

Violent Little Thing.

- Chapter 4 Don't Be Nervous

Don't Be Nervous

The club was starting to liven up now, the music blasting, the lights flashing and people started flowing in through the doors. A strong smell of cigarettes and alcohol wafting through the air and a hum went through me from the bass of the music. Kevin told all of the girls where their stages were, and they all politely waved as they made their way out.

“Where do you want me?” I asked as I wasn’t yet given a stage to go to.

“You, my dear Violence have been requested to the VIP area by Luciano.”

“The VIP? Isn’t that usually reserved for the most experienced girls? I’ve only worked with Stacy for a couple of months, and I mean, I know what I’m doing but I’m sure of one the other girls here would be much better suited to your VIP customers.”

“Woah, slow down there, I can practically see your head spinning. Stacy already told us your experience, but she also told us you’re an absolute wonder on stage like you were born to be there. I’m sure Luciano just wants to get to know his newest girl. Come on, I’m sure you’ll do great. Plus, the customers up there give the best tips”. He said with a wink while holding out his arm to escort me to the top floor. I could use the tips, the two sugar packets I had in the last 24 hours weren’t doing me much good and I would eventually need to use some money for food and a backup plan. If there's anything I've learned over these last five years, its to always have a backup plan. In the beginning it was things like another park or bench to sleep on, scraps of food saved or a plan of the bus routes and towns. Since Stacy gave me the job in the last city though and I've had the taste of having a nice-ish place to sleep, I'm thinking a little bigger and I'd like to have enough money sitting aside for when I move again to get another apartment, clothes, toiletries, food, you know, the basics.

The stairs leading to the VIP section has a security guard at the bottom, he unclipped the rope and nodded to us to proceed up. I noticed the change in scene almost immediately from the rest of the club. The main floor was packed with people now, it was brightly colored and energetic. I’m sure the flashing lights and rowdy customers would have quickly given me a headache. The top floor though, it was closed off from the rest of the club. Kevin showed me the pin to the door at the top of the staircase and when he opened it for me it was like stepping onto a completely different place. The music wasn’t as loud, still prominent but you wouldn’t have to yell over it. The lighting was dim but steady and the features of the room were mostly dark wood and black with a hint of gold and red. I stood next to Kevin, scanning the room, focusing on the stage at the back, it was large enough that I wouldn’t have to rely on the pole the whole time like

at Thrive. This one had enough space that if I chose to, I could dance around it comfortably. True to the theme it had a golden pole, red lighting and dark wood making up the stage. I took a step towards its direction, ready to shut out the world and lose myself in the music with the promise of some easy cash, but Kevin placed his hand atop of mine on his arm before I could remove it. Giving him what I could only hope was a polite, questioning gaze he leaned closer to whisper in my ear. "The boss wanted to meet you before you get started. Don't be nervous."

Yes, because that's what I needed not to be nervous I thought as my eyes snapped to the table to the right of the stage where Kevin was leading us now. Six large, well dressed, dangerous looking males were sat, all their eyes focused on me as we walked over. I was thankful now for the grip I had on Kevin's arm as I'm pretty sure my stomach was ready to fall out of my ass at the sight of the largest man sat on end of the booth. He had jet black hair that was shorter on the sides and slightly longer on the top. Tattoos covered his hands and neck, I'm sure they led underneath his expensive looking suit too. I'm not even sure how his suit wasn't tearing with how large his arms and thighs looked caressed in the material. Gold rings on his fingers that were tapping mindlessly on his glass that I'm sure was filled with whiskey. He looked like he'd drink whiskey. He gave off a vibe that screamed Alpha male. He was dangerous and my stupid vagina couldn't possibly understand that as it instantly heated when I finished scanning his Greek God gifted body and met his obsidian eyes. Nope, don't do that. I quickly avert my eyes and I'm met with piercing blues like mine. The man sitting next to him looks just as tall, maybe a bit leaner, blonde tussled hair and a boyish smile that makes me feel a lot more at ease. I scan the rest of the group and I swear there must be something in the dam water. Why are they all so massive? How the hell did Stacy grow up around these guys and not get pregnant? My ovaries are currently screaming at me to reproduce right now.

"Kevin" he said as his eyes flicked from mine to the male, I had forgotten I was holding on to.

"Mr Donatello, let me introduce you to your newest girl. This beauty here is Violence."

He looks me up and down and smiles wickedly. His obsidian eyes stare straight into my soul.

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