

His Forever (She's Mine Book 3)
By JB Duvane

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BOOKS IN THIS SERIES:

This book, His Forever, is the third and final part of a three part series.

All books in the series are listed below.

His to Take (She's Mine Book 1)

Brooklyn ...

Adrian was my first love.

The boy I'd always compared all the others to.

But now he's a man and he's holding me captive.

I'd heard the stories for years but I didn't believe them.

My Adrian couldn't have done the things they say he did to all the other girls.

But now that I'm with him I see that it's true.

I know he's a monster ... and I'm terrified of him.

But I'm also terrified of the feelings I still have for him ... and what those feelings mean about me.

Adrian ...

Brooklyn was the only one who ever saw my true self.

But that was seven years ago ... and it might as well have been a dream.

I had to leave her behind. It was the only way I could protect her from the truth about my family and our business.

But now a debt must be paid and she's been brought here.

And my father has ordered me to break her ... to ruin her.

If I follow his orders it will destroy me.

But if I don't ... my father will.

* * *

His to Keep (She's Mine Book 2)

Adrian:

I thought I was doing the right thing.

I got her away from him - the man my father sold Brooklyn to.

But now I'm afraid I can't keep her safe.

From them ... or from myself ...

Brooklyn:

I want everything Adrian does to me.

Even though he doesn't understand it

Even though he believes he's hurting me.

I want it and I want him.

But I'm scared for my life and I'm scared for us,

now that I know we share the same father.

*Can Brooklyn and Adrian both escape from their own pasts, and the secrets that threaten to
ruin everything between them?*

*Can they escape from the men who will stop at nothing to take her away from him and to the
man who now owns her?*

* * *

His Forever (She's Mine Book 3)

Held captive by a sadistic member of the mafia, Brooklyn doesn't see any way out other than to take her own life. Will Adrian reach her in time to save her from a fate worse than death at the hands of the man who believes he now owns her?

Adrian:

I can't live without her ...
and I won't give up knowing Brooklyn needs me to save her.
My only hope is to find the Russian mobster that took her away from me ...
and kill him.
If I don't, both of our lives are over.

Brooklyn:

There's no way Adrian will ever find me in this place.
So I'll have to take my fate into my own hands.
I hope Adrian will forgive me for leaving this world.
But I can't let this man ruin me.
Adrian, wherever you are, please know that I will love you forever.

His Forever is the third and final part of the She's Mine series. It contains dark sexual themes that may be disturbing to some people and is intended for mature readers.

Chapter 1

Brooklyn

"You're my good girl, aren't you, Brooklyn?"

I heard Adrian's voice enveloping me and vibrating inside of me as I let myself sink into the warmth that surrounded my body.

"You look so incredibly beautiful sitting there and waiting for me. You *are* waiting for me, aren't you?"

Yes, Adrian, I'm waiting for you, I thought to myself. I wanted to say it out loud, but I was afraid it would break the spell. Everything felt so warm and good and I was hypnotized by the voice that was resonating inside of me.

"I want to watch you wash yourself, Brooklyn. I want to watch you slip your soapy fingers between your legs and I want to see them disappear inside those dirty little lips of yours."

I squirmed and smiled a little because it seemed so silly to me. *Why would I wash myself with soap if I was sitting in the Jacuzzi on the deck of our yacht*, I thought.

"Do as I say, little girl. Now."

I drifted for another couple of seconds before I was startled back to reality. Adrian had never called me little girl.

"I said stand up and show me your filthy little asshole! Now!"

My eyes flew open and my heart sank down into the bottom of my stomach. I had somehow convinced myself for a beautiful, blissful moment that I was back with Adrian. That I was safe with him on the yacht and was surrounded by his voice. His deep, smooth voice that melted my entire body as he stood behind me and whispered into my ear.

But when I opened my eyes I remembered I wasn't with Adrian. I was in the obnoxiously decorated bathroom in the ridiculous palace that belonged to that Russian man. The man my father had brought me to. The man my father had *sold* me to. Adrian was far away. I didn't have any idea where he was and I didn't know if I was ever going to see him again.

I slowly stood up in the enormous bathtub. I could feel the chilling stare of the Russian man as he sat on the couch watching me. I stared at the white, sudsy islands of deflated bubbles that drifted around the tub and tried not to think about what had led up to this moment.

I didn't want to think about any of it, but tears welled up in my eyes as my mind raced back over the events that led me here. My own father holding me captive in a filthy room on that old boat, then tying me up in the back seat of a

car while he brought me to this place. To this man who completely intended to keep me as his sex slave for the rest of my life.

I pictured my father lying dead on the floor as the Russian man forced me to remove my clothes, walk across the room past my father's dead body, and get into this bathtub. I didn't know who this man was but I imagined that he meant business with his orders.

I imagined that this man, the one who killed my father right in front of me, generally got what he wanted. He was expecting me to follow his orders. He was expecting me to do every single thing he told me to do.

"If I have to tell you again, little girl, you won't wake up for a week."

I immediately turned so my back was to the man and bent over like he told me. I pulled my cheeks apart and exposed myself to him then waited for my next order.

"That's very nice, little girl. You look like you're going to be a tight fit. "

I could hear the smile in his voice and the way he emphasized *tight fit* sent shivers down my spine. But I knew it wasn't the words he was using or even the smile in his voice that disgusted me. It was him. It was the fact that he bought me, another human being, and that he actually believed I belonged to him.

And I knew the reason he disgusted me was because he wasn't Adrian. If Adrian had said those exact same words to me I would have melted on the spot. It wouldn't have mattered what words he used, or how filthy they were. I would have done anything, *anything*, Adrian had asked of me. And I would have done it with pleasure. I would have been filled with a rush of tingles at the sound of those words coming from his mouth, not the dread and disgust that filled my body right now.

I wished so badly that I could tell him that. That I could show him how different this was. I wanted him to see he wasn't a monster because of the things he wanted to do to me. This man behind me was the true monster. This man who bought me like a possession and ordered me around like a dog with his steely eyes and his cold, smiling voice.

But Adrian would never know. I would never be able to tell him how important he was to me. I would never feel his voice melting into me again. I would never see the excitement in his eyes when I stood in front of him and bared myself to him. I would never again feel his presence surrounding me, like he was the all-encompassing universe and his full attention was focused in on me. Never, ever again.

"Pick up the soap, little girl, and clean yourself."

My hand was shaking as I picked up a large bar of soap off the wide

porcelain ledge of the sunken bathtub and did as I was told. I created a lather of bubbles in my hands, then set the soap down. I slid my hands in between my legs, rubbing the silky-smooth film from the soap all over the insides of my thighs. Then I moved both of my hands higher, slipping my fingers in between my ass cheeks."

"Higher."

"Higher where?" I asked in a small voice, although I knew what he wanted.

"Slide your fingers over that pink hole of yours. I want to be able to eat three meals a day off of that little asshole."

I closed my eyes and swallowed hard and slowly swirled my fingers around as they spread the soapy lather around where he told me to.

"Inside."

"W-what?"

"Wash inside, little girl. I want to see you put your fingers inside there too. Do it now."

I paused for just a second, then did what he told me to do. I slid the middle finger of my right hand up and inside my asshole, then moved it in and out slowly. I knew this was what he wanted and I told myself I could put this act on for him even though it made me want to vomit.

I told myself I could do it because I made a promise to myself that this wouldn't go on for much longer. I could do it until I found something sharp, something to break that would give me my only escape. Then I would be gone and I wouldn't ever have to feel the thick, slimy presence of this horrible man again.

"I can see you are enjoying that. I know a filthy little whore when I see one." My stomach turned as I heard his clothing rustle and his zipper go down. "You want something else in there, don't you, little girl? Something nice and thick, maybe? Something that will make you scream and cry as it slides into that tight, pink hole of yours. You don't have long to wait, little one. Not long at all."

My body shuddered at the thought of that pig fucking me in the ass. And with every minute that went by I became more sure I was going to kill myself, but less sure I was going to be able to get the chance. If he was planning on fucking me soon I had to figure something out quick. I looked around the room from my bent over position and noticed a couple of mirrors I could smash if I could get to them. Those mirrors were my only hope.

"Stand up and wash the rest of your body. Turn to face me so I can see those little titties of yours."

I grabbed the soap and turned around, but kept my eyes down. I focused on

those little white bubbles that had almost disappeared, but still clung to their meager existence on the surface of the bathwater. I brought the bar of soap up to my breasts and massaged the soapy lather into one as I made a feeble attempt at covering the other.

"Don't ever try to conceal your body in front of me. That is not allowed. Your body is mine to admire and inspect whenever I desire to do so. You will stick those tits out whenever you are in my presence. Like you are offering them up to me. And if you don't, little girl, I will bite the nipples right off."

The shock of what he said flooded my body, and without thinking I looked up into his eyes, but regretted it immediately. The eyes of a cold, hard, evil man looked back at me. Terrifying eyes looked at me and through me. They bored into my soul and looked at it like it was nothing. To him I was nothing but an object there solely for his pleasure. Nothing more.

And now I understood the difference. I understood what the moments of fear I felt with Adrian meant. This man's eyes terrified me to my core. But I knew when I looked into Adrian's eyes what I was really scared of was myself.

I was scared I would be a disappointment, and with Adrian that was the scariest thing I could imagine. There was never a look of menace or evil in his eyes, and having this man to compare the experience to made it all so clear. In Adrian's eyes there was intensity and demand but there was also a look of amazement.

The look of someone who was getting everything they had always dreamed of.

And when I saw that look, when I saw him reveling in the very moment when I would comply with his wishes, it made me want to please him even more. And it made me want to push myself further than I ever had before to keep that gaze on me.

All I got when this man looked at me was a chill down my spine and a feeling of bile rising in my throat. All I got from the look in his eyes was pure dread.

I stood and let his eyes crawl across my soapy body, then I crouched down and rinsed off when he told me to, all while keeping my eyes averted from his stare. I didn't want to see the satisfied look on his face and I definitely didn't want to see his thick cock as it jutted out of his pants. I could see the movement of his hand as it slowly ran up and down its length as he watched me intently.

"Get out of the bath and come to me. Kneel down in front of me."

I did as he said, my wet feet slapping across the cold tile as I made my way over to him. He had not given me a towel to dry off, so I knelt down in front of him dripping water on the hard tile floor. His legs were spread wide, as with

most men who felt entitled to more space than anyone else around them. So when I knelt in front of him I was surrounded by his enormous thighs. My face hovered just inches away from his thick, veiny cock. He was now swirling his thumb around the purple head as it glistened with a sticky layer of his own fluids. I had to close my eyes so I didn't gag at the thought of putting that thing in my mouth.

I looked around this section of the room from a new angle, hoping to see if there was anything else I could use as a weapon. But all of the bottles of shampoo and soap that sat around the bathtub were plastic. There was nothing near me to break.

"What are you waiting for?" he said as he gripped a fistful of my hair in his left hand, pulling my head back and to the side. My eyes were still pointed downward, but as my head was wrenched back more of his disgusting body came into view. "Don't you see what is right in front of you? Don't you know what you are supposed to do with it, little girl? Open your mouth."

His hand jerked my head forward so that my lips pressed up against the slick head of his cock. I closed my eyes and swallowed hard as I slowly parted my lips, letting the tip of the head enter. My entire body shook from the cold and from the waves of fear that were coursing through it. As the salty tip touched my tongue I started to gag.

The grip tightened on my hair, pulling my head away from his cock as his other hand came crashing down on the side of my face. "I am not going to train you. I paid very good money for you, little girl. It isn't my problem if you weren't prepared properly for your new life. I do not care that you might be nervous. This is your job now. This is your life.

"Perhaps you don't understand exactly why you're here. You serve *me*. You anticipate *my* needs. If you see my cock out you open your fucking mouth and wrap your lips around it. You do not hesitate. You do not made a sound. You do not ever *gag*. You have no thoughts of yourself. Your only thought is what you can do for me. How you can please *me*. Is that clear? Look at me, little girl!"

I heard hair rip out of my scalp as he tightened his grip and yanked my head so it flew back, and I was, once again, looking up into his inhuman eyes. I tried to remain calm and stay still, but my body wouldn't obey. I turned my head slightly and immediately regretted it as he picked my body up off the ground by my hair. I gripped onto his thighs, trying to get some leverage with my hands, but he yanked me backward again so my back was arched and I collapsed across one of his legs.

He let go of my hair and gripped my jaw with both hands, pulling my mouth

open and cramming his hands inside.

"Now that I've seen how you are I won't make the same mistake twice. I will put you down in the caverns in a cell for a month. You will learn. You will be disciplined and trained the way you should have been before you came to me. By the end of the month, you will understand your position. You will understand what respect means and you will obey.

"I will have your teeth removed so that this pride you have in you will no longer be a threat to me. You have been given your one chance and you have failed. But you will serve me, little girl. You will learn your place. You will discover what it means to serve. Disobeying me will never be an option for you again.

"After that month in isolation, with nothing but cold, watery gruel to eat and no physical contact except the discipline you are given by my men, you will long for my cock to slide into your toothless mouth. When you are brought to me you will curl up at my feet and rub your long, blonde hair on my legs like a kitten. You will look up at me with eyes dripping with desire so that I know how much you respect me.

"Do not think I don't know you, little one. I have seen hundreds like you. And with every single one of them the end of their story is exactly the same. There is no escape for you. The only escape is to accept. The sooner you embrace your new life the easier it will be for you. Your life is for me now, little one. You are mine."

Chapter 2

Adrian

"You okay?"

When I heard my brother's voice behind me I turned my head. I didn't want to look at my father's dead body that was lying on the dirt road. I was still in shock over everything that had just happened. My brother shooting our father and what my father said right before he died. "Yeah, I'm okay."

It made sense to me now that he would be able to disown me so easily. That he would have no problem threatening my life and chasing me around the world if I wasn't really his son. But it only made sense in an abstract way. I didn't understand how he could treat me this way after having raised me my whole life.

But the words Lucas said to me while we lay in bed together in the dark last night kept playing over and over in my mind. That everything our father had done was an act. An act to gain something he wanted. Everything we believed about him was simply what he wanted us to believe. He manipulated everyone around him, including his own family.

Lucas was right. Our father was a complete sociopath. He put on an act for us, but underneath he was someone neither of us knew at all. This whole thing with Brooklyn seemed like a set up now. And it was starting to feel like he *wanted* me to find out this way.

"I just want to keep moving, Lucas. Let's get out of here. Let's get to that tunnel entrance."

"Sure, let me talk to my guy."

Lucas got on his phone and called his inside man, Alek—the one who had worked in the caverns for this Russian mobster. Grady crossed the dirt road over to where I was standing along the tree line. He touched my arm for a moment before he spoke. "You okay, Adrian? I heard what your dad said before Lucas shot him."

"Yeah, I'm okay. Just another thing to put on the list of how fucked up my life is right now."

"I'm sorry, man. You don't deserve any of this."

"Thanks, Grady. Thanks for being here for me. Lucas is on the phone right now with Alek and were gonna find out his strategy, then head up to the tunnel as soon as possible. "

"Well, if there's anything I can do ..."

"You've already done more for me than I could have ever asked for. You

always seem to be at the right place at the right time. I didn't even think about my dad's driver. If you hadn't taken care of him I'd be lying there on the road next to my father."

"No problem. I had my eye on him the whole time. And I knew it was just a matter of seconds before he came out of the car."

"Thanks again, Grady. You saved my ass."

"So, it looks like we'll be breaking up into two groups," Lucas said as men got out of the cars we drove up in and gathered behind him. "We've got twenty-three men here, and another ten waiting for us outside of the tunnels. When we get to the tunnel entrance we're going to split up, but for now let's get over there and get started."

Alek led us about a mile through a thick forest until we came to a grassy hill. He stopped walking right in front of a mass of bushes, then pulled back a thick layer of ivy, revealing a metal door that had been built into the side of the hill.

The door was ancient and looked like it had been there for over a hundred years. It was rusty and dented, but looked like it would last another hundred years easily. Alek pried up a metal box that was attached to the door by a hinge, then punched some numbers into a keypad that had obviously been installed sometime in the last decade. There was the sound of grinding metal as the internal lock shifted and the door creaked as it slowly opened on its own.

My stomach dropped when the door opened. Just inside was a small platform, and on that platform was a girl with long blonde hair. At first glance I thought it was Brooklyn. I was so out of my mind for a split second I thought maybe he had already used her and thrown her away. That I was too late. That was my biggest fear. That I would be one second too late and by the time I reached Brooklyn she would be dead.

But as I looked at the blonde girl, it slowly sank in that it couldn't be her. The girl lying curled up in a fetal position on the concrete slab was emaciated. Like she had been living on the edge of starvation for a long time.

"Looks like one of the girls tried to escape." Alek nudged her body with his foot, and as she rolled onto her back I saw her mouth was sunken in, like she had no teeth.

It made me sick to think at one point in my life I would've thought that was a bonus. And I was relieved to realize I didn't think that way anymore. I was changing. The monster inside of me was disappearing little by little.

"So they took out her teeth? Do they do that with all of the girls?"

"Not all of them. If Syrnyk pays good money for a girl, he won't do anything to ruin her appearance. He knows which ones he can get an even higher price

for and he makes sure they look good. Some of the most beautiful he keeps for himself, of course. He usually keeps them in good shape, but he has no problem making sure they know their place.

"The others, the ones he gets off the streets, he doesn't care about them. He doesn't keep track of them like he does the girls he pays for, and he doesn't provide anything for them other than the thinnest soup. He leaves them down in the caverns, sometimes packed into cells, until his men find a place to sell them.

"If they have too much fight in them, with him or with the other girls, he takes out their teeth and their nails," he said as he nudged the girl's hand with his foot. Her arm flopped to the side, revealing bloody scabs where her fingernails had once been.

"The street girls don't bring as much money, so he has to work with higher numbers. Sometimes twenty or thirty girls will be brought in overnight. They bring them here from all over Europe. Once the girls are trained they disappear and new girls take their place."

"If they don't bring much money, why does he keep them?"

"Because he can. Because he enjoys taking girls and breaking them down until they're nothing. Just a shell of what they once were."

I turned and looked at Lucas. "Please don't tell me you're impressed."

"Well, he sure as hell has us beat. I mean, the scale of his operation sounds like it's twenty times the size of ours ..."

"It's not *our* operation anymore, Lucas. I'm not involved in any of it." I stared at the dead girl for another moment, then looked back up at Alek. "How did this one get out here?"

"At the other end of this tunnel is another door like this one, with the same keypad system. It was probably a guard taking advantage of his position. I saw it a lot while I was working down there. A girl would beg one of the guards to let her go. She would promise him anything, which was a laugh because we took whatever we wanted from them anyway.

"There was nothing left for them to offer and nothing to bargain with. But they were so desperate they would believe anything the men told them. And some of the guards got off on more than just fucking. Some of them got off on killing too. It was never my thing at all, but the men down there, they know no one's paying attention. They know they can get away with whatever they want with these girls.

"So they might torture the girls a little here and there. And some they will bring into the tunnel. They'll tell the girl they're going to let her go, and they'll either kill her in the tunnel, then discard her out into the woods or even leave

their body down in the caverns to rot. There are plenty of unused cells down there where some of the men dump girls after they've used them up and no one ever sees them again. But there are the odd ones who lock girls in the tunnel and let them die while they claw at the doors in the darkness."

My eyes moved from the girl to the inside of the thick metal door, and like Alek said, it was covered in bloody handprints and streaks that ran down the entire door. It was horrifying. And all I could think about was Brooklyn.

"Okay, so here's the plan," Lucas said, breaking the silence that had passed over the entire group of men. "We're splitting into two groups. One group goes in first and clears out all the guards in the caverns. We don't know how many are down there. From what we know from the men who have worked with Syrnyk, there could be anywhere from two to ten men down there right now.

"None of the men who worked in the caverns saw much of the main house at all, so we don't have any info on any surveillance or alarms systems. But we have to assume both are a very real possibility. The key code that is punched into the doors to the tunnel allows anyone to come and go freely, but there may be cameras once we get inside.

"Once the first group has cleared the way, the second group heads in. There is a large open area just after the entrance, with smaller caverns shooting off in different directions. We'll break up into smaller groups and search through the cells that line the caverns to find the girl. Her name is Brooklyn and you should all have seen a picture of her. When she is found we leave. That's it. We don't stick around for any reason. We grab her and get the hell out of there."

As I listened to Lucas talk I realized I couldn't do it. If I found Brooklyn and we left with her we would be safe for a few days at the most. If I didn't kill everyone in the entire building, including Mihai Syrnyk, we would both be right back where we started. On the run.

I would spend the rest of my life having to constantly look behind me, always afraid for Brooklyn's safety. There was no way I was going to go back to that. If I got her back, there was no way I could ever let this happen to her again.

"I'm gonna go all the way in."

"What are you talking about?"

I understood the incredulous look in my brother's eyes, but there was no other option for me. I had no choice but to put an end to all of this. "After the first group goes in and we break up to search the caverns, I'm going to find the entrance to the house and go in there. I'm gonna kill the bastard."

"Adrian, I don't think that's such a good idea. We don't know anything about what he's got up there ..."

"I don't care, Lucas. I have to put an end to this. I'm not going to let that jackass ruin my life. I might as well be dead if I'm going to have to spend the rest of my life running from him. We don't even know for sure she is down there. He might have her up in his house right now. I have to do it, Lucas. I'm not going to let this happen again. I'm going in there and I'm going to find Brooklyn. And then I'm going to kill him."

"Then I'm going with you. We'll take five guys with us up there, okay?"

"Okay."

"All right guys, new plan. The first group will be headed up by Alek and Grady. Five of you will stay with Adrian and me. The rest go in on the first round. After you kill the men in the caverns you will split up and search for the girl.

"The second group, the five that stay back with Adrian and myself, will enter the house. Do we know where the entrance is, Alek?"

"Yes. I've only been in the hallway that leads from the side entrance of the house to the elevator, but I know where to get into the house." Alek looked around for a moment, then picked up a stick and drew a map in the dirt.

"The tunnel opens into this large area here. This is probably where the guards will be. So when we open the door we have to be prepared to shoot immediately. There are six tunnels that shoot off of the main cave. The three on the right and the first two on the left are lined with the locked cells with girls in them. The guards all have keys, so anyone that sees a set of keys, grab them.

"The last tunnel on the left leads to the house. It has the same security system as the other doors, same code and everything, only this door is an elevator door. Once you put in the code the doors open up to an elevator. The first floor is where Syrnyk's living space is, so I suggest starting there."

"Let me go in there with you guys. I'll head in after you and I'll have your back."

"No, Grady, I want you to stay down in the caverns. If anything goes wrong we'll need you down there."

"Okay, I'll do whatever you say. But if you don't come back down after a half hour ..."

"Dude, if we're not down by then you're all welcome to storm the house," Lucas said. "Let's get in there."

The first group of men went in and I brought up the rear with Lucas and our five men. We descended a long set of metal stairs that took us at least twenty feet underground. The tunnel was narrow and cold, with a dirt floor that was littered with stray rocks and wooden boxes that looked like they were from the first

world war.

It took a good fifteen minutes to reach the metal door that led into the main cave, and by the time we got there I was starting to sweat. My hands were clammy and I almost dropped my phone twice when I hit my head on the ceiling of the tunnel. I had never been claustrophobic, but it felt like a tomb in there. The top of the tunnel dipped down in many places so that I was forced to hunch down, then twist sideways to get through. Even with all of us using the flashlights on our phones, it was still pitch black, and with forty men inside it felt like there wasn't enough air.

I knew we were at the door when we stopped moving. We all wound up pressed in close to each other as we came to a stop. I had a guy right in front of me and right behind me, and my shoulders were touching each side of the tunnel. I felt boxed in and was relieved when I saw the light of the door opening up ahead of us.

Nobody said a word, but we all knew what to do. As soon as the door flew open there was a barrage of gunfire. It was hard as hell to hang back and not take part in it. I could hear semi-automatic rifles going off and I hoped to God that Grady was okay.

Lucas and I moved toward the door, but hung back just outside the sliver of dim light that came in through the open space. As soon as the gunfire came to a stop and we led the group of men into the main cave. There were at least twenty bodies on the ground. I had no idea if they were our men or Stryker's, but we didn't have time to stop and look.

"This way," Lucas said as he turned down the last cavern on the left and punched a code into a keypad next to a stainless-steel door. The door slid open and right in front of us was the elevator that Alek had said would be there. We all got on and I hit the button for the first floor. I kept expecting to hear sirens or an alarm, but nothing happened. The doors closed and I could feel the elevator lift us up.

I started holding my breath from the moment the doors closed in front of me. It was probably the longest thirty seconds of my life between then and when the doors opened again. I had no idea what was going to be waiting for me on the other side of the door when it opened, and I had no idea where to begin looking for Brooklyn. Or if she was even up there.

Chapter 3

Brooklyn

I started to feel a panic attack develop as the gravity of the situation I was in hit me. I knew this was bad. I knew my life was over the minute I set foot in this man's house. But suddenly things seemed to escalate, and I was terrified. This man was far worse than Adrian's father or brother. He was more sadistic and cruel and cold and psychopathic than even the two of them combined.

Through the jumbled thoughts in my panicked brain it became crystal clear that I would be doomed to a life of pure hell if I didn't do something drastic immediately. There would be no escape through death if I let myself live long enough to be caged in a cell. He would make sure of that. In a split second an entire lifetime of my ruined body being used as his own personal toy flashed before my eyes.

My entire body shook as he grabbed my head in both of his hands and pulled me closer to his face. His breath filled the air around me and suffocated me with its thickness and foul odor. He smelled like death.

The man stood up and picked me up with him, wrapping his arm around my neck and holding me so close that his cock pressed up against my stomach.

"Let us go to the bed. I would like our first encounter to be pleasant and relaxed, and to take my time with you. I will let the anticipation build and I will make sure you feel every single inch of my fist as I squeeze it into that perfect little asshole of yours."

My body was shoved forward so hard that I fell onto my hands and knees, my arms making a loud noise as they smacked down onto the cold tile. I stayed there for a moment with my ass in the air and my head close to the floor while I recovered from the shock and pain when I heard his voice behind me.

"I want to watch you crawl in front of me like a good dog, little girl. I want to see your ass high in the air, and I want to watch it sway back and forth as you make your way over to the bed. Entice me, little girl. Dazzle me with that tight hole of yours."

I raised myself up on my hands and knees and started to crawl. The bathtub was on my left and just beyond that was a freestanding full-length mirror in an ornate, oval frame. My only chance would be to crawl ahead of him and jump up at the last second. If I could break the mirror and grab a piece quick enough, I could plunge it into my neck before he got to me.

My hands shook uncontrollably as I laid each one down on the floor, one in

front of the other. I could feel his presence right behind me, almost on top of me, as I moved across the room.

"Seduce me with that ass, little girl. I won't tell you again."

I was a good ten steps away from the mirror and every fiber of my being wanted to jump up and lunge at it, but he felt so close behind me. Too close. I took a couple of quick steps to put some distance between us, but he wouldn't give it to me.

"Slow down, little girl. What's the hurry? We have all day, every day, for the rest of your life."

He drew the last few words out so that they sounded like a hiss coming out of a snake's mouth. I paused for a moment as the words rolled over me, filling me with the urge to vomit and giving me the strength I needed. I jumped up and ran to the mirror, pushing it over and diving on top of the thousands of broken pieces that spread across the white tile.

The loud crash of glass on tile echoed off the walls of the room and rang in my ears. It felt like pandemonium as I desperately groped the sharp pieces of mirror, cutting the tips of my fingers repeatedly as I tried to find a large enough piece, but they were all too small to do any damage to my throat. The shards ground into my knees and the palms of my hands as I reached to grab one I could see with a perfect, long thin blade.

But before I could close my hands around it, I felt myself being yanked backward by my hair, then thrown to the left. I tumbled headfirst into the bathtub, my shins hitting the hard edge and my head going underwater for a few seconds before I jumped up, gasping for air.

When I glanced down at the water I was startled to see it turning pink. My body shook violently as I looked down at my hands. Beads of blood burst out from the countless cuts and dripped down into the bathwater. I screamed at the knowledge that it was my own blood coloring the water and I had failed to kill myself. Then, as I felt a blow to the side of my head, I prayed. The last thought that oozed through the thickness of my addled brain was the hope that I would drown in that pink water. I prayed to God I would never wake up.

I was jolted awake by the impact of my body being thrown onto a bed. My body and hair were soaking wet, and I was glad to have a warm soft surface underneath me instead of the cold tile. But after that fleeting, far-off moment came to an end, I snapped back to reality when I remembered the bathroom and the broken mirror and my blood coloring the water in the bathtub. Then the words from the Russian man slowly filled my head.

We have all day, every day, for the rest of your life...

I heard the clinking of metal, then felt the weight of another body on the bed. I was rolled over onto my back and the Russian man straddled me at my waist. His enormous cock was still jutting out of the opening at the top of his pants, and he was still rock hard. The purple head appeared like it might explode at any second. I imagined that this was all part of the excitement for him. He probably couldn't even get it up if there wasn't some blood involved.

He picked up a large, curved piece of metal that opened on a hinge. It looked like a cuff, but it was larger than any I'd ever seen. He smiled as he slipped it behind the back of my neck, then snapped it shut with a click.

"This is to remind you that you belong to me, little girl. That you only go where I want you to go. No more ridiculous attempts at running away, yes?"

"You think I don't know all of your tricks? All of your little manipulations and games and lies? Do you know how many girls I've had here? Do you know how many have been in this position you're in right now? On this very bed with this very same collar around their pretty little necks?"

"I have decided that you are special, so I grant you the privilege of staying up here with me, but not until you've been taught your lesson. Not until you have been rendered safe. Not until I am assured that you will no longer be a threat to yourself, or to me," he said with a grim smile and a flash of intensity in his eyes.

"After we've had fun playing with that little asshole of yours, you'll go away for a month ... maybe two. I know it will be hard to be separated for so long, but I also know it will make everything so much better. It will make our coming together again that much more meaningful. Don't you think, little one?" he said as he ran the back of his fingers down the side of my face.

I shivered as his fingers caught on the metal cuff and tugged, pulling my shoulders a few inches off the mattress, then letting me drop back down. His fingers grazed my collarbone as they made their way down to my breasts. Then he gripped both of my nipples between the thumb and finger on each of his hands and pulled them up, causing my back to arch off the bed. I pushed myself up as high as I could with my feet, but he kept pulling until it felt like my nipples would rip right off. After I screamed out in pain for the third or fourth time, he finally let go and my body sank back down onto the bed.

He raised himself up off of me, then rolled me over onto my stomach. I had to hold my head at an angle so the metal cuff didn't cut into my chin. I felt my body being dragged backward toward the bottom of the bed, and watched as bloody streaks appeared on the bedspread where my hands had dragged across the surface. I was lifted up at the hips, and when I was set back down I had

something underneath me so my ass was raised high up in the air.

I felt my legs being pulled apart and to the side one at a time, then tied to the corners of the foot of the bed. I felt a sharp sting as the cuts on my knees came into contact with the bed. My arms were next. They were pulled tight to the side and up, so that they were secured to each side of the head of the bed. I felt a hand on each of my ass cheeks, then his thick, hot breath, and finally the wetness of his tongue. I gasped and flinched as I felt his tongue prod its way into my asshole. Then he spread my cheeks so far apart it felt like I might split in half.

"Don't try to fool me into thinking this is a virgin hole, little girl. No man could resist this little pink perfection."

I felt my lips open up as he prodded me with his rough, calloused fingers. He pulled back my folds and stretched the skin, inspecting every crevice in between my legs. I felt him enter both of my holes repeatedly with his fingers as if he were testing for resistance.

"You are so very tight. It is not an exaggeration when I call you 'little girl.' This first taste of you will be exquisite. And waiting for you to come back to me will be quite torturous. But just imagine how wonderful it will be when there is absolutely nothing between my cock and the delicate skin inside your mouth."

He moved up so that he was on top of me, and I felt the head of his cock moving up and down the exposed space between my legs. He circled my asshole, then moved the head down, pressing it into the space between my pussy lips before moving back up and pressing himself into me.

"Oh, you are such a temptation. That tight little hole of yours is calling out to my cock, but I want to see the look on your face when my fist is deep inside you first."

He put all of his weight on his hands as they rested on either side of my body while he continued to rub his cock up and down my slit, his breath growing heavier and more intense with each stroke. I braced myself and gritted my teeth, waiting for him to force himself into me without any lube.

I imagined that he didn't care if I was even remotely comfortable. Especially since he was planning to have all of my teeth yanked out of my mouth to accommodate his own pleasure.

Tears rolled down to one side of my face as I lay helpless and immobile. I felt something enter me, but it didn't feel like it could be that enormous purple head. I realized it was one of his fingers, but quickly with each thrust he added another and another until I could feel my asshole straining.

A shaky cry came from my throat as he continued to try to fit his thumb

inside me. And inch by excruciating and she was getting it in there. He was forcing his entire hand inside of me. I pulled at the ties that bound my arms and legs, struggling to wriggle away from the pain, but it was no use. I couldn't move. I couldn't get away. I was trapped here with this psychopath who was getting off on watching me experience this excruciating pain.

After a few seconds I realized another sound had invaded the room. Instead of just his heavy, rapid breath in my ear in addition to my screams of agony that filled the room, there was also a high-pitched noise. It sounded like a phone ringing, but in my terror I had no frame of reference for anything.

He said something in Russian that sounded like a curse, then pulled his hand out of me. He got up off the bed and started speaking to someone. At first he sounded irritated, then angry, but his voice soon started to take on a disturbingly calm tone. Then he laughed.

"It looks like we have some visitors, little girl. You will stay here and wait for me, yes? I think you will enjoy visiting with them as much as I will."

I felt a cold breeze against my pussy lips as he slammed the door behind him and I was left alone in the room to wait.

Chapter 4

Adrian

"Everybody ready," I said to the men behind me as the elevator came to a stop. But when the doors slid open there was no sign of anyone. No shots, no alarms, no men defending this mobster's estate. I didn't like the looks of it. I felt like we were headed into a trap.

I motioned to Lucas to take the left side of the hallway while I checked to the right. I gave him a nod, and we both whipped around the doorway, leading with our guns as we scanned opposite ends of a long hallway.

"The side is clear," Lucas said.

We both stepped out of the elevator and were immediately followed by the rest of the men on our team.

"I was expecting a little more fanfare than this," Lucas said with a furrowed brow.

"Yeah, it's a little bit unnerving. We have to assume he knows we're here. He has to have cameras and alarms coming up from those caverns."

"Unless having the code gives us full access."

"It's possible, but not likely. We all need to be on our highest guard. I suggest we split up into groups. You two, and you two, then the last group will be the three of us," I said, gesturing to the fifth man, Lucas, and myself.

"I have no problem going alone. I'll move faster if I'm not worried about a partner, or two."

"Are you sure about that, Lucas? This guy is ..."

"I'm sure. We're wasting time talking about this, Adrian."

"Okay, let's go. Each hallway we come to, two men branch off. Check every room as quickly and thoroughly as possible. I gave Grady a half hour before coming after us, so we meet back down in the caverns then. Keep your phones on silent, but text Lucas and me when you're on your way back down there."

Two of the men and Lucas turned and headed in one direction, while the rest of us took the opposite end of the hallway. Two men branched off down a side hallway as I made my way farther down the hall with my partner.

I took one side of the hallway, listening for any sign of life behind the closed doors before opening them. There were at least six doors on my side of the hallway and five for my partner to check out, and there was no one in any of them.

It was mind-boggling to think that all of these rooms were empty. But each

room I came to and each door that I opened showed no sign of life except for the furniture. The rooms were all crammed full of furniture that lined every single wall. Some rooms had multiple television sets and multiple couches, and they all had multiple dressers and tables and cabinets. It was almost as if each room was occupied by an entire family and all of their belongings, but no people.

Most of the furniture and television sets and stereos were newer, but the furniture seemed old but not worn, as if it had never been used. Either this guy had a bunch of people living with him, or he filled his enormous, empty house up with furniture to make it feel like he did.

There was one last room on my side of the hallway before another one up ahead. I looked up and down to see if I could find my partner, but there was no one in the hall, and no doors were open on the side he was searching. I figured he must have gone up ahead and was examining a room around the corner, so I continued on.

I stepped into the room and noticed immediately how different it was. It was still filled with an excessive amount of furniture, but the style was more extravagant and garish. There were gold sconces and fixtures everywhere, as well as paintings in incredibly ornate gold leaf frames. In fact, the walls were almost completely covered in small lamps and portraits. Maybe the guy did have a huge family after all.

The room looked like a meeting room of some kind, with multiple doors, one on each wall of the room. I walked straight across the room and slowly opened the door in front of me and looked out onto another hallway. I didn't see anyone outside the door, and wondered where the other men in my group were. It didn't seem like there could be many other halls to search.

I quietly closed the door to the other hallway, and just as I was about to turn around I heard the metallic click of a bullet entering the chamber of a handgun.

"I'm very pleased to have you in my home, Mr. Bellini."

I froze with my hand on the doorknob and I waited. I had been expecting a bullet in the back of my head since I stepped off the elevator.

"I'm assuming it is not me you've come to visit, but I'm afraid this is as far as you will be allowed into my home."

The slight Russian accent on the smooth, lilting voice that came from just over my shoulder sent shivers down my spine. The fact that he knew who I was didn't help.

"I'm not surprised that you are here, young Mr. Bellini. I have been expecting you, although I have to admit I did not expect your visit quite so soon."

"Where's Brooklyn?"

"The little girl? She is no concern of yours anymore. She belongs to me now. You are aware of the arrangement I had with the late Fredrick Bellini. You are aware that she belongs to me, that she has been *my* property for over a year. You stole from me, Mr. Bellini. You have entered my home, killed my men, and you think you will leave with my most prized possession? How is it that you thought you would be able to get away without me lifting a finger?"

His words spun around in my head for a moment while I tried to decide how to approach this madman. He knew my father was dead and he knew the men in the cavern had been killed. He had some kind of surveillance on us, but I didn't know where or how. I didn't know if he was aware of all of the men who were searching his house, or if he knew that many of them were still down in the caverns.

I turned around and faced him so that the gun he held to my head was now inches from my face.

"She's not your possession. She doesn't belong to you or to anyone."

"The little girl is mine. I waited for her for many years," he said, his eyes narrowing before a smile curled up in one corner of his mouth. "But now that you are here my waiting is over. Perhaps we can all have fun together, yes?"

"You're not going to have fun with anyone, Syrnyk. I'm leaving here with my wife," I said as I cocked the pistol aimed directly at his forehead.

"You would be advised to drop the gun right now. You do not have the advantage you think you do. What do you think will happen to your precious little girl if I am killed? As I said, I have waited for this for years. There are more plans in place than you realize."

Years? I thought, dropping my gun onto the floor. How could he have been waiting for her for years? Had he had this arrangement with my father for longer than I realized? I still didn't understand the connection between them, how they knew each other, and what their relationship was. None of this was sitting right with me.

The Russian kicked my gun across the room and laughed. "So it appears that you do know about me, then? You know my name, at least. What else do you know?"

"I'm aware that you work with the Odessa Mafia, but ..."

"But here I am in Russia, working with men who are clearly from this country. How can that be, you ask?" he said, flourishing his hands in the air and widening his eyes as if he were speaking of some mystical event.

"How can one man, Mihai Syrnyk, work for two such organizations? You'd be surprised what men will do, what atrocities they will forgive, when there is

great skill involved. As well as a continuous supply of something that is in demand. There are not many men who are capable of doing what I do. What *we* do, young Mr. Bellini," he said, gesturing toward me.

"What *we* do? I don't believe we have anything in common."

"Your first mistake was assuming you could get into my house without me being aware of you. Your second mistake is thinking that I know nothing about you. That I have not done my research on you and Fredrick Bellini. You see, I have been following you. And not just on that little boat of yours as you sailed around the South Pacific. I've been following you for a very long time. And I have been waiting."

"Waiting for what? What is it that you want from me? What do you want for Brooklyn?"

"For the little girl? Do you mean to ask me what I would take so that you can leave with her? That's a very silly question. You should know the answer to that by now. She is never leaving my house. And now that you are here you are welcome to stay as well. I have plenty of room for both of you, as well as your brother."

I heard the faint sound of a phone vibrating and watched as the Russian took his eyes off of me for a fraction of a second. Then I took my only opportunity. I ducked out of sight of his gun and lunged forward, knocking him off of his feet. His gun fired into the air, then flew out of his hand and skidded fifteen feet away across the floor.

Before I could turn to get to my gun, he grabbed my leg and lunged on top of me, throwing a barrage of punches at my face. I blocked some of them and finally managed to roll him over twice, so that I was on top of him and within a few feet of his gun. I held him down with both hands wrapped tightly around his neck, but lost my grip as his knee came up and knocked me to the side.

I rolled onto my back with his 250-pound frame coming down on top of me. But before he could get me pinned down, I grabbed the gun and brought the butt across his temple. It didn't knock him out, but he lost his balance and he fell back down to the ground and rolled onto his back. I jumped on top of him, this time with my gun aimed right at his face. I cocked the pistol, but before I could pull the trigger the door behind me flew open.