

Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

#Chapter 6 - Who Is She

Kent sees the blade just in time, whipping up his hand to intercept it.

The blade slips between his fingers and then drags down his palm, cutting his skin, but just the surface. Growling, Kent grabs Fay's fist and twists, trapping the knife between their palms, wrenching her wrist back so that she feels the bones grind together.

Fay cries out, her body bending to follow her wrist, desperate to keep it from snapping. Kent holds her at his mercy as she gasps for pain and looks up at him with wide eyes. His anger turns to mercy in that moment and he huffs a laugh at the girl.

She's just a frightened little thing.

"Clever girl, carrying a knife" Kent says. "Too bad you don't know how to use it. But we're not going to do that again, are we, Fay?"

Fay nods, desperate, and Kent lets her go. Fay falls back against the table, gripping her wrist with her other hand, hissing with relief. She looks around on the floor for her knife, but it's still in Kent's hand. Quietly, he slips it into his pocket.

Kent takes a moment to study this delicate, beautiful girl. His second in command had wanted to come to this club tonight to check on some business, but Kent's eyes had gone immediately to Fay as Dean dragged her across the floor to the black door of the Champagne Room.

Kent had known, instantly, that this meant trouble. He had moved on instinct, following her into this room, saving her from that low life.

But now he was in a bind. Dean was a punk, but he wasn't unconnected. He ran the best strip club in the city and he used his gang connections to exploit his dancers and take their cash. Kent couldn't take one of his girls away without making waves with Dean's boss.

If the other bosses knew how quickly Kent had acted to save her, they would see Fay as a weakness, something they could threaten to get what they wanted.

Kent ground his teeth, knowing that there was only one option now. If he didn't protect her now, she'd be dragged right to the bottom of the underworld, fast.

Kent snaps his head to his second and nods to the girl in front of him. Then, he turns on his heel and walks out of the room.

Behind him, Kent can hear Fay's protest as his second heaves her over his shoulder in a fireman carry and then quickly follows Kent.

"What? Hey!" she exclaims, and then "Please!"

Kent turns to glare at his second, who gives Fay a rough shake. She shuts her mouth, then, though Kent hears a whimper escape her lips. He steels himself against the sound.

It's a work of minutes to get out of the club. Nobody says a word to stop the Mafia King from carrying a girl out the front door.

Kent's black Escalade is waiting out front, his second's behind it. For safety, Kent never has less than two cars in his entourage.

Fay's little cry of fear is cut off as the second places her, not very gently, on in the front seat of the first car and then slams the door. Kent goes around to the driver's side of the Escalade as the second moves to the other car.

Kent's mind is whirring as he opens the driver's door and climbs in, making plans for what to do with this unexpected new burden. He peels out onto the road, not looking at her.

A few streets later, he's surprised by the sound of her voice.

"Where..." she says, her voice breathy.

Kent's gaze snaps to her, taking in her wide, beautiful eyes, the movement of her throat as she gulps in fear. He sees her jump, almost, at the force of his glare. But then she steels herself.

"Where are you taking me?" she demands.

Kent returns his eyes to the road.

“Please let me go,” she says. “They’ve got my sister back there – I don’t know what they’ll do to her!”

Kent makes a note of it in his mind.

She tries again. “Please let me go,” she whispers, “I didn’t mean any harm at the prison – or here – I don’t know what I did –”

“You didn’t *do* anything,” he says, turning onto a side street.

Her voice is frantic when she tries again. “Are you...are you taking me to a brothel?”

Kent turns to stare at her, his brow furrowed with disgust and confusion. She’s shaking like a leaf in his front seat. “Why would I take you to a brothel, Fay?”

“To make me...work there. Pay off my debt. My sister’s debt.”

Kent shakes his head again, laughing a dark little laugh. He just saved this girl from Dean, and here she is accusing him of doing precisely what Dean was going to do. Shaking his head, Kent concentrates on the traffic.

Truly, this girl was too delicate for his world.

Kent sees Fay moving in the seat next to him, dipping to the floor to grab something, but assumes she dropped a piece of her jewelry.

It’s quiet for a moment until – click click – he hears the whirring of a mechanism next to him. What was that – a lighter?

Frowning, he turns and is shocked to see Fay with a lit lighter, bringing it so close to her perfect face that he can smell the delicate peach fuzz of her cheek burning –

“Stop the car,” she demands, her voice shaking, flinching at the pain of the lighter against her skin -

“Fay!” He roars.

“Stop the car!” she yells. “Or I swear to god, I’ll burn myself!”

“Fay, you *idiot*” Kent barks, slamming on the breaks. The car skids to a violent stop and Fay flies forward, slamming her ribs into the dashboard, slipping down to the floor.

Kent works to control the car’s skid, ensuring they don’t hit any other cars, that they’re not rammed from behind, and then throws the car in park, spinning towards the girl.

She’s moaning in pain, her eyes shut, pressing one hand to her ribs. Kent grinds his teeth, frustrated, glancing over her to determine if anything is truly damaged –

No, she’s okay, any injuries superficial -

“Fay, what the *hell was that*,” he grinds out as he reaches into the back of the car for a metal box he keeps there for moments like this, with uncooperative captives.

She speaks with her eyes closed, still pressing her hand to her ribs. “If you’re going to make me a prostitute,” she whimpers, “then I don’t want to have this face – maybe you’ll let me work off my debt some other way if I’m disfigured –“

Rolling his eyes, Kent works quickly, pulling a rag out of the box and soaking it in the clear liquid. Then he reaches a hand behind Fay’s neck to hold her head steady.

Her eyes fly open as he presses the rag firmly against her nose and mouth. She struggles away from it, but he holds her steady with a practiced hand.

When she goes limp, Kent gently lets her body settle against the seat. Kent turns back to the road and puts the car back in drive, his cut palm smarting at his angry grip on the wheel.

God damnit, this girl was already more trouble than she was worth.

As he drives, Kent feels something in his pocket. Remembering the tiny switchblade, he pulls it out, studying it between glances at the road. So tiny, delicate – so very much like Fay.

She’s got an edge to her, too, he thinks, even if she doesn’t know it herself. He never would have thought that a girl like Fay would have a switchblade hidden in her bra. A mistake that almost cost him a scar on his face, he thinks, a smirk pulling at his lips.

He glances at Fay, again, resting on the floor of his car. What a strange little woman – full of contradictions, full of life.

Despite himself, he is drawn to her.

Frowning at the thought, Kent flicks open the switchblade, studying it.

At a red light, he looks closer, noticing writing along the razor's edge. He brings it close to his eye.

To my sharp-tongued Victoria, whose words cut as deep as this razor. Love always, Lorenzo.

Shocked, Kent stares at the blade in his hand, and then deftly returns it to his pocket. He drags a hand down his face.

Victoria. Lorenzo. *Fay*.

Suddenly, he knows exactly who this girl is.