



Unspoken Requests
Destiny Blaine

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. This material is meant for mature audiences!

Destiny Blaine

Unspoken Requests

A Whispers Publishing Publication

January 2009

Copyright ©2009 Destiny Blaine

Cover illustration copyright © 2009 Rene Walden

ISBN Not Assigned

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage and retrieval system-except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine, newspaper, or on the Web-without permission in writing from the publisher.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

Published by: **Whispers Publishing**, P.O. Box 1165, Ladson, SC 29456-1165.

Unspoken Requests

Previous Works

Fantasy Man
Casino Player
Unspoken Truths
Unspoken Secrets
Turnkey Lovers

Destiny Blaine

Dedication

For My Husband

Chapter One

There are thousands of islands in the Caribbean but only one captured the true beauty of the haven Tanner Dorsey developed specifically with Ally in mind. She realized it from the moment the chopper landed on the back lawn of Tanner's expansive estate.

She scanned out over the wide sea and quickly covered her moist eyes with Fendi shades before the first tear fell. She imagined her daughters frolicking in the massive lazy river Tanner told her about. Her mother would've sat beyond the pool there underneath the shade. She probably watched as Molly and Holly splashed in their massive wading area, complete with a wide waterslide and cascading fountains.

Tanner thought of everything and when he did, he achieved perfection. Why would she think anything else? He never did anything on a small scale. He lived large. Perhaps his grand lifestyle played a part in the list of growing reasons the authorities tagged him as a threat to society.

A large hand added some pressure between her shoulders and guided her forward. "You might as well see what you missed out on, since we're here."

Special Agent Steve Whitehead accompanied Ally to the Caribbean. He'd been very accommodating and she wasn't sure why. The

Destiny Blaine

month before everything went to hell, Ally formed several opinions. She decided few opportunities existed for them to make small talk and exchange any sort of shared information.

Ally was running from the FBI and Steve was one of them—one of her own—a partner she deserted when she decided to leave her career for the life of a drug lord's wife. She narrowed her gaze and focused on the grounds as she walked closer to the house.

She tripped over the evidence of the elaborate wedding she missed. Her high-heel ripped through the remains of an aisle runner and on instinct she looked down. There, in the tall grass, she found two flower girl baskets. The lavender satin and sheer ribbons knotted together bound the two even as they whirled with a gust of wind.

She bent down to gather the goods left behind by her daughters. "Oh my God." She choked back the pain and took a deep breath.

The undeniable proof of a shoot-out was everywhere. Ally rushed inside and the agent emerged. Taking a high step in order to pass through bay windows or cross over where large glass patio doors once existed, Ally searched for clues.

Agent Ally Stephens planned to collect any evidence left behind, only she wasn't acting as a law enforcement officer. She was there as a mother, sister, daughter, and lover. She needed to find her family. In order to do it, she'd have to

Unspoken Requests

follow their trail from Tanner's hideaway in paradise.

"Steve, you're sure the girls weren't harmed?"

"I can't offer you a guarantee, Ally, but it looks like they were prepared to move on a moment's notice. We know how they escaped. I can show you."

She barely nodded her head as she searched for hints, anything Tanner might have left for her. He must have known she needed a sign, maybe a clue to indicate where they'd move next or something to ensure her the girls were safe, Tanner was okay, and her family made it out without battle wounds.

The whole place wrecked, she'd have to rummage through a lot of rubble before she'd pick up the pieces of a past they hurriedly left behind. Even then, what did she have left? Tokens of a life she missed?

Steve walked around, mesmerized by the palatial surroundings. "It looks like Dorsey believed in taking things to the extreme." He pulled a few weapons from a shattered gun case. He examined a couple of Luger pistols and a European Nitro Express Double Rifle. "I bet he hated to leave these."

She pursed her lips and turned her head. She didn't want Steve to read through her expression. Yes, Tanner liked the things money bought him—power and everything that went along with it—and he always pushed for more. Her brothers were no better and her mother, an apparent accomplice.

Destiny Blaine

Ally realized her daughters were free to enjoy the pampering indulgences dirty money provided as well as the ever-present dangers.

“I’d like to see that tunnel now.”

Steve’s lips curled in a knowing smile. “I didn’t tell you it was a tunnel, Ally. I just said we know how they escaped.”

Her gaze held his. “I’m not stupid. I asked questions. I know there’s an escape passage.” She resisted the urge to tell him there were two of them, in fact. Tanner once told her one crawl space ran the length of the property, perfect for hiding but hardly safe when bombarded by a posse. There was one way in and one way out, whereas the hole in the wall they apparently used led to choppers always fueled and ready to go. Waiting for the moment when life, as they all enjoyed it, came to an abrupt end.

“It’s over here.” Steve pulled out two flashlights from a duffel bag he’d toted off the helicopter. He tossed one her way.

He worked to pry loose a mantel and then nudged the plastic hearth. It instantly gave way, leading to a hidden passage. Steve stepped aside. “I think it’s a couple of miles, straight shot. I can lead or...”

Ally pushed by him. “Try and keep up. We’ve got a lot of ground to cover before nightfall.” Her flashlight in front of her, Ally stepped to the lead and kept a fast pace, barely noticing the cobwebs on the wall or the occasional squeak of a distant

Unspoken Requests

critter.

Ally's heart ached as she pressed forward. She thought of Molly and Holly, how her little girls must've been so frightened as they were carried through the darkness. Damn them! She wanted to ring Tanner's neck for taking them from her in the first place. She needed to shake David and Darren until her brothers realized what they'd done, what they placed at risk when they chose a life of crime.

"Ally, don't do this right now." Steve stayed on her heels. "I feel you shutting down on me. You can't let your emotions get the best of you right now. If you do, we can't finish here and we have very little time."

"I know."

Steve understood her better than anyone. Perhaps even knew her better than Tanner. They'd worked together for several years, covered one another in drug-busts gone bad. They shadowed one another as the perfect partners and at one time, were lovers. Well, almost. They dated. They messed around. Only, they never consummated the relationship because Tanner was always there. He forever owned Ally's heart, kept her body bound to him even when he didn't ask for it, even before he claimed her.

Steve stopped. "Hang on."

"What is it?" Ally drew her gun.

"Did you hear that?"

"What?"

"I thought I heard a chopper."

Destiny Blaine

Ally froze where she stood. Her mind played tricks on her and she hoped, began to pray, that Tanner was waiting, lurking around outside, anticipating her moves, and coming for her. She stepped into a fast pace again. "I doubt it was anything."

A few minutes passed and Ally called over her shoulder a question she'd needed to ask him for quite a while. "Steve, how did you know? I mean, you were working another case."

Steve cleared his throat. "I've been working several at one time, because one kept my attention. Surveillance on your brothers and Tanner indicated they were suspicious of Marcel and not just because he used you to bait them. After they left the states, I found some of the tapes Marcel tried desperately to locate and, of course, was unable to find.

"Seems our friend Fernandez has a lot of skeletons chasing him around. They revealed more than Marcel Fernandez would want anyone to know. Your brothers and Dorsey have him pegged for a true criminal mind, and Ally, they're right on this time."

Ally turned around. "What do you mean?"

"You've heard of sleeping with the enemy, haven't you?" Steve carefully asked. Ally realized how her relationship looked to everyone in the agency. Most believed she was sleeping with Marcel and planned to marry him. It was all for show.

"You might as well have slipped into the devil's

Unspoken Requests

bed chambers. He's dirty, Ally. He's bought and paid for and worse, he's willing to do anything for a dollar—even kill."

"I didn't sleep with Marcel, for the record," the woman responded before the agent. "And what do you mean, *even kill*?"

Steve dropped his flashlight, as if to hesitate. He then took a deep breath and responded. "I didn't dress up like an old bag lady to save you from yourself. When I followed you into the bathroom in Miami, I was there to keep you alive. Marcel and his thugs put out a shoot-to-kill order on you, your brothers, and Tanner."

Ally turned around and started walking again. This time, she didn't sprint forward. She thought back to the day in Miami. When she fled Tennessee in a hurry, she never thought to look over her shoulder, even though down deep she'd known Marcel was there, somewhere out there, waiting and watching. She trusted Tanner more than she feared Marcel and it almost cost her. She almost paid with her life.

Tanner called her during the wee morning hours that day and told her everything was in order. She was supposed to meet her brother David in Miami. She protested. He insisted. She followed his instructions and it led them all into a snapping trap. "Damn it!"

"What?" Alarm in his voice, Steve drew his weapon this time.

"Sorry." Ally took a deep breath and started to

Destiny Blaine

face him when she caught a glimpse of daylight. "We're here." She didn't bother to explain her frustration; instead she pushed through the mess of rocks.

She took in her surroundings. It was the rounded, brown clearing that inspired her to move closer. The darker ground in two wide areas suggested a vehicle, or more precisely, a helicopter, or two, occupied the space. The dead grass suggested they'd been there for some time, waiting for the day they were called upon for active duty.

Steve tossed his sunglasses on and pointed as he spoke. "We think they separated here. Tanner and probably one of the girls headed east while one or both of your brothers headed west with the other little one."

Ally moved closer. "Did anyone follow them?"

"You mean Marcel?"

Ally shuddered when she said or heard his name now. Marcel Fernandez was a man who commanded attention. He was one of the best the agency had in Internal Affairs but he was a crooked, slimy snake.

She'd feared him since the day she first met him. Then, she convinced herself if she kept him close, she kept her family safe. At times, she thought she saw a side to him no one else recognized but now she realized it was all an act. A game he played with every intention of winning.

"Ally, look at it this way, you never gave—

Unspoken Requests

thank God—Marcel what he truly wanted.”

“He didn’t want me.” She walked closer to the cliffs and peered down at the water.

“The hell he didn’t. You were the ultimate prize. For a man like Marcel, it wouldn’t have been enough for Dorsey to only think he was sleeping with his woman. He wanted to do it so he held the ultimate of bragging rights. The kind that would drive a man like Dorsey to make a mistake, and by the looks of things here, he was about to make a lot of them.”

“Tanner knows I didn’t sleep with him.”

“I’m sure he does. I’m also sure he would’ve known the second the clothes hit the floor if anything had happened. His guys were everywhere, watching and listening.”

“But not in the house.” Ally thought back to one of Tanner’s confessions. He told her the day Marcel moved inside her Florida home, he made his goons pull the plug. He moved out for fear of what he might discover. “Tanner didn’t keep a tap on the interior walls of the house after Marcel moved in.”

“He told you that?”

“He did.”

“And you believe him?”

“Yeah.”

Steve shook his head. “Then you’re worse off than I thought, Ally. Tanner tightened security when Marcel moved in with you and the girls. It was so bad, if you had a thought, he probably read

Destiny Blaine

your mind. The guy is one obsessive mother—”

“Stop, Steve,” she warned. “I love him and name calling isn’t going to change who I am.”

“And who are you, Ally? Sometimes I get a glimpse of the woman you used to be and other times I feel like I’m helping out a stranger.” He clasped his hands on her shoulders and firmly squeezed. “It’s time I know which Ally I’m working with here because I think it’s only fair.”

She related, maybe even understood. She cared about Steve. At one time, she almost gave in and let herself fall for him. They had a strong connection, a chemistry of sorts, but because Tanner was always there with her, she refused to let herself fall for another man as a replacement.

“Steve,” she began softly, “you know the answer better than anyone.”

His grip held firm. “I want you to tell me. I have to understand what I’m risking here. Who I’m covering when things get rough, spin out of control, because they’re going to and you damned well better prepare for it.”

“I’m Tanner Dorsey’s woman. I’ll always be his girl.” She whispered the words but spoke them with assurance. “No one can or will change what I feel for him.”

“Even now?” Steve set his jaw and released her. “Even though you haven’t heard one word from him, not one reassurance that everything is okay with your girls, you still love him?”

“He’s my world.”

Unspoken Requests

“Well, Ally I hope you realize what he’s done here. He may be your world but he’s pulled you into the pits of hell. It’s going to take everything I have to keep you from burning in the flames surrounding you.”

* * * *

“Ally?” Steve entered her room cautiously. “Are you awake?”

She sat up in bed and flipped on the light. “I’m up.”

They’d been on the run for nearly four weeks. It had been eight weeks since she’d heard from Tanner, two months since Steve had followed her into the ladies’ room at the Miami International Airport. He’d pushed her into the bathroom stall and she immediately saw another shadow behind him. She screamed when she saw a gun lowered to his temple. Everything happened so fast then. She witnessed the flash of horror in her brother’s eyes when he stepped into the women’s bathroom. He’d walked in on the danger, saw her in Steve’s embrace, and then slipped out as if he’d never intended to take her with him in the first place.

“I’m sick and tired of the sleepless nights and it’s been too damned long without any word. I miss my girls.” She propped up in bed tossing a few extra pillows behind her as she moved.

“I know.” He sat down on the edge of the mattress. “Ally, we’re going to have to move again tomorrow. I’ve heard from my contact. It appears Marcel is taking a leave from the agency so he can

Destiny Blaine

devote all of his time to you.”

“Well, if I’m not the lucky one. You take leave, he takes leave, who’s next?”

Steve chuckled. “You know how to turn an agency inside out. I’ll give you that much.”

They were in Key West. Rumors and bought informants ascertained her brothers purchased a yacht in the Keys. They were trying to find out if anyone knew where this boat was docked and more importantly, they were in search of a better description of it. Supposedly, it was purchased and then never picked up, which didn’t surprise Ally. They didn’t care where or how they spent their money. To an outsider looking in, they had plenty of it to burn.

“You know, it occurred to me, Tanner or David could’ve bought the boat and never intended to pick it up,” she said.

“I thought the same thing. I also thought of something else. They may have bought it for you as a means of escape.”

“Me? I don’t have a clue how to operate a vessel like the one they supposedly purchased.”

“Would Tanner risk leaving you instructions or anything on the boat? I mean, is there a possibility that he only bought it to hide cash or documents there?”

She shook her head. “I doubt it. He might.”

“Considering we’ve been looking for this damned boat for weeks, I’m willing to bet there’s a

Unspoken Requests

reason for it.” Steve stood up. “Ally, I think we’re close but we’ve been here too long. Marcel will show. He has a full work day tomorrow. He’s tying up loose ends, I imagine. Then, we can bet on him. He’ll come to us. Either we run or we get ready to face off with him. Your choice.”

“You know this for sure?”

“Call it a hunch.”

“Then we can count on it.” She laughed, reached over and turned off the lamp.

“I guess tomorrow we’ll have to come up with something significant or else we’ll leave the Keys empty-handed.”

“We’ll dig in early.”

“Sleep well, Steve.”

“Goodnight.” He shut the door behind him and Ally stared at the ceiling, thinking of her daughters and Tanner. She was lonely, sad, and needed Tanner’s arms around her more than ever before.

“Tanner, wherever you are, please let me know everything is okay. Let me know you’re still around, waiting for me.”

A lone tear fell and she swiped it away. She wasn’t going to be *that* woman. Not tonight. No, weeping didn’t serve a purpose and right now, in a moment of weakness, it only complicated things. She needed the strength of a man and she recognized who was ready to offer her unconditional comfort. The last thing she wanted to do was use Steve, even if he was willing.

* * * *

Destiny Blaine

Tanner watched Darren and David chase Molly and Holly down to the docks. He took a deep breath and turned to catch Mrs. Stephens studying his every move. "I didn't see you there."

"You didn't look for me." She smiled. "Ally will love it here, once she arrives. And she will come. You will find her again and soon."

Tanner looked around helplessly. "I'd give all of this up right now, if I could take the girls, find Ally and just walk away from this life."

"Tanner, you made a decision as a boy. You can't walk away now. There's nowhere to go."

Tanner typically didn't cross Ally's mother or her brothers. David and Darren were like his own flesh and blood and Tanner referred to Mrs. Stephens as his mother as much as theirs. She was the only maternal figure he'd ever known. "I'm going to die without her."

"Then you'll figure out a way to bring her to us without endangering her or everything we've worked for, Tanner. I'm counting on you to keep my granddaughters safe in the process."

"I know, Momma. I know."

The older woman patted his shoulder before she disappeared between two bronze statues. Molly and Holly turned and waved as they high-stepped over the sand. "Bye, Daddy!" one of them cried before their uncles hoisted them into a speed boat. From a distance, he wasn't sure who squealed the farewell because he focused on a plane flying over, circling the area with some sort of advertising

Unspoken Requests

banner.

Thanks to his chosen profession, nothing went unnoticed—not a small sailboat or an aircraft ever passed by without earning his lingering stare. Some might think he was paranoid. Hell, since he lost Ally, he was borderline insane.

Sometimes late at night, he imagined she was beside him. Fantasies often took him places his body refused to go with another. It had been too long, too many unfulfilled nights without Ally.

He crossed over the threshold and entered the dining room. Taking a seat at the end of the banquet table, he stared at the Jerusalem stone flooring. He pulled out a cell phone he rarely used. It had one phone number programmed, only one man ever answered.

His whole body went numb. Did he really want to go there? Did he need to ask for a man's help who had a reputation for destruction? He twirled the phone like a baton and then placed it against the smooth surface of the table.

"Damn it." He stood up and then sat down again.

"You can't make that call."

Tanner's head snapped to attention and he stared at David. The one brother who rarely spoke, he commanded attention on the rare occasion when he did. The man possessed a sixth sense no one dared question.

"This is my decision."

David's arms were loaded with the girls' life

Destiny Blaine

jackets, beach towels and sunscreen. He didn't bother setting the bundle on the buffet located behind him. Instead, he only shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "I realize in this case, you don't want our opinion. Darren told me he thinks it's necessary. I disagree. Maybe it's the only way we'll see Ally again but I have to think about my sister too, and I'm not just talking about her safety."

"Don't you think I've thought about Ally? She's all I think about."

"Then don't involve Santino." David left as quickly as he'd entered and Tanner wished he'd never bothered to weigh in with his opinion.

Tanner watched David until he reached the water. He gritted his teeth and then picked up the phone. Slamming it a couple of times, he glared at it and then angrily shoved it away. He narrowed his eyes as the small device slid across the sleek tabletop. The damned thing represented his enemy now and soon, Santino would own the title too, but for now the man was his only hope—his one shot at getting Ally home and in his arms.

Chapter Two

Ally understood the importance of time. They were out of it.

Marcel would hit the door at the Miami office later that afternoon and he wouldn't look back. Steve confirmed Marcel knew where they were and in a matter of a few short hours, he'd make his way to Key West.

The chokehold around their situation tightened because Steve was called back to work on an important case. He had less than forty-eight hours to report in Miami.

Ally realized Marcel Fernandez was behind the request. He wanted her unprotected. Marcel didn't want to go up against two trained agents. He liked the odds a little better with Ally's former partner out of the way.

"Everything is out of both rooms," Steve informed as he walked out of the small Key West motel.

Ally searched through the outside pockets of her luggage. "Did you happen to see my gold watch?"

"No. Do you think you left it in the room?"

"It's possible. The latch needs repair so it could've slid off my wrist at some point. I'm not sure. Let me run back inside and check."

Steve handed her the room key. "I'll wait here."

Destiny Blaine

After she took the key, Ally hurried to the first floor room located right around the corner from the front office. She unlocked the door and walked inside. Standing in the middle of the room, she found the best looking man she'd ever seen in her life. He held her gold watch out away from his body with a devilish smile covering his thick lips.

"Looking for this, Mrs. Dorsey?"

Ally reached for her gun. Concealed in her belt, hidden well by the navy blazer, she drew it with ease.

He never flinched. "I'm not the enemy. Go get your sidekick and let's chat. We're running short on time."

"Who the hell are you?" Ally kept her gun pointed at his chest. She observed the twitch in her arms. She never shook when she drew her weapon but for some reason, this man made her nervous.

"Tanner sent me."

"I doubt it." She laughed as she considered it. Tanner was far too possessive to use a messenger who looked like the man in front of her.

"I can prove it if you'll lower that piece."

"Not a chance."

"I have to get something out of my pocket."

"Which one?" She stepped closer.

"The right front pocket."

"Pants, I'm sure." Her sarcasm thick in her tone, she kept the gun on him and moved to his side.

"Sugar, it's been said I don't have to charm the

Unspoken Requests

ladies out of their skirts, I'll find a way to entice them into my pants." His dark black eyes danced with mischief.

She shoved her hand into his front pocket and right before she retrieved an envelope, a stiff jab quickly poked her hand. "What the..."

The hunk in front of her growled. "Sorry, baby. It's a natural reaction. One I can't control, given the obvious."

"Let me give you some free advice. If Tanner sent you, there's one thing you need to keep in mind: he might use you to carry a message but he wouldn't..."

She let her guard down while she fumbled to open the letter. The gun tilted away from the messenger and it provided all the leeway he needed.

Before she realized what happened, the tough guy in front of her turned the tables. With a whip of his wrist, he held her gun and she was pinned up against the wall with the crumbled note in her hand, a hard body holding her in place.

"I'm not Dorsey. I'm not your brothers, either. I don't play games with women. I protect them. When the need arises, I fuck them. What I don't do is take orders from them or explain myself. Now, I'm going to release you and you're going to go fetch a weasel for me. You know the one. The one who was man enough to run around the country with you for eight weeks or so without so much as laying a hand on you—I think that's his room over

Destiny Blaine

there.” He turned his cheek and glanced at the adjoining room. “What a dumb fucker he is.” With a snarl, he slapped her on the butt and then released her. “We’re running out of time. Read your love letter on the way. I’ll wait five minutes, that’s it. I’m your only shot at seeing those prissy little girls or Dorsey again. I suggest you move that sweet ass of yours *right now*.”

Ally didn’t take orders from men, or at least she tried to avoid it. Tanner and her brothers were the exceptions. She found herself at Tanner’s mercy more often than not. Now, this bear in front of her expected the same. She didn’t think so. Her eyes narrowed and she felt a tremor in her jaw as she drew her fist back.

As quickly as she propelled her arm forward he slammed against her. This time he pinned her against the bed. Her breasts heaving against his chest, he peered down at her with a grimacing stare. “I’d love to do this all day but I’m afraid we’re out of time.”

A knock was followed by Steve’s voice of concern. “Ally, are you in there?”

“Answer him,” he told her.

“Yeah, I’m coming.”

Biting his lower lip, the man glared at her chest. “No, not yet you’re not, but by damn, you will be by the time I get through with you.” He rolled off the bed and drew a gun out of the back of his pleated pants.

“You’ve got some nerve...”

Unspoken Requests

“Answer the fucking door and read your honey’s words of wisdom. Maybe then you’ll see I didn’t come all the way down here to roll around on a bed with a woman I don’t know.”

Ally’s fury wasn’t in check but she forced herself to rein it in before she answered the door. Steve stormed inside, pale as a sheet. “I thought I heard voices in here.”

“You did. Welcome. Sit the fuck down.” The tall, dark, and handsome stranger used a tone that suggested he wasn’t in the mood to ask twice.

“Ally?”

“I have no idea who he is.” She clutched the letter.

“You can call me anything you like. I’d never give you my real name so just make up one and go with it for the time being.” He smirked. “Now, Ally, read the letter so we can get out of here.”

Nervously, she complied by ripping back the sealed flap and tugging out the note inside. She immediately recognized the cologne. He’d sprayed the letter with a shot of Polo, the only fragrance she ever remembered Tanner wearing. What a dork. To act the part of Mr. Tough Guy, sometimes Tanner did the dumbest things. She recognized the sloppy slant of his handwriting.

Dear Ally, I miss you. The girls miss you. We’re all safe and waiting for you. It may take some time, but Santino will bring you home to us. I trust him. Well, on most things.... She could almost hear Tanner’s nervous chuckle because from what she’d

Destiny Blaine

witnessed from Mr. Santino so far, she imagined he had reason to worry. She glanced up at the wicked stranger and then back at the letter again. *You'll need to say your goodbyes to your partner. Trust me, at this point, I'd like to think he'd join you for this journey until we meet again but it's better to lose the baggage now. With any luck, he can throw Fernandez off your path. Santino will take you to the boat. I think you know which one. I hear you've been asking questions. Once you get there, you'll find cash in two safes. I wanted to make sure you have everything you need. It will take some time to shake the tails. We can't afford mistakes this time. Trust me. Trust Santino—and Ally, no one else. I love you.*

Come home to me.

Tanner

She turned to face the wall as if she expected to find a respirator there or something. Right now, breathing was a complete task. “Damn him!” She kicked out at the baseboard and the stranger, apparently the one Tanner referred to as Santino, chuckled.

“Temper, eh?” he asked Steve but he didn’t get a reply. “I guess Dorsey didn’t have a lot to offer outside of a few orders.”

Ally stormed to the other side of the room. Her fists clenched at her sides. “Listen you arrogant

Unspoken Requests

son-of-a—”

“Watch it, woman. I’m not Dorsey and I’m not in love with you, which means I dish it, but I don’t take it. Got it?”

“What if I refuse to go with you?” She crossed her arms over her chest. “I bet I’d cost you a pretty penny, huh?” If Ally knew anything at all, she realized Tanner didn’t hire amateurs. If he paid this man in front of her to bring her in, the real profit he’d earn was on the back end, not the front. The man wouldn’t realize a huge payday unless he delivered the goods—her.

Santino marched forward. Steve stepped in front of him; he didn’t look his way but he stopped him with a gun to his chest. With a sneer, he spoke in a most authoritative tone. “I didn’t come down here to go back without the package. You won’t cost me a pretty penny because, darlin’, I’m after the crisp sound of hundred dollar bills. That means I’ll tie you up, gag you if I have to, but you’re going to follow my instructions. I’m the only ticket to Tanner and those little girls that cry themselves to sleep, asking for their momma. Got it?”

He played a card Ally hadn’t seen on the table and she doubled over as if he’d punched her in the gut with the news. “I’ll go.”

“Then kiss loverboy adios because we’ve gotta roll and we gotta scoot now.”

“Ally?” Steve waited for a confirmation. Ally always left Steve behind and since he’d already accepted the fact he had to return to the agency,

Destiny Blaine

he probably didn't mind so much this time. Only their separation was earlier than expected and instead of Steve making the plans, securing arrangements, they were forced to trust a stranger.

"Give us a minute." She didn't ask. She just told the six-foot-four tank that she wanted a few moments alone with her friend and former partner.

"Can't do it." He shook his head. "If you owe him a smooch good-bye or something, I can close my eyes but outside of that, can't say that I have immediate plans to leave you alone with anyone."

"Great." She grumbled before she snatched Steve's arm and pulled him into a tight hug.

"Ally, you're sure this is okay?"

"I'm sure. It's what Tanner wants."

"Well, God help us all if he made a mistake sending this man for you."

"You know him?" Ally questioned.

"No." Steve looked at him out of the corner of his eye, the same way he might glance into a garbage bin, with pure distaste, and then he confirmed it. "I know men like him."

"Ah, now, tender sentiments aren't necessary for the send-off." Santino blew him a kiss from the door and then winked. Pulling out a phone from his pocket, he pressed a few numbers and waited. "She's in my arms, on her way to yours."

"Wait! I want to—"

Before it registered with Ally what he was doing, Santino stepped into the bathroom and tossed the small phone into the toilet. "Soon."

Unspoken Requests

She felt like she was leaving with the executioner. Santino was cold, dark, and disconnected, something that truly frightened Ally because she'd profiled guys like Santino. They were hard nuts to crack even if they didn't have a criminal record and men like the one in front of her typically possessed one somewhere. In fact, they generally had a few of them in several different languages.

Steve winked at Ally. "I guess this is good-bye."

Ally fought back tears by reminding herself that they'd said their farewells many times before. Still, she couldn't shake the feeling that this time was really the last. "Steve..."

"No, Ally. Not now. It wasn't our time and that's just the way it is."

She nodded. "Thank you for everything you did for me."

"Ah shit, I almost forgot." Santino reached into his pocket and drew out a cashier's check. "Since it's obvious you didn't sink your dream wand into her, Tanner said to give you this." He handed Steve the check and then placed his hand on the small of Ally's back. "No one can trace it and if they do, they'll discover you had an aunt who passed away back in Kansas. She left you her life savings."

Taking a deep breath, he blinked a couple of times. "I can't accept this."

Ally's hand covered his. "Steve, take it. You never know what tomorrow holds and you never know when you might need it."

Destiny Blaine

His lips thinned before he barked at her. "I'm not like you, Ally, I can't be bought."

"I'm going to let that slide. You know and I know that's not true. I wasn't bought, but in a sense I was always paid for—they're my family, Steve. My brothers, my mother, Tanner, and the girls...they're my family."

He nodded and then folded the check over. "Take care, Agent Stephens."

"You too." With a slight wink and a weak wave, she followed Santino outside to retrieve her belongings, realizing then that everything familiar was now in her luggage. Everything she loved was in the hands of the man walking in front of her.

Chapter Three

"He has her." Tanner stood up and greeted David and Darren when they entered the narrow library. David glared beyond where Tanner stood, taking time to notice a canoe in the distance.

"He can't bring her in yet, Tanner." Darren walked over to the wet bar. "David? Did you tell him?"

"No." David didn't look at Tanner and that alone told him something loomed, a new danger lurked.

"Seems the Colombians didn't take too kindly to the trip you took with Ally. Marcel's fellows paid some of our contacts a visit and now they're interested in finding one Special Agent Ally Stephens."

Tanner glared at the brothers. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"We told you it would backfire but you wouldn't listen. We warned you not to involve her to that level, and you were too headstrong to think with the right head. Now, it seems, there's a price on Ally's."

Tanner picked up a nearby crystal water pitcher and threw it against the wall. "That's absurd! I took her there. She didn't ask to go."

Several months ago, he'd taken her to Colombia to show her who and what he was, so she didn't have surprises, and he did it to protect his

Destiny Blaine

best friends, her brothers. Ally would never roll over on him, but she was a dutiful agent first and no one, especially her own mother, believed she'd continually protect David and Darren, so Tanner had made a judgment call. He'd decided to step out in front. He took her into the poppy fields of his trade and convinced her that he was the monster she'd profiled, the drug lord everyone feared.

"Right, you took a federal agent into the throes of illegal activity." Darren moved closer. "Which leads me to ask the obvious. What the hell were you thinking? You knew the risks and you had to realize they'd find out sooner or later who she is and what she means to you."

"Marcel Fernandez is a dead man." Tanner's eyes hazed with his anger. He couldn't think. He couldn't feel. He no longer saw the men in front of him. He had to get out of there. The walls were closing in on him and soon all those books stacked from the floor to the ceiling would be used for throwing practice, and a way to release one hell of a temper tantrum.

"I told you both a long time ago. We should've brought Ally in and informed her. She was close enough to do the job."

"Hell, Darren, she wasn't going to kill him. For crying out loud, the man was her friend, her ally when we all deserted her. The last thing we wanted to do was put her in danger by letting her know too much. There's no way we could've left

Unspoken Requests

her to do the dirty work we should've done years ago." David over-extended himself. Those few words were all he planned on saying. It was obvious when he set the bottle of scotch in front of him and began tossing back one glass after another. He consumed nearly half the bottle before anyone said anything else.

Finally, Tanner asked the question. "What's the price?"

"Three million and rising," Darren informed him of the red tag on his sister's head. "You're going to have dollar signs attached to you, too, if you're not careful. From what we can tell, the Colombians believe they'll get to you by getting rid of her. They hate to take you out because, of course, getting rid of you will affect their bottom line in the end. Damn it, what were you thinking!"

"It's easy to point an accusing finger here, isn't it, Darren?" Tanner asked.

David grunted but offered little else.

"I'm not pointing fingers, Tanner. Hell, I even understand what you were trying to do but you should've thought about the consequences, and the danger. It's not like you took her into a flower garden and asked her which roses she wanted in her own backyard. Hell, you took her into the middle of our trade, into a known war zone among drug lords."

David stood up and walked over to the far wall. He chose a book. The first one he touched. He didn't look at it. "Santino has Ally?"

Destiny Blaine

“Yeah. The call came in earlier.”

Darren shook his head. “Then I guess he’ll sure as hell get to know her. You might as well tell him to take her on a little road trip or something. He is not going to bring her here until we get this thing with the Colombians taken care of, do you understand?”

“I understand. Hell, I wouldn’t put her life at risk.”

“That’s debatable, given her present company.” David shook his head and left the room.

* * * *

“I hope you’re a damned good actress.” Santino studied her before they exited the cab. “Flinch and we’re followed. Act repulsed by me, and we’re followed. Act suspicious in any way and...”

“I got it. We’re followed.” Ally shifted in her seat as they approached the small marina. “I’m not going to risk blowing our cover.”

Santino pulled out his wallet and handed the driver some bills. “Stop here.”

The car came to an abrupt halt on a side road. The cabbie jumped from behind the wheel and helped Ally with her luggage. She thanked him and pushed a twenty dollar bill in his palm, assuming a man like Santino wouldn’t tip appropriately.

“I tipped him fifty. How much did you give him?”

“Only twenty.”

“A seventy dollar tip? Shit. Next time, I’ll leave

Unspoken Requests

it up to you. Fifty was plenty of hush money.”

“Actually, we both screwed up. That guy will remember a seventy-dollar tip.”

Santino grumbled as he followed her. “Well, Miss Award-Winning Agent, tell me something, if you always think so great on your feet, what kept you from doing the same on your back? How’d you end up in bed with a drug lord?”

An array of emotions lashed at her heart all at one time. Her body tingled when she thought of the first time she’d made love to Tanner. Then, in an instant, she felt a swift kick in the gut. Tanner wasn’t a drug lord. One or both of her brothers owned that title, perhaps, but not the man she loved. She began to search for the boat slips, choosing to ignore the questioning eyes staring back at her.

“Does this kayak have a name?”

“You’re not going to tell me Tanner’s secrets, huh?” He laughed. “Can’t say that I blame you. I damn sure don’t blame Dorsey. A woman like you...”

“Listen.” She stopped walking and pointed her finger at him, shaking it in pure anger. “No one, and I mean...”

Before she finished scolding him, or really before she even had the chance to get started, Santino pulled her closer and sucked her forefinger in between his lips in a delicious display of a lover’s quarrel immediately resolved. His sunglasses fell further down the bridge of his nose and he rolled

Destiny Blaine

his eyes to indicate someone stood close enough to witness.

“Ah, Mr. Sanchez?” A short man in a solid white suit nearly ran over his own feet in an effort to be the first man to kiss *Mr. Sanchez’s* sorry ass.

Santino pulled Ally closer and then patted her bottom before he released her. The smug expression covered his face for a brief second before he turned with his right hand extended. “Mr. Bolzro.” Santino’s accent held true to the thick Spanish implication.

In times like these, Ally really wished Tanner was around so she could truly beat the ever-lovin’ hell out of him. It hurt her pride and her feelings that he wasn’t around so she could try it a few times.

Who did he think he was anyway? He sent an arrogant man like Santino to manhandle her and he was where? Probably on a remote island somewhere, with a half a dozen busty blondes fanning him with feathers.

Santino pushed Ally away, very much like a man would shake off his mistress. He quickly returned his focus to the man in front of him. “I understand you have everything in order for us?”

“Yes, I do. If you’d like to discuss business, you can allow your...woman to...”

“My wife,” Santino corrected before dismissing her just as fast. “Darling, there’s our vessel, go on board. Let me finish filling out this paperwork and then I’ll join you.”

Unspoken Requests

Ally nodded and gasped then as she started to walk toward the yacht—actually it looked more like a ship. The damned thing was an eyesore for the marina and Key West wasn't short on luxurious yachts. Rolling her luggage up the ramp, she stepped on a plank and began to tug her belongings on board, where she was immediately greeted by the waiting crew.

Ten men and women lined up to take her things and welcome her. Ally allowed them to take her bags and then walked around to the front deck. In a matter of minutes, Santino joined her.

"That was quick." She looked over his right shoulder.

"Yes, doesn't take long for these transactions when you're buying a boat that's already paid for and reverting back to the original owner."

"So this is your yacht?"

"Technically, it is now. However, I'm told your brothers are fond of her and they plan to take her off my hands once I return their sister to them in one piece."

"I see." She felt her lips curve into a smile in spite of herself. "So is there any reason I should worry about arriving in one piece or are you good at your job?"

Santino shot her a sideways glance before he made his way to the bar. "With an ass like yours, your brothers and Dorsey will be lucky if they ever lay eyes on you again." He snickered and then added, "And yeah, baby, I'm damned good. Most

Destiny Blaine

women tell me I'm the best they've ever had."

"That's it." Ally slammed her palm down against the railing. "I've heard just about all of the come-ons I intend to listen to on this voyage."

Santino took a sip of his liquor and peered over the glass when one of the crew members approached on deck.

"We're ready when you are," the young man said with a friendly smile.

"No time like the present. I'm going to show the lovely *Mrs. Sanchez* around. Let me know if you need me." With a wave of a hand, he dismissed the crew member.

Turning back to Ally, he licked his lower lip in a most suggestive way. "I imagine you can't wait to find out where we'll sleep while we're at sea."

"I am not...let me remind you of this only once...I am not sleeping in the same bed with you."

"Good, I'd hoped you say those very words. I'm going to enjoy this more than I thought."

* * * *

"Tanner is going to kill you for this." She glared at the ceiling as she wiggled against the handcuffs binding her to the four-poster bed. When Santino showed her the master stateroom earlier that afternoon, she'd never imagined this. She felt confident he might lock her in the room with him, but come on—shackle her to the bedpost? The man had some serious attachment issues or something. *Yeah, or something.*

Unspoken Requests

“Oh, I don’t know. Some would tend to argue the motives of a man who sends me, of all people, after their woman. I’d say it’s safe to assume Tanner doesn’t care what I do with you as long as I return you to him safe and sound.” He slowly undressed and stood in his boxers long enough for Ally to note the obvious. The man’s erection pushed through his shorts and thank goodness for very large favors. His boxers weren’t those wicked shorts with the automatic trap door. A lone button, maybe two, kept him from showing pure, hot flesh.

She tightly shut her eyes. “I don’t think Tanner would want you sleeping in my bed.”

“Darlin’, that’s exactly where he knows I’ll crash after a long day until we meet up with him. Tonight, you can sleep in those frilly little cuffs. Tomorrow night, perhaps you’ll decide it’s in your best interest to accept the things you don’t stand a chance of changing. And who knows, by day after tomorrow, you might even reach over here with that soft little hand of yours and stroke me into a bedtime fantasy.” He chuckled. “Damn if I’m not slightly amused by the idea.”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that *Mr. Sanchez*. In fact, do one better than that, wrap that arrogant self-serving hand around it yourself and dream the fuck on!” Ally glared at him before she yanked the cuff again. “This is uncomfortable as hell! For the record, if I don’t sleep, you don’t sleep!” She kicked her feet a couple of times.

Destiny Blaine

Leaning on his elbow, he peered down at her. "Ally, it might serve you well to get along with me. Like I told you before, I'm not Dorsey, and you won't find me agreeable when I don't get my way, or my rest."

"Tanner would never approve of someone tying me down like this. You don't have to remind me you're not Tanner. Hell no! I realized it long before you chained me to this bed. You are nothing like him."

"I bet you wish I was Dorsey about right now, don't you? With all the mirrors in this stateroom, dear God, what you could see and do with the right partner makes for some wicked thoughts." It was a challenge and Ally recognized it.

"What do I have to do to convince you to take the cuffs off?"

"Hmmm..." His finger ran over her arm back and forth. "Sleep nude."

"Forget it." She closed her eyes again and pursed her lips. "Get the light."

"Your choice." He leaned over her and twisted the little knob on the lamp.

"Bastard!"

"Goodnight, have sweet dreams, Mrs. Sanchez." The moonlight allowed her to see him hovering right over her. He was close enough to kiss her, close enough to die, too, if Tanner happened to slip on board in the middle of the night.

"Can you at least call me Ally behind closed doors?" She took a deep breath in and released it

Unspoken Requests

slowly. She immediately realized she probably set herself up when she suggested anything behind closed doors.

“Darlin’, I’m going to call you all sorts of things when I’m lying here next to you—Ally, lover, kitten, baby, darlin’, muffin, sweet cheeks, my warm little puddin’ pie...”

“That’s enough.”

“Ah, but I’m just getting started.” Santino rolled over on his side and faced the wall. “You’ll see. I have a way with women, as you already know. Like I told you when I met you, I won’t have to ask you to raise your skirt—you’ll be begging to get what’s in my pants. I’d even put odds on it. I’m sure Tanner has and if I know Dorsey, he’s betting on us as a sure thing.”

* * * *

Santino woke up around three in the morning. He rolled over and watched the rise and fall of Ally’s chest. The natural light from the full moon allowed for too much temptation. She slept like he imagined she lived—cautiously. He noticed the way she flinched when he moved ever so slightly and even in her sleep, she tugged at the cuff binding her to the bed and keeping her strapped in one uncomfortable position. For three hours, she’d slept in the same pose; he didn’t know any other way to describe it. She looked like a woman in waiting and the passing thought inspired his cock to twitch against his shorts.

With a silent groan, he reached over to his

Destiny Blaine

nightstand and pulled the keys from his pants. As his hand slid against the material, he felt the perverted smile tug at his lips. He fought back a guttural growl as he remembered her hand sliding into his slacks earlier. So what if she only visited there to retrieve a note from her lover, his employer. She had her hand in his pants long enough to feel what he offered a woman. He made damned sure of it too.

Rolling over to the other side, he reached above her head and unlocked the cuff and pulled her wrist free from the fur-covered restraint. If only he had the opportunity—just one time would surely be enough—to have her clinging to those pretty restraints, begging for pleasure, arching for him in a moment of pure need. What he'd give for opportunity, what he'd pay in gold.

"What are you doing?" She snapped to an upright position as quickly as her mouth spewed angry words.

He held out the furry contraption to show her. "You were uncomfortable and whining in your sleep. I thought I'd try a concept we're both unfamiliar with—trust."

"I don't whine."

"You were whining. Actually, whimpering is more appropriate." It was the whimpering that made his cock hard. A desperate cry from a woman suffering through her dreams in a wanton heat so profound that he swore he smelled a hint of her arousal.

Unspoken Requests

“Thank you for releasing the cuff. It was stupid in the first place. You only did it to...”

“I wanted you to remember who is in control here, Ally. Never forget it.” His tone changed immediately and darkened by the second. “I am here for the job. Like it or hate it, I don’t care, but one thing you will do is accept my rules and play by them.” He tugged the sheet around him and crooked his arm behind his neck. “Get some sleep. Tomorrow, we plan.”

“For what?”

“For the trouble ahead.”

Chapter Four

Santino slept a few more hours and finally gave it up as a wasted effort around five o'clock. To jump start his day, he headed to the galley kitchen with a purpose. He focused on one of the more important tasks at hand—coffee.

He gave a few short orders to the early crew and then walked out on deck to watch the sunrise. Sipping his coffee, he allowed his imagination to run wild. From the corner of his eye, he noticed the hot tub. Steam rose in wild rings of an inviting fog. He blinked as his mind's eye tried to tease him into a rare state of confusion. For a second, he swore he saw Ally's strawberry blonde hair cascading over the side of the small pool. His breath caught in his lungs and he turned his attention back to the dark sea. The petite woman had a body built for fucking. Damn Tanner for putting him here with a woman like her.

Santino glanced around the waxed decks. Elaborately furnished on the inside and on the outside, Ally would find the yacht comfortable enough. He'd promised Tanner he would offer her the chance to visit the occasional ports of call. If it killed him, he was supposed to remain pleasant, but distant.

Oh yeah, Dorsey knew his woman better than she even understood herself. He realized what was at risk when he hired him. From what Santino

Unspoken Requests

discovered on his own, the man had few other options. The price to kill was high and without his help, the lovely Ms. Ally stared death in the eye. One blink and she would die.

He started to feel the insistent reminder of how easily he responded to Ally. His erection pressed against his jogging pants and he tried to focus on thoughts that didn't give a man a sudden rise. Guns—he thought about weapons.

He meant to ask Ally what she was packing and forgot it. In fact, if he didn't get it together, he would likely forget several details. Thinking about the little firecracker who'd shared his bed all night long made his dick ache, regardless of how he fought for denial. He didn't want to think about Ally right now. He wanted to concentrate on the job at hand. He reminded himself she was the job.

Ally would sleep in his bed for the next few days. The job paid a lifetime salary and he was expected to protect and guard her even if it meant shielding her with his own body. Yet, he'd been given an unspoken request. Dorsey trusted him with his woman and a man like Tanner Dorsey was protective of his family, and obsessed with his little sex kitten. Why he dared to think about her in the more carnal sense only left him questioning himself and his motives.

With a growl, he made the mistake of verbally answering his silent question. "Because all I can think about is her voluptuous little body and that's not part of the job description. Why doesn't Dorsey

Destiny Blaine

have foul taste in women?”

Ally strolled passed him as if she hadn't heard the confession. Gripping a mug in her right hand, she held onto the white railing that surrounded the deck, swinging almost to face him, her pantsuit crinkled in all the right places, thanks to the fact she slept in it.

“You missed a beautiful sunrise.”

“Apparently, I missed one hell of a night, too.”

“Meaning?”

“I heard what you said.”

“About?” If she was going to call him on it, then she might as well follow through.

“You know what I heard.”

“I don't, Ally. I say a lot of things when I'm sitting alone in deep thought and normally, I don't have to worry about someone sneaking up on me and interrupting those thoughts.”

“Don't you mean fantasies?”

“Careful.” He stood up and started back into the open area of the salon.

“I think it's only fair to tell you that I am in love with Tanner.”

He turned around to face her. “I never thought anything else. He's obviously going to a lot of trouble, sparing no expense, to get you back where he wants you—with him.”

“I overheard the comment about my body. Did you do something I should know about while I slept?”

“Darlin', if I'd done something to that sinful

Unspoken Requests

body of yours, I promise there'd be no room for question. You wouldn't have to ask. You'd remember every slurp and sip, each stroke and moan."

The woman looked like she was truly going to pass out from lust. Ah yeah, he understood exactly what Ally needed. Giving her a glimpse into what she was missing without a man in her life right then served as a blissful reminder. The second he mentioned insinuated acts of oral sex, he watched a flicker of desire sparkle in her eyes.

She cleared her throat and then sipped on the gourmet coffee. "What plans do we have?"

"No plans."

"Where are we headed?"

"Waiting on your lover to call, once he does, I'll have news for you."

"Can I talk to him?"

"Sure." He grumbled. "I don't see why not. Just keep in mind, while we expect these phones to remain secure, we don't want to press our luck. You'll have a few minutes, max."

She nodded. "It's going to be a beautiful day. If we don't have plans to dock anywhere, I guess I'll make the most of it and work on my tan."

Santino started inside again, this time he called over his shoulder, "I hope to hell you hate tan lines."

* * * *

Ally unzipped her suitcase and began to tug clothing this way or that as she searched for a more

Destiny Blaine

modest swimsuit. Her trunk-like suitcase was overloaded and the duffel bag primarily held her weapons and shoes. After a few seconds of trying to feel around for something that resembled her bathing suit, she took a deep breath and decided she'd just unpack.

Santino entered the master stateroom about the same time. "I forgot to tell you. Dorsey sent all kinds of designer outfits and casual wear to the yacht before we left. It's in the walk-in closet." He pointed and then chuckled. "I'm not all that turned on by his swimsuit selections but hey, I'm only the hired help."

Ally narrowed her gaze then and let the swimsuit comment slide. "Don't you mean hired gun?"

"Same thing, I guess."

Ally pushed herself up from the floor and swiped her hands against one another before dusting off her backside. "No, it's not the same, is it?"

"I like to think of myself as a protector."

"A protector?"

"Yes." He sat down on the sofa and kicked his feet onto an ottoman in the middle of the sitting area. Grabbing an atlas, he studied the world map, focusing on the Caribbean.

"I think you're a killer." Ally didn't know why she wanted to provoke him but for some reason, since his confession poolside left her with too many forbidden thoughts, she wanted to remain on

Unspoken Requests

professional terms and never wanted to let her guard down. If she kept his profession in mind, then she wouldn't forget why they were there, what common goals they shared and how they planned to achieve them.

Pursing his lips, he took a deep breath. His nostrils flared and he stood up. On a stretch, his lips curved in a meaningful smile before his limbs fell from above his head to hang at his side. In a flash, he grabbed her and she slammed against his chest.

"Now then. That's better, isn't it?"

She swallowed stiffly.

"You wanted my attention. You've got it." He licked his lips and pressed his lower half into her.

So help her, she was going to kill Tanner when she got her hands around his neck, never mind his cock. Right now, all she could think about was the latter since Santino did everything to ensure she noticed his.

"I didn't want..."

"Oh, I think you did." He swiped his length against her crotch a couple of times.

"You need to let me go." She glared at him as she said the words but he held her tighter.

"You should've thought of that before you teased me this morning."

"I didn't try to tease you."

"Ah, but you did."

"If I picked an argument with you, then I apologize but let me assure you of one thing, I

Destiny Blaine

don't use those tactics for some sort of foreplay."

"You don't?" He rubbed against her again.

"No, and please keep your...your thing...away from my...."

He pressed again. "Ah, you want me to keep my dick in my pants because you're terrified of what you'll do if I don't, huh? It's okay Ally, I'm not going to tell Tanner how hot and bothered I make you."

"Let go of me." She wiggled and squirmed but his grip never relaxed.

"You think I don't feel that hot heat rubbing against my cock." His thighs bunched as he slid up and forward, caressing harder, faster.

"Stop it!"

"Ally, let me ask you something. If I'm a killer, a hired-gun, then what do you think your chances are of running any kind of game on me? If I'm so horrible that the worst of our breed hires me to bring you in for him, what do you think I'm capable of doing to a woman I want in my bed?"

She didn't answer.

"That's what I want you to think about. Before you piss me off, you stop and think about it." He released her then and returned to the sofa, taking the time to study her. "And Ally?"

"What?" she snapped as she walked into the closet.

"You think about it long and hard, sugar."

* * * *

Ally stepped out of the closet in a white one-

Unspoken Requests

piece swimsuit. She didn't bother with a cover-up because the swimsuit wasn't provocative and she had a beach towel draped over her arm. "Are you hungry? I can whip up some breakfast, if you'd like."

"We have a full time staff to prepare meals. What would you like?"

"I'll have something simple, whatever you're having is fine."

Ally decided, while she was changing, she was going to get along with Santino, even if it meant putting up with the occasional seductive remarks. They were going to spend a few days together and she wanted those to pass quickly. If they were going to pass at all, she needed to get along with her protector and he was right, it wasn't smart to piss him off. The last thing she needed was a guardian looking for a little angry sex.

Leaning over her purse, she felt his eyes on her ass. His gaze burned into her skin as if he tried to brand her with his glare. She immediately straightened up and pulled her sunglasses from the side pocket. A cell phone buzzed loudly in her hand.

"What the fuck?" Santino ran over and grabbed the phone. "What are you doing with this?"

"I forgot about it!"

It buzzed again.

"Damn it!" He stared at the caller ID. It didn't register. "Answer it on speakerphone." He shoved it back into her hand. "Walk slowly to the top deck

Destiny Blaine

for a better signal and reception.”

Ally took a deep breath. “I don’t think it’s a good idea.” She started walking anyway.

“You’re not paid to think right now. I am. Answer it.”

She didn’t question it again. His ruthless tone suggested it wasn’t up for debate. “Ally Stephens.”

“Well, well, well. Ally Stephens. Are you sure it isn’t Sanchez? After all, I hear you and your husband, Dorsey, no doubt, took an overdue honeymoon.”

Santino pressed his forefinger to his lips.

“Marcel.”

“Ally, how are you, lover?”

“What do you want, Marcel?”

“I wanted you. Apparently, everyone else does too.” His thick tongue slurred with underlying accusations. “Maybe everyone gets a piece of you when you’re on the run, huh?” It was the only clue he gave. He didn’t really think she was with Tanner.

Santino indicated he wanted her to ask what he meant by the statement by rolling his hands forward like he was kneading dough. He wanted more info. Marcel wasn’t dumb. He’d only supply what he wanted them to have.

“What do you mean, everyone else does too? I’m nothing special. I’m just a woman in love with a man. I want to be left alone.”

“Left alone? Darling, you should’ve thought of that while you were living with me. I left you

Unspoken Requests

alone, didn't I? Took real good care of you and the girls too, didn't I?"

Santino nodded his head.

"Yes, you did." She shook her head and held her palms upward to indicate she didn't know where he was going with all this.

"Ally, I wanted to be the first to tell you that the Colombian cartel upped the offer."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh...." Sarcasm oozed from Marcel's voice. "Dorsey didn't tell ya, did he?"

"Tell me what?"

"There's a bounty on your head. A power-hungry drug lord has it out for you. Four million dollars and rising and since it's going up daily, you can only imagine what I'm thinking, can't you, Ally?"

She swallowed stiffly. "You're lying."

"We'll see soon enough. I'm not even a day behind you now, Ally. It's only a matter of time..."

"Cut the call," Santino whispered.

She hit the end button and stared straight ahead. "You knew this?"

"No, I didn't."

"Of course you did. It's why Tanner sent you instead of coming for me himself." She clutched her towel and the phone as she marched across the deck.

"How the hell would I know about some damned drug lord placing a price on your pretty little head?"

Destiny Blaine

“Oh, jeez, I don’t know. Is it because you work for one of them?” Ally snapped, forgetting her place, her position, her inner decision to call a truce with the man in front of her. “Maybe it’s because Tanner only hired a killer because he had to have someone of your caliber to clean up his damned mess!”

“Ah, so Tanner has dirty hands too, eh? Careful, Ally, remember where your loyalty lies. I may know a lot about Dorsey but anger is never good when it provokes a mouth to talk too much.”

Ally flopped down on a lounge and took a deep breath. In all of her years with the agency, she couldn’t recall a price on her head. Now she had one and she had a supervisor with Internal Affairs ready to help pump up the going rate.

A low rumble in the pit of her gut reminded her of Marcel’s vile nature. “He’ll come for me and once he has me, he’ll hang onto me until he can negotiate the right price. Then, he’ll hand me over to the Colombians.”

Santino didn’t look worried. “Give me the phone.”

“No.”

“Give me the damned phone!”

Ally shoved it into his stomach and he immediately tossed it overboard. “We’re going to have to make some decisions. Let me get in touch with Dorsey and find out what’s going on.”

“You really didn’t know about the Colombians?”

Unspoken Requests

“No. In all honesty, I wouldn’t have taken the job if I’d known.”

* * * *

Tanner glared at the fax. “Four million dollars. Are they fucking out of their minds?”

Darren walked into the elaborate living room and kicked a Barbie doll out of his way. “The girls shouldn’t be roaming around in here.”

“Why not?” Tanner’s anger rose by the second and he knew Darren was just as furious.

“For starters, I don’t want them to overhear that their mother has a four-million dollar target on her back.”

David slowly walked into the room, studying some sort of flight plan. “I’m going to Colombia.”

“That’s suicide right now.”

“Maybe, but it’s the only chance Ally has. If these guys are raising the price, I know a few of Ally’s enemies that will come out of the woodwork and a few dozen of our own. It’s going to be hell trying to protect her and it will get worse before it gets better. It’s the only way.”

Tanner nodded. “I’ll come with you.”

“You’ve done enough,” Darren noted.

“I need to go alone. If I can’t help the situation, they’ll pick us off one by one and the last thing we need is to leave these girls unattended and their mother wandering around the high seas with a madman.”

“Santino DeLuca is hardly a madman,” Tanner advised.

Destiny Blaine

Darren's gaze held his. "You obviously haven't seen the man fight."

"Five years ago, we were in Bogota when a shoot-out broke loose at one of the large spring flings, remember us telling you about it?" Darren didn't wait for Tanner's reply. "DeLuca shot and killed every target there—eight of them—in twenty seconds or less. He left without a scratch and through a blaze of gunfire."

"And he's with Ally," David pointed out.

"He'll keep her safe." Tanner stood by his first decision. Santino was the one man who could protect her.

"He may fuck her too, then what?" Darren always brought up the wrong things, the kind of crazy statements that made Tanner shake with jealous rage.

Before he answered, the emergency phone rang. Tanner snatched it. "Dorsey."

"We've got a problem."

Chapter Five

“Tell me something, Dorsey, when were you going to let me know your woman pissed off the Colombians?” Santino studied Ally as he spoke to Tanner. Since discovering there was a fair amount of money offered for her death, Ally withdrew and he imagined Dorsey was the only one she wanted to talk to about the situation. Right now, Dorsey was in high demand because he wanted to hear what the man had to say too.

“It’s a new development. We’ve got someone on it.”

“Well, I can only imagine how that’s going. So, I’m not bringing your prize home this week, I presume?”

“You most likely won’t bring her home this month.”

“No complaints here, she’s easy enough to entertain. I ought to pay you for the time you’ve allowed me so far.”

The phone held a deadly silence. Dangerously quiet.

“Dorsey, I’m just fuckin’ with you. The woman is here, want to talk to her?”

“Put her on.”

Santino handed the phone over to Ally. “Two minutes, then I have to speak to him again.”

She clutched the phone to her ear with both hands. “Tanner? Is that you?”

Destiny Blaine

The only thing Santino heard was, “Hey, baby,” because she walked off to ensure she had a few moments alone with her man. Damn, what he’d give to have a woman like Ally Stephens think of him as *her man*. He watched her dab away tears as she looked out over the ocean. He heard her sob when she said hello to her daughters and then he went to her. “It’s time.”

“Time?”

“Yes. You can call later, tomorrow.” *Never again, if you’re going to cry like this.*

“Tanner? I love you.” She closed her eyes dramatically. “I will.” A devious giggle slipped then. “Me too.”

As he took the phone from her hands, he wondered what Dorsey said. He wanted to ask but realized Dorsey wouldn’t share their secrets. Would she? He’d probe her for answers later. Maybe, or maybe it would only make him crazier by the second to know what they’d passed in private conversation.

“Dorsey, did she tell you about Fernandez?”

“Yep, he means business. From what I heard in Key West, the man already had his posse positioned and waiting for him. He arrived there yesterday after we took off. He’s about a day behind us.”

“You’re sure?” Tanner asked.

“I’m hopeful, but nothing is certain.”

“That’s not good enough,” Tanner snapped. “All right, listen to me. You can’t be that far from Islamorada, Florida.”

Unspoken Requests

"We're not."

"The place I told you about is empty. Darren just paid our travelers to vacate it in case you needed it, and it appears you do."

"Yeah, guess so."

"I want you to go there for a few days. Wait for my call. Santino, I have to warn you. It's a private island, a remote area. You'll be on your own."

"Well, not exactly." Santino smiled at Ally and then decided it wasn't in his best interest to further irritate his current boss or the woman who could make his job a living hell.

"Santino, I'll have everything set up and ready for you. Once you get there, stay there. Got it?"

"Got it. Hell, I hope there's something to do there other than look at your pretty little sex kitten."

"That's the very reason this place wasn't my first choice. Try to find something to do, like watch television, but don't let her out of your sight."

"Not a problem."

"I imagine it's not," Tanner bit out and then added, "Keep her safe."

Santino tossed the phone in the water.

"Do you toss every phone you use?"

"Right now, yeah, I do."

"Where are we headed?"

"A private island."

"Great." She rolled her eyes.

"I thought you'd like the idea."

"How long are we staying there?"

Destiny Blaine

“Ally, look, I have to tell you something. When I signed on for this job, I realized it could last a few days or a year or so...”

“A year or so?”

“Yes.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me!”

“Do you understand the kind of position you’re in?”

Ally adjusted the top part of her lounge before she settled down for some sunbathing. “I imagine I have a better idea than you do.”

“I guess so. An agent with the FBI certainly has enough tools at her disposal to train for this type of personal attack.” He sneered. “Tell me something, Agent Stephens—” Sarcasm dripped with the question. “How did you secure your job with a bunch of criminals in your family?”

She glared at him.

“Not going to answer? Have it your way. I imagine before this is over, I’ll want to send The Bureau a thank you note for training you. By the way, what weapons do you have?”

“Why?”

“I want to keep an inventory of what we have.”

“Everything I have is either in my duffel bag or the front pocket of my suitcase. You’re welcome to go take a look. Right now, I’m going to relax and wait for breakfast.”

Santino liked her idea. The fighter in him was dying to see what weapons she brought along. The man lingering behind an ever-present erection

Unspoken Requests

couldn't wait to see what else she carried in her bag of tricks. She had all but given him permission to snoop and he planned to take full advantage of the opportunity.

* * * *

Santino wasn't the first man to rummage through her weaponry and he wouldn't be the last. With enough guns and ammunition to keep him entertained for a few minutes, Ally decided to test the waters. The small pool looked inviting and she needed to unwind.

She stepped into the warm, soothing waters of the hot tub. With her head and shoulders against the rim, she released a sigh. "Ah, this is heaven." It was close, so close.

Her hands settled on her thighs and instinctively, she spread her legs. How long had it been since she'd gotten off? How much time had passed since Tanner had taken her hard and wild against a bedroom wall? Too long, so long in fact, she craved it. And for some reason, she needed it now.

Swallowing tightly, she closed her eyes and let her hands wander over her hips. She rose up as if she wanted to pretend someone waited there with his hands, lips, cock—Tanner. She squeezed her eyes tighter and cupped her breasts. Without the appropriate padding, the thin material covering her chest allowed her to feel the impressions of her nipples.

Ally wasn't an experienced woman but in the

Destiny Blaine

few hours she'd spent with Tanner, she'd grown to understand she was a sexual woman. Her mind churned forward. Thoughts of Tanner rising over her with his hard cock swelling at her entrance drove her to reach under her bathing suit. At the crotch, her hand was trapped against the seam once she parted her folds and dipped her fingers inside her moist, wet channel. "Oh damn, this is what I need." She rose and fell against her palm and her neck rolled over to the side as she plunged her fingers into her pussy again and again.

Her mouth fell open and with a sigh, she began to work harder for her release. She thought of Tanner's hands caressing her, his mouth working over her nipples, his body next to her own and his tongue. God, his tongue. She wanted him so bad in those few seconds that she thought she'd die if he didn't help her, if he didn't let her come. Squeezing tighter, she imagined the two of them in bed together, rolling around on the mattress, licking champagne off one another as they lavished in a reunion, a joining, and a true celebration. She held onto his face, and their images.

"Sweet." She moved her thumb over the little button and fondled her clit manipulating the pressure, dying for pleasure. "Oh shit."

Her hand tensed, her fingers not reaching as far as the cock she wanted most now. Her body shook, her orgasm rode in faster and faster. Her chin dropped again and when it did, she captured a hard kiss, an earth-shattering, mind-blowing, life-

Unspoken Requests

changing kiss.

It was sinful, and wickedly wrong. She squeezed her eyes tighter, refusing to acknowledge whose mouth captured her lips, whose kiss she was in because right then, she didn't care. Not right then, not right there.

Her fingers scissored, his mouth hovered, his tongue stroked and licked. Solid, masculine fingertips covered her nipple and twirled it into a tight bead and she came. In volts of pleasure, she writhed against her own hand, his touch, and his kiss. And she wrapped her arm around his neck and held him there as the tears began to stream down her cheeks.

* * * *

Santino knew he had no right to kiss her like this but damnation, the woman held him in a complete trance once he returned to the deck. She caught him by complete surprise when he rounded the corner. Her hard nipples pressing against the white, sleek material left nothing to the imagination and her whimpers—oh but yeah, they were the moans of a female—made it impossible for him to turn away.

Then he saw her hand. Good damn, how her tiny little hand moved between her soft thighs. He didn't have a sensible thought afterwards. He wanted to taste her passion and when she hungered for more, he kissed her. It was a dumb move but so far, so good.

His tongue tapped hers and he sucked it in as

Destiny Blaine

he twirled his around hers in a tight assurance that he was there. He was the man who'd enjoyed her orgasm, maybe even the one who provoked it. He cupped her neck and pulled her up out of the water and that's when he realized he moved too fast, too soon.

Her hands flew to his chest. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I could ask you the same thing." His mouth twitched. His dick danced.

She glanced back at the water like she planned to blame her public sex act on the hot tub. Maybe it was possessed or something, though he doubted it.

"You..."

"I was doing what any other man would do in my shoes. I kissed a woman who was bringing herself pleasure and she liked it. There's nothing to discuss here, Ally."

Her rosy red cheeks flushed with the remnants of desire. "You had no right to kiss me."

"You had no right to fuck yourself in broad daylight where the hired help can see you."

"You don't understand. There's no possible way a man like you could begin to understand." She snapped her wrist and pulled away from him.

He damn near came in his pants when he saw her. The white swimsuit clung to her curves and allowed him to see every inch of her as if it only provided a second covering, a duplicate skin.

"You think I don't know you have desires? I told

Unspoken Requests

Tanner the same thing I'm going to tell you. If you've been several months without a man, it's only a matter of time before you're going to look for one, need one. And baby, I'm available. I told him when I took this job that I'm ready if you're looking. Are you already on a search, Ally?"

"Don't talk to me about this now," she snapped.

He stalked forward. "I know you get lonely. I saw it in your eyes when I met you. I felt it just then it that kiss, and dear God, honey, I saw it in how your body reacted to your own hand."

"Stop this." She pushed by him then and when she did he grabbed her around the waist. Tightly, he pulled her against him with some level of controlled force. His lips slanted over hers.

With a tight lip, she resisted him at first but it only took a few minutes before he won. Just a little persistence, unmatched effort, and her arms wrapped around his neck. Her mouth captured his and they were lost.

His lips searched, going deep for a satisfying kiss she didn't break. It took all the will he had to keep their connection only at a kiss.

Where he'd pressed into her in the past, now he matched wits with his manhood, and his own desires, to ensure his cock never moved against her body. One touch, one slip of his hand, and he knew she'd back away. Right now he didn't want to know what desertion felt like. Right now, he wanted this. He needed to take her kiss and revel in all sorts of

Destiny Blaine

future possibilities.

She tore away from him, still yearning, but determined. “This is wrong, Santino.” Her eyes flickered with lust. Her breasts rose and fell with each breathless syllable.

“It might be wrong, but no one is here but me and you. No one is around to watch.”

“Except the staff.”

“And they work for me.”

He pulled her against him again. His lips sought hers once more and this time, he didn’t want self-control to hinder his pursuits. Before he tried to think of all the reasons why he had to agree—this is so wrong—he moved. His hand cascaded down her side, across her ass, and he held her against the rough ridges of his cock.

She squirmed, resisted, but then heaven help him, she arched.

“That’s it, Ally. Let me have you. Just once, let me have you.” He whispered into her neck and his tongue lapped at her skin. His palm opened under her pussy and, maneuvering the material with his finger, he pressed into her tight snatch. Once she didn’t deny him, he moved it out of the way and pumped into her tight cave with a goal, an agenda—to make her come.

Her forehead rested against his shoulder as her body moved with his thrusts. “Oh God, this is...”

He ignored her. “Tight, damn you’re so tight, Ally. Don’t fight it, baby. You know you need this. Ride it out. Let me feel your little snatch heat up

Unspoken Requests

like a hot summer day.”

He wanted to fuck her. His balls were pinched so tight against his pants that he thought he felt a thread pop. His fingers twisted into her pussy, pumped into her moist center with a reason, a cause to keep them working. If he stopped before she came, he knew she’d push him away, give him an excuse he didn’t want to hear.

“Come to me, Ally. Let me feel your body milk my fingers, lover. Let go of that guarded control.” His lips latched onto hers again and his hand moved, just an inch so he had better leverage, and far more power. He ripped her bathing suit and yeah, oh yeah, he possessed complete mobility now.

Ally’s screams hung in her chest. She clawed at his chest like a little vixen, a woman fighting for release, an orgasm she wanted to take but a mind that wanted to fight it off for as long as possible. Mind over body, he knew which one would win in the end if he didn’t make her come for him, but he realized what she needed, what she’d never resist. He dropped to his knees and in a split second, parted her folds with his tongue.

* * * *

Ally froze. She felt him smiling against her pussy lips and she realized, at least for a moment, he mocked her. She stumbled away from him, but somehow he held her closer.

“Oh, no you don’t.” He held her bottom with both hands while he sipped at her cunt, uncurling

Destiny Blaine

his tongue right into her tight space.

“Stop.” It didn’t sound like her voice. The request squeaked out into the open air in a pleading tone. “I don’t like it. I mean it. Stop.”

“You like it, Ally. I can tell you like it.” But he released her. Her juices still fresh on his lips, he stood up and touched her parted lips with his fingertips. “You want this. You *need this*.”

“Look what you’ve done.” She glanced down at the scattered material of her swimsuit. Her tears started to fall and Santino pulled her to him.

“I’m not sorry,” he said hoarsely.

“I am.” She pushed him away, bent down to retrieve several pieces of her swimsuit and wrapped the towel around her trembling body. “It won’t happen again.”

She hurriedly walked across the deck and before she disappeared, he called out a promise she heard all too loud and clear. “Ally, you have no idea what the future holds but one thing I can predict is something you can deny all you want. I am coming to *your bed* each and every night. And while I may stay there to protect you, it’s only a matter of time before you want me there for all the right reasons.”

In a panic, she picked up her pace, practically ran down the spiral steps, and rushed through the master bedroom door. She rushed across the plush carpeting and quickly made her way into the master bath, where she immediately started her bath water. She had to wash off his smell, his

Unspoken Requests

maddening, controlling, all-male aroma. If she didn't get the scent of him off of her skin, she was going to come undone and when she did, he'd be there waiting for her.

Destiny Blaine

Chapter Six

Santino didn't look up when she joined him for dinner. He reached for a bowl of asparagus and focused on the meal instead of the woman he wanted to take as his appetizer, or maybe even save for dessert.

"I want to call Tanner."

"Not tonight. We have set guidelines we follow, on his orders. You're not going to break them just so you can clear your conscience and ease your guilt." He cut his steak and then slowly moved it to his mouth.

"I want to talk to my girls. This has nothing to do with what happened earlier."

He rose from his chair and walked across the room. He shut the atrium doors so the staff wouldn't witness their conversation. "This has everything to do with what happened earlier. It's the only reason you locked yourself away in the stateroom, which by the way, won't happen again." He took his seat once more. "I am supposed to protect you. Tanner wants you where I can see you at all times. Those are my orders."

Ally glared at the plate in front of her.

"It's good. Rios is an excellent chef."

"I'm sure." Ally tossed the cloth napkin across her lap. "Have you ever been in love before?"

"Me? No. I'm not a man who falls for a piece of ass. Women have their place—it's bent over or

Unspoken Requests

spread open. Outside of those two positions, there are few others that appeal to me for longer than a few minutes.”

She didn’t know why but suddenly she was relieved to hear it. She felt her lips curve in a smile, and soon she was laughing.

“Like that, huh?”

“Yeah, well, I guess I’m easily amused. How many years did you practice that one? I bet you’ve said those words to several women in your lifetime.”

“Actually, you’re the first.” He suddenly didn’t look as relaxed as he had when she’d first joined him. He quickly added, “But I’m sure I’ll use it again since it seemed to work its charms on you.”

“Definitely an unusual pick-up line.” She stabbed her steak with her fork and brought a small piece to her lips.

“I have more.”

“I’m sure.”

“Do you want me to use them?”

He dabbed his mouth with the corner of the beige napkin and tossed it forward. He glanced up at the mirrors over the dining room table. “You know, I’m beginning to think whoever owned this yacht first had a thing for mirrors in all the right places.”

She looked up too and saw his vantage point immediately. Her cleavage was pushed up over her bright red blouse and by the time her gaze met his again, his lips were moist. He brought his cocktail

Destiny Blaine

to his lips.

"I didn't offer to fix you a drink. Would you like anything?"

"No, thank you. I'll stick with non-alcoholic."

"Don't trust yourself on liquor?"

"I just don't drink a lot."

"Well, that shot one plan all to hell." He crossed his thick arms over his chest.

Ally changed the subject. "How long before we arrive at the island?"

"Without complications, we'll be there by the time you wake up in the morning."

"You're not sleeping tonight, I take it?"

"Pirates. I have to watch for them."

"Pirates?"

"Yep, we have a lot of them floating around out here. They search for yachts with beautiful women and men with cocks so hard they never see the enemy sneaking up on them."

Ally laughed. "You just don't quit, do you?"

"Baby, you have no idea. I push and push, and I do it when it counts most."

Ally decided rather than argue with Santino or go back and forth about what was appropriate and what wasn't, she'd just eat and do it in the comfort of silence. At one point, Santino fixed another drink and moved from the dining area to the deck. It was then Ally noticed the piped-in music playing softly in the background.

She went to the bar and poured an apple brandy and then joined him outside because she

Unspoken Requests

thought she saw a burst of something in the distant sky. He nodded in the same direction. "Someone is shooting off fireworks, doesn't look like a bad show."

Before she thought about it, she moved to the rail to stand beside of him. Sure enough, a lovely display of fireworks splayed across the sky in an undetermined pattern. Steely Dan's *Deacon Blues* played softly in the distance.

From the corner of her eye, she watched him take in the bright colors unfolding before them. Santino was a good-looking man. His features seemed chiseled to perfection. His high cheekbones, thick lips, and wavy, coal black hair accentuated a slender nose and black eyes. Then there was the body, the part she needed to avoid most. Hard arms, harder chest, cut thighs, and she bet on a case of abs.

"Santino, what's your last name?"

"What does it matter?" He turned to face her. He didn't look angry but he didn't look like he planned on supplying it either.

"It doesn't. Well, I guess it does." She smiled nervously. "I guess I want to at least know who kissed me, since..."

"Since what?"

"*That* doesn't matter."

"It might."

She shook her head and then shivered as another four explosions filled the sky. Various shades decorated the darkness.

Destiny Blaine

“Are you cold?”

“No, I’m going in after I finish my drink, anyway. It’s just the boom-factor.”

“The boom-factor?”

“You know, the noise with the fireworks.”

“Tough FBI woman and you’re afraid of a little noise?”

“Years ago, Steve—my partner—and I were on a stake-out on the fourth of July. It was a dirty deal expected to go bad and it did. We lost several agents that night and a lot of it was because of how and when the shots were fired.”

“I see.” He moved closer. “You weren’t shot, were you?”

“Oh, heavens no. Are you kidding me? Back then, Tanner had such a tight tail on me that if a bullet had grazed the skin, he would’ve pulled me off the case, kicking and screaming.”

“So you and Tanner, you go way back, huh?”

She nodded, that sorrow-filled smile covering her face. She tried to stop it so he wouldn’t read it but it was too late. She’d been told all too often by Steve that it was an expression she wore a lot and once or twice, she even saw it for herself when she looked at her reflection. Now, she recognized it without the necessity of a mirror to double-check for accuracy.

“I imagine it’s been a rocky road since you’ve been working to fight the very things he profits from.”

“I guess we’ve had our moments.”

Unspoken Requests

“How many of them?” His intensity made it a serious question.

“What?”

“You know what I’m asking, Ally. I want to know how many *intimate moments* you’ve shared with him.”

She didn’t want to answer him, yet she found herself blurting it out in spite of what she wanted. “I was with Tanner one time when I got pregnant with the girls. One time, and everything went to hell.”

“That’s it? You’ve been with him one time?”

“Well, no. Since then, there have been a couple of times, passing in the night—that sort of thing.” She laughed and then whispered, “Not many though, too few.”

“Damn...and there’s never been anyone else?”

“You ask a lot of questions.” She nudged him with her glass. “Since you have a lot of them, fix me another apple brandy, and I might answer one or two.”

“I thought you didn’t drink.”

“A couple after-dinner drinks never killed anyone.”

He returned with a bottle of water for himself and her dark liquor swirling around in her tumbler. The boat slowly moved forward, closer and closer to the colors in the night. The boom caused her to flinch again. This time, he didn’t seem to notice.

“Steve and maybe Marcel, who else?” He picked right up where he left off.

Destiny Blaine

"I didn't sleep with Steve or Marcel. It's really not your business to ask, you know." She giggled as she sipped her drink. "Those are the only questions I'm answering. Save a few for another night."

"Not a problem. We're going to have a few of them, it seems." He sat down on the lounge and with his palms flat against the cushions, he stretched his legs out in front of him. "Let me ask one more."

"On one condition?"

"What's that?"

"You don't ask any other ridiculous questions about potential lovers."

"I have to ask this one." His gaze lingered over her body before he stared into her eyes again. "Ally, have you been with anyone at all, other than Tanner?"

She tilted her chin high and thought once more about refusing the man. Again, she didn't go with her first instinct. "You shouldn't ask personal questions."

"This one is important."

"Why?" She studied him closer, harder.

"I want to know if I take you to bed if I'm taking a woman with experience or a woman who saved herself for the wrong man."

"Tanner is not the wrong man."

"Maybe not, but I'm beginning to think he's the wrong man for you."

* * * *

Santino had never been in love. He'd never

Unspoken Requests

loved a woman with anything other than his cock and he never mistakenly let the dirty deed interfere with his work. He had a motto similar to the old adage, *Love 'em and leave 'em*. Only, his was *Leave 'em in love*. He didn't play around as much as his reputation suggested because he was on the move a lot. Typically, he found a woman to service his needs while he was in a particular area, and he treated her real nice. Took her roses, a few gifts, and then disappeared before she had the chance to become too attached.

He'd met a few families too, something he later regretted. He imagined there were brothers and fathers still out there looking for him. Some might even want to get a hold of him and string him up by his nuts. Still, he didn't lie to a woman. He refused to make promises. He didn't want a woman to think he was hers to have and to hold. He never wanted to be that kind of man.

Until now.

He watched Ally sleep in her pastel pajamas. He practically had to beg her to slip into something more comfortable. Fortunately, she had a little buzz going and let him help her. She had held onto his shoulders with soft, inviting eyes but all the while stared at him with some element of fear.

When he helped her out of her low-cut top and into her silky-smooth tank, she'd turned her back to him. It didn't matter. The mirrors in the room allowed him to see it all. Those soft, luscious breasts were enough to have his cock dancing

Destiny Blaine

again. He couldn't wait to lose his pants now that blue balls reminded him of the excruciating pain found in masculine desires.

When he turned down the sheets earlier, Ally tripped onto the mattress with only one whisper, one pleading request. "Please don't take advantage of me."

He then kissed her forehead and tucked her in like a small, fragile doll anyone might break given the right opportunity. "Sleep tight," he told her before he turned out the light.

Now he stood at the bay window, looking out into the darkness, waiting for the first signs of trouble. Afraid it might exist there, and scared to death that if it did, he wouldn't see it headed his way.

* * * *

"DeLuca," he whispered into the phone around six o'clock in the morning. "Don't you ever sleep, man?"

"I sleep when I know where Ally is and that she's safe." Tanner's voice held a lot of concern.

"She's still resting. I've been up all night trying to watch for her friends."

"Any sign of them?"

"No, but they're out there."

"Your buddy Bolzro gave a good description of the boat and of you as well. He spoke freely to two of our guys. Money is talking him right out of silence."

"I was afraid of that."

Unspoken Requests

“Yeah, well, me too. I told Darren and David he’d be a problem but they thought if they paid him enough hush money, he’d go away. He wants more.”

“I’ll have someone take care of it,” Santino said.

Ally stirred and he caught a glimpse of her pink skin. The little vixen was in the morning sun long enough yesterday to flush her rosy cheeks and the rest of her exposed body parts. His dick twitched as he thought about the day before. How she’d tasted on his lips when he parted her folds with his tongue. God, what he would’ve paid to stay there in that one brief moment.

“So Ally’s okay?”

“She’s fine.”

“Everything is in order at the house. We’re working on the Colombians but, Santino, they’ve raised it again. Five million for her dead, and seven if she’s brought in untouched.”

“What?” He damn near raged when he heard the words spoken. He realized his anger allowed him to show his hand.

Silence stilled the conversation. “Santino?”

“I’m here.”

“Is anything going on I should know about?”

“No, between that creep Marcel, sleep deprivation, and a woman who is hell bent on doing things her way, I’m fine.”

Tanner chuckled, though it came across stiff, nearly forced. “Take care of her.”

Destiny Blaine

“You got it.” He snapped the phone shut and walked over to the bed. He longed to take her in his arms now. He needed to hold her so tight that he knew without a doubt if anyone touched her, if any fingertips gripped her closer, the hands that held her would only be his own.

Chapter Seven

Ally stood in the foyer, looking around at their new temporary residence. "It's ostentatious, don't you think?"

"Are you surprised?" Santino moved around the house with her on his heels as he checked out the security of the house.

"It's too big, if you ask me. If we're blind-sided, attacked, I mean, then we're kind of sitting ducks here."

"Not if we plan ahead," he said.

"So far, I haven't seen a blueprint for success here." She winked.

"Darlin', if you knew the things I had in store for us, then you wouldn't make such an assumption." He laughed as he continued to open closets, slam drawers, and look for anything that might suggest dangerous intruders beat them there.

"Did I hear you on the phone with Tanner this morning?"

"Yeah, he called early." He wondered why she hadn't asked to speak to him. The day before, she'd damned near put up a fight just to call him with a report on their escapades.

"Anything new?" Staying right behind him, she followed him into the master bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed while he examined the windows and locks, securing them.

"Nothing new; no news is good news, right?" He

Destiny Blaine

searched her eyes to see if she detected anything different than what he revealed.

"You're forgetting who you're talking to, Santino. I was one of the best agents in..."

"I'm sure you were the best, Ally. For the record, I keep that in mind at all times. I know there may be a point when I'll need you at my back." *Or on yours.* He didn't verbalize the last part but his cock twitched with sudden acknowledgement.

"Well, I guess we're good then," she said.

"All clear here."

"I think I'm going to spend the day by the pool. I'd hate to waste a beautiful day inside again."

"Sounds like an idea." *A darned good one, too.* Damn it all, if he saw her in a bathing suit again, he was going come in his pants or throw her down and pound into her like a sudden storm.

"Oh, you don't have to..."

"Actually, I have some work to do. I won't bother you if you don't bother me. Deal?" His defiant tone wasn't really pointed at her but sexual frustration drew out the hateful side of a man, particularly him.

"But you're going to work poolside, no doubt."

"Absolutely. I think the scenery there offers more than anything this five mile island has to offer."

"Oh, stop flirting."

"Who's flirting?" He leaned in and kissed her lightly on the mouth before he passed by her. He

Unspoken Requests

shouldn't have, he knew it when he did it.

Her fingertips slipped over her lower lip and she caressed the same place his lips only touched for a second. It would've been all he offered her if he hadn't noticed the way she caressed where his lips left an intended bittersweet memory.

"Ally?"

She blinked. "I'll get ready and meet you by the pool."

He stepped forward again, wrapped his arms around her tightly and then kissed her gently on the mouth again, only a peck. "You have few choices now since I ripped your swimsuit to shreds." Again, he offered a deliberate reminder.

"I have a few swimsuits."

"Anything that covers your ass?" He smiled as he remembered the thong swimsuit he found in one of the side pockets of her luggage.

"Been prowling a little too much in my suitcase?"

"No, but I happen to like the remaining choices. Wear the black thong."

"You're impossible!" She wiggled from his arms and dropped to the floor in front of her bags.

He should've walked out right then. He had a brain, a little will power, and a lot riding on her safe return to a man who apparently loved her so much he couldn't sleep without her in his arms. Still, he did the unthinkable. He dropped to the floor, slid in behind her like he'd done it two hundred and fifty times.

Destiny Blaine

“What are you doing?” She turned around with a fiery spirit flashing in her eyes.

“Ally, let me ask you something.”

“You ask too many questions.” She snapped at him over her shoulder and began to frantically work with the zipper on her suitcase, inching it around the bulge of too many clothes packed in one bag.

“Too bad, it’s the nature of my business.”

“No, it’s curiosity driving the man,” she said.

With his back against a sofa, he spread his legs and pulled her to him. “Ally, I want to know what you think about when we’re together like this.” His lips scraped over the nape of her neck. He moved her hair to the side so his mouth was free to skim over her flesh. “I have to know...need to find out more about the woman, not the agent on the run, or Tanner Dorsey’s lover from the past.” His lips moved over her shoulder and down her thin arm before he gathered the material covering her breast and sucked it in to his dangerously motivated mouth.

“Santino...” Breathless, she said his name with a lust-filled sound.

He wasn’t even sure he heard the emotional sigh. When she released it, she gave away too much. She allowed him to sense her arousal, something a man shouldn’t know by listening for a woman’s next breath.

Moving her like a weightless doll, he forced her to face him. Her legs draped over his hips as she sat on the floor with him. His fingers trailed up and

Unspoken Requests

down her inner thighs.

“Tell me, Ally. Something, anything, tell me how you feel when you’re with me just like this.” He framed her face and then his lips crashed against hers in a hungry kiss, an inspiring, if not dominating tale of two lovers coming together by a force larger than anything they cared to explain.

“Santino, please don’t do this to me...” Carefree, like the wind, her hair swayed down her back and she stretched her neck reaching for more, but denying it all the same. His mouth spiraled out of control, the kisses were hotter, his need so thick it literally wedged its weight between her thighs.

He pressed his forehead to hers. “I know what you’re going to say. *No* it is, once again, eh?”

She closed her eyes, pursed her lips and nodded. “I love Tanner. I can’t do this. I can’t let what I’m feeling for you cloud the job you have to do. I can’t let these wild and crazy moments ruin the lifetime I’ve had with Tanner or the life we’re waiting to build together.”

“I understand.” He swallowed stiffly, released a disappointed moan and then rose from the floor. She nervously began to work with her luggage again.

“Ally, do you think he’s waited for you?” Tanner would kill him for placing an element of doubt in her mind. He didn’t have the right to do it, but he was a man grasping at straws. No, if he wanted to try for a better explanation, one existed. He wanted Ally’s attention, her affection,

Destiny Blaine

and God help him, maybe even her love.

She stared at him in sudden surprise. "I know he has."

"Do you?"

"Of course." She smiled. "If I didn't believe it, I'd already have you stripped off and growling with all sorts of never-ending promises."

He winked and then turned toward the door. Right as he did, he caught a quick movement, several of them all at once. "Ally, get down!" As suddenly as he saw a figure move by the window, he yanked Ally from the floor and shoved her into the hallway.

"Damn it to hell." She kicked the back wall behind her. "I have to get my duffel bag. Cover me." Before he could stop her, she flipped across the room twice, seized the bag and returned with it in a blaze of gunfire.

"Do that again, and I'll shoot you in the ass just so I can bandage it." He sneered. "Stay down, and behind me. No funny stuff."

"Got it."

He pulled a phone from his pocket. "We've got trouble here! Account for everyone on the boat and do it now. Call back and let me know who we've got positioned where and hurry. We've got to get out of here. Ambushed upon arrival!"

"Ally! Stay down!" He saw her little body move around him, fly across the floor and roll over for two shots to a man's groin.

"Shit!" Agonizing pain rang out around the

Unspoken Requests

room as another intruder dodged a couple of bullets. "Fucking cunt!"

A thick French accent pierced through the foyer as three men were brought down by Santino and one more fell to his knees, thanks to Ally thinking fast enough on her feet to drop to her sweet little knees. Santino would forever be indebted to her. That one had a bullet with his name on it. After the man appeared out of nowhere, there wasn't any doubt, if Ally failed to move fast, the blood spilling now would be his own.

Santino grabbed her wrist and they jumped over a few bodies and right as they headed outside, one man grabbed Santino around the throat while another one lying on the floor grabbed Ally's ankle. He quickly yanked her to the ground.

The man's hand immediately settled on her bottom. "Tell me something, gorgeous. What's that hot little twat going to do for the Colombians? Why is it worth more untouched? Are your walls covered in priceless gold or is it a tight little snatch just itching for a wild man's ride?" His hand slid from her ass to her pussy. A few seconds later and Santino freed himself from a chokehold by shooting the man who held him.

He reloaded and fired. "Yeah. Some might even say worth more than the gold offered." He kicked the perverted S.O.B.'s corpse a few times and then gathered Ally into his arms and they ran, sprinted across the wide open space in front of them.

Leaping across split logs, they spotted the

Destiny Blaine

yacht in the far distance. They kept running, realizing they weren't sure which way to go but keeping their eyes focused and ready for anything. The oceanfront property was elevated on a cliff and below them, they could see the crew quickly jogging back to the boat. They were all well informed of how they should respond in times of trouble and from the look of things, they were reacting appropriately.

"We've got about six minutes, Ally, before we're left behind. Can you make it?"

"I can if you can." She bent over, caught her breath, quickly took in their surroundings, trying to figure out the best route down, and then took off in a sprint. Skipping across one pile of rocks, they'd jump over another. Occasionally, Santino grabbed her hand, clutched her as tightly as he knew how without breaking her and helped her make her way to the final cliff. Looking behind him, he saw one of the injured pull out a few devices and he understood what came next.

"Jump, Ally! Jump now!" They leapt to safety as an explosion rocked the land area above them. Rolling across the sand, they both sprang to their feet. Without looking back, they ran as fast as they could, making it to the speed boat in time to follow the yacht back into the open waters and the temporary shelter of familiar surroundings.

* * * *

"You're hurt." Santino helped her from the small boat onto the yacht.

Unspoken Requests

As a matter of fact, he was right. As luck would have it, she seemed to move slower than normal and had a throbbing pain in her hip.

"I'm fine," she snapped.

"O...kay." He rolled his eyes. "Here, sit down. I'll be right back."

Leaving her to her own vices, and undoubtedly a strong temper brewing for whatever reason, Santino tossed her the phone. "Dial Dorsey back and tell him his little home in the islands just went up in smoke." He turned back to his nervous staff and crew. He barked several tall orders, those she didn't care to overhear. She was on a mission. She wanted blood—some of Tanner's would do or some from those who'd tried to hit pay dirt with her body.

"Talk to me, DeLuca. You'd better tell me my baby is fine or else you're a dead man."

"DeLuca?" she questioned and immediately noticed Santino's shoulders stiffen. *Well, I'll be damned.* She acted unimpressed and turned her attention, never mind her fury, back to Tanner.

"Ally? Is that you?"

"It's me."

"Oh, thank God. It's not Marcel. We've got a tail and a lock on him. Seems his ship is about to sink and he's in a marina near Miami."

"These men, Tanner, they had a thick French accent, some spoke the language fluently, some only spoke English."

"How many?"

Destiny Blaine

"I don't know. The body count will be tough to confirm. Your home is..."

"It's fine, Ally. It's fine. How about Santino? Did he make it out okay?"

"Yes, he's with the crew, trying to talk them into staying with us, I imagine."

"Are you hurt?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I'm not. I'm pissed. I've had time to think about this and I have a few bones to pick with you." Her sass with Tanner was a given. They always had their share of friendly verbal fire. She walked toward the bow of the boat. "I left a good job, one with great benefits. I walked away for what, Tanner? Huh? Tell me, because dodging bullets and dealing with drug lords is part of my everyday job description but so help me, the FBI never put me in this kind of danger! Do you have anything at all to say for yourself?"

"Ally..."

"No. I didn't think so." She continued to pace and rant. "It's always been this way with us. You decided when you'd finally kiss me, you made the decision of when you'd finally fuck me, then obviously—and not that I'm complaining—you made the decision of when we'd have kids, though I'm sure I had something to do with that, too, but the point is..."

"I love you, Ally." Humor danced in his voice.

She hated it when he did that. She could almost see him crossing his arms over his inflated chest, swelled with pride, no doubt.

Unspoken Requests

“I love you too, but I gotta tell you, I’m beginning to see that there is very little in this relationship for me. It’s what you want, what messes I have to clean up that you make, it’s really started to chap my...” She started to slap her own tail when she realized she had a significant problem.

“Ally? Is everything okay? Ally?”

“Damn it to hell!” She squealed as her hand pooled in a stream of red blood. “And now, to beat it all, some prick shot me in the fucking ass!” She slammed the phone shut and tossed it in the water before she marched past the staff and then fell face first into Santino’s arms.

Chapter Eight

Ally felt like she lived in another time and place. Maybe the old west, perhaps she was riding on the range rather than floating on water. No, she was most definitely on water. Her belly reminded her again and again as the boat found a cruising speed guaranteed to bring about motion sickness for the seriously ill.

She remembered hearing something said about two bullets. Sure enough, at some point during the night, two noisy cling-clangs alerted her to the fact that the bullets were removed. Someone must've saved them for a souvenir when they placed them in a metal bowl.

At one point, she thought she heard David's voice, but she decided she was delusional. She overheard someone telling Santino to 'keep her sedated' and then there was a vague memory of something about antibiotics.

She was in and out. Once she woke up to Santino, another time she woke up to a man who kept his back to her, again the one who resembled her brother David, and another time, she could've sworn Tanner was there, too. Was Tanner there? Had he come for her? Probably not, and he shouldn't. He had to stay with Molly and Holly, protect them.

"It's been four days. Today, the sedatives stop." She heard Santino arguing with someone.

Unspoken Requests

“Look, I know you have her best interests at heart but she took two shots to the ass; it’s not life-threatening and she doesn’t have a fever. She’s fine. I told you, she’s a fighter.” He sounded proud.

“Tanner? Santino?” She called out to both men, assuming both were there. Santino entered the room with a worried expression covering his brow. “Santino, what happened?”

She forgot all about Tanner the minute she saw him.

“You don’t remember?”

“I remember talking to Tanner on the phone, looking down, seeing a lot of blood, a lot of blood...”

“Stay with me, sunshine,” Santino said.

“Then, nothing. How long have I been out?”

“Four days.”

“Was Tanner here?”

“David is here. He’ll come in and talk to you before he leaves. We thought you were going to have to have a blood transfusion and you two share the same blood type. Who knew such a small ass...”

“Don’t. Just don’t. I’d rather you spare the jokes at the expense of my behind, especially since you’re the one who jinxed it in the first place with your threat to shoot my ass.”

“And a pretty ass it is.” He took her hand in both of his. “Are you hungry?”

“No. I’d like to have some fresh air, though.”

“Then fresh air it is.” He moved to the side of the bed and grabbed her robe.

Destiny Blaine

"I don't need that damned thing. I'm in pajamas, for crying out loud."

"With nipples as hard as cannonballs." He smacked his lips and ran his thumb over one to prove a valid point. "Are you sure you want your brother taking back a report like that to Tanner?"

"At this point I don't care. Tanner is responsible for my ass being shot to hell and back."

"Here, let me get you a sweatshirt." After walking over to the closet, Santino returned with a navy blue selection. Across the front, it sported bold red print. "Property of Tanner Dorsey." He growled and then added, "Nice touch. I guess he wanted me to have a few reminders here and there."

"I'm sure. I guess he doesn't know you had the great opportunity to examine my backside, now does he?"

"As a matter of fact, the doc said for me to massage it every day for the next thirty to forty-five days so I've been working you over pretty good in front of that brother of yours."

"I see you're full of yourself this morning."

"Uh, it's almost seven here. In Ally's world, I'm sure the time change varies considerably."

Ally studied Santino for a few seconds. "Did you get laid or something?"

He chuckled. "Hell no, why?"

"You're in an awful good mood."

He licked his lips and then bent down to lift her up. He cradled her against his body, and whispered

Unspoken Requests

in her ear, “Why wouldn’t I be in the best of moods? I’ve had that bare ass of yours against my thigh for the last several nights and with any luck, we’ve bypassed the modesty elements. We’re working on keeping you coherent for the best of finales.”

Ally giggled and then passed out against his shoulder.

“It wasn’t that funny.” He kissed the top of her head and carried her up to the main deck. Releasing her, he positioned her in one of the loungers, facing her brother.

“She’s out again? Are you sure she’s all right?”

“Doc says it’ll take a few days. I can’t thank you enough for getting him here when you did.”

David studied Santino before he responded, “Isn’t that something I would say? Something like, ‘DeLuca, I can’t thank you enough for looking after Ally? Risking your own life to save hers?’”

Santino refused to look at him until he decided how to proceed. He understood he needed to take his time before he made a final decision. He’d had a few days to think about a lot of things as he listened to Ally’s dreams and her nightmares. He’d held her when she cried, bathed her in ice rags when her fever reached dangerous levels, and rocked her when she shuddered. He wasn’t going to ignore the fact that some very strong feelings were developing, and they were mutual.

“You care about her?” David was straightforward.

Destiny Blaine

“I do.”

“I told Tanner this was a mistake. I warned him from the beginning that if he put her in your care, he’d have to worry about more than her safety and I was right.”

No one said anything for a few minutes more. Ally stirred some. “Hang on. I’ll be right back.” Santino went into the salon and then returned with an afghan. He spread it out over her small frame. “She should wake up in a few minutes. She’s been in and out all afternoon.”

“Does she care about you?”

“I don’t know, I guess that’s something you’ll have to ask her.”

“Are you fucking her?”

“Hell no! What kind of question is that? A brother doesn’t ask a man those questions.”

“This brother does.”

David stood up and then walked over to Ally. He lightly touched her cheek. “She was the baby, you know. Darren and I took care of her. We told Tanner to leave her out of this and he wouldn’t. He had to have her. Now that he has her, I’m not willing to let someone come in and screw up what they’ve waited years to have. You understand?”

Santino took a deep breath. Damn it. He expected this kind of conversation with Dorsey, not Ally’s rogue brother.

* * * *

Ally jerked and then blinked her eyes. “David?”

“I’m here.”

Unspoken Requests

“Thank you so much for coming. Why didn’t Tanner come?”

“Ally, Santino’s going to have to explain everything to you. It’s complicated. Tanner isn’t free to move about the country right now, let alone the world.”

“Is he in jail or something?”

“Nothing like that.” He patted her head and then turned to Santino and said, “I need a few minutes with my sister.”

“Sure. Ally, do you need anything?”

“No, thank you. I appreciate it.” She turned her focus to David and she was ready for him. The expression on his face wasn’t one she was unfamiliar with at all. She’d seen it countless times as a teenager when he was about to bring down a gavel or run off another boyfriend he just didn’t like for whatever reason.

“How are you feeling? Really?”

“David, how would you feel if some asshole fired two rounds into your butt? How do you think I feel?” She wasn’t listening to one damned thing about Santino and by the concern washing over his face, the fright in his eyes—that’s where he planned to take the conversation in a hurry.

“I need to talk to you about DeLuca.” There it was again. She forgot all about Tanner calling Santino by his surname. She understood more about the man protecting her now that she put two and two together. Santino DeLuca was a wanted man and his name showed up on several agency lists,

Destiny Blaine

including America's Most Notorious Killers on the Run. Ally never quite understood why so many agents wanted to find him; from what she could tell, he only killed the scum of the earth—mob guys who killed for no apparent reason and those who ran in their inner circles.

Ally knew the DeLuca name from her earliest days as an agent. He was a killer, trained in foreign affairs, weapons, and money laundering. He protected those who wanted to pay his price and it typically ran high.

She didn't care. Right now, Santino had her back. Right now, he was here. Where were the rest of them when she called for them? Where was Tanner's posse when she needed them most?

"Ally, he's off limits. He's bad news." David interrupted her thoughts.

"I remember hearing the same about Tanner and for your information, I'm still in love with Tanner. He's the only man I've ever loved."

"And you're halfway in love with Santino, too."

"You're just hoping you can run home with some I-told-you-so news for Tanner. David, don't get involved in this. I'm asking you as a favor."

"Ally, I can't let this happen—you'll start a war bigger than you'll ever control. You don't understand. Tanner is sacrificing everything..."

"And what about me? Huh? What have I sacrificed? Let me tell you, let me *remind you*. I've given that man my life, my career, my love, my li...tt..le girls—" It was particularly difficult for her

Unspoken Requests

to even think about Molly and Holly right now. "And he took and took until he had everything I had to give!"

David gave her a minute to regain some element of composure. "Ally, Santino DeLuca is a cold-blooded killer."

"And he's no worse than you, Darren, or Tanner." She bit out the accusation and saw the sorrow in her brother's eyes.

"I'm not keeping this from Tanner."

"I never imagined you would."

"You want me to tell him you're in love with this guy?"

"I don't know what I feel for him yet but if that's the way you translate it, then maybe you're right. Even so, I imagine Tanner will still win. He always does, doesn't he?"

"Tanner would let you go but he would never let your girls..."

"Who said anything about letting anyone go, David?"

"Oh, now that's funny." He studied her for a long time. "You're going to expect him to share you with DeLuca? You must've taken a few slugs to the head, too, because I swear you've lost every lick of common sense I thought you possessed."

"And you've talked more to me in the last ten minutes than you ever have in your lifetime."

David set his jaw. "I told him this would happen."

"What would happen?"

Destiny Blaine

"I told him it was a bad idea and he wouldn't listen."

"Why? Why did you tell him it was a bad idea? I mean, after all, I lived with Marcel for several years, standing by while he used my daughters to bait their father. I stood by as a teenager and watched as Tanner took one girl and then another to his bed. I have given up everything for him and did he show up here? Hell no!"

A voice of reason interrupted. "Actually, Ally, he did." Santino stepped outside again with a few bottles of water in tow. "It wasn't safe for him to stay, but he was here."

"Great, I need a shot in the mouth more than anywhere else. It's *painfully* obvious I need to learn to keep my trap shut." Her vision blurred and she immediately snapped out more rage, controlled fury. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough to know if Tanner would try a little honesty with you, then maybe you wouldn't self-destruct—you can tell him I said that, by the way." He leaned over David's shoulder and tapped him with a twenty-ounce water bottle, signifying he meant for him to report back to Tanner on his behalf.

"See, what I mean? *Lies*. All of you tell despicable lies or you lie by refusing to tell the whole truth and then you want me to march to some kind of traitorous tune because you order me to do it." She took the bottle Santino offered after he twisted the cap for her. "Thank you." She

Unspoken Requests

glared at her brother. “David, the body count we left behind there on the island was horrific. I was an agent with the FBI, for crying out loud! When and if anyone goes there to clean up the mess, they’re going to have a hot trail leading back to me. My luggage is—”

“On its way back here. We’ve got it covered and cleanup secured the place. Twenty-three dead. No witnesses.”

David arched an eyebrow. “See, Ally. *Cleanup* took care of it.”

She caught his underlying meaning and ignored it. So what if Santino had crews of men, armies for that matter, in charge of sweeping up his messes? She turned her focus back to Santino. “Tanner was here?”

“Yeah, he walked right in on us having a grand old time.”

She squinted. “I bet.”

“Well, at least one of us enjoyed it. I was about to bandage that sweet little ass.”

He took a swig of his water and then smirked at David. “A pretty little apple bottom just as cute as—”

“That’s it!” She stood up in record time and then took a seat again just as fast. Both men moved to her side.

“Ally, are you okay?” David asked.

“She’s not okay.” Santino sat down next to her and cradled her in his arms, much to her surprise and her brother’s dismay. “Ally doesn’t need this

Destiny Blaine

shit right now. I know this is hard for you to accept, it was tough for Tanner to, as well. Whatever you guys have put her through these last few years came out in the form of nightmares and dreams. The doctor says she's a nervous breakdown waiting to happen. Everyone stayed so busy dodging bullets and helping the money-flow that they haven't stopped to notice."

"Ally?" David showed concern. "Are you okay or not?"

"I'm fine."

Santino held her closer. "She thinks she's fine. For starters, Ally is anemic. She doesn't have the energy you people—her family—seem to think she has. Secondly, she carries around enough guilt to make her borderline crazy and finally, she doesn't have a life outside of the one you allow her to live—the one that doesn't include her daughters because you or Dorsey, someone, took them away." He used a hard tone, a firm voice, a deliberate and meticulous delivery. It was one hell of a monologue.

She wanted to applaud the effort.

David probably wanted to kill him. His clenched fists proved it. "We're going to make other arrangements to get you home." He glared at Ally. "It's a promise." He shot Santino the evil eye.

Reading between the lines, Santino informed him, "If Ally had been on the island with anyone else, that drug lord would have her body wrapped around his or we'd find her dead somewhere. We

Unspoken Requests

worked together and made it out of there alive. Dorsey can pull me off of this if he wants to do it but for once, I'm hoping you'll both try to consider Ally. Either way, I'm going to shadow her until this is over."

David's jaw twitched. "Yeah, well, tell that to Tanner."

"I can and I will."

Destiny Blaine

Chapter Nine

Several weeks passed and Ally made a full recovery. A doctor checked her out while they were in the Cayman Islands and gave her a clean bill of health right before he told her to drop her pants. Then he gave her a shot of Vitamin B12, only because those shots were recommended by the first doctor who checked her out on the yacht. Evidently she had a B12 deficiency and Santino wanted her to take the shots.

As they walked back to the marina that afternoon, Ally slapped Santino on the back of his head and informed him that she was onto his game. "I've had time to think about this. You can't get me to bend over for sex so you're going to see to it that every doctor in the world takes a look at my ass so you can peek, too?"

Santino draped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her close. "Ally, this is going to embarrass you but what can I say? I love to see those cheeks turn pink. Sweetheart, I've seen your ass so many times now that I swear I can tell you where every dimple is located."

Her mouth fell open and she blinked a few times. A couple of young, college-age men must have heard what he said and they snickered as they passed. One of them stretched his neck to check out her tail and Santino wanted to kill him.

"Close your mouth, darling, you're going to

Unspoken Requests

catch mosquitoes.” He patted her butt with a loving caress and growled as he slid an open palm into one of her back pockets. “Damn you for mentioning it here in public.”

“Damn you! I don’t have dimples in my ass.”

“You do, Ally.” He reluctantly slid his hand out of her pocket and pulled a chair out for her as they walked onto a covered patio area to listen to a live band and enjoy a few drinks.

“The hell I do. Do you understand what I’ve done to keep this ass fined-tuned?” She tossed her napkin out of the way rather than in her lap. Yeah, it was safe to say he pissed her off.

With a groan he answered her. “I know what you’re *not* doing to keep it in shape.”

“Yeah, well, I have to stay off my backside.” She grinned.

“No one said you had to have sex in missionary position. I can bend you over or twist you into any old position and we’ll get along just fine.”

The cutest smile he’d ever seen covered her face and without thinking about it, he reached out and cupped her neck. “Come here.”

“No way. You can kiss my dimpled ass if you think that’s going to work.”

“Fine, I’ll get you drunk and next time when you ask me not to take advantage of you, I’m going to claim my hearing aid wasn’t turned up loud enough to hear the request.”

“Uh-huh. I’d like to see you explain that to—” She stopped herself from saying his name.

Destiny Blaine

Santino didn't press. He motioned for the waitress and ordered a couple of drinks. "Apple martini for the lady and I'll have a scotch and water." He took the time to scan the nearby tables. He kept his eyes on everyone for a few seconds before he returned his focus to her.

"Checking out the babes?"

"Only one babe here." He scooted his chair closer to her about the time the music began to play. From where they were seated, they had a good view of the boat and it left them with both of their backs against a solid wall. It also gave Santino the opportunity to steal a kiss; this time, he didn't take no for an answer.

After he pulled away, Ally licked her lips. "You know how to work that mouth, don't you?"

"It's not the only thing I can work, baby." His fingertips scraped the inside of her thigh and she swatted him away.

"Stop that. These pants are too tight and I can feel those fingers like you were on my bare skin. Besides, every man in this place can tell what you're doing."

"The women can't? Damn, I was hoping a few of them would so they'd pull you aside and tell you how lucky you were to hold the attention of *your man...*" It fell out into the open before either of them expected it.

Ally shifted nervously and he silently cursed himself a few times before he slammed his palm against the wooden table. "Damn it, I can't help it.

Unspoken Requests

I'm not going to sit here and worry if I said the wrong thing or acted the wrong way." His eyes narrowed on her before he tilted her chin upward and asked her for a direct reply. "Ally, do you care about me?"

She gulped. "I wasn't expecting a question like that right now."

"You weren't expecting to hear me refer to myself as 'your' man either so we've had two surprises today, eh?"

Ally crossed her arms in front of her, and her tiny hands cradled her chin. "Santino, can I ask you something first?"

"Ask me anything."

"What did you and Tanner talk about when he came to visit? And why didn't he stay until I woke up?" Ally's feelings were hurt over it. In fact, she deliberately refused Tanner's phone calls and Santino knew she'd resorted to the oldest trick in the book—pouting.

"Can I back up and punt?"

"You don't want to talk about it?" She pressed for more and he wasn't sure how much Tanner wanted him to reveal.

"It's not that I won't talk about it, it's just that I think there are some things Tanner would prefer to talk about with you by himself."

"Since when do you care about what he wants?"

"I do work for the man." His gaze caught the eye of an Italian guy he knew well. In an instant,

Destiny Blaine

he nudged Ally. "We've got company, Ally."

"I saw him here last night when we were sitting out on deck. I think you're paranoid," Ally advised.

"I know him. He's one of the best sharpshooters I've ever known."

"Does he work alone?" Ally questioned.

"Fortunately for us, yes."

"Then let me..."

"Not on your life. He'd have you out of here before I could catch up to him. Stick close." Santino slapped some bills on the table and then pulled Ally behind him as he weaved through the crowd. "Keep an eye on him over your shoulder. See if he follows us."

In a matter of minutes, they were back on board and ready to move. Shoving binoculars in one of the crew member's hands, he said, "See the man in the white slacks?"

"Got him," the young crew member said.

"Any movement from him, any at all, scream bloody hell and hit the deck."

Santino began pushing Ally down the spiral steps, hurrying to get her out of danger and below deck. "Good grief, Santino, you're going to scare the boy to death. Let me watch him and—"

"No way. You're going to sit in this cabin." He pulled the drapes and continued talking. "—and think about the entertainment you want to have out on deck later or right here. We've stayed long enough in Grand Cayman. It's time to move. The shooter is Carlton Mezerati. He doesn't miss, Ally,

Unspoken Requests

and he won't take his chances of taking you in alive."

"You don't know that he's here for me." About the same time she said the words, the phone lit up in his pocket, the line for business, not one of Tanner's phones. He moved his finger over his mouth. "Shhh..."

She rolled her eyes.

He hit the speaker phone. "Talk."

She let out an irritated sigh. She was going to have to teach him everything—including how to answer the phone.

"Santino DeLuca?"

"You've got him. What can I do for you?"

"Do you know who this is?" A thick Italian accent laced with an illiterate question, without a doubt, he recognized the caller. Carlton Mezerati.

"I have to admit, I'm surprised to see you here in the Caymans."

"Ah, and I you, my friend. Seems you beat me to the finish this time."

Without missing an opportunity, Santino played along. "So it seems."

"I have a proposition for you. Interested?"

"Perhaps." Santino studied Ally as she began to make her way to the small dressing table. She stooped down, gripped the flat surface, and removed her high heels. Carefully, she removed her watch and earrings.

"I'll let you cash in on the woman if you'll lead me to her children."

Destiny Blaine

Her bracelet dropped as quickly as her jaw.

"Her children?" Santino remained calm, thoughtful.

"Two of them, twin girls."

"I haven't heard the price."

"It's enough. Much like the prize you'll collect for the woman, only a little sweeter this time because I can earn a quick five million more for their father—dead, of course."

"And you want me to lead you to them?"

Mezerati chuckled and after a few laughs, he simply added, "I believe you're slipping, my friend. From what I've observed, you're going to keep the woman for yourself. I'll make your life easier. She'll come to you without the baggage and reins of toddlers."

"Who wants them?"

"You know I'm not going to give up that information."

"I'll pay for it."

"It's not for sale."

Much to Santino's surprise, Ally didn't cry. Instead, her expression hardened, her eyes glazed over with pure ice and left behind a hatred so strong, only a mother ready to protect her endangered children would recognize it.

"It's a deal."

Santino made certain he read Ally's face as he said the three little words. She didn't flinch and it was then he realized Ally truly trusted him, but was it enough to help them through the days ahead? He

Unspoken Requests

hoped so. God, how he hoped so.

“Meet me where you last saw me. Two hours. Be there.” Immediately, the call disconnected and just as quickly, Ally began to pull out guns and ammunition.

He watched her as she struggled with gun clips one minute and reloaded a sniper rifle the next. “Ally?”

“Don’t say a word,” she snapped.

“Ally, you’re going to have to trust me here.”

She turned around and rapidly aimed a Glock in his direction. Tears streamed down her face. “You think I don’t trust you?” she screamed. “Do you realize that if I thought for one minute you were going to help a man kidnap my girls that I wouldn’t slam a round of bullets into your body without one inch of remorse?”

His eyes darted but his gaze held. “Put the gun down, Ally.”

She tossed it aside immediately. “Santino, I can’t do this.” She buried her face in her hands and shook her head.

He pulled her from the floor of the bedroom where she worked through her duffel bag on a mission to find all the appropriate weaponry to blow Carlton Mezerati to kingdom come. She resisted, at first.

“Ally, let me hold you.” He petted her like a treasured doll, giving her a precious stroke of true tenderness.

“I’m going to kill him. You can meet him, but I

Destiny Blaine

kill him.” She breathed the words into his shirt.

“And then the next one will come, and soon an army of men will search for them. No, Ally. You have to understand, there’s not an open mark on their heads. Only one man is searching for them right now, and he’s one of the best. Our only chance to find out who sent him is to leave him alive and see what contacts he has, find out what he knows.”

Ally sniffled as he continued to rub her back. “I can’t lose them, Santino.”

“I know.” He held her closer, tighter. “Why don’t you call Dorsey and let him know what we’ve discovered. Let me place a few calls and see what I can find out and then I’ll meet Mezerati.”

“I’ll go with you.”

“No, what you’re going to do is stay right here and guard yourself with as much awareness as you’d use to protect someone in witness protection.” The ache in his gut reminded him it was necessary to protect her. He framed her face then, and whispered right into her lips, “Ally, I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

Her hazy eyes met his gaze. “I’ll call Tanner.”

Lightly, his lips brushed hers and he started to release her. Before she slipped from his arms, she pulled him closer and in an instant, her tongue greedily parted his lips and she guided them through a kiss that truly changed their mission, his place.

“Ally...” he breathed.

Unspoken Requests

“Don’t go and get yourself killed,” she said. Then, as if the kiss never happened, she turned her back, went to a nearby satchel and pulled out another cell phone and dialed.

Santino’s clenched teeth were comparable to his balled fists. He was wound tight like a ticking bomb and he realized there was only one way to solve the problem. If the kiss Ally had given him had surged only one degree hotter or lasted for more than a few seconds, he would’ve pinned her down on the bed and refused to stop until they were both satisfied. Right now, there wasn’t time, but in the future, he’d make sure they had plenty of it. And so help him, he was going to fuck her so hard that she never forgot him, even if she later went back to the very man who hired him. The one man she claimed to love.

Destiny Blaine

Chapter Ten

“Dorsey.” Tanner answered the phone like he typically answered the temporary connections. He expected to hear Santino’s low voice on the other end. Not today.

“Tanner, there’s someone placing a price on the girls.” Desperation riddled through the phone and her tone ripped his heart out.

“I know.”

“You know and you didn’t think it was important enough to tell me?” She raised her voice only an octave.

“Ally, everything we find out, we share it with Santino, but this was far too dangerous. The man hired to do the job is there in the Caymans and we can’t get a lock on him.”

“You want a lock on him? I have one. He’s meeting Santino in two hours at a little café across from the marina.”

“Then you have to get out of there.”

“Are you crazy? No way. He’s going to that meeting. It’s the only way we’ll find out who ordered the hit and—”

“Marcel.” Tanner gave her the only answer she needed and the only name that made any sense if she stopped and thought about it.

“That’s insane. He wouldn’t kill Molly and Holly.”

“Who said anything about killing them? This guy

Unspoken Requests

Mezerati was hired to take us all out and carry Molly and Holly back to Marcel. He's claiming to be their biological father so as you can imagine, it complicates things in our inner circles."

"He's what?"

"Ally, get the hell out of there. Marcel arrived in Grand Cayman a few hours ago and I imagine he's already foaming at the mouth, anticipating Santino's meeting."

"Tanner, I can't keep this up. I can help protect you and the girls. I can. I'm trained for this sort of thing. Bring me in, bring me home to you. Let me prove I can help you, help us."

Tanner glanced at the picture on the wall of the study. Ally was a good mother. In the photograph he loved most, Ally knelt down beside Molly and Holly, hovering over them because a stranger approached them. The stranger, as it turned out, was one of Tanner's men, but at the time the snapshot was taken, Ally didn't know it. Her round face glowed in the photograph but her eyes were set with dark determination. One word described her—stunning.

He wanted her there with him but it was too dangerous. If he and Ally were going to establish a suitable home for their girls, they needed to stay in one spot. He didn't want to flee Bermuda like he left their last home with a hail of bullets driving them into hiding, forcing them to another location. Risking her or the girls by bringing them all together now put everything and everyone in

Destiny Blaine

danger.

"Ally, listen to me. We are positive Marcel is behind this but Mezerati isn't the kind of man who works for one client at a time. He could be there for Marcel and the Colombian cartel. You have to get out of there."

"Hang on, Tanner." He heard her walking somewhere and then a voice in the background. "Do you need to speak to Santino?"

"Put him on." He sighed. "And Ally?"

"What?" Her lack of enthusiasm when she talked to him lately didn't surprise him in the least.

"I love you."

"Yeah, well. It would've been easier for me to love anyone else but you."

Tanner started to say something else but the sudden pain ripped through his heart one more time. By the time he grasped the truer meaning behind her statement, he heard Santino on the other end. "Dorsey?"

"It's time to move. Ally will fill you in but get her out of there." After her cool demeanor paralyzed him, he didn't want to repeat himself.

"I think we need to wait, let me get to Mezerati."

"Fernandez is there, he's the one who hired your guy. Get her out of there and do it now."

"You got it."

"DeLuca?"

"Yeah?"

Unspoken Requests

Tanner stepped out onto the terrace and took in the misty air as the rain began to fall in Bermuda. "Is everything comfortable enough for you and Ally?"

How did a man ask another man if he was sleeping with his woman? How did he find out if the woman he was risking everything for was more of a sexual creature than he gave her credit for or still a love-struck teenager stuck in the past, reveling in the idea of a forever love only they shared. He didn't know how to do it and he wasn't a man who ever had a problem with communications, especially those involving Ally.

"Dorsey, something on your mind?"

"As a matter of fact, there is."

"Then speak it. I don't have all day."

"Are you fucking her?" Sometimes the direct approach worked.

"No."

"You're..."

"But I will be."

Tanner could almost hear the mockery in his voice. He understood too. What kind of man doesn't protect his family but instead leaves another one to do it for him?

"I have to hand it to you, DeLuca, you shoot straight from the hip, huh?"

"Well, since you asked, yeah—and in more ways than one." He chuckled.

"Does Ally know what your intentions are?"

"I'd say she has some idea." His voice drifted

Destiny Blaine

off and Tanner could almost imagine Ally nearby, close enough to see the lingering gaze of a man filled with lust, hot desire, and uncontrollable needs.

“You know the history I have with her?”

“Yes, it’s the only reason you’ve held onto her because it’s not been the way you take care of her, if you know what I mean.”

“Santino, better men have tried and failed with Ally.”

“I’m not going to fail when the time is right, Dorsey.” Santino took a deep breath and then finished, “Ally wants to talk to you. I have to round up our crew. Watch our back. I’m doing what I can here but we can’t have late information reaching us. We should’ve been notified the second you knew Marcel arrived here.”

“Tanner?” Ally was back on the phone in another second.

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

There was a ‘but’ in there.

“Ally, you do what you have to do. When we’re together again, we’ll make things right. We always make things right, don’t we?”

“We try.”

“You love him?” It came from out of nowhere, he didn’t mean to ask but after David returned with news of how cozy they were, what was he supposed to do?

“I...Tanner, I have to go.”

Unspoken Requests

The line immediately died and the conversation ended, maybe some things were better left unsaid, especially between a man and a woman separated by several hundred miles and a lifetime of bad decisions, never mind a newly formed relationship. One Tanner feared was just as strong as the one he and Ally shared.

* * * *

“He asked you about your feelings for me.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes, he did.”

“And you avoided giving him a direct answer.”

“Have we reached cruising speed yet?” she asked.

“And you think you’re going to do the same here with me?”

Ally nervously looked down at her hands, her thumbs rotated forward and back.

“Ally? I’m not going anywhere. You’re going to give me an answer or else I’ll fuck it out of you.” With a smirk, he shut the master stateroom door and locked it.

“I belong to him in all the ways that matter. No one can take his place, not in life or in death.” She felt the need to let him know death wouldn’t change her feelings for Tanner, given Santino’s career choice.

He stalked closer, slowly unbuttoned his shirt, slid his arms out of the sleeves, and then sat on the edge of the bed, leaning on one muscular arm while crossing his left leg over the right. His index

Destiny Blaine

finger trailed over her leg.

“I’ve never belonged to anyone else. I’m Tanner Dorsey’s woman.”

“Soon you’ll feel the same way about me, if you don’t already.”

The thin cotton sheet covered Ally but she felt fully exposed in her pinstripe pastel pajamas and low-cut camisole top. She bit her lower lip as she watched him. Even though she trusted him, she feared him, too.

Santino DeLuca was the first man she’d ever profiled as a new agent. Ally understood how dangerous he was and yet she didn’t want to resist him. He’d gone out of his way to protect her, to care for her, to keep her safe. He’d been there—not Tanner or her brothers—but Santino DeLuca, a hired gun, a trained, cold-blooded killer, a man who was all these things and yet so much more.

Ally tossed back the sheet and started for the door. “This isn’t going to happen.”

“It already is.” He leaped from the bed, caught her around her lower body and slammed her to the soft mattress she’d just left. “And don’t fight me on it, Ally. I know you want this as much as I do.” His lips crashed against hers and in a life-changing moment, she forgot everything—her girls, her life with Tanner, her past, her future—all she wanted was time alone with Santino DeLuca. All she wanted was everything he was willing to give, and she didn’t think she’d ever want anything quite as much as she wanted him right then.

Unspoken Requests

* * * *

It was a kiss that stripped her of her clothes. Apparently, it did the same for him too. By the time she realized she was completely nude, his thick shaft pressed against her hip with a pleading call plastered across his lips. "Ally, touch me, baby, please let me feel you all around me."

She didn't have a problem with the sex part. Her body responded to his in a way she never expected. She had a problem with betrayal, and yet Tanner had all but given her permission, accepted it, anticipated it from the start. "Santino..."

"I'm right here." He kissed her cheek and his lips journeyed south. Circling her nipple with his tongue, he looked up at her with a deliberate smile. "I've waited for the opportunity to taste you again. Don't even think about stopping me."

If she had any self-control at all, she'd tell him 'no' but her body already anticipated his tongue and her legs parted in expectancy. Damn it all, her hips rolled forward and she tried to rush him, needed him to hurry. Dear God, why did he find it necessary to linger at her stomach?

He licked across her middle in a zig-zag pattern, lowering his head closer and closer to the place she wanted him to taste again. She'd dreamed of it since their first brief encounter and before, she'd felt shamed by it. Not now, things were different between them, acceptable maybe, and oh heaven help her, felt so right.

Destiny Blaine

Before he dropped his head, he braced himself over her. She didn't even realize her eyes were closed until she missed the oral pampering and her eyes flew open to see what warranted the interruption.

His tongue darted in and out, his lips feathered across hers and he smiled at her with a lopsided smile intended to make most women swoon. Yes, it worked with her, too. "I want your eyes open and on me. When they aren't on me, stare at the glass ceiling and watch. I want you to see everything, feel what a woman needs to feel when she's with a man."

The words he chose buzzed in her head. She felt, Lord have mercy, she felt something so powerful that she didn't know how to describe it.

She searched her heart one last time for guilt, for anything to show her this was a wrong move to make with Santino but it didn't lie beneath the surface, waiting. It didn't exist because her better judgment was clouded by an emotion so strong, a feeling so incredible that it could only be characterized by one four-letter word. One she refused to say, or think.

His hand cupped under her vagina and two fingertips massaged the opening. She closed her eyes and moaned into the pillow.

"Watch, Ally."

The thick head of his cock continued to press against her thigh and she took him in her hand, stroking him from the base of his shaft to the head.

Unspoken Requests

The excitement dripped over her fingertips, a simple sign, the glistening drops of a man's intentions.

She released him and brought her fingers to her mouth, eager to taste him, hungry to devour him. Her mouth opened, her gaze pierced through his and she sucked the small drop, savored it.

"Now, that's sexy." As if to reward her, his fingers parted her opening and with a deliberate urgency, he began fucking her with a man's desire to use more than manual stimulation. His cock moved against her hip as his middle and forefinger parted and then invaded her personal space.

"Don't stop." She breathed harder and her breasts felt like they were on fire, waiting for his touch again. An attentive lover, his mouth dropped over one nipple, lapping around her with a flair for pleasing before lavishing the other. Her sex clenched, her womb trembled. It was too good, damned good.

The whole time, his fingers tormented, never quick enough to draw an orgasm, never deep enough to shatter her senses, only steady beats from a man who knew how to please a woman. "That's it, baby, spread your legs for me. Let me stretch you, sugar."

She hadn't realized her hips were so far apart now, but they trembled from the pressure and he held them as wide as her body allowed. He smacked his lips and hovered over her breasts again. This time, he only licked her nipple once for

Destiny Blaine

show, studying the way she reacted to his lips on her nipple. "Like that, don't you? Hmmm...yeah, and what you like most is driving me crazy. Now, I'm going to return the favor."

She swallowed. Her mouth was dry but her pussy was wet enough for him to find the answers he wanted. God yeah, she'd enjoyed the last few days taunting him, knowing how much he wanted her, realizing he ached for her, and understanding that it was okay if she had him, at least for a while.

His mouth swept over her belly and this time he didn't pause. He was a man in search of a blazing fire, and he knew where to find the hottest of female flames. He blew a steady stream of hot air straight into her pussy.

"Ah Ally, you're so wet, darlin'...so eager for my touch, my cock."

Fisting his dick into his palm, he rubbed it against her thigh. If she had half a brain, she'd call off all bets. Not only was he long, but the width of his penis was large enough to guarantee a woman that pain existed before pleasure.

Her hand fell to the top of his head. "Please, Santino."

He dropped his mouth over her pussy lips and rolled his tongue against the outside texture before he licked his way inside of her opening. He moaned against her body as he pleasured her with one lick after another, holding her thighs apart with a firm grip, solid control.

"Hmmm, baby, it's so good, too perfect...."

Unspoken Requests

After only a minute, she arched against him. She pulled at his hair, eager to encourage a satisfying finish, anxious to take the orgasm she needed to have with him. Only him.

Slowly, he rose over her, removing her fingers from his hair, he stared at her wildly. "Easy, sweetheart." Moisture lingered on his chin. "You're only taking it one way."

Smart man. She had to hand it to him. Santino had spent enough time with her to realize she might just enjoy oral sex with him and stop everything else, but the man didn't know her thoughts, how things had changed for her, and between them.

He swiped a nipple and moaned against her flesh. "Damn if you don't have the prettiest little diamonds right here." After another swipe, he sucked and nibbled the side of her full breast before he positioned the head of his cock at her opening.

"Santino?"

"Don't tell me no, Ally. You don't get that option now."

"I'm not changing my mind, only..."

He must've read her expression, realized his cock was more than the average man sported in the bedroom. "It's okay, Ally, I'm only going to hurt you in all the right places." He smirked and then inched in, damn if that wasn't enough. "Holy hell, woman, you're like sweet satin and fine lace."

Kissing her nipples, he left them unattended

Destiny Blaine

long enough to grab the back of her neck and pull her forward into a mind-stealing kiss, all the while pressing one inch at a time straight into her channel.

“That’s it,” he spoke through the kiss as he reached for her hip, “wrap your legs around me, baby.”

“Damn it...” she whispered and for once she wished she had a little more room in the pussy compartment. “You’re too big, this is never going to work. You’re ripping me apart.”

“You’re tougher than that, and smarter. You can handle me, just let me take you a little at a time.” His patience ran out right then. She saw it in his eyes as his thighs bunched. He held her closer as he thrust, and all bets were called off for an inch by inch introduction.

“Sweet hell, you’re killing me!”

She started to match his moves and she realized it was her body that inspired the quicker fuck, the faster pace, the more painful delivery of the hardest steel ever found in a man’s erection. The intense pain quickly turned into pleasure and she worked her pussy up and down his shaft while pulling him toward her and then pushing him away.

“Damn you! Damn you for this.” She whimpered against his flesh, oh but how she cried into his skin, rocked with his body.

“Damn me to hell and back, woman. I wouldn’t miss this for the world.” He growled into her ear as his cock plunged into her channel with her guarded

Unspoken Requests

permission, her thighs opening and closing around his hips. "That's it, let me feel your sweet pussy. Let me have you, Ally. All of you, I want everything you have to give."

Her nails scraped down his back, her whimpers were filled with pleasure but her words tortured by physical pain. Delicious as it was, his size still ripped her flesh as he hammered into her walls with his thick dick spreading her, stretching her wider.

"It's not supposed to hurt!"

Her cries only encouraged him more.

His grinding stopped, his hand covered her forehead as he moved into her, looking into her eyes with a purpose. "Tell me something, Ally..." Two strokes, three, a shattered breath and a broken cry from her and he asked, "What's so wrong about this? What hurts most?" He plunged harder and stronger with lasting thrusts moving him all the way in before he withdrew and started forward once more.

She closed her eyes. "Don't talk right now. Just fuck me." Her feet were flat against the mattress and she used them to propel her forward, anchor herself in a position of strength so she could switch positions.

"Oh no you don't, next time maybe, but not right now." His pace, the one he'd controlled so well, suddenly changed. "I need you to come with me, Ally. I need you to let me watch you take pleasure in me, in us..."

Destiny Blaine

After he moved onto his knees, he held her legs apart and pressed his thumb to her clit before he locked her ankles behind him.

God, if any man looked like a sex machine then, Santino DeLuca owned and produced the patent. His six pack abs, hard thighs and long cock were more than she could take as a lover but when she looked into the mirrors over the bed and watched as he entered her, she knew she was hooked.

“Good damn, woman, this little pussy is so pretty and tight.” He watched as his cock entered her and his pace continued, the orgasm building. “Now...”

“So good, this is so incredible...” She didn’t even recognize her own voice, her own eagerness for his sex but it was good, too damned good.

His cock burst through her walls, he tore through all barriers any other man might have left untouched and he fucked her hard, long, and with an uncontrollable gait. “That’s it, ah baby, that’s it...right fucking there.”

She fought to bring him closer, wanted to kiss him, needed to hold him. He didn’t stop. The truth in the end set her free—she wanted this more—the raw man, the unadulterated passion, the freedom to explore sex and emotions, lust and desires so incredibly hot that she knew, she was certain, more lingered between them. There was so much more.

She screamed his name as another orgasm

Unspoken Requests

followed her first and in a diabolical fashion, he locked his gaze on hers and finished making love to her with timed thrusts, calculated strokes. She shook as she rode out the most sensual orgasm she'd ever experienced, and when they were spent, he didn't collapse against her. Instead, he slipped from the bed, yanked his pants from the floor and headed to the deck above them.

Chapter Eleven

If there were questions before, none existed now. He loved her. He loved a woman who belonged to another man and when the job was over, he'd still love her.

He leaned over the bow of the boat and cursed at the wind. Why point a finger at himself when the universe carried the blame. Situations, circumstances, the reason he was the kind of man Ally didn't need but so help him, he felt the way she'd changed him, long before he'd possessed her. Truth be told, she owned him at 'who the hell are you' and it went downhill from there. He was drowning in her and the love he found in her arms was just the kind that could get them both killed.

He kicked the glossy hardwood footrest and gripped the solid railing until his knuckles turned white. "Tanner Dorsey's woman," he whispered to the night, not expecting an audience.

"I don't know how to love anyone else."

He wheeled around and glared at her, through her, actually. How dare she insinuate he needed her love. He pushed by her with a chuckle hanging in his lungs and leaned over her with a condescending hiss. "I didn't ask for it."

"No, you didn't, but I think I should tell you anyway. I'm a woman who has just as many needs as a man. I...resisted the urge whenever I had it because I didn't want to find a temporary Tanner-

Unspoken Requests

replacement. That's not fair to anyone, so I didn't do it. I figured I owed it to Tanner to keep what we had as sacred." She released a sarcastic laugh and he focused on her lips, feeling like she might just snap in front of him.

"I know it's ridiculous, considering his past, but it was something I chose to do for me, for us. See, Tanner has been a part of my life since I was a little girl. He's my family as much as Molly and Holly and now..."

He didn't want to hear it so he cut her off. "Who the hell do you think you fucked, lady? A man who's going to be pussy whipped like Tanner Dorsey? Think again. It won't happen here. I have a job to do, and I'm doing it."

"So tell me something then, Mr. DeLuca." Her voice dripped with icy sarcasm. "Do you fuck around on every job, hmmm? I mean, after all, I'm sure you find yourself with any number of beautiful women, as you're flown into one exotic location after another. I wonder...do you ever fuck a woman right before you slice her throat?" Concealed contempt inched into her voice. "I mean, let's face it, you can take another man's woman to bed..."

"Shut up, Ally."

"Oh, don't you dare tell me to shut up. I'm not some whore you'll leave at the end of this job with a life pension and a few dozen roses!" She glared at him hard and then the hurt broke through and earned her more leverage than she probably wanted. With a near evil laugh, she doubled over.

Destiny Blaine

“Oh, you should see your face.” She pointed at him like a lunatic, something he truly didn’t need to see in her now, of all times. “You didn’t think I knew about your past relationships, huh? Yeah, I do. I know more about you than I’ll ever tell you.”

He studied her before he answered her. She knew far too much about him and for some reason, it never dawned on him until now. She had worked on a lot of cases for the FBI and she never discussed them with him. Had he been one of her cases? Had she profiled him, followed his every move, talked to some of the women he’d left behind in his past?

He shook his head in denial and pushed past her. “You need to get some rest.”

His gaze quickly draped over her, stopping long enough to revisit the quiet appeal of her hard, spiked nipples pressing through the sheet she held tightly around her body.

“You need to come to bed, too,” she whispered as he left her there on the upper deck.

He heard her words, felt relieved, in a sense, that she wanted him to hold her but he resisted the urge to fall victim to Ally Stephens. She’d withheld information, failed to admit she knew more about him than most, and he considered it a breach of trust.

He stomped down the spiral steps toward the master stateroom and into the bathroom, where he stripped and then stepped into the shower. “Damn you, Ally.” He looked down at his hard-on and

Unspoken Requests

craved her all over again. *She's going to get us both killed.* He'd already warned himself, but his clever cock still craved her.

He grabbed the soap and worked a thick lather over his chest and belly, still staring at the erection that refused to stand down as long as Ally occupied his mind. Yeah, he had to get it together. *He* was going to get them both killed.

Santino couldn't shake her or how she made him feel, how she looked into his eyes with a desire so deep that it shook his senses, fueled his fears, and brought a new recognition, too. *I'm in love with her.*

In the distance, Santino heard a speedboat. It sounded like a wave of gunfire protected it as it roared further and further away. "Ally!"

"Oh shit! Ally!" Sprinting from the shower, he snatched his pants and jumped into them, grabbing the open duffel bag Ally had searched through earlier. He quickly snatched one of his own too, packed with his belongings. He nearly bumped into Rios and a few other crew members as he rounded the last corner on the stairwell.

"Mr. DeLuca, they have the woman! Hurry!" Rios was a chef by trade, but an excellent marksman, which was the only reason he'd earned his position on Santino's staff. Rios was the only other person on the boat who really understood the reason they were all wandering around on the open sea without a particular itinerary.

Tossing his bags into the speedboat, Santino

Destiny Blaine

jumped over a few water skis, cursed and then called out over his shoulder. "Which way?"

Rios pointed and gave them a final shove away from the yacht while Santino called out to the crew standing on the bow with shock and fear lingering in their expressions. "Head back to Grand Cayman, we'll meet there!"

As soon as the boat sped into the darkness, Santino switched gears. Rios took the wheel and Santino rummaged through Ally's bag. Dorsey was going to kill him. Hell, fuck Dorsey, he was going to kill himself with his own hands if anything happened to Ally.

He pulled one gun, and then another from her bag. In the very bottom of the bag, boxes of ammunition and a large zip-up pouch with a few more personal items. "Damn."

He swallowed hard as Rios watched him, a smirk replacing the man's worried expression. "Are those toys for you or Dorsey?"

At a time like this, Santino didn't need to think about why Ally had these things. She seemed so innocent, so fragile, and damned near pure, yet the playthings in the bag suggested otherwise, even though the toys were still in their appropriate boxes. He was going to spank her ass hard for making him think about sex when he needed to concentrate on getting her back safely. He shoved her vibrator, handcuffs, lubes, rings, and creams back into the pouch.

"How much of a lead do they have?" he

Unspoken Requests

shouted over the hum of the motor.

“Ten minutes, maybe more.”

The XSR48 was unbeatable with massive speed but with the GPS system and the other techno gadgets to ensure this speedboat was the best on the ocean, Ally was only a few minutes away. A quick flash of light warned where they were going to find her.

“A private island is up ahead. That’s where they’re taking her. There are a few makeshift cabanas on the south side of the island.”

“Kill the engine. We’ll sit and wait.” Santino hoped they made it in plenty of time.

“Mr. DeLuca?”

“Kill the fuckin’ engine.”

Rios did as he was told and then turned to face him. “They took her without...”

“Damn it, I understand that better than anyone. I’m the reason she didn’t have her clothes in the first place.” He wished he hadn’t shared that tidbit. If he hadn’t, maybe Rios would’ve assumed she had a thing for skinny dipping or something.

Santino began to dress in the garb he had in his bag; his pants and shirt looked like something the military would use when they wanted to go undetected in a war zone. He dressed himself in weaponry just as fast. Guns, knives, hand grenades, everything a man like Santino DeLuca used to save those he was hired to protect, the one woman he failed to defend when she needed him most.

He clutched a Glock and glared at his watch.

Destiny Blaine

They didn't have a lot of time. The Colombians would have someone close, transporters throughout the Caribbean, standing by on alert so that when Ally was captured, her enemies could hand her off easily. His heart raced forward. If an exchange was made, it was going to be impossible to get her back without a battle, one far bigger than one man, or even two could manage.

"Did you call the boss?"

"Hell no."

"You should. He's been alerted because of the tracking on this boat."

"I'm not reporting to him until I have her back."

"If we get her back," Rios said.

"There's no room for mistakes, understand?"

Rios nodded.

"Let's float." The two men paddled the boat toward the shore, realizing they needed to approach as quietly as possible.

* * * *

"It's been a long time, Ally." Marcel stepped closer and examined her through hate-filled eyes. "Dorsey didn't take care of you like you'd planned, I understand."

He touched her cheek and with a hard hand, struck her cheekbone. She flinched, expecting the strike and realizing it would fall long before it did.

Slapping her to the ground, he nudged her with his foot. She swallowed hard, closed her eyes and prayed for Santino to hurry. She knew he was out

Unspoken Requests

there, she felt him there waiting for the right moment to move, maybe she was delusional to expect him. Most in his field considered him a traitor. A killer who would take out one man if he was the job and then turn the same gun on a former employer if he was the new task at hand a year later. And yet she trusted him to save her.

The lanterns in the bamboo cabana provided lingering shadows in the thatch roofing that covered the small area of space. She rolled over on her side and groaned out in pain as Marcel delivered a swift kick in her gut. She screamed as she tried to protect her ribcage, wrapping her middle with her arms, preparing for anything until Santino reached her.

“Tell me something, Ally.” Marcel stooped in front of her. “Did you fuck Steve while you were on the run? Hmmm?”

Steve...of course he knew Steve helped her. Oh God, how many innocent people would suffer because of her and her relationship with Tanner?

“Answer me, sugar sweets.” Marcel inched closer, his scotch-ridden breath against her ear. “Did you let him have a taste of honey?”

She wanted to hurl when his fingers lifted the tarp they used to cover her when they first kidnapped her. She felt his cold hand against her flesh and refused to look at him as he stroked the same places Santino’s lips had kissed hours earlier. He rubbed her stomach and then reached for her nipple. At the same time, a loud explosion ignited

Destiny Blaine

behind the temporary hut.

Marcel's head snapped toward the small gate where a door must've once been. "Company, and he's earlier than expected."

"Gentleman, shoot to kill. Take out DeLuca and you'll earn a million dollar bonus on the spot."

"You'll never get him," Ally moaned as she tried to sit up.

Marcel bent over her and grabbed a handful of hair. "You'd better hope and pray we do because while I wanted to hand you over alive, I'm okay with handing the Colombians a corpse, too. So we're clear, I'm talking about yours and then Dorsey's. Wanna know who'll raise *our girls* then?" He sneered. "I can only hope after they turn eighteen, they'll resemble their mommy."

Another explosion lit up the sky and this time, it was in front of the cabana. Ally caught a glimpse of Santino. He seemed to walk through the flames as he unleashed pure hell on five men in front of the open hut. A spray of bullets, a celebration of assurance; he was there, ready to save her.

Ally tried to remember how many men she saw when she was captured. She remembered Marcel and a few others, but how many? Damn it, what was wrong with her! She didn't know for sure. Marcel yanked her from the floor, the plastic material covering her fell away from her body and with her nude form exposed, Marcel pulled her outside, squeezing her torso against his side with a gun firmly pressed against her temple.

Unspoken Requests

“DeLuca!” he shouted in her ear as much as to the open space. “DeLuca!”

Ally squirmed but remained as calm as humanly possible. She narrowed her gaze on the area, trying to search for him, see him before Marcel found him. The area didn’t have trees or bushes to hide behind. Another explosion behind them allowed her the opportunity and she never saw Santino sneak up behind them. With a knife at Marcel’s throat, he hissed his order, “Let her go or I’ll slice your throat.”

At the same time he spoke to Marcel, Ally reached behind her waist and felt for Santino. She knew she’d find a gun in Santino’s waistband. She tugged it from his pants and let it hang to her side. As if Marcel understood death was reaching for him, he slowly released her, careful to keep his gun pointed at her head.

Her ragged breath forced her to stand before him with her chest rising and falling in front of him. She doubled over, remembering the pain Marcel deliberately inflicted when he kicked her.

“That’s better.” Santino watched Ally, a flicker of warning before he added pressure to the sleek weapon in his hand. “Drop the gun, too.”

“Do I look like a fool?” Marcel’s gaze settled on Ally’s breasts.

Santino’s warning came in the form of a sudden flinch in his upper cheek and a sudden shift of focus as he glared at something behind her. Ally dropped, rolled, fired two shots into one of

Destiny Blaine

Marcel's men, and looked up just in time to see Marcel's body slump to the ground.

"Yeah, you do." He didn't look at Marcel's body. He didn't check for a pulse. The job was done. He took off his shirt and wrapped it around Ally's trembling body. "Let's get out of here."

Ally didn't question why they were sprinting toward the water because she understood. They weren't out of danger yet and the cartel had someone headed their way. They needed luck on their side now, luck and a whole lot of gun power on the chance they'd meet their enemy on the open seas.

"Rios?" Santino jumped on the boat and expected to find his sidekick ready to move. "Rios?" He touched the man on his shoulder and his head rolled showcasing the slice across his neck. Feeling for a pulse, he looked back at Ally and shook his head.

Ally covered her mouth and sank down in a leather Captain's chair. "Oh God, he's..."

Santino tossed the man's body over his back and stepped off the boat long enough to gently lay Rios to rest in the sand.

"You can't leave him here," Ally said.

"We don't have another choice. I don't want to pull into a marina with a corpse, Ally."

"You can't! The man has a family, people who love him."

"And I'll send someone for his body but right now, I have to get you off this ocean and

Unspoken Requests

someplace safe.”

“We’re not going back to the yacht?” she questioned.

“No.” He quickly started the boat and sped off into the darkness.

Ally didn’t question him again. Santino pointed to a storage compartment and she dropped to her knees and tried to pull her duffel bag out of the hidden area.

She thought she heard him groan and imagined if he did, he did it because she was butt naked. She felt confident her bare ass flashed his way. Once she retrieved her guns and reloaded his, her focus returned and she concentrated on the water, watching for signs of the approaching enemy. With two guns in the seat next to her, two at her feet and one in her hand, Ally was ready for anything...except Santino DeLuca.

Destiny Blaine

Chapter Twelve

A few hours later, and Santino unlocked their unit at a luxurious townhouse resort in Little Cayman. Ally stepped inside, taking one step at a time, overly-cautious as she looked around nervously.

“Do you know the owner?”

“Yes,” he said.

“And you’re sure we’re safe here?”

“This is the safest place on the planet right now.”

“How do you know?”

“Ally, I know. Trust me.”

“I do trust you.”

And the fact that she did drove him crazy.

“Are you hungry?” he asked.

“Not so much. Blood on my hands tends to ruin my appetite.”

“Big bad agent like yourself, you’re kidding, right?”

“No, I didn’t join the right side of the law because I wanted to kill the bad guys.”

“It was self-defense, nothing more.”

“What about you? Do you only kill in self-defense?”

“You know the answer to that, Ally.”

She glanced around at their new space and he took it as a cue. “Come on, let me show you where you’ll find everything you need.” He didn’t offer

Unspoken Requests

her his hand but he squeezed her shoulder as he moved by her. It was enough to revisit too many memories and those were the things he wanted to run away from now. He didn't need to think about touching her in a way that made him insane. His job was to protect her. He'd only failed her because he'd gotten too close.

He walked upstairs and pointed to the bedrooms. "There are three bedrooms, three baths, and a laundry room is there in the center of the hall."

She looked down at the long shirt covering her and giggled. "I imagine I'll do a lot of laundry."

"You'll have to settle for wearing T-shirts and pants that are way too big for you." He winced at the latter. Did she need pants? Yeah, he reminded himself, if he was going to keep her alive, she needed her pants on. He stopped in his tracks and then turned to face her. "My room is there at the end. You can have your choice from the other two."

"This is your place?"

He nodded. "No one has ever found me here and it's vacant ninety-nine percent of the time. I can keep you alive here, Ally."

"But..."

"But we're not contacting Tanner again until this is over."

"That's for your benefit or mine?" she snapped.

"I asked myself the same question a thousand times when I made up my mind to bring you here."

Destiny Blaine

“And...”

“It’s for your benefit, Ally. I’ll have someone checking in on the situation with Tanner and your girls. I promise if your girls face a new danger, I’ll let you know. From what I understand, Marcel made the situation worse with Tanner’s enemies. With Marcel out of the way, things should improve in a month or two.”

“A month or two?”

“Yes.”

“I see.” Ally’s eyes flickered with recognition. “And we’re going to stay here in hiding for a month or two?”

“Maybe longer, I don’t know.”

Ally followed him back downstairs. “There are two pools on the property, a private beach, and of course, a Jacuzzi tub you’re welcome to use in my bathroom.”

“And a bedroom for me to claim?”

“Ally...”

“We’re not going to talk about what happened between us?”

“No, we’re not.”

Ally’s gaze narrowed to the cock stretching his jeans as far as possible without popping his zipper. “I see.”

“Ally, when this is over, you’re going back to him and I can’t keep you safe if...”

“If you’re in love with me?”

“I never said...”

“You didn’t have to, Santino. The look on your

Unspoken Requests

face when you saw me in front of that demolished hut told me everything I wanted to know.”

“We’ll talk about this later. Right now, I have to make arrangements for groceries.” He needed to get some booze in the place so he could drink, sleep, and ignore the hell out of the woman in front of him.

“Fine, get your damned groceries. Can I at least get a change of clothes and take a shower?” She turned toward the steps.

“Here, I’ll show you where everything is.” He tried to pass her and she didn’t allow it. Her gaze stopped him from pushing her out of his way. The little siren realized what she was doing. Her ass cheeks were there in front of him as she started up the steps. When she reached the top, she tripped and God help him, it was the most delicious and intentional ploy he’d ever witnessed.

He reached for her immediately and pulled the shirt back down over her hips. Grabbing her around the waist, he held her tight against his chest and lower body. “Ally, I can’t do this right now. I’d...I’d hurt you.”

“Then hurt me. Bend me over and strip me of everything I have left.” She turned to face him and her hand stroked against the swell of his cheek. “But don’t make me sleep in a strange place without you next to me and don’t you dare deny what you feel for me.” Her mouth slanted over his and she kissed him hard and deep, realizing her aggression would bring out the very side of him she

Destiny Blaine

apparently wanted, needed, and craved.

With a growl, he picked her up and cradled her against his body. He walked into his master bedroom and then the expansive bathroom where he plopped her on the tile-covered countertop. He turned his back to her long enough to turn on the shower. When he turned around, she sat there topless, waiting for him. To tear his gaze away from her now when he needed to most wasn't an option. He plucked the guns from his waistband, unhooked the straps concealing three knives, kicked off his shoes and stripped in record time. "God, woman, I'm going to..." And he stopped right there. Just in time. Without a fraction of a second to spare, he saved himself.

Just because he didn't say it, didn't mean he didn't feel it. He was going to love her. He was going to love her regardless of how she felt about it or how hard he tried to fight it—starting right now.

* * * *

He carried her into the large shower stall and sat her on the rounded, built-in shower stool. Two shower-heads rained with the hot heat of a soothing steam shower and she propped her head back against a headrest as she watched him bathe in front of her. She'd never seen anything sexier.

Santino possessed a raw hunger. The evidence shone through in a gaze so hot that flames should've danced in his eyes. The hard length of his cock hung confidently, moved gracefully as he washed and lathered, caressed and waited.

Unspoken Requests

Patience he claimed as his and time was on his side.

After he allowed her a few minutes to gawk, he pulled her up and began a similar ritual, bathing her with a washcloth, soap, and his wandering hands. "God, you feel so good." His lips hovered over her several times but he didn't kiss her, only acknowledged he would, by whispering one or two sweet nothings or touching her with his fingertips smoothing over her breasts or bottom.

Controlled, his hands moved faster but he forced himself to practice restraint, and back away from her and then tossed his head under the free-flowing water as if it provided a quick reminder. After the second time, his will was lost. She deliberately stole it from him when she wrapped her fingers around his shaft and tugged him into a slow-moving hand job. One meant to destroy him in an instant.

"Ally...I'm only going to warn you once."

"Then shut up and kiss me because you already got your chance. You don't get another one."

He framed her face and kissed her eyelids, the tip of her nose, and then her lips, his whole mouth covering hers as his tongue swept hers into a phenomenal kiss. He felt her writhe under his touch. "Don't lose me, Ally. Don't lose this, just this once, let me have you without anyone else to interfere." His hunger pangs laden with desire, he moved against her and his cock settled between her pussy lips.

Destiny Blaine

Grabbing her hips, he clutched her body, held her against the slippery, wet wall and she opened up to him. His cock found her just as wet as he'd left her before, drenching with a need so absurd that he found it intoxicating just fucking her.

He gripped one of her hands and held it to his side. The other one held her ass as he worked into her, parted her folds, and plunged forward. His need was so downright dirty that he wanted to find control, for her, maybe even for himself. It was impossible now.

"Ally, sweet Ally."

"Don't stop..." She dropped his hand and clawed at his shoulders.

The way he fucked her was a sinful surge of carnal desires most men would never act out with a woman they loved. It was hard to control himself as he anchored his body against hers and continued to stroke her with a force so powerful that each move forward took a thrust of effort. "Ally, don't let me hurt you," he whispered. "I never want to hurt you, baby."

But she was going to ask for pain, almost by name. He realized it on many levels as she nipped at his ear and sucked his earlobe. She whimpered as he continued to pound inside her pussy and she whispered something, shook with pleasure and dripped with a climax that rocked against his shaft, encouraging his own orgasm to match her unraveling pleasure.

"That's it, darlin', let me have you, like no

Unspoken Requests

other man will.” He should’ve been ashamed, alarmed by what he asked, but he wasn’t. Instead, he became ruthless. His cock still inside her, he moved them from the shower, bypassed the need for towels and carried her to the bed. Slowly, he slid out of her. He’d given her what she needed, now he had to take what he wanted.

“Roll over for me, baby.” He helped her up on her knees and slid her to the base of the bed. Bending down to pull a few items from under his bed, he pulled out lubricant, condoms. He tossed those back inside the box. She had to be protected, they’d had sex twice and she didn’t stop him, why think about rubbers now?

With his index finger, he dipped the cool lube over his finger and then twirled it down the seam of her ass. “Such a pretty little tail, I dream of fucking you, Ally. Everywhere you can take me, I want you.”

She moaned as he pressed his cock against her flesh. “You can’t take me there.”

“Where, Ally?” he whispered in her ear as he continued to stroke his dick across her round globes. “Where won’t I take you?”

“You can’t take me in the...”

“Where, damn it!” He slapped her bottom with a hard smack across her cheek.

She cried with the first strike of pleasure. “I can’t take you in my ass.”

“Oh, but baby girl, that’s where I am.” He patted her globes, a gentle reassuring caress and

Destiny Blaine

then dipped his fingers in the lube again before he fingered the forbidden little hole.

“No.” She shook her head. “You can’t, it won’t work there.”

“It won’t work?” he mocked her as he slapped her luscious tiny rump again while coating his cock and her ass with the lubricant. “Tell me something, Ally...” He moved outside her entrance and then with a loud, carnal grunt, he slid in place. “What doesn’t work about this?”

He warned her of this. He told her he shouldn’t take her right then and this was why. He wanted to fuck out his frustrations and it might take all damned night.

“Oh God!” Her hips pushed back against his body and he pulsed inside of her filling her with his size. Her cheeks clenched holding him in place, no matter how much she wanted to deny it, she lost any will to fight him.

He leaned over her back and his fingers fucked inside her vagina with a purpose he wanted her to find with him. “Come on, baby. Tell me what doesn’t work about this and then tell me what it is that you want from me most.”

“I want...”

“Ah yeah...I know what you want.” He thrust into her ass harder and harder. “This is what you want, isn’t it, baby?” He nipped at her shoulder as his fingers left her pussy and he twirled her ripe little nipple between his index finger and thumb.

He was vile, he couldn’t help it. He wanted to

Unspoken Requests

fuck her so hard that she knew who had the equipment to please her. His thighs bunched and he hit that special pace in search of a fulfilling end again.

“Tell me something, baby,” he hissed against her neck, his breath ragged, tortured. “Can anyone fuck you like this?” His hips moved faster, his ass clenched, his finger dipped higher, reaching that sensitive little spot a woman wants her man to know matters. And yeah, he knew it mattered.

“Santino, no...”

“Ah yeah, Ally, that’s it. Fuck me hard, baby.” He buried himself in her ass as the onset of their orgasms twisted their bodies and unraveled their wits with an explosion of ecstasy.

“Give it all to me, Ally.” He whispered the throaty call as he twisted harder, rubbed tighter, and literally became a part of her flesh.

“This is...wrong!” She bucked against him and his hand came down on her backside again.

“It’s not wrong, Ally. It’s never wrong with us.” He smacked her again and again.

And damn it all, she cried out over and over again, “More, Santino. Harder. More, deeper...” and her orgasm drew screams and tears as his cock brought her repetitive and continual pleasure.

* * * *

After he carried her back to the shower, he cleaned her up and inspected the damage he’d inflicted on her inner thighs. She was going to bruise. God help him if Dorsey saw her now. He’d

Destiny Blaine

kill him for what he'd done to Ally and maybe he'd die without a fight. He should've been shot dead, revived and then shot again.

He buried his head in her arms once they were back in bed. "Ally, I...."

"Shhh...you told me. I wanted the same thing you wanted. You gave me what I needed."

"You didn't need this, never this. I don't know what got into me." He caressed her arms.

She moaned and rolled over to face him. "I know what got into me, believe me." She giggled and then lightly touched her lips to his. "I love you so much it..."

He closed his eyes, savoring what she'd said, understanding Ally wouldn't have been with him in the first place if there weren't emotions weighing in heavily on the decision. Afraid to look at her eyeball to eyeball, he locked his mouth over hers. God, he needed to sink right back in between those legs and show her she chose a good man to love but he didn't. He opened his eyes instead.

"You love me, too."

He didn't say anything and maybe she didn't expect it.

"I know it's complicated."

He pushed himself away from her and saw the hurt before he scooted to the edge of the bed. Trying to make things better for her, he kissed her forehead and stood up. "I'm going to fix something to eat. You need to keep your strength up, lady." And Santino began to shut down, just like he

Unspoken Requests

always did in matters of the heart.

* * * *

Ally jumped up and grabbed the sheet; actually she pulled several covers with her as she crossed the room and toted the blankets with her. "It's easy for you to walk away from me, isn't it? The first time...on the yacht, you left me to go gather your thoughts and all things considered, I doubt you felt any better at the end of the night, did you?" She crossed her arms and stood in front of the door.

"Ally, you know this can't work. We both know who you'll choose in the end. I even understand. You have his children, your little girls to think about. I can't compete with the history and I don't know if I'd want to if I could." He tried to reach around her, feeling around in the darkness for the doorknob.

"I gave my heart to Tanner when I was a teenage girl," she tried to explain, not that there was a need but because she obviously wanted to do it. "I've loved him for as long as I can remember and then...I met you."

His mouth twitched as if he understood he was going to hear something that would change his life, or at least, his life course. He focused on her mouth.

"Somehow, when I turned my head, looked the other way, I left myself vulnerable. Now I know that whatever part of me, whatever portion of my heart Tanner doesn't have, he'll never have

Destiny Blaine

because you came in and stole it when I least expected it. I'm terrified of what I feel, how I react to you. Santino, I know I can't live my life without you in it. I may have fallen for Tanner as a girl but I've fallen hard for you as a woman."

Santino pursed his lips. Then, he unleashed the tone of a hardened man, a man who just didn't know how to give a damn. "You know who and what I am."

"I love who and what you are."

"That's because you don't look at my hands and see them dripping in blood. You look at them and see the hands of a man who can and will protect you."

She narrowed her eyes. "You've got it all wrong."

"Do I?" He turned away from her in an instant and just as fast, his mood blackened and his heart raced against hers as he pushed her against the back of the bedroom door. "Tell me something, sweetheart, would you have shared—if that's what you're suggesting—Tanner with another woman, if he'd asked?"

"Tanner experienced his fair share of women," she snapped.

"So have I, many of whom I imagine you know plenty about, since you apparently snooped into my past when you were an agent. Promiscuous women who enjoyed things you can't even imagine. Things I would go wild showing you but Dorsey would likely have my head severed if I so much as tried them

Unspoken Requests

with you.”

“This doesn’t have anything to do with my past, or yours.”

“It has everything to do with the future. You can’t go around professing your love for a man you’ve spent a few months with and hope to take him home to the man you’re going to marry and then ask him to accept the fact. It’s much more complicated than that and far more than you can even begin to imagine.”

“Why not? I love you. He did this. He pushed me into your arms and he understood what the dangers were. He said so himself.”

“Ally, because you made your choice a long time ago, whatever we have right now isn’t going to last forever. How you feel isn’t going to last because it can’t and you know it.”

“I don’t care.” She shook her head and fought back the tears she might allow to fall if he pushed the right buttons, but he wasn’t going to press her. He didn’t want to see them.

She continued to tell him her innermost feelings. “You don’t understand. I was there on that island, scared and alone and the only thought I had, the only one that kept me from choking on fear was that you were on your way. You were going to save me.”

“Because it’s my job. You trust me to keep my end of a deal made between me and the man who plans to make you his wife. I’m paid well to keep you alive!”

Destiny Blaine

She shook her head. "It's more than a damned job and you know it. Deep down you love me and you'd die to protect me because of that love, not the money or the price Tanner is willing to pay, but because *you* are in love with *me*."

"Move, Ally," he tried again.

"No."

"Ally, don't do this right now, damn it. It's been a long day, an even longer week."

"Ah yeah, and a long month, how about a quarter? Have we spent three months together yet?" She shook with fury. "How about a fiscal year, you self-serving prick! Have we been on the run for a year, by chance? It sure seems like it." Anger blasted across her face, reddening her cheeks. She pushed him as hard as she could because he felt it in the force of strength found only in the rage of a hurt woman.

Santino had faced off with that kind of anger before. Through the years, he'd learned how to turn the other cheek as one woman after the next unleashed her anger. It was his trademark and he left his women behind with a few tainted memories. It was who he was and he'd never felt one inch of remorse. Why should he? He'd always warned the women he took to his bed that he might revisit but he'd never stay forever.

Santino and Ally glared at one another and he saw the hurt he'd inflicted devouring her soul. It only flickered in her eyes for a second but then the wounded heart of a true fighter flamed brighter in

Unspoken Requests

her strength, her defiant will. "I'll tell Tanner you slept with me."

"Bluffing now, Ally?"

"Oh please, I don't bluff. Give me the phone, I'll call him now."

He thought about it. He'd like to get it out of the way sooner rather than later. "You know where the phones are, go fetch one." He rested his hand above her head, flat against the surface behind her. Damn, if she didn't make crazy-mad look sexy-beautiful. His mouth watered as he watched her.

"You son-of-a-bitch," she whispered and slowly moved out of his way. "Fetch one? How about you bite my ass?"

"Maybe that's not a bad idea," he said as he snapped his wrist fast enough to catch her forearm.

"Oh, I see how it is now. You get a hard-on and decide it's time to fuck again. Now you're ready to put some of that energy into your useless equipment!"

He wanted to laugh but heaven help him if he did, she'd slap the shit out of him and he realized it. Instead, he taunted her. "Useless, huh?" He pressed his hard length against her thigh. "Maybe I'll remind you of how many uses you found for it."

Her gaze draped over him with a look of forced contempt. "I'd rather fuck myself."

"Ally, don't tempt me. I've seen the toy compartment of your little travel pack." His head dropped and he licked his lips, lowering his mouth to hers with a sure-fire way to ensure she gave up

Destiny Blaine

the fight.

“You snoop, too. Lucky me.”

“Yeah, I tend to go through a woman’s things when she’s packing enough ammo to...”

She interrupted him. “What I have in my bags doesn’t concern you.”

“It does. In fact, I have to admit it, if you had to leave the majority of your luggage behind, at least you didn’t leave the one with all the grown-up toys. It’s hard to resist a woman who packs everything a man needs, especially when he’s intrigued by the firing power she packs for the war-zone, or should I say pussy-zone?” He captured her lower lip between his teeth and started to kiss her hurts away but she retaliated almost on impact.

“I think you’re right. I need to fetch a phone. I’m going home.” She opened the door and he slammed it. She turned her back to him and tried again, this time he grabbed her by the hair of her head and held her to his chest with one hand while he wrapped his arm around her middle.

“Don’t pull my damned hair!”

“Ally, you asked for it. You basically begged for me to show you the man I am.” He sneered into her ear and held her head tight against his chest. “Are you sure you want to see that man? Hmmm, Ally? Do you want to fuck the killer or the man you think I am? Which one do you think you’ve had in your arms, sweetheart?”

She whimpered as she began to move against his cock. He knew exactly how to strip her of her

Unspoken Requests

defenses.

“I know who you are when you’re with me and that’s all I care about.”

“It’s not enough.” He ripped the bed sheet from her body and whirled her around to face him. “And there’s no way in hell it will ever be enough.” His lips slammed against hers as he unzipped his pants. “I’ve never known a woman like you, Ally.” He pressed into her and his greedy cock took control, uncurling from his pants straight into the folds of her pussy lips.

Her back arched against the door and he hammered into her vagina, buried himself into her flesh until those hot, uncontrollable flames shot straight through his body into hers. He watched her writhe as he slammed against her with a pace so perverse, he should’ve been arrested for malicious intent. The impact of each thrust kept her moaning, grinding against him and cursing him under her breath at the same time.

Santino didn’t want to take her this hard but he damned sure refused to take her easy. She’d pushed too hard, demanded far too much. Now, he didn’t want to talk about his feelings, he just wanted her to know he possessed them. She mattered to him. Surely if he stamped her pussy with the strength of ten thousand men, she’d understand. She’d realize then what he needed. He gasped as the words hung deep in his throat and then he spit them out as if she’d left him with no other choice. “I need you, Ally. Oh God, how I need

Destiny Blaine

you.”

“I’m right here, Santino. All you have to do is love me, just...love...me.” Her nails dug into his shoulders and she screamed out in true pain and unmatched pleasure. “I know you love me. I know.”

“Shhh...” He tried to stop her from telling him so many times it only sealed their fate, tried to withstand the need to return the same sentiments with words from his lips. “Just hold me, Ally, comfort me and...come for me.”

Chapter Thirteen

"Tell me they've found them." Tanner didn't turn to face David and Darren but after watching them both rush from the docks, he imagined Ally's brothers had some news.

"Little Cayman. Santino has a place there." Darren blurted out the words and they formed a short and beautiful little melody.

"The source is reliable," David offered.

Tanner clenched his fist and turned to face the men who he'd known as his best friends since early childhood. "Are you sure?"

"Positive, but I know what you're thinking, Tanner, and it's not going to happen. Who will watch the girls?"

"I guess their uncles." Tanner opened the terrace door and allowed the breeze to flow inside, the scent of salt water filled the room. "Is she being held against her will?"

"I doubt it," Darren remarked and then quickly added, "From what we can tell, Santino doesn't take his women there or his clients. He has a messenger who contacts him once a week to report on the Colombian situation, someone close to the inside."

"There's more, news I'm sure you'll like," David said.

"Marcel Fernandez and about seven of his men were found dead, decaying with their identification

Destiny Blaine

still on them and that hit man Mezerati? He was a floater. His body washed up in Little Cayman, close to Santino's place.

Tanner grinned. "So this is why Santino took off?"

"We think so. From the pictures our men have seen, proof existed of a struggle inside a hut of some sort, and a charm off of a bracelet. You'll recognize it." Darren pulled a photograph from his pocket and handed it to Tanner.

The picture of the silver peace sign sent his nerve endings into orbit. "I've done everything I can to keep her safe but what a reminder this is. I may have gone the extra mile to keep her protected but I stripped her of any chance at happiness, peace of mind."

David grumbled and grabbed a croissant from a bread basket. He poured a glass of orange juice and took a big gulp. "I'll go to Little Cayman."

"The hell you will!"

The brothers exchanged glances.

"I know what I'm going to find there. As long as she's okay, I don't care. As long as he kept her alive, I can handle it."

"Can you handle it if she's in love with him?" Darren questioned.

Tanner glared straight ahead, at nothing in particular. He stared more at the European columns than at Darren or David.

"We warned you." David took a bite out of his buttery bread and watched his friend before he

Unspoken Requests

spoke again. "We know whoever was there on that island must've fled by boat. We're guessing by the massacre that took place there that Santino and Ally fought their way out.

"I don't know if he used the fact her cover was blown to move her out from under our radar or if he really didn't have a choice. That yacht hasn't moved from Grand Cayman since it reached the marina the day after we lost track of them. The staff is still waiting for his orders and they're ready to sail. Those orders aren't going to come because Santino won't risk going back to the boat."

"You're sure she made it out alive, one hundred percent certain?"

"Yeah, but Tanner, you may need to face the fact that some pretty ugly things happened to her." Darren's facial expression changed in an instant. Brooding anger washed over him. His eyes hazed, his knuckles cracked and popped and his tone dropped. "It may have been really bad. It looked ugly from the photographs."

"What are you trying to say?"

The brothers gave one another a knowing look and David shoved the rest of the croissant in his mouth. Grabbing a cocktail napkin, he wiped his lips, took another drink of juice and studied Darren. He didn't say anything.

"One of you start talking. What do you know?"

"Santino's clean-up crew went in after the deal was done. It's the only indication we had Ally is alive," David said.

Destiny Blaine

Darren explained in short detail. “Apparently, Marcel had Ally delivered there in a tarp of some sort. There was some blood. The charm was found there but Santino’s men cleaned it and left it so the site wasn’t too perfect when the bodies were found. We lucked out this morning. Our guys were waiting in Miami and after we heard someone was brought there for questioning, we had Santino’s man picked up.”

“Did he know anything more?” Tanner probed for more information.

“Only that Santino told him if the clean-up wasn’t perfect, he’d hunt him down and gut him with a kitchen knife.”

Tanner’s lips quirked. “And you think Ally is attracted *to that*?”

Darren barely nodded and David made an excuse. “If I have to entertain my nieces for a few days, I’ll find a woman who can do the same for me for a few hours. I’ll be back later.”

After David left the room, Tanner turned to Darren. “She doesn’t love him. There’s no way all of this, everything we’ve done for her was for nothing. Do you hear me?”

“I hear ya.”

“There’s no reason for her to fall in love with a killer. Ally isn’t the kind of woman who goes from one man’s bed into another.”

“Did it ever dawn on you that she hasn’t been in *any* man’s bed much?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Unspoken Requests

“Come on, man, you really want me to spell it out for you? She’s my sister and I really hate to think of any man, even you...just scratch it.”

Tanner’s eyes narrowed on his lifelong friend. They’d always shot straight with one another, especially where Ally was concerned.

“Have it your way.” Darren went to the bar and poured himself a drink. He’d need one because Tanner wanted answers and Darren had some for him.

“I don’t have all day here.”

Darren took a deep breath and slowly let it out. His cheeks swelled as the air left his mouth. “You and Ally...it’s none of my business but I’m guessing after all the cat and mouse games, you were only together a few times.”

“Together?”

“Ah hell, man, you know what I mean. Don’t make me say it. The woman is my sister, for crying out loud!”

“Go on and quit pussy footing around it.”

Darren shook his head in disgust. “From what I know of women, they are fine without sex until they have it. Once they do the deed, they know what they’re missing and well, while Ally may have saved herself for you at first, I’m not sure how long that would hold after the fact.”

“Eloquently put,” Tanner said, sneering. “And you think because Ally has some sort of basic need now that she would go to bed with a man who can kill for sport?”

Destiny Blaine

A flicker of knowledge shot through Darren's eyes. He was a gambler, a bookie, but not a poker player. He shifted his weight and said, "I think Ally may have considered..."

"You think? Hell. Whatever you know, spit it out. I am man enough to cope with it. Is she leaving me? Did she run off with DeLuca without the intention of coming home to her girls? What? Spit it out!" Tanner felt the anger pulsing in his neck as he glared at Darren.

One of the sports betting lines rang and Tanner grabbed it. "Sports."

He paced the floor. "Yeah, you got him. Lines on what game?" Tanner had a remarkable memory but in order to quote game lines, he'd have to know what teams were playing and for the first time in probably a decade, Tanner didn't have any idea. "Call back tonight. We're running behind here. Yeah, I know man. Life happens. It sucks sometimes...truly, it does." He snapped the phone closed and tossed it on the table. He folded his arms over his chest and waited.

"She's sleeping with him." Darren didn't waste time now. "If she's in love with him, I guess you'll have to hear it from her."

"You've talked to her?"

"No."

"Then how do you know she's fucking him?"

"David suspected it when he went to the boat after she was shot. You said yourself that's why you left. She called out for him. You heard her and

Unspoken Requests

left.” Darren squinted, “Did it ever occur to you to stick around until she was conscious again? Or did it cross your mind she called out for the only person she thought was around to help her?”

“I was beside her, damn it.”

“And she was doped up on morphine, too. She had two slugs put in her ass. I doubt she was thinking of any damned man or his feelings after having those bullets scraped out of her butt.”

Tanner’s gaze returned to the magnificent gold-embedded columns. “So, where did you get the crazy idea that she’s with him now?”

“Oh, we know she’s with him in Little Cayman.”

“I mean, sleeping with his sorry ass!”

“The proof was in the stateroom. David checked out the boat after the crew returned it to Grand Cayman.”

“That’s been over two months ago and you’re just now telling me this? How long have you known she was in Little Cayman?”

“Man, come on now. We’ve been searching for her as hard as you have. We just found out her location this morning.

“But you kept her arrangement with Santino quiet, why?”

Darren lips formed a line of solid determination. “She’s still our sister. What she does in her private life is her business.”

“You never had a problem telling her what to do before. Hell, if you and David would’ve left us

Destiny Blaine

alone years ago, our lives would all be different now. I would've married her right out of high school and she wouldn't have faced so many difficult choices. She damned sure wouldn't sleep with a man like Santino!"

He kicked a few toys out of his way. He was tired of tripping over dolls and little darling gadgets. It was time to go bring home the mother of his children. She could chase around the girls for a while. That is, if he ever let her leave the bedroom long enough to see them.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to Little Cayman and I'm bringing her ass home."

"It's too dangerous. It's not safe."

"What? Are you telling me DeLuca is the only man alive who can keep her well protected?"

"You can answer that better than I can. You're the one who hired him and you're the one who has spent the most time with him, given your history."

Tanner was frustrated and angry as hell. "He had this planned from the beginning."

"Damn it." Darren stood in front of Tanner. "This is your fault as much as it is his or Ally's. Now, I don't particularly care for the man but you made your choice. You decided he was the only one who you trusted to keep her alive. He's done that and—"

"And he should've shown some respect and stayed out of her pants!"

"Yeah, I see your point, man." Darren started

Unspoken Requests

to walk away and then he thought of something else. “No, actually I don’t. How in the bloody hell was DeLuca supposed to keep his hands off of her if he had to stay with her around the clock, hmmm? You told him he couldn’t go anywhere without her. She was supposed to stay in the same room with him every minute of every day. How in the hell was that supposed to work out without an end result just like the one you got? Huh?”

Tanner closed his eyes and shook his head. “I just thought she loved me enough.”

“She probably thought the exact same thing while she was in Florida living as a virgin and you were screwing everything in short skirts.” Darren walked out and left him to chew on a little truth. He didn’t like the way it tasted—at all.

Chapter Fourteen

Ally was in the kitchen when Santino came home. It was odd how comfortable things were between them. How quickly she'd turned his life inside out and yet made him feel like a normal man, a man who deserved a home and a family. He found both in Ally.

"Hey." He kissed her on the cheek and noticed the tear stains at once. He set the bag of groceries on the counter and studied her. "Hey now, what's this?" With the pad of his thumb, he stroked her cheek.

She wrapped her arms around his waist and cried uncontrollably. He gently patted her hair as he tried to soothe her pain away. "Ally, talk to me. What's going on today?" He caressed her back and waited for her reply.

She sniffed a few times and then pulled away from him. "I'm...I'm..."

"You're what, sugar?"

"I can't talk to you about this!" She flew out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

"What the..." He stopped right there before he made the mistake of following her. Whatever had her upset, he wasn't going to ease her into his arms and make everything right for her. Maybe she needed time alone. Maybe he needed to learn how to deal with women, particularly the one sobbing herself into a fit upstairs.

Unspoken Requests

He glanced around the kitchen. Everything in his townhouse was spotless. Since Ally had moved in, the dust mites moved out. She set up housekeeping in a matter of a few short weeks and sent him on daily errands to retrieve whatever she needed. They'd been on the run, or in hiding, for over eight months. For four of those months, Tanner Dorsey hadn't known where to find her, but the Colombians had lost their trail as well. Ally was safe. He'd kept her alive and safe. Better still, she told him two or three times a day how happy he made her. Apparently, all bets were off today.

Santino unpacked the brown paper sack. He pulled a bottle of wine from the refrigerator and popped the cork. Grabbing two wine glasses from the cabinet, he started up the stairs. Allowing the glasses to swing casually by the stems, he made his way to the master bedroom. She wasn't there.

Immediately, alarms went off in his head. He placed the glasses and wine bottle on the nightstand. "Ally?"

Reaching under the mattress, he found one of Ally's guns and released the safety. "Ally?" His voice was louder as he approached the bathroom. He knocked on the door. "Are you in there, Ally?"

He heard her sniffles. "Go away."

Closing his eyes, he was thankful she was still having her woman fit. He returned the safety and then slid the gun back under the mattress. It was only then that he released a heavy sigh of relief. Now, he wanted to paddle her little ass.

Destiny Blaine

Before he thought about it, he walked over to the bathroom and knocked a little harder. “Ally, whatever the problem is, we can work it out. I know you want to go home. I know you miss your little girls. I understand. Well, actually I don’t because I don’t have kids of my own but I think ...”

Ally flung the door open and marched right by him. She didn’t look at him.

He grabbed the doorframe with both hands and stretched inward. What the hell did he do? He’d never understand women. With another big deep breath, probably his last, given her mood, he turned around to face the battle ahead.

“What’s the problem, Ally? This isn’t like you.”

Her eyes narrowed and she seemed to focus on his cock although, if he wanted to gauge the way she looked at it, she didn’t seem all that impressed at the moment. In fact, judging by her glare, she looked at him—it—like she wanted to strike, not fuck. It was enough to send a shiver or two down his spine.

“Why don’t you have kids?”

“Huh?” The question took him by surprise.

“It’s not a complicated question. You said, ‘you don’t understand how I feel exactly because you don’t have kids of your own’ and I want to know why.”

He swallowed hard, stared harder. “I’ve never thought about kids because of the instability of my job.”

“That’s how you describe your career of

Unspoken Requests

choice?" She was picking an argument.

"No, I don't but let's act sensible here. If I had a child, given my...career choice, as you put it, my child or children would always face danger. You should know that better than anyone. Look at your girls. They can't have their mother with them because if you go to them before it's safe for you to be there with them, they are at risk."

She stared harder at his cock and his dick twitched. Damn it. She saw it because she looked at him with pure disgust. Sure enough, fucking was far from her mind.

"So you don't want children, right?"

"Ally, where is this going?" He moved closer, his heart beat faster and faster. Reality flashed in front of him. He'd never used a condom with her, never. Initially, he assumed she was on the pill and later she confirmed it. She was on birth control. He saw the pills. She had a year's supply of the damned things. Thank goodness, because he'd acted irresponsibly and trusted her to take care of things.

"Never mind." She poured herself a glass of wine and then looked at it. She didn't drink it. She didn't take the first sip like she typically would have after she poured glass number one.

He walked into the closet and tugged a metal box from the top shelf. Carefully, he brought it over to the bed and opened the lid. He tossed his ID and wallet inside, locked it by a combination again, and then returned it.

Destiny Blaine

“Who were you today?” she asked sarcastically. Over fifty identities were in the locked box. All fifty had social security numbers, US addresses, credit cards, and passports.

He ignored her question and stared at the untouched glass. “Something wrong with the wine?”

“No, it’s fine.”

“You haven’t touched it.”

“Yes, I have.”

He stormed across the room and picked up the glass. He studied it and then set it down. With his index finger, he tilted her chin up and studied her lips. “Then why is it that your hot pink lipstick isn’t trimming the rim?”

She narrowed her gaze. “What is this? Some kind of interrogation?”

“You’re pregnant.” All the signs had been there. She’d lost a lot of weight and claimed she had a stomach bug whenever she didn’t feel well. Lately, she’d had a few unwell moments, primarily in the morning. He just didn’t think about a pregnancy because it never occurred to him. Why would it? She was on the pill. She’d taken precautions.

Tears streamed down her face. She buried her face in her hands and wailed like a baby.

“Damn.” He didn’t know what else to say. What was a man supposed to say when he discovered his woman—the one who wasn’t really ‘his’ woman—faced an unwanted pregnancy?

Unspoken Requests

Drawing her knees to her chest, Ally rocked back and forth. She glared at the guilty party again. His cock. Apparently, she forgot her role in all this. Maybe he should stare at her pussy with contempt and she'd get the message.

"Uh..." He blinked and tried to think of something to say. He opted for a little humor to break the ice. "Are you sure it's mine?"

Her mouth dropped open wide and she literally jumped from the bed. "You piece of arrogant shit! I cannot believe you'd ask me such a ridiculous, asinine question." She gritted her teeth and then in mockery, she said, "Is it mine?"

Storming away from him, she trotted back downstairs ranting and raving. "Good grief, no, it isn't yours! Hell no! It's not yours. It's Tanner's. I'm sure of it. Even though I haven't been in his arms in nearly a year, I'm certain he's the damned daddy!"

Boy, did he fuck up there. Santino sprinted down the steps behind her. "Ally, wait a minute." She already had the back door open to the courtyard.

He didn't want to draw attention with a pending argument. She needed to come back inside. "Shut the door, baby. Let's talk about this."

"Why? So we can figure out who might have impregnated me, a woman who hasn't been out of your sight!"

"I was kidding, Ally. I fucked up. I was trying to make light of the situation and it obviously made it

Destiny Blaine

worse.”

She glared at him and then stared at his cock with pure rage in her eyes.

“Don’t look at me like that. I could return the favor, you know. Your hot little twat wasn’t exactly off limits here.”

She shook her finger at him. “Oh that’s it! Blame me, why don’t you...you...bastard!” She stormed back inside, slammed the door and hit the steps again.

“Oh no you don’t.” He grabbed her around her middle and stopped her. “Exercise is great but I don’t want you falling over your own feet and tumbling down the stairs. You’re going to sit down and we’re going to talk about this.”

“There’s nothing to talk about. You’ll take me somewhere to get an...an...” She couldn’t even say it.

He couldn’t even think it.

“I’ll have an...” She tried again.

“No you won’t, Ally.”

She seemed surprised. “You don’t want a baby. You don’t even want me!”

Santino wanted her more than anything he’d ever wanted in his life, but Dorsey still had a strong hold on Ally. He didn’t want to compete with another man. He never thought it was possible...until now.

“Sit down, Ally. I think it’s time we have a little talk.”

Ally sat on one side of the sofa, Santino sat on

Unspoken Requests

the other. His breathing was abnormal and a few beads of sweat popped across his forehead. He tried to swipe them away as soon as he felt them there. "I'm going to open the back door. Try to keep it to a low roar." He made his way across the room and she watched him as if she expected him to break down. And he might.

He pushed the ottoman in front of her and sat down. He gently lifted her legs to position them in front of her. "Better?"

Her tears stopped then but the few remaining ones still stained her cheeks. He sighed, walked to the bathroom, retrieved a few tissues, and returned again. Handing them to her, he was mesmerized. How had he missed this? She glowed. Even in her sorrow, she looked like the most beautiful woman in the world with a true sparkle in her cheeks, a lovely fullness in her breasts, something he'd pay closer attention to once he stripped her clothes away from her again.

"I should've been more responsible. I should've taken on the responsibility, Ally."

"It's not your fault."

"What a relief. You don't know how glad I am to hear you say that." He leaned back on one arm and braced himself against his elbow. "The way you've glared at my dick, I thought a protective cup might be handy to have about right now."

He thought it was funny. She didn't laugh.

"I love you, Ally." It was the first time he'd ever said the words and now, they drifted across

Destiny Blaine

his tongue. He didn't move closer to hold her, he didn't want to caress her right then. Instead, he wanted to see the impact of his confession. He just watched her.

Her eyes lit up with satisfaction. "I know you do. It's just nice to finally hear it."

"Ally, I don't love anyone or anything like I love you and that includes myself, so you can imagine the fear I have now."

She nodded. "A child changes things."

"My child—our baby—changes everything."

"I know, Santino, I know."

He ran a hand through his hair and studied her. "Someone will need to tell Dorsey and I think it should be me. I don't want you upset right now."

"I think he would appreciate hearing this from me first."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any idea how far along..." He stopped himself from showing his inexperience in this area and changed direction. "Maybe we should have a doctor come here and run some tests, find out how far along you are and make sure you're healthy."

"I may be several months pregnant..." Tears started to slide down her face again. "Look."

She stood up and raised her shirt. A little pouch, the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen in his lifetime, rounded her little belly.

"Oh, Ally." He dropped his head to her stomach

Unspoken Requests

and held her close to him, his cheek resting against their baby, and his woman. Right now, this was what mattered, nothing else.

Her fingers massaged his head as his hands caressed her skin. "...I'm speechless." He kissed her stomach, locked his hands around her waist and cradled her against more warm kisses of adoration.

Pulling her to him, he brushed her hair away from her face and looked deep into her eyes. "When Marcel grabbed you from that boat, I knew then. I'd die to protect you and I also realized that if Marcel got to you, if he harmed you in any way, I'd feel the pain as deeply as you. It's hard to explain but I think if he'd—"

"You thought he was going to rape me."

"I would've tortured the man for days, weeks, months." His tone was so black, he had to refocus his attention on something else. He held an obsessive love for Ally, one he didn't know how to control because he didn't know how to love.

Ally touched his cheek and then curled into his arms, her thin limbs draped around his waist. "I know why Tanner chose you."

"I do, too." He chuckled.

"He knew you'd take care of me."

"That he did. I'm willing to bet he knew how many different ways, too. Tanner and I understood one another. He gave unspoken requests, in many ways, but he also understood there would be an attraction. I think he was praying all this other stuff would go away faster than it has but that's a

Destiny Blaine

risk he took to keep you alive.”

“I miss him, you know.”

And it hurt like hell for him to answer her. Knowledge of it was one thing but to verbally recognize it now, pained him. “I know.” He whispered as he drew her closer, tighter.

“I can’t have this baby if you’re only going to take him or her away from me. I can’t lose another child.”

Santino’s caresses were firmer now, across her spine, up and down, he massaged her back. Kissing her on top of her head, he told her the only thing he could and he did it without making promises. “I’ll figure this all out. Leave everything to me.”

* * * *

“She had a boy.” Darren sat down on a nearby lounge. Tanner had been out by the pool all day, watching the girls play. Molly pissed Holly off when she sprayed her in the face with a water gun. Holly now ignored her sister at all costs.

“A boy.” Tanner didn’t seem all that interested but he was very concerned. She’d had a difficult pregnancy and even though Tanner was secretly paying the doctor who visited the home she shared with Santino, sometimes he went days without receiving news from the Cayman Islands. David was in Grand Cayman, just in case she needed anything.

Tanner tossed his sunglasses on and stood up. “Did you tell your mother?”

“Momma hopes you’ll let her come home now. Naturally, she wants to see her grandson.”

Unspoken Requests

Tanner watched his girls swim around in circles, defiantly avoiding one another. He smirked at the irony. Right now, he wanted to avoid Santino and he imagined Santino felt the same way.

"It's safe for her to come home now. The Colombians have stopped searching for her, moved on to other things. Most assume she's in a witness protection program, some assume she's dead."

"Why didn't you let Ally know you were there when you visited Little Cayman?" Darren was curious. He'd wanted to ask before but he hadn't dared. Tanner was so distant, it was a topic they didn't discuss because Tanner threw himself into raising his daughters and setting up one offshore casino and sportsbook after another.

"I planned to bring her back here because I'm a jealous man. I'm a controlling, egotistical person who wanted Ally back in my arms just so I knew she wasn't in his. If it meant putting her life at risk, I didn't care. I was going crazy without her."

"And that changed when you found out she was pregnant?"

"No. Maybe, yeah some. I never told you this but when I went to Little Cayman, I watched Ally all morning. She was in their villa, watering plants, humming, dusting the tables, putting dishes away, living normal."

"Well, I guess she didn't have a lot to do other than make the most of her life. She didn't have any idea how long he was going to keep her there."

Tanner continued. "He ran out to the market.

Destiny Blaine

Before he came home, I saw her dash to the bathroom with her hand over her mouth. A few minutes later she came out with a washcloth to her head and her hand resting against her stomach. I knew right then.”

“So you left.”

“No, I waited. I watched DeLuca come home, kiss her and then stand in the kitchen, stunned as she left him there to digest whatever she told him. I hate to say it but I almost felt sorry for the guy. He looked helpless. I don’t know what she said to him then but he followed her upstairs. I tried to find an open window so I could listen, hear something, anything. I started to give up and go to the front door and just ring the doorbell. Hell, I didn’t know what I’d say but I wanted to take Ally away from him.

“Then, I heard them talking. I heard the fear in her voice, the anxiety she felt because of another pregnancy with a man who was nothing more than a criminal. And I heard him tell her he loved her.” Tanner walked away from Darren then. “He loves her and I want her home with me, with Molly and Holly. How’s this supposed to work out for Ally?”

Darren shook his head. “Man, I don’t know but you need to resolve your troubles with my sister. We can’t afford Santino, if he’s still running up a tab with us, unless we’re operating at full capacity, and you know I’m talking about all of our businesses. David has new contacts to replace our previous partners in Colombia and the casinos are

Unspoken Requests

profitable. It's a year for the bookies. Still, we have to get this Ally-problem under control soon."

"I know. I'm going to give her and DeLuca a few weeks to enjoy their little boy. It's time I didn't have with my girls, time I know a parent likes to have. I owe them that much. I put them together and I'm not going to show a jealous hand by tearing them apart right now."

"You're going to bring that bastard's kid in here and raise him as your own, aren't you?"

"With some conditions," Tanner said.

"Care to share what you're thinking?"

"Not until I talk to Ally."

* * * *

Santino watched her sleeping with his little boy in the curve of her arm. He was so tiny, even against his mother's petite frame. Ally didn't look good. She was pale, white as a ghost actually, but she'd come through her pregnancy like a trooper, even agreeing to a midwife since Santino didn't want the birth of their child to send out a loud cry for attention. He suspected the Colombians backed off but why tempt them with the birth of a killer's first child?

He eased onto the bed and cradled Ally against his chest. He kissed her forehead and caressed her arm. "I'll love you forever, Ally Stephens."

She snuggled closer, holding their baby close enough to bury him against her breast. He reached over and made sure the child had breathing room and his little eyelids twitched.

Destiny Blaine

In a few hours, the baby would squeal for attention, and he would warm the bottles and feed him. Ally decided not to nurse their son for reasons she didn't discuss with him, but down deep he understood. The underlying fear was due to the separation she experienced with her daughters.

He touched the little boy's hand. "You have two beautiful half sisters, from what I understand."

Ally heard him and wrapped her hand around his neck. "I love you, Santino DeLuca," she mumbled as she fell into another deep sleep.

He kissed her parched lips and pulled his son from her arms. "I love you, too, Ally DeLu..." And he stopped himself cold. What the hell was he thinking? He looked down on his son and then back at Ally, who was unaware of the feelings she'd just stirred inside of him. He closed his eyes and moved away from the bed. He placed his son in his cradle and headed downstairs.

Once there, he broke down. He was going to die when Dorsey took her away, when Tanner came for them, and he would come. Santino stared out at the beach, struggling to make sense of too many emotions, too many distorted feelings. He didn't want to let Ally go because he didn't think he'd ever be the same without her, but he also understood her family was waiting on her. She had two little girls and they needed their mother. They were the missing links in Ally's life.

She missed them, just like she'd miss the little baby they'd brought into the world, only he wasn't

Unspoken Requests

going to ask her to choose. He was going to let them both go and he was going to do it soon.

He walked over to the coat closet and tugged a cord from the wall. The phone was charged. Tanner was waiting. He'd been waiting for months for this very call. Santino took a deep breath and exhaled. He hit the code and waited for someone to answer.

"Dorsey." Five rings, he answered.

"It's DeLuca."

"So nice of you to call." His tone was cool but controlled. "Is Ally okay?"

"She's fine."

"The baby?"

"He's fine."

"Give him my last name on the birth certificate."

Santino wasn't surprised that Tanner received the news of Ally's pregnancy. The son-of-a-bitch probably knew where they were from the moment he arrived there with her. He was fooling himself if he thought otherwise.

"I can do that, if it's what Ally wants."

"She probably doesn't know what she wants, no thanks to you."

"It's easy to blame me, isn't it?"

"What do you expect here, DeLuca?"

"I expect you to get on the first plane to Little Cayman and come here to pick up your woman and my son."

"I like the way you put that. It's interesting, really. Your son, my woman. Did it occur to you

Destiny Blaine

that if you'd kept your cock in your pants, we wouldn't have the issue of a kid in the picture?"

Yeah, it did, more than once or twice. Now, something else slapped him with a dose of reality. The way he referred to the son Ally gave him. Dorsey would treat him like an unwanted step-son, and why wouldn't he? Santino's son would provide a constant reminder of what another man shared with his woman.

"Ally wants her girls with her."

"I want Ally."

"I'm sure you do."

"And you do as well?" Tanner asked.

"She's the only bright spot I've had in my life, until now."

"And you're going to hand them both over to me."

Santino wasn't sure if it was a question or a statement. He didn't quite know how to respond.

"That is what you're saying, right? I'm going to come down there and pick them up, and you're fine with the fact you'll never see them again?"

"Dorsey, I am a man who is going to return a woman to the guy who hired me to do a job. I did what I was paid to do. It's time for Ally to go home."

"Is that right? Just a job for another guy, right?"

"Yep, that's right."

"So tell me, since we're talking about Ally as nothing more than a job, how much do I owe you

Unspoken Requests

for fucking the woman I thought was mine? Hmmm...See, I had claims on Ally in every way that mattered. I took her virginity, she had a true, pure love for me, one untarnished by any other man. She gave me two beautiful little girls and she loved only me unconditionally."

"What's your point, Dorsey?"

"My point is, you took all that away and now I can't get that Ally back. She's gone. She's been in your bed night after night, I don't care to guess how many times you've fucked her but I imagine it's been more than the few times I've had the chance. She gave you a son and, from what I can tell, she loves you, in spite of everything."

"Yeah, she does love me."

"This worked out well for you, I see."

Santino set his jaw. He sat down on the last step and held the phone out in front of him. He started to flip the phone closed and decided he understood the anger Dorsey felt. The least he could do was listen to what the man had to say.

"Will you come here?"

"No. You'll bring her to me."

"I'll what?"

"In eight weeks, I'll call you. Eight weeks and you'll bring Ally to me here. David will meet you and bring you here. David has a hot little number he's visiting in Grand Cayman now and he'll stay nearby. If you need something, anything at all for Ally, you'll let me know?"

"Yeah, I'll let you know."

Destiny Blaine

“And DeLuca?”

“Yeah?”

“You take care of her and...tell her I love her.”

“Will do.” He slapped the phone shut, angry at the last request. He should’ve told Dorsey to go fuck himself but then again, he kept going back to all the reasons why it was hard to hate the man.

Tanner had Ally first. If Tanner Dorsey hadn’t had her in the first place, Santino’s path wouldn’t have crossed with Ally’s—the only woman he’d ever love.

If it wasn’t for Tanner, he wouldn’t know the joy found in hearing his first-born son cry out for a little love and attention. He stood at the bottom of the stairs and listened to the little guy give his lungs a workout. He then made his way to the kitchen to get the little boss of the house his bottle. And he did it with a smile.

Chapter Fifteen

“Momma?” Ally walked into the study with Darren, David, Santino and a new bundle wrapped tightly in a mountain of blankets.

“Ally?” The older woman moved faster than anyone had probably witnessed in over a year. “Ally!” She hugged her so hard she forgot all about the baby Ally held until the child cried out in obvious discomfort.

Mrs. Stephens pulled back the corner fold of the blanket and held her breath. “Oh my Lord, he looks just like...”

“Yeah, beauty runs deep in this family.” Darren squeezed his sister. “The little dude looks like his handsome uncles, huh?”

“He does,” she said as she peered over the cloth, watching her grandson. “Oh, Ally, he is one beautiful child.” She touched her daughter’s face and then turned to the man next to her with a coolness in her tone. She tried to remain somewhat cordial. “I’m sure you’re very proud, Mr. DeLuca.”

He nodded. “Please, call me Santino.”

“Very well.” She patted Ally’s arm. “Let me have my grandson. You two go on out there and see the girls. Tanner will be here shortly. I’m sure he’ll be glad to see...” She stumbled over her words. She was too old to worry about things that didn’t concern her and Ally realized her mother was far too partial to Tanner to remain impartial. “David,

Destiny Blaine

go with your sister and her...friend. The girls may not know how to react to their mom's homecoming."

Homecoming? Ally didn't know if that was the appropriate way to describe her reunion with her family. She was going to have a lot to get used to here. The house was like a castle, and a grotesque showing of wealth—home didn't come to mind.

Ally reached for Santino's hand instinctively but she dropped it as soon as her mother and brothers showed their surprise.

"I can't wait." She rushed across the room toward the terrace doors.

"Hang on, Ally. There's something you should know first." David warned her before she opened the doors. "It's about Molly."

Concern washed over Santino's face and Ally studied his expression before she focused on David, holding her breath, waiting for some sort of devastating news. "What?"

"Ally, Molly is um...attached to me and really, no one else."

She giggled. "I'm sure that's so true."

"It is," Darren said with a huff. "No one can manage the child any better."

"She'll be glad to see me." Ally winked and rushed toward the girls. Tanner had once told her how the girls loved the water. They were swimming around in a circle, playing tag, when she walked outside.

Holly looked up at her mother. Familiarity

Unspoken Requests

washed over her face and she reached for her immediately. "Momma?"

Ally dropped her handbag and ran down the three steps into the shallow end of the pool. She grabbed Holly and hugged her close to her chest as she stared over the little girl's head, searching the eyes of her other small child. "Molly, do you have a hug for me?"

Holly clung to her and looked back at her sister. "It's Momma," the little girl told her sister.

"No." With her orange floating devices keeping her above the water, she kicked her feet and swam into the deep end of the pool.

Ally cried and laughed at the same time. So many emotions pulled at her heart as she held one daughter and admired the other for her spunk and independence. She had a good reason, a very good reason to feel what she wanted to feel. She wouldn't push her until she was ready to come around.

"Molly, what did I tell you about playing on that side of the pool?" David scolded her.

"Get me." She reached with one arm and David started for her but then stopped.

"Swim back to your mom, she'll help you."

Ally smiled and mouthed the words 'thank you' but Molly started to wail like someone who was used to crying and getting exactly what she wanted.

David stood his ground. "Molly, your mother is home now. She's safe and sound with her family."

Destiny Blaine

He shot Santino a pointed glare. "The least you can do is swim over there and give her a hug."

Ally watched Molly closely as Holly showered her with kisses. "She's a 'wittle' bad girl sometimes." She cupped her hand over her mouth and whispered her words low.

"A 'wittle' bad girl, huh?" Ally laughed outright and tickled her daughter silly. Holly laughed and laughed, wiggling free at the same time.

"I don't wanna see her. Get me." Molly was persistent and Ally didn't know how much she should press the issue. She didn't have to wonder long.

An older woman dressed in a plaid skirt rushed outside as if the sky were falling right then and there. She walked over to a cabinet behind the loungers and pulled free two beach towels.

David started to introduce the nanny. "Mrs. Thacker, this is..."

"I know who she is," Mrs. Thacker said. "And I certainly know who *he* is." She walked to the other side of the pool and plucked Molly from the water. Ally locked gazes with David.

"I can get her, if..."

"It's time for their nap. They can get fussy if they don't stay on schedule." She turned her back to Ally and then grumbled, "Something a good mother would know, if she wasn't scooting around the country with her lover."

Santino's face turned beet red. "Was that appropriate?" His thick arrogance laced every

Unspoken Requests

syllable he spoke. Ally shook her head. She realized if the girls trusted this woman, the last thing she needed was to cross her in front of her daughters.

"Holly?" Mrs. Thacker held out her arms with a lime green towel draped over her back. "Let's go."

"I wanna play with Momma."

"I'm sure you do, darling. Will you be here when the girls wake-up?" she asked with a certain snip to her inquiry.

"Yes, of course." Ally waded to the side of the pool and kissed Holly on the cheek. "I'll see you after your nap."

Holly's lower lip quivered. She kissed Ally's cheek back in response before she held up her hands and waited for Mrs. Thacker to pull her from the water.

She giggled and then looked at her mother. Ally smirked as she turned around to hide the obvious pleasure she took watching the little girl go the extra mile to make it difficult for Mrs. Thacker.

The pitter-patter of little feet slapped against the tile floor as they trotted off with their caregiver. Over her shoulder, Mrs. Thacker made one final snide remark. "David, there are more towels over here in the basket. I haven't had time to put them away and your sister is going to show everything she has when she gets out of the water. A white pantsuit doesn't conceal anything when it's wet."

Ally swam to the side and pressed her chest up against it. "David? Would you be a dear and grab

Destiny Blaine

me a towel? The bitchy one didn't have time to put the towels where they belong, and the 'white pantsuit doesn't conceal anything when it's wet', you know." Ally looked down and noticed the true weight of her breast outlined and the shape and contour of her nipples pressed through the material. She imagined her thong and everything it didn't cover would be all too obvious once she left the crystal blue waters.

David grinned, walked a few steps, retrieved a towel and then tossed it on a nearby chair. "I think I'll wait in the study. Your luggage is already in your room, if you want to change."

After he disappeared, Ally snickered as she used the ladder to pull herself up. Santino leaned over and grabbed her wrist, tugging her straight against his chest. "Damn, what a body."

"Damn, what an ass." Tanner's voice stilled her where she stood. She didn't know which way to turn, what to say, what to do. She wiggled free of Santino's grip and turned to face him.

As soon as she saw him, everything came rushing back at one time. She squeezed Santino's arm and then sprinted around the pool, jumping into Tanner's arms in a split second, wrapping her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck.

He cupped her bottom with both hands and sat down on a lounge with her as her mouth covered his in a bruising kiss. She sensed Santino watching them but she couldn't help herself. This was *Tanner*, this was the man she'd always loved, the

Unspoken Requests

man who would walk through hell to find a way, any way to save her. And that's when it hit her. Struggling against his firm grip, she turned to look at the man, who not only tried to find ways to protect her, but he found them by acting on them himself. He placed himself in front of danger for her. He did it because he valued her life more than his own.

Surprisingly, she didn't see the hurt she thought she might find in his eyes. Instead, he cautiously walked over to where Ally and Tanner were seated and he reluctantly offered his hand. "Tanner, it's good to see you."

Ally brushed his hair away from his face. "Yeah, it is." She hopped off his lap and Tanner rose to shake Santino's hand.

"Thank you for bringing her back to us," he said.

"It's my pleasure."

"Yeah, well, about that..." He threw a sucker punch and, with a right hook to the jaw, Santino landed in the water. A spray of water fell from his hair as he shook his head when he surfaced.

"Tanner!" Ally shoved him out of the way and rushed to the side of the pool. "Now, why the hell did you have to do that?" She wheeled around and pointed her accusing finger in his face.

Santino groaned. "Surely to God, you don't have to ask."

Ally pursed her lips and set her jaw.

"Ah now, Ally, come on, the man fucked the

Destiny Blaine

woman I planned to marry.”

“It happened more than a few times, too,” Santino taunted him then added, “Damn you, Dorsey. This was a new suit.”

“My money may have paid for it.”

“Yeah, well, your money hasn’t paid for anything but that damned boat that is better called a ship than a yacht. I haven’t spent one red cent of your fucking money!” He swam over to the ladder with one arm helping him get there and the other held against his face. “Damn you, what a punch.”

“You’re lucky I didn’t break your jaw.”

“Tanner, stop this.”

Ally stood in front of him with her palms planted against his chest. He glanced down at her long enough to lick his lips. “Good damn, woman, those boobs look good enough to eat.”

“Knock it off.”

“Hell no. While you were fucking your way through the last year, I’ve gone back to self-sex. It sucks, really it does. The first thing I’m going to do here today is strip you down and spank that ass of yours for being so horny, then I’m going to make sure you know what it means to go crazy with hunger, the kind I’ve dealt with for over a year.”

Santino draped a towel over his shoulder and brought Ally one, too. “Do that again and I’ll return the favor. I figure you owed me one—here Ally, cover yourself up.” He wrapped the large soft linen around her trembling frame.

Tanner’s eyes narrowed. “I saw the kid.”

Unspoken Requests

“His name is Rios. We named him after a friend of ours.”

“We named him after a friend of ours,” he mocked her and then quickly added, “Hell, the way you two act, should I have the maids add his and her monograms to your towels?”

“Tanner, stop this.”

“Ally, don’t waltz back in here and think everything is okay. It’s not. In fact, I plan to make it as tough as I can on you, starting right now.” He grabbed her hand and began pulling her down the hallway.

“Let her go, Dorsey.”

“The baby! He’ll get hungry.”

“Believe it or not, your mom and brothers are kid-friendly. Newborns will get along fine with them. Besides, I plan to make babies a frequent habit around here.”

“Tanner, stop this. Damn it to hell, I just got here, for crying out loud.” She tugged her arm free and he grabbed it again.

“And this means what to me?” He stopped in the hallway and wheeled around to glare at her.

“You can’t do this, not with...” She tilted her head toward Santino but he only smirked now. At some point, Ally imagined she was left out in the cold on some kind of inside joke.

“Not with, what?” Tanner’s eyes danced with mischief. “You want us both. You want to keep us both. You don’t want to choose. You’ve told me more than once that I always get my way and yeah,

Destiny Blaine

I typically do but no thanks to you or Mr. Cool over there, seems this time is different. This time, you get your way and it involves something I never expected to consider. In fact, I only made up my mind when I first saw you two together at the airport.”

Ally closed her eyes. “Ah hell, Tanner. You were spying on me, on us, at the airport?”

Santino leaned back against the wall and crossed his arms behind his back. She imagined he was enjoying the show.

Tanner’s lips moved to her neck and with both hands, he ripped her shirt from her body, tugging the wet layers away from her flushed skin. “Damn straight I was and I saw everything.”

Santino grinned and his lips twitched, most likely from the same memory Ally now had. They had gone into the executive lounge of Franklin Airways and while the baby slept in the baby seat, they’d fooled around in a dark corner. Ally closed her eyes and thought of how hot and wet Santino kept her most of the damned time.

“Yeah, Ally, I saw everything. I was the old guy with the New York Times newspaper.”

“I hate your disguises.”

“You used to love ‘em and in fact, if you weren’t so busy getting finger-fucked in a public place, you might have noticed me!”

She took a deep breath and let it out as he continued to scold her while stripping her clothes from her body. Santino watched, in obvious

Unspoken Requests

amusement. His dancing eyes and quirky little smile gave everything away.

“Tanner, this is really ridiculous.”

“No, loving two men and claiming to care for them equally is fucking insane. Tell me something, how are we supposed to deal with that? What would you do if you were in this position, huh? Would you let me keep two women? How about Mister Fertile over there? Huh? Would you want him to take another gal and yank her into bed with you?”

She shuddered. She didn’t want to share Tanner. She refused to even entertain the idea of Santino with another woman. She loved them equally and needed each for various reasons, but Santino’s dark side made her accept the fact that she was the only woman he would ever really love. A lot of it had to do with what she discovered about him when she profiled him. As an agent, she’d discovered more about the man than she’d ever discuss with him unless he decided he wanted to open up that part of his past and share it.

Brutalized as a child, Santino DeLuca was from an organized crime family that mistreated their children and then later put them to work in some of the worst of conditions. To escape, Santino killed his father and then worked for his mother’s family as a hired gun. The man never formed lasting relationships—until Ally.

Tanner’s family life hadn’t been much better. He didn’t talk about his father much but Ally knew he despised him, whoever he was.

Destiny Blaine

Tanner eased his hands around Ally's back. "You don't like the way that sounds do you, baby? Can't seem to wrap that devious little dirty mind around the concept of three people going at it, unless of course, you choose the players, and you have, haven't you?" He unhooked her bra and then backed away from her just an inch.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" She held her bra close to her chest.

"Lock that door, Santino."

With a lopsided smile, he eased over to the door and turned the latch. She heard it click and swallowed hard as understanding hammered into her chest. "You can't be serious."

"You think I'm kidding?" He flipped the button on his denim jeans and then yanked the zipper down in record time. "Ally, you know me much better than that, don't you?"

"Santino?" Her voice made her sound like a croaking toad. "You're okay with this?"

His gaze burned through her own and he shrugged. "I'll play along if you will."

"See how easy it is for everybody to follow Ally's requests? Unspoken, written, direct, we know what you're thinking before you do."

"Tanner, this is not going to work out. You're far too jealous, and way too possessive."

"And you took how long to decide this?"

"A lifetime."

"We haven't had a lifetime," he hissed as he fell to his knees and began to work her white pants

Unspoken Requests

over trembling hips and thighs.

Santino moved in behind her and wrapped his strong arms around her body. "Come here, darlin', let him see you." His hands covered hers and he gently moved them out of the way allowing the lace to fall away from her breasts. Slowly, his fingertips began to roll her nipples and he kissed her neck as Tanner watched the familiarity of seasoned lovers.

"God, I must be crazy for sharing you." He kissed a kneecap as he continued to work the cold, damp clothes from her body. Using a towel, he rubbed each leg up and down before he patted her pussy. "I bet it's wet for a reason other than swimming in the pool, huh?"

Oh and how right he was. She was drenching wet and she knew where to find relief. Tanner's cock pressed over the top of his shorts and he licked at her folds while trying to part her pussy lips with one or two deep, sudden swipes. She braced herself against his shoulders and Santino backed away from her, stripping down to bare bones—the best of which pointed into her ass—before he stepped back in place.

Holding her against his broad chest, he held her at a pace Tanner's tongue set. Her body unraveled under his hot mouth and his lips sipped at her juices as she squeezed his shoulders, rocking with him, enjoying everything he did to her, for her, with them. Tanner was going to make this work, for her. He wasted little time proving it.

Destiny Blaine

With a hungry growl, he glanced up at Ally and winked. "I'm not waiting. He's had his share of you, but me? I've done without."

An uncomfortable chuckle sounded out behind Ally and she reached over her back and touched Santino's chin. With his index finger, he tilted her chin upward and to the left and he fucked her mouth with his, insinuating a slow screw with an erotic move only his tongue created.

Tanner's fingers snaked inside of her vagina. "You like the way he kisses you. I can tell, you just get wetter and wetter." He kissed her pussy before he moved up and took one full breast into his hot, sweet mouth and licked her nipple into a piercing pain so divine she thought she'd come without any penetration.

"Please, Tanner."

"You want me, don't you, baby?"

"Both, I want both." She was breathing harder than a woman should breathe during sex. Oh, how desperate she sounded as she panted and tugged. One hand reached for Tanner's dick and the other latched tightly around the swollen cock at the base of her ass. She pumped Santino's thick meaty shaft into her palm and closed her eyes to savor the feeling of both men. Their hands were everywhere. They never stilled anywhere long. Their bodies were hard, ready, restless...waiting for hers.

Tanner kissed his way back into her neck and Santino broke the kiss he greedily sipped and allowed Tanner a turn. "Now, you're going to fuck

Unspoken Requests

me, Ally. Right here, right now.” He stroked his cock over her leg and then backed up against the bed.

With a tug, he pulled her down on the bed over him, throwing her arm over his shoulder and catching her breast in his mouth at the same time his cock pressed into her walls. “God, yeah. That’s what I wanted.”

Santino watched them fuck. Ally sat upright on top of Tanner, rubbing her clit against his shaft as he entered her.

“That’s it, baby, get yours too.” He smirked as he watched her. “Damned if you’re not more beautiful.” His hands covered her breasts and Santino closed his eyes.

Ally licked her lips and then bit down on her index finger, watching Tanner as he pushed himself harder into her vagina. She touched her nipples and noticed his eyes widen in surprise. “You like touching yourself, now?” He grabbed her hips and then shifted his weight, rolling on top of her to fuck her still harder.

“Good, Ally...it’s so, so good to feel you.”

Ally turned her head toward her lone audience and crooked her finger back and forth. Tanner’s pace slowed as he watched Santino with a devious smile.

“Hand jobs suck, don’t they, buddy?” Santino’s dark demeanor held her in a trance.

Tanner spread Ally’s thighs wider and he fucked deeper, going hard for one or two more

Destiny Blaine

thrusts before he withdrew with a manly growl.

“Nothing but pure hell and sweet satisfaction is found in between my woman’s legs.”

Tanner rummaged through a nearby drawer and found what he was looking for before he came back to the bed and set the small tube on the mattress. He was too excited, moving too fast for Ally to keep up now, but this was Tanner, this was the way he was, and he never sat still long. He never fucked for hours, or took the time to focus on the important things in life. He’d promised to change, but what if he had? Would it change what she loved about him?

Santino reached for Ally and she rose up on her knees. He tugged her arms around his neck before he slanted his mouth over hers. “I gotta do this, you know.” He winked, “Ally likes having her ass spanked.”

Tanner growled. “You think I don’t know that? Who do you think smacked it first?”

“Boys, behave.” She positioned herself on her knees and pressed down on her palms. She licked her lips and then begged for it. “Two strong and able men and neither one of you are man enough to spank me?”

“I’ll show you man enough.” Tanner rubbed his dick down the crease of her ass and Santino’s hand rippled across her bottom with a slap-slap-soothe-smack at the same instant. It was a detailed rhythm and it set her pussy on fire as soon as she felt it.

Unspoken Requests

“More, give me more.” She whined, arched, and wanted to purr and scratch. After all, she was in position, might as well play the part.

“I’ll give you more, sugar.” Santino lay down on the bed and fisted his cock. “Come here and suck my dick, baby.”

“Sweet.” She stretched across the bed and Tanner smacked her bottom. “No, you stay like this for me. Bob that head up and down on his dick but don’t you move this ass.”

She licked the top of Santino’s cock and ran her tongue over the veins pressing through his taut skin. “Hmmm...”

She did love sucking cock, especially Santino’s. The way he watched her while she took him in her mouth made her womb clench and her pussy dripped with need. Most of the time, he left her shivering with pleasure, drowning with desire. She planned to indulge in plenty of it over the course of a lifetime.

As she ran her tongue over his slit, she tasted the salty musk of a man ready to come. A controlled lover, Santino didn’t come without planning for it. He didn’t just lose it unexpectedly but today, he would. He was harder than she’d ever felt him and he pulled her hair, something he did a lot when he didn’t have the capacity to resist her. And she craved it when he started it. She wanted him to hold her head closer and closer to his cock as she swallowed the stout evidence of a well endowed man.

Destiny Blaine

With a pop, she released Santino, not wanting him to take his until she got hers. And she knew just how she planned to get what she wanted. Licking around the mushroom head, she mumbled against his erection and pressed her hips against Tanner's cock. "Somebody start fucking or else I swear, I'm going to finger myself until I..."

Tanner's finger provided a first warning as he dipped around the entrance he wanted to claim, making sure she was moist enough to accept him. "Damn, does she order you around like this all the time?" He bit her butt cheek and then licked the globe with a tender swipe. "That stuff stops now. I'll make sure we change it immediately."

Santino moved her body to cover his and as if the two men had fucked her simultaneously a thousand times, they both slid into her at one time. "Sweet mercy hell!" she cried out.

Tanner thrust inside but Santino withdrew some. "You okay?"

She gulped and then nodded. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"No, you're not okay." He withdrew another inch or two and Tanner stopped thrusting, too.

"What's wrong, baby?" He kissed her back.

"I'm...just...happy."

Santino chuckled. "No, you're hurting. There's no rush here. We can take this thing slow."

She closed her eyes and tried to withstand the pain. "Just wait. Don't either of you move." She focused on clenching her butt cheeks tighter,

Unspoken Requests

pulling Tanner deeper as she pulsed her pussy walls around Santino's shaft. "Just don't move yet." Again, she did the same thing and then all bets were off.

Tanner smacked her rear and she cried out as a shot of electrified pleasure rocked through her womb. She continued to draw in the strength found in both men. She squeezed and released one cock and then another as she tried to sway with and against their bodies.

"Fuck me," she whimpered and they did. Holy sweet mercy, did they ever fuck her—every which way her body willingly moved.

Destiny Blaine

Chapter Sixteen

Santino sat down with the little one in his arms. Rios watched his mother braid Molly's hair. She didn't have a lot to say to Ally but that was okay, it would pass.

Molly studied the little boy and touched his fingers. "He's teeny-weeny."

"Yes, he is, but you're kind of cute and teeny-weeny, too," Santino remarked.

She pulled her hand back and then looked up at Ally. "Who is he?" Her meek voice was barely understandable as she mumbled into her mother's shirt.

"His name is Santino."

Santino winked at Ally.

"Is he fam-i-ly?" She said it slowly as if she wanted to make sure she asked the appropriate question.

Santino flinched and Ally smiled as she touched his cheek. "Yes, he's fam-i-ly." The little girl smiled and then touched the same place on Santino's cheek before she jumped down from Ally's lap.

Santino watched her run across the terrace and then commented, "You're doing the right thing by taking things slow with her. If you push, she'll back away. You don't have a guarantee that she'll return with the same eagerness to get to know you as what you see now."

Unspoken Requests

“You think she’s eager?”

“Well, as much as a little girl can be right now.”

“How’d you get to be so smart about kids?” She instantly regretted asking him because she understood he had plenty of pain in his past. She didn’t want to dredge up memories he didn’t want to revisit.

“I’m learning as I go. I’m trying the same approach with women.” He leaned over and kissed her cheek. “I love you, Ally.”

She winked. “I hope so. Are you okay with everything here?”

Santino took a deep breath and watched as Darren and David helped their mother into a nearby chair in the dining room. Holly and Molly chased one another through the foyer with ‘winged’ Barbies and Tanner stood on the edge of the lawn photographing something. Santino imagined his focus stayed on Ally.

He smiled and then answered. “Yeah, I think I am. I think I’m more than okay with it.”

* * * *

Ally and Tanner tucked the girls in bed and she peeked in on Rios. The baby’s room adjoined Mrs. Thacker’s room and she didn’t feel comfortable with it but monitors were placed in the rooms she’d share with Tanner and Santino. After she kissed Rios goodnight, she slipped into her room with Santino and sat down on the edge of the bed.

“Ally, don’t explain this, you don’t have to tell

Destiny Blaine

me what goes on when you're alone with him."

"I know."

He sat up, pulling her to him as he slid her next to his hard, waiting body. This was where she had a foreseeable problem. After her six-week check-up with the doctor, she'd returned to normal sexual activities and those with Santino were high-energy, to say the least. He cradled her in a tight hug and stroked her hair.

"So what do your brothers say about this unusual arrangement?"

"I'm surprised they haven't told you. They've had a pretty strong voice about it." She shifted her weight and then moved over him to straddle his waist.

"Ally?"

She kissed him lightly on the lips as she tugged his erection from his boxers. Slowly she began to pump the weight of his cock into her closed palm.

"Ah, baby girl. You're going to find yourself in a whole lot of trouble here."

"I can't go to him until I know you're satisfied." She slanted her lips over his and he slid his hand on top of hers to stop her from driving him to the brink of male madness.

"Ally, you don't have to please us both night after night. I've brought you back to him and he's waited a long time for a night alone with you and...I understand."

She tugged away from his grip, dropped her head to his belly and placed feather-light kisses

Unspoken Requests

around his stomach. Tears fell against his skin and she choked back what she wanted to say, needed to tell him, but didn't dare.

"You're okay, Ally. You belong with both of us and I realized it long before you accepted it." He caressed her open back with the pads of his fingertips.

"And what if you're wrong?" She'd had a full afternoon to think about it. She knew she belonged with Santino. She knew how she felt about him, and from the get-go, he'd known how he felt about her. It was easy with them. Nothing with Tanner was ever easy.

He stopped moving his hand and held her flat against his chest with his palm resting between her shoulder blades. "I'm not," he whispered.

A few minutes passed and Ally felt like she could fall asleep. She closed her eyes and hugged him tighter. "We're going to be fine," she mumbled. "Just fine," she said again. "Everything that is supposed to work out will work out in the end," she said again. Holding him only tighter and tighter with each passing thought she voiced, and she cried out again.

"Okay, that's it." Using both hands, he forced her to release the clutch she used to hold onto him and reluctantly, he pushed her away. With a moan, he stood, shook out his pants and slipped into them even with the obvious problems—his erection and her mouth watering because of it.

He sat back down on the bed and she

Destiny Blaine

immediately knelt in behind him, pressing her lips to his neck and massaging his shoulders. He patted the bed. "Ally, come here."

"Hmmm..." She nipped at his ear. "I love it when you talk dirty to me."

"Damn it!" He stood up again. "Knock it off." He walked across the room and turned the overhead light on, ruining the lighting of a romantic mood that the lone lamp in the room provided in the first place.

Ally fell back on the bed. "Just one quick romp and then I'll go to him."

"You will?"

"Yes, I will."

"Maybe he doesn't want my leftovers tonight. Did you stop and think about that?"

"He didn't have a problem with it before."

"Who?"

"Him," she said.

"Him-who?" he persisted as he moved closer.

She swallowed hard and bit down on her lower lip.

"Ally? What the hell is going on here?" He shook her shoulders and stared into her eyes. "You can't even say his name tonight. What's this about?"

"I don't love him anymore." She closed her eyes, tried to stop the tears from a free-fall but it didn't work. They came in droves.

Santino looked like the wind was knocked out of him when he heard her confession. "Have you told him?"

Unspoken Requests

“No.”

“Don’t.”

“Why?” Her lip quivered and she touched her fingertips to her mouth, trying to prevent it. She wasn’t a weak woman. She fought like a man, drew a gun with as much skill as any man she’d ever known, and she did not weep like an overgrown baby.

“It’s a bad idea right now, Ally. For starters, you’re tired. Look at everything you’ve been through over the last year and tell me you’ve had a normal year. For that matter, tell me when you remember having one day of normalcy. Just one full day where you didn’t feel torn between two men, two or three separate lives, a career you love and a man whose way of life prevented you from having everything you wanted. One day, Ally.”

“I love you and...”

“You’ll love me tomorrow when you return to my bed. Nothing will change between us.” He sat down on the bed and pulled her to him. “Ally, I’m going to spend my life taking care of you and that boy of ours.” He grinned when he mentioned Rios.

“Would you love me enough to marry me?”

“Ally...” He closed his eyes and touched her face.

“Look at me.”

He pursed his lips and opened his eyes. “What do you think?”

“Then, will you marry me?”

“Ally, what are you running from, here?”

Destiny Blaine

“Answer the question.”

“You’re proposing?”

“Yes, I am.”

“To me?”

“Yes.”

“And what about Tanner?”

“Do you want me to take that as a ‘no’ or are you going to think on it?”

* * * *

No, he wasn’t going to think on it. He was going to love the thought straight out of the woman’s mind. She was running scared. There were too many feelings involved. Too much standing in the way of complete happiness and marriage didn’t solve their problems. It wouldn’t make things easier for her, or him, for that matter.

“Answer me, damn you!”

“Love me.” He stood up and slipped out of his pants. Before she could resist him, think more of her question than the carnal acts of pleasure, he pulled her pajama pants over her hips and off the bed. He started at her ankle and kissed her calf and knee before his tongue trailed closer and closer to her sleek pussy.

“Please, love me enough to...”

He pressed his lips against her clit and sucked in hard and fast as his tongue twirled into her tight channel. She gripped the bed sheets in her closed fists and arched to meet him as he tongue-fucked her into a state of confusion. He wanted to keep her there for as long as possible.

Unspoken Requests

“Please marry...”

Harder he lapped at her center as he blew circles over her sex, breathing in to sip her finest wines. Oh, how he loved her, how he indulged in this right here, right now. His finger slipped inside her rear, parting her ass with a scissor-like motion as he fingered her cunt and her ass at the same time.

“Oh God! That feels so hot.” She soared higher as her thighs closed against his cheeks and he continued to fuck her with fingers and tongue, pressing her closer to an orgasm and then dropping back just enough to keep the best part for himself.

His cock throbbed with the heat, ached with a pulse so profound that he had to get inside her. He wanted to hold her, caress her, and fuck her. He rose over her and her hips fell apart for him.

“That’s it, baby.” With the head of his cock at her entrance, he didn’t wait, he couldn’t slow down long enough to take her nice and slow. Instead, he wanted her coming with him, thrashing against his body as he buried himself so deep inside of her that she would always know he was the only one who touched her in the places he reached.

Confining him, she closed around him with a secure clasp, her legs hot and limber. She latched her ankles behind his waist and rocked against each and every thrust.

“Don’t you dare stop now!” Beads of sweat poured from his brow. No, he wasn’t going to stop, he was going to fuck her all over this damned

Destiny Blaine

room, this fucking house. Maybe even Tanner's bed, too.

"Never, I'll never...stop." He held her hips, dropped his head, nipped at her nipple and screwed her little snatch until she gritted her teeth.

"Like it right like this, don't you, darlin'?"

Her mouth opened and then closed again, her eyes hazy, dreamy-like. Oh yeah, he hit the spot only he had the right to claim. It was the one they'd worked to find together time and time again. He knew her body so well that he could pinpoint it on a fucking map. "Come to me, again, Ally. One more time, sugar."

He tweaked her nipple and sipped at her lips. His hands clasped over hers and he moved his hips up and down in a shifting move to rock nations, change climates, and bring on sudden storms.

"That's it, sweet baby. Lock that tight little snatch around my cock." A few minutes more and he came hard and fast. "That's it, milk my cock, baby, tighter...damnation, you can squeeze an orgasm right out of a man."

She screamed like she was going to lose the climax if she didn't take it when it rode in for her. The strength of the way she held on for another one only evident in the way she scratched and clawed at his back, holding on for more, much more.

Breathless she screamed out his name. "Santino! Don't leave me." The last part muffled

Unspoken Requests

by his lips smothering hers, he moved with her body until she was writhing in pleasure once more. Then, he collapsed on top of her with a splendid and truly sated sigh.

* * * *

Tanner walked in on them in the middle of their fucking. He saw the way Ally screwed a man who barely knew anything about her and he was green with envy, but he understood what he saw. At least, he told himself he was going to try and make sense of it all. When she slipped into his room an hour later, she smelled like fresh rose petals and her hair was still damp from the shower.

“Hey, you.” He set aside the book he pretended to read and tossed back the covers.

She slid in beside him. “Hey, yourself.”

“What took you so long? I was expecting you two hours ago. Did Rios wake up?”

She froze against him as he pulled her into a tight bear hug, one that should’ve been familiar but because of the distance between them, felt oddly uncomfortable.

“Rios?” She glanced up and then shook her head.

At least she wasn’t going to lie to him. He kissed the top of her head and then shifted his weight so he could sit over her, confine her in a way that made her look him in the eyes. His knees were on either side of her waist and she was propped up against the headboard.

“So, I’m dying here. Waiting to spend time with

Destiny Blaine

the woman I want to spend the rest of my life loving and you make me wait another two hours. What were you doing?" He kissed her softly on the lips and then studied her face.

"Tanner..."

"Ally..."

"This isn't like old times. This isn't something I'm going to discuss with you because you tell me to do it."

He rolled his lips inward and literally bit on his lower one to keep from picking an argument. His effort failed almost immediately.

"Damn it, Ally, I'm trying to understand here. I'm trying to make things so easy for you, a walk on the beach or whatever."

"You always have such a great way with words."

"Yeah, and a great fondness for the truth, which I hope to always get from you."

"I'm tired, and you're looking for an argument."

"What took you two hours, Ally? We put the girls down and you were right behind me, or so I thought."

"I..."

"You..."

"Forget it. I'm here now."

He didn't know how. He'd seen with his own eyes how Santino had held her legs apart, watched as her orgasm took her into a new realm of pure, indecent pleasure. No, a man doesn't put those

Unspoken Requests

images out of his mind.

“I was with Santino.”

Tanner’s lips twitched and he went in for the kill. “What were you doing?”

She set her jaw and narrowed her eyes, her cute little mad expression was just about ready to emerge. He could sense it, almost taste it. He wanted her fury to spike, there were a lot of issues they needed to fight their way through. He was ready for a good Tanner-Ally battle. They generally ended with flaming hot sex.

“Get off of me, Tanner.”

“Oh, I’m going to get off, but no, I am not getting off *of you*.”

“Then I can scream my head off and you can face the consequences.”

He jerked against her threat only because he was hurt, shocked even. “And who the hell do you think will come running down this hallway to save you? Hmmm?”

He tilted her chin and looked directly in her eyes. “Ally, what were you doing with Santino that was so damned important that it couldn’t wait until morning?” He moved his hand across her breast and down her stomach. “I can feel and check. There are some heat levels so hot that defying the temperature, even after true boiling points are reached, prove damned near impossible, especially those from freshly fucked women.”

She twisted her mouth. “In this relationship, I can do whatever I want with him and with you. I

Destiny Blaine

don't have to answer to either one of you. If this is going to work then—"

"You're right," he said, interrupting her. "If this is going to work, we can't have secrets between us." He untied the ribbon on her sexy lingerie camisole, running his fingers over the silky smooth skin underneath but not pushing her too far.

"I'm really tired, Tanner."

He took a deep breath and let it out. Rolling off of her, he hit the floor with bare feet and slowly walked over to the sitting area. He stretched his legs out in front of him and propped them up on the coffee table. "Tell me something, Ally, will he always come first with you now?"

She didn't know. For this to work, she hoped not. For now, yeah, he did. She said nothing.

"Okay, fine. Don't answer that but while you were over there fucking him like he was the only man with the right damned equipment to get the job done, I was here planning. I was trying to think of all the ways I can show you how much I love you, trying to come up with where to start so I could tell you what you missed day by day in the lives of our girls." He stood up, walked to a dresser and pulled out a journal from the top drawer. "Here, take it." He handed the book to her.

"What is this?"

"It should be everything you missed while you weren't with Molly and Holly along with a bunch of...love letters from me...but those aren't as

Unspoken Requests

important as the photographs. There are two for each day you missed with them.

“Oh, Tanner.” She flipped through the book and sure enough, pages upon pages of notes and letters filled the hardbound copy. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Say you love me and if you can’t say it honestly, then say you’ll at least give me the same chance you gave DeLuca.”

He slid next to her and took her hands. “Ally, we’ve only been intimate a few times. I know a love like ours doesn’t slip away. It’s not the kind of love easily forgotten and honey, it’s not based on sex. So you met someone else, you have a kid with him, you care about him, but you don’t have a lifetime of memories with him. I have those. I have them in here.” He took her hand and covered his heart with her palm before moving his hand to her chest. “And you have them, too.”

Her eyes filled with tears. He cupped the side of her face and stroked them away as they fell. “Baby, what we have goes beyond lust. Oh yeah, I’m horny as hell when I’m around you because your body drives a man like me crazy.”

She glanced down and saw for herself exactly what he meant.

“Yeah, it’s hard. It’s been that way for over a year now.” He laughed as he pointed to the evidence and she wrinkled her nose sarcastically.

“Ally, I love you. And sure, just like Santino, I’m going to want a piece of your pretty little ass

Destiny Blaine

pretty much all the time. Like any good man, I'll do whatever it takes to keep you fuck-minded and bend-over-ready."

"Very funny, Tanner. You're so corny"

His expression changed in an instant and seriousness loomed. He took her hand in his. He kissed her lightly on her eyelids before he kissed her lips. He took the time to stroke her mouth with the pad of his thumb as he whispered into his lingering kiss, "Ally, I'm the man who will sit next to your bed should times get bad. That's my place, Ally. Not his, mine."

"Don't ask me to choose, Tanner," she said.

"I won't. Right now, I know he'd win. In the end, you'll be glad you didn't declare either of us the winner. We're going to make this work. I swear it."

Chapter Seventeen

Tanner went to bed horny and woke up at three o'clock in the morning in the same shape. To make matters worse, the baby monitor was blaring with the sounds of a baby wanting too much attention in the wee hours of the morning. Where was that damned Mrs. Thacker when someone needed her?

He rolled over and started to wake Ally but remembered she wasn't breast feeding and decided it wouldn't hurt him to try and find a bottle. Mrs. Thacker had said something about keeping the formula in the refrigerator. He'd figure it out. He was a smart man, a father to two beautiful little girls. A baby boy couldn't be that difficult.

Grabbing a robe, he tied it in front and cursed at the tent in his pajama pants. Ally had been home for less than twenty-four hours and he'd fucked her once. He hated to think about how many times Santino had his girl. If he had the good sense God gave him, he'd go wake Santino up and tell him his child was wailing. The kid had lungs like his mom.

"I'm coming, damn it." He didn't think about the monitors now. He just wanted the baby whining to cease altogether.

As he leaned over the crib, staring up at him was a boy with beautiful black eyes. He kicked his feet and smiled at Tanner as soon as he realized his screaming fit earned him some company. "So you

Destiny Blaine

like a lot of attention, do you?" He patted the boy on the stomach and the little one kicked his feet again and cooed before his lower lip dropped.

Tanner reached in and pulled him from the crib. He immediately held him out at arm's length. "Jeepers, kiddo. Did you pee a river or a lake?" He wanted to scream for the nanny now more than ever before but he glanced at the clock and decided it wasn't worth it. He could change a diaper, clean him up, and change him into something more comfortable.

"Rios?" Tanner tried to talk in a tone he imagined a baby might like. "It appears we have a dilemma on our hands." He looked around for the diapers and located the rack of disposable diapers and chose two. Surely he wouldn't need to wear more than two. Well, maybe three since the kid peed so much it soaked his pajamas. "All right, now, let's see here." Tanner looked around for a change of clothing. "Tell you what, let's get you cleaned up, changed, and then we'll figure out where your dry clothes are. How about it?"

Little Rios smiled. "Are you smiling at me? I think you are." He pinched the little one's cheeks and then kissed his forehead. "You're one lucky kid, I'll give you that. Don't tell your dad I said this, or God forbid, those uncles of yours, but you do look a whole lot like David when he was a kid. I've seen the pictures. This means, of course, that your grandma is going to be extremely partial to you and..." Tanner stopped talking when he saw

Unspoken Requests

Ally standing in the doorway.

"I didn't want to interrupt you, since you were having such a heart to heart conversation with Rios."

"I see. Did it occur to you that I've never changed a diaper?"

"No, I guess you didn't."

"We had potty pants by the time the girls arrived here. Lord, what a chore that was."

"I remember." Ally giggled.

"Well, it's all detailed in your journal. When you take the time, you should read it. There are some verbatim quotes you don't want to miss with Molly and David."

"I bet it makes for some interesting reading."

"Best seller material."

Ally laughed out loud as she reached over and tousled the little twigs of dark hair. "He's going to have coal black hair."

"He's really something, Ally." Tanner handed him over to her and she held him out in much the same way Tanner did as she carried him over to the baby changing station.

"He's really wet, too."

"Yes, I noticed that right off the bat." He sat down in the rocking chair and began rocking back and forth as he watched the woman he loved with a child who should've been his. For a second, the truth stung him a bit.

"Ally, have you been happy with your life?"

Startled by the question, she glanced over her

Destiny Blaine

shoulder. "I guess I've been happy enough, at times. Then..." She stopped herself from rubbing salt in the wound and continued to work with diapers, snaps, and baby wipes.

"Then, you fell in love with him?"

She nodded.

"And he makes you happy?"

"He makes me happy." She didn't turn to see if the reaction hurt Tanner. Instead, she grabbed a bottle from the mini-refrigerator and placed it in the microwave. When the timer went off, she tested the formula temperature by sprinkling it over her wrist and then gave the nipple to Rios. Immediately, he closed his eyes and started to indulge in his early morning meal.

"Were you ever scared or did you ever feel unsafe?"

Ally swayed her arms from side to side cradling Rios close in hopes he'd fall asleep as fast as possible so she could soon do the same. "He always makes me feel safe and secure."

"It's where I failed you, isn't it?"

"Tanner, don't do this to yourself." Ally looked down at Rios and then said, "He's asleep. Can you believe this? He gets us up and then goes straight to sleep once we're wide awake."

"Smart kid."

"Shh...get out of here. He'll go down once and then get back up for one final stab at staying awake."

"Or maybe it's a last effort to keep his mother

Unspoken Requests

close.” Tanner smiled and then slid a kiss on her cheek. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

“What?” She looked surprised when she turned to face him.

“Ally, you’re my heart, nothing is going to change that but I don’t want to force something you don’t want right now. Go back to Santino. You’ll rest better if you feel safe.” He winked, smiled, and shut the door behind him, but not before adding, “I’ll be around tomorrow. We’ll read some of the journal entries to the girls. They love to hear stories about themselves. They’re like their daddy.”

* * * *

Ally rocked Rios long after he gave up the baby struggle of keeping one-eye-open. His little fingers curled around Ally’s ring finger and for some reason, it made her stop and think of how quickly everything had changed for her and for Tanner. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes as she tried to revisit the interrupted island wedding Tanner once planned for them. They’d waited a long time to celebrate their love and in an instant, everything changed. A few more moments, days of separation, and lives were forever altered.

Ally sighed as she laid her baby over on the soft fluffy comforters. In a matter of a few short months, her feelings had changed, deepened, and then reversed in similar order. It was hard for her to understand how or what had happened to change them. The only thing she knew with

Destiny Blaine

absolute certainty was that she loved Santino and she was remembering the reasons, all of the reasons why she loved Tanner. Santino must've known she'd find her way back to Tanner and apparently the fear of it was what made her run straight back to Santino. She didn't want to lose what they had, the way he made her feel.

She turned off the overhead light, rechecked the monitor, and slid out of the room. She was going to revisit the past. She was going to remember the love. Tanner hadn't forgotten. Why had she? Or did she protect herself the only way she knew how at the time? Was it easier to look for love somewhere else than to focus on what should've been, could've been, would've been...if only.

She passed by the room she would share with Santino. "No regrets," she whispered as she kept moving toward Tanner. She had two beautiful little girls she wouldn't have if it wasn't for the love she shared with Tanner. Thanks to the love she shared with Santino, she had a handsome little boy.

Santino never promised her anything, but he continually gave her precious gifts. Actually, he gave her plenty of them. He'd given her a child, he'd helped save her life, and he'd given her the opportunity to revisit the life she'd built with Tanner. Regardless of the obstacles ahead, past experiences proved Tanner's love never failed and Santino's love was strong enough to carry her through, regardless of what the future held for all

Unspoken Requests

of them.

* * * *

Ally locked the door and slowly slipped out of her robe. She tiptoed toward the bed and tripped over her own feet. "Ouch!"

Tanner immediately flipped the switch and the dim light from the small lamp provided plenty of light for the purpose. He stared at her blankly before it registered that yes, she was nude and yes, he should move his ass because she apparently hurt herself as she tried to play the part of sexy seductress.

Doubled over, Ally cursed her own clumsy nature. Of all the times for her to trip over her own feet, she had to do it when Tanner was there to watch with three eyes keenly focused. Two held pure lust and the one pressing from his shorts, nothing but the evidence of pre-excitement.

"Are you okay?"

God, she hoped so because so help her, right now wasn't the time to stop this and with Tanner's cock hanging from his boxers, there was only one thing left to do. Drop on down to her knees.

Ally slumped to the floor and took Tanner's shorts with her. If there was one thing she did well with Tanner, it was suck his cock. A lot of it was because she'd been a virgin when Tanner had first taken her and in anticipating the day, she'd read up a lot on the act of performing oral sex. She wanted to be sure she did that better than anyone else because Tanner had enjoyed his share of blow

Destiny Blaine

jobs, or at least, she'd always thought he had. Before her first time with Tanner, she'd tried to imagine what it would feel like to have him swell in her hand, slide across her tongue and press into the back of her throat.

Ally licked her lips right at the tip. She didn't tap the end or swipe the pre-cum off the end. Instead, she teased, allowed him to know she was close enough to do the job but still determined enough to resist the urge.

"Damn, why don't you fall more often?"

She giggled as she leaned back and admired the strength found in a hard man's desire. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"I like anything you do, Ally." Tanner ran his thumb over her nipple and then dropped to the floor right along with her.

"Hey now, this is my show. I wanted you standing up," she whispered.

"Now that's too damned bad, isn't it? I've wanted inside that hot little pussy for so long that you aren't going to tease me, not now. Tease me later." He smacked his lips and gritted his teeth before he nipped at her lower lip. "Love me like you did, Ally. Love me as much as you loved me before." His kisses lingered across her mouth. Slowly he caressed her mouth with his parted lips teasing as his hands became part of her skin, moving with every curve as he pushed her against the floor.

He moved over her fast as he slid down her

Unspoken Requests

body with an open mouth, light touches, licks here and there, and pure-ass desire leading him to her heat.

She arched her hips, even rotated them forward as she anticipated the first dip of Tanner's tongue. Only he rolled back on the balls of his feet and watched. He bit his lip, shook his head, and simply said, "That's so beautiful, Ally."

Her skin felt hot somehow, like she ran the highest of fevers and his words sparked the gauge one degree higher. "You still make me crazy." And he did, and now that she was with him again, she somehow realized he always would.

His mouth covered her pussy and he lapped at her folds, sipped them in and suckled her flesh. Mumbling into her heat, he slowly began to lick his way into the dripping heat of her excitement.

"Tanner, I..."

He pulled out long enough to study her expression and while he stared at her, he rubbed his cock up and down her thigh. "What do you want, Ally? Do you want me inside of you fucking my cock against that hot little pussy or do you want my fingers, my lips?"

Her index finger was at her mouth. She bit down, making a decision, or at least trying to come up with a sensible solution. She wanted all of the above, did he give that as an option?

Tanner moved over her and braced his palms against the floor, one on each side of her head. God, she'd love to have those mirrors that he had

Destiny Blaine

on the yacht now because Tanner had the best looking backside of any man alive. He held himself over her, nibbled at the finger lingering over her mouth and kissed it right out of his way.

A drop of his heat sizzled against her skin and that was pretty much the deciding factor, once Ally felt it. She rose hard and fast, quickly grinding her hips forward and encouraging a fast entry. "Good Lord, Tanner," she moaned as she wrapped her legs around his back.

"You're going to have hellish carpet burns." He stood, yanked her up, fell against the bed and pulled her right on top of him.

With a lopsided smile, he reminded her, "I like you on top better, anyway. Then, I can see those pretty little nipples smiling at me."

She tickled his ribs. "They don't smile."

Biting down on one, he proved her wrong. He rolled it around with his tongue as he sucked her in between his lips. "Told you." With a growl he nodded toward his accomplishment and she didn't bother to compliment him on a job well done. Her nipples pleaded for more attention but her pussy drove the urge to a level of urgency.

Soon after she slid over Tanner's cock, their bodies rocked in tandem. Tanner was the one man who knew how to help her find a quick delicious sexual tune, that precise in and out rhythm that provided such an erotic beat that it reminded of one everlasting factor—they shared a love that forever hummed along.

Unspoken Requests

Ally worked when she fucked Tanner. He made sure of it. His cock twitched inside of her as she used her thighs to ride him. She slid all the way to the top of his dick and then down the shaft where she then completely covered him. He buried himself deep inside of her walls as he took her hips and thrust harder.

“I love you, Ally. I’ll always love...only you.”

* * * *

Sitting up, his back against the bed, he sucked on her breasts and allowed her to continue the ride, orchestrate the control found in calculated fucking. He watched with sweet hellish satisfaction as her neck rolled around and her strawberry-blond hair moved wildly with her motions. “Come for me, Ally.” He stared at her now, mesmerized by her beauty. “Give me some of that sugary heat, baby.”

“Tanner...don’t talk.”

He smirked. “Ah, but that’s what you like best about me—my mouth.” He drew her in for a kiss, rose his hips up to meet hers, and they fucked harder and harder as he held her a kiss away from his lips.

“Tanner...” she whispered as her hips moved at a snappy pace, jerking against him as he felt her come apart with one last attempt to resist.

He was going to shoot off like a fucking jet. He gripped her neck, parted his lips and anticipated the moment when he would kiss her. His focus remained on her. He waited for her body to unravel

Destiny Blaine

with the evidence of a hotter, smoldering heat. He wanted to watch her skin blush with pleasure, for the ache of that long awaited ride to fly in and capture the spirit of a woman, his woman.

“Tanner...all, give me all of it.” Her mouth reached for his.

“Now, baby. Let me have all of you right now. Fuck me good, baby.”

“God, that’s good. Damn, I’ve missed you...oh, Tanner, come with me...”

“Ah, that’s it, this is what I remember....” He fell into her mouth, smoldering out the screams of pleasure as he tasted the desire in her kiss. He loved the hell out of her hunger—there was plenty there to find—as he sipped in her lips, tongue and full kiss. His tongue lashed against her tongue and he fucked her tight little pussy until she milked him for every inch he was worth and in his opinion, there was a lot of value found in his cock, at least when Ally was riding it.

* * * *

Tanner pulled her tight against his body and she mashed her cheek against his warm belly. Her fingertips swirled around the lightly covered hairs scattered over his skin.

After their breathing returned to normal, Tanner kissed the top of her head. “I love you, Ally.”

She propped her chin on her hands and looked up at him. “I asked him to marry me.”

His eyes narrowed and he looked profoundly

Unspoken Requests

confused, hurt. He slowly moved away from her and found his pajama pants. He stepped into them and continued to move about the room. Unlocking the door, he made a quick comment. "The girls will probably run in here first thing in the morning so I like to leave the door unlocked."

"Did you hear me?"

"What do you want me to say to that, Ally?" he snapped right before he stretched out on the bed again. He stared at the ceiling and she watched him sulk.

"Maybe ask me why?"

"I know why."

"No, you don't." She touched his arm and he shrugged her off.

"Goodnight, Ally."

She sat upright on the bed. "I'm not picking a fight with you. I want you to understand..."

"I understand."

"No, you don't."

"What don't I understand, then?" He rolled over on his side and faced her.

"How I feel about you and why. How I feel about him and why, there are a lot of complications here, things that can't be undone."

"Marrying a man you've known for less than a year might present a few more problems, Ally. I have to be honest. I can't have you living under my roof as *his* wife. In fact, I still hope one day you'll love me enough to become my wife regardless of how you feel about him."

Destiny Blaine

“Tanner, you caused this mass confusion!”

“Yeah, I did and it damn well saved your life.”

“You knew he was the kind of man that...”

“That what, Ally? That you couldn’t resist?”

She froze, but still managed a whisper. “You knew because he is exactly like you.”

“Yeah, he is. He should be. He’s my half-brother.”

She blinked. He shook his head and huffed around like the anger building might damned well reach dimensions neither of them witnessed before.

“Oh, dear God.” Ally rolled over and hit the floor. She ran to the far wall as if it protected her to have her back against a solid surface. “Your what?”

“We have the same low-down father.”

“You mean, you had...”

“Oh yeah, that. Well, the bastard kind of got what he had coming to him, didn’t he?”

“Tanner...”

“Ally, I’m not man enough to have some of the conversations you’re going to want to have with me about this. I’m not going to discuss the past and I may not even discuss the future right now. I’m kind of pissed off. I imagine you understand why.”

“Fine, have it your way. If you won’t, he will.” She grabbed her robe and started out the door.

“Ever wonder why he knew exactly where to touch you? How to treat you? What you liked?”

His words stopped her.

Unspoken Requests

“Didn’t you ever think some of the things he knew about you were just a little too convenient?”

“You both have played me since the beginning.”

“No, Ally. I wanted your ass safe. I had one choice. I had to find someone I could trust with your life, someone who was crazy enough to kill everyone in his path if he had to do it and someone who had more family loyalty than most.”

“Oh yeah, I imagine there wasn’t a second thought about who was perfect for the job then. A man who can kill his father would certainly be my first choice!”

“He’s not going to marry you, Ally.”

“I don’t want to marry his sorry ass either right now!”

“You don’t want to marry either one of us. You want us both. I told you I made a decision to let you two stay together when I saw you at the airport. That’s not entirely true. Ally, when I realized your head was wanted by the Colombian cartel, I couldn’t risk turning your security over to someone who might double-cross you in the middle of the job, I had to hand you over to someone who would care for you in every way, if needed. Santino was the right man for various reasons.”

Ally swallowed. “Mainly because you thought he’d find me attractive.”

“We’ve shared women before. I knew he’d find you desirable. I even knew he’d fall in love with you. I only hoped he wouldn’t have to keep you on

Destiny Blaine

the run for as long as he did, obviously my luck ran a little short. Imagine, a bookie with bad luck.”

“I don’t want to listen to this.” Her hand went to the door again and just as suddenly, she dropped it. “Do you realize how sick this is?” She stomped over to the bed. “This is really, really sick. He is your brother!”

“Half-brother.” Tanner studied her. “And...you weren’t supposed to get pregnant.”

“Oh, I imagine if I hadn’t gotten myself pregnant, Santino would’ve just walked away at the end of the job and never looked back.”

“He would’ve. He’s walked away from jobs, family, women. Yeah, he would’ve walked away from you, too. It’s who he is, Ally. While you may see him one way, never forget who lies beneath the skin. He is a killer. It’s in him to kill, a basic need for some, a thrill for others, both for Santino.”

“He’s right.”

Ally spun around and glared at the man who possessed the darkest of voices.

“Santino,” she whispered.

* * * *

Santino had on white cotton pants. His tanned skin and soft curls right about parallel with where he tied the top of his pajama pants made Ally’s mouth water. “What are you doing up?”

“It’s tough enough to sleep through the fucking but the screaming and yelling made it impossible.”

Ally felt her skin heat. The man had the ability to make her hot in all the wrong places, or right

Unspoken Requests

ones, if she was in the mood. Right now, she wasn't. He walked over and casually pulled her into a chair with him. He sat down and pulled her right against the hard ridge of his cock. "All those moans and groans made for a horny man, ya know?" His arms wrapped around her waist.

With her elbow, she poked him in the side. "The last thing I want—or need—is another cock in my...my..."

"Your *pussy*?" He whispered into her ear and pressed his dick against her bottom. "Darlin' that's precisely where mine is going."

Tanner sneered. "Leave her alone. She's having an Ally-tantrum. They generally pass after she throws a few things, curses and then blames those around her. It makes her feel better, you know, more like a woman in control."

"Shut up, Tanner."

"You know, I'd love to have ten dollars for every time you've told me to 'shut up' in the last ten years."

"How about go fuck yourself?"

"Hell, I'd probably be rich on that one." He took two steps forward. "After all, I've done that a lot here lately without you around. Which hand pays more, my left one or my right one?"

"You just had to tell her everything, huh?" Santino asked Tanner pointedly.

"Well, considering the fact she came to me two hours late in the first place, you're lucky I chose to tell her when I did. If I'd been a smarter man, I

Destiny Blaine

would've cleared my conscience when she was on top of you, begging for more."

Santino's hand began to caress Ally's breast. "Ally, it was better for all of us if we didn't discuss it much."

"Discuss it much." She moaned because he tweaked her nipple right as she asked the question. "We didn't talk about it at all because I didn't know you were his brother! Damn you both!"

"Damn me again, Ally. It will make you feel better and, sweetheart, if you feel any better than you do right this minute, you can figure on getting fucked." He reached behind her back and she felt him loosen the tie at his waist with one hand and yank the pants down with the other.

She moved fast enough to get away from the average man, but considering the twelve-inches of pulsating flesh at her seam, she realized an average man didn't have her seated on his lap. Teasing her, he allowed her to see Exhibit A of why he found sleep downright impossible, let her feel it twitching against her bottom.

"Fuck me with it and you'll lose it," she said before she turned an evil eye back to Tanner. "And you...just so you know, I wouldn't have fallen for him, if I hadn't first...Oh God!" Ally's head dropped a little as the force of Santino's dick plunged into her personal space. He began easing into her inch by inch.

Santino's hot mouth covered her ear. "Damn straight I'm going to lose it. Right inside that tight

Unspoken Requests

little snatch, and you're going to feel every stroke, ripple, and yeah, baby, every last drop." He grabbed her hips and rotated her body forward and back. She felt like a limp dish rag as she moved with him.

"That's fucking hot." Tanner looked like he meant it. The clue was of course, in the pants—the ones he shed in less than two seconds.

He fisted his cock and moved it to her lips as she moaned out with a split mix of pleasure and pain. Shoving himself past her parched lips, he realized he was greedy and made an effort to apologize but she latched around him with a pulling, sucking fashion that left him standing on his tip-toes one minute and rolling to the balls of his feet the next.

"Hell yeah, ride this out with me, darlin'," Santino groaned as he came and it sure as hell didn't take him long. He slapped her ass as his hand caressed her cheeks wherever he paddled her last. His rhythmic smacks only encouraged that runaway orgasm, the kind he knew a playful strike would bring. He didn't have to think about the best way to fuck her because he knew precisely how to give her what she needed.

She moaned, mumbled and brought on the kind of deep throat massage Tanner loved most—and she sucked in both men—one with her moist mouth, one with her pulsing channel, realizing then they were both good until the very last drop.

Chapter Eighteen

“That’s good news. I’m glad to hear it. Yeah, I’ll tell him. He’s here somewhere. Yeah, sure. No problem. Thanks.” Darren hung up the phone and wheeled around to face his sister. “Good morning.”

“Good morning to you, too. Business?” She pointed to the phone.

“Yeah, it’s nothing.” He smirked. “Speaking of nothing...” He gave a quick glance to the men joining them. “I heard you squealing like a monkey last night. You two or three, or how ever many of you are in one bed at one time, are going to have to hold it down. We have kids in the house.”

David mumbled as he walked in behind Tanner and Santino. “By the sounds of it last night, we’re going to have several more running around here before long. Can we please do something to keep the noise to a minimum?”

“Morning to you too, David.” Ally plopped a kiss on his cheek.

“Hey now. I don’t want to think about where those lips of yours spent the night.”

Ally smiled and then plopped down on the sofa. Santino quickly placed a mug of hot coffee in her hands and allowed his fingertips to scrape over hers.

“So, men. What’s on the agenda for the day?” She casually sipped her hot brew as she looked at her brothers and her lovers. She fully expected to

Unspoken Requests

find herself on the inside of the family business.

David and Darren exchanged looks with one another and then shot Tanner one of those ‘you-handle-her’ stares and she recognized it. She’d seen plenty of those in her lifetime.

“Ally, you’re going to have to give us a few minutes,” Tanner said.

Santino watched her curiously. She caught his gaze and then looked away. He knew she wasn’t a weak woman. He watched her kill. He saw how she handled herself with the expertise of a fighter, and he knew she didn’t slink away. Not now. This wasn’t who she was, at all.

“I’m not leaving.”

“Ally...” Tanner began, “I’ll join you by the pool in a few minutes, okay, baby?”

With a saucy grin, she hopped to her feet. Santino’s eyes widened, and he saw what was next. Maybe they’d spent so much time with one another that the element of surprise was null and void.

She walked over to Tanner and shoved her coffee mug into his hands. “I tell you what, sugar, I’ll be outside by the pool. You know, lying there topless, for all to see. Where is the best place for attention, hmmm? I see there’s the occasional boat on the south side of the property, maybe that’s where I’ll wait instead.”

After she narrowed her eyes on his, she looked away and then glared back at his cock. Sure enough, he got the message.

Walking away, she called out over her shoulder.

Destiny Blaine

“Oh, and that hard-on there in your pants, see if you can’t take care of it yourself, okay, baby?”

Tanner groaned. “Thanks, Ally. I’ll do just that.”

“Not a problem, lover.”

The men were laughing. Darren slapped Tanner on the back and David poured himself a glass of juice.

Ally should’ve counted on this sort of thing. Women had their place with men like Tanner Dorsey and Santino DeLuca—on their backs. She narrowed her gaze, grabbed the brass doorknobs on each terrace door and pushed them open with both hands. Right before she walked out, she looked back over her right shoulder.

At that moment, not one second before, she saw a glimmer of fear flicker in Santino’s eyes. As if it happened in slow motion, she blinked, looked at Tanner, who seemed stuck in between the laugh he was having with her brothers and the sudden danger looming in front of him.

And everything from there spiraled out of control.

“Ally!” Tanner screamed as bullets ricocheted across the front lawn. Men were crawling over the grounds, the kids were in the pool, baby Rios in the nursery and Lord only knew where her mother was at the time. Ally didn’t have time to think, only react.

When she’d unpacked, she’d stashed her weapons about the house because she realized her

Unspoken Requests

brothers and Tanner would take them from her. She happened to stash them two feet from where she stood. A bullet barely scraped her shoulder and she dropped, rolled, tugged hand grenades and guns from her bag while slinging it toward Santino.

“Momma!” Molly screamed and Holly flopped down on the pool steps. Tears poured so fast from their eyes that it looked like they were the source for the water supply.

“Stay down!” Ally sprinted toward the pool as Santino walked onto the terrace, tossing a few grenades and blowing up everything. “Ally! Stay back, damn it!” he shouted as he backed toward her, trying to cover her. “There are too many of them, damn you—go back! Let me get them!”

Ally scooped up her daughters and shielded them with her body, catching another bullet in her right arm. “Damn it!”

Darren and David rushed onto the terrace with a spray of bullets flying from machine guns. Tanner apparently ran for the baby and Ally’s mother. She couldn’t see him, couldn’t find him.

Running, she took another bullet in her ass. “Damn it to fucking hell!” She screamed out in agony as she had to fight now to stay on her feet, the pain, the blood gushing from her body, but bringing forth uncontrollable rage.

“Momma’s bleeding!” one of the girls reported.

“Ally, are you hit?” Santino screamed as he continued to back toward them, covering them with his body, protecting them—his woman and his

Destiny Blaine

brother's girls.

"Ally!" Terror rang, emotions fiery hot, and hell came down all around them.

Ally spotted Tanner rushing Mrs. Thacker, her mom, and the baby carrier into a secret passage. He motioned for the girls, for Ally. She couldn't concentrate now, she had to put the girls down, let them make it the rest of the way on their own. "Run to Daddy, run, girls, and don't look back, Mommy loves you. Now go!" She watched as the girls ran into their daddy's arms and she locked eyes with Tanner. "Don't." She mouthed the words and then turned away from him.

"Ally! Get out of there!" She heard him scream for her, begging almost, but she wasn't going to leave her brothers to fight these men. She wasn't going to leave Santino to die for her, for them. No one ever had his back, no one ever cared enough to save him—until now.

"Go back!" She kept hearing them warn her as the sprays of hell's war moved closer. Shattered glass rippled as the shots were fired into the house. The pool danced with bubbles across the water as the pellets skipped across the crystal blue surface and everything continued to look like a battle that couldn't be won.

Ally's eyes closed once and she saw a bullet graze David's shoulder. He marched closer toward the men in guns. "Ally, damn it, leave with Tanner!"

"Not on your life!" She fired, reloaded,

Unspoken Requests

ducked, rolled, bled the fuck everywhere, but by God, she fought with her family.

Santino covered her as much as possible but the unexpected ambush left them at a disadvantage. They were surrounded. There was no escape without endangering the others. Ally crawled across the ceramic tile floor, grabbed two more clips, two loaded Glocks, and another grenade.

A cluster of men were reloading behind the only substantial cover and Ally stepped forward, rushed past her brothers, hurried by Santino, and tossed it. "That's for taking a shot at my ass!"

The loud explosion rocked the earth and the bodies affected by the grenade tumbled across the air. It was the last thing she remembered.

* * * *

"She should be fine in a few days," a voice of authority told those who waited for the news. Still, she couldn't shake sleep, or the pain. "She must be quite a fighter."

"She is," Santino said, too much pride revealed.

"Is there any reason why she took five shots to her body and the rest of you didn't have a scratch?"

Tanner grunted. She'd know that grunt anywhere.

"Well?" Someone seemed irritated that he had to ask such a question. Probably a doctor they'd kidnapped from some high society function, blind-

Destiny Blaine

folded, and brought to take care of the wounded. Boy, her world was quite different on this side of the law. She liked the side she'd represented before. At least as an agent, she didn't have to get treated on the sly. If she happened to find herself wounded, hospitals were available and they treated her. Now, that wasn't an option, apparently.

Yeah, she liked working on the right side of the law. She felt Tanner's lips on hers. A quick, feather-light kiss. "I love you, Ally." Then, Santino's hot breath against her hand. Well, maybe not. This side had a lot more benefits.

She opened one eye, and looked around the room. "Where are we?"

"Home," Tanner told her.

Her head rolled from one side of the pillow to the other and she tried to focus on the view outside. "We're not in Bermuda."

Santino squeezed her hand. "We've decided to try out a different pace."

"Did everyone make it out?" She wanted confirmation.

"Everyone's fine dear," her mother reassured her.

Ally closed her eyes again and let out a long sigh. "Someone shot me in the ass again."

"Yep. That ass is always a great target." Tanner made the remark and Ally gritted her teeth.

"It's not funny," she complained. "It hurts like hell."

"Well, at least the doctor says it will be back in

Unspoken Requests

good working order in no time at all.”

“He did not,” Ally said.

“How would you know? You’ve been out for several days.” Tanner continued to tease.

Ally tried to focus on the view from her window again. “Where are we?” she whined.

Santino kissed the top of her head and then her brow. “You’re safe and you’re home, Ally.”

“But where is home?” she asked weakly as her eyes closed again. Santino placed little Rios in his mother’s arms. Her girls climbed up on the bed and Tanner sat down next to them.

Holly laid her head over on her mother’s stomach and Molly kept tickling her fingers. “Momma, home is wherever you are.”

Ally felt the corners of her mouth turn up as she drifted off to sleep. “Yes, you’re right,” she said, “When we’re all together, we’re home.”

Destiny Blaine

About The Author

Destiny Blaine is an award-winning author of erotic romances and romantic suspense. Her ménage romance titles top the charts of various third party venues. When Destiny isn't writing, she's typically found in the casinos of Mississippi or at a sporting event. Destiny and her husband of eighteen years are the proud parents of two active teenagers. They live in Tennessee.

You can find Destiny on the web at

<http://www.destinyblaine.com/home.htm>

Unspoken Requests

Want to learn more about our books and authors? Looking for a chance to win some free books or maybe even a gift certificate? Want to read some excerpts before you buy or see what Whispers is all about? Then keep up with Whispers Publishing at the following places:

Our homepage is www.whispershome.com

Our Yahoo group is <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/whisperyourfantasies>

We also have pages at The Book Place
<http://morganmandelbooks.ning.com/profile/WhispersPublishing>

MySpace
<http://www.myspace.com/whisperyourfantasies>

Goodreads
<http://www.goodreads.com/profile/WhispersPublishing>

We post book peeks (short previews) on YouTube
<http://www.youtube.com/WhispersPublishing>

Destiny Blaine

We have a Bebo page

<http://www.bebo.com/WhispersPublishing>

And, we also Twitter

http://twitter.com/Whispers_Pub

*Hope you'll visit us at one of our many locations on
the Web!*