When He Went Under

by one_last_time

Summary

The mob-boss AU that no one asked for.

Hamilton is an over worked undercover FBI agent who really wants a break, when Washington requests that he goes undercover in Jefferson's mob. He is given an offer which he can't refuse, and goes under.

Jefferson likes pretty things, with big brains. He also likes submission, and doesn't like the mouth that his new little thief has on him. But what ever, he's pretty.

Notes

This is gonna be a pretty frequently updated fic hopefully, so probs gonna be posting for like a week, then gonna be done. But no promises.
Buzz Buzz Buzz

What the fuck was that? Hamilton groggily opened up his eyes, and groaned face down into his pillow, before reaching out and fumbling around for his phone. He looked at the screen, blinking disoriented by the bright screen in the dark room. Who was calling him at... 5am the morning after he had just gotten back to America three hours before after an 3 hour plane flight from France to Germany, and then another 14 hour flight from Germany back to Chicago?

"What do you want?" he answered in a disgruntled tone. Whoever was calling him at this time could deal with his attitude. Its not his issue that they are an asshole.

"Son, you better get up right now," a rich voice talked over the phone. Shit, that would be Director George Washington of the Chicago FBI detective branch. He quickly sat up, scrubbing his hand over his eyes, pulling his hair into a loose ponytail, and shoving his glasses on. "Are you there Hamilton?"

"Yes sir, what do you want?"

"Don't take that tone with me son." Well excuse me Mr. Office worker, you didn't just get back from an undercover job, and then get three hours of sleep.
"Sorry Sir, what do you need? Slightly better, he could cut the sarcasm, but what's the point of that. "You need to come into the office now son. We have another case for you."

Fuck. No. "Sir, you have to be kidding me! I just got back from Paris!" he cried in outrage, "I need rest, I was promised a month of paid break from undercover if I went in, and a whole week to see family, you can't just do thi-

"Hamilton, I understand that you are upset, but just come into the office, and we'll explain everything when you get in. This case can't wait. I expect you in 30 minutes."
"Sir, office is 40 minutes on a good day without traffic! I can't just-" he huffed in outrage as he was cut off again.
"Make it 25 Hamilton. Don't keep me waiting." With a click, the phone turned black again. 25 minutes! That's outrageous. He can't ever do that. Like, ever.

In a blur of action, he rushed to turn on the lights, while trying to get out of bed, and he felt his foot get caught in the sheets, and SMACK.
"FUCCCCCCCCK," he groaned as he pulled himself off of the ground, and tried to untangle himself from the sheets. Finally he flickered on the lights, before putting on a pair of ratty jeans and holed shirt, before pulling on his sneakers and grabbing his keys to his truck, and flicking off the lights. All within a minute. Damn Washington better be proud.

He walked briskly outside, and of course it was raining, and he was soaking, and his shoes had holes in them, and his feet were wet as well. "Damn," He ran over to the truck, and slammed the door shut as he tried to click it on. And over course the engine wouldn't turn on, but after a few clicks, he felt her engine purr under him, and he slid out into the road. "Good girl," he said as he patted her dash.

And 23 minutes later, and only 3 avoided accidents, he made it to the station. Not bad. He walked into the station, and to his surprise, it was already in full swing, despite it being 5:30 in the morning. He saw his normal partner, Laurens, in front of one of the board rooms, and walked over to him.
"Whats going on man?" He laid his hand on Laurens' shoulder, and Laurens jumped at the touch. "Thank god you're here man, its going crazy. I actually thought Washington was going to go crazy-" He was cut off right then by Washington's big bulk filling the doorway. "Hamilton, you're a minute late. That's poor form son."

Suddenly Alexander was pulled back to the first time he met Washington. He had been at Columbia, when a siren had gone off. Studying law, he left the building before he smelled a fire, and heard gun shots. And a fire was definitely not good for his thesis paper, which he had stupidly not backed up, and the only copy was on his computer in the room he had just left. So he turned around to go get his computer, and he quite literally ran into a big bulky form. Washington had told him that no, this was FBI matters, and that he literally couldn't go into that room, that they had a gang in there, and he didn't care if his paper was in there, he couldn't go in there. Of course Hamilton told him "Fuck you", and walked into the crime scene.

A few weeks later Washington contacted him, told him that he was impressed by his bravery and drive, and wanted to offer him a job as a probationary agent at the FBI, and the rest is, as they say, history.

Back in the moment, he took a second to recognize everyone who was in the room that he was in, completely still in comparison to the flurry of activity that was outside of the room. He opened his mouth, but Washington, that bastard, cut him off before he could even say anything. "Son, take a seat."

"Sure Sir, but what ever you have to say, couldn't it have waited for a more, what do you say, normal time?"

"No Alexander. This needs to start now." He slid a manila file to the other side of the table. "Take a look." He opened the folder, relatively thin, and scanned over the contents. He didn't recognize many of the names, or any of the photos.

"This, son, is Thomas Jefferson, the son of the biggest NYC Mob Boss, Peter Jefferson," he began to sort through the papers, to pull out a death report, "His father just passed away. He is now the ruler of one of the biggest Mobs in the entire world. And we need to deal with him. Jefferson is powerful, and smart. He just returned from Europe, were he studied at Oxford for his graduate degree. And he went to Brown for college originally. He has, within the past 4 years, increased his father's 'family' by 40% from its original size, and has a large group of loyal followers."

That was all Alexander needed to hear before he pushed away the folder. "What ever you want me to do, I'm not going to do it. I'm done, I just finished a mission, and I deserve a break!" He went to stand up, before a stern hand was put onto his shoulder. He turned to glare at John. "You're gonna want to listen to this Alex."

"Fine," He huffed, before slouching into the chair.

"Thank you Mr. Laurens," Washington pointedly looked at John, "What we mean is that we have to move now. The whole business is disorganized, there's a transition of power, and there will be question of leadership. This right now is the time that we need to act, and get a man in there. If we don't move now, we lose our opportunity."

Hamilton moved to get up again, but was stopped again. "Why do you need me then?" he pouted.

"Because of this," he slid over another folder. Alex looked through the photos with little interest. Each of them included Jefferson, but with a different person, in various different positions of appropriateness. "Each of these people are Jeffersons past love interests. As you can see, they are all
very pretty, and all are very small. He just broke up with his longest and only girlfriend, Martha. That
is the other reason why we need you. Son, you are just his body type, and he is now heart broken.
Nows the time to act."

"Ok, but like why couldn't you send in John? He is the same body type as me, and HE wasn't just on
a month long undercover mission." He looked pointedly at Washington.

"That is true," he sighed, "but the difference is that all of Jefferson's longest relationships were with
people who had a certain, let me say, fire in them. If they were pretty, they lasted maybe 2 weeks,
tops. The smarter and fiester ones lasted a month or 2, and Martha, the most of all those things, last 6
months. And Laurens maybe prettier, but you are the most quick witted, and will fight with him
more. You're the perfect bait for Jefferson."

"Sorry Sir, you're gonna have to do this without me. I need a break, I need rest. I can't keep
switching personas, and doing whatever the fuck you want." He made to leave, before he was
stopped, again. Damn.

"Hamilton, I have an offer."
"I'm listening"
"You do this one, and I will give you half a month of paid break, for every month you put into the
job."

"And?"
"And.. I will personally pay for your mother's health costs for the period when you are under cover." And
how could he say no to that. He made a pretty penny when he worked, but not enough to live,
and pay for his mother's care. There was no way, especially on an undercover pay.
"Fine. You have yourself a deal." This wasn't what he wanted. But his mother deserved everything,
and he felt like most of this time he could give her nothing.

"Here's the deal then," he was slid over another folder, "the people in this room are the only people
who know about this operation. You will be going undercover as Alexander Hamilton, keeping your
own name. This won't be short, and you will want to be able to recognize your own name for a
while. You are a high paying thief, and will only steal for a large pay check from the very rich. You
recognize this persona, correct?"

And he did, from another period in paris. God, that was a rough 5 months.
"Your correspondence are as follows. John Laurens will act as your information correspondent,
anything information you need, goes through him. Mulligan will act as your wardrobe advisor, from
anything from fashionable jeans to hidden mics. Burr."

"Damn it, Burr? Really?"
"As I was saying," Washington's pointed look of disappointment, "Will be your decoy. He will be
going in as an undercover in one of Jeffersons legal business. So you will be working very, very
closely."

"Damn"
"I'm not thrilled with it either, Hamilton."
"Enough. Hamilton,"
"Yes Sir?"
"You go in tonight. So get your business in order."
"Give me 5 hours. I'll be here by 12:45 this afternoon, if not earlier." With that he walked out.
Wankers, he actually does a life. Sort of. He'll be there early.
His first stop was actually to go back to his apartment. He stopped into the owners' office, to let him know that he needed to lease his apartment for a little bit, that he didn't know when he was coming back. The owner, Mike, was actually a pretty chill guy, and knew that he did something in the legal business, and was ok with letting him off on rent pretty often. He was actually something of a pot head, so his answer was usually "Cool dude, just come back alive. Then I'll come after you," with a puff of smoke into Alex's face.

The second stop was his mother. He walked past the nurses station, smiling at the pretty red head, and her freckles disappeared under her blush. He stopped at the desk, taking his hat off. The blues and greens of the whole place he knew was supposed to help make the palace feel more safe, and happier, but he actually felt thrown off by the whole place.

"Ladies," the two women, one older, and one younger, giggled slightly, "I'm here for the one and only Ms. Rachel Hamilton. Any idea were I can find her?"

"God Alexander, what are you doing here? I thought that you weren't supposed to be back until a month from now?" He looked down at her name tag. Nancy. Was he supposed to recognize her? Maybe, maybe not. It didn't matter.

"I'm here now. I have to see my Mom, not much time to talk, sorry ladies."

"Alright hun," she blushed again, "You know that she's in room 357, just sign in here."

He quickly signed his name, and the date, before smirking past them. "Thanks ladies" He quickly walked down the hall through the short term care, towards the long term care patients. He saw an old lady getting up, and walking, and the way her husband smiled at her. He stopped for a moment at the door of a young girl, who had a basket of flowers in her arms. He thought about it for a moment. He should have brought his mother some flowers. She would have liked that, especially since he was going away for a long time. He should have brought her Orchids, like the type that grew on Nevis.

But that was all done now. He couldn't do anything about it now. And then that was it. Room 357.

"Hi mom, I just got back from Paris," He moved the chair that was near the door right next to the bed. He took another deep breath, before grabbing her hand. "I know you wouldn't approve of me being there, but it was nice. I meet some cool people, got to stop a drug ring. Not the first time. I would hope that you would be proud of me. I think I'm doing the right thing."

He took another moment to just breath, looking at her still form. She looked so tiny in the hospital bed, even though those damn things were so small to begin with. Her face was sunken in, and her skin looked waxy against the white sheets. He took another breath and collect his thoughts.

"On that point... Mom I got to again. I know you wouldn't agree with me. But I have to. Its a big opportunity, for both you and me. And who knows, when I'm done with this one, maybe you can wake up for a little while, and then we can go. Maybe visit James for a little while, see if the wanker
even is still alive. But who knows," He felt a tear trickle down the side of his face, "We'll see. But I'll miss you. A lot. And I love you. Even more than you know. So... be good while I'm gone."

He took a few more minutes mulling over his thoughts. He wished his mother was like the other patients in the hospital. Cancer was a bitch. And there was no cure for her, not with a poor son. And with James in the winds, and his dad whoever know were the hell he is, there isn't a lot that can be done. He reached down to brush back her hair, and placing a kiss on her forehead.

He walked out of the hospital for what felt like the last time. He recognized that at some point someone said goodbye, and that he must have murmured something back to them. He walked numbly to his car, and sat down. For the first time he realized the scope of what he was about to do. He was about to leave everything for an undercover operation which could last years, and that he was not going to come home again for a very long time. And he felt the tears falling down his face as he stared into the parking lot, half empty. What had he done?

Final stop was John's place, to leave him with the truck. He would miss her. He called a cab, getting to the office just at 12:00. Told Washington he would be there early. He strolled in confidently, as if he hadn't been balling his eyes out a half an hour ago. He walked into the meeting room, seeing that the rest of the group was already there.

"Gentlemen," He nodded to each of them. Washington started to talk, "Now that we are all here we can get started," he looked to Hamilton for confirmation. "Go ahead. I'm listening."

"Good. The first thing you need to do is learn your targets. Of course you will learn about Jefferson, but first you need to learn about his company. When he went to Paris, he came back with more than a few alliances. These people make him dangerous, more so than any other person in the world."

He slid him first a rather slim file. He opened it up, flipping through it. Inside was a rather bland looking man, nothing unusual about him. "That is Jefferson's best friend," Hamilton looked up in interest.

"That's his best friend?" Cutting off Washington.

"Yes," Washington sighed in annoyance, "if you would just let me get through this son, we can be done quickly. His name is James Madison. His wife is Dolly Madison. The two of them are rather ordinary in all things illegal, other than there business capabilities. They met Jefferson the same way as all the others, which I'll explain in a moment. Madison is a genius with numbers, he just gets them. Harvard educated, he runs all of the finances of the company. He and Dolly met when they were both at Harvard, and got married right away. Both of them have a squeaky clean crime record. Dolly grew up with the Quakers, and her background is what makes her so important. She has what you would name as a way with words. She and her father used to go around converting people to the Quakers, and her power of speech makes her powerful and-"

"So there the brains of the operations?" He cut off Washington again.

"Son," he gives him a pointed look, "they aren't the only ones. Just give me another damn minute and we can get you out of here, like you so obviously want." He passes him another file, "These are the Schuyler Sisters. Angelica, Elizabeth "Eliza", and Margret "Peggy". Each are powerful, intelligent, and dangerous. Angelica is basically Jefferson's second in command." He looked at interest at all of the girls. They all were beautiful, but very different.

"Are they adopted?" Washington looked at him in surprise.

"Yes actually. There father is Philip Schuyler, a powerful mob boss on the West Coast, but his wife
died, and refused to remarry. Thus the adoption of the younger two. Basically, all of the grew up in the mob, and that made them quick. Angelica is, like I was saying, the number two. She is the brains of the whole operation, basically managing, running, background checks. Anything that needs to be done she can do. She was supposed to be the heiress to her father's business, before he was murdered. She keeps everything in Jefferson's business legal on the front, but her record isn't great. Three arrests for person fraud, and once for indecent dress in public."

"So super scary chick." He murmured under his breath. "Not just her. They all are. The second oldest is Eliza. Her real name is Elizabeth, but call her that and she'll kill you. She is the threat. She seems sweet, and like she is the most pliable. And I would imagine that she is to friends and family. She is what they would call the interrogator. She, unlike her sister, has never been found for anything illegal. She is the one you should try to get close to. She is loyal quickly, and you could flirt with her a little." He nodded a little, looking at her face. It wasn't bad, he could get used to it.

"Finally, is Peggy. Arguably the most dangerous of the three."
"Serious?!?!? This girl? She looks like she couldn't harm a fly." He looked at Washington in disbelief. "She might not hurt a fly. But a human, I wouldn't be surprised. She takes care of all the ammunition, and fire power. If there is an explosion, its her behind it."

He whistled lowly, "Damn. Scary ladies. So is that it?" He looked up expectingly.

"No, theres one more," he slid the last file across the table, "This one is the unknown. We know he is French, and that he takes care of international affairs for Jefferson. But we don't know much more. You'll have to find that out for yourself. So son," He looked expectingly. "Are you ready?"

Hamilton looked down for a moment, breathing heavily. "You know it," he winked flirtingly. "You gonna dress me up Herc?" He looked expectingly.

"Depends, what are we looking for? How are you going to go in?" He thinks about it for a moment.

"Well, I'm going to be a thief, aren't I?" He sees a few nods, a few people look a little scared. He's known for being a little reckless, and over the top. "So put me in something tight, pretty, and sexy as fuck. You know why?"

Washington just sighs. "Why?" he asks almost exasperated.

"Cause, I'm going to steal from him."
Sexy Thief

Chapter Summary

So we get a little insight in Alex's theft, and the boys meet! Isn't this exciting! I'm gonna try to post again tonight, but if not, then I'm gonna probs do it tomorrow morning! The more likes the faster I work!

He now perched on top of a beautiful mansion, about a half an hour away from New York City. It was a truly a beautiful home... too bad that he was going to ruin the serenity of the whole thing. Who the fuck cares though, its his job. He needs to remember that this is just a mission. They lost good agents when they got to undercover, that they lost their identities. Sitting there in the outfit that Herc had built for him, his hair pulled high in a ponytail and the wind blowing it back, he thought about the past 24.

The first thing that had happened was that he was rushed to a dressing room.
"So, what were you thinking for your outfit, my friend?" Hercules rummaged around the room, throwing pieces of cloth and clothing around the room. "And what are you planning on having to do to steal, what did you say you were going to steal?" He looked up, questioningly.

"Yes, that is a good question Alexander. What are you going to plan on stealing?" He looked up to see Washington, standing at the door expectingly. Hercules started to measure around his ass, and he swatted his hand away.

"Hey, hands of the merch," he growled at Herc, "I'm the same there as I've ever been. This fine ass hasn't changed a bit with age," he winked at him. "And to answer your question sir," he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, handing it Washington, "I haven't been exactly ideal, Sir. This is the Giuseppe Violin, belonging previously owned by Alexander the Second, then sold to the country of Russia for $3.9 million. Jefferson acquired possession of the violin 3 years ago for $4.5 million, after giving a very nice replica to the country for their troubles. Jefferson plays the violin, and is probably the most valuable physical item that he owns."

"And you plan on stealing this?" Washington looked skeptical. "Is it a good idea to aggravate Jefferson that much?"

"Sir, thats the only way." He winked, "That and looking sexy. Thieves and bosses don't usually meet that much, unless they are common thieves. The only get in with him is for him to think that I have no interest in him, just there for the artifacts that he has."

"Ok? So were is this violin?"
He smirked "That's actually the easy part. He keeps in his living room, in a glass case, very well protected. And, the house," he looks around, "is were all of Jefferson's party is. So my outfit Herc, needs to be black so that I can get in at night. But it needs to be very sexy. I am trying to seduce a dangerous mad man."

"I have just the thing," he moved quickly, stitching and sewing, as Laurens walked in.

"John! What do you want, Mi Amigo?" He said friendly.
"I'm here on both work and pleasure I'm afraid. First off I'm here to warn you about the circumstances of the meeting of each of Jefferson's companions."

"Ok, lay it on me."

"The thing is, it was actually quiet strange. They all were at the same party hosted by Jefferson's father. You would think that since they were such influential people's children, that they wouldn't be interested in each other, but they went into one of the rooms alone, and walked out thick as thieves. You wouldn't think that they had never met before that night, but there you are. You need to be careful because of that. They are like siblings, except for you know," he blushed slightly, "the ones who are fucking. You will the approval of every single one of them to even get close to Jefferson."

"Ok, so like, appeal to the individuals. Ouch, jeez herc," he looked sharply down.
"Sorry Man."
"And the pleasure you're here for Laurens? Want one last quickie before I leave?" He looked flirting at him.
"Nah man," he stepped forward, pulling Hamilton into a hug, and whispered into his ear, "I'm gonna miss you man. And come back. I need you, your mother needs you. Don't do anything stupid while you're gone."

As John pulled back, Mulligan pulled him in front of a large mirror. "Do you like it dude?"

He smirked at his reflection. "I'm gonna do something stupid in this."

He blinked himself back to the present, whipping his eyes before standing. He was wearing the outfit that Herc had made for him. Ripped leather that hugged him in all the right places, with high leather boots, the highlighted his ass just perfectly. His shirt was long, and hugged his arm muscles, but left his front loose enough to move quickly. The whole outfit made his barely 5'6 form look hot as hell, and if Jefferson didn't get a hard on at the sight of him, then the man was definitely straight.

Within another minute a flash of lighting appeared in the sky, and it started raining. He shivered for a moment, being pulled back to the hurricane, before shaking himself out of it. Now his shirt clung to his skin, and the pants felt even tighter. At least they highlighted the best spots. Without another thought, he launched himself off the roof, landing gracefully on the group right outside of the glass doors of Jefferson's mansion. He could see the stupid violin from where he was, but could also see the high tech alarm system. He quickly cut open a small hole in the glass doors, before sliding in onto the little chair that sat next to the door.

The alarm system would go off if he put to much pressure onto the ground, so he lightly jumped from one table to another, and then to a chair, before perching on the case holding the violin. He slipped open the case, holding the violin in one hand, and pulling the case that it belonged in out of the case. He placed it into the case, before sliding right back out. For such a well secured house, that was so simple. He moved back to the door, before he heard a click.

Damn it. And then the sirens started to wail. It was a moment of panic, when he could hear a mixture of light female and dark male voices cursing. He heard a pair of steps coming towards him, and he was pushed into action, bounding off of the table in a flash of movement, running toward the door.

"Hey fucker, stop!" Like that was going to stop him. He curled himself into a ball, with the violin case close to his stomach. He hit the glass hard, before rolling onto the ground. And suddenly there was a big, hulking frame above him.
He reached up to push who ever it was away, when his hands were meet with a large, broad, and god damn yummy chest. Jefferson was on top of him, and damn was the man hot as all hell.
Bad Boy Good Thief

Chapter Summary

Told from Jefferson's POV, Jefferson and Hamilton finally meet! So exciting!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took Thomas half a second to realize what was happening when the alarm went off. He blearily blinked his eyes for half a second, before sitting up quickly, rushing over himself to pull his hair up, while simultaneously racing across the room. He heard a curse from the Madison's room, probably Jemmy waking up enough to realize what was happening. He raced past, listening to the Schuylers realizing what was happening, and saw Angelica running hot on his heels. She pulled her hair into a messy bun, before tying the waist of her dress.

As he speed into the living room, he took in what had happened to set up the alarm. The first thing was that the violin case was open. Not just smashed through, actually meticulously picked open. Fuck. That meant whoever the thief was, was actually good at what he did, if he could get past Thomas' state of the art security system without setting off the alarm system for so long. He glanced to Angelica, and could see that she was thinking the same thing. If they had the recording of whoever did this could actually be useful to advance the security, and improve their own thief's moves.

The second thing he noticed was the thief himself. Or rather, his enticing as fuck ass. Tight leather gripping perfectly sculpted legs, and the most perfect bubble butt he had ever seen in his whole life. He felt his mouth dry up, and his cock harden in his pants. Damn. He bet that that would look perfect in the shade of red a spanking would give him, or the way it would bounce down on his cock, as the thief empaled himself on it.

Then, in a flurry of movement, the thief moved towards the closed door. It was clear from the fact that there was a small hole in the door that he had entered with skill, but that clearly wasn't the way he was leaving. "Hey fucker, stop!" In a blur of movement, he launched himself at the door, curling himself into a ball, shattering through the glass. Thomas winced for second, thinking about the violin which the thief had, then moved after him. His larger frame gave him the advantage, pouncing on top of the little thing. He paused for a moment, feeling the smaller frame bellow him.

He was clearly much smaller, could only be 5'6, in comparison to his 6'4. Clearly male, and felt so perfect pinned under him. He reached forward, grabbing the violin out of his hands, pulling of the mask. In a clear, low voice he spat, "What do you want?"

The look that the man gave him could have been put in the dictionary next to the definition disbelief. He responded in, what sounded like a bored tone. "I want," stressed exaggeration with a pointed look at want, "your expensive ass violin dick head." He bucked his hips, rubbing right next to Thomas' crouch, "Will you fucking get up, you're like a thousand pounds asshole." He heard A snicker from the background, he looked to glare at the amused Eliza.

"Excuse me, why should I do that?" He snapped back. The little shit had the audacity to say, "You're excused. And you should do that because I do feel that
little hardy you're sporting. See something you like?" He smirked up. What little---
Thomas felt his face heat up as he heard a low whistle from James, and a, "He's got you dude"
"No need for commentary from the peanut gallery," he glared around.

Of course that was when Peggy needed to speak up. "Can we move this inside? I'm getting cold. It's
raining!" she said in a whining tone. With a glare and an eye roll, he picked up the thief, before
slinging him over his shoulder. Damn, was he light! He barely felt 90 pounds, if anything. The man
squirmed in his arms, complaining, "Dude, put me down! What the fuck are you doing? Hey--" he
tuned him out for a moment, before slapping his ass. "Hey, what was that for?" He asked
incredulously.

He took a moment to savor the jiggle that came with the slap, before answering, "You're too loud. Shut
up."
The man huffed before crossing his arms, "Hey listen, you don't need to have me here---" he tuned
him out again. The little fucker was hot as hell, but annoying as all out. He looked over to his second
for a second, trying to read Angelica's face. The others were obvious to read, either intrigued,
annoyed, or disinterested. But Angelica was unreadable. He looked for another thing, before seeing
an emotion flitting across her face. He cocked an eyebrow, but she slightly shook her head. Not now.

"Eliza, get me a rope." She nodded, understanding what was needed of her. Good girl.
"Ohh, what are those for," the thief questioned. He roughly placed him down in one of the wooden
chairs in the kitchen. "Owww, be careful with the merchandise. Perfection like this only comes
around once and a while." He heard James chuckle, as Eliza handed him the ropes. "OH, are you
gonna tie me up? That's kinda kinky, daddy." He felt his face heat up, length hardening at the
nickname.

He felt the next object Eliza handed to him, a gun. He clicked it from safety to ready,
before cocking it at the thief's head.

He saw the man turn shades paler under his skin, all of that delicious white skin a pale contrast
against his own darker shade. "Yo, what the fuck?" He looked shocked, and if he was willing to say
it, scared.

"Who are you? Who sent you?" He pulled the chair back, putting the gun against his cheek. The
man looked suspiciously calm, even though he was putting on a nice facade of looking scared.
"WHO SENT YOU?" He roared.

"What the hell man? Who am I? I'm the fucking thief who stole from you. Alexander Hamilton, look
it up." Angelica whipped out her phone, looking up the name,"And who sent me? Dude, are you
fucking dumb? Who sent me, like as in the mob?" He looked up snobbishly, "I'm a thief. The best of
us, which includes me, obviously, don't even work with mobs, dumbass," He said, before spatting at
Thomas' face.

It took him a moment to process what his little thief-- Hamilton, he tells himself strictly-- had said.
Not apart of any sort of mob? He wasn't part of a family? That was good, couldn't have his little boy-
- Hamilton-- betraying him. "You aren't apart of any sort of mob organization?" He set the chair back
on the floor completely, looking skeptically.

"Duhhhhh. Thats what I just told you. So if you let me go now that would be grea-"
"No!" He practically shouted out.

"Thomas, can I see you over here?" Angelica. He hoped that he found something so that he could
shot the annoying twink. The rest of his friends crowded around him. "It's all as he said. He's a thief.
Was supposedly involved in a stealing scandal a few years ago in Paris, France, involving the Mona
Lisa, and a few other notable name. Other than that, there's nothing. Big activity, then died down to
nothing, as if he never existed. A little strange, but not unusual for thieves. He's clean." She looked
"So what should I do?"
"Well, if I can voice my opinion?" He nodded in affirmative. "He's interesting. He's hot. There's nothing wrong with history. And if I may, you look at him with the same passion that you used to look at Martha." He glared at her.
"Don't mention that name to me."
"No harm in saying it if it's true," she sasssed back. "I say that you keep him here for a few days, as a "punishment" we see what his M.O. is, and if it's nothing bad, maybe we'll keep him here. It's been a long time since you had a good fuck," she wiggled her eyebrows at him, as he felt himself heat up.

"Hey, can I have some attention over here?" All of them snapped back to look at their guest/hostage. Thomas stalked over to the boy, roughly untying the ropes surrounding the boy's wrists and ankles, and picking up in a bridle hold. "You going to take me to bed Daddy?"
"Be quiet"

He carried the boy to the room next to his own, probably the most secure in the whole house. "You are taking me to bed, you sly dog!" the boy winked at him.

"You are going to stay here for the rest of the night. In the morning we will talk about your punishment. Don't try to leave. If you do try, there will be serious ramifications. And I will not be happy to be woken up by a naughty boy again tonight." He turns to stalk out, before Hamilton stopped him.
"You're not giving me a goodnight kiss?" He had a pouty face on, looking up seductively. Thomas gulped before turning, and stalking out.

He clicked the lock to the door shut, before taking a deep breath, willing his erection to go down. That boy would be the death of him.

Chapter End Notes

So that you to everyone for all of the love, the more the faster I write! Sorry that I broke my promise from last night, but I got a little overwhelmed trying to do this last night. BIG shout out to @Who_Am_I_To_Judge, who inspired like literally half of Alex's sass, which got me really into this chapter. I think next chapter will be Alex's POV, but I hope you liked Thomas' POV, hopefully more chapters like this to come!
The next morning Alexander woke up in possibly the most comfortable bed he had been in. Probably in his entire life. It was like lying on a cloud of warmth, as sun began to filter through the shades next to the room, filling the air with warmth, as he stretched out. He pulled his arms above his head, pulling up, before realizing that he was still in clothes from the previous day. He reluctantly got out of the bed, in search of something to help get the dirt and sweat from the night before's chase. He walked into an enormous bathroom, filled with fluffy white towels, a giant tub, and a beautiful shower. He stripped down, throwing the clothes that he had worn the night before onto the ground. He wouldn't be needing those anymore.

He fiddled with the stupid switches to the shower for a minute (why did rich as fuck mob bosses need to have complicated ass showers?), before stepping under the warm jet of water. He let the water wash over him, pounding onto his back. He grabbed the soap, quickly giving himself a rub down, running his arms, his legs, and letting the water wash the night's adventures away. After maybe ten minutes, (hey, the man is rich, he can take long showers), he steps out, wrapping a fluffy towel around his waist, and pulling his hair into a wrap. He took a moment to look around the room. There was a desk, and upon opening it, he realized that there was nothing in it. There was also a closet, but there is nothing in it. No clothes. Ok, so he would have to go ask for some, because there is no way in hell that he is going to put back on the tight clothes from the night before.

So with no issues, he picked the lock to the door to his room, checking to see that no one was in the hall, before slipping out in nothing but the little towel around his waist. He started to undo the wrap he had put his hair into, before running his hands through his hair, letting the water run down his back. It only took moments for him to walk toward the common area before he heard a man, must be Madison, yell, "He got out!" He panicked for a moment, thinking that he had to run. But he wasn't trying to escape, he just needed some clothes. There was no issue in that, so he kept walking forward.

"Hey stop!" That would be Jefferson, finally showing his greasy face. He turned around to face the man, and watched as he stuttered to a halt, taking in Alexander's lack of clothes. He watched the man swallow, his adam's apple moving up and down as he to a look at his body, and Alex noticed the beginnings of a hard on appearing in his pants. Good, the more attracted to him he was, the better. He smirked for a second, before deciding to speak. In that time, the rest of Jefferson's little group
were circling him like vultures. He flashed them his top smile, before speaking, "What, I was looking for some cloths." He wiggled his eye brows for a moment. Most of them let out a breath, before visibly sagging. But the oldest girl, Angelica, didn't look convinced.

"How did you get out of that room? It was locked and secured by one of the top security details in the world."

He gave her the most unimpressed look in the world, "I'm a thief, duhhhh. Its my job to steal things." She nodded, satisfied.

"And why would you need clothes?" Jefferson pressed, despite his answer. "I wasn't really thinking about getting caught, you know. I thought it was going to be in then out, but clearly that didn't happen, and you don't really stock your guest rooms well."

The man flustered for a second, "Fine, you can borrow some of my things." He turned to go into his room, before the girl, Alex believed it was Dolly, said, "but that won't last him long. You know what that means..."

Alex looked confused, as both other men visibly sagged. "What?"

Que squeals. "Shopping trip!"

Jefferson considered it for a moment, but then something seemed to occur to him. After a moment of hesitation, he said, "Sure, after we have breakfast." And his word seemed to be the end all of the conversation seemed to be the end all, as he grabbed Hamilton by the shoulder, leading him to what Alex assumed to be, his room.

"Kinky, taking me to bed already? Think you should buy a girl some dinner before you do that." Jefferson grunted, not answering, before taking out some sweat pants and a horribly ugly magenta sweat shirt out, and throwing it at him.

"I'm not wearing this," he stated in an tight tone of voice. "And why the fuck not? I'm giving you clothes, you should be thankful" He sounded pissed. "Because," he said in an exaggerated tone, "This sweatshirt is the ugliest piece of shit that I've ever seen!" Jefferson turned red, obviously not happy with that answer. "And why is that?"

"It's magenta!"

"Magenta is a wonderful color, I would even go as far to say the best."

"Its ugly, and a putrid color!"

"No its not!"

"Yes it is!"

"No it-" Jefferson was cut off by Eliza.

"God, you are such a child," She said addressing Jefferson, "Alexander sweetie, would you like some breakfast?" She asked sweetly. Alex thought back to Washington's advice, to get close to Eliza.

"Sure sweet thang," he pulled the ugly magenta sweatshirt over his head, "What are we having?"

"Oh, let me show you!" She pulled him excitedly along with her. This was a good start. He already had an opportunity to get close to all of the girls in the group by shopping, and Jefferson was definitely physically attracted to him. Now all he had to do was worm his way into the group, both in the bed and outside of it. The breakfast passed in a blur, and he mainly stayed to himself, trying to figure out the dynamic of the whole group. Jefferson glowered at him from the opposite side of the table, clearly still annoyed by their earlier argument, but the rest of the group seems just happy.

From what he could see from the dynamics of the group, they were very close as a group, but they
weren't all the best of friends. Jefferson only really talked to Angelica and Madison, both who were on each of his sides. Next to Madison was his wife, who talked mainly to Madison, but also the younger two sisters. She wouldn't directly address to start a conversation with her, but did join in conversation with her in them. That may be that she didn't have anything to ask her, as they didn't directly act callous toward her. The sisters were obviously very close, and moved in a way which was clearly formed after years of knowing each other's habits.

From what he was seeing, he had to get close to the two closest to Jefferson, Angelica and Madison. And to get to Angelica he needed her sisters, and to get to Madison, he need to get close to his wife. So the people he needed to get to know today would be Peggy, Dolly, and Eliza. He could afford to wait with Angelica, as she seemed to be the type to wait for a little while, and watch, before taking action. So get in her good graces by being friends with her sisters, and the rest will all fall in line. After the meal, they all went their ways for a moment, before all the women all resurfaced, ready to take on the day.

"Are you ready Alex!" Peggy squealed next to him. He was about to cringe, trying to get rid of the obnoxious noise, before catching himself.
"Ready," he plastered on a fake smile, "I hope you ladies are paying," he winked, "because my pay grade won't be coming in for a little while. Y'all took that away." He looked pointedly at Jefferson, who just glares, before taking out his wallet and handing him a credit card.
"Take my card"
"Thanks Daddy," he said slyly, before winking at him, and half skipping half walking away, "Are you coming ladies?"

He heard Jefferson sputtering behind him, as the girls follow up behind him.

"That was great," Eliza said, "I haven't seen him blush like that in such a long time!"
"Glad you liked the show," he chose his next words carefully, "I do like to rally the boys up." He said waggling his eyebrows.
"So your gay?" Angelica said from next to her sister. He could see her looking him up in down, this was a test. And his answer could decide the rest of his life.
"Gayer than you are, sweetie." She looked him up and down, before nodding.

The first store they stopped was very fancy, and clearly was made for high maintenance people. The under paid government worker in him cringed at the thought of even stepping in the store; but the flamboyant, gay as fuck thief inside of him was saying fuck yes.

"Alex, come with me!" Dolly pulled him through the store, pulling different cloths off of the wracks, tossing them in his arms. The other girls occasionally put items on the ever growing pile, but by the end of their rounds of the store, he was completely weighed down by clothes, and you couldn't even see his head over the massive amount of fabric. "Aw, poor hunny! Let me take some of this," the women by the dressing room said.

"Are you ready to be amazed girls?" He flicked up an eyebrow
"Get to it," Peggy replied, smacking his ass on the way in. He turned, blowing a kiss to her, watching Eliza, Peggy, and Dolly giggle, and even Angelica smirked a little.

By the end of their morning of shopping, he came out with a full closet worth of clothing, and probably over $2,000 in the bank. Whatever, Jefferson was the fucking mob. It's all blood money anyways. He got over 10 pairs of pants, 20 tops and sweaters, 3 sweatshirts, one tailored suit and one regular suit, 4 bathing suits, and a full arrangement of undergarments. His personal favorite outfit was absolutely stunning. Skin tight ripped black jeans which hugged his thighs, making his legs seem long and curvy, and his ass looked fantastic. "Work it," Eliza had said giggling, as he modeled around the room, grabbing her by the arm, walking around her as if he was on the runway. After
that, all of the girls had flaunted all over him, and it was like a wall was broken.

Dolly had actually chosen his favorite shirt, a tight blue shirt with a low cut that clung to his arms, but fell loose around his sides. They also choose a few pairs of shoes, which apparently was Angelica's forte, as she choose out the most beautiful pair of sneakers, a nice pair of dress shoes, and surprisingly, a 5 inch black stiletto. When he had questioned her about it, she just winked. Finally, after hours of shopping, around 2 o'clock they called it quits.

They were now sitting in an Olive Garden, the girls all laughing at a joke he had just said. "So Alex," Angelica looked over the table, the girls all suddenly not so full of energy and joy, "What brought you to us yesterday."
He didn't even hesitate. "Honey, its all about the money."
"Really, because there is plenty of that else where. Why target the biggest mob boss in all of New York?"
"Honestly," he dropped the flirting tone, "I didn't even know that he was a mob boss. All I know is that there is a big buyer out there who would pay a shit tone of money for that violin, and I need money. I'm not swimming in blood money, unlike you."

That was clearly not the right thing to say, all the girls glanced around, before Alex felt Peggy's hand squeezing his leg, and watched Eliza's leg move right over his crouch, poised to cause some damage if she needed to.
"And what does that mean? What do you think that we do here?" Angelica asked.
"Isn't obvious? You just told me that you're the mob. Thats what the mob does. They kill people, sell them drugs, run the underworld for money."
"Not true, actually," Dolly said, finally speaking up.
"Not true? Then you're not mob?"
"Oh, we are. But we don't kill."
"Tell that to gun on my head last night."
"Let us tell you about what we do. Thomas, bless his heart, is a cruel ruler, loves control and power for the people. Weak government, strong state. But he does have a heart, and he likes control. So what we do is control the streets. Make sure that all the drugs that people use are safe, rather than teens dying from poisoning from bad drugs. We make sure that petty crime doesn't run rampant, and that all of the other mobs of the world are in line. We keep the bad bads from doing anything terrible. We are the police of underworld."
"Sure," he said skeptically.
"It's true. If you haven't noticed, crime in New York has decreased by 25% in the past 6 months since Peter Jefferson died, and Thomas took control. He might not be a good man, but he does have a heart."
"So, if what you say is true, what need do you have for me?"
The girls traded glances, before Angelica spoke up. "You have a certain set of skills that we need, that we don't have. But, we'll only keep you around if we trust you."

"Ok, so ask me anything. What do you want to know?"
"What is your past. There is next nothing on the internet about you, other than you were in Paris a few years ago for 5 months. For a thief, you're squeaky clean. Tell us about your history."
"Well, I grew up in the Caribbean, with my mother, and brother. But when my mother got sick, we had to move to America. My brother was left on the islands with our cousin, and I had to pay for my mother's care. So, I got into theft. I'm tiny, move quick, think even quicker. Its good money, quickly, and it works." It scared him how close to the truth the story was getting. He was from Nevis, his mother did get sick, and his brother was estranged from him. The only difference was that he in legal work, and that his brother didn't give a shit about him. He needed to ground himself, remember that this role was not who he really was. He could easily get caught up in the act, and he couldn't afford that.

After that, the girls left him be, the conversation becoming lighter, more enjoyable, anything from boys to the most recent election. At the end of the day they were about to exit the shopping mall, when a lingerie store caught his eye.

"Wait here girls, I have one more stop to make."
They all tittered for a moment, before shooing him off. When he emerged, he was victorious. The things in the bag would stay there until his first date with Jefferson. He needed to be prepared for the seduction. They went home, and Alexander felt secured his spot in the little gang, for now. After all, he needed in with the boss to be in.

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