



Chapter 7

"Well," he says with a little smirk, "I knew immediately that it was you, even when the DJ introduced you as Bambi."

A shocked little laugh stumbles from my mouth, and then I can't help it – I tilt my head back and laugh harder. "I can't believe you found me in the strip club, Christian," I murmur, looking up at the ceiling. "Not even Damon knows that I work there."

"Well, lucky I did," Christian says, and I pick my head up at the seriousness of his tone. "You got yourself into some serious trouble, Daisy. What the hell does Riccardo Bonetti have on you?"

I sigh, staring into his eyes. "It's kind of a long story. I sort of just found out about it tonight – I don't know everything yet."

"All right," Christian says, glancing towards the front window when a sharp whistle sounds. I look out to see Frankie waving us out of the car. "Well, you'll have some time to sort it through here."

I frown at Christian as he grabs the handle of the door, popping it open.

"Wait," I say, grabbing his shirt again. He turns back to me. "Aren't you going to...take me home?"

But even as I say it, I realize that...I don't have a home anymore. Fucking Steven sold me – there's no place safe to go –

"No, Iris," Christian says, his voice a little frustrated, "I'm not taking you home. You're staying here."

Something about the way he says it makes it very clear that my brother's best friend is not offering me a safe place to stay for a night or two.

"Wait," I say, my voice tentative, "you really did kidnap me!?"

He smirks at me, the darkness I saw in the club returning to his face. "Yeah, Iris. And we deliberately made sure that Bonetti's men saw us do it."

"Why!?" I stare at him, shocked.

"Iris," Christian says, staring at me like I'm being incredibly naïve, "whatever Bonetti planned for you wasn't good. We took you, and in doing so we claimed you. You're under Romano protection now, but Bonetti is going to be pissed. You're not going anywhere anytime soon."

My jaw drops open as I realize the import of his words. Christian – he's protecting me but...I'm also kind of his captive, aren't I?

My eyes dart to the side – because I absolutely don't know how I feel about this.

Christian sighs and pushes the door all the way open, stepping out and shrugging out of his suit jacket.

I'm still staring at all of my money scattered on the floor of the car, trying to piece together my emotions, but I jump when the suit jacket lands in my lap.

"Come on," Christian says, rolling up his shirt sleeves. "Let's get you upstairs."

I bite my lip as I pull the too-large jacket over my arms and wrap it around my body. Christian reaches out a hand when I'm finished to help me get out of the car. But I just stare up at him, hesitating.

"Iris," Christian murmurs, stepping close and studying my face. "What's



wrong? Are you...are you afraid of me?"

I stare up at him, wondering if maybe I am. I mean – this Christian, he is violent and powerful. He is not the boy I grew up with. But...

"No," I say, the word falling from my mouth without me intending to say it. But as soon as it's spoken, I know that it's the truth. "I could never be scared of you, Christian."

There's a little glint in his expression as I slip my hand into his. "Maybe you should learn to be scared of me," he murmurs as he helps me to my feet. "I'm not who I used to be."

I stare at Christian as I stand fully up, studying his face as he studies mine, and I open my mouth to object. I step forward to tell him that I still see him there behind this mafia mask he's putting up, but as soon as I shift my weight my knees buckle and my legs give out.

I pitch forward against Christian with a little shriek of surprise.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support



Share