



A Spanish Revenge

Book 2 of The Tracer Series

By

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A Silk's Vault Electronic Publication, in arrangement with author Jade James.

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Silk's Vault Publishing

www.silksvault.com

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Prologue
One Year Ago

Antonio pointed his gun at the murderer. His finger tingled, and itched to pull the trigger. Diego calmly stared at the man and pulled out a tape recorder. They needed a confession before they willingly put an end to his pitiful life.

Guilt was written all over his face. It angered him how a man could take the life of his son and have the audacity to point a gun to himself, wanting to take the easy way out. If it were up to him he would have made him suffer, slowly, painfully. But it wasn't up to him. The mother of the child gave them explicit instructions on erasing the father of her child from her life forever, a job Antonio and Diego willingly took.

"Did you murder your son, Michael?" Diego asked. The pitiful excuse for a man bowed his head, shedding tears and profound excuses for taking a life. The fact that it was his own son sickened Antonio.

Antonio scanned the room. There laid a gun on the dresser, with bullets right by its side. "Were you going to take the easy way out, Michael?"

Michael whimpered; his head cradled between his hands. "I can't pull the trigger." Diego put the recorder away, picked up a pillow, and nodded to Antonio. Antonio eyes darkened, the need for revenge finally taking over.

"We're here to help you with that." Diego tossed the pillow to Antonio. Michael's eyes radiated shock as Antonio pushed the pillow over his head and pulled the trigger.

Chapter 1

Jasmine Reyes hoped her face didn't show the relief she felt as the news of her stepfather's death blasted through the television set. She had only been here for two months, and already felt the careful, controlled life she built for herself slipping through her fingers.

Jasmine turned, eyeing her stepbrother, Reynardo Valdez, as curses erupted from his lips, his eyes watering momentarily over the loss of his dad.

It didn't surprise her that the sadness she should have felt never came to her. Instead it was replaced by happiness and sheer joy at the thought of never seeing the bastard who had always brought her and her mother tremendous amounts of pain.

In a world filled with injustices, Raphael Valdez only got what was coming to him fair and square. She was a firm believer in the saying, *what comes around, goes around*. She held her silence as Reynardo Valdez, Raphael's only son, flipped his cell phone to make his phone calls.

"Did you see the news?" Reynardo shouted into the mouthpiece.

Jasmine sighed and turned away from him, disgust settling deep within. Reynardo wouldn't let his father's death go unpunished. She suspected it was her stepfather's men on the other line.

"Find out who murdered my Dad!" he screamed. "I want their heads on a fucking plate. You know where to reach me."

Tuning Reynardo and his delusions out, Jasmine watched as the news media had a field day with the story. The news lady continued her statement with enthusiasm and eagerness of an eagle devouring its prey. *The district attorney has stated there is proof of a seized undisclosed amount of cocaine transported into the Manhattan Harbor. The Federal Bureau of Investigations is looking into Valdez's connection to the drugs. Valdez was reportedly connected to the Naranjo crime cartel, and was being investigated at the time of his death. He leaves behind a wife and two children.*

She silently snorted at the last statement as her stomach rebelled in anger.

Jasmine had never considered him as her father. Her mother, Maria, had inadvertently sentenced them both to a life of pain the day she married Raphael. The beatings and humiliation were the worst, until Raphael had thought of the ultimate punishment – removing her mom from her life forever.

Raphael had Maria declared mentally incompetent, having her sent to a psychiatric facility. Jasmine's throat closed up at the thought of her mother fighting to stay as she was taken away from their home. At eighteen she was still considered a child in the court's eyes, so there was nothing she could do to help her mom.

Apparently Raphael had enough evidence to put her away until the doctors could declare her sane again. She rarely saw her mom; only on occasions Raphael deemed it necessary for the sake of appearances with the psychiatrists.

For seven years her Mom had been locked away, trapped with people who had no grasp on reality. Jasmine could still remember the happiness she felt when she had heard her mother was finally being released. She had graduated college and moved back to New York, applying for a job at a hospital. All the while waiting for the one person who had ever cared about her to be released.

Two months ago was supposed to have been the day her mother walked out of her nightmare. Instead, it was the worst day she had ever had to face. Her mom had given up. She had taken her own life, leaving Jasmine alone in the world forever. Every time she thought about it, her heart would break into a thousand pieces all over again.

Raphael Valdez was a chameleon with many faces. Transporting drugs was a piece of cake to what he really was connected with. Her relief at the news quickly came to a halt as she noticed Reynardo eyeing her with a look of suspicion in his eyes.

“Why are there no tears in your eyes, *Hermana*?” Reynardo asked as he sat down, throwing his arm around her shoulders. Her skin crawled at the feel of his slimy hand against her skin. Valdez may be dead, but she would never achieve total peace until Reynaldo suffered the same fate. She refused to think of the torment the two had put her through.

“Your father doesn't deserve my tears.”

She should have seen the blow coming. Should have known he would have

retaliated for the remark. The slap across her face had her reeling back in anger and shock. Jasmine's hand flew to her cheek. She felt the throbbing pain all over her face, but she never cried out. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

“Such big fucking words from you, Jasmine. It is actually not a bad thing that Papi has died,” Reynardo hissed, his eyes flaring with greed as he removed his hand from her shoulder. He grabbed one of her loose strands of hair, and caressed her injured cheek with it. “Being second in command is not as much fun as being in charge. I own everything now, including you. Isn't that right Jasmine?”

She could feel the trembling start deep down inside at the ring of truth in his words.

Chapter 2

One Week Later

It was pretty easy sneaking into the warehouse type building located in midtown Manhattan, especially at night. Darkness enveloped her, helping her stay hidden as she stalked silently to the office Reynardo had taken over since his father's death. No one knew of the secret place Raphael held most of his drug dealings in.

Jasmine struggled with her decision. She had made it a number one rule to never get involved in their business. The last thing she wanted to do was collide with Reynardo. He was sick and twisted, and he would kill her in a heartbeat. She knew first hand what an evil, vindictive person he was, but she wouldn't be able to live with herself if she didn't do anything to help the people Reynardo was planning against.

Jasmine had only been here one time with her mother when she was fifteen. She had been old enough to remember the exact location. At that time, she didn't understand the anguished look that had crossed her mother's face. Now she knew. It was the beginning of a hell her mother suffered through.

The address wasn't too hard to find. Though Valdez was being investigated by several police organizations, the local cops didn't know that Valdez was running a secret crime ring right under their noses. It was an easy thing to do when you lived in a busy city like New York. There was too much crime with mafia, murders and drug lords to keep tabs of, and too few cops.

Jasmine took the key out of her black cat suit pocket and unlocked the office door. She had stolen the key from Reynardo earlier in the evening. It wasn't difficult. The drunken bastard had made it easy enough by plying himself with alcohol before coming to see her. His unwanted advances had Jasmine shuddering and trying desperately to control the urge to vomit. She remembered how he had touched her arms and pulled her against him, his rancid breath making her even more nauseous.

"Jasmine, consider my proposal. We could be so good together."

"How the fuck can you stand there, try to make me sleep with you, and still

fucking call me Hermana in the same breath? You are fucking loco. I would rather die than give you the time of day.”

“You think your sweet ass is better than me. Be careful I don’t show you the error of your ways.”

Reynardo had stomped out of her apartment, leaving her shaking with his latest threat. She would never show him how truly terrified she was of him, but she couldn’t stop the fear from making her shake inside. In some ways he was worse than Raphael. Reynardo wanted her. That alone terrified her.

Reynardo had made his intentions known, even back when her mom had married Raphael. Jasmine had always thwarted him, making sure she was never alone with him. It was different now that she was older. Reynardo constantly found ways to corner her, pressuring her to consummate their so-called relationship. He was fucking delusional.

She had dreams of taking his life. It had become a common occurrence for her to feel the violent urge frequently. Jasmine knew she didn’t have long before Reynardo went after her. She wouldn’t let it happen. It would come down to her or Reynardo, but she would never give in.

She closed her eyes as the images ran through her mind of Raphael coming into her bedroom, beating her with a belt. It was his favorite brand of punishment. He was a cruel man, using any excuse to rebuke Jasmine. She had no one to go to, so she tried to avoid him as best as she could. When her mother had passed on, it had been the perfect excuse to move out.

Jasmine shook her head. The memories better off dead and buried. She needed to focus on her task at hand. She knew Reynardo was planning on going after whoever killed Raphael, and she was going to do her best to stop him.

Jasmine searched through his desk, trying to locate the identities of the people involved in the murder of Valdez. She pulled several drawers open before her hands slid under the ledge, running her fingers underneath. A miniature size package taped below had her hands halting. She pulled it out, the sticky adhesive making it slightly difficult. It was a small grey key wrapped in plastic, and she knew immediately where it belonged.

Jasmine’s eyes flew to the safe in the corner. She rose and pushed the key in, the

heavy door creaking open. A pile of one hundred dollar bills filled the left side of the safe, while a clear plastic bag of a white powder substance graced the other half. There were files lying beneath. Jasmine reached for the beige colored folders.

Ten minutes later, she found what she had come here for. The plain white paper held enough information for her to begin her search. *Diego and Antonio Martinez responsible for your father's murder. 815 Echo Lane.* Jasmine grabbed the paper and shut the safe behind her. She locked it and rewrapped the key in the plastic, placing it under the ledge of the desk once more.

She wasn't afraid Reynardo would find the paper missing. Half the time, high on drugs or drunk with liquor, it was an easy thing to have him think he misplaced it.

Jasmine looked back before shutting off the lights to the office. Everything seemed to be in place. Locking the door, she headed out, hoping the information she had stolen was correct.

Reynardo sat in his chair and pressed play on the camera system. He had acquired a security company to install the high tech bullet sized cameras in his main office. He needed to take every necessary precaution since his father's death. The organizations investigating his father were after him now.

He leaned forward to zoom the lens, not quite able to see the black figure that had dared enter his office. Reynardo cursed, fury rushing through him as Jasmine entered, searching his desk for something. She had managed to find the key taped to his desk and opened his safe.

Reynardo reached for the remote and pressed pause. He rose from his chair and unlocked his safe. Everything seemed to be in order, but the bitch was here for something.

Jasmine never ventured into his domain, purposely avoiding him at all costs. So, it seemed his little sister was sticking her nose around. Reynardo sat back and stroked

himself, already submerged in his fantasies, and the different ways he would punish her for interfering.

Antonio started his car, already fifteen minutes late for his meeting with Javier. He was carrying the contract that would make Javier a partner to the business he and Diego had started years ago.

Javier was a Navy Seal with enough experience and contacts to make any assignment they chose to undertake easier. It was a good move on their part, especially now since Diego had married and would want to spend more time with his wife, Jen. Antonio just didn't know how his sister, Selma, would react to the news. A long unspoken history sat between the two that made him nervous. Javier had never talked about what happened, and Antonio had never asked. Selma had explicitly asked no one interfere or question her about what happened. Antonio and Diego could do nothing but respect their sister's wishes.

His thoughts quickly evaporated as the cold press of steel against his neck had his body tensing, ready for action. *What the fuck?* He turned, dead set on seeing who the intruder was.

"Don't fucking move! Keep your hand on the wheel." A woman's softly accented voice filtered through as the gun dug deeper, silently emphasizing her demand.

Antonio's hands flew to the wheel, tightening around the steering. He guessed he should have been worried, but couldn't help feel anything more than annoyed. She was nervous, her hands shaking slightly, making the firearm move from side to side. He needed to play this carefully. *Dios, who the fuck was she?* Antonio knew he could take her, even from behind in a closed up space such as this. It would just be a matter of paralyzing her wrist, but he waited, curiosity winning out. If she were going to kill him, she would have done it already. "What is this about?" he whispered. He eyed the

rearview mirror, hoping to get a glance at her face.

“I’m here to warn you.”

“*Madre de Dios!* With a fucking gun pressed against my neck?” he growled, annoyed at her for pulling a stunt like this.

“I trust no one,” she whispered, breathing a puff of warm air out that reached the back of his neck. “Watch your back. The Valdez family will retaliate.”

“Who are you?”

“That information will get me killed. Tell me your name.”

“Do you make it a habit of pointing your gun at people you do not know?”

“I need to make sure I have the right person. Tell me your name.”

“Antonio. Are you going to at least tell me why you are here?”

“Too many people have suffered, all because of Valdez. His son will continue his rein of terror.”

Antonio’s gut clenched at the hurt and sorrow he heard in her voice.

“You and your family are in danger. Be prepared for the unexpected at all times, Antonio.”

Antonio eyed the rearview mirror, catching a hint of black hair under the big hat she wore. She had taken the time to find him and warn him, even though all signs showed she was knee deep in whatever Valdez’s family was planning next.

His curiosity still wasn’t satisfied. Antonio had lots of questions, and the little feisty Spanish hellion behind him was going to answer them.

Chapter 3

Jasmine silently hoped the big black fedora hat hid her well. Having thought of no other way to warn him, she had taken a cab to his address. She broke into the only vehicle parked in the driveway and sat in the back seat, waiting for him to appear.

The early morning sun already blared down on the black vehicle; making her regret the black jeans and tank top she'd chosen to wear. The heat was stifling and had her wanting to strip off her clothes.

Jasmine felt the doubt creeping into her mind as she tried to steady her gun against Antonio's neck. It wasn't the first time she held a firearm, but he made her nervous.

She instinctively knew Antonio would retaliate for putting him in this position. A man his size and obvious male aura would take it as an insult to his ego. Her arm shook some more. Perhaps it would have been easier writing him a letter and mailing it.

Her eyes met his through the rear view mirror. His striking black gaze made her jittery. He was an attractive man with closely cropped black hair. She was surprised to feel disappointment settling in at not being able to see the rest of his features.

A cell phone's loud ringing had her momentarily distracted as a strong arm reached over the Black corvette she was sitting in and hauled her over the front seat with blinding speed.

In just a few seconds she found herself sitting in the front seat facing his angry stare.

Jasmine whimpered at the numbing twinge she felt in her wrist, forcing her to drop her gun.

"What did you do to my wrist?" she whispered, trying to shake her arm loose from him.

"You'll feel it in a second," he growled. He was now massaging the numb area. The feeling was already coming back slowly. Jasmine swallowed. She could hear the anger and lethality in his voice. He was studying her, assessing the situation they were in. Jasmine examined him as well.

She could now see that she was right in her earlier judgment. He was gorgeous, with sharp features that showed his Latin heritage. A closely trimmed goatee that looked more like a shadow framed his jaw, giving him more of a dangerous look. Jasmine was amazed at how she wanted to feel his lips against her skin. The idea was absurd, yet she couldn't deny her immediate attraction to this man.

"How are you connected to Valdez?"

Jasmine pulled at her arm, troubled by the way his thumb was rubbing her inner wrist now. She could feel his rough, calloused finger drawing circles on her skin. He held her secure, like a predator who had found its prey.

She wasn't afraid of him. She should have been, but she wasn't. It was more nerves than anything else. It was odd, but she knew instinctively he wouldn't harm her.

"I was here to warn you. Consider yourself warned. I'll get out of your hair as soon as you give me back my arm."

"Not so easy. You will tell me how you know Valdez. It is just a matter of what method of convincing I will use," he whispered in a low voice.

He brought his other arm forward and ripped off her hat. *Shit, she should have seen that coming.* Jasmine brushed back the shoulder length strands. She could feel her heart beating quickly as her mind wondered at what techniques he would use to get the information he needed.

Antonio removed her hat quickly, wanting to get a close look at the lady who bravely dared to hold a gun against him. Black hair tumbled forward, hiding her face. Her hand reached out, brushing back her hair as she eyed him warily.

He was momentarily stunned at how exotic looking she was. Her eyes were the color of bright emeralds, while caramel skin hinted of a Spanish heritage. He stared at the green-eyed, dark-haired vixen in front of him, not able to take his eyes off of her just

yet.

Unexplainable lust traveled to his cock, making it rise to attention. Even sitting down, he could tell she had a succulent body by the way her black jeans molded to her body, suggesting lushness beneath. The top of her breasts peaked out of her tank top, hinting at her cleavage.

Antonio dragged his eyes back to her face, his gaze honing in on the lightened bruise at her cheek. Someone had hit her. The thought didn't sit well with him. Antonio didn't know the person who had done it, but he would. He would beat the shit out of anyone who would hit a woman. It just wasn't done.

Antonio wasn't planning on letting her go, not anytime soon. She had now become his number one assignment.

"I want you to answer several questions for me. I warn you, I'm not above using whatever means necessary to get what I want."

She threw a startled look his way.

"We will start with something simple. What is your name?" Antonio gritted his teeth and waited with baited breath. He fought the urge to squirm and adjust his erection.

"It is safer if I do not reveal who I am right now."

"You've already said someone in Valdez's family will retaliate. So I'm assuming that means it would be safer for you if I don't know who you are. I can offer you protection."

He struck a nerve with his words, sensing her immediate distress.

"You do not understand what you're dealing with here," she whispered. "By telling you my name, everything changes. It is safer for everyone involved if you let me go now. I did what I came here to do. I won't go any further."

"You drew me in to this. As far as I'm concerned, we are involved."

Antonio scoffed. It looked like he was going to have to take her to his home. He recently bought the two-story brick home, needing a place to call his own. Diego and Jen were now married, and needed their own space.

Antonio opened his car door and pulled the mysterious woman out from his side. He grabbed her arms and hauled her to his body. They both tensed as his erection pressed

against her soft belly. Antonio closed his eyes and buried his face in her hair. Her springtime fresh scent had his senses reeling. Her smell was intoxicating. *He was going to enjoy this interrogation immensely.*

“Where are you taking me?”

“To a more comfortable place. My home.”

Chapter 4

Jasmine felt shock, arousal, and then surprise flow through her at the feel of Antonio’s cock snuggled against her belly. She was dazed by the desire rushing through. He gently pushed her from him, grasping her arm and leading her into his home.

Jasmine was bewildered. Her reaction to his touch alone had set off a myriad of emotions she didn’t understand. Her intense response to him confused her. *Was it possible to be attracted to someone by first sight alone?* Jasmine had never experienced anything like it, and she didn’t like having to deal with it now.

“Antonio, please, you have to see that this is all wrong. Your life is in danger by me just being here.”

Jasmine saw his body tense, his eyes narrowing at her words.

“I give you one last chance, *Querida*, before I start my examination,” he whispered as he led her down a hallway.

“I cannot give you that information.”

“Then tell me who hit you?”

“That isn’t any of your business.”

“Make no mistake; you will give me what I want.”

Antonio dragged her into a bedroom, his rough warning sending shards of nervousness down her spine. She stood in his doorway, trapped between the entryway and his hard body. She could feel his body heat reaching out to her own craving. Jasmine licked her lips nervously, fear mixing with desire.

Jasmine had no choice; she had to make her move now. Pulling up her leg, she placed her knee against his groin and ripped her arm from his grasp. She turned away and ran from the room. She could hear his booted feet running behind her. She forced her body to move quicker.

Jasmine stretched her hand out, the entrance door only a few inches away. She reached out for the doorknob at the same time powerful arms grasped her waist, pushing her forward against the door.

Jasmine squirmed, trapped face down, his body covering hers. He held her hands in his, stretched out above her.

“Why did you run from me?”

Jasmine gulped in air, adrenaline still pumping through her body, while he sounded absurdly laid back and normal. Her heart beat wildly in her chest. She was startled to feel the hard press of his cock against her ass.

“*Madre de Dios*. You do not understand why I ran?” she screamed, frustration setting in. “You are messing with things that can get you killed.”

“*Mujer*, it is too fucking late for that now.”

Jasmine felt his hands move down to her hips, turning her over to face him. Her pussy creamed, releasing her moisture at the feel of his rigid cock settling against her. There was the almost violent urge to rub herself against him. Jasmine pushed it down.

This was not the time to indulge in her fantasy. He moved his arms further up, tightening his hand around her waist and lifting her off the ground.

Jasmine landed face down, over his shoulder, getting a perfect view of his ass.

“There is no way I’m letting you go now,” he growled, stalking down the hall once more.

Antonio battled with the need not to spank the little hellion for causing him so much aggravation. He wanted to brand her with his own kind of erotic punishment. So many scenarios filtered through his mind as he dropped his bundle down on the edge of the bed.

Her lips were wide open, her green eyes broad with shock. His cock lengthened at the sight of her kneeling on his bed. He was going to enjoy teaching her who was in charge.

“Take off your shirt,” he demanded. She gasped and moved back towards the middle of the bed.

“Are you insane?” she whimpered.

“Perhaps. Your interrogation begins now. Take off your shirt, or I rip it off. It’s the last choice you’ll get.”

“No,” she whispered. Her tongue peaked out, moistening her lips. There was something arousing about her rebelliousness. It brought out the animal in him.

Antonio bent on the king size bed, stalking forward on his knees. He pulled her towards him. He grabbed the hem of her tank top and ripped it in half. *Dios*, his mouth watered at sight of her breasts covered in a red lace bra.

“I can’t believe you just did that.” Her tone didn’t yield any reprimand; instead it held a more of an amazed ring to it.

“Believe it!”

Antonio stepped back from the bed and opened up his drawer full of toys. He was not ashamed to admit he was a highly sexually active man, and loved to dabble in erotic toys. There was a heightened sexual peak that could be achieved without obtaining orgasm. It would drive the other person insane if the relief they were seeking was withheld.

He was going to use any means he could to get the information he needed from this mysterious woman. She had walked into his life, and for some surprisingly strange reason, Antonio wasn't inclined to let her go anytime soon.

Antonio reached in and drew out the two items he was looking for. He walked back to the bed, bent and crawled to her, positioning himself in front of her once more.

"Do you know what these are?" he growled. The anticipation in his voice was clearly heard. He showed her one of the sex items he had pulled out of the drawer.

She shook her head. "These are a set of nipple arousers. By turning up the vibrations here," he pointed to the innocent looking dials, "the tiny bristles lift your erogenous senses to a higher level of excitement. In other words, they suck your lovely points until the climax starts building and the pressure becomes a frustration you can't deny. Do you know what's going to happen *before* that, *Amada?*"

She swallowed and shook her head no. "I get to tie you with these scarves first. That way you're not tempted into removing your clamps."

Antonio could feel his pre-cum seep through the head of his cock in anticipation of their erotic play. *He was going to get his information, anyway he could.*

Chapter 5

Jasmine stared wide-eyed at the alpha male kneeling over her with torture devices hanging from one hand, and silken scarves from the other. She should have known this was what he meant by getting his information. She pushed herself back, scrambling to get away from him. He reached out and grabbed her thighs, holding her lower body down with his.

“You don’t want to do this,” she moaned, as he tied one of her arms to the headboard.

“Oh, yes, I do.” His voice held assurance in its tone.

The idea to fight never occurred to her. Jasmine realized in some weird level, she craved to feel what he could give her. What had started out as a complicated warning to this man had turned into a dangerous sexual game.

She was now splayed open, tied to the four corners of his bed, while he was kneeling between her legs. He reached out with his hand and unclasped her bra. Jasmine watched as his eyes flared, turning a darker shade and dangerous at the sight of her unbound breasts.

He placed the nipple arousers on each of her tips. She could feel the tiny brush like bristles against her skin. It wasn’t even turned on and the little pinpoints were already arousing her breasts. Jasmine eyed the control in his hand. Her eyes flew to his face. It seemed as if he was waiting for something.

“What is that you want, Antonio?”

“You’ve forgotten that already, *Amada*? It is your name I initially wanted; now it’s become an entirely new ball game.”

She felt the pulsating growl flow through her. He was seducing her with his voice, making her yearn for more.

“*Dios!* What do you mean?”

“You will yield to me, and by doing so you will give me all that you are.”

“You don’t even know me to request such a thing.”

Jasmine watched as he checked his watch before responding.

“I have known you for approximately two whole hours now. I think that’s enough time for me to tell you I want to fuck you. It’s enough time for me to say that my dick is as hard a rock, and it isn’t going to be satisfied until it’s deeply seated inside of you.”

She saw his hand move to the control box and gasped as vibrating shocks ran through her nipples. The currents traveled down straight to her pussy. Jasmine arched her body off the bed. Her clit throbbed, and her body pulsed with need.

“Antonio, please.”

His dark hooded gaze caressed her body before moving back up to her face. “We are just beginning. What you are feeling now is just a low setting. I also have a drawer full of enticing toys I want to try on you.”

Jasmine fought the need for as long as she could, but when he brought his hands to her jeans, she lost the battle. She curved her body upwards, silently encouraging him to unbutton them, helping him towards his goal. He pushed the jeans down, past her hips, exposing her red lace panties. Jasmine moaned as he stroked her panty-covered pussy, rubbing slowly and sensuously. He was going to driver her insane with the snail’s pace his thumb was taking with her aching clit.

Antonio would have never thought it was possible to want someone this bad, like a raw need buried deep inside, trying to claw out. His cock felt like stiff wood trapped by his pants. His balls ached, while his seed dripped with the urge to be inside of her. She was testing his patience. He was on the verge of ripping her panties off and fucking her.

Antonio moved his hands, caressing the smoothness of her caramel skin. His hands travel down to the moisture between her legs. He could feel her cunt heat coming through her scrappy lace underwear. Her dazed, desire filled eyes stared at him with a look of innocence buried beneath. *Why did he just feel like his planned interrogation was suddenly working against him?*

Antonio halted his hands at the vibrating movement coming from her jeans. He looked into her startled face, her eyes widening in terror. He reached inside her jeans and removed her cell phone.

“Do not answer that phone!”

Antonio threw her a disgruntled look and pressed the talk button.

“Hello,” he growled. He was curious as hell to who was on the other side, but bothered at the same time at being interrupted.

“Where is Jasmine?” a heavily accented man asked from the other side.

“Who is this?”

“This is Reynardo Valdez. Put my sister on the fucking phone now!”

He shut the phone off, placing it on the bed, ignoring the pulsating sound that ensued. Antonio could feel the anger building inside. He stared at the woman he could now put a name to.

Antonio was surprised to feel betrayal mixed with irritation. He had no rational reason for feeling this way, but the thought didn't stop him from denying his emotions. Antonio knew she was involved since the beginning, but it was still a shock to find out she was Reynardo's sister.

“It's not what you think.”

There was fear in her eyes and he was too upset to tell her she had nothing to be scared about.

“It is exactly what I think, Jasmine.” Her eyes closed as she drew in a deep breath.

“I am not his sister!”

“That is not what he fucking says.” Antonio clenched his hands, anger threatening to overtake him. “Is he the one that hit you?”

“Yes.”

“Make no mistake; he will die for that alone.”

“Reynardo is delusional. My mother married Raphael when I was ten. My last name is Reyes. I am of no blood relation to that disgusting family. I have never considered him my father, nor Reynardo my brother, not with everything they've put me

through.”

“You should have told me the truth from the beginning.”

“I came here to warn you, yet you capture me for your deranged little games!”

“*Madre de Dios!* Deranged? You call our instantaneous attraction to each other deranged?” Antonio placed his hand on her cunt, rubbing the tight bundle of nerves through her panties.

“Your pussy spills its sweet cream because it wants to fuck my cock. That is far from deranged, Jasmine.”

Antonio backed off the bed, grabbing the control once more. He moved the switch on to the highest setting as her back bowed off the bed, her hands tightening on the silken scarves.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she moaned.

“Leaving you to think how deranged I really am, Jasmine.”

Antonio threw one look back at her quivering form and walked out, locking the bedroom door behind him. He stalked to the living room, still upset that he let her get to him this quickly. *Dios*, there was something about her he couldn't deny. It wasn't in his nature to lose control, but she had fierceness inside her that he was extremely attracted to. True, Jasmine didn't tell him how she was connected to Valdez, but he could still read the impurity in her eyes.

Antonio walked into his office, and sat down. He picked up the phone and dialed Javier's number. He was going to be very cautious about this.

“*Primo*, what's up?”

“I'm sorry about the meeting this morning. I had an unexpected visitor in the back of my car.”

“Don't worry about it. We can schedule for another day. Are you okay?”

“I'm fine. I have a job for you. I need some information. Get me all you can on a Reynardo Valdez and a woman named Jasmine Reyes.”

“You're shitting me. Reynardo Valdez? Raphael's son?”

Antonio sat up straighter. “What do you know?”

“I haven't run a full investigation on him yet, but my sources tell me he's taken

over for his father. Some say he's even crazier than his Dad, and has closer ties to the *Naranjo* crime cartel."

Antonio proceeded to tell him what he knew about Jasmine, which wasn't much. "Heard anything about his supposed sister, Jasmine?"

"Was she the woman you found in your car?"

"Yeah. She says she came to warn me on Reynardo. I don't know if I can trust her. Does the name ring a bell?"

"Nothing. It could be she really was just there to warn you, or she could be in place as a decoy."

Antonio was even more annoyed now. Javier didn't have the answers to his immediate questions and it bothered him.

"Fuck! Get me all you can, as soon as possible."

"You calling Diego in on this one?"

"That's the last thing I want to do. He's still on his honeymoon. I'm not bringing him in unless I have to. How soon can you get me the report?"

"I'll have it to you in about an hour or so. Be careful, *amigo*."

"Bye." Antonio hung up the phone and walked back to his bedroom. *Dios*, the thought of Jasmine being involved as a decoy burned his stomach with rage. He wasn't a stupid man. He had thought about all possible scenarios, and none of it boded well for him.

Antonio could hear her lust filled cries through the door. His dick hadn't calmed down. It was still hard, stretched tight like a tiger readying to attack. He had a feeling only one woman could tame the animal inside. He turned the knob and entered.

Chapter 6

Jasmine was going to fucking murder him as soon she got herself loose. *This is what I get for trying to help someone.* She silently snorted at her thought, realizing it was ridiculous, but too upset to care.

She could feel her essence dripping as her nipples throbbed to the vibration beat. The pulsating device was on full strength, leaving her teetering on the very edge of bliss. She was on the verge of an exquisite orgasm and needed that extra push to cross over. *Oh, she was definitely going to murder him when she got her hands on him.*

“Have you learned your lesson, Jasmine?” He wasn’t going to make this easy on her. She could hear it in his cocky tone.

Jasmine turned her head to the sound of the voice. He walked slowly to her.

“*Pendeho!* You will pay for leaving me this way.”

He reached over and stroked her breasts, not quite touching the aroused nipples. She felt like she was going to explode and couldn’t stop from pushing her body up, towards his rough hands. She just needed that one hurtful pinch that would send her hurling to her orgasm.

“That’s not a nice way to behave.”

Jasmine held her tongue from the curses that wanted to fly out of her lips. He was taunting her for the way she behaved with him. She wasn’t going to regret that. He had placed her in this situation when she begged to be released.

“Antonio, please let me go. There is no nothing to be gained by doing this.”

“Ah, correction, mi Jasmine. We can build on this. Do you know what it is I could do for you now?”

Jasmine waited stubbornly, not giving him any indication to continue.

“I can give you the best orgasm in your life.”

“You are so fucking sure of yourself, Antonio. Perhaps you can’t even make me come and I’ll be forced to use my hand.”

Jasmine taunted him. She watched as his eyes darkened and his nostrils flared. She knew she had insulted his male pride and issued a challenge at the same time. It didn't matter. She was horny and irritated and he was the sole cause for both.

“Let's put it to the test, shall we?”

Antonio placed himself between her legs. He stroked her inner thighs, soaked with her juices. He lay down and inhaled her unique springtime scent. Her fragrance went straight to his head, traveling down to his cock. Antonio stroked her pussy, feeling her heat and clit right through the red panel. He bent closer, moving his lips against the fabric, capturing her bundle of nerves between his lips and sucking hard.

Her ass launched upward and then moved forward, seeking the pleasure his mouth could give her. Her wetness seeped through, wetting the cloth even more. Jasmine's musky scent flew to his dick, leaving him lightheaded. Her hips jerked hard and tightened with her release.

Satisfaction seeped through him at being able to have her erupt so soon. Antonio lifted his head as her passion filled eyes locked with his. He smirked and licked his lips at the same time, savoring her liquid like a glass of fine wine.

“Who do you think won this round, Jasmine?”

Antonio held his laughter in. Her eyes were so readable. He could see she was angry at his cocky question just by looking into them. He reached over and removed the nipple arousers from her tips.

Antonio bent down, laving them with his tongue, assuring himself that he hadn't caused her any discomfort. He couldn't look away from her. The urge to bite down on her tips was strong. He wanted to mark her, ensuring visually to anyone that she was taken.

He let her breasts go and blew on the sensitive skin. The juicy tips were stretched tight with need.

Antonio moved up to release her arms from the silken ties. He took his time massaging the feeling back to them. He moved back down and released her legs, doing the same to them.

He sat on the corner of the bed and watched as Jasmine rose. She pushed up her

jeans. Antonio retrieved her tank top and handed it to her. Her face was flushed red. She pulled the shirt over her head.

Jasmine turned, facing him. “What now, Antonio?”

Antonio rose and walked over to her. “I’ve ordered background checks on you and Reynardo.”

“You what?” Disbelief echoed in her voice.

“Did you expect anything less from me? Do you know what I do for a living, Jasmine?”

Jasmine shook her head no. She hadn’t had time to read anything on him.

“I am a Tracer.”

“Explain, please.”

Antonio continued. “My brother Diego and I have our own business. We are called Tracers because our specialty is tracking people down, though we dabble in everything from working with police officers to working with the underground. We have also done mercenary work, but it is for people who are not worthy to live among the living. We are punishers in that aspect.”

“Who are you to say who dies?”

“Let me tell you a little story. A woman showed up on our doorstep one day. She had revenge on her mind. Her ten-year-old son had disappeared along with her ex-husband. Her son had been found a couple of days earlier, strangled, his body thrown into a land fill.”

Jasmine released a sob. Antonio moved on, wanting her to understand clearly why they sometimes chose their brand of punishment.

“The mother hired us to track down the ex-husband, believing that he was the murderer. Diego and I found him in a Holiday Inn with a loaded gun by his bed. He had confessed to his crimes, providing a handwritten note and was about to commit suicide, but couldn’t quite pull the trigger. We only helped him achieve the feasible goal he set for himself. That is just an example of the fuck-ups we deal with.”

“Tell me about the underground.”

Antonio waited, debating on how much he should tell her about the elite unknown

group. “There is not much to tell. They do not work for the police, but instead play on mutual territory. Their services are hired by top paying criminals and people like me — tracers or bounty hunters who go after the criminals to mete out justice or punishment, whichever way you want to look at it. The underground views are black and white.”

“When will you release me?”

“I don’t know.”

“So, I’m basically a prisoner here?”

“Call it what you like, Jasmine, but you will not leave until I know everything there is to know about you.”

“It’s almost lunch time. Can a girl get something to eat around here?”

Antonio eyed her warily, noticing her intent on changing the subject so quickly.

“Come with me to the kitchen. I’ll make us some sandwiches.”

“Lead the way.”

Chapter 7

Jasmine quickly thought of ways to escape him. There was no way she was spending any more time with him than she had to. Antonio mesmerized her, making her want for things she had never thought possible. It was an obstacle in her life she didn't need right now.

Jasmine exhaled, releasing some of the built up tension inside. She was a virgin and had never felt true desire for a man. Her life was full of complications. A lover wasn't a luxury she could afford, but that didn't stop the carnal need Antonio had awakened in her. His raw, masculine appeal made her yearn for something she couldn't have.

Jasmine entered Antonio's sunlit kitchen, in awe at the beautiful spaciousness surrounding the room. The kitchen was well lit with an open door skylight hanging above. She had to admit he had way with designing his home.

"Ham and cheese okay?" Antonio asked, his back facing her, rummaging through the fridge.

"That's fine." Jasmine stared, admiring the way his ass filled out a pair of jeans. *Damn, she was itching to grab it.*

Shit. He had turned and caught her staring at him. He had an adorable, satisfied smile pasted to his face.

"Sit down and eat. I have a feeling you're going to be here for a while."

Not if I can help it, she thought. Jasmine grabbed her chair and sat.

"I'm curious about something, Jasmine. You have placed your life in a great deal of danger by coming here and warning me. Why?"

Jasmine found his question odd, but then thought about it some more, realizing he still thought of her as a Valdez. She was ticked, that he still felt that way. Granted, she

knew he was being cautious, but damn, he had just given her the best orgasm of her life. *Didn't that count for anything?*

“I could not live with myself, Antonio, if I didn't warn you and Diego. Reynardo isn't like Raphael. He is more cunning and ruthless. He would have attacked you, and you would not have seen it coming.”

Antonio's mouth opened to say something else to her, but his cell phone rang.

“Do you have it?” Jasmine ears perked up. He sounded pleased talking to the person on the other side. He hung up the phone, and turned his dark gaze to her.

“Stay here. I've got the reports I've been waiting on. I'll be back in a second.”

Jasmine stomach tumbled. She was waiting for the perfect moment to escape and it had arrived. “I'll be here,” she muffled, biting into her sandwich, feigning hunger.

Antonio walked out the kitchen. Jasmine gave him five seconds before dropping her sandwich and walking out the door. She ran down the sloped driveway, jogging the next five blocks.

Jasmine knew he was going to be upset, but she silently hoped that he wouldn't come after her now that he had the information he needed. She prayed he realized it would be deadly to continue his chase.

She walked, slowing her pace. Jasmine was familiar with the high priced neighborhood. She had lived with dirty money most of her life. Raphael Valdez loved the finer things in life. She would have rather lived in a shelter if it meant having her Mom back.

Jasmine arrived at a local intersection and hailed down a yellow cab. She gave him directions to her apartment in Harlem. It wasn't the best neighborhood in Manhattan, but it was her home.

“We're here,” the cab driver announced. Jasmine looked up and eyed the meter. She gave him a twenty and exited.

Jasmine raced up the stairs to her apartment, unlocking the door with her keys. Walking down her hallway, she skidded to a halt at the site of Reynardo and two of his men.

Jasmine knew immediately something was wrong. This was not one of his

normal visits. When Reynardo decided to torture her with his presence, he always came alone. The two men flanked around him meant she was in trouble.

“*Hermana*, you want to begin by telling me where you were?” Jasmine shivered. If possible, his voice sounded colder than normal.

“I went for a stroll,” Jasmine bit out, hoping he’d buy the lie.

“You expect me to believe that?” Reynardo sneered.

“It’s the truth.” Jasmine noticed his men, walking over to her now, enclosing her between their bodies. She swallowed. Something bad was going to happen, she could feel it radiating off of their bodies.

“Who was the man that answered your phone earlier?”

“Just a friend I met at work,” she lied.

Jasmine noticed Reynardo walking closer to her. He was now in front, and she could almost smell the malevolence his body was emanating. Jasmine took a step back instinctively. His men grabbed both of her arms, forcing her to stop her retrieval.

“I think you are trying your best to deceive me, Jasmine. Maybe it’s time I show you why that’s not a very good idea. I want to introduce you to a new drug I have acquired for special moments like this one. It is called thiopental sodium. Want to know its other name, *Hermana*?” Reynardo snickered. Jasmine struggled against the muscle-bound men that held her.

“It’s also called truth serum. I have mixed with it with a neuromuscular block, a drug that will paralyze your muscles instantaneously. Once injected into your system, you become docile and very submissive. A trait I can’t wait to see in you.”

She couldn’t stop the trembling from erupting. The fear Jasmine had tried to withhold from him had become a full fledged force, making her shake with fright.

“Bring her to the sofa and hold out her arm,” Reynardo directed to his men. “Don’t worry, Jasmine. All you’ll feel is a slight sting. I’ll try not to make it hurt too bad.” Jasmine opened her mouth to scream, only for it to be covered a second later with one of the men’s hands. She struggled more, but the arms that held her were immobile. Her eyes went wide at the sight of Reynardo pulling out a needle, filled with a clear liquid.

He extended her right arm, tightening it with a plastic tourniquet. “This is just to ensure I insert it right into your vein,” he laughed evilly. Jasmine pulled back in fear, but was held trapped between the sofa and a hard body.

She felt the needle’s pinch as the rush of blood went to her head. Black spots danced before her eyes. She blinked rapidly, fighting the need to faint. She willed her body to stay awake.

The dizziness took affect immediately. Jasmine felt woozy, her head falling back against the sofa’s armrest. She felt when the men released her arms. The affects of the drug were weird. Jasmine felt as if her mind was there, but she couldn’t get a control on her will.

She could feel Reynardo stroking her leg. She reeled in the urge to vomit at his touch as she tired to fight the effects of the drug.

“What were you doing in my office, Jasmine?” She fought from answering the question with everything in her, but her mouth mechanically opened away.

“I was searching for information.” Her mind screamed for her to stop, but her will just gave him what he asked for anyway.

“What information?”

“The names of the men who murdered Raphael.”

Jasmine could feel Reynardo’s hand tighten on her knee. “Did you remove that information from my office?”

“Yes.”

“What did you do with that information?”

“I warned them about you.” He squeezed her knee tighter. The pain was becoming unbearable, but she couldn’t force her body to move away from him.

“So Diego and Antonio now know my plans?”

“Yes. They know.”

“How do you feel about me, Jasmine?”

“I hate you.”

“That’s fine, *hermana*. We can build on that,” he whispered, crawling closer to her body.

Jasmine shut her eyes, the sight of him making her sick. She prayed he wouldn't force her into anything. She couldn't contain the gasp from escaping her lips, as Reynardo reached out to stroke the side of her face.

“There is something I must go and take care of, Jasmine. I will return. Don't worry. The effects of the drug should last for another two hours. I will leave Luis here to guard you. He will be right outside the door. Yell if you need him, Jasmine,” Reynardo laughed evilly before leaving her side.

Chapter 8

Antonio was fucking furious with her for leaving, and worried at the same time. He pressed the gas pedal, speeding his black convertible down the street. Jasmine's building was located on the corner of a quiet comfortable neighborhood. He parked in the first available spot he saw and jumped out of the car.

The file on Reynardo Vasquez was even more dangerous than the one he'd read on his father. Reynardo was involved in almost every illegal crime he could think of. He had his stench in everything from prostitution rings to importing drugs right into the harbors of New York City. He was listed as being involved with the *Naranjo Crime Cartel*, one of the biggest Columbian drug units in the world. It bewildered him that the Federal Bureau of Investigation or the Central Intelligence Agency hadn't grabbed him yet, even though he was currently being investigated.

The report on Jasmine was a whole other story. She had a hard life, with her mother sent to an asylum for the insane, but even harder with her only guardian listed as Raphael Valdez.

Jasmine moved away to college a year after her mother was sent away. She had come back to New York and worked at NYU Medical Center as a physician's assistant. The file he had obtained from Human Resources listed her on temporarily leave, stating a death in the family as her reason.

Antonio growled. He wanted to know more about the little hellion that had turned his whole world upside down. She was an odd little jigsaw puzzle, and he wanted to figure out all of her pieces.

Jasmine had no lovers. The information he had obtained was extensive, listing no known boyfriends. Jasmine was a recluse who loved her solitude and never ventured into public with anyone. She had been telling him the truth. Jasmine had no crime record. The only blemish against her was that her mother had married Raphael, and unfortunately her name would forever be linked to the Valdez family because of it.

Antonio arrived at her third floor apartment. He pulled out his S & W handgun, unlocking it. He peered around the corner, not surprised to see a well-dressed, suited man standing in front of her door. It could only mean one thing. Reynardo knew about Jasmine coming to warn him. *Madre de Dios*, he hoped he'd made it here on time. Antonio took out the silencer from his back pocket and screwed it on the gun. If Reynardo was still in there, he didn't want to warn him of his presence. He aimed his gun at the man's head. He wasn't taking any prisoners on this one. Jasmine's life was in danger, and that was enough for him. He fired, hitting the man on his right side. The man's eyes instantly closed as his body quickly crumpled to the floor, the blood already staining the hallway.

Antonio walked to her door and placed his hand on the knob. It opened instantly. He brought his gun up, readying to shoot once more. Antonio silently stalked the hallway, his boots not making a sound on the hard wooden floor.

He arrived to her living room in seconds and was surprised to see Jasmine lying down on the sofa, staring at the ceiling with apprehension and fear in her eyes." Are you okay?" he whispered, quickly leaning down next to her.

"I'm fine." *Dios, she didn't look okay to him.*

"Can you move?" he asked. Antonio placed his hands on Jasmine's body, moving the length of her, checking to see if she was okay.

"No."

"*Madre de Dios!* What the fuck is going on, Jasmine?"

"Reynardo injected me with truth serum and a neuromuscular block."

"Fuck! Is Reynardo coming back?"

"Yes. He said he'd be back in two hours."

"The man outside your door, that was his guard?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Antonio looked at his watch. That didn't give him enough time. He placed his hand underneath and picked her up. Antonio rushed out of her apartment and placed her in his car. Running to the driver's side, he opened the door, sat, and pulled out his cell phone, dialing Javier's number. He started his car immediately and pulled onto the

highway that would take him to his second home.

Javier picked up on the first ring. “I’ve got a major problem here,” Antonio growled.

“What do you need?”

“I’m headed to the summer home on Mystic Lake. Reynardo has drugged Jasmine, but I think she’s going to be fine. We’re hiding out for a while. Put a fucking tail on Reynardo. Get the best on this, Javier. I don’t want that son of a bitch out of my sight.”

“I’ll put Rico on it.”

“Fine. Also get me what you can on a Nick Naranjo and his brother, Nathaniel.”

“Fuck! Where did you hear Nick had a brother?”

“Jasmine heard Reynardo mention his name. Any news, you know where to find me.”

“Gotcha, *Primo*. *Adios*.”

“Bye.”

Antonio hung up the phone. He kept sneaking glances on Jasmine, while driving. She was sleeping. The effects of the drugs and what she’d been through with Reynardo had worn her out. He clenched his teeth in anger, hearing the enamels grind against each other. *Dios, I should have known something like this would happen.* Reynardo was a fucking scumbag, but he wasn’t a brainless one. Jasmine had found Antonio’s residence pretty quickly. It was only a matter of time before Reynardo put two and two together.

Antonio stroked Jasmine’s leg, silently reassuring her that he was there. His stomach tightened at the whimper that escaped her lips. Antonio stopped his touching. Jasmine snuggled deeper into the seat snoring lightly. His eyes narrowed in at the knee he was stroking. Suspicion settled in his gut.

Antonio reached out and pressed her knee lightly. She let out another sob. He released her immediately, anger setting in at the thought of her being in pain. *If it were the last fucking thing he did in this world, he would see Reynardo pay for causing her pain.*

Reynardo paced the empty apartment. Black rage pressed into his mind at the sudden disappearance of Jasmine. He had given her a high dosage of paralyzing drugs. It was impossible that she had escaped him on her own. She had help, and Luis's bloodied body lying in the hallway only proved it.

He should have taken Jasmine with him. He had a feeling he knew who had taken her. Diego was away with his wife on some trip. That only left Antonio. It seemed Antonio wanted to interfere with what he considered his.

Reynardo wasn't stupid. He knew Antonio had the back up of an army behind him. He was just going to have to wait and bide his time.

"Que hacemos ahora? What do we do now?" Moses asked. Reynardo turned and eyed his cousin and second in command.

"Mierda! Shit! We sit and wait. We have business to take care of with Nick Naranjo. Once that is done, we will take care of Jasmine and the men who murdered my father!"

He withheld the urge to laugh, his mind running crazy with the ways he would make Jasmine pay. She would not get away so easily. Reynardo would get Jasmine, and this time she would pay with her life.

Chapter 9

Jasmine awoke disoriented. She gasped as she replayed the memory of Reynardo's inquisition in her mind. She should have known he would come after her. Jasmine remembered every single detail she was forced to give him. The drug-induced submission was still fresh in her mind. Jasmine knew Reynardo had a sick obsession with her.

On the heel of that thought, she wondered at the feeling of cool silk sheets caressing her bare skin. *Where in the hell am I, and more importantly, why am I naked?*

She shot up, sitting on the side of the bed. Jasmine gingerly caressed the tight band wrapped around the knee Reynardo had grabbed. Her knee was numb, the pain not as it was before. She remembered Antonio carrying her to the car, but couldn't recall anything after that.

Jasmine looked around. The bedroom was painted in blue, giving the room a masculine look. She was lying on a huge bed, surrounded in black silk bedding. A beautiful oak wood armoire stood on one side, while the matching mirrored dresser stood right in front of the bed. The room had no decorations on the wall, but that didn't take away from its cozy appeal.

Jasmine pulled the rest of the sheets back and stepped out of the bed. She looked around for something to wear and saw a shirt lying on the end of the footboard. She pulled it on, immediately surrounded by the smell and warmth of Antonio. He had come for her anyway, and even though she had originally thought it would be better if they had cut all ties, she was eternally grateful that he did. She owed him a great deal.

Jasmine hobbled to the opened door, the pressing need between her legs making its presence known. She had taken a quick shower and made use of the only available toothbrush. Ten minutes later, Jasmine was in search of Antonio.

She walked down the stairs, leaning against the banister. Jasmine followed the

sound of Antonio's voice. She entered the living room where she found him sitting down, shirtless and shouting into the phone. His eyes caught her bewildered expression.

Jasmine limped to the sofa and sat down. Her eyes roved over his naked, lean, muscular chest. She ached between her thighs and her clit pulsed with need.

He hung up the phone with a slam. She could see the tension in his body, making him rigid with emotion.

"Why are you angry?" she whispered, pushing her thighs closely together, hoping in some way it would relieve the throbbing ache.

"Javier is trying to locate Reynardo. No one has been able to find him yet."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I have caused you trouble."

"You have not caused any trouble. Remember, *mi Jasmine*, it was you who came to warn me. I am forever in your debt because of it. How are you feeling?"

"I feel better. I think the drugs have worn off completely. Where are we exactly?"

"My second home in Mystic Lake, New Jersey. No one knows about this place, so we are safe. We're surrounded by the trees and wild life out here. When you're feeling better I'll take you on a tour."

"That would be nice." Apprehension made her ask the next question she was thinking. Jasmine could feel the heat crawl up to her face, but she forced the words out anyway knowing it would bother her if she didn't ask. "I have a question I want to ask you."

"Ask away."

"Last night, did I do or say anything that might have been inappropriate?"

Antonio walked over to where she was sitting, his eyes darkening at her question as his cock vividly rose to attention at the sight of her wearing his t-shirt.

"Why the embarrassment, *Querida*? Is there something you wished for me not to know?"

He sat down, purposely sitting closely, leaving only an inch or two of separation between them. She coughed. "No, I just wanted to make sure I had behaved properly."

"You have behaved wonderfully, Jasmine." Antonio caressed the knee that

wasn't hurt. Her smooth, naked skin was a luxury to him. He didn't think he'd ever seen a woman so flawless. Antonio forced himself out of the direction his thoughts were going and focused on the conversation he needed to have with her.

"There are some things we need to discuss," he growled. Antonio forced his hand from her skin. If he kept that up they wouldn't be having any conversation.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"What are Reynardo's ties to the Naranjo family?"

Her brows drew together in thought. "I have heard their name mentioned in passing. I do not make it a point to interfere in their business, but I do know that the head of the family is Nick Naranjo. What people don't know is that he has a twin brother. His name is Nicanor. I heard this from Reynardo's own lips."

Antonio couldn't stop the surprised look from crossing his face. He'd have to make a note to mention this to Javier.

"Tell me about your mother. I have read what was in the file. I admit the information we obtain from these reports isn't always on point."

Jasmine let out a shaky breath before beginning. "Raphael Valdez wined and dined my mother, Maria, giving her the promise of a secured financial future. My mother was a beautiful woman, but she was weak when it came to resisting the demon that lusted after her. She accepted his marriage proposal after dating him for only two months. We moved in with him and Reynardo."

Antonio grabbed her shaking hand, silently willing her to speak about the horrid life she was forced to live. "The beatings didn't start until I was sixteen. I remember him coming into my room, beating me with his belt. I guess I was lucky he didn't beat me as much as my mom. He would scream and yell, calling her all kinds of names. I would see her the next morning and mention to her what I had heard. She would just look at me with this lost look on her face."

Antonio's heart broke at the sight of her tears streaming down her face. "We don't have to continue, Jasmine."

She scooted closer to him, grabbing his other hand tightly to her. "Yes. I've never told anyone this, Antonio. I need to go on."

Antonio waited for her to continue. “Reynardo was there. He would hear what was going on between my mom and his father and not lift a hand or say a word. Instead he would find ways to get me alone and try to force his way on me. I was younger at the time and more fearful of him than I am now. I found ways to avoid him, coming home from school late or staying at a friend's house for as long as I could.” Jasmine shuddered at the memory before continuing.

“Two years passed, filled with beatings and sexual innuendos, then Raphael did the unthinkable. He had my mom committed to an asylum by giving the court's his false proof on her supposed craziness. I tried to fight them, but they only saw me as an eighteen year old girl with no say-so on her mother's care,” Jasmine sobbed. “My mom was trapped, alone in a crazy little world for seven whole years. She was supposed to have been released two months ago; the same day she committed suicide. My mom was found hanging in her closet with a belt clasped around her neck. It was the same clothes I had packed for her to wear.”

Antonio couldn't bear it anymore. He picked her up, placing Jasmine on his lap. He stroked her quivering form; her heart-wrenching sobs tearing their way into his heart. She had been so young, bearing all of her mother's problems on her small shoulders. Antonio raised her chin, making sure she was staring into his eyes. “*Querida*, Your mother's death was not your fault. It was the fault of a demon you had no way of fighting, until now. Your mom is an angel now, gracing heaven with her presence, watching over you, *mi Amada*. She is at total peace. Remember that.”

She nodded, placing her head on his shoulder. Antonio murmured Spanish words to her, trying to soothe her fragile heart. Jasmine didn't deserve the life that had been thrown at her so young.

Antonio couldn't explain the desire he had for her, and he wasn't going to take time to analyze it. In the short time he had known her it was there, wedged into his heart, and he doubted his feelings for her would ever leave. He was going to make sure she would never suffer anything again.

Chapter 10

Jasmine curved her face into his neck, breathing in his warm, spicy scent. It had helped talking to him about her Mom. It almost felt a suffocating pressure had been released from her chest, and the chains around her heart had been cut free.

She felt comfortable speaking to Antonio. He had a quiet, dominant way about him that was weirdly comforting to her. Jasmine felt when Antonio stopped his stroking. She shifted her body to face him, swinging her legs on each side of the couch. Jasmine could feel the fire-lit sexual passion between them. She reached over and placed a kiss against his shoulder, nipping his skin with her teeth. His hands twisted into her hair, forcing her to meet his gaze. She would never get tired looking at his dark eyes. They had an inner depth to them she found refreshingly soothing.

“If we do this, *Querida*, there is nowhere to go but forward.”

An erotic thrill shot through her at the mastery in him and the roughly whispered words coming from his lips. The talk between them helped. His actions and words proved to her that she was safe with him. Jasmine had no more qualms about acting on their instantaneous sexual attraction.

She licked her lips nervously. Though she had never had a lover, Jasmine knew through her love of erotic books what would happen between them. She knew the twinge between her thighs was because she needed and wanted him. Jasmine could feel Antonio’s rigid cock pressing between her legs, the pulsing appendage making her moan her response. “Agreed.”

She leaned forward and pressed her mouth against his, dipping her tongue between his lips. He tasted like hot spice and passion. She moaned at the feel of his tongue, tangling with hers.

Jasmine couldn’t help the automatic gyrating rhythm her pussy had with his cock.

He was in perfect sync with her body. Her cunt throbbed with heat, in tune with the arousal he was creating in her.

“*Dios, Jasmine. Touch me,*” Antonio growled. He brought his mouth to her neck, sucking hard enough to leave a blotch. Jasmine knew he was marking her and she didn’t care. He was an alpha man in highest form, and she knew his first instinct would be to mark what was his.

Jasmine slid her unsteady hands down to his waist, excitement flaring higher at the feel of his hard, six pack abs. The tip of his pants grazed her fingers, carrying the urge to touch him higher. She unbuckled his belt and opened up his pants. The head of his solid cock stood straight out.

Jasmine rubbed her thumb against the bulging head of his cock. She heard his sharp intake of breath at the feel of her finger rubbing against the tip of his staff. She felt his seed on her finger and had the strongest urge to taste him. His broad, heavy erection pressed in her hand, urging her to grasp her palm around it. Jasmine held his cock and felt it pulsing with want beneath her hand.

“*Dios, carina, I don’t think I can hold out any longer. This will be the easiest way, with you on top.*”

Jasmine released his cock, grabbing the edge of her t-shirt, and pulled it from her body. His movements became more intense and controlling as he captured her nipple in his mouth, nipping the tip between his teeth. Sharp-edged arousal shot straight to her pussy, the cream dripping down her thighs. Jasmine rose on her knees and aligned her wet pussy against his cock, rubbing the head against her tingling clit.

“Now, Jasmine. Put it in now!”

Jasmine pushed down until the head of his cock breached her pussy. She could feel her tight pussy clasp his width, stretching to accommodate him. Jasmine shivered, the kaleidoscope of sexual feelings overwhelming her.

She ground her clitoris against his crisp cock hairs as she pushed down even further, taking his cock all of the way in. She felt her barrier break as more of her cream oozed down, coating his cock with her wetness. Her breath whooshed out in a rush. The slight twinge of pain was more an annoyance than anything else.

Jasmine threw her head back and tried to get a hold of her emotions. She could feel Antonio reach down to stimulate her clit, the pain slowly ebbing away at the brief flicks. The way his thumb massaged her tiny nub brought back the arousal in full force.

Antonio's cock pushed against her maiden shield. Her virginity served as a reminder that he didn't use protection with her. It was a first for him, losing his grasp on control. He reached down and rubbed her juicy, ripe clit. Her cream dripped all over his fingers as her hips danced on his cock.

"Fuck, *Querida*. I need a condom."

"It's safe. I'm on the pill for regularity," she whispered.

Jasmine squirmed on his cock; her inexperienced motions making him hunger for more. Antonio grabbed her waist, taking total control. He thrust himself inch by inch, her wet, silken heat driving him closer to the edge. Antonio couldn't look away from her dazed, green eyes. He'd never been inside a woman without a condom. It felt amazing, like slipping into a heated inferno. Jasmine drove all of his senses and righteousness out the window. She had given him a great gift, and he wanted her to know what it meant to him.

"*Querida*, this means you are mine." He followed that statement with a huge thrust. She screamed his name and he could feel her vigorous tremors throughout his cock. Now that she had cum all over his shaft, he wasn't going to be able to hold out any longer.

Antonio covered her mouth with his as fire raced down his back to his balls, pushing his cum from the tip of his cock. It felt like his cum was ripped out from him as his seed erupted in endless spurts.

"Fuck! Yeah, *Querida*, this definitely means you are mine," he growled against her neck. He inhaled deeply, her spring light smell going to his head, making his dick hard again. He wasn't through with her, not by a long shot.

Antonio lifted himself with her wrapped around his waist. He stalked to the bedroom, the walking motions bumping his cock against her pussy. He lifted her off of his waist, his cock slipping out with a suction-like noise.

“Are you okay, Jasmine?”

“I’m fine,” she whispered.

“Good, because I’m not done with you yet.” Antonio moved forward, impelling her to take a step back. He reached out to steady her as her knees hit the back of the bed.

“Get on the bed, Jasmine. I’m hungry, and I want you to feed me.”

Jasmine eyes widened at his order, but she followed his direction anyway. She lay back, slowly opening her legs. Antonio quickly walked to the bathroom, wetting a rag in warm water. He laid the wet fabric against her pussy, cleaning up their mixed cum.

Antonio dropped the rag and knelt down between her thighs, inhaling her scent mixed with his own. He bent his mouth and slowly lapped at the juices spilling from her pussy.

“*Dios Antonio, que mi haces? What are you doing to me?*” she breathed out in a sexy voice.

Antonio stared at her half-closed eyes. She was breathing rapidly. He brought his hands to her thighs, pushing her open wider.

“Feed me, *mi amor*. I want to suck up all of your juices,” he growled, bringing his attention to her pussy once more. His cock was rock solid and aching, her liquids triggering an animalistic need within him.

Antonio rubbed his chin over her sensitive clit, knowing his goatee would feel like little brushes dancing over her nub.

“*Dios, Antonio,*” she moaned.

Antonio lapped at her pussy lips, licking at the juices that dripped to her thighs. Jasmine reached out and grabbed his hair, her fingers tightening at the scalp. He brought his lips to her juicy red clit and blew. Jasmine pushed her pussy against his face, her little, raspy sounding moans filling the air along with her scent. Antonio knew just one hard suck would set her off. She was so responsive and submissive to his touch.

He placed his lips around her bundle of nerves and sucked hard. His name

exploded from her lips as her hand tightened on his hair and her back arched off of the bed. His cock felt like it was going to blow up, her release was making him crazy.

Antonio didn't give her time to get down from her orgasmic high. He lined up his cock with her pussy and rammed her to the hilt of her womb. Her legs circled around his waist, holding him between them tightly. He couldn't resist the urge to pound into her hard and deep as her nails bit into his skin. Antonio thrust back and forth, her tight channel gripping him forcefully.

The urge to cum was great, but he held it off, wanting her to reach her peak with him. Antonio plunged his tongue into her mouth, running it over her inner lips and then sucking at her sweet tongue.

"Come now, Jasmine. Let me feel your sweet pussy juice flow down on my cock."

No sooner had the words left his lips than her cunt gripped him in tighter, her cream coating his shaft.

Antonio had no choice but to give her all of him. His sperm flew from his cock as he tightened his hands on her thighs and blasted his seed into her hot pussy.

Antonio pulled out of her heat and collapsed right beside her, hauling her body against his and closing his eyes. He had found something in Jasmine, and he wasn't going to let her go anytime soon.

Moses entered the office, a file clasped tightly in his hand. Reynard spun his chair around, curious to see who had the balls to interrupt his meeting with Nick Naranjo.

"What do you want, Moses?" Reynardo spat out, keenly aware at the same time of Nick's presence.

"We have located them."

Fuck! He was going to kill Moses for bringing this up in front of Nick when it could have waited. Reynardo didn't wasn't to give him the impression that his business wasn't the first priority.

"Where?"

"A summer home in Mystic Lake."

"Leave the files." Reynardo swiveled his chair around and heard the door close shut behind him.

Dark, deadly black eyes peered at him. "Is there a problem, Reynardo?"

"No, no. Everything is being taken care of," Reynardo sputtered. He was invincible with anyone, except for this man. He hated feeling it, but the dead, shadowy eyes staring at him made him nervous.

"You do realize that if anything goes wrong with this shipment, it will mean your life?"

"I assure you, nothing will go wrong."

"Then why don't you sit back, Reynardo, and tell me what exactly it is you have in that file?"

Chapter 11

Jasmine's body shot up at the sound of persistent knocking echoing in her ears. Antonio was already standing, hobbling on one leg trying to put on his jeans.

"Who do you think it is?"

"I don't know, but stay here."

Disoriented, Jasmine rushed out of bed and pulled on one of his shirts. She'd have to remind him later about getting some of her own clothes.

"I'm coming with you."

He reached for his gun with one hand and wrapped one arm around her waist, pulling her against him and kissing her hard.

"You will stay here, Jasmine. You do remember what I do to bad little girls that don't behave?"

Jasmine snorted. *If he thought that was punishment, he was sadly mistaken.*

Antonio closed the door behind him, leaving Jasmine alone to worry. It wasn't possible Reynardo would have found them so quickly. Antonio had assured her no one knew of this place besides his family.

Jasmine opened the door and stepped out, curiosity and worry overtaking Antonio's order. She walked down the stairs. Jasmine immediately heard Antonio's voice. She couldn't quite hear exactly what was being said, but he seemed to be in a heated discussion with another man.

She followed the noise and arrived at the kitchen. Antonio stood next to a tall dark-haired man with two bags in his hand. The man was striking. He had to be over six feet tall with deep sea-blue eyes. His mahogany brown hair fell to his shoulders in contrast to his deep brown skin. Her eyes flew to the odd metal suitcase he clutched in

one hand.

“Are you going to introduce me?” she called out. Jasmine could see the surprise cross Antonio’s face as he whipped his head around.

“You are supposed to be in the bedroom,” he growled. The statement ticked her off. She wasn’t used to following anyone’s orders.

“I didn’t want to wait in there,” Jasmine replied between clenched teeth.

“We will discuss this later. This is Javier Vega, a soon-to-be partner within our firm. He’s brought us some Chinese and was in the middle of updating me on Reynardo’s whereabouts.”

“Nice to meet you, Javier. I’m Jasmine,” she sniffed, giving Antonio her back. She was annoyed with his domineering way.

“Same here, darling. Nice to finally meet the woman’s that’s got Antonio’s jockeys in a twist.”

Jasmine turned, deciding it was best not to reply to that statement and grabbed the bags out of Antonio’s hands. Jasmine opened up the cabinets and took out the plates for dinner.

“Javier, are you staying for dinner?” Jasmine put the food on the plates and laid them out on the table.

“Javier wasn’t staying,” Antonio interjected.

“Actually, that sounds good. I think I will stay,” Javier laughingly replied. Jasmine didn’t miss the disgruntled look Antonio threw Javier’s way. *What was up with him?*

“What news do you have on Reynardo?” Jasmine asked, directing the question to Javier, choosing to ignore Antonio’s rudeness.

“We’ve haven’t been able to find him yet. It seems he hasn’t shown up at his office.”

“Anything on the Naranjo’s?”

Javier unlocked his suitcase. Jasmine’s eyes flew to the gun lying inside a protective casing with a deadly silencer right by it. He lifted the first level off of the suitcase and whipped out files that were resting beneath.

“My contacts have gotten me all they could on Nick Naranjo, which wasn’t much. He’s listed as the first born to rule the Columbian drug inheritance his dead father built. Central Intelligence says they have massive evidence against this guy, but he’s never in one place long enough for them to get a hold on him. All we have here are statistics and details on what the CIA have against him.”

Jasmine rose from her chair, opened up the fridge and pulled three Corona’s out. She placed the beers on the table and sat down between them.

“What about Nicanor?”

“Here’s the strange part. I have records of their mother giving birth to twins. I even have Nicanor’s school records up to the age of eighteen. After that, nothing. I checked the death records and zilch. It seems as if he’s disappeared. I don’t like it. It doesn’t smell right to me.”

“Did you check with the underground?” Antonio asked.

“It is one of the few times the underground has had no information to give me. My Seal contacts had nothing. It is nearly an impossible thing, but Nicanor has disappeared without a trace.”

“There’s nothing we can do about that now,” Antonio replied. “Let’s eat and then we can discuss our next course of action.”

“What’s our next step?” Her softly spoken voice held an assertive tone.

Antonio pushed back his empty plate, sat back, and focused on Jasmine. He didn’t mean to be so harsh with her, but he couldn’t stop the reprimand from leaving his lips. He admired her determination, but at the same time, it pissed him off. When he gave her an order, he expected it to be obeyed, especially when it came to her life.

“We sit and wait.”

“That’s your plan, *primo*?” Antonio knew Javier expected him to hunt Reynardo

down. He wanted to. With every fiber of his being he wanted to take the creep and put a bullet through his head for hurting Jasmine, but he didn't. He had Jasmine to consider and her safety was still his number one priority.

"I'm not willing to put Jasmine's life on the line here. We not only have Reynardo to worry about, but Nick, too."

"It's a fucked up situation either way you look at it, Antonio, but we can't just sit around and wait."

"I'm calling the shots on this one, Javier, and I say we wait."

"Is anyone going to ask me what I think?" Jasmine asked.

Antonio could hear the frustration in her voice. It wasn't his direct intention to leave her out of the conversation. "What do you think?"

Jasmine eyed him with a look of intense worry in her eyes. "I think we should call in Diego and every possible man you can round up together quickly. If I know my brother, he's planning something as we speak."

Reynardo paced the home he was currently renting. He knew from his sources that Antonio had been trying to locate him. Until this deal with Nick was done, he had to take every precaution he could.

The bodies were shipping out from the morgue in three days. Half of the money already exchanged hands for the drug shipment. Boats were scheduled to transport the cocaine filled corpses from the New Jersey Harbor to Columbia. Normally, he would have used the Manhattan one, but his old man screwed that up when his dealings went sour. He couldn't risk anyone finding out about this one. Nick wouldn't give two shits about killing him. Reynardo had to make sure he didn't give him a reason to do so.

The thought didn't stop him from sending his men out to Antonio's home. Now that he knew where they were, he had no intentions of letting them go. The opportunity

for revenge was too good to pass up. Reynardo picked up his cell phone and dialed Moses' direct line.

"Is everything ready?"

"We should be there by early morning. Our men are all suited up and ready."

"Bien. Did you research the area?"

"Si, the area is perfect for the plan you gave us."

"Did you dig the grave?"

"We will dig the grave first, then attack. The men have their instructions. Everything will go according to plan, jefe."

"Make sure you do not hurt a hair on Jasmine's head. That will be my own privilege." He could almost taste his vengeance already.

"What do you want us to do with Antonio?" Reynardo bit back his instinctive answer. It would be too easy to murder him. He wanted him to suffer.

"Keep him alive. I want him to suffer a little before I come after him again and cut his head off."

"Esta seguro? Are you sure?"

"I am sure. Bring Jasmine to me. Hurt him, but keep him alive. I want him to live through every single minute knowing I have my Jasmine back," Reynardo whispered deadly.

Antonio would regret the day he'd laid eyes on his Jasmine.

Chapter 12

Antonio took her advice. He'd been dealing with men like Reynardo for years, but she was right. No one knew Reynardo better than she. He hated the fact that he had to disturb his brother Diego on his honeymoon of all places, but it had to be done. He went to his office to make the necessary call.

Diego would fly in and be here by tomorrow morning. Javier called in Rico and Santiago, two of the best Navy Seals Antonio had ever worked with. He needed the best. Nothing else would do.

Antonio walked into his bedroom. Javier had decided to stay the night, offering his help. He had been holed up in the guest room since dinner trying to find out anything he could on Reynardo's whereabouts. It was imperative they find out where he was and, if possible, what he was planning. A major drug lord didn't disappear out of the blue. It just wasn't done. There had to be a trace of paperwork, credit cards, or something that would lead them to Reynardo.

His thoughts faded away quickly at the sound of his shower being turned on. Antonio stripped his clothing swiftly, his cock already standing rigid in anticipation of seeing Jasmine naked and wet. He walked across his bedroom silently and opened the bathroom door.

The clear, colored barrier outlined her voluptuously shaped body. Pushing back the midnight blue shower curtain, Antonio's eyes caressed the slick, soaped up flesh that she presented to him like a feast.

Jasmine turned, her hands frozen against her skin. Her eyes traced his body from head to toe. He stepped in, the hot misty spray enveloping him. He grasped her hips,

hauling her wet body against his shaft.

“You are so beautiful, *Querida*.” Antonio bent and licked the curve of her neck, tasting her flavor mixed with soap.

She leaned in forward and pressed her heated cunt against his cock. Antonio growled and nipped at the spot he’d tasted.

“Antonio, please,” she moaned while rubbing her slick fire against his rod.

“Do you want me to lick you?”

“*Dios*, yes.”

Antonio dropped to his knees, the heated spray of water warming his skin. He pressed his nose against her pussy and inhaled. He had a fetish for her pussy and could drown in her sweetness forever. He didn’t think he would ever get tired of wanting to taste her uniqueness.

Antonio rubbed her red, juicy clit as he lifted her leg to his shoulder, opening her up to his gaze. He stuck his tongue out, flicking her clit with just the tip. Antonio looked up wanting to see her exquisite reaction to his question.

“Do you want me to suck you, *Querida*?”

Antonio stilled her hips, trying to press them against his mouth.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Then beg for it, *Amor*. Beg for my tongue to caress that sweet pussy. I want to hear you say the words.”

Jasmine moaned. *Dios*, she didn’t think she was ever this turned on before. She looked down and arched her hips against his face, trying to steal another feel from his lips.

Antonio licked her clit. It was just one hard-pressed swipe against her nub, but it drove her insane. She wanted to cum so bad and he was holding it from her. “Beg me for it, *Amor*. I can stay on my knees all night, just inhaling your sweet scent.”

Jasmine thought she could hold out longer, but she couldn’t stop the words from leaving her lips. “Fuck me, Antonio. Fuck me with your tongue. *Dios*, I need you desperately.”

It was all the incentive he needed as he gripped her thighs harder and pushed her

pussy towards his face. Jasmine reached out, bracing one arm on his shoulder and the other on the shower wall. Antonio thrust his tongue in and out of her pussy. She couldn't stop from shoving her pussy even closer to his mouth. He took her clit into his mouth, lightly raking it with his teeth and sucked hard.

Jasmine screamed. The explosion stole her breath from her lungs. If Antonio hadn't been grasping her thighs, she would have fallen to the floor in a mass of orgasmic puddles. She could hear Antonio lapping up her cream nosily, as if he were savoring her taste.

Jasmine moved her leg down from his shoulder as Antonio rose, licking his lips, while his dark gaze was pinned on her.

"Turn around and put your hands on the wall." Jasmine obeyed, helpless to deny him anything. His fingers traced her spine, dipping into the curve of her ass. Jasmine could feel him circling her anal hole as his dick pressed against her ass cheek. The thought of him entering her ass gave her an erotic forbidden thrill. She wasn't opposed to trying new things with him.

"Antonio, *por favor*." He flicked his fingernail over her nipple in response to her plea. Electric shock like heat settled in the pit of her stomach, a prelude to an intense orgasm. Jasmine whimpered as he grabbed her hips and slowly entered her from behind. In this position, she could feel his huge shaft deeply embedding her and touching her womb.

"Who do you belong to, *Querida*?"

Jasmine slammed herself on his cock. The pressure and angle of his shaft had her wanting to come on the spot. She could feel him inch by erotic inch. Her pussy gushed out cream, soaking his rigid staff up to his balls.

"Answer me, Jasmine," he whispered, his voice coarse with need. "I could go on like this, fucking you forever, without letting you cum all over my cock. Let me hear the words, Jasmine."

Jasmine couldn't hold out any longer. Her orgasm was just out of reach. She could almost taste the decadence of it. She was sure one more hard thrust would send her over.

“Yours, Antonio, but make no mistake; this means you are mine as well.”

“There was never any doubt about that, *mi amor*. *Soy tuyo, por siempre*. *I’m yours forever.*”

Antonio didn’t fail her. He shafted her, digging his cock into her densely. She could feel every rigid line of his shaft plunging into her pussy. She tightened down on his dick, her orgasm exploding from within. Stars exploded behind her eyes as she came endlessly.

Jasmine struggled to breathe as she felt his cock pulse twice and then erupt inside of her, his heated seed marking her womb.

Antonio eased out of her and held her closely, the spray cleaning away their mingled essence. They didn’t need words to communicate how different this sexual act had been from the others. Jasmine closed her eyes and sighed. She was falling in love with Antonio. A man she had no future with.

Chapter 13

The deafening explosion jolted the whole house, bringing Antonio and Jasmine

abruptly awake. His ears were ringing from the noise. Antonio leaped from the bed, pulled his jeans on, and grabbed his gun from the closet. Jasmine rose quickly, grabbing a pair of sweats and a t-shirt.

He knew immediately who was behind the attack. Reynardo had found them, and he had to get Jasmine out. Another explosion and then the hissing release of tear gas had Antonio shoving Jasmine to the floor.

“*Madre de dios!* Our only chance is to leave through the window. Stay close.”

“What about, Javier?”

“There is no time, *Querida*. He knows what to do in situations like this.”

Antonio crawled to the window and peered out. He could see nothing but the trees from this point. He rose, placing his gun in the back of his jeans, and opened the window, climbing onto the ledge. The steel leader pipe would serve as their ladder. He reached out for Jasmine’s hand, lifting her through the window and onto the ridge.

It was going to be difficult getting her out. Perched from the sill, he could see the fully armed men surrounding his home.

Jasmine screamed. Antonio grabbed his gun with one hand and Jasmine with the other. It was tricky, but he managed to face the object of Jasmine’s scream and grab her at the same time.

Javier was right behind Jasmine, a gun locked and loaded in his hand.

“Did you have to scare the shit out of her, *primo?*”

Javier removed his hands from her waist. “Was just making sure she didn’t fall,” he exclaimed, climbing through the window.

Antonio could see Javier’s eyes scanning the area and assessing the situation. “Any plans?”

“Fight our way through it. They aren’t going to leave us alive, and it isn’t going to take them long to search the perimeter and then inside. Keep Jasmine between us.”

Javier nodded. “You lead. I’ve got the rear.”

“Fine.” Antonio looked down. Jasmine eyes were wide with worry. Antonio placed a quick kiss on her lips in reassurance.

“*Querida*, stay between us. Our plan is to shoot and run. We may be able to

make it to the vehicles. We'll be running to the front of the house where the cars are. If we do not make it, promise me you run to the woods."

"Antonio, what about you?"

"I will be right behind you, *Amor*. I need you to run straight to the woods without looking back. Promise me."

"I promise, but I need you to be careful, Antonio."

"Don't worry about me, *Querida*. Once I'm on the pipe, I want you to quickly climb down. Let's get this show on the road."

Antonio placed his gun in the back of his jeans, grabbed the leader pipe, and started his way down. Jasmine quickly followed, climbing down at a rapid pace. Javier brought up the rear.

Antonio reached the ground within seconds and pulled Jasmine down the final steps. Javier jumped the rest of the way.

Gunshots erupted from the direction of the cars, forcing him to pull Jasmine towards the woods as he grabbed his gun from his pants. The coverage of the trees was still a few feet away, so there was nothing he could do but turn and shoot back.

Antonio pulled Jasmine along faster, forcing her to keep up with his pace.

Jasmine struggled to breathe as she tried her best to keep up with Antonio. She could hear the running booted feet of the men chasing them. She should have known nothing would have stopped Reynardo from coming after them. Jasmine concentrated on running, cursing Reynardo at the same time.

It happened in the second it takes a heart to beat. Nothing prepared her for the force of Antonio's weight dropping fully down on her. Jasmine hit the damp grass, her breath leaving her lungs with the strength of the fall. Her mouth grew dry in fear.

She felt a huge weight at her arm one second, and then the pressure completely

released. It took a minute for her to realize it was Antonio's weight on the other end of her arm. He let go so he wouldn't injure her.

Jasmine looked below and saw a massive, wide grave. It had to be at least twelve foot wide. She peered over. Insulated foam boards with leaves surrounded Antonio and Javier, and in that instant Jasmine knew it was Reynardo's trap.

"Antonio, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, *Querida*. You have to leave now." He practically screamed the words with worry.

Antonio gaze was trained on her, and then he glanced at the dirt walls. Javier was climbing the wall, only to land on his feet once more. It was dug with a smooth surface, intending to insure no one got out. Antonio had a hard edge look to him that reeked of murder.

"Jasmine, run."

"Antonio, I can't leave you here."

"*No tenemos tiempo! We don't have time!* Get the fuck out of here," Antonio screamed at the top of his lungs. Antonio and Javier lifted their guns, training them at the object behind her.

Jasmine saw the fear in Antonio's eyes at the same time she heard the whispered words from above and felt the machine gun pointed at her back. "She won't be going anywhere." She turned, expecting to see Reynardo and his men behind her. It was Moses, his cousin and right-hand man, who leered at her with disgust.

"Get up," he sneered.

Jasmine threw a glance at Antonio, and then rose. Moses grabbed her arm in a hard grip, pushing her against his body. His men surrounded the grave, pointing their weapons towards the pit.

"If you hurt her, there is nothing in the world that would stop me from killing you, very slowly." She could feel Moses tremble slightly against her, a sign of nervousness.

Moses peered over the edge, pushing his gun under chin. "There is nothing you can do to save her now. *Vamonos*. Let's go."

Antonio's eyes darkened at the sight of the nozzle. "You just forfeited your only reprieve. Remember that."

Chapter 14

Antonio couldn't remember a time in his life where he felt so helpless. If he closed his eyes, he could still see Jasmine vividly watching him, waiting for his help. She was frightened and hadn't whispered one word when the bastard grabbed her.

By all intent and purposes, Antonio knew he should be dead right now. Only one thing stopped those men from pulling the trigger, Reynardo's orders. The vile, vindictive son of a bitch was evil enough to use Jasmine as a means of getting back at him. The *cabron* would pay for coming after them.

Antonio turned to Javier, who was pacing the grave like a caged tiger. "*Dios*, any ideas?"

"Nothing, *primo*."

"They will not live to see tomorrow." Antonio said the words, simply because they were the truth.

"We have to get out of here first."

"*Madre de Dios!* We should have seen this coming."

"There was no hint of a trap like this, Antonio. Do not beat yourself up for something we could have not known."

Antonio's eyes narrowed. "Do you have your cell phone on you?"

"Yes." Javier reached in his pocket and pulled the small device.

Antonio dialed Diego's number. The sound of his brother's voice wasn't clear, but Antonio hoped in some way Diego could hear him.

"I'm in a grave dug about thirty feet behind the house. Need help."

Shit! All he could hear was static. He threw the cell phone against the walls, causing the dirt to spray at them and the tiny miniscule object to break in half.

“You owe me a cell phone, *primo*.”

Antonio threw a scathing look Javier’s way. There was only one thing in the forefront of his mind right now. *Reynardo will pay.*

Jasmine twisted her wrists against the hard ropes. She could feel the rough wiring cutting into her skin. The jeep bounced on the dirt road, jostling her face down into Moses lap. He grabbed her, his fingers digging into her arms and righted her into a sitting position.

Moses leered at her, his hand still gripping her. “You are very lucky Jasmine, Reynardo gave orders not to touch you, otherwise I would have left you in that same position, slaking my need for you.”

The bile rising in her throat didn’t stop her from responding. “And in that *same position* I would have bit it off of you.”

Moses released one of her arms and forcefully grabbed her hair, pulling her neck back. He leaned in, his beer filled breath making her nauseous. Jasmine mentally recoiled in horror as he licked one side of her face.

“Maybe it is I who should get to punish you?”

Jasmine used her only weapon available. “If you do, cousin or not, Reynardo would kill you.”

She wasn’t surprised when she was immediately released and pushed back against the jeep. Moses eyed her hatefully.

Jasmine sat up and pressed herself against the door as far away from him as she could.

“How much farther?” Moses asked the driver.

The driver turned, flashing a quick look to Moses. “We should be there in about two hours.”

Jasmine closed her eyes. *When would this nightmare end?* Living on the run with Antonio was paradise, but it had only camouflaged her troubles with Reynardo. Her only option was to wait this out and try to escape on the first available opportunity.

“You are very lucky I was close enough to pick up at least your end of the conversation.”

Antonio looked up, surprised to see Diego standing above him.

Diego tied the rope to a tree and threw it into the pit. Antonio grabbed it, hauling himself up. Javier was out a second later. Diego turned to Antonio, then Javier, slapping both of them on the back in welcome.

“Good to see you, *Hermano*. Where’s Jen?”

“I dropped her off at home, though she argued her ass off about wanting to come. No way was I bringing her out here and taking a chance on her life. How did you guys get into the grave?”

Antonio bristled; still upset he didn’t see a cliché trap like this one coming. “Simple. Reynardo’s men dug it. They had the house surrounded in front and we ran for the trees. I should have seen a stupid move like this one coming, but I was too intent on protecting Jasmine.”

Diego and Javier stopped walking. “This is not your fault, *hermano*. We cannot foresee into the future. We will do everything we possibly can to get to her in time. *No te preocupes. Don’t worry.*”

“I agree. Let’s get suited up, boys. We have some men to kill and a woman to rescue,” Javier interjected.

Chapter 15

Antonio walked into the living room dressed in a sleek black sniper suit. Made out of a specialized fabric, the costly sniper, fire retardant and cut-proof suit was popular among the SEAL's. Nine out of ten times it was used on kill, capture and rescue missions. It was proven to have saved the lives of those choosing to take field assignments.

Antonio adjusted the knives holstered to his thighs and rechecked the two guns attached to his waist. Two grenades accompanied the hand style power pistols, and a small machete style knife was tied to the front of his belt.

Diego was on the phone barking out orders to Rico and Santiago. Antonio checked his watch. The men were scheduled to arrive in fifteen minutes. Javier sat at Antonio's desk, tapping away on his laptop, requesting information to the underground. His teeth ached with the urge to murder someone. Every minute that ticked by meant Jasmine's life. It pissed him off that no one still knew where Reynardo was.

Antonio's cell phone buzzed at his hip. He unclasped it from the case and flipped it open.

"Antonio."

"You looking for a particular lady?"

Madre de Dios! Who the fuck was this? He clenched his teeth tightly and restrained his anger in.

"Who is this?"

"Do not ask questions that will go unanswered. Ask the important ones."

“Do you know where Jasmine is?”

“*Si, lo se. Yes, I know.* Jasmine is at Frank’s Wholesale Beer at the Jersey harbor. You would do well to arrive on time. There is a shipment of cocaine departing tonight. I exchange this information for a guarantee that shipment does not arrive in Columbia.”

“You got it.”

“I trust you to take care of Reynardo.”

“That goes without being said.”

“*Bien. Good. Adiós, por ahora. Goodbye for now.*”

Antonio flipped his phone shut and faced Diego. He could feel his muscles flex with the impending assault that would calm the raging beast inside.

“Gear it up, *hombres*. I know where Jasmine is!”

Nicanor slammed the hammer down on the traceable cell phone. It was imperative all necessary precautions were taken to protect his identity for now. He made the necessary call to Antonio, hoping he would be able to save a life and put a wrench into Nick’s business.

Nick must not know he'd lived through his own murder, fixed to look like a suicide. The blood roared deep in his veins, anticipating the very instant he took his retribution.

Time. He had all of it in the world, and although revenge was forefront in his mind, he would sit and wait. Nick Naranjo, his own twin brother, would pay for his deception with his life.

Jasmine sat in the chair, watching and waiting for a sign of Reynardo. His men had been entering in and out of the building since she had arrived, removing the coffins with rapid speed. The smell of decaying flesh had her trying to breathe through her mouth.

She couldn't feel her arms anymore. She had rubbed her wrists raw trying to free herself. Jasmine looked up at the sound of the metal entrance door banging shut. It was hard to see with only one long florescent light illuminating the warehouse.

"It is nice to see you again, *hermana*."

Jasmine inwardly cringed at the sound of his voice. Reynardo walked up to her, his black attire making him look more sinister than normal. He faced her, bending down to stare closely.

"Can't same the same for you."

Reynardo reached out to stroke her face. An insane, eerie look crossed his face as his cold hand grabbed her chin, forcing her closer to him than she would have liked.

"You will pay with your life for crossing me, *hermana*. I'm just trying to decide if I should fuck you before I do it," Reynardo laughed evilly.

"*Te oido y te deseos la muerte! I hate you and I wish you were dead!*" Fed up with all the years she had to put up with him, Jasmine screamed the words and spat at his face.

Reynardo released her chin and wiped at the spittle. "*Esta bien*. That is fine. It is not your fucking love I want; it's your hot little body that keeps me up at night."

Jasmine swallowed, trying to overcome the impending disaster. Her stomach clenched and rolled fiercely. Between Reynardo's nauseating touches and the disgusting odor of rotten bodies, Jasmine had no way of stopping the bile that flew from her mouth to land on his face.

The shocked look in his face was priceless. In another time, she would have laughed at it. She saw his eyes darken immediately, then the madness returned instantly. Reynardo raised his hand, landing a backhanded blow against her jaw that rattled her teeth, causing pain to explode in her head. Jasmine moved her mouth, wanting to make sure her jaw wasn't broken.

“You will pay for that, Jasmine.”

Reynardo lifted his hand to deliver another blow that had Jasmine steeling herself for the impending hit. The pain in her head doubled as the open palmed smack landed across her cheek. Jasmine felt the edges of her vision dim. She fought the urge to black out, willing her eyesight to return to normal. It didn't matter. She'd take the beating any day as long as he didn't touch her.

Night had fallen, casting a shadowed, moonlit glow on the harbor. The air was chilled, as was the water surrounding the warehouse buildings. Antonio knelt about ten feet away, his binoculars trained on *Frank's Wholesale Beer*. Men heavily armed with machine guns guarded the entrance, while some of them laid on the roof watching the bodies being loaded into the boat. Antonio counted at least twenty men. It would be a piece of cake for his team to take care of them.

Antonio adjusted his earpiece style communicator, waiting for Diego and Javier's position. Santiago and Rico were already on the docks, hidden along the row of barrels waiting for his signal.

The need to travel in there and rescue Jasmine surged heavily throughout his body. He was smarter than that, though. To ensure a safe rescue mission meant thinking with your brain, not with your instincts.

“I'm in position on the roof.” Diego's voice filtered through the earpiece.

“What's your position, Javier?”

“Back door entrance covered, Antonio.”

“Rico and Santiago, are you ready?”

“Waiting for your word, boss.”

“We move on the count of one. Top priority is rescuing Jasmine. We will take no prisoners. Shoot to kill, ask questions later.”

“All agreed?” The sound of grunts and agreements filled the line.

Antonio lifted his body and stalked towards the warehouse, his hands tightly gripping the handles of his guns. “Counting down now. Three. Two. One.”

Chapter 16

Antonio walked silently to the entrance and raised his guns in the direction of the two men guarding the front door. He grinned as he recognized the man who had taken Jasmine away from him. They never saw him coming. The cover of the night protected him like a shield.

The exploding sound from the back had the men turning away from him, dropping their guard momentarily. Antonio ran the ten feet separating them and shot, hitting each of them in the back of the head. The men dropped like flies. When you're on a mission to kill, always go for the head; that way you're one hundred percent sure your enemy is dead. There is no room for errors. Antonio lived by that rule, though the man who had taken Jasmine from him died too soon. Torture would have been his number one way of getting back at him. He'd just have to save all of that for Reynardo.

He could hear the shots and screams from the front of the docks. Rico and Santiago were armed with AK-47's. Both were fully trained SEAL's. Those men never had a chance.

Antonio didn't feel one ounce of guilt. They were fully grown men who knew the choices they were making.

Bodies flew from the roof of the warehouse as Diego dropped them one by one. Antonio kicked down the front door, shooting at anyone that came his way. Bullets flew, blood sprayed, and still Antonio didn't stop. Javier was coming up the rear of the

warehouse, his gun already aimed at the man Antonio sought. Diego stalked in slowly behind Javier.

His gut churned with anger at the scene before him. Reynardo's gun held against Jasmine's head, his eyes evilly contemplating on pulling the trigger. Jasmine sat on the chair, her body bruised and bleeding from an apparent beating. Her eyes held his as he walked closer, his gun already trained on Reynardo.

"Are you okay," Antonio whispered deadly.

"I'm fine." *Dios*, he was going to enjoy murdering the son of a bitch. Her beautiful face was battered. Black and blue marks were already appearing on her cheek and jaw. Antonio grabbed the machete from his belt, his hand gripping the rubber coated handle, waiting for the precise moment. He had always had one advantage. Speed. He just needed one opening.

"You have one option. Release Jasmine, and I will kill you quickly."

Reynardo laughed. "You really think I am going to let her go? She was mine, and you put your filthy hands on her," he screamed.

Antonio knew it wasn't wise to argue with a madman, but he couldn't stop the words from leaving his lips. "You are one really fucked up person."

"That may be true," Reynardo whispered while stroking Jasmine's hair with his right hand. Reynardo's left hand still gripped the gun, but he pushed it away from her head, now pointing it at Antonio. "But she's mine. Always was, and if it takes us dying together to seal it, then so be it."

The deadly words hung in the air, and in that one instant, Antonio knew this was his only chance. He brought up the machete and threw it at Reynardo's left hand, severing his wrist. The gun dropped with a loud clang. Reynardo dropped to his knees, holding the injured arm to him, screaming loudly in pain. Javier closed in and picked up the gun Reynardo dropped.

"*Mierda. El brazo mío. Shit. My arm,*" Reynardo yelled over and over. Antonio smirked. He wasn't even close to finishing with him yet.

Antonio raced to Jasmine's side. He pulled out one of the knives strapped to his side and cut the bonds around her wrists. Antonio pulled softly at the wire-like rope. It

stuck to her skin. Jasmine groaned in pain, blood pooling instantaneously. He picked her up, holding her close to his body, thanking God silently that he had arrived in time to save her.

“Javier,” Antonio whispered, deadly, “Take Jasmine outside and wait for me there.” He transferred her to Javier’s arms. Antonio watched as he exited the building. Diego patiently waited by Reynardo’s body, his booted feet holding him down.

Antonio grabbed on to a huge metal fishhook attached to the wheel on the ceiling of the warehouse. He rolled it to Diego.

“Tie his arms to it.”

Reynardo’s screamed and cursed at them as Diego dragged his body right under the hook. He picked him up by the arms and had him tied like a squalling fish in two seconds. He picked up the machete. Reynardo’s blood dripped from the metal edges.

Antonio threw a questioning look at Diego. “You staying?”

“Yes.”

“*Bien. Fine.*” Antonio tracked his prey, circling around Reynardo’s body before stopping to face him. He brought the machete close to his face. Reynardo stared at the knife; his body trembling in fear and shock.

“You chose to die a slow death. This is my revenge for laying a hand on what has become the most important person in my life.”

Reynardo didn’t answer. Antonio didn’t expect him to. He brought the blade back and delivered the blow to his abdomen. Reynardo screamed, cried and hollered for the next ten minutes before silence reigned on the warehouse one more.

Nicanor stepped from the shadows of the warehouse and eyed the body strung up from the hook. The body slowly spilled its lifeblood from the wound in his stomach. Nicanor had hoped in a way that his brother would have been here. It would have been

so much easier if that were the case. His body shook with the need to seek his retribution. All would come together in time.

Chapter 17

Two Weeks Later

The media had a field day. Reynardo's death had been top news for weeks in the newspapers and on TV. Jasmine was interviewed by several bureaus, including the FBI and the CIA. They had found it suspicious that she had looked like someone had beaten her at the same time Reynardo had shown up dead. Antonio hired the best lawyer and, after answering their questions a hundred times, they had finally realized she had nothing to do with his death and left her alone.

Jasmine couldn't care less. The monster that had tormented her was finally gone, and she was now at peace with herself. No more dealings with Raphael or Reynardo. It was like a burden had been lifted from her shoulders.

She had been released from the hospital ten days ago with a clean bill of health. The bruises on her face had faded to an ugly yellow color and she could actually move her hands now without being in too much pain.

Jasmine started seeing a psychiatrist to deal with her mother's death. It was something she should have done a long time ago. It helped to talk to someone who was on neutral ground. She poured her heart and soul out on the first visit. The second went a little easier. The third appointment was scheduled for tomorrow. Antonio had been

understanding through all of it. He accompanied her to all of the appointments and held her hand through each one. Antonio had even checked to make sure the doctor's background checked out. It was kind of cute in a protective sort of way.

Jasmine rose and walked to the dresser. Antonio had moved her clothes into his home. She didn't mind one bit. She was getting used to the fact that she needed him around. She opened the top drawer and retrieved a white see-through nightgown. Jasmine grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it over her head. She put the slip on and walked over to the bed.

Jasmine reclined on Antonio's bed, waiting for him to arrive from work. For the past two weeks he had constantly been by her side, caring for her. Antonio had washed her wounds everyday, applied medicine and redressed them. He had seen to her every need. Jasmine couldn't believe she had been lucky enough to find someone who truly cared about her. It was something she'd never experienced with anyone but her mother.

The door to the bedroom opened. Jasmine grinned. Antonio held red roses in one hand and a box of chocolate in the other. Both items were covering his face. He lowered them. Jasmine saw the exact moment when his eyes darkened at the sight of her dressed in her slip. He placed the items on the chair and walked over to her. Antonio bent, placing his lips against hers. Jasmine opened her mouth and sucked on his tongue. He broke the kiss off too soon.

"*Amor*, how are you feeling today?"

"I'm fine, Antonio. I really should start working soon."

"I don't think that's a great idea. You need to be resting."

"We can talk about this later," she whispered, rising on to her knees. "Right now I want a taste of something I've been craving all day."

Jasmine unbuttoned his slacks and pulled out his already hardened shaft. His cock throbbed, full of heat. Her hand wrapped around his exquisite flesh while her thumb

rubbed the moistened head. She hunched slightly and took his tip into her mouth. Her pulse quickened as she savored his light, musky flavor. She alternated between sucking hard and licking his shaft all the way to the base of his balls. Her tongue swiped the underside, tracing the lines of a rigid blue vein.

She felt his hands on her hair, nudging her slightly. Jasmine was happy to oblige, full reign in her desire. She raised one hand and tugged his hard balls down.

“*Dios, Hermosa. God, beautiful.* Your lips are like a drug. I can’t hold on much longer.”

Antonio thrust twice and then erupted in her mouth, his shaft shooting his cum down her throat. Jasmine moaned and then swallowed all of his seed. She disengaged her mouth from his cock with a loud pop.

Antonio grabbed her by the shoulders and softly placed Jasmine on her back with blinding speed. He ripped her lacy gown in half.

“*Dios, Antonio.*” Her voice held desire and curiosity. His control was a thing of the past and she seemed enraptured by the sexual anxiety that took over him.

He grabbed his cock in his hand and pushed the blunt tip inside of her pussy. Antonio looked down at the woman who had come to mean more to him than anyone in the world. They had overcome all obstacles that stood in their way.

Jasmine’s wet pussy gripped him, holding his shaft with her muscles. He shafted her deeply and, when her cunt contracted on his cock, he didn’t stop. Her cream flowed out like a river. Antonio pounded into Jasmine as her fingernails bit into his forearms. His thrusts went deep and kissed the tip of her womb. He slammed into her while rubbing her ripened red clit. She yelled his name, her orgasm triggering his own. Antonio’s cock pulsed and then shot his cum in endless streams into her heat.

He collapsed on top of her, holding his weight on his elbows. Antonio listened to the fast beating of her heart as she stroked his back. He pulled his cock out of her slick pussy. It was the right time. Antonio needed to let her know how he felt, and deeply hoped that she had the same feelings.

“In case I never told you, *Querida, te amo,*” he whispered. “I’m not willing to spend another moment without you being my wife.”

Jasmine blinked. Her eyes spilled tears. Antonio bent and licked the drops. “*Siento lo mismo. I feel the same way. Te amo, por siempre. I love you forever,*” she murmured.

Epilogue

Selma stepped out of the airplane and pushed her way through the busy JFK airport. She had left Puerto Rico hoping to make a fresh start for herself. Too many memories kept her tormented at night. Antonio and Diego had lured her here with the offer of doing some investigative work for them. It was an opportunity she couldn’t pass up, or so she thought.

She was annoyed as hell. The phone call she got from Diego while on the plane pissed her off. *Javier is now a partner in our firm.* Why he chose to tell her when she had been on the plane and not before she had left perplexed and angered her at the same time. Diego knew she didn’t want to have anything to do with the man. They didn’t know the history that sat between them, but her word should have been enough.

Selma tried to relax, but she couldn’t control the jittery nerves buzzing inside. She hated to admit it, but it was because of him. The prospect of seeing Javier again after so many years was unnerving. She had hoped he’d be gone from her life and was shocked to find out she would now be working with him.

Selma reached down and took her luggage off of the conveyor belt. The urge to return to her home was great, but she had never run from anything in her life. Selma wasn’t a coward. She would face Javier and the deceitful past that lie between them and put it to rest for good.

Selma maneuvered her body through the airline crowd, searching for the car and driver Diego and Antonio was supposed to have hired. She made her way to the row of cabs parked on the curb for their passengers.

“Are you Selma Martinez?”

She looked up, surprised to have found her driver so quickly.

“Yes, I am.”

“My name is Frank Marshall.” Selma shook the offered hand. “I’ll be your driver for this evening. If you would please follow me, I will get you to your destination as soon as possible.”

“Thank you, Frank.” He grabbed her bags and led the way to the car. A black limousine sat parked in the corner, the tinted windows giving it a darker look.

Selma felt a swirl of cool air hit her as Frank opened the door. She entered, grateful to be out of the summer stifling heat. Her business skirt and buttoned down blouse clung to her sweaty skin.

Selma couldn’t stop the gasp from escaping her lips at the sight of the dark male sitting across from her with a leering smile across his lips. She instinctively reached for her gun, but then remembered she didn’t bring it because airport security had become so tight in New York.

“Who are you?”

“I did not expect you to be so beautiful. Let me introduce myself. My name is Nick Naranjo.”