

Prologue

Angel

2 years ago.....

"Well I am not going. I don't want any part of this" my best friend Hope says as she crosses her arms in front of her chest. That's her I mean business stand which looks ridiculous on her. I am trying my hardest not to laugh at her because that won't help my case. Hope and I have been best friends since the moment she got placed in Mrs. Mills care. Mrs. Mills was my next door neighbor. She was such a nice old lady she was more of a mother to me than my own mother. Hope was the only other girl my age on the block so we became friends instantly. We decided that once we were old enough to move out of our house we would live together. So once we were done with high school we applied to the same collage in New York and here we are now.

"Please Hopey" I pout as I give her my best puppies' eyes. She can never say no to them. That's how I always get her to join me with my crazy ideas. Back when we were Juniors in high school I went through my rebellious stage and wanted to dye the bottom half of my hair an exotic color but I didn't want to do it all by myself. So I ask Hope to do it with me at first she was like hell no but at the end of the day she had light green hair and I had pink thanks to my puppies eyes. Now that I think about it maybe I should have listen to her because that was a disaster. Yeah at first it was all bad ass but every time I wash my hair the color would pale. So instead of having pink hair I had pale orange and lets not even talk about Hope. "Oh no you don't," she quickly gets off the bed knowing exactly where I am going with this "this is a crazy idea, no, not crazy, insane and I don't want any part of it" she slams the door for some drama affect.

I don't need her to tell me this is a cray idea I know that already but there is no going back on it. Once my mind is made up about something there is nothing or no one that can change it. I've always been stubborn so enough over thinking I need to finish getting ready.

I decided to wear my short black dress. The one with the deep V-neck lace it makes my d-cups look amazing. I was thankfully blessed with good size boobs but no ass unlike Hope. Now she was bless with as amazing curvy body even though she hates her body I love it. I would die for some of her curves. She has what I call an hourglass figure. I add a little eye makeup to make my gray eyes stand out even more.

I have to thank my good for nothing father for those. Unfortunately for me I look nothing like my mother. My mother has curly brunette hair, brown eyes, and she is about 5'2. I on the other hand have straight blond hair that stop right below my shoulder, gray eyes, and I am about 5'6. When I lived with my mother she would always nagged about how I looked just like the bastard of my father. Part of me thinks that's the reason why she can't stand me.

"So you're really going to go through with this?" Hope walks back into the room after 20 minutes. I knew she was going to come back to try to change my mind. I am just surprise it took her this long. I stare at myself in the mirror trying to figure out what to do with my hair. There isn't much I can do since my hair wants to be a pain in my ass all the time. When I say my hair is straight I mean it. "Yes I am" I brush my hair trying to add at least some volume. "Angel this is fucking crazy! This isn't the way to lose your virginity to a complete stranger" she yells trying to get her point across. See even though Hope and I are best friends we have nothing in common. She is the type of girl that believes in prince charming and living happily ever after bullshit. I on the other hand don't believe in none of that shit. I learned from a young age that prince charming wasn't coming to save me and there wasn't going to be a happily ever after for me. Shit like that doesn't exist, well not in my world at least.

“Let me guess what’s the right way,” I turn to face her with a evil smirk on my face “according to you I should wait to find my prince charming and fall madly in love, get marry and have little princes and princess running around and live happily ever after” I say sarcastic. That’s the kind of bullshit they make little girls believe in but they never tell you what really happens. For example what happens when that prince never comes to rescue you? Are you supposed to live in misery waiting for someone who will never show up? Or are you going to put your big girl pants on and save your damn self? “Well yeah that sound right to me” she smiles. My poor friend she is in for a big reality check. I need to open her eyes before she walks into working traffic and gets hit by the big red truck called life.

“Hope that only happens in movies and in books let me tell you how it really goes down” I feel sort of bad for what I am about to say. I feel like I am about to tell a little kid that Santa isn’t real but she needs to know the truth. “You fall in love with the first asshole that treats you differently, he tricks you into believing he is some kind of prince charming, everyone around you can see what he is doing but you because you’re madly in love with him, then one day you find out that you’re pregnant and you are excited to tell him. Once you finally do tell him he disappears like magic leaving you with a broken heart and a baby that you will never love because she reminds you of the bastard that broke your heart” my voice cracks at the end. I feel tears inside of my throat so I quickly turn back around to face the mirror. I hate that after all this time I still let that get to me. I’m 21 years old I should be over this but apparently I am not.

“Baby girl,” Hope soft voice fills the room. I lift my head to look at her through the mirror. Her eyes are full of sadness “only because that happen to your mom doesn’t mean it is going to happen to you”. My vision starts getting blurry thanks to the tears I am fighting back. I don’t care how many times she tells me this I won’t risk what I have left of my heart. I can’t. I barley have anything left. Over the years little by little my heart has been getting ripped apart by the one person who should have been protecting it in the first place. Do you know how painful it is to watch how other moms love their children and ask you’re self why doesn’t my mom love me like that? It’s fucking heartbreaking especially when you’re too young to understand that it’s not your fault. Over the years I’ve learned how to protect my heart from everyone including my mom. I quickly recover my composer and get back to getting ready. “Hope I am doing this so drop it”. She sticks her nose in the air “Fine do whatever you want just know that once this blows in your face, because it will, I’ll be right here to console your stupid ass and keep your phone on you at all time just in case you go missing and I have to track you down” she storms off.

Chapter One

Tabios

Present..

“Don’t stop” I grab a handful of blond hair as I push my cock deeper inside her mouth. This bitch is talented with that mouth. The tip of my cock is touching her tonsils. Thank God for her no gag reflex. She moans into my cock sending a vibration all the way to my balls. I’m so close to blowing inside of her mouth. “Fuck” I growl as I pull on her hair. I close my eyes and see gray blue eyes staring back at me. The same gray eyes that have been hunting me ever since that night....

2 years ago....

"Well I'm going out and getting some fresh pussy I'm getting tired of fucking sticking my dick where all the brothers have" I say to Josh, who is my best friend and also Prez of the Santos which makes me VP. "Go ahead" he simply states as he is going through some old records. He is always looking over something honestly I have no idea how he does it. There is always something going on with this damn club. "I am not asking you for permission ass face I was simply informing you to see if you want to come with" I throw a pen at him. Maybe I can get a reaction out of him. He needs to get out this damn office and get some pussy his damn self. I can't remember the last time we hit the town together. He slides to the right avoiding the pen.

"You better watch the way you talk to your Prez, VP unless you want to get punished" he stares at me with his serious Prez face but his eyes are full with amusement. If I was any other of these pussies that walk around here I would be shitting bricks right about now. Josh doesn't fuck around when it comes down to punishing someone when they get out of line. I am trying my best not to laugh but I can't help it "Fuck off dick head".

He stares at me as he clenches his jaw. He is either trying to keep himself from laughing or I really pissed him off. Either one is fine with me he needs to find a way to get rid of some stress. There is only two ways to distress one being pussy and two fighting. I can't count how many times I had to pull him off some dumb fuck back in high school. After a few seconds of staring at me he barks out in laughter "You do know if you ever talked to me like that in front of the others I would have to teach you a lesson?" he ask. He walks over to the mini fridge to reach for some beers. Of course I know I can't talk to the Prez like that in front of the other member of the club. That would be disrespectful and if any one crosses that line in front of me I would kick their ass but right now it's just the two of us. No Prez or VP just two old friends drinking a beer and talking shit. "Yeah yeah your royal pain in my ass," I mocked as I take a swing out of my beer.

I can't believe it has been 6 years since we became members of the club. One of the reasons why I joined the club in the first place was because of Joshua. The other one was to get away from my asshole of a stepfather. Josh and I have been friends since high school. I was the new kid on the block everyone was so intrigued by me. Being the new kid everyone wanted to befriend me but I never felt like I fit in with any of them. They all lived a happy life with parents that loved them. They didn't have to deal with an alcoholic stepfather who beat the shit out of them just because he breath the wrong way as the school year went by I noticed that no one in school would talked to him. They didn't even look his way but he didn't care. He was always in his own world. He looked like he didn't belong there either and that's all it took for me to befriend him. At first he tried scaring me away but once he realized I wasn't going anywhere he just accepted my presence and the rest is history.

"So are you coming or not?" I ask trying to get him to come with me. Of course I already know the answer to my question. He is going to say no. He isn't the type of guy that likes to go out and party. He isn't as social as I am. Honestly I have no idea how he even gets pussy. "Nah I can't go I have some shit to sort out," he says as his face disappears into the folder again. Being Prez of a club is not always fun and games there is a lot of responsibly that comes with the title especially this one. Before Joshua became Prez his father was Prez and let's just says they have different ways of running thing. "Well catch you later I am going to go get some pussy" I walk away before I get drag into whatever he is doing. Don't get me wrong I take my responsibility as VP very serious but I don't let it consume my whole life

I get on my baby and hit the open road. Anytime that I am feeling stress I can always count on my baby to calm me down. There isn't nothing like getting some fresh air especially if it's coming from my Harley. I decided to hit up one of the clubs we're associated with just in case something goes down you can never be too careful. The club is packed with fresh pussy. I can easily take any one I

want back home with me all I need to do is snap my fingers but I don't want to settle for the first piece of ass that walks by. I don't want to sound conceited but what the hell I am.

I take a look around the club trying to find the lucky gal that will be going home with big poppa tonight and that's when I see her. She is standing by the bar all alone which is strange because someone as hot as her shouldn't be alone especially at a club. She is wearing this black dress that fits her like a second skin. Her legs are long and tone they go on for days. I wonder if she is here with anyone.

I watch as some dick head approach her. He looks like one of those collage assholes that come from money. He whisper in to her ear and she smiles. I can tell it's a fake one because her face doesn't light up it looks more like a painful one. For some reason that I can't explain I want to go over there and break that asshole face. She nods her head as he turns around to get the bartender attention. She turns back around and scans the room as if she was looking for someone.

From the corner of my eye I see the asshole next to her pull something out of his back pocket and drops it in her drinks. Did he really just drop a fucking drug in her drink? I really shouldn't get in this but my blood is boiling. What kind of sick bastard has to drug someone to sleep with them? I use women and there is no hiding that but at least they know what they are getting them self into. I finished the rest of my beer and make my way towards the girl.

I can tell by her face that she is uncomfortably so being the gentleman that I am I decide to help her out. "Hey babe sorry I'm late" I say as I pull up behind her. She quickly turns her head and I feel like someone just punch the air out of me. Damn she is even more fucking gorgeous up close. Her black dress has this split right in the middle of her chest exposing her amazing tits. Her eyes are icy blue with a little gray in the middle she is stunning. She has blond hair that shine like the sun rays in the sky. There is something in her eyes that makes her look vulnerable but at the same time she looks like a total bad ass. "Jessica is he the person you were waiting for?" jackass asks. I'm guessing her name is Jessica. Then why isn't she answering him? It's like she doesn't even recognize her own name. That's strange. She is just staring at me well I should say checking me out. Her icy eyes scan my face as if she is trying to memorize every last detail. "Jessica?" he asks again

"Babe I think he is talking to you" I nod towards ass face. I decided not to call her Jessica because honestly I don't think that's her name. She turns to face dick head like she didn't even remember he was even there. That's the side effect of having me around. She turns back to me with her eye brows snapped together. I can tell she doesn't know how to answer. "Yes I am" I jumped in before she ends up blowing my cover. I think it's time for this ass face to keep it moving.

She snaps her head back at me with her right eyebrow rose questioning me. I just give her a smirk and a wink letting her know she is all mine. "Now I think you should walk away before I snap your neck in half" I threaten him. I am getting tired of having him around I want to have her all by myself. I look at him right in the eye and I am sure as hell he can tell I mean business. Part of me wants him to say something so I can break his face. He looks down to the patches on my leather jacket and like the coward he is he nods his head and walks away.

Once he was out of my sight I look back at blonde and catch her just in time before she takes a sip of the drink. I reach for the glass and snatch it away from her hand spilling some liquor on her. "What the fuck?" she reaches for a napkin and starts to clean her chest. I can't help but to follow her hand as she runs it back and forth on her chest. Damn all I can think about right now is having my mouth on her perfect tits. Are they real? She catches me staring at her boobs. Fuck I need to say something to not look like a prev. "Do you accept drinks from just any asshole?" I growl. Doesn't she know that there are fucking sick bastards out here? "Yes I do what's the big deal?" she spat. What's the problem? She can't be serious. Just with her answer alone she proved me right about her not being used to the club scene. "Well asshole over there sneaked a pill inside your drink when you weren't paying attention" I say matter of fact. I watch as her face loses all color as my words register.

I turn to the bartender to buy her a new drink because I know she needs one. Just thinking of what that asshole was thinking of doing to her makes me want to go look for him and show him a lesson. I turn to give her the drink but all I see is the back of her blond head as she walks towards the crowd probably looking for dickhead. Fuck! I put her drink down and run after her. I wrap my hand around her arm since she is so skinny my hand swallows her whole arm.

"Let go of me" she turns fuming. Her eyes are larger and instead of being icy blue they are darker like the sky when it's getting ready for a storm. She has this little wrinkle on top of her nose that makes her look adorable. Damn even when she is pissed off she looks fucking good. She is breathing so hard that her breast keeps rising. They are torturing me calling my name. "What are you going to do? Kill him with your tits" I joke but I guess I was the only one to find it funny. "Excuse me?" she scowls. Damn I just pissed her off even more but being the asshole that I am, I like it. "You herd me sweat heart" I replied with a smirk.

She stares me right in the eyes and gives me an evil glare "Let go of me or else" she says with clenched teeth. Damn, my dick twitching in my jeans as she threatens me. I wonder what is the or else? "Or what?" I pull her into me. She smells so feminine like some kind of flower I just want to lean in and smell her in. "Are you going to suffocate me with your tits?" I whisper into her ear.

"Or....." she says trying to come up with something but failing. I can tell she is turned on by having me this close to her. She is breathing heavier and call me crazy but I feel her heartbeat. "Because if that's the case than I gladly suck on them until I die". Her body shivers as I whisper in to her ear and I can't stop smiling. I might have just saved her from that dickhead but no one is going to save her from me.

Present...

Fuck it I can't hold it no more. I tug on her hair, throw my head back and let my cum grace her throat. "Fuck yes" I growl out of pure pleasure. "Mmm tasty" she opens her mouth and brings me back to my reality to the present where I fuck sluts that remind me of her. I am fucking pathetic that's what I am. "Get your shit and leave" I pull up my pants up avoiding looking at her. This happens every time they open their mouth to speak they ruin the moment. "Are you sure because I can think of few things we can do" she licks her lips as she stares at my dick. I stare as she leans over exposing her bare ass and tits. Any other day my dick would be inside of her already but today is not that day.

"Get the fuck out" I growl. She grabs her dress and without putting it on and quickly leaves my room. I don't understand why these bitches wait for you to get mad to fucking obey. I feel bad for yelling at her like that. I am not mad at her I am mad at myself. I walk over to the bed and lay down to think about the bitch that got me all fucked up.

Chapter 2

Angel

Present...

"Well that was fun" I reached for my pants and quickly put them on. I need to get out of here before this gets awkward. I don't know why I keep putting myself into this situation when I know they don't end well. "You're leaving already?" Manic voice comes out needy. I hate when he gets all clingy after sex. He always wants me to stick around to cuddle or he wants me to stay the night. Sometimes he can act like such a girl. I've been fucking Manic for almost a year now you would think he would catch on by now. I don't know what happen to him in the beginning he was all in for just sex but lately he has been acting weird.

I made it very clear to him since the beginning that I don't date that this was just going to be straight sex. I met Manic at a bar, he had the whole bad ass biker look going for him you know tall, built like the damn hulk, and I can't lie he is easy on the eyes with his black hair and brown eyes. Oh let's not forget about his full man beard, covered in tattoos. I was having a stressful day thanks to my mom and needed to blow off some steam and that's where he comes in. After that night I decided to make him my dick call.

"Yeah Manic you know the deal I cum, you cum and then I go" I reached for my shirt. You would think someone named Manic would understand the simple concept of a booty call. I've told him before that we aren't dating or seeing each other we're just fucking. That's every men dream come true. "Angel," he calls after me but I am too busy looking for my keys. I always lose those damn keys. "Look at me when I am speaking to you" he says more aggressively. He knows damn well I hate it when he talks to me like I am a fucking kid.

I quickly turn to face him "What?" I say with grinding teeth. I know I shouldn't be giving him attitude he can easily break me in half. He is triple my size and weight but I don't care no one talks to me like that. He shuts his eyes as he takes in a deep breath. I've learned he does that when he is getting frustrated with me which happens a lot. He opens his eyes and stares at me "I want you to be my old lady" he states.

I feel like someone just punched the living hell out of me. I lean in to the wall trying to catch my balance. "What?" I ask more to myself than to him. What would give him the idea that I want something like that? We aren't even dating for crying out loud! This is crazy. "I want you-" I lift my finger up stopping him from talking. I don't want to hear that again it was hard the first time. This is getting out of control. I need to shut this down and now.

"Hell no" maybe that wasn't the best way to turn him down but that's all I can think of saying. I need to get the fuck out of here and now. From the corner of my eye I see him jump out of bed and stomps towards me "What the fuck do you mean hell no?" he is inches away from my face now. His nose flares as he tries to control his anger "Do you know what I am asking you?" he yells in my face. Of course I know what he is asking that is why I am freaking out. Asking me to be his old lady is like getting down in one knee and asking me to marry him but 10 times worse. "Look Manic," I try talking to him like a mom would talk to her 2 year old son who is throwing a tantrum because she won't buy him the toy he wants. "I thought I made this clear to you from the start that I wasn't looking for any sort of relationship all I wanted was sex". Where the hell are my fucking keys?

"That was a fucking year ago you must of changed your mind if you're still with me" he growls making me flinch. "No I didn't change my fucking mind! We have good sex and you agreed to the no emotions rule" I say defended my reason for staying. I look around the floor for my keys and spot them under the bed. I walk away from him to get them. Thank god. "I think we should stop whatever you think this is between us" I say as I make sure everything that belongs to me is in my purse because I'm sure as hell not coming back here.

I turn to walk away but he grabs me by my arm and brings me face to face with him "What did you just say?" his nose flares even more now. He reminds me of an angry dragon who is ready to blow fire out his nose. I try pulling my arm out of his grip but he tightens his hold on me it feels like he is crushing my bones. Fuck that is going to leave a fucking bruise "Let go of me".

"I just ask you to be my fucking old lady and you fucking tell me you don't want to keep seeing me. Bitch, are you out your fucking mind?" he yells. I know I should be afraid of him but I am not. "Let go of me" I say again with more anger. "Or what bitch?" his face hardens. My stomach flutters as my heart starts pounding inside my chest painfully. Whatever is coming next isn't going to be good.

In one quick movement he swings me onto the bed. This isn't good he has never been this aggressive towards me. "You want to be just another whore I fuck?" he walks towards me as he

strokes his hard cock. My stomach burns like if it was made of acid. Oh god he better not. "Then I'll fucking treat you like one" he says as he throws himself at me. I roll to the side trying to get away but he pulls me by my hair, it feels like he is trying to rip my skull off. He flips me over so I am lying on my back.

"Get the fuck of me!" I cry as I start punching him on his chest. I can't let this happen. I need to get away from him. He grabs my hands with one of his hand and pins them on top of my head while his other hand is pulling on my pants. "No, no, no!" I chant. I start kicking him as I squirm underneath him. Oh God please don't let him do this. "Shut the fuck up" he slaps me across the face with his meaty hand.

Fuck! He hits me so hard I feel like my head did a 360 turn. My face is burning and my mouth taste like copper so he must have busted my lip open. "You use me for sex than I'll use your body" he says as he rips my pants off. I know I use him for sex but what he is about to do to me it's different. He is violating my rights to my own body. He is taking me without my permission. I know there is no way I am going to be able to fight him off me so I just stop trying. This is going to happen and there is no one who can stop it. Where is prince charming when you need him huh? "Stupid bitch you don't want to be my old lady than you'll be my whore" he says as he slams inside of me without any compassion.

Even though I am not a virgin it hurts like hell having him slam into me it feels like he just tore me in half. Vile starts rising inside my throat but I swallow it back down. A tear rolls down my cheek but I quickly turn my face away from him. I don't want him to see any emotion coming from me. Even though in the inside I am screaming and crying on the outside I look calm as can be. "Stupid bitch" he slams back inside of me. I close my eyes and let my mind wonder.

2 years ago.....

"I am not getting on that" I point at his bike. I don't even know how he got me to agree to go with him in the first place. One minute I was ready to kill that fucking asshole who tried to drug me and next thing I know I am out here. Well I do know how, those hazel eyes, that's how but I am not getting on his bike and that's final. "Get on" he commands. God he is bossy but I never been the kind of girl to follow any rules. "No," I cross my arms across my chest like Hope does when she means business. I am sure I look as ridiculous as she does but I don't care. His eyes drop down to my boobs that are almost spilling out of my damn chest "Fuck". I know I should be pissed that he is checking my tits out instead of looking at me in the eyes but I am not. I like the way he is stares at me like I am the sexiest person in the world. He licks his lips and my nipples instantly go hard just thinking what he can do with that tongue. He pulls me into him so my boobs are resting against his chest

"Yes the fuck you are" he stares me right in the eyes with those big hazel eyes of his. They aren't like any other hazel eyes that I've seen before. His eyes are more honey brown but the pupils are all green they are amazing. I'm trying my best to not let him see how much he affects me but my nipples give me away. He dips his head and crashes his lips against mine before I can even say anything. I wrap my arms around his neck to keep myself from falling. The moment his soft lips hit mines I knew there was nothing I can say to myself to make me walk away.

I've been kissed before by many different guys but none of them compares to this kiss. I feel like there is a techno party being held in my stomach and my heart is beating so hard I feel it everywhere even down there. I know this is going to sound ridiculous but I feel like I am floating in the air. I wish this kiss would never end but like everything good in my life it does. He pulls away and I am left trying to catch my breath. "Get on" he simply states and I do as I am told.

Present....

I turn my head to the side to make sure Manic is fast asleep. I lift his arm off me and quickly climb out of bed. I reach for my pants with my shaky hands and put them on again. The button is missing since he tore them off me and my shirt is also torn. I don't even bother with my shoes all I care about is getting the fuck out of here. The parking lot is empty and the corner light pole keeps flickering making the night look even scarier. Even the night looks like it's having a bad day. The night is silent all you can hear in the air is the sound of my own feet slapping the pavement. I open my car door with trembling hands and lock my doors. I take a moment to actually breathe. I rest my head on the steering wheel. I can't believe what just happen.

This isn't the first time we get into an argument but it is the first time he took it this far. I can still feel his nasty hands all over my body. I can still smell his breath on me a mixture of stall beer and cigar. I feel dirty in my own skin. I am so mad at myself for putting myself into this fucking situation. I am so furious I feel like crying but I won't let him get that from me he doesn't deserve my tears. I look at myself in the rear mirror. I have black streak running down my face cause by my mascara and eyeliner. A bruise where Manic hit me is starting to form on my face and my eyes are blood shot red as paint. I have bite marks on my neck and boobs some of them still have blood on them it looks like I've been attack by some wild animal. He fucking marked me like if I was his property. Fuck this is going to get pretty fucking nasty. I start my car and speed the fuck out of that parking lot from hell. The whole drive to my mom's house I try my best not to cry.

I wish I can just go home and run into my mom's arm and tell her what happen but my mom is probably out drinking so I doubt she'll be home. I open the door and hear the living room TV on. I guess I was wrong she is home but it's not like I can run into her arms I have a better chance of prince charming showing up. Fuck, I have to walk pass her to get to my room. I drop my head so my hair can cover my face and walked pass the living room.

"Angel is that you?" my mom ask. She never cares if I am home or not why did she have to pick this night to care? Maybe her mother intuition works after all. "Yeah I am just going to bed I talk to you tomorrow" my voice comes out thick due to the tears I've swallow. If it was any other mom I would be worry but since it's mine I know she won't even notice something is wrong. I am almost to my door I can make it.

"Angel, get your ass in this fucking living room now!" she commands. Fuck! I can either ignore her and have her bust into my room and get into another argument or I can just get this over with. I decide to get it over with she is going to see it eventually and I can't handle another fight right now. I walk back into the living room with my head up high. "Woow," she lets out a small whistle as she her eyes scan my face and neck "what happen?"

This is weird is she actually concern about me? Can it be that deep down in her chest there is a heart instead of the black hole I always thought was in there? Tears start to build up in my eyes as I get ready to tell her the hell I've been through. "What did you do to piss him off?" she asks catching me of guard. What did I do to piss him off? Is she fucking serious? She might as well have fucking slap me across the face. "What?" I ask her with new set of tears in my eyes.

"Drop the fucking act Angel I am your mother I know how annoying you can get" she adds insult to the injury. It feels like she just stab me right in the heart with a knife and not just any knife I am talking about the one that tears you open when you pull it out. "I didn't do anything to deserve this mom" I say while tears fall down my face. Fuck I hate myself for crying in front of her. No matter how hard I try I always end up breaking down in front of her. "Stop the tears you crying baby and go out and get me some beers" she says. Bingo! That's the reason why she cared if I was home. She wanted some beers not because she actually cared about me.

Why was I so stupid to even think she cared? The realization that she gives 3 fucks about me hurts more than what just happen with Manic. She doesn't even know half the story and is blaming it on me. "What have I ever done to you mom?" I ask finally having enough. I am tired of trying to do

everything right for her to acknowledge me for once in her life. She always finds something to bring me down and I am fucking sick and tired of it. Let's just get this shit over with.

"Again with this fucking question Angel?" she asks annoyed as she finishes her last sip of beer. I am sure she is annoyed because she ran out of beer and instead of doing what she wants me to do I am here asking her questions. "Tell me" I raise my voice at her, which I never do. I'm fucking sick and tired of everything. Even though I know it's going to kill me to hear her say it I have to hear it. She places her empty beer bottle on the table and rolls her eyes. Her light brown eyes turn so dark that they almost look black "You really want to know Angel," she spits my name out like if she was disgusted just by saying it "You look just like him. Every time I stare into your fucking eyes I see his, every time I fucking look at your face I see his, every time you smile I see his damn smile. I fucking hate him" she says with raw emotions in her eyes

I open my mouth to say something but nothing comes out. My throat feels scratchy and it's difficult for me to swallow. I thought I was ready to hear what ever came out her mouth but I was wrong. She didn't even have to say it out loud to make me understand that like my father she hates me too. "Now be useful and get me some fucking beers" she dismisses me like nothing just happen. Like she just didn't crumple whatever was left of my heart into millions of pieces and throw it away like garbage.

I feel a knot as big as a damn soccer ball in my throat that is keeping me from speaking so I just storm off to my room before she can see how much her words really hurt me. I close my door and lean into it for some support. Everything that I've been holding in just pours out of me. I cover my mouth with my hands to try to hide the screaming that rips from inside of me. My whole body starts shaking with sobs as everything finally catches up to me.

I need to get out of here. I can't stay here. I run to my closet and reach for my bag to start packing. There is only one person that I need right now. I don't even bother in folding the cloths I just throw it in the damn bag. "Don't forget the beers" my mother yells as I walk out the door. I can't help but to laugh of course that would be her last words to me.

Chapter 3

Tabios

Present.....

Fuck I am late for church. I fall asleep after what's her face left my room. I quickly take a cold shower and get dress to head to church. "Well look who decided to show up" Old Bastard comments as soon as I walk in. I swear sometimes I just want to break his neck in half. He always has a fucking smart comment for everything. "Shut the fuck up" I say as I take my seat next to Joshua. I am not in the mood to deal with him today. "Well now that we are all here we can start this meeting" Joshua leans back into his chair. "Like I was saying..." I try my best to pay attention to what Crash is saying but my mind goes somewhere else.

2 years ago....

Fuck! Having her arms and legs wrap around me just got my dick painfully hard it took everything in me not to stop in the middle of nowhere and fuck the hell out of her. For some odd reason I decided to bring her back to my house instead of the club house. There is something about her that

is different from all the other bitches I have fucked. I just don't know what it is yet. Plus I don't want to share her with anyone else. "This is your house?" she asks surprise as she looks around. Thanks to the fact that I join the club at 15 I could now afford my own house at 23. It's a two story house it's not much but it's mine.

On the first floor I have a kitchen, that stays clean not because I clean it but because I never cook, a living room that has a 64' inch flat screen TV and two leather black sofas with a coffee table in the middle, I have my bathroom with my custom made bathtub fit for me and two other people, and last but not least my bedroom where I have a king size bed waiting for us. On the top floor there are two guest bedrooms and a bathroom.

Whenever I want some privacy or just need to get away from my brothers I just come here. No one knows where this house is expect Joshua and that's because he was with me when I bought it. "Yes it is" I say proudly. I am very proud of my small house because it's mine and no one else. I can do whatever the fuck I want and there is no one who can tell me otherwise. I hang my VP jacket on the back of the door.

I find it strange that she hasn't commented on my jacket that's the first thing every one notice the big Santos VP written in white bold letters. She must not be from around here because everyone in this town knows who the Santos are. "So this is where you bring the girls you pick up from random clubs" she says as she slides her finger across my leather sofa. The fact that she is trying to make conversation tells me that she is nervous. Usually by the time I cross the door my dick is in some kind of hole. That is a first for me I am not used to shy girls if she was any other woman she would have my dick in her mouth by now.

"No I usually fucked them behind the clubs" I answer honestly. There is no point in lying to her she needs to know what kind of man I am. I'm not the type of man that is looking for a relationship all I want is to fuck fresh pussy. "Oh I see" she mutters. For the first fucking time in my life I fucking feel guiltily and I haven't done shit. I run my hand through my hair "I'm not looking for a relationship this is just a one night stand if you're still down to do this then I am your man but if not than I can drop you off at your place and call it a night" I step towards her. I feel like kicking my ass I could have told her this after I fucked her brains out now if she says no I am going to have to let her go without tasting that pussy.

"Wow straight forward aren't we," she says with amusement. I am so glad I didn't scare her off. "Well since we are being forward with one another I have to confess something" she says as she plays with her purse. Ooh this is going to be good. I cross my arms in front of my chest and wait for her to continue. She dips her head "Umm this is my first time" she trails off at the end. I already knew this wasn't something she usually does. I could tell the moment I laid eyes on her at the club. "Don't worry baby you're in good hands" I wrap my arm around her waist and smell her in. Damn I hope she taste like she smells fucking delicious. She inhales a big breath "Good I thought being a virgin was going to be a problem" she says with relief.

What? I feel like a cold bucket of water has just been thrown over my head. Did I hear her right? "What's wrong?" she asks as I back away from her.

Present....

"What do you think?" Joshua turns to me. Shit I have no idea what the fuck he is talking about. Everyone's eyes are on me as they wait for my respond. "Whatever you decided" I simply answer. He stares at me through his squint eyes. His forehead creased he knows I wasn't paying attention.

Fuck I am going to get an ear full from him “Fine let me think about it and I’ll give ya my decision next meeting, now meeting is over” he dismisses everyone. I push my chair back I think I’ll go find someone to suck my dick again. “Not you Barbie” he says to me.

I fucking hate that nickname. Josh and Crash came up with that damn name. Apparently they say I have a type, all the girls that I fuck reminds them of Barbie. They are all tall, blond, big tits, and small waist. I sit my ass back down and face him. “What the fuck is going on with you today? First you come in late and then the whole meeting your mind was somewhere else? What’s going on?” he asks. I should have known he would peep me acting weird. I don’t know why today out of all days I can’t stop thinking about her. I wonder where she might be. How is life treating her? If she finally found someone?

“Don’t tell me is that mystery girl again” he asks. I forgot how well he knows me. I nod my head responding to his question. “What the fuck Tabios it has been two fucking years get over it her pussy couldn’t be that fucking good to have you thinking about her all this damn time” he slams his hand on the table. That’s the thing it’s not just about pussy with her. Even though I just spend one night with her there was something about her that intrigued me. “Yeah you are right I just need a little Captain and a lot of pussy”. I need to get over this bullshit it has been two years and I haven’t heard anything about her it times for me to just let her go.

Chapter 4

Angel

Present.....

I’ve been driving for 6 hours straight none stop. I haven’t even stop to put gas in the car all I care about is putting as much distant as I can between me and them. I wish I could cry but I can’t find it inside me to do so. This is the sort of shit that reminds me that life sucks ass but all you can do is keep going. I can’t let what Manic did to me define who I am going to be and I am sure as hell won’t let what my mom thinks of me hurt me anymore. I’m tired of giving her that power over me. I refuse to be their victim.

I finally arrive to New York at exactly 4 in the morning. I don’t even bother with my stuff I leave it in the car. I won’t need it anyways. Every step I take I feel my chest tighten up. “Who is it?” she asks through the door after the fourth time I knocked. Her voice comes out sleepy. “It’s me” my voice cracks at the end. “Angel?” she asks as she starts to unlock her door. “Oh my God Angel what are you doing here!” she yells with excitement. She wraps me into a hug and for the first time since everything happen I actually feel like crying. I wrap my arms around Hope and I instantly feel safe. I didn’t realize how much I really missed her until now. She is the only person who really loves me and would never do anything to hurt me.

“Come inside” she drags me inside. Her place is dark the only light in here is coming from the street light. She hasn’t seen my face yet but once she does I know she is going to flip. “Let me turn on the lights” she flicks them on and I turn to face the windows “I am so glad you’re here I’ve missed you so much”. I hear her slippers dragging against the floor getting closer to me. “Angel what’s wrong?”.

I take in a deep breath and slowly turn to face her. “Oh My God!” she covers her mouth with her hand to hide her snob. She looks at my face and then her eyes drop to my neck. “Who did this to

you? It was him wasn't it? I'll fucking kill him" she says with so much anger. Hope never did like Manic she always tried to warn me about him. Tears start building up in the back of my eyes. She is the only one that actually gives a fuck about me but instead of crying I bust out laughing. I have a habit of laughing when something in my life goes to hell.

"What's so fucking funny?" she hissed as she looks at me like I just lost my mind. Maybe I have. "The fact that you want to go kill a 200 hundred pound monster when you only weight 130" I say with tears in my eyes. At this point I don't know if I am crying out of sadness or out of humor. All I know is that it feels fucking great to cry. "That's not fucking funny Angel have you seen your face?" she said enraged. I haven't seen my face since the last time I saw it in the car but knowing how easily I bruise it must not be pretty. Plus every time I move my jaw to speak I feel a little sting. "What happen?" she ask as sadness clouded her features. "I'll tell you everything but first I need a shower and something strong". I need to scrub him off me and if I am going to relive what just happen I am going to need a couple of shots or maybe a whole bottle.

2 years ago...

What the hell just happen? He looks like I just confess to being a man or something like that. "You're a virgin?" he says with disgust. Since when being a virgin became such a crime? Maybe if I would have told him I had 3 different kind of STD we would be fucking by now. You know what I don't need this if he doesn't want to fuck me because I am a virgin then I'll just look for another asshole. "You know what forget I'll just look for someone else" I grab my purse and head for the door. I have to admit deep down I'm disappointed but I won't let him know that. "Wait what?" he grabs my arm as I walk by him. My body breaks out into goosebumps at his touch. Why the hell does he have that power over me?

"Let go off me" I pull my arm out of his hold and he lets go. Why did he let go? I wanted him to fight for me. "Oh God don't tell me your 16" he says as he runs his hands threw his copper brown hair. God he is sexy. Stop it! "I don't think I would have been able to get in the damn club if I was 16!" I yell frustrated. What a fucking asshole I swear Hope was right this was a fucking bad idea. "Let me see your ID" he tries snatching my purse from my hand. I swing it away from him. "Hell no! I am fucking 21" I take a few steps backwards away from him. There is no way I am letting him see my ID. My real name and address is on that. "21 and a virgin? Looking like that?" he point at my outfit as his lips drew back in a snarl. What the hell is wrong with my outfit? I think I looked pretty fucking sexy tonight. Wait, is he insulting me?

"Fuck you, I don't need this shit" I throw the peace sign in the air and walk towards the door. I don't need this shit from him I don't even know him. "Wait," he runs pass me to stand in front of the door blocking my way out. I look around the house trying to find another way out. "This is the only way out unless you want to climb out the window" he mocks. Right about now that doesn't sound like such a bad idea.

"What do you want?" I cross my arms and stare at him with squint eyes. Hopefully I can make him explode just by wishing it. He runs his hands through his hair. Damn, I wish I can run my hands through his hair. Wait, no I don't. "Why?". Is he kidding me? After he made a big deal about me being a virgin he want to know why I am leaving. Something is seriously wrong with him. Plus this is already embarrassing as fuck. "Because everything got fucked up" I answer with defeat. Maybe this was a crazy idea after all. He crocks his eyebrow at me and tilt his head to the side "I mean why lose it like this? Why to a stranger?".

Wait, what? Why does he care? Just a few minutes ago he was ready to fuck me right on the spot without even asking my name now he wants to get all up and personal with me. "Why do you care?" I hit him back with a why question.

Present.....

“Oh my God Angel,” Hope wraps me up in a hug “You didn’t deserve any of this, this isn’t your fault” she snobs on my shoulder. I stroke her back trying to calm her down even though it should be the other way around. But that’s why I love her because she actually gives a fuck about me. “Later on we can go to the police station and file a report against him so he can never get close to you again” she says with a stuffy nose. I know that there is no point in going to the police station he’ll just get away with it and come after me or those I care for. Which aren’t much but that’s more of a reason to keep them safe. If there is anything the bikers hate more than the feds are snitches.

“Can we just go to bed I am exhausted” I change the subject. I don’t want to argue with her right now. I have no energy in me to fight. She pulls back from me “Sure baby girl lets go to bed”. Hope walks me to her room and tucks me in bed. She climbs in and wraps her arms around me as she strokes my wet hair. It reminds me of when we were roommates in collage. Even though we had our own beds we always use to sleep together in one. “Everything is going to be fine” she whispers as I close my eyes. I know nothing is going to fine. Nothing is ever fine in my world.

Chapter 5

Tabios

Present.....

“So what do you think?” Josh asks. He’s been filling me in on the details of the meeting. Apparently there is a new stripped club on the block who is looking for a partner and IQ thinks it’s a good idea for us to join in. IQ, which real name is Aaron, is the clubs brains. He handles anything that has to deal with paper work. Out of all of us he was the only one that went to college. He only had a year to go to graduating with his degree but he decided to drop out. No one knows why.

“We can never have enough strip clubs” I give him my devilish smile. We own over 10 strip clubs around the town. We also own nightclubs, mechanic shops, tattoo shops, and even some bakeries. Well we don’t own that the old ladies do but we still get money off them. That’s how we earn the club’s money that and other things on the side. When Josh dad, Rob, was running the club he was dealing with drugs, guns, and women. Once Josh took over, he changed everything around. We still deal with guns and women only in a different way. We don’t make the women do anything they don’t want and we don’t sell the guns around our town. We are trying to keep our street clean from all that garbage and we definite don’t deal with drugs. That shit is just too messy for our like.

“I knew you would say that so I told IQ and Crash to look into that” Josh says. He runs his hands through his hair as he sighs. I know there is something else he wants to tell me. “What else?” I ask. Whatever it is I know it isn’t good. I hate when they give you good news and then the bad like if that should change how you feel about the bad. “The boys told me they have seen a few Diablos around here”. Fuck not the Diablos. They have been the Santos rivals even before we join the MC. Once they found out Josh was the new Prez they thought because he was only 17 they could come and try to

take over the town. Boy were they wrong, very wrong. We ended up kicking them out of town. Well whatever was left of them anyways. "What are we going to do?" I ask. I am ready to kick some ass it's been a while since I got my hands dirty. We usually don't kill because we are trying to turn a new leaf but don't get it wrong we'll do it if we have to.

"Well OB thinks we should kill them" he sounds annoyed. Of course he does. That's his answer for everything. The other day the pizza delivery boy forgot to bring his wings and OB suggested that we should kill him maybe like that he would remember next time which makes no sense because he would be dead. Poor boy pissed his pants when he saw that gun in his face. "But I think we should keep an eye on them see what they are doing here and once we know we decide what to do with them". That sounds like a better idea. We've been trying to stay out of the feds way. Thanks to the clubs reputation it isn't going that well for us. "I'll get Clutch and Xaiver on the job" I say trying to help my friend out.

Josh leans back into his chair and tilts his head back. I sort of feel bad for the fucker the way he is going he is going to end up dying of a heart attack at the age of 26. Is not easy being a Prez and especially when it comes down to the Santos. Josh had to take the responsibility since he was 17 after his father decided to ditch the club and join a new one, the "it's five o'clock somewhere" club. God that man can drink.

"When was the last time you got your dick licked?" I ask out of nowhere. If I was talking to someone else this would be an awkward conversation but its Josh, my brother. He snaps his head at me with a smirk "Why you want to do the honors?". Fucking fucker always has a comeback for everything. "I knew you were enjoying my nick name a little too much". Luckily so do I. "Fuck off" he flips me the bird. "I think we should go down stairs where the bunnies are and get our dick wet as we see who can drink the most Jack".

Every club have their own bunnies they might not call them as nice as we do but they have them. Bunnies are the whores that jump from dick to dick trying to be some one's old lady. They fuck anything that has a living pulse. "You know I can use some bunny on bunny action" he states. See anything that has a pulse. One of the ups of being VP and Prez is that the bunnies live to serve our every last filthy desire. "Fuck it lets go" my dick is getting hard just thinking about it.

2 years ago....

She has a good point I don't even know why I care but I do. Why would someone give their virginity to some stranger she just met? Isn't that supposed to be some kind of special bullshit gift or something like that? "Just get out my damn way so I can fucking leave" she hissed. You know what why do I fucking care? All I wanted was to get some fresh pussy and the world hands me a brand new never been use pussy and I am over here acting like Dr. Phil. What is it to me if she wants to lose it this way?

“Fine I’ll do it” I blurt. There is no way I am letting some other fucker get to taste and explore that body. “What?” her eyebrows snapped together “Who said I still want it?”. Ooh she wants to play games. Then I’ll play. I push myself off the door and walk towards her slowly. She tries to back away but I wrap my arm around her waist “You know you want some of this baby”.

Her breathing starts to get heavier as her chest raises and falls. Damn she has great tits. “You’re an ass” she says breathless. I haven’t even touches her and she is breathless. I run my finger up and down her chest in between her valley. Her skin is so soft just like I imaged it. “There is only one condition” I whisper into her ear. Her body shivers against mine. “What’s your name?” I ask. I usually wouldn’t give a fuck about the name but I have to know hers. “Jessica” she whispers into my skin. Her breath caresses my neck and my dick jumps. I don’t think that’s her name because she refuses to let me see her ID. I dip my head and kiss her neck right on her vein. I feel her heartbeat speed up and I smile to myself.

I have never been so turned on in my life. “Your real name baby” I cup her breast and find her nipple ready to play. I start by rubbing it with my thumb and she lets out a small sexy moan. I know she is trying to control herself. “Tell me or I’ll stop” I trace her neck with my tongue and then I blow on it. I know damn well there is no way I would be able to stop now but she doesn’t know that. I pinch her nipple with my fingers and she digs her nails into my shoulder. “Angel” she moans into the air. I chuckle into her neck “Angel?”. She nods her head as she moans her answer. How ironic that her name would be Angel out of all names.

Chapter 6

Angel

Present....

A week has gone by since I got here. Manic has been calling and texting me like a mad man but I don’t even bother in answering. I called my phone company the other day to block his number. I don’t want anything to do with him ever again. I was so terrified of not getting my period but thankfully two days later I got it. The bruise on my face is starting to vanish; you can barely see them with some make up. The bite marks are also getting better but they are more noticeable. Even though I am starting to look better in the outside, in the inside I am all fucked up which is funny because I thought I was already fucked up to begin with but what Manic did to me really broke whatever last thread I was holding onto. The fact that he took my rights to decide what to do with my body destroyed me. Every night I have the same nightmare. I relive what he did to me but this time there is screaming. Thankfully Hope hasn’t been there for one of my crisis she is always at work.

Hope is already pissed off at me for not reporting Manic. She doesn't understand, that is only going to complicate things. If Manic was to find out I went down to the police station I don't even want to think about what he'll do to me. I am just glad I finally got away from him even though I have to admit I miss my mom. I know she doesn't deserve for me to even think about her but after all she is still my mom. But there is no way I am going back home it's better for me to miss her than to deal with her shit. Plus she probably hasn't even notice that I am missing.

"What are you doing?" Hope walks in holding two cups of hot coco. She hands me the one with the over flowing marshmallows. She knows how much I love them. "Thanks" I smile up at her as I inhale the coco. There is something about the smell of coco that relaxes me. Coco is my coffee. "You're welcome baby girl," she smiles with her million dollar smile. I don't know how she can always be so happy. Even with the shitty hand life handed her. Hope is an orphan she was placed in the system since she was 2 years old until she landed in Mrs. Millers hands at age 9. Only God knows the shit she has been through. She has no family that she knows of. Part of me thinks that was one of the reason why I was drawn to her because even though I physical have a mom it's like I didn't have one at all. "What are you thinking about?" she asks as she takes the seat across from me. I shrug my shoulder and take a sip of my coco "Nothing really". I know I have a marshmallow mustache on top of my lip but I don't bother in cleaning it. "I thought you were over thinking your decision". Here we go with this again I roll my eyes out of annoyance. "Do you know how ridiculous you look rolling your eyes with a marshmallow mustache?" she laughs. I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand. "Drop it Hope," I warn her. I don't want to get into this again. She out of all people should know there is nothing she can say to make me change my mind. "Fine" she scrunched up her face.

"How is work?" I change the subject before we find each other in another argument. She shrugs her shoulder not happy with changing the conversation but goes with it "Good I have to go in today". Hope works two jobs. She works as a nurse full time in the mornings and works part time at Sync, which is a nightclub. You know the ones that have a human bird cages hanging from the ceiling and you get to dance inside of them, which is funny because Hope isn't much of a party girl but she has been working there since she moved out here. "Do you want to come?" she asks. Going out doesn't seem like a bad idea but I am not ready to get back out there to the real world just yet. I'll rather just stay here in my own little world where only Hope and I exist. Before I can even answer her my phone rings.

"That better not be him" Hope huffs as I reach for my phone. I look down at the screen hoping the same thing. I've never seen the number that is popping up on my screen even though part of me is scare to answer it I do anyways. "Hello?" I answer hoping it's not Manic. "Good afternoon may I please speak to Angel Faye" the voice on the other line says. It's so strange to hear my last name. Everyone that knows me calls me by my first name. "This is she" Hope gives me her who the hell is that face and I just shrug my shoulders. "Hi Misses. Faye my name is Mike and I been trying to

contact you for a few days now” he says. Mike? I don't know any Mike especially one that talks so formal. “I am sorry I don't know any Mikes”. I am ready to hang up.

“Of course you don't. I'm your father's attorney and I am sorry to have to tell you this over the phone but your father has recently passed away”. What? Why would my father attorney be calling me? My father doesn't even care if I am alive or not. Oh god did he just say my father passed away. “Are you still there?” he asks. Of course my dad is dead. The only person that could of change my world around is gone. My throat starts to tighten and my eyes start to burn with un-shed tears. Why the hell do I feel like crying? I didn't even know him. He didn't even want to be part of my life.

“Yeah” I manage to finally say. I feel Hope's eyes on me. “I am sorry for your lose,” he states “but I am calling because I would like for you to come in so we can talk about your father's will”. That shocks me even more than the whole my father being dead thing.

My father left me on his will? Why? Maybe he knew he was dying and felt bad for never wanting me in the first place and thought he could buy some peace. “Would you be able to come in this Thursday?”. Hell no! Just like he didn't want anything to do with me when he was alive I don't want anything to do with him now that he is dead but deep inside of my chest there is something telling me I have to go. “Yeah” I agree. It seems I can only come up with one words answers. “That would be great see you then I'll send you our address in a text message” and with that he hangs up.

“Who was that?” Hope asks. I drop my phone on my lap and just stare at her in disbelief. I can't believe after all this time wishing and hoping to hear from my father I finally hear from him and of course he is dead. Now that I think about it, it's sort of funny of course the only person I really was hoping would come and save me is dead. That would be just my luck. I bust out laughing. Hope looks at me with her eyebrow connected in the middle making me laugh even more. “What so funny?” she ask. I wipe my tears with my shirt “My father is dead”. Hope looks more shocked than I did a few minutes ago. “Oh God, Angel” she whispers. I can't help it I start laughing again.

2 years ago....

I fucking hate him for making me tell him my name. I guess he has more power over me than what I thought. He runs his tongue up my throat tasting me like if I was a lollipop until he reaches my mouth. “You're fucking sexy” I feel his hands on my dress and next thing I know I hear the sound of my dress ripping. Holly shit! He ripped my dress open. I want to be mad at him for ripping my dress but I am too turned on to even care. He throws me over his shoulder like a caveman and walks towards his bed room. He kicks the door open with his combat boots and lays me on his bed carefully. He steps back and runs his eyes all over my body “Fuck”. I feel like covering myself up but I like the fire I see in his eyes. “Now what?” I ask with excitement.

The right side of his mouth lifts up. He looks like the big bad wolf ready to eat little red. “Now you lay back and enjoy”. He pulls off his shirt the way real men do you know with one hand over his head. I can't help but to ogle his body. Damn he is beyond sexy. He has muscles all over his body. His arms are cut with muscles and cover in tattoos, his chest is firm. He has a well define 6 pack, you can actually see the little squares. I want to run my tongue all over his stomach. He has a clean

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