

Chapter 04 Set An Example

Pushing open the doors to V8's private room, Grace immediately felt the icy and heavy atmosphere.

The surrounding private rooms were filled with clamor and revelry, but this one remained strangely silent... and yet, it was almost bursting with people.

When Grace laid eyes on the man sitting in the center of the couch, casually puffing on a cigarette, her brow involuntarily furrowed.

Again, it was Xavier! Beside him sat a group of men dressed in black.

Meanwhile, all the girls from the club had been summoned and stood in a row, heads bowed, trembling with apprehension. As Grace entered, a glimmer of hope flickered in the girls' eyes.

"So, it's Mr. Brooks! Is that our club's girls not captivating enough?" Grace walked over and took a seat beside him, extracting a cigarette, igniting it, and handing it to him.

"Disgusting!" Xavier coolly uttered a single word, raising his wine glass to his lips and taking a sip. "Miss Everly knows my taste, these are not my types!"

Xavier didn't even spare her a glance, yet his aura exuded a chilling menace that sent shivers down Grace's spine.

She took a long drag on her cigarette. "Is that so? Well then, tonight, let me serve you, Mr. Brooks. Shall we see if someone like me fits your taste?"

With those words, she nonchalantly exhaled the smoke, gently caressing Xavier's chiseled face, her smile charming and tantalizing.

Xavier tightened his grip around the wine glass, as if he was about to crush it at any moment.

Amidst swirling smoke and dim lights, Grace couldn't discern

the man's visage, but she could sense the dangerous smell he was exuding.

Just as Grace thought he might abruptly reach out to strangle her, the man's voice wafted softly through the air. "Very well! Then Miss Everly, tonight, I shall have you personally set an example to these girls how to please a man."

Set an example?

Grace's heart skipped a beat, and the cigarette slipped from her grasp, descending to the floor. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Brooks meant that Miss Everly you should serve him in front of everyone in this room!" A man in black interrupted her and explained.

"Xavier Brooks, you bastard!" Grace blurted out in rage and stood up.

Humiliating her? Okay, she could take it, but did he have to do it in front of so many people? Was he really not even willing to give her a shred of dignity?

Xavier slowly raised his gaze and looked at her with a mocking expression. "What? Isn't a prostitute supposed to be ready to be fucked anytime, anywhere?"

He gestured with his finger, and the man in black beside him immediately opened the box he was holding.

Rustle, rustle, rustle... Countless banknotes were poured out.

Grace froze. But she only stayed frozen for a few seconds before a charming smile appeared on her face.

She lifted her leg and put it on the sofa, bending down to take off her stockings. "If Mr. Brooks had showed me this earlier, I wouldn't have to waste you so much time!"

After taking off her stockings, she forcefully tore off her T-shirt. In an instant, she was left with only a bra on her upper body, revealing her well-shaped breasts.

Several men in black quickly turned away, and the girls standing in a row were both frightened and shocked as they looked at Grace.

Only Xavier remained calmly sitting there, his gaze coldly fixed on Grace as she continued undressing.

Grace stripped herself completely in one breath and smiled as she straddled Xavier. "Mr. Brooks, shall I start it now?"

Just as her hand was about to touch his chest, Xavier suddenly grabbed her wrist. "Grace Everly, you fucking continue to astound me! For money, you're willing to do anything!!!"

He squeezed her wrist so tightly that it hurt so much. Grace gritted her teeth and met his icy gaze without any fear. "Yes! As long as you pay, you can fuck me, humiliate me—I'm willing to do anything!"

"Get out! Get the fuck out!" Xavier suddenly erupted, shouting.

The men in black immediately drove the frightened girls out of the private room, leaving only Xavier and Grace inside.

Grace looked at the enraged man, a touch of pain reached her eyes, but she still maintained a frivolous smile. "Oh, come on! Mr. Brooks, I've taken off all my clothes. If you make me leave now, do I get paid or not?"

"Since you enjoy being a whore so much, I'll fulfill your wish!"