

The Joy of Revenge #Chapter 81 - Read The Joy of Revenge Chapter 81

Chapter 81

CHAPTER 81 Funeral

Pete McDowell

It was early in the morning when I was released from the hospital. After being discharged, I had one of

my men pick me up and drive me to where my Silver Audi was parked. There was still some smoke coming from the charred remains of the funeral home, the pavement was wet from the rain and a black hearse with my mother's casket waited patiently on the side of the road until it was time to bring my mother to her final resting place. After last night's tragic event, her funeral was moved to the afternoon to give people time to decompress from the fire, however I doubted if any of the townsfolk would attend. There was a target on my back and my mother's friends knew this.

Fortunately, the coffins carrying the drugs had already left before the fire broke out. If not, I would be dealing with a lot more, paying for those drugs from my pocket. I had so much on my plate already. I didn't want to lose money too.

I arrived home to find the window replaced and the shattered glass and blood cleaned up. I decided to go straight to my room and take a shower. The smell of smoke on my hair, skin and clothes was nauseating.

After getting dressed, I felt much better. I grabbed my phone and dialed the number of my capo. It was really frustrating that he had been missing in action after these two incidents.

"What do you want?" He asked, his voice harsh. I guess I woke the bastard up.

"I'm guessing you heard about last night," I said, checking if he was updated.

"Yes, I have. It's hard to miss a black cloud of smoke in the sky. I also heard our good mayor is now quite the hero," he said disapprovingly. "Why am I not surprised? It's like everything you touch turns to shit. What happened, Pete?"

“Honestly, I don’t know. One second, I was closing a deal with Liam, the next... an explosion erupted from the back of the funeral home.”

“You made a deal with Liam? What deal, Pete?” He asked angrily. He was always missing when I needed him, but he always acted angry when he wasn’t informed.

“In exchange for his father, I, uh, I...”

“Spit it out!”

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“In exchange for his father, I asked him to deliver Virtue Sullivan to me on the day of the “I blurted out, knowing he wouldn’t approve. I waited for the insults, but I

him laugh instead..

Spri

?” He asked, amused

Zoes in or

answered. “But, because of the fire, I lost my leverage. Theodore Cohen is tly confined in the hospital. Liam has guards manning the premises. No one goes. without his approval.”

was already impressed you had Liam on his knees, now we’re back to square one,” he scoffed at my stupidity. “You don’t need to literally imprison Theodore. All you need to do is remind them what’s at stake. Have one of your men dress up like a nurse and place a note beside Theodore’s bed or fuck around with Liam’s chessboard, you know, the one he has in his office. Give subtle hints to help jog his memory. Remind him this is your town and he

can’t run away from his... obligations.”

Good idea. Simple, yet threatening. I liked it.

“Okay, I'll do what you've suggested,” | said, then | quickly changed the topic. “Back to why I called you. Where the f uck have you been? After my mother dies, a fire conveniently erupts

at the funeral home. | want you to find-”

“You want me to find whoever is doing this to you? | don't need to. You already know who's

behind all this, so why bother?” He said, dismissing the idea of looking for the assassin. “If | were you, leave town for a while. After your mom's funeral, why don't you fly off to, let's say, Hawaii? Get a tan, change your hair, get some liposuction done, buy colored contacts, a whole new wardrobe and a whole new identity. While you're gone, have Lisa sell the house,

then use the money to buy a new one. | heard from a little bird that Norma Martin's husband. is selling. When you come back, no one will know it's you unless you wear the ring. Don't worry. I'll be in charge of things until you get back. It'll be business as usual. I'll even whip Cris into shape.”

| sat down on the edge of my bed and thought about it. Instead of Hawaii, | can fly to the Carribean, get off the grid for a while, then come back as a whole new person. Alejandro De Vega wouldn't even know it was me. Then | can grab that ba stard's wife and send her back to him in a body bag.

| have a little under two weeks until the Spring Formal. | could come back, pick Virtue up and fly her to the Bahamas. There, she'll be my se x s lave and no one would hear from her

again.

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know what? I'll take that into consideration, | told my capo. “For now, I'll bury my

other.”

“You do that, Pete,” he said and hung up.

After brunch, I got dressed into another black suit, slicked my hair back and decided not to wear the ring. My capo was right, the ring was a dead giveaway. I hid my tired eyes with black sunglasses and proceeded to the cemetery for the funeral rites, my men following close behind me. The rain had finally stopped and the sunlight had begun peeking through the dense gray clouds lurking in the sky above, improving my mood.

The burial site was empty. Rows of wet empty chairs stood behind my mother's casket. After last night, I expected no one would attend, but it still hurt seeing no one was there. I quickly took a seat i

in the front, took off my sunglasses and gestured to the priest to start. My men, or what was left of them, sat in the back, making sure no one came near me.

After the priest blessed the site and sprinkled Holy Water on the coffin, he suddenly paused, looking above my head. That's when I heard several voices behind me. I turned around and found my men blocking a group of people from entering the site. One of them was Virtue. She was wearing a black puff sleeved belted dress, her long blonde hair cascading below her shoulders.

I raised my hand at the priest to excuse myself and walked up to my men. Accompanying Virtue was Chip, Bo, Dom and to my utter surprise, Marla. Only the five of them were brave enough to grace my mother's funeral. I actually felt grateful.

"Let them sit," I told my men. They moved aside and allowed the group to enter.

"My sincerest condolences, Pete, Virtue greeted me as she walked on the wet grass in her high heels, holding a bouquet of flowers. She was assisted by Chip, who was holding her arm.

She handed me the bouquet and gave me a hug. "Thank you," I murmured, raising my eyes to

look up at her beautiful face. Honestly, I felt short. She and the three men towered over me.

"Cousins of yours?" She asked pointing at my men.

“Ah, yes,” | lied. “After two consecutive days of tragic accidents, my family is a bit overprotective. Sorry about that. Please, sit,” | gestured to them to sit anywhere they liked.

Virtue wiped her chair with tissue before sitting. She was such a girl scout, even though I’ve noticed she carried such tiny purses. After the others took their seats, | gestured to the

priest to continue.

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I stared at Marla as she held Dom’s arm, hiding her face from me. | couldn't help, but feel impressed. She looked all shiny and new with her honey blonde hair. She was wearing a simple black dress and black stiletto heels, carrying a nice leather purse which | suspected was a gift from Dom. After winning Miss Honey Bee, she had caught the eye of one of the most sought after bachelors in this town. My eyes narrowed enviously. | had to remind her she was mine before any other.

I glanced down the row and saw Virtue staring at me curiously. | smiled at her warmly, hoping a smile could conceal my intentions which had inadvertently shown on my face. She, of all people, shouldn’t suspect Marla and | had history.

The funeral proceeded without any further delay. | invited them all to Harold’s for some snacks and drinks after the funeral was over.

“That’s really nice of you, Pete, but we have to get back to work,” Bo said. “Virtue here has to start cleaning up and unpacking those boxes she left in my warehouse.”

“That’s right. Noah should be done with the construction by now,” | said. “Well, | hope to drop by when | get back.”

“You’re leaving?” Virtue asked, surprised.

“Just a short vacation. After all that’s happened, | think | just need to sit down at a beach somewhere and relax,” | said.

“You should. You deserve it,” Chip said, agreeing with me.

“But you'll miss my grand opening,” Virtue said sadly. “Well, taking care of yourself is more important. We'll be right here when you get back.”

| watched as they entered their cars, particularly Marla, who had a big smile on her face. Dom treated her like his queen, opening the passenger door of his car for her and ushering.

her inside.

“Boss, where to?” One of my men asked, waiting for my instructions.

“Home. | need to pack. While | get ready for my trip, | need you to bring Marla to me and leave a note on Theodore Cohen’s pillow,” | instructed.

“The girl with Dom?” He asked, puzzled.

“Yes. Have her wait for me in the safe house at Bismarck.”

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Before | leave, I'll have a little fun first.

Xavier

After Pete drove off, | took out my phone and dialed.

“Sam, | need you to shadow Pete McDowell. Bring your passport and pack some stuff. I'll have the plane ready to depart.”

“Got it, X.”

Chapter Comments.

Luna-Mom

so Noah thinks he's a more suitable guy for her to date??? hmmm

Morgan

think Noah is Pete's boss. he's moved up the rank.

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Chapter 82

CHAPTER 82 Utility Closet

Liam

After taking a shower at the hospital, I decided to dress into one of my casual suits and sat down on the couch in my father's hospital suite. His leg was in cast and he was sleeping with an oxygen mask on to prevent any severe effects from smoke inhalation.

I asked my secretary to come down to the hospital to bring me the documents I needed to look over and sign. When I was done, I told her to cancel my appointments for the whole week and for her to lock up the office and go home. It was a sad day. The funeral home was gone and the hospital was packed with traumatized people from the fire. Although there weren't any casualties among the guests who had come to pay their last respects to Cynthia McDowell, there were three bodies found at the back of the funeral home. I prayed that Leo and Benny were able to make it out in time, but I assumed the worst.

was

no

I had my men guard the premises of the hospital. After speaking to the Sheriff, there other way to protect my father, but to do it myself. He reminded me if he

were to arrest Pete, we would all go down. He had enough evidence on all of us to lock us up for good.

"I'm sorry, Liam. There's not much I can do. What we can do though is use his problem with this De Vega fellow to our advantage," Sheriff Combs suggested.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"We can kill him and bury him in the forest where no one can find him, then act as if he was

taken by De Vega. Or we can have someone kill him while he's walking down the street and make everyone believe it was De Vega," he answered. "It's either you take matters into your own hands or you wait for Pete to do his worst. It's up to you."

H

The Sheriff was right. I had to take matters into my own hands. But I knew Pete would also be heavily guarded after what happened last night. I had to wait until he lets his guard down before I made my move. I planned to make it look like he died of natural causes and not a

gunshot to the head. The people of New Salem would think it wasn't safe under my leadership if Pete died while walking down the street.

Dan arrived at the hospital with a fruit basket in his hands wearing another one of his silk

shirts under his designer trench coat. I instructed my guards to keep an eye on my father and not to let anyone in the room while I spoke with Dan. I led him to a utility closet at the

far end of the hallway and locked the door.

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"What happened last night?" Dan asked in a hushed voice while we stood in the middle of mops and buckets.

"Is Lisa okay?" | asked. She was distraught when Cris and | left her last night.

"Of course. She's at Hillcrest," Dan said. "She's under a bit of stress after finding out her

two are husband killed a girl, that she might be the next target of some mafia boss, and that all tied up in this together. Then, there's the little issue of Pete being our boss and that we deal drugs. Well, she had to find out sooner or later. | actually thought she had an idea, | just didn't bargain she was oblivious to her husband's extracurricular activities. Anyway, she promised to keep her mouth shut if it'll keep her alive. So, Liam, talk to me. What happened last night at the funeral home?"

"That bastard kidnapped my father," | said angrily. Dan shook his head in disbelief.

"The big boss won't like hearing Pete overstepped his bounds. Theodore Cohen is under the protection of the Angels of Darkness for services rendered," Dan said. "First, he kidnapped and raped De Vega's niece, now he fucked with Theodore. He's such an idiot."

"That's not all. He asked me to give him Virtue in exchange for my father," | said. "And get this, he wants it done during the Spring Formal. | heard Dan mutter a curse underneath his

breath.

"Why am | not surprised? He really wants to ruin your chances at reelection. Anyway, he called me earlier to tell me he's leaving. He told me to send his take to his offshore account: and make sure | ship the big boss' money to Texas while he was gone," Dan said. | stared at him, not believing what | had just heard.

"God damnit! | was planning on something. You sure of that?" | asked, knowing Pete was

such a liar.

"Like | would make this up. He said he'll be leaving the country and that he'll be gone indefinitely. That's what he said," Dan confirmed.

"Did he say why?" Dan shook his head.

"I assume because De Vega is hunting him down and that this little stunt with Theodore will earn him a visit from the big boss once she finds out," Dan answered. "What I do know is he's

scared. He told me ever since he left the hospital, he feels like someone is following him so

he'll be doing the old switcheroo to get out of town."

"Switcheroo?" I asked, puzzled. Dan rolled his eyes at me.

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CHAPTER 82 Utility Closet

es, let's say, to the diner. Inside, there's someone who looks like him, has the exact

appearance. They exchange clothing, then that someone who looks like him

in the diner, gets into his car and he drives off to the nearest airport while Pete

and drives off to wherever, Dan explained. "That's the old switcheroo."

Doesn't necessarily mean he's leaving New Salem. He might just dye his hair and head. to his safe house in Bismarck," I said, knowing he was clever.

I'll have my men check just to make sure. If he's there, I could definitely have someone shoot him while he walked through the streets.

"I doubt it. His capo will be in charge while he's away, Liam," Dan argued. I nodded my head, thinking this set-up was better. His capo rarely interfered just as long as the money came in. Technically, this meant I would be left in charge.

"Are you sure about this? Has his capo even called?" I asked.

"To answer your first question, yes, I'm sure of the arrangement and to answer your second question, no, his capo hasn't called. But I'd rather have him in charge than Pete. Since Cynthia left everything to Pete, he has been a real problem. This thing he has with Cris and these women... He's worse than a drug addict. So, what have you done to Cris?"

“He’s at the mansion. I was thinking of keeping him there until the election so I can keep

watch. But if Pete is leaving, I can send him home and have Jack keep an eye on him.

Without Pete here, he can’t go off and abduct women on his own,” I said.

“Where’s Jack right now? I was expecting to see him here.”

“Unlike Sheriff Combs, Jack is friends with the Sheriff of Arnold County. He’s still looking for our missing cargo. I heard they have a lead,” I said. Dan heaved a sigh of relief.

“Oh, thank God,” Dan exclaimed happily, then he placed a hand on my shoulder. “Liam, whatever deal you made with Pete, I doubt if it’ll push through. Spring Formal is just around the corner and Pete has to drastically change his appearance so he won’t be recognized. Even the best plastic surgeons can’t do that in two weeks. My suggestion, ask Virtue out, then propose to her. When she’s under your protection, Pete can’t touch her the way he wants to touch her. When you and Virtue get married, we can start opening boutiques within our territory to e

expand our business. Fuck Pete. He’s bad for business.”

That didn’t sound bad. I didn’t want to marry whoever my father had arranged for me to marry and right now he was confined in the hospital. If I propose before he gets out, there won’t be anything he can do.

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12:25 Wed, Mar 27

—p

CHAPTER 82 Utility Closet

“People love a wedding. It will surely improve my image with Virtue beside me, campaigning with me. Well, I have to go shopping for a ring then, I said, fixing my jacket and opening the

door.

“Better you leave it to me, Liam,” Dan said as we walked out. “Just give me a budget and I'll get that ring for you.”

“No problem, but you need her ring size-”

Aloud commotion near my father's hospital room interrupted me. I dashed towards the suite and saw my men holding a man against the wall. He was wearing hospital scrubs with a surgical mask on his face.

“Sir, this one tried to get in without approval,” one of the guards said, his arm on the man's neck. A

I grabbed the mask and ripped it off his face. It was one of Pete's men.

Let me go. You know who I work for,” he smirked. “I just need to leave this card on Theodore's pillow.”

“What card?” I looked down at his hands and saw a small card between his fingers. I snatched it and read its contents.

“I expect our deal to push through or else. P”

Dan, who was looking over my shoulder, said, “He has some balls.”

“Yeah, he does, and I'm going to be the one who cuts them off,” I mumbled. I patted the man down and found his phone.

want to know

I approached one of my guards and whispered, “Torture him for answers. I want where his boss is flying off to and what his plans are.”

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Chapter Comments.

Luna Mom

Pete... Pete....Pete you think you can outsmart Virtue and Co!?! Emy Duvey

the capo know them? their plan??? wow I can't wait!

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Chapter 83

CHAPTER 83 Payment

Veronica Ortiz, Houston, Texas.

I was seated in my office behind my desk at my Houston mansion wearing a white Chanel suit, one of my favorite pieces in my wardrobe. My long salt and pepper hair was styled in an ornate bun and a thick gold and diamond necklace rested comfortably around my neck. It was a nice sunny day and the breeze entering my office was welcoming.

When I was a child, I pictured myself as an astronaut or a teacher. I never wanted this life, but it was the only life I have ever known. Yes, I wouldn't be able to afford this Chanel suit on a teacher's salary, but at least I could hold my head up high, proud of myself at what I have accomplished.

I sighed as I watched the trees sway with the breeze. Life never goes as planned. Instead of being a poor teacher, I was rich and lived in a glorious multi-million dollar mansion, but I wasn't proud of myself. Not one bit.

If there was one thing I was proud of, it was my son. He moved away from this life and opted to be a doctor. He goes around the world fixing poor children's smiles for free, his way of

giving back for what our family has taken.

Yet, things would be way worse if I didn't sit at the very top. Before I became the Godfather, the Angels of Darkness was spiraling out of control. Pride is a nasty thing. Once a made man reaches a certain rank, he believes anything he does is just and right, even if he tramples on the innocent. Power like that is ungodly.

My grandfather who was the Godfather when I was young always told me we may be considered criminals in the eyes of the government, but to the people

who had nothing, we were seen as heroes. We should never force our will on others, instead allow them to make

choices of their own..

My family started their smuggling enterprise to combat the rising prices of goods. Employment was dismal and pay was even worse. Hard working people working double jobs couldn't even afford to buy a nice television set for their family or an electric fan to fight the heat. With our smuggled goods, we provided them those luxuries at a price they could afford.

But the world suddenly became an ugly place, all driven by money and the need for power. When my father became the Godfather, he decided to reign over all criminal activity. Drugs, prostitution, gambling... he oversaw all. Yet, he wanted his minions to act in a civilized manner, killing those who overstep their limitations. This continued until my father died,

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CHAPTER 83 Payment

shot in the chest, by those who believed his rules to be bulls hit. When my brother inherited the position, he was so unlike my father, he allowed his members to run amok. This caused problems with the neighboring reigning mafia organizations. So I had to intervene before it could get any worse.

It was a pity to watch my brother die. But those under the Angels of Darkness had to learn. there was a price to pay for their actions..

A knock on my office door interrupted my thoughts. I moved my chair to the center and sat up properly.

"Come in," I said, fixing my Chanel suit. The door opened and in came my consigliere. He was my right hand, an indispensable member of the Angels of Darkness. Just like me, he had white in his hair, a testimony to our age. He was nicely dressed in a dark blue suit, but he had a grim expression on his face. Obviously, there was a problem.

"Dofia, we have an undocumented delivery at The Blues Club," Lorenzo announced unexpectedly. "It's from North Dakota." "North Dakota?" I asked, puzzled. "From Pedro?" I detested the name Peter. He was born Rafael Pedro Cadena Jr., after my poor nephew. However, his mother believed it was in our

best interest if he were to blend in with the Americans so the Blood Disciples would not find him.

“No, Dofia,” Lorenzo replied. “The delivery men said it was from a group called the “Tres Caballeros”. The men have already taken the cargo out. Wine crates filled with money. I estimate it to be over two million dollars. One had an envelope with this inside it.” He placed the USB on my table.

“Tres Caballeros... The three gentlemen, you say? Odd. Have you checked it for viruses?” I asked.

“Yes, Dofia,” Lorenzo said. “It’s clean.”

“What's on it?” I asked, intrigued.

“It seems there are problems in New Salem. I called De Vega to confirm. He told me Pedro apparently kidnapped and raped Ariana,” Lorenzo said sadly.

“What?! Why was I not informed of this?” I asked, grabbing the USB and placing it into my laptop.

2/5

CHAPTER 83 Payment

“It's p

in

enzo admitted. “I heard of this last month, but I did not conduct an. occupied with our problems at the port.” novelbin

old.

.That was a big problem. It’s not your fault if you forgot. I, too, am ol
nderstand,” I said, scanning through the contents of the USB. The problem
would have cost me millions. I couldn’t let those sharks at customs take my
ndise. “Have you called Pedro?” y, his phone is off. Dofia, I have more bad
news. Pedro’s mother is dead and Theodore hen is in the hospital,” Lorenzo
said. “I asked De Vega if he killed Pedro’s mother, he

enies it.”

Call Nestor,” | said. “Someone needs to explain why so much has happened without me knowing!” Lorenzo dialed Nestor’s number and put my phone on speaker.

“Dofia Ortiz, what do | owe the pleasure?” He sounded amused to my surprise.

“Cynthia McDowell... is she dead?” | asked.

“Si, Dofia,” he said. “Recently buried.”

“How did she die?” | asked.

“Shot at her own home by a sniper rifle De Vega smuggles,” he answered. | pursed my lips. Just like what happened to Rafael. Could it be the Blood Disciples again? | doubted it.

“And Theodore Cohen?”

“Abducted by Pedro,” Nestor replied. “He wanted to make a deal with Liam Cohen, so he took him.” | grimaced. Pedro was turning out to be like his father. “A deal was made at the funeral home during Cynthia’s viewing, but a fire broke out. There was some sort of explosion which the firefighters are still investigating. Theodore Cohen was hurt as a result. He’s in the hospital with a strict no visitors policy.”

“| tried calling Pedro, but his phone is off. Where is he?” | asked.

“He fled. | don’t know where to,” Nestor answered.

“I need you to clarify this for me, Nestor. Did Pedro kidnap and rape Ariana De Vega?”

“Yes, he did. He admitted to the crime and | have a recording of him admitting to it,” Nestor answered. “To make a long story short, while he accompanied his friend, Cris Murdock, to

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CHAPTER 83 Payment

Ariana at a club in Chicago. He offered her a drink and he shrugged him hurt, thus, to teach her a lesson, he abducted her and raped her, only to

as looking for her. He set her free, but the damage had already been done. I'm violating my limitations as a mere capo, but your underboss is more with kidnapping and turning women into sex slaves for his utter amusement rather than the business. It has gotten so bad he did it to one of our own."

"That's alright, Nestor. I value your opinions. My father was the same with your father," I said.

"Thank you, Dofia, for your confidence. Unfortunately, my hands are tied. Although I have explicitly told Pedro not to, he repeatedly ignores my warnings," Nestor said, sighing.

"You're in charge, Nestor. If you find out where he is, give me a call. I will deal with this," I

instructed him.

"Si, Dofia," he agreed and hung up.

So why

Lorenzo.

why were

we given money? Information like this is bought, not given freely," I told

"Yes, about that... The money was sent by a woman named Joy," Lorenzo answered, placing a piece of paper on my desk. "As payment. In return, she wants Pedro to die by her hand without any interference from the organization.

I took the piece of paper and read it. My nephew has been hiding his extracurricular activities. This woman must have been one of his many victims.

Like all women, I detested rapists. If it were me, I would cut Pedro's penis off with a butcher's knife and let him bleed to death. "I was about to ask you to check all chartered flights from the WNCS, so I could deal with Pedro, but there seems to be one who is willing to pay to carry out my plans. Tell the delivery men, I agree to her terms. And Lorenzo, tell De Vega to stand down. Joy will give him the revenge he seeks."

“Of course, Dofia. What else do you need me to take care of before | go?” Lorenzo asked.

“Send flowers to the grave site of Cynthia McDowell, something big and elaborate, so Pedro knows it’s from me,” | said, smiling. 4/5

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Chapter 84

CHAPTER 84 Secret Wall

Joy

| had Cristos follow me home so | could pick up my overnight bag and leave my car. After locking up my house, we drove back into town.

Cristos dropped me off at my boutique while he went next door to do some grocery shopping. The boys at Old Man Eugene’s wanted some steaks and potatoes delivered for dinner. Through the storefront windows, | noticed my shop was clean, furnished, but empty. Noah and his crew must have already gone home.

| opened the door and dropped my heavy overnight bag on the floor, my eyes surveying the finished-project. | sighed happily. This was my store.

| walked inside, my heels making a slight clickety clack sound against the polished hardwood. floors with my every step. The mirrors seemed to glow underneath the lights. The vintage furniture | had bought from Bismarck gave the shop an elegant appeal. All that was missing were the gowns, dresses, suits and apparel | was going to sell. | twirled around, reveling at a dream that could have been mine, if | wasn’t raped and brutalized.

While | was admiring myself in one of the mirrors, | suddenly heard voices. Odd. | tiptoed to the short hallway towards the back where my office, bathroom, storage room and fitting rooms were all located. The lights weren’t on in that particular area, so | squinted my eyes to see through the darkness.

| found Noah and Nicole standing in front of the wall that separated my space from Xavier's warehouse. While Noah was still wearing what he wore this morning, Nicole was in a floral spaghetti strap mini dress and high heeled sandals, her hair in a ponytail in the back of her head. They were whispering to each other, oblivious to the fact that | was standing right behind them. "Nicole, trust me," Noah whispered. "I promise I'll make it up to you. When all my plans push through, you and I will be together. Right now, all the pieces are starting to come together. Pernovelbin

and Liam are at each other's throats. It's all going to happen soon."

"Don't give me that, Noah. Don't play with me. | saw her the other night at your office. If it weren't for her black hair-

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11:41 Thu, Mar 28

CHAPTER 84 Secret Wall

"Virtue, | have some

store.

croissants and coffee for you,

Cristos' voice echoed throughout my Cristos' voice echoed

| pursed my lips, frustrated at the sudden interruption. Thanks a lot, Cristos.

| quickly switched on the lights.

Nicole and Noah both turned to find me admiring the wall paper while Cristos stood behind me. | turned my head in their direction and jumped, pretending | was startled by them.

"Oh my gosh! | didn't notice you guys were there!" | exclaimed.

"Virtue... Chip... uh hi! We were just about to leave," Nicole lied. | noticed Noah's face had turned bright red from being caught off-guard.

"Noah, you did excellent work," Cristos said, placing the food on the counter. "So when can | have you back at the pub?"

| moved aside so Noah and Nicole could walk by. Noah's face was still a bit red while Nicole looked annoyed. | rolled my eyes at them. Of all the stupid things they could do, they had to have a meeting here.

"About that, | was planning on going to the pub tonight to speak to you about postponing

the renovations at the pub. | was hired by Linda Jacobs to up the debris from the

funeral home and start construction right away. Chimes is the only funeral home we have in New Salem and now that it's ash, | think it's my civic duty to help build another one for the people of New Salem, Noah said, sounding like a politician.

"Seems like you want to run for mayor, Noah," Cristos quipped. "Sure, | can postpone renovations on the pub. Just promise me when your schedule is free, you'll come and finish

it."

"| promise," Noah said, extending his hand. Cristos grabbed it and shook it, sealing the deal. "Virtue, I'll come by your house to drop off your bill. Come on, Nicole. We need to check that design you made for the new funeral home."

"Bye guys," Nicole said, lowering her head while tucking some errant strands of hair behind.

her ear.

Once the door closed, Cristos looked at me with a warning look. | shrugged my shoulders and walked over to the wall near the display area and pulled out the PVC sliding wall panel to block everyone's view from the outside.

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"Maybe | should put bells on the door, so | know when it opens... Just like the pub," | said. Cristos grimaced. It wasn't something fashionable to install.

“Or you

could install a door chime just like Dom’s. Dom can install it for you,” Cristos said, before locking the door and pulling the sliding wall panel all the way before locking it.

| pulled out Big Man Lou's trusty device and began scanning while Cristos sat down on the couch at the side of the store. Luckily, Noah and Nicole didn’t install anymore listening devices nor spy cameras. | completed a quick sweep in minutes, including my storage closet, office, fitting rooms and restroom.

“Clean, | announced, placing the gizmo back in my bag. “Sorry about that. They were staring at that wall. For a second, | thought they figured out our secret wall panel.”

“What did you overhear this time?” Cristos asked while he clicked away on his phone.

“Lover's quarrel. Nicole said she saw a woman with black hair come by Noah’s office the other night,” | said. “She sounded jealous and skeptical.”

“Black hair? There’s only one woman that comes to mind when | hear black hair,” Cristos

said.

Suddenly, the wall panel opened and in came Xavier from his warehouse, carrying a huge box. After he was safely in the store, the wall quickly closed behind him. “Chip, some help please.”

“I'm wearing Armani,” Cristos said, not wanting to get his black suit dirty.

“Then get dressed into jeans and a shirt,” Xavier said, placing the huge box on the floor. “There are clothes in the office. So, what are you guys talking about?”

“Nicole saw a woman with black hair come by Noah's office the other night,” | answer taking off my heels and putting on slippers. | walked over to Cristos and sat beside hi

“Sarah Hughes and Noah?” Xavier said, shocked. “I actually thought Sarah Hughes was

lesbian.”

“Well, she isn’t. She’s in love with Noah,” | said. “It was written all over her face when | her here, right in the middle of my shop, while she was sizing me up.”

“Virtue, every warm-blooded female in this town thinks you’re competition,” Xavier said. doesn’t matter if they’re as young as Marla or as old as Norma Martin.” He suddenly kicke

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Cristos on the leg. “Chip, get you a ss up and change! There are more boxes out in the back. and Dom

doesn’t get here ’til later. After he takes Marla home, he’s meeting up with De Luca gas station.” When Cristos didn’t budge, Xavier kicked him on the leg again. “Chip!”

at the

“Hold on!” Cristos yelled back, still reading something on his phone. “It says here in an email that the McDowell residence will soon be on sale. | hacked into Linda Jacobs’ account and the email was sent by Pete this morning before the funeral.”

“I’ll have Link buy the house and put up a practice here. It’ll get us eyes in that exclusive residential area, Xavier said. “When does Big Man Lou move into Hillcrest?”

“This Friday,” Cristos answered, still swiping away on his phone. “He’s bringing in Dina to pose as his nosy wife.” Dina was another one of Cristos’ prized hackers. She hacked into the electric grid in Oregon two years ago when Xavier needed to pull one of our own out from police custody.

“Yes! Dina is coming,” Xavier said enthusiastically. Whenever he needed assistance and Cristos wasn’t available, she was his second choice. “Tell her once she gets into town to come to the grocery store. If Liam and Pete are going to push through with their deal, | want the lights out when | start shooting.”

Cristos' phone kept pinging as he clicked and swiped. After news of Leo and Benny's

abduction spread throughout the members of the organization, everyone wanted in for some payback.

"I have some good news," Cristos said, smiling as he read his phone. "Veronica Ortiz has accepted Joy's payment and

our terms. We're free to kill Pete McDowell without

accepts u

any interference from the Angels of Darkness."

Xavier laughed and kissed me on my forehead. I looked at the both of them puzzled. "Joy's payment?" I asked.

"You, my dear, just paid the Godfather of the Angels of Darkness, Veronica Ortiz, two million dollars to kill Pete McDowell. Her go signal means this is a sanctioned hit," Xavier said. "It doesn't matter where Pete is or where he hides. You can walk up to him sitting on a beach, pull out a gun and shoot him in the head. The Angels of Darkness won't care."

That was good news.

"But we have to move fast. If Pete finds out there's a sanctioned hit on him, he'll hide and undergo drastic measures to change his appearance," Cristos said, placing his phone in his pocket and standing up. "Let's pray he wants you so bad, he'll come back to

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were you, keep a weapon with you at all times. You did bring the small gun Bo gifted you, right?"

"Yep. I brought my NAA short. It's in my purse," I replied, standing up too. "I'm going to change. I'll see you guys back here in five."

After removing my black dress, I dressed into denim shorts and a regular T-shirt. When I came out of my office, I found Cristos wearing ripped jeans and a ratty old shirt, seated casually on the sofa, clicking away on a laptop.

Xavier, on the other hand, looked pissed as he walked up and down my boutique. He was on his phone, hissing at whoever he was talking to.

“What the fuck do you mean it wasn’t him?!”

I walked over to Cristos, nudged him and pointed at Xavier. He had a grim expression on his

face.

“Sam lost Pete. Virtue, I think you have to stay here for the night.”

Chapter Comments.

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Chapter 85

CHAPTER 85 Marla is Missing

Xavier

I waited for Cristos to get out of his suit and change so we can bring in more boxes. Once we were inside Virtue’s, my phone began to vibrate. I pulled out my phone.

“It’s Sam,” I told Cristos, who nodded his head and gestured for me to answer it. He pulled out a laptop from a bag he placed on Joy’s counter, sat down and opened it. “Sam, what do you have for me?”

“I don’t know how I’m going to say this, X, but I lost Pete McDowell,” Sam said quietly.

“You lost him?!” | asked shocked. How was it possible for Sam to lose him? | began pacing up and down the length of Joy’s store, trying to calm myself down, so | can think.

“| don’t know how it happened, X,” he said. “I was following him out to Mandan when his car stopped at a restaurant. He sat near the window where | could see him, so | decided to wait for him in the car. The only time he left his seat was for two minutes and that was it. After he ate, he got into his car again and proceeded to Mandan Regional Airport. That’s when |

discovered it wasn’t him.”

2018

“What the f uck do you mean it wasn’t him?!” | hissed at him. | wanted to yell at him, but | knew Sam was already beating himself up for losing Pete.

“| followed him into the restroom and stared at him through the mirror. When | saw it wasn’t him, | followed him out, dragged him to my car and knocked him out. Then | took everything in his pockets. His carry-on was empty. This guy, Logan Finn, is an actor. He was called up by his agent, Marshall West, this morning,” Sam explained.

| shook

my

head and laughed. | heard Sam heave a huge sigh of relief, hearing my lau

Pete did the old switcheroo...

He was probably still here, watching. He couldn’t leave New Salem on a whim when h Liam was making plans too.

Why fly out when you can just lie, right?

“That ba stard might still be here. So technically he hasn’t gone missing,” | said calmly. “Where are you?”

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“At a basement of an abandoned building here in Mandan waiting for sleeping beauty to wake up so he can answer some of my questions.”

“Does he really look like Pete McDowell?” | asked.

“I’ll send you a picture. In my opinion, from afar, yes. Up close, this guy is better looking than him,” Sam answered.

“Don’t scare him. Offer him a business proposal. Tell him you’ll pay him a hundred thousand dollars if you need him for a job. Before you let him go, give him some money,” | instructed

Sam.

“No problem, X. I’m really sorry for letting you down,” Sam apologized.

“No worries, Sam. At least we know Pete might still be here. I’ll see you when you get back.” | hung up and turned to Joy and Cristos who were listening in on our conversation. | pointed at Joy. “As a precaution, you stay here for the night. Chip, you and I are going to do some surveillance work at the Old Taylor House later. Have Lou pull out all properties that the McDowells might have in Bismarck, Mandan and Lincoln.” Cristos nodded and began clicking

away. “You really think he’s still here?” Joy asked.

“| do. Why leave now when the Spring Formal is so close by?” | asked.

“You have a point, but here me out on this one,” Joy asked before continuing. “I saw something which... unnerves me. At the funeral earlier, Pete was looking at Marla strangely. His eyes went up and down the length of her body, like he was undressing her with his eyes. He even smacked his lips like he was salivating. It was totally disgusting. Poor Marla kept hiding her face away from Pete the whole time. Watching the exchange between the two, it just gave me an uneasy feeling. Maybe right now, it isn’t me he’s after. Maybe it’s Marla.”

| did notice that too. Pete was obviously leering at Marla. | thought about it. It was possible. Sebastian did mention he suspected Pete and Marla had some sort of relationship. | couldn’t

blame Marla. She had to do what she could to earn money. Poor thing.

“Do you think he’d be crazy enough to kidnap Marla? Our Miss Honey Bee?” Cristos asked.

“He’s crazy enough,” Joy replied matter-of-factly “He wants me in exchange for Theodore, remember? That, | say, is insanity.” True. In this rivalry Pete had with Liam, Theodore was more important than Joy, in my opinion. But he was a rapist and rapists are only obsessed

with one thing.

2/6

CHAPTER 85 Marla is Missing

| took out my phone and dialed Sebastian’s number. The way Joy described Pete made me feel uneasy too.

“Bo, what’s up?” Sebastian answered.

“Marla... is she still with you?” | asked.

“No. | dropped her off like over an hour ago,” Sebastian answered. “What is this all about?”

“Pete did a switcheroo on Sam, so it’s highly probable he’s still here,” | replied. “What’s worse is Virtue here said she noticed at the funeral earlier that Pete was looking at Marla like she was a piece of meat he couldn’t wait to sink his teeth into. It just gave out this weird vibe. Dom, it might be nothing, but with Pete you never know. | just can’t shake the feeling that Marla might be in danger.”

“Call the men and have them ready just in case. Keep this line open. I’ll call her first and see if she’s okay. If she’s not, I’ll tell you where to meet me. Tell Virtue to stay in your office at the warehouse until this is resolved.”

“Copy that, Dom.”

Sebastian

| was back at the smelly restrooms of the gas station. Before Xavier called, | was scolding De Luca for not getting the information | wanted on the missing capo of Rafael Cadena who fled Texas. De Luca was having problems finding information on him. No one wanted to talk.

rewell’s capo. If Pete

“De Luca, I need to leave. Since your men can’t seem to find people willing to talk in Texas, bribe your contact at the FBI for information on where to find

his capo

will have free reign over New Salem. I need that information, so I know who I’m against, I told De Luca.

“That means I need to fly back to California then, if I need to get that information, Domenico,” he said. “Once I get that information, I will call you.” I nodded my head at him before exiting the restroom.

I entered my car and dialed Marla’s new number, hoping she would pick up, but she didn’t

I called her landline. Luckily, her mother answered.

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CHAPTER 85 Marla is Missing

“Hello, Ms. Lawrence, it’s Dom. I was hoping to talk to Marla. She’s not answering her phone,” I said.

“I’m sorry, Dom, but she just left,” Ms. Lawrence replied. “Mr. Martin called and he said he needed her to take a shift at the diner.” “Thank you, Ms. Lawrence. I’ll pass by and check up on her.”

“Sure thing, Dom,” she said and hung up.

I dialed Xavier’s number. They were closer to the diner.

“Bo, I can’t contact Marla through her new phone, so I called her mother. She said Marla went to the diner. Can you check if she’s there?”

“Sure, I’ll call you once I know something.” Xavier hung up. I started my car before dialing one other number on my burner phone.

Taking a page in Xavier’s book, I had one of my men keep an eye on Marla. I had a funny feeling Pete would become jealous- knowing one of his prized girls was now mine.

It took several rings before Delgado answered his phone.

“Domenico, sorry if I didn’t call you right away. I was scared I might lose sight of the car I’m following. It is a red Kia with license plate 267-ILM. The car stopped for the girl while she was walking, Delgado explained briefly.

“She was walking? She didn’t take the car I bought her,” I asked.

“No, she didn’t. Domenico, it seems she knows the people inside the car. She entered without a fuss,” he said.

“Where are you?” I asked.

“I am on the highway driving towards Bismarck. We are about ten minutes away from the exit into the city,” Delgado said.

“I’m heading towards you. Make sure to keep this line open and don’t lose that car,” I instructed and hung up. I took out my mini-laptop to ping on his location, then I quickly exited the gas station and turned right towards Bismarck

I was about ten minutes away from Bismarck when Xavier called.

CHAPTER 85 Marla is Missing

“Dom,

asked Kate and Lyle, but no one’s seen Marla,” Xavier said angrily. “I’ve got Chip and Big Man Lou looking through all the CCTV cameras for a lead. Fuck! I can’t believe this is

happening.”

“I have a lead. I instructed Delgado to tail Marla and he said she entered a red Kia with license 267-LLM which is already in Bismarck according to the tracking device I have on Delgado’s car. I’m about eight minutes away,” I said.

a

“Big Man Lou and Chip’s men are there. I’ll round them up for you,” Xavier said, sounding a bit relieved I knew where Marla was. “Do you need me and Chip to go there?”

“You won’t get to Bismarck in time. Just have Chip man the CCTV cameras,” I instructed.

“Copy that. | hope you find her Dom.”

“Me too,” | said, before hanging up. This was all my fault... another woman under the mercy of a lu natic named Pete.

| noticed the green circle had stopped at a building in the heart of Bismarck. | stepped on the gas. Time was of the essence. The sun was beginning to set when | arrived at the building. | drove into the carpark, following the directions on my laptop.

On the third level, | found Delgado’s dark colored Honda Accord parked with its engine. running. | passed by looking for the red Kia and found it parked on the other end of the parking level. | decided to go down to the second level parking and park below them. | dialed Xavier's number for some news.

“You're on speaker phone,” Xavier said as soon as he picked up.

“I'm at the Aspire Tower Building carpark. Delgado’s car and the red Kia are parked on third level,” | said while | changed my jacket and put on a ball cap and sunglasses.

“Yeah, we know based on your tracker, but there seems to be a major problem,” Cristos “There aren’t any CCTV cameras online in that specific building at the moment. It’s like every camera was conveniently turned off.” Now that didn’t sound so good.

“I'm going up to check. Delgado’s car is parked but his engine is still running,” | told ther took my gun out of the glove compartment and holstered it to my belt.

warned me “Big Man Lou and my men are about a couple

CHAPTER 85 Marla is Missing

minutes away. Don’t go at this-”

| didn’t hear the rest. My burner phone began vibrating. | quickly swiped it, hoping Delgado

had news.

“SD... What does SD mean?” An unfamiliar male voice said. | clenched my Something

fists has happened to Delgado. “Sefior De Vega? Is this you? | can hear you breathing.” The man laughed, snorting at the end. | knew that laugh. It was Pete.

| wanted to shout and yell at him, but | decided against it. | needed to keep my anonymity.

“Your man in the Honda Accord is dead. Did you actually think we wouldn't notice him. following my

my men? You killed my mother and you are so desperately trying to kill me. News flash... | have nine lives, baby. You better watch your back, De Vega, because I'm coming for

you,” he hissed and hung up.

Delgado is dead and Marla is missing. This couldn't get any worse.

Chapter Comments

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Chapter 86

CHAPTER 86 Coffee Haven

Marla

| was sitting alone at the counter of Coffee Haven Diner in Bismarck, trying to figure out how the hell | was supposed to leave the place. There were two of Pete's goons standing by the door and one more was seated at a table.

| played with my milkshake while staring blankly at the big screen of the TV hooked up on a wall. | didn't feel like eating or drinking. My stomach was in knots and | was feeling anxious and a bit scared. Earlier, | had to switch cars before coming here and now, | couldn't leave.

At New Salem, before | left home earlier, | got an unexpected call.

"The boss wants you to dance for him. He's willing to pay you two grand," Ernest,

Pete's bodyguards said.

one of

"But | can't-"

you up on

"No buts, Marla. You know the boss. He doesn't take no for an answer. We'll pick you up Main Street. By the way, make sure you shower, he said and hung up before | could say anything else.

| sighed angrily and began gathering the things that | might need, placing all items in my backpack. | was angry at all the rich folks who thought

that poor people were their servants, always at their beck and call, ready to please them without complaint. If for any reason you couldn't live up to their expectations, they would make nasty comments and spread rumors.

That's how it's been all my life.

| didn't want to strip for the boss. | no longer needed to. But as Ernest said, the boss never took no for an answer. | also didn't want him showing at my doorstep at the middle of the night. He's done that before. When my mom reprimanded him for showing up at our doorstep at such an ungodly hour, he slapped her in the face and told her to suck on a bottle. | didn't want that to happen again.

I'll just have to tell the boss later that tonight was my last night. I'm hanging up the skanky lingerie and the platform heels.

This morning before Cynthia McDowell's funeral, Dom paid my tuition in full and opened a bank account under my name. He deposited a sizable amount, so | didn't have to worry 1/

[e)

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CHAPTER 86 Coffee Haven

| needed to do was be a good student, finish my education and take care of my mom.

| decided to keep my job at the diner. It wasn't hard work and | enjoyed waitressing. | didn't want to be overly dependent on Dom. He was such a nice guy, a good catch... and | felt if things went smoothly between us, we could even get married and raise a family.

| stared at the white counter of the diner and made heart shapes with my fingers. | was debating whether he loved me because after only a few days, I've fallen in love with him.

| sighed... Dominic Samuels...

He was tall, dark and handsome, rich, and educated. Most of the girls | went to school with were either crushing on him or his brother, Bo Xavier. Honestly, when he stared at me with those honey colored eyes of his, | felt myself melt... like ice cream on a hot summer's day.

| don't know what had gotten into me while | was up on stage competing for Miss Honey Bee. When | saw Dom looking up at me, | didn't want to pass the chance to catch his attention. So, | began flirting with him. When he started flirting back, it caught me off-guard, leaving me breathless with excitement. | didn't expect someone like him would notice little old me. The whole town knew he was into Miss Nicole who had big boobs and a big butt and wore those itty bitty dresses. Then, of course, there's Miss Virtue, who Dom was close to. She was a heroine of mine. | wanted to be like her because she had it all... looks, brains and money. All the men followed her with desire in their eyes, but they were all afraid to even talk to her. | wanted that. | wanted that kind of respect.

Dom, | noticed, had that same desire in his eyes when he looked at Miss Virtue while | was up on stage. But suddenly that all changed when | won. Since that fateful night, he has made me feel like I'm the only girl in the world.

Yesterday, Dom took me to Bismarck to go shopping. He bought me a new phone, a designer bag and new clothes. Then, to my surprise, he brought me to a car dealership and bought me a Jeep Cherokee.

| wanted to cry with happiness. This was how it felt to be taken care of. This was how it fe to have some security.

he drove me home and came inside to meet my mother, | invited him into my room

and made him sit on my bed. Wearing one of the pretty dresses he bought me without any underwear underneath, | sat on his lap and began kissing him. | placed his hand in between my 1

legs, hoping to pay him the only way | knew how... by the use of my body.novelbin

He gently stroked my folds as | kissed him. He smelled so good; his expensive cologne was2/

CHAPTER 86 Coffee Haven

crisp and clean. | hiked up my skirt and spread my legs, so his fingers could work their

magic.

|

He finally found the sensitive nub of my c lit and began to

b. | moaned in his mouth as his fingers moved faster and faster, stroking my cl it to the brink of ecstasy. When | came, almost screamed out. It was one of the few times | have ever come. None of my paying customers never thought of pleasuring me when we had sex.

"| have to go, Marla," Dom suddenly said, to my utter disappointment.

“But I’m wet. I want you to fuck me,” I murmured against his mouth. He inserted his finger in my pussy and began to finger fuck me instead. I threw my head back. It felt so good.

“Marla, honey, your mother is outside and I don’t want her to think anything bad of me,” he whispered against my ear as his fingers moved faster and faster until I

was all over his fingers. He lifted me up in his arms and placed me gently on my bed. “That’s all for now, my sweet. Dream of me tonight, okay? Good night. He kissed me passionately, fixing my dress, and walked out of my bedroom, closing the door quietly behind him.

I hugged my pillow tightly, satisfied, but wanting more. If he could bring me to the edge just by using his fingers, I could only imagine what his cock could do.

After I had placed everything I needed in my backpack, I told my mother I needed to work a shift at the diner and left the house. It was weird. After I got into the car, I thought we would be going to Highland Oaks. I usually danced naked in Pete’s basement where he would eat me and finger fuck me while I sat spread eagle on the top of his couch. He loved eating pussy, but when he was done, my juice was all over his face. He was a sloppy eater and it was gross.

He would fuck me after that, doggy style, but his penis was so small I could never feel anything. I would fake an orgasm like I usually do with all my clients. I wanted it to be quickly, so I wouldn’t experience any chafing.

Instead of Highland Oaks, we drove out to Bismarck. I was seated in the back while two Pete’s men sat in front. They kept looking behind me and were constantly tapping their fingers on their smartphones. When we finally got to Bismarck, they made me exit the car in the garage of a tall building where two other men dragged me inside to an elevator that brought me to another level of the garage. There, a silver Honda Civic was waiting for me. I thought that was it, but I wound up being dropped off at Coffee Haven Diner where a chocolate milkshake and a burger were waiting for me at the counter. I tried leaving, but people in the diner wouldn’t let me out.

CHAPTER 86 Coffee Haven

| started feeling uneasy after they stopped me from exiting the diner. | suspected something

was up.

| excused myself to go to the bathroom. Maybe there was a window there | could climb out of. Unfortunately, when | checked, | found there were no windows. | took out my smartphone and messaged Don, telling him | was in Bismarck at Coffee Haven Diner. | waited for him to text back, but he didn't.

| decided to check if there was a fire escape, but when | came out of the restroom, one of Pete's goons was waiting for me. He took my arm and shoved me back to the counter. | decided it was best if | waited until | was asked to exit the diner before | made my move to

escape.

Suddenly a black van appeared in front of the diner, its tires making a squeaking noise as it stopped. Two men got out, one of them | recognized. They walked in and gestured at me to

move.

"Get in the van" Riley, one of Pete's men, grabbed my arm and shoved me towards the black van. Riley and | knew each other when he still used to go to school. Just like me, he and his grandma needed money. To provide for his grandmother, he became Pete's errand boy and dealt drugs on the side. | even heard he smuggled drugs across state lines for an even bigger cut. | wanted to do that before... smuggle drugs to other states for a bigger payday, but | had to fix our old truck before | could start and that cost money. Money, my mama drank and smoked away.

Both Riley and | were the same, we had to do everything we could possibly do just to get food on the table. Aside from working as a waitress at the diner, | worked as a stripper, dealt drugs to the horny college boys and sometimes did some hooking on the side. It was either that or | would have to scrounge for food in the dumpster.

"Hey, you don't have to shove me, Riley," | said, raising my hands above my head and j towards the van. "I'll get in."

As I walked, I scanned the area, planning my escape. However, Riley, sensing I was going to run, shook his head and flashed his gun. I sighed and walked slowly... slowly to my

From out of nowhere, several motorcycles came into the parking area of the diner.

"Marla,

hurry the fuck up!" Riley hissed at me, pulling my arm, so I would walk faster.

From a distance, I could hear the sirens of police cars rushing towards us. I closed my eyes

and silently prayed to God for the police to find me.

The Joy of Revenge

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Chapter 87

CHAPTER 87 Crossfire

Cristos

Drama, drama, drama...

After what happened last night, I thought this was going to be a quiet Monday. Boy, was I

wrong.

I was clicking away on my laptop like my life depended on it, trying to get CCTV footage from Sebastian's current location. Not one single camera was online. It was either Pete McDowell owned Aspire Tower and had his security turn all CCTV cameras off or he had a hacker blocking me. I initiated a search for a code Pete's hacker might have embedded in the

encryption.

"I'm going up to check. Delgado's car is parked but his engine is still running," Sebastian said. through speakerphone.

"Wait for backup, Dom," | warned Sebastian. "Big Man Lou and my men are about a couple of minutes away. Don't go at this alone. It might be a trap.

An unfamiliar voice suddenly filled Joy's shop.

"SD... What does SD mean?"

"Who in the f uck-" | gestured to Xavier to keep quiet and listen. Joy inched closer to Xavier's phone, curious as to who was speaking.

"Sefior De Vega? Is this you? | can hear you breathing. The owner of the unfamiliar voice laughed, snorting at the end. Joy covered her mouth and gasped in surprise while Xavier glanced at me anxiously. We knew that laugh. It was Pete McDowell. We waited for Sebastian to say something, but he kept quiet.

"Your man in the Honda Accord is dead. Did you actually think we wouldn't notice him. following my men?" He snickered, snorting when he was done. "You killed my mother and you are so desperately trying to kill me. News flash... | have nine lives, baby. You better watch your back, De Vega, because I'm coming for you," he hissed.

We waited for more, but all we got was silence.

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CHAPTER 87 Crossfire

his body."

"No. Get out of there, Dom, | said, looking at my laptop which was still searching for codes. "I told you it might be a trap. | will instruct Big Man Lou and my men to retrieve Delgado's body. Did you drive your Mercedes-Benz there or did you use another car?"

"I switched cars before coming here. The Mercedes-Benz is at the gas station," Sebastian answered. "Pete has Marla. This is all my fault."

"We're going to fix this. For now, get the hell out of there," Xavier said. "Sam is on his way to Bismarck to look for Pete. I promise you, Dom. We'll find her." We heard him sigh regretfully.

"Sure. If Sam finds anything, inform me. I'll help rescue her," Sebastian said. "Wait." He paused. "Do you guys hear that?"

"What? What is it?" Xavier asked, not hiding the panic in his voice.

It's gunfire," Sebastian answered. We heard him mutter a curse beneath his breath before hearing the familiar sound of tires against the smooth pavement of a carpark. 'I'll call your

guys later." He hung up.

I glanced at my laptop and noticed it had found the embedded code. Ah, there's a hacker in this town. I smirked. It was time to see who's better.

I removed it and the footage from the CCTV cameras emerged on the screen of my laptop. At the carpark, Big Man Lou and a team of my men were engaged in a gun fight. A dark colored sedan suddenly came into view, opening its doors for the others to enter. Some of the men scurried inside while the others ran into Big Man Lou's white van. The dark sedan quickly drove off towards the exit of the carpark with Lou's van following closely behind.

I watched several men enter a car, chasing after the fleeing vehicles. However, as they turned into ongoing traffic, the car suddenly swerved, stalling in the middle of the busy street, causing a pile up.

I zoomed in on the car and saw a circular crack in the windshield. It was a bullet hole.

Xavier's phone began vibrating. He answered, a smug smile on his face. "Good work, Sam. Now grab one and torture him 'til he talks. Cut off a finger when he lies."

My phone pinged. I placed my Bluetooth device in my ear before answering, so I could keep my hands free. I was going through all the footage, hoping I would find Marla in any of it.

CHAPTER 87 Crossfire

“Yes?”

It was Big Man Lou.

“I have a location on Marla, Primo. Coffee Haven Diner. According to Domenico, the diner and the pharmacy beside it are owned by the McDowells. We are on our way there.”

That was strange. I never placed a tracker on Marla and if Sebastian had one on her, why would he need to look for her in the first place?

“How do you know she’s at the diner, Lou?”

“From Domenico. He has just instructed me to drive to Coffee Haven Diner.”

Marla must have texted him. Pete overlooked the possibility that Sebastian might have bought Marla a phone. I guess she kept it on silent this whole time, biding her time. Smart girl.

“I’m hacking into the CCTV areas around Coffee Haven Diner,” I said, clicking furiously on my laptop.

“Sam, did you hear that?” Xavier said on his phone. “Get there and give our men some cover.”

Pete’s men are armed, give them a chance to use their weapons.” Xavier hung up, then

pointed at Virtue. “I have a car out back. I need you to come with me.” Virtue stood up eagerly. She was finally going to be of use in all this chaos.

“What do you need me to do, Bo?” Virtue purred, following Xavier to the secret wall panel.

“We’re going to rescue Marla’s mother. I bet Pete is using her as leverage to get to Marla. If Pete’s men aren’t in the house, they are definitely outside watching the house. We need booze, cigarettes and weapons... and shoes in

your case,” Xavier said, pointing at her bunny slippers. “Come on, J. Let’s put your training to use.”

While they set off to save Marla’s mother, | finally got into the feed at the diner. | zoomed i and saw Marla standing in the crossfire between two groups.

“Lou, you still there?”

“Aye, what do you see?” Lou asked.

“We g

got bikers in the area. Marla is between them and Pete’s men. The bikers look like they’re trying to save her.”

CHAPTER 87 Crossfire

“Copy that. | have a plan.”

Marla

| stood in the middle of two groups. One group knew was armed but few, the other group |

knew was brave. Unfortunately, bravery couldn’t stop a bullet.

| gasped for air while | trembled in fear.

| felt sick to my stomach realizing | would be the first to die.

“Riley, what the f uck are you doing with Marla?” Big Mike said, getting off his motorcycle. | kept my hands raised above my head and turned towards the bikers.

“Please help me,” | cried out, not sure if they even heard me. My heart was racing, my

to ask for help again, louder this time, so | was sure they’d hear me. | swallowed the lump in my throat and licked my dry lips before | spoke.

“Please, please help me.”

breathing shallow, and my whole body was shaking. | decided

“Mike, I suggest you and your crew turn around and leave,” Riley said. “You don’t want to get on the boss’ bad side.”

Big Mike ignored the warning. He took a couple of steps towards me, then stopped. I looked around and saw all of Pete’s men aiming their guns at him, including Riley.

“Riley, she’s one of us. I... we... can’t allow this. You tell your boss if he wants a girl to come see me, Big Mike negotiated. “The police are just around the corner, Riley. You guys better put your guns down.”

“Sorry, Mike, no can do,” Riley said, sneering at him. “If I don’t bring Marla to him, I’m as dead. Now, Marla, be a sweetheart and GET IN THE F UCKING VAN!” I winced as Riley yelled in my ear. I nodded my head acknowledging what he wanted me to do, but I did

move.

I couldn’t move even if I tried. I was so terrified. I just stood there shaking uncontrollably

“Marla, one call from me and the men surrounding your house will kill your mother. Do you want to be the reason why your mother ends up dead? Do you want that on your conscience?” Riley asked, his voice furious.

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CHAPTER 87 Crossfire

My heart sank. They had my mother. The odds weren't in my favor.

“Don’t hurt my mother, please. She’s all I’ve got, I begged.

“Then get your ass in the-”

Riley wasn’t able to finish his sentence. A white van came speeding into the parking lot, hitting him. He flew into the air like one of my old rag dolls and landed near Big Mike’s feet.

I heard gunfire as I stood there frozen, not knowing what to do. I felt an arm circle my waist, pulling me into the white van. I screamed and kicked, not knowing who had grabbed me. Before the van’s door closed, I saw Big Mike wave to whoever was in the van before he jumped on his big bike.

“Marla, you're safe.” | heard Dom’s voice. | looked around, but | couldn’t find him. None of the men inside the van were him. “Dom?” | asked confused, still shaking from my ordeal.

“Here on the phone,” Dom said. “These are my friends. They'll be driving you to Mandan. I'll meet you there. Lou, keep her safe and thank you.”

“Will do, Dom,” the driver said. “Marla, I’m Lou. Please take a seat and put your seatbelt on.

We'll be safe once we are out of Bismarck.”

| heaved a huge sigh of relief. One of Dom’s friends pulled me up and gestured for me to sit in one of the empty chairs. | followed Lou’s instructions and put my seatbelt on.

As | sat there quietly thanking G od for a second chance, it dawned on me...

| was in love with Dom.

Chapter Comments.

Luna-Mom

oh Marla

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Chapter 88

CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

Joy

Inside Xavier's office, before I dressed into my suit, Xavier explained what we were about to do. It was brief, but thorough. I would be his point man in Marla's neighborhood while he would assist me from a distance. He believed Pete's men would underestimate me, especially if I wore something sexy that left nothing to the imagination. Xavier assumed Pete's men wouldn't contact each other, thinking they could do away with me on their own. I asked Xavier why not use a signal jammer. He said we'd be affected too. Fair enough.

"It's safe to assume whoever's there has to check in every now and then. So expect there might be back-up," Xavier reminded me while I tucked my hair into a black skull cap. I nodded my head listening to all his last minute reminders.

cap. I

Before he left me to get his dirt bike ready, Xavier gave me a pep talk. He put his hands on my shoulders and looked at me as if I was one of his men.

"I know you have qualms hurting and even killing people, but J, Pete's men have been aiding him since he became underboss. They aren't innocent; they're his accomplices. They're no better. Remember what he has already done to you. Use that rage you've held on for so long and channel it to help these women, to help the people of this town. Every single person you kill tonight, that is one less person who will hurt someone else," he explained.

I inhaled deeply. "I understand, X. Let's kill these sons of bitches and save Ms. Lawrence."

Xavier smiled. "I knew I could count on my girl. Saddle up. You're taking the Dodge," he said, handing me his keys. Then he left the room so I could get ready on my own.

I glanced at myself in the mirror while I suited up and I saw a young Joy Taylor with chestnut brown hair and aquamarine eyes in a lovely white gown staring back at me. Suddenly, the reflection changed... I saw the same Joy Taylor, but with a scarred face and broken leg. My hands instantly balled into fists

remembering all the pain they had cause me. It was time to give them a taste of their own medicine.

After dressing into an all black one piece fitted leather suit and black boots, | equipped myself with certain items and armed myself with my weapon of choice. Once | was done, exited Xavier's office and climbed into his black Dodge Charger, placing a small backpack with all of Ms. Lawrence's favorite things on the passenger's seat beside me.

"You ready, J?" Xavier said, testing our

communication devices, as | waited for the

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CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

warehouse's gates to fully open. He was already outside on his motorcycle, dressed in tactical gear with a sniper rifle on his back.

"I'm ready," | said, gripping the steering wheel with my gloved hands, excited to be able to use what I've learned all these years. It was time to put me to the test. | didn't want to be remembered by just one incidental kill. | wanted the Blood Disciples to know | have what it

the takes to be on the field. Plus, if | prove to them I'm capable of killing without remorse, boys wouldn't need to hover so much. Remember Joy, they killed Joan, Delgado, and so many others. They even kidnapped Marla. They

don't deserve to live...

| turned the ignition on, loving the powerful sound of the engine, then drove off towards Marla's home.

As | entered the residential area, | was shocked to see the dilapidated houses, the garbage on the streets, the rough roads, and the vandalized structures. When | was growing up, this particular neighborhood was the Hillcrest of today. Many families scurried to get homes here. Now, it was utterly neglected.

"I, 'm in position and scanning the perimeter," Xavier said. "| see a dark blue car parked across the street from the Lawrence's with two men seated inside.

| also see a silver car parked in front of the next door neighbor's house with two men sitting inside it as well. D amn, | can't see inside the house though, but | see shadows. If we don't time this properly, the men in the cars may alert the men inside Marla's home. You take the blue car across the street while | take the one parked next door. By the way, we need to be as quiet as possible so we don't alert anyone. Don't forget to signal me when you're done."

"Copy that," | said, shutting off my headlights before | turned the corner, parking the car three houses down from my target. | took my gun and attached my silencer, then walked out onto the sidewalk with the gun behind my back. | ducked between the other cars parked along the street, checking if any of the men in either cars had noticed my arrival. It seem they were busy on their smartphones..

"Base, | need you to turn off the power in this neighborhood when | say so," | heard Xavi tell Cristos while | approached my assigned vehicle.

"Working on it. Give me a couple of minutes, X, Cristos said.

| quickly crept towards the car, making sure no one was watching from inside their homes. Once | got to the car, | calmly knocked on the window of the passenger side, crouched dow smiling at the men through the window. | pulled the zipper of my leather suit down to shot

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CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

them some cleavage.

"X, I'm about to take down my target," | mumbled.

"You have a green light," Xavier said.

The idiot seated at the passenger side quickly opened his door.

"Hey beautiful! How can | help you?" The man said, leering at me. His breath smelled like cigarettes, alcohol and onions. Gripping my gun, | moved to get a good look at the both of them, noticing they were distracted by the sight of my breasts.

| quickly pulled my gun out from behind me and shot the both of them in the chest, then again in the head.

“I need you to die. Sorry boys.” | said, shutting the door quietly. | continued back to my car in a crouching position, giving Xavier the signal | was done.

As if on cue, | heard the characteristic whizzing sound of bullets flying through the air before it penetrated the windshield of the car across from the one | was.

As | crept back to my car, | glanced at the one Xavier had just shot at. | saw huge bullet holes in the windshield and two corpses with blood dripping from their heads.

Once | was safely back inside my car, | zipped myself back up and contacted Xavier. “X, target neutralized.”

“Yes, | can see that. Good job. Unfortunately, my hit wasn’t sound proof. If the neighbors heard that, they may have already alerted the Sheriff. So we need to act fast. Judging by the shadows in Marla’s house, | count two more inside. Knock on Ms. Lawrence’s door with bottle in your hand,” Xavier instructed. “Once | see Ms. Lawrence, | will know who to

at.”

“What if it's a friend of hers, X?” | asked, not wanting any collateral damage. “Let me this. | moved out of my parking space and slowly drove to Marla’s house.

“Alright. I'll let you handle this,” Xavier said, agreeing with me. “Just have Ms. Lawrence

with you before the Sheriff gets here. I'll cover you.”

| parked the car in front of the Lawrence residence, placed my night vision goggles on the top of my head, grabbed the bottle of alcohol | Had brought with me and walked towards

door with my gun behind my back.

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CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

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| rang the doorbell and waited. | noticed the curtains of the front window move, behind it a distinct shadow of a man. | looked down at the crack underneath the door and saw shadows moving behind the door.

“X, | have one by the window and one possibly behind the door,” | mumbled through my

coms.

“| see him. Base, | need you to turn off the lights when | give the signal,” Xavier said.

“Copy,” Cristos replied. | quickly planned what | had to do in my head. | prayed the men inside didn’t see me as a threat.

I inhaled deeply, planted a smile on my face and rang the doorbell again.

It took several moments before Ms. Lawrence finally opened the door. Through the side crack of the door, | noticed a man lying flat against the wall. Obviously, not a friend.

| smiled warmly at Marla’s mother. She was shaking and looked quite agitated. Her eyes kept

darting to the door.

“Good evening, Ms. Lawrence. I’m-”

“| know you,” she said while gripping her yellow colored shawl that was resting on her shoulders. “You’re the pretty girl who moved into the Old Taylor House. Everyone talks about you. How can | help you?”

“There’s a costume party being held at a friend’s place and there’s a lot of food and beverages for everyone. Marla mentioned earlier this afternoon when | saw her that you loved to attend

parties,” | said

“| would like to invite you as my guest. How about you get ready while | wait inside?”

“Ah, no. I’d love to go, but you see I, uh, | have-”

“Come now, Ms. Lawrence. You don’t want to keep Marla waiting,” | said.

At the sound of Marla’s name, the man by the window moved. “I’m going in,” | mumble under my breath.

“Base, lights off now!” The whole neighborhood immediately went pitch black.

| quickly pulled down my night vision goggles perched on the top of my head and rushe

past Ms. Lawrence smashing the door against the man behind it. before throwing the bol

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EI

CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

of premium scotch at the man in the living room.

Pulling out my gun from behind me, | quickly shot the man standing in the living room before shooting the man behind the door in between his eyes. | went back to the man lying in the living room and shot him again... in the head. Clean. No witnesses.

“Ms. Lawrence, are there any more of them?” | asked, walking back outside. She was shaking uncontrollably.

“There were just two-”

“X, make sure no one comes after us,” | said.

“Copy. Keeping an eye on the door,” Xavier said.

| grabbed Ms. Lawrence by the shoulders and led her to the car, but she pulled away.

“4-1 need to g-get my things,” she said.

The characteristic sound of tires screeching from a distance made the hairs on the back of my neck stand at attention. "X, what do you have?" I asked, taking out a syringe from my pocket. I would have to sedate Ms. Lawrence and drag her to the car. We didn't have much

time.

"I have a black van headed towards you, Xavier said. "Base, keep the lights from turning back on until J has flown the coop." "No one will be turning the power back on except for me," Cristos assured us.

I walked behind Ms. Lawrence, placing the syringe to her neck.

"What the—" Ms. Lawrence wasn't able to finish her sentence. The drugs kicked in almost instantly, knocking her out unconscious. For a small and frail woman, she was heavy. I was able to get her into the car before a headlight came barreling towards me. I quickly took my night vision goggles off and

cover.

Again, I heard the sound of bullets whizzing by before the van hit a lamp post. I quickly entered the car and drove off, speeding through the potholes that marred the streets.

"Good work, J," Xavier said. "Base, what's the 411 on the Sheriff?"

CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

"He's still at the station. I rerouted all incoming calls from that area. J, you should be safe to

come back," Cristos said.

"I'll keep an eye out until you get out of there," Xavier promised.

As I was about to exit Marla's residential area, a car blocked my path. Two men walked out, their guns aimed straight at me. "X, I need assistance," I said, raising my hands above my head. The two men sneered at me thinking they had me cornered and gestured for me to exit the car.

"I have them in my sights," Xavier said.

| opened the door, pretending to come out of the car, so they would stop walking towards

me, giving Xavier a stationary target. After a few seconds, blood splattered from their heads.

Xavier was such a great marksman:

| closed the door and went around their car. "Thank you, X." | quickly sped out of Marla's

neighborhood, not wanting to get caught in anymore trouble.

At the warehouse, Link was waiting beside one of Xavier's trucks. Xavier carried Ms.

Lawrence and placed her in the cot at the back of the truck while | drove the car into the

trailer.

"Link, head to Mandan. They'll be safe there for the time being. | have Sam interrogating one of Pete's men. Pete has a safe house somewhere in Bismarck... we just don't know where," novelbin

Xavier said.

"Primo can't find properties listed under his name?" Link asked surprised.

"Yep. Seems like their safe house is under another name."

"Tell Primo to look for a cooperation or company of theirs. It might be listed under the company name," Link said, opening the door to the truck. "I'll call you once the daugh

reunited with her mother."

After the doors to the warehouse closed behind the truck, Xavier placed his arm around waist, pulled my body against his and lowered his head for a kiss. | melted in his arms with his tongue entangled with mine. It felt so good to be in his arms again. When he finally lifted his head, | was breathless with desire.

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CHAPTER 88 Save Ms. Lawrence

“I want you to sleep in my arms tonight, J.”

Chapter Comments

Elizabeth Johnson

poor maria, she is in for a shock.

Luna-Mom

oh dear Marla someone is kind and you think it's love you poor girl

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Chapter 89

CHAPTER 89 Puttanesca

Sebastian

Mandan was only ten minutes away from Bismarck and approximately thirty minutes away from New Salem. Unlike Bismarck and New Salem where Pete has established his network, Mandan was overlooked, even though it was in the center of everything.

Our safehouse was an old warehouse located at a compound near Mandan Refinery, the largest oil refinery in North Dakota. Xavier bought it when we moved here, thinking it would be a great place to serve as our headquarters. He was right as always, although Lou's antiques and vintage warehouse was proving useful too.

Alongside the warehouse is a six story office building where the offices were converted into bedrooms to house all the men. While the upper levels housed the rooms, the first level was equipped with a kitchen, dining space, recreation and lounge area with a bar.

Sure, on the outside, the building looked like it needed repairs and a paint job, but inside, it was cozy and comfortable.

The warehouse gates opened to allow our cars to enter. Once I exited my car, Marla came running towards me.

“Dom, they have my mom. They said they only need to make one call and they would kill her. I need to go back to New Salem and help my mother. She’s all I got,” she said, sobbing into my chest. “Please, please you have got to help me.”

“Sssshhh. It’s already being taken care of,” I said, comforting her. “Your mom will be here in

an hour or so. Trust me.”

She raised her tear-filled eyes from my chest and stared at me incredulously, thinking I was joking. “No, you don’t understand. Pete has my mother. He’s some mafia boss with guns and goons. He owns the town. Dom, he’s going to kill my mother. You have to believe me,” she said hysterically.

“I do believe you. Now come on. I heard they made spaghetti,” I told her, gesturing for her to take my hand, but she didn’t move. She continued to stare at me blankly. I rubbed my forehead to ease my frustration. Marla had difficulty understanding.

“B-but if you believe me, why aren’t you doing anything?” She asked

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THE

CHAPTER 89 Puttanesca

a plate of spaghetti. My mother’s recipe,” I told her.

“Miss Virtue is rescuing my mother?” She asked, shaking her head in disbelief.

"It's hard to believe, | know, but Virtue is trained for situations like these. She isn't just a pretty face. Come on. I'll ask for an update," | said, gesturing for her to take my hand.

It took a little time, but she eventually placed her hand in mine and allowed me to lead her into the building.

"Oh wow!" She exclaimed as she walked in. "It looks really ugly from the outside, but inside it's so modern. This is better than my house."

I led her to the dining area where there were several small tables and pulled a chair from the table in front of the Smart TV. She sat down and wiped her tears away.

| walked up to the kitchen island where Cook was preparing two plates of pasta for me and Marla. He was a tall fellow who looked like a wrestler and had a passion for cooking... both in the kitchen and in a laboratory.

"Have they started?" | asked him. Although quiet, he was always updated.

"Yes, Domenico. Shadow is point man while Beaufort is assist."

"What?!" | exclaimed.

Xavier allowed Joy to be point man?

"She already has the other with her, Domenico. Take a look. | have to warn you though, feed is delayed," Cook said, serving me two plates of puttanesca and some garlic bread before turning on the Smart TV. | took the food and placed it in front of Marla. Cook placed two wine glasses beside our plates and opened a bottle of white wine for us to share.

"That's my house," Marla said. "Who is that?" | looked up and saw Joy in an all black leather suit walking up to Marla's house. She was carrying a bottle of alcohol while her gun was behind her. Oh boy. "Dom, do you know who that is?"

"Yes. Eat your pasta and drink your wine. You'll feel better," | urged her. She ignored me and continued to watch.

Joy rang the doorbell and waited. When Marla's mother finally opened the door, Joy looked as if she was trying to convince Marla's mother to leave with her, but just like Marla, the

2/5

CHAPTER 89 Puttanesca

mother was stubborn.

All of a sudden, the feed went black. All we could see were flickers of light... obviously, gunshots.

Gradually, the feed went to infrared and I saw Joy dragging Marla's mom across the driveway. Joy was able to put Marla's mother inside the car, but she dropped down to take cover.

Lights from a vehicle came into view, however the vehicle suddenly crashed into a lamp post. Joy quickly entered her car and sped out of the neighborhood, but was blocked by another car. Two men quickly walked out, but they collapsed on the pavement soon after.

"Oh my God! Are they dead?" Marla gasped. She turned to look at me. "Who are you people?"

"We're the people who just saved your mother," Cook said. "If there is thank, it's Shadow."

one person you should

"Shadow? What kind of freak calls himself Shadow?" She asked. My eyes narrowed angrily at

her.

"The freak is a she and she is someone I love, respect and admire. I suggest, Marla, if you want us to continue on with our friendship, you will never ever call her a freak again."

Joy

Using the secret wall panel, Xavier and I walked into my boutique to find Cristos placing his laptop back in his bag.

We were done for the day.

"I have to go to the pub. You guys wanna come with and grab a drink? To celebrate?" Cristos asked as he placed the strap of his bag on his shoulder.

"Nah, I'm tired and I gotta start rummaging through these boxes," I said, taking off my skull cap and shaking my hair out of its confinement. Cristos took me in his arms and gave me a

tight hug.

"Virtue, you did excellent tonight. I'm so proud of you. Because of you, Marla's mom is safe. Unfortunately, Marla won't be able to grace this year's Spring Parade. I'll call the first runner up tomorrow after the Sheriff announces the Lawrences are missing and tell her to swing hS

CHAPTER 8

Puttanesca

so you can dress her up as Miss Honey Bee, Cristos said.

"Yeah, it's a shame, but better safe than sorry," I replied.

"Has the Sheriff found the bodies?" Xavier asked. Cristos nodded his head.

"One of Pete's men called Sheriff Combs and said... and I quote, "a person in a black car killed everyone". I heard Jack is furious his neighborhood is now one big crime scene while Liam is pissed this killing spree will be bad for his image. This is why I need to get to the pub. I wanna hear what the townsfolk have to say. Maybe they'll finally put up a neighborhood watch." He paused and looked at me from head to toe. "I love that leather suit, by the way. I wonder who got it for you," Cristos joked.

"You did," I said, kissing him on the cheek. "Go. I'll see you tomorrow. If you get in touch with Dom, tell him to take care."

Once the wall panel closed behind Cristos, I unzipped my leather suit and stripped. I stood in front of Xavier in my lace lingerie. "X, let's take a shower together," I said, using the first initial of his name as if we were still working a hit together. I walked over to the wall and dimmed the lights in the shop. "I need you to scrub my back for me.

“Your wish is my command,” Xavier said, winking at me.

He stripped, throwing his clothes in a heap on the floor. He stood proud and fully erect.

My lips parted automatically. | wanted to suck.

| knelt down in front of him and began sucking. My head bobbed up and down while he enjoyed himself, his head thrown back in bliss.

“Oh my G od, yessss...” he moaned. He began to move his hips, thrusting gently into my mouth as my lips clamped down onto the length of his shaft while my tongue played with the tip of his penis.

| felt his c ock throb and swell as | sucked harder and moved my head faster. When his penis was fully engorged, | sucked with gusto, knowing he was about to come.

“J! He cried out the initial of my name, his body shaking as he came into my mouth. | swallowed...every... last... drop.

4/5

CHAPTER 89 Puttanescia

He quickly pulled me up and lifted me in his arms. “Let’s be the first ones to take a shower in your new shop.”

While | brushed my teeth, he prepared the water for us. After | rinsed, he unhooked and took off my panties. He caressed my face and ran his thumb against my lips.

my

bra

*If those old biddies only knew | have eyes for only one woman. | love you, Joy,” he said, reverting to my true name. “You and I, we were meant to be.” My arms encircled his neck, pulling his lips towards mine.

“| love you, too, Xavier,” | whispered, gazing deeply into his brown eyes.

He cupped the back of my head and kissed me. His lips were soft at first, then he gradually deepened the kiss, pouring all his passion and need into that one kiss.

He led me into the shower, allowing the water to rinse off the residue of the nervous sweat that clung on my skin from saving Ms. Lawrence. After washing my hair, he squeezed some bath gel into his palms and began to lather the soap on my body.

He took his time massaging my breasts, my back, my legs and thighs before he found the sensitive nub in between my thighs. He rubbed my clit while he kissed me until I screamed into his mouth when I finally came.

I was still riding the waves of my orgasm, when he lifted me up and thrust deep inside me. I cried out with every thrust, loving how he felt inside me. When we were done, both our bodies were trembling from our climax.

After he toweled me dry, we both went to sleep in my new sofa bed... me in his arms... happy and content.

Chapter Comments.

Mary Hall

Joy did her thing she killed without me more and that's what she needed

Luna-Mom

Wow Joy you really

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have earned your place amongst the lads

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Chapter 90

CHAPTER 90 Alternative

(TW: Rape and Assault)

Pete McDowell

| constantly kept rubbing my fake moustache and beard. It was itchy, but | needed a disguise.

| was at a sleazy club, seated alone at the bar, drowning my anger and frustrations in alcohol. Sadly, there was no Marla to have fun with.

And now, she had to be punished. This meant death to her mother.

After the bad news from the diner, | quickly called the men | had sent to watch Marla's

mother.

"Boss, what's up?" Johnny answered.

"Something's happened to Marla. She's a no show. | need you to kill her mother," |

instructed.

"Sure thing, Boss," Johnny said.

"Make it look like an accident. | don't want the town making speculations. She likes to drink, so-" | suddenly heard the doorbell ring.

"Sh it! There's someone at the door," Johnny said, "I'll call you back."

"Wait!" | yelled, but it was too late. He hung up.

| tried calling him back, but he didn't answer my call. | tried calling the men | had instruct to keep watch outside, but they, too, didn't answer. | tried Johnny again, but it just kept on ringing.

After Johnny didn't answer my calls, | called his big brother to find out what happened. | had my phone on the bar top, waiting for some news.

| downed my shot of tequila and rubbed my forehead to ease the tension. Sefior De Vega was very clever. He was someone | had underestimated. He didn't want anyone else to suffer the same fate as his niece.

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CHAPTER 90 Alternative

and money.

| should have listened to my mother all those years ago when she had advised me to invest in mercenaries who were skilled in combat and warfare.

“Mom, hiring ex-military is expensive. Plus, New Salem isn't a place where | need to have that kind of manpower anyway. I'm good with whatever men New Salem and Bismarck have to offer. They're cheap, low maintenance and expendable,” | told her one night while we were having dinner.

“Pete, I'm not telling you to hire a hundred. All you need is one small team. Sure,

mercenaries are expensive, but that's because one of them is equivalent to twenty yahoos in this town. Learn from the Cohens. Their men are highly skilled and educated. Even Henry, their driver, has done some training. It won't hurt to have a couple of trained men by your side. You can even use them for logistics or accounting,” she advised.

“I'm enough, Mom. | finished all the necessary training with Papa when he was still alive. Whatever skill set these mercenaries have to offer, | already have,” | said, waving my arms, proud of what | had accomplished when | was still a teenager.

“Sweetie, | haven't seen you run or even exercise since your father died. | bet if you went to my cycling class, you'd collapse from exhaustion.”

“| know I'm fat and ugly, Mom. You don't need to remind me. But even though I'm fat and ugly, | control this town. Just one word from me and any one in this stinking town is dead,” reasoned, sticking my knife into my steak. My mother grimaced and shook her head in disappointment.

“This organization is so much more than holding a man by his balls, Pete. Sure, the

fear

you, but do they respect you?" She asked, playing with her wine glass. "Fear and are two different things, son. I'm afraid you still have so much to learn. It's a good thi here to help you."

| sighed. She wasn't here anymore and right now, | was one big fat mess! | didn't know how was going to go back to New Salem and face the families of my men.

| even made the mistake of promising Riley's mother | would keep her son safe. She thought he worked as a delivery man for my mother's pharmacy. Little did she know her son was a drug runner, a cleaner, and a kidnapper. Now, he was in the hospital after a white van smashed into him. It would be a miracle if he survived.

Well, why should | care anyway? They've earned more than what they've actually had to offe/5

|

CHAPTER 90 Alternative

me.

"Hey handsome! Need some company?" A young brunette suddenly asked. She looked to be Marla's age, really thin, wearing a sparkling silver brassiere and short shorts that looked like underwear. She placed her hand on my thigh and my penis went hard. "How much to take you out?" | asked casually.

"I'm not allowed to leave the bar until my shift is over, but you and | can get cozy in one of the VIP rooms," she murmured, placing my hand on her thigh.

| stared at her made up face and shrugged my shoulders. | needed an alternative for Marla and she was as good as any.

"Sure. Lead the way," | replied while leaving some money at the bar and pocketing my phone. She took my hand and led me to the back where the private rooms were located.

| want the best room," | told her, handing her a wad of cash. Her eyes widened like saucers. while her lips curved into a big happy smile, knowing tonight was a good night.

"Right this way, handsome," she said, palming the cash | had just given her and strutting like she was a model doing the catwalk. Her cute as s ji g gled as she walked making my d ick throb.

Once we were in the VIP room, | ordered food and drinks, sat down on the sofa and made myself comfortable.

"What's your name?" | asked.

"Brandy," she answered.

"| don't like that name. How about for tonight | call you Marla instead?" | asked her, wa a hundred dollar bill at her.

"Sure. Whatever tickles your fancy, she replied, sn atching the hundred dollar bill.

"Now, strip, | said, tossing another wad of cash at her.

She quickly stood up and began to dance. | watched as she swayed her hips and twirled her hair, imagining it was Marla dancing in front of me.

My phone began to vibrate in my pocket. It wasn't Johnny or Johnny's brother. It was another one of my men who was usually assigned to Hillcrest.

T

CHAPTER 90 Alternativenovelbin

"What do you want, Tim?" | asked, keeping my eyes on the girl as she removed her bra.

www.

"Boss, we have a problem. All the men at Brook Haven are dead. It's a f ucking blood bath," Tim said. | quickly sat up, stunned at the news.

"And Ms. Lawrence?" | asked, trying to keep my anger at bay.

“No sign of her. | walked in and found Johnny and Bill inside, but Marla’s mom is missing.”

“And Johnny’s brother...Tony? Is he there with you?” | asked, noticing the girl had already removed her shorts. She was now dancing in a silver g-string.

“Uhm, | found Tony and Dirk lying on the pavement at the entrance of Brook Haven, Boss. All of them... shot in the head. Bodies still warm. Whoever did this, they made sure they left

no one alive.”

“Have you spoken to any of the neighbors? Did anyone see anything?” | asked, gesturing to the girl to sit next to me. She did, allowing me to fondle her small breasts.

information. “Someone said they saw a black car. That’s all,” he answered. That was useless My hand traveled down the girl’s body to touch her pussy. She pushed my hand away and waved her finger from side to side, telling me | wasn’t allowed to touch her there. My brow furrowed. What the fuck?

“Call the Sheriff. I’ll have someone look into the CCTV footage. And Tim, find Ms. Lawrence. If the bodies are still warm, it means the people who did this aren’t far.”

My hand balled into a fist. No Marla, no Ms. Lawrence and this bitch beside me would allow me to touch her pussy.

“Sure thing, Boss. I’ll call you when I have news, he said and hung up.

| messaged the hacker who | employed to do Aspire Tower and asked her to get me the footage from Brook Haven.

| quickly pocketed my phone and focused my attention on the naked girl seated beside me. She was chowing down on the appetizers | had ordered like it was her only meal of the day.

“Aren’t you suppose to ask before you eat someone else’s food?” | asked harshly. She stopped, swallowed what was in her mouth and brushed the crumbs from her hands.

“Sorry. | thought it was okay if | just had a couple.” she apologized.

CHAPTER 90 Alternative

"It's okay. I just wanted you to ask," I said, pushing the plate of appetizers towards her. She pointed to the ceiling. "Are there any CCTV cameras in this room?" She shook her head.

"We have some high rollers who come in during the week and this room is reserved for them. That's one of the reasons why this room is so expensive in the first place," she explained, before placing a piece of shrimp in her mouth.

I patiently waited for her to swallow the shrimp before punching her in the face. She fell onto the sofa, clutching her cheek.

She fell

I covered her mouth with one hand and punched her in the stomach with the other. She was so distracted by the pain, she didn't realize I had ripped the g-string off of her and had unzipped my pants, pulling out my cock.

"Since I paid you so much money, bitch, I'm entitled to get something back. A service. You

should have let me touch your pussy, because now, I'm going to fuck you!" I growled at her, holding both her wrists above her head. I felt her muffled scream against my hand and saw the fear in her eyes. That fear was a turn on. I instantly grew hard just by the sight of that

fear.

I thrust in her, hard and fast, over and over again, loving the feel of her dry pussy against my cock. I came inside her, laughing at her as I did.

After I pulled my cock out of her, I repeatedly punched her in the face, until she lay unconscious on the sofa. I stood up and cracked my neck muscles, feeling gloriously at ease. I zipped up my pants, fixed myself up and walked out of the VIP room like nothing happened.

She wasn't Marla, but she was a good alternative.

I glanced at my watch. I still had some time left before my flight.

Maybe | could get a better high from another girl at another sleazy club.

Chapter Comments.

Luna-Mom

Totally agree with caroline black, grinning like the Cheshire Cat. The anticipation of what's going to happen to the rest of the posse is ramping up

VIEW 1 COMMENT

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3

7

5/5

The Joy of Revenge

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