

# Captive of My Mafia Crush - Chapter 3 Chapter 3

## Chapter 3

I stare at the two men in shock, clutching the money to my chest. “What – what the hell are you talking about!?”

“Your little boyfriend,” the smaller guy says, sneering and pushing Anthony away when he tries to get to my side. “He sold you to Don Bonetti as part of his debt.”

“What!?” I shout, jumping to my feet.

The cat house!? They’re trying to make me work as a prostitute!? I stumble backwards, my back pressing into the countertop at the back of the bar. “There must be some mistake – you have the wrong girl –”

“No, we don’t,” the first guy says, reaching out and grabbing my arm. “Iris Scott? Yeah, your boyfriend Steven showed us a picture. We knew you the second you stepped on stage.” He leans closer now, leering into my face. “We also know where you go to school, and where your best friend lives – so don’t even try to escape.”

“Here,” the second guy says, shoving a phone towards me, the video already playing. My attention is immediately fastened on the screen, because I recognize the voice I hear.

I gasp, realizing that it’s Steven. I lean forward, staring at the video, which shows Steven sitting on the couch.

He’s crying, a gun pointed at him, and he’s begging the two men standing before him – telling them to take whatever they want, he just needs more time. My eyes go wide when I hear the next words spill from his mouth, because he offers them me.

Steven tells them everything that I’m a stripper and where I work. When he tells them how much money I bring in every month, their eyebrows go up. One of the mobsters on the screen makes a phone call – maybe confirming the details? I don’t know.

In the video, Steven babbles on, revealing information that shocks me to the core. Steven’s entrepreneurial ventures are all a façade. He was secretly performing some backdoor accounting for the mafia. But he embezzled the mafia funds, thinking he could buy and sell crypto without them noticing and keep the profits for himself!

Suddenly, everything makes sense - Steven insisting we get a new apartment really fast, Steven staying inside all the time, Steven drinking more, Steven allowing me to earn money to pay off his debt while he stays in the house staring at the computer all day...

“She’s – she’s a virgin too!” Steven stumbles out in the video, his eyes frantic. “That will be worth more, won’t it? You can like – action off her v-card to the highest bidder!”

I blush and an angry huff of air falls from my lips, not only because that’s a lie but because my boyfriend is actually trying to sweeten the pot! Not only is Steven not fighting for me - he’s trying to get more out of the deal by convincing these mobsters that I’m worth more!

In the video, the mobster gets off the phone and nods to the guy with the gun. Then all three agree to the deal.

Me – all of me, forever, to do whatever they want with – for half of Steven’s debt.

I go pale at that, because either Steven has sold me for a couple of grand, or he is way, way more in debt than I thought he was.

“That’s enough,” the smaller man in front of me snaps, ripping the phone away as the big guy grabs me by the shoulders. “You’re coming with us, pretty girl. Time to get to work.”

“Get your hands off me!” I shout, trying to kick, to rip free – anything. “It’s the twenty-first century! You can’t just buy girls from their boyfriends! This is ridic-“

I shriek, pushing hard at his chest. The big man glances at the smaller man when he sees that I’m frantic, that I won’t go peacefully. “Get the scum bag on the phone.”

Suddenly Steven’s Facetime is flashing before me.

“Steven!” I gasp as his face appears on the screen. “What’s – what’s happening!? Tell these guys to get off of me! I –“

“Iris,” Steven sighs, but a nasty little sneer in his voice steals my voice. I go perfectly still, staring at him. “I told you I didn’t want your dirty money anyway – but you insisted. You dug your own grave with this one.”

My blood runs absolutely cold, wiping out even the fear from my veins. “Tell them to get their hands off me, Steven,” I growl, glaring at him. “If you don’t want my dirty money, fine, but I am not paying another damn cent to your dirty debt –“

“Why don’t you go cry to that ‘old friend’ you’re always emailing,” Steven snaps, his voice nasty. “He’ll get you out of it, won’t he?” He leans forward to the camera.

My jaw drops open because – I mean, I have told Steven so much about how my childhood friendship with Christian means to me, how much I miss him. But I never expected him to throw it in my face like this.

“Just as I thought,” Steven says, rolling his eyes. “You’re just a whore, Iris. Always mooning on about your childhood crush, more dedicated to a memory than to me. If you really did love me, you’d go with these guys willingly to help me pay of this debt! Guess that was a lie too. I always knew you were a hooker – that you worked at that strip club because you like getting these scum bags off –”

“Shut your god damn mouth, Steven,” I snap, and to my surprise he does, turning back to the phone to stare at me. Because I never, ever talk to him like that. “At least Christian would never have treated me this way. But I am going to make you pay for this,” I hiss, “if it is the last thing I ever do.”

“Yeah, yeah,” the guy holding me says, jerking me away from the phone. “That’s enough – come on, let’s go.”

The smaller guy ends the call and the big guy starts to haul me away, but I kick and scream, demanding that they get their damn hands off of me.

Suddenly, the sound of a champagne cork pops, and I gasp as champagne sprays over me, dripping down from above.

The guy holding my arms shouts and drops me, starting to wipe at his face into which a stream of champagne is flowing –

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” Anthony’s voice rings out. “How could this have happened!? I’m so clumsy!”

But I don’t have time to look at Anthony, or to try to understand the diversion he set up for me - because the big man has dropped my arms.

And I fucking run.