

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 170

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With her mouth taped, Corinne widened her eyes and made noises to attract the man's attention, wanting to speak to him.

The kidnapper, the fat man, deliberated on this before reaching out and pulling off the tape on her mouth. He initially taped her mouth out of fear that Corinne would scream for the whole city to hear. Since they were in the wilderness, however, shouting was not going to help her.

Once the tape was ripped off of Corinne's mouth, she took a deep breath and said, "Since you know it's useless to threaten Jeremy, why don't you let me go?"

The fat kidnapper snorted. "Let you go? What about the work I did today? Little missy, you are quite beautiful. Why don't we have some fun together?"

Corinne chuckled. "Fun? Sure! But you have to let me go first. I don't like being manhandled when I'm bound."

This must have been their first time having such a cooperative hostage that the fat kidnapper and his companions were stunned as they exchanged looks with each other.

The fat kidnapper narrowed his eyes alertly. "Little missy, don't you even dare think about doing something!"

Corinne blinked innocently. "What can I do when this is your territory? Do you think a weak girl like me can run away when strong men such as yourselves are watching me? You didn't think highly of me, but you underestimate yourself."

The fat kidnapper smiled evilly. "Of course there's no way for you to run, but I like to force myself onto women! It's more exciting that way!"

Corinne sighed, and her expression faltered. "But the ropes are affecting me. Hear me out: I used to work in a special job when I was studying to earn more money. I'm good at serving people, if you catch my drift. I guarantee you'll experience the most exciting, exhilarating time of your life." The men cackled upon hearing her words. "Oh? So you're an expert, are you? Where did you work before?"

"I worked part-time in Twilight before."

"Twilight? That's a high-class bar, and it's very famous in New Capital City! I want to see how escorts in high-class bars treat their customers! Go and untie her!" exclaimed the fat kidnapper.

One of the guys gulped and hurried over to untie Corinne.

Corinne stood up and loosened her muscles. After that, she looked up and smiled sexily. "Where should we have fun?"

The fat kidnapper pointed at a place contemptuously. "Here!"

Corinne grew flustered. "Here? With them watching?"

The fat kidnapper smiled salaciously. "They're not just going to watch. They're going to join in the fun!"

Corinne covered her mouth as though surprised by what she heard. After that, however, she giggled. "Oh, but the more, the merrier. It's more satisfying that way!"

The kidnappers were dumbstruck.

"This woman looks so pure, but she's a wild one all along!"

"Good! Good! I like the wild one!"

"Let's get started now. I can't wait!" Corinne flicked her hair sexily and slowly undid a button as she walked toward the rotund kidnapper, who was drooling.

He even thought Corinne was taking too long to take off her clothes and anxiously went up, trying to help her take off her clothes.

All of a sudden, Corinne raised her leg and harshly kicked the fat man's abdomen, sending him tumbling back and vomiting.

The other men's smiles faltered at the sight.

The fat kidnapper held his stomach as he wheezed. Gritting his teeth, he cursed, "You're asking for trouble, you b*tch! Kill her! Kill her!"

With ferocious expressions, the rest of the kidnappers swung their punches at Corinne.

Corinne did not panic. She took her time and took down the kidnappers one by one as they tried to hit her. In the end, all of the kidnappers lay on the ground grunting in pain with fractured bones, unable to get up.

Finally, she stepped on the fat kidnapper's stomach and relaxed her wrist. "I'm sorry. I probably didn't explain myself properly. Twilight is a regular bar, and they never offer extra services! I worked as a part-time martial art coach and was responsible for training the guards working in the bar. I taught them to use their fists and legs to fight thugs like you!"

The kidnappers looked at her with fear as if she was a devil. They were afraid Corinne would hit them again, fearing they would actually die in her hands.