

Chapter 17 – By Fate I Conquer Cora Reilly

“Calling Vitiello is a big risk, Prez. He can track us,” Cody butted in.

I almost rolled my eyes. As if Earl didn’t know that. Everyone who’s been doing illegal shit for more than a day knows how easily phone calls could be tracked.

“Do I look like an idiot?” Earl snarled. “It’s to record a video for the motherfucker, Vitiello.”

My pulse sped up, wondering what kind of video Earl had in mind.

Marcella’s expression turned worried when she spotted us heading her way. “Hey princess, time to show your daddy not to mess with us.”

Marcella’s eyes darted to me, then to Earl.

“Get naked,” Earl ordered.

My head swiveled around. “Why?” I asked, my voice alarmed.

“Someone’s eager to see pussy,” Cody snickered, mistaking my worry for excitement. He was such a fucking moron. Earl, on the other hand, seemed to know exactly how I felt about the situation.

“Can you upload the video on the internet without any link to this location?” Earl asked Gray.

Gray looked put on the spot. “I guess so.”

Earl slapped him over the head. “I guess so won’t do if you don’t want Vitiello to skin your balls.”

“I can do it,” Gray said quietly.

“You want to post a video of Marcella naked online?” It wasn’t as bad as what I’d feared when Earl had asked her to get naked, and it would definitely coax a strong reaction from Vitiello.

Earl nodded but he looked at Marcella. “Get naked!”

She shook her head, her head held high. “I certainly won’t undress in front of any of you.”

“Oh, you won’t? Then we’ll have to do it for you,” Earl said with a nasty grin.

Cody was already salivating at the prospect of getting his hands on Marcella. "I can do it," he said, sounding like he'd never seen a pussy before.

"No, I want to do it," I growled, sending Cody a scowl. Then I glanced at Earl and allowed my expression to become leering. "I want Vitiello to know that I'm the one who undressed his precious princess."

Marcella sent me a disgusted look.

Earl gave me a benevolent smile. "Go ahead." He nodded at Gray. "Get your phone ready."

I unlocked the door and stepped inside the cage, straightening my cut so it would look good in the recording.

"The rest of us will howl and hit the bars in the background," Earl instructed, as if Cody needed an incentive to do so.

Gray positioned himself in a corner of the kennel so he could film Marcella but also the others as they swarmed around the kennel.

The dogs began to bark and jump against the bars, fired up by the heated atmosphere.

Marcella took a step back when I approached her but then she caught herself, straightened her shoulders and lifted her head to send me the most condescending look I'd ever seen, as if I was a cockroach not worthy to be squashed under her expensive shoe. Anger rushed through my veins. In moments like this, she reminded me too much of her father. Why was I even trying to protect her?

I stopped right in front of her, torn between fury and concern. This was quickly getting out of hand.

"Get her out of those clothes," Earl shouted.

"I'll count to five then I'll start to record," Gray said.

I reached for Marcella's blouse and noticed the slight tremor in her body. My anger quickly evaporated but I couldn't reason with Earl and I sure as fuck wouldn't allow Cody to put his hands on her. I began to unbutton the remaining buttons of her blouse. My fingers brushed across Marcella's skin and goose bumps erupted all over her body, but all I could think about was that I'd never touched skin softer than hers.

She jerked back when I reached her midriff. "I'll do it myself."

"Hurry the fuck up, will you?" I snarled, knowing this would reach Vitiello.

I took a step back and watched as Marcella unbuttoned the last button then pushed her blouse over her shoulders. After that, she shimmied out of her black pants. The fabric floated to the dirty ground, leaving her in black lace panties and a black strapless bra. I didn't even try not to check her out. It would have been physically impossible. The draw was simply too strong.

"The rest too," Earl growled.

Marcella's fingers trembled when she unhooked her bra and she swallowed visibly when it dropped to the ground. Her pink nipples puckered. I dragged my eyes away from her round breasts and met her gaze, trying not to act like a fucking pervert but it cost me every ounce of self-control I never knew I had.

In the background, Earl and the others began to howl and hit the bars. The dog's barking soon became shrill and excited. Marcella hooked her fingers in the waistband of her panties, her hateful eyes hitting me before she shoved the flimsy fabric down. For a heartbeat, my gaze darted down, like a reflex I couldn't control, but there wasn't enough time to soak up the full enormity of her beauty. I only caught a glimpse of a triangle of black and slim thighs before I caught myself. I fought the urge to step in front of her to shield her from the hungry eyes of the others. I didn't want to share the sight with anyone, even though I didn't have any right to see it myself. Fuck. I never cared if any of the girls I slept with were passed around my club brothers, so why did I care about Marcella?

"Turn around," Earl ordered. Marcella's wrath now hit him. She was trembling and fear swam in the depth of her blue eyes but you couldn't tell from her cold expression.

With a grace few people would have managed in a dirty kennel, surrounded by leering men and raging dogs, Marcella turned around slowly. I realized I'd stopped breathing when the last item of her clothing had hit the ground and quickly sucked in a deep breath. I needed to get a fucking grip. I focused on Cody, trying to gauge his reaction. He was practically salivating, eager to mount her. Luckily, Earl's expression was mostly calculating, even if he too watched her with a sort of slack-jawed hunger—which any man would upon seeing Marcella's body.

Eventually, Earl motioned Gray to turn off the recording. Marcella stood still, her arms hanging loosely by her side. Looking the way she did, she had no reason to be shy about her body, but that wasn't why she seemed completely unfazed by her nakedness. She was too proud to show any weakness. I wondered what was really going on in her mind.

"Let's hope for you that your daddy gets the message," Earl said before he turned and headed back to the clubhouse, probably to dip his dick in club girl pussy.

Gray, the prospect, and Gunnar soon followed him. Only Cody remained, still checking out Marcella.

"Why don't you fuck off?" I muttered.

"Why? So you can dip your cock in that virgin pussy? I didn't hear you call dibs."

I glanced at Marcella. Virgin? She had been dating that Italian douchebag for over two years. I knew the Italian mob was traditional but even they must have stepped into the twenty-first century by now. Marcella's face was still hateful and eerily proud.

"Nobody's going to call dibs," I growled.

"We'll see," Cody said and finally turned around and left. The moment he was gone and out of earshot, I turned to Marcella. "You can get dressed."

She smiled harshly, but I didn't miss the glistening of her eyes. "Are you sure that's what you want? Don't you want to call dibs on my virgin pussy?" She spat out the last two words in disgust. It was obvious that she wasn't used to talking dirty.

I almost asked if she was indeed a virgin. Then I decided it was better if I didn't know. It was completely irrelevant to our plan, and yet my thoughts circled around this tidbit of information since Cody had brought it up like flies around shit. "Just get dressed," I said sharply, annoyed at myself.

Marcella covered her breasts as she bent down to retrieve her clothes then tiptoed toward the hut where she draped them as if they weren't ripped and dusty.

"I didn't know this would happen," I said, even though I wasn't sure why I was telling her this. I didn't have to justify myself or the club's actions to her.

"You enjoyed it," she muttered as she pulled her panties back on. I'd seen her wash them in the bucket of water from my window last night.

There was no denying it. Marcella was prettier than in my imagination. Fuck, pretty was an insult for her. "Are there men who wouldn't?"

"At least one," she said as she dressed herself fully. I wondered whom she was referring to.

"Your fiancé?"

"Ex-fiancé." She fixed me with a look. "So what's next? Are you going to post a video of every biker having a go at me?"

My pulse sped up. "No," I growled. The mere idea of letting that happen set my blood aflame. "We aren't animals."

She gave me a doubtful look. I couldn't even blame her after the show Earl had just put on.

The fierceness in Maddox's voice caught me by surprise. "Why do you care? Or do you want me for yourself?" I asked.

I resisted the urge to rub my arms. That wouldn't get rid of the dirty feeling on my skin where they had leered at me. Focusing on Maddox had helped a little. His gaze, other than that of his biker friends, hadn't made me feel dirty. I wasn't sure what it was about him that calmed and exhilarated me all at once. It was an absolutely irrational feeling.

Still, my stomach dropped when I thought of the recording that would soon find its way into the internet, onto millions of computer screens, even Dad's and Amo's. I hoped they wouldn't watch. I also wished none of the girls who despised me would see me like that, but that was wishful thinking. They would all jump at the chance to see me humiliated. At the mercy of these bastards. I wouldn't allow them to make me feel degraded.

Maddox stalked out of the cage and locked it, as if he couldn't stand another moment in my proximity. He lit a cigarette and glowered up at the clubhouse but didn't answer my question. I wasn't blind. I had seen the way he looked at me, no matter how hard he tried not to look.