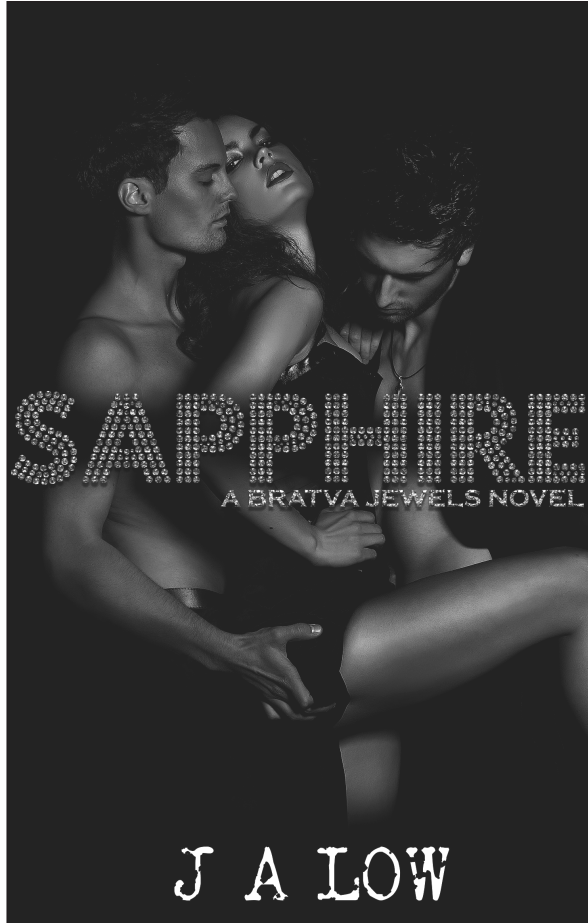


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**#SaucySunday**

An unconventional love is tested to its limits in the first  
standalone book in the BRATVA JEWELS series.



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**An unconventional love is tested to its limits in this completely immersive dark ménage suspense from the author of the DIRTY TEXAS series, for fans of J.L. Perry and Pepper Winters.**

Mateo is used to being in the spotlight, he craves it in everything he does . . . except when it comes to his love life that is firmly in the closet.

Tomas shuns the spotlight, the one he was born into, he wants nothing to do with it or his high-flying family who now reject him for his choices in love.

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## CHAPTER 1

### *Tomas*

‘Fucking bloodsucking scum!’ Mateo yells as we’re ushered into the waiting limousine. The crowd of photographers spew their homophobic slurs at us, the gossip magazines demanding their pound of flesh trying to work out *are they or aren’t they together?*

We sit in silence, processing the intrusion into our lives again; I shake off the lingering thoughts. ‘I think tonight was a success. Did you see how many people were there, Mateo?’ I say, hoping to remind him of what he’s accomplished tonight and to forget about the gossips. ‘Everyone loved your work, everyone loved you.’

I was waiting for his normal, witty reply of, ‘Of course they do, look at me what’s not to love,’ but there was only silence. Ignoring his mood, I continued, ‘I’d say you’ll probably sell out of all of your art work by tomorrow. You should be so proud of yourself. I am so proud of you.’ I let my hand rest on his thick thigh, trying to refocus him.

Mateo grunts, his whole body is tense. He should be jumping around like crazy, he has dreamt about having a gallery exhibition for his artwork for as long as I’ve known him. He’s just debuted to critical acclaim, and instead of celebrating, he’s lost in that head

of his, worrying about those damn paparazzi. I will not let them take away what he has accomplished tonight. I will not let those fuckers take away the enjoyment of seeing his dreams come to life.

Mateo moves, and I watch as he presses the button for the privacy screen. It slowly moves up and shuts firmly.

‘Mateo?’ I ask, turning to my partner of the past two years. He is so handsome, dressed casually in his trusty, dirty denim jeans that are moulded to his muscular thighs, a tight navy T-shirt which clings to his famous body. A body that is plastered on underwear billboards all over Spain, the same one the nation swoons over on a nightly basis, watching him as the bare-chested, dirty-talking, bad boy on *Ama a tu vecino* (*Love Thy Neighbor*), the highest rating soap opera on Spanish TV.

Mateo takes a couple of deep breaths then launches himself at me, catching me off guard, pressing my back into the soft leather of the limousine. His thighs are on either side of mine, holding me in place. His large biceps flexing as if restraining himself from ripping my clothes off.

‘Do you have any idea how fucking hot you look tonight?’ he growls at me, sending shivers over my body. ‘You know what this navy suit does to me, and yet you still wore it, teasing me, tempting me, pushing me to lose control.’ He runs his finger down the navy tie that hangs loosely around my neck.

‘I had to watch while women flirted with you all night. Do you have any idea how jealous that makes me?’

Yes, *I do*. I have to deal with it every day. Tonight, women had their hands all over him as if he was public property. I hate it as well, but there’s nothing I can do about it. I want to scream at them, telling them to keep their hands off my man, but I can’t—we are firmly in the closet.

‘I had to stand there and listen to some pompous, rich, dick going on and on about the lightness of my brush strokes, the surrealism of my colouring, some shit like that. I couldn’t give a fuck about what he thought. My attention was distracted by

your ass.' His hands move down around my back and head to my Armani-covered ass, giving it a hard squeeze. 'Your ass looked like a fresh peach in those tight suit pants and I wanted a taste.' His chocolate-coloured eyes had turned almost black with desire. 'I also know what lies underneath these pants.' A large hand moves to my crotch, palming my hardening cock through my tightening suit pants. He squeezes me, making me groan with need. 'I love your cock, Tomas.' He squeezes tighter, and a predatory smile flashes across his face. His nimble fingers start to unzip my pants, pushing his hand through the opening, teasing me through my strained briefs. His touch makes me hiss. 'I know you love it when my mouth is wrapped around it.' He laughs, giving me another hard squeeze. My dick is hard, so fucking hard, but the drive from Ibiza Town to our home isn't very long, and as much as I want him to drop to his knees on the limousine floor and use that dirty-talking mouth on me, I know that we don't have time.

'Mateo.' His name comes out as a groan.

'Yes, *mi hombre hermoso*, my beautiful man. Tell me, what do you want? What do you need from me?'

My head is clouded with lust and desire, Mateo's deep-timbred voice reaches into my soul and tugs at the very essence of me, and I can never deny him, never. 'I need your mouth, fuck, I need it so much. But we don't have time.' Quickly glancing out of the window, I see we are about ten minutes from home.

Mateo moves off me, his knees hitting the floor of the limousine. Pushing open my legs, he nestles between them. 'I'll only need five minutes.' He raises his eyebrow at me. I nod my head, I don't care anymore, my body is buzzing with so much lust that I feel like I am about to combust. He reaches inside my pants and pushes the opening of my briefs to the side, letting my cock spring free. 'Fuck, Tomas, look at you, you are so fucking ready for me,' Mateo growls, licking the salty liquid off my slit.

It feels like heaven, warm wet lips wrap around the sensitive head. My fingers automatically brush through his lush hair. He

hums appreciatively around my cock, causing white sparks of heat to shoot up my spine. He sucks me deeply into his mouth; over and over again he works my length. I will my eyes to open and look down at him, worshipping me on his knees. I love this man so much, I love everything about him, not just how amazing his mouth feels around my cock. But I can't think of all the reasons why I love him right now. Those liquid eyes look up at me and I am caught in them, my heart wants to burst right open and shower him with love. Mateo would laugh if he heard the poetic shit I am spouting in my head. I am the straightlaced businessman. I deal in facts and figures, whereas Mateo is the tortured, artistic soul. But at this moment our connection is celestial, he has taken me to some higher realm and I am soaring—soaring so fucking high it feels like an out-of-body experience ... then I am falling, falling back to earth.

‘Fuck, you taste good.’ Mateo smirks up at me.

Shit, I just blew my load and didn't even realise it.

‘I can't wait to get you home and fuck your tight little hole.’ Mateo grins as he gets off the floor, licking his lips. I am speechless, utterly speechless. ‘I love it when I make you come so fast and so much that you can't speak.’ Leaning over, he presses a chaste kiss against my prickly skin. ‘Told you I could make you come in five minutes.’ The biggest smile crosses his face in triumphant glee.

My heart is still racing as I busily tuck myself back in.

To the outside world, we are best friends and roommates, but once we step behind the front door of our summer home, we are Mateo and Tomas, lovers and partners in life. I hate our public masks but we have no choice: Mateo's career hinges on his availability to women; he is famously known for his dirty talking and bedroom skills as the legendary lothario Diego Hernandez. No one wants to know the truth that he is bisexual or that these days he leans more towards cock than pussy. Don't even get me started on the huge furore that I would cause if Papa dearest knew

his only son liked to swing both ways. Being the leader of the People's Party, Spain's conservative political party, there is no room for someone like me in his life. Luckily I don't spend a whole lot of my time with my family. Instead I forged my own path well away from politics, falling into property development. I made a couple of good deals with my trust fund and now I have one of the largest property development firms in Spain. And I am free of my father's reach.

The limousine stops at our gate and Mateo gives my hand a quick squeeze as he looks at me with lustful eyes.

'There's something blocking the gate,' the driver advises through the intercom. We hear him open his door and moments later he screams. Mateo and I jump out of the limousine to see our driver shaking and pointing at a bloodied body lying at our front gate, changing the course of our lives forever.

## CHAPTER 2

*Zoe*

'Hi, Mum.' I wave at the computer screen.

'Hey, sweetheart, how are you?' Mum crackles through the bad internet connection. I'm actually shocked that she even has internet connection, seeing as she is currently living in the middle of nowhere. And when I mean in the middle of nowhere, she's living on the tiniest little speck of sand halfway between Australia and the United States, right on the equator, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, an island called Kiribati. My dad is the Australian Ambassador there, one of the many overseas stations he has had. Growing up, we were always shuffling from one location to the next, so my sisters and I have always been attracted to living in foreign places: Kenya, Samoa, United States, Saudi Arabia, Japan just to name a few.

That's why I am currently studying languages at Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona. One day I want to work for the United Nations as a translator. I still remember the day when I was ten and Dad took us to visit the United Nations in New York. I got to sit in the linguistics department and listen to the translators help the delegates understand what was going on. Best. Day. Ever. I knew then what I wanted to do. I was lucky; languages



come easily to me, and I was able to pick up the local language everywhere we went.

‘Things are going great, Mum. I love it here. Gracie is visiting this weekend from The Hague, it’s been too long.’ My older sister, Grace, wants to be the next Amal Clooney. She is currently working for the International Court of Justice in The Hague, the Netherlands, in their legal matters department, fighting global dictators and trying them for crimes against humanity. Well, *she* isn’t. Grace is one of the low-paid people trying to work their way up to fight crime, but she loves it anyway. I haven’t seen her in about a year and miss her so much; she is my partner in crime when we get together.

‘You give her a big hug for me and tell her that she needs to call more often, tell her she’s being slack.’ Mum laughs. ‘So, have you met any eligible bachelors yet?’ She wiggles her eyebrows at me. My computer freezes and she looks kind of evil. I quickly take a screen shot of it and send it to her. The image unfreezes and I can hear her screeching, ‘Oh, my God, I’m ugly,’ as she laughs at her image.

‘You always told us not to make faces or the wind would change us.’ I laugh with her.

‘Don’t think I forgot that you didn’t answer my question, young lady.’ She wags her finger at me.

‘Mum, I am so busy with school, I don’t have time to date.’ It’s the truth, plus my luck with men is pretty bad.

‘Sweetie, you are in the prime of your life, I know school is a big portion of your life but ... you need to have fun. All of you girls work too damn hard, and I worry.’

Mum and Dad most definitely created overachieving girls. My oldest sister, Mackenzie, is currently working with Doctors Without Borders in Haiti. Sophie, the second eldest, is working in the Middle East as a correspondent for CNN. We are most definitely career-driven women who don’t have time for men, judging by all my sisters’ single statuses.

‘What happened to that boy, Gerard?’

Dropping my head, I answer her, ‘I found him kissing someone else.’ That was humiliating, the boy you are kind of dating invites you to his house party and you decline because of an assignment, finish said assignment early, walk into the party and see him sucking face with some random girl. I might have punched him in the face, which made him scream like a bitch, blood pouring out of his nose. It wasn’t really fair—I’m skilled in the art of self-defence. I had training when we were living in Africa from some Israeli soldiers who were staying on our property. They said we should learn to defend ourselves, especially in Africa. So they taught my sisters and I Krav Maga, which is a particular type of self-defence taught to the Israeli Defense Forces. I loved it so much that I continued learning it. I forget sometimes how strong I can be, especially when I bust my boyfriend with another woman. The thought makes me grin. It was not my finest moment but at least it showed the men on campus that I shouldn’t be messed with or that I was batshit crazy, either one works for me.

‘Oh, well ... maybe this weekend you and Gracie can let your hair down and have some fun for me, dear—I live vicariously through you all.’

I roll my eyes. Mum is so dramatic. I know for a fact that she and Dad have a very healthy sex life. We have walked in on them too many times to count.

‘Fine, I promise that Gracie and I will go crazy this weekend and meet hot men and have our wicked ways with them,’ I joke.

‘That’s my girl, make Mama proud.’ She laughs. ‘I better go, sweetie; I have to teach a class. Love you, have fun.’

‘Love you too, Mum.’ Then she’s gone.

‘I can’t believe you’re here!’ I scream at my sister, hugging her at the airport terminal.

‘I know, I know. It’s been too long. I’ve missed you so much.’ She hugs me back. You’d think four sisters wouldn’t get along,

and there were times that my parents thought World War III was happening under their roof, but now that we are older and wiser, we cherish our sisterly bonds.

‘I can’t wait to show you Barcelona, we are going to have so much fun, plus Mum has decreed that we get fucked up and shag hot men.’

Gracie gasps then bursts out laughing.

‘Oh and she said you’ve been slack.’

She rolls her eyes. ‘I hear the guilt trip loud and clear, Mum. I’ll call her when I get back home. This weekend it’s you and me, sis, getting crazy and hitting on hot Spanish men.’

I like her plan.

‘This bar is cute,’ Grace says as we walk into the speakeasy-style bar, which is packed.

‘They have the best cocktails in Barcelona.’ I grab her hand and push my way through the Friday night crowd. We make it to the bar where we order a round of dirty martinis and a couple of tapas plates.

‘So how’s work?’ I ask, sipping my drink.

‘You know, ridding the world of one dictator at a time.’ She giggles, thinking she is hilarious.

‘Excuse me, ladies, may we buy you a drink?’ a male voice asks in Spanish, his accent thick with—was it Russian?

I look into the face that goes with the voice. Holy hotness, the man is stunning. Beautiful green eyes sparkle at us and his brown hair is slicked back in a fifties style. He’s wearing a black motorcycle jacket, T-shirt and jeans, effortlessly casual, and—holy hell—he is covered in tattoos, every inch of his skin decorated in intricate art. Mum did say to have fun with a hot man. Gracie kicks me under the table; I hadn’t realised I was staring at him. My eyes glance at the equally gorgeous man beside him, who Gracie was totally eye fucking.

‘Yes, of course,’ I reply in Spanish.

Holy hotness gives me an appreciative smile as he sits beside me. 'You're not Spanish?' he asks in English.

'Neither are you,' I say.

He chuckles, dimples appearing in his skin. Shit, could he get any hotter?

'I'm Nikolai.' He holds his hand out, and my eyes drop down, looking at the tattoos covering his knuckles.

'I'm Zoe.' I take his hand and give it a shake, and sparks shoot up my arm.

'Cheers to getting to know you better.' Holding up his glass of beer, he smiles as his tattooed hand rests on the top of my exposed thigh under the table. I most definitely am looking forward to getting to know him better. Just this once, a one-night stand can't hurt, can it?



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