

## Chapter 38

Two girls walked around the room and poured drink after drink into the men's crystal glasses. How there could be money like that in a place like this was beyond me. Wherever I looked I saw bits and pieces of wealth, but then I looked at the broken wood paneling and the rotting floors; the empty fixtures on the ceiling, and the torn drapes that hung to divide the rooms and cover the windows.

Did all of the money go to these lavish things for the men?

It was, after all, for their convince.

Mr Edison was sharing words with Marry and their eyes occasionally glanced my way while the wad of cash changed hands.

I walked along the the wall to the other side of the room and tried to blend in but being the only girl except for seventy-year-old Marry, in clothes, I pulled more attention than if I'd been naked on the floor.

One girl was swaying on her feet, she looked drunk or high or perhaps both. I couldn't imagine the things they had to do to survive here.

She was led out of the big room and back around the corner where Nora and Gabe had walked off.

There was no chance that I was staying here to find out what Mr Edison paid for so I looked over my shoulder to make sure he was preoccupied with Mary and followed the stumbling girl into the back room.

The man's hand rested on her ass and he guided her into a shallow room with nothing more than a mattress and a dresser with a lamp on it. He knew where the room was, he knew exactly where to take her.

He started removing his tie while she worked on his pants, undoing them and letting them drop to his ankles.

He fisted her hair and pulled her up before claiming her lips. His hand slid down her back and disappeared under the fabric of her dress while he grabbed a handful of her ass.

I didn't realize that I was staring until his eyes opened and locked on mine.

"There's room for one more if you want to join," He grinned.

My back hit the wall around the corner when I tried to hide, cursing myself for looking in the first place. I didn't dare to peek around the corner until I heard the door close and when it did, I saw that those rooms stretched down the hall to the staircase leading up to the second floor.

I walked out into the hallway and stepped closer to the doors. There were plaques on each of them and something engraved.

I looked closer.

The plaque on the door that just closed read 'Bell 23'.

Looking down the hallway I could see that each plaque said Bell followed by a number.

I continued to the staircase, careful not to step on any of the broken boards and to not make much of a sound.

There was a sign on the wall next to the stairs 'Bell 48-75' and an arrow pointing up.

It was immaculate, the sign, I dragged my fingers over the shiny surface and it was clear that they prioritized the cleaning of certain spots over others.

Perhaps it was more important to show where the men could find the girls than it was for the girls to live in a clean house – they weren't the ones paying.

I stuck my head out and looked up the stairs. The only light leading up were the candles on the wall with their flames dancing in the darkness to light a small path.

My heart sank and I felt a strangling hold around my neck even though I stood there alone.

I took one step, the creaking boards sent shivers up my body and the next step wasn't there, the board was missing.

I continued – I took one big step and hurried up the remainder of the staircase.

When I walked down the left hallway I tried my best to ignore the fact that I was tipping around the dark halls of a brothel overseen by a money-hungry ghoul with a deeper frown than Mrs Smith.

But then again I was probably dead the second I stepped back into the palace so I might as well aid in my curiosity while I had the chance.

There was a thin light that spread through the halls but it didn't reach the walls. For an establishment that catered to the rich and powerful, the state of everything was astonishingly deteriorated. It was clear that the money didn't go towards renovations.

"Fuck!"

I froze in the middle of the hall when the girl screamed from inside one of the rooms.

"Yes!" Her moans got louder, they escaped the room's containment and filled the entire second floor.

"Fuck, Nora. This pussy's worth every penny,"

Holy shit...

I walked closer to the door and read the plaque; Bell 64.

The sound of their bodies pushing against each other and Gabe slamming into her bounced against the door.

Her moans grew louder.

One loud smack had me wincing as I stood there pressed against the door.

The movements got louder and faster and her moans quieted into muffled sounds - another loud smack had me push away from the door.

I had to leave. This wasn't for me to hear, it was private.

I stepped back and realized that something was in the way.

A large hand came around my head and covered my mouth. His hand reeked of tobacco and he didn't seem bothered one bit by my clawing to get him off.

"I paid a lot of money for you, cunt. I'mma make you're worth it," his slimy words echoed as he pressed his lips against my ear and he took my earlobe between his teeth. His other hand snaked around my waist and I screamed against his hand when my feet were lifted off the floor.