

Captive of My Mafia Crush - Chapter 4 Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I say a little prayer of thanks to Anthony as I bolt, clutching my money and throwing myself through the curtain at the back of the bar.

Behind me I hear shouting and the sound of something that sounds like a fist on flesh –

God, I hope Anthony is okay –

But there's no time to worry about him.

I hear another shout as I'm halfway down the hall and I suddenly realize that there's no way I'm getting into the dressing room without those two jerks seeing me if they give chase. So, I make a split decision and grab the knob to the rarely-used closet I know is here, whipping it open and hurling myself in.

Suddenly, a sound erupts back in the club. BANG BANG!

I gasp, slapping my hands over my ears. God, it sounds like fireworks were lit off inside the club – or like gunshots.

Screams erupt in the VIP room, and girls in the dressing room start to shout and panic as well.

I gasp, pressing myself deeper into the dark closet, listening to pounding footsteps running up and down the hall as everyone tries to run out.

"She must have gone on to the dressing room!" A deep voice shouts just outside the closet door. I bite my lip as hope rushes through me, because that sounded a lot like the big guy.

"What the fuck are you doing in my club?!"

My breath freezes in my chest. My hope is dashed, because that's Pete, my manager – and he's stopped right outside the closet door. "Get the fuck out of here! This is a respectable joint – you can't come in here and –"

"Listen, asshole," the big guy snarls. I can't help peering through the crack in the door. The big guy grabs Pete by the collar, curling his bicep so that Pete is basically dangling from his fist, his feet scrabbling for purchase on the floor.

"We do whatever we want in here, okay?" the big brute snaps, leaning in close to Pete's face so that it's sprayed with spittle.

I go pale then as mobster pulls a gun out of his suit jacket, pointing it right at Pete's head. "Now," he says, his voice dangerous and soft. "You show me where that girl went."

"This way —" Pete's voice squeaks, his face turning red with fear and lack of air. "I'll show you —"

Silently, I curse Pete for being a traitor like Steven — though honestly, with a gun to his head, I'm not sure that's entirely fair.

The big guy lowers Pete, and Pete darts forward, leading him to the dressing room.

I shriek suddenly, my head flying up as I hear two more gunshots and the door whips open.

My eyes are wide with terror as I look, expecting the brute, or his smaller, smarmy friend —

But this man — he's neither of them — he has dark hair that falls into his eyes, and I gasp in surprise when I see that his shirt is covered in blood.

"Come on, Bambi," the man snaps, his voice dry as he reaches into the closet and tugs me by the wrist, making me stumble forward into the hall.

I tripping on something on my way out of the closet and my mouth falls immediately open when I catch a glimpse of a body laying in the doorway to the dressing room, blood all around its head —

I can't fully see at this distance, but I gasp because I'd swear it's the big brute, the one who was chasing me.

But before I can even look any closer the man tugs me up straight before his shoulder hits me in the stomach and I am lifted up into the air over it, hoisted high as he wraps his arm around the back of my thighs. He holds me tight as he starts to stride back towards the club.

"Let me down!" I shout, pounding on his back as best I can with my hands still full of my cash.

He just shakes me, frustrated, trying to get me to shut up and stop moving as he strides the length of the club, where patrons and dancers are shouting, fleeing for the doors.

I shout along with them, my words mingling with theirs, but this man completely ignores me.

My cries are frantic as I continue to pound on his man's back – who is he!? Does he work for the Mafia Don who bought me – is he taking me to the whore house!?

I struggle and kick, but I go absolutely still with shock when the man spans me hard on my mostly-bare ass with the flat of his palm. "Stay still, Bambi," he orders, laughing, his voice cold. "You're making this way harder than it needs to be."

I'm still gaping in shock as he carries me right out the front door.

I turn my head in both directions, trying to see where he's taking me, and a black SUV skids to a stop immediately in front of the club. The man carrying me doesn't break his stride, instead carrying me around the car and wrenching the back door open to toss me bodily inside.

He slams the door shut behind me and I pant, my head spinning with anxiety. But I gasp again when I hear someone clear their throat, pressing myself back against the car door when I realize that there is already someone sitting in the dark of the back seat.

I go perfectly still as my eyes rove over the figure, which as much man as it is predator. Broad-shouldered, the man lounges in apparent ease in the seat across from me, his tall frame corded with muscle, power dripping from every inch of him.

Though he sits in darkness, a shaft of light crosses in a streak across his face, revealing those blue eyes that I recognize...

My jaw drops open when I realize that...that it's the Mafia King.

Who...who is this man? Why am I in his car? Because...the Mafia King is different from Don Bonetti, who apparently owns me now – in fact, they're famous rivals. So why...

I jump, suddenly, when the front passenger door wrenches open and the man who carried me leaps in.

"Let's fucking go!" he shouts. "Hit it, Frankie!"

My head snaps to the driver – is that Frankie? – who nods and slams his foot down on the gas, the car ripping forward away from the club.

I start to shake now, both from the cold outside of the club as well as my fear –

Who are these men?

What do they want with me?

Are they...are they going to make me...

“Well, Bambi,” the man on the other side of the car says, bringing my eyes immediately back to him. His voice oddly accents my stage name like he knows it’s fake. “You sure as hell started a lot of trouble for me tonight. We’re going to have to -”

But his words are interrupted by a huge crash and my scream as the rear window of the car shatters, the sound of gunshots echoing in the air.

Next Chapter