

## Chapter 01 Meet Again

VIP room.

"You're just a whore who anyone can fuck by paying." The man scoffed, fiercely extinguishing his cigarette and hurling a stack of bills at the woman. "Tonight, I want you!"

Grace never expected to encounter Xavier Brooks, her ex boyfriend who she hadn't seen in two years, in this club. What she didn't anticipate was being insulted by him in such a way.

The banknotes fell in a cascade down her head, and as Grace regained her composure, she evaded the man's burning gaze and offered him a seductive smile. "I apologize, Mr. Brooks. Club policy forbids me from offering sex service."

She worked as a hostess in this nightclub, but she could chose to refuse offering sex service.

Before she could utter another word, her wrist was seized, and the man forcefully flung her into the restroom, slamming the door shut.

"Xavier! You despicable scoundrel! Release me! I'm not your whore!" Grace exclaimed in shock, vehemently resisting his touch.

Was he really going to fuck her in this restroom while others reveled in song and drink in the private room?

"Ridiculous. Don't pretend to be a virgin, with the fact that you're a harlot!" Xavier crudely pressed her against the toilet, callously stripping away her skirt. Through clenched teeth, he sneered, "Be professional. If you get me satisfied, then I'll consider tipping you heavily."

After that, he forcefully thrust his shaft into her!

"Ah!" Grace cried out in pain, her teeth pierced the skin on her quivering lower lip.

Xavier's ruthlessness toward her revealed his intent to take revenge on her! This was his retribution for her past "cheating"!

For there was no man who wouldn't harbor resentment after being cuckolded, let alone such a prideful man like Xavier.

Taking all of this into account, Grace started enthusiastically and skillfully catering to his lust. "Since Mr. Brooks doesn't despise me, then I try my best to satisfy you!"

"Shameless bitch! So cheap!" Xavier said in angry tone, and he's doing more harsh on her.

"It's our glory to have Mr. Brooks in our club. Sure enough I should try my best to entertain you." Grace squeezed a smile, which was, however, stained with bitterness.

"You're cheap to the bone!" He gripped her long tresses, his rough hands mercilessly ravaging her, claiming her body. "I want you to shout out!"

He desired her to vocalize her pleasure, so Grace unleashed her voice, screaming loudly. Her half-hearted performance only further infuriated him, intensifying his torment.

After fully venting his lust, he finally withdrew from her body, sated.

Grace disregarded the agony coursing through her body, hastening to compose herself. She turned around, extending her hand toward him. "You've broken the rules in our club, Mr. Brooks. You must compensate me accordingly!"

Xavier, in the midst of fastening his belt, froze, glaring at her nonchalant expression, consumed by a fervent rage!

"Well done, Grace Everly. I truly underestimated your

depravity!" Xavier retrieved prepared banknotes, hurling them at her face with great force.

Grace's face stung, yet she maintained indifferent as she squatted down, meticulously gathering the scattered bills. She kissed on the banknotes before him, her eyes subtly conveying a flirtatious message. She then turned and exited the restroom.

Xavier was on the verge of explosion! This bitch had literally impressed him much! He must be blind in past, as he had fallen for such a shameless and despicable woman.

As Grace walked through the private room, she wore a enchanting and captivating smile on face. But as she entered her own lounge, she suddenly collapsed onto the table, softly weeping.

Tears flowed like a gushing stream, uncontrollably pouring from the depths of her heart.

"Grace, are you alright?" One of the hostesses entered, gently patted Grace's shoulder with evident concern on face.

Grace quickly wiped away her tears with her sleeve, sat up, and rubbed her legs. "Damn, it hurts! That despicable scoundrel! He pinched me hard and now my body is covered by bruises! It's hard to earn his money!"

"Grace, massage can help the pain. Let me help you!" The girl offered, preparing to crouch down and massage Grace's legs.

Grace grasped her hand, held her back. She put on a relaxing smile to soothe her. "No need! It's not a big deal! There are still clients waiting for us. Let's go!"

She was truly fine. The physical pain she endured was insignificant compared to the gaping wound torn open in her

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heart.