

Frank's phone buzzed against his hip as he stretched out across the rusty old truck bed. He was content to ignore it at first; most likely just Harley bugging him about when he was going to be back, something he didn't feel like dealing with tonight. He needed to distance himself from her a little. What had started out as a game for him had grown into something far beyond what he'd wanted. She'd been a job. A procurement. And he figured, what the hell? If he had to drag her around, why not have a little fun? She was never supposed to get under his skin the way she had. He hated it, hated the way he craved the salty smoothness of her skin, craved her scent.

And yet, even when he fought to get a little peace and quiet away from her incessant nagging, his body—and something deeper inside—itched and squirmed with her absence. The animal inside him had hungered for her from the moment he'd been turned. It was like a switch had flipped. Once the wolf was alive within him, it had scented her and wanted her. Frank had never questioned his wolf. He'd submitted himself to it in all things, including her. But that didn't mean he had to like the fact that he was drawn to a woman that drove him crazy in every way he could think of—good and bad.

Nursing the bottle in his hand, he tried to put her out of his mind. He needed a clear head tonight. Distractions could be fatal. As much as he'd like to pretend tonight was an escape with his boys, the truth of the matter was it was so much more than that. Tonight was going to change everything.

The phone nagged at him again, vibrating over and over until he slipped it out of his pocket and flipped it open. The screen nearly blinded him as it lit up, flashing the name "Joy Anne" across the screen. Frank sat up, knocking John-Boy from his unstable perch on the Chevy's frame. His brothers laughed as the prospect fell face-first in the dirt, but Frank's attention rested solely on the messages Joy Anne had sent him.

*he knows*

*hes hedin straight to u*

*watch ur ass*

*Fantastic*, he thought. His grin widened as he snapped the phone shut and shoved it back into his pocket, not even bothering to send a message back. Thank God that bitch could come

through when it counted. Not that she'd had any clue she'd been nothing more than some moveable piece in his little game. Things were falling into place.

If Frank were a better man, he might have felt like a shit for tugging her along the way he did. But he wasn't. And he didn't. He needed her for his plan and nothing more. There had been no doubt in his mind she and Chuck would get into it and she would open her mouth. In fact, he was counting on it. He needed her to wind Chuck up, get him so pissed off that he'd fuck up. He'd be looking for blood. As long as he could keep Harley from finding out what he'd had to do, he'd be golden.

He briefly entertained the idea of Harley and Joy Anne being let off their leashes at one another. It was no secret how much Harley despised the woman; something that couldn't be helped when the dumb bitch kept throwing herself at him right in front of her. But then again, she loved to stir shit up. It was as though she was trying to get a chance at Harley. Like she was just waiting for an excuse to sink claws into her. The idea of them fighting it out had started out amusing, but just thinking of Joy Anne hurting his girl made his skin burn hot.

Fucking women. They would be the death of him.