

Violent Little Thing.

- Chapter 7 Don First.

Don First.

The rest of my shift went by really quick, and I managed to get a butt ton of tips, although I hadn't had a chance to count how much yet but by the feeling of how full my cups were, it's more than enough to call this a running start. I noticed Luciano's eyes on me most of the night, which kept pulling my attention to him, but I guess every man up here was obviously going to stare at the seductively dressed female dancing on a stripper pole. I also kept getting overly excited looks from his friend Luca. That almost threw me off from the mask I was wearing a few times. He's got that contagious sort of smile that makes you want to smile back. I headed to the dressing room and told the girls about my night. Candy asked if I needed a lift home, but I politely denied, lying through my teeth that I had a lift. I do not need people getting close. I take what I need and nothing more, that's the safest option for everyone. When all the girls left, I made my way into my wardrobe to find my discarded outfit from earlier today but I promptly noted that there seemed to be a section of clothes that looked like everyday wear. Although it was odd that the owner of a club would provide normal clothes for the girls, I was extremely thankful and snagged a fresh pair of jeans, a white shirt and a black hoodie. Slipping out into the fresh early morning air I started my walk back to the hotel. Most women would think it would be safer to take main roads with streetlights, but I knew better. Back roads, alley ways and the dark of night were my friend. I would regularly slink around in the dead of night unseen. My way of thinking was if no one knew you were there, how could they grab you?

It took half an hour on my detour route back and I immediately devoured the biscuits and started counting the tips from my night. Almost \$2000, holy hell, I never made that much at Thrive. I decided that tomorrow I would try to look for a shitty apartment, hopefully one where I could pay with cash, and I'd need to find a gym to work out how rusty I had gotten fighting. I kept up my stamina over the years, I usually liked to work out once a day to stay in shape. Usually at parks because it is free, but I would need a bag to gain back some muscle memory before Monday. Two days prep would have to be enough.

Having sorted out my plan for tomorrow I decided to pull the comforter off the bed to the floor where I know I would feel safer. I always felt safer there.

Luciano

I sat with my men in the VIP section of the club most of the night. We had plenty to discuss with upcoming shipments and deals and when we were through with that I asked about my men's families. Family was very important to us. I was raised alongside these guys. Our parents treated us all like siblings and would always remain close. I

watched over Violence all night while talking with my guys. I was trying to be discreet about it. Luca was not trying to hide his staring at all, and I wanted to stay until her shift ended so I could ask to drive her back to wherever she was staying. Kevin hadn't been able to get much personal information from her this morning when going through the paperwork with her and when he'd asked for a home address, she's merely told him she didn't have one yet. When he asked then for the address of where she would be staying, she told him that she had not yet checked into a hotel but would happily update him with that information when she had. By now she should have checked in somewhere so I wanted to drive her after her shift so I knew exactly where I could find my little angel.

My friend Matteo had gotten a phone call an hour before the club would close for the night. He excused himself to take it in my office off the side of the VIP section and when he came back, the look on his face told me it was going to be an even longer night.

"Boss, we just got word there's been a sighting of Angelo near your sister's club."

"Well I guess we had better head there and check it out then."

Angelo Salvatore was number one on our hit list and had been ever since he put my father six feet under 5 years ago. They had a meeting to discuss a possible alliance with gun trades but instead that idiot put a bullet in the back of his head before he even knew it was coming. He's somehow been evading my men and I ever since. As much as I wanted to stay and make sure Violence got home safe, I needed to be Don first. Downing the last of our drinks, my men and I headed out for the night to travel the 8 hours to my sister's club. Maybe I could even get some more information on my little angel while I'm there. We took a few cars, leaving some men behind with Tony to look after things here while we were gone. If we could get a lead on Angelo I'd follow it like a hound. I've dedicated my life to killing him, my men have too. You don't just kill a Don and get away with it. I will follow him to the pits of hell if I have to just to get revenge for what he's done. He's like a bloody cockroach though and every time we get even the slightest tip of where he is, he's gone.

Next Chapter