

## Chapter 20 – By Fate I Conquer Cora Reilly

“Don’t worry. My hatred for what her father’s done will help me. I sure as f\*ck won’t be led around by my d\*ck, but if she wants a good biker creamin’, who am I to say no?”

I chuckled to myself, grabbing my crotch.

Earl let out his raspy laugh. “Horny as f\*ck. For all I care, you can fill her holes as long as that’s not messing with our plan. You’re the one who deserves some Vitiello cunt, like you said. I won’t forbid it. But watch your back. I’m sure the pretty face is a mask and the cunt will stab you in the back the moment you don’t pay attention.”

Cody crossed his arms over his scrawny chest. Maybe he should restrict his physical movements to bench press instead of f\*cking every available pussy in the club. “I think it would be only fair if each of us got a go at her. We’re all in this. I don’t think it’s fair if only Mad gets his d\*ck wet.”

“Mad had to watch his father and his club brothers being ripped apart by Luca Vitiello and risked his f\*cking hide trailing and kidnapping Marcella. How’s that unfair?”

Cody turned to Earl. I listened to him trying his damndest to get his dirty hands on Marcella, and while Earl shook his head, I wondered how much longer he’d deny Cody’s request. Keeping the mood good in the club was one of the main tasks of a prez. So far none of the other club brothers had openly asked for a go at Marcella but if Cody started spewing his bullshit that might very well change. He was like a f\*cking bulldog when he wanted something.

But if anyone got cozy with her then it was going to be me.

“She’s not a pass-around. I won’t hand her around like a trophy. That’s only going to lead to more arguments among you perverts. I won’t have fights because someone had ten minutes more with the whore. As long as it’s only Mad getting his bonus after all the shit Vitiello has put him through, everything will be good.”

Cody looked as if he’d swallowed a bitter pill but he didn’t dare bug Earl more. His face made it clear the topic was settled for him and he wanted his f\*cking peace to shoot cans.

I sent Cody a smirk and nodded my thanks at Earl before I stalked away to tell Snow White the good news.

My heart was beating like a jungle drum. I was f\*cking ecstatic, but at the same time I knew this could mess things up. I already had trouble getting my mind out of the gutter. Sleeping in the same room with Snow White definitely wouldn’t help. Cody’s warning had hit home. For one, I didn’t know much about Marcella. She might very well stab me

in the eye while I slept. I'd have to get rid of every potential weapon in my room, which would take a while.

"Good news, you're moving today," I told her. She scrambled to her feet, eyes growing wide with hope.

"You're helping me," she whispered, her gaze flitting to the clubhouse as if this was a secret. In moments like this, her protected upbringing showed. Everything had always gone to plan in her life. Her daddy had made sure of it. That someone might not fall to his knees before her mightiness and follow her command was impossible to grasp.

"I hope you're not thinking I'm taking you back to Daddy or letting you go. Not all of my blood has left my brain yet."

She frowned, becoming vigilant. "Where are you taking me?" I unlocked the cage and entered, growing annoyed by her reaction, especially when she backed up a step. Did she think I'd grab her and throw her over my shoulder? I'd risked my f\*cking head for her and she acted as if I was some kind of perv.

"Up to my room. That's where you're going to spend the rest of your stay here until your daddy decides to hand himself over for you."

Her mouth went slack. "Have you lost your mind? I'm not going to share a bedroom with you."

"If you stay in my room, I can protect you from Cody. Out here, you're at his mercy, especially at night. I won't stay up all night and watch you through my window. Sorry, princess, not going to happen."

"You want me to think you're some kind of knight in shining armor?" she hissed. Those blue eyes shone with distrust, and she had every reason not to trust me.

"I don't care what you think Marcella, but if I tell you to stay by my side for your own f\*cking protection, you should really do it."

Her eyes narrowed farther. "I don't believe you're doing this out of the goodness of your heart."

"You can either stay here and wait for Cody to get his eager hands on you or you can come with me to my room."

"For you to get your eager hands on me."

I let out a sarcastic laugh. "Don't overestimate yourself." Then I tilted my head. "And if I recall our last conversations correctly, you made a move on me, and not the other way around."

The look she gave me made it clear she knew very well of the effect she had on me, and f\*ck, she was right.

I shrugged and turned on my heel to leave the cage. I wouldn't beg her to sleep in my room. If she wanted to stay with the dogs. That was her decision. They'd be the least of her problems anyway. Cody was already salivating at the idea of getting his tiny cock into her pussy.

Of course, her refusal only meant I would spend all day and night watching the kennels from my window to make sure nobody touched Snow White.

"Wait," she shouted when I was about to close the cage. I masked my relief and cocked an eyebrow at her.

"I don't have all day for you to make up your mind. Maybe everyone's catered to your every whim so far but I won't."

I could tell how she fought with herself to keep a comeback in. "I'll go with you," she said grudgingly.

"Then come on. Hurry."

She tiptoed out of the cage, but Satan jumped against the bars eagerly, making her jump. She turned to the dog. "I'll make sure my father frees you once he destroys this place."

I scoffed. "Your father will make a rug from her fur."

"You don't know anything about my father."

Shaking my head in annoyance, I motioned for her to go ahead. She finally picked up some speed as I led her to my room. The club brothers gathered in the common area hollered and whistled as they saw us. I sent them a grin, which increased the look of wariness on Marcella's face.

The moment we entered my room, both she and I became tense, only for very different reasons.

As the vice president of the Tartarus motorcycle club, getting pussy had never been an issue. S\*xy women eager to please walked in and out of our clubhouse every day. But spending the night in a room with Marcella, was a f\*cking temptation unlike any I'd ever encountered. I'd taken her into my room to protect her, but now that she was here, I wondered if this would seriously mess things up for me. I wanted her, had wanted her from the very first second I'd seen her if I was being honest with myself.

"I need a shower," she said, tearing me from my thoughts. She scanned my room. She was used to better of course. I'd lived in every imaginable hut and I didn't give a f\*ck if she thought this was beneath her. She was lucky that she was out of the kennel.

"Be my guest. There's a shower behind that door. Of course, nothing as fancy as a marble bath with rain shower."

She pursed her lips, her eyes settling on me. "Maybe you think I'm spoiled..."

"I think?"

"Maybe I'm spoiled, but I don't think you have any right to judge me. I don't go around kidnapping people."

"No, you only profit from your father's crimes, and kidnapping people is the smallest of his sins."

Whenever I attacked her father, her walls came up as she went into protective mode. Could nothing make her doubt him? "My father would never kidnap a woman or someone's child. He's got honor, unlike you and your idiotic biker club."

"You think too highly of your father. If you knew everything he's done, I'm sure you'd change your mind."

"Nothing you can say would ever change my mind, Maddox, so don't waste your breath on convincing me."

There wasn't a flicker of doubt in her expression and it infuriated me. I wanted to destroy her image of her father. I wanted her hatred for him to match my own. I wanted her on my side. That would truly break Luca Vitiello.

I desperately needed a shower but I could hardly wear my dirty clothes a day longer. They stank of wet dog and sweat and were stained with whatever had clung to the dog hut.

"You should get ready for bed. I have an early day tomorrow and can't afford to discuss bullshit with you all night," Maddox said. He kept a few steps distance between us, for which I was glad. I wasn't sure about his motives.

"I need a change of clothes. Mine are ruined."

He motioned at the heap of wrinkly clothes on the armchair in the corner. "Pick a shirt and boxers for sleep. I won't go shopping for you."

After another glance at the queen-sized bed, I went over to the armchair. In the two years of our relationship, Giovanni had never spent the night. It was ironic that the first

man I'd spend the night with in a room was the very man who'd kidnapped me and wanted my father dead.

A biker. A man who definitely didn't share any of our values. I had flirted with him but sleeping in his room had never been part of the plan. I looked around his room curiously. There wasn't much to it. A bed, a chair, and a desk. The latter two only served as objects to throw clothes on.