

## I Will Fight.

I spent all of Sunday at the Gym. Thanks to Luciano I had my sports bras back so I felt more comfortable while training. Coach had organized a training routine for me but refused to get back into the ring with me. Instead, forcing others to as 'punishment' for them not keeping up with their own routines. It's safe to say a lot of male egos were put to shame. I felt good, after all the years out of the ring it was like riding a bike. My body new the moves to make and how to anticipate my opponents.

I had worked up more than enough tips from Satisfy to be able to buy some groceries and I prepared some meals in advance that I knew my body needed to be able to sustain the extra energy I'd be using and to build back some muscle I'd lost from the years of neglect. After cleaning up the mess I'd made in the kitchen there was a knock on my door. I used the peep hole to check before I opened it to the delivery driver.

"Miss Onatrio?"

"Yes?"

"Sign here please."

It was quite a large thing which I allowed him to move inside the apartment for me. When I opened it, I was stunned. It was a painting of a night sky, a beat-up ute and two silhouettes overlooking over the city.

It was us, our night, his place. It was breathtaking. The silhouettes pictured me pointing to the sky as we looked upwards and the stars that were painted showed the constellations I had pointed out and told him stories about. There was a card tucked into the corner of the frame. I opened it to read.

"My angel. This night under the stars with you was so perfect. I painted it so that it will never be forgotten. Luciano xx"

Holy shit. I sat looking at the painting that was now the main feature in my living room for what felt like hours. Trying to decipher these things people call feelings. I don't know when I fell asleep, but I woke up early that morning from the sun shining in on me. The sun? Wait what? I wasn't in a closet...I had fallen asleep not inside a closet. I was still on the floor but how had I managed to fall asleep here? Usually, my body would let me rest until I felt safe and secluded. I looked at the painting once again, smiling. This painting that made me remember the man that said he was going to take care of me. I still don't know how I feel about that, but I guess it must be a good thing that I'd progressed from the closet.

I went through my morning routine that now also included breakfast and proper soap and shampoo. I spent the day at the gym again. My last bit of preparation before my first visit to Ronaldo's fight club tonight after work. I ate a lot today, knowing that I would need it, and my body was buzzing with excitement my whole shift at Satisfy. I noticed Luciano and his men sitting at their regular table. Luca

seemed extra happy today as he made a point to wave excitedly at me every time he caught me stealing glances their way. When my shift finally ended, I made my way back into the dressing room to change. This time I had come prepared with my sports gear. The black shorts from Harley and my sports bra with the only good pair of joggers I owned. I slipped a black hoodie on over the top and I braided my hair in two to keep it secure in the fight. Leaving the wardrobe, I jumped at the unexpected male adonis that was seated once again at my makeup table.

"Holy shit" I said holding my heart to steady its pace. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Driving you home remember?" He said like we had somehow come to an agreement that this would always be the case. "Why do you look like you're ready to run a marathon at 2am?"

"Well for your information..." Do I tell him where I'm going? I can't do that. Everyone knows you don't talk about fight club.

He must have sensed my hesitation to tell him what I was doing as he said, "How about, you just point me in the direction you want to go?"

"Okay, fine" It's not like I was going to be able to shake this man so I guess I could at least get a lift.

We left the building and instead of heading to the ute he went in the other direction and led me to a blacked-out SUV. This was definitely

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490 ≈ 1h VIP >

more his style.

"No ute tonight?"

"No, I'd rather not be caught broken down somewhere when I don't know where it is we're going."

I began giving him directions as I held the map open on my phone.

"Thank you for the painting...it's really beautiful"

He smirked while focusing on the road ahead. I swear I heard him let out a breath he may have been holding.

"You liked it? I wasn't sure if I got the constellations right when I painted it."

"You painted it yourself?"

"Yeah, uh, it's something I like to do in my spare time."

"Wow...I never would have guessed a tall dark and handsome guy like you would be into painting."

I could see his smile visibly brighten, but there was something else in those obsidian eyes. Something predatory and full of lust.

"You, think I'm handsome?"

"Of course that's what you would take from that!" I said as I playfully smacked his shoulder.



We pulled up outside the club and Luciano just looked at me with one of his eyebrows cocked in question.

"What are we doing here at Ronaldo's club, angel?"

Of course, he knew what this place was. Ronaldo's was at his club in his VIP section when I met him. I guess the cats out of the bag.

"Well, Mr likes to paint in his free time." I waved a hand in the club's direction. "This is what I like to do in my free time."

I think I broke him. Why isn't he moving or saying anything? Fuck! Not good, not good, not good!

"No."

"Um. Yes"

"No, you will not fight. You could, no, you will get hurt. I'm not going to allow that. No."

That pissed me off a little. I don't answer to anyone. I'm no one's possession. Who did this guy think he is?

"Well, I have news for you buddy" I said pointing a finger in his chest. "I will fight tonight, and you can either watch, or you can fuck off."

Error correction of this chapter