



247 The Furious Gang Leader

"Fuck!!" 1

Bang!

Following a furious shout, the sound of something smashing against the floor echoed.

"Who the fuck did you bring me?"

For the fifth time in a row, reports came in about their branches spread across the city being wiped clean. Every man at the locations had been taken down, and forty percent of their gun armory plus goods were gone.

Such a disastrous loss in less than an hour since he got the first call regarding the woman his men caught sneaking around their target. She was likely a cop, so they had captured her for questioning, planning to get some info on what the force knew about them before letting her go or staging an accidental shootout that would kill her. The only loss would have been sending one man to jail, and the mess would have been over.

But who knew the cops would react to this woman so swiftly?

Tied up on her knees with a blindfold and a



mouth gag, Natalie still managed to show a disgusted sneer mixed with daring smugness after listening to the man's furious, frustrated shouts.

The wide, spacious room used as an office was filled with tension as the rugged-looking men with tattoos—some stern-faced enough to give kids nightmares—began to exchange looks.

Each was an inner member of the gang, a branch of a true crime syndicate spread across the country.

No one was willing to speak at the risk of being shot.

Suddenly, gritting his teeth, Smoke stepped forward.

"We were the ones who abducted her," he spoke, causing the others to finally breathe, feeling like they had escaped a death sentence.

The ruthless boss didn't speak, his bloodshot gaze focused on Smoke. The silence hinted that he had better have a reasonable excuse.

Smoke swallowed hard.

"A couple of days ago, I got some intel from my boys about the cops trying to sniff us out because they have Ace's body—and probably



the rest of his boys, too. After the recent mission you gave us, I planned to handle it today, but we noticed this suspicious woman and another male guy moving around. They weren't in uniform either. They were dressed corporately, so I thought they were journalists trying to get a story out of the body we dumped yesterday... I took an interest in her feisty appearance and planned to teach her a lesson. At the time, I thought I was being clever, killing two birds with one stone, and left her male counterpart alive. It wasn't until I got to the base that I shoved my hands inside her shirt and found this..."

Saying this, Smoke nervously lifted his arm to reveal a chain held between his fingers, with a gold badge hanging off it, embroidered with the word Captain.

The moment they spotted it, everyone's pupils constricted. They stared wide-eyed at Smoke like he was the dumbest person on the planet. 2

Even the Boss and his right-hand man, Scorpio, were forced to close their eyes and open them again in disbelief.

Silence...

"You fucking bastard! You dare abduct a captain?!"



His voice was filled with venomous wrath.

"Hahaha! It fucking makes sense now!" he shouted, laughing up at the concrete ceiling.

The next moment, he pulled out a beautiful silver-white Desert Eagle and pointed it at Smoke.

"You fucking bastard! Your life can't even pay for what you've done. You don't deserve a quick death."

He took a deep breath, trying to contain his fury, then opened his eyes and lowered his arm.

"Seize him," he ordered, and Smoke didn't dare try to run.

Taking another deep breath, the boss surveyed the room before resigning himself to sit on his huge office desk.

Merely tilting his head toward Natalie, he signaled one of the men to step forward and untie her mouth and blindfold.

"You fucking wretched lowlives!"

Spit!

Natalie cursed the moment they removed her gag, spitting on the floor with disgust.



Scanning the room with disdain, she spoke without fear.

"You bastards! You dare abduct me? Me? I'll fucking make sure this entire place is reduced to ruin. You'll spend the rest of your miserable lives in jail!" she said, her eyes blazing with a fury that made everyone in the office clench their fists in rage and anxiety.

It was no secret that the police protected their own at all costs. Killing a police officer always resulted in brutal retaliation; abducting one of their captains was like forcing the entire force to walk naked through the streets.

If the news broke, every cop in the country would strike their bases. They would be at the top of every hit list.

No payoff was worth those consequences.

However, the boss, Clyde, who was just about to propose a way to de-escalate the tension, paused at her words.

A vicious glint flashed in his eyes as he stared at her.

"Hahaha—I know you! You're Natalie Voss. Prideful fucking bitch! You were sent here to hunt us down, right? Ahhh! Fuck! I was thinking about you a couple of moments ago. Hahaha!"



Suddenly, Clyde began to laugh like a madman who had just stumbled onto a fortune.

Natalie's disgusted eyes tracked him as he stepped forward without hesitation and struck her across the face with the barrel of his gun.

Bang!

"Arrrrgh!"

Natalie let out a pained gasp, blood dripping from the corner of her lips.

"Fucking rat! You dare hit me?" she shouted, her eyes burning with fury.

Bang!

Clyde slapped her with the gun again, then spat on the floor just as she had.

He turned his focus back to his men.

"Bring Smoke back."

He commanded the room, then switched his attention back to Natalie with a cold sneer.

"Let you go? In your dreams. Your fuck-buddies have already taken out forty percent of my bases. So what, I should just let you go and walk straight into a cell? Hahaha. You're a feisty bitch—"



Spit!

Before he could finish his sentence, Natalie spat the blood from her mouth onto his face.

"You're going to regret this. You're fucking going to! You don't know who you're fucking with. A rat dares to hit me?" Natalie spat through ground teeth, glaring venomously at Clyde.

Bang!

Clyde struck her again.

"Rat? Hahaha! What's with that fucking disdain in your voice? How arrogant! You really need to learn your place." Switching the gun to his other hand, he landed a brutal slap across her face.

"Arrogant bitch! How about you suck my dick right now? At least I'll leave your corpse for your fuck-buddies to find," he said with a sick smile.

Natalie didn't back down.

"You dare! Say that again—"

"Arrrgh!"

A swift kick to the stomach cut her off, sending a wave of pain through her gut that forced her



eyes shut.

"Guys, let me introduce you to this whore: Natalie Voss. She's sent more than two thousand of us to jail just because she gets a kick out of investigating us. She thinks we're lowly prey, but today, I'll help you vent your frustration."

He turned to a subordinate. "Get me our latest batch of the stimulant and the chains. I'm going to treat this whore the way she deserves."

"Fucking bastard! I'm going to make you regret everything you just said!" Pride and disdain still etched into her tone, Natalie glared at Clyde with pure hatred.

Clyde merely nodded.

"You can keep saying that once you're in chains."

His eyes turned cold as he addressed the rest of his crew. "Take your men and lay low for now. Dismissed."

With that, everyone filed out of the spacious office, leaving only the second-in-command, Scorpio, and the boss, Clyde.

Scorpio stared down at Natalie and shook his head, keeping his mouth shut. Though they



were risking the full wrath of the force, he thought Natalie was an idiot for rage-baiting Clyde while held captive. Besides, wasn't the police force already raining hell down on them anyway?

It didn't take long before the sound of dragging chains echoed through the hallway as the door swung open.

Three men entered: two carried heavy sets of chains, while the third carried a briefcase.

Seeing them, Clyde smiled cruelly and crouched down in front of Natalie.

Clang!

The chains dropped heavily onto the floor, and the third man handed the briefcase over to Clyde, who grinned as he received it.

"Let me introduce you to our newest product, known as the STIMULANT."

He removed a vial from the briefcase and held it up for Natalie to see.

"You want to know why we call it that?"

He smiled, cracking the tip of the vial with a sharp flick of his finger, and took a gratification-filled whiff.



"Ahhh—as small as it is, this vial is worth fifty grand. It's a real hit with our clients, young and old, male and female alike. Know why? Because it's a unisex serum that sends hormones skyrocketing.

This single vial is good for an hour of intense fucking. A man can take on five women at once... and a woman? She goes completely wild and becomes a cum whore. Let's see how you fare taking two of these every hour until you're begging for my cock."

