

**His to Keep (She's Mine Book 2)**  
**By JB Duvane**

**Cover by Kasmit Covers**

© 2016 JB Duvane

All Rights Reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express permission of the publisher .

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locations is purely coincidental.

Please note that this work is intended only for adults over the age of 18.

All characters are 18 or over.

This is a 4-chapter sample and is not for sale.

[Touch here to subscribe to JB Duvane's mailing list and get all four parts of the Jet-Set Billionaire series for FREE!](#)

Books in this series:

This book, *His to Keep*, is the second 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

"Don't move."

My heart stopped when I heard his deep voice so close to my ear, almost a whisper but with a tone that resonated throughout my entire body like a single note played on a piano. I struggled to stay as still as possible, even though every part of my body was tensed up and begging for release.

"I can see your lips moving," he said as his finger slid into my mouth, pulling on my lower lip until it was stretched tight, then letting it snap back. The warmth of this breath spread across my cheek and down my neck as his words hung in the air.

"That's going to cost you, little angel."

*Not fair*, I thought, biting down on the same lip, trying to stop my entire body from shaking and quivering under Adrian's touch. His fingers traced a line down my neck, then circled both of my breasts while his lips gently surrounded one of my nipples. I could feel the bite coming before his teeth clamped down on my flesh because I knew the cost of disobeying him. Pain.

My back was arched as far as it could go but that didn't stop me from moving my head back a tiny bit further, which also managed to push my breast ever so slightly closer to Adrian's lips.

The pain seemed to go on forever, shooting sharp daggers down to the space between my legs and out to every limb. It was almost unbearable the way the sensation vibrated throughout my body, vacillating wildly between pain and pleasure. And when he released the nipple, letting the skin snap back, the movement and rush of blood to the area made me gasp.

The other nipple was going to be next. I knew it when I felt his hot breath slowly move across the skin in between my breasts, then the touch of his lips at the tip of the very sore, hard nub. As he bit down hard, a scream escaped from my throat that almost scared me. It would have scared me if I had been in a different state of mind. I was past the point of being in control, of my body or my thoughts or anything else.

Nothing seemed real anymore. I had slipped into the place where only Adrian could take me to. Sounds seemed to come from either too close or too far away, but never where I expected them to come from, and my body started to feel detached. As the pain increased and turned into pleasure, my body would start to lose the feeling that it was connected to anything: connected to the bed or the

ties around my ankles and wrists or anything in the world at all. The only thing I felt was Adrian.

I felt the pain on both nipples next. It shot up and down my body again like a flash of lightening, but it didn't stop like lightning does. It kept going. Once again I tried to escape from the pain by moving backward. A physical reflex I suppose, because I knew now that I wanted the pain. I wanted the way the pain felt as it coursed through my body and I wanted what it did to my mind as I fell into a faraway place inside of it.

I knew I was still bent backward over a pile of pillows and my head was hanging off the bed. I knew my arms and legs were tied together. Each arm tied to each leg, and pulled tight to either side of my body, then secured to the sides of the bed. And I knew Adrian was standing at the foot of the bed, his hard cock just inches away from my chin, but because of the blindfold my world was completely black.

"You're my good girl, aren't you."

With the sound of his deep, soft voice in my ear the pain came to a stop and a wave of warm tingles spread throughout my entire body. But there was something in his words that shot through me almost as painfully as the teeth on my nipple. I was slammed back into reality for a moment, if you could call the tenuous grasp I had on my surroundings reality. Something had changed.

The images in the blackness of my mind suddenly became very different. One minute swirls of what was going on in the room around me — and what was being done to my body — surrounded me in the darkness. Then the next minute all I could see was myself, or how I imagined that I looked. So small and far away, surrounded by blackness and a feeling that I would never be able to get back. I was slipping too far away.

"Your mouth looks so beautiful, the way it's waiting there just for me."

There was Adrian again. His voice was real and solid and brought me back, almost making me cry with relief. I could feel his words right there next to me, like they were touching me, vibrating into me and through my body. And I could feel *him* on every inch of my skin, surrounding me like a warm, soft blanket.

The world that had been black and dark and made me feel like I was slipping away into nothingness a moment ago suddenly felt safe again. I floated on the sensation of the ever-so-slight rocking of the yacht and the rhythmic sounds of Adrian's breath. Adrian and the movement of my body on waves of the ocean and the tingles that coursed over my skin and deep inside me were everything in that moment. Nothing else existed.

"That's my sweet angel," he said as he wrapped his hand around my chin and

ran his thumb over my lips. His mouth was so close and his breath was so hot I couldn't tell where my cheek ended and his lips began. There was no separation in the dark, in this space where I was floating that was now reduced down to the heat of his breath and the touch of his fingers on my tingling skin. His touch was the only thing anchoring me to me. If he wasn't there touching me, I wasn't sure if I would even exist anymore.

"Are you going to come for me when I tell you to?"

"Y-yes," I said.

But it was much more like a whisper. A whisper that was so loud to my own ears it came crashing down around me. The sound of my breath was also strangely loud to me, and my lips—*Why won't my lip stop quivering*—felt like a beacon flashing in a dark room. Or a mask with an oversized mouth, the lips flapping and out of control. That's how I started to see myself in the blackness in my mind.

*What's wrong with my lips*, I thought as I tried to make them stop moving. I didn't know if it was possible for my lips to have grown ten times their normal size, but suddenly that's exactly how they felt. But every time I tried to make them stop quivering, my mouth felt like it took on an unnatural shape, like it wasn't my mouth at all anymore.

I worried Adrian was staring at my lips, watching them quiver and form strange, unnatural shapes. And I was so afraid he was laughing. I could feel tears start to well up under my blindfold, but I didn't want him to know. I didn't want him to see I was crying for no reason at all, adding to the weird shape of my mouth and the ridiculously out-of-control quivering.

I felt his hands gently caress my face as it hung down over the edge of the pillows, just barely resting on the mattress. His fingers circled my quivering, misshapen lips before I felt the head of his cock slip in, pushing in past my tongue and to the back of my throat.

I heard a deep groan, then the weight of both of his hands on the bed below my legs which were spread wide. Then it felt like a switch was flipped and suddenly there was an intense vibrating sensation. Earlier, I felt Adrian put something inside me, and now that thing had been turned on and it was sending pulsating pleasure to every inch of my pussy.

Adrian moved himself in and out of my mouth. He started out slowly, but his frenzy started to build, especially every time a moan escaped my throat. I felt his body hovering over mine as I lay backward over the pile of pillows, his pelvis making contact with my face every time he thrust himself down my throat.

The feeling of the vibrator inside me and Adrian's thrusts into my mouth

were intensified by the blindfold and the restraints on my arms and legs. I felt my orgasm building. I felt Adrian's cock thicken and grow harder inside my mouth as the ridge of the head brushed past my lips over and over.

"Are you ready to come for me? I want you to come for me now, Brooklyn," he said with a strained voice, and with those words I felt my body let go. The warmth of the orgasm spread from the space between my legs and up into my stomach and a long, deep moan escaped from my throat in between the thrusts of Adrian's cock.

"Oh, God," I heard Adrian yell as he plunged himself harder and deeper into my mouth and down my throat. With every thrust my orgasm continued and my body shook until Adrian slowed, then pulled out of me, removing the vibrator and leaving me in a faraway place in the darkness.

\*\*\*

I felt myself drift among the sounds and sensations that surrounded me. I could hear and feel everything: the occasional wave splashing against the boat, the rhythmic bobbing that felt at times like a hammock rocking gently in a breeze, the bed dipping as Adrian got in next to me and pulled the covers over us, and the tingling sensation of fingers moving through my hair.

I could hear and feel but I couldn't open my eyes. I didn't want to open my eyes. When I reached this point, after a particularly intense experience with Adrian, I felt a sense of peace throughout my entire body that I wanted to go on forever. I wanted to float in this space where nothing bad could ever happen to me and Adrian was near me and everything was perfect. It was the closest I'd ever come to understanding what Heaven could be. I couldn't imagine anything could ever be better than this feeling.

I had never experienced anything like this before Adrian. It didn't matter what happened with other boys before him. When we'd have sex it never really mattered if I came or not. When it was all over and done with I would always feel good, but it was nothing like this. Sometimes I would be tired and I'd fall asleep, but no matter what happened I could always function.

But everything was so different with Adrian. After we made love I wouldn't be able to move, or speak, and I could barely breathe. And it didn't matter if he tied me up or spanked me or forced my head up and down as my lips were wrapped around his cock; every time it was over my body shut down completely.

It didn't happen right away, though. I remember the first time it happened Adrian shook me because he thought there was something wrong. I was barely breathing and I wasn't responding to his questions. Not in a way he could hear, anyway. I thought the answers to his questions, inside my peaceful floating

space, but it didn't occur to me at the time that he needed more.

It wasn't until he shook me, and I was able to open my mouth and tell him out loud that I was fine, that I realized I had been somewhere else. Somewhere far away and deep inside myself where even a whisper was loud to me.

Sex with Adrian was never the same after that. No matter what we did, when it was all over I was lost in my own dark, dreamy space for a long time. And when my body and mind decided it was time, I would take a deep breath and open my eyes and he would be there. Holding me and brushing my hair back with his fingers and looking at me like I was the only thing in the world he could see. The only thing he wanted to see.

"Hey."

I turned my head and looked up into Adrian's dark eyes. We were lying on the bed with our heads resting on two fluffy, down pillows. I wasn't surprised to find I was in a new position. Because although I had been tied to the bed with my head hanging down over the foot of it earlier, I had been completely aware of him untying me and gently moving each of my limbs so they rested comfortably in line with my body.

Then I felt him pick me up and carry me around the bed so he could lay my head on the pillow and cover me up. I felt the bed dip as he crawled in next to me and I felt his warm skin and breath envelop me as he wrapped his arms around my body and slide up next to me to find the place where his body fit perfectly with mine.

"Hey," I said back, smiling and reaching up to touch his jawline with his few days' of growth of facial hair.

I loved how the dark, speckled shadow highlighted his strong jawline and made his look so rugged. He looked good clean shaven, but he looked drop dead gorgeous when that dark, stubbly growth emphasized the lines of his face. I ran my thumb across his lips and stared at the sharp outline that separated the soft pink flesh from the dark hair surrounding them.

"Are you okay? You were out for a long time," he said as he reached up and took my hand in his, slowly kissing each of my fingers, then slipping one in between his perfect lips.

"Yes, I'm okay. I'm *more* than okay," I said with a big smile as I squeezed my body up closer to his. I still couldn't get over how lucky I was to finally be with Adrian. After so many years of comparing other guys to him and wishing we could be back on that beach, just the two of us with the sand and the crashing waves, he was finally mine.

And the way he made me feel, this place he took me to when we made love,

was the icing on the best cake I'd ever had. More incredible that I could have ever imagined.

"I just don't want to hurt you, Brooklyn. I'm afraid I'm going to hurt you."

"You're not hurting me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, of course. I told you sometimes it takes me a while to come back after we—"

"No, I know that. I actually love what happens to you, and I love watching you wake up and come back to me. And I love knowing that I do that to you," he said with a smile but then the look on his face turned serious. "But earlier, I don't know, you sounded like ... I couldn't tell if you were ... you sounded like you were crying."

Adrian moved his hand across my hair, moving it out of my face and behind my ear, looking up at the top of my head while he did, almost like he was avoiding looking me in the eye. I didn't say anything right away. I *had* been crying, and at the time I didn't want him to notice. And there was a part of me that didn't want to admit I had been crying. I didn't really understand any of what had happened in that moment, and I was ashamed of how out of control my body had felt.

"Were you crying?"

"Yes," I said, moving my head down so it was resting on his shoulder. "I don't know why, but it wasn't because you were hurting me, Adrian. I promise." I looked back up into his eyes and the look of concern that filled them made me sad. I didn't want him to worry about me like that. "I know you would never hurt me."

He didn't say anything else, but by the look in his eyes I had the feeling there was something he wanted to tell me. Or maybe it was something he didn't want me to know at all. As much as I trusted him, sometimes I got the feeling that Adrian kept some things from me. That he was always trying to protect me from something.

## Chapter 2

Adrian

"Thanks, man. I really owe you one," I said as I took the large manila envelope from Grady's hand. There weren't many people I could trust anymore, but my father's former driver turned out to be more loyal and more of a friend to me than anyone I'd ever worked with.

"No problem, Adrian. You know I'd be dead, or worse, if it wasn't for you. You didn't need to carry me onto your plane, but you did. I don't even want to think about what your father would have done to me if he'd gotten his hands on me. Anything you ever need from me, it's yours."

I nodded and took another long drink of my beer before I asked him about my father and my brother. I hadn't expected that Lucas would try to get in touch with me since Brooklyn and I had fled from the villa almost a year ago, but I knew if anyone could find me he would be able to. And I had to admit I was curious if he had completely turned against me and was working with my father to find us and take Brooklyn back to the jackass that had bought her.

During my last conversation with him it seemed like he was telling me I could trust him, that it actually still meant something to him that we were brothers. But I honestly didn't know if I could trust anyone anymore.

"Have you heard from anyone? Any of your old associates?"

"I have a couple guys I keep in touch with. One that does security on your dad's property, and one that travels with Lucas when he goes out on jobs."

"How do you communicate with them? We had everything tracked when I was working for my father, and I can't believe they would have loosened up security after I took off. That place has gotta be like a fortress now."

"Well, we were all buddies before we got the jobs with your dad's firm. One of them knows how to get around all that computer security stuff, I guess. It's way over my head, though. He tells me what to do and I do it. Untraceable browsers and that sort of thing.

"Unfortunately, I can't get ahold of them anytime I want, though. I have to go through a series of random websites, and perform a kind of survey. I get redirected to a different site if I give the right answer and eventually I leave a message and one or both of them will get back to me."

"Damn, that sounds interesting. What if they want to talk to you?"

"I get a text message on a phone I only use for that purpose. Then I use a different throwaway to return the call. I'll have to let you talk to Jake about it

sometime. It seems like maybe you could use that kind of system."

"Yeah, I probably should have something set up. As it is I don't really need anything like that. I don't talk to anyone except you and Brooklyn."

"Seriously, Adrian? That's crazy. You can't isolate yourself like that. Especially with what you're going through with your father. That would be enough to make anyone lose it."

"Yeah, I know, but who am I gonna talk to? My whole life has been cut off. I don't know who I can trust, and I'm afraid if I make one wrong move I'll be dead and Brooklyn will be ... worse than dead."

"Well, from what I understand, your brother doesn't seem to be part of the search for you and Brooklyn. Lucas has been off doing his own thing for the last few months."

"What do you mean *his own thing*?"

"I don't know. Maybe he's breaking off from your dad's business. I have no idea. I can find out for you, though. Next time I talk to Jake I'll get the lowdown."

"Thanks, man. I really would like to know what's going on. I feel like it's just a matter of time before they catch me with my guard down. I've been able to avoid a run-in so far, but I know someone is out there following us. I can't keep watch twenty-four hours a day, and I have a bad feeling I won't even see it coming when it happens."

"Just stay on the yacht for a while longer, Adrian. It's the safest place for the two of you right now. By the way, where is she? Did you leave Brooklyn on the cruiser?"

"No, I don't ever leave her alone. She's with a woman she works with. Someone I trust."

"Well, there you go, that's another person you trust. See, things aren't as bad as they seem. Everything's going to work out for you, I know it. You did the right thing getting her out of there and away from your father, and you'll be rewarded for that."

I tried to smile. I knew he was right. There was nothing that was more important to me than Brooklyn and her safety. It was hard having everyone I had loved and thought cared about me turn their backs on me.

I looked around the outdoor marketplace that surrounded the bar, then back down at my beer. I hadn't felt safe when we were docked and were out in the crowds of the port cities where we stopped for supplies for months. Not since I got that anonymous note on the breakfast tray in the hotel in Manila.

Since we left there four months ago we spent our time island-hopping around

the South Pacific, staying out at sea for weeks at a stretch, then docking in a different port city whenever we needed food or water or fuel. And I always felt like I needed eyes on the back of my head. That no matter how safe things appeared, there was always going to be someone sneaking up behind me, ready to pay me back for betraying my father and stealing from one of his clients. Stealing the woman I loved, who was nothing more to either of them than a piece of meat. A piece of very expensive meat.

"Brooklyn's at the Aston Manado for another couple of hours. I'm gonna go meet her at the hotel room where she's having her meeting and then we'll pick up some supplies on the way back to the dock."

"I'll go with you. Keep an eye on things so you don't have to worry so much."

"You don't have to do that, Grady."

"Hey, what else am I going to do, drink beer all day?"

"That doesn't sound all that bad," I said with a laugh.

"Seriously, I'd be happy to see you back to the dock. Besides, I've got a trunk-load of stuff you ordered. I'll drive you two around and help you unload. I'm here to help you two with anything you need."

"Thanks, Grady. I completely forgot about all of that. I don't know where my head is at these days. And I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Don't mention it. And like I said, things are going to work out. You'll see."

\*\*\*

After we picked Brooklyn up from the hotel, Grady drove us through Manado. He'd been staying there for about a week before we got there so he knew his way around a bit. We bought boxes of produce and meat at the outdoor markets and picked up large bags of rice and noodles that would last a month at least.

There was barely any room for me to squeeze into the back seat with everything we had purchased, on top of the things in the trunk like, soft toilet paper and the candy Brooklyn loved that I had ordered online and had shipped to Grady. And in addition to that I had the manila envelope in my hands that included test results that would tell me the one thing I had been dreading finding out.

The three of us carried boxes and bags of supplies down the rickety wooden dock, past old wooden canoes and catamarans that floated alongside motorized fishing boats and newer yachts until the last item had been removed from Grady's rental car.

We stacked everything next to the yacht as it was carried down the dock from the car, then handed each item off to one another across the plank that

served as a bridge. As we passed the boxes and bags I couldn't help but notice Grady looking back toward the ramshackle huts on the crowded the edge of the shore.

"I think we're being watched," he said as he hoisted a twenty-pound bag of rice into the air. It was the last of the supplies, and after I grabbed it out of his hands he jumped on board. I set it down on the deck next to the other bags and boxes of food without looking up.

"Are you sure? This yacht does get a lot of stares," I said, keeping my eyes on the boxes.

"There's two guys in suit jackets wandering back and forth between the shacks back there. They look kind of out of place. Too well-dressed to be standing around down here."

I started to tell Brooklyn to get inside, but was cut short by the appearance of a stream of rice spilling out of the side of the bag and onto the deck. I immediately turned and grabbed her, then ran up the small flight of stairs and ducked into the main cabin. I pushed Brooklyn down below the counters in the galley and backed up to the cockpit to get the boat started. As I did, I looked toward the shore and could barely make out two men in light gray jackets who were visible around the corners of the ramshackle huts.

"Stay down! Get on the floor!" I said to Brooklyn as I started up the engine.

"I'm not the one they're going to shoot, Adrian! Please don't go back out there!" she yelled from a crouched position under the galley table.

As I grabbed the Beretta I kept in the cockpit, I heard the whoosh of multiple shots being fired from Grady's gun that had been fitted with a silencer. I headed out toward the rear of the boat then eased my way back on deck. I watched as Grady dove behind a pile of boxes that were stacked near the rear seating area, and in between shots I took cover next to him.

"What are you doing? Get the hell out of here! I'll jump off as you pull away," Grady said, switching out the magazine in his gun.

"I'm still tied up. If I pull away now I could take the whole damned dock with me. Don't worry about me, I'm fine. Do you see them?"

"I think I hit one. I saw a body in a gray jacket go down next to the shack over there on the far right. His buddy is probably right around there too."

"Did they look familiar at all?"

"I didn't get a good enough look at 'em. Besides, your dad has more connections than a goddamned Hollywood producer. He could buy just about anyone in any country at a moments notice. They could be working for him or anyone. Is she okay?"

"Yeah, I told her to stay down, but I'd feel a hell of a lot better if I could get out of here. I really don't want to wind up with a bullet in the engine or an exploding gas tank. I'm gonna try and sneak up onto the dock and undo the ties. There's no other way —"

"What are you, crazy? The second they see you out there you're dead. Just stay down. I'll head to the other side of the boat and see if I can make my way to the bow without being seen. Stay here."

I kept my eyes on the rickety shacks that were covered in nets and tarps on the edge of the dock as I heard Grady slip away behind me. It was eerily quiet in the direction where the shots had come from, and that worried me a little.

I couldn't see a single person moving and that was unusual, especially at this time of day on a fish-monger's dock like this. People were usually up near the wooden shacks buying fish or down here on the docks cleaning up the boats after a day of work.

Suddenly I heard some thumping coming from the dock on the other side of the boat. I jumped up and crossed the plank in time to see some guy put Grady in a choke hold. The other man had come up out of the water behind him while he was untying one of the lines and caught him by surprise. I had to act fast before he broke Grady's neck, but I couldn't get a clear shot from where I was. I moved a little closer, but I didn't want to leave the only entrance to where Brooklyn was hiding unprotected, so I shot at the guy's leg, hoping to at least knock him off balance.

As the guy dropped to the ground Grady twisted around and immediately shot him in the head, then kicked his body into the water. He untied the cleat at the bow and threw the rope on board, then ran up to me where I was untying the second hitch.

"Get the hell out of here. I'll call you when I find out who these assholes are."

"Thanks, Grady. I owe you more than one, that's for sure."

"Don't mention it. Now get outta here."

I jumped on deck and headed for the bridge.

"Are you ok, Adrian. I heard more gunshots."

"I'm fine, but stay down till I pull away. I don't know how many men are out there."

"Is Grady okay?"

"Yeah, he's fine too. He's gonna call the satellite later. He's going to see if he can find out anything about who those guys are."

"But we know who's after us. It's your father."

"He might not be the only one, Brooklyn."

\*\*\*

After we got a few miles out I set the controls on autopilot and helped Brooklyn bring the supplies into the galley.

"I can't believe we didn't lose more than a couple pounds of rice," she said as she looked for containers for the remaining rice. "It sounded like all of our supplies were going to wind up out in the ocean."

"I'd give up all of our supplies to make sure nothing happened to you," I said as I watched her search through a couple cupboards. She brought some empty gallon jugs out of a cupboard that we used for transporting water when we were at smaller ports with no services and held them up in the air.

"These are dry. I think they'll work."

"Sure," I said. "You have it all figured out, don't you?" I moved closer to her and pushed my hands through her long, blonde hair and kissed her forehead.

"If you mean rice storage, then yeah, I've got it all figured out," Brooklyn said with a smile. She looked up at me and I saw a twinge of fear in her eyes. "What are we going to do, Adrian? It's getting harder to stay hidden."

"Don't worry, baby. I'll figure something out, I promise. I won't let anything happen to you."

"But it's not just me I'm worried about. I don't want anything to happen to you, either."

I kissed her furrowed forehead and then her lips and when I pulled away and looked down at her she seemed to have relaxed a bit.

"I'm gonna find a place to drop anchor in a bit, so why don't you get that rice put away and I'll see if there's anything else out on deck—"

I froze as I suddenly remembered the one thing I hadn't brought inside with all of the other supplies that we had stacked out there while unloading the car. I ran out and flipped on the lights that lit up the aft deck, then turned everything over that wasn't bolted down. Brooklyn came out after a minute to see what I was doing.

"What's the matter, Adrian? What are you looking for?"

I turned over seat cushions and looked behind the seating area and anywhere else where a thin envelope could have fallen, but it wasn't there. I turned and looked back at Brooklyn and I could see in her eyes that she was even more upset than she had been inside, but she couldn't have been half as sick as I was.

It was gone. The manila envelope with the test results that would tell me if Brooklyn and my father were related was gone.

## Chapter 3

### Brooklyn

"What are you working on?"

Adrian wrapped his arms around my shoulders and nuzzled my ear with his nose as he looked at the computer screen in front of me. I giggled and shivered, but he didn't release me from his arms. They felt so good wrapped around me, strong and safe, and I couldn't imagine anything bad happening to me while they were near.

"It's a new line of cruise-wear. I got the idea from looking out whenever we're anchored in clear, blue water. I'm using different shades of blue and green with layers of sheer, gauzy fabrics to create the feeling of depth and movement."

"Sounds sexy," he said as he kissed and bit my ear. "You're going to give a whole new definition to the term cruise-wear. Whenever I hear the term all I think of are tent dresses and Hawaiian shirts."

"You're not the only one. Gina really likes the idea and thinks this could launch a new line under her brand. She's going to take care of the marketing and wants me to come up with the designs. We're meeting again in a month. Where do you think we'll be then?" I asked, twisting around in my chair so that Adrian's lips brushed up against mine.

"Well, we're headed east right now. I was planning on going south once we get around the Minahassa Peninsula. There are hundreds of islands in Indonesia. We could really get ourselves lost down here."

Adrian's lips moved along my cheek and down past my jaw. I knew he was headed for my neck, and once he got there I would be useless.

I felt my whole body melt into his hands as he brought them up and buried both of them in my hair, then pulled it to the side to completely expose my neck. His lips started behind my ear and slowly moved down my neck, and a breathy moan escaped from my lips.

"I need to get a little more done today, okay?" I said, barely above a whisper. My eyes were closed and I was barely able to hold my head up once his lips left my neck.

"Okay, you're the boss," he said with a grin. "But just wait till I get your clothes off. You won't be the boss anymore."

A flash of intense tingles shot through my body as I looked into Adrian's eyes. I could tell by the look in his eyes that even though he had a playful tone in his voice that he was dead serious. And that thought took my breath away. I

suddenly felt self-conscious and shy and looked down while I tried to regain some composure. It was strange to me how I loved and hated the way his stare made me feel at the same time.

It was something that started when I was back at the villa with him. At the time I thought it had to do with the fact that he was holding me prisoner there. Or that his father was.

In the beginning I thought it was Adrian, that he was the reason I was in that horrible place. But I realized very quickly that he was trying to protect me. And even though I knew what he and his family did with all of the girls they kept and trained underneath the villa, I couldn't stop the feelings I had for him.

He told me he wanted to get me away from there and I believed him. I believed him because I had fallen in love with him a long time ago, when he was a different person. And when I looked deep into his eyes I saw that person and I knew he was telling me the truth.

But the very first time we made love, when he looked into my eyes I saw something completely different. Something both terrifying and thrilling that I had never seen long ago on that beach. I knew when he looked into my eyes then and told me what he wanted me to do that I had no choice.

An overwhelming feeling swept through me and made it impossible to say no to him. There was a feeling that I couldn't say no because he would be disappointed, but also a feeling that I didn't want to say no because I would be too. And I always hoped, when I saw that look in his eyes, that he would ask me to do the most dirty, filthy, and most humiliating things imaginable. I wanted him to *make* me do those things.

Part of me thought those feelings were tied to his father's villa, where his brother had stripped me and assaulted me, and that they would go away after we had left that place. But they didn't. I still feel like those eyes of Adrian's can see straight into my soul.

I didn't think that, after all this time, I would still feel as incredibly naked as I do when he looks at me that way. Like he has finally found his prey after a long hunt. After months of being on this boat with him and getting to know him and feeling my love for him grow more than I had ever expected, I am always startled by my reaction to his burning gaze. I didn't think it was possible for me to feel even more naked than after I had removed all of my clothes, but when he looked at me that way, I did.

When I saw him look at me with *that* look in his eyes, it felt like everything was on display. Not just every inch of my body, but every thought and feeling and emotion I was having or had ever had. There was nowhere to hide any of

that from those eyes. And something about it was both terrifying and exhilarating at the same time.

But feeling that naked, that vulnerable, brought up glimpses of thoughts and memories I had locked away a long time ago. Not memories of abuse or of being terrorized by someone I loved, but of feelings and a vague knowledge of conversations that had taken place. Words that had been said about me at some point in my life by people who mattered to me and confirmed my greatest fear. That I didn't belong anywhere.

So in the beginning, back at the villa when I was scared, at first of him, but later of his brother and father, I thought maybe I *needed* Adrian so much that I would do anything he asked. No matter what he asked. And I did. I did whatever he wanted, whatever he asked of me. But I soon realized that I wanted to do it. He made me do things, but I knew what was inside me. I *wanted* him to make me do those things.

Then as time went on the need and the want didn't go away the way I thought they would. In fact, if anything those feelings became more intense. There were times when I craved being told what to do by Adrian. Not in everyday life, not where real life and my design career were concerned. I craved being told what to do in the bedroom, or wherever we were when we were having sex.

But because we were together all of the time now, because he was always there and his eyes were always watching me, because our life was on this boat which meant our sexual activities weren't confined to a bedroom, the line between everyday life and the way he treated me *in the bedroom* started to blur.

One look from him or a touch or a brush of his breath on my neck sent waves of pulsating need through my body, and all I wanted was to please him. To be owned by him. I didn't want to call him daddy or master or sir, because he wasn't any of those things to me. In those moments, when he would look at me like I was all he ever wanted, he would become everything to me, and a title would have made it all feel like an act. Like we were playing a game, and this wasn't a game to me at all.

But it was very different when he called *me* pet names. I loved it when he referred to me as his sweet angel or told me that I was a good girl. When he looked into my eyes and called me names like that it would bring me to tears. I would suddenly be filled with an overwhelming feeling of appreciation and love. A feeling that I was doing something good and right and I was making him happy. It was a feeling I don't remember ever getting from another man in my entire life.

I would always think to myself, *something must have happened to me, someone must have done something to me when I was very young in order for me to want this*. How could I want to be owned and humiliated and spanked by someone if I wasn't broken? Why would I need to be subservient in order to feel appreciated? Normal, healthy people didn't want to be treated like this, did they?

But no matter how hard I tried to remember, no matter how many nights I spent combing through my childhood for clues, there was nothing there. Nothing I could point to that said: there it is, that's why you like it when he does these things to you. That's why you want to please him so badly.

Nothing except the memories of not ever feeling like I was good enough. And the conversations my parents would have when they thought I was in bed. But I still didn't like to think about those conversations. The times when they came back strongest, the times when I couldn't push them away, were the times when I felt the most vulnerable with Adrian.

It almost seemed like the feelings that were brought up in me — the feelings of wanting to please no matter how dirty and nasty the acts I was asked to do made me feel — those were the feelings brought back the memories. There was nothing I could do to stop any of it, because when it was happening, it all seemed like a puzzle I had been waiting my whole life to be put together.

I could feel the changes in me, almost like the change in the atmosphere when the sky fills with rain clouds that are about to burst. The need would fill me and take me to a place where everything was reduced to sensations. Then as the intensity of the sensations built inside me, the feeling of vulnerability increased until I was sure that some part of me was freakishly wrong. I didn't want to be looked at anymore. I didn't want his eyes to be on me for another second, but by then it was too late.

By then he would already be inside me, telling me how good I was and how sweet I was and all my brain could do at that point was scream, *You don't understand! I'm not good at all, Adrian!* That's when the memories would come. At least that's what happened this last time when my mouth and the quivering felt out of control.

When I think about it now it all seems so silly, being embarrassed of my lips quivering uncontrollably. But I don't think the feelings had to do with my lips, or any other part of my body. I think that feeling had to do with something else. Something that had to do with a little girl disappearing into the darkness while she overheard her father telling her mother she wasn't his daughter. That she didn't belong to him.

"Just give me fifteen minutes," I said as I looked back up into those dark

eyes. They were almost completely black now and they burned mercilessly into my soul, sending me almost gasping for breath as I twisted back toward the computer screen.

"I'll barely be able to contain myself until then," Adrian said as he kissed the side of my head.

As he started to walk back toward the door an image flashed in my brain that I couldn't shake.

"Adrian?"

"Yeah?"

"What was in that envelope? The one you brought back with you from your meeting with Grady."

"Nothing, it's not important."

"Was that what you were looking for out on the deck last night?"

"Yeah, I don't know what happened to it. Have you seen it?"

"No. I remembered it for some reason. Does it have to do with me?"

Adrian came back to the chair and wrapped his arms around my shoulders again, which sent another shock of tingles surging through my body.

"It's just some information I had Grady get for me. It's nothing you need to worry about right now."

"Okay," I said as I felt him slip away and out the door. I still had the feeling he was trying to protect me from something. Something more than men with guns.

## Chapter 4

Adrian

"Did you find anything out yet?"

"No. I talked to your dad's guys and a couple friends over here and I got nothing other than what we already know — that your dad has men out there looking for you."

"But do you have any idea where they are? No one knows anything?"

"Sorry, Adrian, the only ones who have that kind of information would probably be your dad and possibly your brother and whoever is taking orders directly. And there's no way I can get any closer to your dad."

"Yeah, I know. Sorry, I just can't believe they found us again. And that means they know the general region we're in, so even though there are tons of islands to dock at down here, they're gonna have an easier time tracking us."

"There's no way you can talk to Lucas?"

"I don't know. I've thought about it, but I don't know if I can trust him. He has a sick sense of humor I've never understood, and I could see him throwing me to my dad just to get a laugh out of it. And I know he'd love to get his hands on Brooklyn again."

"Wow, that's harsh. I'm sorry, buddy. I'll do everything I can to find out more. And you're sure it's only your father who has men out there looking for you?"

"Well, that's what I'm afraid of ... it's not just my father. All I really know is Brooklyn was supposed to be sold to some bigwig somewhere. I'm assuming someone in the business. But I don't know who or where or anything about the transaction at all. I don't know if he already paid my father or if he was okay with taking another girl. I don't know if Lucas is in on it or if he is off doing his own thing right now. I don't know a goddamned thing!"

"All right, we'll figure it out. I'll see if the guys at the villa can ask around a little more. And you might want to consider contacting your brother. You don't have to tell him where you are, but you might be able to get an idea of what's going on by talking to him. Try to keep it together, Adrian. And maybe sleep with one eye open from now on."

"That's what I've been doing. If only I could sleep with both eyes open," I said with a dry laugh, but I didn't find it funny at all. I was dead serious. "Okay, thanks, Grady. Talk to you later."

I disconnected the satellite phone and buried my face in my hands. As much

as I wanted to look on the bright side with Grady, I just couldn't. I had an overwhelmingly bad feeling about everything now. The fact that I didn't know who was after us would not stop eating at me. It could be anyone in the world, and if they got their hands on her she would vanish into thin air.

I would have no way of tracking her if she were to disappear. I had plenty of money for us to live off of, but most of the resources I'd had when I was working with my father were gone. All my contacts—gone. If someone took her I wouldn't even know where to begin looking and I would have a whole fucking world of people who were working for my dad against me.

I needed to make sure nothing happened to her, that no one got their hands on her because if that happened, if she slipped out of my fingers for one second, she would be *gone*. I was afraid I couldn't trust myself to keep her safe anymore.

"Are you okay, Adrian?"

I turned and looked at the doorway to the master bedroom and there was Brooklyn, all small and cute, with her arms folded in front of her, her hands running up and down the sides of her arms. I knew she was more worried about me than she was about her own safety, and that thought killed me. She'd be much better off if I wasn't in the picture anymore. Or if I had never been in the picture in the first place.

"Yeah," I said as I got up and walked over to her. "I was talking to Grady."

"Yeah, I heard. I guess he didn't have any good news?"

"Well, he didn't find anything out. He thinks I should try and talk to Lucas."

"Are you going to?" she asked, her face growing even more worried.

"I don't know. But don't worry, if I do he won't be able to track our location. I have it set up so the satellite phone and internet are both untraceable."

"I'm not worried. I know you'll keep us safe," she said with a sweet little smile that curled up both sides of her beautiful mouth and just about broke my heart. I didn't understand how she could trust me so completely after everything that had happened. After everything I'd done to her and continued to do to her.

"I will," I said as I held her head in my hands. "I'll never stop, no matter what, until I know you're completely safe."

"I couldn't be any safer than in your arms, Adrian. I've always felt better with them wrapped around me. Even when we were at the villa."

"Are you sure about that?"

"What do you mean?"

"I just ... I know you cry sometimes when ... I mean ... I know there are times when I'm hurting you and—"

"I'm not ever crying because of *you*, Adrian."

"Why then? It breaks my heart after ... when you're lying in my arms after we've made love. The thought that you ... that I was the one that made you cry. I hate myself because of it," I said as I almost choked.

It wasn't the whole truth. I was talking to her but I couldn't look her in the eye because I knew I was lying. There *was* a part of me that liked it. But that's even a goddamned lie. I fucking loved it. I loved to watch her sexy little body squirm and I love to watch her blush and scream and cry about the things I asked her to do ... and the things I did to her.

That was the part of me that I had hoped I would leave behind when I was finally out of the shadow of my father and away from the caverns below the villa. The caverns where we kept the girls. I thought if I got far enough away from all of the horror and degradation that went on in that place that the feelings would fade away like a bad dream. But they didn't stop.

I still wanted to do the things I had done to the girls down in the caverns. Only now I wanted to do them to Brooklyn. I wanted to do things to her I couldn't imagine anyone ever enjoying, and I hated myself for that. I didn't know if she put up with it because she loved me or if she was afraid to say no.

But no matter how hard I tried, the minute I looked into her eyes and saw her desire to please me, to do anything, *anything*, I asked of her, at that moment I would completely lose control.

And it didn't matter how remorseful I had been the days or weeks leading up, it didn't matter that I swore I would never treat her like one of them again, it didn't matter how much she cried and screamed. In that moment I wanted it more than anything.

I wanted to see the humiliation in her face and to hear her sobs. I wanted to watch her do the things I asked her to do that I *knew* she didn't want to do. That she would only do because I asked her. It made me so fucking hard I could barely see straight. And at that point, after she had demonstrated to me how much power I had over her, all I wanted was for her warm, soft lips to be wrapped around my cock.

"Don't," she said as she touched my lips with the tips of her fingers. "Please don't say that, Adrian. You don't deserve that. No one deserves to be hated, especially by themselves."

"I would do anything for you, Brooklyn. Anything in the world. And if you want me to stop, I will."

She looked up into my eyes for what felt like an eternity. I was terrified she was going to tell me to stop, but I was even more terrified she was going to tell me not to.

"I don't want you to stop. Whatever you want, I want you to do it to me."

I closed my eyes and dropped my head down so it was resting on Brooklyn's forehead. All I could think was that she was in as much danger with me than she would be if my father ever caught up with us.

\*\*\*

I didn't ever start out wanting to hit her. I didn't start out wanting to hurt her in any way. A lot of times when we made love it was incredibly intense and passionate, and that was all I needed. Sometimes things might get a little rough, but mostly we were happy to be intertwined in each other's bodies.

But other times something would set me off, a look or a sound or the feel of her flesh in my hands. I could never tell if it was her or me, because sometimes I swear the way she looked at me she was begging me with her eyes to smack her tits until they were raw while I shoved my cock down her throat.

But something in me would change, like a light switch being thrown, and my hand would ache for her red, hot skin. And when I did, when I felt the heat of my hand slapping her ass and I felt the movement of her flesh under my palm, it was over. There was no turning back.

"I want you to spread your legs wider, Brooklyn," I said into her ear. She sucked in her breath sharply and I could feel her ass wiggle under my hard cock as it rested in the crack between her ass cheeks and she struggled to comply. I hovered over her and watched her from where I stood, then I heard a faint whine as her feet twisted and scooted across the surface, spreading her legs a fraction of an inch more.

"Good girl," I said as I brought my hand squarely down onto one of her ass cheeks. It was already beet red from the twenty or so times I had smacked it since she crawled up onto the bed and spread her legs for me. She let out a scream and gripped the comforter with both hands as her body stiffened under the blow.

I barely remembered telling her to get into the position she was now in. After our conversation in the doorway, after she told me she wanted to do whatever I asked her to do, I told her to remove her clothes while I sat on a large, overstuffed chair in the bedroom and watched.

I told her to stand in front of me and bend over, then I had her insert a plug into her asshole while I watched. It took her a few minutes, partly because she was incredibly embarrassed and partly because it was a large plug and it took while to work it in. The humiliation and the strain both made me incredibly hard, and I released my cock from my pants while I watched her struggle.

She would work the plug in almost to its widest part over and over but would

have to stop, and then the muscles of her sphincter would push it back out.

"I don't know if I can do it," she said at one point, her voice small and shaky. But I didn't let her stop. I told her I knew she could get it in. That I wanted her to, and she did.

I stared at the view in front of me for a while: the large, round, jewel-encrusted end of the plug that took the place of Brooklyn's tiny pink asshole. She stayed doubled over, her hands flat on the ground next to her feet, while I wrapped my hand around my cock and started stroking it.

I told her to stack two pillows on the end of the bed and lie with her stomach on them and her legs spread wide, then I watched as she stood up and walked over to the bed and carefully followed my instructions.

And now that I was standing over her, smacking her ass and watching the red flesh quiver with every flex of her tensed muscles, nothing that had happened up to this point mattered.

None of the words that were said earlier or the tears that had been shed or the guilt I had felt or the hatred I had for myself over the way I treated her. All I could see was her. All I wanted was to control her, and to make her do the very things I had told her less than an hour ago broke my heart. I wanted her to cry again and scream again and tell me she couldn't go any further, but to then look up at me and beg me for more with those beautiful, teary eyes of hers.

"Move your hand down and touch your clit. I want you to make yourself come for me."

She did as she was told, with her ass high in the air and her legs spread wide. I saw her ass raise up as her hand slipped between the pillows and her skin. Then I stepped back a little and watched her fingers move across her glistening clit that was quickly covered in the juices that flowed out of her. Her ass humped the pillows slightly as she became lost in a trance of her own pleasure.

I moved up to her and ran the head of my cock over the soft folds of her lips, then plunged myself into the wet hole that was begging to be filled. I could feel the pressure that was created by the presence of the thick plug that was still in her ass. Brooklyn screamed as the full length of my cock entered her and I almost lost it as I felt her fingers moving furiously over her clit.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair with one hand and her red ass cheek with the other, and pummeled her while she moaned and gasped. The tone of Brooklyn's cries went up an octave as I plunged the full length of my cock into her over and over. Her head was bent back so that it was next to mine, and I found her shoulder with my teeth and bit down until she screamed.

I felt her body go rigid and still and I knew she was about to come. I grabbed

her hips with both of my hands and thrust deeply into her, then pulled all the way out so the thick ridge of my cock head moved past her tightest muscles, then plunged back into her over and over.

I could feel her pussy clenching around my cock as her whole body convulsed. Then as I felt her body relax, I pulled out completely. I pulled the pillows out from underneath her and rolled her over onto her back, then climbed on top of the bed, moving her arms up over her head and straddling her with my knees.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth now, Brooklyn. Do you know why?"

"Why?" she said in a small voice, but with a look that told me she knew why.

"Because it belongs to me. This mouth belongs to me," I said as I put my finger in her mouth and pulled it open.

I shoved my cock in between her lips, then put all my weight forward on her wrists while I thrust myself down her throat. I could hear her muffled moans and squeals as she protested, but I didn't let up. I fucked her face while she lay squirming underneath my weight, my cock sliding down her throat and my pelvis grinding into her face, until I could feel myself start to cum.

As I leaned back and put my weight on my knees, I looked down at her face so I could watch my cock slide in and out of those soft, pink lips, and I came harder than I had ever come in my life when I saw tears overflowing from her eyes and running down her cheeks. Her lips were quivering, even as they were stretched tight and wrapped around my shaft, and she gasped for air when I finally pulled my cock out of her mouth.