

Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Chapter 7 - True Identity

I'm in a daze, half in consciousness, half out of it –

I hear a moan – did that come?

I open my eyes, frowning. Where's the car? I close my eyes against the warm yellow light of the room. I want to wake up, but I feel sleep pressing me back down –

A prick at my finger – I jump at it, pushing away the hands that hold my arm –

“It's all right,” a woman's soft voice says. “All done now...”

Then, a man's voice – I swim out of the darkness, propelled by fear. I know that voice.

“...to the lab, I want fast processing. I want it compared to the bloodline...”

I shake my head, groaning. I blink, looking around the finely-furnished room. I don't know this place.

I push myself up until I'm seated with my feet curled beneath me on a chaise lounge. I notice that I'm still wearing my club outfit, but someone has buttoned a man's white shirt over top of it. As I put my weight on my hands, I feel pain in my finger. I look down to see a Band-Aid on it. What –

Suddenly, a hazy memory comes back to me – a woman taking my blood, Lippert telling them to take it to some *lab* –

Panic seizes me - I must be somewhere on Lippert's property. I grip the fabric of the couch, looking around for some kind of escape. There are windows, but they look out on tree tops – we're certainly on the second floor or above –

Horrible images flood my mind – what the hell does Lippert want with my blood? Is he selling it? Does he want the sample so that he can let his cronies on the black market know my blood type so they can better bid on my organs!?

My hands anxiously fly to my hair, tangling in it. I stare at the door. Maybe if I just run –

The door swings open and I hold my breath.

Kent Lippert stands in the doorway, studying me as I stare at him. I know what he sees – a feral, frightened creature, ready to spring.

But he doesn't laugh at me, or scare me any further. After a long moment, he just closes the door behind him and walks forward.

My breath comes faster as he approaches, as he reaches in his pocket, brings forward – oh my god – a *knife* –

I flinch back away from it and he sighs, continuing to hold out his hand.

“It's *your* knife, Fay. I'm just returning your property.”

I go still, glancing between his face and the knife in his hand. My mother's knife. I leap forward to snatch it out of his palm, but he yanks it away, putting out his other hand to halt my movement. His hand lands squarely on my chest and he gives a tiny shove, pushing me back onto the lounge.

“Easy, Fay,” he says, his voice all authority. “I'll give it back. I just want you to answer some questions first.”

I stare up at him, totally freaked out.

“And if you don't answer my questions, Fay Thompson,” he says, leaning forward to loom over me, his voice merely a whisper. “I'll flush this knife down the drain, and you'll never see it again.”

I clench my jaw and nod, my eyes on my mother's knife, desperate to get it back.

“Where did you get that knife, Fay Thompson?” he asks, straightening up and putting the hand with the knife in his pocket.

“My mother,” I say softly, twirling a stray strand of my hair around my index finger. Why does he keep saying my last name like that? “She gave it to me.”

He nods slowly, thinking. “When did she give it to you?”

“In her will,” I say. “My dad told me to carry it always, to remember her, and for protection.”

Lippert cocks his head to the side, curious. “And who, precisely, is your father?”

I snap my eyes up at him, frowning. Why does he care who my father is, but not my mother? “None of your business,” I snip. “He’s a good person – you *can’t* hurt him –“

“Fay,” he says, smiling down at me, a little cruel. “In this town, I can hurt whoever I want. You think you are trying to delay me by holding back his name, but with every minute you hesitate, that’s one more minute of pain. For you. Or him. Or your sister.”

My eyes widen in horror at the threat.

He smirks at me, a smug cat that has trapped its supper. “Their names, Fay.”

“David and Janeen Thompson,” I murmur, not knowing what else to do. “Please,” I say, begging now. “Please don’t hurt them. They’re good people – they’re not involved in...”

In whatever this is. But what *is* this, anyway? Why am I here?

He nods again and takes his hand out of his pocket, offering the blade to me. I snatch it out of his palm. Then, he turns to leave the room.

Desperate, I play my trump card. “Please!” I shout after him. “Please don’t hurt them! Daniel wouldn’t want you to!”

He pauses at the door, still for a moment. Then, slowly, he turns. “Daniel?” he asks, his eyes close upon me.

I nod vigorously. “Daniel, your son? He’s...” I bite my lip, suddenly embarrassed. “He’s my boyfriend.”

Kent laughs then – a real, shocked laugh. He wipes a hand down his face, shaking his head. “My son Daniel is your boyfriend,” he says, repeating my words and looking up at the ceiling in disbelief.

I nod again, biting my lip against the tiny white lie – he’s not my boyfriend anymore, after all. But I’m desperate for this to work.

“Well isn’t that...serendipitous,” he says.

Kent is still for a moment and then strides across the room, back towards me. When he gets to the lounge he grabs me by the elbow, pulling me to my feet, shaking me so that I pay attention to his words.

“Fay, you little fool, don’t you know who you *are*?” His voice is angry, as if frustrated by my incompetence.

“I’m – I’m –“ my face is lost in confusion – I just told him who I am –

“Who you *are*, Fay. Haven’t you ever asked any *questions* about your mother? Your biological father?” He shakes my arm again as if trying to jog my memory.

My mouth falls open in shock, confusion. How did he know David’s not my biological dad?

Kent is standing close to me now, glaring down into my face. I feel my lower lip tremble traitorously and I pull it into my mouth, desperate not to show weakness. Kent’s eyes flick to my mouth as I do so, watching the action. Slowly, he exhales and, for an instant, pulls me closer.

But then he lets me go.

“Fay, your *dad* has been keeping secrets from you. The woman who owned that knife was Victoria O’Leary, the mistress of Lorenzo Alden.” He looks me up and down, letting go of my elbow and crossing his arms.

“We did a DNA test,” he continues, “against a secure sample about an hour ago. Your name isn’t Thompson, it’s Alden. Fay Alden. And your father has been looking for you for a *long* time.”

I feel myself sink onto the couch, my breath leaving me. I stare into the distance, dazed.

Never – I had never really thought about the identity of my biological dad, never felt any need or desire to. There was one picture of me as a baby with my mother, standing next to a strange man, but I was never really curious -

But could it be –

My memories of my mother are of a bright, laughing woman, hair as red as mine – how could she –

My mother? A mafia mistress? Me, the daughter of a *don*?

Suddenly there's a piece of paper from my face. I take it from Kent's hand with shaking hands and see the confirmation there. *Blood sample from patient A is a biological match for paternity with patient B, identified as Lorenzo Alden.*

"This is...this is my blood?" I breathe, looking up at Kent. He nods down at me, serious.

"You're lucky *I* found you, Fay," he says, again crossing his arms.

I come back to myself a little at his words and glare at him. Lucky enough to be harassed in a strip club, thrown over someone's shoulder, and kidnapped?

He sees some of the irony in my expression and the corner of his mouth lifts, barely a smile.

"This is valuable information, Fay," Kent continues. "If Dean had been the one to find out, he'd be sending pieces of your DNA – maybe a finger – to Alden as ransom. But Alden is my ally – I'll have you reunited with your father soon. In one piece."

I crumple the paper in my hands, tossing it to the ground. "DNA doesn't make a father – I don't *want* to be 'reunited' with a stranger –" I stand up, trying to get out, but Kent blocks my way.

"You're in my world now, Fay," he says. "And in this world, your DNA means more than anything, *family* means more than anything. And for me? It's personal."

I look up at him, distracted from my mission to get to the door. "How the *hell* could this be personal for you? My DNA doesn't match *yours*, thank goodness."

I try to push past him but he puts out an arm to stop me, pulling me against his chest so I can't go any further. Then he wraps his fingers in my hair, tilting my head back, obliging me to look up at him.

“Because, the day she was born, Alden’s daughter was promised to my first-born son. Looks like it was no mistake that fate brought you to Daniel,” he says, his eyes roving over my shocked face.

“In a few months’ time, you’ll be married to him.”