

# UNBOUND

STEEL AND DESIRE BOOK TWO



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BLUSHING BOOKS

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## CHAPTER 1



Giggles. Shoes clacking on the cobblestone driveway. Viktor Aristov tugged at the hairs on his bushy black eyebrows as he waited, then smiled. Wearing high heels, the three teens came into view, the full moon illuminating them in an eerie blue. He aimed and fired, three quick shots. Startled, the girls momentarily hung suspended before gravity took over and they plunged to the pavement.

The tranquilizer gun proved one of his best purchases. No fuss, no muss.

He rushed forward to retrieve his merchandise when another figure marched down the driveway. He'd only expected three females. Who was this?

A tall woman appeared. "Alyssa?" she said. "Louise? Brenda?" The heap of bodies stopped her short. She gasped. "Holy Mother."

Viktor reacted. The tiny barb hit the woman squarely in the chest. She slumped, lying atop an unconscious teen. Viktor squatted beside the pile of bodies. Dumb broad. She probably discovered the girls sneaking out for a night of fun and intended to stop them. Well, she wasn't part of the plan, but, hell, what a bonus.

Loading the four bodies into the van, he secured each with leg

shackles bolted to the vehicle's floor. He turned the key in the ignition and gripped the steering wheel so hard his fingers went numb. Heart pounding, he blew out a long breath. The thrill of the hunt! Best part.

The van traversed the bumpy driveway, his foot heavy on the accelerator. He'd scored big time. The crew had taunted him about not meeting his quota after the cache of women from his homeland mysteriously vanished from the container ship. He'd show them. Not only had he grabbed three prime females, but an extra bitch to boot. And Americans fetched a higher price than Slavic women. Fifty-thousand U.S. dollars would fill his coffer with a little over three million rubles. Then he could afford to rescue his mother from that horrible institution and make her comfortable—enough food, clean bedding and fresh country air. He grinned with satisfaction. His brother was somewhere in a Siberian prison, unable to help the family, and his sister languished in a labor camp. Unemployment there had hit the population hard, half were out of work and only a quarter of those employed got paid on a regular basis. He'd found his way out, and living in America had blessed him with many bounties. He kissed the rosary beads he kept around his neck for good fortune.

The targets had been easy prey. Chatrooms provided the perfect vehicle to find lonely teenage girls searching for love. Create a fake profile, add a pic of a hot guy, tell each what she wanted to hear and boom—the fish bit the hook, begging to be reeled in.

Viktor turned onto the long dirt road leading to the Sound Avenue Nature Preserve. The county park was mostly deserted at night, especially at this time of year. Perhaps a few bird watchers and hikers during the day, but with winter approaching the boating and swimming festivities had ended. The cabins were empty because they had no heat, electricity or water. A perfect hideout for his operation.

Two colleagues met him and helped unload the merchandise.

“Brother, where have you been?” Iosif said, hiking up the waistband of his trousers on his too-thin frame. “We worried.”

“Picking up the final product,” Viktor answered.

“Thought you lost it when the ship arrived empty last week,” Mikhail said, twirling one end of his villainous dark moustache.

“I improvised.” He unlocked the van’s side door, sliding it open. The four females remained unconscious. “Those tranq darts work like a charm. Worth every penny.”

Iosif jumped inside and unlocked the manacles on the three young girls. Each man slung a body over his shoulder and headed inside, leaving the woman for last.

Viktor returned to find her awake, her back against the sidewall, her head leaning precariously to one side. He climbed inside and squatted. Upon closer inspection, tears streamed down her face and she was mumbling.

Praying?