

Chapter 16 Can Never Escape

“Do you think you can escape with Oberon protecting you? The women I've set my sights on have never managed to get away!” said the man.

I didn't need to see his face. Just hearing his voice was enough for me to recognize who he was.

It was Lorenzo!

The customer who was with Oberon the last time mentioned that he had taken a liking to me, but Oberon claimed that I belonged to him.

That time, I had narrowly escaped him by sheer luck, but little did I know he was waiting for me.

I still remember the time he picked two ladies, his bulging muscles, and the way he looked at me like a wild beast.

In an instant, my hands and feet turned ice cold.

I feared I wouldn't be able to escape that day. Will he break me?

“Turn off the light,” he commanded someone before he held me from behind and abruptly tossed me onto the couch.

The flickering lights were swiftly turned off, leaving the room bathed in a soft, amber glow. The music shifted from the pulsating beats of the disco to more ordinary tunes, significantly reducing the clamor.

I quickly rose from the couch, sitting up straight, yet his gaze remained fixated on my skirt. “Quite innocent. It's white.”

The underwear I wore that day was white, just plain cotton briefs.

“Are you surprised it's me who sought you out today?” Lorenzo casually sat next to me, nonchalantly picking up a whiskey from the table and resting his hand on the side.

Immediately, one of his subordinates tossed a white pill into the alcohol.

He swirled his glass, waiting until the white pill within had dissolved. Then, he handed it to me. “The last time I offered this to you, you didn't drink.”

I frowned, intending to refuse, but then I heard him lean in and whisper in my ear, “If you drink, I'll deal with you at the hotel. If you don't, I'll f*ck you right here in front of all these people.”

It was not much of a choice at all!

Even though I was in that line of work, at the end of the day, I wasn't an animal. I couldn't bear to be treated like that under the public gaze.

I was upset, and I teared up.

I remembered the last time Oberon had said, “This line of work isn't for you. What will you do if you encounter customers like Enzo? It's better to get out before you're in too deep...”

It was my fault. I should have listened to him.

“Drink up! Don't think I'm some saint. Shedding a few crocodile tears won't soften my heart!” urged Lorenzo from the side.

Of course, I knew my tears were futile, but I stubbornly asked, “What is this drug? Is it addictive?”

“You work in such a place, and you don't even know what this is?” Lorenzo said with a sarcastic smile on his face.

“Sophia, drink! It won't harm you.” Another voice chimed in. I turned my head and saw a familiar face seated next to me. She wasn't exactly a close friend, nor was she one of Madeline's subordinates, but we knew each other nonetheless.

I didn't believe it. How could something like this possibly be harmless?

In a place like that, with people like them involved, I wouldn't believe it if they said it wasn't drugs.

At that time, I had sworn to myself that after tonight, I would never return to such a place. Despite my shamelessness and lack of principles, I feared getting involved with drugs. After all, if I became addicted to it, my life was over. From then on, I would become a slave to the drug.

“Don't look at me with those eyes!” The woman at the side laughed.

Her gaze was somewhat distant, not the typical look of someone who had simply had too much to drink. The women who made their living there could hold their liquor well, and the night had barely even begun!

Judging by the looks of it, she must have drunk some spiked alcohol.

She wrapped an arm around my shoulder, her lips close to my ear. “This is an aphrodisiac. By tomorrow morning, its effects will wear off. It's just something to help you enjoy tonight a bit more. And besides...”

She chuckled for a moment, glancing at Lorenzo to my right. Then, in a coquettish tone, she said to me, “There's no escaping tonight. Drinking this alcohol will be for your own good...”

I was puzzled.

She continued, “You probably aren't aware, but whenever Lorenzo comes around for fun, he always insists on having two ladies to spend the night with him. One woman simply can't handle it, and even two have a tough time on every occasion. This drug can ease your discomfort...”

I understood then that the drug served two purposes. One was to stimulate, and the other was to arouse.

I recalled the last time I was offered a drug, and it seemed to be the same white pill. Oberon had turned it down on my behalf. Back then, Lorenzo had said to Oberon that if I drank the alcohol, it would make Oberon extremely happy.

I feared, after having that drink, I might lose all sense of decency and shamelessly beg for...

“What's it going to be? Are you drinking or not?” After deliberately waiting for the woman to finish explaining, Lorenzo continued to sway the cup in his hand and spoke threateningly. “Do you want it to happen in the hotel? Or stay here?”

“I'll drink.” I cradled the glass, sipping it slowly.

Though the scent of the alcohol remained the same, it felt as if I was drinking the bitterest medicine in the world.

“That's better,” Lorenzo said, ruffling the back of my head with a sneer. “You're smart for not running away just now, or else...”

I didn't ask, but the person next to me couldn't help but chuckle before asking, “What else will happen, Lorenzo?”