

Violent Little Thing.

Chapter 3 Pure, dark, violence

Pure, dark, violence

We walked past the bar to the back of the club, Kevin pointing out different things as we went.

“We’ll do a proper walkthrough once we’ve got you set up but this here”, he said as he pointed to a keypad by a red door. “This is for the girls only, of course with me and Luciano as an exception.”

He showed me the pin and we walked into the room. It was much bigger than the changing rooms at Thrive. It has a thick, plush red carpet and black walls. Mirrors and makeup tables lined the walls, and a few girls were already seated and fixing themselves. I’m glad I’m not the only one who likes to be early.

“Hey! Ohhhh is this the new girl you were telling me about Kevin!?”

This blonde barbie looking explosion was bouncing out of her seat and practically skipping her way over in 8-inch pink stilettos. How she was even managing not to break her neck was beyond me. She had on a two piece bright pink leather bra and short shorts. Her breasts looked as though they might bounce up into her face and knock her out. Her platinum blond hair was pulled back into a high ponytail and she had makeup that made her look somewhat innocent if you didn’t look below her shoulders at the rest of her outfit.

“I’m Candy!” she said as she pulled me in for a hug that honestly felt like I should be paying for with how much I could feel her breasts pushing up against me.

“Is that because you’re all sweet and bubbly and shit?” I said before I could even register the blatantly rude tone I was using.

“Ha! Exactly, sweet like Candy and they all want a taste” she said giving me a wink.

“So, what’s your name?”

“Oh sorry, Lilly” I said giving off a half smile.

“Nooo, girly you need a stage name! Lord knows my parents would never have named me Candy. We pick a stage name to protect ourselves from any creepers trying to weasel into our outside lives.”

“Oh, well I don’t have one.”

I didn’t need to tell her Lilly wasn’t even my real name so I never really thought it mattered if I used it in the clubs. If anyone ever tried to find me with that name, they wouldn’t. I made sure of that.

“Didn’t you get transferred here from another club?”

“Yeah?”

“So how did you protect yourself from creeps? What would have happened if someone used your name to say find out where you lived?”

“Oh well if anyone was a ‘creep’ I’d just punch them in the balls, poke my fingers in their eyes or snap their arm or something”, I said shrugging my shoulders.

Candys eyes went wide, Kevin visibly stiffened beside me, and I only just realized what I had said was definitely not a normal statement from a 5ft nothing female who was meant to be dainty and seductive.

After what felt like an eternity but was probably just a minute of holding my breath, she laughed, like she really laughed. Bent over, holding her stomach laughing. Wiping a stray tear from her eye before it could ruin her perfectly set face she said, “Okay, so your stage name from here on out will be Violence”, she said with a wicked grin.

Yep, I like this girl. After Candy shooed Kevin off, telling him the girls could handle it from here, I met the others and was shown to my own table. It had everything I’d need, all brand-new, high-end products. Candy explained how Luciano made sure every girl here was well taken care of with what they needed to look the part. Then she showed me to the wardrobes which were conveniently placed in between each table along the wall. Each girl got their own walk-in wardrobe that I swear was just as big as my current hotel room. It had the same red carpet and black walls with golden features and floor to ceiling on all four walls were lined with clothes, shoes and accessories. Everything looked new with price tags and after further inspection it was all in my size. From the breast cups down to the shoes.

“Haha, yeah, I looked just like that when I first saw my wardrobe. Everything here is handpicked for you, usually by Kevin, he has excellent taste and a way of reading what a girl’s style is.”

“Kevin picked all this out for me?”

“Well, no, not exactly” she said with not even a hint of trying to hide her amusement. “I was told your wardrobe was handpicked by Luciano.”

Why the hell would Luciano do this for me? How would he even know my sizes? I haven't even met the man. I'm just some pity case his sister asked him to take on and he's spent all this money and bought all these things with me in mind? That doesn't make any sense...

As if she couldn't tell or didn't care for my internal brain battle, Candy grabbed my hand and squealed. Causing me to shift back into focus and squint my eyes at the blonde bubble of energy who was now pulling things out left right and center and pushing them up to my body. No doubt trying to picture what I'd look like in each piece.

"Okay yesssss! This is it, put this one on" she said holding up a black leather corset and underwear.

After id slipped into the outfit, I matched it with a pair of sturdy black heels that laced up around my calves and a black leather choker that looked slightly more like a collar but fit the look I was going with. Candy helped do my long black hair into a slicked back, high ponytail and finished off with a smokey eye and a bit of blush and mascara. She said I didn't need much makeup because my skin was flawless as it was, and she only wanted to enhance a few of my features like my electric blue eyes and soft pink lips.

"Oh dang girl, you really did a number on her Candy. The men will eat her up. You're going to have some competition now." One of the other girls, Ruby, had said as she stood behind us in the floor to ceiling mirror. Looking back at myself I was shocked. I mean I had outfits from Stacy and dressed up every night I worked at Thrive, but they were all her style. This, what I was seeing, this was me, pure, dark, violence.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)