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"My dear sis, Remy is with me now. Room 6009, you know where we are... Welcome to check on us."

Freya Stahler stared at the message from Alisha Stahler, her half-sister from a different mother. She felt as if a sharp dagger had been stabbed into her heart. She felt so bad after the call.

A photo was attached at the end of the message, in which her boyfriend, Remy Byrne, was holding Alisha tightly.

Obviously enough, the man who promised her to treat her well all his life had hooked up with her sister.

Freya decided to ask Remy. She loved him so much, but why he had done such a thing to her?

The door of the hotel room wasn't locked. As soon as Freya entered, she received another message. "Dear sis, I've found you a man. I hope you'll like him."

Freya didn't understand what Alisha meant, but immediately a man pressed her on the door like a wolf.

He wasn't Remy.

Freya was overwhelmed by the life-threatening breath. She couldn't escape at all.

She realized that she had been set up by Alisha. This man must have been hired by her.

With trembling hands, she pulled out her purse. "Please let me go. I'll give you the money. I can give all the money I have to you."

The man seemed not to hear her voice. He pressed her tightly.

Finally, she failed to escape.

Tears dropped from her eyes...

In the end, the man let go of her. She collapsed on the bed weakly and had no energy to talk at all.

The man got off the bed, picked up the suit jacket from the ground, and put it on. His every movement was superior, elegant, and restrained as if he wasn't the monster-like man from the last night.

He turned on the lamp on the nightstand, trying to look at the woman who had saved him. However, as soon as he reached his hand out, there were footsteps outside the door.

The man frowned. Bloodthirst coldness surged through his intense eyes. He thought those people who had set him up came to him, so he quickly took off the ring from his thumb, put it on Freya's finger, rushed to the balcony, and hopped off. He acted like a cheetah. All his actions were without any hesitation.

Freya lay on the bed stiffly as if she was a soulless doll. She couldn't believe her virginity had been lost in this way.

Her finger pressed on the metal ring. She felt pain.

Freya felt pathetic and ridiculous. Why would a man leave a gift after what he did to her?

She tossed the ring away. Suddenly, her phone rang.

Remy called her and wanted to see her in the hospital.

Freya smiled wryly. After thinking for a while, she went to the hospital to meet Remy.

As soon as he saw Freya, he walked up to her. His eyes were full of guilt. "Freya, Alisha had a car accident outside the hotel yesterday. She had a miscarriage and the baby... is mine."

Freya's eyes went cold. Alisha actually wanted to take Remy to catch her adultery in the hotel. Unfortunately, Alisha failed. Instead, she had a miscarriage. Freya wondered if that was her karma.

Remy continued, "Alisha isn't so strong as you are. She's too weak. She wanted to end her life because of losing her baby. If she loses me, she can't make it. Freya, I'm sorry. Let's break...'

Freya pulled the scarf from her neck and showed Remy the bite marks.

Remy was choked by his unfinished words.

Raising her chin, Freya said like a proud queen. "Let's breakup, Remy. I'm in love with another man. We have been together in recent nights. I'm not loyal to you anymore."

Remy gaped at her in disbelief. That was what a loser was like. He had cheated on her, and he only felt a little guilty. However, when he heard she had cheated on him, he felt disgraced.

Freya felt bitter, but she smiled more brightly. "Remy, I've dumped you. Don't pester me anymore in the future."

After that, she proudly turned around. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she tried her best to hold them back.

For someone who cared about her, her tears would be as precious as pearls. However, for someone who didn't, all her tears were just as cheap as dirt.

There were only two persons in this world who cared about her. One had passed away. The other had become a vegetable. Freya wouldn't shed easily in the future.

She choked in sobs but tried hard to smile. 'Mom, have you seen it? I'm pretty strong. I don't cry...' her inner voice said.

Suddenly, she did appreciate the man last night. Although he had taken her virginity, she could still maintain her dignity when breaking up with Remy.

After leaving the hospital, Freya dialed Mrs. Elliott's phone number. "Hello, Mrs. Elliott, I agreed with you on the deal you've mentioned earlier. I'll marry him."

She sold her to a man for twenty thousand dollars.