was thinking about your place with Michael. Is he lonely there by himself? We've been at the other house for so long. Maybe it's time we go back. To make him feel ... I don't know ... like you're not changing because of me?"

Red chuckles when I pull him up quickly, then groans into my mouth when I give him a long, wet kiss that's all tongue and passion. When I pull my lips from his, his eyes are dazed and he has a smile on his lips. "What was that for? Not that I mind, but fuck, Quin. You're going to make me want your dick and we have to leave soon."

"Just being you, baby boy. Yeah, I think we should go back too. I miss my real bed."

Red snickers and kisses me gently. He climbs off my lap and pulls me to my feet. "Come on, Daddy. We gotta go. I'm ready to get this behind me and go home. You're right. The bed at your house with Michael feels much better."

The plan for today is simple: Find Andler and kill him. Taking Thomas out was easy, so I don't foresee anything going wrong with this one. Since he has a hideaway in the woods, I can be as loud as I want, just as I was with Thomas.

The drone I had delivered to a drop spot is one I have experience with, so it doesn't take long for me to get it out of the box and into the air for a test run. When I'm happy with it, I load it back up and we hop in the car, heading to the destination the coordinates indicated. Red is bouncing his leg frantically and squeezing my hand for dear life.

I told Red when we got within half a mile of the cabin, we would walk the rest of the way when we knew for sure Andler was there. The temperature dropped overnight and we had to buy winter coats before we came out. I don't want my boy cold while we're getting rid of the last of his demons.

Turning to him after I put the car in park, I zip his coat up all the way and he smiles shakily at me. "Thanks, Daddy." He looks down, but I see something in his eyes before he does.

"What is it, Red?"

He chuckles and looks back at me. "You read me so well, Quin." Sighing, Red leans back in the passenger seat and fiddles with the zipper of his new puffy coat. "You think you could maybe ... not bring your gun?" He looks up at me with

wide eyes and grabs my hand. "It's just so loud. And *so much blood*. I didn't know a knee could bleed so much. Don't shoot him. Just, I don't know. Do something else."

Shrugging, I bring his hand to my mouth and kiss it. "There are more ways to kill a man than shooting him, brave boy. How about this? I promise not to use it on him since you don't like the sound. But if it comes down to it and I have to, I will. You never know, we might need it." I let Red think it over. I see the wheels turning in his head while his eyes are trained on where my gun is, even though he can't see it.

Sighing, he asks, "You won't shoot him?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

Red nods and scrubs a shaky hand over his face. "Okay. No shooting unless you have to?"

"No shooting unless I have to," I repeat, giving him a quick kiss before we hop out of the car.

"Thanks, Daddy."

It only takes a moment to unload the drone and set up the computer on the trunk so we can watch the feed in real time. When I send it flying, Red starts trembling beside me. "Cold?" I ask, eyes on the computer while I navigate the drone over trees.

"I'm Canadian, Daddy. This weather isn't so bad." I give him a crooked smile and he returns it, even though he's still trembling. "Just thinking about the first time I met Andler. I had a bad feeling about him. His eyes. They were so dark. Dangerous. I'm afraid to see them again."

Quickly—but with care for an expensive machine—I drop the drone into a pile of leaves and set the controller beside the computer. I pull Red into my arms and hold him tight, wanting him to know that I will *never* let anything happen to him and soon, Andler will be talking to Satan's son about all the bullshit he did on Earth. "Soon, he won't be a factor. I'll take care of it for you. I will keep you safe, baby boy. Don't forget that. We're almost done. Can you be brave for me a little longer?" He nods against my chest, wrapping his arms tighter around me. "You can stay here and I'll go. There's no shame in that. Your mental health is important. Do you wanna stay here?" Red shakes his head.

Pulling away from me, Red reaches up and rubs my cheek. "Thank you, Daddy. I needed that. I can go with you. I can handle it."

"Let me know if you can't. We can leave now if you want."

"No. I want him gone. It's fucking scary to say, but I don't want him here tomorrow. Do you understand?"

"More than you know. Come on, let's get this done."

Picking up the controller, I maneuver the drone around trees, the branches seeming to move out of the way so I can take care of this for my boy. When the coordinates get closer to the cabins, I pull up, the drone zipping into the air without a sound. I angle the camera and see the cabin come into view

and outside of it, a man dressed in all black is chopping wood without a care in the world.

Good, he's here. My palm itches, wishing I could just use my Sig to put a bullet in his brain. But my boy asked me not to shoot him, so my gun stays put. That axe might come in handy though.

"Got him," I whisper. After I bring the drone back, I turn to Red. "He's here. Last chance, boy. I won't ask again because you know what you want. Stay or go?"

Instead of answering, Red's face morphs from unsure to resolute, his eyes going steely and his back going ramrod straight. Nodding, he steps beside me and threads his fingers through mine. The gloves make the fit awkward, but we manage. Then my brave boy pulls me in the direction of the cabin, stomping through the leaves and foliage covering the ground.

Ten minutes later, the cabin comes into view. It's old and rustic, looking as if it belongs in an old movie about mountain men. There is a large chimney that shoots up into the air, smoke drifting from the top. Beside the porch is a small pile of wood, freshly chopped, but it won't do Andler any good. One, because it'll probably be too damp to be useful and two, he's about to die.

Before I can tell Red we need to be quiet and to stay behind me, Andler rushes out of the cabin, hand raised, a Glock making an appearance. I don't have time to push Red behind me, to protect him from a bullet I'm sure is coming before the gun goes off.

Thank God Andler is such a terrible shot. Bullets ping all around us, ricocheting off sideboards and embedding themselves into trees. Red screams and drops to the ground and I stand in front of him, ready to take any bullets meant for him. When the gun clicks and we're still alive, I turn my fury onto Andler. This fucker could have killed my boy. He's fucking dead.

The look on my face must startle him because he takes off running. Before I give chase, I bend to check on Red. He's shaking with tears streaming down his face and his hand is covering his arm. Swallowing roughly, I move his hand and see that there's no blood. Just a rip in his puffy jacket that I'm sure scared the shit out of him. The breath I let out is full of relief, knowing that my boy is safe.

Wiping his wet cheeks quickly, I tell him, "I'll be back. Run in that direction for one minute and count to 100 before you come back. And take this." I hand him my Sig. Surprisingly, Red takes it and flicks the safety off, then back on, looking at me with pride in his eyes. "Good boy. Now go!" Red nods frantically, his wet eyes wide and afraid, but I sense the underlying courage.

The crunch of the leaves under his boots is a welcome sound, because I know he's as far away from this piece of shit as he can be. Unfortunately for Andler, he fucked up more than he already had. This won't be quick and I know I'm going to enjoy what happens next.

Taking off after him, I palm the axe stuck in the tree trunk as I run past, yanking it free without breaking my stride. Andler isn't in great shape, so even though he had at least a fifteen second head start on me with empty hands, I catch up with him in no time. He's not that smart. Instead of him ducking behind trees, he runs in a straight line. It's almost like he read *none* of the fan outrage about Rickon on *Game of Thrones*. No zigzagging—just running straight into the woods.

Instead of continuing to give chase, I stop, grip the axe, take aim, and let it fly. I'm no professional axe thrower, but if the blade doesn't bury into his flesh, the impact of it when it hits him will cause him to either trip or fall and I'll be able to subdue him before he can get his bearings.

I needn't worry. The axe blade finds its mark, burying itself in the small of Andler's back. His shout is like a balm to my frazzled nerves over how Red is doing. Knowing Andler is in pain helps me put one foot in front of the other to bring him back to the cabin instead of running back to my boy.

His crying and groaning is fucking annoying. If I didn't think Red had some words for him, I would cut his fucking head off now and be done with it.

Andler is trying to drag himself away but doesn't get far—not with an ax sticking out of his back. From how his legs are at awkward angles, I would say I did some damage to his spinal cord. Fucking fuck! I'll have to drag him back to the

cabin. I'm strong and in excellent shape, but even that will tire me out. A long bath is in my future when we get to a hotel room.

"You shot at my boy," I say in a voice that barely contains my anger when I yank the axe from his back, causing him to cry out.

"Fuck you, motherfucker!" he yells at me when he flips to his back. I kick him in the face, not wanting to hear his mouth right now. Andler groans, hands cupped over his bleeding lips.

"Don't speak until I tell you to speak."

He doesn't say anything, just tries to twist his body away from me. Irritated and not wanting to drag a struggling man, I hit him in the face with the flat of the blade of the axe, knocking him out. Then I grab the back of his shirt and start to drag him back to the cabin where he can face his executioner. Before I get too far, I let him go and go back for the axe, gripping it tightly in my other hand. It might come in handy again.

# **CHAPTER TWENTY**

#### Red

A S MUCH AS I hate holding this gun, I know Quin wouldn't have made me take it if he didn't think I needed it. I do what he says and run for a minute towards the car, stop and count to one hundred, then turn back and jog to the cabin, too antsy to walk.

It comes within sight and so does Quin, covered in blood with an axe slung over his shoulders, gripping either end in his hands. "Quin!" I shout, running to him. I toss the gun down and throw myself at him. Then I think better of it and let go, stepping back to check him over. "Where are you hurt?"

"Not me, Andler. He's a little messy." Quin's smirk makes my stomach do flips and eases the riot of nerves trapped there at the same time.

"You sure you're not hurt?"

"I'm sure. Come on. He should be waking soon." Grabbing my hand in his warm—and bloody—leather covered one, I

trail behind him, nervous about being face to face with my would-be kidnapper.

In my head, Andler is this monster. Larger than life and just as evil, the malevolence radiating off him in waves. In my nightmares he towers over me, looming with his evil eyes and twisted smile, laughing at my fear and chasing me until I feel I can't run anymore.

When we step inside, I see none of that is true. As Andler opens his eyes, I see that they are indeed evil and dark, but he's not bigger than me. He doesn't have that twisted smile. He's not looming. He looks like a small man. A small man that has a bloody face, blood leaking from his back, and dangling by his wrists by a rope around the open beams in the ceiling of the cabin. Andler looks pitiful and it makes me smile. His legs hang uselessly and I wonder at it.

Those dark eyes land on me and I suppress a shiver. How could someone be so fucking evil that it pours from their eyes, tainting everything around them? His lip curls and I see he's missing teeth. Good.

"Ah. The whore that got away." His words are muffled, but I hear him just fine and my back goes straight. Of course that's how he sees me. That's what he wanted me to be—a whore that he could just pluck off the street to do unspeakable things to make him rich. Even trussed up the way he is, he still has a smart fucking mouth.

Before I can make a snappy comeback—not that I'd thought of one—Quin punches him in the gut. Andler tries to lower his

head to double over, but his legs still hang limp under him. You'd think he'd try to tuck them close to his body after a hit like that. That's when I notice that he's not hanging that far off the floor. The tips of his toes still drag on the ground, but he's making no moves to try to stop the swaying he's doing. "Is he ...?"

Quin shrugs. "I threw the axe at him." His nonchalant tone has me laughing harder than I intend to, bending at the waist and letting out loud guffaws until tears stream down my face. This time though, I'm not crying. I'm not exactly happy, but I don't feel as scared as I did with Tom. I know Quin is here and he'll take care of me. My Daddy loves me too much to let anything happen to me.

Standing up straight after I get myself under control, I ask, "Where did you get rope?" An unnecessary question, but I need some time before I have to face Andler.

"Found in by the cut wood. Not sure what he needed it for, but I'm glad it was there. It'll make this more fun." Quin has an evil glint in his eyes and he's never looked more sexy than he does at this moment, avenging me.

Satisfied with his answer, I swing my eyes back over to Andler. "Yeah. It's me," I say. "The one that got away. I'm the reason you had to run. I'm the reason you're in this situation. I'm the reason you're about to die." Feeling bold, I walk over to him and grab his neck in one hand, squeezing enough to get his attention. "You will die today, Andler. And you will scream." He tries to pull away, nut I latch my other hand in his

hair, holding him still as I put more pressure on his throat, making his face turn red and his eyes bug out.

It takes all of my self-control to let him go and let Quin handle this part. As much as I want him dead, I don't think I can bring myself to do it. I wish I was stronger—strong enough to end him and not have it affect me—but I know that's not possible. I've never been a person that could take the life of a bug without feeling like shit for hours on end. No way I can kill a person.

An arm snakes around my chest and I'm pulled back into Quin's chest, letting Andler go as I do. Andler huffs a breath and coughs roughly, blood flying from his mouth as he tries to get air into his lungs.

Leaning down to my ear, Quin whispers, "You've done well, brave boy. Anything you want to say to him? I doubt he's apologetic but say what you need to say before I take his fucking head off."

Nodding, I step closer to Andler. "Why? Why did you do any of that? Why take people?"

Spitting at my feet, Andler gives me an evil grin. "Money, of course. You mean nothing to me, just as the others didn't. You're a product. Nothing more."

The breath leaves me as my heart squeezes. The survivors were *more* than a product. They were people with futures. They had lives. They had people that loved them and Andler and his crew fucked that up. "How much did you make? How much were our futures worth?"

Andler lets out a rough laugh and shakes his head. "Not enough to retire, that's for sure." He looks up and meets my eyes and I swallow roughly, wanting to hide from him, from how my stomach clenches when he holds my gaze. "Is that what you want? Money? Done. Someone like you can retire on what I have. I know sluts like you don't need more than a roof over your head while you sell your hole."

I flinch and step back and Quin takes my place, punching Andler so hard in the face, he swings wildly on his rope, making the beam above him creak. Tears fill my eyes and I turn my back to hide how much his words affected me. How did he tap into my fear that Quin would just think I'm a hole to use and leave? I know there's still a part of me that's afraid Quin just sees me as a whore, even though the rational part of my brain knows he loves me. While I wasn't a sex worker on the payroll, I did sell my body. Does that cancel out me having love?

No. Not it doesn't. Fuck Andler. Fuck what he thinks about me. Quin loves me and I'm deserving of that love, regardless of how Andler sees me. His opinion isn't important. He's fucking scum and what he thinks of me shouldn't get to me.

Squaring my shoulders, I turn back to him and move past Quin, socking Andler in the face twice before I step back.

"Fuck!" Andler cried out. "I think you broke my nose. I'll give you money to take me to the hospital. Just drop me off at the emergency room. Not like I can really operate my business without working legs. I'll be done. No more. No more

snatching whor—" He breaks off, then amends his statement. "People. No more snatching people. I'll be in the wind."

"Account number?" Quin growls, making me jump from how lethal he sounds. Like Tom, Andler rattles off numbers. I feel a tap on my shoulder and I turn, Quin handing me the phone. My eyes grow wide when I see all commas in the account. Not enough to retire, my ass. He's a greedy son of a bitch that didn't care about anyone he thought was beneath him.

Gathering my strength, I meet Andler's eyes, looking at him with all the disdain I can muster. I say, "Your victims will be able to retire on this money, you fucking asshole. I'll be sure they only find your bones."

Quin approaches Andler slowly with the axe, tilting his head to the side as if analyzing him. "Wait, wait, wait!" Andler starts to beg, but we ignore him. Quin looks over at me and meeting his eyes, I nod. Fuck turning away this time. I will watch and I will see. I will commit it to memory so I know his victims get the justice they deserve.

Quin makes his death an absolute blood bath and I know for sure I'll need a long, hot bath. Lifting the axe, Quin swings, splitting Andler's belly open. Intestines and other organs flop out and blood gushes out like a fountain. Andler screams and thrashes but before he can get too out of control, Quin buries the ax in his face.

My breath bursts from my lungs and my stomach rolls violently, but I swallow quickly so I won't vomit. I can handle

this. I can.

Shaking myself, I wipe the sweat that beaded on my forehead and turn to look at Quin. I'm not sure what he sees on my face, but he's not coming over to me. What the hell? Why is my Daddy ...?

Oh no. Does he think I'm afraid of him? For that? I mean, it was scary as fuck and fucking gross, but I would never be afraid of Quin.

I walk over to him quickly and throw my arms around him, squeezing as tightly as I can. Quin bends and grabs my thighs, picking me up off my feet and I wrap my legs around him. "Oh, baby boy. You're so fucking brave. I can't believe how brave. I'm so proud of you. So proud."

"Thank you, Daddy," I whisper, voice wavering and tears stinging my eyes. It's over. It's all over. No more nightmares, thinking someone will try to abduct me. No more looking over my shoulders, thinking Andler or Tom or someone they send will pop out of the shadows and succeed in drugging me. No more thinking someone will take me away from Quin. I'm free.

I'm not sure how long we stand there, but it's long enough for the disgusting stench to make my stomach roll again. "Daddy? Can we go? I need to bleach my nose and take a bath."

Chuckling into my neck, Quin nods, setting me down. "Let's shower before we go. I know you'd rather do anything else, but we can wear some of this fucks clothes until we get

back to the car." He inclines his head to the grotesque body of Ander. "I'll make sure everything is wiped down and nothing is left behind, but we can't go anywhere like this." Quin gestures down his body and I see what he means. He's covered almost head to toe in blood. Since I jumped into his arms, I'm a mess as well.

"Andler's clothes?"

"We can take his shit off as soon as we get to the car and toss it inside before we set the place on fire."

I don't like it, but it's a great plan. We quickly wash up, getting off as much blood as possible. I wash Quin's face and neck, getting the small specks that he missed. His hair was tied back, so none of the blood has gotten into his thick locs.

Quin finds some bleach under the kitchen sink and dumps it in the bathtub to get rid of any of our DNA that could be lurking around. I'm not sure which smells worse—the bleach or Andler. Stepping back into the living room, I decide it's Andler that smells the worst.

After we get dressed in Andler's shitty clothes, Quin takes my hand, and we walk out of the cabin. He reaches to pick up his gun, which I forgot I even went back for. "Glad we didn't need this," he quips, making me chuckle.

"Another fire?"

"Another fire. We'll have to be careful though. Trees are a bit closer here. Don't want to start a forest fire."

"Of course not, Daddy."

Getting back to the car, Quin drives us closer to the cabin, not caring about being seen anymore. Before Quin sets the place on fire, I change out of these awful clothes and hand them to Quin and put on my own, comfortable clothes. I don't join Quin as he douses the body and the house, then sets it on fire. I don't need to see that part. I know there's no way Andler could have survived what Quin did to him. Thank God.

The fire springs up and something tight unfurls in my chest. The closing of this chapter releases all the tension I was carrying. I feel like I'm breathing easier and when Quin gets in the car, I pounce, kissing him hard and roaming my hands all over him. Between kisses, I murmur, "Thank you."

When the flames gets larger and we feel the heat through the windows, Quin pulls away from the cabin, letting the fire and the misery burn behind us. I don't move my head from his arm the whole ride to our destination and Quin doesn't ask me to. I'm right where I belong. Where I'm loved.

# **CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE**

### Quin

THE RIDE BACK TO the hotel consisted of Red kissing me when I glanced over at him and trying to give me a shaky smile. He still looks pale—probably from my display of ferocity that I am not sorry about—but his eyes are clear and he's not shrinking away from me. I still need to check on my boy. There's no way he can go from not wanting to hold a gun to being okay with watching someone be eviscerated.

I find us a hotel room about an hour away from the cabin, close to where we were the first night here. Since he still looks a bit shaky, I got us a suite so I can give him a bath and he can relax a bit before we head home. Our trip to the West Coast was a lot to deal with.

We check in without incident and head up to our room in silence, though I keep Red's hand in mine. He squeezes it every so often, looking at me with a gentle smile on his pale face. Once inside the room, I beeline to the bathroom to start his bath. After I check the temperature, I walk back to the

bedroom where Red is standing, arms wrapped around himself in the middle of the room.

I undress my boy, getting him ready for a bath. When he's naked before me, I pull on his hand and lead him into the bathroom. I help him into the tub and quickly remove my clothes. When I get in behind him, the tears start. They're not terrible sobs, but he does sniffle a lot and the tears flow freely. Red pastes himself to my chest and I wrap my arms tightly around him, giving him the comfort he needs.

"You want to talk to me about what you feel?" He may not. Red may be feeling something that's private, that's just for him. I didn't go through what he did. He needs time to process what's going on in his head and his heart. I won't hold it against him if he doesn't want to talk. One thing about Red is he will talk, but only when he's ready.

Surprisingly, he nods and leans back from me. His face is red and splotchy, eyes wet and puffy, but he's never looked more beautiful. This is my Red. My beautiful, brave, sweet Red. Pulling in a deep breath, he wipes at his face and runs a hand through his hair, wetting it at tips. "It's over, Quin. They can't hurt anyone else."

Reaching up to rub his cheek, I nod and my chest gets warm when he leans into my touch. "They can't, baby boy. Because of you. You were so brave, so strong, getting away from them. You're amazing, you know that?"

His smile is wobbly, but it's still a smile. I pull him closer on my lap and Red lays his head on my shoulder, playing with the locs under his cheek. "Thank you. For ... taking care of them for me. It means a lot. More than I can say."

"Anything for you, baby boy."

"I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too, my sweet boy."

Twisting around quickly and splashing water, Red looks at me with bright—but still wet—eyes. "I'm going to call my brother when we get home. Not tomorrow, since I'll want to sleep when we get back, but maybe the day after. I need to talk to him soon. Will you sit with me?"

Bringing his face down to me, I give him a gentle kiss. "Of course, I will. Anything you need from me."

"You're the best, Quin. The best Daddy ever. What other Daddy would kill for their boy?" he asks with a cute smirk.

Barking a laugh, I pull him to me and kiss him deeper. "I'm sure there are some out there," I answer his rhetorical question.

He looks deeply into my eyes and says, "But none are like you. I can't believe you did it, but I'm glad you did. Now I think I can rest easier. No more nightmares."

Squeezing his hip, I nuzzle his neck. "No more nightmares."

We get out shortly after and crawl into bed after drying off. No clothes, nothing between us. Red crawls on top of me, resting his head on my chest and his arms wrapped around me. I hold him tight, kiss his forehead and we fall asleep.



The next morning, I notice how relaxed Red looks. His eyes are clear, his face has its coloring back and his shoulders look a lot less tense. He's bouncing around the room, humming while we pack and gives me a long, slow kiss before we walk out of the room. "Can I have you when we get home, Daddy? I don't want to leave our room for at least twelve hours."

Chuckling, I press his back against the wall, crushing my lips to his in a blistering kiss that has us both panting and our hard dicks rubbing against each other. "Twelve hours?" I ask, kissing down my boy's neck, sucking my marks on him. "What about food? And we'll have to use the bathroom and shower, right?" I swirl my tongue over his collarbone, pulling his shirt out of the way so I can get to his skin.

Red groans low, hands fisting my shirt. "Umm ... yeah, we might ... need that. But no leaving the house." He throws a leg around my waist, using it to pull me closer. "Do we have to leave right now?"

Sucking one last time, I rise from tonguing my boys neck. "Yeah. The jet is waiting for us and it's almost check out time. Don't worry, you'll have me stuck in a room for twelve hours."

With a mischievous smirk, Red says, "Twelve hours might not be long enough. Can we kick Michael out?" Laughing, I pick up our bags and lead him out of the room. "No, but I think he'll be fine." When we step into the elevator, I pull Red close to me, not getting enough of touching him. Not *ever* getting enough of having my boy in my arms. "You really want to move into our place? I thought you loved the other house."

"I do love the other house. But I felt good in your house. And I know you feel good there. I saw how relaxed and comfortable you were while we were there, even if I wasn't really in my right mind for most of our stay." Pulling back, he looks up at me. "You miss being there with Michael, don't you?"

"Yeah. I'm used to him being around, ya know?"

Nodding, Red steps out of my arms as the elevator opens. "I understand, Daddy. I want to move there. You'll be close to Savage and I'll be near Abel and Pogo. I'll have a friend close by." I love how Red's eyes light up when he mentions having a friend. It must be terrible starting over like he has and I'm trying to be what he needs, but I know he'll need someone other than me and Abel is the best person I know to be there for my boy.

All that's left is Michael finding the person of his dreams.

Checking out takes no time at all and soon, we're at the hangar, boarding the jet. Shortly after, the jet is in the air and I thought Red would want to go to the back to finish what we started in the room, but all he does is come sit on my lap and

fall asleep after the flight attendant tells us we can roam around.

The flight is pretty peaceful until we get within thirty minutes of the small airport where Savage keeps his jet. Turbulence starts and jostles Red awake, his sleepy gaze soft when his eyes land on me. "What's going on?"

I open my mouth to answer, but the flight attendant makes her way back to us, holding on to the overhead compartments. "I'm sorry, sir," she says, looking at Red. "You'll need to return to your seat and fasten your seatbelt. It looks like there's a pretty bad storm up ahead and we're being diverted to the international airport to land. I do apologize for the inconvenience. When the weather clears, we'll have your jet flown to your private hangar. We'll be landing in less than ten minutes."

Scrambling off my lap, Red buckles himself in and takes a deep breath. "It's fine, right? Nothing is going wrong?" he asks the flight attendant.

She smiles at him. "No, sir. Just need to get past a few clouds and we'll be landing. The pilot is confident we'll descend without any issues." With that, she turns and walks back to the cockpit.

Despite how fucking scary it is for a flight attendant to tell us we're flying through a storm, the pilot is good and gets us down to the tarmac with only a few bumps and turbulence. Red had a death grip on his arm rests and I hate that I couldn't hold him until we landed.

As soon as we land, I rip off my seatbelt and pull him into my arms, rubbing his back. Red chuckles and hugs me back, kissing my cheek. "I'm fine, Quin. Just got a little nervous."

"Yeah, I know, but hush up and let me hug you, boy." Chuckling again, Red wraps his arms around me, letting me hold him without complaint.

We have to walk on the actual tarmac to get to the airport proper, but it only takes a moment and we're walking through the airport to get a rideshare back to my car at Savage's hangar.

Again, Red starts bouncing around, grabbing my hand for me to walk faster. "Where's the fire?" I joke.

He turns his bright, beautiful green eyes on me and says, "Twelve hours, Daddy. The sooner we get home, the—"

"Dwight?" I hear and both Red and I whirl around at the mention of his old name.

The man standing a few feet to our left is almost the spitting image of Red. A few inches taller, hair longer and shaggier and his eyes are blue, but they could pass for twin. This must be ...

"Gil?" Red's tone is one of disbelief.

"Yeah! God, Dwight!" He rushes over and pulls Red into his arms, hugging him tightly. Red looks at me with wide eyes, tears brimming in their depths. I let his hand go and step back, allowing him to wrap his arms around his brother.

It's funny that Red was just talking about calling his brother and we run into him in the airport. An airport we weren't even supposed to land at. What are the odds?

Gil pulls back and holds Red at arm's length. "You look good, Dwight."

Red's face flushes and he shakes his head. "Red, please. Or Caleb now. I changed my name."

Smiling, Gil looks him up and down. "Caleb fits. It's a good name. You prefer Red still, huh?"

"Yeah. Everyone calls me Red."

"Red it is." He's still smiling and looking at my boy, eyes dancing with excitement. Then they move over to me. "I'm Gilbert. Or Gil. I hate my name too." His cheeks turn pink as he holds his hand out to me.

I shake it and smile back at him. "Quin. We can help you change it if you want."

Gil lets out a laugh and shakes his head before letting my hand go and stepping back, looking at Red. "What are you doing here? Last I heard from Mom and Dad, you were in Ontario."

"I was," Red says, moving back over to me and taking my hand. "I moved out here a few months ago to be with Quin." Red looks up at me and grins and I return it. Maybe he'll tell his brother what happened to him and maybe he won't. But I like hearing that he came out here for me, even if it was just for help initially. "Do you have time or are you getting on a

flight? We can get lunch if you have some time?" Red poses it as a question and looks up at me, asking permission with his eyes. After nodding at him, Red smiles and looks back at his brother.

"Flight got cancelled because of a storm. I was going to the ticket counter to book another flight. Give me a minute to take care of that and yeah, we can go to lunch. Lunch would be great." With one more smile, he turns and hurries over to the ticket counter.

I drag Red back so we're no longer blocking the walkway. When we're sitting in chairs by the gate, Red grips my hand and puts it against his chest. "Quin. My brother is here."

"He is," I respond with a smile.

"Daddy. He's happy to see me. Did you see how he hugged me?"

"I did, baby."

Red looks at me with watery eyes, his happiness apparent and radiating off him. I love seeing my boy like this.

A few minutes later, Gil walks back over to us, looking shy and unsure. "Another flight to Vancouver won't go out until later tonight. So I have time for lunch."

"Good. Let's go," Red says, grabbing both our hands and heading out.

A taxi is waiting outside and we have them take us to a restaurant inside of the hotel Red and I stayed at all those months ago.

It doesn't take us long to get seated and put our orders in. "You look good, Gil. I'm surprised to see you here. I planned on calling you tomorrow," Red says, voice soft.

"Yeah? Well, this is better. Look," Gil takes a deep breath, pushing his hair back from his face. "I know we've had our issues, but I've been doing a lot of thinking these past few years. It wasn't because of us. It was because of Mom and Dad."

"I agree," Red answers quickly. "We had some times where we really got along. We're adults now. I figured, I don't know, maybe we could try to work on a relationship? Maybe?" Red squeezes my hand and I give him one in return, letting him know I'm here for him.

"Definitely, yeah! Of course, I want that!" Gil says excitedly, a smile stretched across his face.

When Red described his brother, I always imagined him being the opposite of Red: stoic, hard, boring, and stuffy. But what I'm seeing from Gil is how similar to Red he is. His smile looks like it belongs on his face. His shaggy hair gives me the impression he doesn't take himself too seriously, but I can tell he knows how to clean up. His blue eyes sparkle with happiness, the same happiness that's reflected in my boys' eyes. In short, Gil is nothing like I imagined and I think his appearance is different than what Red is used to as well.

"Why are you here, Gil? Not that I'm upset about seeing you, but I thought you were still living in BC."

Gil tucks a lock of hair behind his ear and leans on the table. "I've just finished my service in the military. Mom and Dad were trying to get me to come back to be closer to them, to work for Dad, but I've told them no. I refuse to go back there to live. They haven't spoken to me in about three months." Gil shrugs, his smile still easy going. Guess he doesn't care about not speaking to them either. "Came out for a job interview that went pretty well. What about you? How did you two meet?"

Red and I exchange a glance and he blurts out, "Blind date."

I'm not sure how much Gil believes that but he doesn't question it.

Our food comes and we all dig in. I sit back and listen to the brothers talk and get reacquainted, not bothering to add more to the conversation. They need this for themselves. Red and Gil have some of the same mannerisms—how they use their hands when they talk, the way they laugh suddenly when something is really funny, how animated they get when telling a story. Regardless of how close they weren't when they grew up, they're a lot alike. The whole time they're talking, Red doesn't let go of my hand and occasionally, he looks over at me with a bright smile that I always return.

Our food is long gone, but we don't get up to leave. Red and Gil have spent the last two and a half hours talking and catching up, talking like they never had years of animosity between them. I'm sure with age and thinking for himself like Red, Gil saw they didn't dislike each other—they were forced to believe they had to compete.

Gil reaches into his pocket and grabs his wallet. "I'll take care of lunch. It was great to catch up, Dwi—Red," he amends, giving Red a small smile. "I saved some money while I was in service. This job doesn't start for another month or so, but I think I'll move out here early and get myself settled."

Finally speaking after keeping quiet for a few hours, I have to clear my throat to ask Gil, "What were you interviewing for?"

"Cyber security. I have experience with it and my friend said his firm had an opening. It was a formality, since I already have the job. But I wanted to come out here to see if I liked the area. It's nice and I found a couple of apartments that are affordable."

"I'm in cyber security as well. If your job doesn't work out, let me know and we can talk."

Smiling, he says, "Thanks, Quin. I appreciate that. But I think things will work out." He clears his throat and looks back at Red. "Since I'll be here, you think we can hang out more? Have lunch a few times a month or something?"

"Yeah, of course," Red rushes to say, excitement dripping from his tone. "I'd love to."

My boy and his brother make more plans for their future and I sit back, loving that his family will be nearby.

# **EPILOGUE**

#### **Red-Six Months Later**

The trial for the Thunder Coast Eleven has concluded today with the last eleven life sentences handed down to the assailants. The sex trafficking ring was said to have been in operation for over five years. As we reported a few months back, three attorneys, a doctor, and an architect were among those found in the warehouse, engaged in illicit activities with those that were kidnapped. They have all taken plea deals of five years in prison, ten years' probation and a lifetime label of sex offender.

Justice was served today, as the defendant won't be considered for parole until he has served up to seventy-five years on one life sentence, by terms of their plea agreement. The judge said he will never breathe free air. In more uplifting news, a private benefactor has donated an unspecified sum to each victim and the families of the deceased victims for private medical and psychiatric care. Our sources say it is close to \$10 million each, though that number can't be verified. The bodies of the masterminds, Thomas Furman and Andler Wolfe, have been identified via dental records. From an earlier report, they were both found burned beyond recognition in separate cabins in British Columbia. The head of the British Columbia RCMP suspects their deaths were the result of vigilante justice. There are no suspects and no leads.

GIL!" I YELL, JOGGING to the car when my brother pulls up. He rolls his eyes good naturedly before he hops out and gives me a hug. Ever since we ran into each other at the airport, we kept our word and had lunch a few times a month, which turned into a few times a week. I thought it would be strained, seeing as we hadn't talked in years prior to seeing each other, but it's not. It was awkward at first, trying to find things to talk about after so long, but we worked past it and it's been good.

"Hey, Red. You act like I didn't see you two days ago." He laughs in my ear and lets me go but slings an arm around my shoulder.

"Yeah, but that was two days ago. How's work?"

Gil has been working at a firm an hour from me, doing the same thing as Quin, which means I don't really know what my brother does. He and Quin get together and talk their nerd talk and all I can do is smile while I listen. I have no hope of ever knowing what they say, but I can pretend, and be happy to see my Daddy and my brother getting along.

Quin likes my brother, they're almost like two peas in a pod. Initially, I felt that tinge of jealousy I used to when my parents spoke highly about Gil but would sneer when I didn't do what they wanted, but I was able to tamp it down. Gil and I aren't in competition and he's not trying to go after Quin. Gil is as straight as they come ... judging by the person that gets out of his passenger seat.

Judy looks really good today, her blue dress looking good against her fair skin. She walks around the hood of the car and slides her arm around Gil's waist and we all walk to the backyard where everyone else is.

During our first barbecue that I insisted we have a few weeks after we got back from our excursion in BC to celebrate —dark as fuck, I know—Gil flew in to stay for a few days and Judy came over. Judy didn't end up going home that night. Quin and I heard them up long into the night, talking and laughing. Ever since, they've been inseparable. Judy is good for my brother. She's smart and tough as fuck, but she always had that sensitive air around her. Gil is a caretaker, making her feel loved and wanted, and I love that for them.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Hey, Judy. Good to see you,"

Just like my brother, she rolls her eyes at me. "I just saw you yesterday. At work, remember?"

"I remember, but it's a standard greeting. Why are you and Gil like this?" I pout and they laugh.

"Why is your lip poked out?" Quin asks when we round the corner.

Being childish, I run over to him and say, "Daddy, they're being mean to me." Quin chuckles at my absurdity and kisses my nose, bringing me to his side.

It didn't take long for Gil to figure out that Quin was my Daddy. I think I let the D word slip a few times too many, and one drunken night, I finally spilled the beans. He didn't say much about it. He did say it was a little weird when he heard me say it the first time, but it made sense when I explained everything to him.

"Stop teasing my boy, you two," my Daddy says, coming to my defense, even though we all know it's a joke.

Laughing, Gil slaps Quin's outstretched hand and pulls him into a brief hug. Quin bends to give Judy a hug and we walk to the backyard where Savage, Michael, Abel, and Pogo are waiting. Michael is burning food on the grill and Savage and Abel are playing with Pogo. Cara was supposed to come visit, but she wasn't able to turn down a photography contract.

Instead of coming back to Canada to open her business again, she shut it down for good and used her photography experience and started a freelance business in New York. As

there are a lot of celebrities and people who *want* to be celebrities in New York City, she's never short of work. Her three men are still around, acting as bodyguards since she's making a name for herself in such a short time. Last time we spoke, she promised to get away so she can come visit me and officially meet Quin.

It takes a while, but we finally finish cooking the food and sit down at the tables we have set up to eat. Looking around, I feel my heart swell with joy. When I left Ontario, I had no one. I was tempted to go back to my parents' house and be miserable there. But one phone call changed my life, changed my future.

I look over at Quin and my heart overflows with love for him. From the moment we met, I knew he was meant to be in my life. I felt that strong, undeniable pull to him and when he saved me it only cemented that we were meant to be. I was meant to be his boy and he was meant to be my Daddy.

Michael, Abel, and Savage have become my family. Savage has warmed up to me and I can even get him to smile sometimes. We can have conversations on our own and they don't seem awkward at all. He's like a cranky big brother that could probably kill me if I fuck up. But that won't ever happen. Quin is stuck with me.

Outside of Quin, Abel is my best friend. We've done everything together while our men hang out and do whatever it is they do when we're not around. Quin always comes back in a good mood, happy to spend time with his friends. Most of

the time, Abel and I just sit around the house and talk or play with Pogo, who is such a good boy. Abel knows me better than anyone besides Quin and I'm grateful to have his friendship.

Quin and I moved back into the house he has with Michael. I felt a little awkward at first, like I was intruding on their space, but I felt like this was home when I was really able to get my bearings. While I'll always love our hideaway in the woods, stepping inside this house with a clear head made me not want to leave. It felt like love and trust when I walked in, like a sanctuary where I would always be safe and protected. Michael made me feel welcome and only gave us shit sometimes if we got too loud. What can I say? Quin fucks me too good for me to keep it down. but I do try to be respectful of our roommate.

Sometimes, I see how Michael looks at Quin and me and I feel sad for him. My Daddy told me Michael mentioned someone from their old life that he's hung up on, but Michael won't say who and there's nothing they can do to help him. Michael just looks so lonely and, as I've come to love him like another brother, I want him to find someone that will treat him right and love him. A guy can hope.

After we've passed the food around, we dig in, talking and laughing, enjoying each other's company. This is what I always wanted—a family that I loved, a family that loved me. I wasn't born into this family, but that doesn't matter. We all chose each other and that makes my heart swell.

Seeing the look on my face, Quin pulls me to his side and kisses my forehead. "You okay, baby boy?"

"Fine, Daddy. Just really happy. *You* make me really happy. I don't think I can thank you enough for answering the phone that morning."

"You don't have to thank me, sweet boy. I would do it all over again for you. I love you. Now and forever."

Smiling, my eyes tear up and Quin wipes away the tear that escapes. "I love you too, Daddy. Forever."

I give him a long kiss, happy with my life and with how it has turned out. Happy that I have a wonderful man that loves me, happy I have my brother back in my life, happy that he found happiness and happy with my new found family. Life is good. I couldn't ask for more.

For the final book in this series, follow this link:

https://a.co/d/2pf1teC

## **AFTERWORD**

Dear Reader,

Thank you again for taking the time out of your day to read my book. Quin and Red were a joy to write. I loved their love story and how their relationship unfolded. I love how protective Quin was of Red and how Red wanted to take care of his Daddy. I also loved that Abel, Savage, Michael and Pogo came back for some cameos. I hope you enjoyed this story of another one of my favorite men. Next up is Michael. I think you all will know who his love interest is, but it will be an adventure to get you there.

If you have time, please leave a review on Amazon or Goodreads. It helps me out more than you could ever know.

You can follow me on:

Facebook group:

https://www.facebook.com/groups/504656644633

Instagram: rs\_mckenzie\_author

TikTok: rozay2019

Thank you for reading my book and I hope you continue to support! I hope you continue to follow me on this author journey.

RS McKenzie

# ALSO BY

### **Tales Reimagined Series**

### **Taming Savage**

#### Abel

After the death of our parents, I was taken in by my brother, who has been taking care of me more out of obligation than love. When he doesn't come home from a job—if burglary can be considered a job—I discover he's been taken by a beast of a man with soulless eyes. Even with his scars he's hot as hell, but his cold eyes chill me to the bone. My brother is the only family I have, so I do the only thing I can to make sure my brother is free: I offer myself to the beast for a year instead. When I find out who he is, I fear I may be in over my head.

The first word that comes to mind when I see Abel? Beautiful. The second? Untouchable. He's much too beautiful for the likes of me, with my shifting moods and damaged body. What if I spend this year trying to win him over—mind, body, heart, and soul? It would be possible if my enemies weren't a constant threat. If I were a regular guy, I could have someone like Abel. I have these scars because of who I am; these scars that scare everyone away. Could a beauty like Abel ever see beyond the beast to the man underneath?

Taming Savage is Beauty and the Beast reimagined as a dark and steamy gay romance with heart-pounding action, forced proximity, age gap, found family, a naughty virgin, first times, kink exploration, a mild D/s dynamic, and features a cold, damaged crime boss and the snarky beauty who will finally tame his beast.

https://a.co/d/5LIe8dP