

Chapter 282-Include her

It wasn't always that Don Denzel resorted to violence. Sometimes, he found it more fitting to let wrongdoers experience the consequences of their actions.

What lesson would be learnt if he killed or ordered for them to be killed? Since they did not intend to kill Valerie and Alessia but to only cause them gross humiliation, it was be good to let the two women experience it.

"Alright. Is the room booked?" He casually inquired, leaving everyone puzzled.

However, one of the gigolo s answered the question.

"Yes."

Turning to one of his bodyguards, he gave a serious instruction.

"Release them, but accompany them to ensure they fulfill their promise to this woman. Make sure it goes viral."

The gigolo s were relieved but dared not show it. The fact that their lives were spared was all that mattered to them.

Yet, the fear of a potential repeat of the situation lingered, and the risk of falling into the same trap again loomed large.

"After this, we need to find a better job," one of them whispered to the other. It was becoming increasingly dangerous if they were hired by women not for their own pleasure but to harm others.

"I agree. Unless it's a woman who hires us *w.w.nove11W0rM.com*

for entertainment."

Their hushed conversation went unnoticed by the others present due to their proximity.

The bartender thought she was off the hook until she heard Don Denzel point at her and say, "include her."

She shouldn't have agreed to lure her fellow women for any reason, knowing what awaited them.

After experiencing it firsthand, she would be more cautious in her dealings in the future.

The bartender turned pale, while Cinderella froze in shock, as if Don Denzel had vanished into thin air, causing her knees to buckle.

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"I'm sorry," she said tearfully, but Don Denzel's stern gaze prevented the bodyguards from removing her. Instead, she turned to Valerie and Alessia.

"Miss, please plead on my behalf. We are like sisters."

Valerie rolled her eyes. If Denzel hadn't intervened and assigned his bodyguards, those two men would have taken advantage of their unconscious bodies.

Valerie and Alessia, who had saved themselves for their mates, would have been scarred for life.

These women were kind, but in situations like this, their kindness had its limits, though they felt sympathy for the women involved.

"Denzel, can you lessen their punishment?" Valerie whispered, only to be met with Don Denzel's icy glare.

"What did you say?"

Alessia nudged Valerie and blinked, signaling her to drop the matter. "I... nothing," Valerie replied.

Despite their closeness and intimate moments, Valerie still feared Denzel's coldness.

Denzel was only affectionate when he chose to be. Sensing her apprehension, Denzel softened his gaze and tone when addressing her.

"You can ask for my life, and I would gladly give it, but not this. Have you considered

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the repercussions if something like that happened to you? Even if it were proven to be a setup, you would never be able to restore your dignity."

Both women knew he was right. For them, intimacy was sacred and reserved for the right person. Other women could potentially face the same fate or may have already suffered at the hands of these two women.

"I understand," Valerie conceded. However, her anger towards Don Viggo intensified, and she vowed to ensure his demise was the most miserable.

The two gigolo s seemed to be the only beneficiaries in this chess game, and Don Denzel noticed a faint smile on one of their lips as he instructed his bodyguards.

"After they're done, castrate them. The world would be better off without two more undignified gigolos. You can use

Alessia's car on your way back."

He extended his hand to Alessia, who handed over her car key from her clutch.

Denzel tossed it, and one of the bodyguards caught it gratefully. They had ridden in the same car with him, and his consideration for them lingered, though they could have still used a cab.

Don Denzel's rare acts of kindness toward those outside his inner circle were always accompanied by aloofness, but the bodyguards recognized the kindness beneath it all.

"Please Don Denzel, we shall get married in the future and have children. Don't do this to us," one of the gigolo s pleaded, the second added,

"We already decided to find better jobs after this. We shall not cause any form of harm to any woman, please."

Don Denzel only glared at them and felt no form of pity for them.

"I cannot be there to ensure it so this is the only way. You should be grateful that I did not ask for your head and just those little things in between your thighs."

The two men felt as if their feet were weighed down as they were escorted out by the bodyguards before they could utter another plea.

Indeed, their lives had been served and perhaps, they could rather dedicate their lives to serve in the church.

Don Denzel trusted his bodyguards, so

there was no need to linger. "Let's go," he said to the two women beside him.

Their moods were dampened as they imagined the fate awaiting the two unfortunate women. *w.w.nove11W0rM.com*

Unfortunately, Don Denzel was handling this matter personally, leaving no room for intervention.

"Are you two alright? Is there anything you need?" Denzel asked when they reached his car.

"I just want a hot shower and some rest. I can't believe women would agree to do this to others," Alessia sighed.

"I think we should all go home and rest. Alessia, aren't you going to work?" Valerie asked, Alessia shook her head.

"I'm the boss, remember? I'll keep you company."

Given the nature of Denzel's business, which operated throughout the week, she usually chose the less busy weekdays, except for Friday nights.

"You're off the hook from keeping her company today. There's somewhere I need to take her. Besides, you've had enough rest in the booth."

The two women's eyes were covered with curiosity but Alessia was the one to ask. "Where are you taking her?" She added. "I want to come along."

"Nice try, but this is something she has to do on her own. Right, Val?" Denzel smirked.

"Right," Valerie agreed before turning to him, looking puzzled. "What is it?"