

Violent Little Thing.

## Chapter 10

"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 graciously 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.

## Chapter 10

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 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.

## Chapter 10

"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 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

## Chapter 10

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 its just me it would be easy, just on 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 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



## Chapter 10

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.