

Chapter 275-Don't ever touch a woman without her permission

Alessia ordered drinks to be brought to them, and just before they began their celebration, they heard a female shrill above the music.

"Help!" *www.moveLw0Rm.C0m*

"What is that?" Valerie panicked. "We have to help," she insisted, but Alessia kicked against it. This was not Denzel's club, so she could not go against anything or anyone.

"Val, this is a club. Some girls sell themselves to mafias, and they do all sorts of things to them," Alessia tried to reason with her, regretting not going to one of Denzel's clubs instead. But Valerie could never ignore a woman in need. "I don't care. Not until she tells me she likes the abuse."

Valerie was already on her feet. "Now help me trace her," she demanded seriously.

Alessia felt helpless. If it were one of Denzel's clubs, she could have used her authority and influence to stop anything like that, but this was totally different. *www.n0vEfworm.COM*

"Val, let's wait. If she screams again, then we can go help, how about that?" she asked, hoping that Valerie would relent on involving herself with the mafia when neither Godic nor Denzel were there with them.

"What if she has been hit or something and is now unconscious?" Valerie could not help imagining the worst. Her analysis pricked something inside Alessia, forcing her to agree. "You are right, but Godic always advised me not to involve myself in matters concerning these dons."

Valerie could not care who they were. For as long as a woman was being abused, she would not sit down, chill, and do nothing about it.

"You are involving yourself in a matter pertaining to a fellow woman. She must be helpless right now," Valerie reminisced, feeling pity for whichever woman was in that condition.

The music was loud, so it was hard to detect anything as they passed the booths. *www.W(w).n0V@Lw0R@.C0m*

Valerie watched anxiously, and since she could not just enter any booth, she was trying to be sensitive to any sound of abuse.

Frustration was setting in when she was not getting any clues, and all of a sudden, somebody grabbed her by the arm. Turning around, she punched him in the face.

"Don't ever touch a woman without her permission." *www.n0V@fworm.COM*

Valerie was not just speaking about herself but fellow women, as she had seen a lot of disrespect towards some of the women in the club.

The guy she punched started bleeding from his nose. "Then you shouldn't have come here," he grumbled, wiping his nose with the back of his hand.

A lot of people were shocked as Valerie attracted more attention. Alessia used the opportunity to sneak into some of the booths to check, knowing that Valerie would not return to her booth until this woman was found.

"Really?" Valerie glared at him, and for a moment, the guy was taken aback by her fierce look, though she looked sexy.

"Clubs are meant for fun. If you don't want to have fun, then just leave," he shot back. Valerie scoffed.

This might not be a pack, but she knew that rights and privileges should be the same.

"I have the right to be here, and you have no right to touch me. Try it again, and you will lose your teeth this time." Valerie's expression was so cold that people began to wonder.

The guy was afraid but could also not endure the humiliation she put him through and began to pick on something else.

"You are not from here. Where's that accent from?" he asked mockingly. The guys gathered around laughed. Then one of them warned.

"Better be careful. That is Godic's wife beside her," he pointed at Alessia, who had just returned from spying on another don in another booth.

"Val, I think it's here," Alessia noticed something and drew Valerie's attention. A girl was curled into a ball as a man poured a drink over her head.

Her face was covered in bruises, and she shivered from the cold. "If you dare make another sound, you shall be dead. So tell me, where is my money?" the man snarled. Judging from the way he was dressed, the cigar in his hand, and the bodyguards around him, it was obvious that he was a don.

A man standing behind the girl, who seemed to be a bodyguard to the don, slapped the girl hard on the face. It was obvious she wanted to scream but was afraid of doing so.

Only warm tears washed her face. "I swear, I didn't take it," she cried, but the man puffed on his cigar, not believing her.

"You two, have some fun. I want to watch," he ordered his bodyguards. The girl was terrified, her eyes shone with horror.

One of the bodyguards pulled her by the hair and tore her clothes before throwing her harshly onto the sofa. Her face hit the arm of the sofa, and she shrieked. "Please, don't do this, I'm begging you."

Her dress was already short and inviting. The don did not look like he was going to show her any mercy, only waiting for his bodyguards to feast on her delicate body.

As one of the bodyguards began to unbuckle his belt, someone kicked him in the face. The force was so hard he fell backward.

It was just two women standing there, and Valerie's gaze was cold. She wanted so much to tear the men in the booth into pieces.

Don Benedict rose up with his cigar in hand. Seeing Valerie, his gaze darkened. Women like her were merely play toys, so how could she show up here to attack his bodyguard? Don Benedict was greatly angered and raged, asking, "How dare you invade my privacy?"

"Let the girl go, or I will kill you," Valerie snarled. Alessia knew she had to involve her brother. This was the human world, and she feared Valerie killing a human for whatever reason, as Godic warned her.

The guy Valerie punched earlier caught up to them, seeming entertained and happy to see Valerie pay for what she did.

Don Benedict never had a soft side for a woman, so Valerie just found herself in the wrong booth.

"You should be the one dead."