

Chapter 33

Chapter 33

King

After meeting Gray at the clubhouse and confirming my prey's location, I pull up in front of "The Pink Dollhouse" in one of the club's cars. It's a black sedan with fake plates, something that doesn't draw attention and is easy to dispose of if needed.

I step out of the car, adjusting the cuffs of my black suit as I take in the building. The neon lights flicker, casting a lurid glow over the entrance, where a stream of men line in, their faces full of anticipation and something darker. It's that time of night when the strip club starts coming to life, deprived bastards crawling in to see pussy they'll never be able to touch.

Inside, I assess my surroundings, taking in everything in a split second. The exits, the dark corners, the places I can get the job done without anyone noticing. I'm not here to soak up the sleaze or get lost in the spectacle. The quicker I handle business, the sooner I can get home to my little kitten.

The club is dimly lit, the air thick with the smell of cheap perfume, sweat, and alcohol. Strobe lights flicker over the stage, where strippers dance provocatively to "Sugar" by Sleep Token. The beat is slow, sultry, and the crowd is lapping it up like pigs at a trough.

As loud as the music is, no one will hear his screams.

Perfect.

Our clientele is vast, but most of them aren't stupid enough to miss their



payments. They know Gray doesn't fuck around, and when they do, they know he's more than happy to send me out to do the dirty work.

After grabbing a drink, I spot Albert across the room. He's hard to miss, the way he's throwing money around like the slimy businessman he is, stuffing bills into the G-string of a stripper. A group of men in expensive suits are seated with him, their laughter loud and obnoxious, echoing in the room as if they fucking own the place. Their arrogance is palpable, almost as nauseating as the stench of this place.

Bruno's got a rep—beating and cheating on his wife, treating her like shit while he vanishes for "business trips". The poor woman is stuck raising their five children alone. The world would be so much better without fuckers like him, but at least tonight, I can show him that his actions have consequences. 1

I catch the eye of one of the girls walking by, her gaze sliding over me like she likes what she sees. After slipping her some cash for a private dance, I follow her into a back room with a red curtain, my eyes constantly scanning the scene. It's a place where I can watch Bruno without being noticed, a perfect little hideaway where I can plan my next move.

"What kind of dance do you want, big boy?" she asks, her voice dripping with seduction. I can tell she's very good at her job, but it's wasted on me.

My dick doesn't even twitch. It's not that she's unattractive; she's just not her. Maybe a little over a week ago, I would've been interested, maybe even convinced her to let me fuck her. But that was before a little kitten back home got her claws in me.

I pass the woman two-hundred dollars, watching her eyes light up at the easy money. "Just stay here and sit down for a few minutes," I reply

gruffly.

She shrugs, more than happy to take the cash and do nothing. I pull the curtain back slightly, keeping my gaze locked on Bruno. He's still at it, motorboating a stripper while his friends egg him on like the pack of brain-dead hyenas they are.

Finally, after what feels like a goddamn eternity, he stumbles to the bathroom alone.

Now, it's time to get to work.

"Thanks," I say, tipping the stripper another hundred before slipping out of the room.

I move through the crowd casually, heading towards the bathroom with my eyes darting around for cameras. Satisfied that the coast is clear, I slip inside, the smell of piss, vomit, and bleach assaulting my senses.

I nearly gag. Fuck. I wasn't ready.

Bruno's at the urinal, whistling something off-key as he pisses. He doesn't even glance up as I stop behind him, too lost in his own world. Of course, he wouldn't expect the grim reaper to find him here, in this filthy fucking restroom in a strip club I'd rather never step foot inside again.

His phone rings, snapping him out of whatever drunken stupor he's in. He answers it with a snarl, his voice dripping with venom. "Diane, why the fuck are you calling me?" I can almost hear the fear in his wife's voice, the dread of what he'll do to her once he gets home. "No. You don't need to know where I am. I'll be home when I get home. Call me again, and you'll regret it."



I wonder if Isaac spoke to my kitten like that. The thought has fury coursing through my veins, but I know killing Bruno in place of what I want to do to her husband would be hard to clean up right now.

And Gray specifically said he was to be left alive.

"Stupid bitch," Bruno slurs, hanging up and shoving his phone back into his pocket.

He zips up, turning to leave, probably without washing his filthy fucking hands. But when he sees me, he freezes, his face going as pale as the walls would be if they were actually cleaned. I smirk, letting the moment stretch, watching the recognition and fear bleed into his expression. He knows exactly who I am and why I'm here.

"W-What are you doing here?" he stammers, and I swear, he must not have emptied his bladder all the way because the sharp stench of urine suddenly permeates the air.

Good. He should be afraid. Very fucking afraid.

I laugh, a low, dark sound that bounces off the grimy, tiled walls. "Why do you look so scared, Albert? You knew this would happen. You knew we'd track you down."

His eyes go wide, panic setting in as he realizes he isn't as untouchable as he thought. "P-Please, don't hurt me. I can have the money wired to Mr. Bennett next week."

"Next week?" I repeat mockingly, arching an eyebrow. "Albert, as you know, it was due today. On the first of the month. Not next week."

"Please...I'll do anything. Just...don't do this," he pleads.



I step closer, my expression hardening. "Come on, Albert. I've got a job to do, and you're holding me up. Just be a good boy and put your hand on the sink. It'll make things quicker."

His eyes dart toward the door, his fight-or-flight instincts kicking in. But he should know better than to run. Predators like me love the chase.

I pull out my knife, the blade catching the light. The sound of it sliding from its sheath is music to my ears, a prelude to the violence that's about to take place. "The payment is only one finger, but if you keep making this difficult..." I pause, twirling the blade in my hand with practiced ease. "I can add on the interest. But let me warn you—I tend to get a little carried away when I'm having fun."

He's sobbing now, full-on, his pleas turning into desperate, incoherent blubbling. His whole body shakes as he reluctantly places his hand on the dirty sink, accepting his fate with trembling fingers. "Okay. Go ahead," he chokes out, tears streaming down his face.

With a wolfish grin, I position the knife just above his index finger, my voice a dark murmur. "Hold still, Albert. This is gonna hurt. A lot."



Comments



Support