



Little Crazy

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Category: LGBT+

Description: *Introducing the Caruso brothers, key main characters in CJ Bishop's upcoming Crime Lords series.

When a frightened teen accuses the notorious Caruso brothers of abuse, Clint and Cochise—two seasoned New York gangsters—take matters into their own hands. When they're confronted with conflicting narratives from the brothers, they begin to suspect the teen may have misidentified his abusers. As tensions and uncertainties mount, the line between victim and villain begins to blur.

Total Pages (Source): 6

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:20 am

“You better go to sleep now, angel,” Clint said. “Or you’re going to get me in trouble with your other daddy.” He tucked the blanket around Hope. The infant giggled and kicked her feet, dragging the blanket loose. Clint chuckled and shook his head. “You’re spending too much time with Uncle Cory—you’re becoming downright incorrigible.”

“Blaming it on Cory, huh?” Axel snickered as he entered the bedroom.

“Good point,” Clint cooed at Hope. “Maybe Daddy Axel is the bad influence.” He grinned. “But then, he’s also spent much time with Uncle Cory. So...”

“Oh, is that so?” Axel smirked. “You’re the badass gangster, but I’m the bad influence, hm?”

“Still Cory.” Clint smiled. “By proxy.”

“Ah.” Axel chuckled and leaned over the edge of the crib to rub Hope’s belly. “I still think it’s cowboy daddy. He spoils you rotten. Yes, he does.”

“And you don’t?” Clint cocked an eyebrow.

“Nope.” Axel grinned at Hope. “Not at all. Do I, sweetheart?”

Hope giggled, kicked her feet, and stretched out her arms.

Clint’s phone rang before he had a chance to comment. He smiled and shook his head at Axel as he answered the call. “Hello?”

“Clint? This is Oliver, over at the foster house.”

“Oliver.” Clint frowned. “Is everything all right?”

Axel turned around.

“A kid showed up here this evening. A boy about sixteen or so. He’s been abused physically and... sexually.”

“Did you call the authorities?” Clint asked.

“We were going to, but the boy freaked out. He said if we get the cops involved... his abusers will kill him.”

Clint glanced at Axel. “He can identify his abusers?”

“Yes. But he’s afraid to tell me their names. I thought... maybe you could come and talk to him. I don’t know if he’ll tell you anything, but maybe...”

Clearing his throat, Clint nodded. “I’m on my way.”

“What’s going on?” Axel asked with concern.

Clint briefly explained. “I’ll grab Cochise and head over to the foster house. You stay here with the kids.”

“Okay,” Axel murmured. “But call me as soon as you know the situation.”

Clint kissed him. “I will.”

On his way out, Clint called Cochise. The Egyptian met him outside at the car.

“What’s going on?” Cochise asked as the two men climbed into Clint’s car.

“A kid showed up at the foster house,” Clint said. “A teen boy. Beaten and raped. He can identify his abusers, but he’s afraid to involve the cops, says his abusers will kill him if he does.”

“Who are they?”

“I don’t know. Oliver said the kid was too scared to tell him.”

“What makes you think he’ll talk to us?”

Clint shrugged. “Nothing, really. All we can do is try.”

When they arrived at the foster house thirty minutes later, Oliver waited for them at the front door. Oliver looked like a bodybuilder and could easily intimidate by size alone, but he was one of the kindest, most gentle men Clint had ever met.

“Thank you for coming.” Oliver led them inside.

Oliver’s wife, Emmy, emerged from the kitchen, a look of relief touching her face when she saw the gangsters. “I’m so glad you’re here. The poor boy is too frightened to give us any information. We hope he’ll speak to you if he feels you can protect him.”

“Kelly and Nina have been talking to him,” Oliver said. “They told him what you and the others did for them, how you rescued them.”

“Where is he?” Clint asked.

Oliver gestured to the large living room. “In there. Kelly and Nina are still with him.”

Oliver and Emmy led the gangsters into the spacious room. The two young girls flanked the teen boy on the sofa. The kid sat forward, head ducked, hugging his stomach. His short brown hair was a tad messed up, the strands dirty. His clothes were worn and somewhat tattered, reminiscent of a street kid.

“Son...” Oliver approached, his tone gentle. “These are the men we told you about. Clint and Cochise.”

Kelly and Nina stood up and smiled warmly at the men. “It’s good to see you again,” Kelly said softly, her young face radiating the same gratitude she’d reflected when she was first rescued from the horrific orphanage. Nina’s tender face exhibited the same gratitude.

Clint nodded. “How is your little brother?”

A big smile split Kelly’s features. “He’s great.” Her smile faltered. “He had bad nightmares for a while, but they went away. He’s a very happy little boy now.”

Clint smiled. “I’m glad to hear that.”

“We’ll go and let you...” Kelly glanced at the boy on the sofa, then took Nina’s hand, and the two girls left the living room.

“They look well,” Clint said.

Emmy smiled softly. “They are. As expected, they still have difficult moments but are progressing very well. Having each other is good for them. And their therapy is going well.”

“Good.” Clint looked at the boy, who kept his head down and hugged his thin body tightly. Oliver and Emmy excused themselves, leaving the two gangsters alone with

the kid. The men exchanged a look, and Clint sat on the edge of the coffee table before the sofa. “Can you tell me your name?”

The boy stared wide-eyed and fearful at his lap and remained silent.

“You’re safe now,” Clint spoke low. “No one is going to hurt you anymore. I give you my word. My friend and I... make it our business to protect kids like you. And we will protect you... by any means necessary.”

Slowly raising his head, the kid looked at Clint through watery, bloodshot eyes from behind stringy, sable strands of hair. His left eye was blackened, and his lower lip was swollen and split. “What... what does that mean?” His barely audible voice shook badly, making him sound like a small child.

“It means we’ll do whatever it takes to keep you safe,” Clint said. “ Whatever it takes.”

The boy stared at him anxiously. “Are you... are you really... gangsters?”

“Yes.”

“Kelly and Nina told me what you did to those men who hurt them.” He swallowed.

“You... you really did that?”

“Yes. Because men who hurt kids like that don’t deserve mercy, and they won’t get it, not from us.” Clint leaned forward. “Who did this to you?”

Cowering back a little, the kid tucked his chin to his chest, tightening his arms around himself.

“You can tell us,” Clint said. “They won’t get near you again; we can promise you

that.”

His throat working, the boy whispered, “They... they’re dangerous men... like you.”

“Like us?” Cochise spoke for the first time. “Gangsters?”

“Yes.” The boy trembled.

Clint exchanged a quick look with the Egyptian. “What’re their names?” If this involved another crime family... things could get complicated.

The boy sniffed and tentatively raised his eyes. Fear radiated forth. “The... the Caruso brothers.”

The Caruso brothers. Clint had heard plenty about them, though he’d never met them. And what he’d heard of the brothers made the situation more precarious. Word had it they were reckless and unpredictable, dealing mainly in drugs and prostitution.

“We know of them,” Clint drawled. “Though not personally.” Clint frowned. “How do you know them?”

“I-I was living on the streets,” the boy mumbled. “I ran away from a group home when the older boys started to...” His chin trembled, and he averted his eyes. “... mess with me.”

The kid’s very demeanor told Clint what he meant by that.

“I just...” his voice cracked. “I-I couldn’t take it, so I... I ran away. I figured living on the streets was better than...”

“Understandable,” Clint murmured.

“I was looking for a job,” the boy whispered. “I went into one of the clubs down in the ghetto... I-I thought maybe they wouldn’t have rules about hiring minors.” He sniffed. “The Caruso brothers owned the club and... put me to... work.”

Clint rubbed his mouth. “What kind of work?”

The boy fell silent and seemed to withdraw into himself for a moment. “Selling... myself.”

Clint’s brow cinched. “Prostitution?”

The kid nodded and stared at his lap, his throat working. “I... I tried to do it. But I couldn’t.” He shook as fresh tears formed. “It hurt. And the men who paid for me... they liked to hurt me. They liked it when I cried and screamed.” He ducked his head, choking on sobs. “I-I tried to run away again, but... but the brothers caught me and... and beat me and...” A hard sob burst from him. “And raped me— over and over.” The boy broke down crying, curling his legs up to his chest.

Clint took a deep breath to quell the rage building inside him. It didn’t work. “How did you get away this time?”

“Wh-When they put me back on the... the street for sale... I-I just ran and kept running.” He sobbed into his arm. “I-I’d heard about this place and... and didn’t know where else to go.”

“It’s good you came here,” Clint said quietly. “This is a safe place.”

The boy pressed his face into his arms and sobbed harder. “They’ll come looking for me. They... they said they did everything for me by saving me from the streets, and I-I just threw it back in their face and was ungrateful. They won’t let me go.”

Clint touched his arm. "I know you're scared, but you're safe now. We won't let them hurt you again."

Raising his head slowly, tears streaked the boy's flushed face as dirty strands fell into his watery eyes. "What... what're you going to do? They won't stop looking for me."

Clint looked at Cochise, then asked the boy, "Where can we find them?"

Rubbing his eyes like a child, the kid huddled against the sofa. "They... they spend most of their time at their club."

"What's the name of the club?"

"The Inferno."

Clint nodded and stood. "Don't worry about anything," he said. "You stay here with Oliver and Emmy. Don't leave the house, understand?"

"Yes," the boy whispered.

The two gangsters started to leave the room when Clint paused and looked back at the kid. "You never told us your name."

"Oh." The boy swallowed a couple of times. "It... it's Little... I mean... Cristof."

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:20 am

Walking into the Inferno , Clint anticipated an atmosphere akin to the Blue Grotto—a nasty joint that slapped a stench on its patrons they couldn't shake for days. A joint Clint, Cochise, and their friends burned to the ground for the sin of child sex trafficking.

“I expected worse,” Cochise mumbled when they entered the club.

Clint nodded. Cristof's reference to the place as a ghetto club had set an image in the cowboy's head of what to expect.

The Inferno, while nowhere near up to the standards of The Phoenix Club, wasn't a nasty brothel either. Thank God for small favors. Clint hadn't looked forward to visiting another shithole like the Blue Grotto—the stink, the strung-out strippers, the suffocating smoke burning the eyes and nostrils. There was a smokey haze to the Inferno, but not so much that it clogged the lungs.

The club catered to men and women, with strippers of both genders gyrating on two separate stages. The male dancers went Fully Monty at the end of their performance. The females didn't appear to wait until the end of their act to strip naked. The Phoenix Club didn't allow Full Monty performances, and Clint thought that added class to the high-end club.

The two gangsters approached the bar. “Are the owners here tonight?” Clint asked the bartender, a slender young man with smooth features and slicked-back hair. Not unattractive , but not the cowboy's type either. Then again, only Axel was his type.

“The brothers?” the bartender flashed a flirty smile. “Maybe.” He leaned on the bar

and squinted impishly. “What do I get if I tell you?”

“A thank you,” Clint drawled.

“What kind of thank you?” the young man pressed optimistically.

Clint stared at him dryly.

“Okay,” the bartender sighed and shrugged. “It was worth a try. I’m a sucker for cowboys.” He squinted again. “And I do mean sucker.” He licked his lips and winked. Clint’s face remained deadpan. The young man nodded. “So, you’re not into blowjobs from boys. Memo received.” He pointed across the hazy club. “The brothers are at their reserved booth in the corner.” The bartender turned his attention to Cochise. “What about you, big guy—”

The Egyptian shot him a deadly look and shook his head.

“Okay.” The young man held up his hands and smiled small. “Not a boy-toy fan either. Got it.”

Clint studied the brothers. The younger of the two looked about Cory’s age—twenty-two or twenty-three—with short dark hair, a handsome, clean-shaven face, and a black leather jacket with no shirt, exposing his lean torso. The older brother—late twenties, early thirties—sporting a neat beard and a short, stylish haircut and also wore a black leather jacket but with a plain white t-shirt underneath. Currently, the brothers entertained two dancers: a lovely, topless, voluptuous young woman whom the older brother boldly fondled... and a young male stripper who looked barely eighteen who straddled the younger brother’s lap, slowly gyrating his hips. The male dancer was naked from the waist up and maybe down below as well—Clint couldn’t tell for the table blocking his view. For all he knew, they were outright fucking.

“Hey.” Cory appeared, weaving his way through the bodies to the bar. “I’m here.” He grinned, excitement in his eyes. “What’re we doing?”

“Holy hell,” the bartender gasped, eyes wide with instant lust as he stared hungrily at Cory. “Please tell me you have a taste for boys.”

Cory glanced at the young man, gave him a once over, and sauntered closer. He leaned on the bar and gazed at the bartender, winking. “Damn straight, baby. Boys are the best.”

Grunting, Clint dragged him away from the bar. “You’re practically married,” he muttered. “Keep your hands to yourself.”

“What?” Cory returned innocently. “I wasn’t touching him. I was just... being nice.”

“Don’t be so nice; Colton will put you on a leash.”

“Maybe he already does.” Cory wagged his eyebrows. “You don’t know what goes on in our bedroom.”

“And I don’t want to know,” Clint mumbled. “Can we focus?”

“Okay. Okay. So, who’s the target?”

“Right over there.” Clint directed his attention to the two men in the corner booth.

“Whoa.” Cory looked shocked. “That’s Ciro and Carlo Caruso. They are the targets?” He raised an eyebrow at Clint. “Are you sure?”

“You know them by sight?” Cochise inquired.

“Yeah. We’ve... crossed paths a time or two.”

“Meaning what?” Clint asked.

“Nothing, really,” Cory said. “Back when Shay and I were partying pretty hard, we sometimes ended up at the same parties as them.” He snorted. “They’re hardcore partiers. Love their drugs.”

“Did you ever speak to them?” Clint asked.

“A time or two. But they were always flying high, and it was quite a while back. I doubt they’ll remember me.”

Maybe, maybe not. Cory had the kind of good looks that tended to be remembered.

“Even if they do,” Cory said, “it shouldn’t be an issue. It’s not like we had bad blood between us.” He looked at Clint. “What did they do that set you two on them?”

Clint’s jaw set. “Beat and raped a teenage boy—after forcing him into prostitution.”

Cory frowned and turned his focus back to the brothers. “You know this for sure?”

“The kid they raped showed up at the foster house. We talked to him ourselves.”

Cory nodded. “It’s just, I wouldn’t have taken them to be those kinds of people.”

“They’re into prostitution,” Clint said. “They’re pimps. Have you ever known a pimp who wouldn’t beat or rape one of their workers if they stepped out of line?”

“No...” Cory mumbled. “Still...”

“Are you in or out?” Clint asked.

“Of course, I’m in. If they hurt that kid, then they deserve whatever you do to them. But these aren’t just random thugs off the street; they’re the Caruso brothers. They’re not a big organization, but they are a known crime family and likely have allies among some other families. I heard they’ve had dealings with the Nazzaro family. Lazarus. Remember him?”

Lazarus. Clint had a brief dealing with him as well. “I remember,” he growled. “He sold you to that little fucker who took you to the island.”

“Something like that,” Cory said. “Though I don’t think Lazarus himself was in on that exchange. Julian orchestrated that deal.”

“Doesn’t matter. It went down in one of Lazarus’ underground clubs. He’s still responsible.”

“My point is,” Cory stressed. “Fucking with the Caruso brothers might end up involving Lazarus as well. I don’t know if they have any allied contracts, but I could see how they might be friends.”

Cochise narrowed his eyes, towering over Cory. “So, we should give them a pass for raping a boy?”

Cory waved his hand. “Not what I’m saying, big daddy.”

The Egyptian’s face twitched.

“I’m only saying this to prepare you for what might come after. That’s all. If they raped a boy, then I’m all for inviting them to the Guest Room.”

Unlike the cowboy, Cory didn't need unobstructed visuals to know that Ciro Caruso was full-on fucking the male stripper. The younger brother tilted his head against the back of the booth seat, a slight strain on his flushed face as his throat worked and nostrils flared. The stripper palmed Ciro's bare chest, rocking up and down, then rotating his hips in a very smooth, skillful rhythm—a rhythm Cory often used on Colton.

Cory hung back out of courtesy—not for Ciro but for the male stripper; he was clearly about to cum, considering the quickened pace of his strokes. The stripper's breath grew faster and tighter. Ciro groaned and grabbed his ass under the table, thrusting harder.

“Uuhh... uuhhh...” The stripper dropped one hand to his dick, radically jerking off.

“Fucking cum...” Ciro grunted, teeth clenched.

The stripper spasmed and blew his load up Ciro's chest. Ciro gasped hard and came inside the stripper. The younger brother let out a gasping chuckle and sagged against the booth. He slapped the stripper's ass and grinned. “You're hired.”

The dancer smiled and crawled off him and out of the booth. Seeing his face—and other parts of him—for the first time, Cory smiled too. If not for his love and loyalty to Colton... he might have followed the naked young man into the back of the club.

But he wasn't there for fun.

Ciro Caruso wiped his chest with napkins and fastened his pants. He downed a shot of whiskey and refilled the shot glass from the bottle on the table. Beside him, Carlo buried his face in the female stripper's chest, licking and sucking her large breasts. One hand disappeared between her thighs, and the young woman gasped, her long lashes fluttering a bit as she moaned and rocked against his fingers. Her orgasm was

quick and hard—and loud.

Panting, the young woman kissed Carlo on the mouth and whispered something against his lips as her hand snaked down to his crotch. It didn't take a genius to decipher her offer. Carlo smiled but shook his head and ushered her out of the booth, lightly smacking her ass. He reached under the table and adjusted his goods—surely hard as a rock—and cleared his throat as he took a shot of whiskey.

“I take it he's a keeper,” Carlo smirked at his younger brother.

Ciro grinned. “Hell yeah. Nice tight ass, definitely not over-used.”

“Stage or street?”

“Not sure. The way he moves those hips, he'd be an instant fave on stage, but...” He chuckled and wiped his face. “... he fucks like a pro. I think he'd bring in a bundle with that ass. But not for the corner cheap skates. As one of our escorts.”

“That good, huh?”

“Hoo, fuck yeah.”

Cory smiled as a revised plan of action formulated in his head. Uncle Clint wanted him to lure the brothers to the mansion by any means he chose. He hadn't been worried he couldn't complete the task, but this new idea was sure to be fool proof. It was time to put his God-given hunkalishousness to good use.

Clearing his throat, Cory approached the booth and flashed the brothers his sexiest smile—and reveled with satisfaction as they both fell under his spell with no resistance whatsoever.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:20 am

“Haven’t we met before?” Ciro Caruso undressed Cory with his eyes, immediately in lust with the other young man. He pointed at Cory. “You’re... a Romero. Anthony Romero’s kid.”

Cory nodded. “I am. We’ve met in passing.”

Leaning forward, Ciro cocked an eyebrow. “How come we never fucked?”

Cory shrugged. “You were usually fucking someone else.”

Ciro sank back and stretched his arms along the back of the booth seat. His mouth quirked. “I’m not fucking anyone now.”

The older brother threw back another shot, cleared his throat, and eyed Cory. “You’re a good-looking guy.” He looked him over from head to toe. “Fucking gorgeous. You ever think about cashing in on your good looks?”

“Meaning?”

Ciro gestured to the booth. “Have a seat, and let’s talk.” When Cory sat down, Ciro leaned his way and breathed him in. “Fuck.” He shivered. “You smell good.” Ciro exhaled. “Bet you taste even better.”

Cory smirked. “Never had anyone spit me out after getting a taste.”

“Oh, fuck.” Ciro laughed. “I believe you.” He licked his lips. “I never spit... I gulp.”

Chuckling low, Cory nodded. “You look like a gulper.”

Leaning closer, Ciro whispered, “And one hell of a sucker.”

The guy was hot as fuck and smelled of musk cologne with just the right amount of sweetness to avoid being sickly. Cory would never fuck the man, but his dick naturally responded to his sexiness and his not-so-discreet offer to suck him off.

Studying Ciro’s full lips, Cory didn’t doubt his ability to administer one hell of a blow job. “I believe you.”

Ciro grinned and licked his lips again. “I prefer to prove myself.”

“That’s not a bad policy.” Cory gazed into his eyes, playing his part. “I saw you with that last guy. He seemed to be... auditioning for something. A potential stripper?”

“Something like that,” Ciro murmured, his lusty eyes roaming all over Cory.

Cory shifted his attention to Carlo, who remained silent and downed shots while his younger brother flirted with Cory. “What did you mean about me cashing in on my good looks? Do you have something in mind?”

Carlo smiled small. “I might. But you would have to audition.” He glanced at Ciro and smirked.

“Can’t say I hate your audition process.” Cory looked around the club. “But I’d prefer a more private setting.” He reached under the table and slid his hand along Ciro’s thigh up to his crotch. “How would you like to see inside the Sanitini mansion? We could have our own private little party, just the three of us.”

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, Carlo asked, “Got any primo drugs? Maybe some Coke

or E? Get us in the right mood for... auditioning.”

“We got everything,” Cory murmured, squeezing Ciro’s swelling bulge. “And plenty of it.”

The brothers exchanged a look, grinned, and nodded. Ciro reached down and covered Cory’s hand, squashing it around his erection. “Fuck it, let’s go.”

Clint and Cochise sat at a small table in a dim corner of the club, observing Cory and the brothers. Even Clint’s keen ears couldn’t pick up the conversation from their table, what with the cacophony of noise within the club. It didn’t matter—Cory was efficient and could get most men to do as he wanted, especially if they leaned toward the gay side of the spectrum. Though the older brother clearly enjoyed women, Clint suspected he swung both ways by the ogling he was giving Cory.

When Cory reached under the table and grabbed Ciro Caruso’s dick, the cowboy knew it was all over for the brothers. Whatever web Cory was weaving—they were caught.

“It’s go time,” Clint told Cochise when Cory and the brothers vacated the table and left the club. The two gangsters followed, keeping their distance.

Outside, the brothers climbed into Cory’s Maserati.

Clint watched them speed away. “Gotcha fuckers.”

The Egyptian was unusually quiet—even for him—during the drive to the mansion.

“Something wrong?” Clint asked.

Cochise stared out the front windshield, gray eyes squinted against the oncoming

headlights. “Don’t know,” he mumbled. “Something feels... off.”

Clint had sensed the same needling but chalked it up to the fact that they were dealing with another crime family this time. “Off, how?”

Exhaling deeply, Cochise shook his head. “Not sure. But I don’t like it when things feel off.”

Neither did Clint.

“Shit.” Ciro looked genuinely impressed as they drove through the front gates and approached the mansion. “Nice.”

“I like it.” Cory smiled. “It’s been home to me most of my life.”

“Rumor has it Nathan Sanitini came back from the dead,” Carlo said. “That true?”

“Shouldn’t put too much stock in rumors.” Cory wasn’t one to share private family information. Nathan had indeed returned from the dead, but the family wasn’t ready to confirm it publicly just yet. The old man was still recovering, physically and mentally, from the horrors he endured on the island, and everyone in the family remained overprotective of him.

It was undetermined if Carlo believed him, but the man let it drop.

Ciro wasn’t interested in rumors; his focus remained on Cory. Entering the mansion, Ciro slipped his hand underneath the back of Cory’s shirt and caressed his bare skin. Cory draped his arm across the younger brother’s shoulder and smiled.

“I’ve never seen an ass fill out a pair of slacks like yours,” Ciro breathed in his ear as he dropped his hand lower and squeezed Cory’s firm cheeks. “I want in there so bad

I'm about to cream my shorts."

Cory chuckled. "Soon."

Ciro groaned and ran his middle finger along Cory's ass crack through his pants. "With your face and body, I know you've surely fucked a lot of men, but I bet your ass is still tight as a drum."

"Tight enough." Cory winked at him.

"You're gonna be our greatest money-maker."

"What exactly am I auditioning for?"

"A top-quality escort."

"A prostitute?"

"No, no," Carlo cut in. "Prostitutes bring in pennies compared to our escorts and deal with less than savory men. The escorts entertain the big-money boys and get to fuck in fancy hotels, mansions, private jets, and even exotic getaways at times. And the more in-demand you become, the more you get to pick and choose who you fuck." He smiled. "Trust me, you will be in high demand very quickly."

"You think so?" Cory grinned.

"Absolutely," Carlo said. "You're hot as hell and charming as fuck. No price will be too high. Those horny money bags will pay anything to spend a night or two with you."

"Shit," Cory chuffed. "I should've started when I was eighteen. I could've been rich

by now.” He snorted. “Even richer if I’d started sooner.” Cory glanced slyly at the two brothers. “Bet you got some less-than-legal ones out there bringing in cash for you, huh?”

Carlo shook his head. “Nope. Nothing under eighteen. And they’re out there willingly.”

“Willingly? All of them?”

“Yes. We’re not sex traffickers, just...” He grinned. “... pimps. I’m sure it isn’t their dream job, but it’s an income. How many people actually like their jobs? Like any job, if they want to quit, they can quit.”

The man’s words seemed genuine. Why would he lie to Cory when they were both part of the crime world? It wasn’t like he’d worry Cory would call in the cops if he admitted to pimping out minors.

Maybe he wants you to believe they’re fair men, so you’ll work for them—then who knows what they’ll do once you’re in their clutches.

They might have been trying to play Cory... but it didn’t feel like a con. And he could weed out a conman within a few minutes of conversation.

Cory felt a strange niggles in his gut he couldn’t quite decipher.

Something feels wrong.

But he trusted Clint and Cochise. The men didn’t target people on a whim. He would proceed with the plan.

Cory took the men to the spacious living room, where a fire burned low in the

fireplace. “Make yourselves comfortable. I’ll bring us some drinks and... party favors.”

“Don’t be long.” Ciro gripped Cory’s jacket, tugging him close as his lips brushed Cory’s mouth. “I’m so ready to fuck you.”

A slow smile stretched across Cory’s face. “Same.” He grabbed Ciro’s head and kissed him hard.

The younger brother gasped and grinned when Cory stepped back. “Can’t wait to see what else that mouth can do.”

Cory chuckled and winked as he exited the room.

Unfortunately, for you... you’ll never know.

He returned shortly with the drinks to find Ciro lounging on the sofa, minus his jacket, nude from the waist up. The man was hot as fuck, no denying it. Carlo stood by the fireplace, looking at the photos on the mantle. He turned to Cory when the young man handed him his drink.

“A toast?” Cory smiled as Ciro stood and took his glass.

“To a hot night of fucking?” Ciro smiled devilishly and dipped in, flicking his tongue under Cory’s earlobe. Cory quivered on reflex.

“That and...” Cory cleared his throat, mentally reminding himself of the brothers’ unforgivable crime. “... a long future of business and... pleasure.”

“Pleasure, for sure,” Ciro growled seductively, rubbing against Cory as he nuzzled his neck and sucked his earlobe.

“Indeed.” Carlo held up his glass, eyes hazy with lust as he watched his younger brother make up to Cory.

“Indeed.” Cory smiled. The three clinked glasses and drank.

Night, night, boys.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:20 am

Cory met Clint and Cochise when they entered the mansion. “Is it done?” Clint asked.

“Yeah.” Cory rubbed his mouth and averted his eyes.

“What’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“No,” Cory murmured. “Everything went as planned.”

“The brothers?”

“They’re in the guest room... out cold.”

Clint nodded. “Good.”

“Uncle Clint...” Cory started, then faltered.

“What is it?”

Sighing, Cory shrugged and waved his hand. “Nothing.”

“If it’s something,” Clint said, “then tell me.”

Cory opened his mouth to speak when his dad and Angelo walked up. Cory clammed up and disappeared into the lounge.

“What’s with him?” Cochise asked.

Anthony shook his head. “I don’t know. He’s been acting strange since we moved the brothers to the guest room.”

Clint glanced at the Egyptian. Something feels off. That’s what Cochise said. Was Cory feeling it, too? Clint released a tense breath. “I need to call Oliver and tell him we have the brothers in custody.” Clint walked away, took out his phone, and made the call, explaining the situation to Oliver.

“Cristof wants to see it himself,” Oliver said.

“See what?”

“That the men are... detained.”

“You have my word,” Clint said. “They’re not going anywhere.”

“I’m not questioning you. And neither is Cristof. But sometimes, an abuse victim literally needs to see for themselves that the threat is removed, and they are safe.”

Clint released a stiff breath. “I’m not okay with this.”

“I realize that. But he’s very upset. I think he needs this.”

Rubbing his eyes, Clint nodded. “He can come here and see them. But I won’t allow him to stay and watch what comes after. That’s not an option.”

“Of course, I wouldn’t expect it to be. I’ll drive the boy over to the mansion myself. We’ll be there soon.”

“All right,” Clint muttered and ended the call.

“What is it?” Cochise asked.

Clint shook his head. “The kid wants to come here and see for himself that we have the brothers.”

The Egyptian looked doubtful. “And you said yes?”

“Oliver said he was very upset. He can take a look, then leave. I made it clear he can’t be there for the punishment.”

Cochise nodded.

“While we’re waiting,” Clint said. “Let’s go see if the brothers are awake.”

The brothers hung limply in chains that reached down from the low ceiling of the concrete room; arms stretched above their heads. The two gangsters threw buckets of ice water in their faces, abruptly waking them.

“Huh!” Carlo Caruso gasped, shaking his head and flinging droplets of water in all directions. “What the—” He faltered, gulping air and blinking the icy water from his eyes, then zeroed in on the gangsters as he yanked against the chains. “What the fuck is going on? Who the fuck are...” He went silent as he blinked again and got a good look at his captors. “I know you...”

“That’s good,” Clint drawled. “It would be a bitch to die by a stranger’s hand, now wouldn’t it?”

“Die...?” Ciro sniffed and shook his head to clear the water trickling down his face. “Why the fuck you want to kill us? What’d we ever do to you? We know not to fuck with you.”

Clint stepped closer. “You ever hear the saying, when you do it unto one of the least of these, you do it unto me?”

“What... what the fuck you talking about?”

“It’s from the bible,” Clint informed. “Jesus’ words. In short, it meant that whatever they did to others—especially children— they were doing to Christ himself. When they committed evil deeds against others... they committed evil deeds against Jesus.”

Carlo huffed. “What’d you bring us here for a fucking Sunday School lesson?”

Cochise casually withdrew his large blade and touched it to the older brother’s chin. “Be careful... or you might lose that tongue.” His gray eyes darkened. “It wouldn’t be the first tongue I cut out.”

Ciro swallowed hard. “I-I don’t get it. What does any of this have to do with us?”

“I’m no messiah,” Clint spoke low, “but when someone abuses a kid... I tend to take it personally.”

“Abuses a...” Carlo started, then faltered when Cochise narrowed his eyes and dug the tip of the blade into the soft underbelly of the man’s jaw. He swallowed thickly. “What... what’re you talking about?”

“You saying we abused a kid?” Ciro looked shocked. “What kid? Man, we don’t get down like that.”

Carlo spoke calmly, his voice slightly tremulous. “Listen... listen. I don’t know what you heard, but my brother’s right, we don’t mess with kids.”

“You’re fucking pimps ,” Clint growled. “You going to try and tell me you’re not

selling kids on the streets? Bullshit.”

“We’re not,” Carlo insisted. “What we told your little bait boy was true. None of our workers are underage. None of them are out there against their will. And any one of them can quit any time they want. And that’s the fucking truth.”

Eyes narrowing, Clint responded in a brittle tone, “I don’t believe you.” His jaw tightened. “You beat and raped a teenage boy when he tried to quit the streets. You told him he wasn’t grateful for all your generosity —forcing him to sell himself. ”

The brothers exchanged a confused look. “What the fuck you talking about, man?”
Ciro croaked. “We didn’t do that.”

“We told you,” Carlo said, a strain to his words. “We don’t have any underage workers.”

His face twitching, Clint grabbed the man by the throat and shoved his face close, teeth clenched. “Why the fuck should I believe you when I saw the kid myself?”

Carlo swallowed hard beneath Clint’s grip and rasped, “I don’t know who you’re talking about... but he got it wrong... it wasn’t us.”

Clint glanced at Cochise. The Egyptian had that look again—like in the car. Something feels off. Clint prided himself on his ability to tell truth from bullshit, and he was rarely wrong. It didn’t sit well with him that he was suddenly plagued with doubt.

You saw the boy—his bruises and state of mind. The kid was fucking traumatized and terrified.

Was it possible the boy identified the wrong men? He seemed certain when he named

the Caruso brothers.

Clint stared at the brothers. They're putting on a show. Just because Clint hadn't encountered anyone who could fool him with fake sincerity didn't mean there wasn't a first time for everything. Clint gestured to Cochise, and the two gangsters exited the guest room.

"I don't buy their story," Clint muttered. "And I sure as fuck don't like when assholes try to pull the fucking wool over my eyes."

Cochise remained silent.

"Speak your mind," Clint said. "If you disagree, then say so."

The Egyptian took his time before speaking. "We should wait and see how they respond to the boy. I doubt they expect us to bring the boy in to confront them. Their reaction should tell us what we need to know."

Clint nodded. "I agree."

When Oliver arrived with Cristof, the boy's mental state hadn't changed. He walked into the mansion with his head hung low, shoulders hunched in a cowering manner, and his arms wrapped tightly around his thin frame, a shell of a boy. One look at him renewed Clint's certainty that the brothers were lying. Something had happened to this kid. Something bad. There wasn't a fucking chance in hell Clint meant to turn the brothers loose until he knew what the hell was going on and who had hurt this boy.

Cristof tentatively raised his head and looked at Clint, eyes filled with anxiety. "You... you got them?"

"Yeah," Clint replied. "We got them."

“I-I want to see them,” the boy whispered with a tremor.

“You don’t have to do this.”

Cristof swallowed and blinked away fresh tears. “I... I need to see them.”

Shooting a look at Cochise, the cowboy asked, “Are you positive these are the men who hurt you? Is there any way you could be wrong?”

“No,” the boy whimpered. “I-I’m not wrong. It was them.” His chin trembled as he looked fearfully at the gangsters. “They... they said they didn’t do it... didn’t they?” His throat worked as quiet terror filled his eyes. “And you... believe them... don’t you?” Panic gripped him, and he hugged himself tighter. “Are-you going to let them go?” He choked on a sob. “They’ll come after me—they’ll kill me!”

“Take it easy.” Clint held up a hand. “No one said anything about letting them go. I promised we would protect you, and we will. I want to make sure we’re punishing the right people. If I take you to them, and you say we got the ones who hurt you, then that’s good enough for me.”

Cristof sniffed and dragged his arm across his damp eyes. “O-Okay.”

“Everything will be all right,” Oliver softly assured the boy. “You have a place with us at the foster house for as long as you want.”

Wiping his eyes again, the boy looked gratefully at Oliver. “Thank you,” he whispered. “You’re nice. I’m not used to nice people.”

Oliver smiled. “Get used to it.”

Cristof returned an uncertain smile. “I’ll try.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:20 am

Cory joined Clint, Coshise, and the boy when they returned to the guest room in the mansion's basement. The men paused outside the heavy metal door.

“You don’t have to speak to them,” Clint told the kid. “I just need you to confirm that they are the ones who hurt you.”

Cristof nodded, looking anxious as Clint unlocked the door. Cory held back and remained uncharacteristically silent. The cowboy glanced at him and opened the door.

“Wait here,” Clint instructed Cristof. “I’ll let you know when to come inside.”

“Okay,” Cristof whispered.

Clint and Cochise entered the guest room, leaving the door ajar. Cristof remained outside with Cory.

“Are... are you a gangster too?” Cristof asked quietly.

“Yeah,” Cory mumbled as he stared at the kid.

“Are you... related to them?”

“Not by blood,” Cory said. “But I consider them my uncles. They helped raise me.”

Cristof leaned against the wall and pursed his lips, his eyes on the floor. “That’s cool.”

Watching the kid, Cory felt sorry for him. His uncertainty concerning the brothers' guilt wavered in the face of the frightened boy. The Caruso brothers had magnetic personalities, making it easy to forget they weren't "good" guys.

Neither are you... or Clint or Cochise... or your dad.

They were all bad guys to the world.

But even within the crime world, there were bad guys... and then there were bad , bad guys. For reasons he couldn't explain, Cory didn't want to believe the Caruso brothers were bad , bad. But this kid standing before him insisted otherwise. Anyone who raped kids didn't get a pass; they didn't get to make excuses. There was no redemption or mercy for such monsters. Cory would be the last one to think they deserved anything less than brutal punishment.

So, why is your gut turning inside out right now?

"Look, man..." Carlo started when the gangsters returned. "I don't know what's going on or what you were told—"

"Shut up," Clint snapped with a deep, guttural tone. Irritability took over as his gut pinched tighter. Uncertainty put him on edge—he wasn't accustomed to doubt , especially in such circumstances. He walked up to Carlo and looked him dead in the face. "We brought the kid with us, the one you assaulted. You say you didn't do it." Clint shrugged. "Maybe you're right, maybe the kid got it wrong. But." Clint jabbed a finger toward the heavy metal door. "If he walks through that door and confirms that you are, in fact, the ones who assaulted him..." The cowboy's face twitched. "... you're shit out of luck."

"What kid?" Ciro screeched. "We don't know what the fuck you're talking about!"

The genuine confusion in the young man's voice threw Clint off kilter. This was the first time he sensed hesitation in his bones. Not once had he blinked at gutting a child rapist, but something felt out of fucking sync this time.

Clint stared at Ciro through narrow eyes. The younger brother was scared—legitimately scared. But all their victims were just before they left this world. Fear had a way of making a man appear guiltless. Anyone would cry innocent if they knew they were going to die. Was this all an act? The question continued to hang in the air, tormenting the cowboy.

Returning to the door, Clint motioned for Cristof to enter. The boy hesitated before shuffling in behind Clint, using the cowboy as a shield. Cory stood in the doorway, his body tense.

Ciro shot Cory an accusatory—disappointed?—look. “Man, what the fuck? Really? Why would you do this? We didn't do anything wrong.” He shook his head. “We coulda had so much fun together. Fuck, I liked you, man. A lot.”

Cory lowered his eyes and remained silent.

“Are these the men who assaulted you?” Clint drew the boy out from behind him. “Just tell me, and you can go.”

The kid moved cautiously around the cowboy and raised his head.

The two brothers went dead silent as their eyes slowly bulged in their heads, and both brothers abruptly shrieked in unison – “Little C?!”

The gangsters immediately sensed the sudden shift in the atmosphere as confusion reigned supreme. The brothers' shriek caused the boy to recoil and collide with Clint.

“That... that’s what they called me.” Cristof trembled, his back pressed against the cowboy. “Little C... for Cristof.”

Fury exploded across the brothers’ faces. Carlo jerked against his chains, seething. “You lying little fuck! It isn’t for Cristof—it’s for Crazy! You psychotic little bastard!”

Cory approached the men with an air of caution. “What’s going on?”

“ This is the kid who said we assaulted him?” Ciro exclaimed as his focus went to the boy. He rattled his chains furiously. “When we get out of here— we will beat the living piss out of you!”

Clint exchanged an uncertain look with Cochise and Cory.

“We didn’t do fuck to him,” Carlo hissed. “And he ain’t a fucking kid. He’s eighteen fucking years old!”

The boy remained pressed against Clint; his head ducked as he hugged his slender body.

“You tell them the goddamn truth right fucking now!” Carlo railed at the boy. “Or I swear to God, I’ll whip the fucking hide from your body!”

Clint looked down at the boy. His thin frame shook as what sounded like whimpering cries slipped up his throat. The kid whispered something only the cowboy’s ears picked up— “Promise?” —before he slowly raised his head, and a maniacal grin spread across his face. “I didn’t lie,” Little C cackled. “You do beat me and fuck me. Ciro does, anyway.”

Ciro’s face twitched, his nostrils flaring. “ Spanking you during sex is not the same

fucking thing! We've never fucking raped you!"

Breath surging, Clint stepped away from the boy. "What. In. The. Fuck is going on?"

Carlo took a couple of deep, strained breaths, eyes burning hot. "This is Little C, our little brother... step brother. He's been pulling this shit since he was a little kid. He's out of his fucking mind."

Quiet rage swelled inside the cowboy as he stood there, his mind working overtime. He had trusted the boy—hadn't even questioned his story. But the truth was staring him in the face now; the kid wasn't a victim. He turned on Cristof. "You think this is some kind of fucking joke? You think it's funny to fuck with us?"

"Whoa, not you." Little C grinned and held up his hands, then pointed at the brothers. "Them. I was pranking them."

"Pranking?" Carlo nearly screamed. "What if they'd killed us on sight?"

Little C chewed his lower lip and smiled sheepishly. "I was pretty sure they wouldn't."

"Pretty sure?" Ciro stared at him incredulously. "Pretty sure?!"

"I was right." Little C shrugged and grinned. "They didn't. I was going to stop them before they harmed any of your goodie parts."

Chest heaving, Clint flicked his hand at Cory. "Cut them loose." He grabbed the kid by the front of the shirt and jerked him close, wrenching a startled gasp from the boy. "I should string you up and beat you senseless."

"I know," Little C cooed. "I've been a bad, bad boy... do it... I deserve it."

Clint grunted in disgust and shoved the boy away. He turned to the Caruso brothers. “Keep your crazy family away from us, understand?” His jaw clenched, sprouting veins across his brow. “I don’t ever want to see this little fucker again—or I’ll deal with him my way.”

Little C shivered. “That sounds like an invitation to me.”

Cory shook his head. “You’d best stop now.”

The boy sidled up to Cory. “Fuck, you’re pretty. How ‘bout you, me, and Ciro—”

“No.” Cory retreated from the three brothers. “We’re done here.”

Ciro sighed. “Such a pity. I was hoping since you know I’m not a rapist, we might make good on our former plans...”

“Sorry. I’m spoken for.”

“Bring him.” Ciro winked. “The more the merrier.”

“I don’t think so.”

Cochise looked like a mountain about to explode. “Get out,” he ordered in a guttural growl.

Carlo shoved Little C forward and smacked him in the head. “You’re going to pay for this, you little fuck.”

Twisting his head, Little C smirked at his oldest brother. “This was the best one. Admit it—I got you good.”

Carlo glared at him, then chuffed. “Yeah, you fucking did.”

“Fuck,” Ciro snorted. “I about shit my pants.”

Little C snickered.

Cory escorted them to the rear basement entrance and opened the steel door that led outside. “You’re not pissed about what he did?”

Carlo shrugged. “Sure we are. And he will be sorely punished for it. But we’re used to his crazy stunts.”

“Why do you put up with it?”

“We’re family,” Ciro said. “He’s crazy as a loon, but he’s been our brother, our family since we were all kids. When his mom died, our dad accepted him as his own son to care for. When our dad died, it fell on us to look after him.”

Cory smiled small. “Maybe you should shorten his leash.”

Ciro laughed. “It wouldn’t help. Crazy is as crazy does.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

Little C squinted at Carlo. “You gonna spank me good and hard for this?”

“Your crazy ass is gonna glow bright red for a week when we’re through with you.”

“Mmm.” Little C bit his thumbnail and grinned with glee.

Cory shook his head as the three brothers exited the basement. He returned to Clint

and Cochise standing by the guestroom door. “Wow,” Cory mumbled. “I don’t know what to think about that.”

Clint looked at Cochise and huffed, “I think they’re all a little crazy. If I never see them again, it’ll be too fucking soon.”

The Egyptian grunted in agreement.

Cory looked back at the basement door and shrugged. “I don’t know, I kind of liked them.”

The two older gangsters stared at him.

“Well, not so much the little crazy one, but the other two...”

Clint slowly shook his head.

“Hey.” Cory held up his hands and grinned. “Crazy is drawn to crazy, and you know I’m not playing with a full deck.”

The two men exchanged a dry look.

Cochise muttered, “Can’t argue with that.”

“Ha! Ha!” Cory hugged the Egyptian. “I can always count on you, big daddy.”

Cochise grunted and peeled Cory off him, scowling at the younger man for the new, unwelcome nickname.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:20 am

“You little fuck —you could’ve gotten us killed.” Carlo stood outside the gates of the Sanitini mansion and called for a car. “You don’t fuck with those two.”

“I think they liked me.” Little C squinted impishly.

“No, no.” Ciro shook his head. “Not after this little stunt. And you’d best stay the fuck away from them, you hear?”

“Even the pretty one?” Little C swooned. “He looked tasty.”

Ciro groaned. “He did. And that kiss he gave me about made me soil my shorts. Mm. Fuck, I was so looking forward to see what else he could do with that mouth.”

The boy pressed against Ciro. “I’ll show you what I can do with my mouth.”

“I already know what you can do with your mouth.”

Little C dragged the tip of his tongue along his upper lip. “So, you don’t want me to show you again?”

Ciro smirked. “I didn’t say that. Your hot dirty mouth is gonna be working through the night after the shit you put us through.” He glanced at Carlo, and the man confirmed his words with a nod.

When the car arrived, Carlo shoved Little C into the back, then he and Ciro climbed in after him. Very little was spoken during the drive home. Once inside the house, the two elder brothers took Little C to Carlo’s room and stripped him naked, ordering

him onto all fours on the bed.

Carlo opened a drawer in the large dresser, retrieved a leather flogger and an adjustable cock ring. Ciro fastened the cock ring to the base of Little C's shaft and tightened it until the boy moaned in agony. "You don't get to cum until we say so," Ciro told him as he stripped off his clothes.

Removing his clothes, Carlo proceeded to whip the young man across the ass cheeks until his rump was "tattooed" with beet-red stripes. With each lash of the small whip, Little C's erection stretched longer and thicker—and the cock ring squeezed tighter around the swelling base of his dick. The boy whimpered and gasped, gouging the bed, his slender hips swaying lustfully.

Climbing onto the bed, Ciro knelt before Little C and gripped his head. The boy swallowed his cock, sucking his hard flesh down his throat. "Fuck..." Ciro gasped and pumped his hips as Little C eagerly sucked him.

Carlo stepped up behind Little C and slapped his reddened cheeks hard with the palm of his hand, leaving an imprint. The boy whimpered sharply around Ciro's cock and sucked harder. Ciro shivered and gripped fistfuls of the boy's hair, thrusting into his mouth.

"You may be enjoying this now," Carlo muttered, "but just wait until your balls are about to explode, and we still don't let you cum." He spread Little C's red cheeks, spit on his hole, and shoved his hard dick in to the hilt with a single hard thrust.

"Mmmm!" Little C squealed, huffing and puffing around Ciro's thick shaft.

Carlo grunted and fucked the boy with force, slamming his cock into his tight hole, driving the kid forward and causing Ciro's dick to push deeper down Little C's throat. The boy gagged a little but didn't try to pull off Ciro. Saliva drooled from his mouth and slicked Ciro's cock.

“Uuuhh!” Ciro groaned. “I’m gonna fucking cum!” He panted and grinned down at Little C. “Swallow it, little brother... here it cuuumms....” His hips jerked, and he blew his load down Little C’s throat. The boy gulped, his throat working rapidly as he swallowed repeatedly. Ciro shuddered as the boy sucked him dry.

Little C gasped when Ciro pulled out of his mouth. He hung his head, panting, saliva and cum dripping from his lips. His fingers dug into the blankets as Carlo pounded his hole and slapped his ass, rocking him back and forth.

“ Yes, daddy... harder...”

Carlo scowled and smacked his ass with added force. “Don’t call me daddy... you know I hate it.”

“ Yes... Daddy.”

Grunting, Carlo thrust harder. He looked at Ciro, panting, “I don’t think these punishments... are working.”