

Chapter 05 Pass Out

Xavier swiftly flipped over, pinning Grace beneath him, and ruthlessly ravished her.

The pain from the previous night still lingered, forcing Grace to grit her teeth and endure his bestial sex...

She repeated to herself, over and over. 'Grace, dignity won't save your son... Only money will!'

It was nearly dawn when Grace walked out the private room.

Though she had put on clothes, her disheveled hair and the bruises on her exposed arms, legs, and neck revealed how much she suffered last night...

A few timid girls couldn't hold back their tears. "Grace..."

Grace raised her hand and stroked her hair. "It's alright. Get someone to pick up the bills from ground. From now on, leave this troublesome customer to me."

Only when she immersed herself in the bathtub did the tears she had suppressed all night burst forth uncontrollably. In a stifled voice, she cried out.

"Xavier!"

"Xavier Brooks!"

"How could you treat me this way?"

"I wasn't the one who betrayed you in the first place! I didn't even know what happened, yet you denied me a chance to explain... You hate me! Well, I hate you too!"

"You have no idea about the hardships I've endured these past two years..."

...

As Grace changed into clean clothes and left the club, the sun had already risen. Having spent two sleepless days and nights, she felt her steps unsteady.

She reached the bus stop, waiting for the first bus. Exhaustion overwhelmed her, and she leaned against the signboard, closing her eyes for a brief moment.

Xavier's car emerged from the underground parking lot and passed by the bus stop. With a single glance, his eyes caught that familiar figure.

Different from her provocative attire and heavy makeup at night, she now wore a flowing white dress, her long hair cascading down, and her face devoid of fake smile.

Damn, she knows how to play innocent! A temptress at night, yet innocent during the day?

Xavier tightened his grip on the steering wheel, about to accelerate and drive away when Grace suddenly toppled forward...

From the rearview mirror, Xavier saw her fall to the ground. She remained motionless, lying face down.

Squeak—

After an abrupt brake, Xavier leaped out of the car and swiftly lifted Grace in his arms. "Grace!"

The woman in his embrace had her eyes softly closed, undisturbed by his call.

Xavier's eyebrows furrowed, and he turned around, carefully placing her inside the car.

In hospital.

Walking out the emergency room, the doctor told Xavier, "The patient is unharmed, merely suffering from exhaustion. She has fallen into a deep sleep... It seems like she hasn't experienced a restful night's sleep for a long time, malnourished and plagued by severe hypoglycemia."

Upon hearing this, Xavier breathed a sigh of relief, but next moment a flame of anger ignited within his gaze. She's really

risking everything for money, even her health! Why? What made her so lack of money that she couldn't even spare a moment for a nutritious meal?

Grace awakened to find herself in the hospital, momentarily bewildered. As she attempted to sit up, there came a cold male voice from beside. "Isn't that man quite wealthy? Is it necessary for you to toil so much?"

Taken aback, Grace offered a self-mocking smile. "Don't you understand? I can't live without a man's touch for a day. You know I'm a slut... How could one man ever satisfy me? That man has long been discarded by me. My current occupation allows me to both earn a living and find fulfillment. It's rather splendid!"

She intentionally flashed him a coy glance. Xavier's fury surged through his veins!

Yet, gazing at her pallid face, he forcibly restrained his wrath and clenched his teeth. "You've disrupted my breakfast, so you have to accompany me for a meal!" He paused, then continued, "I'll pay you by hour!"

Grace hesitated for a moment, but witnessing Xavier striding towards the exit, she promptly jumped out of the bed. "Accompany you for a meal and get paid? Wait for me!"

Xavier clenched his fists tightly, making a cracking sound. He must be crazy! Why he would be worried about her who was obsessed with money and had a low character? She didn't deserve.

He took Grace to a nearby restaurant, and Grace ordered several dishes herself.

After the dishes were served, Xavier frowned. "Spinach? Cilantro? What's going on? Did your taste change after becoming a whore?"

She had allergies to these dishes, and she never used to eat them before.

Grace picked up her fork and ate with relish. "Yes! People can change! My ex-boyfriend liked to eat these, so I learned to eat them to please him!" As she spoke, she deliberately chewed the cilantro in her mouth. In her heart, however, she felt as bitter as chewing on a handful of salt.

Every few days, she had to give her son a blood transfusion. The doctor said that she lacked an enzyme in her blood, and it could be supplied by eating spinach and cilantro before two hours she had blood drawn.

So, she forced herself to eat spinach and cilantro... even if she had an allergic reaction every time, it didn't matter.

Xavier felt a surge of blood and pain in his lungs. She learned to eat these things that made her allergic just to please her ex-boyfriend? She wasn't afraid of dying from an allergic reaction? A sweet taste rose in his chest. He vomited a mouthful of blood directly onto a tissue.