



Billionaire Protector

(Billionaire Bikers MC #1)

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Chapter One

Russell—Russ—Wyatt stared around the bar waiting for his friends to arrive. It was a classy upscale bar that was owned by their private MC. Their MC was a lot different from many out there as their motorcycle club members all had to have two things in common. They had to be billionaires, and they didn't have any family. Self-made billionaires. They had their own clubhouse, their own club whores, and they all owned billion dollar businesses. They all had a need to live on the open road, and the adventure of being part of a club, which meant fighting much bigger things.

It was unusual for businessmen to take to the road, riding on badass bikes, and fucking most of the women who came to the club. By day they were in business suits; by night, their leather cuts decorated their backs, and no one fucked with them. Russ had wanted two things out of life, to be part of an MC, and to make so much fucking money no one could touch him. He'd made his billions, and he'd helped to bond the ten men who were part of the club. They didn't have Prospects, and they didn't open their club to just anyone. No one should mistake them for pussies. They may be businessmen, but they were all lethal.

In the early days of their club forming, several rival gangs had thought they were pussies, and so started a war, attacking them. Russ still found it funny that the rival gangs no longer messed with them. They may be billionaires, and they may be businessmen, but they knew how to handle themselves, and no one should fuck with them. They all had a past, a history, and it wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. You messed with one, and you took on all of the pack. They banded together, and they were invincible. Their club, B. B. MC, had it all, The Billionaire Bikers Motorcycle Club.

He and Lewis Cox had come up with the idea of their own MC, and they had expanded from there. The club had ten billionaires in total. They didn't have charters, and they weren't all over the place, across lots of countries. They were a strictly limited group of men. He knew of other clubs that allowed prospects, and to vote men in and out. B. B. MC was strict, ten men, no exceptions. Once they were all dead, the club would either be handed to the next generation if they had kids, or it would cease to exist. Glancing around the club, he saw several of the club whores waiting for the rest of the guys. This was an exclusive club, so all of the club whores were in fact gold-diggers who loved the bad boy inside of them. They loved the leather, the rush, and of course the bank balance they got at the end of it.

Russ and his other nine brothers paid a large wage for the group of women so they could fuck them any time, anywhere. There were more women than brothers because some of the guys liked to fuck more than one woman at once. Lewis was known for fucking four women at the same time and really going for an orgy. His friend was running from some dark shit.

"Hey, baby," Tina said, coming to lean against the bar. "How's your day?"

Tina was a good time girl, and a whore to the core. She loved the club lifestyle, and she loved the money they paid her. Ever since she'd requested membership to the B. B. MC, he'd seen her in different clothes every single day. Providing she took dick, he didn't care what she wore, or how she spent the money they gave her.

The club also had a process for accepting women. All of the men had to agree to the woman joining, and at least three men had to have fucked her brains out, taking her for a test drive. They always put the women through their paces, finding out how far the women would go.

A couple of women couldn't handle being shared, giving head, anal, or even enjoy being fucked. Those women never made it. Also, the men preferred for their women

to swallow their cum as well. There was nothing worse than needing release and being about to come, and the woman refused to take what was on offer. If it was a bad day at the office, he'd phone one of the club whores to come and handle his needs there and then. He didn't care about what his employees thought of him. When he needed his dick sucked, he called on one of the girls. He liked them slutty, always willing and ready to take cock.

He stared down at the small skirt, which was not any bigger than a belt. Her shirt came together between her breasts with a little delicate hook. Leaning forward, he flicked the catch on the hook, and her shirt fell open, spilling her breasts out.

"I'm feeling so much better now," he said, staring down at her large breasts. Her tits were fake, bought by the club, but he didn't care.

"Do you like what you see?" She ran her hand down his chest, and he took hold of her hand, and placed it over his dick.

"What do you think?"

"Oh, baby, why didn't you give me a call? I'd have taken care of that for you."

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He smiled, not about to tell her that Luna had taken care of him. Tina wasn't the jealous type, but he didn't talk about the women he fucked, even with the club.

"You can take care of me now." He moved out of the bar and turned toward her. She sank to her knees, and went for his belt buckle. Taking his whiskey in hand, he pressed the glass to his lips and took a drink. She took out his cock, and her lips were on him within the next second. Closing his eyes, he enjoyed the heat of her lips around him.

"Long day?" Lewis asked.

Opening his eyes, he stared at one of his friends as he took a seat opposite him. Running his fingers through Tina's hair, he wrapped the length around his fist. He pumped into her mouth and groaned as she swallowed him deep.

"Too fucking long."

"You going to be long?"

"Nah, I need release."

Lewis raised his brow and sat back. "There's something I want to talk to you about."

From the sound of Lewis's voice it seemed serious.

"Business, pleasure, or personal?"

“Personal and business.”

Lewis was on a mission to find trafficked women. He worked closely with law enforcement, and so far the club had helped save over fifty women from being taken. It was a low number considering the women who were actually taken were in the thousands. To other organizations who couldn't rescue the women, they were heroes. Russ wasn't a hero. He helped his friend to save the women who were taken. From what he learned, Lewis had lost a friend years ago, and was trying to find her, or at least rescue as many women as he could.

Tapping Tina's head, Russ pulled her up. “We'll finish this later. Business before that beautiful mouth.”

She gave a pout but didn't argue with him, getting to her feet and leaving.

“You want to go to our office?” he asked.

“Yes.”

They made their way out of the main club room, toward the private office where they all discussed club business. Russ leaned against the desk and waited for his friend to speak. Lewis closed and locked the door.

“I've found a station where they're housing at least twenty women.”

Russ nodded. He didn't doubt that this would be the reason his friend wanted to talk. “Are you sure?”

“I'm positive.” Lewis moved around the desk, firing up the laptop. The laptop was used by the whole of the club, and each person had a separate password with which to access it. The security kept their business private, and also created a log for all of

them to know who logged on when.

He stood behind Lewis and watched as he accessed the information.

“You’re putting a lot of faith in your contact, Lewis.”

Lewis had a private contact that none of the guys knew. The only person to get the information was Lewis, and Russ didn’t know if Lewis had even seen the guy who sent the information. They couldn’t trace the email account, nor could they trace the number the person used. The voice was also masked, so they didn’t know who it was.

“We’ve never been given false information, Russ. Whoever is doing this knows their stuff.”

Russ read the location, and saw some of the pictures that had also been sent as proof.
“This is close to us.”

“I know. These girls have been taken from the local areas, the poor areas that no one seems to give a shit about. Can you believe it, girls just stolen off the street, and people too scared to protect them.”

“They’re not us. You’ve got to remember things go down differently there.”

“I just fucking hate it. They’re disgusting bastards, and I want to hurt them. I want to kill every single one of them.”

Russ placed his hand on Lewis’s shoulder. “We’re going to find her.”

“It’s not just about her, Russ. It’s about all of them. These women, they have rights, and I don’t give a shit what anyone says, I’m going to spend my life going after them.”

Nodding, Russ took a deep breath. “We’ll figure it out.”

For the next ten minutes they read through the information, and Russ wasn’t surprised to see they were in an abandoned location just on the outskirts of the city. Most of the traffickers they’d encountered kept the kidnapped women in secure locations that were easily disguised.

From the looks here, they were dealing with a ranch for dog handling, and the front of the ranch had a large steel gate to keep everyone out. It would be perfect with cages to keep the women locked up.

“You want to go in soon?”

“Yes. My informant believes they’re moving them out the day after tomorrow. I don’t want to miss it.”

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“I’ll call the brothers, and we ride out tomorrow.”

“I’ve already contacted my guy in law enforcement. He’s putting together a small crew to go with us. Tonight is too short notice, but we can head in tomorrow, after dark.”

In the beginning the law enforcement didn’t take them seriously. A bunch of billionaires playing at being tough. They had proven them wrong when they’d called them to the scene where there had been a mass murder of the trafficked women.

Some of the women they went to save, wouldn’t make it. If they were not careful, the men would shoot the women and take off. They’d have no survivors, and no criminals. Russ wanted to keep the number of victims down to a minimum.

It was a messy business, and Russ couldn’t imagine doing anything else. He saw the damage in Lewis’s eyes, and with each rescue, it seemed to help. Russ would do anything for his nine brothers, and for the club.

The pain was unlike anything she’d ever experienced in her life, and Anna Little had experienced a great deal of pain. Her mother had been a crack whore, so Anna was used to taking a beating every now and then. Once her mother died, she was put into the foster system, and nothing ever got easy after that.

Her life had gotten easier the day she turned eighteen, and was able to go out on her own. She had her best friend, Karen, and together they were going to conquer the

world. They had believed they were going to make it in the world of business and become millionaires one day. That was never going to happen, not then, and not now.

Tears filled her eyes as she thought about her pretty, petite friend. Karen had been so beautiful on the inside and out.

She shouldn't be dead.

Taking a deep breath, she pressed her hand against her rib and held in the noise. If she made a sound, they would take the belt to her again, and her back was already in so much pain.

Don't make a sound. Don't make a sound.

Karen had died in her arms three days ago. Those fuckers had filled her with drugs, and hadn't even taken the time to find out she was a fucking diabetic, and without her insulin, she was lucky to have lasted three days in their care.

Care? What a laugh. These men were monsters, and Anna hoped someday someone was going to come, and show them what it meant to have their asses kicked. She hated them. She hated all of them.

Staring down at her hands, she tried to think positively. Her hands were covered with dirt and blood, and it had been a week since she had a shower. She stank of vomit, piss, and God knows what else.

She and Karen had been making their way back to their apartment after looking over a small shop in the center of the city. They had saved up enough money that they were thinking of opening either a small bakery, or maybe a specialist food store. Neither of them had decided what they wanted to do. Their options were limitless. They were both twenty-two, excited, and ready to take on the world.

A black van had pulled up beside them, and before either of them could react, someone had slammed their fist against her face, and started to take Karen. No one hurt her friend, and Anna had been taking care of Karen since they were young. She had ignored her pain, gotten up, and started fighting, but Anna hadn't stood a chance against four men. They overpowered her easily, dragged her into the van, beat her, and then everything had gone to hell. She was in so much pain, and throughout it all, she had to witness her best friend's pain. They forced her to watch as they repeatedly raped and degraded her friend. They hadn't touched Anna. Instead they had used her as a punching bag. They told her she was too fat and ugly to be used for anything else. It had all been a waste as her friend was still dead, and now she was still here.

Something was going on. She saw the way the men were talking on their phones, and rounding them all up. She sat in her cage, which was for a dog, and waited. Several of the women were rocking backwards and forwards, trying to find a happy place. Anna had stopped trying to do that within hours of being taken.

She rubbed at her chest as she thought about Karen, her best friend. If she ever got out of here alive she wouldn't see her friend again. Was there even a point in living?

“Anna, don't stop fighting. Do you hear? Don't stop.”

Those had been Karen's last words before she slipped into a diabetic coma, and not long after that, she'd died. Her body was still lying on the ground in the corner beneath a ratty old carpet along with three more women.

Anna had witnessed more violence in the last week than she ever wanted to remember. One girl had been petrified and tried to run. She'd been dragged back by her hair so that clumps of it were missing, beaten, and then shot in the head. The animals didn't care. None of them did.

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She jerked as someone hit out at her cage.

“Hey, little bitch, this cage suits you.”

Glancing up, she saw her tormentor was the one who gave all the women drugs. He was the reason Karen was dead, and her anger started to fester.

“I bet you’re starving right now, right?” he asked.

Not saying a word, she averted her gaze and stared at her blood soaked hands.

“Hey, I’m talking to you, slut!” He slammed the cage, and Anna forced herself to look at him.

“Does it feel good?” she asked. Her voice was raw from all the screaming and shouting she’d done. Not only was her voice raw from actually using it, but the man in front of her had tried to strangle her.

“What?”

“You kidnap women, and then you beat them into submission. Does it make you feel good, tough, strong?”

He smirked. “You better be careful.”

Anna was past caring. She had been pushed to her limit, and her ability to care was gone. Her best friend was dead. She had no family, and no one was waiting for her at

home. Anna even doubted anyone knew she was missing. Her life sucked. It was one big pile of shit with no way out.

“Or what? You’ll beat me? You’ve done that.” She wiped the tears that had spilled from her eyes. “You’re just a coward.”

“You think that?” The man was smiling, and Anna knew she should be afraid, but she didn’t care.

“There are no men here. You’re all afraid of men, and you get power from hurting women. You’re all just a bunch of cowards.” And she wanted to die.

The moment he opened her cage and dragged her out, Anna tuned everything out. At first, she surprised him by landing in a few blows herself. After he knocked her down to the ground, everything became a blur.

She wanted to go to Karen.

Anna was done being alone, and she was goading him to make it possible for her to finally have peace.

When darkness came, she prayed it would stay.

There was nothing else for her.

Chapter Two

“It’s a simple extraction. Kill who comes close, and backup will be there and waiting. We go in quiet,” Lewis said, pointing at the layout of the old ranch house. Richard, John, Dave, and Jamie stood up looking at the location. Sean, Malcolm, Blake, and Jackson had already gone over the details. This was the club in its entirety.

“Our main entrance is through the front gates,” Richard said.

“No,” Blake said. “Look there.” He pointed several yards down to a wooden gate. Russ had done a drive by in his car, taking pictures of the building as he passed after Lewis told him where it was.

Russ’s gut twisted at the thought of what could be happening there. He’d wanted to know how good security was, and he’d pulled up against the gate and pulled out a map, pretending to read it. He’d not worn his leather cut, sticking to his suit. It was one of the benefits of being both a businessman and a member of the MC. He could blend in. Within minutes a guy who had blood spatters on his clothing had come up, demanding he leave.

While he’d been out, he’d heard a feminine scream, and it had done something to him

“We’ve got a feral bitch that needs to be put down. You’d be best taking off now, sir. This is not for the weak.”

Climbing into his car, he’d driven off, but he’d gotten what he needed to. There were women there, women being hurt. Russ hated it when men set out to hurt women. He hated men who beat their wives, children, or set out to hurt those weaker. Russ had a code, and those weaker and vulnerable needed to be protected.

The gate was a pedestrian access that had been overgrown. There was no security, and the back access that would help them into the ranch without being detected.

“We go in there, and the cops come here,” Richard said, pointing at the main gate. “They come on our signal, and we’ll all make it out alive.”

Russ looked at the layout, and couldn’t think of a reason as to why it wouldn’t work. They could make it happen.

“Yes,” Lewis said. “We can get inside without the men being detected, and risking the women’s lives.”

“We don’t want to risk anyone. We learn from our mistakes,” Malcolm said.

They gathered their weapons. Each of the men was trained and ready to shoot. The club and their mission to take down traffickers demanded they perfect their techniques. Russ wasn’t just skilled in handling a gun. He also knew how to handle knives and hand to hand combat. It wasn’t his best skill, but it was something he was proud of.

Once Lewis had put the call to his informant and his friend within the law, they headed out. They didn’t go on their bikes, and instead split into teams of five, taking black trucks. Night had fallen, and there was no time to waste, or at least he didn’t believe there was time to waste.

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“Do you think Lewis will ever find who he’s looking for?” Jackson asked.

“I don’t know.”

“He’s going to keep hunting for her,” Blake said. “I don’t blame him. We’re all in this together, and I will keep on fighting these bastards until they no longer hurt women.”

The B. B. MC members all had a reason for being where they were. Each member had a past, and none of them had openly shared it. Russ knew the important details of the men he rode with. They believed in what he did, in fairness, and the law. Their club was the only part of their lives that wasn’t bound to the unwritten rules that society placed on them. Russ didn’t want to hide behind his lawyer because he fucked a woman in a bar. The club allowed them to be open with each other, and take what they wanted. It was an unconventional club that worked for all of them.

Thinking about the club reminded him of Tina. Since Lewis had interrupted them, he’d not gone back to Tina. He didn’t need the release just yet.

“None of us are ever going to stop looking for her.” Lewis hadn’t told them what had happened. They all knew that he’d lost a friend, and that was it.

“It must be hard. Each place we go, she’s not there. It has been too long. She could be dead,” Sean said.

“Don’t let Lewis hear you say that. He believes she’s alive, and I’m not going to break him by telling him that she could be dead. We’re all brothers here.”

“I’m sorry. I just know he’s going to need to come to the conclusion that he’s looking for a ghost.” Sean shrugged. “I hate being the one to say it, but you’ve all got to admit that you’ve thought it.”

Resting his head against the van, Russ closed his eyes. Sean wasn’t wrong. He’d wanted to talk to Lewis about the possibility of the woman he was searching for being dead. Each time he thought about bringing it up, he balked at the last minute.

“Let’s take it one mission at a time,” Russ said, opening his eyes. “Lewis is our brother, and when we came together as an MC we made a promise, an oath, to serve the club and each brother’s needs. I’ll fight for Lewis every step of the way.”

“We all will,” Jackson said. “I’m not going anywhere.”

They all had a past, and a story to tell, but none of them were going to talk to each other about what they faced. He didn’t mind. Russ didn’t have a past, not really. There was nothing in his past worth reliving, or going back to see.

“I’m turning off the lights,” Sean said. He was driving them to the ranch.

They climbed out of the back of the car, having parked several yards up from the wooden gate, far enough away not to raise suspicion. No one would see the van that was parked away from the road. Lewis pulled in next, and Russ was already climbing over the fence.

Lewis was handling the radio signals to the law enforcement.

They could all die at any moment, and Russ was ready for that. These women needed a man willing to die to get them out.

Lewis stood beside him, and together, they held their guns and walked through the

thick grass.

“They’re here,” Lewis said.

“I know.”

His gut was telling him that they were close. When the grass started to thin out, he saw the first of the cages, and inside them women sat silently crying. Russ lowered down, as did the rest of the men.

“Heavily guarded?” Sean asked, crawl-walking toward them.

“No.” There was one guard who was pacing up and down.

“You think we’re fucking cowards? How do you feel now, bitch?” A man shouted, and the sound of him spitting echoed through the night.

Russ heard that cry again, the same cry he’d heard the night before.

“Jake, ease up. She gets the message. You fuck her over too bad, and Henry’s not going to want her fat ass. She’s useless to us too fucked up.” This came from another guy.

Russ parted the grass, and watched as they dragged a woman back to her cage, throwing her inside so that her head hit the back. Rage filled every part of him.

Closing the grass, he turned to his nine brothers. “I’m going to unlock those cages. I’ll warn the women we’re here, and I want you to keep an eye on the guard. They have a chance to escape while we take care of business.”

They had learned the hard way about not preparing the women. Russ wouldn’t have

another woman's death on his conscience.

Leaving his gun with Lewis, Russ crawled toward the cages. One of the women stared up at him with large, dilated eyes. She was shaking, probably coming down from the drugs. He pressed a finger to his lips.

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“It’s okay. We’re here to save you. Don’t make a sound.”

She nodded, letting him know she heard. He reached around and flicked the catch. It was one of those designed to be opened from the outside, not inside.

“Don’t move. I’ve got men waiting, okay? They’re going to be here.”

From one cage to another, he unlocked them, and one of the women kept him hidden as the guard passed her cage. It was ridiculous, the women protecting him.

You’re the only chance of escape.

When he came to the woman who’d been thrown into the cage, he saw she was still conscious. Her face had several bruises, but the man who’d beaten her had made sure not to focus too much on her face. She was curled into a ball, and he reached into the cage, and stroked his finger over her hand.

“We’re going to get you out of here.” He gave her finger a squeeze, but she didn’t give him any sign that she’d acknowledged what he was trying to do.

She was hurting, and it was hard for Russ to crawl away from the cage. He’d helped quite a few women, and not any of them had struck him as hard as that woman had.

“Are you okay?” Lewis asked.

“Yes. I’m fine.”

He wasn't fine. Russ was shaken to the core, and hurting. The woman he'd just seen had gotten to him, and it had only taken a look. He had to make sure she got out safe.

"Are we doing this?" Richard asked.

"We're doing this." Russ stood up, faced the guard, but he had the upper hand. When Russ fired his weapon, which had a silencer, the man dropped to the floor.

Rushing out, Russ encountered the next man, placing a bullet in his head and moving on. It didn't take long for their presence to be known, and the bullets started flying, and the loud sounds of gunshots filled the night.

The police rushed into the place, and when Russ entered the old ranch, he made sure to walk silently.

The rage building inside him was demanding he unleash it. The woman outside—he didn't know her name, and it didn't matter—she needed to be protected. Entering the kitchen, he saw the man who'd been beating her grabbing up cell phones and laptops.

Russ fired a bullet into his leg, and the man fell down, screaming.

"I'd be still if I was you."

Dropping his weapon, he walked up to the man, grabbed his jacket, and threw him against the wall.

"What's your name?"

"Fuck you."

Drawing his knee up, he slammed it against the man's stomach. "Try again."

“Fuck you.”

Wrapping his fingers around the man’s throat, he kept the pressure up, and only when Lewis walked through the door did Russ ease up.

“Where’s your boss?” Lewis asked.

“I’m not talking.”

Russ slammed his knee against the man’s junk, and he went down.

Lewis gasped. “Ouch, man.”

“I’m not in the mood to deal with fucking cowards. Do you think this will give us what we need to know?” Russ asked, nodding toward the devices.

“I can get it so we can work on them back at the club. We’d get emails, logs—you name it, Jamie and I can crack it.”

“We all can crack it.” Russ stared at the man, and he pulled out his handgun, and pointed it at his head.

Lewis placed his hand on the gun. “You kill him, you’re no better than he is.”

“The taxes we all pay keep that fucker alive.”

“And they make sure we keep him off the streets. Don’t let his death ruin you, Russ.”

He didn’t need to be saved. Russ wouldn’t give a shit if the man before him lived or died.

“Get him out.”

Russ knew Lewis cared more about keeping him sane. Russ didn't kill innocent people. He was more than happy to take out all the men who fucked over women. Once the multitude of devices were bagged and transported as evidence, which the club could then use to find what they needed, Russ stepped outside. He walked toward the cages where the women were being processed. When he saw the woman who'd been beaten was still in her cage, he moved toward the ambulance crew.

“You missed one.”

“We didn't. We don't know the extent of her injuries. We're waiting for the fire brigade to break the cage.”

Rolling his eyes, Russ made them follow him. He'd owned a dog years ago, and when he had no choice, he'd placed his dog in a similar cage in the back of his car to travel. Finding the catches, he unfolded the cage, and the woman was free to be taken. He couldn't walk away from her, and he listened as the paramedics talked to her.

“We're not going to hurt you. Could you tell us where it hurts?”

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“All over.”

“Okay. Let us know when it hurts too much.”

He felt like there was a golf ball in his throat as the paramedics worked over her. When they were satisfied that they wouldn't risk damaging her more, they lifted her onto a stretcher and took her toward the ambulance.

“What's with her? Do you know her?” Lewis asked, coming to stand beside him.

“I don't know her. She's not important right now,” Russ said.

They walked around the ranch, and Russ spotted an uneven ratty old carpet. Pulling it out of the way, he groaned. Underneath were some of the bodies of the women.

“I fucking hate this part,” Russ said.

“We need to get their identities, and go back to the hospital,” Lewis said.

“Did you find her?” Russ asked, which he asked every single time they did this.

“No. I didn't.”

It was becoming the story of their lives.

Anna stared up at the television screen. The tears had dried up, and the pain had lessened. The drugs they were pumping inside her helped with most of the pain. Jake, the bastard who had been beating her, was a fucking coward. He hit hard, but he didn't hit hard enough to kill her. She had hoped for death, and it hadn't come.

Now she was in the hospital being treated for her injuries.

She had a concussion and a huge lump on her head from hitting the cage. Her face was bruised, and she had a split lip. Three cracked ribs, several bruises, and her arm was broken. They'd had to set it, and it was now in a cast. Her leg was also in a cast as well, as a precaution for a suspected fracture. She was a mess, and she didn't even want to think about hospital bills. There was no way she was ever going to be able to afford her medical bills along with the fact she'd missed work, and her job was probably gone.

Life would be easier if she had died.

Tears fell from her eyes, and with her good hand, she wiped the tears away.

Noise at her door had her turning toward it. There was something vaguely familiar about the man dressed all in black. He had to have been the guy who helped her out of the cage.

"Are you Anna Little?" he asked.

"How do you know my name?" Her throat was even worse than the day before. When Jake had been beating her, she'd used every opportunity to scream, curse, shout, and fight. Her throat was hoarse.

"You were reported missing by your boss when you didn't turn up for work."

“Mrs. Lions reported me missing?” She worked at her supermarket every single day of the week, including overtime. Anna had even gone to work when she was poorly just to save money so she and Karen could start their own venture into the world of business.

“Yes, she said it was not like you to not be at work.”

Anna took a deep breath. Someone had known that she was missing.

“The police had to wait twenty-four hours for you not to turn up.”

She nodded. “Thank you.”

It was hard for her right then. She had believed no one would care if she was alive or dead.

“Would it be okay if we contacted Mrs. Lions? She has been contacting the police every hour to find out if you’d been found.”

“Yes, you can tell her that I’ve been found, and where I am.”

She didn’t think Mrs. Lions liked her all that much, but she must have cared to be so persistent.

“I’m Russell Wyatt,” he said.

“You’re the man who opened the cages?”

“Yes, and this is my friend, Lewis Cox.”

She nodded toward the new man. “Is there anything wrong?”

“We have some pictures that we need you to go through to see if you can identify some of the women that were found.”

Anna nodded. “Anything I can do to help.”

Russell moved closer and took a seat near her, reaching for the large photographs from Lewis.

He lifted them up, and started to show them to her.

Some of the women she had never seen before. “I don’t recognize them.”

“They’re from other incidents similar to yours.”

“Other women taken?”

“Yes.”

“These are the women that were killed at the place you were held.”

He held up one photograph.

“I know them, but I don’t know their names. I could tell you the cage they were held in, and how they died.”

When he held up Karen’s picture, she broke down, taking it from him.

“Do you know her?”

She nodded. “Yes, I know her. She was my friend. We were in, erm, foster homes together. We were like sisters.” She touched her fingers to her friend’s face. The

picture of Karen was taken when she was dead. “She was a diabetic. When they took us, she didn’t stand a chance.”

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“You knew she was dead.”

“Yes. Her name is Karen, and we are, I mean, we were roommates.” She shook her head. “She died in my arms, and those bastards just threw her body away as if she was trash.”

“What happened? Why were you both taken?”

Licking her lips, she forced herself to look at the very handsome man. He was the kind of man that would have loved Karen. She was the prettier out of the two of them. Anna, she liked to eat, and cook, and bake, and eat. Not many men liked a size eighteen woman with a lot of meat on her bones. She had brown hair, mousy brown at that. Karen had been slender and beautiful, full of life.

“We were walking home, and a van just pulled up. One of the guys hit me, and grabbed Karen. I fought for my friend, and they took me. I wasn’t going to be taken, and they only took me because it was easier than me causing a fuss.” If they hadn’t taken her, Anna would have fought until she got Karen back.

“We’re so sorry for your loss,” Lewis said.

Anna didn’t say anything. She handed the picture back to Russell.

“Thank you for rescuing us.” It was the polite thing to say even though she hated it. She didn’t want to say thank you or be grateful for them saving her. In that moment, she wished for death just like she had in that cage.

Karen was gone, and it wasn't fair.

Chapter Three

"She's not thankful at all," Lewis said.

"Notify the nurse, and warn her that Anna Little should be placed on suicide watch." Russ stared into the room, and it was hard for him to take his eyes off the woman who was now silently crying on the bed.

"You think she'd take her own life?"

"Her best friend just died, and I bet she witnessed it. She fought for her, Lewis. I wouldn't put it past her, and I think it's a wise precaution."

He watched her move, and wince at the same time.

"She's different to you?" Lewis asked.

"I don't know what she is, Lewis. I think I heard her scream the night before when you told me about that place."

Lewis nodded. "Karen wasn't notified as being missing, but her information is here, alongside Anna's."

He took the file from Lewis and had a quick glance. The two women lived in the same apartment but worked elsewhere. Mrs. Lions ran a supermarket where Anna worked, and Karen worked as a telephone operator. Both women took long shifts and overtime every chance they got. They were both hard working, and spent every chance they could, earning money.

“She’s pretty.” There was another picture of Karen, not one taken of her dead body.

“Yeah.”

“No one reported her as missing?” Russ asked.

“No one did.”

Russ shook his head. He glanced back into the room, and he just couldn’t shift this uneasy feeling inside him. “Will you finish talking with the other women?”

“What is it?” Lewis asked.

“I don’t know. I just can’t leave her alone right now.”

He handed the files back, and the photographs. Lewis gave him a funny look, and Russ kept his stare blank. He wasn’t in the mood to be analyzed today.

“Okay. The devices are waiting for us back at the club.”

“I’ll come and handle my part soon. I promise.” He shook Lewis’s hand and made his way into the room. Anna was flicking through the channels, going up and down, and not stopping on one.

“Is there something else?” she asked.

“No. I just don’t think you should be alone right now.”

“Why?”

“You lost your friend.”

She bit her lip, and Russ sat back in his chair, staring at the woman in the bed. There was a bandage around her head, and she was dirty. The nurses had given her a sponge bath, but they had missed bits.

“I know I stink. You don’t have to stay.”

“I want to stay. You should be able to take a wash tomorrow. They don’t want you standing for too long.” He reached out, and took her hand. She made to pull away from him, but he kept on holding her hand. “Did they, erm, did they hurt you in any other way?”

“Are you asking if they raped me?”

He winced at the sarcasm in her voice. “I’m sorry.”

“They didn’t rape me.” She took a breath, and he saw it was hard for her to move right now. “They made me watch as they hurt my friend. Karen, she begged for death long before she got it.”

“They didn’t kill her.”

She shook her head. “None of them listened when I told them she was a diabetic, and that she needed her insulin.”

“Were you there when she died?”

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“Yes, she died in my arms.”

He tightened his hold on her hand. “There’s nothing I can say right now that will help you.”

“I don’t want to be here,” she said.

Russ didn’t even pretend not to understand her. “I’m not going to let you kill yourself.”

“I’ve got nothing.”

“No family?” he asked.

“No. Do you know what it’s like to have no one?”

“I’ve got my club.”

“Your club?”

“The men who were there tonight. They’re part of a club I ride with. We’re an MC.”

“A motorcycle club.”

“You know what one is.”

“I’ve watched television. It’s not hard to guess.” She pulled her hand away and wiped

her tears. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry for crying." He grabbed her water, and held the straw close to her lips. She thanked him again, and he'd never known a woman to thank him for so much.

Taking a seat, he stared at her.

"You need to rest."

"I can't sleep. I don't want to sleep."

"You're afraid," he said.

She nodded. "I don't want to wake up in those blasted dog cages. I can't do it. I don't want to look over to that carpet and know Karen is underneath it, dead."

Her tears fell harder, and Russ got to his feet and cupped her cheek. "I will stay here, and you can sleep. I won't let anything happen to you."

"You'll stay while I go to sleep?"

"Yes."

"Don't you have something more important to do?"

"No. Sleep, Anna."

He pressed a kiss to her forehead as if it was the most natural thing in the world to him. He sat back down, and watched as her eyes grew heavy until they finally lowered. When the nurse came to check on her, he stayed in his seat. The hospital

was aware of who he was, and he'd been the one to call ahead for Anna to make sure she had a good room. He was paying for all of her medical bills, so she didn't have to worry about a thing. Russ had to take care of her.

Lewis entered the room later that night.

Russ was known for being able to stay awake three days straight with no sleep. It was how he'd succeeded in the business world.

"Is she okay?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Lions is relieved, and is visiting her tomorrow. No one else recognizes any of the other girls, and Jamie found something on one of the hard drives."

"What was it?"

"An order. Each of the girls that had been taken matched an order that had been placed. All of them apart from Anna." Lewis handed Russ his cell phone, and he read the descriptions out.

"Blonde, blue eyes, beautiful, and submissive. That matches Karen, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Anna wasn't supposed to be taken. They were probably going to kill her."

"She was lucky they didn't just kill her," Lewis said. "That Jake guy mentioned that she was going to be used as payment, that one of the men wanted her."

“I don’t want to talk about this right now. Is that asshole in custody?”

“Yes, and they will get him to talk.”

Russ didn’t have anything to say. He wanted to be back in that ranch, and instead of leaving that fucker to live, he wanted to kill him.

“We did the right thing,” Lewis said.

“Tell that to Anna.”

“You’re not leaving?”

“No. I promised her I would look over her, and that is what I’m going to do.” He folded his arms and stared at the sleeping woman. She looked so small and fragile lying on the bed. The bruises stood out in stark contrast to the paleness of her skin.

“I’m out for the night.”

Saying goodbye, he watched his friend leave, and went back to looking over Anna. Russ had a feeling this was going to be the first night of many to come.

The following day she was allowed to wash every part of her body that wasn’t covered by a bandage, and Anna loved it. Once she was dried and dressed, she was wheeled back to her room where she finished brushing her hair. There was no horrid odor to her body anymore. She smelled fresh, or at least to her she smelled fresh.

Anna had woken up that morning to find Russell had kept his word. He had stayed awake all night, and watched over her. When the sun had come up, he had left her in

the hospital so that he could go and freshen up. She had never slept so soundly before in all of her life, and she knew it was because of Russell.

Brushing her hair, she was lost to her thoughts about everything that had happened. She dried her hair as she brushed it, running the brush through the length.

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A gasp at her door alerted her to someone. She turned to see Mrs. Lions standing there with a hand to her mouth.

“Dear child, what the hell happened to you?” She walked into the room, and reached out for her chin, holding her face, turning her this way, and that. “I told the police you were in danger, but did they listen? No. they didn’t.”

“Mrs. Lions—”

“No, you don’t call me that any more. It’s Franny, dear, and I will not have you trying to push me away.”

Anna was confused. “But you hate me.”

“I don’t hate you. What gave you that impression?”

“You always seemed so annoyed with me.”

“I’m not allowed to pick favorites with my employees, and I didn’t like how much you worked. You’re a young woman, and beautiful. You shouldn’t be working every single day but enjoying life. We live it once, and we don’t have the time for regrets. Work, work, work, work, it’s all you do.”

Franny waved her hand in the air.

“I needed to work.”

“Pfft, I don’t believe that for a second. You don’t need to work all the time.” Franny grabbed a large bag, and opened it up. “Now, I don’t believe hospital food will make you better, so I’ve decided to take care of you.” She started pulling out plastic clear tubs of food. “You didn’t turn up for work, and I panicked. I just started cooking. I’ve been driving my family crazy.”

A plate filled to bursting with food was placed in front of her. Franny moved around the room, putting everything into place before taking a seat beside her, eating a large portion herself.

The food was good, and Anna appreciated everything that her boss was doing for her. “Do you know what happened?” Anna asked.

“I don’t know everything. The news reported what happened, and they included a picture of your friend. I’m so sorry about Karen, dear.”

Anna stopped eating as another wave of sadness struck her. “I feel guilty.”

“Because you lived and she didn’t?”

“Yes.”

“It’s okay to feel that way. You did survive, and Karen wouldn’t want you feeling guilty. I saw the friendship between the two of you.”

Biting her lip, Anna forced the tears down. She couldn’t keep crying like this.

“When you’re out of here, we’ll give her a proper burial, honey.”

“I’d like that.” She had enough money saved up for her friend. The money they had saved to start a future together would be used to give Karen the perfect sendoff.

Anna would no longer be trying for her own business. There was no point.

After she finished her food, Franny packed away the empty tubs, and then went in search of a nurse to learn when she was scheduled to be released. Sitting back in the bed, Anna rubbed her stomach, happy to no longer be hungry.

“Hey, Anna,” Russell said. He was leaning against the doorframe.

“You came back.”

“You’re not being released yet, and I thought you’d like some company.” He walked into the room, and this time he was wearing a very expensive business suit.

“I don’t get the suit. I thought you were part of an MC. Leather right?” She gave him a smile. “Is it new?”

“No. It’s not new. I had to stop into my office on the way over here, and yes, I’m part of an MC.”

“Office?”

“I’m a businessman.” He pulled a card out of his pocket, and handed it to her.

She read his name. “Wyatt Corporations?”

“Yes.”

“You’re a millionaire?” she asked, feeling rather uncomfortable.

“Try billionaire and you’ll be on track.”

“Oh.” She preferred him when he was good old Russ. “What were you doing rescuing us last night, and why are you part of an MC?”

Russell settled down in a chair, and she tried not to tense at how close he was. “It’s complicated.”

“You said you were part of an MC. Since when has a billionaire been part of a club like that?”

“The club has been in existence for five years. There’re ten members, and all of those members were present last night when we rescued you and the other women.”

“Wow, ten men. B. B.? Billionaire something?”

“Billionaire Bikers Motorcycle club. We came together as we’ve all had business dealings at some point. Each of us had a love of bikes, and some of us had come into contact with a couple of clubs before. Lewis and I, we came up with the idea for the club, and we share our dream with another eight brothers. Before we knew what was happening, the club was born. It’s a place where we can be ourselves outside of work. It’s in our blood.”

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“It’s a bit of a lame name,” she said.

Anna didn’t feel comfortable with him being in her room anymore. He wasn’t just a normal guy. Russell was a billionaire.

“Should you even be here? I bet you’ve got lots to do, Russell.” She handed him back his card, and sat back on the bed.

“You don’t like the fact I’m a billionaire?”

Glancing down at her stomach, she tried to think of the right thing to say to him. “It’s not that.”

“Then what is it?”

“You’re a billionaire!”

“So? A lot of women like it when they find out I’m loaded.”

Anna snorted. “You’re talking about gold-diggers.”

“Yes.”

She wondered where Franny had gone. Being alone with Russell was losing its charm.

“I really appreciate everything you did last night.”

“Are you kicking me out of your room?”

She went to answer, but Franny chose that moment to enter the room. “So, I talked to the nurse, and they believe you should be good to go in a couple of days. I think you should stay with me until you’re all well and better.”

“No. I don’t want to impose on you. You’ve been good to me already.”

Franny finally noticed Russell. “Who are you?”

“I’m one of the men who helped find Anna last night. I was also the guy who called you. Russell Wyatt.” He shook her hand, and Anna wished the world would just swallow her whole.

She and Karen had been looking to make a business for themselves, and she was sitting with a man who had not only had that dream but made it real.

“Your picture is all over the news. You saved all of those women. You’re a hero.”

“I’m not a hero, ma’am.”

“You are.” Franny stroked Anna’s hair, and tears once again filled her eyes. “I’m going to help you get well.”

“Franny, your family needs you. I’ll be fine.”

“I’m already making provisions for when Anna gets out of the hospital.”

“You are? See, you’re a hero.” Franny rounded the bed, grabbed Russell’s cheeks, and slapped a kiss on each. “Well, I’ve got to go, but I will be back with more food for you, Anna. You will stay here, and rest. No fighting now.”

“Franny, my job?”

“Never ended, dear. I told you, I like you. You’re a hard worker, a good girl. During this hard time, you’ve got to learn to lean on someone else.” Franny left the room.

“I’ll be right back.” Russell followed after Franny, leaving Anna to wonder what she had gotten herself into. Lying back on the bed, she grabbed the remote, and turned on the television. She moved to the news channel where there was a picture of Russell and the men who had helped to save her last night. She muted the report.

There was no need to listen to what was actually happening. She’d been there, and knew what was going on.

Chapter Four

“Mrs. Lions,” Russel said, chasing after the small woman.

“The name’s Franny, dear, and there’s no need to be shouting in the hospital.”

“Thank you for stopping by to see Anna,” he said.

Franny looked sad. The flash of pain in her eyes was easy to see. “She didn’t think I liked her. That poor girl. She has worked for me since she was eighteen, and always a hard worker. A strong worker. The only time I ever saw her happy was when she was with Karen, her friend.”

“Anna’s going to need help.”

“Her job is secure. I wouldn’t do that to anyone, least of all Anna.”

“I wanted to ask you some questions.”

“Ask away.”

“Did you notice anyone unusual lurking around Anna’s work? Maybe see them following Karen into the store?”

“Karen didn’t work for me, but she would always come to the store to visit Anna. To be honest, I should have started paying her. Both girls spent a lot of time with me.” Franny looked sad. “I didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary, but if you stop by later today, I will have the tapes from the security cameras I keep. I have it in the shop and the parking lot. You may see what I can’t.”

“That would be fantastic.”

Franny looked down the hall. “It is so sad to see what happened to her. Anna wouldn’t hurt anyone, and she cared so much for Karen. They were like sisters.”

He was starting to see that. When he had gone home earlier, he’d gotten a couple of hours’ sleep, showered, and then set about finding out as much information as he could about Anna Little. She didn’t have a criminal record but was known to the system as being difficult. Anna wouldn’t stand to be hurt, and would speak out against any guy who would abuse her.

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“I’ve got to go now. Thank you again.”

He watched Franny leave before heading back to Anna’s room. She was so uncomfortable now. His billionaire status upset her, which was totally insane to him. A lot of women who weren’t part of the club loved it when he showed his wealth. The club whores liked it when he lavished them with gifts, and the use of his cock.

“Would you like to get some fresh air?” he asked.

“You can get me out of here?”

“I can get you out of the room, not out of the hospital.”

“Then get me out of this room. I need fresh air.” She pushed the blanket off her body, and he grabbed a wheelchair, which he’d already organized before coming to see her. Pushing the chair inside the room, he helped her into the chair. He liked the feel of her as she wrapped her arms around his neck, and he lifted her into the chair. She was a full woman, and her tits pressed to his shirt. He’d noticed she had a nice big set of tits, and he wondered if they were as big as he imagined or if it was in his mind. He hoped they were real. It would be a pity for them not to be. “Thank you.”

He moved toward the back, and they made their way to the elevator. “It was nice for your boss to visit you.”

“Yes. I was surprised. I didn’t think she liked me.”

“She clearly does.”

“Yes. She doesn’t approve of me always working. She won’t be getting her wish anytime soon.”

“Why?”

“Hospital bills. The couple of days I’ve been here, the cast, and everything, it’s going to be expensive. I’ve got to, erm, I’ve got to find a payment plan or something.”

“You don’t have to worry about the expense, baby.”

“Expense? Baby?”

“I’m paying for the room, and all of your treatment. All I want you to do is relax for me. Do you think you can do that?” he asked.

“I can’t let you do that.”

He was made of money, and she didn’t have a cent to her name. Russ had checked her records, and she had a small amount saved up, but not enough to handle hospital costs.

“Is this because I’m a billionaire?”

“No. I don’t want anyone paying for anything for me.”

“Tough. I’m paying for your room. Deal with it.” The elevator opened up, and he took her out of the entrance of the hospital. Several smokers were lurking, puffing away, and he moved Anna out of the way, following the path around the hospital.

“This is weird,” she said. “I’m not used to dealing with stuff like this.”

“Being taken care of?”

“Karen always took care of me, and I took care of her.”

“Families suck.”

“You don’t have a family?”

“No. I have my brothers, like I said.”

“Wouldn’t that make you family?”

“They’re not from the same woman. We’re friends, and united together.” When they got to the bench, he clicked on the brakes, and sat down. She couldn’t call for help, and she couldn’t run away.

“Why have we stopped?”

“I thought you’d like some fresh air, and a change of scenery.”

They were both silent for several minutes, and Russ couldn’t look away from her. She was such a beautiful woman, and he knew it even with the bruises covering her face. Her hair fell around her in ringlets. The mousy brown hair looked alive once again now that she wasn’t covered in grime.

“Families do suck.”

“You were in the foster system for a long time.”

“Yes, and that sucked too, until I met Karen.”

“You were both there together.”

“Her father killed himself after her mother died of cancer. With no remaining relatives, no one would take her in, so foster home it was.”

“Didn’t you ever get separated?”

“All the time but we found our ways back together. Homes wouldn’t work, placements didn’t stick, and we’d always end up back together.” He saw the tears glistening in her eyes. “We made a deal that when we turned eighteen if we weren’t together, we would find each other.”

“Were you together?” he asked.

“Yes. We were.”

“I want to take care of you when you leave the hospital.”

“Why?”

“You’re not in a position to take care of yourself. Let me help you. Let me reach out to you, and help.”

He saw her visibly swallow, and it was hard for him to just sit there and watch.

“I don’t know what to say to you.”

“Don’t say anything. Just be yourself with me.” He took her hand, and gave it a squeeze. “I’m not asking you for anything.”

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And he wasn't.

Russ saw she needed friendship, nothing else.

By the end of the day, he had her agreement, and when she was discharged, they were going to stop by her apartment. Russell let her have the afternoon to herself in her room, but instead of going back to his apartment, he went to the club. He wasn't surprised to see all of the guys in the club, fucking the shit out of the women. Tina was between Jamie and Dave, one man fucking her ass, and the other her cunt.

The club was filled with screams of pleasure, and he couldn't get Anna's scream of pain out of his head. It was driving him crazy, and making him feel sick to know she'd been suffering as he drove away. This club was the only constant in his life outside of work. He needed it, and the missions that Lewis had them going on kept him alive.

Russ didn't even know what it was about Anna. She wasn't his usual type. He liked his women without complications, and their main aim was to please him. Anna wasn't about pleasing him. She was nervous around him, and had gotten worse since finding out he was a billionaire. It was only going to be a matter of time before she found out. He was pleased she'd found out from him, and not anyone else.

Entering the main office, he saw the dozens of laptops and devices waiting to be examined. Lewis was in the room, scrolling through one of them.

"You look like shit."

“I came back from Anna.”

“What is it about her?” he asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Jackson is the one who gets mushy over the women we save. You go in, kill and capture, release the women, and go home. You never get attached.”

“I’m not attached to Anna.”

Lewis stared at him.

“I don’t know what it is, okay? I think she’s the woman I heard screaming out in agony that night, and I drove away as if I didn’t hear it.” He felt sick to his stomach every time he thought about it.

“It’s out of pity then?”

“I don’t know what it is. I only know that I’ve got make sure she’s safe. It’s strange, and stupid, but I can’t walk away.”

“You’re going back there tonight?” Lewis asked.

“Yes. She can’t sleep alone. I watch over her so she can rest.”

“You know how fucked up that sounds, right?” Lewis asked.

Sitting down at one of the desks, Russ fired up one of the tablets, and clicked it open. There wasn’t even a password to keep anyone out.

“Have you found anything?” Russ asked.

“I’ve found a list of requests.”

“Requests?”

“Yes. Descriptions of women, body type, age, race, sexual status.”

Getting out of his seat, he moved until he was standing behind Lewis, who had a large document up.

“Fuck,” Russ said. “Is this an order?”

“It’s a shopping list. He wants a blonde, American with attitude, and willing to put up a fight but not be broken.” Lewis leaned back. “I feel fucking sick.”

“Who is she, Lewis?”

Russ had never actually asked who they were hunting for, but he felt now was a better time than any.

“She’s the biggest fucking mistake I ever made. The one time I didn’t keep an eye on her,” Lewis said.

“What?”

“I had a family once, a nice family. We lived in the perfect dream house, with the picket fence, and I had a best friend who lived next door, and he had a little sister. I was eighteen when she was taken. She was ten years old.” Lewis ran his fingers through his hair. “She was such a sweet girl, pretty too. I guess if she was given the chance, she’d be the girl next door type. One day she was playing out on the front

lawn, and I was mowing our yard. I always kept an eye on her, you know. She was so trusting and sweet, and she didn't let anyone have a bad mood around her. She would always be laughing and having fun. It was great."

Russ didn't interrupt.

Lewis wiped under his eyes, and it was the first time for Russ to ever see the man cry. Everything they had all been through, and this was the first time he'd cried. "I was mowing the bastard, fucking lawn, and I turned my back for a second. It was long enough for them to snatch her. I'll never forget her scream as they pulled her into the car. They must have stopped by to ask for directions or something. I chased the car down the road, screaming and shouting. The neighbors that were in ran with me, but we were too late."

"Did you get the license plate?"

"I got the plate, and they ran a search. It turned up as a stolen car on the outskirts of town. What I was able to get from what the cops told their parents, there were tire marks from another vehicle. The sons of bitches took Mandy, and changed the vehicle."

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“You’ve been on the hunt for her ever since.”

“You know when a person goes missing the longer the hunt continues, the less likely it is for the person to be alive?”

“Yes.”

“Mandy’s alive. I know she is, and I can’t, I just can’t bring myself to stop looking.”

Russ sighed. “Mandy didn’t just go missing, Lewis. She was taken. Look at Karen, Anna’s friend. She died. I know this is hard for you to accept, but you’re going to have to come to agree that Mandy may no longer be alive.”

Lewis shook his head. “No. I need a body. I need records, and proof. I’m not giving up until I get that. I’ve not turned my back on everything to give up now. This club is about helping those that can’t help themselves. This MC means fucking more than just a bunch of guys getting their rocks off. I’m not giving up, and I’m not stopping until I find her, dead or alive.”

Lewis sat forward, and started looking through the details again.

“She wouldn’t forget about anyone, Russ. Mandy, she was good from the inside.”

“It has been nearly fifteen years. She would have survived fifteen years in the hands of her kidnappers. Child abductors. You know what comes after that, don’t you?”

“I don’t need you to spell it out to me. I got it. I know everyone thinks I’m wasting

my time, but it's my time to waste. It's my life that I'm giving up in search of her, and I'm not going to stop. You know, there are times that I think my informant is her."

Russ paused. "What?"

"A few years ago, long after Mandy was taken, there was a possible sighting of her in Italy, and when I got the file on her disappearance about two years ago, I went over to Italy to get some answers, and I made some noise. A lot of noise, and I dug into every piece of known information they had over there on Mandy, which was nothing. While I was over there, I had put Mandy's picture through an, erm, aging software. You know, you take a picture, and it gets aged to see what they'd look like today. I had a multitude of these done, and I posted them on a missing persons website. Within an hour of this photograph going live, along with all her personal information, I got a call. An anonymous call about a group of girls about to be taken via boat across country."

"That was our first mission as a club."

"It was our first, and every time this person gets in contact, I can't help feeling like it's her, it's Mandy. She loved helping people, and she would be the kind of person who stayed trapped to help others."

Russ didn't want to burst his bubble about Mandy. He didn't know anything about her, and from the hope shining in his friend's eyes, he didn't want to take that from him.

"I'm working on some software that will take the recording of her voice, and remove the distortion. I may be able to hear her soon."

"That kind of technology is unreliable, Lewis. You heard her childhood voice, and

that was a long time ago. How are you even going to know it's her voice?"

"I know. I know everything, okay? You can't blame a guy for trying."

Glancing through the computer, Russ got lost in his own thoughts about Anna. He wasn't going to leave her alone. She needed protection, and she was so damn stubborn.

"You know, I went to see Anna today."

"You're going back later, right?"

"Yes. Today she found out I was a billionaire."

Lewis snorted. "Was she all over you?"

"No. She wasn't. She looked more unnerved than anything, like I told her I had the plague."

"Maybe she thinks you do. It's not normal for women to look a little shy about your bank balance."

"I know. Crazy huh."

"I guess. How is she handling everything?"

"I've still got her on suicide watch. I have a feeling she's going to crack any moment. When she's been discharged from the hospital, I'm taking her home."

Lewis glanced up from his computer then. "What?"

“She needs someone, and I’m available to help her.”

“You’re going to take care of her?”

“Yes. What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing. I guess. Well, I don’t know. She’s a woman you saved, Russ.”

“When you find Mandy, will you leave her alone? Will you let her come to terms with what has happened?”

“No. Of course not.”

“Then don’t judge me.”

“I’m not judging, but there is a big difference between Mandy and Anna.”

“What is it?”

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“I’ve known Mandy ten years. You’ve known Anna five minutes.”

“Mandy has been taken a lot longer than you’ve known her, Lewis. See, I can hurt you just as much as you can hurt me.”

Lewis’s jaw clenched, and Russ felt like an asshole for bringing it up.

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

Feeling like a fucking pussy, Russ went back to looking through the device. He checked the time, and saw that he had an hour free before going back to the hospital. At that moment he didn’t want to think about how much he was looking forward to seeing Anna again. She was the first woman he enjoyed spending time with.

Chapter Five

One week later

Even though she’d been able to sleep on her own, Russ was still insistent on staying the night. Anna hated to admit it, but she liked him being there. During the night she would wake up, and he’d be there. If she was in the throes of a nightmare, he’d tell her everything was okay, and promise to take care of her, and for her to go back to sleep. He reminded her that she was safe, and no one would ever hurt her. During the day, when he was busy with his work, she made arrangements for Karen’s funeral. Her body had finally been released, and in one week, she was going to be putting her

to rest. Franny was there to help as well.

“You don’t have to stay,” she said.

“You’re being discharged tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to go back home to my and Karen’s little apartment.” She took a deep breath. There were going to be a lot of memories there.

“I’m going to be here to pick you up,” he said.

They had gotten into a strange routine. He stayed during the day, left in the morning, returned in the evening, and then left for a couple of hours before returning at midnight for her to fall asleep.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“The doctor has discharged you into my care. You can’t leave without me.”

Anna licked her lips and tucked her hair behind her ear. She was so nervous about being near him outside the walls of the hospital. Russ didn’t scare her, and he’d told her he was Russ, not Russell. She wasn’t about to argue with him.

His billionaire status unnerved her.

Some women would love to have a billionaire taking care of them, but for her, it was just a nightmare. She and Karen had planned their own business, and now she was

sitting in front of a man who was a success.

It was embarrassing, their small time dream, and here was a man with a massive one.

“So I’ve not got a choice.”

“I’m a good man, Anna. You’re safe with me. Are you scared of me?”

“No, of course not. I wouldn’t be frightened of you.” She told him the truth. “I just, I’m used to being alone.”

“You’re used to being with Karen.”

“And she’s gone.”

“Exactly. It gives me no pleasure to say that to you.”

No matter what he said, it would hurt. Karen was gone.

“Look, I don’t think you should be alone right now.”

“Living with you will help me?”

“I’m hoping it will give you a chance to get over the pain of losing your friend.” He took a seat on the bed, taking her hands. One of her hands was in a cast, but the doctor said it was healing perfectly. She didn’t like it when he touched her. Anna didn’t want to get used to his comfort. In the end, it would disappear like everything else. “Going back to your apartment is going to be tough enough. Staying there with memories, it’s going to eat away at your soul. Trust me on this.”

“I do trust you. I know it’s going to hurt, but I don’t want to become dependent on

you.”

“You’re not going to. All you’re doing is leaning on me for support. Let me help you.”

“Why?”

“I want to.” His jaw clenched, and she forced herself to look away.

“Do you always get what you want?”

“Yes.”

She growled with frustration. “This isn’t fair. I don’t owe you anything.”

Russ stuck out his lip. “I guess you don’t owe me anything. I mean, it wasn’t me who found you, and unlocked the dog cage you were locked in. I didn’t help you get to hospital, nor have I been the one sitting here night after night—”

“Stop it. Okay, yes, I owe you, and I sound ungrateful. I’m being ungrateful. I’m sorry. How do you put up with me?”

“I don’t know. I wonder that all the time.”

She rolled her eyes and giggled. “Fine, I will not moan at you anymore, and I will be a nice girl to you.”

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“It’s about time. I thought that would never happen.”

Anna laughed again.

“So, do you have everything ready for Karen?” Russ asked.

The laughter died. “Yes. I do.”

“Tell me about her.”

“You want me to talk about Karen.”

“She meant a great deal to you. We’re not going anywhere, and I’m curious about you two.”

“I told you we were both in foster care, and how we always ended up back together.”

“I don’t need to know those kinds of details. Think of the happy memories. Tell me about, I don’t know, some special memory.”

Biting her lip, Anna stared down at her hands as she thought about everything she’d experienced with Karen.

“It had to be on the night of my eighteenth birthday. Karen was older than I was by about four months. Karen stayed in foster care as she was allowed to stay until we graduated high school. We were both working, and on my eighteenth birthday she was waiting outside for me.” Anna rubbed her hands together, trying to do everything

she could to keep her emotions in check. If she started crying, she wasn't going to stop, and she needed to stop. "I expected her to have cake or something. She had a car. We had been working for a couple of years, and we saved every cent we earned so that we could make a plan for when we left the foster system. She told me to get in the car, even pretending to hold a gun to my head. Her gun was made out of her fingers. It was only joking around. I got in the car, and she drove for what felt like a lifetime. Finally, she stopped at an apartment that was rundown, and completely shit."

"It was yours?" he asked.

"It was ours. Karen had placed three months rent, and we were moving in immediately. She had a cake ready, and we celebrated my birthday, and our freedom. It was amazing."

"See, now you're not feeling sad, you're feeling happy."

"I am. Thank you."

For several moments neither of them spoke, and they just stared at each other. Anna took a deep breath as the tension between them mounted.

She was the first to look away.

Her life was upside down, and she didn't even want to think about having a possible crush on a guy.

The following day, Russ was running behind, so he ended up jogging down the long hospital ward toward Anna. He had told the nurses to keep her locked in her room if they had to. Russ didn't want to leave her alone, and he only did so when he knew the

nurses were attentive. When he wasn't with Anna, he was at work, or trying to get as much information off the devices as possible. The MC was working its ass off to help save as many women as possible. There wasn't any time for screwing the club girls at the moment. Since he'd been seeing Anna, none of the club girls interested him. The club so far they had only encountered a shopping list for women. They had given the information to the cops, and were now waiting for news from the local missing person who matched the descriptions of the girls. The more women they saved, he hoped would help ease Lewis's conscience. His friend was not doing too well in the last week, and he'd been unsuccessful with the voice recognition on his informant.

Russ truly believed Lewis was hunting a ghost that didn't exist. If she did, Mandy wouldn't be the same person who'd left.

When he rounded a corner he saw there was a nurse who was guarding Anna's door.

"She try to make a run for it?"

"Yes. She doesn't seem to understand that she is being released into your care. Make sure you keep an eye on her," the nurse said, giving Anna one last look.

Leaning against the doorframe, he raised his brow at his woman. "You tried to run?"

"No. I wanted some fresh air, and not to be stuck here. Okay? It sucks being here, and I hate it."

"Well, I can help you now. I've got my car, and we're out of here."

He grabbed her bag and headed out of the room. Anna was still on crutches to help her walk, and he made sure to keep his movements slow.

"You can speed on ahead if you'd like."

“Not going to happen. I’m happy to take it at your pace.”

She wore a large pair of jeans and a shirt that swamped her body. He’d given the nurses money to buy her some clothes, but they had appalling taste. Her hair was down, and the lush length made him want to run his fingers through it. Over the past week he’d found himself wanting to do things to her. Touch her, caress her, strip her naked, and fuck her brains out. Anna fired the blood in his veins, and many nights he’d been in a constant, painful state of arousal from watching her. She would throw the blanket off herself, and he’d get a good look at her fuller body.

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Russ liked a woman with curves, but the women at the club liked to keep themselves slim, believing it was what helped attract men to them. Throughout the night, Anna's shirt would ride up, and one night he'd been practically begging for the shirt to go above her breasts. In the end, it hadn't happened, and he'd been so damn sad about that. She needed to be naked as far as he was concerned, and clothes needed to be banned.

Instead, he'd sat in his chair, gotten hard as rock, and when she woke in the morning, he'd left her alone, willing his dick to relax. It hadn't happened, but he always took care of his needs when he got home.

They entered the elevator, and Russ forced himself to think of other things rather than sinking his dick into a nice warm cunt, or more specifically, Anna's nice warm cunt. She would be nice and warm for him, and so wet. He'd make sure she was soaking by the time he slid within her walls.

"Thank you," she said.

"For what?"

"For helping me. I don't want you to think that I'm ungrateful. I am grateful. It's just hard."

"I understand."

She rested her chin on the top of her crutches. "Have you ever lost a best friend?"

“No. I don’t know what you’re going through, but I do understand why you’re distant, and scared to let anyone in.”

He reached out, and tucked some hair behind her ear. The length was silky smooth, and it didn’t help to stem the arousal building inside him.

The elevator opening invaded their moment once again. Their moments always seemed to be interrupted.

He followed Anna out toward his car, and he took the time to check out her ass. Of course her ass was covered by the long clothes, which pissed him off.

“Who got you those clothes?” he asked.

“One of the nurses.”

The moment they were outside of the hospital, he heard her sigh of relief. He couldn’t blame her. Hospitals sucked.

Russ showed her where he was parked, and for a second she paused.

“Is everything okay?”

“Sure, everything is fine.” She kept on moving, but he saw the tension inside her.

“Don’t be nervous.”

“Your car costs more than I earn in a year.”

His car was expensive. Being a billionaire, he liked expensive things, and he wanted to share some of that with Anna. She was lucky he’d remembered to bring the car,

and not his bike. He loved his bike, and his passion for bikes was stronger than his love of cars.

Russ didn't get this connection he felt toward the young woman. She didn't try to flirt with him, nor did she try to actually get his attention in any way. Anna was an enigma, and at the same time, not. She was a young woman just trying to get by, and for some strange reason, he couldn't bring himself to simply walk away.

Helping her into the car, he made sure she didn't hurt herself or fall. He didn't want her to jar her ribs or cause herself more pain.

Within minutes they were on the road, and Anna was telling him directions to her home.

"It's not much."

"Is this the first apartment you lived in?"

"No. It's the fifth one. We got out of a bad neighborhood, and felt this one was better for the both of us." She took him toward several large apartment buildings that looked slightly rundown to him. They were not the worst he'd seen, but they were not the best.

"You might want to, erm, drive around for a little while. I don't know if your car will be safe."

Russ looked around and shook his head. He wasn't afraid. Parking in an available spot, he climbed out of the car and rounded the vehicle to help her out. They made their way into her building, and he was surprised that the elevator actually worked.

Anna looked so comfortable, and he couldn't help but watch her. It was what he

found himself doing regularly, watching her. He couldn't look away. Anna had such an expressive face that he refused to miss it. Russ was so used to keeping his emotions in check that seeing her so open drew him to her. He was like a moth, and she the flame.

She opened the door, and turned toward him. "We weren't millionaires."

"I know that, honey."

"Well, this is going to be a bit of a shock to you."

Rolling his eyes, he pushed open the door. "I wasn't born with a silver spoon. I worked my way to the top."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. Seriously. Did you think my business was inherited?"

"I don't know what to think, to be honest. You keep everything locked up tight so I don't know what to make of it. I've talked so much about myself, and you don't."

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“There’s not a lot to know about me.”

“You’re part of an MC, and that’s cool.”

“Not really. We’re a bunch of men who share a couple of interests.”

“Those interests brought you to my life.”

He sighed. “That’s true. I don’t have a family. I was found on a shop doorstep, thrown into foster care from a baby.”

“You weren’t adopted?”

“I was adopted, but it would seem that the people who wanted me, didn’t want my bad attitude. I was a kid that had issues.” Russ kept his gaze on hers. “I didn’t let foster care shape who I am now. I’m a fighter, and I can see you are as well.”

“Karen, too. She fought the system just like us.” She gave him a smile, and his gut tightened.

Did she have any idea how beautiful she looked?

“So, this is my and Karen’s home, or it’s mine, now, I guess.”

He looked around the living space, and noticed how clean it was. There was very little furniture. They had bean bags around a small table, and small patches of carpet made up the floor.

The floor that wasn't carpeted had been painted, and looked nice. The walls were washed and painted, and he moved toward the windows to see they were also painted.

"Sorry about the lack of furniture. We wanted to save every cent we earned for a shop, or a small business."

"A small business?"

"When we were taken, we had been to see a property that we thought could be the future for us."

"Did you know what you were going to do?"

"No. We had ideas. We always had a lot of ideas, but we didn't exactly know how we were going to implement them."

"You can still do that now," he said. He wanted her to have her dream.

Anna shook her head.

"The money that we had saved up for our venture I put into her funeral. Will you be coming to the funeral?"

"Yes. I wouldn't miss it." He spotted several pictures across the walls. They weren't in picture frames, and they were printed on paper. "What's this?"

"We had a cell phone that took pictures. The library a few blocks away printed them for a small fee."

"You were always saving money."

“Nothing wrong with that. We loved our little life. We were both happy.”

Russ looked at a picture of Anna on her own. In every other photograph Karen was there with Anna, or on her own. There was a single picture of Anna alone, and she was sitting on a wall. Her hair was shorter and fell around her body. The sun was setting behind her, and she looked blissfully happy.

The shot captured so much, just like the woman.

Anna was a mixture of innocence, pleasure, pain, knowledge that was beyond her years. She had paved a way of life for herself, and her friend.

The woman who was invading his entire world was a strong woman.

“Can I take some of the pictures with me?” she asked.

“Yes, you can take all of them.”

He watched as she started to take them down from the walls. The way she took care had a lump forming in his throat. In a week they were going to be putting her friend to rest, and she wasn't ready. He knew that.

Russ went to the kitchen and checked inside the refrigerator. He wasn't surprised to see processed cheese and spoiled milk waiting for them. Opening a cupboard, he found a stash of their noodles.

He'd not lived a day to day life for so long.

His billion dollar company guaranteed his luxurious lifestyle. In that moment he thought about Tina, the club whore at the club. Did she ever live like this?

Knowing Anna lived like this made him so damn angry, and yet when he thought about Tina, it didn't bother him. He walked into her bedroom, and knew it was hers because there were pictures of Karen within the room. Not scary, threatening pictures, but ones to show Anna loved her as a sister.

Opening up drawers, he gathered her things together, finding a ratty old bag to place them in. Seconds passed, and Anna walked in, holding the crutches and the photos.

"Hey," she said.

"I've got most of your things packed away in a bag."

"Well, the apartment is paid two months in advance so it'll give me time to find somewhere else."

He didn't have any intention of her coming back here, but he wasn't about to tell her that. She was skittish as it was.

"We all set?"

"Yes. We are."

Chapter Six

One week later

On the day of Karen's funeral, Anna couldn't stop shaking. She was so tired, as she hadn't slept at all in the large bed that was hers for the next couple of weeks. Russ had told her that he didn't want any arguments. The bed was hers, and she wouldn't be leaving his apartment for a good couple of weeks.

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When they first walked into his luxurious apartment, she'd been awed by how big his place was. Then she'd cursed herself because of course he'd have a big place. He was a freaking billionaire. She'd been so scared of touching anything. His sofa was white, like pristine white, and she knew if there was a speck of dirt on her clothing, the sofa would attract it.

He'd told her the decoration and furniture had been done by an interior designer. Whoever they were, they loved white, apart from in the kitchen, which was really dark. She didn't like the place. There was no love inside the large apartment. The pictures on the walls were artwork, not family or any of his club brothers. The apartment was cold. There was more love and feeling in her small apartment that you could walk several steps to get from one end of the room to another. This had space, and not a lot of warmth. She was starting to see another side to Russ, and she just felt sorry for him.

Sitting on her bed, she stared down at one of the final pictures of Karen. Anna had thought she lost her cell phone forever, but Russ had found it, and made sure she had it back. The picture was taken inside the property they were viewing on the night they were both taken. Karen looked so damn happy. The picture had been taken in a selfie style with them holding the phone out with the camera facing toward them.

"How are you doing?" Russ asked.

She looked up to see him standing in the doorway of her room. "Nothing. Just looking." Anna turned the picture around for him to see. "What time is it?"

"We've got half an hour."

Nodding, she licked her lips and went back to staring at the picture. “I’m hoping it will get easier. It’s what everyone says, right? It’ll get easier.”

“I don’t know what to tell you.”

“You’ve never lost anyone?”

“No. I’ve never gotten close enough to anyone for them to matter to me.”

“It’s not a good thing.”

He smiled. “You’re always blunt with me. I think I should hire you at my firm. You can be my new PA.”

Russ had been making comments like that for some time now, and she didn’t put much stock in what he was actually saying. There was no way she’d make it in the cutthroat world of business. She couldn’t even handle putting her friend to rest.

“I’d like to go now.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I want to be there.” She wanted to have some private time with her friend.

They left his apartment, and when they got to the parking lot, Russ helped her into his car. She rested her head against the window. The black dress she wore made her feel sick to her stomach. She hated the color black.

On the way to the graveyard, Russ took hold of her hand and gave it a squeeze.

“I’m here for you, Anna.”

“Thank you.” She was truly grateful.

After that, they didn’t talk, and Anna didn’t believe she could make conversation right now.

Franny was going to be there, but no one else was going to be. Karen hadn’t had much of a social life. Neither of them had.

The time passed, and it wasn’t long before they were parking close to where Karen’s resting place would be. Anna froze as she saw several cars already parked there. “Who are they?” she asked.

Russ helped her out of the car, and together they walked toward the spot where Karen would rest.

“It’s the club, Anna. They were there to help bring her home, and they helped bring you home as well.”

She was touched by their presence at her friend’s resting place.

Russ placed his hand on her back and started making the introductions.

Shaking each of their hands, she gave them the best smile that she could. They all looked glum.

“Are they all billionaires?” she asked, whispering the question to him.

“It’s what made us part of the club we are today.”

There was no private time with Karen, which she was thankful for. There was no way she would have kept her wits about her when faced with her deceased best friend. The

priest gave a wonderful service, and at the end, Anna placed her hand on the coffin, putting a single white rose on top.

“You went too soon, but we’ll be together one day, Karen.” She didn’t fling herself over the coffin, for which she was thankful.

Taking a step back, she watched as each man placed a white rose on top of hers, and finally, the coffin was lowered into the ground. Anna couldn’t keep it together at that, and she started to cry. Russ wrapped his arms around her, and she fought him. He simply held her tighter and refused to let go.

“You’re not alone, baby. I’m here.” He rubbed her back, kissed her head, and Anna just sobbed as she watched her best friend get laid to rest. She crumbled, and if it wasn’t for Russ holding her, she would have sunk to the ground.

“She left me.”

“I know. I know.” He kissed her head again, and she just couldn’t handle it anymore. Covering her face, she turned away from the nightmare. For this once she was going to take the support and care that Russ was showing her, and embrace it.

Back at his place, all of his brothers stood in his main living room. Anna was in the kitchen, making up some food. Franny had left after the service. Russ had poured himself a strong whiskey and was standing beside his window overlooking the city, sipping at his drink. Anna couldn’t drink as she was still on pain medication, which he monitored. Her arm was healing up nicely, and still had the cast on, but she was able to use it.

“Wow,” Lewis said, speaking first.

Russ glanced toward the kitchen, but didn’t see any sign of Anna, so he nodded. “Tell me about it.” It was the hardest thing he’d ever experienced in his life, and he hated it. Holding Anna while she poured her heart out would stay with him forever.

“I didn’t even know the woman, and it was hard,” Richard said, clearing his throat.

Every one of his brothers nodded in agreement.

“What’s going on with you and her?” Jackson asked.

“None of your business.”

“It’s not like you to take in one of the women we’ve saved,” Sean said.

Russ glanced around the room, and saw all of his brothers staring back at him. They looked concerned.

“What is it?” he asked.

“We’re worried about you.” This time John spoke up.

Nine men stared at him, each of them dressed for the funeral they had just been to.

“You don’t have to worry about me. I know what I’m doing.”

“Do you really know?” Lewis asked.

“You can back off right now. Anna needs my help, and if I like having her around my apartment, then she’s going to stay.” He liked coming home to the scent of her cooking, and listening to her read at night. Russ shared his business with her, and told her what had happened during his work day. They had a good thing going. At night, they sat in front of his large television and watched movies together.

The only time he spent at the club was to help the brothers looking over the devices that had been given to them.

They had gotten a lot of information, and had also been able to match certain orders to women who had gone missing. The cops were on the search in all areas, abandoned warehouses, anything that could be used to store women before transport.

The loading docks were also heavily watched to see for any suspect activity. They

were going to find these women, and make it work.

“She’s different for you,” Lewis said.

Gritting his teeth, Russ stared up at the ceiling.

“Tina’s feeling lonely,” Jamie said.

“Stop it. I don’t give a shit what she’s feeling. She’s free pussy, and anyone can have her. I’m fine, and I’m happy. Deal with it.”

“I’ve got some food ready. I put a large casserole in the oven before we left, and it’s perfect,” Anna said. She stood on her crutches, and they all walked past her toward the food. The smell was amazing, and when he saw all eleven plates made up, his mouth watered.

“Chicken enchiladas make for a great dish.” Anna lowered herself down onto a seat. “I want to thank you all for coming today. I know you didn’t know Karen, but she’d have thought it was a hoot you all being here.”

“Your friend was very beautiful,” Richard said.

“Yes, she was.”

In the past couple of weeks, Russ had come to see that Anna had low self-esteem. She didn’t think she was beautiful or in any way attractive. When he tried to get close to her, she pushed him into the friend category, and it annoyed him. He was struggling with his arousal, and she didn’t seem all that affected by him.

Once his friends finished their food, he saw them out, and told them he wouldn’t be by the clubhouse later. He had no intention of leaving Anna alone.

Anna was cleaning away the dishes when he made his way back into the kitchen.

“Sorry about them.”

She smiled. “It was nice to cook for a large crowd. Admittedly I had made these in the hope of them lasting for a couple of days in the fridge, but it felt good to cook for so many.”

“You’ve got another hospital appointment at the end of the week. I’ll take you.”

“The doctor believes my two casts could come off. It’ll be a lot easier, and I can go back to work. I’ll be happier when I can pay you back.”

He stepped close to her. “No. You’re not paying me back, and I don’t care what you say. Keep your money, and don’t insult me.”

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“I’m not trying to insult you.” She placed her hand on his chest, over his heart. “Thank you for today. I wouldn’t have been able to get through that alone.”

“It was my pleasure.” He covered her hand with his, touching her.

She licked her lips, and that small peek of her tongue was nearly his undoing. He leaned in close, but as he did, Anna took a step back. She hadn’t looked up, so she obviously didn’t know what he was going to do.

Clearing his throat, he waited for her to lift her head.

“I’m going to go and get washed.”

“I’ll be out here. I’ll set up the DVD Player. Do you want something romantic?”

Anna shook her head. “No, not romantic. Something scary.”

Watching her curvy ass walk away, Russ sighed. She didn’t have a clue that he was fighting this need to claim her. Running fingers through his hair, he kicked off his shoes, and removed his jacket. Rolling his sleeves up, he set up a horror movie and took a seat. Minutes later, Anna walked in on her crutches, and sat down beside him. She wore a pair of pajamas with donuts on. She looked so adorably cute. What stopped the cuteness was the sway of her full, ripe tits. His mouth watered as he saw one puckered nipple press against her shirt. His dick was rock hard, and he was finding it hard to focus.

“Do you want to press play?” she asked, turning toward him.

Fuck, this was going to be one long night.

“Erm, who is Tina?” she asked.

He reached for the remote and paused.

“Tina?” he asked.

“Free pussy?”

“So you heard.”

“You weren’t exactly quiet. It’s all I heard. Tina, she’s a club whore, and she’s free pussy.” She moved toward the corner of the sofa, turning to look at him.

“Not my finest moment.”

Anna laughed. “You’re a guy. I just want to make sure I’m not going to have some woman screaming at me that I’ve stolen her man.”

“You’ve not. I’m not hers to steal.”

She ran fingers through her hair, closing her eyes as she did. The simple action distracted him as it pushed her chest out, and now he saw how big and ripe her tits were. He couldn’t wait to get his mouth on her, and his hands. He’d press her breasts together, slide his cock between those rounded globes, and tit-fuck her. She’d lick the tip of his cock, and when he came, he’d spill his cum all over her chest.

“Russ?”

Jerking his gaze back to her eyes, he tilted his head to the side. “What?”

“Do I have something down me?” She pulled her shirt out, and looked down.

“No, you don’t have anything down you. What did you say?”

“Is there any woman I need to worry about?” she asked. “I never asked you before, but I’m kind of worried now. Do you have a special someone in your life?”

“No.”

“No. That’s it. No?”

“Yes.” Pressing play on the movie he cut their conversation short.

“Touchy.”

He laughed. “Is there a guy out there for you I should be worried about?”

Anna snorted, which pissed him off. “No.”

“Are you a virgin?”

“That’s personal.”

“I’m not a virgin. I’ll share with you if you share with me. I’ve done anal.”

“Oh, God, stop. Fine, I’m not a virgin.”

“I love giving oral as well.” He flicked his tongue out, and Anna covered her face.

“You’re a perv.”

“No. I’m a man who is comfortable with what I like. I like pussy, and I like to make sure my woman is satisfied.”

“Ha, I thought you said you didn’t have a woman.”

“I don’t. Just think of how good it could be if I was to take a woman for my own.”

Anna chuckled. “I don’t know, Russ. Tell me.”

“I love sex, and I love to have it regularly, the dirtier the better. I’ll be very imaginative in the bedroom.”

“Are you advertising your skills?”

“Yes. Do you want the role?”

“Let’s watch the movie.”

For several minutes they watched the opening scenes with the murder and gore. He knew it was completely unnatural for Anna to watch a horror flick. She was all for the nice endings, romance, and crap.

“Have you really done anal?” she asked.

“I’ve done a lot of stuff in my time.”

“Like what?”

“Now that would be telling.”

“Okay, keep it to yourself.”

Now she had his curiosity rearing its ugly head.

“Fine. Yes, I’ve done anal.”

“Did it hurt?”

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“What? No, I’ve not had anal done to me, but I’ve done it.”

“You’re a giver, not a taker?”

“Sorry, baby.” He reached out and locked his fingers with hers.

“Do you wish you were at the club?” she asked.

“No.”

“I wouldn’t mind if you wanted to go back to the club. It’s part of your life, and they’re amazing men.”

“I’m exactly where I want to be.” He gave her fingers a squeeze. All he needed to do was get Anna back on the same track with him. Russ truly believed he had his work cut out for him.

Chapter Seven

Anna stared down at her leg, and released a sigh. She was nearly good as new. Her arm was not going to be coming out of the cast anytime soon. She was able to move it, and still cook providing she didn’t put too much strain on her arm. The food Russ bought didn’t require her to cut or dice anything, as he bought it pre-diced. It was a lazy shortcut, but she had been able to cook pretty much one handed in the past couple of weeks.

She still couldn’t believe that she had been staying with Russ for over two weeks,

nearly three. She'd spent two weeks in the hospital prior to that. So much time had passed already. Five weeks in total without Karen, and she was coping.

"Are you okay?" Russ asked.

Glancing up, she saw him leaning against the doorway. He was wearing another business suit. It was Russ's MO, business suits during the day, and at night, the leather jacket came out. She loved his leather jacket, and in the past couple of weeks, she'd started to love the man who wore the leather. She loved him as a friend of course.

Anna wouldn't dream of there being anything else between them.

"I've got good news," she said.

"What?"

"I'm no longer on pain meds, and my arm is setting fine. We've got another couple of weeks, and they might get to remove the cast." She held her arm up.

"Everything else? All the bruises and cuts?"

"Fine. It's all superficial. I'm perfectly fine." She climbed off the bed. "I'm good to go back to my apartment now."

"I don't think so. Until that cast comes off your arm, you're not going anywhere." He placed his arm over her shoulders, leading her out of the room. "I think I should take you out for dinner."

Glancing down at her clothes, Anna groaned. "I'm not exactly dressed for dinner."

“Your clothes are easily taken care of. One stop to a store, and you’ll be perfect to take out to any restaurant.”

“I don’t think so. I’m not restaurant material.”

He cursed, tutted, and gripped the back of her neck. She shivered at the possessiveness in his touch. Russ turned her head so she had no choice but to look at him. “You keep on saying shit about yourself I’m going to put you over my knee, and spank your ass.”

“What?” Her cheeks tightened at the thought of his hand coming down on her butt.

“You heard me. I’m tired of you constantly putting yourself down. Stop it, or I will punish you for every bad word you say against yourself.”

“Don’t be an ass. You won’t do it.”

“You think I won’t?”

She shook her head and smiled.

“Then it looks like I’m going to have to show you how annoyed I get with it. I’m counting, and that’s one.”

Anna rolled her eyes, not believing one word he’d said.

She was thankful that she was able to climb into his car without any help from him. Running fingers through her hair, she released a sigh.

“What are you in the mood for? Italian? Chinese? French?” he asked.

“You pick. I like it all. You should know that by now.”

“Two.”

She didn't say anything, leaning her hand on her hand, and staring out of the window.

Thirty minutes later they stopped outside of an expensive looking boutique.

“Russ, they won't have my size. Please, let's go home.”

“Three.”

“This isn't funny.”

“Shut up, Anna.” He parked his car, rounded the car, and forcibly removed her from the car, and she was surprised that he was able to do so without even hurting her. He was annoying her with how easily he could move her. She expected him to break into a sweat or something.

They walked into the large designer boutique, Russ showed his business card and told them he wanted several cocktail dresses and outfits. Before Anna knew what was happening she was being ushered toward the dressing rooms.

“I'm Laura,” the woman said.

“Anna.”

“I've dealt with Russ several times. He always spends well.”

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Standing still, she blushed as Laura pulled out some measuring tape, and started to take down her measurements. For the next ten minutes Anna blushed through the entire ordeal, hating every second of it.

“I’ll be right back with dresses for you.”

Laura left the room, and Anna sat down on the seat, glancing at her reflection. The bruises on her face had faded, and all that remained of the attack was her arm in the cast. The bruises around her ribs were still there, but they were a distant memory now.

“I’ve got some dresses here. Russ likes them, and he wants to see you in the red.”

“I’d prefer blue,” Anna said, wincing when Laura held up a silk red dress. “That material will cling to everything, and I’ve got a lot of everything.”

Laura tutted. “Russ has instructions, and he likes them to be adhered to.”

Sighing, Anna took a deep breath, and decided to go right ahead, and get stuck in. “All right.”

Removing her clothes, Anna wiggled into the dress that surprisingly fit perfectly. Laura secured the back, and when Anna turned back to look in the mirror she was surprised to see that she actually looked okay. Her hair fell around her in waves, and the dress seemed to push her breasts up.

“You look beautiful. Your sneakers won’t work though.”

Before Anna could stop her, Laura opened up the curtain, and there was Russ outside.

“That’s five,” he said.

She rolled her eyes, and waited as he looked. “What do you think?”

His gaze traveled down her body, and she was sure she detected heat in his eyes.

“You look beautiful.”

“I’ll go and get some black heels.”

Laura was gone, leaving them alone.

Placing her hand on her stomach, Anna looked down. “You think I’ll do?”

“More than do.” Russ stood up, and moved toward her.

“You come here often.”

There was something predatory with his steps. She was the prey, and he was the predator.

“Not really. Some of the women at the club needed new clothes. Laura takes care of them.”

“Is Laura one of your women?” Anna asked, surprisingly jealous of her.

“No. She auditioned for the part but never made it.”

“Why?”

Russ laughed. "Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"Yes." She needed to create that distance so she stopped thinking about Russ as a man. He needed to remain a friend, nothing more.

"She didn't like being fucked in the ass, nor did she like swallowing."

Anna jerked back, and Russ caught her, holding her wrist. "I keep forgetting you're part of an MC. The whole business persona confuses me."

"That's the idea, baby."

"When you first started the club, did people take you for granted? Think you were weaker than they were?"

"Yes, and it was their mistake. It was a mistake they never made again."

"I can see that."

He caressed her wrist, and she glanced down at where he was touching. The distance she was trying to create between them wasn't working. Russ stared at her mouth, and she found herself biting her lip.

"Anna?"

"I'm so sorry. I went and didn't even think about asking your size," Laura said.

Jerking away from Russ, Anna turned to Laura. She was thankful the other woman had interrupted them.

Laura asked her what size she was, and when Anna answered, Laura smiled. "I

picked that one up. Talk about lucky.”

The shoes were placed in front of her, and stepping into them, Anna was shocked by how comfortable the fit was. The heel wasn’t too big either, which was a relief. She hated wearing heels.

Running her hands down her thighs, she stared at Russ once again. “How do I look?”

“Stunning.” He turned toward Laura. “I want to see all of the clothes I picked out for her.”

“You picked out this dress?”

“Yes. I have good taste I think.”

She made her way behind the curtain, and tapped Laura’s arm. “Did he pick the size?” Anna whispered the question so he wouldn’t hear.

“Yes, I did. I picked very well, didn’t I?” Russ said, speaking through the curtain.

Closing her eyes she groaned.

“I’d take that to mean seven now.”

“You can’t count.”

“I can count perfectly. You don’t want me to know your size, and also the way you just groaned, added to the other five you’ve gotten, it makes seven.”

“Do I even want to know what he’s counting?” Laura asked.

“No,” Anna said, before Russ had a chance to embarrass her.

For the next half an hour, she was forced to try on four more dresses along with different shoes to go with each outfit. Anna never spent this much time thinking about what clothes to wear, and knowing Russ picked them out, including the sizes, made her even more uncomfortable.

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Only when he had enough did he say it was the last outfit, and that she had to put the red one back on. So, forty-five minutes later they were finally leaving the shop with several packages, which Russ placed in the trunk of the car.

“Where are we going now?” she asked.

“I paid for you to look the right part for the restaurant, and now we’re going to eat.”

They were getting a lot of attention, and Russ saw it was making her nervous. A couple of the men were ignoring their dates to simply gaze at her. Anna had no idea how beautiful she actually was. Laura had grabbed a couple of hair grips, and pulled some of her hair back, leaving most of it down.

Several women were giving her the stink eye, but in his world, women were catty.

“So, I fit the part to be in this posh restaurant?” She sat back in her seat, resting her arm in her lap.

“I wouldn’t even wear my leather cut here. I’ve always got my business suit lined up for a place like this. Did we overdo it today?” he asked, pointing at her arm.

“A little. It just aches a bit, but apparently that’s a good thing. It means it’s working.” She touched her shoulder, and pressed a little. “It’s fine. Working it is fine. The sooner it gets fixed, the sooner I can get back to work.”

She could work now, but he had talked to Franny about him not wanting her to return to work.

Franny knew he wanted her. The whole of the club knew he wanted her, and yet the only person who didn't see it was the person herself.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"You don't fit in with your leather cut?" She had that sexy little smile she gave out whenever he was actually wearing his cut.

"No. I tried, but they turned my ass away."

"That's not very good at all." She giggled. "I prefer your leather cut."

"The whole world doesn't like it." He took the menu that the waitress offered, and watched as Anna opened her menu up.

"The whole world can suck eggs as far as I'm concerned. I hate the way the world works."

"You're rather bitter."

Anna looked up from her menu. "Take this restaurant for example. They accepted me inside this place without any problem. You change my clothes, and they would turn me away. I've never needed fancy stuff."

"I get that. I want to treat you. How about we start with a glass of wine?"

“I like that idea.”

He signaled the waitress, and made sure Anna got a glass of wine while he took a water.

“You’re not drinking with me?” she asked, taking a sip.

“No. I’ve got to get us home first.”

“Then how about I have one glass here, and then we go and have a drink back at your place.”

Our place.

He didn’t say that though, and nodded. “I hope you’re ready. I love a drink.”

“I’m not much of a drinker, but putting Karen to rest made me want to drink. I think now is a better time.” She raised her glass. “To us?”

“To Karen.”

“To Karen.”

They clinked their glasses, and he took a sip of his water. He couldn’t take his gaze away from Anna. She was such a beautiful, graceful woman. He wondered if her lack of seeing her beauty was what attracted to him.

Russ had been with a lot of women who knew they were beautiful, and they didn’t work at anything else to draw attention. They just believed their beauty was more than enough. It never was, and he got bored with them.

“She would have loved to have come here. We used to pass places like this, and she’d stop and get all excited.”

“About coming here?” he asked.

“No, about success. Where we would be so successful no one could turn us away. Karen tried to get a job as a waitress here, but she told me it wasn’t her style. I don’t know what that meant, and to be honest, I still don’t know. I guess now I never will. It sucks.”

He reached across the table, taking her hands. “Don’t do this right now. I know it’s hard, but be here with me.”

“Yes. This is about celebrating the freedom of my leg. Has Lewis found anything more?”

Russ talked to her about everything that was going on with the devices, and how they were helping with tracking down other criminal gangs.

“We’re locating another possible trafficking site.”

He watched her tense up.

“I can’t believe there are so many of them. I mean you hear about them on the news, but you don’t believe they’re real when they really are, and that is terrifying.”

“It’s a big business.”

“Men buying women as if they’re loaves of bread? It doesn’t seem right to me. I don’t like it.” She took another sip of her wine.

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“We’re going to stop them.”

“When you stop them more come up to take their place.”

“Let’s talk about something else. What were your plans for that property you were checking out?” he asked, trying to distract her. This had memories of Karen, but he’d come to see everything in Anna’s life had been filled with her friend.

“I told you we weren’t sure what to do with it.”

“I’m asking about your dreams, your thoughts.” He kept hold of her hands, stroking over her wrist.

“I don’t know. I wanted to either open up a bakery—but I’m not professionally trained—or we were going to open up an artisan store specializing in locally grown produce.” She released a breath. “We were going to plan everything else out.”

He nodded. “A plan is always a good place to start.”

“It is, and good food is always appreciated. I think it’s time for us to order.”

Russ signaled the waitress over, and they ordered their food. He asked for some breadsticks while they waited.

Anna took one the moment they were on the table, and he grabbed one for himself as well.

He really wanted to help her to reach her dreams, but they were all over the place right now.

Turning the conversation to some of the movies they watched, Russ had the best date ever. Anna didn't have a clue that it was a date, but it was one. The restaurant fell away, and he became absorbed in everything that was her.

When they were finished, he paid for their food, and was on his way toward his apartment when his cell phone rang.

He saw it was Lewis, and answered. "What is it?" he asked.

"We've got something. You need to come and have a look," Lewis said.

It had been a long time since he'd heard Lewis excited, but that was exactly how his friend sounded.

"I've got Anna with me."

"Bring her to the club. She can sit and wait for a few minutes."

Glancing at Anna, he saw her interest was piqued.

"Okay. I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Lewis?" she asked.

"Yeah, he wants me to stop by to see something."

"Go on, and I'll go back to the apartment."

“Nah, he’s desperate. You’re coming with me. I just hope you can stomach being inside the B. B. MC clubhouse.”

“I can handle it. Richard told me it’s more of a fancy bar. He said think proper MC just with billionaires’ backing.”

Russ laughed. Several of the guys had stopped by to see her when he’d been at work. She was the first woman that he’d refused to ignore. Every other woman he saved had been taken to the hospital, and he forgot all about them. With Anna, he couldn’t forget about her.

He took her over town toward the clubhouse, and parked the car. The building was heavily secured, and at each gate he had a different security number.

“Wow, you really value your privacy.”

“There’s a reason we’re helping the cops. We all know our shit. Inside that building are nine very intelligent, business minded men,” Russ said, parking in his spot. “We’re not just a front from all of the businesses. We all did this together.”

“I believe you.”

When they entered the bar, he first saw Tina, who was turned toward him. He placed his hand on Anna’s back, and urged her forward. Richard, Jamie, and Sean looked his way as well.

“Wow, talk about fancy meets sexual,” Anna said.

He chuckled.

“Anna, you’re walking normally,” Richard said.

“Yeah, no more crutches. Be careful, I can catch you, and hit you on the head.” She held her arm up in a cast.

“Not with that ass you can’t,” Tina said, mumbling. It was loud enough for Russ to hear, and it pissed him off.

Anna didn’t show any sign of having heard, so he left it alone. He didn’t want her to be nervous around him, and so left her at the bar.

“Have you heard?” he asked, talking to the three men.

“Yeah. It’s big, Russ. Lewis is, well, he’s planning something.”

Russ went straight through to the main office where he found the rest of the club. Lewis was pacing.

“I’ve found her, Russ. I’ve found Mandy.”

Jackson, Blake, and Malcolm shook their heads.

Russ would need to be the person who put some focus onto his friend.

“Tell me what you’ve got.”

“So I was looking through the final tablet, and it has a connection to a live feed.”

“Live feed?” Russ asked.

“Think of it as a constantly running CCTV but in a house,” Jackson said.

At the main screen in the room Lewis did some typing on a keyboard, and over

twenty mini screens appeared in front of him.

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“Holy shit,” Russ said.

On one of the screens he saw several women bound in cages. Their eyes were covered, and they were tied to the bars.

“Where is this?”

“I don’t know yet, but if we find the location of this house, we find a large order of girls,” Lewis said.

“This isn’t what has him excited though,” Malcolm said.

Lewis went back to typing away at his keyboard, and up came an image of a woman. She was a fuller woman, and Russ was surprised by the clear picture the security had picked up.

“She’s alive, Russ. I fucking told you she’s alive.”

Russ watched as the woman entered a room, and started looking for something underneath the bed. In the next moment, she was talking on the phone, and he saw her place a device in front of her mouth.

He didn’t like this.

“She’s helping us. I knew it.”

“Lewis, I hate to burst your bubble, but you better hope whoever that device belonged

to hasn't seen this."

Then the reality of what Mandy had done and what they had witnessed came over Lewis.

"Fuck!"

"Yeah." Lewis scrambled toward the device, and Russ moved around the back of him. This was going to torment Lewis, and Russ had a horrible feeling it was going to be bad news.

Chapter Eight

Anna sat at the bar, and a lot of women were giving her the evil eye, making her rather uncomfortable.

"You're new, and they're pissed," Richard said.

She turned toward him, and she considered this large, tall, rather beast-like billionaire her friend.

"Why are they pissed?"

"They want Russ, and he's never bought a woman home. You're new, and it means that he's never going to pick one of them as his wife."

"I thought Russ considers them free pussy."

"He does, but it doesn't mean they don't hope for one day to be his everything." Richard fluttered his eyelashes, mocking the women.

“Don’t you sleep with them?”

“No, baby, I fuck them. I don’t sleep with them. They’ve got no chance of getting a ring on my finger. I’m not some fucking pussy.”

She chuckled even though she shouldn’t. “It sounds kind of mean. You’ll have sex with them, and nothing else.”

“Honey, this entire room is full of bitches who want to bleed me, and my nine brothers, dry.”

Glancing around the room, Anna ignored their glares, but she saw the women were doing everything they could to draw the men’s eye. It was sad, and oddly interesting.

“Why?” she asked.

“Why? No wonder Russ has a thing for you.”

“He doesn’t have a thing for me. He’s being nice.” She shrugged.

“And you’re blind.” He placed the back of his hand over her forehead. She batted away his hand.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“I’m seeing if you’re ill, or if you actually believe that.”

She shoved his hand away and shook her head. “I know it, okay? Look at these women. They’re beautiful, and the woman who was sitting here at the bar, the one who called me fat, got it right. I know my place.”

Richard was silent, and she looked at him to see he was glaring.

“What?” she asked.

“You really believe that, don’t you?”

“Yes. I do.”

He leaned in close and tugged on a strand of her hair. “Russ would be pissed if he heard that.”

“I’m not trying to get compliments or anything. It’s the truth. Men go for girls like this, slender, and beautiful, and utterly captivating. No one goes for me. I’m used to it, believe me.”

“These bitches have got nothing on you, babe. Believe me when I say that.”

“You’re just being nice.”

“No, I’m not. We’re all billionaires, and the women here, they’re gold-diggers. We pay them to fuck us, and in return they get to have a whole lot of cash for the pleasure.”

Anna’s eyes widened. “You mean they’re prostitutes?” she asked.

“You’re putting it nicely. I’d call them a bunch of money grabbing whores, but they’re money grabbing whores who’ll suck my dick, and know their place. You on the other hand, would you allow us to place you on the pool table, spread your legs, and one after the other of us billionaires, fuck you?”

“What? Ew, no, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to insult, but no, not at all.” She scrunched

up her nose.

“Every single one of these women has been tag-teamed by the whole of the club.”

“But that’s what you want, right?”

“Right. It’s what we want for the club, but if a woman comes along that I love, I’ll stop using the bitches, and I’ll take the woman I love as my wife. None of these women fit the bill. I want a woman who’ll turn down other brothers. Who will only look at me.”

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“Are you talking about a virgin?”

“No. She doesn’t have to be a virgin. All she needs to do is not be drive-thru pussy.”

“I don’t know if I like you all that much anymore.”

He chuckled. “I get that a lot.”

“I bet you do. You’re very, erm, blunt.”

“You’ve been hanging around with Russ. He’s pretty blunt, too.”

“He’s very determined to get his own way.” Anna couldn’t deny that. Russ spent a great deal of time ordering her around.

“I’d say he was more protective than anything else. Russ cares about you. Do you care about Russ?”

“I do. I know we’ve not known each other all that long, but I like him. I’d never like to see him hurt or anything. He saved me. You all saved me.” She rested her head against his shoulder.

“Shouldn’t you be taking her for a test drive?” The woman who was at the bar and had made that nasty remark walked up to them.

“Back the fuck off, Tina. You don’t rule this club.”

“Club pussy comes here, and I don’t see Russ keeping her ass around all that long. She’s got a pretty big ass to accommodate.”

Richard stood, but Anna grabbed his arm. “Don’t let it bother you. It doesn’t me.”

“I’m not having anyone call you shit, Anna. You got a problem with a real woman being in your presence, Tina? Does it hurt that your used up pussy isn’t enough for Russ?”

“He’ll come back. You all come back.”

Anna wrinkled her nose. “You don’t want to go bragging about that.”

“I wasn’t talking to you, fatty. You need to learn your place.”

“I don’t have a place here, so I guess I don’t have to learn it.” Anna had no intention of ever fitting in a place like this. She didn’t want to be used by a variety of men.

“I suggest you back off, Tina,” Russ said, coming into view.

Anna saw he looked angry.

“Russ, baby, I’ve missed you.”

“When are you going to realize that he doesn’t want you?” Richard said.

She watched as Tina walked up to Russ, and was about to run her hand up his chest. Russ grabbed her arms and held the woman away from him.

“I will make sure your ass is thrown out of this club faster than you can fucking blink, Tina.”

“I’m your favorite. You wouldn’t do that. Not for her.”

Wow, this woman was crazy.

“No, you’re not my favorite. You’ve got a big, wet, pussy that can’t say no to a dick, and a whole heap of cash. Make sure you keep the rest of the brothers happy, as otherwise you’re going to have no dick, and no money. We both know you wouldn’t last two minutes out on your own.”

He pushed her away, and held his hand out toward Anna.

Anna climbed off the stool and stepped close to him, placing her hand within his.

She saw the angry look in Tina’s eyes, and she forced herself to stare right back at the woman.

I’m not doing anything wrong.

Russ isn’t married. I’m fine.

He gave her hand a squeeze, and they made their way back toward his car.

“Don’t you think that was a bit mean?” she asked.

“No. Tina knows her place. She’s no better than any of the other women.”

“She’s got a thing for you.”

“Tina’s got a thing for money and power, not for me. She wants to be the one to tame me. It’s not going to happen.”

Anna chuckled. "Can you really be tamed?"

"Some women like to think they can."

They drove toward his apartment, and Anna rested her head against the chair. "Richard's very blunt. I thought you were bad and crude. You've got nothing on him."

He laughed. "Richard likes to shock in the boardroom. It puts his men in a difficult position. Some don't take him seriously, and then when he barks out orders, they've got no choice but to jump. He's a mean asshole."

"I can see that. I adore him. He's so damned nice."

"He likes you."

"Richard's looking for the right woman to marry. I think he's sweet, and when he finds that special woman, she's not going to get away from him. He's not going to let her get away."

"You sound dreamy."

"Sorry, it's just one of those things that I do. I'm always trying to see something that's probably not there. No, I know it's not there."

"You don't think a happy ever after exists?"

"I've seen more proof it doesn't exist than I've seen that it does." She shrugged. "I'm not going to cry about it. I may want to cry about it, but I can't. It's the way of the world." Anna thought about Karen. It was getting a little easier every time to think of her friend, and not want to burst into tears.

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Karen would have had a field day with Russ.

“I want to tell you that I’ve got proof it exists.”

“How?”

“I’m a success. I started out in foster care, just like you. I’m no different than you, and I just wouldn’t be beaten.”

Anna frowned. “That’s not exactly a happy ever after though, Russ. That’s just a success in business. Where’s your family? The woman you love? I’ve just been insulted because a club whore believes she has a right to you.”

“Tina shouldn’t have said that crap. She’s not mine, and she’s never going to be mine.” He grabbed her hand once again, locking their fingers together.

“You keep doing that,” she said.

“What?”

“Holding my hand.”

“I like it.”

“Does it matter if I like it or not?”

“Do you hate it?”

“No.”

“Then what’s the problem, Anna?”

“There’s no problem.”

And just like that, she didn’t have a clue what to say. Anna was starting to see that Russ had a way that made him have the last word.

Entering their apartment, Russ refused to let go of her hand.

“What are you doing?”

He’d been counting them all day, and he was going to add a couple for good measure. Part of him just knew she had put herself down in front of Richard.

“I promised you that when we got back to this apartment, I was going to make sure that you were punished for putting this beautiful body down. It’s not going to happen, not on my watch.”

Russ took a seat on the sofa, and pulled her down. He was careful not to hurt her arm in the cast, which made it a lot easier for him. Flipping her over his knee, he raised the silk red dress up over her ass, exposing the modest pair of black panties she wore. Russ couldn’t resist a touch, so he caressed her rounded rump.

“I can’t believe you’re doing this. I thought you were joking,” she said, screaming.

“I’m not joking, and it’s time for you to see and to take my threats seriously.”

Raising his hand, he brought it down with a lot of force, spanking her rounded ass. She gave a little scream, and wriggled on his lap. Wrapping an arm around her waist, and locking his legs in a ninety degree angle, he kept her on his lap.

“Damn you, let me go.”

He slapped her ass twice more, and gave the area a nice little rub. Anna of course kept on screaming at him. He found her colorful language cute.

“This is not even funny anymore. Stop it.”

Another three slaps, and he smoothed out the sting. He wanted to remove her panties to check out her ass.

Russ landed the last one on her ass, and then helped her up so that she was kneeling between his legs.

“I don’t want to hear you putting yourself down.” He cupped her cheek. “I’m going to let you off with what you said about yourself in front of Richard.”

“It’s none of your business what I do.”

“No?”

“No!”

“You’re under my protection, Anna. I don’t give a fuck what everyone said to you in the past or how they treated you. I only care about what I did for you, and what you mean to me. No more bad shit.”

She released a sigh and growled a little at him. “You’re being an ass.”

“No. I’m taking care of you. From now on, any bad word out of your mouth about yourself, and I will spank your ass. I don’t even care if you like it or not. No more, understand?”

“Yes, I understand. I’m not some child.”

“You behave like one.”

“Ugh.” She got to her feet, and Russ let her go. He needed to calm down a little. Having Anna on her knees in front of him didn’t exactly help with the state of his arousal.

Getting to his feet, he followed her into the kitchen. She was bent over in front of the fridge, and he gritted his teeth to stop himself from moaning.

Anna came out of the fridge with a couple bottles of beer. “How about we have that drink to celebrate my leg?”

“And to finally put your friend to rest.”

“That as well.”

He took the bottles from her, grabbed his bottle opener from the drawer, and opened the bottles. Clinking their drinks, he took a drink, and watched as she did as well.

“I will warn you, I don’t handle my drink very well. I reckon a couple of beers, and that will be me done.”

Chuckling, they walked into the sitting room, and Anna sat down while he grabbed the remote. Flicking through the television he settled on a comedy movie. For the next hour they finished watching the movie, and he got them two more beers. Time

seemed to fly by, and Anna just kept on drinking.

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It wasn't long before a very hot, heavy sexual thriller was on the television, Anna was onto her sixth beer, and Russ was feeling oddly mellow.

The guy in the movie was holding the woman down on the bed and kissing her naked body.

"I bet that's nice."

"You're not a virgin. Surely you know what that feels like."

"No. I don't. The guys I've been with were not into love, or romance, or helping me get off. They were more, get on, grunt for a few minutes, make a weird sound, and then roll off. God, I hate sex."

Russ watched as she pouted.

"Do you do that?" she asked.

"Get on, grunt, and pull faces?"

"Yes."

"No. I take my time. I find out what makes a woman tick, and I do everything for her to find release, and then I find my own. It's an explosion of pleasure at my hands."

"That sounds so nice," she said. "I wish I knew what that was like. I've tried touching myself to bring myself pleasure, but that was kind of boring. I'm not into that at all. I

guess I'm defective."

This was not the kind of conversation he should be having. Anna was clearly drunk, and he wasn't in the mood to care. He'd take care of her, and he'd gladly show her how it could be.

"I'm going to go and get another beer," he said.

Climbing out of his seat, he rested his head against the fridge.

"No, no, no, no. She's not yours."

"Russ?" Anna asked.

He turned to find that she had followed him.

She took a step toward him, and she didn't wobble. There was no way that she was that far gone if she could still walk steady. If she wasn't steady, that meant she was drunk right?

"I want to kiss you right now." She stepped up close to him, and placed her hands on his chest.

Russ covered her hands with his. "Do you even know what you're doing right now?" he asked.

"I know what I'm doing. I'm horny, Russ, and for once I want to know what it's really like to be with a man who knows what he's doing." She grabbed his hand, and placed it over her tit.

If he was a better man, the gentle billionaire, he'd have jumped back, and not touched

her. He wasn't the better man. Russ was a biker, and he was a ruthless billionaire, who did everything in his power to get what he wanted. He wanted Anna, to own and possess her in every single way he could.

Caressing her breasts, he wasn't surprised by how ripe and full they were. She was perfect, and he slid his thumb over the hardened nipple.

"Fuck, baby," he said.

Gripping her arm, he thrust her up against the fridge. All thought of drinking left his mind. There was only one temptation he wanted, and she was in front of him, in his arms, and he wasn't letting her go.

Sinking his fingers into her hair, he removed the grip that held her hair up. The brown strands were soft against his hand, and he slammed his lips against hers, finally taking that kiss he'd been craving.

She tasted so damn perfect, and he licked along her bottom lip, sucking it in, and biting down.

Anna gasped, and he slid his tongue inside, tasting the beer on her lips. She was amazing.

Pressing his body against hers, he deepened the kiss, tugging on her hair so that she had no choice but to tilt her head back and open up to him.

Anna gripped his shoulders. One of her hands was stronger than the other. He made a note to be careful of her arm. Russ didn't want to hurt her.

Breaking the kiss, he followed a path down to her neck, right over her rapidly beating pulse.

“Tell me to stop, Anna.”

“I don’t want to.”

“If you don’t tell me to stop, I’m not going to stop. I don’t want to, either. I want you naked underneath me, open, and ready for my dick. I’m going to own and possess every single inch of you.” She was like a drug that he was addicted to. One little taste, and he was drowning in every part of her.

“I want you, Russ. Don’t push me away. I don’t want to be pushed away anymore.”

She sounded so damn sad, and he wasn’t the better man. This was who he was, and he couldn’t bring himself to let her go.

Reaching around the back of her dress, he flicked the catch and slowly eased the dress down her body. Exposing her sheer bra, he kissed the tip of each nipple, and then went back, to suck each bud into his mouth.

Anna’s hand gripped the back of his head, and she took a deep breath, releasing a sigh. “That feels so good,” she said, moaning.

“You’ve not felt anything yet.”

The dress dropped in a heap on the floor, and he kicked it away. Next, he rid her of the bra, and tore away the panties, which were in his way. Taking a step back, he admired his handiwork.

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Her body was full, rounded, and he didn't see any distinctive bones. There was still a little bruising on her body, and he went to his knees, kissing each little mark. His woman was a fighter, and he was going to show Anna what it meant to belong to him. Russ's cock strained against his pants, and Anna gasped.

"The fridge is a little cold," she said.

Not wanting her to be uncomfortable, he took her hand, and led her toward his bedroom. Kissing her as they went, Russ caressed her body.

"You're still dressed."

"I'll be naked before you know it."

"I want to see you naked. I did wonder what you looked like naked. You seem so big, and in the business suits, you look kind of scary."

Drink turned Anna into a chatterbox. He liked it. Usually he liked his women to be on the quiet side, but there was only so much talk of diets, clothes, and bags he could handle.

Kicking open his door, he held onto her shoulders, and stared into her eyes.

Be the good man.

Be the better man.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Damn it, Russ, fuck me already.”

Fuck it. You gave her the option, and she didn’t take it.

There was only so much of mister nice guy she was going to get. He’d already taken his time giving her a chance to change her mind. Russ wasn’t going to make that mistake.

Tugging his shirt out of his trousers, he started to unbutton it.

Her gaze went to his exposed flesh, and he loved the feel of her eyes on him. Russ wanted to put on a show, to give her what she wanted.

Removing his shirt, he went to his belt buckle. He had a couple of tattoos over his chest, and he watched as she licked her lips.

Once he stood in front of her naked, he wrapped his fingers around his long, hard dick.

“Okay, I wasn’t expecting that,” Anna said, pointing at his cock.

He smiled. Russ wasn’t a small man. He was very well endowed, and he knew exactly what to do with it, a skill not many men possessed.

“Will, erm, will that fit?”

“I take it you’ve not had many good sized me.”

“No. They were total assholes. There’s a risk I could be a virgin. Damn, now I sound

like a child, don't I?"

"You don't sound like a child to me, and you certainly don't look like one."

He cupped one of her tits, and she sighed.

"Touch me, Anna."

Russ never let women touch him, but he needed Anna's hands on him.

She touched his chest, and he groaned.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, he had his fill of how she touched. Cupping her ass, he squeezed the full, rounded globes.

"I can't believe you spanked my ass."

"Every time you call yourself a name, I'll spank you."

"I like that. I like that you care." She cupped his cheek and ran her thumb across her bottom lip. "I care about you as well, Russ. I worry about you when you're gone."

His stomach tightened. No one cared about him, and this woman was turning his whole world upside down.

Stepping toward the bed, he made her sit down.

"Lie down, spread your thighs, and show me your beautiful, wet cunt."

Anna did exactly what he asked. Staring down at her pretty pussy, he saw she was dripping wet. Going to his knees, he slid his fingers between her slit, and he heard her

gasp out.

“You’re beautiful, Anna.” Plunging a finger deep into her pussy, he felt how tight she was. He was going to have to let her come before he even tried to put his cock inside her.

Sliding his digit in and out of her, he got her nice and slick then added a second finger.

Anna rocked on his fingers, and he looked up to find her staring down at him.

“I’m going to fuck you, baby. I’m not going to hurt your arm, so we’re going to take this nice and slow, but I can rock your world either way.”

“You’re very confident.”

“I know what I’m doing, baby.”

“You’re going to rock my world?”

“When your cast comes off, I’m going to blow your world. I’m going to fuck you so damn hard, that you’re going to be unable to walk properly for a week afterward.”

Before she had a chance to process what he said, he slid his tongue over her creamy pussy.

He was going to make sure tonight blew her mind even with her arm.

Chapter Nine

Russ licked around her clit and slid down to the entrance of her cunt. She tasted so

damn sweet, and he couldn't get enough of her.

"That feels so good," she said.

He smiled against her pussy. She had no idea what she was in for. He was a connoisseur of pussy. Russ couldn't get enough of it, and he couldn't get enough of Anna's. She was so damn responsive, and he loved that. Sliding two fingers inside her pussy, he sucked her swollen clit into his mouth, relishing the taste of her cream.

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She was so sweet and juicy.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Anna said, reaching down to grip his hair.

Russ smiled against her mound, and pulled his fingers out of her cunt, licking off her excess juice.

“I could lick you all fucking day, and never get bored,” he said, growling against the flesh of her sex. He took hold of her hand and held it to the bed. Next, he wrapped his hand over her cast lightly, always careful to make sure he didn’t put too much pressure on her wrist.

The last thing he wanted to do was hurt his woman. He’d gladly protect Anna from the whole world so she never had to suffer again.

He licked down to her entrance, and tongue-fucked her cunt, tasting how wet she was, and with each touch, she grew more aroused beneath his mouth. When he wanted her clit in his mouth, he thrust two fingers inside her pussy, and licked his way back up, circling her bud before sucking her deep.

Every time he took her clit into his mouth, Anna gasped and moaned, squeezing the blanket beneath her fist.

“Please, Russ, I need to come,” she said.

He kept her at the peak never letting her go over the edge so that she was always reaching for more, begging him to let her come.

Russ teased her, flicking her clit with enough strokes so that her orgasm started to build, and he'd release her, sliding his tongue down to thrust into her dripping cunt. He loved to hear her growls, and only when he didn't want to wait to stick his dick inside her any longer, did he push her over the edge into a screaming orgasm.

Anna didn't hold anything back, and he watched her take pleasure at his hands and tongue. She was perfection.

This was what he'd been missing out on all of these years. A woman who was not only willing, but wanted to be here for him. There was no money changing hands. Anna wasn't expected to fuck his other brothers. This was just the two of them, no sharing, no handing her over.

Her pussy belonged to him. Her ass belonged to him. Her heart belonged to him, and he was going to win it. Russ was more determined than ever before.

Crawling up the bed, he released her hands, and reached down to grab his cock. He was still rock hard, and he rubbed the tip of his dick against the slit of her pussy.

He coated his dick with her cream, and then pushed inside her.

She was tighter than any pussy he'd ever been inside, and when the swollen head of his cock was inside her, he paused. Staring into her eyes, he saw they were dilated, and she was aroused.

"You're big."

"I know. I'm going to take this slowly. I don't want to hurt you."

Anna nodded, and he started to press inside her, inch by inch. Her hands rested on his arms, and her touch alone had him on fire. He didn't want to stop, and when it came

to Anna, she'd gotten underneath his skin, and he didn't want to lose her.

Grabbing her hip, he held her in place as he surged deep inside her the last couple of inches.

She screamed, and her nails sank into the flesh of his arm. Gritting his teeth, Russ forced himself to remain still.

When he looked up at Anna, he saw her eyes were filled with tears, and she was biting her lip.

"Shit, baby, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. You're just large, like huge, and I'm not used to that."

"I'm going to have to get you to drink more often. You're more talkative with a drink inside you." He leaned down and captured her lips in a searing kiss. Russ was addicted to her body, to her responses, and he just couldn't get enough. Her body was so full and ripe, and she filled his hands with her curves. Her hips were thick, and he wasn't afraid to grip onto her. He'd hurt her, but there was nothing he could do about the size of his cock. He had to get her used to the length, and width of him.

He'd fuck Anna until it no longer hurt her to be with him.

"You're complaining that I don't talk all that much?" she asked, chuckling.

"Maybe."

"That's a first. I thought men hated it when a woman talked all the time."

He ran his hands up her body, to cup one of her glorious tits. They were big, and her

nipples were tight with arousal.

“We do, but I want to hear you, baby. For the right woman, there’s nothing else I want to hear other than your beautiful voice.” He silenced whatever she was going to say with a kiss.

Russ needed to own her completely, and he knew the only way to do that was to consume her thoughts with him. He was a selfish bastard, but he didn’t care, not one bit.

Pulling out of her tight hole, he waited until only the head of his dick was inside her. In time with his tongue, he slid all the way inside her, going as deep as he could. She cried out, screaming his name into his mouth.

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He swallowed her screams, and basked in the tightness of her clenching pussy.

Sinking his fingers into her hair, he gripped the length, and started to pump repeatedly inside her, fucking her harder with each long stroke.

Her moans of combined pleasure and pain turned to those of pleasure only, and her pussy rippled around him, clenching and tightening over his length.

Pulling away, he looked down to see his naked cock slick with her cream, and he didn't care. Russ always wore a rubber, but he wanted nothing between them this time with Anna.

Slamming every inch of his dick inside her, he claimed her lips, and took them both to the peak of pleasure. Only when he couldn't hold back anymore, he pushed every single inch of his cock inside her, and groaned as he filled Anna with his cum.

She came around his cock, and he'd never experienced anything so mind-blowing and possessive with any other woman.

When his orgasm ebbed away, he stayed inside her, and kissed her lips. He could gladly stay deep inside Anna forever. Minutes passed, and Anna fell asleep with him kissing her, making love to her mouth.

He chuckled, moving behind her, and wrapping his woman in his arms. There was no way he was letting Anna go. No way at all.

Anna groaned the following morning, and opened her eyes. She frowned as she was facing curtains that she didn't recognize. The sun was shining through slits in the curtains, and she started to stretch, yawning as she did so.

Then she felt something across her stomach, and when she looked down, she saw a very masculine arm there.

Just a little wiggle, and she became aware of the aches in parts of her body that she hadn't used in some time. The previous night's activities suddenly bombarded her mind.

She'd had sex with Russ, and it had been amazing. Anna froze. This was why she never drank alcohol. She became confident, and didn't care at all about what kind of situations she put herself in.

Licking her dry lips, she glanced behind her to see Russ asleep. He looked so damned cute, and sexy.

His cock!

She recalled how big his cock was and how hard it was for him to slide inside her.

"Are you freaking out yet?" Russ asked, and she glanced back up at him.

"You're awake?"

"It's kind of hard to fall asleep when you're moving around like crazy. What's the matter, baby?" he asked.

"Nothing!" The word came out as a squeak, and her cheeks heated. This was so damn embarrassing.

He opened his eyes, and she tensed up, waiting for whatever he was going to say.

“We had sex, and you’re having a little freak-out right now. You’re not going to start berating me for taking advantage?”

“You weren’t taking advantage. I was very much involved in what happened last night.” She couldn’t blame the alcohol. Anna had been the one to come on to him. Groaning, she lifted the blanket up to cover most of her face. “I came onto you. You must have been so embarrassed.”

“I wasn’t.” He reached out, lowering the blanket, and cupping her cheek. “I wasn’t embarrassed. I was horny. You know I’ve been wondering how I would get you into bed, and you took the challenge right out of my hands.”

“I did?”

“Yes. I’ve wanted to fuck you for so fucking long, and today, I finally got to have you.”

She couldn’t believe it. “You could have any woman you want.”

“I know, and I want you.” His hand fell away from her face, and went down to stroke over her breast.

Anna was completely naked. He circled one breast, and then the other. She watched as he leaned down, taking one nipple into his mouth. Gasping, she arched up into his mouth and closed her eyes.

His touch sent shockwaves of pleasure rushing through her world.

Russ took hold of her hand and wrapped her fingers around his dick. “This is what

you do to me.”

He was rock hard, and the tip leaked out some pre-cum. Stroking up and down his length, she groaned as his cock seemed to thicken even more.

“I love your hands on my body. You should have known this was going to happen, Anna.”

“I didn’t. I didn’t know this was going to happen.”

“That’s why it’s you in my bed, baby. You didn’t expect it, and you don’t expect me to spend money on you. You’re always talking about going back to work, and Franny has told me you’re determined to go back to work in a couple of days.”

“I’ve got to go back to work. I can’t keep staying here. I’ve got an apartment, and a life. I’m invading yours.”

“No. You’re not invading my life, Anna. I want you here, and I’ve already been to your apartment, and emptied it out. All of your possessions are in storage.”

She paused. “What?”

“Your possessions are in storage, and we can go look over them for you to decide what you’re going to keep, and we’ll trash what you don’t want. You can bring whatever you want here.”

Anger swamped Anna, and she pulled away from him. “What the hell, Russ?”

She shoved the blanket away, and even though she was naked, she climbed out of his bed. The first couple of steps had her wincing.

“Baby, get back into bed.”

“No. You’re an asshole. You had no right to empty out my apartment. That was my place, and I needed to know what I was going to do with it.”

He jumped out of bed, and before she could make it to the doorway, he grabbed her arm, and pressed her against the wall.

“You’re staying here. I don’t give a shit what you say, Anna. This is where you belong.”

She opened her mouth to start berating him, and paused as she became aware of something sliding down the inside of her thigh. Glancing down, she saw it was a small amount of his cum.

Gritting her teeth, she looked up at him. “You came inside me?”

“I wanted to.”

“You’re an asshole. I’m not on any kind of birth control, Russ.” She slapped his arm, and tears filled her eyes. “You should have worn a condom.” She slapped his arm and jerked out of his arms, crossing the sitting room to go to her room.

“Stop walking away.”

“No. You’re the one who came inside me. Do you even know what you did? One unprotected female, and one unprotected male, and there’s a risk of a little baby. Don’t you get that?”

He grabbed her arm once again, and forced her to spin around until she faced him. “I didn’t care.”

“Why?”

She was shaking, and scared, and terrified. This was becoming too much. Last night she’d crossed the line with Russ, and there was now a bigger risk of their one night having consequences.

“I want you, Anna, and not just for one night. This has been building, and you know it.”

“No, I don’t. We were friends.”

“We’re still friends, and something more.” He held her tightly, and wouldn’t let her move.

“I could get pregnant.”

“I don’t care, Anna.” He leaned in close, and she struggled to keep up her anger. Russ had been getting under her skin for so long. She was used to being the woman who was passed over for a slimmer model. Men didn’t want her; they didn’t lust after her. With Russ, she allowed herself to dream, to wonder what it would be like to belong to him. “We’ll deal with it when we know more.”

“A kid is not just going to go away, um,” she said, moaning as his lips captured hers once again.

He slid his leg between her thighs, and she didn’t have a choice but to open up to him. His thigh rubbed against her pussy, and she gasped out at the contact.

Russ slid his tongue into her mouth, and she teased his tongue with her own, wrapping her arms around his neck. She forgot about her nakedness, and Russ’s hands gripped her ass, deepening the kiss as he did.

His rock hard cock pressed against her stomach, and she tilted her head back as he broke the kiss, trailing his lips down to her neck. He wasn’t done there, and he bent down, taking one of her nipples into his mouth.

Leaning against the wall, she sank her fingers into his hair holding him in place as he sucked one nipple before moving onto the next.

She watched him suck her nipples, and her pussy grew slick at the sight. Anna had never had a man take his time in kissing her body, and Russ was blowing her mind, which was the promise he’d made last night.

He was rocking her world and blowing her mind.

Her body ached, and yet she needed him again. One of his hands left her ass, and slid through her slit, stroking over her clit.

“This is what I want. You’re so fucking responsive, and beautiful, and I want to fuck you again, Anna. This is not a joke to me, or something to deal with. You want me as much as I do you.”

“Your club?”

“No. I’ve got no claim to the women at the club. The only one I want is you, just you.”

Two fingers slid inside her, and she groaned.

She couldn’t stop him right now. Anna didn’t want to.

“I need to be inside you again.”

Anna squealed as he lifted her up, pressed his cock to her entrance, and slid deep inside her.

Her pussy was not used to having such a large cock, and it had been a long time since she’d had sex.

Wincing, Russ growled against her neck where his head rested.

“Fuck me, baby, you’re so damn tight. I’m going to have to fuck you regularly for you to get used to the feel of my dick inside you.”

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Anna couldn't believe he was holding up her size eighteen body, and she held onto him tightly. His cock was huge, and the length of him was on the verge of pleasure and pain. She'd never known there could be a man so large.

Slowly, he pulled out of her and slid back inside, going harder within her.

When she grew accustomed to his size, she started to go soft, and the pain ebbed away. Russ fucked her harder, and their moans echoed around the apartment. There were two beds, and they were using the wall. She gripped his back and thrust her pussy onto his cock.

"Look at us, Anna. Look at my dick."

She glanced down, and watched his cock reappear and disappear inside her. His cock was covered in her cream, and she groaned. Her pussy clenched around him, and he cursed, pounding inside her.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Anna, and I'm not letting you go. Not ever."

They came together, and Anna felt when he exploded within her. His cock pulsed wave upon wave of cum inside her.

The pleasure ebbed away.

"We're worlds apart, Russ," she said.

"Yet we're here together, and nothing is separating us. I'm inside you, and your

pussy is wrapped around me. Tell me you don't feel something right now. Tell me you don't want me, that your pussy isn't clenching around me like a greedy little bitch."

She took a deep breath, and her cheeks heated. "I never expected this."

"Neither did I, baby. This is what we are together. We're bound together, and I can't walk away. I wear a business suit by day, and a leather cut by night. I go hunting for human traffickers to help ease the pain of one of my brothers. I've no family, and nothing to offer you but myself, and my fortune."

"I don't care about your fortune."

"I don't care about your lack of one. We're together, and when I'm with you, I'm happy. You bring me light in a world full of darkness. Don't run from this because you're scared. I'll be here to catch you, always. Just let me catch you."

Anna bit her lip, and nodded. "Okay."

She couldn't find an argument for him, and she loved being with him. His money made her uncomfortable, but the man, he made her happy beyond words.

Chapter Ten

Two days later

Russ sat in his pristine office, with his floor to ceiling windows overlooking the city. It had been two days since he fucked Anna, and since then, they had gone to take a look at the few items she had gathered over the years with Karen. There was little in the way of furniture, but she had kept every single item that Karen once owned. The clothes were donated to charity, and her table and chairs were passed on as well. She

had a suitcase worth of items, little trinkets that the pair had given each other as memories.

Anna hadn't broken down while they went through the small storage locker. He'd expected the trip to be difficult. Instead, Anna had smiled, telling him stories of how they had gotten certain items. They were not expensive, and once again he was shown the two women's desire for something more. The hunger for a business of their own he could relate to, as he'd been the same. He'd wanted to put his mark on this world, take the business world by storm, and that was exactly what he had done. Russ couldn't believe how little she had amassed in her time. There were so many people who had so much stuff that had no memory, and yet Anna had none. She didn't put much stock in material goods, yet the few items she did have meant something. The items came with tales all of their own, from a birthday, to something funny, to a memory.

When they had gotten back to his apartment, Russ had looked around his space with a critical eye. His apartment that he'd spent thousands of dollars on was pure luxury, and yet it told nothing. Russ didn't put down roots. He didn't look at settling down, or making his apartment belong to him.

The apartment was impersonal, as was this office. Nothing merged his two worlds together, that of his business and his MC. Anna, she was the only thing that merged his two worlds together. She was his woman, the one he saved and protected. Anna was the color to his plainness, and she didn't see it.

She had returned to work today, and he'd hated it. He had taken her to the supermarket, which she had been determined to go back to even though she didn't need to work.

A knock at his office door pulled him out of his thoughts. He looked up to see Richard waiting.

“What’s up?” Russ asked.

“Can I come in?”

“Yes.”

Richard closed the door and made his way toward the seat opposite him. “Lewis found something.”

Russ made to get up, but Richard urged him down.

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“He’s found something?”

“A possible location, and he’s taken it to our contact on the force.”

“Why wasn’t I called?”

“Lewis needs access to the secure police files about human traffickers. He found a possible location, but it’s to a mansion owned by some kind of rich guy. There’s no concrete evidence that the man is involved in the trafficking, and it needs to be dealt with carefully.” Richard sat back.

“Lewis is going to lose his mind over this woman.”

“He’s not the only man in our club who is losing his mind over a woman.”

Russ stared at Richard without saying a word.

Richard didn’t say anything either.

They had a standoff, and Russ refused to be the one to speak first. He wasn’t the one invading another brother’s space. If Richard had something to say, then he could say it.

“You’ve not been around the club much,” Richard said, breaking his silence.

“I’ve not had much reason to come to the club. We scanned through all the devices, gave all of the evidence over to the cops, and Lewis was decoding the final laptop

where he believes he's found his informant."

"Check your email," Richard said. "Lewis sent you confirmation yesterday."

Russ turned to his email, typing in his password, and bringing up his private mails. This was a secure server where he contacted members of the club. He opened up the email, and several documents downloaded.

The image of a woman, Mandy, came onto the screen. She was a beautiful woman, and as he looked over the files, he saw that she was indeed the woman whom they'd been searching for. A couple of months ago she had been admitted to hospital, where blood work had been drawn, and the documents were on file.

"He hacked into a government database."

"Lewis is losing his mind, and his need to find this girl is getting stronger," Richard said.

"The intel, this place, what do you know about it?"

"Some rich retired billionaire, believe it or not. It's in his name, and there's no record other than one company, which goes by the name Augustus, Limited." Richard leaned back in his chair.

"What do you think it is?" he asked.

"I think after all these years, Lewis has found the girl he's been searching for, but I also believe that it's out of our hands. We can't go in and save her, like Lewis wants. It's overseas. The location you're looking at is on some exotic island. Makes sense, girls are shipped over, trained, and sold. Big business."

“I can’t believe we’re even having a discussion about women being big business.”

“It’s a hard topic to deal with, but it’s what we do.”

Russ agreed. “If he’s found her, and she’s brought back, Lewis may find some peace.”

“Or it can send him on a mission to help more like her.” Richard shrugged. “I just thought I’d come and make sure you were still alive.”

“You knew I was alive. I’ve kept in touch. I’ve just not been around the club.”

“This thing with Anna. Is it serious?”

“Yes.”

“How serious?” Richard asked.

“I made sure she lost her apartment, put her stuff into storage, and fucked her without wearing a condom. She’s not on any birth control either. That’s how serious I am right now.”

“Shit!”

“Yeah.”

“How did she take that?”

“Anna freaked when she realized I hadn’t used a condom. She shouted, and I stopped her from losing her shit, by fucking her against the wall near her room. Since then, she’s moved into my room, and I spend every chance I can, making sure I get her

pregnant.”

“You’ve got issues.”

“I’m not giving her the chance to walk away. Call me a pussy all you want, but I know what I want.”

“It’s what has made you a great businessman. You’ve not spent time dawdling on a decision. You’ve always been precise.”

“Thank you. I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“You should probably stick your head into the club to let them know what’s happening. Lewis wants to demand a church meeting tomorrow.”

“I’ll talk to Lewis when I stop by the club.”

Richard got to his feet. “For what it’s worth, I happen to like Anna. She’s a good woman, a fighter. You need a fighter in your life. Take care of her.”

“I intend to take care of her, and protect her, Richard.”

“I’d be careful of Tina. She’s grown attached to you, and seems to be under some kind of impression that she can win you over.”

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“Thanks for the heads-up.”

Russ watched Richard leave, and on his way out, several women stopped to admire the large man. Richard stood out in a crowd, and even though he was a large, scary man, women still flocked to him.

Pulling out his cell phone, Russ put a call through to Franny.

“This is your third call of the day, Russ. Anna’s fine, and I’m making sure she’s not overdoing it. If she finds out you’re calling every couple of hours, she’s going to get angry. Let her breathe.”

“I’m sorry. I worry about her. Call me if anything changes.”

“You will be the first man I call.” The line disconnected. Logging out of his emails, Russ got to his feet, and got his PA, Daniel, to cancel the remainder of his meetings. He had his cell phone, which allowed him to conduct business from wherever he was in the world.

Within minutes he was on the road, heading toward the exclusive club for their MC. While he was driving, he went back over the night over a couple of months ago when he’d heard Anna’s scream. She had changed his life forever, and he’d not even known it. When he’d gone to her hospital room, he’d needed to know she was okay. Fuck, if he’d left it another night, she would have been dead. He hated the fuckers who took her, but he hated every single bastard who hurt women.

Growing up in foster care, he’d seen a shitload of evil in other people. One of the

homes he'd been to had a father who liked to use his fists on his wife and the kids. Russ couldn't stand to hear a woman crying, and when he had heard the sounds of the sweet foster mother who took him in, he'd not been able to keep his fists to himself.

One night, Russ had made sure he was awake when the pleas had started. His foster mother had been so kind. The kindest woman he'd ever known until Anna. She loved to bake, and cook, and sing as Anna did. The only darkness inside her was that of her husband. He scared her into staying with him. Looking back, Russ had no doubt that someone would have saved her. She'd been too kind, too beautiful to ignore. That Friday night had changed everything. He had walked downstairs, making sure not to make a noise.

His foster father had his belt in hand, and was beating her, slapping, and hurting the woman who was just trying to protect herself.

Russ had seen red. He'd grabbed the nearest lamp and thrown it at the man, distracting him. When his foster father turned on him, she had tried to protect him, jumping in front of him, and telling her husband to back off.

The next part still broke Russ to remember.

His foster father had back handed her so hard that she was pushed across the room. The only problem was, the attack made her impact with a corner of the glass table. He'd watched his foster mother smash her head on the corner and fall to the floor dead. The single blow to the head had killed her. Russ had gone to her, checked her pulse, and discovered she was dead. He'd exploded in a fit of rage, grabbing a poker, and unleashing hell upon the man who had just killed the one woman who had protected him.

Pulling out of his memories, Russ found himself at the parking lot of the club. He'd not gone to jail for killing his foster father. It had been proven he'd attacked in self-

defense. It also helped that their children testified against their father, and that had saved him a long jail term.

He was given a warning, and was placed in a home for troubled kids. Russ had taken many lives since that night, but he had never raised his hand against a woman, and he never would.

Locking up his car, he made his way toward the elevator. He hadn't thought about his foster mother in a long time. It sucked, the memory of that night, but had cemented his path.

The door opened to the club opened, and he stepped inside.

Tina was walking across the club when he arrived. She turned toward him, and the smile on her face grew as she spotted him.

“Hey, baby. It has been too long since you were here.” She walked up toward him and ran her hands up his chest.

He grabbed her wrists, and shook his head. “No. I’m not interested in what you have to offer me.”

Tina’s smile disappeared. “Is this because of that fatty you brought here?”

“Don’t think of disrespecting my woman, Tina. Anna belongs to me. She’s my old lady.”

The club members had never taken an old lady, but Russ had decided he was going to change that now.

“Seriously?”

“Yes.”

“I can’t believe you’d pick her over me.”

“Your pussy belongs to the club. Anna belongs to me. You’ve got nine other brothers to satisfy, not me.”

“I don’t want anyone else.”

“Then I suggest you find a job that pays well. You don’t fuck the brothers, you don’t get to be in the club, and you don’t get paid for the pleasure.”

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“You’d kick me out?”

“There are plenty of women who’d take your place without any fuss. You’re not the best pussy to ever be here.” He released her hands and walked past her.

Russ had more important things to do with his time.

He entered the main office, and saw Lewis staring at a projector with Mandy’s three images. There was the image of when she had disappeared as a child, the one that had gone through the aging program, and then the image of the woman on the security footage.

“It’s her then?”

“Mandy’s blood was tested when she was a child so it was on record. I matched the two blood samples, and discovered them to be the same. It’s her, Russ. That’s Mandy. She’s alive, and she’s the one who has been helping those girls and women. I don’t know how she’s been doing it.”

He moved behind his friend, and placed a hand on his shoulder. “We’ll find a way to get her out.”

“I’ve already made sure our contact knows money is not a problem.”

“What happens now?” he asked.

“They’re going to find the background info on Augustus, and then come back to me.”

“You don’t sound hopeful,” Russ said.

“Every second we wait, it risks Mandy. She was being monitored. If someone knew there was a leak of girls, she could be dead. My involvement could kill her.”

“Have you removed her photograph from the missing persons?” Richard asked.

“Yes, I removed it, and closed down any trace of that image ever being taken.” Lewis stood, and ran fingers through his hair. He had several weeks’ worth of growth around his face, and he looked like shit. Russ told him so.

“Have you gone home?” he asked.

“No. I’ve not wanted to go home. This is important to me, Russ. I can’t just go home.”

“What good are you going to be if they come back with an answer for bringing her home? You’re tired, worn out. What are you going to do then?”

“I’ve got to get her out of there.”

“You will, but you’re going to have to be prepared for what comes next. It may not be good.”

“I know that. I know she’s not going to be the same fucking Mandy who was taken. I get that you all care about me, and you’re all just looking for me, but it’s fucking hard, okay? It’s hard to know someone I’ve been looking for, for fucking years, is right there, and I can’t do anything about it.”

Lewis stormed over to the map and pointed at a location. He was being torn apart, and it was hurting him.

Russ couldn't do anything but listen.

"We're all here for you. None of us are going to back down. This is our mission as much as it's yours."

Lewis deflated. "I'm sorry." He rubbed at his eyes and released a sigh. "I'm fucked in the head right now. I can just imagine her screaming for my help. She screamed for me then, and I was too damn slow. I don't want to be slow now. I've got to be strong for her."

Richard nodded. "We will." He wasn't about to tell his friend that Mandy could very well be dead. That wasn't what Lewis needed to hear right now.

"I heard you and Anna are a thing right now? The girl that we saved?"

"Yes."

"Then you will know part of what I'm going through. Imagine Anna being taken, Russ, and you can't find her, or locate her, and she's always there. Her screams for help, begging you. She's within your grasp, and you just can't do anything."

The very thought had Russ in knots. He couldn't handle anything like that.

"Keep hold of her, Russ. Life is too fucking short, and it's too fucking painful to live a life with regrets."

Chapter Eleven

One week later Anna placed the light goods onto the shelf, and took her time so she didn't hurt any other part of her body. It had been just over a week since she and Russ had sex, and they had fucked every single day of the week. Russ had an insatiable

appetite, and he refused to wear a condom. She tried not to think of the pregnancy tests kits that she was now placing on the shelves.

Anna hadn't taken a test yet, and she didn't intend to. She wasn't ready to know the truth, or to make a decision. The relationship she was having with Russ excited her. She never knew what was going to happen next, and when he touched her it was like a spark inside her, waiting to go up in flames.

When she finished with one case of tests, she pulled the trolley back to the supply room, being careful not to bump into any customers. Franny was in the back room as she passed, and Anna made sure to say hello to her.

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Franny had been a rock in the workplace, keeping her busy, and getting her used to being back with the team. It wasn't the kind of work she wanted to keep doing, but whenever she thought about moving on, it was too hard. Karen was gone, and taking that next step required her to remember what she had lost.

She was only on part time while her arm healed completely, and she had been to the doctors. They were sure the cast was going to come off within a matter of weeks. She couldn't wait to have full use of her arm. Anna wouldn't be as strong, but she would be able to use it.

Entering the warehouse, she moved toward the light section, and started to stack up her trolley when her cell phone rang. Russ had given her the cell phone, and demanded that she keep it on her at all times.

"You know I'm working right?" she asked, using her cast arm to hold her phone to her ear.

"I know, and I wanted to see you. You're finished after lunch, right?"

"Yes."

"Come to my workplace."

"No." So far she'd avoided his workplace like the plague. She wasn't afraid of his money, but seeing him in his business domain kind of scared her a little.

"Anna."

“I’m not coming to your workplace. They’ll probably throw me out on the street.”

“Anna! They would be fired on the spot. Come to my workplace. I’ve got a present for you.”

“I’m not comfortable having presents.”

He chuckled. “You’re going to love this kind of present.”

“Why?” There was something about his voice that made her body go wet with desire.

“Well, I was sitting here minding my own business, working, of course, and I happened to remember the taste of your sweet pussy, not to mention how damn good it feels wrapped around my dick. I started to get hard, baby. My dick, it needs your tight pussy on it, and I figured if I waited until lunch when your work was finished, you could come and help me.”

Anna rested her head against the shelf. He was driving her crazy. Her pussy grew slick just remembering the way he slid inside her. Russ was still a big man, but he didn’t hurt so much anymore when he fucked her. The pleasure was always intense, and he always pushed her to the peak of an orgasm, holding her on that precipice.

“You’re thinking about me right now, aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes.”

“Are you soaking wet for me?”

“You know I am. I’m always wet for you, and I always need you.”

“Come to my office. I will make it worth your while.”

Nibbling her lip, Anna thought about it. There was no point in saying no. The only person she was going to disappoint was herself.

“Okay, I’ll stop by for lunch.”

“I’ll have lunch delivered to us, and ready for when you get by.”

“Bye, Russ.”

She hung up the phone before he got a chance to say anything else. His words had lighted a fire, and now it was up to her to put it out.

Licking her lips, she took some deep breaths and tried to stop the arousal that he’d created. He was turning her into a sex addict.

Grabbing the items, she dragged the trolley onto the main floor, unpacked everything, and went back, repeating the same process. All the time, she watched the clock for the lunch hour that signaled the end of her shift. The clock seemed to go so slowly, and it was driving her crazy. Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to keep on moving even as her excitement started to build.

When it was lunch break, she cleaned up her trolley, placed it in the bay, and clocked out. She grabbed a cab, and sent a quick text to Russ, to let him know she was on her way. Locking her fingers together, she stared out of the window, unsure of what was going to happen when she finally got to his office. She’d never been there, and didn’t know what to expect.

The cab driver told her they had arrived, and she paid him the extravagant fare, and climbed out of the back. She stared up at the tall building, and swallowed.

Holy shit.

The building was larger than she imagined, and it just frayed her nerves. Entering the building, she walked up to the main desk where a blonde woman was talking on some head device thingy.

When she finished, she looked at Anna.

“Can I help you?”

“Yes, I have a, erm, lunch appointment with Russell Wyatt.”

The woman looked at her doubtfully, and glanced across some booklet, which Anna guessed was an appointment booklet. “What’s your name?”

“Anna Little.”

The woman looked up startled. “Can I see some ID?”

Pulling her license out of her bag, she handed it over to the woman. “Okay, you may indeed go on up.”

She took her license back and started walking toward the elevators.

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“Do you think that’s his sister?” the woman asked.

“Don’t be mean.”

“Mr. Wyatt is so hot. He can do better than that.”

Anna kept on walking. It wasn’t the first time she’d encountered catty remarks, and she doubted it would be the last. Once at the elevator, she clicked on the top floor, and stood back.

Staring at her reflection in the mirror, she winced. No wonder the woman had to question if she was a sister or something. Her cast was no longer white, and covered in signatures, most of them from the ten members of the MC of Russ’s. Her hair was a mess, sticking up all over the place, and her clothes were old. She stuck out like a sore thumb in Russ’s life. There was no way she could change who she was.

The elevator stopped, and a guy stepped on.

She kept her distance, as she didn’t like being around men so much. She never had.

“Are you lost?” he asked.

“No. I’m on my way to see Mr. Wyatt.”

“If you’re looking for a job, you’re not going to get it. Mr. Wyatt has strict dress code standards, and if you wear that for an interview, he’s not going to hire you.”

Gritting her teeth, Anna forced herself to remain quiet.

“What are you interviewing for?” he asked.

“I’m not here about an interview.”

“Ah, are you a relative?”

“No.”

“Then why are you seeing the boss?”

Anna turned toward the rude man. “It’s none of your business why I’m here.”

The elevator doors opened, and she stepped out, going toward one of the desks. She tensed up when she saw another man typing away.

“Hi, I’m here to see Mr. Wyatt. I have an appointment. The name is Anna Little.”

“Hello, Anna, Russell has been waiting for you. I’m Daniel, his PA. Lunch was delivered only a few moments ago. I can go on my lunch break now. Russell asked if I could wait for you to come.”

She was surprised at such a personality change. He made his way toward the door at the far end of the room. He knocked twice, and opened.

“Russell, Anna is here.”

“Thank you, Daniel. Take a long lunch.”

She entered the office, and within seconds, Russ had her in his arms. Wrapping her

hands around his neck, she moaned as he kissed her, biting onto her lip as he did.

“I’ve missed you,” he said.

“I missed you as well.” She placed her hand on his chest, and teased with the collar of his shirt. “I think this is going to be the only time that I’m going to visit you here. I prefer Tina at the clubhouse.”

She looked up to see him frowning.

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“Let’s just say I stick out in your life.”

“Tell me.”

Anna told him about what had happened when she entered, the woman’s catty remarks, and then the man in the elevator.

“See, I’m not part of this world, and they know it.”

“They should know to keep their fucking mouths shut.” Russ growled the words. “You’re part of my life, Anna. No one else, and I’m not going to let other people ruin what we have.”

He claimed her lips, silencing any protest she might have had. She didn’t like it when he did it, but within seconds she embraced the kiss, loving his lips on hers. They were both sparks, and together they ignited a flame.

His hands roamed over her back until finally settling on her ass. He cupped her hard, and then moved around, unbuckling the belt on her jeans.

She giggled. “You’re in a rush?”

“No. We’re going to have some lunch, and then we’re going to fuck. I’ve given Daniel a long lunch, and he will take advantage of it. Me, I’m going to take advantage of you being in my office.”

Russ tore her clothes off, and she giggled as he did. Like always he was careful with her arm, and that little bit of tenderness always touched her. He wasn’t like any other man that she had ever known, and God help her, she was falling in love with him. She tugged out his shirt and unbuttoned it, running her hands up his rock hard chest.

“Fuck, baby, I love it when you touch me.”

She pushed the shirt off his shoulders, and started on his pants. Within minutes they were both naked, and Russ lowered her onto the sofa. He possessed her mouth, plunging his tongue inside before kissing down her body.

Anna arched up to his lips, and cried out as he bit down on one breast, and then the other. The passion in his touch had her melting for more.

“I need you, Russ.”

“Soon. There’s no rush for this to be over.”

He kissed down her stomach, and the bruises that had once decorated her skin were gone like a distant memory. She no longer suffered nightmares, and Russ held her throughout the night, protecting her. He was her billionaire protector, always there, taking care of her, and she loved him.

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There was nothing that she could give him, but he owned her heart whether he wanted it or not.

He spread her thighs open and took her clit into his mouth. She stared down as he opened the lips of her pussy so that he could play, lick, and suck.

She gripped the sofa beneath her, and cried out as he plunged a finger deep inside her.

“Have you spent all morning thinking of me?”

“Yes. I’ve not been able to think of anything else.”

Russ smirked. He pulled back, and she watched him wrap his fingers around his length, working from the root up to the tip, then back down again. Pre-cum oozed out of the slit, and sliding down the sofa, she leaned over, taking the head of his cock into her mouth. “Fuck me, beautiful, that is so fucking good. Your mouth is perfection.”

She moaned around his length, and that seemed to drive him wild.

He caressed her back, stroking her body as he pumped his length into her mouth, over and over. His pre-cum leaked onto her tongue, and she swallowed his salty drops.

Russ tugged on her hair, and she pulled away. He pressed her to the floor, grabbed his cock, found her entrance, and slammed inside. She cried out as he didn’t stop, but pounded his dick inside her, and Anna had no choice but to take every single inch of him deep within her walls.

“Yes, fuck me, Russ.”

“That’s it, baby, take my cock. Let me fill you up. I want you to come all over my cock.” He sat back, and lifted her hips up so that her ass rested on his knees. Russ was still inside her, and with her legs wrapped around him, it exposed her pussy. He stroked a finger over her slit, caressing her clit. She gasped, which caused her pussy to tighten up around.

He pumped his cock inside her slowly at the same time he worked her clit, and the two pleasures were just too much for her. All morning she’d been waiting for this moment, and Russ didn’t tease her any longer.

Flicking his fingers over her clit, he fucked her at the same time. Anna couldn’t hold back. The pleasure hit her all over, and she matched him stroke for stroke.

The moment her orgasm hit, Russ unleashed his seed, and slammed inside her. Together they screamed out their release, pulsing together. She stroked his arms, panting for breath.

“Wow,” she said. “I had no idea it could be this amazing.”

“Neither did I.”

She reached up, touching his cheek. “Do you really mean that?”

He turned his head, kissing the inside of her wrist. “More than you ever know.” Russ leaned down, and pressed a kiss to her lips. She opened up to him.

Yes, she was in love with Russ. It was her mistake. There was no falling—that had already been done. Russ had gotten under her skin, and now there was no going back.

Chapter Twelve

Spreading out the lunch, Russ sat opposite Anna as they started to eat. She sat with her back to the sofa, and she was still completely naked, like him. He couldn't believe he was naked in his office, but he wouldn't change it. Russ had missed Anna. He'd been sitting there, working, and thinking about her, distracted.

When he'd phoned her, he'd done so with the intention of just hearing her voice. Talking with her, he wanted to be near her, and he had to do whatever he needed to in order to get her to his office. He was pissed that some of his employees had treated her like shit, and when he got the chance, he was going to make sure no one was under any kind of mistake as to who she belonged to.

"This is so good," she said, taking a strawberry and dipping it into chocolate. "I can't believe you ordered such an extravagant lunch."

"When you're rich, no one dares mess with you." He shrugged.

Russ had paid a great deal of money for the luxury food at the last minute, but Anna deserved it, and he'd pay the same kind of money again.

Some chocolate dripped onto her breast, and he captured the drop with his tongue.

"Um, you taste so damn good." He flicked her breast with his tongue.

"So, how is everything going at work?" she asked.

"It's surviving. The same old boring business meetings, money changing hands, and companies being bought." Russ shrugged. He was much more interested in his woman. "Have you given your own business much thought?"

Anna shook her head. “I took my time about what you thought about. I’ve got nothing.”

He’d asked her to take time to think about what she would like to do as her own business. Russ would gladly invest in Anna to see her dream come true. He didn’t even care if it wasn’t overly profitable. This was one of her dreams.

“Karen wanted to run a bakery. She could bake, and do wonders, but I can’t bake.”

“I could organize a chef.”

“It’s not what we had in mind.” Anna sighed. “I’m just not cut out to do this kind of thing on my own.”

He held his hand up, and moved toward his desk. His building was so high that he didn’t care about his nakedness. Walking back toward Anna, he took a seat, and handed her a portfolio. “Take a look.”

She opened it up, and he watched as she started to look through each picture.

“What is this?”

“It’s a recently built up housing estate. The company who built them doesn’t have the money to deal with all the interior designs. The moment I saw them, I thought about you.”

“Why?”

“You’ve been in my home, and I’ve noticed you’ve put quite a bit of character into it already. In your apartment with nothing to help, you turned it into a welcoming living space.”

“So?”

“So, it’s not something that always comes naturally. I want to hire you to see if my gut instinct is right.”

“You want to hire me as an interior designer. Wouldn’t this be a multi-million dollar contract?” she asked.

“It would.”

She shook her head, and handed him back the file. “No. You should hire someone with experience. An actual interior designer.”

“No.”

“It’s too much money, Russ. You need someone with experience and who can make sure you turn a profit.”

“If I sell these houses now, I’ll make a profit. I want you to do this for me. I don’t care about the cost. Show me what you’re capable of. If you don’t do it, I’m selling the estate to the highest bidder.”

“What will happen to it?” she asked.

“It will probably be demolished, or some swanky bachelor pads added.” Russ shrugged. “No biggie. I figured you’d like to do something creative rather than packing shelves.”

“I like packing shelves.”

She wanted to do it though. He saw the desire in her eyes.

“Do one house, and when you’re done, we’ll renegotiate.” She was going to do all of the houses, but he could give her a deal.

“Are you sure?”

“I’ve never been surer.”

“Is that a word?” Anna asked.

“Yep. If not, I’ll pay for it to be added to the dictionary.”

Anna rolled her eyes. He grabbed another strawberry and pressed it to her lips. “Open wide, and eat.”

She closed her eyes, biting into the strawberry.

“Does it taste good?” he asked.

“Yes. It tastes so sweet, and delicious.”

He captured her lips. “It tastes like you.”

Sinking his fingers into her hair, he held her in place as he deepened the kiss. Anna pushed the file away as he wrapped his hand around her waist, forcing her to straddle him. She released a little squeal, and chuckled as his hands cupped her hips.

“I hope you’re pregnant,” he said.

She jerked away a little. “Do you mean that?”

“Yes. I mean it. I want my baby to be inside you, Anna.” He found her entrance, and pulled her down onto his cock.

For the next hour he showed her exactly how much he wanted to fill her pussy, and gave her the kind of pleasure she’d never even thought about. Russ gave everything to her that he couldn’t actually put in words. He told her with his body that he was in

love with her, that he would cherish her for the rest of his life.

Russ couldn't bring himself to say those words, and even when they were getting dressed, he wanted to reach out and touch her. He held back.

Once they were dressed, Anna ran her hands up his chest. "That was the best lunch I ever had," she said.

He held the large file out to her. "Take a look at this, and when I get home, you can tell me your thoughts."

She hesitated, but with a sigh, she finally took it. "I may suck at this."

"I'll spank your ass when we got home."

Anna groaned.

"Take your time, look over it, and write down what you want." He cupped her cheeks, pressing a kiss to her lips. "Come on. I'll walk you out."

He took hold of her hand, and together they made their way down to main floor. Some of the stragglers were making their way into the building, but he didn't need everyone to see, just a couple of people. Once they were at the door, right near the reception desk, he paused so that everyone could see them together.

"That's Mr. Wyatt."

"Oh my God, that's the woman I was telling you about."

"I'll see you tonight, baby." Sinking his fingers into her hair, he slammed his lips down on hers, claiming her in front of everyone.

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Seconds passed, and after a minute he pulled away, stroked her cheek, and saw her outside of the building.

“Did you have to do that?” she asked.

“You won’t be getting any trouble again. I just made sure the whole building knew who you belonged to.”

She touched his cheek. “Don’t work too hard.”

Kissing her again, Russ hailed a cab, gave the driver the address, and paid for it. “Let me know when you get in home.”

She nodded.

He watched her go and made his way back inside to his reception desk. Slamming his hand down on the desk, he stared at both women. “If either of you treat Anna with disrespect again, I will have you out on your ass.”

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Wyatt.”

Russ shook his head. “I’m not interested in you saying sorry. Don’t do it again.”

Making his way up to the security room, he went through the footage of the elevators. Recognizing the man, he called him up to the office, and fired him. He didn’t want any of those kinds of people in his office, working for him.

Sitting behind his desk, he started work, absorbing himself so that when he left nothing was on his mind. He went through a multitude of documents and emails that were asking him to consider another takeover bid of a card making company. Looking over the figures, he started to do the calculations.

He was deep in thought on what he could do about the takeover when the cell phone for the club went off.

Pulling it out of his pocket he saw it was Richard calling.

“What’s up?” he asked.

“They’ve got her, Russ. They’ve got Mandy, and brought her back home.”

“Wait? What?”

“We just got the call, and Lewis has already gone to the hospital. She was beaten pretty bad.”

“Fuck me, I’ll be there.”

“Russ?” Richard said.

“What?”

“She couldn’t remember who she was. Our contact warned us that she’d suffered a blow to the head, and she has amnesia. She can’t remember anything.”

Russ shut down his office and ended the call after telling Richard he would be at the hospital.

He passed Daniel on his way back to the office.

“Cancel the rest of my appointments, and take the rest of the day off.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes.”

His brother needed him.

Lewis was standing outside of a hospital room when Russ found him.

“Richard called me,” he said. “The brothers are all outside waiting. Tell us what you need.”

“I need nothing. That’s her, Russ. That’s Mandy.” Tears ran down Lewis’s face. “I’ve got to call her family. A family she doesn’t even remember.”

“She has amnesia?”

“Yes. She’s been awake even through the pain. The doctor asked her a lot of questions, and she didn’t have a clue what to say. She was scared. Terrified.” Lewis ran fingers through his hair. “I was too late.”

“What happened?”

“We gave the information over, and they wanted the element of surprise. It was a holding house for women to be put up for auction. They trained the women to be subservient. They stormed the house, got several of the men, and I’ve been assured

that they're never going to leave a prison cell."

"What about Mandy?" Russ asked.

"She was found beaten and locked in a cage that was smaller than the dog cages we saw. They had raped, beaten, and thrown her away to rot."

Russ looked at the women in the bed. She looked so small, so delicate, and the bruises covered her face and body.

"They're animals."

"They are."

"I know I've found Mandy, but I'm not going to stop looking for them, Russ. I'm going to rid the world of the scum. One fucking trafficker at a time."

Gripping Lewis's shoulder, he offered his friend and brother comfort. There was nothing he could do to take away the pain.

"I'm not leaving her side, Russ. I'm not leaving her at all."

"I'll stay with you for as long as you need me to."

For several hours, they sat outside of Mandy's room. Every now and then Lewis would go in and come out.

"I've got to phone her parents."

"She doesn't know who they are."

“The doctor advised that I wait until she wakes up so we can judge what is going on. The, erm, the amnesia could be a simple confusion with the blows to the head.”

“Do you believe that?”

“I don’t know what to believe. I want to tell them I’ve found her, but I don’t know who I’ve found. The cops have already notified them. I just didn’t want to cause them more pain.”

“Then wait until you talk to her.”

Russ went and got them both some coffee. Together they sat down outside of the hospital room. He watched the nurses and doctors rushing around. There were a lot of noises, and sometimes tears. This was where loved ones gathered to be thankful or to mourn the loss of their dead.

“I’m in love with Anna.”

“Have you told her?”

“No. I’ve not told her. I don’t exactly know what to say. I know I can’t live without her.”

“Then tell her. This world is too short to lose the woman you love because you don’t want to say the words first.”

“You don’t think I’m rushing it?”

“Every person on their deathbed dies with some form of regret. You and Anna, you didn’t exactly meet in the best of circumstances, but you can make it work. I know you, Russ. You don’t fall for women, or have a crush. If you say you love Anna, then it’s the real deal.”

Moaning from inside the room had them both getting to their feet.

He followed Lewis into the room, and watched slowly as Mandy opened one eye. Her

other eye was swollen shut.

“Hey,” Lewis said.

“Where am I?” she asked.

“You’re in the hospital. What do you remember?”

Russ saw her frown. A lump formed in his throat as the panic washed across her face. Leaving the room, he called for a doctor.

“I don’t know. I don’t know who I am. I don’t know what has happened to me.” She tried to sit up, and screamed in pain as she didn’t remember she had broken bones. “Help me. Please, help me.”

Lewis took a hold of Mandy’s hand. He’d found the woman he’d been hunting for, but she wasn’t really there. Mandy was gone from her mind, but Russ had to wonder if she would ever want to come back.

Chapter Thirteen

Anna finished putting together several ideas for the one house, and she was just making herself a hot chocolate when Russ walked in. He’d sent her a text to let her know that he was at the hospital and that Lewis had found the woman he’d been searching for.

From the sorrow on his face, it wasn’t good news.

She walked over to him and wrapped her arms around him. “It’s going to be okay. I promise it’s going to be okay.”

He cupped her cheeks like he did back at the office, and claimed her lips in a searing kiss, leaving her breathless.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, breaking away.

“I love you, Anna. I know it hasn’t been long, and I’m not exactly the perfect guy to be married to or to be in love with, but I love you.”

“What?” She had to be dreaming. There was no fucking way this was happening to her.

“Life is too damn short to wait around, and after what I’ve just seen today, I don’t want to wait. I want you, Anna. I want my kid inside you, and I want my ring on your finger. I want you to belong to me.”

“That’s a lot of wants.”

“I always get what I want.” He stroked his thumb across her lips. “I can be the kind of man you want. I love you, Anna.”

“You love me? And you want to marry me, and have kids?”

“Yes.”

Tears filled her eyes. “I love you, too. I love you, and I’ve tried to fight it, and I can’t, and it has been killing me inside that I don’t know how to fight my feelings for you.”

“I want to marry you tonight. I’ve got a private jet. We can go to Vegas right now and get married. I don’t want to wait.”

Anna was led out of the apartment as Russ got on the phone. She really couldn’t

believe what was happening. He placed her in the car, and he drove toward his private jet. While they were flying, Russ kept her on his lap, and he refused to leave her alone.

“Marriage to me is not going to be perfect, baby. It’s going to drive you crazy.”

“I can handle crazy.” She kissed his lips. “Are you sure you love me?”

“Yes. I’m sure. I’m surer than anything.”

Later that night, they stood in one of the strip wedding palaces after Russ had bought her a wedding band. They said their vows, and were warned their marriage would be binding in a court of law. Anna offered to sign a pre-nup, and Russ refused.

She didn’t want to have anything to do with his money.

They stayed in Vegas for their honeymoon, and the following morning, Russ called ahead to the club. Richard was the first one to answer.

“Are all the guys there?” Russ asked.

“Lewis is still at the hospital,” Richard said.

“Okay, I’ll call him after. Put me on speakerphone.”

“You’re on.”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 11:38 am

“Guys, I’m the first one who has done it. I’ve got an old lady. Anna agreed to marry me, and we’re now in Vegas, and she’s my wife. I trapped her into being my wife.”

Anna groaned and squealed as Russ tackled her to the bed. The phone was near her head, and she listened to them hooting and screaming out their cheers.

“Welcome to the club, Anna,” Richard said.

“Thanks, Richard. This wasn’t my intention, and I offered to sign a pre-nup. I still will. I don’t want his money.” She wanted the man.

“We know that. Have a good honeymoon, and we’ll see you back when you’re ready to come back.”

Russ ended the call and pushed his cell phone off the bed.

“So, I think it’s time I put some more effort into creating those babies I want with you.”

Anna smiled up at him. “This is really what you want?”

“Yes. I’m happy, and I’m in love. There’s nothing I want more than to be with you.” He leaned forward, taking possession of her lips. “I love you, Anna.”

“I love you, too.”

Richard made his way into his office, and even though one of his brothers was going through hell, he was happy that Russ had found some happiness. The club would always be there for all of them, and he'd seen the way Russ and Anna looked at each other.

They were both in love.

He walked past his PA's desk to see that it was empty, but her jacket was on the back of the seat.

Temperance was a great PA. The best one he'd had, but he always seemed to be scaring her. She never argued with him, or fought with him. Every day she listened to him rant, rave, and curse about the latest development in his global enterprise.

Entering his office, he took a seat, and within minutes, Temperance was there, serving him morning coffee.

Her hand shook a little as she placed the cup on his desk.

"Good morning, sir," she said.

"What mail do I have?" he asked.

She was such a pretty thing. Temperance wasn't a slender woman. He'd heard some of the men around the office refer to her as chunky. She had a nice pair of tits, thick legs, and wide hips.

Richard wasn't a small man. He was considered a beast of a man at over six foot three. He was also thickly built with lots of muscle. He'd tried to slim down, become less threatening, but it didn't work. He was built the way he was.

He was referred to in the news columns as the “Billionaire Beast”. He was huge, dominating, and scary, the combination of a beast without the fur. By day he wore a suit, and by night, he was in leather, helping to protect his fellow brothers in the MC.

He wondered what Temperance would think if she knew he was part of an MC. This was why he needed to put a distance between him and Temperance. He was starting to wonder a great many things, and that wasn’t good for him.

Putting a call through to the club, he demanded that Tina get to his office. He needed to relieve the ache in his cock, and she would be the perfect woman to do it.

Epilogue

Six months later

Anna looked around the finished house and placed a hand on her swollen stomach. After their honeymoon, she had showed Russ her plans for the redecoration of the house, and this was the fourth one she had finished in the last six months.

Russ had put together a team she could trust and rely upon to help her achieve her goal.

“What do you think?” she asked.

He was her boss, her protector, her lover, her husband, and the father of her unborn child. Russ moved behind her, wrapping his arms around her, placing his palms on her swollen belly.

“I think this is amazing, Anna. I knew it. When I saw your apartment, and then what you did to ours, I knew there was something I was missing.”

“I like to make a home something to want to come back to.”

“Just having you at our place makes me want to come back.”

The last six months had been pure bliss, and a little chaos. The club had demanded that they have another wedding ceremony in the clubhouse. She had married Russ while he was dressed all in leather, in the eyes of the club. They made her Russ's and club property, which was still strange to her. The media had a field day with their wedding. Russ was a billionaire, and had married one of the women he saved from traffickers.

It was odd for her to see their story in the paper, especially as they got it all wrong. Mandy was released from the hospital and placed in her parents' care. As of yet, she hadn't remembered anything, and Lewis had kept visiting her, until a month ago. Mandy had gone to Lewis's company and asked if she could stay with him.

Lewis was the first man she saw, and at the moment, she felt like she was living in a house full of strangers.

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Anna liked her, and they'd become friends.

Of course, once Anna had discovered she was pregnant, Russ had gone into super protective mode, putting her on a tight schedule.

"This is one of your best," he said.

"I like it as well."

"I think it's time I take you home though. I've got a present for you." He pressed his rock hard cock against her ass, and Anna laughed.

"You've always got a present for me."

"What can I say, you being pregnant does it for me."

"Only because you know what you've done, and you're mightily proud of yourself."

"I'm going to be a dad, Anna. Of course I'm proud, but most of all, I've got you, and that's what turns me on."

He took her hand, and together they made their way back to their apartment where Russ showed her exactly what he felt toward her.

They were in love, and when Anna had her doubts about them, she remembered these moments, where they were closer together than the stars appeared at night.

Once she was wrapping in Russ's arms, all of her worries fell away, and she felt bound to him by love.

Her billionaire protector loved her, and she loved him.