

Violent Little Thing.

Chapter 1 Running

Running

Trigger warnings. This book contains a LOT of sexual content, torture, violence, guns, child abuse, reverse harem, why choose and more.

Nothing written should be taken lightly and is not written to be glorified. This book is not for everyone. It is a dark, mafia romance with a lot of twists and turns.

It's an emotional rollercoaster. Are you ready for the ride?

Lilly

I don't remember exactly when my body stopped aching from tireless nights spent on the cold, hard floors, but it seems I've become accustomed to it. It's comforting almost. I could probably afford a mattress by now, but I choose not to. It makes me feel like I'm in control of my life. Like I wasn't forced to run away from home, from everything I've ever known and start again from nothing. It's my choice to sleep on the floor. It's my choice to live minimal. It's my choice. It's been five years since I started running. It was my eighteenth birthday, and my father gave me no choice but to flee. Five different cities, all of which had ended with my brother's and father tracking me down and almost catching me. This time I was able to secure a shitty apartment in an awful neighborhood quickly. It has four walls, a roof, a floor and a lockable door and that was all I needed right now. It's a much better position than I'd be in any other time I had to restart. I've slept on park benches and eaten out of bins. I've begged for change on the streets just to get by. I was making progress finally having a small place to crawl back to at the end of each shitty day. I'd grown to liking this city, but nothing ever lasts long.

I had to get the first bus out of there after I spotted my brother's standing by the car I'd bought out the front of the motel I had been staying at. It was a stupid mistake on my part thinking I could have a car without them tracking it to my location. I was meant to be doing a shift at Thrive that evening. A strip club where I'd landed a job dancing and occasionally bartending. Instead, I walked out that morning to find my father's pride and joys leaning against my car so casually waiting for me to admit defeat and hand myself over to them. Of course, I did no such thing and took off running before they could see me.

I ran forty minutes to Thrive, which painfully would have taken me only 15 minutes in the car. The whole reason I wanted the stupid liability in the first place. I just needed to get my last paycheck before I skipped town, so I had something this time around to start with. By the time I got there my feet were a mess from running barefoot. Usually, I

would have carried my death trap high heels to the car and put them on once I'd clocked in, but I didn't have that luxury this time.

I'd gotten there late for my shift and a complete mess, but thankfully the manager, Stacy took one look at me and knew something was wrong. I hadn't told her anything too personal before, but she knew I was in a bad position when I'd first stumbled into the bar asking for a job. I had oversized filthy clothes and a serious birds nest in my hair from not owning a brush. My shoes were falling apart, and I was so skinny at the time. She took pity on me saying that we'd all been there once and everyone deserved a chance. She taught me how to dance, gave me some of her old outfits and let me crash on her couch for a while once she learned I had nowhere to go. Later she helped me secure a place of my own at the back of a motel and I had saved up enough for a cheap, shitty car. Things were going to well, until my past came back to bite me in the ass.

When I came stumbling into Thrive that night apologizing for being late, Stacy just silently pointed me to her office. She followed me down the hallway and closed the door behind her.

"I'm sorry I'm late, I can't do my shift either...I just need the weeks pay and I've got to go" I said.

"Look darling, I've never pried before and I'm not going to start now. I can see you've been through some shit and you were in a real bad way when you first got to town so as your friend I've got to ask, where are you going to go?"

I took a long breath before saying, "I don't know".

"And how are you going to get there?"

"...I don't know, a bus maybe?"

"And where will you be staying?"

"I don't know! Look Stacy I appreciate everything you've done for me, but this is really time sensitive. I just need the pay, and I need to go."

"Okay, just slow down love. I get it. I've known runners before. Someone for some reason has found you and you've got to move on, but I can't just let you run off into the wind not knowing anything about where you're going to go. We're friends, okay? I like you and I can help, so I will help. Let me make a phone call to my brother, he owns the club and has plenty of them in different places. We'll get you transferred to a different club so you can keep earning money, then we'll sort out a bus ticket and somewhere to stay."

"You're not going to ask why I'm leaving?"

“No. In my family, we’re raised not to ask questions we probably don’t want to know the answers to.”

I sat back and waited while Stacy made a phone call to her brother. It seemed like he also didn't ask many questions because it only took a few minutes before she hung up and told me he'd be happy to transfer me immediately and I could start tomorrow. She gave me my weeks pay, drove me to the bus stop, kissed my cheek goodbye and that was that. It was time to run again. Hopefully her brother is as nice as her.

Next Chapter