

Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

#Chapter 5 - In Crisis

The music pounds in the club and, I have to admit, I'm really starting to have fun.

Janeen even dressed me tonight, which would usually make me uncomfortable, but I let her take charge. What she called a "dress" is more a sheet of silver fabric that falls across my front and then wraps low around my hips. It's strapped together across my shoulders with a spiderweb of silver strings.

She also curled my long red hair into waves and gave me shadowy makeup and full red lips. Looking at myself in the club's mirrored walls, I feel...well, I blush to admit it, but I feel really sexy.

Janeen sits down next to me then, laughing, waving goodbye to the man she had been talking with. She turns her attention to me, her eyes a little glazed.

"You having fun, baby Fay?" she asks, giving me a wide, inviting smile. I can't help but smile back.

"Yes," I say, laughing. But then Janeen stiffens next to me. There's a man standing across the VIP area, his arms crossed, staring at her. As I look, he starts to walk over.

Janeen gets quickly to her feet, reaching out her arms to wrap this big fat potato of a man in a hug. I grimace a little – he looks like he hasn't showered in a while.

"Dean!" she says, and I can tell her voice is falsely cheerful. "How you been, gorgeous?"

"Janeen," he says, pushing her way from him. "We've got to talk."

"Have you met my little sister, Fay?" she asks, gesturing towards me with a big smile. "Fay, this is Mike Dean, an old friend. He's the manager of the club."

Dean's eyes rove over me, taking in the generous portion of my thigh exposed by this little dress. Uncomfortable, I try to tug it down lower with my fist.

“Um, hello,” I say, hesitant.

He takes Janeen by her elbow. “Come on,” he says. “We’re going to talk around back.”

“Okay,” Janeen murmurs, suddenly serious. She leans down to whisper to me. “It’s just work stuff, don’t worry.” I give her a little smile and nod.

With that, Janeen follows Dean into the back.

They’re gone for a long time.

Anxiously, I run my hand over the underwire of my bra, feeling the tiny switch blade that I’ve hidden there. The only possession my mother left to me in her will. I tucked it into my bra tonight, just in case. I don’t really know how to use it, but it calms me to know that it’s there.

Half an hour more and the door opens. Dean come out of it but my stomach drops. Where’s my sister?

Dean’s eyes catch on me as he starts to move further out into the club. I see him mouth the word “shit,” and then he walks over to me.

“Janeen’s sister, right?”

“Yes?”

“She got sick,” he says. “She’s just throwing up, but she’s a little green around the gills right now,” he says, gesturing towards his own neck.

I stand and turn towards the staff door, intending to go find my sister, but he stops me.

“No, listen,” he says, “she won’t want you to see her like this. Come with me, I’ll take you some place where you can wait more comfortably.” He pulls me forward.

I totter after him, confused and worried, as he pulls me quickly across the club to a black door, pushing it open.

The inside is barely lit – a dark room with mirrors on the ceiling and tiny pinpricks of light coming up from the floor. A wide velvet bench wraps itself around the

room with little black cocktail tables lined up in front of it. I blink, trying to let my eyes adjust, as Dean settles me into a little table by the door.

“Wait here for a bit,” Dean says, looking beyond me. “I’ll have someone bring you a drink. Your sister will be fine soon.” Then, he walks away.

Someone does bring me a drink and I take a sip of it, but then, realizing that it might be laced with something, I push it away from me. As my eyes adjust, I look around the room and realize that I’m not alone in here.

Bodies, mostly in couples, writhe together on the black velvet seating. Some of them are dancing, but some...well, that girl is on her knees. My eyes go wide as I realize what she is doing.

I jump to my feet, blushing and heading for the door.

As soon as I reach it, though, Dean comes through it again. “Whoa whoa whoa!” he says, putting up hands to stop me. I shrink in front of him.

“Where you going, baby?” he says, rubbing a hand up and down my arm.

Instinctually, I jerk my arm away from him.

Dean keeps moving towards me, but for every step he takes, I take one backwards. Soon, I feel myself bump into a table behind me.

He presses up against me. There’s nowhere else to go.

“You’d better be a good girl for me,” Dean whispers, his hot breath on my face. “Or else your sister’s gonna pay. She owes me a lot of money. Tonight, you’re going to work some of it off.”

I’m scared to death, a little whimper escaping my mouth.

“Do you mind?” The voice drawls from behind Dean. “That’s my psychotherapist you’re harassing there.”

I feel Dean’s weight lift off me as he turns towards the voice. I peer behind him, recognizing it, shocked. It can’t be –

But there, behind him, stands the Mafia King, his hands coolly pressed in his pockets.

“We weren’t quiet finished with our sessions,” Lippert says. “So would you mind getting the *fuck* off her?”

“Okay, boss,” Dean says, putting up his hands. “I didn’t know.”

Lippert flicks his chin at him, telling him to get lost. Dean gives me a dirty look as he goes.

Lippert moves forward a step and takes my chin between his finger and thumb, turning my face back to him. “Hello, Fay Thompson,” he says, smirking. “Did you miss me?”

I stare at him, all thoughts freezing in my mind. Part of me – the sane part – knows I should scream and run. But I’m fixed in place, a mouse caught by a cobra.

“Well, *doc*,” he purrs. “We’re going to have to put on a little show, for Dean there. If I let you go now, he’ll probably cut your throat for the embarrassment you caused him.”

I glance over at the bar and see Dean drinking deeply of some brown liquor, staring at us.

My breath ratchets up as I start to panic, as Lippert takes another step closer to me. I’m trapped now – trapped between this king in front of me and the savage by the bar. I want to bolt but I know I can’t.

“Just a little show, Fay,” he says. “Shall we make it more convincing?”

He slides a hand underneath the gossamer strap that holds my dress up at the shoulder. Slowly, he wraps it around his finger, drawing the fabric taught against my skin. Then he yanks, snapping it.

The left corner of my dress front sags down, revealing my silver strapless bra underneath.

“You know, *doc*. ” he breathes, staring down at my chest. “I wanted to do this the first day we met.”

As I listen to him I know that it’s not just fear that’s racing through my veins anymore. Something in his face, the desire I see there, makes me want more of it. Makes me want him to want me more.

God – what is wrong with me?

At the sight of this dangerous man – this *criminal* – looking at *me* with hunger in his eyes - I feel a heat between my legs, feel myself grow wet.

I stand still, letting him stare at me, wanting him to –

My eyes fly wide as I realize the direction of my thoughts. Want him to *what*, to *rape* me, here in the strip club? Is this *seriously* how I want to lose my virginity?!

I gasp at the thought of it, again full of fear and panic. My hand flies to my chest, tucking under my bra, grabbing my mother's switch blade.

I yank it down to my side, my hand trembling as I flick it open. Then, steeling myself, I scream as loud as I can and whip my hand up, aiming the blade directly for the side of Lippert's neck.