

## **Violent Little Thing.**

### **- Chapter 6 A Lady Doesn't Tell.**

## **A Lady Doesn't Tell.**

### **Violence.**

To say that man is intimidating is an understatement. Stacy had asked him to take care of me though and I guess having a man like that in my corner would be a real asset. Kevin helped me onto the stage, and I was more than ready to dance. Something I figured out quickly at Thrive was that I was somewhat of a natural on stage. I was able to shut off the world, turn on my blinders and feel the music as if I was the only person in the room. I transported from this world where I was a pathetic run away with nothing to my name, to another where I was a powerful force of seductive and sexual energy, a goddess of the night where men would bow before me to witness my enchantments. I took a deep breath as the song finished and I run one hand up the cold metal of the pole. Closing my eyes I hear the beat of the music begin and I imagine that I transform myself into a flame dancing around with the fire that burns within my soul.

After about three hours Kevin comes back to let me know it's time for break. He lets me know I can head down to the dressing room to eat if I wish, but obviously I didn't bring anything and I think he already knew that.

"Well, there's a two-drink limit when you're working, but they're on the house. You're more than welcome to stay up here at the bar and you'll find some fruit we usually use for the drinks in the mini fridge. We rarely ever use them so you're welcome to those too."

"Thanks" I mumble, half embarrassed and swallowing my pride as I tell him I'll take him up on the offer.

I pour myself a rum and coke and slice an orange that literally has my mouth watering at this point. The rum is refreshing and cool as it trickles down my throat. I settled in on one of the stools as I tried to zone out the room.

"Hey, Violence, right?"

I hear a gentleman to my right say as he walks closer and gestures to the seat beside me. He was probably in his late fifty's, well built like the rest of the men up here. There must be steroids in the water or something. If you saw him from a far, you'd probably think he had a full head of hair but as he got closer I noticed he was completely bald but instead it was tattoos that lined his head and bits of his face. His neck and hands were also inked, and he gave me the impression he could probably snap my neck in a

heartbeat of he wanted to. His smile was warm though, something I wasn't as accustomed to. Just like every other male up here his suit said, 'I have money, a lot of fucking money'.

"Do you mind?" He gestures to the stool next to mine.

"Yes, of course, please" I say as I show that it's fine he wishes to accompany me in my break. Which it most definitely is not. I hate small talk or talk in general. Why do you need to be here in my space? But I'm not going to say that, no, I need this job, and apparently this orange too as I can't stop myself from devouring it. I had grown too comfortable with somewhat healthy eating habits and now I was suffering for it on the stupid two sugar packets.

"You're an absolute dream up there darling, and your demeanor off stage too. Most girls can't help but hang off the guys up here. Nagging in our ears and trying to get into our beds. It's a welcome change. Something akin to how a woman should behave."

"No offence sir, but I couldn't care less for your bed or the money dripping from you. I'm just here to earn my own money and eat my free orange, but I will say you're wrong if you think I behave anything like a fucking lady should".

I couldn't help myself. It just came out like word vomit when I should have shoved it into a mental vault and smiled 'like a lady should'.

"Haha!" He bellowed. "And a sharp tongue too. I guess that's why they call you violence right?"

"Hmm something like that."

"Would there possibly be another reason for the name?"

I raised my eyebrow in interest as I let the last orange skin drop down onto the plate in front of me.

"Maybe there is, maybe there isn't. A lady doesn't tell her secrets."

"Well, that may be exactly what my club is looking for."

He slides a white business card over to me discreetly and I look down to see it has nothing but an address on it. I've seen cards like these before, given it's been a long time, but I would know the signs of an underground fight club anywhere. After all, my father owned one and trained me to fight before I could even walk.

"When?" that's all I needed to know, because there was good, fast money in them and that is exactly what I needed.

“Ha, I knew I was right. I could see the fire in those eyes. Mondays and Fridays, 2am to 5am”

“And the password?”

A smirk formed across his stubble ridden face. He knew I wouldn't be able to get in without that, but also didn't tell me to see if I knew the way a fight club worked. Of course I knew, but I wasn't about to divulge information I didn't need to about how or why I knew how these things operated.

“Firefly.”

“Admission cost?”

“For you, Violence, I'll cover your first round. You win that and you'll have enough for a second round and some to pocket. Just tell Benji as the desk that Ronaldo has you covered.”

He finished his drink and went to leave before turning around.

“Oh, and this” he said as he pulled a stack of notes from his wallet and putting them on the bar in front of me. “This is a tip being such a lovely ‘lady’ to watch tonight.”

I nodded my head and smiled like I should have done to begin with before taking the money. I went to fold it and put it straight into the cup of my corset along with the business card, but my eyes snagged on the amount. Holy shit, there must be at least \$500 here. I'm definitely eating all those biscuits tonight. If this man's fight club was anything like my dad's, then maybe I could get on my feet faster than I thought.