

## The Ruler of the Toys

*Haunted by her origins, loving a man she could never please, the murder of Corina had made her life a shambles, but Grace York believed she could always depend on family for support in times of trouble. She was wrong...*

### Chapter 63

Grace woke up with a start.

Her illuminated alarm clock proclaimed it was Tuesday morning but still very dark. The man with the flashlight in her room was not Edward as she had first hoped, or even Sinclair Plate as she briefly fantasized. But she reached out her arms to him and embraced him anyway.

“Ray,” she said, noting on the periphery of her mind that he had something made of a bulky material under his arm. “What on earth are you doing?”

“Gracie,” he said, grasping her with one arm as he laid the largest piece of his load on the bed beside her. “You are coming with me tonight whether you want to or not. It's not safe for you to be here. It's not safe for me. It's time to go home.”

“Ray, get ahold of yourself. I know you've been under a great deal of stress these last few weeks. It's the middle of the night. Lieutenant Plate is on guard out there somewhere. We couldn't get through the gates of Sand Waves if we wanted to. And I don't want to leave Edward right now.”

“Edward will be all right. His position in this has been secure all along. I have figured out the motive for all this. It is only the women who have been in danger. It's still the women who are in danger and you are the woman in the most danger of all. Trust me. I'm just going to take you back home.”

Grace quickly realized exactly what Ray had under his arm. She wanted to scream as he quickly wrapped her sheet around her, binding her arms to her side and her legs together. But she could only stare at him in mute terror.

Too late, she realized the smaller cloth was meant to be a gag, not a blindfold. And the larger bulky material beside her was a sleeping bag.

“Don't struggle, Gracie, and you won't be hurt. I know what I'm doing. I think all this is because of the secret. The real secret. And you are the best evidence. In the long run to keep that secret safe, they'll have to kill you as well. So I'm taking you home.” He shoved her into the bag as if she was a rag doll in his hands. It was hard for her to resist the one man in the world she loved like a brother and her struggle against him was minimal.

He carried her gently down the stairs, through the house and out on the driveway, placing her carefully in the back seat of his pickup truck.

As soon as Ray got the truck off the grounds and through the gates, he pulled over and stopped to make sure Grace was not too uncomfortable.

He pulled the gag from her and she whimpered a little as he gave her a sip of water from a plastic bottle.

“When we get further away, I plan to let you out of this and sit you up right.

Meanwhile, when we're on the highway, I'm going to explain..."

He got back into the driver's seat and the pickup roared down the road.