

Prologue

“So you know what you have to do.” The deep voice taunted from the shadows.

Calvin Sanders stood in the middle of the empty warehouse. Smells of mold and excrement permeated the air while he looked at a picture of a stunning blond man who glowed like trapped sunlight.

How had his life come to this?

“I capture him and bring him to you.” He looked towards the shadows squinting to make out the figure cloaked in darkness. “And what do you do to him?”

“None of your business.” The stranger growled. “He killed my brother. Bring him to me and I’ll see that your sister won’t be the next person to die.”

“She’ll be returned safely?” Calvin said lifting his other hand to once again look at the instant picture of his sister tied up, her eyes wide with terror. In front of her was a newspaper, held so he could see the date. Yesterday. His poor sister had been at the mercy of psychotics, since yesterday.

“She’ll be released.”

Calvin didn’t trust the man who wouldn’t tell him his name or show his face, but what choice did he have? His sweet sister had just turned twenty, who knew what the demented bastards would do to her. He had a hard time believing this innocent looking man killed anyone, but stranger things happened. And whether Anthony killed anyone or not didn’t matter in the scheme of things because he needed to get his sister back.

“She’s all right?”

“You’ll have to hope so won’t you?” Was the evil reply.

“I want to talk to her before I do this.”

“You’re under the false illusion that you have options Mr. Sanders. You only have two choices here. You can do as I say and save your sister or you can choose not to and I can have her body delivered to you in lots of little bloody pieces.”

Calvin closed his eyes as he sold his soul to the shadowy devil who had the fate of Calvin’s sister in his power. “I’ll do it.”

“I just knew we’d come to an agreement.” The man said, his rich with satisfaction. “Don’t take too long to capture him. I don’t have much patience and I can’t guarantee your sister’s safely longer than a week.”

Calvin nodded, his stomach churning as he fled the warehouse to the sound of laughter.