

Adam didn't suspect anything. "Alright. I'll keep an eye on Bella and my mom. Just

be careful."

Celine nodded. "I will."

Half an hour later, Celine arrived at the private winery, following the directions she

had been given.

A maid approached her as she entered. "Are you Ms. Celine?"

Celine gave a slight nod. "Yes, that's me."

"Ms. Celine, all guests attending the private party are required to wear the appropriate attire. This outfit has been prepared for you. Please change into it."

Celine took the clothing from the maid. "Alright."

Inside the dressing room, she unfolded the outfit—a black slip dress with thin straps and an open-back design. It was provocatively seductive, clinging to her

body in all the right ways.

With no other option, Celine slipped into the dress.

The dress accentuated her graceful curves, drawing attention to her delicate collarbones and smooth shoulders. The exposed lower back was both slender

and enticing, making her appear undeniably alluring.

Once ready, she stepped out and entered the party.

The room was packed with men, their bodies swaying in rhythm with the thundering music, as if high on an intoxicating rush.

The moment Celine stepped inside, every gaze snapped to her.

In an instant, the men closed in, surrounding her like predators circling prey.

"So,

you're the beauty sent to entertain us, huh?"

Celine's expression remained cold. "What are you talking about?"

Their eyes roved over her with blatant desire. "We got a call earlier—said a breathtaking beauty would be sent over tonight. A special treat, just for us."

Celine's brows drew together. So this was the kidnapper's real plan—sending her

here to entertain these men.

"Damn, look at that skin—so fair it's practically glowing."

"With such a delicate frame, do you think you'll even last the night?"

"I can't wait any longer—I need to touch that pretty face."

A leering man reached out, his fingers stretching toward her cheek.

But before he could make contact,

Celine's hand shot out. In one

precise motion, she seized his wrist

and twisted it hard.

A sickening crack sliced through the air, followed by his agonized scream.

"Let go! It hurts—please!"

Celine let out a cold chuckle. "I'm going to ask you some questions, and you'd better answer truthfully."

"Go ahead."

"Who made the call?"

"I don't know. We throw a party here on the 15th of every month. The call came out of nowhere—we didn't recognize the number. The person just said they'd be sending us a woman to enjoy."

A sharp glint flickered in Celine's eyes—it was clear the kidnappers had covered their tracks well.

"Show me the number!"

"I-I'll get it right now!"

The sleazy man hurriedly pulled out his phone, fumbling as he brought up the caller ID.

A virtual number.

It was clear these men had nothing worthwhile to offer her.

Just then, a sharp ringtone cut through the tense air—Celine's phone was ringing.

In one swift motion, she shoved the lecherous man aside. He stumbled backward,

crashing into one of his companions.

The men were taken aback—never

had they expected someone so

delicate and stunning to be this

skilled. Though their eyes still

burned with desire, none dared to

make a move.

Celine shot them a cold, warning glare before pulling out her phone.