

MERCY ON ME



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

I dedicate this to you, the reader who needs to get away from real life for a little while and to live in someone else's. Happy hiding!

The road to Hell is paved with good intentions

This is a story for those who love their fictional men completely and unapologetically unhinged. And for those who try not to.

CHAPTER 1



EVAN KING

I LOVE NEW YORK.

She's the first woman I've ever owned.

She holds the siren call to the darkness that's always hummed in my blood. It's on her streets, where I can connect to her impatience, feeling the urgency to take her where she needs to be. Her submission to the crimes that I inflict to get there has allowed me to build a legacy that is untouchable.

I've monopolized her and wreaked havoc. I own the most expensive high-rises and every business that runs within them. The slums and the baggage of dirt that comes with her is mine. Even her politicians who try to stop me are mine. She suits me. This life caught between danger and profit has suited me well.

It's like any other working day. Turn up at some poor fucker's office who isn't pulling in enough on my investment, threaten to slaughter them and their bloodline if they don't fix it; before moving onto the next poor sap.

My day was going well until I stepped into the fine mist of rain that New York is known for. Today, the skies were murky as I made my way to my car parked outside of Bankintons and Co.

My blood was still humming with electricity. I'd just spent the past hour berating the CEO of Bankintons and Co. on how to run his company. The idiot had sent the company's stocks into a nosedive after being caught fucking behind his wife's back.

The press had been on his dick faster than the prostitutes he was paying for. I'd tried to find an ounce of pity for the guy, but it wasn't even in my DNA to feel for men like this. Instead, I took it personally. My money was in his company, and I didn't take kindly to him fucking that up for me. So, I left him with a parting message: fix it or I'm taking full control.

John, my driver, watched as I wiped down my knuckles on the handkerchief in my hand. His smirk tugged at the corner of his thin lips.

"Go well, Boss?"

I stuffed the handkerchief back in my pocket before undoing the button to my coat. "I think a positive change is on the horizon, John."

"Very good." He opened my door as I stepped off the sidewalk. "Ready to go meet your brother for lunch?"

"Yes, let's go."

Before I leaned into the car, my phone buzzed against my chest. I didn't need to know who had texted me. Cara was the only woman my phone was set to buzz for, and right now, I didn't need her.

A squeal of tires interrupted the usual bustle of the streets around us, and I looked up, sensing the threat before I saw it. It's a feeling you get used to when you're raised in the mafia

and become one of the most hated men in New York. There's always a threat on the horizon.

A yellow cab screeches around the corner up ahead, splashing a woman with rainwater who idled on her phone. It picks up speed, careening around traffic, heading towards me with no intent of slowing down.

The scope of a gun glinting against the wing mirror told me all I needed to know. The bullet in that weapon had my name on it.

John moves towards me, his gun pulled from his holster in seconds, and he fires over the roof of the car, aiming for the cab's wheels. Around us people scream, women teeter dangerously in heels across the sidewalk as they duck into the nearest buildings. Men drop their briefcases and bolt.

But the rain stays. It lashes down upon us, disrupting my line of sight. Vulnerability snakes into my chest with every moment the runaway vehicle gets closer.

I lean into the car and grab my gun.

John fires his second shot, taking out the right wheel of the cab, but it's too late. The cab squeals to a stop right in front of our SUV. I fire into the window, hoping to take the shadow of black and gray out, but their gun returns fire.

With only a car between us, I feel the first bullet hit. It slams into my shoulder with such force that I stumble into the open, blood pouring down my new suit.

Fuck. I'm rusty.

"Shit!" I hear John's grunt before the second shot hits me, this time in the ribs. The bullet slams into me like it owns a space in my body, ricocheting like a thousand hot needles as it settles into my flesh.

Everything begins to slow, except for the pain receptors that scream into life. I fall onto my knees, clutching my ribs, trying to keep the pain in enough to retaliate.

John pops two bullets into the open window. Somewhere in the distance, glass smashes and the sound of a car horn blares a consistent scream. Its noise reflects the pain in my body.

Blood gushes from my wounds as I fall back onto the cold, wet ground. God, I want to laugh at the irony of the situation. It feels like déjà vu being here out in the cold, bleeding to death on the ground.

But it wasn't my déjà vu I was reliving. It was my brother's.

"Sir, hold on. The ambo's coming," John coughs, his voice barely registering in my ears. That fucking horn is still blaring.

It's too late; my injuries are far too severe. John's bleeding at my side, and I don't have the energy to hold on for the ambulance. There was too much blood to control. It slips and oozes through my fingers, seeping into the fibers of my shirt.

Even the rain wasn't strong enough to wash it away.

I cough as my mouth fills with the acidic taste of rusty pennies. Not even a swallow could push it back down.

Every second that slips by is a second closer to the finality of my life. I felt it with every ragged breath that just made it into my lungs. It was fine. I'd had a good run.

I exhale a shaky laugh, letting the cold ground seep into my back as I close my eyes.

"Hey!" the sound of a female's voice echoes in the distance. "Don't close your eyes. Come on, keep them open for me."

A press of sharp pain against my side brings me back. Large blue eyes blink down at me, expectant. Large waves, angry, scared waves reflect from the orbs that hover over me.

I'm drowning.

Red stains the blue waves, tainting the water with every drop.

Another pain shoots up from my shoulder until the nerve fires in my neck. I groan, wanting the searing burn to stop.

Get off. Let me fucking die in peace.

She presses harder. “Look at me!” she calls, her voice wavering through the sound of the blood in my ears. And I do. I open my eyes and see her over me.

I was definitely dead.

There’s no way she could possibly be real. It was impossible to have a face so ethereal be tethered to this rotten world, to me.

An angel hovers over me with black silk for hair, pinked lips touched from the cold, and skin so white it was almost see-through.

It didn’t make sense. An angel had come to take me away?

Maybe they have revoked my spot in Hell after all, or the devil wasn’t ready to give up his spot.

I laugh. Or I think I do—I’ve lost all sense of my reactions at this point.

I see her lips move but there was nothing but the slow, lazy thump of my heartbeat in my ears. I reach up to touch her, to remove my blood that was smeared across her chin. It tainted her stunning skin; staining her with my misery.

She grabs my hand, pulling it away from her chin and squeezes my fingers.

“I’ve got you, okay? Don’t let go of my hand. Hey! Keep those eyes open. Don’t let go of me, okay?” Another wave pulls me under.

Blood washes my throat, filling me with the taste of dirty pennies again and death.

My angel frowns and drops her head towards me. Her black hair smells of rain and strawberries as it dips into my blood—tainting its beauty. My angel’s cool fingers touch my neck, and she frowns.

Ah. My time was coming.

Her voice came in a rush, pushing through my lazy heart-beat. "What's your name?" she begs me. "Tell me your name."

I cough, feeling my cooling blood ooze from my lips in rivulets. "Shouldn't you know that?"

She narrows her eyes, seeing something I couldn't. "You've lost a lot of blood," her whisper flutters into my ears, lulling me into the warmth that waited beyond her painful touch. "I'm trying to stop it, but its seeping through my scarf. I'm going to have to..."

I close my eyes, enjoying the warmth of her body on mine. "It's only blood, Angel."

We come into this life covered in it so why not leave in the same way?

Another press and the pain snaps me back to her. But she's looking down, her hands busy against my ribs. I wanted to tell her to stop, that there wasn't any point, but the words stall in my throat.

I'm drowning. Black seeps into my vision and my heart prepares to beat a final time.

"Hey, don't you dare!" she snaps. "You don't get to die on me when I'm ruining a perfectly good scarf to save you, okay?"

"Miss, step back. We can take over from here."

My eyes close for what feels like the final time. I won't make it to the hospital. I feel it in the marrow of my bones. I'm spent. Exhausted and weightless.

Even the pain has stopped.

"No," she tells them, her voice right in my ear as if she's talking directly to me. "If I take my hands out the bleeding will start again. You'll have to take us both."



THE STAB to my arm was the first thing that pulled me away from the doorstep of Hell. Followed by a tight band being snapped around my arm.

My lids lift a touch to the excruciating flash of a pen light.

“Mr. King, do you know where you are?”

In Hell’s waiting room.

I swallow. My throat tight with pain and thick with blood. I wish, with everything in my being, that I had died because the raging of my injuries was burning holes through me. I felt feverish and brutalized by the bullets still in my flesh.

“Hospital,” I croak under my oxygen mask.

I was being wheeled into an elevator, surrounded by doctors and nurses all hidden behind masks and scrubs.

“We’re taking you down to surgery now, Mr. King. You are in good hands.”

Hands. I remember those small hands as they pressed the blood back into my body, willing me to live. I remember the angel they belonged to. I remember her silky voice as she begged me to stay with her—to not leave her.

I try to lift my head to find her but fail. “Where is she?”

“Who?” a nurse asks as she leans over me, pulling my mask down a touch.

“My angel,” I groan. Every word shifted the pain up a notch. “Where is she?”

“Do you mean the lady who came in with you, sir?” I don’t know who spoke but I’m glad they did. Every bit of movement, exhale of breath, took more energy—depleting my stores, leaving me at a breaking point.

I nod. It’s all I have left.

“She’s in the waiting room. Don’t worry, Mr. King, we’ll update her once we get you out of surgery.”

I heard the tone, the worry laced behind the words. The

possibility of making it out of surgery was slim, that's what they wanted to say but couldn't.

They wanted me to have hope. There was strength in knowing you could make it, claw your fucking way out of Hell, and they were trying to give me that. What they didn't realize, as they upped my pain medication, was the angel waiting for me had given me the flicker of hope to survive.

I just hoped the flicker was strong enough to turn into a fire, so I could return to meet her and kill the motherfucker who put her in my life.