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# ***Silent Lynx***

*Sylvia Hubbard*



**Silent Lynx**  
by Sylvia Hubbard

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# Silent Lynx

Adventure/Romance

(Heart of Detroit Series – 3)

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By Sylvia Hubbard

**DEDICATION:** I'd like to dedicate this one to my fans, who love reading my work and love the Hearts. They've encouraged me to keep them alive and fun and most of all darn sexy! Enjoy them and please let me know how you like 'em.

# SILENT LYNX

“For the last time, Tannie, I said no!” her father said, pounding his fist against the desk.

Tanae narrowed her eyes and stomped her foot angrily. “You treat me like a child! I’m twenty-three years old and you’re forcing me to stay a prisoner in this house with a drunken stepmother and you! It’s not fair! It’s my birthday and I want to go out!”

One of his men cleared his throat at the library’s doorway and her father nodded in understanding. Tanae paid little attention to the important package that the man carried. She was only consumed with her own problems.

“This conversation is over, plus it’s nine at night and no young lady should be out on the street this time of time. Tomorrow I’ll have my security take you shopping all you like. Now go away, Tannie and make yourself pretty.” Her father took the package from the guard and they paid little attention to her as he unwrapped the brown packaging around an old rusted green lock box. Once he checked the contents inside with a satisfied grin, he placed this box in his wall safe.

Tanae was incensed at how her father was paying no attention to her. “What’s that?” she demanded to know.

“That’s none of your business,” he snipped. “Didn’t I just tell you to go and find something else to do?”

Stomping back to her room, she gathered up her purse and keys.

“What did he say?” Jean, her bestfriend asked, who had been waiting for her.

“Who cares what he says,” Tanae said and motioned her friend to be quiet as they snuck out the house.

“Do you know how much trouble you’re going to be in?” Jean said incredulously as she hopped in Tanae’s brand new BMW.

Tanae put the pedal to the metal and took off burning rubber laughing hysterically. “This feels so good Jeannie!” she exclaimed. “I don’t care how much trouble I’ll be in. I just had to get out of that house. I’ve been practically locked up for the past three months. All because my father took that stupid job with the government, I’ve got to be a prisoner in my own home. He lets Arnold go to college, but what do I get? Online courses at the University of Phoenix. How lame is that?”

“He’s going to shit bricks when he knows you took off without the bodyguards,” Jean said worriedly looking behind them to see if they were being followed.

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head off,” Tanae said pulling out a personal electric shock device from her purse. “I’ve turned it on stun to give me time to get away. Arnold got it for me for Christmas. Isn’t it cute? It matches my outfit.”

Jean just shook her head at her friend's shallowness.

Tanae only giggled because she really wasn't that shallow, but she loved to look good. "You haven't even said Happy Birthday to me."

"Why can't we just go home and celebrate your birthday?" Jean asked worriedly as they pulled up in front of a packed club.

Tanae paid for valet and urged Jean to hurry up and get out so they could get in. The bouncer stopped them at the door because Tanae was not about to stand in the long line waiting to get in.

"Where's James?" she demanded to know. "He always lets me in."

"You must be Ms. Jenkins. James said to expect you," the bouncer said and opened the rope to allow her in. "Have a good time, Ms. Jenkins."

She huffed at him and stomped past him.

"James is always here every Saturday night," Jennie said. "Where do you think he is tonight?"

"Missing a good party," Tanae said as she began eyeing the room for a good dance partner.

Lots of guys came up and asked them to dance, but Tanae refused them all. She was so picky and Jean stayed by her side.

Two greasy looking guys in particular came over and tried to pick them up. "Hey y'all look so lonely," the ugliest one said winking his eye at Jean. "Why don't y'all come over to our table and join us?"



“Why don’t two get a life and a face lift,” Tanae snapped.  
“And get the hell away from us.”

The other one smiled cajoling getting too close to Tanae.  
“You’re a pretty little girl, I can make you feel real beautiful you give me a chance.” He held up a bag of coke.

“You can take a bath and maybe you’ll make my eyes stop watering from the smell of you!”

The guys finally took the hint, but the ugly one looked real hurt. Tanae didn’t really care because they were blocking the view to her very nice leather dress that fit her size ten body making her look very good.

“What are you looking for tonight?” Jean asked.

Tanae usually had a different flavor every night and tonight she was in the mood for tall dark and handsome. Of course she didn’t realize her flavor until he walked in the door with short guy standing next to him. He looked fearsome and sinister as his dark eyes locked with hers, but he made no attempt to approach her. The short guy looked as nervous.

“I gotta pee,” Jean said squirming.

“Go pee then,” Tanae said annoyed.

“Why don’t you come with me?” Jean insisted.

Tanae tore her eyes off the mysterious man and glared at Jean.  
“Why don’t I wipe your ass while I’m at it, Jeannie? Damn can’t you do anything by yourself!”

Jean looked hurt but Tanae didn't know why and she didn't care to know why.

"You know the more I know you Tanae, the more I starting to get sick and tired of your selfishness and bitchiness."

"Do you really think I care what you think Jeannie? The only reason you hang your tired ass around me is because I have money, looks, and you couldn't get a man by yourself to save your life."

"You stupid bitch! I can find a man on my own!"

"Good, because you can find your own way home, while you're at it!"

Jean stormed away and Tanae went over to the bar. She looked around the club to see if the guy was still around, but huffed in disappointment when she couldn't find him or his little sidekick.

Without Jeannie around she was bored to death and decided to make an early exit from the club despite the fact that there were many request for her to stay. She couldn't find Jean around so she walked out to the parking lot by herself. After the few drinks at the club, she was a bit intoxicated, but she could drive herself home. Fumbling in her purse for her keys, she grudgingly found them and started to put them in the lock.

Suddenly she was shoved against the car hard knocking the wind from her and pinned there with her mouth covered.

"Don't scream," a voice warned on the side of her.

She knew it didn't come from the person holding her because the voice sounded like a shorter person.

Someone picked up her dropped keys and ordered her to get in the car and unlock all the doors. They stayed behind her and when she tried to look in her peripheral vision at them, her face was shoved forward.

"My wallets in the trunk," she said.

"Get in the car lady," the voice said.

She got in and unlocked the doors. The voice got in behind her in the back while her other passenger door opened and a larger figure got in on that side. All the doors closed and she felt cold metal press against the back of her neck. Looking in the rearview mirror, she saw they had on dark ski mask and wore black clothing, but the one sitting behind her wasn't that big compared to the one sitting on the other side.

"Put the keys in the ignition, lady, and pull out the parking lot. Go down to Woodward and get on the Ninety-Four West," the smaller man ordered.

Stubbornly she said, "And if I don't do what you want?"

He pushed the gun against her neck harder. "We can kill you now or later, it's your choice."

For some reason she had a feeling the smaller man wasn't talking for himself because he had turned his head to the larger man when he spoke. She started the car and began to drive where he wanted her to go.

“Where are you taking me?” she demanded to know as they started down the freeway.

“Where we want you to be,” the smaller man said snickering. “Now shut up and drive.”

After a few more moments, she said, “My father has a lot of money. He can pay you a lot of money for my safe return. More than whoever hired you to do this to me.”

“Shut up,” the smaller guy said. “Pull up on the next exit and drive toward your old apartment.”

Tanae continued to stare up into the rearview mirror whenever she could. They were moving about and doing something behind her, but she couldn’t tell what it was.

When the larger man realized she was analyzing her, he reached up in front and yanked the rearview mirror off the windshield and threw it on the floor. Tanae’s heart accelerated because she thought for sure he was about to hurt her.

“Whatever you’re planning you’re not going to get away with this,” she protested.

“Keep your eyes on the road!” the shorter man ordered.

“Why don’t your big friend say something!” she demanded.

“Because he ain’t much of a talker.”

She narrowed her eyes trying to think what that meant, but then she remembered seeing his large hands moving. "He's deaf?" she inquired quietly after a minute.

"No, lady, he can hear very well."

Tanae then realized that he was a mute, but she didn't say anything to this observation as the smaller man gave her more directions. She was ordered to drive to the parking structure of her old apartments where she use to live about three months ago before her father ordered her to stay at home because of security issues. Her belongings were still there at the apartment.

They made her punch in her key code to get into the parking structure and park her car in the spot for her. Since it was so late, there was no guard on duty and she needed her key card to access the elevator.

"My friend wants to know why did you go out by yourself?" the smaller man asked.

Spitefully she snapped, "If he wants to know so bad, why doesn't he ask me himself."

"Because he doesn't talk, lady," the smaller guy confirmed. "Now why did you go out by yourself?"

"I was tired of being kept prisoner inside that house with my step-mother. I wanted to do what I wanted to do," she answered reluctantly.

"Now because of your stupidity you're being kidnapped," the smaller man said speaking for the larger man.

She could tell the little guy was speaking for the other guy again. "I didn't act stupidly," she defended herself. "I'm a grown woman, I deserve some freedom."

"You may be grown, but you act like a spoil little brat."

The larger man snatched her purse out the front seat and riffled through it until he found what he was looking for, then motioned for the smaller guy.

She felt the gun being removed from her neck, then the smaller guy said, "This might hurt a little lady."

That was the last thing she remembered before the darkness took over. She wasn't sure how long she had been out, but when she awoke she was very evident of the pain in her arms from being tied above her head and attached to a wire cot face down. She tried to move around, but realized there was rope holding her down on her waist and her ankles were also tied down so she couldn't move. Her mouth was covered so she couldn't scream for help, but she doubted that anyone would hear her if she could scream.

Her eyes grew wide as saucers as she saw several roaches crawl under her on the floor, but her bonds were tight and she couldn't slip from them. She was in a dark room with a light on behind her. She couldn't see anything else around her except two doors on either side of her, but the rest of the room seemed empty although she couldn't tell what was behind her.

Listening really hard, she could hear the voice of the smaller man from another room. "I'm sorry man, I thought I put two of them in the bag! We can pick one up when we go tell'em we have her."

There was a moment pause, before the smaller man said, "We can leave her here with Manny and Bruce. They'll watch her..."

There was walking around and the smaller one said, "Y'all got charge of her, and y'all better take care of her real good. We'll be back."

"Aww, why we gotta watch that dumb spoil bitch," another male voice whined.

"Cause I said so and stop your bitching."

She heard a door slam close after that and sighed with relief. The heavy steps leaving meant that big one was gone, but she couldn't relax all the way. She realized she wasn't wearing the same dress as before. Someone had changed her clothes and she really wanted to know who that had been to put her in an old gray jogging suit.

After staring at the floor for another hour when her count of cockroaches had gotten over fifty, she heard footsteps approaching the room she was in. There was whispering outside of her doorway before it opened.

She stayed perfectly still and continued her deep slow breathing so they would think she was asleep. This didn't deter them from coming in the room and closing the door behind them. They

were still whispering as they came to the bed and her heart was beating so loud that she couldn't hear what they were saying.

"Stupid bitch, calling me smelly," one of them growled.

She immediately recognized the voice as one of the guys from the club and gasped.

"That ain't as bad as her tellin' me I need a face lift, Manny," the other one pouted.

Tanae knew this was the one who had been talking to the smaller guy in the other room, and this was also the ugly one from the club.

"I see you ain't talking junk now, you stupid bitch," Manny sneered. "Is she, Bruce?"

The ugly one must have been Bruce, because he started agreeing with Manny.

She wasn't about to lose her cool over two very incompetent assholes.

Somewhere above them, they heard a bump and Bruce gasped. "Come on Manny, that big one scares the shit out of me. I don't want to be in here when they come back."

"We'll have her twice by the time that motherfucker gets here," Manny said. "Help me get her pants down."

This is when she began to fight and tried to muffle her protest, but that didn't stop them as they began to pull down her pants and force her to open her legs. She felt the smelly one get on top of her as



she desperately tried to writhe away. All she could do was cry because she was tied so tight.

Bruce egged him as she felt his member press against her backside. With renewed strength, she tried to struggle and twist her body around to avoid penetration.

Suddenly there was a loud crash as if the door broke open and she could hear Bruce screaming along with a lot of sounds of fist meeting flesh. The smelly one scrambled off of her, but he was practically thrown against the wall near the head of the cot. She couldn't tell if his neck was broken, but he was passed out with his pants still down.

Tanae turned away from him shaking and crying so grateful for her rescue.

"Are you alright?" the sound of the small man said from behind her.

She didn't answer him, but cried harder knowing this really wasn't the person she wanted to rescue her.

He repeated her question several times to her, but she refused to answer.

When she felt someone adjust her clothing, she stiffened, but didn't panic; yet when the gag was taken off her mouth and quickly placed over her eyes, she screamed in protest.

"Shut up!" the small man ordered. "We're trying to help you."

“If you were trying to help me,” she said her throat despite the fact that her throat was hurting. “You would let me go!”

“We won’t do that, but if you do what he says this won’t be...unpleasant?...yeah unpleasant for you.”

She felt her ankles and waist being released, but then whoever was untying her stopped.

“Are you going to fight us?” the small man asked with a great deal of caution.

Reluctantly, she shook her head and felt large hands reach over her and untie her hands. She could smell the large man up close and was well aware of how masculine he smelled. His breathing was shallow and knew he had been the one saving her from getting rape.

Once she was free she sat up, but made no attempt to take off the blindfold. Her wrist and ankles were killing her. When someone grabbed her arm and jerked her to her feet, her legs seemed to stay asleep and she had to grab a hold of him tightly in order to not fall on the nasty floor.

When she couldn’t let go without falling, he scooped her up and carried her quickly somewhere. She knew she was being carried out the room and it wasn’t far from the first room. His arms were large and she was able to determine, this man was pretty much no joke. He was twice her size and could overpower her easily.

On top of that, she was acutely aware of how good he smelled. He didn’t wear any cologne and his natural pheromones made her senses tingle. On top of that with her being blindfolded, her other

senses started to pick up on his size, his deep breathing, and his touch.

Carefully he set her down and didn't let her go until she was firmly holding onto a chair before he stepped away from her. He walked away and closed the door behind her.

She started to take off her blindfold until she heard the smaller man say, "Don't do that, Ms. Jenkins."

Reluctantly she stopped and was handed a towel with a bar of soap.

"Until we get the word to leave from here, you'll stay in this room. It won't be long, but we aren't sure how long this all should take," the small man explained.

"My father will pay whatever ransom you want," she snapped.

The man didn't say anything and she didn't like how unusually quiet he had become.

"When you leave can I take the blindfold off?" she asked.

"No. We'd prefer you leave it on."

She heard him walking to away from her and she asked, "Why is he a mute?"

The man hesitated before answering. "Really bad strip throat as a baby that wasn't treated in time. He lost his voice when he was ten completely." The door closed and she knew she was alone in the room.

Curling up in the chair, she cried herself to sleep hoping her father did whatever he could in order to get her away from these people.

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Abruptly, she was shaken and pushed the hand away in disgust. "I'm up!" she snapped when some shook her again.

Her hand was grabbed and a larger hand repeated a motion was repeated. She couldn't understand what the motion meant until she was tugged on her feet and the motion was done again to her hand.

Smiling as she realized what he was saying, she guessed, "Stand up?"

Another motion of approval was done on her palm and she asked, "Yes?"

The second motion was repeated.

Her stomach growled and her muscles protested at being used. Stretching she dropped her towel and soap, but immediately bent down to pick it up. She was yanked up and guided somewhere else. She wasn't sure as to where she was at and she had been taken, but she obediently went wherever he yanked her without resistance.

"I take it your talker is gone," she said and outstretched her hand to feel what he was going to say.

After a moment as if he had to think about touching her, she felt the "Yes," motion in her hand and smiled to herself. This was her

first experience speaking to someone with a handicap and she was amazed at herself for being a fast learner and being able to adapt to how he spoke. She wished she could see his face.

A door opened and quickly closed behind her and the small man came in. "Sorry, man, I had to go a long way to get rid of that stuff. Why is she out?"

Tanae could actually hear the hand gestures and then the small man said, "Oh yeah, I forgot to tell her to wash up man. I was so out of it after I saw...well, you know."

More hand gestures and then she could the large one walking away and a door slammed.

"Is he upset?" she asked.

"A little, Ms. Jenkins. He doesn't like being in a room where he can't communicate," the small man said.

"How long will I be in your company?" she demanded to know.

"I don't know. All I know is that we're suppose to wait for a call, and we haven't gotten a call."

Tanae couldn't understand this. Her father would pay anything to have her back, unless there wasn't a ransom offered.

"Have you offered my father a ransom?" she asked to be sure.

"Look, all I know--"

"I don't care for what you know. I want to know what's been done!" she said becoming angry.

A door opened and she could hear the heavy step of the larger man. Hand gestures were made and the small man took that tone he usually took when he was interpreting for the larger one.

“You are not in the position to make demands. What we want your father to do, will take more than just a payoff. What your father has to do is none of your business.”

She turned to where she heard the heavy footsteps stopped. “My father’s business is my business you idiot!”

The room was deathly quiet. Suddenly she heard some shuffling and the smaller man was actually trying to hold back the larger man.

“We can’t hurt her, Lynx! Dammit, you and your damn temper is going to get someone killed!”

Tanae stepped away not at all feeling safe anymore. “I want to go home,” she demanded.

“No more demands!” the smaller man said again speaking for the larger man. “No more demands and no more talking.”

She started to say something, but suddenly a gag was over her mouth. She started to yank it off, but her wrists were tied, and she was forced to sit down on the filthy floor. She groaned in disgust.

“Alright!” the smaller man said. “But you got to stop losing that temper, Lynx.”

Tanae made the determination that the larger man went by the name Lynx. If she lived through this at least she would be able to identify him.

“Ms. Jenkins, we have to move you, but you’ve got to give us your full cooperation or we’ll knock you out again.”

“Only if you answer me one more question,” she said and heard a sharp huff. “Will I live through this?”

There was a pause, before she heard hand gestures again. The small man spoke for Lynx. “That depends on how bad your father really wants you back.”

Tanae only nodded and allowed them to wrap her up in a blanket. She was carried over Lynx’s shoulder down some steps and placed into a vehicle. Assuming she was in the back seat, she counted to a five thousand before she was picked up and carried over his shoulder again up at least five flights of stairs and into someplace.

He rolled her out the thick blanket and she could feel that the floor was carpeted and soft. The surroundings didn’t smell old and dirty, but she could tell a fresh coat of paint had been applied somewhere. He yanked her by the arm and motioned for her to stand up again.

She obeyed and was led, or more so dragged to a room.

“How do you feel, Ms. Jenkins?” the smaller man asked as he took off her gag.

“How would you feel being carried around like a sack of potatoes and rolled out like that? He couldn’t be gentle? Even a

little?"

"Like I said before, he doesn't feel comfortable around people who he can't communicate with."

"Oh I'd like to communicate with him alright," she grumbled turning her head behind her feeling the larger man's presence there. Her senses other than her sight had increased and she could hear his relaxed breathing.

"He wants to know what do you have to say?" the smaller man asked handing her back a towel and a bar of soap.

"A lot of things, but not with my mouth," she grumbled. "When can I use the bathroom?"

"Now," the smaller man said guiding her over to a doorway. "You keep that over your eyes."

"But the door will be closed," she insisted.

"We don't trust you yet, Ms. Jenkins."

Incredulously, she said, "You expect me to use the bathroom while you two perverts watch?"

"Like I said, we don't trust you, but you're going to have to trust us. We'll give you our backs while you...take care of your business and in turn, we will later allow you to take a full shower."

Tanae didn't want to agree to this. She wanted her way or no way, but her bladder didn't really care and a chance to wash her face at least was a nice gesture.



Feeling her way around the bathroom she found the toilet. She couldn't get her pants down fast enough, but made it in time to empty out her bladder and then wash herself up praying they weren't looking.

She straightened herself up as best she could without seeing what she was doing and then decided to stand there for a moment and listen. She could hear they weren't that far away from her, but they were talking with their hands. Lynx movements were very direct.

"Are you done yet?"

"Almost," she said.

Both men could be heard huffing in impatience. She waited a few more minutes just to get on their nerve.

"Alright I'm done," she said feeling her way to the door.

"You'll be in here the majority of the time," the smaller man instructed her. "Depending on your behavior will determine whether you'll be served the two meals a day with snack. Do you understand?"

"What no tea?" she asked sarcastically.

He ignored her humor and continued. "We'll allow you to take the blindfold off, once we leave out the room, but we'll knock when we come in and we expect you to place your blindfold on and stand with your back to the door. Before you can turn to us you'll allow us to check your blindfold, do you have any questions?"

“Only how long will I be forced to behave like this?” she asked impatiently.

“As long as it takes for your father to do as he is told.”

She only huffed because she had a feeling the answer to her question would be evasive. Whatever they wanted her father to do, she couldn’t understand why he couldn’t do it quickly and get it over with.

They left and she immediately took off the blindfold once she was alone to see she was in the white padded room with a cot in the middle. There was a table and chair in the corner and another opposite to the bathroom, which had no door on it. She tried that door to see it was nailed shut.

What was strange about the room was that there were no windows. Going over to the other door that she was positive led out of this room she tried the doorknob to see it was locked. She sighed in disappointment and leaned against the door praying her father would do whatever it was to get her back home.

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She was aware of the time passing by when the smaller man would feed her. Most time her tray was delivered in the morning while she slept and then she would have to do the back to the door ritual in the afternoons. The smaller guy gave her a name of Jimmie and that was what she called him. He was the only person she communicated with. Lynx seemed to have disappeared because he never came around and when she asked Jimmie about Lynx, he

would only say, “he doesn’t like to be around people he can’t communicate with.” In turn, she asked Jimmie to teach her to sign. So Jimmie would come after breakfast and teach her words with her hands while she wore her blindfold. The education of a new language and the handicap that was forced upon her seem to make her a much humble person.

Days turned to weeks; by the end of her third week with Jimmie she could form sentences and he was proud of her. He admitted Lynx had taught him how to sign, and she learned even faster than Jimmie did.

Going into the fourth week, Jimmie started to act funny. He was sluggish and tired. Twice he forgot her breakfast and lunch and by the fifth day into the week, she hadn’t seen him at all. No one came for her and she started to get scared by the sixth day when her breakfast tray from the fourth day. She pounded on the door and she tried to find an opening or a way out, but she couldn’t find a thing and cried for Jimmie to come for her.

When her light went out later on that day, she really began to get frightened and laid by the door instead of on the bed hoping she would hear something.

Tanae wasn’t sure how long she had slept, but suddenly she felt weightless and when she opened her eyes, the room was still dark, but she wasn’t on the floor anymore. Someone was carrying her to the bed.

Lynx! Tanae could tell it was him by the familiar pheromones. He had come and she hugged him glad to see anybody. Glad she hadn't been forgotten.

She didn't have her blindfold on but she couldn't see a thing in the darkened room. "Where's Jimmie?" she asked even though she couldn't see his face.

He picked up her palm gently and made a hand gesture. Immediately she understood and said, "He's sick? But he didn't sound sick."

Lynx finger spelled what Jimmie had and she couldn't believe she didn't realize that Jimmie had AIDS. Lynx made more motions.

*"Can you understand me?"*

Outloud and with her hands, she said proudly, "Yes. Jimmie taught me a little with my hands."

*"Good. Where's blindfold?"*

"By the door, but I can't see anything. Please don't make me wear it!" she cried in protest.

*"We talk about father."*

"Alright talk," she said.

Lynx seemed reluctant to try to talk with her, but Tanae was so eager to speak with anyone, she did her best to understand what he was saying. "He won't what?" she asked not understanding his last words.

He huffed in impatience and did the motion again, but as hard as she tried she couldn't understand.

"Please go slow," she said. "I'll try to understand."

*"He won't do right."*

"He should pay whatever you want him to pay. He loves me."

Lynx made the no sign and then motioned. *"He stole from someone. He took work from doctor. Doctor wants work back and all money."*

She didn't even sign to answer. "My father would not steal anything from anyone."

*"Love for father is talking. Your father stole work."*

Protesting, she said, "He wouldn't do something like that, Lynx. He wouldn't steal."

Lynx signed again, *"Love talking. Love don't see truth."* He stood up to leave, but she grabbed for him.

"Please don't leave."

*"No more talk. Love don't see truth."*

"Alright, I'll be objective. Tell me what the truth is."

Reluctantly he replanted himself beside her on the bed and took her palm to letter spell out everything.

*"He stole work from doctor three years ago. Doctor wants father to admit it and pay money."*

"Did he go to court?" she asked. "This sounds like only a civil matter."

*"Court ruled...father favor. Father kept truth from court too."*

"Are you the doctor?" she asked.

He made the no motion. *"Doctor friend."*

Tanae asked in disbelief. "You're committing a federal crime for a friend?"

*"Commit crime for truth. Will you help me with father?"*

"How can I help?"

*"We call father tomorrow. You get him to tell the truth."*

Tanae wanted to go home, but she also knew her father's wealth had come about from the information he sold to the government, yet if getting home meant losing that wealth, she didn't care much about the wealth. "Yes, I'll talk with him."

*"Good. Are you hungry?"*

"Not anymore, but could you sleep in here tonight, please?"

He paused for a moment as if it would be the hardest thing to do, but then he conceded and gave her the "yes" motion. She handed him one of her pillows and he laid on the floor while she laid down in bed.

Tanae closed her eyes trying to sleep, but she couldn't. There was so much going through her mind and when minutes turned to hours, she sat up in bed and called out his name. "Lynx are you sleep? Knock on the floor if you're not sleep."

The room was silent, so she quietly got out of bed and felt on the floor until she came to him. She had pulled the covers off her bed and laid beside him. Once her head rested against his chest, dreamland pounced on her like a hungry panther.

She slept soundly through the rest of the night.

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Awakening next to a tray of food instead of him and the lights in the room on, she laid there staring at the pillow where his head had been. Leaning over, she pressed her nose deep into the pillow smelling his essence and closing her eyes relishing in his smell. She couldn't understand what it was about Lynx and why she was becoming attracted to him.

After a long hot shower, she changed into the jogging suit. Pressing her ear against the door she couldn't hear him outside, but she knew he would come back for her.

Unfortunately he didn't come for her until three hours later. He knocked against the door and she found her blindfold and put it on. He secured the door before coming over to her to check her blindfold then guided her to sit on the bed next to him and took her palm in his.

*"Five minutes talk."* He placed the receiver in her hand.

When she put the phone to her ear, she could hear ringing and a familiar voice pick up the phone. "Daddy?!" she said excitedly.

"Tannie? Is that you baby? Where are you?" he demanded to know.

She calmed herself knowing she only had so much time.  
“Daddy, I don’t have much time to talk. You have to tdo what they ask you to do. Please, so I can come home.”

Tightly, he said, “Tannie, I can’t. I’ll give them the money, but I won’t-” He stopped what he was saying and then she noticed how the phone was covered as if he didn’t want anyone to know who he was talking to. She began to become incensed because if he didn’t want anyone to know who he was speaking with, it meant he hadn’t contacted the police and he hadn’t told anyone she was missing.

Whatever he had done meant more to him that his daughter’s own life. “You won’t what, Daddy?” she asked.

There was a moment of hesitation and Tanae knew her father well. Quietly she asked, “Did you do what they said you did?”

Tanae could hear his flustering. “I can’t baby. I’ll lose everything. I’ll be shamed. Do you believe them?” he asked her.

“I believe for those who fight for the truth.”

He snorted. “The truth won’t buy you those pretty clothes and that nice new car or pay for your apartment so you won’t have to work. They think I should take them serious, but I won’t.”

Her world began to crumble around her. “I want to come home,” she protested. “You’ve got to tell the truth, so I can come home!”

Lynx took a hold of the receiver, but tried to hold on to it screaming into the phone. “Daddy do it! Get me free or they’ll-

The receiver was snatched away and hung up.



She screamed in frustration at Lynx. "I HATE BEING HERE! I HATE YOU! I WANT TO GO HOME!

He signed. *"Love talking."*

"I don't want you around anymore! I want to see Jimmie."

*"Jimmie sick."*

"I DON'T CARE! I don't want you around me anymore you stupid mute. You poor trash! Your parents were even decent enough to take you to the hospital. You should have died! You're just some ugly mistake walking around!"

The room was deadly silent. She could feel his anger, but she was so angry herself at what her father was doing to her, she didn't care.

"What are you waiting for, you stupid mute! Get the hell out of here and don't come back." When his footsteps moved away and she heard the door closed, she took off the blindfold and threw it at the door. "And don't come back here, stupid. I hate you! I hate you around me! I don't want anything from a mistake!" Furiously, she hurled the tray of food at the door and screamed even more so livid until her throat burned. Slumping to the floor crying hysterically she prayed she starved to death.

That would show her father. That would show everyone that she suffered horribly before she died.

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She wasn't sure how long she had been passed out on the floor, but the knocking at the door to signal someone wanted to come in, awoke her. She was starving, but she didn't care.

"Jimmie?" she asked sitting up on the floor.

When no one answered, she came over to the door and pressed her ear against the door. The knock came again more firmly.

"Jimmie is that you?"

There was no answer, but obviously the person on the other side of the door wanted her to do the ritual she usually did. Angrily, she hit the door. "I said to stay away from me! I'm not following your stupid rules anymore until I get what I want, you stupid mute!"

The other side of the door was silent and she waited for anymore knocking. She could smell fresh food on the other side of the door and her stomach growled in protest. There was no noise on the other side and soon she heard receding footsteps. She gasped as her light went out above herself and she was left in the darkness and alone.

Finding her bed in the dark, she cried herself to sleep again.

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She was inside the club again. The lights were real low, but she could make out the large figure that approached her and she smiled seeing the tall dark man coming up to her. His sidekick was gone, and he was all by himself. His eyes clearly told her he wanted her and she was sending all the vibes of her lust back to him. His thick strong arms gathered her close and they began to sway slowly

to the music. She could feel his lips pressing against her neck, face, and finally her lips.

Tanae groaned wantonly wanting so much more of him. Wanting it to feel so real.

The lights in the club suddenly became brighter and she blinked several times to see him in front of her, but she wasn't in the club anymore. She was in her white room prison lying in the bed, but the tall dark stranger was there leaning over her looking concerned.

Smiling pleasantly liking this dream even better, she wrapped her arms around his neck. "You feel so real? Make me feel good again." She pressed her lips against his reveling in the sweet strong taste of him feeling her own pulse quicken and her body call out for more. His tongue dipped in her mouth to savor her and she shuddered at a new passion this dream had taken her too. He felt so real, so good, and so wonderful.

He began to relax and his hands roamed over her body answering her wanton cry for his touch, as his hands slipped in her pants to stroke her sensitive peak. She opened her legs wider for him and rocked her hips upwards wanting so much more.

She moaned her release feeling her body shiver in desire all over. "Please don't let me wake up," she whispered in his ear.

He moved away looking down at her in confusion.

"I liked you as soon as I saw you in the club with your friend."

His non-response didn't bother her.

"I've dreamed about you ever since I saw you," she admitted.

He frowned and took her palm. "No dream," he signed. When she just stared at him completely baffled, he signed the same thing again.

She looked around the room and suddenly, she could smell.... Flustering, she asked, "Lynx?"

He nodded and signed again the same thing. She felt nauseous all over and sprinted from the bed almost collapsing on the floor, but she made it to the bathroom in time to empty out the contents in her stomach.

She could feel him staring at her and the heat in his eyes radiated through her body. Just knowing what she had just done, how she had just felt, what she had just said, made her nauseous all over again, but only dry heaves could come from her stomach since she hadn't eaten in a while.

Slowly turning to face him, she looked up in dark maddening eyes. His arms were crossed over his thick brawny chest and he leaned in the doorway of the bathroom with a very crossed expression on his face.

"H-Have I been out long?" she asked extending her palm out cautiously, but not taking her eyes off his face not believing that Lynx was the same man who had been in the club that night.

Lynx looked reluctant to say anything. "Yes," he signed. "Eat." He pointed to a tray on the table.

She had a feeling if she didn't eat now, she would never eat again, but she had a lot of questions for him, yet it didn't look as if he felt like talking.

He started to leave out the room.

"Wait!" Tanae called coming up to him. He stopped abruptly and turned around. She almost collided with him and looked up noticing how large he really was. That pissed off expression was still on his face. "I-I wanted to apologize for what I called you last time. I was angry...and frustrated..." There was a long moment of silence, before he started to walk away again.

"Wait!" she called out again moving close to him.

He gave her an impatient glare and Tanae remembered Jimmie's words at how uncomfortable Lynx felt around people he couldn't communicate easily with.

"I'm feeling a little depressed, Lynx and I was wondering if...well if you just didn't leave me alone." Tears filled her eyes at the thought of being by herself again for a long period of time.

"Must go," he signed.

She went to the door to block his exit. "Alright," she resigned grudgingly. I know I'm not a very good person to be around for you, but at least let me know how long I have to be here."

Lynx only shrugged still looking as if he would rather be somewhere else.

Tanae knew she was pushing her luck with this man, but all she could think about was the kiss they just shared not believing that there wasn't a part of this man who didn't just enjoy what had happened. "If my father doesn't look as if he will give into your demands soon, what will happen to me, now that I know your face."

He looked long and hard at her, then signed, "Don't worry."

"Will you kill me?"

"What makes you think I'm not already killing you?"

It took her a moment to digest this information and then she looked over at the food. The distraction was long enough for him to move her out of his way and get out the room slamming the door behind him.

She went over to the food and smelled it. There didn't seem anything wrong with it. Maybe he was just messing with her head?

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When he returned to take her untouched tray, he looked amused. She was pissed that she hadn't eaten and snapped, "I'm bored. If I'm going to put up with you, I want something to do. Jimmie gave me something to do."

He huffed and left out the room. She cursed under her breath. It would be so easy to hate him.

Lynx returned suddenly, put a book down on the bed, and left just as quickly as he had appeared.

Looking down at the book, she read the title: The ABC's of Sign Language."

Picking up the book, she began to read and practice.

When Lynx returned with dinner, she was able to communicate with him out loud and with her hands.

"I have an idea about my father," she said.

He looked very wary, but was a little impressed with her communication with him. "What?"

"You'll have to join me for dinner and tell me things, if you want to hear my plan," she said.

Narrowing his dark eyes at her suspiciously, he left out the room, but returned minutes later with a card table and chairs. After setting it up, she said down with her food, but noticed he didn't have food with him.

"Where's your plate?" she asked.

"Not hungry."

Looking down at her food, she wasn't sure if she should eat it or not remembering his words from his morning.

"What about father?"

"What did he take?" she asked.

"Some patent papers and chip in box."

Tanae remembered the box her father had locked in his safe. "Would that be an old rusted green metal box?"

His eyes lit up as he nodded. "You saw it?"

She didn't answer, but it was her turn to smile.

He looked upset that she didn't answer. "Tell me."

Knowing she had the upper hand she stood up from the table and went to the bathroom to run her bath water. If she wasn't going to eat she might as well be cleaned. He came to the bathroom and turned her around.

"Tell me," he signed again.

Tanae pushed him away from her. "After the way you treated me?" she asked incredulously. "You don't deserve it. You've been playing with me head and you've treated me like you're better than me."

"You don't treat people like that?"

Already know the answer to that one, she turned away and continued to run the bath water. "Besides, why should I help you when you are just going to kill me?"

Lynx slammed his fist in the wall in frustration. She looked out the corner of her eye to see if he was looking at her. She grabbed her towel and tossed it in the bath.

"Aren't you leaving yet?" she asked impatiently starting to unbutton her shirt.

He stormed out the room and she smiled triumphantly knowing he would be back.



When she finished her bath, she could tell he had come back in while she had been in the bathroom, because the card table and chairs were gone and so was her dinner.

Her stomach growled in protest, but she didn't sweat it. He'd eventually come around when he realized she was the only way to get out of this mess. Putting on her pajamas, she sat on the bed and waited, but soon fell asleep.

Shaking her violently, she came awake and looked up at Lynx who was wet all over. Obviously he had left and it must have been raining outside. He hadn't bothered to take off his jacket as he shook her again.

"I'm woke!" she screamed and knocked his hands away annoyed.

"Tell me," he signed.

She shook her head. "Not until we work out a deal. I want my freedom."

He looked away as if contemplating what she wanted. "You'll tell."

"I won't," she promised.

"How can I trust you?"

"All I've got right now is my word, Lynx. My father certainly don't give a damn about me and obviously I can assume since no ones made any effort to find me or look for me, no one else cares about me. I've depended upon my father for so long, I don't know what else to

depend on except myself. You've got to trust me. Why would I turn you in if you're doing the right thing?"

"You're a selfish, spoiled child."

Tanae had to smile at that. "I was, I'll admit, but being in here and finding out my own father could care less about me has changed me a lot, Lynx." She was very sincere in her words, plus being this close to him made her remember their kiss and how her body had felt. Moving her hands down to his wet jacket, she started to unzip it. "I've changed a lot, Lynx," she whispered looking up in his eyes.

He leaned forward just a little as her hands slipped behind his neck and her lips pressed against his. It didn't take long to get them both to the point they had been at earlier that morning and she didn't care that this man was her capture. All she cared about was that she wanted him in the worst way.

Removing his drenched clothing, Lynx rejoined her on the bed and kissed every inch of her skin from head to toe. She reveal in his mouth giggling to herself that she didn't care if he ever talked because he could use his mouth in the most wonderful way making her feel good all over.

They cared nothing about their surroundings as they found pleasure in each other. Although Lynx couldn't speak, he found other ways to communicate to her that he enjoyed her body and the things that she did to him. Tanae couldn't get enough of how expressive he was and she wanted experience to never end.

Yet soon they were exhausted and laid in each other's arms. He stroked her open palm lightly signing her name occasionally. They weren't sleepy, but enjoyed each other company and proximity.

"I lied to you," he signed.

She frowned and looked up at him. "About what?"

"Why I kidnapped you."

Tanae waited for him to continue. He took a moment to begin his explanation. "They weren't going to ask for money, but they needed money to pay me. I need money, but I do believe truth."

"What did you need the money for?" she asked.

"New technology make me talk. Repair throat. Don't have money for operation." He looked ashamed. "Tried to raise money, but take too long. Even if I sold my share of business."

"Your family couldn't help you?" she asked.

"Did not want to ask family. Not as close to them. My parents were not close before died. Raise me in foster parents."

She took a deep breath mentally digesting all the information he had just told her. He watched her carefully trying to read her thoughts. "I'll get the box for you, but I don't know about the money, Lynx."

"Doesn't matter. Money doesn't matter if you can get box. They will sue him in civil."

"Not if I press charges."

“You won’t,” he signed arrogantly. “I give your freedom, you give box to me and not press charges.”

Tanae got out of bed and found some clothes to wear. “Fine. Take me to my home and we’ll go get it.”

He watched her dress not ashamed of his naked body, which she couldn’t take his eyes off. “Won’t they wonder why you are home with a strange man?”

“You won’t go in with me. I was born in that house. I can sneak in and out of it without anyone seeing me.”

Lynx didn’t look as if he liked her plan. “How can I know you will come out with the box?”

“You’ll just have to trust me.”

He got out the bed and dressed hurriedly. Picking up her blindfold he handed it to her.

“After what we just talked about, you’re going to make me put that on?” she asked angrily.

“It’s the only assurance I have that you won’t be able to find me,” he said.

“But I’ve seen your face!” she stated incredulously.

“Do it!” he ordered.

Snatching the blindfold, she tied it over her eyes and then allowed him to wrap her up in the blanket on her bed. Picking her up over her shoulder, she groaned at his roughness. She was taking

down a flight of stairs and put into the back seat of a car where she was driven for a very long time until the vehicle stopped.

He unwrapped her from the blanket and helped her get the blindfold off. When his eyes adjusted to the light, she realized he was parked near the alley behind her home and knew he must have been watching her the night she snuck out the house because this was near where her vehicle had been parked.

“How long?” he asked.

She remembered asking him that same question and how coldly he had treated her, but decided not to do the same to him. “It should take me about fifteen minutes. If I’m not back by then leave,” she ordered.

He narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “You’ll bring it.”

“If it’s in the safe still I will bring it.”

“You think he could have gotten rid of it?”

She knew her father well. “I think that would be something he would make sure that he kept very close to him.” Moving her arms around his neck, she kissed him passionately. He didn’t resist and returned her kiss with just as much affection. “I can’t get it in the fifteen minutes, I’ll hide it behind the garage and you can get it later.”

Looking deep in her eyes, she could tell he was more concerned about her safety. Caressing his cheek and assured him, “I’ll be fine, Lynx. I promise.” Getting out the car, she handed him the blindfold. “If I don’t see you again, I...” She didn’t know what to say or how to say it.

He stood in front of her and brushed her lips tenderly.

“Hurry.”

Turning away, she started down the alley, but turned to look and see if he was still there. His car had disappeared. She continued on to the house and found herself inside easily using one of the basement windows her father’s security never checked, which she had cut the alarm cord a long time ago. No one was in the basement at this time of night and she was able to make it up to the kitchen. The house butler was just closing the kitchen up for the night and she was able to sneak past him and get down the hall to the library before anyone saw her. The library was dark and she didn’t need any light in order to make it over to the wall safe. Getting in the safe was even easier because her father always used the same code for everything he did, which was the date Tanae’s mother had died. When the safe opened, she felt around and smiled triumphantly feeling the old metal box. Grabbing it quickly, she snuck back down to the basement and out to the backyard.

There was no one around when she got to the garage, but she still placed the box where it couldn’t be easily found and went back in the house. She found her father in the dining room sitting down to dinner with her stepmother and his lawyer. Everyone looked shocked to see her, and when she proceeded to him, his security darted in front of her in an effort to stop her.

“Tannie?!” her father said surprised. “You look well.”

“As if you really cared,” she sneered. With all her might, she backhanded him across the face. “You’re going down, Daddy. Your

days of lying and deceiving are over.” She walked out the room and went upstairs to her room to pack her things. No one stopped her as she came back downstairs, but just as she was about to leave out the back balcony doors unsure about her future, her father screamed her name and charged out the library and came back to where she was.

“What have you done?! What have you done?!”

“Gained my freedom,” she said and slammed the door behind her.

As she walked away from the only home she knew. Stopping in the back of the garage, she saw the box was gone and knew Lynx had gotten it

If she saw him again, it would be nice, but she had a feeling, the pleasure he had taken in her body had not meant the same as her. She tried not to let this bother her as she walked away from the only home she knew.

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