

# **The Joy of Revenge #Chapter 61 - Read The Joy of Revenge Chapter 61**

## Chapter 61

### CHAPTER 61 Zemblanity

| noticed the sun streaming through the curtains as | woke up. | wiped the drool off my mouth and heard someone snoring beside me. | slowly turned in my bed and smiled.

Waking up with Cristos beside me in my bed felt surreal, | caressed his cheek and ran my fingers through his hair. At least | was able to spend a night with one of my three men since | moved here. | sighed blissfully. It was a wonderful night.

I sat up and raised my arms above my head to stretch. After stretching out the kinks in my back, | opened the drawer of my nightstand for my phone.

\$ hit! It's already nine in the morning!

| nudged Cristos awake. We had so much to do.

"Chip, wake up! It's already nine! We still have to decorate the stage before the contestants arrive. The girls will be coming in after lunch to practice their walk before hair and make-up, | yelled, hoping my loud voice would wake him.

Cristos suddenly opened his eyes and quickly sat up almost bumping my head with his.

"What?!" He jumped out of bed and began putting his clothes on. "I'll just take a shower at the pub. I'll call Dom and Bo and see if they can help with the decorations."

"You can take a shower here with me..." | pushed the bedsheets aside and rolled over the bed, naked, showing him my bare buttocks while wiggling my feet in the air.

"| don't have time to take a shower and Virtue, darling," he said while averting his eye from my nakedness, "remember, I'm gay." After tucking in his shirt, Cristos looked at himself in the full length mirror of my room. He ran his

fingers in his hair, trying to tidy up some stray strands. When he was satisfied with his reflection, he flicked one hand in the air while placing his other hand on his hip.... obviously back in character. | sighed and decided to get out of bed, covering my nakedness with a pillow.

“Fine, I'll meet you at the pub,” | said, sounding disappointed. He gave me a dirty look.

“I'll have breakfast waiting for you when you get there,” he uttered, a stern tone in his voice.

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He grabbed his keys from my dresser and waved goodbye. “Make sure to brush your teeth. You have really bad morning breath. He dashed out of my bedroom just in time, dodging the pillow | threw at him.

“| want some buttered croissants, crispy bacon and a latte!” | yelled after him as he ran down. the stairs. “And make sure you punch in my security code before closing the door!”

| slammed my bedroom door and stomped my way into the bathroom. It was time to wash the previous night away and get ready for the day.

| decided to wear a puff sleeved white lace vintage dress and white low-heeled sandals. | styled my hair into a half ponytail and placed everything in the white Louis Vuitton Artycapucines bag, an expensive bag given to me by Xavier. It was my favorite bag and the first purse Xavier had ever given me. Xavier was a practical man and believed in spending money on useful things like cars, weapons, equipment, so it was a surprise when the bag. arrived on my doorstep last Chrstmas.

“Whose beauty surpasses the delicate artwork of this bag... | love you  
you. — X”

That was written on the card when | found the parcel after the doorbell rang. No cheesy “roses are red” rhymes, just a simple sentence coming from the heart.

After making sure | didn't forget anything, | punched my security code on my alarm system

and walked out of my house.

As | drove out of the cul-de-sac, | noticed Noah's truck wasn't parked in front of his house. | guess it was an early Saturday morning for Noah. Anyway, I'll be seeing him later tonight.

In town, | saw Jack standing in front of his truck which was parked at the diner and h onked.

He waved at me as | drove by.

When | entered the pub, | found Xavier with his back toward me, dressed to impress while unpacking breakfast from the paper bags he had brought from his cafe.

| whistled as | walked towards him. "You look so handsome. Where's Chip?"

"Still taking a shower. We were waiting for him last night. We didn't know he spent the night

at your place," Xavier said without bothering to look at me. He sounded jealous.

| walked towards him and wrapped my arms around his waist from behind. | rubbed my face

against the back of his neck, licking his earlobe.

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I felt him tremble against my body. | lowered my hands to the front of his pants and felt his erection. Mmmummm

"Virtue, play nicely," he groaned as | rubbed his erection against my palms.

"I am playing nicely, | remarked. Do you, by any chance, have a date?"

He suddenly spun around and nodded his head, looking rather serious. "I do, in fact, and it isn't you, young lady."

"Oh yeah?" | began to move my hips and rub against his groin. | could feel his erection against my dress.

"Virtue, be a good girl and have some breakfast or I'll rip that pretty dress of yours and f uck you on the bar top, he muttered. "Right now?" | dared.

Virtue!" Cristos yelled, walking into the bar area from his office, his hair damp from his

shower. | pushed away from Xavier, looking guilty.

Cristos rolled his eyes while a sheepish Xavier tried to hide his erection. | raised my hands above my head in surrender and backed away.

So, Xavier has a date. Knowing Xavier, it meant he was trying to get close to a mark.

"Someone | know?"

The door of the pub suddenly opened and Sebastian walked in with a small box in his hands.

He closed the door and locked it, so no one else could enter. | waved hello at him as he

placed the box he was carrying on the stage area.

"| have a date with Peter McDowell's mother, Cynthia. She's my date for tonight, Xavier answered, as he pulled out a chair for me to sit in.

"Why?"

After |

was

comfortable, he placed the latte | asked for in front of me. "Pete ordered your assault for a piece of property your father was unwilling to sell to his mother. The same property where Hillcrest is built on."

| just sat there staring at the cup of coffee Xavier gave me. | knew there was something about p

Pete, | just didn't know he and his mother was behind my assault.

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Apparently, they wanted land which belonged to my father. | had always thought all the money my parents had was from the sale of the grocery store. | wasn't aware my father had

land near the lake.

My eyes narrowed as | stared at my coffee. They almost killed me for land. They could have just given my father an offer which would have made my parents very rich people... so they

would never have to think about money over

| mean, that's what | would do to buy land or what normal businessmen would do.

But these animals weren't normal businessmen,

| took a sip of my latte and welcomed the warm liquid down my throat. It was soothing as well as calming. As much as | wanted to go on a rampage, it wouldn't help.

"They're part of the Angels of Darkness aren't they?" Cristos asked while Sebastian and Xavier sat down with me with a cup of coffee in their hands.

"Yes, they are," Sebastian answered. "Peter McDowell is the underboss of the West North Central States, a position he got from his dead father, Rafael Cadena, who was the nephew of the former boss of the Angels of Darkness. Virtue, | think you've heard the story of the underboss we tracked down when we were just teenagers."

Xavier took my hand in his while avoiding eye contact, his face appearing despondent. My heart was racing. | shook my head at the absurdity. It couldn't be possible.

Talk about zemblanity.

But it wasn't Xavier's fault. He did what he had to because Rafael Cadena killed their men

and stole their ship. He had no idea Cadena's family would move to New Salem nor did he know that Pete was just as evil as his father.

"I'm so sorry, Joy," he said, reverting to my true name. "If I had only known, I wouldn't have killed him. You mean the world to me. Please, Joy, forgive me... I never thought-" I raised my hand to quiet him and caressed his cheek. He raised his face to look at me and I noticed. tears in his eyes.

"Bo, my father never thought that a piece of land would be the reason why four boys would. attack me," I said, hoping the simple comparison would be enough for Xavier. I didn't want Xavier to live with the guilt.

"Y-You don't blame me for what happened to you?" Xavier asked, peering into my eyes for

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the truth. I shook my head and kissed him tenderly on the cheek.

It wasn't his fault and it wasn't fair to pin the blame on him. "My rape didn't need to happen. if they played fair. They could have made my father a very wealthy man, but they didn't.. Instead, they hurt me to get to him. So, Bo, what is your plan with Cynthia?" I asked, smiling sinisterly.

He grinned at me, his beautiful brown eyes full of mischief.

"Something Pete isn't expecting," he answered, winking at me. "By the way, Chip, I need a table reserved for tonight. I want to make Cynthia McDowell's last night on earth a memorable experience."

Chapter Comments.

Luna-Mom

POST COMMENT

ha love the title of catfight and the fact it's cougars of the town is just brilliant. Diner or Ash is brilliant

Mary Hall

I can't wait to see how xavier handles this

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Chapter 62

## CHAPTER 62 Laboratory

| usually skip Saturday morning breakfast with my father to get more sleep, but there was something | had to do that couldn't wait.

When | sat down beside my father at our dining table to have breakfast, even he couldn't keep his surprise to himself. "Whatever you have to do or whoever you have to see must be really important for you to be out of bed so early on a Saturday morning," my father said, looking away from his digital newspaper to gaze at me from over his eyeglasses.

"I need to speak to Dan," | said while pouring some syrup on the plate of french toast Clair just placed in front of me

"| thought you were going to help out with your little girlfriends nonsense," he scoffed while fixing his glasses and focusing his attention back to whatever he was reading

allowing a slice of french toast Miss

"It's actually not nonsense, Dad," | argued after North Dakota hacked out of being this year's Miss Honey Bee for our spring parade Vittur and Chip are at

least helping our town find one from among ones to be the star of this year's parade

immat

"I didn't know Miss North Dakota wasn't going to grace the year's parade he mumbled, the usual disapproving to present whenever he was uninformed Well don't forget your other responsibilities. I want the delivery to arrive rich

"About the delivery tonight, Capo Bastone wants half, I mentioned casually

"Half? Why does that nitwit want half I knew my father wouldn't like the new arrangement. I took a sip of my coffee and looked at him and I explained

"I agreed to let him have half of the money, so he could stop him abducting women in this

town," I told my father. I think he doesn't care he runs chances as a reelectionist

bed

I crossed my fingers and hoped my father would intervene on my behalf. To my utter relief, I saw my father shake his head with a scowl on his face.

"He promised the Sheriff he would refrain from any noticeable criminal activity after the Joan Summers fiasco of last year until elections were over, he growled, placing his tablet on

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## CHAPTER 62 Laboratory

the table and taking out his smartphone. "I will call his mother and tell her to put a leash on that psychopath she calls a son. Excuse me."

My father stood up from the table and went into our study to have some privacy. I smirked as I quietly sipped my coffee, grateful my father could still pull some strings. Unfortunately, I didn't have a close working relationship with Cynthia McDowell, but my father did. If there was anyone who Pete would listen to, it was his mother.



I asked Claire for another cup and waited for my father to come out of our study. I was halfway done with my refill when my father finally appeared with a look of concern on his face.

What is it this time?

"I was told to dispense with the arrangement her son has asked of you and continue honoring the previous arrangement," my father said, sitting down in his chair. "However, there is an issue that is troubling. The laboratory personnel could not get any DNA on the glasses, utensils and plates your guests used last Saturday when I was away."

"What?!" I angrily glanced at Claire whose face had turned red from her evident betrayal. She coughed and quickly left the dining room, heading back to the kitchen.

The punishment for betrayal is death, Claire.

"You don't think I wouldn't know about your little dinner date with Virtue Sullivan and that insect everyone calls Chip?" My father's gray eyes had a wicked glint in them.

"Dad, I don't know what the problem is. She is a beautiful woman who I would like to date-"

"Yes, all of them are beautiful, until she has a knife at your throat. Theodore Cohen never minced words. He didn't trust Virtue. "According to the laboratory specialist, all he found was

H2O2."

"Maybe Claire accidentally placed the dirty dishes and utensils in the dishwasher," I reasoned, hoping my simple explanation would remove any doubt my father had.

"Hydrogen peroxide, Liam. H2O2 is hydrogen peroxide, not water. According to the lab

specialist, hydrogen peroxide imposes oxidative stress on cells, leading to cell death," my father explained. "I'm impressed someone as beautiful as Virtue Sullivan is careful, but it makes me wonder what she's hiding."

| tried to remember if | saw Virtue with anything in her hands. | did notice she used moist

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towelettes. Maybe it had hydrogen peroxide in them.

But that wasn't the issue here...

"| recall Virtue used moist towelettes when she had dinner here, but Chip didn't, Dad," | said, snarling as | said the word dad. 'It seems strange that your laboratory specialist couldn't find DNA from the both of them. Maybe you should ask Claire if she handled their used plates and utensils properly. Then again, that isn't the issue here. What did Virtue Sullivan do to you that has made you so suspicious of her? | understand if you don't like her, but you are putting way too much effort in discrediting her." | looked at my watch. "I have to go." | stood up from my chair and was about to leave when | remembered something. "Before | forget, Abigail's parents have been asking for you. They're wondering why you haven't gone to visit their daughter who is currently in a coma at the hospital. Good day, Father."

my disdain on the last word | uttered before turning to leave the mansion. | haven't for an hour and already the day was turning into a horror movie.

deal with Claire later, right now | needed to negotiate terms regarding Dan's smuggling

operation.

| drove out of the estate and headed towards Hillcrest. | didn't mind if the day started crummy... All | cared is getting my delivery safely into Cohen mansion and delivering Capo

B astone's cut without delay.novelbin

| parked in front of the clubhouse of the residential area and hurriedly walked inside. Outside, it looked like any clubhouse, but inside, it was guarded like a fort. It was through the basement of the clubhouse where you could find the entrance and passageway to the meth laboratory underneath the church.

After walking through a long tunnel towards the glass doors of the laboratory, the guards redirected me to Dan's office. Through the clear glass walls, I saw numerous Hillcrest residents in hazmat suits, goggles, masks, and gloves cooking meth. I covered my nose and mouth with a handkerchief as I walked by, not wanting to inhale the rotten egg smell emanating through the glass walls.

As I approached, the frosted glass door of Dan's office swung open. A guard appeared and

ushered me inside.

Dan was seated behind a large wooden desk covered with bricks and sachets of crystal

meth... all ready for distribution.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit, Mayor Cohen? Dan said as his eyes met mine,

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## CHAPTER 62 Laboratory

gesturing for me to take a seat in one of the chairs in front of his desk. I usually didn't visit the lab during the day, but it was the only place I knew where I could find him.

"I heard of your smuggling operation, Dan," I said. "Does Capo Bastone know about this?"

His smile quickly changed into a frown. "Nicole told you. I knew I couldn't trust her to keep quiet. I bet you're here for a piece of the pie. He opened a drawer, took out a couple of wads of cash and threw it on the desk in front of me.

"No, I don't want your money. What I want is your cooperation, Dan. Whatever Capo Bastone wants done, any pertinent information, it goes through me first, I negotiated. He stared at me, shocked.

"Does this have something to do with Virtue?"

"That and among other things. I don't want women going missing so near the elections.... especially Virtue," I answered.

So you're taking my advice and wooing her to be your wife?" Dan asked. I nodded my head. He rubbed his chin and squinted his eyes, obviously thinking. "Through her business, we can smuggle more meth and launder more money. Imagine, Liam, we use her boutique as a front, putting up branches all over the state. It would be perfect for business. With all that money, you could run for governor or senator and have a beautiful wife beside you when you campaign. Just imagine, Liam. The possibilities are endless."

It was my dream...

"I've spoken with Capo B astone and all he asks is to keep the cash flowing. He'll set aside his, uhm, carnal urges and play nice," I said.

"Well, I doubt Capo Ba stone will keep his word while he plays alongside Cris. I've been telling you, Liam, you need to keep Cris on a tight leash. You never know... his sh it may just blow up in your face," Dan warned. I scratched my head. There was something going on.

"What do you know?" I asked him.

"They have a girl locked up at Bismarck again. She was abducted just last night at Mandan," Dan answered, leaning back in his chair. "The police has CCTV footage of the abduction. For all we know, Cris may be identified as a suspect... soon."

F uck!

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## CHAPTER 62 Laboratory

"He's judging tonight at the Miss Honey Bee pageant. I'll talk to him then, Dan."

Dan rolled his eyes at me. "Liam, out of the four of us, Cris is the weakest link. He always demands for a lion's share of our take without any of the risk. Honestly, I'd rather give Jack his share, Dan said. "Cris is a liability. We need to get rid of him."

I stared at Dan, shocked he would stab his friend in the back. Unfortunately, he was right. Kidnapping, raping and killing girls left and right was something

that may come back and bite us in the a ss. Cris needed to be dealt with accordingly.

However, | couldn't kill my friend.

"| can't kill him, Dan, and | won't. | can't betray him like that. Can you?"

"You're right, | can't either," he answered, lowering his eyes, regretting his words. "But there is another way to get rid of him without killing him..."

"We'll give him a taste of his own medicine."

Chapter Comments

Luna-Mom

Brilliant chapter [

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Chapter 63

CHAPTER 63 Champagne

Cristos

Night had fallen over the quiet town of New Salem.

It was the calm before the storm.

The contestants were in the dressing room doing their hair and make-up while | sent Joy and Xavier home to get ready for tonight. Sebastian went to

Bismarck to supervise our three teams to ensure operations go smoothly during the heist.

As for me, there were still things | needed to do in the pub, but | decided to go home and get dressed first. It was worth the twenty minute drive since | didn't have a change of clothing in my office.

Although | wanted to wear a suit, | thought it would be too much, so | opted for a simple crisp white long sleeved buttoned down shirt and navy blue slacks, all paired with brown shoes. After putting on my gold Rolex and making sure my hair was styled in place, | drove back to the pub to prepare the table Xavier had requested and ensure the pageant proceeds without any other delay.

When | arrived, | wasn't surprised to find the pub filling up with people. The pageant wasn't supposed to start in an hour and a half, so to entice my patrons to come early, | extended happy hour as an extra perk for the occasion. | also included a discount on ladies' drinks to get the women to come in, knowing it would be mostly men inside the pub and | didn't want it packed with so much beef.

After

r grabbing the things | needed from my office, | began setting up the table for Cynthia McDowell. Over the simple white table cloth | used to cover the wooden table Xavier specifically requested at a dark corner of the pub, | placed a sheer maroon table runner to create an illusion of romance. | lit up a long tapered white candle on a vintage brass. candlestick and laid a beautiful bouquet of red and white long stemmed roses on top of the table. Beside the table, a champagne ice bucket on a stand was already filled with ice and. three bottles of Laurent- Perrier Champagne. Xavier requested Dom Perignon, but | told him champagne as expensive as Dom was for celebration not extermination. He smirked at my comment, agreeing with me.

"Who's that for?" Lisa's familiar voice asked from behind me. | turned around and greeted her

with a warm smile.

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CHAPTER 63 Champagne

| was stunned to see her wearing a little black dress which seemed to have finally made its way out of the end of her closet. On her feet were pointed toe high-heeled sling backs while her hair was up in a neat bun displaying her long neck.

| actually felt sorry for Lisa. Here was a beautiful brunette who had wasted so many of her years with an animal named Cris. Anyway, it won't be long and Cris will be six feet below the ground. | just hoped Lisa would move on quickly and fall in love with someone who would make her truly happy.

| placed my cheek against hers and kissed her cheek to cheek. "Lisa, it's so nice to see you." I, then, pointed to the table. "Well, Bo called this morning requesting | reserve a table for a lady friend for tonight," | explained, then placed a finger against her lips to quiet her. I- already knew what her next question would be. It's for Cynthia McDowell." | abruptly turned around to walk back to the bar. As | walked away, | complimented her. "By the way, nice dress."

"Uh, thanks. So, Chip, does Bo have a date with Cynthia McDowell? Or did Bo just reserve at table for her?" Lisa asked, following closely behind as | walked to the bar. | could understand why she wanted to clarify things.

| gestured for her to sit at the bar while | went behind it. After placing a martini in front of her to compliment her sophisticated outfit, | leaned towards her and whispered, "Bo wanted the table to be special and even sent that beautiful bouquet for her. So, maybe he did ask her

out on a date."

Lisa moved her head away from mine, her brown eyes as wide as saucers. "Bo is into older women?" | thought-

"You thought what?" This | wanted to hear.

"| thought he might have a thing for Virtue," Lisa said. | laughed at the absurdity and placed my hands on my hips.

"Why in the world would you think of such a thing?"

She shook her head and placed her hand over her eyes, realizing she had made a mistake. "I

don't know why | listen to Cris. He said he saw Virtue at Bo's and noticed how his eyes

followed Virtue out of the store. Phew! | thought Cris might have seen something more

incriminating.

| decided | should change the subject and turn the tables on her.

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## CHAPTER 63 Champagne

"And where is this husband of yours? | raised an eyebrow as | asked. She shrugged her shoulders. "Your husband has left you all alone while you sport the forever elegant little

black dress?"

Chip, | actually have no idea where he is. | called him a while ago and his phone was out of service. He left for Bismarck last night to have a meeting with a 'private sponsor. That's all | know." It was weird, but she actually sounded relieved.

"If it's any consolation, you can report him missing if he doesn't show up for the pageant," | joked. | paused to survey the crowd and glanced at my watch. Almost nine. Everyone should be coming in at any minute.

And | was right. Noah walked in with Jack Emery. After seeing me with Lisa, they both waved and walked towards the bar. Jack was still in uniform.

"Lisa, Where's Cris?" Jack asked gesturing at me for two beers. | nodded my prepared their drinks for them.novelbin

head and

"Somewhere," Lisa answered dismissively, then quickly changed the topic. "Where's Dan? Isn't he coming here?"

"Uhm, not sure if he'll be coming to watch the pageant, but he's with the Sheriff. They're keeping an eye on the lake," Jack said, leaning back on his barstool, "while I'm going to keep



the troublemakers here inside the pub. I'm going to make sure no one disrupts this

an eye

neve on

pageant."

I stooped down pretending to get glasses from the under bar, hoping Sebastian had overheard Jack. Luckily, he did.

"Copy that. Sheriff is at the lake. Tanks are filled and the men are suited up. I just need you to shut down all the CCTVs from here to Timbuktu. Do it during the swimsuit portion... while everyone's attention is focused on the pageant and not on you." "Copy," I murmured while I rummaged for a white wine glass.

Before I stood back up, I heard Lisa gasp and wondered why. I thought maybe something happened to Cris on his way back from Bismarck. I quickly stood up, glasses in hand about to ask what just happened when I noticed everyone's attention was focused on the woman who just walked in.

Many appreciative low whistles came from every direction of the pub as the tall blonde wearing a lemon spaghetti strap fitted mermaid cocktail bandage dress strutted across the

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## CHAPTER 63 Champagne

pub to the bar in matching yellow colored high heels. The mounds of her breasts peeked through the top of her dress while her curvaceous body was outlined by the fitted dress for

all to see.

There was no way any man could resist this sexy vixen. Her hair cascaded freely over her shoulders and on her back, styled in huge luscious curls which bounced as she walked. Her body hugging dress left nothing to the imagination.

She was a picture of perfection... enticing every man.

Jack quickly took charge and rushed towards her to protect her from the men's catcalls. A fleeting surge of jealousy erupted within me as I watched Jack take Joy's hand, but I stood back like the gay man I pretended to be and smiled appreciatively as my supposed bestfriend walked an imagined catwalk.

I applauded and yelled, "Strut it, girlfriend!"

"Chip!" Xavier's voice interrupted my applause. I pretended to jump and squeal.

"When did you get here?" I asked.

"I walked in with Virtue," Xavier said, chuckling at the reaction of the people at the pub as Joy waltzed in. But I knew deep inside Xavier was pissed. It was in his eyes. "I guess everyone"

else is invisible."

I poured a glass of white wine into a thin wine glass and placed it on the bar top just as Joy arrived at the bar, her arm wrapped around Jack's. After Jack took hold of her arm, the whistling stopped and the men in the pub averted their heads in embarrassment.

"Nice dress and nice entrance," I said. "I wasn't expecting you to arrive so early."

"It isn't early," she said. "It's already a quarter past nine. The pageant will be starting in forty-five minutes and I wanted to have a couple of drinks before we began." She took the glass of white wine and downed it. Then, she turned her attention to Xavier. "Hey Bo! So nice to see you outside your usual territory. Look at you... so nicely dressed."

Xavier was wearing a casual dark gray suit without a tie. His white shirt was unbuttoned

showing some of his chest. I smirked. Cynthia McDowell was known to insert her hand inside

a man's shirt.

"I have a date," Xavier said, his face towards the entrance of the pub. "And here she is now..."

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## CHAPTER 63 Champagne

As I prepared more drinks, I watched discreetly as Cynthia McDowell wearing a fitted red dress flittered like an excited butterfly towards Xavier.

I smiled.

I'll have the dj play 'Lady in Red' later, I told Xavier while handing him two champagne glasses.

"Sure," Xavier said. "And keep those bottles coming. I want her so drunk, I'll have to drive her home."

Chapter Comments.

Morgan

I hope this girl is saved before they kill her

Luna-Mom

so he's gonna be abducted.....

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Chapter 64

## CHAPTER 64 Chilling

Liam

Before heading to the pub, I made a quick detour to Hillcrest and found Sheriff Combs at the dock of the clubhouse. I asked the Sheriff to supervise. With him there, no one dared double-cross me, not even Dan.

The black sling bags used by certain New Salem residents along with the honey and flax seeds New Salem produced were Dan's main ways of smuggling our product to designated points near the big cities of the eight West North Central States. The money which the students or the parents made by personally dealing to users is laundered through Sunday's offertory at church while the money earned from meth smuggled via the honey and seed produce is placed in crates of red wine. The crates are then delivered by boat after arriving in Bismarck and Mandan. It was a tedious process, but it was a process which never faltered. For years, we followed the same routes and drop points without any trouble.

However, after the numerous revelations among my close friends, people who I considered to be

my

brothers and confidants, it became clear to me that my complacency would be my downfall. I decided it would be best if I step up and not allow Dan or Cris to have the opportunity to literally stab me in the back.

Sheriff Combs was on his CB radio speaking to one of my men who was part of the welcoming committee for my delivery truck loaded with the crates.

"Contact me once you see the headlights of the delivery truck. Over." Sheriff Combs was standing near the edge of the dock surveying the lake with night vision binoculars.

"Copy that. Over and out." Radio silence. The Sheriff put his radio back in his holster while he continued to peer through his night vision binoculars. I noticed the creases on his forehead. Obviously, he was bothered by something.

"Sheriff, anything wrong?" I asked.

"I think I saw some movement at the parkside of the lake, Sheriff Combs said. He suddenly pulled out his radio. "Tanner, everything quiet at your end?"

Tanner was one of the deputies. under my payroll and had the task of patrolling the lakeside area of the park.

“That’s an affirmative, Sheriff. Just waiting for the cargo to arrive,” Tanner said over the

radio.

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## CHAPTER 64 Chilling

“| thought | saw some movement, the Sheriff said. He handed me his binoculars so | could have a look. | didn’t see anything.

“It must have been a prairie dog or an otter. Don’t worry, Sheriff. I’ve got this,” | heard

Tanner say.

“Son, you know the drill. Check in every thirty minutes. Over and out.” The Sheriff put his radio back in his holster and gestured for me to hand over his binoculars. “I suggest you head back to town for the pageant. | got Jack stationed at the pub to make sure them surly. sons of bit ches at the pub are behaved. If a brawl happens, he knows what to do. Just be back before midnight.”

“Just to be clear, Sheriff, if you see anything out of the ordinary, shoot to kill,” | ordered while handing his binoculars back. “I promise I’ll be here before midnight to oversee operations.”

“There are only two places the people are at tonight. It’ll be easy to spot the good eggs from the rotten ones. I’ll call you once the boys see the truck heading out of Bismarck, Liam, he said. “By the way, where’s

your father.

“He’s at home,” | answered. | saw Sheriff Combs grimace, annoyed my father was acting like he was retired. “Don’t worry, Sheriff. My father may be home, but he’s keeping an eye on the CCTV cameras. Drink some coffee. It’s going to be a long night.” “| already have my thermos ready,” he replied. “Enjoy your night, son.”

Although I wasn't going to drink tonight, I had Henry drive me. I needed to think and I didn't want to space out while I was in front of the wheel.

It was almost ten when I arrived at the pub. When I opened the entrance doors, I was shocked to see it packed with people. I noticed Jack, Noah and Lisa together at the bar, but what took my breath away was the gorgeous blonde in the yellow fitted dress. I felt the urge to run to her.

I pushed through the crowd, not amused the people of New Salem weren't making a path for me to walk through. Of all the disrespect that could be thrown my way. My fists balled up as my anger began to bubble. These people cowered in terror when they saw my father, but saw me as insignificant.

I reached down to get my gun from its holster, but a hand on my shoulder stopped me.

"Allow me, Mayor Cohen," I heard a low masculine voice say from behind. I turned around.

2/6

I

## CHAPTER 64 Chilling

and found Dom had made a path through the crowd.

He tapped the shoulders of the two burly men in front of us. I knew them to be known bikers who caused trouble from time to time and sometimes did some smuggling for Dan.

"The Mayor would like to pass through," Dom said icily. The two men coughed loudly and made space, extending their arms to make the people move back.

"Boys and girls, move aside for the Mayor, the biggest of the two said. The others moved

except for one.

He suddenly smacked the guy on the back of his head for ignoring his request.

“What the f uck!” The man exclaimed, ready to start a fight. He was tall and muscular with dark brown hair, black eyes and wore piercings on his nipples.

“| said...the Mayor would like to pass through,” Dom growled at him.

F uck you! Who the f uck do you think-” Before he could say anything else, the two burly bikers punched him in his stomach to silence him.

“Dom, man, my apologies, the biggest of the two said while their friend continued wincing in pain. “I’ll take care of him.” He, then, turned to me and gave me an apologetic smile. “Mayor Cohen, | hope you enjoy your night.”

This time the crowd moved back giving me a clear path to the bar. | nodded. my head in gratitude and walked towards Jack who had stood up from his stool after witnessing the confrontation. | raised my hands and gestured for him to relax.

| glanced behind me and found Dom had stayed back to talk to his biker friend.

How in the world do they know each other?

“Liam, you finally made it,” Chip said while placing a glass of scotch in front of me. He knew

me well.

“Thanks,” | replied, taking a sip of scotch and relaxing a bit. My eyes quickly searched for Virtue, but she, unfortunately, was gone. “Where’s Virtue?”

“She’s in the dressing room freshening up,” Chip answered. “Now that you’re here, we can start. How about you finish your double shot and I’ll escort you to the judges table?”

“Sure,” | answered, agreeing with him. As | sipped my scotch, | noticed Cris was missing.

3/6

## CHAPTER 64 Chilling

| tapped Lisa’s shoulder, hoping she knew where her husband was. “Where’s Cris?”

"I don't know," Lisa answered gruffly. "He said he needed to meet up with a private sponsor..."

whatever that meant."

"Have you tried calling him?" I asked. I took out my phone and called him, but his phone was

out of service.

Did Dan carry out his plan already?

"Well? Were you able to reach him?" Lisa asked, downing her martini and gesturing to Chip for another one. She didn't sound too concerned her husband was missing. "Because I

haven't been able to reach him all day."

"Nope. His phone is off," I answered. I was about to message Dan when Chip placed a glass of

bourbon beside me.

"Guys, Cris is a grown man. I bet he'll walk through those doors any minute now," Chip said, -sliding the glass towards Dom. I shrugged my shoulders and hid my phone. Chip was right.

Cris was a grown man and sometimes went off the radar.

"Dom, thanks for earlier," I told Dom as he took a sip of bourbon.

"No thanks necessary, Mayor. Big Mike is a patron of mine," he replied, cradling his glass in his hands. "If it's any consolation, I should be thanking you," Dom said. My brow instantly furrowed, wondering what he meant.

"Thank me for what?" I asked.

"For accepting us in this town. I've grown quite fond of New Salem," he answered, smiling, but his smile didn't reach his eyes. I was about to answer him, but he turned to Chip. "Chip, where's Bo?"

"Over there. He has a date, Chip answered while pointing at an isolated table at the side of the pub, practically hidden by the crowd.



| raised my head and squinted my eyes to see who Bo was with. The woman's face was obscured by the darkness, but | recognized the short auburn hair of Cynthia McDowell.

What?!

"Liam," Jack's voice interrupted my thoughts, "Virtue is already seated up front. I'll escort

4/6

## CHAPTER 64 Chilling

Cris to the front once he passes through the pub's front doors."

| drank the rest of my scotch and took one last look at Cynthia who was smiling brightly at Bo whose face was within kissing distance.

All of a sudden, as if on cue, Bo looked in my direction and grinned at me. | gave him a small smile before walking toward the exquisite blonde who was waving enthusiastically from the judge's table.

The smile Bo gave me was chilling.

Just like the smile Dom gave me when | thanked him earlier. Both their eyes looked like the eyes of an apex predator ready to pounce on its prey.

It was truly disturbing.

| felt a hand on my arm and saw Virtue's smiling face in front of me. My body relaxed and | quickly forgot whatever it was that was bothering me.

She looked absolutely breathtaking.

The mounds of her breasts peeked over the top of her yellow dress, slightly covered by the curls of her long blonde hair. Her dress fit snugly on her, graciously showing off her curves while also showing off her long legs.

She

e wore the dress to perfection and did it effortlessly.

“Liam, | thought you weren’t going to make it,” she murmured in my ear. She took my hand and led me to a vacant chair beside hers. “You and | will have to do. It’s already a quarter past ten and Cris still isn’t here.”

| groaned. | needed to be in Hillcrest before midnight and Cris wasn’t even here

yet.

“I’ll take Cris’ place,” Dom said, sitting beside me. “We don’t want the crowd to become rowdy for starting late.”

Suddenly, Chip’s booming voice came bellowing out of the speakers which surrounded the four corners of the pub.

I sat up straight in my chair and scanned the score sheet on the table. | just wanted to get this over with so | could go back to counting cash.

Before the contestants came out, Virtue took my hand in hers and squeezed it. | sighed as a

5/6

## CHAPTER 64 Chilling

tingle radiated throughout my body.

Actually, it wasn’t about the cash... | needed to get to Hillcrest so | could keep her safe.

## Chapter Comments

Luna-Mom

the fun and games are beginning

Morgan

POST COMMENT

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Chapter 65

## CHAPTER 65 The But cher's Wife

Cynthia McDowell

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen! | would like to welcome everyone to the Buzzed Pub. Tonight is a special night, full of beauty, charm and wit as we search for New Salem's Miss Honey Bee!"

The pub broke out in whistles and applause as our surroundings grew dark and the lights on the stage grew bright.

One by one, young ladies dressed in their yellow and black casual attire began walking up and down the middle of the vertical ramp connected to the center of the main stage. The

bees against ramp was adorned with artificial flowers while the stage was decorated with toy a backdrop of an image of a honeycomb surrounded by various colorful flowers.

"You should be up there," Bo whispered in my ear. "You would make a perfect Miss Honey

s so sensual. Bee." | knew he was teasing me, but the way he said it was

"You think so?"

"| do." His reply sounded like a promise.

Every time he spoke, his low husky voice sent a shiver up and down my spine. The way he looked at me left me breathless while his breath on my face made me yearn for his kiss.

My pu ssy was already dripping wet even without him touching me. That familiar ache of desire throbbed incessantly... Whatever he was doing was tantric. Slow, intimate and erotic...

Mmmmm... It has been a very long time since | felt this

| felt giddy inside.

Like a young girl in love.

way.

Yes, | have flirted with other men, but | desired Bo, | wanted him passionately...

| also wanted him to fall in love with me.

“More champagne for my sweet,” Bo murmured as he filled my glass. Beth, the pub’s waitress,

1/6

## CHAPTER 65 The B utcher’s Wife

had left a tray of appetizers before the pageant began, but the food remained untouched. “If you want anything else, all you need to do is ask.

“Can | have you?”

“Don't you already have me?” He purred.

I sighed and nodded my head as | peered into his gorgeous brown eyes, the color of dark caramel. My dead husband’s eyes also had the same kind of hue... maybe a bit lighter than Bo’s eyes, but caramel all the same.

Ever since | first saw Bo, | tried almost everything to grab his attention, but he always acted aloof towards me... polite, yet aloof. Then, all of a sudden, last Saturday, something changed. Bo paused to chat with me and share a few laughs.

And now, a week later, we were on a date.novelbin

My friends and | had thought Bo would take an interest in the newcomer, the tall beautiful blonde who moved into the Old Taylor House. | had actually considered killing her, but had shrugged off the idea knowing my son, who had a penchant for raping and killing gorgeous women, would do the dirty deed for me.

Unfortunately, Liam Cohen had taken an interest in her too and asked my son not to touch her. Pete may be underboss, but the Cohens ran this town. Since the Cohens had a good standing within the organization, they were also given preferential treatment by the 'Big Boss of the Angels of Darkness.

Well, just as long as she didn't sink her nails into my Bo Xavier, then, she won't be a problem.

Honestly, I had my doubts when Bo asked me to meet him tonight, but when he looked at me as if I was the only woman in the world to ever exist, I began to believe that wishes could come true.

Norma, although jealous, helped me prepare for tonight. She called her favorite spa Bismarck and set an appointment for me: nails, scrub and wax. It was my first time to go Brazilian; I was bare down there and utterly vulnerable.

in

"Norma, what if he doesn't want to see me after tonight? I don't know if I could continue doing my grocery shopping at Bo's," I whined. We were inside a private room at the spa, laid flat on our stomachs, getting a well-deserved full body massage by two young men.

Cc

2/6

## CHAPTER 65 The Butcher's Wife

Norma's giggles abruptly stopped after I voiced out my insecurities.

"Cynthia, this isn't about love. This is about sex and pleasure!" Norma exclaimed sternly. "Get what you want out of the relationship, then when it is time, let him go. If the both of you are meant to be, he will come back. But if it isn't, well, you'll have many erotic memories to fill your lonely nights. By the way, you should go lingerie shopping."

"Lingerie shopping? Already?" I spat out as my masseur rubbed the kinks out of

my back.

“Well, what are you going to wear tonight? You can’t wear yellow... the honey bee girls will be wearing yellow. You’ll look like a total cliché, Norma said. “I think you should wear red. It has always been your color.”

“Isn’t that too much?” | asked. | heard Norma groan in frustration.

“Honestly, Cynthia, what the hell is your problem? You weren’t this insecure at Bo’s early this morning. What happened from there to here?”

I’m just scared | might say something wrong, spill something or get something stuck in between my teeth,” | said.

“Oh, | get it, Cynthia, Norma said, sighing. “You’re hoping he falls in love with you. Honestly,

| hope Jimmy falls in love with me too, but I’ve accepted the inevitable. | know when he graduates college, he’ll leave this town... with me in it... without ever looking back!”

After hearing Norma’s confession, | realized, she and |, we were on the same boat. We were both single, middle-aged women, still hoping for a forever, still wishing for a happily ever after. Yet, we didn’t want to be with men our age. We wanted to be with young, virile studs, half our age, who could f uck us to kingdom come. There lay our dilemma.

But Norma was right. | shouldn’t expect. Yet, there’s no harm in trying.

After Norma had someone wax my nether regions, she dragged me to a boutique to purchase a dress and some skimpy lingerie to match it. | bought a red batwing sleeved one shoulder minidress with matching red laced lingerie. For tonight, | paired the dress with my favorite black high-heeled pumps with red soles while around my neck | wore my fa

favorite gold necklace that had a gold but cher’s knife pendant dangling on it. It was a necklace my dead. husband, Rafael ‘The Bu tcher’ Cadena, gave me when we began formally dating. It was a symbol that | was the only person who had his heart.

At twenty, we both married, making me become the Bu tcher’s Wife, a title | both loved and hated. At twenty-three, | had Peter. We tried to have more children, but | guess Go d had

## CHAPTER 65 The Butcher's Wife

other plans.

Iwa

el that toying with our rivals was a bad idea, however he wanted to prove to

e West and the Grim Reapers of the East that he and the Angels of be reckoned with. When one of the three bosses of the Blood im there was a mistake regarding one particular shipment of ours it, Rafael said he felt disrespected. He said the offer to fix the problem even consulting him was insulting and arrogant. I advised him to keep his cool, but Always, he never listened.

he shipment came via one of the Blood Disciples' cargo ships, but instead of sending the Blood Disciples a 'thank you' note, Rafael and his men killed the crew and took the ship as payment for the disrespect shown to him by the Blood Disciples.

I didn't expect the Blood Disciples to exact their vengeance so quickly. It was Pete's 'Quince' when I got the call that Rafael's uncle, who was the 'Big Boss' of the Angels of Darkness at the time, had made a deal with the Blood Disciples. I had thought it would take a day or two before their assassins made their way to Texas, but I was wrong. When I stepped outside to rejoin the festivities in our backyard, a loud cracking sound from a distance caught my attention and before I could react, Rafael was laying on the ground with a gaping wound in his head, his brain matter splattered all over a stunned teenaged Pete..

I took Pete and ran to New Salem, North Dakota where one of Rafael's capos had already taken refuge when the FBI got too close. The town appeared to be squeaky clean, but in reality, it housed the main laboratory of crystal meth laid hidden at a cabin near the park.

I found the profits to be too small and decided to build one huge laboratory underground near the lake. While Pete dealt with the trauma of his father's death, I focused on expanding operations to bring in more money, so I could one day get my retribution. But things are easier said than done.

George Taylor didn't want to sell me his land, so I had my son deal with it. It wasn't an ideal solution to have George Taylor's only daughter raped and left for dead, but it worked. I got the land and built a massive laboratory underground while the Cohens saw the last of the Taylors leave New Salem.

As for the Blood Disciples, no one could tell me which among the Blood Disciples' assassins. killed my husband. Before I could confront Rafael's uncle, he mysteriously died and Veronica, his sister and Rafael's aunt, took his place. I begged Veronica for assistance, but she said if I avenged Rafael's death, it would create a bigger problem. Instead, she offered Pete his

4/6

## CHAPTER 65 The Butcher's Wife

fall

title

unorthodox ways, my nephew dedicated his life to the organization.

my appreciation, I will bestow his title to your son. Pedro just has to worthy," Veronica said when she finally allowed me audience. I stood in front

desk at a club she owned in Houston.

nd how do you propose Pete proves his worth?" I asked.

Simply by following our motto... 'Our loyalty is bound by blood and money.' All Pedro has to do is kill someone I despise or bring in the wealth. When he does, the title of Capo Ba stone. will be bestowed upon him at a ceremony I myself will head."

So, I brought in the money for Pete, praying it will be enough. Thankfully, it was. Now, he was the Capo Bas t one of the West North Central States, but the trauma of losing his father had made him cold and cruel. He didn't care about keeping allies... he just wanted people to follow orders.

One time, I tried speaking to him about his fondness for kidnapping women, but he told me to stay out of his way.

"You can meddle and call the shots on everything else, Mom, just not my sex life. I like how they cry and scream. It excites me," he said after I suggested he



seek professional help. “I can’t kill you, Mom, but I can definitely throw you on a deserted island and leave you there.

“Cynthia, everything okay?” I felt Bo’s hand on my knee. I didn’t notice I had spaced out.

The contestants were already in their swimsuits walking up and down the ramp, all smiles, following the rhythm of the music.

I smiled warmly at Bo and inserted a hand through the opening of his shirt, caressing his smooth chest.

It was time for me to let go and be happy for once.

“Just as long as I’m with you, Bo, everything’s okay.”

“Okay isn’t enough,” Bo replied. “I want everything to be perfect... just for you.”

He kissed me tenderly on the cheek.

I think I'm in love.

5/6

CHAPTER &5 The Butcher’s Wife

Chapter Comments.

Luna Mom

Apex predators | like that description of the ques

Morgan

Liam is pretty observant!

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## Chapter 66

### CHAPTER 66 Fun

Sebastian

| thanked Beth for the glass of bourbon and drank quietly as the young ladies took turns on the microphone for Q and A.

When Xavier and | first moved to New Salem, we asked who the troublemakers of this town were. Everyone pointed to Big Mike and Ol Tucker, two notorious bikers, who loved to push people around. We found them hanging out at a biker bar along the highway and challenged them to a fight. | won both fights and earned their respect. So, if | ask them to move aside, they will, without a second thought.

For tonight, | was wearing an expensive dark gray suit, black leather shoes and a Patek Philippe watch, looking more like my actual self, Capo Ba stone Sebastian Domenico, rather than the Dominic Samuels everyone knew in this town. It has been a while since | played 'dress up' and | decided tonight warranted a good suit.

| saw the appreciative look in Joy's eyes when | sat beside Liam. She smacked her lips. discreetly as she handed me a pen for the scoresheet. | dropped the pen, knowing she would

go down on her knees to pick it up.

| grew

hard watching her bend down provocatively, biting her lower lip and flipping her hair, trying to reach down for the pen. Her breasts jiggled as she moved while her thighs parted ever so slightly, giving me a glimpse of the cute dark triangle under her yellow lace panties. When she stood up, she placed a hand on my thigh near my groin, then gently brushed her hand against my erection before placing the pen on the table. After she took her seat beside. Liam, | groaned inwardly, completely frustrated. Cristos took turns hosting with a young lady from the local community college. Every time the audience grew loud, we communicated with our teams. As the pageant progressed, we all agreed to wait until the delivery truck showed up before Cristos hacked the CCTV cameras. An early disruption would alert Theodore Cohen and the

Sheriff, giving them time to bring in reinforcements. We didn't want that to happen.

Question and answer portion. I winced as the young girls

fumbled with their replies. Cristos and I didn't want to add a 'Q and A' portion, but Joy said it would lengthen the pageant giving Liam and his friends less time to scurry back to Hillcrest.

While I filled in for Cris, I had to endure watching Joy flirt with Liam. She was touching his arm, putting her arm around his shoulders while smiling and laughing at his puns. If it

115

## CHAPTER 66 Fun

wasn't for that twinkle in her eyes, the twinkle usually saw when she was negotiating a new contract for a client of hers, I would have thought she was having fun. She meant business,

but it was hard to stomach.

It was incredibly disgusting to watch up close, but Joy was working her magic to keep Liam preoccupied so he wouldn't think of the time.

But each time her head moved close to Liam's, as if she was drawing him to kiss her, I had to fight the urge to strangle Liam with my bare hands.

I expected I could handle watching her get all touchy-feely with Liam, but seeing it firsthand didn't sit well with me. I have to admit, it was a hard pill to swallow.

Cris,

is, on the other hand, was a no show. Bad for him, good for us, because it ruined his

Imy menh

campaign. According to one was with Pete McDowell. But where they actually were, we didn't know.

"You lost them?" | growled angrily when he gave me the unfortunate news while changing into his suit. My men weren't as resourceful as Xavier or Sam.

"A garbage truck blocked the road, Domenico," he replied nervously. "Since | had a GPS tracker on Cris' car, | thought | could catch up to them, but they unexpectedly switched cars. Cris left his car back at the 'Coffee Haven Diner. | did some digging and found out the diner is owned by the McDowells including the pharmacy beside it. | have Short Tony waiting at the diner in case Cris shows up for his car."

"Are there any other properties owned by the McDowells?" | asked. "Look into all their properties. One of them could be Pete McDowell's safe house."

"On it," he answered, "but | do have a suggestion. Maybe one of you could get a bug inside the McDowell's residence. It'll be easier for us to know what they have planned."novelbin

'Easier said than done," | replied. It wasn't as if we never thought of that. "No one, not even Xavier or Cristos, suspected McDowell to be the boss, so we didn't establish a good relationship with him or his mother. But Xavier is on it. Hopefully, we can kill two birds with

one stone."

He nodded his head knowing whatever Xavier had planned would work. "Of course. Beaufort has a one hundred percent success rate."

"That's right. He will make up for your mistake," | said gruffly. "Now wait for Big Man Lou's signal. After Cristos turns off all the CCTV cameras, the lights at Hillcrest will turn on, so the

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## CHAPTER 66 Fun

heriff won't be able to use his night vision binoculars. Big Man Lou will then give you the

to take out the men in the boats. Don't embarrass me."

ecco

w

d towards the bar and saw that Nicole had joined Jack, Lisa and Noah. While enthusiastically beside Noah, I noticed Noah was looking towards our

a scowl on his face. I expected Jack to be jealous, but it seems Jack and Liam have made certain arrangements to share Joy. I saw how Jack couldn't take his eyes off Joy earlier and until now, while she flirted with Liam, he still couldn't take his eyes off of her. He actually looked happy. This I didn't expect.

I asked De Luca to do some digging into Noah Jensen's background and finances, but he only found a few details. What surprised me though is, unlike Jack, Noah had zero debt and was able to put up his own business with Pete McDowell working under him. It was quite bizarre.

Based on my own experience, I believed Jack earned more than Noah. Unlike Jack whose father had already died, Noah's mother needed private care which was quite expensive. So, how can someone like Noah be debt free? Jack, until now, was still paying off his dead father's medical expenses. It was quite an enigma.

Xavier had a feeling Noah's secret lay at home, because Sam found nothing in his office. Anyway,

We are

are determined to unravel the mystery named Noah. Xavier, I knew, would find a

way.

The sudden shouting and screaming from the audience brought me back to the present. The crowd favorite, Contestant Number Eight, had just finished answering some mundane question the female host had pulled out of her as she was now waving enthusiastically to the crowd. She hit! I didn't listen to her answer.

"It's almost time," I heard Cristos' voice say via coms. "Keep an eye on the delivery truck."

I inched closer to Liam and Joy whose heads were hunched together, discussing the answer Contestant Number Eight had just given, hoping they could provide me some insight.

“This is a beauty contest,” Liam began, “so I don’t see the point of answering questions. She may not be too bright, but all in all, she’s pretty and the crowd loves her. I can already picture the people on the streets, cheering for her as her float passes by.”

I looked up at the honey blonde, brown eyed nineteen year old who was waving to the crowd in her sparkling gold gown. She suddenly noticed I was staring at her and blew me a kiss. My brow furrowed, trying to remember where I’ve seen her before. I looked down at the scoresheet for her name... Marla Lawrence.

Cc

3/5

## CHAPTER 66 Fun

Silver Spoon Diner! She works part time at the diner and sometimes carries a black sling bag. Gosh, I didn’t even recognize her. She dyed her hair blonde and stepped out of her usual baggy clothing to show off her slender and toned body underneath. Hmm.... If I couldn’t get Nicole to tell me anything, maybe Marla would be willing.

I quickly looked back up at the stage and winked at her. From underneath the lights, I saw her blush. The end of her pink tongue darted out to moisten her lips, then she looked back down at me and smiled. I noticed the evil twinkle in her eyes.

Baby girl likes to play.

I sat up straight and licked my lips, my eyes never leaving hers. Her mouth opened in surprise, but quickly turned into a big grin. “Base, headlights approaching. Men are in position,” I heard Big Man Lou’s voice over the coms. I looked at my watch. It was almost midnight.

I glanced over at Joy who flipped her long hair away from her chest, giving Liam an unobstructed view of her cleavage: Liam, the dog he was, had his face so close to Joy’s chest that if he stuck his tongue out, it could touch one

of her breasts. I looked down at his pants. and noticed the outline of his boner poking out.

All ten contestants were now walking along the ramp, one last time, before the winner was announced. I hurriedly

declaring Contestant filled

in all the blank spaces on my

Number Eight as my winner.

“CCTV cameras have been turned off. Proceed as planned,” I heard Cristos’ voice say through the coms. “You have one minute to get into the water before the Sheriff discovers the problem with the CCTV cameras. After exactly sixty seconds, I will turn on the lights to obscure his vision.”

to

I leaned back in my chair and smiled as Marla Lawrence slowly twirled in front of me, revealing the smooth supple skin of her bare back in her backless gold gown... and her firm tush.

“If Marla wins, she’s going to start charging an arm and leg to watch her dance that stripper pole,” I heard Big Mike say from behind me. Aha!

Let's have some fun with Marla Lawrence.

4/5

## CHAPTER 66 Fun

Marla stuck one of her legs out through the long slit of her gown while blowing me another

ing

1.

only appeared in front of us with a tray of drinks in his hands. He gave me a

smile as he placed a glass of bourbon in front of me. After placing our drinks on the table, he took the scoresheets and quickly scanned through them.

“It's time to announce our winner,” he said and turned to walk away. I stood up and grabbed his arm.

I took out an envelope from my pocket and handed it to him.

“Tell Marla Lawrence it's from me. Tell her, I can make all her problems disappear.”

Chapter Comments.

Luna-Mom

really good background detail on Pete and his Mom

VIEW 1 COMMENT

POST COMMENT

26

< SHARE

5/5

Wed, Mar 27

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Chapter 67

CHAPTER 67 Kill Shot

oney Bee is no other than... Contestant Number Eight, Miss Marla

ly, it was over. Honestly, I disliked beauty pageants. Everything was fake. A dazzling duction to showcase an illusion of perfection. For me, true beauty shines from within.



glanced at my watch. It was just a little after midnight. As the crowd moved away from the stage, I got a clear view of the judges table. I watched Liam quickly stand up, glancing down at his phone. He ran his fingers through his hair, evidently frustrated, but quickly hid his frustration with a smile as Joy stood up from her chair.

Liam suddenly wrapped his arms around Joy and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. I noticed his lips lingered on the top of her head while he kept Joy in his embrace a while longer.

Liam was falling in love with Joy.

He squeezed her in his arms one last time before finally letting her go. I noticed he appeared, to look distressed, but he continued to smile at Joy, even caressing her face while saying his goodbyes.

After Joy kissed him on the cheek, Liam quickly left her and answered his phone. When he reached Jack, he tapped the Undersheriff on the arm, gesturing to Jack to follow him.

They were late.

“Excuse me, Bo, I just need to go to the ladies’,” Cynthia said suddenly, standing up from her chair quite unsteadily. I quickly stood up to assist her, grabbing her hand to keep her from falling.

Mission accomplished. After four bottles of champagne, she was drunk enough to manipulate.

Good thing the crowd immediately thinned out after the winner of Miss Honey Bee was announced. I decided it was best if I walked her to the ladies’ room. If she fell and broke her hip, it would definitely ruin my plans.

“I’ll escort you to the ladies’, my dear,” I said while circling my arm around her waist. She

1/6

HAPTER 67 Kill Shot

ed gratefully before resting her head on my chest. “Then I’ll drive you home.”

As I led her to the restroom, the song 'Lady in Red' began to play. I smirked, knowing Cristos. was behind it.

"I love this song!" Cynthia exclaimed while struggling to walk straight. "How is it possible that I'm drunk and you aren't? You even drank more than I did."

"Champagne is all bubbles. I usually drink boubon or whisky," I answered. "Just like my brother."

"Are Dom and you close?" She asked, lifting her head to look at me. "I understand you are half-brothers." I rubbed my nose against hers. She giggled.

"Yes, we are," I replied. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for him."

"I'm envious," she muttered. "Growing up, I always wished I had a sibling I could count on."

Well, you don't need a sibling. All you need is a good man in your life," I remarked, winking at her. She sighed dreamily and rested her head on my chest.

As we slowly walked through the pub, I saw Liam and Jack leave, I watched Joy and Cristos joke around in the DJ booth and I noticed Sebastian flirting with the winner of the pageant, Marla Lawrence.

Cynthia lifted her head from my chest to see who I was staring at. Good thing it wasn't Joy and Cristos.

"Ah, I see Dom is talking to one of the part-timers at the diner," she revealed. No wonder Marla looked familiar. "You probably know her. Dark hair, baggy clothes. Poor girl needs to work because her alcoholic mother is always too drunk to hold a job. The prize money from this

pageant will help pay for college. Just don't let the innocent look fool you. On the weekends, she works as a stripper in Bismarck and deals on the side."

"Deals what?" I asked nonchalantly. If I could remember the black sling bag on Marla's shoulder, I bet Sebastian could too.

I glanced at Sebastian and noticed he was enjoying himself while he worked his magic. But from where I was standing, he didn't need to do much work.

Marla kept flipping her hair, trying to act coy, but her smile was a full-on invitation.novelbin

| wondered what information little Marla Lawrence had to offer.

[e)

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r

## CHAPTER 67 Kill Shot

ugs, sweetheart. She deals drugs.” Cynthia answered, stopping in front of the ladies”. Just destroy her competition, Cynthia betrayed the organization. The Angels of Darkness were a bunch of spineless nitwits.

| opened the door and ushered her inside..

“I’ll wait for you here, sweetheart,” | said, then blew her a kiss. She playfully caught my kiss in her hands before disappearing inside the restroom.

| sighed, relieved | could have a few moments alone. Plus, her cheap perfume was nauseating.

“Boats are in the water,” Big Man Lou said over the coms. “I repeat, boats are in the water. Leave no one alive.”

| fixed my suit and smiled.

Everything was going according to plan.

It was a fifteen minute drive from the pub to Hillcrest. By the time Liam arrives at the dock, his men will be at the bottom of the lake, his ‘delivery’ in our custody and the boats scattered all over the lake.

empty,

Several minutes had gone by when the door of the ladies’ room finally opened. Cynthia looked much better, but she was still obviously drunk.

It was time to give her a taste of Bo Xavier.

While Cynthia was in the ladies', | watched Joy. The way she moved in that tight yellow dress of hers made me hard with desire. | pushed Cynthia against the wall, pinning her body with mine and rubbing my

my erection against her loins. | gently caressed the side of her neck with my tongue, then | claimed her lips for a searing kiss. When | finally raised my head, we were both gasping for air. She, because of passion; me, because of disgust. While she leaned on the wall and reveled in our kiss, | discreetly wiped her horrid taste from my mouth.

"Come on," | said, wrapping my arm around her waist. "Let me drive you home. Did you bring your car?"

3/6

## CHAPTER 67 Kill Shot

"No."

swered sheepishly. "Norma dropped me off. She said | had a better chance of you. rive me home if | left my car at home."

she was right," | replied. "Is Pete home to take care of you?"

"Then I'll take care of you." She giggled and rested her head on my arm, allowing me to take charge.

| waved goodbye to Cristos who was standing behind the bar speaking to Joy, Lisa, Nicole and Noah. Noah sat beside Joy, looking up and down at her appreciatively, while Nicole, who was seated at the other end, squirmed in her stool.

Nicole caught me staring at her through the bar wall mirror and turned around to wave at me. | waved back.

Nicole was definitely a spy. She reported to many, but where her loyalties lie remained a mystery, even if she was f ucking Noah. Outside, Sebastian was driving off with Marla Lawrence in the front seat. He rolled down his window and gestured to me with his hands. | nodded my head, understanding what he meant to say without an exchange of words...

After assisting Cynthia in the front seat, | switched coms to communicate with Sam.

“We're on our way,” | said as | walked to the driver's side of my car.

“Copy.”

| drove as quickly as | could to Highland Oaks, not wanting my second in command to have other duties while working on Hillcrest. Technically, he was there, but he had one thing to do for me before he could provide cover for our men who were in the lake risking their lives.

After parking in front of the beautiful two storey modern styled home of the McDowells, | helped Cynthia out of the car and walked her to her doorstep. We sauntered on her newly mowed lawn, as she rummaged through her small purse for her keys. “How about | give you a tour of the house?” She asked, finally finding her keys and walking up on the slate gray tiled staircase to her front door.

| smiled at her. | was hoping she'd ask me inside.

4/6

## CHAPTER 67 Kill Shot

“I'd like that, but you're drunk and it's late,” | answered, acting like a gentleman. “You can give me a tour later today after we've had dinner.” | reached for her hand after she opened the door and raised it to my lips. | rubbed my lips on her palm while | waited for her answer.

A promise of tomorrow usually made someone desperately wish for it to be today. | was hoping Cynthia was desperate... and she was.

“There's this painting | want to show you,” she insisted. She pushed the door wide open, turned on the lights and pulled me inside. “I want your honest opinion.” She dropped her purse on the

the shiny black table in her foyer and led me to her living room.

| surveyed the big space. A lone long white couch with a matching rectangular white wood. coffee table stood atop a fluffy white marble rug covering the light cream colored hardwood floors. A white light installation hung from the tall

ceiling above. The living room area was surrounded by tall windows without any drapes. | also noticed there were no CCTV cameras

in the house. Sure, there were cameras outside, but none were facing the inside.

No CCTV cameras and tall white paned windows all around... the McDowells were very

arrogant.

A large painting of her sitting on an antique lounge chair wearing a 1920's flapper dress sat atop the mantle of her modern fireplace at the center of the living room. She pulled me towards the painting and pointed at it. | walked up to the fireplace, touching the white. wooden mantle.

"Target acquired," | heard Sam say softly through my earpiece. | stood in place, hoping she would follow my lead and just stand there beside me, in front of her atrocious painting.

"What do you think?" Cynthia asked excitedly. "I think it's a keeper," she said confidently, thinking | would agree with her.

But instead of giving her my opinion, | ordered Sam to shoot.

"Fire," | said loudly. She quickly turned her head to look at me, her brow furrowed, visibly confused.

"I'm sorry, did you just say-"

The sudden sound of the window shattering into pieces erupted from behind us, instantly frightening Cynthia. But before she could react, the bullet pierced the right side of her torso. where her liver is supposed to be.

5/6

## CHAPTER 67 Kill Shot

ct kill shot.

she fell into my arms, hyperventilating, her eyes wide, scared, and disoriented. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out... she was struggling to find words to describe what she was. feeling.

| pulled out my phone from my pocket and calmly dialed 911. “C-can y-you send an a- ambulance to Highland Oaks? T-the McDowell residence. M-my friend, Cynthia, has been s- shot. P-please hurry,” | said in a quavering voice. | needed to pretend | was terrified.

| hung up my phone and stared down at her pale and frightened face.

Poor Cynthia.

| couldn't help, but feel smug.

Chapter Comments

Luna-Mom

sneaky little Marla wants to play with the big boys

Anna Murray

POST COMMENT

Oh come on, | know your busy but please give us more chapters. I'm loving this book. but if we don't start getting more chapters to read then I'm not going to bother until th....

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Chapter 68

APTER 68 Revelation

well

| looked at Bo, my expression confused. “I’m sorry, did you just say-”

The sound of glass shattering stopped me from finishing my sentence. | froze, frightened of the unknown. Yet, | figured it was someone who thought it was pretty funny to throw a stone through my window.

| was wrong.

It was weird though. When the bullet pierced my body, | didn't scream out in pain. Instead, it took several moments for me to realize | had been shot.

When my brain finally processed the unthinkable, it literally felt as if my insides were on fire... like someone had shoved a heap of fiery coals inside my body at various places. This made it difficult for me to actually pinpoint where exactly | was shot.

| collapsed into Bo's arms, distressed, frantic and in complete shock. | tried to say something to him as he cradled my head in his arms, but | couldn't find the words to completely describe what | was going through. My body was experiencing something my brain was having difficulty processing while there was so much happening at one time that | couldn't focus on just one thing. Bo called for an ambulance, his expression terrified, his voice trembling and choked up. He gave me hope. The corners of my mouth curved into a small smile as | watched him breakdown in front of me.

| coughed, allowing air to enter my lungs, and felt the sudden excruciating pain at the right side of my body. | placed a hand on my wound, touching the gaping hole and the torn flesh on my side. | lifted my hand in front of my face, awestruck to see it covered with a sticky, warm, red substance.

My blood... That's my blood.

IV-areon

| looked up, my green eyes meeting Bo's. | searched for answers as | peered into his big beautiful caramel eyes, but found none. | couldn't understand how this could possibly be happening when | was so close to being happy again.

Cc

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CHAPTER 68 Revelation



struggled to breath. | wasn't going to die in Bos arms. | wasn't going to allow it.  
| wanted to be with him... forever.

"B-bo-"

"Sssshhhh... It's going to be alright," Bo murmured. "It's going to be over soon."

| relaxed instantly, nodding my head slowly, believing in his words... that this will all be over soon. In a short while, | will be taken to the hospital and will wake up in a hospital bed, alive and well. All | needed to do was just hold on... for a while longer.

Bo gently brushed my auburn hair away from my eyes and caressed my cheek tenderly with the back of his hand. | quietly prayed the ambulance would arrive in time, so he and | could start living our lives together.

However, the corner of Bo's lips slowly curved into a disdainful smile. | looked up at his handsome face and found his eyes peering into mine... so sinisterly.

My body tensed up once again, seeing all his hatred, anger and disgust, clearly manifested in those bewitching caramel eyes of his.

Suddenly, | felt afraid... very afraid.

"The ambulance will take about ten minutes to get here. Before it arrives, you'll be long gone. You see, you only have five minutes left to live, Cynthia McDowell. Unlike your dead husband, Rafael Cadena, who died a relatively painless death immediately after | shot him in the head, | need you to stay alive for just a bit longer than he did, so | can tell you how happy | am that you are lying in my arms, bleeding out on your polished hardwood floors,

suffering tremendously as you succumb to your death."

My eyes widened, stunned at his revelation, then quickly narrowed angrily as the truth sank

in.

Long have | prayed to come face to face with the Blood Disciple who killed Rafael. Had | only known he was masquerading as a lowly grocery owner, Bo Xavier would have been dead. months ago... by my hand.

But if he was a Blood Disciple, then Dom and his cousin Chip must be high-ranking members of the Blood Disciples too.

I tried to open my mouth to say something, but he covered my lips with his finger.

2/5

## CHAPTER 68 Revelation

"I know, I know. You're angry I killed your husband and you're shocked a Blood Disciple underboss," he elaborated while placing a hand on his chest, "that's me, has been living in your territory for several months now... undetected. Actually, Cynthia, three Blood Disciple underbosses have been living here... observing and scheming. Tomorrow, this seemingly quiet town will have a lot to talk about. I can already picture your friends trying to console me," he said, his voice both calm and dismissive,

"W-why?" I croaked. He chuckled and pinched my nose, utterly thrilled I asked.

"The million dollar question. Why the fuck are we in New Salem?" He lowered his head and whispered into my ear, "We're here, Cynthia, to avenge Joy Taylor." He quickly raised his head to look at my face for my reaction.

I shook my head. It couldn't be. The Taylors were a bunch of goody-two shoes. How was it possible they were connected to the Blood Disciples?

Bo answered my denial with a nod, confirming his statement to be true. "Oh yes, Cynthia.

You do remember Joy Taylor, right?"

I felt a tear fall from the corner of my eye. Even if my mind couldn't accept it, my body

already knew there was no hope.

"You see, Cynthia, you, your son, and your perverted little friends brutally hurt the woman. who I am deeply and madly in love with. The woman I want to make my wife, hopefully raise a family and grow old with. You didn't need to have her raped. All you needed to do was accept you can't have everything in

this world. But because you're an entitled little b itch, you had to go and touch Joy Taylor who didn't even know her father had land next to the lake,"

he snarled, his face contorted with rage. "From one mafia member to another, you should always remember to never touch innocence."

My body began to shiver and my breathing quickened. I felt weak and dizzy. I was going into shock. I raised one of my hands, clinging to his sleeve while my eyes begged for his mercy.

But to my dismay, I saw no remorse nor compassion on his face.

All I saw was complete and utter satisfaction.

"You want to know a little secret that you can take to your grave, Cynthia?" Bo whispered in

my ear. "That little tart with blonde hair driving the red Mercedes-Benz that you and your friends utterly dislike is Joy Taylor. She's back to kill your son, the men who raped her, and

the men and women who covered it up. I can guarantee Pete will be following you soon. You

can wait for him at the gates of hell."

3/5

## CHAPTER 68 Revelation

F-f uck... y-you... B-bo... Blood suddenly gushed out of my mouth, making it difficult to breathe. My hand, which was clinging on his sleeve, collapsed by my side while I choked on the horrid metallic taste of my blood.

He unexpectedly kissed my forehead, insulting me. "You wish, Cynthia. You wish." His reply was quick and snarky. "Goodbye B utcher's Wife and tell Rafael Cadena when you see him in hell that Capo B astone Xavier Beaufort sends his regards."

I wanted to scream obscenities at him, but I hardly had the energy. I focused my eyes on the tall ceiling of my house instead. It's true that your life flashes before your eyes when you're about to die. Mostly, it's the happy moments

you remember, the moments you cherish so much that you try to hang on even if you are at the brink of death.

I remembered the day I first set eyes on Rafael. It was at the small cafe my family owns in Texas; the place where my father did business with his associates.

When my grandfather was still a young man, he was sent to the United States from Glasgow to begin criminal operations in the country, particularly drug trafficking. In the US, illegal drugs was a multi-billion dollar industry and the bosses in Glasgow wanted a piece of the pie. After my grandfather died, my father took over the business and entered into a partnership with the ruling mafia party of the Central States

The Angels of Darkness.

When Rafael walked into our cafe, I felt my heart skip a beat. He was so handsome wearing a dark blue tailored suit which fit him to perfection. His dark hair was cut short, his face clean-shaven, and those caramel eyes... Oh, those luscious caramel eyes.

When his eyes met mine, I felt myself melting under his gaze. He walked up to me, took my hand and kissed it.

"I have never seen a creature as exquisite as you. Your red hair reminds me of the sunset when the last rays of the sun linger in the sky and your beautiful green eyes look like the color of emeralds," he said. "I'm Rafael and you are..."

"Your future wife," I said, winking at him. From that day forward, we were always together until his death.

The final beats of my heart filled my ears while the light around me quickly disappeared, the darkness swallowing me whole. Before I let out my final breath, I asked God to take pity on me and to keep Pete safe.

Cc

4/5

12-22 Wed, Mar

## CHAPTER 68 Revelation

Rafael... I'm coming, my love...

### Chapter Comments

Luna-Mom

he couldn't help but feel smug

Mary Hall

Xavier is my n igger

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Chapter 69

## CHAPTER 69 Boatmen

Sheriff

It was past midnight and | was standing on the dock overseeing the delivery... alone.

“Sheriff, the crates are on the rowboats heading your way,” the delivery man said through my CB radio. Two crates on each rowboat.”

“Copy that. Do not, | repeat, do not leave your location until | have eyes on the delivery,” | said. “It’s just a precautionary measure. In case something goes wrong, the boatmen can row back to your location.”

“Sure thing, Sheriff.” | heard the displeasure in his voice. He clearly did not want wait and | couldn’t blame him, but | had a feeling in my gut that something was off. Especially with Liam late for a scheduled delivery... for the very first time.

“If all goes well, it will be a big pay out for all of us. Now do what I say and keep an eye on the prize,” | scolded him.

“Will do.”

I checked in with the boatmen.

“Boatmen, if you see anything out of the ordinary, you let me know,” | reminded them.

“If

you hear one of us scream that means we're in trouble,” Roger, who was one of Liam’s men, joked.

“Very funny, Roger,” | replied. “Row faster so we can all head on home.”

“Rowing as fast as we can, Sheriff. The crates are heavy,” Roger whined. | rolled my eyes.

“Fine! Just get here in one piece!”

| decided to check in with Tanner, hoping he hadn't fallen asleep.

“Tanner, what's your situation?” | asked. Aside from keeping an eye on the parkside of the lake, he was also in charge of receiving the extra cargo that Dan wasn’t suppose to know.

“Waiting, Sheriff,” he answered. It was a relief to hear his voice.

“Good, son. You know what to do,” | said vaguely, knowing | was surrounded by vultures.

III

1/6

CHAPTER 69 Boatmen

"Yes, Sheriff, Tanner replied. So far, so good.

phone suddenly began to vibrate in my pocket. If it wasn't Liam, it was most probably his

oked up at the sky and prayed it was Liam.

y, it was Theodore. | groaned, knowing there was a problem.

"How can | help you, Theodore?" | asked calmly.

"The CCTV cameras are out, Nathan," he said icily.

"All of them?" | asked, not believing what | was bearing.

"Yes, all of them," he answered. "I've been trying to call Liam to fix the problem, but he hasn't returned my calls. Is he there with you?"

"No, not at this moment, but he's on his way," | lied, not wanting Liam to have anymore problems. Between him and his father, | liked Liam more. Theodore was one cold-hearted and selfish sono fabitch. He made me do all his dirty work for a pittance, unlike his son who

was generous.

"Have him call me when he arrives at Hillcrest. If anything happens to the cargo, | will hold you and him responsible," Theodore threatened. | shrugged my shoulders at his empty. threat.

Like he was going to kill me with all the dirt | have on him.

"Theodore, if you don't trust us, why are you allowing Liam and me to be in charge? Why aren't you here making all the calls?" | asked impatiently.

\*Because, Nathan, | am not a lap dog, unlike you and those insects around you," he answered coldly. "Have Liam-

Aloud cracking sound from nearby made me jump in fright, interrupting my conversation with Theodore. If | wasn't mistaken, it was from a sniper rifle. | pocketed my phone and took out my CB radio and my night vision binoculars.

With a sniper in the area, the boatmen were sitting ducks.

shots fired, | repeat, shots fired,” | said through the radio while peering through my

binoculars. “Boatmen, | need you to check in with me, over.”

| waited for an answer, but there was only silence. | searched through the lake, adjusting my

III

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MONTA

2/6

## CHAPTER 69 Boatmen

binoculars when the lights around me suddenly turned on, blinding me.

“What the f uck?!” | yelled, rubbing my eyes. | continued to contact the boatmen. “Boatmen, check in, | repeat, check in, over.” Nothing.

“Delivery man, any sight of the boatmen?” | waited for a reply, but | only got static.

My phone began to vibrate again. Thinking it was Theodore, | pulled out my phone angrily, but discovered it was Jack. | exhaled deeply before | answered his call.

“What is it, son?”

“Sheriff, | just got a call. Cynthia McDowell has been shot at her residence. An ambulance has been dispatched and I’m on my way to Highand Oaks. Liam should be there any minute.

I’ll cover for you until the delivery is finished,” he said s

| ran my hand through my hair, frustrated. Who the f uck shot Cynthia McDowell?

| wanted to punch something.



Everything has gone to sh it!

"I'll get there as soon as possible. Keep me posted," | said, trying to keep calm.

"Will do, Sheriff."

| was about to radio Tanner when | caught sight of one of the rowing boats seemingly floating towards me.

| squinted my eyes and caught sight of the back of a boatman seated on the boat. | let out a

huge sigh of relief. For a second there, | thought | had lost them.

"Sorry, I'm late, but | can see I'm just in time," Liam said, walking quickly towards me to the end of the dock. "Jack left to go to Highland Oaks. Something about a shooting incident."

"Yeah, involving Cynthia McDowell."

"What?!" | saw Liam's face turn pale. It wasn't his problem though, it was mine.

"Don't worry, Mayor. Ambulance is on its way to help her. From what | deduced from Jack's

call, it sounds like a case of accidental discharge," | said to ease his worries. | pointed to the boat which was moving straight towards the dock. "Let's get your cargo secure before-"

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## CHAPTER 69 Boatmen

| suddenly froze from what | saw.

As the boat hit the dock, the boatman fell back, revealing a gun shot wound in between his

yes with blood dripping down his face. It was Roger.

| heard Liam gasp in horror, but after noticing the boat was empty, his face quickly twisted with rage.

"The crates are gone!" He angrily stomped his foot on the wooden planks of the dock. "Sheriff, find whoever stole from me and make sure you do what they did to these men!"

Big Man Lou

"Two crates on each rowboat."

But there was an extra crate on another rowboat headed towards the opposite direction.

"Do not, | repeat, do not leave your location until | have eyes on the delivery. "It's just a precautionary measure. In case something goes wrong, the boatmen can row back to your location." The Sheriff's voice on the radio was demanding and arrogant.

"Sure thing, Sheriff." The driver of the delivery truck didn't hide his irritation. He

scared of him.

wasn't

"If all goes well, it will be a big pay out for all of us. Now do what | say and keep an eye on the prize, the Sheriff ordered. | heard the driver smirk.

"Will do," he replied before pocketing his CB radio. He turned around and gestured to the two men with him. "You two, lock the back and let's go."

"We aren't going to wait?" the one wearing brown boots asked, puzzled. "Maybe if we wait,

we might get paid ex-"

"Don't | pay you enough from what Cohen gives us? We delivered the merchandise on schedule, so now we go," the driver said, climbing into the driver's seat and closing the door. "No one in their right mind is going to steal those crates. Come on, you p tricks. Capo Ba stone needs a cleaning crew. Councilman Cris Murdock killed a girl."

| was underneath their truck recording their conversation. It was just a hunch, but | figured they may say something useful... and thankfully, | was right. The underbosses will be

4/6

## CHAPTER 69 Boatmen

delighted to know that Cris Murdock has added another accolade to his growing list of achievements and that Liam Cohen was stealing from the Angels of Darkness.

Once the truck left, | ran back to my small black van parked in the woods. For this heist, it was my base of operations. | could see everything happening on the small monitors without any obstructions.

“Boats are in the water,” | said through the coms. “I repeat, boats are in the water. Leave no

one alive.”

The men were divided into three teams. The first team, comprised of assassins in scuba diving gear, was tasked to kill Liam’s men, then fasten ropes onto the boats. The second

team,

am, stationed at the deep end of the lake, was assigned to pull the boats to land and unload the crates with the help of the divers. The third team were the couriers. After we received intel from Leo and Benny confirming the cargo were crates of wine, the members of the third team would each take one crate of wine, load it onto their motorcycle, and drive off to where Domenico’s delivery truck was parked in the dense part of the forest just outside

New Salem jurisdiction.

SSecond team will then assist first team out of the lake, then drive to the designated rendezvous point where another truck is waiting for them. As for me, I’m going to the biker bank along the highway to meet up with some new friends and try to infiltrate the drug.

business from the inside.

Because our three underbosses had solid alibis, no one will suspect them... just as long as

none of us get caught.

We had to time everything perfectly. The team stationed at the deep end of the lake had to wait for the cleopatra to check in with the Sheriff before knocking him and his two men unconscious. The drivers had to wait for the boats to reach the middle portion of the lake.

before emerging from the water and shooting the men on the boat.

Everything was going smoothly until the loud sound of Sam's sniper rifle had the Sheriff practically jumping into the lake. It gave the second and third team less time to unload the cargo off the boats and get the crates strapped onto the motorcycles. "Base," one of Domenico's men said through the coms. "We'll send a boat towards the Sheriff

to distract him.

"Make sure you get back across the lake in time. You guys only have thirty minutes of oxygen left in your tanks, | reminded them. Quickly now."

5/6

## CHAPTER 69 Boatmen

"I'll cover for them," Sam said, his voice was low and raspy, giving me the creeps. Sam, the

Lone

was Beaufort's protégé. Just like Beaufort, he never missed a target. "Cohen's on

the way for you to skedaddle. I'll holler back when all the boys are on dry

land out," | said. | quickly pressed a button to hide all of my equipment and

the back of my van. Once | was comfortable in the driver's seat, | sped off to meet up

Oliver Tucker.

| parked my vehicle at the back of Blazing Bikers Bar, Sam finally notified me that it was mission accomplished.

“Boys are all accounted for, Sam said. “Heading out to the rendezvous point.”

Time for a bottle of whisky.

Chapter Comments

Luna-Mom

POST COMMENT

the saying” revenge is best served on a cold silver platter ” is appropriate for the Joy of Revenge

VIEW 1 COMMENT >

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Chapter 70

APTER 70 Joke

| of a siren from a speeding ambulance alarmed the remaining people inside. he pub. Lisa, who had been drinking heavily throughout the night, sobered up instantly and grabbed her phone from her purse to check her messages.

After scrolling through her messages, Lisa jumped off her stool and, without even a goodbye, left the pub in a hurry. | glanced at Cristos, who | noticed had been peeking at her phone while she went through her messages, but he just shrugged his shoulders. “Lisa does that sometimes,” Nicole said, sliding into the empty chair Lisa had just vacated.

“Drive while drunk?” | asked incredulously. “I would have offered to drive her if she had just asked.” | turned to Noah and placed a hand on his arm. Just like Lisa, he was also drinking heavily. “How about you, Noah? Do you need a ride home?” But before he could answer, Nicole intervened.

“I’ll drive him home, Virtue,” Nicole said gruffly, jumping off the barstool and grabbing Noah’s beer bottle. “Come on. You’ve had enough.” | removed my hand from Noah’s arm and

waved goodbye, satisfied at the reaction | got from Nicole. She was jealous.

Noah sighed and waved goodbye while Nicole yanked him out of the pub. After they left, the other patrons called it a night and left as well. | decided to help Cristos close up for the

night.

While | was gathering the empty beer bottles and used glasses, Cristos’ phone rang.

“Yep,” he answered. He kept a straight face as he listened to the person speaking to him on the phone while he gestured to me to follow him into his office. “Sure, I’ll call him right

away.”

Once inside, Cristos called someone else. “Hey, Link. Xavier was right.”

who

Cristos was speaking to Attorney Lincoln Murphy, a capo under Xavier. He had arrived in Bismarck the other day, just in case Xavier ever needed a lawyer. There was always a risk might get caught.

For tonight’s homicide, Xavier had a hunch he would be detained as a suspect, being the only person present at the crime scene.

1/6

APTER 70 Joke

e's at the sheriff's station at this very moment, Cristos explained. "I have to remind you, your client is Bo Xavier. If you slip, the police will become suspicious. I'll be there after I close the pub."

"Bo's in custody?" I asked once Cristos hung up. He nodded his head. "Where's Dom?"

"He's with Miss Honey Bee, his alibi," he answered while clicking on his computer. "I just hope the medical examiner extracts the bullet right away so the forensic ballistics expert can identify the bullet as soon as possible."

"What if the coroner doctors his findings, Chip?" I asked, concerned. He glanced at me and smiled. Apparently, they were two steps ahead.

"After last night, the county coroner called in this morning to announce he's going on leave. The deputy coroner-slash-medical examiner will be taking his place. She is no other than Sarah Hughes' mother. I think you know Sarah Hughes is running against Liam for mayor."

"Are you sure she and the ballistics expert aren't under Theodore Cohen's payroll?"

"She isn't, but the expert could be, although I highly doubt if the expert can doctor a ballistics report without Doctor Hughes questioning his or her findings. Anyway, I've heard Doctor Hughes has been complaining about the unconventional practices of the coroner, so no need to worry. Bo will be out in no time." He clicked on his computer again and squinted. "Nicole and Noah are headed towards Hillcrest while Lisa seems to be going to Bismarck. I'm

guessing to pick up her husband who just killed a girl he and Pete abducted." I gasped

I closed my eyes, as the rage rose up from inside of me. They... just... wouldn't... stop.

I'll be the one to make them stop.

"Let's go. I need you to come with me. If anyone can convince Jack that Bo is innocent, it's

you.

I inhaled deeply to calm myself, then fixed my breasts in my dress. "Sure thing. I'll leave my car here and ride with you." Thankfully, when we arrived, Bo was already being released. Link was all smiles as he greeted us.

He was another handsome man, tall, with light brown hair and green eyes. Even at one in the morning, he looked dapper in his dark suit.

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## CHAPTER 70 Joke

"Medical examiner sent a picture of the bullet and called the station to say bullet used was

long range. Aside from her findings, the Sheriff confirms a sniper rifle was fired

de"

crest Residences approximately around the same time Cynthia McDowell here made the 911 call. He believes the bullet was a stray and had hit

Attorney Lincoln Murphy explained. "They have nothing on you. Bo,

nl go and pick up my car?" Xavier asked, like it was his first rodeo. Link coughed to conceal his laughter, amused with all the acting.

"Sure. If anyone harasses you, give me a call. I'll be staying at the inn tonight," Link said before getting into his car. Bo waved goodbye to Link before lowering his head and covering his face with his hands, pretending to cry. | placed an arm around his shoulders and led him novelbin

to Cristos' Range Rover.

As we drove off, we just couldn't help ourselves.

We snickered the whole way seemingly sharing a private joke.



Nicole

Noah was drunk and I didn't want to drop him off at his place just yet. He was looking at Virtue the whole night like he wanted to eat her. I had to remind him that Virtue could never give him what I had to offer.

my car

I drove to Noah's office in Hillcrest, knowing it would be free for the night. Liam was busy with his delivery and wouldn't think to look for us there. As a precaution, I parked my near the huge trees at the dark end of the parking area, so no one would see it. "Hey, Noah. We're here," I said, nudging him awake. He opened his eyes briefly, before leaning back on his chair.

"Where are we?" Noah groaned. I quickly exited the car, ran to his side and opened the door. "Nicole, where are we?" He asked again.

"At your office," I answered in a hushed voice. "Let me get you inside. I promise, I'll be gentle." He smiled, placed an arm around my shoulders and got out of the car. He staggered to his feet, swaying a bit. I allowed him to lean on me for support, enjoying the feel of his body against mine.

Cc

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45

CHAPTER 70 Joke

promise? I like it better when you're rough he joked. "Do you have the keys?"

ey." I giggled the keys in front of him. With a smirk, he lowered his face and tongue darting in and out of my mouth aggressively. He was both so and so hot!

I loved having sex while Noah was drunk. He didn't have any pretensions, he didn't hold

back.

"Let's have sex on your car," he suggested. I shook my head.

“And scratch the paint? No, honey. Let’s go inside and f uck on your desk.

“Mmmm...good idea,” he said, walking towards the front door of his office while yanking me with him.

Once the door closed behind us, he raised my hands above my head and kissed me passionately, nibbling my lips, sucking my tongue, and exploring the inner recesses of my mouth. When his lips left mine, I was breathless, but wanting more.

“You look beautiful tonight in this white slip you call a dress,” he said. “Are you wearing any underwear?”

“No,” I moaned.

“Then spread your legs for me, baby. I want to see how wet you are.” I obeyed, spreading my legs to

give him access. I wanted to feel his touch.

One of his hands went underneath my dress, caressing my inner thigh before moving to my slit. He rubbed his fingers gently, moistening his fingertips tips with my juice. He suddenly lifted his hand and placed his fingers in his mouth, tasting me.

“Sweet as always,” he whispered. He lifted the skirt of my dress above my waist and looked down at my naked pu ssy while inserting a finger inside. I moaned and threw my head back against the door. He licked my neck and nibbled on my ear while he thrust his fingers inside of me.

He finger f ucked me until I came, squirting all over the floor. I clung on to his neck as I rode the waves of my while he chuckled lowly in my ear, pleased with himself.

My body was quivering, my knees were shaking, while the rest of my pus sy juice slowly dripped down my legs.

III

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## CHAPTER 70 Joke

He yanked off my dress, taking both of my breasts in his hands, squeezing and kneading, while circling my sensitive nipples with his tongue. I pulled on his hair, moaning as white flashes of pleasure hit me with each playful bite of my nipples.

He was teasing me. "I want more," I groaned.

He suddenly stopped and unzipped his pants. A wicked smile played on his lips as I watched him undress. After he threw his clothing off to the side, he sat on one of the plastic chairs meant for visitors. His hand stroked the length of his erection while he gestured for me to

come to him.

"I want more, too. On your knees, Nicole. It's time for you to suck!"

Noah was well-endowed. I have had sex with many men including Liam, Cris, Jack and Theodore and none of them were as big as Noah. It gave me a thrill to deep throat.

I went down on my knees and positioned myself in between his legs, taking the whole length of his shaft in my mouth while he reached down to tug on my nipples.

He moved his hips, pushing his cock inside until the tip of his penis touched the back of my throat. He groaned loudly, then grabbed my hair, moving his hips in and out... faster and harder... fucking my mouth. After a while of grinding against my throat, I felt his penis stiffen and bulge, thinking he was going to come. But he abruptly stopped and pulled out of my mouth.

"No, I'm coming inside you," he growled. He quickly picked me up, placed me on top of a desk and thrust all the way inside of me. I could feel the smooth skin of his balls touching

my pussy.

“Oh, G od, yes!” | screamed. He quickened his pace, thrusting inside of me harder each time. The table squeaked beneath me, but we didn’t care if anyone heard us. All we wanted was to

reach our climax.

When | was near, Noah pushed against my c lit with his thumb, making me squirt all over him. After drenching him with my come, he thrust a couple more times before finally coming inside me. Gasping for air, he quickly pulled out of me and took a seat in an office. swivel chair, his penis rolling to rest on his thigh.

I stayed on top of the desk for several moments to still my labored breathing. When | finally got up from the desk, | found Noah snoring on the chair, his head thrown back against it.

Tomorrow was a Sunday anyway and no one would be coming in for work. After | got

5/6

## CHAPTER 70 Joke

clo dun

ed, | decided to go on home. | couldn’t sleep here even if | wanted to.

In my car when | remembered | had a blanket in the back seat. | didn’t nacold.

about to walk back to Noah, the cool wind suddenly blew towards me, blowing my in my face. | was quietly removing a few strands of my hair from my mouth when | ficed someone walking along the road. | quickly hid behind a tree, relieved that | had osed the window blinds and locked the door of the office on

my way 0

The person ran towards Noah’s small prefabricated office and peered through the windows, even trying their luck with the door. | silently prayed Noah’s snoring wasn’t loud enough to hear and that the person wouldn’t dare knock.

After several moments, the person ran back to the road to where a car was parked, obviously giving up. | heaved a sigh of relief, but kept my eyes on the lone figure.

The wind blew again, but this time, towards the person who was leaving.

My eyes narrowed as the wind blew the person's long hair...

It was a woman.

Chapter Comments

Luna-Mom

oh yeah that's another brilliant chapter

Morgan

oh nooooo

| was hoping they could save her

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POST COMMENT

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