

NOTE: I'd written this chapter because I wanted a fun little scene with Evie, along with a bit of sexy times between Everett and Rafi at the tattoo shop. I ended up simplifying the timeline in the book (there was originally a lot more back-and-forth between the shop and the vineyard), and as a result this chapter from Everett's POV had to be cut.

Everett

I stop at the grocery store to pick up some provisions and then swing by the shop to pick up my sexy, tiny man. As I'm backing into a space in front of the shop, a familiar lavender-haired beauty exits the shop.

Fuck. I totally forgot our appointment.

"Evie! I am so sorry. This has been... oh never mind. It's been a *week*. I am so fucking sorry. We can talk about your tattoo if you still have time."

Her smiling is as brilliant as it is understanding. "No worries, sweetie. I actually chatted it over with Rafi and Parker. By the way, she's really cool. Anyway, we decided a sparrow on my wrist would be just perfect."

I check my watch and mentally push around my schedule. Maybe we can make it to the vineyard by nightfall. "I can get that on you in under an hour, if you like."

She shakes her head as she puts on a pair of stylish fifties-style sunglasses. "Now, you know y'all're going out to that little murder vineyard of yours to play with guns and your boyfriend's penis. I am not going to be the one who delays you. Not for nothing, but that little guy is strung tighter than a bow. You should do something about that."

I stand there, struck dumb by several elements of this conversation. First of all, I don't think I've ever heard Evie curse, ever. So the word *penis*, while not technically a curse, falling out of her mouth is enough to short-circuit my brain. Probably more important is that she knows where we're going.

"Did Rafi tell you about the vineyard?"

"Oh no, honey. I've known about DB and your little crew for a while now."

"Jake?"

She smiles, a little too sweetly. "Jake told me what *he* does for DB—officially, that is—but I figured out the rest on my own. You, Thane, and the twins are not as subtle as you think you are."

Oh, Jesus. "What do you mean?"

"You all joined the gym at the same time, and you're all always there at the same time, and sometimes when you think no one is around, you say words like *disposal* and *shooting range at the vineyard*. It doesn't take a genius to put it together."

Dammit. She's right. We've been chatting here and there at the gym when there aren't other clients around. We haven't been as careful around the family.

"Do you think Nick and the crew have any idea? Have you told them?" I ask, trying not to sound anxious. I'm horrified Evie knows, and I don't want to bring anyone else into it.

She places a perfectly manicured hand on her generous hip. Lowering her sunglasses, she gives me the full effect of her perfectly cocked eyebrow. "Do you know what happened to my brother in Paris?"

I nod, biting my lip. "Of course."

“Then you’ll understand why I have no compunction with you removing from the equation anyone who would hurt other people. Allegedly,” She says with a wink. Her lips, however, are set in a thin, determined line.

“How do you do it, Evie? This weirdly supportive lightness about you. How?”

She shrugs while fanning her fingers dramatically. “Just lucky, I guess. But look, don’t underestimate that guy in there. He’s a really good person who’s had some terrible luck, and he deserves a shot at some happy. Some of that’s you,” she says circling her finger at me. “And I suspect that some of it is out at the *vineyard shooting range*.”

I open my mouth to reply, and she cuts me off with a gesture. “Also? His friend Parker is darn delightful, and if you don’t mind my saying, you boys could use some wrangling.”

“She’s got a doctorate in linguistics and a tenured position at UT, what the hell would she want to do with babysitting a bunch of...garbage men?”

She waggles a beautifully manicured finger at me. “I didn’t say babysitting. I said wrangling. She’s smarter than all of you, and the fact that you haven’t been caught is probably half due to my brother, half due to whatever contacts you have out in the wild blue yonder, and half due to luck.”

“You can’t have three halves, Evie.”

“Exactly. So you should probably get rid of relying on luck.”

“It’s illegal and highly dangerous.”

“She knows, and after what happened at the Cadillac Bar, she’s invested. And not for nothing, but Rafi could use some more friends.”

Aaand, she’s knows what happened at the Cadillac Bar. “I’m going to pretend this conversation never happened.”

She lowers her sunglasses and gives me a large, slightly comical wink. “Think about what I said.”

I seem to recall Scout, her wife, mentioning she ignored Evie at her own peril, and married her because she vowed to never do it again. I nod in her direction and watch her get into her beautifully restored gold Mustang Cobra, peeling out onto Congress like a racecar driver. Shaking my head, I walk into the shop.

Holy hell.

Rafi is wearing a new outfit, something I’ve not seen him in, and it’s a mix of femme and boy, cutoffs and girl boots, belly shirt and light military jacket, his pretty skin highlighted and his lips a sparkly pink. I don’t know how to categorize what he’s doing to me; I just wish I were alone with him.

Parker sees the look on my face, scoops Rafi up in a quick hug, then pats my shoulder on her way out. “And on that note, I’ll make my exit. Bye, boys. Have fun storming the castle.”

I crack up at her Princess Bride reference, then put my greedy eyes back on my prince. “Holy shit, Rafi. You look...”

He bites his lip, uncertain as he pulls down his belly shirt. “I know, it’s still a little silly but—”

I cut him off, holding up my hand. “You look good enough to eat.”

I stalk toward him, pulling him up against me and crushing him with a kiss. He puts his hands on my shoulders and climbs up my body, circling my waist with his legs. Still kissing him, I walk us over to the front door and lock it, turning the sign over to *closed* before pulling down the shades. I lean against the door and take a moment to fully concentrate on the pleasure of kissing him, slipping my tongue against his, gripping his tiny, round ass. His needy sounds pitch up, and he begins to paw at my shirt, undoing the buttons as he pulls it up from my jeans.

What I really need with this man is a bed and time, but I can't wait a second longer.

"Baby, we've got to make this quick and dirty because we want to make it out there before it gets too dark."

His shy smile is so sexy that I want to take him against the glass. His finger traces my mouth as he answers. "I'm more than okay with quick and dirty."

I walk us over the couch and let him slide down my body. We cling to each other for a few precious moments, then pull ourselves apart enough to take off the rest of our clothes. I sit bareass on the couch, pulling him down to my lap, our dicks hard as they slide against one another. He leans in, licking at my nipples, and it's all I can do to not pick him up and impale him on me. My cock jumps at the thought of being buried inside of him and I curse again the lack of time and a bed.

I spit in my hand and then stroke our cocks together, and Rafi gasps.

"You like that, baby?"

He nods quickly. "It's so...dirty when you spit like that. *Uncivilized*," he says breathlessly, his sweet face at once serene and rowdy.

I spit into my hand again, loving his delicious little shudder, then stroke us together in a firm grasp.

He's undulating his hips, humping into my hand, and not for the first time I question whether or not he would enjoy topping me. I think I'd like that very much, and the thought of him doing it makes my balls tighten up faster than usual.

"Oh, baby, this is going to be over soon."

I continue stroking us as he leans up, whispering into my ear. "I want to taste you."

I groan and he slides down to the floor between my legs. Gently, teasingly, his lips graze the head of my cock.

"Oh fuck, *Rafiq*. That feels so good."

He smiles against the head of my dick and goes down a bit further, the delicate teasing giving away to firm suction. He takes me fully and I go stupid real quick. His perfect brown skin against my naked tattoos, his seemingly delicate body in complete control of my more powerful one, the lust and affection between us... My body goes stiff with pleasure, pure bliss lighting me up, and I put my hand on his head, steadying it as I try to keep my desperate thrusts shallow.

An unhappy sound rumbles from his throat and he puts his hand on mine, pushing his head down more than I would have dared. Yes, *fuck*. I pull his head down with both hands, thrusting into his throat, spilling and shaking with pleasure. He swallows most of it, sloppy and perfect. I yank him back up to my lap and use the cum trickling from the corner of his mouth to lubricate the rough strokes I'm giving him. His sweet mouth falls open and I kiss him fiercely, tasting my cum in his mouth. He whispers curses against my lips when I take his balls in hand and squeeze tightly, letting my knuckles rub his taint. His voice pitches up again and suddenly my chest is speckled with his cum.

He goes slack in my arms, breathing heavily as I run a tattooed hand up and down his back, admiring his gorgeous, compact body. After a few boneless moments he licks the cum from my chest, then presses it into my mouth with a kiss.

"Fuck, baby. You're dirty, too."

He leans back with a finger to his lips, looking up at me through his eyelashes, a façade of innocence.

"You're so delicate-looking, almost fragile. But you are fierce and dirty as fuck. I love that about you."

The innocent gives way to preening, and it's all I can do not to bend him over the arm of the couch and fuck him senseless. Shaking myself out of my stupor, I pluck him from my lap and place him on the chilly leather couch. He squawks in protest and hops up, his softening dick bouncing with him.

I join him in standing and we stumble naked over to the restroom and wipe ourselves down with rough, wetted towels. After more making out, we finally go back to the couches to get dressed. Grabbing our bags, I lock up the shop and toss them into the back of my car. Walking him over to the passenger side, I kiss his neck and shoulders, my arm protectively around his middle.

"You know you're going to have to let me go if you want me to get in the car," he says, looking up at me as his lashes catch in the afternoon sun.

I reluctantly unhand him, noticing a small ding on the door as he climbs in. I make a mental note to buff it out later. He thinks I don't know the ding is his fault, but I'm too far gone on him to be annoyed by it. I get into the car, start it, and grab his hand as we head west.