

Chapter 279-I don't know how to dance

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Reaching their booth, Alessia called for the drinks she ordered, but Valerie was most concerned about the girl they rescued.

"Sit. What's your name and what do you do for a living?" She asked seriously. Greta was nervous and embarrassed.

Valerie looked poised and though sexy looking, it was obvious she had not come here to meet a man but just to have fun.

Don Denzel was feared, but no wonder every woman wanted him to be hers. The way he even defended his wife and sister was something every woman would wish for in her man.

Greta's head was lowered, and she wished that one day, she would be able to do something more respectable with her life. "I'm Greta, a call girl."

"What is that?" Valerie asked. Though Alessia mentioned it, she was lost as to

what it truly meant.

Greta's eyes widened, but she explained. "A sex worker, but I accept appointments by phone or online rather than working in a brothel or on the street."

Valerie was grateful for the explanation, as it gave her an understanding of what the lives of these girls were truly like.

"I see. So can you stop?" She asked, not in an offensive way. Greta forced a smile. It was not as if she enjoyed what she was doing, but it was just due to the circumstances.

"If I have another job, then yes."

Valerie turned to Alessia, who was receiving the drinks she ordered, and asked. "Aless, can you employ her?"

Knowing that she wasn't going to stay long in Las Vegas, Valerie did not want to front it.

"Do you have any qualifications?" Alessia asked, unable to refuse Valerie anything.

The fact also remained that if Greta did not

get another job, she would continue being a call girl and might even face worse embarrassment in the future.

"I'm a college student, and this is what I do to survive," she revealed, giving Alessia a clear understanding of her life.

It was almost as if she was undergoing an interview, except they were in a VIP booth with loud background music.

"So, a part-time job as a waiter should be good, right?"

Alessia asked. Greta was slightly reluctant as most waiter jobs never paid well, except for the tips.

Greta wanted something that could cater not only for her education but also her living expenses since it was going to be based on part-time.

Alessia, as if reading Greta's thoughts, added,

"At any of Don Denzel's clubs." w(w)w.n(o)(v),l@o r M.c©m

Gratitude welled up in Greta's eyes. After all, Don Denzel paid the highest. "Yes, that

will be cool."

"Then take my number and call me on Monday when you are free. Use this for anything you need."

Alessia reached into her purse and gave her a handful of hundred dollar notes with her call card. Greta was stunned. "So much?"

"Isn't that what you would have been paid?" Alessia asked, not understanding why she was so amazed.

"Yes," Greta confirmed.

"So take it and don't accept any more businesses. You already have a job," Alessia seriously said. Greta was dumbfounded with gratitude.

"Thank you, Miss..." Greta was lost in how to address them.

"She's Valerie, and I'm Alessia. We are both Misses," Alessia explained. Greta smiled in understanding.

"Thank you so much. No woman has ever been this kind to me before."

After Greta left, Alessia took the first glass

of martini and gulped it down, sucking on a lemon after. "Your turn," she said to Valerie, who followed her lead with a frown.

"Wine tastes better."

Alessia laughed. "You will get used to it. Come on, drink more. After all, Denzel is close."

That is, Alessia did not care if they got drunk as Denzel was there to send them home.

A manly shrill drew their attention. Alessia shrugged in amusement.

"He deserves it." She already guessed it was Don Benedict's scream and stood up, grabbing hold of Valerie's hand.

"Hey, let's go and dance."

"I don't know how to dance." Valerie was reluctant, just wanting to relax.

"I will teach you," Alessia insisted, dragging her along. w(w)w.No©EL©otrM.©©M

The bodyguards followed them closely, and after over an hour, they returned.

Alessia opened another bottle and realized the drinking glasses had also been changed.

That was good customer service, she thought as she poured more drinks for both of them. The bodyguards stood in their positions as the two women drank as much as they wanted.

It was just strange the way they both began to feel dizzy and faint.

"Aless, I don't feel good," Valerie complained, feeling strange. Alessia frowned in agreement.

She knew her limit and hadn't reached it. "Same here."

With unease flinging her, Valerie suggested. "Let's go home."

"No, we haven't finished having fun," Alessia kicked against the idea.

This was her first time coming to a place like this without Godic, so why should she leave so soon when Don Denzel was busy, allowing her the needed freedom?

Two men entered the booth as the

deliberations went on, shocked to see two bodyguards.

They were confused as the male presence in this particular booth was unexpected. w(w)w.No©EL©otrM.c©M

One of them brought out a picture and confirmed it was indeed them.

Valerie and Alessia were already high, and Alessia beckoned to the bodyguards, "come sit with us."

"No," they politely refused and questioned the men.

"Why do you have their pictures on your phone?"

Sensing a problem, the two men tried to escape but were apprehended by the two bodyguards and tied up in the VIP booth.

Valerie and Alessia lay unconscious on the sofa when Denzel entered.

"What's going on here?"

One of the bodyguards quickly answered. "Don, I think their drinks have been spiked, and these two guys entered with their pictures on their phone. They refuse to give

us answers, but we can't touch them without your permission."

With just a glare from Alpha Denzel, the two guys shuddered and began to confess.

"We were hired by a woman."