

Address?

"Violence, you can call me Violence". That was all I said as I ran head on at the brick wall looking guy. He expected me to run straight to him where he could grab me. What he didn't expect was for me to duck low and slide through the gaping hole between his legs. In the 2 seconds of confusion from him I had grabbed his arms from behind and twisted them into an ungodly angle before using them to throw myself up onto his shoulders, twist around the front of his neck with my whole body and flip us both. The sound his back made as it slapped hard on the ring made me smirk. The big guys always fall the hardest. I however flipped gracefully and rolled to be able to bounce straight back onto my feet and attack him once again.

Harley was good, he almost had me submitting once after landing a few good hits that threw me off balance. Turns out I wasn't as rusty as I thought. But I was lacking in food and in need of a good shower now.

"You put up a good fight Violence" he said as he threw me a water bottle.

"That was the most fun I've had in a long time" I said back while trying to contain my grin. Although I don't like hurting people, my body feels like it's not mine when I'm fighting. Just like with dancing, I transform into someone else, and I lose myself in it, along with all the other issues in my life.

"Are you going to join the gym? I'd love to see you around more. As

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"much as my ego hates it, I could probably learn some stuff from you."

"Yeah definitely."

"Okay cool, let's go get you signed up then."

"You work here?"

"Yeah, kind of have to when coach is my dad."

Looking at Harley now I could see why coach was being so stubborn about submitting. I bet in his glory days he was probably built like a brick shit house too.

We made our way back to the front desk and went through the motions of signing up. When it got to the question of 'address' I hesitated. Obviously, you cant have mail delivered to a hotel so I just left it blank and handed it back to Harley. He skimmed through it and then looked up.

"Address?"

"Don't have one" I mumbled out quickly avoiding his gaze.

He didn't seem to want to pity me so he just kept flicking through it all, taking my cash and telling me I could keep the shorts as they used to be his when he was like 8 and definitely was not going to be fitting back into them any time soon.

"Hey before you go" he stopped me as I turned to leave. "There a unit

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block just three streets over. It's a pretty bad area and I won't lie and say the conditions are great, but you can clearly handle yourself. I know they've got a unit available if you're looking and I know the owner.'

'Really? How much? Do they take cash?'

'Ha yeah, I take cash princess.'

I knitted my brows in slight frustration. Why tell me you know the owner just to say you are the owner? People are confusing when they're trying to flirt.

He ended up walking me over to the building and showing me inside. I honestly didn't care much about the state of the one-bedroom apartment. It has a joined kitchen/ lounge room and it came furnished which was nice. The last tenant had passed away from old age with no relatives to collect the belongings. Which meant I was now the lucky owner of everything I needed! Given, it was musty and needed the windows open and a good dusting everywhere, but it was mine, and compared to every other place I'd stayed, this was fucking great. Plates, forks, a fridge, towels, all of the good stuff. It's a shame I wouldn't be able to bring it all with me when I have to leave again. I'll definitely be taking a few of the smaller things, that way I won't have to spend money on the stuff I need to use daily. Being that it's just me it would be easy, just one cup, one plate, one knife and fork, one towel. I start making a mental list of all the things to put aside in a grab and go bag. This would really help me keep leveling up my living conditions. I went

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straight for the cupboard on the bedroom. It was double the length of the ones I usually have, and I smiled thinking about how I could lay flat and not have to curl myself up. I know it's odd, especially when there's a bed but honestly, I just haven't broken through that trauma yet. All I know is that once I'm inside the closet, I'm alone, and no one can hurt me more while I'm in there.

"I love it, it's perfect" I say with my head still in the closet.

"Great! I'll get you to sign some stuff and cash is fine but I'll give you bank details if you ever want to switch."

\$300 a week seemed reasonable to me, especially when he was letting me pay in cash and not asking any questions about it. I knew this was going to be a good day. I think to myself as I start the walk back over to the motel to get my things from there. I had about two hours before my shift at Satisfy and I was confident I'd have enough time to get my things, stop by the shop and get some essentials for my new house and get ready for my shift in time. Hell, maybe I could even cook a meal. It's been so long since I had a kitchen to work with. The last time was when I was staying with Stacy, and she hated to cook so I loved being able to give something back to her and make her a nice meal. I should probably call her.

Error correction of this chapter

Did She Just Roll Her Eyes At Me?

Luciano

The guys couldn't find a single trace of Angelo, not surprisingly, the asshole was like a bloody shadow. He must have slipped up to be caught on camera so close to one of my clubs. I left a couple of the guys with my sister as the rest of us headed back home. It seemed like a safe option just in case Angelo was still lurking around somewhere. We made it back to the club about halfway through my angel's shift. She was in the VIP area like I told her to be. Good, I thought. She was dressed in all black again tonight, it suited her. She had left her long black hair out tonight and it cascaded down her back in slight waves. She had on a strapless, short length leather body suit and it molded to her curves perfectly. She danced with her eyes closed, something I had noticed from the first night. She didn't need to see, she was feeling herself, the music, the pole. She moved like the music ran through her veins. Her eyes snapped open suddenly and the electric blue aimed straight at me. Could she sense I was here? My heart did that stupid stuttering again and I almost didn't hear Luca yelling at me to take a seat. Kevin was coming over, drinks in hand. He didn't have to ask what we wanted, after working for us for six years, he knew what we wanted like the back of his hand.

Hey boss, here you go

*Thanks Kevin, hey can you tell Violence I'd like to see her in my office

when her shift ends?"

"Yeah, is there a problem boss?"

"No problem, Kevin, just tell her to be in my office."

I watched as he made his way over to the stage, her eyes still locked on mine, and she gave him her partial attention. It was just after 1:00 am now and I decided to head back to my office to see if she would follow my order to come to me. I had her pathetic excuse for 'stuff' brought in that we got from her motel room and I was going to get some answers tonight. A knock on my door got my attention.

"Come in."

"Mr Donatello, Kevin said you wanted to see me."

"Yes, please take a seat."

I motioned to one of the dark leather club chairs across from my desk.

"Did I do something wrong sir?"

"No, you didn't do anything wrong angel, I just wanted to check in with you to make sure you were settling in."

"Oh yes, the club and staff are very nice. You've all been very accommodating to me."

"Good, that's good. I noticed that you hadn't listed any accommodation

on your paperwork. I'm wondering if you have sorted out anything yet?

'I'm sure you understand I came here on...some unusual circumstances. I have sorted out accommodation now though. I can give you the address if you'd like?'

I handed over the paperwork in front of me and placed a pen beside it. I waited for her to fill it out and then took it back to read over. The address she had given was a fair distance from here. Much too far to be considered safe for walking at night and not to mention the neighborhood it was in was once of the worst in the city. I raised my eyebrows at her, waiting to see if she would say anything more about it but she didn't.

'Do you have a lift to and from the club?'

'Yes sir.'

I watched her pupils dilate slightly, just a flash before they resumed their composure. She was a good liar. If I wasn't trained to know when someone was lying I would have missed it.

'Don't lie to me.'

She rolled her eyes. Actually rolled her eyes. I couldn't help but smirk at it. No one has ever rolled their eyes at me. No one would have the guts. This girl was feisty, and I liked that, a lot.

"Okay fine, seeing as you're not so easily fooled, no I do not but I am more than capable of walking."

"You do realize that you're my responsibility now, right?" I wanted to tell her it didn't just have to do with her working at my club but also because of the effect she had on me, but I didn't. Not yet.

"So, what are you going to do. Drive me to and from work every day?" She said it sarcastically, but I ignored that and took it as an opening.

"Yes, I think I will. Go get changed and we can go."

"What? No, I didn't mean that. I can take care of myself thank you."

"Well, I'm not convinced you can angel. You see I went to my sister's club yesterday and she had asked me to go to your old motel and collect your things before the owner tossed them away."

I watched as her heart rate picked up slightly, and a flash of something in her eyes. Worry? Maybe. It was so quick. Dang, she wore a solid mask. I pulled the bag out from under my desk, walked around and placed it in front of her. Kneeling down so I could look into her eyes closely.

"Thanks for that."

"That's it?"

"Well, what more did you want?" She half snapped at me.

"Angel, you had no furniture, no personal things, no food in the fridge. Nothing that would tell a person you lived there besides a tiny closet that looked more like your room than the whole place did. So no, I don't believe you can take care of yourself, and I'll be very honest with you right now. That won't do. I'm not sure what it is about you, but I'm intrigued and now I'm invested. As you know, Stacy asked me to take care of you and I do not take that order lightly. So, you will go and get changed, and I will drive you back to your residence so I can be sure you are safe."

"Okay."

"Okay?" I was taken aback. This girl didn't like to give much away, did she? She had cards, I could tell, but she held the so closely to her chest that I wasn't going to see unless I forced her hand.

"Yes, okay then." And she got up, grabbed her bag and walked out. Leaving me still kneeling on the floor staring at the door as it closed behind her. This was going to be fun. I love a good chase.

Jen M.

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So good!

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