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# PRIVILEGE

The Valesky Crime Family - Book Two

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

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## Chapter 1

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*Adrian*

**F**BI Special Agent Rachel Sakalis stands inside my front door, her black hair pulled back into a severe style that screams how serious she is, her dark suit and white blouse immaculate. She gives me a ‘you-are-so-fucked’ stare she uses on perps, then she produces her badge.

As if her gold shield would intimidate me since I have my own and work with her out of the Bureau’s Washington, DC headquarters.

I remain seated on my sofa and wait for what’s next.

“You did it this time,” she says, her free hand inching toward her service weapon, a 9 mm Glock Gen 5. “Really pushed the line, didn’t you, Adrian?” She glares, the unwelcome look barely marring her pretty features. “You couldn’t have thought you’d get away with it.”

My pulse ticks up and my chest tightens. Despite me being part of the Valesky Crime Family—in addition to my FBI role—she still hasn’t a clue about that or how much I have gotten away with.

I could dwell on the horrors involved in my dual objectives but far prefer to play a game of cat and mouse... the best option at this point.

She steps deeper into my apartment.

I stand, shoulders bunched, fists clenched, my stance deliberately threatening. An easy task for me. At six-three and two-hundred pounds—all toned muscle, no fat—there is no contest between us.

Except for her Glock.

Mine's holstered and safely put away in the bedroom.

She knew it would be as she's been here before.

The air thickens between us. Her breathing's high. So is mine.

She stalks toward me, her long legs easily decreasing the distance between us. When she's a few feet away, she reaches behind herself and pulls handcuffs from her skirt waistband. They swing on her index finger like a pendulum.

"Turn around," she says. "Hands behind your damn back."

She'd like that, but being obedient to any woman isn't my thing, which she's well aware of.

Rather than comply, I wait.

Her next step isn't so certain. Nor is the one following it. She still advances, her seductive perfume at odds with her spit-and-polish appearance. I don't have to ask which one will win out in the end.

We're close enough now to touch each other.

Taunting me, she dangles the cuffs near my face. "Put these—"

I grab her slender wrist, spin her around, then tug her into me.

Her breath puffs out.

Before she can recover, I slap the cuffs around her wrists and sling her over my shoulder.

"Bastard!" She kicks her legs, her fists pummeling my ass.

I smack her butt hard. “Stop it.”

“Fuck you.” She pulls my shirt from my pants and presses her nails against my spine.

“Just try and draw blood,” I say. I haul her down the short hallway to my bedroom. “We’ll see what happens then.”

She kicks. “Put me the fuck down!”

“You’re reading my goddamn mind.”

I drop her on the mattress. The bedframe groans. She sits up and tries to scramble away. After shoving her back, I flip her onto her stomach then secure her cuffed hands to a hook in the headboard I use for intimate games.

Her thrashing shakes the mattress, those squeaks punctuating her oaths.

“You have a filthy mouth,” I say.

An obscene torrent pours from her, proving my point.

Ignoring the crude names she calls me and her demands for release, I remove her weapon and put it next to mine. Then I yank her skirt, hose, and panties down until her ass is bared for my use. “You asked for this.”

Repeatedly, I smack her plump butt cheeks, the sharp cracks mingling with her yelps. Her naked flesh turns bright pink then red. When I’ve had enough, I pull her clothes off and toss them aside, baring her from the waist down.

Then I strip. “Now be a good girl,” I say.

She spits hair from her mouth, her tight hairdo undone. “Good isn’t what you want, admit it.”

I laugh. “Aw, babe, I’m *proving* it.”

My cock juts out, so fucking hard the damn thing defies gravity and points at her.

Carnal hunger flares in her eyes. “Get over here. I’m not waiting a second longer.”

“You’ll wait as long as I want.” Deliberately, I take my time getting several rubbers to prove this show won’t be over for quite a while. It’s a game Rachel and I have played since we met

during our early training. I threaten her or she threatens me... as she did moments earlier... I then spank her and we end up in bed, fucking like wild animals.

Works for me.

My balls are plump and tight to the point they ache. Tension builds in me then pools to an intolerable level in my goddamn groin. A warning if I don't get relief soon, I'll lose what little civilized behavior I've maintained.

Sheathed, I crawl between her legs and cup her pussy. *Damn.* At its damp heat, my lids slide down. I can barely spit out my words. "Bend your knees, ass high."

She looks over. "Hurting, are you?"

My smile feels like a grimace. "What do you think?"

After blowing me an air kiss, she gets into position.

I grip her hips, but don't mount her even though we both want that. Head lowered, I pull in her natural fragrance. At the musky scent, my heart beats triple time. It's been too long since we played. What we share isn't love but respect... friends with benefits. The only kind of relationship I want or trust.

"Damn you!" she says, her whining no longer an act. "Quit making me wait!"

"I will if I want."

She tries to close her legs.

I shove them farther apart then smack her ass several more times. "You stay open to me, understand?" Rather than wait for a reply, I pull her toward me. "I am so going to fuck you. First your cunt." I play with her swollen folds. "Then your ass." I stroke the tight ring.

She bucks slightly. "What about my mouth?"

"You're going to use it on my balls and cock. You'll not only swallow my cum, you're going to love it and beg for more."

"In your dreams." She gives me the finger.

I enter her, my thrust into her pussy hard and assured. Our bodies touch.

She moans.

My head falls forward. I'd like to drag this out but can't, her snug fit and intense warmth making me crazy. I bring her to climax twice, instead of the usual three times, then pump rapid fire. The bed jiggles. My pulse sprints.

Seconds before I come, I pull out to enter her other opening. My burner phone rings then cuts off.

*Shit.*

"Hey," Rachel says and rattles her cuffs. "What are you doing?"

Rather than fuck her in the ass, as promised, I wait. Could be the call was a wrong number. It happens.

The burner rings a second time then cuts off again.

In a flash, I'm off the bed.

She pushes up as much as she can. "Where are you going?"

I stop in the doorway, the burner in my hand. It sounds a third time, showing the caller's number—thanks to an app that reveals who's on the other end. Like the previous rings, this one cuts off. "I have to take this."

"Take what?" She frowns at the phone. "Whoever's calling keeps hanging up."

It's a signal my brothers and I use. After three cut-off calls we know to contact the other person on their burner. Since we're all involved with the Valesky Crime Family, to one extent or another, it's the only way we can keep the communication between us safe from Dimitri. He heads the Family. He's also been our stepfather since we were young boys. We refer to him as the POD, short for Prince of Darkness, a self-explanatory title. "I'll be back as soon as I can. Hang tight."

"What choice do I have?" She tugs on her cuffs. "Hey! Come back here and unlock these damn things first!"

I holler back, "No time. Relax."

Once I'm in my office and my door's closed, I call Vik, my younger brother. Whatever this is, it can't be about him person-

ally. Vik's a priest and doesn't get involved in the Family shit like Nicky and I do, either on Dimitri's orders or threats. The latter are used more on me than Nicky. Only Michael, our oldest brother, has escaped Dimitri's clutches... so far. I hope to shit that hasn't ended, and that he, his wife Toni, and their new son Grigori—named after our late father—are still safe.

Unless this involves our mother.

*Fuck, not that.*

Ever since Dimitri married Mama when I was eight, he's threatened to harm her if her sons didn't do precisely what he said. At times, he smacked her around for the hell of it. If he's beaten her again...

After numerous rings, Vik picks up.

"Talk," I say.

"This isn't about Mama, Adrian. You can relax."

"How?" I pace my office. "There's still Michael, Toni, and their kid to worry about. Has their standoff with the POD changed?"

"No. They're safe and have no clue why I'm calling."

*Thank fucking God.* "And Mama? She's really all right?"

"The POD hasn't touched a hair on her head."

"He's still a *mu'dak*." Russian for asshole.

"I agree completely," Vik says.

Since Mama's okay, and so is Michael's family, that doesn't leave much reason for Vik to call me on a burner. "Is Nicky doing well?"

Vik sighs heavily. "He's still in Florida and loving every minute."

Of the four of us, Nicky's the only one who took to mob life, adoring the power and wealth, no matter the corruption and destruction that's involved. We're still hoping to turn him around some day. If this country can hope for better times, so can we. "That leaves you," I say. "Has the *mu'dak* been giving you grief? That is, more than usual."



Vik becoming a priest didn't save him from Dimitri's clutches. The POD expects him to reveal other mobsters' confessions to use against them. Whether it's by having me alert the Bureau to their criminal activities—while also shielding the Valesky Family's crimes—or to bring them down in other ways doesn't matter. The end result is the same. The Valeskys come out ahead as the other mob families experience no end of trouble.

"This does and doesn't involve Dimitri," Vik says.

I plop in my chair. The springs creak. "How can it be both?"

"Do you know Lia Blosky?"

The name isn't familiar. "Should I?"

"She has Russian roots, like us," Vik says. "She's also a DC cop. Dimitri recruited her brother Jash into the Family. Recently, a rival family tortured him to death. I emailed you the news stories."

"Give me a sec." I power up my laptop, get into my personal email account, and read the articles.

*Jesus.* According to some of the more gruesome pieces, the rival family literally skinned Jash, while he was still alive, while also blinding and castrating him. The autopsy states his severed balls were shoved into his mouth. Not enough to keep him from breathing though... that would have been too quick a death. He lasted for hours in that grotesque condition until his heart gave out.

I suppress a shiver and an oath. "What does this have to do with me?"

"Since the cops won't do anything about Jash's death," Vik says, "because they're either in the rival family's pocket, Dimitri's, or both, Lia's going after everyone involved. During her recent confession she told me she'll take out Dimitri first for convincing Jash to join the Family then sending him on what she called a suicide mission to infiltrate the other family, the Petrovs. After Dimitri's dead, she's going after them."

I stand. “She’ll be dead before she squeezes off the first shot.”

“I tried to tell her that. She won’t listen. I’m simply her parish priest, a celibate do-gooder who wouldn’t harm an insect and is bound by the Church not to reveal any confession no matter how bad. We both know that ended years ago with Dimitri’s demands. Since I’m surely headed for Hell, I’m breaking privilege *again* so you can save Lia from herself. As an FBI agent, you know all the angles and need to talk her out of doing this.”