

Chapter 03 Tiny Hope

The pain in this night was interminable and overwhelming for Grace. The humiliation inflicted by Xavier surpassed all the grievances she had endured over the past two years, leaving her utterly shattered.

In the end, she was like a worn doll, with pain coursing through every limb. Yet, throughout the ordeal, not a single tear escaped her.

With the break of dawn, Xavier finally sated his desires and callously kicked her off the car. "Get out!"

Grace, bearing the agony coursing through her, disregarded her disheveled state and hurriedly put on a smile as she addressed him, "Mr. Brooks, remember to pay your bill. One hundred thousand dollars in total." Having said that, she turned and stepped into the elevator.

As the elevator doors closed, tears streamed down her cheeks, with a cascade of unspoken sorrow.

"Xavier... If it can grant you solace by doing this, then I can bear it!"

After quickly cleansing herself and donning fresh attire at the club, Grace hastened to the hospital.

Observing the nurse insert the needle into her vein, extracting her blood, Grace released a long breath, finding solace in the moment. "Lady, I just deposited more money into my son's medical account. Please ensure his medications won't break off."

The nurse nodded. "Rest assure, Miss Everly. But you appear unwell. You must take good care of yourself, as your child needs you... Blood draws every three days... I'm afraid your condition can't allow it for too long."

"It doesn't matter! I'll be fine. A good night's sleep will suffice." Grace lowered her gaze, for the fear that the nurse saw through her

lie.

For her, sleeping for enough time had become a luxury.

From the moment of his birth, her son Jam was burdened with a rare blood disorder, relying on imported medication to sustain his fragile life. Every three days, he required a transfusion of 200CC... He had been confined to the ICU since birth.

Over the course of a year and more, the hospital and countless doctors had advised Grace to relinquish hope, but the thought had never crossed her mind.

Even if there existed a mere glimmer of possibility, she would persist with unwavering determination to save her son.

As the blood draw concluded, the doctor entered the room with news that ignited a spark of hope within Grace. "Miss Everly, I have good news. We have established contact with a hospital in Washington, D.C.. After reviewing Jam's medical records, they have agreed to admit the child and are willing to undertake experimental treatments..."

Grace's eyes welled up with excitement, turning red. "Truly? That's marvelous!"

The doctor nodded. "However, it means that to stabilize your child's condition or potentially achieve a cure, you have to prepare a minimum of two million dollars."

Two million... It felt as though an insurmountable mountain stood before her, casting a shadow over her dreams.

Grace's heart constricted for a moment, but she quickly nodded repeatedly. "I understand! I will raise the medical fee as soon as possible to take my child abroad! Thank you, doctor!"

Outside the ICU ward.

Gazing through the glass window at the little figure lying on the sickbed, Grace's heart twisted in pain.

That fragile child surrounded by medical instruments, was her

unfortunate son... only one year and four months old.

He had yet to behold the world outside this small room, untouched by sunlight, unfamiliar with blooming flowers, and oblivious to the melodies of birds... and he hadn't experienced the warmth of his mother's embrace.

If only she could bear his sufferings instead!

Grace couldn't fathom how, during her pregnancy, she had been inadvertently exposed to radiation, resulting in her son contracting a rare blood disease.

It's her to blame! Grace's tears streamed down like an unleashed torrent.

Since fate had blessed her with Jam, she held the obligation and responsibility to protect him and conquer the affliction that plagued him!

Even if...

Even if it meant sacrificing her dignity and being a prostitute, she would willingly do it!

Two million dollars... she must raise the money as soon as possible.

As Grace arrived at the club that night, Jenny pulled her aside. "Grace, you've finally come! Why didn't you answer my calls?"

Witnessing the panic and urgency etched on Jenny's face, Grace furrowed her brow. "I forgot to switch off silent mode. What's happened?"

"Something grave has occurred! You must go and see!" Jenny discreetly gestured upstairs. "V8 private room. God! I'm afraid someone's gonna die!"

V8? Grace's heart skipped a beat. Last night, it was within V8 private room that Xavier had fucked her.