

Violent Little Thing. - Chapter 2 Satisfy

Satisfy

It took 8 hours to get here on the bus and by the time I arrived, it was early morning. I'd rushed to the club she had me transferred to, Satisfy, so I could fill out some paperwork and get myself on their roster. Thankfully Stacy's brother had told the manager Kevin that I wouldn't be going on the payroll and instead I'd be getting cash just like Stacy had been doing for me. It was a relief really; I didn't need a paper trail, and I didn't want people asking questions why. Kevin had me put on the roster for that same evening, so I had more than enough time to find the hotel I had looked up and be able to shower and eat something before my shift started.

"Okay well, welcome to Satisfy! I'm thankful Luciano had you transferred here. We just lost three of our best girls so we're extremely short staffed now". He had said. He seemed nice enough. Short, dirty blond hair, medium build and a smile that somehow told me his mother must love him really well.

"Hmmm" I hummed in response. I wanted to be polite but at the same time I didn't like having to divulge any unnecessary information if I didn't need to. It was safer that way really.

"Okay great, all the paperwork is done so if you want to meet back here at seven, we can get you sorted out with a wardrobe, have a walkthrough and get you on the stage by eight".

"A wardrobe? I have a few pieces of my own..."

"Oh no, just come in your own normal clothes, Luciano likes to give each girl their own wardrobe with everything they need."

"Oh, okay, sure then, I'll see you at seven... Thanks."

Luciano was Stacy's brother, who I had learned owned over 20 clubs across the country that he had managed mostly by family, but this one, this one was his. Stacy had told me when she had called him, he was more than happy to have me transferred and needed me to be at the club he managed personally. I thought it was odd at first. Why not send me to any of the others? But I guess if Kevin was saying they were short staffed, that made sense. It was convenient for him.

I'd managed my way to the hotel. I had just enough money for a week's stay, that was if I didn't spend any of it anywhere else. Which meant that the complimentary tea, coffee and biscuits in my room were going to be the only thing I would be eating for a while. That didn't bother me too much, my body was used to running on less than what was deemed a normal amount of food. I took one of the sugar packets and sat down on the

musty brown comforter on top of the hard bed. I'd have to go slow with what I had supplied so for now I figured a sugar packet would suffice until I'd finished my shift tonight. Maybe then I'd treat myself to one of the four biscuit packets. I tore off the top of the packet, not caring about letting the rubbish fall to the floor. It didn't look like the place was very clean to begin with, so I didn't think it really mattered. Letting the sugar fall onto my tongue I let it rest there while it dissolved. A trick I'd learned from when I was younger, being locked in my room for days on end by my father with no food or water. Occasionally one of the staff that worked in the home would slide something under the door. It had always had to be small enough to fit through the sliver of space. Usually, a squashed piece of bread or candy. I learned quickly to eat little bits over a long period of time and to let it sit on my tongue so I could trick my brain into thinking I had more food than I did.

Shivering off the memory I made my way into the dimly lit bathroom connected to my room. It wasn't much, but it did come with some soap and shampoo that I knew I desperately needed. I turned on the water and let it steam up before I stepped in, hissing as the water hit the tender spots on my feet from running without shoes. I used all the tiny shampoo that didn't do much but made my hair feel dry and tangled. The soap was even worse, making my skin feel like rubber, but it did take off the stench I had acquired, and I could at least be thankful for that. Hoping out of the shower and using the slightly stained towel to dry off, I used my fingers to comb through the mess of my hair and made my way over to the bag of things I'd managed to get from Thrive before I left. I couldn't go back and get anything from my motel room there so I would have to make do with a pair of my stripper bottoms and the clothes I was already been wearing. I guess it was a good thing Kevin mentioned I'd be getting a wardrobe at the club. Maybe there would be some stuff I could use until I had a bit of cash to buy some secondhand clothes.

It was just after 6 when I'd decided to have another sugar packet before grabbing my purse and leaving for the club. I'd need a little bit of energy to walk there and get the shift done. "Lilly! You're early" Kevin said as I'd entered the club's main doors. The place was still quiet, with just a few staff members looking to be setting up for the night.

"Uh yeah sorry, I didn't know how long it would take me to get here so I figured it be best to be early rather than late."

"No that's fine, we can get started with your wardrobe, meet the other girls and get you ready for tonight if you'd like."

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