

Captive of My Mafia Crush - Chapter 2 Chapter 2

Chapter 2

“Welcome to the stage...Bambi!” The DJ says, using my stage name.

Dancing comes naturally to me – music has always made me feel at home in my body, and when the music is sexy? Well, then I feel sexy too. I whip my hair back at the crescendo of the music, my eyes moving directly to the man in the money seat directly in front of me, who paid a great deal to be there.

As I move my body in slow, sultry ways, the spotlight is on me, which means that I can’t see the details of the VIP’s face. But even without specifics, I can tell that this is the most important man in the room. He just radiates power.

My breath hitches when I look over the powerful lines of his muscled silhouette. If the Mafia King is here, this is definitely him. He looks like a man who belongs in the shadows, and even though there are other men here, I feel like I’m dancing just for him.

The Mafia King’s eyes are fastened on me as I get my six-inch heels beneath my body and slowly raise myself into the air ass-first. I let him get a good look at every bit of me before I smirk, and turn, and move to the pole.

Am I imagining it in the darkness? Or is there something...familiar about the way he watches me?

I let the thought fade, concentrating instead on pulling out all my best tricks. And as I hook my leg around the pole, spinning myself and letting my hair flare out wide, I see that these tricks are working tonight.

Shouts and whistles begin, and the Mafia King leans forward to lay a stack of bills on the stage in front of him.

I almost stutter to a stop.

Seriously? That much cash, this early in my dance?

He leans back in his chair, raising a dark eyebrow at me, inviting me to show him more.

So, I do. I pick up my pace, arching my back as I spin around the pole, climbing up it and sliding slowly down. As my song ends I’m excited to see that there’s quite a bit more money on top of the pile.

“Thanks,” I murmur, crawling across the last bit of stage towards him. “I’m glad you liked my dance.” There really is something familiar about his blue-grey eyes...

I reach for the stacks, but suddenly a meaty hand slams another pile of money down next to it, startling me.

“Double what he’s put down, honey,” the man grinds out, leering, “and I’ll take you in the back for a private dance.”

“Sorry,” I say, casting my lashes down. “I’m just a stage girl.”

I know Pete said to give these guys whatever they wanted, but I’m really not comfortable touching anyone.

“Oh, come on,” the man says, grabbing my chin with his thick fingers and pulling my face up. The Mafia King is immediately on his feet. “Pretty bitch like you? I bet you can do more than just dance –”

I gasp, pulling my face from his hands as I slide off the edge of the stage, wanting to get away from him as soon as possible.

“I said,” the man growls, grabbing me and slapping me in the face with the handful of bills, “that I want you, you little whore. And I’m willing to pay for it, so you’d better fucking –”

I shriek, trying to push away from the man, but he’s so much bigger than me!

Suddenly the man shouts and falls away, his grip making me stumble forward.

When I find my feet, my eyes go wide to see the Mafia King straightening up, blood on his knuckles. The man who grabbed me - he’s laying on the floor and there’s blood pouring from his mouth.

“Oh my god,” I gasp.

“Get him out of here!” the Mafia King shouts over to the bouncers, and then he pulls a handkerchief from his pocket as he turns to glare at me, wiping off his hand. I flinch back a step, surprised by the venom in his eyes.

“Here,” the Mafia King says, dropping my arm and lifting his stack of bills off the stage alongside the two stacks. “Take it, get out of here.”

“Wha...” I breathe as he shoves the money into my hands. “But I...”

“Trust me, Bambi,” he says, his voice dry. “You earned it. Now fucking go.”

He turns away, putting himself between me and the bouncers, and I turn and run for the bar, ducking behind it.

Anthony gapes at me. “Are you all right!?”

“Anthony...” I whisper, holding up the piles of cash in my hands, staring at them in awe.

“Holy shit Iris!” Anthony whispers, stepping closer and staring at the money. “Look at all that fucking cheddar! For a dance!?”

“I know!” I squeak, “this is going to get us so close to paying off the debt –“

Anthony groans, wiping a hand down his face.

“What?” I ask, frowning up at him.

“I just wish you’d spend it on yourself, Iris, instead of that deadbeat.”

“Anthony,” I sigh, my shoulders slumping. “I’m not explaining this to you again.”

He rolls his eyes as I sit down on the little stool at the back of the bar. I always hang out with Anthony after my dances, but if he’s going to be mean I’ll just quietly count my cash. While I do, I mentally compose an email that I’ll send to my old friend Christian later.

Christian – he would understand. He was my brother’s best friend growing up. Even though he only saw me as a little sister, he always understood me more than anyone else. Plus, he called me Daisy, and I just loved that.

I stayed in touch with Christian after he moved away suddenly – but he never replied. And even though I’m sure he doesn’t read my emails...well, I keep up the habit for fun.

Inwardly, I debate how to tell Christian about my night. I want to tell him about my triumph – I’ve always wanted Christian to be proud of me. But I do fudge the truth a little in my emails. For instance, I write that I’m a company dancer, which is true...

I just don’t mention that my style of dance is exotic, not ballet anymore. I smirk a little, excited to tell Christian that I impressed a powerful client and got a big bonus. But how would he feel, really, if I told him that the client was the Mafia king?

I sigh, thinking that Christian probably wouldn’t be happy. He always wanted me to be safe, and dancing for the Mafia King? I’m sure Christian wouldn’t approve.

I’m halfway through deciding precisely how to word my email when I hear my name.

“Is that Iris?” Two men peer around the edge of the bar.

Anthony steps in front of me as I shy away. How did they know my real name? I always go by Bambi here.

"Who's asking?" Anthony asks, wary.

"None of your business," the taller of the brutes says, shoving Anthony aside and stepping forward, looming over me. "Hand over that cash, little girl. You've been sold - you work for Don Bonetti now."

My jaw drops almost to the floor.

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