



FURY

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JENIKA SNOW

FURY

BLEEDING MAYHEM MC, 3

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FURY (Bleeding Mayhem MC, 3)

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<https://jenikasnow.com/books/fury/>

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is the third book in the Bleeding Mayhem MC series. It is suggested to read *Mayhem*, book two in the series, in order to understand the storyline and conflict in *Fury*.

SYNOPSIS

Reader Note: *This was previously published under. Although it has been re-edited and minimal content added and removed, if you read the original it is the same story. For a list of TW/CW, please check out the author's website.*

The Bleeding Mayhem MC... where blood, violence, and being an alpha reign supreme.

Fury took Angelina because of revenge, but the longer she was with him the more he wanted her.

He never thought he'd be a man to use a woman as leverage, but when that female was the daughter of the notorious mafia leader, Sal Cardona, the bastard who came after his MC, Fury would go to any length.

Angelina ran from her mafia family, but she's never felt safe since.

When she woke up after being drugged and taken from her home, she feared her father and his men had found her.

But something dark and dangerous rose in her when she realized the man who took her was the president of the Bleeding Mayhem motorcycle club.

She hated that she desired him, and loathed herself for the arousal coursing through her at just a look from Fury.

And when they finally come together in a deviously sexual way, Angelina feared she'd fallen for something far more dangerous than her mob family.

Fury had never wanted anything more than he did Angelina, and he wouldn't let her walk away when it was all said and done, not even when her family came knocking at his door.

Fury watched her.

He'd been watching her for the last couple of weeks, memorizing her routine, where she liked to eat lunch, whom she spoke with. He was stalking her, and he didn't give a fuck how creepy and low-life that fact was.

Fury never claimed to be anything more than he was. He was a bastard on the best of days and a motherfucker on the worst.

She was a solitary woman, not speaking to anyone outside of the job she worked. He'd follow her home, watch her eat dinner alone, disappear into the bathroom for twenty minutes before coming out freshly bathed, and then she'd end the night reading a book in bed.

Angelina Cardona.

The daughter of the mob boss that had fucked over the MC, and the woman that was going to pay for her father's crimes in the ways Fury saw fit.

But ever since they'd taken down her father's business, at least for the time being, she'd been acting more and more aware of her surroundings. She knew shit was going down, and she knew she was going to get burned from the fire her family caused sooner rather than later.



SOMETHING WAS WRONG. Angelina could feel it like icy fingers on the back of her neck. She could feel eyes on her and sensed that she was being watched. As much as Angelina wanted to act like she wasn't concerned, and not give that pleasure to whomever was after her, she knew she failed.

The truth was Angelina was scared. She knew what her father and brother did, knew what the Family was all about. But she'd left them, left all of that behind. She didn't want to be a part of that violence, illegal activity, and degradation. Angelina just wanted to be herself and live a normal life.

At least as normal as a person with her family background could have.

Angelina was just sick and tired of all the bullshit that came with being part of the "Family". She just wanted normal, without having people afraid of her simply because of who her father and brother were.

She might have been born into that world and lifestyle, but that didn't mean she had to stay in it.

She felt that prickling on the back of her neck again and looked over her shoulder. She just knew someone had to be watching her, that or maybe her thoughts on her father and the Family were so thick in her mind she was paranoid?

No. I know better than that. I've been in situations my whole life where shit was shady.

But she was on her own, and she needed to deal with shit if it came to her doorstep *on her own.*

She was nervous. That was clear by the way she kept looking over her shoulder as she walked down the street. She wore a long jacket that reached her knees, and the hood from the coat was covering her head.

But she was the one he was looking for without a doubt. She could have worn a fucking mask and Fury would have recognized her. He shifted on the seat of the SUV he was in and lowered his gaze to her legs that could be seen.

Hell, he could only make out her calves and ankles because of her coat and skirt, but he was already sporting semi-wood from that sight alone.

Yeah, he'd make her pay, but he wouldn't hurt her, not like her father and brother had done, or tried to do. He'd get the information he wanted out of her, but he'd also show her what it meant to be with an MC member, especially one that had been fucked over by her family.

He rubbed a hand over his face and kept his focus on her, about to turn the engine over and follow her home. But that's when he noticed a dark car across the street. It sat there, the windows tinted out, but it had all of Fury's instincts going on high alert.

This wasn't the best neighborhood, but the vehicle screamed money and looked out of place as hell. He knew, just by looking at it, that it belonged to the punk-ass and ignorant Cardona gang they'd dealt with just a few weeks past.

Yeah, that car was definitely Cardona's. But why were they following Angelina? Were they protecting her? That seemed like the most logical explanation, but he didn't know why they just didn't take her away from this little life she'd built for herself.

But that didn't matter anyway, because he'd have her all to himself sooner rather than later.

He watched the car pull away from the curb and keep close to Angelina. She didn't look back again, but she was tense, that was clear. She knew something was up, even if she might not know what that was.

Or maybe she did. Hell, she could know all the details about her father and brother fucking with the MC.

It could have been Fury's paranoia and tension, waiting for that other shoe to drop, or it could mean something more. He'd seen other dark vehicles around town whenever he'd gone out over the past couple of weeks.

He had been around long enough, and done enough shady shit, to know when things were not on the up and up. Fury knew from a lifetime of fucked-up shit happening, that if he had a bad feeling about all of this then something was going to go down.

And if something was going to go down, he would be ready with his guns held high. So, he'd done some of his own research, made sure he was prepared to have a bargaining chip of his own.

It was twisted and screwed up, but it was what he was going to do to ensure his club and the men within it were safe, that no one was going to get the upper hand over them.

Fury had never been one to jump headfirst and think later, but he was certainly doing it this time around. He might not give a shit if what he did was considered wrong or immoral. Hell, he did illegal shit all the time, but he thought about it first, made a plan, and then acted.

But when it came to getting his vengeance on the Cardona gang, what he'd done was just act first and he'd worry about shit afterward. Taking Angelina Cardona and doing with her whatever the fuck he wanted, while getting information out of her, seemed like a pretty good fucking idea to him.

But that was just it. *He* thought it was a good idea. The club didn't, because, hell, they didn't know what he was up to. They didn't need to know until he had the information he wanted.

It was going behind his MC's back, wrong because of their code of ethics, but he had to do what he had to do.

He'd seen strange cars sitting across from the clubhouse, and could have sworn people followed him, watched him. If nothing came from this, and it was all in his head, Fury would deal with that. But until then, until he knew for sure what in the hell was going on, he was going to fucking do this.

He needed leverage, backup, and having Angelina would ensure that if shit got dark, he'd have a pawn. And hey, he'd get something out of it, too. It was a fucked-up move on his part. He knew that.

He didn't hurt women or children, and although he wasn't about to beat her, kill her, or do anything else that would be retribution over what the Cardona gang had done, the MC was the most important thing to him. He'd do anything to ensure they stayed protected, and Angelina would be what he would use to make sure that happened.

Maybe the dark car around Angelina wasn't about her at all. Maybe it was actually someone from Fury's past coming to get payback, which was a possibility given the life Fury had led. There were plenty of people that wanted a piece of him, to get back, get even, if they ever found him. He'd burnt a lot of bridges in his day.

Or it might all be nothing, and I'm so fucking wrapped up in my own delusions that I am losing my mind.

Whenever he watched her, Fury didn't wear his MC attire. He'd already taken off his cut, not about to have the club implicated in this. They knew nothing of what he was doing, and he wasn't about to fuck them over because he had this burning desire to get even.

Maybe if he'd brought it to the club they would have agreed and sanctioned what he was doing, but he couldn't risk them voting it down. He had to do this, and until it was completed, it was a dark, burning need inside of him.

He pulled his baseball cap down lower, pulled up the lapels on the jacket he'd thrown on, and got out of the SUV to follow her. He kept an eye on the car that was tailing her, as well, but they kept a good distance from her.

He couldn't lie and say she wasn't easy on the eyes, and that made watching her, stalking her, that much easier. She was fucking gorgeous, but when his cock started to get hard thinking about her, he told himself whose daughter she was.

That was like ice water on a fire to him. But who the fuck was he kidding? It wasn't like it got rid of his hard-on fully.

He might not know exactly what he'd do with Angelina Cardona once he had her, not fully at least, but he wasn't thinking that far in advance. The only thing he was focused on was making sure he had leverage if her father, Sal, somehow came back from the dead, which was a pretty good fucking possibility.

Tonight was the night he'd get some fucking answers.

Angelina had felt that prickling on the back of her neck the entire walk home, but she felt safe now, better that she was in her home with the doors locked. Was this shit all in her head?

Was she so paranoid that the more she thought about what was out there, the more she worked herself up?

Rubbing a hand over her face, she set her purse and jacket on the kitchen table and went over to the fridge. Wine sounded good right about now, that and a hot bubble bath. Maybe the alcohol and soaking in the tub would help alleviate some of her tension?

Angelina took the bottle, a glass, and headed upstairs. She hated living this life where she felt like she was on a ledge and the slightest wind would push her right off into a bottomless pit.

It was par for the course, she supposed, but Angelina just wanted a normal life. She didn't want to be known as the daughter of Sal, a fucked-up man that terrorized people, or the sister of a Cardona that enjoyed torturing his enemies for the sheer fun of hearing them scream.

Exhaling and setting the bottle of wine on the counter, she started the water and poured a capful of bubbles into the tub. She didn't know how long she stood there, but the room started to get warm and moist from the humidity in the air, and she felt beads of perspiration start to dot her forehead.

Removing her shirt, she tossed it in the hamper, her mind thick with that worry that she'd never have the quiet life she'd always wanted.

Angelina didn't want to be anyone who was instantly recognizable when

she walked down the street, ate at a restaurant, or shopped in a store. She didn't want to be anyone at all, in fact

But she supposed it was what it was. Sooner or later, she'd be found, because she couldn't hide forever, especially if the Cardonas wanted to find her.

Fury picked the lock, let himself into Angelina's place, and shut the door quietly behind him. He stood there for a second, listening to the sounds in the house and hearing the water running in the bathroom.

Like clockwork she was in there bathing. He moved into the kitchen, saw she'd left the cabinet open to the glasses, and turned to head into the living room. Everything was silent, and he hadn't seen that vehicle following her anymore.

His blood pumped through his veins, and adrenaline and wild energy filled his very cells. He anticipated this, had been following her around long enough, and now was the time he'd get what he came for.

Removing the small bottle that held chloroform and the rag from his pocket, he looked down at the glass jar. He'd bought it easily enough from some less than savory people he knew. Fury had always just used physical violence to make his point, but he wouldn't do that with a female.

He made his way down the hallway, his boots making a soft thud on the carpet. Stopping when he was right in front of the bathroom door, Fury stood there a moment, hearing the water being turned off.

A second later the sound of her stepping into the tub played out, and he couldn't help the sudden arousal that slammed through him. Hell, he was a man, and she was a naked woman on the other side of the door. There would be plenty of time for playing with her, though, once he got back to his place.

And then he heard music playing from behind the bathroom door. It was classical, something sad sounding, and although maybe he should have felt like a piece of shit for what he was about to do, he didn't care.

He had to do this for his MC, to get back at those Cardona fuckers.

He waited about fifteen minutes before grabbing the handle and pushed it inward. The door opened soundlessly. He stood in the doorway, staring at the bathroom, steam dissipating the longer the door was ajar. Angelina was with her back to him as she dried off.

He looked at her nude body, her big, round ass, and the olive complexion of her skin. She lifted her foot, braced it on the tub and started drying off her leg. He could see the side view of her big breasts, the mounds swaying gently as she continued to dry herself and hum with the music.

He stood there for several moments, doing nothing but watching her, feeling the dark arousal move through him, but knowing right now he was here for a job.

She was unaware of him still, and that would make this go a lot easier.

Taking the rag and bottle, he poured a generous amount of chloroform on the cloth, tucked the jar in his back pocket again, and took the few steps it required getting to her.

Once he was right behind her, feeling her body heat, smelling the scent of lavender come from her, he felt his cock give another hard jerk. He looked his fill once more. She had curves that went on for fucking miles.

Getting back at her will help get back at those motherfuckers that hurt the club.

Fury could admit to being a lowdown motherfucker a lot of the time, but he'd never kidnapped a female and used her as a bargaining tool to get back at anyone. He wasn't a woman or child abuser, and sure as fuck wasn't a rapist.

But what he did know was that he could get this pretty little Italian girl to want him before their time was up. Yeah, he didn't doubt she'd want his cock, beg him for it, too.

He grinned at that thought.

He saw her body tense, and knew she was aware of him standing right behind her. She straightened and slowly turned around. For a second she just stared at him, her eyes wide, her fear clear.

"Hey, gorgeous," he said in a voice that he knew was deep and dark, and promising a hell of a lot of things she was terrified of. Fury covered her nose and mouth with the rag. She started to struggle instantly. Looking up at him with wide, scared eyes, she fought him, trying to pry his hands and the rag away.

But despite her courage and will to survive, he outweighed her and overpowered her easily.

Within a few moments her struggle lessened, her eyes became heavy, and then she was finally out.

Fury picked her up before she fell to the ground, grabbed the towel, and covered her haphazardly with it. For just a second he stared down at her. Her black hair was matted to her face, the wet strands looking like spilled ink. She looked peaceful, in a drugged kind of way.

He lowered his gaze to her mouth, her lips full and red, and slightly parted as she breathed evenly.

“Get it the fuck together,” he said to himself and left the bathroom. Setting her on the bed, he grabbed a bag from the closet and shoved some clothing in it for her. He was a bastard for taking her, but at least she could have some of her shit while he kept her captive.

He stilled, ran a hand over his hair, and looked at her. Was he really this fucked up that he’d resorted to drugging and taking a woman just to get back at someone who fucked with his club?

But he shook his head, pushing those thoughts away. He’d do anything for his club.

Anything.

Angelina slowly opened her eyes, the act harder than it should have been. Her head ached something fierce, and the pain behind her eyes was stinging enough she closed them once again and breathed through the discomfort.

After a few moments she opened them again. The first thing she realized was she was in a bedroom ... that wasn't hers.

Trying to remember what exactly happened was hard as hell, but she thought about it, needing to make sense of it all.

Came home.

Grabbed the wine.

Took a bath.

After that part she was drawing a blank, and her heart started beating hard and fast. Had she gotten drunk from the wine? She couldn't believe she had. And even so, she'd been in *her* apartment soaking in the tub.

What in the fuck happened?

Afraid to sit up just yet because of the pounding in her head, she looked around the room as best she could. There was a window across from her. The shades were closed, but she could see the sun shining through the blinds.

There was a dresser off to the left, a door to her right, and ... nothing else. The room was barren of anything of use to her. She tried to move then, knowing she needed to get up and push past any discomfort to find answers, but when she realized she was immobile she looked down.

Her legs were bound together, and her hands were above her head, tied to the headboard.

God. What in the hell?

She struggled to get her hands free, but a gasp of pain left her as the rope that was used to bind her wrists dug into her flesh even harder, abrading her.

Her heart was beating so hard it hurt, and sweat lined her brow and between her breasts. She looked down at herself, breathing out when she realized she was at least wearing her clothes. But who had put them on her?

“Hello?” She whispered at first, not sure if she should have even said anything for fear of who’d put her in this room and strung her up.

Silence greeted her.

She didn’t know what to do. Maybe screaming wasn’t the best choice given the fact whoever had put her in this situation didn’t want her to leave. But what if someone else could hear her, help her?

“Help,” she screamed out, willing to take that chance. Angelina struggled harder, gritting her teeth against the pain of the rope tightening around her wrists. She tried in vain again to recall what in the hell happened after she’d gotten in the bath, but the more she tried to remember, the more her head hurt. “Help,” she cried out again. She glanced around, and even knowing what was in the room, she looked for another way out.

First you have to get yourself untied.

And then, pushing past the pain to get to her memories, it sparked in her brain like a light bulb coming on. She remembered someone coming up from behind her, his big body dwarfing hers.

He’d been in a dark t-shirt and denim, his face hard in expression, cold in appearance. He’d held a rag over her mouth and nose, and she hadn’t been able to help but breathe in. It had been a sickly-sweet odor, one that had made it impossible to fight him back.

After that, everything had gone dark.

She’d been taken by God only knew who, and all she could think about was the shit that would be done to her. Was this someone getting back at her father, her family? Was it just some run of the mill psycho?

Angelina had been right about being followed, about having that fear consume her at every turn. She should have taken better precautions at staying safe.

I should have run.

She heard the sound of heavy boots coming closer to the closed door. She held her breath, her entire body tensing, her pulse beating hard and frantic. Sweat started to cover her face and the back of her neck, sliding down the

valley between her breasts.

All she could think about was what would happen.

Maybe it wasn't someone after her father or *just* a maniac. Maybe it *was* her father. Had she finally been found? Was it his men that had done this to her? It wasn't Sal's normal move, but it had been months since she'd spoken to her father, and she knew desperate times made people do twisted things.

The Cardonas weren't known for their levelheaded or rational thinking.

She could hear the thumping of her heart beating wildly, and as she watched the door handle turn, she felt the rise of fear.

Angelina had lived a life that was filled with violence and danger. She was used to knowing fear was something that held people in check, but she'd always been surrounded by others who wouldn't let anything happen to her.

But Angelina had hated that life, and that was why she'd left, run from it all and was staying low.

And look at where I'm at now.

The door pushed open, and she felt her eyes widen at the sight of a man standing in the threshold.

It's him, from my bathroom, the one that drugged me.

This man, who wore a pair of loose fitting worn-in jeans, a dark T-shirt, and a biker leather vest, was by far the largest man she'd seen.

On his vest the name "Fury" was stitched into a patch on one side of the leather.

He just stood there, staring at her from the doorway, and the power and strength that came from him frightened her to the point she felt her hands shake in their bonds.

He didn't say anything for a long moment, and that made him all the more frightening. She licked her lips, not knowing if she should say anything. But then he brought his bottle of beer to his mouth and took a long drink from it as he watched her intently.

Angelina started to hyperventilate when he took a step closer. He walked over to the dresser and set the bottle on it, watching her the whole time.

"What do you want? Why am I here?" she finally managed to stutter out. She tried moving back on the bed, instinct telling her to get away from him, but being bound only allowed her to bend her knees.

"You've been out for longer than I thought," he said, his voice deep, serrated like a rusty knife digging into her flesh. "Glad you came around though. I have a lot planned for us." He was at the edge of the bed, his arms

crossed, his muscles bulging.

She shook her head, not sure why she was doing the act. “Why am I here?” she asked again.

He stayed silent for a second before speaking again. “You’re here because of your father.” His voice was so deep she felt it vibrate throughout her whole body. He stopped at the head of the bed, and she couldn’t do anything but look up at him.

He reached out, and she flinched, not knowing if he’d hit her. But instead, he grabbed a lock of her dark hair and lifted it up, rubbing it between his fingers, staring at the strands.

She was frozen as she watched him.

“Your father fucked up, and you’re the one that will help make this right.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she whispered.

He dropped the strands and looked into her eyes. “No?”

She shook her head.

He gave her a half smile, but it was far from amused. “Your father isn’t Sal Cardona?” He lifted a brow.

Her throat was closing, and she knew lying at this point might only make things worse, if that was even possible.

“I have nothing to do with what my father does or has done. I don’t want anything to do with him or my family.” He stayed silent, and she licked her dry lips again. “I haven’t spoken to him or anyone from the Family in months.”

He smirked, but it wasn’t humorous.

“If you’re trying to get even with him for something he did, I’m the last person that can help. My father doesn’t want anything to do with me.” That last part was a lie, because she knew her father wouldn’t let her just leave the family.

She was blood, in the organization for life, and her running from them had only made things worse. But she couldn’t turn back, even if she wanted to.

“You want me to believe you left that all behind?”

She nodded.

“You think your father doesn’t know where you’re at?”

She stilled.

“If I could find you this easily, the Cardonas have known where you’re at,

Princess.”

Could he hear the sound of her heart beating so fast and hard? “B-believe me,” she stuttered the words out. “My father wants nothing to do with me,” she lied again.

“You’re not as good a liar as you may think. If Sal’s alive, he’ll want something to do with you, especially after he realizes what I plan on doing.”

If Sal’s alive?

She swallowed again, not knowing if that information should have made her happy or slightly unnerved. Her father was a hard man to kill, and she knew since she’d witnessed three attempts to take him out.

“What do you plan on doing with me?” Angelina was afraid to ask, but she found herself posing the question anyway.

He smirked again. “Baby, you’re what I’ll be using in case shit goes ugly again with the Cardonas. And if it’s nothing,” he said almost to himself, “then I’ll still have some fun with you.”

She felt her eyes widen. “Please,” she said and shook her head. “You don’t have to do this. I don’t know anything.” She felt her tears fall then. “My father never told me anything. I was just his daughter, not worthy of Family business.” He had to believe her.

But his smile faded and he looked pissed. “I deserve my vengeance because your father and his men hurt someone close to me.”

She shook her head, thinking of all kinds of horrifying things this man planned on doing with her, to her.

She’d rather die than let any of that happen.

Fury shut the bedroom door behind him and locked it, feeling like a motherfucker. Angelina had been terrified, her tears like a hot poker right through his gut. He'd never been so cold and callous to a female, never had to threaten one, make her cry.

Despite the fact he couldn't let her go, and that he'd need her for his own personal gain, Fury still felt like a dirty bastard.

He headed into the kitchen of the two-bedroom cabin he'd brought her to. It was owned by the MC, one that was rarely used unless they needed to get away from shit or needed a place to crash while things calmed down.

Fury grabbed a bottle of scotch and a glass out of the cabinet. He just finished pouring the cup full when his cell went off. He stepped out onto the porch before answering it. No need for the club to hear her scream out if she knew someone might be able to hear.

"Yeah?" he said, and took a drink of the liquor. He leaned against the porch banister and stared at the thick expanse of forest that lined all angles of the house. The cabin was out in the middle of nowhere, situated on enough property that it ensured no one else would be close enough to hear or see them.

"Man, where you at?" Stone, one of the members of the MC asked. The sound of the other member inhaling and exhaling came through before Fury spoke.

"I had business to take care of." Fury may be the president of the MC, but shit still needed to be brought to the club for a vote.

He also shouldn't have just up and left without at least telling them where

he was. But telling them he was at the cabin meant one of them might come up here unannounced. That, he couldn't have. Even though the club did some shady shit, if the members knew he was holding a woman here against her will, hell would rain down.

"You at the cabin?" Stone asked, and Fury cursed internally. He didn't answer right away, just drank more scotch. "I'll take your silence as affirmation." Stone exhaled again.

"Birdie doing any better?" Just thinking about his lifelong friend wounded because of what the Cardonas did to him had rage engulfing him again. Fury didn't get his club name because he kept his anger in check.

"The same," Stone said.

"The club doctor say anything about his recovery?" Birdie was back at the club, and their back alley physician was helping to get the newly patched-in member on the up and up.

"Nothing new, but you know Birdie is a tough bastard."

Fury nodded even though he was alone. Birdie was one hardcore motherfucker. He'd saved Fury's life back in the day, something the club didn't know. But even though Fury owed his life to his friend, that wasn't the only reason he was doing what he was. The club had been hit, and Birdie had been injured.

That meant retribution.

He clenched his jaw and stared at his half empty cup. "I got business to take care of. I don't want anyone coming up here, got it?"

"Yeah, Prez, got it." A moment of silence passed. "But if you need backup—"

"I don't." He disconnected the call and turned away from the woods. He stared at the window that led to the room Angelina was currently tied up in. It was time to get this party started. He didn't know how far he was going to go to push Angelina, but he had to fucking start this shit.

She didn't know how long he'd left her alone, but it seemed like forever even though it couldn't have been more than half an hour. Her arms had since gone numb, and the harder she struggled, the tighter the knots became.

He had either been in the Navy, or he had done this before.

The latter made her blood run even colder.

The door swung open, and she still struggled, her flight or fight instinct running wild in her. Even though it seemed fruitless, she wasn't about to just lie here and wait for him to rape, torture, or kill her.

He came into the room holding a plate and a cup of what looked like water. He set it on the dresser, then opened one of the drawers and started rummaging through it. She stared at his back, not about to say anything because it might make things worse, but also not wanting to be the victim, even if she was.

She needed to be strong. She'd grown up with the Cardonas, and that meant she didn't take shit from anyone.

"Even if I wanted to help you bring my father down, I don't know anything about him that could help." He didn't say anything and kept his back to her. "I won't let you rape me. I'll fight." He turned around then, holding a length of chain, a shackle, and a lock.

Her heart stilled, her throat tightened, and she felt sweat instantly bloom on her forehead. Were her eyes as wide as they felt?

"Rape you?" he said low, deadly, as if those words pissed him off. He moved toward her once more. "I don't need to rape women."

She watched him set the lock and chain on the bed. He started undoing the rope, and she knew she had to stay strong, to show him she wouldn't take this like some weak victim.

Once he had her legs free, she bent her knees, about to kick him. But Fury let out this low, almost inhuman sound, and pressed his hand down on her legs, stilling her with so little effort. The hard, cold look on his face had her freezing. "Behave."

She didn't move, didn't even breathe.

"You understand me, Angelina? You fucking behave. I can make this a hell of a lot worse for you if you fucking fight me."

Her throat tightened even more, nausea assaulted her, and she wanted to scream out from it all. But she nodded, wanting to live even if she'd told him she'd rather die.

He stared at her hard for another long second, and then attached the shackle, chain, and lock around her ankle.

He then moved up the bed and started undoing the rope around her wrists. He was so close, the scent of whatever cologne and the leather vest he wore dark and intense. Or maybe it was just the scent of him, like violence personified.

Once her hands were free, she rubbed them, her focus trained on Fury still. He took a step back, glared at her for a suspended moment, and then turned and grabbed the plate and glass from the dresser before heading back toward her.

"Sit up and eat something." He sounded so cold, and as much as she'd told herself she'd fight, she also needed to play it smart.

Sitting up on the bed, she looked at the plate he'd set down in front of her. It was just a sandwich and a handful of chips, and although she didn't know how long she'd been out, she wasn't hungry.

Her stomach clenched in disgust, and when she looked up at him it was to see Fury standing there with his arms crossed once more and that stoic expression on his face.

"I'm not hungry," she said in a low voice.

"You need to eat or you'll be sick."

She looked at the food again and felt like throwing up. "I already feel sick."

"It's the chloroform. Drink the water and try to eat and you'll feel better. It'll help flush your system."

She looked at him again. He obviously wanted her better so he could do all the depraved shit to her, and as much as she wanted to claw his eyes out, she found herself picking up the sandwich and taking a bite.

For several minutes he just stood there watching her eat. She had the chain and shackle around her ankle, but it wasn't attached to anything. The longer she stared at the length of the chain, the more she thought about if she could use it as a weapon.

"Don't think about it," he said, as if reading her mind.

She looked up at him, knowing her eyes were wide with fear and shock.

"Even if you hit me over the head with the chain it wouldn't bring me down." He looked like a mean motherfucker.

She set the sandwich down and kept her focus on him. "Why don't you just do what you plan on doing to me and get it over with?" She was scared to death, but thought she was doing a good job of trying to look strong.

He didn't move, didn't show emotions, and for long seconds continued to watch her. "Do what I'm going to do to you?"

"Rape me, torture me ... do whatever it is you're going to do to me to get the information I don't have on my father."

"I already fucking told you I have no plans to rape you." He sounded even more pissed if that was possible. "And I don't hurt women."

"No, you just kidnap them and tie them up." *God, where is this coming from? I must have a death wish.*

For a suspended moment they both just looked into each other's eyes, and then he smirked and shook his head. He grabbed the chain and moved over to the wall. She'd just now seen there was a lock drilled in. He attached the chain to the wall and turned to face her.

"I'm not going to rape you or hurt you, but that's not to say you won't want me to do a hell of a lot of dirty shit to you eventually."

Fat chance in hell.

Of course, she didn't say that out loud.

"I'm not lying when I say I know nothing of my father's dealings. I haven't spoken to him in months, and even before that he didn't tell me anything." She told him that again and would until she was blue in the face. But she knew it wouldn't have mattered because this man clearly had an agenda.

"You may think you don't know anything," he leaned forward, "but believe me, Princess, you know more than you think."

She shook her head, but he pulled away, the conversation clearly done for right now.

“Finish eating and I’ll show you the bathroom so you can get cleaned up.” He turned, as if about to leave her in the room, and she felt her panic rise.

“Wait,” she said.

He stopped and looked over his shoulder at her, his short dark hair and dark eyes making him seem evil, like the very devil himself.

“I…” She looked around, first at the chain on her leg, and then at the wall where she was secured.

“You’re out in the middle of nowhere. Cry, scream, it doesn’t matter. No one will hear you.” He turned fully to face her. “And even if you did escape, we are miles upon miles away from anyone or anything.” He took a step toward her. “I’d find you before you reached anyone.”

She started crying. She couldn’t help it. Damn her father and the life he led for putting her in this situation. “You’re a fucking asshole.” She wiped her tears away. “Terrorizing a woman because you’re nothing but a motherfucking bastard.”

He didn’t move, didn’t speak. She wasn’t afraid, though. Her anger was controlling her in this second.

She grabbed the chain around her ankle and started pulling on it at the same time she screamed out.

“Fuck you, Fury.” It was the first time she’d used his name since she’d woken up, and it felt good to scream it out. “Fuck. You.”

Fury shut the bedroom door, his blood boiling and his rage mounting. He stormed into the kitchen, grabbed the bottle of scotch again, and drank the rest of it. When it was empty, he curled his fingers around the neck, reared his arm back, and threw the fucker against the wall.

Glass shattered and liquor residue sprayed everywhere.

This isn't who you are. You don't make women cry. You don't terrify them.

He started going through the cabinets, needing more alcohol. He was a motherfucker, he knew that, but the tears he'd seen in Angelina's eyes, the way she'd looked so scared, and the fact he had a good feeling she truly didn't know shit about her father, made him feel like he'd tear right through his skin.

She's a Cardona. Don't let the waterworks or her saying she doesn't know anything sway you from why she's really here.

"Fuck," he growled out. "What in the hell are you actually doing here?" With that he turned and stalked back toward the room. He threw the door open, and it slammed against the wall, startling Angelina. She had her hands wrapped around the chain, was by the lock in the wall, and clearly trying to escape.

He grinned, knowing it was far from humorous. He saw the way her eyes widened, heard her inhale sharply, and watched her back away.

As she retreated from him, her hands in front of her, the fear clear on her face, he felt his cock harden. She was gorgeous in every sense, even in the sweats and T-shirt he'd put on her before he left her place.

He took another step toward her, pissed with himself that he gave a shit about how Angelina Cardona felt.

“P-please,” she whispered.

“It’s because of your father that my club was compromised.” He kept advancing. “It’s because of your family that my friend got hurt.” He moved closer to her until she was forced to stop because the wall was right behind her. He was only a foot from her now, the sweet scent of her filling his head, making him harder. H

e saw her gaze lower to his dick, knew she saw how hard he was, and he couldn’t help but grin wider. He placed his hands on the wall on either side of her head and leaned forward until their faces were only inches apart.

“I don’t care how I get the information out of you, but you’ll tell me whatever you know, even if you don’t think it’s much.”

Angelina held her breath, so afraid, but also feeling ... arousal. It was misplaced, wrong, and she felt self-hatred over the fact. She should feel nothing but disgust for this man, but the smell of him, the size of his powerful body, and the intensity that came from him, had something deep inside of her coming awake.

He smelled of liquor, and she felt her body heat, despite the fact this man scared the hell out of her, had kidnapped her, and planned on getting information out of her by any means necessary.

His hands by her head caged her in, and she tried to stay calm, to act like she wasn't affected or afraid. But the truth was she couldn't even control her breathing, let alone her emotions.

"Tell me the truth," he said, his eyes locked with hers. "Tell me when you saw your father last."

She swallowed, her throat feeling like razorblades were lodged in there. "I haven't spoken to him in months."

The corner of his mouth tilted in a sardonic smile. "Don't fucking lie to me," he said and leaned in another inch.

She pressed her back to the wall, wanting to get away from him, and feeling like an animal trapped. "I'm not lying," she whispered, and found herself staring deeper into his black eyes. He looked so cold, so heartless, and she didn't understand why she found any part of this monster attractive.

He didn't respond or say anything for long seconds, so she continued speaking. "I ran from them, from that life. I don't want anything to do with them." She sucked in a lungful of air. "I wanted an out, and it was either run

or die.”

Fury didn't want to move away from her but finally did.

He turned from her, his back taking up her entire view. He lifted a hand and ran it over his short dark hair.

“Fuck.” He turned and faced her. “Motherfucker,” he growled out the words, his voice raised, his anger clear.

She placed her hands flat on the wall behind her and breathed in and out. “I don't want to be mixed up in any of this. I just want to get away from it all.” Angelina hated that she was crying, that she couldn't control herself.

Wiping the tears away, she stared at Fury, hating him, but hating her arousal more than ever.

“Fuck,” he said again, and turned and left her in the room but didn't shut the door. She could hear banging going on, cabinet doors being slammed shut, and more cursing, but she stayed right where she was. After a few minutes Fury came back in, looking even more pissed.

“I can't let you go until I take care of your family.”

She knew her eyes were still wide, not sure what she should say or do.

“Behave and don't start shit, and I'll let you go once this is all said and done.”

Truth was she didn't care what Fury did to her father or family. She hated them, had wanted them out of her life, and prayed for it even.

It was sick and demented, but she supposed if being chained up in this cabin in the middle of nowhere was the only way for her to truly be free, well, Angelina would deal with it.

Yeah, she must have been so fucked up, the Family messing up her sense of worth and freedom on such a level she may never go back to “normal”.

Fury didn't move for several seconds, and she didn't know if she should have said something. Of course, she was still afraid, but if Fury wanted to hurt her, couldn't he have done it ten times over by now?

“Come on, I'll show you where you can get cleaned up.” He left the room, and she couldn't do anything but follow him, the long, length of chain clanking on the hardwood floor behind her.

The bathroom was just down the hall, the first door on the right. He turned on the light, and she looked inside.

“I brought some of your clothes. They are in a bag under the bed.” He turned and faced her.

“Can you at least unhook the chain?”

He was shaking his head before she even finished speaking. “Fuck no. Until I know your father is dead for sure, and the Family is taken care of, you’ll stay exactly like this.”

She could have cried and screamed out at him. But she was smart, needed to be in this situation, so she just nodded.

“The chain will give you enough leeway to go to the bathroom and even come out of the hallway. You don’t need to go any further than that.” He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at her.

Fury reminded her of an animal that had been caged for far too long and was now running free. It was such a strange analogy for her to think, but he seemed so wild and untamed, and looked like the slightest provocation would set him off.

“You’ll let me go once it’s all said and done?” She couldn’t help but ask again.

“If you can’t give me any information, then you’ll be used as leverage. You might hate your father and the Family, but I have a feeling they’d do a lot to make sure you’re safe.”

She looked down at the ground. “I don’t know about that anymore, especially not since I ran from them. I betrayed them.” She lifted her head and looked at him. “If you could just let me go, I’ll leave, go far away—”

“Fuck no,” he said with a hardened voice. “I’ve told you once, and I won’t tell you again why you have to stay.” He looked down at her ankle. “And obviously that means keeping you locked up.” When he looked at her face again, there was nothing but cold, hard brutality. “Either go take a shower or go back in the room.” And then he turned and left her standing there, feeling like she’d just been swallowed by the earth.

“Where the fuck is he?” Birdie asked from the bed he was currently crashing on at the clubhouse. He’d checked himself out of the hospital. He hadn’t wanted to be held up in a sterile-like room.

But then Fury had gone AWOL, and Birdie knew he couldn’t sit around and not figure out what in the fuck was going on.

“I don’t know. He just fucking took off, called and said he had business to take care of, and that was that.”

Birdie looked at Stone after he spoke, and he’d known enough liars in his day to know Stone was full of shit. He pushed himself up on the bed and winced as pain lanced through his whole body.

But he pushed that shit back and focused on what needed to be done. Stone touched his shoulder, wanting to help, but Birdie didn’t need it.

“I don’t want fucking help, man,” Birdie said and pushed Stone away.

“Yeah, you’re a fucking Bleeding Mayhem member, all right,” Stone said with a harsh growl. “Fucking cranky motherfucker and full of pride.” Stone mumbled out the words, his eyes narrowed and trained on Birdie.

“Fuck, man, I don’t need help from anyone.”

Stone grunted and flipped Birdie off. “Grumpy old bastard.”

“Tell me where Fury is.”

Stone had his back to Birdie now, but after a few moments finally turned around. The man had a head full of short dark hair, and his eyes, this intense green color, were trained right on Birdie.

“Don’t think about a lie, man, just fucking tell me where he is. He’s obviously going through some shit, and I want to be there for him. I’ve

known him my whole life.”

Stone didn't say anything for long seconds, but finally exhaled. “He'll know I snitched him out, and then he'll beat my ass.”

Birdie shrugged. “You're big enough and look like you can handle yourself.”

Stone grunted. “Not the fucking point.” Stone exhaled and cursed. “He's at a cabin out in the fucking middle of nowhere.”

“What cabin?” Birdie asked and was already sitting on the edge of the bed. He was slowly recovering, but damn did he hurt like a motherfucker.

“The club owns a cabin out past Route 26. It's literally out in the fucking boondocks, but I know that's where he's at.”

Birdie nodded. “I need to get out there.”

“You fucking crazy?” Stone asked incredulously. “Not only did Fury want his fucking privacy, but you're in no shape to go anywhere.”

Birdie flipped Stone off. “I'm fine.” Truth was he hurt like a motherfucker, but if Fury was dealing with shit, he wanted to be there for him.

They'd been through a lot of things back in the day, things the MC didn't know about, and he wasn't going to lie up here in this bed when things needed to get done. He held on to his side and breathed through the pain.

This wasn't the first time he'd been nearly down for the count, but the fact Fury wasn't here, and hadn't come by, told Birdie whatever the man was going through was deep.

“Are you sure you want to be moving around?” Stone asked. “Doc said you are lucky to even be alive.”

Birdie grunted. “This isn't the worst shape I've ever been in.” He stared at the other man and could see the annoyance on his face. Birdie chuckled. “You want to nurse me back to health or some shit?”

“Fuck off,” Stone said and walked closer. “Whatever Fury's going through he hasn't told the club. The only reason I know where he's at is because I asked, and when he clammed up, I knew.” Stone ran a hand over his face and breathed out. “President or not, he shouldn't be going rogue like this.”

Birdie braced his hands on the bed on either side of him. “If he did go rogue, he has a good reason.” Birdie breathed through the pain and pushed himself off the bed.

His chest burned something fierce, but his recovery was going good, if

slow. Maybe it wasn't the smartest move to go anywhere, but he needed to be there for Fury. Birdie pushed Stone away when the other man tried to help him walk.

The pain had Birdie starting to sweat, but he slowly made his way into the bathroom. Bracing a hand on the wall, he switched the light on and looked at his reflection in the mirror above the sink.

His dark hair stood in strands around his head, and his face was ashen. Dark circles were around his eyes, and beads of sweat covered his forehead. He looked a fucking mess, but if Fury wasn't going to answer his damn phone when he called and was out being damn Rambo without the club knowing, Birdie was going to go to him.

Hell, he'd done ten years in prison to protect Fury, even though they'd killed that motherfucker together. He'd do anything for the man because Birdie saw him as a brother, and he's all he had in this shitty world.

Angelina sat on the bed and stared at the plate of food Fury had given her. Her stomach clenched and growled, and although she was hungry, she couldn't bring herself to eat anything. She thought about her father, about her life.

Her childhood hadn't been shitty, and in fact she'd had a lot of opportunities opened to her because she was a Cardona. But it was when she got older that she understood why she got all the things she had.

Her brother and father had run the family business, but until she was a teenager, she'd just thought it was the stores around the neighborhood. Little did she know it was those stores that were used to do backroom deals, and were even places where people were killed.

She closed her eyes and hung her head, breathing out. Being a Cardona didn't mean she liked the life, or even wanted it. It was the hand she'd been dealt. It wasn't until she saw her brother beat the shit out of some kid because he looked at him the "wrong way" that she realized she couldn't be part of that world.

She pushed the plate away after picking at it for several minutes, her stomach in knots, but strangely not because she was currently in this situation. It was weird to be chained up in some stranger's house, not sure of the outcome, but not be afraid of what might happen to her.

Fury was huge and definitely scary, but he wanted payback for her father, and she guessed if she'd been in his shoes, she would have done the same. If she had anyone she cared about, she would go to great lengths to make things right.

But this is so fucked up.

Angelina picked up the chain that hung off the bed and ran her fingers over the cold metal. It started to warm in her grasp the longer she held it. She wanted to cry at the situation she was in, but what she found fucked up was her tears were because of the fact it was her family that had her in this predicament.

She stood and walked toward the door. The sun had already set, and from what Fury said she was out for several hours. But the day had slowly worn on, and now with evening already upon them, all she should want to do was curl up and cry. That or figure out how to escape.

And where would you go? If Fury found you so easy, then he's right, your family probably knew where you were the whole time.

But if they had known where she was, why didn't they come after her? Angelina knew her father wouldn't have just let it go that she left without a word to them.

She reached for the handle, but before she could open it, it swung inward. Retreating several steps and almost tripping over the chain, she tilted her head back and stared up at Fury. He held two bottles of beer in his hand, but one was already being tipped back into his mouth as he took a hefty drink from it.

He handed her the other beer, and she took it, knowing she could smash the damn thing over his head, but also grateful for the small reprieve the alcohol would give her.

She drank half the bottle before she brought the tip away from her mouth. She didn't even like beer all that much, but seeing as she never drank, Angelina figured the alcohol would help. She hoped, at least.

"You hate your family that much, huh?" he asked, and she nodded.

"Yeah, that much." She moved back toward the bed, the chain making a loud clanking noise on the ground. When she was seated on the mattress, she held the bottle between her hands, looking at it. "My childhood wasn't horrible. I had cousins to play with, but my mother and father weren't really there for me." She lifted her head and looked at Fury. He leaned against the doorframe, his expression unreadable. "My brother was an asshole for as long as I can remember. It wasn't until I was a teenager that I saw the kind of men that surrounded me."

She lifted her bottle and took another drink, not sure why in the hell she was even saying anything to him. He didn't care, especially not about her

childhood. All Fury wanted was his revenge, and she was a means to that end. But she kept her mouth shut after saying all of that, because the less he knew about her, the better.

Angelina didn't need any extra drama in her life ... well, not any more than she already had.

"And you waited so long to leave?" he asked, and she lifted her head, a little stunned he cared enough to wonder.

She shrugged and stared into his dark eyes.

"You're only what, twenty-five at the most?"

She nodded. "But leaving the Cardonas isn't the easiest thing." He didn't say anything in response. "My father never spent a lot of time with me. He was with my brother the majority of the time, showing him how things ran.

But I always had someone watching over me." Scrubbing a hand over her eyes, she hated thinking about the past.

"My father cares about me in terms of protecting an asset." Angelina looked at Fury again. He stood there finishing off his beer, appearing like he didn't give a shit about this. Which he probably didn't, but it felt ... nice, in a fucked-up way, to talk about this stuff.

"So, you found a way out and took it?"

She nodded after he spoke. "Yeah. There were other times I probably could have run, but a lot of things held me back."

"Like what?" He almost sounded like he was challenging her.

"Like making sure I had money, could get away without them dragging me back." She swallowed. "Fear held me back, not knowing what was ahead of me. A lot of things kept me there. But I finally realized I had to just do it or I'd die in that prison."

She held his stare, maybe challenging him herself.

"The Cardonas don't really take kindly to people bailing on them, blood or not."

"If you wanted to disappear, you didn't do a very good job. Like I said, I found you easy enough."

Yeah, she knew that, but she thought she would have been safe, at least for longer than she had. It had been months since she ran, but only a couple of weeks since she'd felt like she was being watched. Had it been her father's men, or Fury?

It seemed like changing her last name hadn't been able to keep her hidden, but she knew that all along, even if it had been deep down.

She'd just been a fool, and she'd been in denial, thinking she could find a semblance of independence.

"I'm an idiot for thinking I could escape who I am and where I come from. I was stupid to think my father wouldn't find me." She'd meant to say that in her head, but after the words came out, she just couldn't give a damn that Fury had heard.

Fury didn't speak, and instead nodded his head toward the bed. "You should get some rest."

She looked at the head of the bed, suddenly feeling so damn tired. Maybe she didn't have freedom in her future? Maybe her life was meant to stay on the same fucked-up track?

Either way, she could at least say she'd experienced a small taste of being away from it all, and she was thankful for at least that.

“S he wasn’t there, boss.”

Sal stared out the window in the house he was currently laid up in. He had a cast on his leg, a stray bullet getting him pretty close to the femoral artery. These past weeks all Sal had been able to think about was what the Bleeding Mayhem MC had done, and who they’d taken.

He took a long inhale from his cigar, held the smoke in his mouth, and exhaled after a few seconds. The scene from the window was nothing but countryside. He was in a safehouse he used on occasion when shit went down, and shit had definitely gone down.

Marco was dead by the hands of those worthless pieces of shit, and although he’d known where Angelina had been since she ran off, he’d had other things on his plate that took precedence over bringing back an ungrateful child that was causing him more grief.

But he’d finally sent men out to bring her back, because if he was going to deal with her running out on her family during a time like this, he wouldn’t let the MC get her. *He’d* be the one to show her what it meant firsthand to fuck with them.

She was a Cardona, and her running off, deserting her family, was a betrayal in the worst of ways. She might be blood, but she’d made the Family look bad by leaving, and he couldn’t allow it to slide. She had to be made an example of.

“What do you mean she wasn’t there?” he said, keeping his focus on the scenery in front of him. He had his leg propped up, wanting the fucking cast off, wanting his son back, but knowing he had to focus on the revenge. He

was a Cardona, and no one fucked with them, least of all a damn motorcycle club. He turned his head and stared at Luis. “How the fuck do you lose a woman you’ve been tailing?” His anger rose.

Luis started shifting on his feet. “Once she was in her place, we parked out front, but she never came out the next morning. One of the guys went in and found she was gone.”

Sal stubbed his cigar out, braced his hands on the arms of the chair, and stood. Miguel was beside him to help, but he pushed the man away, grabbed a crutch to help steady himself, and moved to stand in front of Luis. The fear poured from Luis like a gas line breaking.

“You don’t know where my fucking daughter is?” She’d been living a few hours away, and in this situation, he knew he should have just hauled her ass home. But at first, he’d been busy with work and Marco, and her mother hadn’t given a shit about anything aside from the pills she’d been popping.

As it was, Rosa was in bed passed out from the booze and Valium, Marco’s death hitting her hard.

“She must have gone out the back door, boss.”

Sal clenched his jaw. “She went out the back door? You mean to tell me you didn’t have men stationed at every entrance and exit, like I fucking ordered?” He saw Luis swallow before shaking his head. “So the MC could get to her, probably had already. Do you realize if they take her out how badly that will reflect on us? Do you realize it’ll make us look weak?”

“It was a mistake, boss—”

Sal lifted one of the crutches and brought it along the upside of Luis’s head. The sound of his skull cracking rang through the room, and Luis fell to the ground. Blood started dripping down the side of his head, and the groans coming from Luis annoyed Sal.

“Miguel, get him the fuck out of my sight, and send out the boys to find Angelina.”

“Yes, boss.”

Miguel picked up Luis with the help of Carlos, and they hauled the motherfucker out of his sight.

Sal went back to his seat and sat down, stared out the window, and knew he had to find Angelina. If that fucking MC had anything to do with her disappearing, word would spread that the Cardonas couldn’t even handle their own, couldn’t even stop some MC from bringing down Sal Cardona’s offspring.

He grabbed his cell and dialed Nando's number. If his fucking men let his daughter disappear and now couldn't find her, he needed to go to the next level.

"Yeah?" Nando's deeply Italian accented voice came through the receiver.

"I need Angelina found, and want to bring down some motherfuckers. You up to getting your hands dirty?"

"Always. And when I find your daughter, what do you want me to do with the fuckers that took her?"

Sal didn't need to think about it. "Take them out and make it slow and painful." He had never been close with Angelina, and to be honest, she'd been more of a liability for his enemies to get at him.

He would have protected her if she hadn't betrayed them by leaving, but now that she was gone, and if she was with the MC, getting her back was more about teaching her a lesson, and letting word get out that even blood got what was coming to them.

This was also about the Bleeding Mayhem MC, and he'd go to any lengths to bring down that fucking club. They came after the Cardonas and took out his son. That meant this was fucking war.

Fury had left Angelina in the room hours ago, and since then was slowly finishing off a bottle of scotch. The TV was on but muted, and some old school horror movie played on the screen.

He didn't know what the fuck he was going to do, if he were being honest. He had initially planned on taking Sal's daughter, and doing all kinds of fucked-up shit to her to get some revenge on the Cardonas.

All he'd been able to see after Birdie was shot and the club was put in jeopardy was getting even with fucking Sal. Sure, it had also been about getting information out of Angelina that could help Fury get her father, find out where the prick was hiding, and taking out the old bastard.

But here he was, not even two days after taking her, and he was thinking of letting her go.

She didn't know anything. He could see that in her face, in the way she spoke. He went with his gut, and his instincts were telling him she was innocent in all of this. Doing anything to her but letting her go seemed so fucking wrong, and unlike him.

But despite knowing that, wanting to be able to let her go and find Sal on his own, he also knew he could use her as leverage. It was fucked up, but his club and family came first, even if that meant being a lowdown, dirty bastard and using an innocent woman.

He stood, but the room started to spin because of how drunk he was already, and he braced his hand on the arm of the couch.

"Fuck," he said and ran a hand over his face, feeling his days' worth of stubble cover his cheeks and jaw. He turned and stared down the hallway,

looked at the closed door of the bedroom where Angelina was currently chained up, and felt his cock harden and his heart start to race. He was a sick motherfucker for his body's reaction to her, given the situation they were in.

But all he could picture was her sitting on the bed, the oversized T-shirt hanging off one of her shoulders, her olive skin tone and the sight of her delicate collarbones, making the male part of him rise up like a violent fucking beast.

It also didn't help the sight of the chain around her ankle, of her submission—involuntary or not—made him fucking harder than rock.

He adjusted his cock behind the fly of his jeans and cleared his throat. He needed to go sleep this drunkenness off, and tomorrow he'd decide the next move on how to find out where Sal was.

Despite the fact Marco was dead and Sal had ducked out after all that shit had gone down, Fury wasn't going to stop until he had confirmation that motherfucker was either dead or find out where he was hiding.

Fury wasn't going to let this go until he had Cardona blood on his hands.

She was exhausted, but Angelina couldn't sleep. She'd been lying in the bed, staring at the ceiling, for the last several hours.

The sound of a clock in the hallway ticking was the only thing that broke up the silence. The light coming through the crack at the bottom of the door the only illumination in the room.

Pushing the blanket off, she sat up, the chain a heavy reminder of where she was and why she was here. But the strange part, the really, truly fucked-up part, was the fact that chain held this comfort for her. It was like a hand holding her, keeping her grounded.

Her entire life she'd been locked away, in a sense, and although she'd had her space, her "Cardona style freedom", she'd always felt like she was alone. But right here, right now, trapped in this room, her kidnapper just beyond the door, she felt like she was free in a way she could never truly comprehend.

It was strange, warped and twisted, but it also felt like she wasn't out of control and unable to see the ground.

She stood and walked over to the door, staring at the handle in the darkened, muted room. She'd already walked the entire perimeter of her "prison" and although there was a lamp she could have used as a weapon, there was another part of her that had forced her to walk away from it.

Even if she wanted to beat Fury over the head with it, the truth was it wouldn't have done anything more than piss him off. But Angelina hadn't even really thought of hitting him with it, because after she'd spilled her past, some of it at least, she'd felt this weight being lifted from her.

She wanted to leave, sure, but she also knew being tucked away in the

middle of nowhere would also ensure her father wouldn't find her.

Am I so screwed up I'd rather stay chained to a wall in the home of a man that kidnapped me than face the world where my father could find me?

She gripped the handle, the brass cold in her grasp, but warming the longer she held it. She turned it and pulled the door open, the light from the living room hurting her eyes for a second before her vision adjusted.

She bent down and picked up the extra length of the chain so it didn't drag on the ground as badly, and slowly made her way down the hall. The slack went taut when she reached the end, the living room, kitchen, and front door in sight.

Looking around, she didn't see Fury, but as she leaned forward as far as she could, she made out a closed door off to the right. Was that his room, where he was right now?

Staring at the front door again, Angelina honestly didn't know if she would have run for it if she hadn't been chained up.

"You really *are* more screwed up than you thought," she whispered to herself. Before turning, she spied an empty scotch bottle sitting on the coffee table, and thought a stiff drink would have done her some good right about now.

Turning, she headed back down the hallway but went into the bathroom instead. Turning on the light and looking at herself in the mirror, she hated herself for everything she'd put up with in her life. She'd never fought, and always settled, and look at where she was now.

She shut the door, or as well as she could given the chain blocking it from shutting completely.

"I should have run farther, and not been so fucking naive and dumb," she said to her reflection. Glancing at the bathtub, she contemplated for just a second about taking a bath.

She hoped to ease her nerves and help her sleep, but she wasn't at home, wasn't in any sane and normal circumstance.

"God." She breathed out, braced her hands on the sink, and closed her eyes. If she'd had any information about her father, she would have given it up gladly.

And then, like a flash of lightning going off inside of her, she remembered something. It might not be anything, but it was better than nothing.

The house he always stayed at when things got too heavy.

She pulled the door open, and a startled cry left her when she saw Fury standing there in nothing but a pair of jeans that were unbuttoned. He had a hand braced on the doorframe, his muscles so pronounced she actually felt a tingle move up her spine.

He had tattoos covering every inch of his chest and arms, and even though he was covered in ink, she could see scars intermittently along his body.

Angelina took a step back, the chain dragging across the floor, and her side hitting the corner of the sink vanity. She winced as the pain lanced through her. The scent of alcohol came from him like a slap to the face, and she wondered if she could get intoxicated just from the smell alone.

He was drunk, that was clear by his bloodshot eyes, the alcohol scent coming from him, and the fact he just looked good and wasted. She didn't know why that turned her on the way it did, but she felt heat move through her.

Bracing her hand on the sink, she didn't know what to say or do. He didn't move, just stood there with his arm propped up on the doorframe, and his bicep flexed, showcasing his muscles.

Maybe Angelina shouldn't have been looking at him, but she couldn't help letting her gaze travel down his abdomen, over his six-pack, and to the V of muscle that screamed he was all male.

He also had a dark trail of hair that started below his navel and disappeared beneath his jeans.

God, how fucked up am I that I find him so arousing?

"I—" Yeah, she had no clue what to say, because as it was, Fury just stood there staring at her with half lidded eyes.

"You what?" he asked, his voice scratchy, deep, and masculine.

My father might be at a house he owns outside of town.

She thought the words, but she couldn't seem to form them, to say them aloud.

"I was just going to go back to bed." Her throat felt so damn tight, and yet he still just stood there, blocking her exit.

"Your brother's dead."

She was frozen in place, his words surrounding her, making everything else fade away. Shaking her head, Angelina wasn't sure she'd heard him correctly. He'd just blurted it out like he was telling her the weather.

"My brother's dead?" She could hear the tightness in her voice, the

shock.

“Yeah,” was all he said.

Looking down, Angelina didn't know what to say to that. Marco was dead, and although she should have been sad, heartbroken even, because he was her brother, all she felt was this ... relief.

“Did you do it?” she found herself asking, not sure why she wanted to know, but needing to hear him say it if he did. They held each other's stares, and finally he pushed away from the door and crossed his arms over his chest, further making his muscles bulge.

“And if I did, would that make you hate me more?”

His dark hair was a wild mess of short strands around his head, as if he had been running his hands through it. He looked dark and sexy, like a demon, or maybe the devil standing before her. She found herself shaking her head.

“I don't hate you as it is.” Whispering the words, she didn't know if she should smack herself for saying them, or just embrace it. Angelina should hate him, despise him to her very soul. But she didn't, and that confused her, made her feel all kinds of fucked up.

He lifted a dark eyebrow and smirked, as if he found the whole thing funny. That had her heart dropping into her belly.

“You don't hate the man that followed you for weeks, stalked you, found out every detail of your day, and then broke into your house?” She didn't respond, and he continued. “You don't hate the man that drugged you, held your naked body in his arms, looked his fill of you, and took you back to his place as his captive?”

Her mouth was so dry, her tongue swollen.

He chuckled, but it was dark, haunting. “How can you not hate the man that has you chained up in a room, keeping you prisoner?” Fury stepped closer to her, but she was frozen in place, unable to retreat. “Maybe you'll hate the man that could fuck you until you can't walk straight, simply because he wants to get back at your father.”

Angelina did take a step back, because as much as she was afraid of Fury right now, at the challenge he presented, the danger and violence that poured from him, what she was most afraid of was herself and the desire she felt.

She was wet, her nipples hard, and the heavy weight of the chain around her ankle made this situation hotter, made her realize this man could do whatever he wanted to her and she wouldn't have a choice but to accept it all.

And you'd like that, crave it even. You really are one messed up woman.

Her arousal rose, and that made Angelina's anger do the same. She hated herself, her body's reaction to this man, to her situation.

Had she been so sheltered, locked away that this imprisonment made her so hot she couldn't even breathe?

Or was it something about Fury that had all self-respect and common sense leave her?

She clenched her hands at her sides and shook her head, although she didn't know what she was trying to deny. Pushing her way past him she was surprised he let her leave.

He was drunk and arrogant enough that Angelina assumed he'd make her stay, force her to listen to what he had to say. Marco was dead, and she couldn't even find enough emotion to give a shit.

There would be no tears shed, no remorse for the shitty sibling relationship they had. They'd had nothing together in terms of having a family bond, and aside from her brother being blood, he'd been a stranger to her, a cruel man that terrified her.

Going into the room, she turned, about to shut the door, but a startled sound left her at the fact Fury was right behind her.

"Go, leave," she said, her voice raised, her anger and frustration causing her arousal to take a backseat and allowing her courage to rise.

But she had to crane her neck back just to look into Fury's face, and Angelina couldn't help the desire that washed through her at the sight of all the masculinity that poured from him.

"You got some balls telling me what I should do." He stepped further into

the room, and while staring at her, he shut the door behind him. They were closed in together, the smell of whatever dark and spicy cologne he wore, and the scent of the alcohol coming from him, filling the room and making her wetter.

“You’re a bastard.” Angelina clenched her jaw and knew pushing him like this wasn’t smart. But she was pissed at herself, and at her family, and especially at the situation she was in. She had no control over what was happening, and it reminded her of being back at home. She fucking hated it.

And then he was on her before she could even grasp what in the hell he was doing. He used his upper body to push her backward, and she fell onto the mattress, bouncing for a second, his big body pressing her down.

He wedged his hips between her thighs, and she parted her lips as shock and a shot of heightened desire consumed her. Angelina sucked in a lungful of air, feeling dizzy and lightheaded.

“You think I’m a bastard?” he challenged her in a deep, low voice. His focus was on her lips, and she felt herself getting drunk from her lust. “You’re pissed because I have you here against your will?” The way he spoke didn’t sound like a question, but more that he was taunting her.

“You’re an asshole, a psychopath.” She struggled, but it wasn’t as forceful as she could have made it.

He smirked, but it was dark, haunting.

“I know,” was all he said.

He was so damn cocky and sure of himself. He was a bastard for what he had done, for what he was doing to her, but it also made the dark, hidden part of her rise up and appreciate it ... need more of it.

“Fuck. You.”

Why am I playing with the devil, pushing him like this?

“Mmm.” He pushed up a bit and looked down the length of her body. “I can make that happen if you are desperate for my cock.” He pressed his hips further against her, and the feel of his huge erection had an involuntary gasp leaving her.

“I want you to tell me that you want me, even though I’m a motherfucker.” He let those words sink in before continuing.

“I’ll never say that.” *Even though it is true.*

He leaned in close, and she held her breath, waiting to see what he would do, what he would say. When their lips were only an inch apart, she turned her head, not wanting to give in to the twisted desires she felt.

Truth was she was so wet, so aroused, that it was hard to even think straight.

He gripped her chin and forced her to look at him again. For long seconds he didn't say anything, didn't even move, but his damn erection was like a thick steel rod pressed right up against her pussy.

"I can feel how hot your cunt is, Angelina." He growled out the words, like he wanted her to be humiliated. "I bet if I touched your cunt, you'd be wet."

"You're drunk and a bastard," she whispered. Would he have done this, acted this way if he'd been sober?

"I am, on both accounts." He ground his erection into her, and she hated that her body had this reaction to him. Even with layers of clothing separating them, Angelina could feel how big and long he was, how thick and massive his cock was.

I shouldn't want this. I shouldn't need this.

"I don't want this," she lied.

He ground harder into her, rotating his hips so he rubbed her clit, and hot tears spilled out of her eyes. "Yes, you do." He leaned in another inch closer. "You want it bad enough you're lying to yourself and me."

She shook her head, but couldn't find the words to make this stop.

It's because you don't want to stop this. You do want him.

Angelina's traitorous body was giving her desire away, and she wanted to scream, to claw at him, and make him see she was stronger than this.

He pulled back just enough to look down at her chest. She might be dressed in an oversized shirt and sweats, but she was bra and panty-less. Angelina should have been humiliated more than she was. But the sight of his half-lidded eyes, the way his mouth was parted, his breathing becoming harder, and the feel of his erection, had that embarrassment diminishing.

Her pussy grew wetter at the gentle yet insistent thrusting of his hips between her legs, of his cock adding pressure right between her thighs.

"Are you wet for me?" he asked, his focus still on her chest, and probably staring right at the way her nipples stabbed through the material of her shirt.

"No," she lied again.

He lifted his gaze to hers then. "Fucking liar."

She started breathing harder.

"You're telling me if I touched you between those luscious thighs of yours, pushed my fingers through your cunt, you wouldn't be soaked for

me?” He lifted an eyebrow, his expression full of challenge.

She didn't answer.

A moment of silence passed between them, and then shocking the hell out of her, he placed his hand between them, right over her pussy. Fury leaned in close to her mouth, their lips nearly touching.

With her sweatpants stopping him from touching bare flesh, Angelina closed her eyes and tried to appear like this wasn't affecting her.

God, but it is, and I know I can't hide how I feel.

“Ask me for it.”

She shook her head, not verbally saying anything.

He applied more pressure between her thighs.

“Fucking ask me to touch you.”

She tried not to moan when Fury started rubbing her clit through her sweats.

“Fuck you,” she managed to say, but it was a whispered moan.

He growled right before he adjusted himself above her, ripped her pants down her legs and off one foot, and pushed her thighs apart again. And then he was touching her bare pussy and growling out like some kind of feral animal.

Angelina tried pushing at his hard, pronounced pecs, but she wasn't really trying if she were being honest.

“You're fucking soaked for me.” He had his mouth by her ear now, murmuring the words. His jean-covered cock was pressed against her inner thighs now, so hard, so ... huge.

Fury started rubbing his fingers through her pussy, and it was hard for her not to just let go and enjoy this, to be swept away by the dark desires and promise of what he could give her. A part of her wanted to just say fuck it all and be that twisted woman.

I hate myself for wanting this, for wanting him.

“Is your life so fucked up you want a bastard like me touching you, getting you off?”

Biting her lip, she must be fucked up to enjoy this. He rubbed her clit, and a gasp of pleasure escaped between her lips.

“Were you just waiting for someone to be a motherfucker to you, to be dirty, and open up this side of you?” His alcohol-laced breath covered her face, but it was intoxicating, and brought her lust out even more. He applied just a little bit of pressure, and she felt tendrils of an orgasm rising violently

to the surface.

“No, this isn’t what I want.” She tried pushing him away, but it was weak, and she knew it was all in vain. But Fury didn’t move, didn’t relent in his onslaught.

“If I keep touching this hot little cunt of yours, will you come for me, Angelina?”

She opened her mouth, maybe going to say no, or tell him yes, but a little carnal mewl left her instead.

He continued to rub her clit until her orgasm was right there at the surface. His focus was on her the entire time, his eyes locked on hers, and an intense expression covering his face. Surrendering to him seemed so wrong, but it also seemed so good, so right.

But for as much as she wanted this, wanted to just let go and submit to what was happening around her, she knew she had to be strong, at least for herself.

She pushed at his chest with all her strength, fighting off the pleasure that wanted to take her over the edge. But Fury was so damn strong, and it was like trying to move a ton of bricks off of her.

“Just give in, Angelina,” he said gruffly, softly.

Everything seemed to fade away as she felt her orgasm finally peak. Closing her eyes again, she curled her nails into his hard, warm flesh, and let everything else just vanish. Fury kept rubbing her clit, prolonging the pleasure, and she wished this moment would last forever, that this feeling would never leave her.

Fury was thrusting his cock against her inner thigh, the hardness of it impressive. She panted, tried to suck in air, but it was fruitless. Everything was fading away as she drifted from this moment.

And then she felt her pleasure lessen, felt herself come back to reality. Angelina heard Fury’s breath hitch, heard him start to groan, and she knew he was getting off, too.

He picked up his pace, rocking his hips back and forth against her, and while holding her gaze with his, he pulled his hand from between their bodies and started sucking the wetness—her arousal—from his fingers.

That sight alone had another smaller orgasm rushing through her, and she lifted her hips, needing friction. It felt good ... he felt good on top of her.

Once he stopped rocking against her, he pushed himself away. He sat on the edge of the bed for a second, neither speaking nor moving. But she didn’t

know what in the hell to say.

After the fact she felt like what they'd done, what she'd allowed herself to experience and feel, was wrong on a deeper level.

Fury got up and kept his back to her. He turned and looked at her then, and she couldn't help but notice the way he had a wet spot on the front of his jeans.

A thrill moved through her at the fact she'd been the one to cause him to lose control and get off from dry humping her.

"Fuck," he said on a harsh whisper and turned from her once more.

Angelina pushed herself up so she could look at Fury. He ran his hand over his hair. His muscles flexed from the act, and the atmosphere changed, the room becoming chilled.

His body was stiff, and he reached out and grabbed the door handle without turning it. It seemed like minutes passed before he finally left her alone in the room.

In that moment she didn't know if she'd just sold her soul for a few seconds of pleasure, or if what she'd done would forever change the course of events in her life.

Either way, it scared the hell out of her.

Fury sat on the porch and stared at the sun as it rose. He brought the whiskey to his mouth and took a long drink.

He sure as fuck didn't need any more alcohol, but after what he'd done with Angelina, he needed something to take the edge off. The only problem was he wasn't so drunk he passed out. Oblivion sounded really fucking good right about now.

He needed to get to Sal, to find out where the fucker was, but without help from the MC—because they didn't know what in the hell he was up to—he'd have to do this alone, which he had no problem doing, or find some shady fuckers to help.

Pushing up from the porch, he leaned against the banister for a second, the world tilting slightly. Fury turned and headed inside, the screen door slamming shut behind him.

As the floor started to twist and rise up, he realized he'd had more to drink than he thought. He was just going to bed, but he changed direction and made his way toward the bathroom, a shower sounding pretty fucking good right about now.

Not only did he need to clean off the sweat and drunkenness from the night, but also he was still wearing the damn jizz-covered jeans. Yeah, he'd come in his fucking pants like a teenager.

Dry humping Angelina like he was fifteen and didn't know where to stick his cock was ridiculous, but fuck had it felt good.

I can't keep her chained up like a fucking animal. I have to let her go.

He'd been a fucking idiot to take her, kidnap her from her home. What

the fuck had he been thinking?

He braced a hand on the wall and made his way down the hallway and toward the bathroom. Looking at the closed door where Angelina was had his cock coming to life despite the amount of whiskey he'd consumed and the fact he'd already gotten off.

He stood there a moment just staring at that door, and finally made himself go into the bathroom.

Fumbling for the light switch, he turned it on and winced at the harsh light. But the room started to spin, and soon the floor rose up and greeted him.

Angelina sat on the edge of the bed, the room dark, and the light from under the door coming through. She got up and opened the door, seeing the morning light fill the cabin.

Her heart was beating fast and hard, and she was nervous about what in the hell the next step was. She'd gotten off at the hands of Fury, and although it had only happened last night, her body was still warm, still lit up from the experience.

She'd thought a lot the past few hours, and as much as freedom from the life she'd led was all she'd ever been looking for, a part of her, a little voice, told her she could have that.

Angelina was experiencing that, in a sense, and as fucked as it all was, and screwed up she was even thinking about how this wasn't "so bad", she reminded herself where she'd come from.

Murder.

Drugs.

Torture.

Shady shit always going down simply because her family could get away with it.

Isolation and loneliness.

That was just the tip of the iceberg when it came to her family. She looked down the hall but couldn't see past the living room. She saw a pair of dark boots peeking out from the corner of the door.

Her heart beat faster, and she moved toward the door. The light was on, and she pushed the door open as far as it would go, but Fury's big body

stopped her from opening it all the way.

He was on his back, his chest rising and falling, and the normally harsh lines of his face seemed relaxed. The scent of alcohol filled the small room, and she realized he was passed out cold. Walking further into the bathroom, she stared at his face for a moment, the weight of the chain tethering her to reality.

She bent down and searched his pockets. And there they were ... the keys. She held them in her palm, staring at the glint of silver that caught the overhead light, her heart racing.

Angelina looked at Fury again, at the way his dark hair was a mess around his head, how the dark layer of scruff covered his jaw and cheeks, making him seem so damn masculine.

She stood and backed out of the bathroom. Once in the hallway again, she bent and undid the lock. The metal fell to the ground, and she started breathing harder, faster. Her knees were starting to buckle as she walked down the hallway, went into the kitchen, and finally stopped.

She looked around.

The place was rustic, barren. The front door was right there, just a few feet from her ... unlocked. Her hands started shaking as adrenaline coursed through her system.

Without thinking, she went to the front door, opened it, and let the fresh air wash over her. Hair covered her face as the wind whipped the strands around.

Taking a step onto the porch, Angelina was greeted with worn wood on her bare feet. She looked down, the oversized sweats covering the tops of her feet, but the freedom having excitement rush through her.

But fear also filled her, had her frozen to the spot.

Here she was, no longer chained, yet not running. All she could think about was what waited for her on the outside. Her father would find her, if he hadn't already known where she was this whole time.

What would he do once he had her? He'd be pissed, that was a given, but with Marco's death would he want to keep her in lockdown even more than he already had in the past? Would he want to make an example of her because she'd run?

That would be seen as a betrayal, and blood or not, her father didn't let that go, no matter what.

Without a doubt.

Angelina didn't know how long she stood there, just staring at the trees surrounding her. It was like there wasn't anything that could touch her, especially her father.

She'd lived in a box for so long, and even after she'd run and spent the last few months away from her family, she'd never fully experienced what like she was free. That worry that her father would find her was always in the back of her mind.

All she'd been able to sense was that tingling on the back of her neck, the sense that she was being watched.

Angelina didn't feel like her family would be able to reach her.

Turning and looking at the front door, she envisioned Fury lying in the bathroom. She shouldn't want anything to do with him, and she should have just run, but here she was, turning around and walking toward the door.

Once she was back inside, she made her way back to the bathroom and stared at the chain that was lying on the hallway floor. It symbolized something stronger than just escaping this prison.

It also meant she broke away from a life she'd always been tied down to. Maybe it was just her own thoughts and twisted notions that had her feeling like this, but it felt good, right even.

I'm crazy. I have to be to stay here.

But the truth was there was nothing for her out there, not really. What was available was a family thick with crime, murder, and one that had never paid much attention to her.

She'd been the daughter of Sal Cardona, and that's all she had been. Marco had been the apple of her parents' eyes, and with him gone, it was only a matter of time before her mother and father caved to their anger and sadness, if they hadn't already.

No, she was alone out in the world, and if she truly wanted to be free, this was where she needed to be.

This was what she needed to do in order to finally be where she wanted, even if that meant staying in this cabin with the man that had kidnapped her.

G *oddammit.*

That word played over and over again in Fury's head. The ground was cold and hard beneath him, and when he opened his eyes the pain in his temples was something fierce. He rolled onto his back and stared at the bathroom ceiling.

He'd passed out on the fucking floor like an amateur.

Fucking hell.

What time was it even? How long had he been out?

Fury pushed himself off the ground, sitting against the wall, the room spinning as he was still fucking drunk.

Shit.

He rubbed a hand over his face, felt pain assault him from lying on the floor for God knew how long, and finally managed to stand. He braced his hands on the sink and hung his head, just standing there for several seconds.

Finally lifting his head and staring at his reflection in the mirror, he groaned at the way he looked.

His face was covered in dark scruff, really only a day or two from a full beard. He had dark circles under his bloodshot eyes, and his hair was fucked up. He was still a little drunk, but felt like shit as his hangover was starting to really take root.

Splashing some water on his face, Fury grabbed a hand towel and wiped himself off. The glint of silver caught his peripheral vision, and he turned his head to look into the hallway.

All he could do was stare at the chain and lock on the floor.

HE DIDN'T MOVE, didn't even comprehend what he was looking at for long seconds. And then it hit him.

That's the chain and lock that are supposed to be attached to Angelina.

He looked toward the bedroom, and then toward the living room.

Fuck.

Pushing the door all the way open until it slammed into the wall, he hauled ass down the hallway and toward the front door. Who knew how much of a head start she'd gotten, and although he should have been pissed off she was gone, all Fury could think about was if she was okay.

The forest surrounding the cabin was treacherous in a lot of areas, with sudden drop-offs and steep hills. If she wasn't careful and her fear took control, she could get really fucking hurt.

He heard the sound of something sizzling right before the scent of food slammed into him. Fury rounded the corner and stood in the kitchen, seeing the back of Angelina. Two pots were on the stove, one with steam rising up from it, the other cooking meat.

She looked over her shoulder at him, the fear clear on her face as she slowly turned around.

"You're finally awake," she whispered, holding a ladle.

Fury looked between her face and the ladle covered in what appeared to be spaghetti sauce on it.

She is still here, even though she's not chained up? What the fuck?

He scrubbed a hand over the back of his head, not sure what was going on. "What the hell?" he asked.

She shrugged, and the expression on her face showed she was just as confused as he was. "I thought about leaving, was at the front door, too, but something in me had me stopping."

This was the craziest thing to ever happen to him, and he'd had one crazy as hell life. "So, you thought staying with the man that drugged and kidnapped you was a better option than taking your chances out there?"

She shrugged again. "It's fucked up, believe me I know."

His head was spinning, and pain started behind his eye. Fury didn't know where to proceed. She was either stupid or scared of being out there. Either way he didn't know if keeping her here was the best option. Of course, he'd thought of letting her go, but he'd always shut that option down.

She wasn't a prisoner any longer, yet she wanted to stay with his bastard

ass?

You want her, want her to stay because you're selfish.

"Why the fuck did you stay?" Fury knew he sounded like an asshole now, his voice deep, accusing.

She was silent for a second, but then set the ladle down and ran her hands on the rag she held. This hardened look crossed her face. "Because there isn't anything for me out there. If I leave and my father finds me, he'll lock me up because he's pissed I ran from the family. This is the first time in my life I haven't felt like I was somewhere where I shouldn't be." She shook her head, and he heard her exhale. "Even chained up, because of you I felt ... safe."

It was Fury's turn to stay silent. "Fuck," he said and turned from her, bracing a hand on the wall because the room decided to spin something fierce. "Looks like we're both pretty fucked up, Angelina." He glanced at her over his shoulder, liking the way her name rolled off his tongue.

She licked her lips. "Yeah, I'd say I was pretty screwed up well before you came along."

Fury turned around and faced her once more. "You really want to stay?" He lifted a brow and watched her nod. "And you realize what I plan to do to your father once I find him?"

"Kill him?"

Fury let out a gruff sound of agreement.

"Sal was never my father, not really. He never treated me like a daughter —"

"And that means you're okay that some man wants to fucking kill him?" Fury's voice was raised because of his annoyance, and the fact his hangover was coming on strong.

She looked down at the ground for several seconds. "My father's done a lot of bad things." She lifted her head. "I'm sure there are a lot of men that would like to take him out for killing their loved ones.

I ran for a reason, because I couldn't stand the life of knowing my father and brother killed for the sheer sport of it or if someone looked at them the wrong way."

The pain in her voice struck him in the heart, and it was a weird fucking feeling. Fury didn't give a shit about a female's feelings, or at least he never had before. But seeing Angelina like this, and hearing her upset over her family, pissed him off and made him homicidal.

He wanted to go out and hurt the person that had made her feel this way.

And I will. Her father will be just as dead as her fucking brother.

They sat in silence at the table in the kitchen, the pasta sitting uneaten in front of Angelina. She wasn't hungry, and she'd only made dinner to keep herself busy and have her mind on other things.

Looking up at Fury, she saw him chowing down, and amusement filled her despite the situation. Even after the initial shock of seeing him up, and realizing that she had actually stayed despite no longer being chained up, things had still been tense and weird.

Angelina caught him looking at her, the feeling of his gaze like fingers on her body. She couldn't stop the attraction she felt for him. It had been instant, even if he'd been the "bad guy" at first.

"I haven't had a home-cooked meal in a long fucking time," he said in his gruff voice that sent a shiver up her spine.

"It's just spaghetti and meat sauce." In her family this meal was pretty standard and easy to make, although there were about a hundred different variations of it.

"It tastes like fucking gold." He didn't look at her as he polished off his second helping. Once he finished dinner, he grabbed his beer and took a long drink from it, and she was surprised he was even in the mood for alcohol given the fact he'd been drunk just a few hours before.

"Hair of the dog and all that shit," he said, and she realized she was staring at him. He lifted up the now empty bottle. "I don't need to read your mind when what you're thinking is spread out across your face."

She smiled, but it was forced, and she knew pretty distant. Angelina pushed her food around, her stomach cramping at the distaste of even

wanting to eat it.

“You’re not hungry?” Fury asked, and she looked up from her plate.

“Not really.” Angelina leaned back in the chair.

“You should eat something.” He tipped his chin toward her plate. “No sense letting good food go to waste, and you’ll just be hungry in a couple of hours.”

She could have said something sappy about how he sounded like her father, but it would have been a lie. Her parents hadn’t given a shit about what she ate.

More times than not she’d been in the kitchen eating with the waitstaff anyway.

She ran her hand over her eyes, feeling so tired all of a sudden. And then she remembered that little sliver of information she might be able to give Fury to help him find Sal. How wrong was it that she was actually okay with him taking out her father?

If Sal isn’t taken out, you’ll never truly be free. He’ll never just let you turn your back on the Family.

“I think I know where to find my father,” she said, this sting in her heart taking root. She may not have ever had a real relationship with her dad, but there was still that blood connection between them.

But the countless lives her father had taken, the lack of remorse or empathy for the families that were now fatherless, brotherless ... even wife and childless, had resolve settling inside of her.

Fury didn’t respond to what she said, but he watched her intently. He leaned forward and braced his forearms on the table, clearly waiting for her to finish speaking.

“My father owns a home out in the middle of nowhere, not too much unlike the set-up you have here.” Her heart was thundering behind her ribs.

“A safe house?” Fury asked, and she nodded.

“Yeah, I guess that’s a good description. In the past he’s gone up there with my brother and a few of his men when things have gone shitty.”

Fury had a clenched jaw, and his knuckles were white from how tightly he was holding them in a fist. “And what, he’d just leave you in the heat?”

She thought about what he said, not actually realizing that, yes, her father had totally left her at the main house.

She’d always had staff around, even a few guys to watch over her, but never once had he taken her to the safe house. Angelina shrugged, trying not

to seem like she cared.

“Although I’m sure you already know this, your father is a motherfucker.”

Angelina couldn’t help it. She actually laughed. “Yeah, that he is.” She sobered as she thought of a life without her father or any other Cardona watching over her, making sure she toed *their* line and followed *their* rules.

“You think that’s where he’s hiding out?”

Angelina nodded. “It’s as good a guess as any, to be honest. I never heard of any other place he stayed.” She thought about her father up there without her brother.

Marco’s dead.

The words played out in her head, yet she felt no emotion. She also didn’t feel any empathy at the thought that her father could be dead sooner rather than later.

But when she thought about the fact she could have a hand in it, she did feel guilt over a life possibly ending because of her words and actions.

“Killing him is the only option?” she found herself asking. When Fury didn’t say anything right away, she looked at his face. His expression was stoic, unwavering.

“Killing him is the only option, Angelina.”

Shorty brought his palm down on the club whore's ass, watching the flesh shake like a warmed bowl of pudding. He held a joint in his other hand and took a hit from it.

Although he was fucking tired as shit, falling asleep wasn't something he could probably do right now anyway.

"Let me see it, Shorty," the club bitch said as she looked over her shoulder, this sexual gleam in her eye. She shook her ass in front of him, bouncing that meat right over his flaccid cock.

He might touch the club girls, even make them come, but truth was he'd never stuck his tongue or dick in any of them. He had his own issues going on with that, but these used up girls were not his thing.

"Fuck no," he said and leaned back on the couch.

"I heard it's huge," she moaned and turned around, her big tits moving back and forth as she shook her chest in front of him.

"Yeah, it is." He didn't deny he was packing a big fucking cock. Being known around the club as sporting a nearly ten-inch pecker made him a legend around the MC, even if none of the females actually saw it.

But his former life, before the club, was pretty fucked up, as was the case with the majority of the club members. Maybe that's why they all worked so well together and became a family? They all knew what fucked up was.

The club whore stopped moving and looked him up and down, confusion on her face. "You like guys or something?"

Shorty lifted a brow. "What the fuck does that matter?" He liked pussy, but his sexual preferences weren't her business.

She shrugged. “It doesn’t, but it would explain why no one here with a pussy can get that monster you’re hiding behind your pants up and at attention.”

Shorty didn’t move, just stared at her as he puffed on the joint.

“We all know you haven’t fucked any of us. Makes us wonder if you like dick instead is all.” She shrugged but kept dancing for him.

He was getting tired of this fucking conversation. “Fuck off. Ever think I just can’t get hard for loose twat?”

She stopped dancing and huffed out, but he could have fucking laughed that she was offended. She was a club whore, a woman that had no issues with spreading her legs for any of the MC guys that crooked their finger.

That’s what all these women at the club did, and they eagerly begged for more with hopes that one day they’d be an old lady.

When she didn’t move to get the fuck back, he stood to his full six-foot-six height, not trying to intimidate her, but just trying to get the hell away. He didn’t get the name Shorty because he was petite.

“I said fuck off.” She still didn’t move, but now had her hands on her hips and her lips pursed. So, he was the one to fucking move away. He didn’t have time for this bullshit.

He walked past her and went to the bar. Shorty was running on a handful of hours of sleep over the last two days, was drunk, high, and had blue balls. He might not fuck these women, or get aroused by them, but that didn’t mean he didn’t want to be balls deep in some warm, wet cunt.

He just had his own issues to work through, and getting involved with a woman, especially a club whore, was far down on his list of priorities.

He took a shot for the road and headed down the hallway to the room he was crashing in for the night. Once the door was shut behind him, he got undressed and headed into the bathroom, cranked on the shower, and stepped in before it warmed up.

Shorty braced a hand on the wall, closed his eyes, and breathed out. He thought about having a woman pinned down beneath him, seeing her wide eyes staring up at him as she didn’t know what in the fuck was going to happen.

She’d slap him, bite him, give him hell, and he’d relish all of it, fucking get hard because of it.

And then he felt his dick get hard as those visions played through his mind. He didn’t doubt he could find a willing woman at the club to slap and

hit him, to act like she didn't want it. But that wouldn't get Shorty off.

He liked giving pain, but also liked receiving it. It's what made his blood rush through his veins, what had also made him tick. He was fucked up, he knew that, but he'd accepted it, as well.

Grabbing his dick had a harsh groan leaving him. In his mind he envisioned the stinging slap across his face. He'd lean down and lick her tears away, hear her moan, because deep down she'd want him, want whatever he gave her.

Shorty wasn't a rapist, would never force himself on a woman, but someone that enjoyed the kind of serious, hardcore play he liked was far and few in between. A woman might act like she enjoyed it, but deep down she wouldn't.

He squeezed his cock as he stroked himself, pain moving through his dick and right up his spine. The pain felt good, made him harder. Shorty started jerking off like a madman, bringing his fist down to the base of his cock right before sliding it back up to the tip.

He added more pressure to his dick, the pain and pleasure mixing as one. He felt his orgasm rush forward. The pain had his balls drawing up tight and a hiss leaving him, but fuck, did it feel good.

He braced his forearms on the tile and breathed out, just letting the water beat down on his back.

Yeah, Shorty was one fucked up asshole.

Nando sat in the plastic chair in front of the window of the motel room he'd rented out for the night and stared at the Bleeding Mayhem clubhouse.

He was using a long-range scope, the smoke from the cigarette hanging from between his lips wafting around him.

The only security detail he saw were the two guys standing on the other side of the gate bullshitting with each other. These men were either careless and stupid, or thought they didn't need the protection.

Maybe they didn't. It wasn't like they were a crime family, or part of an elaborate operation that needed around-the-clock security. All they had was some fucking gate that went around the perimeter of the clubhouse, as if that could keep someone out if they really wanted to get through.

He watched them for ten more minutes before putting down the scope and rifle and leaning back in the chair. Nando finished off his cigarette, rubbed the butt out on the bottom of his boot, and felt adrenaline course through his veins.

He was good at his job, good at tracking and hunting. It might not be the most law-abiding work, but Nando knew when it came to staying afloat, he had to do what was required of him.

And what was required of him to do to this fucking MC looked like it would be easy pickings.

Angelina was still thinking about the dinner they'd just finished and what they'd talked about as she cleaned up. This felt so ... domestic, yet at the same time it kept her mind from wandering and her hands busy.

Even though there was so much hanging over her—Fury planning on killing her father, her giving up a location where her father most likely was, and recently finding out her brother was dead—all she could think about was Fury.

The way he touched me.

The feeling of his hands on my body.

The fact I've never been so aroused with another man.

And the way he'd made me come.

She braced her hands on the sink, breathed out, and closed her eyes. He'd left dinner and gone to take a shower, and she'd been thinking about what he looked like without clothes on, how powerful he'd look totally naked, and how she felt so small and feminine in his presence.

Exhaling once more, she turned from the sink and headed down the hallway to the bedroom. She should just go to sleep, and she hoped her dreams wouldn't be filled with images of all the filthy things Fury could do to her.

And then, right before she got to her room, the bathroom door opened and steam billowed out. She stopped, frozen for a second as she waited to see if Fury would emerge.

Her heart was beating a mile a minute, and she felt her pulse throbbing in

her throat.

The light went off in the bathroom, and then Fury came out in nothing but a towel wrapped around his lean waist.

The only light on was the one that came from the kitchen and living room. It was the backdrop for this heated encounter. But she felt like she was burning alive. Fury wasn't even looking at her yet, not with the small towel over his head as he dried off his hair.

Her heart raced, her body reacting instantly to the sight of him in nothing but a towel slung low on his hips. There were beads of water still on his hard, tattooed and muscular chest, and she curled her hands into tight fists at her sides.

She knew she should just keep going, keep her head down and her thoughts clean. But God, she was still on edge from the orgasm he gave her, which now seemed like it had been ages ago.

There was something darkly addictive about Fury, and something twisted about herself, that had Angelina wanting him so damn much.

A light sheen of perspiration formed between her breasts, her breathing quickened, and her nipples grew hard. Her pussy was wet, had been from the moment she stood at the sink washing dishes and thought about Fury touching her.

I should keep walking, and not act like I want him.

But all she could do was stare. He took a step out of the bathroom and into the hallway. And then he removed the towel from his head and looked right at her.

The fact he didn't appear surprised to see her had Angelina wondering if Fury had known she'd been standing here the whole time.

They stood there, neither speaking nor moving, and then he moved closer to her until he was a foot from her. The smell of him, darkly rich, clean, and intoxicating, washed over her.

The need to just close her eyes and sway toward him ran strong in her, but she needed to show him he didn't affect her, that she wasn't this fucked up little girl that wanted the man that had kidnapped her.

You're not a captive anymore.

He was so big and tall, so intense and dangerous. Maybe that's why she wanted him the way she did? His masculinity and testosterone surrounded her, rivaled any other man she'd ever been around.

He didn't move, just looked down at her with his eyes at half-mast.

Angelina swallowed, knowing the smart thing to do was to leave this place, to run from him, yet she didn't want that.

Like she was someone else, Angelina found herself lifting her hand, maybe to touch him, or maybe to push him away. But she chickened out at the last moment and curled her nails into her palm, about to move her hand back to her side.

As if he anticipated the act, Fury grabbed her wrist in a firm, unmoving hold. She couldn't think, let alone breathe. He placed her hand on his chest.

His skin was warm, smooth, and the steady beat of his heart right under her palm told her he was calm, collected. She, on the other hand, felt like her heart would explode right through her chest.

Was he so unaffected by her?

She licked her lips and saw Fury's gaze dip down to watch the motion. She wanted to be pressed up against him, wanted to have her mouth on his, but she was too afraid, too nervous to even move.

Before Angelina could react in any way, Fury let go of her wrist and took a step back. But they were still so close together, and the scent of him washed through her, making Angelina feel drunk.

"I..." Angelina had no idea what she should say. Fury was raw, animalistic sex appeal, and she was helpless to stop herself from succumbing to it.

He moved an inch closer once more, and she pressed herself against the wall, feeling trapped, but loving it, as well. And when he was close enough that she felt his erection dig into her belly, a whimpering sound left her on its own.

He lowered his head until their lips were mere inches apart, and then he closed his eyes and inhaled.

"Mmm, you smell really fucking good." His voice was low and rich. Fury slowly opened his eyes, the darkness of them drilling holes right into her soul.

Their breaths mingled together as their gazes stayed locked. She knew that if she leaned in just a little, her lips would press against his, and she'd end this need inside of her, or at least tame it for a bit.

Her pussy clenched involuntarily, and she had to hold back the moan that caught in the back of her throat.

The only thing keeping her from the monster between his thighs was a thin piece of terrycloth. That thought had more moisture flooding her panties.

“I don’t think you really understand the kind of motherfucker I am, Angelina,” he said, his focus still trained on her eyes. “If you did, you wouldn’t be wet for me right now.”

“I’m not wet for you.”

Liar.

He didn’t show any expression, but he did curl the corner of his mouth up. She wanted to say something, to deny the effect he had on her, but the words were lodged in her throat.

“Do you really want me to show you what a liar you are?” He leaned in that last inch and ran his tongue over her bottom lip, then did the same to her top, making this gruff sound as she stood there accepting his touch. “How about I touch your pussy and show you exactly how primed you are for me?” His lips moved along hers as he spoke.

The act shouldn’t have been as erotic as it was, but when he pulled away, all she was left feeling was the tingling of where his tongue had been.

And without another word, before she could respond to what he’d said, he turned from her and left her standing there aroused and wet, and feeling so damn confused.

She moved away from the wall, her knees buckling, her legs unsteady. Without another thought she went back into her room, shut the door, and leaned against it. Her heart was thundering behind her ribs.

They may not have done anything, not really, but what had just happened in the hallway was intense, explosive, and so damn arousing her entire body was on fire for Fury.

It had only been one fucking day and Nando was already feeling like this was going to be one of the easiest damn jobs he'd ever done.

The club was clearly oblivious to the fact they could be on someone's shit list, or maybe they didn't give a shit.

He didn't know jack about the MC, but what Nando did know was in order to stay alive, he could never chance to let his guard down.

He was already prepared, always ready for things to go to hell. It's how he'd lasted this long in the game.

He took a hit off the cigarette, finishing it before stubbing it out. Bringing the scope up again he focused on the club. He didn't know what the MC had done to piss off Sal, but it had to be pretty hardcore for the Cardona leader to get Nando involved.

Nando was the last line to get shit covered.

Through the scope he saw two men leaving the MC, one of the fuckers looking like he was in pain and hobbling toward an SUV.

The other guy tried to help the injured one, but the one with a serious limp pushed him off. They argued for several seconds before they started making their way toward the vehicle again.

And then three more big fuckers in leather vests came out of the clubhouse looking pissed as they headed toward the vehicle.

All the men started speaking, their expressions warping to rage the longer they spoke. Nando didn't know what was up, or if this would be the lead to find Angelina, but he didn't fucking care either. It was like watching a train wreck as these assholes came undone together.

After watching them for several minutes, Nando grabbed his shit and left the motel. This might be the easiest fucking job he'd ever been paid to do.

Once in his car he was about to crank the engine and follow the SUV, but he spotted a taxi pulling up to the front gates. He watched as a young woman got out, a suitcase in her hand.

She stood there for several seconds just staring at the MC, the taxi finally pulling away moments later.

It was clear she was at war with herself. When she finally made her way to the gate and was let through, Nando leaned back in the driver's seat.

He didn't have time to be curious about some bitch that was involved with the Bleeding Mayhem, but then again, she might be a little leverage in this game.

This was a war, and he was going to be the victor one way or another.

This had to be a mistake, she knew that, but Allie didn't know where else to go. She gripped the handle of the suitcase tightly and breathed out slowly as she walked up the paved driveway to the Bleeding Mayhem clubhouse.

Only glancing over her shoulder once, she saw the two MC members that had let her through the gates staring at her. Focusing forward again, Allie felt her heart thundering.

She didn't know how her mother would react to her being here. Her mom had left years ago, and they'd spoken rarely as the years went on, but her mother was all the family Allie had.

Her father, that worthless asshole, was drunk more times than not, and as soon as Allie graduated high school, she had told herself she'd leave. Well, she had, but it had been into the arms of an abusive man that took from her more than she was willing to give.

Now at twenty-three she was tired of the shitty life she'd always thrown herself into and wanted a fresh start.

She hoped she found that here, or at least had her mother's support and help in getting there.

Grabbing the handle of the front door she pulled it open. The music was the first thing that slammed into her, followed by the scent of cigarette and weed smoke. But Allie was used to this type of scene.

Her father had been the partying type for as long as she could remember. Allie had just been used to locking herself in the basement and cranking her own music up, drowning out the sounds above her.

She waited for her vision to adjust, and then glanced around the clubhouse. It was clearly a party scene, but it was surprisingly clean. Leather couches were on one side, pool and foosball tables on the other.

A full bar was up against the wall across from her, and there was a hallway next to that. Some closed doors were scattered around, and pictures of men on motorcycles and women half-dressed hung from the ceiling along with a half dismembered Harley.

It was quite a scene.

“Hey, honey, I think you’re in the wrong place.”

Allie looked over at the woman who spoke. She was drunk, or at least smelled like a brewery. She also had on a tube top that was pulled down so one of her tits was hanging out.

Her skirt wasn’t much better, not with the damn thing pulled down low and nearly showing off her pussy.

“No, I’m in the right spot. I’m looking for Barbie.” Allie didn’t know if her mother was going by that name or not, especially since she was at the clubhouse. But given the way the woman looked confused, Allie had to assume she either wasn’t here, or she didn’t go by Barbie.

The woman turned and faced the people milling around. “Hey, anyone know a Barbie?”

There was a rush of murmurs, some people shaking their heads. Allie started to get discouraged that maybe her mother had bailed on this location, as well.

But she’d just spoken to her a month ago—and before that it had been going on a year since they’d talked. Her mother wasn’t exactly the winner of Mother of the Year.

And then there she was, coming out of the hallway, her focus on her skirt as she pulled it down. A big guy in leather followed behind, buttoning up his pants and fixing his belt.

Nice.

“Anyone know a Barbie?” the woman hollered out again.

Allie’s mother snapped her head up, and their gazes clashed.

Yeah, Mom, it’s really me.

Her mother walked up to her, stared at Allie for long seconds, and then pulled her in for a hug. She smelled like cigarettes and sex, a scent that had Allie wrinkling her nose.

“Who the hell is Barbie?” the drunk woman said from behind them, and

Allie pulled away from her mom to look at the woman. She had her hand braced on the wall and swayed slightly.

“I am,” Allie’s mother said.

The drunken woman blinked. “I thought you were Trixie.”

Allie looked at her mom, a brow lifted. Her mother shrugged and smiled.

“Barbie is my real name.”

The drunken lady nodded, still looked confused, and then turned and left.

“What are you doing here?” Allie’s mother asked.

She didn’t answer right away, didn’t want to admit that she’d allowed herself to get involved with an asshole that verbally abused her and slapped her around.

It was humiliating, because what stupid fucking woman—who knew better, which she did—allowed herself to be treated like that?

Allie’s mom had left because her father had been a prick to her, and she had her own issues. But there was still a part of Allie that was so angry with her mom for leaving her there, for abandoning her even if she sent money and called.

How many times had Allie asked her mother to come get her, to take her away?

Drugs, depression, and being bipolar will do that to a person.

But her mom looked clean and healthy. “You look good,” Allie said.

Her mother smiled. “Thanks, hun. I’ve been sober for a while now, and just got back on my meds. Things are going well.”

Yet you still only called me once a year unless I tracked you down.

Don’t go down that path.

You’re here now, need her help, and she looks well.

“As glad as I am to see you, I am surprised you’re here. Everything good?”

Allie wasn’t going to beat around the bush. She’d traveled too far and left what little she had in order to start new.

She shook her head, being honest. “No, things aren’t good.” Just then the sight of this massively huge man coming out of one of the rooms drew Allie’s attention. He had to be at least six and a half feet tall, weighing close to three hundred pounds of pure muscle.

He was huge, and her five-foot-seven frame seemed tiny compared to him. Allie couldn’t stop looking at him. He placed a joint to his mouth, lit the end, and inhaled deeply, the end flashing red.

He tipped his head to a few of the bikers that called out to him. But the music was so loud she couldn't hear what they'd called him.

Allie was aware her mother was rambling on, but for whatever reason she just couldn't look away from the man. And when he went up to the bar, sat down, and braced a hand on the counter, she felt her heart beat faster. There was something about him that drew her like a moth to a flame. It was such a clichéd saying.

And then he turned his head, scanning the club right before his focus landed on hers. Allie couldn't stop looking, couldn't turn away and not seem weird for gawking at him.

His dark hair was short and messy, like he didn't give a shit about how it looked. He had tattoos covering both of his arms, and she even saw some coming up from under the collar of his shirt. How much of his body was inked up? Tattoos were one of her weaknesses on a man, for sure.

Maybe that's why I get involved with the wrong guys, because their tatted-up bodies were ones bad boys sported?

The man straightened, his massive body looking like one she would see in a ring, taking down his opponents.

"You can't stay here, Allie," her mother said, and Allie snapped her head toward her mother's direction.

"What?" she asked, shocked. "Why?"

"This isn't a place where I want you to be. You're better than this."

Allie shook her head, knowing she looked incredulous. Her mother was saying those words because they were a cop-out for not wanting to be around her. "You're turning me away when I need your help?"

"No, honey, no. I have an apartment I rarely stay at, but have all my shit there. You're more than welcome to stay there."

Allie couldn't believe this. On one hand she was thankful her mother was offering her a place, but on the other hand it was clear Barbie didn't want Allie at the same place where she hung out.

"So, you're never at the apartment?" She tried to hide her hurt and disappointment.

Why do you care? This woman hasn't been a mom to you for so long it shouldn't matter.

Her mother shook her head. "I really only stop there to pick up my shit. I'm at the club mostly."

Allie just nodded, hurt, but knowing she shouldn't be. Her mother had left

her years ago, and although she appeared like she was cleaning herself up, she still didn't want a daughter hanging around.

"We'll talk about this and why you're really here later tonight, okay?" Her mom grabbed a piece of paper and pen from a nearby table and wrote down where the apartment was. "I'll be there later."

Allie didn't say anything, just gave one more look at her mom, and lifted her head to where the beefy man was sitting. He had his focus still trained on her, and a chill raced up her spine.

Without thinking any more about it, she left the club, walked out the open gates, and sat her ass down on the curb. She should just leave, but she had nowhere else to go, and little money.

Why did I even bother coming here? I should have known Barbie wouldn't have been there for me, not really.

Allie stood, adjusted her suitcase, and started walking down the street and away from the clubhouse. The feeling of being followed had her looking over her shoulder. A dark vehicle stopped right behind her, which had Allie curious.

Was it someone from the club? The man behind the wheel had dark glasses on and his focus trained right on her.

A tingling on the back of her neck told her this was a bad situation, but she couldn't move as she watched him exit the vehicle and walk toward her.

And then fear slammed into her, and there was only one thing she thought at that moment... *You should run.*

“**Y**ou shouldn’t have fucking said anything,” Birdie said and shifted on the seat. He was starting to sweat sitting in this position, the pain pretty damn intense.

But he gritted his teeth and pushed past it, because his focus right now was getting to Fury and seeing what in the hell was up.

When Stone didn’t say anything, Birdie looked over at the other MC member. The guy had his jaw locked tight, and the annoyance on his face was clear.

Birdie didn’t give a fuck.

“It wasn’t their fucking business.”

Stone swerved off to the side of the road and threw the SUV into park. He shifted on his seat so he was facing Birdie. “It wasn’t their fucking business?”

Birdie didn’t respond and kept his expression stoic.

“We are a damn brotherhood, an MC, and fucking family. The club is always kept in the loop. You being a patch means you follow the rules.”

Birdie clenched his teeth together. “I take this shit seriously. I patched in with the club because I wanted that family connection, and because the MC is a band of hard as fuck men.

I have mad loyalty for them, but this also concerns Fury, our President, and because of that, discretion should be used.” Fuck, now he was getting pissed over this.

“Yeah, he’s our fucking prez and he ran off without telling anyone. Did you see how pissed the other patches were? Can you fucking blame them?”

Fury went rogue.”

Birdie shook his head. “He didn’t go rogue. Whatever is up with him, and why he’s done what he’s done, is for a good reason.”

“He should have told the club regardless,” Stone said, now looking back at the road. “They won’t let this rest, just to let you know.”

Birdie didn’t say anything, because yeah, he knew that.

“They know where we’re headed, and they’ll follow. If you think we aren’t just as worried about Fury as you are, you’re fucking wrong.”

He knew they cared about their president, but Birdie just couldn’t let this go. “I’m sure he didn’t tell the club because he has his reasons, but we won’t find out if we are sitting on the side of the damn road.”

After several seconds Stone finally spoke again. “It’s a long drive to the cabin, and we don’t even know if he’ll still be there.”

Birdie looked at the long stretch of road in front of him. “Then you better start fucking driving so we can see if he’s there.” Birdie wasn’t backing down from this, and he wasn’t going to submit just because that was the “rule” of the club.

He loved the MC. He joined because he wanted to, because they accepted him for all his faults, and didn’t bat a lash when he told them his past and what he’d done. They were just as crazy as he was, and he wanted that family connection.

But this concerned Fury, a man he thought of as his brother, one he’d die for ... and kill for again.

Nothing stood in the way of him making sure shit was right.

He couldn't sleep. All Fury kept seeing was Angelina pressed against the wall looking so damn innocent and primed for him.

He'd been able to smell how aroused she'd been, like he was a damn animal and she was his mate.

Damn, now he was thinking up some fucking insane analogies.

His cock had been hard for hours after leaving her standing there alone, and as much as he wanted to jerk off and get the pressure off his balls, he hadn't touched himself.

He also thought about tossing some alcohol back to help him sleep, but he'd already been passed out drunk while she'd been in the cabin, and drinking wasn't sounding as appealing as it normally did.

Pushing himself off the bed, he sat on the edge for a second. He looked down at his raging erection.

"Fuck you," he said to the asshole, scrubbed a hand over his face and stood. Grabbing a pair of jeans, Fury put them on and headed out of the room. It was the middle of the night, but he noticed the kitchen light was on.

It was when he rounded the corner that he saw Angelina standing against the sink, a bowl and spoon in her hand.

She is so fucking gorgeous.

What in the hell was wrong with him?

She lifted her head, the spoon midway to her mouth, and her gaze locked on his. Her cheeks turned pink, and if he weren't such a hard-ass, he would have smirked at how cute it was that he'd embarrassed her.

"I couldn't sleep," Angelina said and set the spoon back in the bowl.

“Yeah, me neither,” he responded and went over to the cupboard to grab a cup. He went over to the sink, and she moved out of the way for him to fill the glass with water. “That ice cream has to be pretty damn old.” He turned his head and looked at her.

She nodded. “I won’t lie. It was freezer burned, but it’s all you have that’s sweet, and I couldn’t sleep. Eating old ass ice cream sounded like a good enough idea.”

He gave a nod and drank his water. They stood there for several moments without speaking, and he couldn’t deny it was a bit tense.

But then again, this situation wasn’t ideal, and it sure as hell was confusing on his side. He still didn’t understand why she’d stayed, even if she had explained it to him, in a way. If he’d been in her situation, he would have gotten the fuck away from a bastard like him.

Fury looked at her again and saw she was staring into the bowl of melting ice cream. The fall of her black hair blocked her face partially, and he had to curl his fingers around the lip of the sink to stop himself from pushing it away so he could see her.

But at the last minute he said fuck it and lifted his hand to do just that.

Moving her hair over her shoulder, he saw her body tense a second before her cheeks became pink again. When she looked at him, her eyes were wide with clear surprise.

“Why’d you do that?” she questioned softly.

He didn’t answer right away. “Because I wanted to see your face.” They looked at each other, and he felt the air in the room become hotter, felt his cock throb behind his jeans, and wanted to just say fuck it all and pull her in to kiss her until she was breathless.

And then, as he felt a chill race up his spine, as he felt his balls draw up tight, and as he heard her inhale sharply, something snapped inside of Fury.

He wrapped his hand around her waist, pulled her right up against his body, and curled his fingers around the nape of her neck.

For long seconds he just held her, loving the way she molded against him and the fact she was breathing harder, her arousal clear on her face.

“I want you,” was all he said. Her response was to lick her lips and nod.

And that’s when nothing else mattered but being with Angelina in every way.

Fury had her back pressed to the wall in the kitchen, his big body stopping her from trying to push him away. But the truth was she didn't want to.

This felt unbelievably good, like she was playing with fire and hoping she got burned.

"This is insane," she whispered, not meaning to say the words out loud, but feeling them with every part of her body.

Fury didn't answer right away, but kept his focus trained on her. "Is it, Angelina?"

She licked her lips, not sure how to answer. "I don't know." And she didn't. Was it wrong that she was aroused right now, wet for Fury? Was it wrong to want a man that had done this to her, put her in this situation to begin with?

Or is this right where I'm supposed to be?

Fury made a deep sound in the back of his throat, his focus going down to her chest. Angelina was breathing harder than normal, but her emotions were running high right now. She looked down, as well, and saw how hard her nipples were.

But she'd known that already, had felt them stabbing through her T-shirt. Her body was showing Fury exactly what it wanted, and that was him.

As if she was trying to be someone else right now, she found herself lifting her arm, trying to shield her chest from him, although she didn't know why.

This was what she wanted, so maybe she was playing hard to get,

tempting a caged beast that was ready to break free at any second?

“You want to hide yourself from me?” he asked, the question hanging between them.

“I don’t know,” she answered honestly.

He shook his head and removed her arm from her breasts. She let the limb hang by her side once more.

“You don’t hide yourself from me. You accept what you want, because anything less is weak, Angelina.” He smoothed his hand down her inner arm, and stopped at her wrists, placing his fingers right over her pulse point.

Could he feel how fast it was beating for him? He applied a little pressure, and she found that one touch intimate, electrifying.

“You want me to start this, but what I don’t think you realize is that if I go through with this, there’s no going back.”

“No going back?” Her voice was soft, hesitant even.

“You’ll be mine in all ways.”

She started breathing harder, becoming light-headed.

“Tell me that’s not what you want, and I’ll stop this, step away.”

Could she even form words right now to tell him?

“Because once I start, I can’t stop. I won’t.” He leaned back just an inch, but still she couldn’t catch her breath. “Tell me you don’t want me.” A moment of silence passed. “But even if you do, I know you’ll be lying.”

Her chest rose and fell as she inhaled deeply and exhaled just as forcefully. Every erogenous zone in her body tingled at the way he looked at her, at his close proximity.

With each passing second her pussy became wetter, and her nipples ached from how hard they were.

“Go on, say the words,” he whispered.

“I want you. I want this, Fury.” Angelina should have lied but couldn’t help the truth that came out.

He placed his hands by her head on the wall and leaned in again, this deep, low sound leaving him. His nostrils flared, and he looked down at her breasts again. It was like he was touching her with his sight alone.

She thought he’d touch her, do something to ease her erotic suffering, but instead he moved away from her. A chill stole over her at the fact he was leaving. Placing her hands on the wall behind her, she tried to be calm.

“I want to see you. I want to see every part of you.”

Maybe the smart, sane thing to do would have been to scream, fight ...

run. But she didn't want to do any of those. Moving away from the wall, she found herself gripping on to the T-shirt and lifting it up and off of her body.

The air was chilled, and her skin puckered with goosebumps, but also because of the way Fury watched her.

He looked at her as if he *did* own her, as if he wanted to possess every inch of her.

Angelina felt intoxicated, drunk from her need, and she knew she didn't want this to stop. His gaze was penetrating, like he reached out and stroked her skin, touched every part of her.

She started to shake from her emotions, from the excitement and anticipation moving through her veins. This little voice inside of her head told her she should feel sick, wrong that she wanted this with him, but this was the most freeing experience she'd ever had.

"I want to see skin, Angelina. Take it all off." He looked right in her eyes. "Every single piece of clothing."

Her hands shook as she did as he ordered, not feeling embarrassed or ashamed right now. She just felt ... need.

When she was naked before him, nothing hiding her from this man, she watched as he looked his fill of her body.

"So fucking gorgeous." His voice dropped an octave, and a chill raced up her spine.

She knew what she was doing would forever change her. Whether that was for better or worse was still unknown at this moment.

He ran a hand over his mouth as he looked at her body, lingering his gaze on her pussy and tits. She heard him breathing hard, as if he was having a hard time getting air into his lungs as well.

A shiver raced along her entire body, but not because she was cold, but because she was so damn aroused.

Angelina started to sweat, beads forming on her forehead, between her breasts, and down the length of her spine.

"I want you." His voice was a husky growl, one that sounded more animal than man. He reached down and gripped himself through his jeans lewdly, the sight so damn attractive. "You see how hard I am for you, how much I want you?"

She felt herself nodding, but it was more of an automatic response.

Fury frightened her on a deep level, but her arousal, her curiosity for him, the fact he was the only person that made her feel alive, overrode everything

else.

It was a twisted situation, but her body reacted to Fury in a way it had never done to another man. She felt like she was hovering above a bottomless hole and at any moment she could fall in and never see ground.

But it was that uncertainty and fear that made this so damn exciting.

Fury walked up to her until only a foot was between them. He reached out and cupped her chin in a firm, strong hold. For long seconds he didn't say anything, didn't even move from his position.

The air around them was hot, humid, and charged with lust. All it took for her to feel like she was owned, claimed, was a small touch from Fury.

"You're shaking," he whispered.

"I know," she responded.

"Why? Do I scare you?"

She nodded and licked her lips. "But that's what makes this exciting." He smirked, but it was far from amusing.

"You want to be mine, Angelina?"

God, did she?

Yes, yes, I do want to be yours.

She found herself nodding. "I want that really damn badly."

While holding on to her chin, he took his other hand and touched her shoulder. Fury moved it down her arm, his fingers rough, calloused. It felt incredible.

He slid his hands down her outer thigh, and her pussy tingled, her clit throbbing in time with her pulse. Fury's motions were slow, precise, and it was like he got off on seeing her want him more, right on the verge of coming for him. And she was, right on the edge of getting off.

He moved his hands in slow but demanding movements, scraping his nails slightly into her flesh. She gasped, the pleasure and discomfort feeling incredible.

"You like this, what I'm doing to you?"

She nodded, not trusting her voice.

"You like that you're mine to do with as I please, that I took you, made you mine?"

Angelina nodded again, wanting to tell him yes.

He was meticulous and controlled as he touched every part of her, ran his fingers over her belly, her ribs, and finally stopped on her chest, touching her breast and nipple.

He never once looked away from her, and that made this situation even more intense.

“Tell me you want this,” he demanded.

She didn’t speak. Angelina didn’t even know if she could have said the words if he hadn’t demanded, ordered them of her.

But she wanted this, and if getting it meant she needed to push past her arousal to plead, then so be it.

“Yes, I want this.”

“Tell me you want to be mine in all ways.” He curled his hand around her breast, adding pressure, making it hurt, but in a good way.

“I want to be yours in all ways, Fury,” she murmured.

He made this deep, gruff sound in the back of his throat. “Say my name again. Tell me you want me to lick your cunt, that you want me to shove my cock in your body.”

Another gasp of pleasure left her.

“I want your mouth on me, Fury.” She closed her eyes and breathed through the sensations. “I want your cock inside me.”

“Yeah, you fucking do,” he growled the words out.

And then Fury had her in his arms, his hands cupping her ass, and was striding to his room. He put her on the bed and took a step back.

Time seemed to stand still as he just stared at her, not speaking, not moving, but certainly looking at every part of her on display.

“I want you on your back with your arms above your head. I want to see you spread for me, Angelina.”

Once she was in the position he wanted her in, she curled her hands into fists above her head, waiting for whatever dark erotic acts he had planned. Her sexual experiences could be summed up to having one partner, and very vanilla at that.

It was hard having any kind of relationship when every boy was deathly afraid of her family.

But the way Fury looked at her, and the type of man he was, told Angelina he was the furthest thing from plain and vanilla.

She lay there watching as he took his pants off, the temperature in the room becoming so damn hot. She stared at his chest. The sight of his exposed pectoral muscles and abdomen had a fresh gush of wetness leaving her pussy.

She was ready for him, so ready for his big cock.

Lowering her gaze to his crotch, she felt her throat tighten at the sight of

his huge dick. Her pussy clenched with the need to be filled by him, but she was being patient for what he had planned.

“Do you think I’m a sick motherfucker for watching you, stalking you?” He started undoing his pants.

She didn’t respond. The tattoos covering his body made her so wet.

“Does it scare the fuck out of you that I drugged you, kidnapped you, and planned on making you my little slut just to get back at your father?” His voice was like a serrated knife moving over her body, dangerous yet exciting.

“Yes,” was all she said.

“Spread your fucking legs for me. Let me see how wet your cunt is.”

Bracing her feet on the bed, she spread wide until her pussy lips parted for him.

Fury moved closer, but didn’t speak, just kept his focus on her pussy.

And then he reached out and smoothed his fingers over her inner thighs, moving closer to her exposed body.

“I make no apologies for what I did, because that’s who I am.”

She hadn’t expected anything less.

He added pressure to his touch, his nails now scraping along her flesh hard enough there was a flash of pain mixing with the pleasure.

She tried to stay still, but Angelina arched her back, needing more.

The way he was silent, just watching, touching, was more attractive than any dirty word he could have spoken to her. Fury moved even closer until he was leaning above her, his mouth so close to her pussy.

His warm breath moved along her exposed folds, and a shiver worked through her. She made a soft sound, not caring that the noise had left. But Fury didn’t lick her, and instead moved his mouth up until he was right over her nipple.

The peak hardened and need filled her.

Angelina arched her back, not caring that she was being bold in what she wanted. And when Fury ran his tongue over the hard tip, they both groaned.

There wasn’t a headboard, so she gripped the sheets tightly in her hands.

“You’re so receptive to my touch,” he murmured against her breast before he sucked her nipple into his mouth.

Over and over he moved his tongue along the peak, sucking on the flesh, tugging at it with his teeth, and bringing her close to orgasm from that act alone.

“Oh yeah, baby.”

He sucked on her nipple more furiously, and she bit her lip hard enough she tasted blood. She was going to come and had no intentions of stopping it from happening. He sucked harder and faster, groaned against the flesh until vibrations went right to her clit.

“Fury.”

“Yeah, fucking say my name again, Angelina baby.”

“Fury, God, Fury, yes.”

He groaned and smoothed his fingers between her pussy folds, and she bowed her back, her flesh pressing against his mouth even more.

“You’re so fucking soaked, baby.” He moved his lips up her chest and settled at the crook of her neck, gently pulling at her flesh with his teeth.

He had his hand between her legs, his fingers rubbing at her clit in gentle, pressurized motions.

“You want more,” he said without making it a question.

Of course, she wanted more. She’d never felt so wanton or excited before. A low, desperate sound left her when he pressed on her clit.

“Tell me, Angelina.” The words came from him like a demand.

“Yes,” she cried out when he rubbed the little bud, moving his finger around it faster. “You know I want more.”

“Mmm.” He kept the steady pace on her swollen nub. “You want to come?”

She nodded.

“Then give it to me, baby girl.”

A gasp left her as her pleasure went through the roof. She placed her hands on Fury’s wide, strong shoulders, wanting him closer, needing so much more.

He didn’t stop rubbing his fingers against her clit, and over and over he tormented her, giving her pleasure mixed with pain. Fury bit at her throat, groaning as if this was all too much for him.

Hell, it was all too much for her, but she didn’t want him to stop. Fury was controlled, hardcore, and demanding. It was clear he was used to getting what he wanted at any costs.

When the pleasure started to dim, she ached for more, desperate for it to last forever. Angelina felt tender and exposed, but it was in such a good way it was exhilarating.

Fury pressed the weight of his body down on her, his chest to hers, his muscles meshing with her softness. His face was so close to hers now.

“Perfect,” he growled out the words. “Such a good girl. Knowing I make you feel good gets me off, baby.” Fury ground his erection into her belly, and a gasp left her. “Tell me how good this feels.”

He reached between them to touch her wet pussy again, rubbing his fingers through her folds.

“It feels so good.”

He hummed in approval and ground himself against her harder. “You feel how hard you make me?”

“God, yes.” His hot, huge erection against her belly felt so good.

He slid his hand down her thighs, slipped it underneath her, and grabbed her behind the knee. Fury pulled it up and out, and nestled his waist between her legs, his cock now pressed right up against her pussy.

He was so big everywhere that she felt so feminine and small in comparison. Angelina had never felt weak, but with Fury here with her she felt like that in only the best of ways.

For her whole life Angelina had wanted to escape who and what she was, and she had with Fury.

It was empowering.

Angelina couldn't think straight with all the sensations moving through her. She'd been drugged and kidnapped by Fury.

Yet here she was, doing whatever he wanted, needing to submit to him because that's what *she* wanted.

It was exciting, dangerous, and maybe even stupid, but she also felt more alive than she'd ever felt before.

"I want you to give in to me, baby." Fury's voice was husky, deep. It moved over her like fingers stroking her erogenous zones. He thrust his cock against her pussy, back and forth, slow and gentle.

He was long and thick, hot and hard.

With his mouth at her neck and him running his teeth and tongue along her overly sensitive skin, Angelina could have envisioned herself in a different scenario. She could see herself not worrying about anything but having her own life ... a *normal* life.

"Once my cock is deep in your pussy, you'll know you're mine, Angelina. There's no going back."

Are you sure this is what you want? Are you sure you want to fuck Fury? Just looking at him shows he isn't the type of man to just walk away.

"I don't want to stop."

He gripped the base of his shaft and started stroking himself as he stared at her. "Say it again."

She swallowed. "I want this."

"I feel no remorse for taking you, because it's brought us to this point, baby."

All she could do was nod.

He started touching her again, rubbing his fingers up and down the lips of her pussy and making her wetter for him. “You don’t have to be afraid of what’s behind you anymore.” His voice got harder, and he moved a finger lower, plunging it into her body.

She opened her mouth wide on a silent cry. That was all she’d ever wanted. He started fucking her with his finger even harder, and she knew she was going to come. Involuntarily her pussy clenched around his digit, sucking it in deeper.

What she wanted was his thick dick in her body.

“Let me take you away, Angelina.”

And as if his words had been the trigger, she came for him. Angelina knew he wasn’t speaking literally, but she’d already felt free with him, and that’s what made this situation so invigorating.

The bed was shifting slightly, and she realized Fury was pressing his hips into the mattress, dry humping it as she got off with his finger.

“Fuck yeah, baby,” he said in a deep voice.

She curled her nails into her palms and spread her legs wider, wanting him to see all of her. He pulled back slightly, but he was looking at her face and not between her legs.

“Look at me, Fury.” She knew he’d be aware of what she was saying.

The pleasure still coursed through her, and she was surprised she was even able to speak coherent words.

He removed his finger from her body and spread her lips wide.

With his fingers still spreading her, he continued to watch her most intimate part for what seemed like forever.

Fury’s face was now between her legs, his warm breath moving along her pussy. A dark mask covered his face, and he placed a hand on each of her inner thighs, holding her in place.

“Lick it,” Angelina said, feeling wild.

He grunted, and then he had his mouth on her pussy. He worked his tongue around her clit and then moved it along her inner lips.

The sound of sucking flesh had her on the brink of getting off, but right when she was on the precipice, he stilled.

No, don’t stop.

He leaned forward and dragged his tongue over one of her nipples, drawing a cry of ecstasy from her. She arched into his mouth, needing him to

add more pain, more pleasure.

“Yes,” she found herself saying.

They looked at each other for a second, and then he lowered his gaze to her pussy, grabbed his cock again, and aligned the tip of his dick with the entrance of her cunt.

“You want me deep inside of you?”

“Yes.” She licked her lips, wanting him to fuck her already, but willing to beg for it.

He started to push inside, and she felt the stretch and burn from the size of his dick.

“It’s so fucking good, baby. You feel so damn good, Angelina.”

He placed a hand on each of her thighs and continued to push deep into her, fucking her like he knew what he was doing to get her off.

And then it was like something in him snapped. He started to fuck her in long, hard strokes. Over and over, he plowed into her, the sounds of their sex, of their moans, filling the room.

They were both sweating, and wetness from his chest dripped onto her body, making her even more aroused.

He thrust especially hard into her, and her eyes rolled back into her head. She bunched the sheets in her hands, but after only a second of doing that she was grabbing on to his biceps and digging her nails into his flesh.

Fury pulled out of her, flipped her onto her belly, adjusted her onto her hands and knees, and gave her ass a hard slap. He pushed her legs apart, and she felt the chilled air move along her heated pussy lips.

She was at his mercy, and it felt so good.

Looking over her shoulder, she could see Fury staring at her ass. His cock was a hard, long rod pointing right at her.

He slipped his finger through her slit, gathered her pussy moisture, and used his other hand to spread her ass apart.

Angelina knew what was to come, and her throat tightened, despite her pussy getting wetter.

“I’m going to claim your ass, Angelina, make you mine in all ways.” He gave only one glance at her before focusing on her ass again, and Angelina braced herself for what was to come, anticipating it, but hesitant, as well.

Fury placed the tip of his cock back at her pussy instead of her ass, held on to her waist, and curled his nails into her flesh.

He stayed that way for only a second, and then thrust into her in one deep,

hard move.

Her cry was slightly muffled from being pressed against the mattress, the pleasure so damn intense.

Pumping into her fast and hard, he grabbed her hands and placed them on her lower back, keeping them bound together by one of his. He restrained her, and it felt incredible to have that taken away from her.

She didn't know why, because it was the opposite of being "free", but having Fury control her like this made something open up inside of her.

"You like this, baby, like what I'm doing to you?" His voice was gruff.

"God, yes," she whispered, not sure if he heard.

Angelina turned her head to the side, needing to see what he was doing to her. He slammed into her, and then pulled out slowly again.

"Beg me for more."

"I want more," she said without hesitation.

Fury teased her pussy, gathering her cream on his fingers before rubbing the slickened digits against her anus again. He teased the hole, and then slipped the finger inside, having her cry out from the pleasure.

She couldn't think straight for how incredible this all felt.

Her inner muscles clenched around his finger, as if they had a mind of their own and wanted him deeper. He continued to pump into her pussy with his cock at the same time he thrust his finger in and out of her ass, fucking her in both holes.

"*Christ*," he said on a harsh whisper.

And then he removed his finger from her ass, grabbed her cheeks, and spread her bottom wide, clearly getting a look at her wide open for him. She watched as he leaned forward, his cock still in her pussy, and let saliva drip from the tip of his tongue to her anus.

That shouldn't have been as sexy as it was. But when he looked at her in the eyes as he did the act, she swore she could have come from that alone.

"Beg me to fuck you in the ass." He used his finger to spread the spit around her tight hole. "Fucking ask for it, Angelina. Tell me you want me to shove my cock in your ass."

"Fury." She swallowed. "Fuck me in the ass."

He pulled out of her pussy, thrust two thick fingers into her cunt, and then when he removed them, he spread the wetness over her anus, mixing it with his saliva until she knew she was nice and slick for him.

"Yes," he hissed out. "So fucking hot." Fury slipped his finger inside of

her ass again until he was deep in her body. The groan that came from him was long and deep. “God, seeing my finger in you is so damn hot.” He groaned. “I want my dick in your ass, Angelina. I want to fuck you so badly.”

After several seconds, he removed the digit and replaced it with the thick crown of his cock at her back hole. She tensed, nervous but wanting this, too.

“Get ready for me, baby.”

He started pushing into her, and she bit her lip and closed her eyes, the stretch and burn consuming her.

“Fuck yes.” He pushed through the tight ring of muscle at her ass, and when he was fully inside her, they both let out this hoarse sound. She had the sheets in her hands, her knuckles white.

His balls were pressed right against her pussy, a heavy weight reminding her what they were doing. He only gave her a few seconds to adjust to his size before he started moving in and out, slowly at first.

“So. Fucking. Good.”

After several moments, he picked up his speed and fucked her with long, powerful strokes. His balls slapped her moist pussy, the sound erotic, dirty and good.

She wanted this to last, because the thought of it ending, of reality crashing back to them, wasn't something she wanted to think about. Not yet at least.

“I own you, Angelina.” He gripped her harder, marking her with his touch.

God, I feel so free, so alive right now.

Fury gripped a chunk of her hair with his other hand and pulled her head back. With her throat arched, bared, she felt vulnerable, but in a good way. Another orgasm rose up in her, and all she wanted was to have it consume her.

“That's it. Let go for me, baby.” Fury tightened his hold on her hair a little harder and growled. He thrust harder and faster, having her cry out for how much it hurt, for how good it felt.

And then he groaned deeply and pulled out of her. She felt the hot jets of his cum cover her ass and lower back. Angelina wanted to watch him, but she was still reeling from the pleasure.

His orgasm seemed to go on forever, and she could actually feel him coming, felt his spunk sliding down the crease of her ass and along her pussy. It felt good, like she was claimed.

And when he finally relaxed and she knew he was done coming, Fury pulled away from her. Angelina collapsed on her belly, closed her eyes, and just let the post-euphoric haze wash over her.

She breathed in and out heavily at first, but soon her breathing became normal as she started to relax. She opened her eyes, and it was to see Fury watching her.

Is this what it means to be owned?

It sure as hell felt like it.

“Yeah, baby. This is exactly what it means to be owned.”

Angelina didn't even care that she'd obviously said those words out loud, because hearing Fury say that phrase warmed her, made her feel whole.

And then he reached out and rubbed his cum along her flesh, as if wanting his scent, his very essence engrained in her.

“This is what it means to be mine, Angelina.”

He pulled her close, and she relaxed against him.

She stared into his dark, turbulent eyes, knowing this man could have crushed her with just a stare. He was primal and intense, and that feral quality made her feel stable. If she accepted this, did this with him, there was no going back, not from any of this.

Where would I go anyway?

Being free was something she'd never experienced before, never thought she'd actually get to have, even after she'd left home.

“You want me, and I want you. That can't be wrong.”

As screwed up as this all was, Angelina felt something dark rise in her for this man. She wanted to be with him, wanted to let herself just be free.

“You want freedom, and you can have it, Angelina.”

He looked so hard, so determined.

“Freedom isn't that easy, Fury.” She was being honest, even with herself. Being with someone didn't mean her troubles would just vanish. She still had a past, scars that ran deep.

“It's easy, so fucking easy if you allow yourself to live that way, Angelina.” He gripped her chin and forced her to look at him. “Be with me and I'll show you.”

Could she actually do this, see where things led with him? It couldn't hurt.

Her life thus far hadn't made her feel a fraction of the emotion she felt while with Fury.

That had to mean something, right?

Fury sat on the edge of the bed and looked over his shoulder at Angelina. She was asleep on her side, the sheet covering her nude body, and the things he'd said to her replayed through his mind like a broken record.

Yeah, he'd said she was his, that he was claiming her, and although he could blame it on the heat of the moment, the truth was he meant those words. Ever since he saw her for the first time all those weeks ago, something in him had clicked.

He'd tried telling himself over and over again that wanting her was just the sick side of him that wanted to get back at Sal.

And maybe he'd convinced himself of that, in a way, but having her here was so different.

The way she looked at him, spoke to him made him feel like he wasn't a worthless motherfucker. It wasn't something he'd ever felt before. He'd always lived for his club, didn't care what lengths he'd go, or what fucked up things he'd do to make things right, not until this moment.

He didn't want her hurt, didn't want Angelina in the middle of this, even if he was the one that had put her here.

Fury let his gaze travel over her arm that was up by her face. His fingers itched to touch her, to see if even in sleep he could make goosebumps rise along her skin, have her body react to him. But in the end, he tightened his hands into fists and got off the bed.

After slipping pants and a T-shirt on he left her in the room sleeping. They'd slept well into early afternoon but hadn't gone to bed until nearly five in the morning.

He stood in the kitchen and stared at the stove. Hell, he wanted to do something domestic for her, like cook, feed her, make her see he wasn't just a lowdown motherfucker.

But Fury didn't cook, and unless she wanted a piece of ham slapped between two pieces of bread, or a shot of whiskey, he'd just end up burning the food. But he could make her a strong cup of coffee.

Fury figured after the night they had, the hit that had gone down the last few days. No doubt she was probably sore—which had him grinning and feeling proud. She'd need a kick-in-the-ass cup of coffee.

He started the pot and stood by the sink staring out the window. The driveway was a long, graveled strip of road that was about half an acre long. There was also a gate that blocked the entry. But the cabin and property were so far off the beaten path, and the nearest town a long fucking ways off, no one came this way unless passing by.

The sound of the coffee dripping into the pot had him looking over at it, his thoughts on Angelina and how he was going to handle this. Fury knew he didn't want to let her go, not even after all of this.

He wanted to take out her father, though, and that meant he needed to find the fucker.

But was she really okay with Sal Cardona being killed? Fury couldn't let things be done with the fucker, couldn't let him get away with hurting his club or Birdie. Fury could have done a lot of things differently. but what was done was done, and there was no turning back.

The sound of shuffling behind him had Fury turning and seeing Angelina standing there in nothing but a blanket. He saw her toes peeking out from under the material. Despite the fact he'd fucked her into oblivion last night and should have been set for at least a day, his cock came right to attention.

“Hey,” he said, because honestly, he didn't know what in the fuck to say.

She smiled, but she looked nervous as hell, too.

“Coffee?” Angelina nodded, took a step toward him but before she moved more than a foot, she stopped. When she looked down at herself her face became pink. “I should probably get dressed.”

Fury couldn't help it. He smiled. “I won't complain about naked coffee drinking.”

Angelina started laughing, and the sound was nice, calming. “I'll be right back.” She turned and left, and Fury felt himself still smiling.

After all that happened, this time with her felt ... normal. It was still

pretty insane that she'd ended up in his bed after everything, but he couldn't deny the fact he felt very possessive of her.

The very thought of letting her walk away, that he wouldn't see her again, had this rage billowing inside of him. He wanted her like a fiend, and if he were being honest, he'd felt that desire start to grow inside of him the first time he saw her all those weeks ago.

It had developed into the territorial monster it was now, and there was no denying or stopping it.

The sound of an approaching vehicle had Fury looking out the window and seeing a dark SUV coming up the driveway. It was too far for him to see who was inside, but he was already on alert. He opened the sink cabinet, reached under it, and grabbed the gun tucked underneath.

It was just one of the many guns that were stashed around the cabin.

Checking to make sure it was locked and loaded, he tucked the pistol at the small of his back and grabbed another gun that was on top of the fridge, making sure that one was ready, as well.

He kept his focus on the approaching vehicle the whole time, and when it came to a stop in front of the cabin, the glare from the sun cut right over the windshield, blocking him from trying to make out who was in the car.

He could assume it was a Bleeding MC member, because there were several SUVs at the clubhouse that were similar, but it was a standard dark car, and could be anyone. Fury had to always be prepared.

The driver got out of the vehicle first, and then the passenger was next. It was then he saw it was Birdie and Stone. Fury cursed and set the gun he had in his hand down and walked to the front door.

He glanced down at his bedroom door, but Angelina was still inside getting dressed.

"Fuck," he said again and opened the door before Birdie and Stone could either barge in or knock. He saw Birdie holding his outer leg as he made his way toward the porch.

Stone stood back, but he knew Birdie well enough that the other man probably wouldn't accept any help from anyone.

"Hey," Stone said, his voice tight, because he damn well knew he shouldn't be up here.

"I said I needed time to myself to handle shit." Fury looked pointedly at Birdie.

"This asshole was persistent." Stone narrowed his eyes at Birdie. "And

the club knows where you're at. They saw us leaving and things just came out." Stone straightened. "But it's not right for me to keep your fucking dirty laundry, man. The club deserves to know."

Fury cursed again and nodded. "Yeah, I know, but shit, Stone, you could have given me a warning. You know damn well the club will have their ass up here to see what the fuck is going on."

Stone nodded. The two men were now on the porch, with Birdie leaning against the banister holding his side now. Sweat beads covered his forehead, and his face was pale, but he looked hard as fucking steel in his composure.

"What the fuck, man?" Birdie said, his voice hard, angry.

"I should have kept you in the loop, but you were recovering, and I was pissed at the whole situation." Fury wasn't going to apologize for what he'd done. The reason he was here was because he needed to get vengeance for his friend and the club.

"You thought up and leaving, without saying shit to anyone was what a president of an MC should do, what a brother should do?" Birdie was pissed, his face getting red, more sweat covering his forehead. It was also clear he was in pain.

"Man, get in the fucking house and lay down."

Birdie flipped him off, but the three of them did head inside. Once Birdie was on the couch, Fury went over to the freezer and got out a bottle of vodka.

He walked over to his longtime friend, handed him the whole thing, and watched as Birdie popped the cap and took a long swig from it. They stood there without speaking, and Fury glanced at the bedroom door.

Had she heard them talking? If so, she'd be smart to stay in the room, because he sure as fuck didn't want to explain what she was doing here, or who she was.

But then his heart stopped as the bedroom door opened and she came walking out in a pair of his sweats three sizes too big, and one of his T-shirts that hung off one of her shoulders.

Her dark hair was a wealth of waves around her shoulders, and her head was downcast as she messed with the pant leg. They hung off her, and damn was she fucking cute, attractive in his clothes.

The air in the room stilled, thickened, and became heated. The other two men stared at her, and Fury glanced between Stone and Birdie, gauging their reactions.

"Fury," Angelina said, her head still downcast, a smile playing along her

lips, “I hope it’s okay I am wearing this.” She lifted her head then. “The clothes I had were a wreck from last night—”

Her smile was frozen on her face for a second as she looked among the three of them, and then her smile faded. No one spoke or moved for several moments, and then Fury walked over to her and stood in front of Angelina.

“What the fuck is going on here?” Birdie asked and sat up, not sounding upset, but certainly confused. It was also clear by Stone’s confusion they didn’t know who Angelina was.

Good, because the need to protect her, even from the men he trusted the most, rode Fury hard.

“You got to be fucking kidding me,” Stone muttered under his breath. “You ran off to keep some pussy on demand in the cabin?”

Fury felt his rage rising at the way Stone casually spoke about Angelina. She was a hell of a lot more than some pussy on demand. “Watch it, boy,” Fury said through clenched teeth.

Stone lifted his eyebrow and looked at Birdie. Fury glanced at Birdie, too, and saw his expression tense.

“What’s going on, man?” Birdie asked, now standing, and trying to look around Fury’s shoulder. Fury reached behind and curled his fingers around Angelina’s waist.

He knew these men wouldn’t hurt her, but just the thought of someone looking at her, thinking filthy things about her, pissed him off and had his protective side rise up like a violent beast.

“I can see the little bird behind you means something more than some pussy on the side.” Birdie looked at Fury again. “So tell us what in the hell is going on, Fury? Why all the hiding? What’s really the plan?”

He’d never been able to hide shit from Birdie. The other man had been on point with everything his whole life. This was the man that had killed for Fury, had done time for him, and Fury was being eaten alive by keeping shit from everyone.

It was wrong hiding this from the MC, from his family.

“I was doing what I thought was right at the time.”

“What’s going on here? Who is she?” Stone was the one to ask, tipping his chin toward Angelina.

Angelina stepped out from behind him, and Fury glanced at her. She was already looking at him, her eyes wide, and the nerves clear on her face. She finally faced Stone and Birdie, and a second passed before she spoke. “I’m

Angelina Cardona.”

Fury felt the air become chilled as both men straightened and looked at each other.

“You’ve been holed up here with Angelina-Fucking-Cardona, Fury?” Birdie said and took a step closer but braced a hand on the arm of the couch as he grimaced. “As in Sal Cardona’s daughter?”

Fury didn’t respond but did wrap his arm around Angelina’s waist and pull her close to his side. “Sit down, and calm the hell out. I’ll explain everything.”

But Fury knew explaining wasn’t going to make this any easier to take or make it less of a betrayal to his club.

“I know where they’re at,” Nando said into the receiver. The sun had since set, and the only sound that could be heard out here in the middle of fucking nowhere was the crickets chirping.

“Where?” Sal’s voice was hard on the other end of the cell.

Nando told him the coordinates.

“They have Angelina?”

Nando braced his hand on the windowsill “She’s fine, from what I can tell. There are three club members with her at the cabin, and from what I can see she’s gotten pretty close with one of them.”

Sal was silent for a second, and then cursed in Italian. “That fucking bitch betrayed her blood.”

Nando knew Sal didn’t care so much about his daughter’s wellbeing as much as he cared about his own safety. Angelina could be used as leverage against the Cardonas, and that meant Sal needed to rein this shit in tight.

“I’ll take a plane tonight to get there and drive up by morning.”

Nando hung up the phone and tossed it onto the passenger side seat. He’d parked the vehicle a good ways off from the main road that lead to the cabin.

Even with his scope, from this vantage he couldn’t see the cabin, but he’d trekked into the woods for a better look earlier today.

He looked behind him in the back seat where the girl was still passed out. He’d given her a heavy sedative, and she should be waking up come daybreak.

But the longer he stared at her, the more he felt this desire grow. Nando didn’t deny he was fucked up in the head, but that’s what allowed him to be

the cold-blooded killer he was. He reached out and ran his finger over her bare foot.

Her skin was soft, warm.

Nando didn't keep women around. He used them for the amount of time it took him to get off, and then he kicked them the fuck out. But this young, innocent woman piqued his interest and had the flame of desire burning bright.

He was a sadistic asshole, and he knew this pretty little thing could make him feel pretty fucking good. He'd show her what it meant to have his marks on her body.

But not before he used her a little to show the MC who and what they were up against.

He faced forward again, his cock hard just from the thought of all the things he'd do to her. Nando needed to focus on the task at hand.

If the rest of the club didn't show up, they would soon enough once they knew Sal and he were there.

The girl might not be anything to them, but she might be, as well. Either way, he'd have fun with her, even if the MC didn't want anything to do with her.

"This is going to be a very interesting situation," he said to her, although she couldn't hear him. Nando smiled, anxious for what was to come.

All day. This conversation about Sal and Fury going rogue had been going on all damn day. To say this situation was awkward was an understatement, but Angelina was pushing through.

She tried to appear calm. It was clear Fury didn't care who saw their PDA, because through the whole evening he was touching her hip, brushing her hair off her shoulder, and acting so out of character, at least in the way she'd seen him so far.

But it was nice, and she liked having him like this, showing that he cared about her.

He does care about you, at least he's said as much.

She didn't know what exactly was going on, especially between her and Fury. The guys didn't say more than a few words here and there, but she was okay with that, because Angelina didn't know what to say about this either.

This was a fucked-up situation for sure, and even after Fury explained everything to the guys, told them about why he'd brought her here ... how he'd gotten her to the cabin, the tension was still awkward.

"I spoke with Shorty," the one named Birdie said.

Angelina was in the kitchen cleaning up, keeping busy, but she was casting glances at the guys in the living room. They looked tense.

"They pissed about this whole thing, about me going rogue?" Fury asked, but he didn't seem apologetic, and Angelina had a feeling he already knew they'd be upset.

He glanced over at her as if he felt her stare, gave her a wink, and focused on Birdie again.

How damn strange I feel this hard up for him after everything.

But knowing that, and common sense telling her that he was dangerous, kidnapped her, and wanted to use her to get back at her father, things had worked out differently.

He hadn't hurt her, not even after she escaped.

Yes, she'd gotten into bed with him pretty damn fast. He might have forcefully seduced her, but she loved every second of it.

"Dude, you know they are. You went behind everyone's back, went all rogue and shit."

Fury didn't say anything after that, just exhaled and nodded. "Yeah, but I had to do what I felt was right. I had to do what I needed in order to protect the club."

There had been a lot of cursing and arguing after Fury told them everything. The fact the rest of the MC were on their way to the cabin, according to Stone, had Angelina feeling like she was stuck in the center of a shit storm and there was no way to escape.

But I don't want to escape.

She stared at Fury, felt her heart pick up speed at the sight of him. Just looking at him made her adrenaline pump through her veins, had this warmth moving through her. She'd never felt this way about anyone. *That has to account for something, right?*

"You want to go after Sal, we have your back, man. You're our Prez," Stone said, his voice hard, unwavering. "Didn't you think we wanted the fucker in the ground, too?" Stone glanced her way after he said that, but he didn't look like he was sorry she heard.

She wasn't sorry either, didn't even care. Maybe it was cold and heartless of her, but Sal had never been a father to her, and she'd never felt a connection to him.

She'd been afraid of his power, of the bodies he left in his wake, and all she'd ever wanted was to run from him and that life.

"Listen, I'm tired as fuck and hurting. The club will be here at sunup. Let's finish this then." Birdie stood after he finished speaking. "I'm taking one of the rooms. I assume Fury will shack up with Ang," he glanced her way, "so Stone, you're taking the couch, man."

Birdie left the living room without saying anything else, and the three of them stood there, not speaking, and the awkwardness a little tight.

"Come on, baby." Fury held his hand out to her. Feeling a little weird at

the endearment from him in front of Stone, she walked over to Fury and placed her hand in his.

With one last look at Stone, who, like his name, stood there unmoving, she headed to Fury's room. Before the door shut, they could hear shouting coming from down the hall.

"Dude, a lock on the wall and chains on the ground?" Birdie hollered out. "You are fucked up." The door slammed shut, and Angelina couldn't help her chuckle. It wasn't one of amusement, but one of nervousness.

She shut the door and leaned against it, watching as Fury started getting undressed.

"This is weird as hell."

He looked over his shoulder. "It sure as fuck is." He gave her a half smile, and she pushed away from the door.

"You seem different with me."

He tossed his shirt onto the bed and turned to face her. "Yeah, I can tell I am, but it's not intentional."

She moved toward him, now just a foot from where he stood, and found herself reaching out and touching the ink on his chest. "Why are you acting different?"

He didn't speak for several seconds, but she then felt her head being lifted up by his finger under her chin. His eyes appeared stormy, conflicted.

"You were so hard, unforgiving, and dangerous when I first found out what was going on," she whispered. He smoothed his finger over her bottom lip, and she sucked in a breath at the tingle that moved through her body.

"Don't mistake my feelings for you to mean I'm not just as dangerous or violent to anyone that fucks with what I hold close." His voice was deep, hoarse. "But with you I feel different. This whole situation is one huge cluster fuck, and us being together is not ideal.

You wouldn't have given a motherfucker like me a second glance if things hadn't worked out the way they had."

No, she probably wouldn't have, but only because she lived in a bubble.

He moved closer to her until the scent of him washed through her. What she wanted was to be with him, even if other bikers were just beyond this door. She couldn't help herself with Fury.

He was power and danger all wrapped in one, and being close to him, knowing this was crazy, made this so much better.

"I want you," he said, and all she could do was nod. With everything

going on she just wanted to feel Fury in all ways, and not think about what was to come.

And then he kissed her and everything else faded away until it was just the two of them.

They panted against each other's mouths, and when he broke the kiss it was only to get them both undressed. Angelina didn't stop him, and in fact moaned out for more, whispering for him to go faster.

Once they were both naked, nothing shielding them, and his body pressed against hers again, he kissed her like a fiend.

His cock was so fucking hard, but then again since first seeing her, Fury felt like he'd had a constant erection for her. All he could think about was that she was here, with him, and smelling and tasting so fucking good.

Mouths still latched in a demanding kiss, Fury curled his fingers around her hips, pulled her impossibly closer, and turned them until they were walking toward the bed.

This was about *her* getting off, about Angelina feeling pleasure and not worrying about anything. He could see, feel how tense and nervous she was about all of this, and it was his fault.

He'd screwed up her life enough, and although he couldn't let her go, couldn't walk away, he could make her forget about it all, even if only for a short time.

He groaned deeply when his cock pressed right against her soft, warm flesh. She was so fucking gorgeous, shaped like a woman, and he loved it. When she placed her hand on his cock, a groan ripped from him.

She reached between them to take hold of his dick, but he moved away and cupped her cheek. "Right now is about you, baby." God, she was so fucking beautiful.

"I just want to be with you," she whispered.

Yeah, he wanted to be with her, too, but he wanted to make sure she was lost in it all.

She was his, and it took this fucked up situation to show Fury there wasn't anyone else in the world for either of them.

Angelina wanted to be with him, wanted to feel his dick inside of her, thrusting, making her get off. She didn't care that Stone might be able to hear them.

She also didn't care that come tomorrow a lot of shit was going to go down with her father and the club. This was just about them right now.

He stared at her while cupping her cheek, and raw, unadulterated lust slammed into her, so fast and fierce it took her breath away.

Fury had his hands on her ass, curled his fingers around the flesh, and helped her back on the bed until she was sprawled on it.

For long seconds he just looked down at her, and then he was on his knees before her, pushing her thighs further apart.

"This is about you, baby," he said right before he leaned forward and started running his tongue along her inner thigh, getting closer to her pussy. She shamelessly lifted her hips, needing more.

She felt free with him, safe and protected, despite the irony of it all.

The chill in the air seeped over her flesh, and she knew her nipples were hard, elongated for him. The tissue felt sensitive.

Her erogenous zones tingled as he watched her. It was like Fury wanted to memorize every inch of her.

"I'd kill anyone that hurt you, that *thought* about hurting you," he said under his breath, as if he spoke to himself. "And I know how fucking crazy that sounds given the fact I'm the one that drugged and kidnapped you, chained you up like an animal."

Her heart was thundering in her chest.

“My mind wasn’t in a good place, and all I wanted was revenge. But ever since I saw you something in me shifted. I just didn’t want to acknowledge it, any of it.” A second of silence passed between them. “But no more, Angelina. It’s you and me, and I don’t want to fuck this up any more than I have.”

She nodded, knowing what he meant.

“God, you’re so fucking beautiful. You shouldn’t want me because of the type of man I am.” She saw his throat work as he swallowed, felt his fingers rubbing over her leg, back and forth.

He stared at her eyes, moved an inch closer so he was right in front of her now and his cock was right between her thighs.

“Spread your legs wider. Let me see your soaking cunt.”

His coarse language sent her arousal higher, and she didn’t even hesitate to do what he said. She felt weak with need, and Angelina wanted to please him, wanted to do anything he said, because that pleased her, as well.

This really was what she wanted. *Fury* was what she wanted. Angelina knew being with him, even in this manner where he didn’t sugarcoat anything, where he didn’t apologize for who he was, was exactly what she wanted and needed in her life.

Fury hadn't been able to sleep. He'd had his head between his woman's thighs until she'd come three times, and only after Angelina begged for his cock did he surrender and give it to her.

But he hadn't fucked her. No, he'd made love to her, thrust in and out of her slowly while staring in her eyes, telling her that they could be fucked up together in this screwed up world.

What in the hell is happening to me?

He scrubbed a hand over his face and breathed out, looking out the window as the sun just started to peek over the tree line. The club had contacted them last night, letting them know they were coming up, and a lot of shit needed to be put on the table.

Fury knew he'd fucked up, that going behind the MC's back was wrong on every level, but he hadn't been thinking clearly.

He'd wanted his club protected, and he was willing to go to any lengths to ensure that.

Looking over his shoulder at Angelina, his chest ached something fierce as he stared at her. Today there was going to be a lot of explaining on his part to the rest of the club, but also they were going to have to come up with a plan to get to Sal.

They had a starting point, which was the cabin Angelina mentioned, but from this point on he didn't want her a part of this.

He'd already tainted her with his issues and the fact he'd brought her in on this, but no more.

Fury didn't care that they'd just met, or that the circumstance as to why

she was here was less than honorable. He wanted her, wanted to protect her and be with her, and he'd make sure that happened without the repercussions of her getting even deeper into this than he'd already gotten her.

But he also didn't want her father's blood on her hands, and if she were there, witnessing what he wanted to do to Sal, then he knew that would forever scar her, no matter what she said.

"What time is it?" she asked in a sleepy voice.

"Early, baby."

She rolled over so she was facing him, her eyes open but sleep-filled. Fury got up and dressed, and then leaned down and kissed her on the forehead.

"You can sleep longer."

"The club will be here soon."

He nodded. Yeah, and as much as he wanted to keep her away from this, which was pretty fucking twisted given the fact he was the one to bring her into it in the first place, the MC would want her there, as well.

What Fury had done to her was despicable, and the Bleeding Mayhem sure as fuck didn't do this kind of shit to women.

"I don't think I can go back to sleep anyway," she said and sat up, the sheet falling away from her naked body.

Fury couldn't help but stare at how beautiful she was. Her long dark hair was tousled from sleep and the fact he'd made love to her.

He'd made love to her, and he wanted to do it every night and then hold her close as she slept.

"You're so fucking gorgeous."

Angelina smiled and pushed a stray piece of hair away from her face.

"Fury, get the fuck out here." Birdie's voice was hard, and Fury went right to attention.

"Get dressed and come out, baby."

She nodded and was off the bed in seconds. Fury shut the bedroom door behind him and stared at Birdie and Stone.

"What?" he asked, his blood pumping hard, his adrenaline already coursing through his veins.

Birdie tipped his chin toward the kitchen, and Fury glanced over, his heart stalling for a second before it started beating harder and stronger than before. There, standing in the center of the kitchen was Sal Cardona flanked by four men, and another man, who held a woman in front of him with a

knife to her neck.

Guns were trained on the three of them.

Sal took a weak step closer, and Fury looked down at the cast on his leg. He had one of those boots on to allow him to walk on it but didn't have any crutches. Good, they'd hurt the fucker. He deserved so much more, though.

Sal's men didn't move with him but kept their guns at the ready.

"So, you're the one that took my daughter," Sal said, not phrasing it like a question.

Fury didn't respond, but he could see Birdie and Stone shifting slightly on their feet. They had guns stashed all around the cabin, for obvious reasons, but at the moment trying to get to any of them would mean a lot of gunfire aimed their way.

"I could have killed you just an hour ago while my daughter slept beside you, but I thought this would be a more appropriate introduction." Sal moved around the counter in the kitchen and ran his finger over the granite. "And besides, I wanted to make sure your death was nice and slow, because what you and your club did to my son can't be forgotten."

Fury clenched his hands into fists at his side and breathed out. His heart was thundering as he thought about Angelina in the other room. And then he heard her in the bedroom.

Fury looked at her, could see she'd already been aware they were out here, and he surmised she'd probably heard her father speaking.

"There she is, my traitorous daughter," Sal all but spit out, venom in his voice.

Fury moved to the side to get in front of her, a human shield to block whatever vileness her father would throw at her.

But the sound of Sal *tsking* and one of the guns from his men being cocked had Fury stilling.

"Honorable," Sal said, speaking to Fury. "But what little compassion I might have held for my daughter back in the day, faded when I realized she ran of her own free will, and slept with the enemy."

"You never held any compassion for me," Angelina said from behind him, her voice strong, clear, despite the fact he assumed she was scared shitless.

Sal smirked and looked over Fury's shoulder at her. "Come here, Angelina." A moment of silence stretched before Fury heard her stepping closer. He saw her move around him, and both of their gazes clashed for a

suspended moment.

The club had to be arriving any minute, but were there more men in the surrounding area, waiting, watching? It would have been smart of Sal to bring more than five guys.

Angelina now stood in front of Fury, feet from her father, and her head held high. She wore his clothing again, the material sagging off her body. Sal looked her up and down.

“Sleeping with the Cardona enemy, Angelina?”

She didn’t respond.

“You are nothing more than a traitor to your family. If your brother was here—”

“But he’s not, because his life was shitty in every way. He took lives, murdered, raped, stole, and didn’t care for anyone but himself and what he could gain.”

Fucking hell, Angelina.

Sal’s nostrils flared, his anger clear on his face.

“And you’re no better.”

Goddammit. She was going to get herself killed, and Fury wouldn’t be able to stop it until it was too late.

Before Fury could anticipate what was going to happen, Sal backhanded Angelina hard enough her head cocked to the side.

Fury was in front of her a second later, pushing her behind the safety of his body, and wanting to slice open Sal’s neck and watch him bleed out. He could have knocked the fucker back, but Sal’s men were right next to him a second later, four guns trained at Fury’s chest.

“Protective, which is admirable, but it isn’t going to help you when this is all said and done.” Sal grinned.

“Who the fuck is the girl?” Birdie asked. Leave it to the other man to point out something that wasn’t their issue at this moment.

All eyes went to the fucker that held the woman. She looked groggy, probably because she’d been drugged. Although it didn’t appear she was afraid.

“Go on, sweetheart,” the man holding her said. He had his arm wrapped around her waist, holding her up, and grinning like a sadistic bastard. “Tell them,” he said with a harder voice.

“Allie,” she said, her voice thick because of being drugged. “My mother is Trixie.”

Shit.

Fury knew who Trixie was, not because he'd fucked her, but because she'd been around the club for a long time. She was a good person, and although he hadn't known she had a daughter, this fucker was using her as leverage.

"And before you ask what I'm doing with her," the fucker said, "I just want you to know she's the icing on top of the shit storm. I'm going to make her hurt before I have my way with her. If I have to haul her around as payback, I might as well get some pleasure out of it."

"You sick bastard, Nando," Angelina said, her voice thick now from her emotions.

Nando chuckled.

Fury saw a glint out the window in the tree line in his peripheral vision and glanced to the side. His body tensed when he saw a flash of leather and denim, and the gun Shorty held.

The club was here.

Everything seemed to happen in slow motion. Sal and his men pulled Angelina away from Fury, and he roared out like an enraged animal.

“Get your fucking hands off of her,” Fury said and went to grab her away from Sal, but one of her father’s men jammed the butt of his gun in Fury’s temple. He stumbled back, but still looked so angry, and even unfazed as blood ran down his temple.

“Come after her again and I’ll make sure Angelina is the one that gets the hit to the head,” Sal said, the threat real.

The Cardona men kept the barrels of their guns lined up right on the three bikers. Her father had his hand wrapped tightly around her forearm and all but dragged her out of the cabin. Fury and the other two bikers were ushered behind them with guns trained to the back of their skulls.

Once outside, she saw her father’s dark SUV, along with another one beside it. This couldn’t be how this ended for her, because she knew her father seeing her as a traitor meant she’d be treated as such. She was no longer his blood, but an expendable “example to be shown to others”.

The air was crisp for how early it was, but the sun was starting to rise, and the brightness of it crept over the trees, blinding her for a second. She lifted her hand to shield her eyes but was yanked forward by Sal.

The stairs of the porch caught her off guard, and she tumbled forward. Sal curled his lip in disgust and yanked her up so she was righted.

“You’re pathetic,” he said, disgust lacing his voice. “I’m glad your brother isn’t here to see this, to see what a failure and traitor you have become.”

There were a lot of things she wanted to say but didn't know where to start. She knew if she didn't get out of this, she was as good as dead, and the very thought of Fury not being in her life hurt like hell.

"Your mother couldn't even be bothered with you, not when you're a little bitch and ran from us," Sal said and faced her once they were just feet from the SUV. "She's too grief-stricken by the loss of her son, her one child that actually made her proud. Pills, alcohol, and her depression made her a recluse." Sal sneered at Angelina. "You should have been there to tend to her."

Angelina didn't bother commenting that she'd just found out Marco died, and also didn't mention that her mother had been more focused on herself than to worry about the daughter she had, growing up isolated and alone. No, saying any of that wouldn't have mattered or made a difference.

"And when I get you back to the safe house, I'm going to cleanse you. By the time you take your last breath you'll be a Cardona again ... a dead one, but one that will know what she left, and is regretful."

No, they could torture and kill her, but she'd never regret leaving or finding Fury. She looked behind her at him, and saw his focus was on her even though a gun was pressed right to his head.

There was determination in his eyes, intent, and for some reason this feeling like everything would be okay washed through her. It was only that second of realization and comfort that moved through her body before she heard the first gun being fired. Angelina didn't know which direction it came from, but she ducked on instinct.

The shouts, guns being fired, and violence that instantly coated the air had adrenaline washing through her. The fight or flight instinct kicked in, but Sal still had his hand wrapped tightly around her forearm.

"You're not getting away that easily. Nando," Sal shouted. "Get rid of the fucking deadweight and help me toss Angelina in the SUV," Sal said, speaking about the drugged-up girl Nando had taken hostage.

Before anyone else could move, the gunfire became the only sound she heard. Her ears rang, her blood rushed through her veins, and fear slammed into her. She tried to see where Fury was, but the dirt from the ground made a dusty haze around them, making trying to see anything nearly impossible.

Wrenching her hand away from her father's grasp wasn't as easy as it should have been. He was older, yes, but he was also strong as hell. But the chaos all around them had things up in the air, focuses shifting, and she

kicked out, trying to get him in his injured leg.

“You fucking ungrateful bitch,” Sal grunted out when she just barely missed him.

“I’m not going down like this.” And she wasn’t, wouldn’t ever be a pawn again.

She coughed as she inhaled the dust surrounding them, and heard muffled shouts through the dirt cloud being kicked up.

But she spotted Nando, that asshole who was clearly not going to let go of the girl for whatever reason, start to make his way away from the carnage.

Someone knocked into her and she fell backward, her father’s grasp coming undone from her. A gun skittered a few feet from her, and she crawled for it, staying down so a stray bullet didn’t get her.

With her fingers now wrapped around the butt of the weapon, she turned and aimed at Nando. He was slowly making his way further from the fight. She might not be a good shot, but she’d practiced a few times throughout her life.

Aiming the gun at him she fired before he got too far away. Pleasure filled her when she saw the bullet hit Nando, but he kept moving, so she didn’t know how bad she’d gotten him.

“Angelina.”

She heard Fury’s enraged voice behind her. She looked over her shoulder and saw Fury fighting with one of Sal’s men. A few other bikers were beside him fighting, as well. She started to make her way over to him, ready and willing to shoot the asshole that was going after her man, but she was yanked back.

“Fucking traitor,” her father said and spun her around. A punch to her face had her gasping and stars dancing in front of her vision. The gun got knocked out of her hand, and the taste of blood filled her mouth.

“Fuck you,” she wheezed out and pushed past the pain. Another round of gunshots whizzed by them, and she ducked her head once more.

He chuckled, but it was dark, sadistic. She was now on the receiving end of the monster her father truly was.

Before this, she’d been shut up, hidden away from and rarely seeing the violence, but heard about it plenty of times.

Those few times she’d seen it face-to-face she knew her life could never be what she wanted if she stayed.

“I see a little of that Cardona spirit coming out in you. Too bad you are no

longer my blood.”

Good. She'd never wanted to be it anyway.

“Come on. No fucking way I'm leaving you here when I have so much planned for you.” He pulled her forward roughly. “You know what happens to those that betray a Cardona.”

She was hauled up on her feet, but she fought every step of the way. As she tried in vain to get away from her father, he slapped her again. She moved her head to the side when he went to hit her again, and his palm skimmed her cheek.

They couldn't move fast because of his injured leg, and even though she tried to get free, or at the very least take him down, the ground was uneven and the gun he had pressed to her head had her escape attempts stalling for the time being.

She tried looking behind her shoulder, but with being yanked around, she couldn't focus. But what she did finally see was Fury's enraged face looking at her in between the lethal punches he threw at the guy he fought.

She would not be a victim anymore.

Angelina just needed to stay strong and think of how to get out of this alive so she could be with Fury, and never have to worry about who was coming after her.

The air left Fury and a roar sounded from his throat as he charged forward and tackled the man he was fighting.

He tried to keep an eye on Angelina, because that was where he needed to be, where he wanted to be.

He needed to protect her, but the assholes kept coming out and attacking.

A prick charged forward, and Fury slammed his fist into the fucker's temple. The bastard got a blank look on his face before he fell backward. Fury finished him off in a swift move, the guy's life ended within a matter of seconds.

"Go, get her. I got this," Birdie said, and Fury gave one nod before following Sal.

Even with gunfire erupting from all around him, the scent of blood filling the air, and violence coming from everyone like a toxic fume, Fury was focused only on Angelina.

Sal was trying to get deeper into the woods, but his leg was fucked up and he hadn't managed to get very far.

Where in the hell does he even think he's going? Does he actually think he can escape?

He'd obviously thought there wouldn't be a fight, or if there was, his men could take down the MC. What sane, smart person would come after an MC with a fucked-up leg, thinking he could actually come out on top?

What Sal didn't know was the Bleeding Mayhem didn't back down and didn't let anyone fuck with them.

Fury didn't have a gun on him, but he'd managed to snag a knife as he

tracked them.

“Back the hell off or I’ll blow her fucking head off.” Sal’s words had Fury stopping. They were still a good distance from each other, but Fury wasn’t going to let this prick get away, and he sure as hell wasn’t going to let him hurt Angelina any more than he had.

Already Fury felt like he’d let her down, and he needed to make it right, make her see he could protect her.

“You want me, then let her go.” Fury didn’t know if bargaining would work, because honestly, he’d never done it before. He’d always just gone into a fight and not looked back or worried about the repercussions. He crept closer, and Sal took a step back.

“You want her as yours?” Sal said and turned his head to spit. “She’s a traitorous bitch. You sure you want to have something like that strapped to your side?”

Fury stepped closer. “She ran because of you and the life she didn’t want. That’s not traitorous, and being with me isn’t a betrayal.”

Sal shook his head. “It doesn’t matter because she won’t be yours. I’ll make sure she’s in the ground while you watch.” He straightened even further and sneered. “I wanted to see your club fucking fall to my feet and bleed out. You better make sure I’m good and dead or I’m coming after you and taking out every single one of you fuckers nice and slow.” Sal pushed Angelina out of the way and pointed the gun at Fury.

He started shooting, but Fury was running toward him, the bullets flying past him and hitting trunks of the trees surrounding them. Sal kept trying to fire even after the bullets ran out. They crashed into each other and fell to the ground.

For long moments they fought, with Sal, being the old fucker that he was and injured, holding his own pretty damn well. Although the rumors about Sal and Marco Cardona had been that they were brutal.

But the knife Fury held fell from his grasp when Sal got an undercut in Fury’s chin. He fell backward, his teeth cut into his inner cheek, and his head cracked back on a boulder.

Clenching his jaw through the pain, he tried focusing on Angelina.

He saw Angelina scrambling forward. She grabbed the knife and swiped out. She managed to cut Sal in the upper arm, and kept fighting him, trying to cut the fucker.

That’s my good, strong girl.

But Sal reared his hand back and backhanded her hard enough she fell backward, the knife being knocked out of her hand. Blood came out of her mouth, and Fury gritted past the pain, trying to get rid of the haziness in his head.

He pushed himself up, the pain enough he groaned deep in his throat. He charged forward again.

Sal picked up the knife, and just as Fury got to him Sal swiped out, slicing his shoulder. Fury hissed out and stumbled backward against a tree, bracing himself with one hand.

This fucker is stronger than he looks.

Sal turned and went to Angelina at the same time Fury was moving toward him. But the ground was shifting out from under him, the knock to his head when he'd fallen previously starting to rise up and try to claim him.

Sal wrapped his hand around her throat and pushed her up against the tree. Even from the distance Fury could see the sweat beading on Sal's forehead, and knew the man was in pain.

"You fucking bitch. You've disgraced your family, shit on Marco's memory, and fucked the man who helped kill your brother."

Fury breathed through the pain, grabbed the knife that had fallen from Angelina's grasp, and tightened his hold around it.

Without thinking about it anymore he rushed Sal, placed the blade right at his carotid artery, and sliced him wide open. Blood sprayed outward, covering Angelina. Her eyes were wide, but Sal had let go of her to cover his own throat, trying to stop the bleeding.

Fury moved away, and Sal fell backward, gurgling. The arc of blood that came from his throat was in time with the beating of his heart.

Fury grabbed Angelina and pulled her in close, trying to shield her from the sight of her father dying, of the violence around them.

"No. Let me see. I need to watch this end." She faced her father on the ground, and Sal stared at them as the life in his eyes dimmed. And then he was lifeless, the gunfire seeming to have stopped completely, along with the shouts from the MC surrounding them.

Fury turned Angelina away from where her father lay dead, cupped her cheeks, and looked into her eyes.

"Just focus on me, baby."

She nodded. Blood covered her face, her eyes wide, and she was breathing hard and fast.

“Are you okay?” He was so fucking worried about her right now.

She blinked a few times, but nodded again. “I’m fine. It’s over,” she whispered, and then she started crying.

He pulled her in and just held her, knowing the relief she felt was consuming. The tears she cried were of happiness, of freedom. He knew that as much as he knew that he fucking loved this woman so damn much.

He wouldn’t let her go, would always protect her, and if he died trying, then he’d do it for her.

She was his world now, his old lady, and no one would get between him and Angelina.

The carnage of the fight was all around them, the aftermath leaving blood on his hands and his heart still racing. Shorty turned in a circle, the woods surrounding him, the cabin just up ahead.

The rest of the MC were heading back to the cabin, and he could hear Stone talking on the phone to the men that would clean up the mess here. There were bodies all over the place, bullet holes in the trees, and pools of blood seeping into the dirt.

Shorty ran a hand over his hair, feeling sweat, grit, and blood covering part of the short strands.

“You okay, man?” Dealer asked, looking just as dirty as Shorty did. But Dealer was wounded, having gotten grazed by a bullet. He’d been field patched up, and sported a rag that was starting to be saturated with blood.

“I’m good, man.” Shorty looked at one of the Cardona men just a foot from where he stood, face down and dead. He turned his head and spit out a mouthful blood. “I’m glad all these Cardona fuckers are lifeless. Makes the day better.”

Dealer snorted. “We’re getting ready to head out of here. Not sure how far the gunshots traveled, but it’s smart if we leave.”

Shorty nodded, his mind on one thing, one person.

“Cleaners can be here in an hour. They got a crew in the next town over, so we lucked out in that regard,” Stone said after disconnecting the call.

Shorty thought about the woman Nando had. That fucking asshole had run out of here when shit started to get really bad. Had he thought the MC would just lie down and take what Sal and his men brought? Well, the prick

hadn't known what was coming.

"Fuck," Shorty said under his breath.

"Man, you okay?" Stone asked and moved up to stand beside him.

"Is no one concerned about Trixie's daughter?" Shorty rolled his head around on his neck and breathed out.

He was antsy as fuck, and all he kept thinking about was the wide-eyed look she'd had right before Nando was able to slip out from under them.

From the moment he saw her just yesterday at the clubhouse, something in him switched on.

He couldn't describe the feeling, but he'd taken notice of her instantly, his heart beat faster, and this primal side of him rose up.

He'd wanted her in that moment, her curvy body calling out to him, and his cock punching out in lust. But this situation was all kinds of fucked up.

"Of course, we're fucking concerned. It's an innocent woman that got caught up in all of this." Dealer was the one to speak. "But I heard Angelina got the fucker with a bullet to the shoulder. If he doesn't bleed out, we can at least hope he's in some serious pain. That's something."

No, it wasn't enough.

"We'll find her, Shorty," Stone said. "Dirty and the others are already working on connections to track down Nando. He can't get far with us on his ass."

They sure as hell better find her. And when he had his hands on Nando, Shorty was going to really fuck that asshole up.

Fury and Angelina had gotten back to her apartment just an hour before. Although although she was still shaking from what had happened, having Fury here, everything working out, and her father finally gone, had this calm settling over Angelina.

She lifted her hand and rubbed her skin, the pain there physically and mentally. Her father, a man that she had felt no connection with, hadn't seen her as anything but leverage for what he needed in order to gain something in his life.

It was Marco that he'd loved, that was his legacy. She was just a pawn, and even if that should have hurt more than it did, Angelina had always known the truth deep down.

And her mother, God, hearing her father say her mother wanted nothing to do with her, that she was lost in her own world, in pills and alcohol, wasn't a surprise either.

"Baby?"

Fury's strained voice came from behind her, and she looked at him. He stood there, his clothes covered in dirt and blood, his face appearing weary.

"Let's take a shower. Let's wash all this fucking hell off of us."

She couldn't have thought of a better thing to do in that moment. Letting him lead her into the bathroom, she turned on the light and saw the tub was still filled from all those days ago. But she didn't think about any of that.

Meeting Fury might not have been on the most honest and true of terms, but since then, things had changed. He'd saved her life, made her feel alive, and this was where she wanted to be ... with him.

After draining the tub and starting the shower, Angelina turned and faced Fury. They didn't speak, and as he helped her undress, mindful her body was sore, she felt her love for him. Yeah, she loved him, and it just hit her right now like a ton of bricks.

Lifting her hands and cupping his stubble-covered cheeks, she smiled. "I love you," she whispered, then held her breath, waiting to see what he'd say, if he'd say anything.

"I love you, too," he responded, and leaned down to kiss her lightly on the lips. "I fucking love you, Angelina."

She smiled against his mouth and wrapped her arms around him. Only when the room started to fill with steam did they pull away and step into the tub. The water from the shower moved down Angelina's body, and she closed her eyes in pleasure and contentment.

Fury pushed her hair away from her shoulders and leaned down to kiss the side of her neck. Goosebumps formed along her skin, and she leaned against his body, using his strength the way she desperately needed it.

"Let me care for you, wash you."

She felt herself nod.

His soapy hands felt incredible on her flesh, and she sighed. As the water washed the bubbly remnants away, he turned her around so her back was to his chest now. His skin was smooth and warm, slick and hard.

He washed her hair with gentle, caressing movements, and although she felt his erection on the small of her back, she knew he didn't want sex right now. This was about the two of them just being here together in this moment.

"I killed your father, Angelina," he said, and she opened her eyes, staring at the tile across from her.

"Yes, you did, but he was never really my father, not in any of the ways that mattered."

He didn't respond, but just held her. "I love you," he said again, and she turned around to face him. The sound of the water beating against the tiles didn't drown out the emotion in his voice.

"I love you, too, Fury."

He wrapped his arms tighter around her and kissed her forehead. "A part of me wants to be good, abide by the fucking rules, for you. But I don't know how to be a good man. I don't know how to be good enough for you."

She shook her head. "I don't want you to be anything you're not. I love you for who you are, Fury."

He just held her. “Stay with me, Angelina,” he said, his voice deep, his chest vibrating against her ear as he spoke. “It’s fucking insane, I know, and the circumstances don’t make this ideal, but I can’t not have you in my life.” He pulled back and looked down at her.

She blinked back the water from the shower, wanting this from him, and also knowing how crazy this all was.

“You don’t have to be afraid or worried anymore. You don’t have to look over your shoulder or think you can’t have a life.” He smoothed his thumb along her cheek. “I want to be good for you, good to you. I want to start from the beginning, do the whole dating scene.”

She smiled. “Dating scene? I can’t say I’ve ever really done it.”

He chuckled softly. “Yeah, me neither. But I want to take you out, show you off. I want to buy you flowers, feed you chocolates, and hold the damn door open for you because you deserve to be worshipped. I want to give everything to you because you deserve no less.”

Her smile faded as her heart beat faster at his words.

“I can’t promise you a white picket fence, or anything like that, but I can promise that you’ll always be safe, loved, and you’ll be the only one for me.” He continued to smooth his finger over her cheek. “I can promise you that I’ll always be true to you. You’re my old lady.” He kissed her softly. “Tell me you want that, baby. Tell me you want to be mine, to be by my side.” His voice was so soft, and slightly hesitant, as if he were afraid she’d tell him to fuck off.

“I want that, too, Fury.”

“How the fuck did I get so lucky to have you in my life?”

She shook her head again. “I think we’re both lucky, Fury.”

And they were, because how could it be wrong to be with someone that made her feel so right?

One week later

“**W**e’re not doing enough,” Shorty said to Fury right before he was about to leave.

“Brother, we are doing all we can. We’ll find her.” Fury placed his hand on Shorty’s shoulder and nodded once. “We’ll find her,” Fury repeated.

Shorty just gave a chin tilt and turned to leave, and the silence that stretched on was pretty deafening.

Angelina gathered the plates that were on the dining room table. They’d had over a few of the guys, but the quiet dinner that was supposed to be what tonight was about, had turned into Shorty bringing up Allie, the girl that Nando had taken.

There hadn’t been any word on where Nando had gone, or even if he still had the girl. Was she even alive?

Trixie, Allie’s mother, was distressed, which was to be expected, but there was nothing they could do aside from using all their resources to look for her.

But with her father dead, the Cardonas were up in arms. Angelina had tried contacting her mother, but when she’d gotten hung up on, and then the number changed, she knew her mother had closed the door on her.

Maybe her pain and grief were just too much? Maybe Angelina leaving had destroyed what they could have had?

I can’t think like that. I won’t. She made her decision.

“You doing okay, baby?” Fury asked and came into the kitchen where she was now.

“I’m fine,” she lied.

Fury wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close. She rested her head on his chest and just closed her eyes, breathing out. “You’re not fine, baby girl.”

No, she wasn’t, but it was something only time could heal. “It’s not about you or us, but the fact even though my brother and father are dead, someone from their crew has an innocent girl.”

Fury pulled back and kissed her on the forehead. “We’ll find her, have no worries about that.”

She knew they’d find her, because when the Bleeding Mayhem put their minds to something, they got it done without anything getting in their way.

“But I don’t want you worrying about it, okay? You’ve been through enough, and it’s my fault—”

She kissed him, stopping him from saying anything else. “No more blame being cast except where it’s due, and that’s at the men that did this to us and Allie.”

It had only been a week since all the shit had gone down with her father, but things were settling. Fury had gotten her out of her shitty apartment and into his, and although it was small, she felt safe here.

In due time she’d look for something bigger, maybe an apartment for herself, or one she could share with the man she loved.

“You know I love you so fucking much?”

She smiled at the deepness in his voice, the genuine love he had for her.

“I love you, too.”

This life could be pretty shitty, but Angelina had never felt more at ease or where she belonged than she did right here, right now, and with Fury.

That couldn’t be wrong or bad.

The only thing she needed to focus on was making sure she enjoyed her freedom, because a lot had been lost to gain it.

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