

Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

#Chapter 3 - Uncooperative King

I hesitate, settling down in my chair across from this man, sensing that I'm the doe to his wolf. It feels almost as if he could leap across this table at any moment and gobble me up.

Daniel's father is Kent Lippert, the Mafia King of our city. That's why he has a bodyguard, *that's* why he has so much money –

I quirk my head to the side, still staring at Lippert, realizing that this is also why Daniel is hiding his sexuality – the mafia of our city are notoriously conservative, and family is everything. A gay son would never be accepted, especially an *only* son –

God, he really did want me to be his beard –

Poor Daniel, he's got to hide everything he loves –

Suddenly, I realize that the man in front of me is smiling, just slightly, his eyes moving over me as I stare at him like a deer in the headlights.

I clench my jaw, reminding myself that he *is* the villain.

“So,” I say, turning back to my papers, nervous. *You've done this a thousand times, Fay!* I remind myself. *You could do this in your sleep!* “Can you please state your name for me, and place of birth?”

“I believe,” Lippert says slowly, “That you're already aware of my history.” He leans back, studying me.

I lift my eyes to glare at his impudence – he's so rude. But, unfortunately, he's right. Everyone in this city knows this information. I quickly fill out the form.

I glance up at him, struck again by his similarity to Daniel. The profile, especially, is almost exactly the same – but whereas Daniel is gentle, refined, Kent has a grim, lethal quality to his face.

I drag my gaze away from him, feeling a shiver pass through me, tapping its fingers down my spine. Somehow, I imagine that they're Kent's fingers...

I quickly dismiss the thought and focus.

"The rest of the questions that I ask you today will be of a personal and psychological nature," I say, giving the canned speech I'm required to say to all inmates. "The state does require that you answer all questions fully and honestly as part of the assessment. Do you understand?"

He is silent in response and I look up at him, a knee-jerk reaction to an unresponsive patient. He's smirking at me, unblinking. "Little girl," he says, slowly leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees, "what gives you the right to ask me *anything* about my history and my mind?"

I sit straight in my chair, unnerved by such a question. "The state has hired me to administer these examinations –"

"Do you have a degree?" he cuts in. "Some kind of...certificate?" The final word is heavy with derision.

I frown at him and reach down to rifle through my bag, producing the certified paperwork from the state which qualifies me for this position. "Here," I say, returning his glare. "If you're so curious." I reach across the table to hand it to him.

A second before he grabs my wrist, I realize my mistake. He snatches my hand, fully capturing it in his, pulling me forward against the table. It doesn't quite hurt, but, surprised, I drop the paperwork as I gasp, looking up at him, terrified as he brings my hand close to his face, and then –

Oh my god –

Slowly, indulgently, he runs his nose across the ivory skin of my wrist. "Camomile, lavender," he murmurs, closing his eyes, indulging in my scent. "So fresh and clean," he says. Then he opens his eyes and stares into my bewildered face, wanting to see my reaction as he says, "you *must* be a virgin."

My lip trembles in shock, in awe. His eyes eat me up, savoring the tremble of my lips, my wide, terrified eyes.

A guard flies through the door “Hands off!” he yells, but Kent has already released my wrist, raising his hands over his head, perfectly calm.

“Sorry,” he says, smirking, his eyes on me. “Won’t happen again.”

I blink at him, sitting back in my chair. I straighten my shoulders, unable to take my eyes off him.

“Are you all right, miss?” the guard says, leaning forward to look me over.

“I’m fine,” I say, rubbing my wrist with my other hand. I’m not hurt – just...shocked. I clear my throat and look back down at my papers. “We will...we will proceed.” I work to steel myself, determined to regain control, to finish this interview.

I give Lippert a steady glare, raising my chin. I’m tougher than he thinks I am.

At least, I hope I am.

I pick up my pen again, grateful that my hands aren’t shaking. “Please,” I say, focusing again on the paper. “Can you tell me about the crime for which you were imprisoned? I see,”

“Your little skirt,” he says, grinning at the fact that he’s riled me so easily, “is also very precious. You have beautiful legs, and it’s the perfect length to –“

“*Please*, sir,” I repeat, surprised to hear it come out in a shaky little growl. “I demand your *respect* in this process. Please be aware that what I report today will affect the rest of your time in prison, as well as your chances for early release. So I *suggest* that you take this process seriously.”

He enrages me further by laughing at me – actually *laughing* at me –

“Darling,” he says, leaning forward. “I couldn’t take you seriously if I tried. “

My mouth falls open and I blink at him, shocked, but it quickly turns to rage. I slam my hand on the table, but he only laughs harder. “Sir!” I say. “This is an important process!” I hit the table again for emphasis, my hand stinging. He just watches my every movement.

“I understand, Doc,” he says. “I’m here, aren’t I? Go ahead. Assess me.” He waves a hand at his body, his powerful muscles, his unyielding gaze.

I stare into his eyes and feel overwhelmed, almost hypnotized by his glare. I dart my eyes away, staring down at the floor – anywhere but at him.

“You looked away first,” he murmurs, studying me. “On the battlefield, this means you’d have died by my hand. Weak.”

Riled, I raise my eyes again to him, determined.

“Good,” he laughs. “I like my girls with a little fight in them.”

My face goes pale and red at once, enraged, mortified to have fallen for his trick, but also – god damnit – I feel my nipples go hard under my blazer. His eyes move to my chest, as if he knows it, the hum in his chest deepening.

I grab my pen again, scrawling words across the paper as fast as I can.

Constantly defiant, ruthlessly sociopathic, no remorse. Recommend continued imprisonment, without parole.

“This is finished.” I say, decided, gathering my papers as fast as I can and shoving them, crinkled, into my bag. I can hear him laughing softly at me as I hurry.

I take a breath, straighten my shoulders, and then give him what I hope is a withering glare as I move towards the door. I pound twice on the metal and the guard lets me out. I don’t look at Lippert again as I start to leave.

“Oh, Doctor,” I hear his voice echo behind me. My cheeks burn with embarrassment as I turn to hear his parting words.

“I’ll see you on the outside,” he says, giving me a dark smirk. “You can count on it.”

“Not if I have anything to say about it,” I murmur, my voice trembling as the guard opens the door and I storm out. My paperwork recommends his eternal imprisonment. As far as I’m concerned, I’ll *never* see him again, and good riddance.