

Chapter 288- She won't stand a chance

"I thought we were going to the arm-wrestling club. Why do you want me to wear this?" Valerie stared at the dress Denzel picked up from Alessia's closet for her with a puzzled look.

It was a mini dress that made her look more like a spoiled princess than the assassin she was portraying herself to be.

Denzel felt that all the dresses she brought would not fit into the program since he did not know beforehand how things were going to be before leaving the pack.

"We shall meet up with Don Viggo later in another club, and you would have to change in the car, but I want you to dress this way right now to draw attention. There are more men than women in the arm-wrestling club. You just can't go and kill Don Eskimo. You need to get him upset."

The explanation was reasonable. Valerie would have to make it look like it was worth it since she was going to do it in the midst of a crowd. "Thanks. I get it."

"Dress up and put on some make-up. I will package food for us to take along, and you would have to eat it after the arm-wrestling."

Valerie knew that the food would help her absorb more alcohol. No matter the risk, she was not willing to give up. "Okay."

In less than an hour, Valerie and Denzel hit the road once more. Upon arrival at the club, she met the same guy from the hotel.

If Denzel accompanied her, then she might not succeed as all attention would be drawn to him. This was his reason for getting a trusted person to accompany her. Valerie could hear the gossip when she entered the arm-wrestling club.

"Wow, what is Miss Universe doing here? Does she think it's a beauty pageant?" a female voice sneered, sarcasm lacing it.

"I guess she's here to watch. Hey Miss USA, over here," one of the arm-wrestlers yelled to draw her attention.

The man accompanying her could not help feeling proud for the opportunity of having such a stunning woman by his side, even if it was just for a show.

However, his excitement died as soon as he heard that familiar cold voice from the wireless earpiece.

"If you allow any son of a bitch to touch her, not only would you not get your payment but you would also join them in losing their lives."

A bitter smile lined the corner of his lips, but he did not respond as he was close to Valerie.

Valerie walked around the arm-wrestling tables, but there was no sign of Don Eskimo, making her nervous.

There was music just like the normal club, but instead of dancing, some people drank and bet with cash before competing against each other.

It looked more like gambling. To draw attention, Valerie's voice echoed over the music. "I want to compete with the toughest."

The club auditorium exploded with laughter as one of the female wrestlers mocked her. "Cinderella wants to wrestle."

"More like beauty and the beast, except the man beside her isn't so beastly," a male arm-wrestler added on. Valerie took a deep breath.

The person she wanted was not there anyway, and she thought of a way of provoking the competitors to see if he would come out. [Www.n0rthw0rml.com](#)

If Denzel sent her here, then it meant that Don Eskimo was close. "Let's go. They are no match for me."

One of the wrestlers scoffed. "You can't even defeat the weakest female."

Valerie glared at him and spoke seriously. "I

want to wrestle with the strongest man. If he wins, a hundred thousand dollars, and if he loses, I get two hundred thousand."

That meant the man had to equally bet with a hundred thousand dollars, and the winner takes all.

"Deal."

A dark-skinned, stern-looking guy cleared one of the wrestling tables and dropped the coins equivalent to a hundred thousand dollars on the table.

Over there, the cash was changed into the club's coins so the real cash is not displayed. The winner would go and retrieve their money from the cashier after being given a code by the referee. [Www.n0rthw0rml.com](#)

Valerie's escort, Tahir, already went to make the payment and brought the coins equivalent.

As wanted, Valerie drew attention from all the other arm wrestlers in the big hall, but her expression was stoic through it all.

Nevertheless, it had little to no effect on her attractive looks. "Do you need a drink?" Tahir asked carefully. She shook her head, knowing she had to reserve her drinking ability for her next target.

"No. Just water."

The dark-skinned guy was well-built and very tall, having a lot of fans at the club.

Valerie chose to stand, leaning in with her elbow on the table, and when Tahir noticed that most of the guys were gawking at her backside, he removed his jacket, using it to cover their view.

It made them upset but drew back their attention to the sport.

The referee strapped their hands together and checked all the positions before lightly touching their hands and wrists to see that they are properly aligned, wrists straight, thumb knuckle is visible, and arm centered to the table top.

By the time the referee gave the go-ahead, they had attracted a lot of crowd around them for the fact that Valerie was hot, looking more like a beauty queen than an arm-wrestler.

The game began with more weight being pushed to Valerie's side, but it wasn't long before she pushed it to the opposite direction.

Everyone expected it to move back to Valerie's side, but before they knew it, the

back of the dark-skinned muscular guy's hand touched the table.

The win was less than a minute, sending shock through the auditorium. At first, there was silence before the cheers broke out. [Www.n0rthw0rml.com](#)

"Beauty queen won!" one of the male arm-wrestlers screamed. Tahir was both shocked and impressed, giving her a hi-five, and a bottle of water.

The dark-skinned guy saluted Valerie and began to view her differently, asking. "Care for a drink?"

"Maybe later," Valerie politely rejected him, but her expression remained stern. Then she announced audibly. "I want to wrestle with the strongest."

The noise died down suddenly as one of them said, "he's the strongest." He was referring to the dark-skinned guy Valerie arm-wrestled with.

Disappointed, Valerie placed another demand. "Oh, I was ready to bet a million for the next match, but I guess I have to go elsewhere."

She was already walking towards the door, hoping that Don Eskimo would come out when she heard a familiar voice from among the crowd.

"Wait!"

She turned to see a familiar man at the arm-wrestling table. He was the owner of the arm-wrestling club.

"Don Eskimo? She won't stand a chance."

The crowd began to mumble.

The man walked close, and as soon as their gazes met, he grew skeptical. "Valerie?" [Www.n0rthw0rml.com](#)