

Chapter 08 He's Dead!

After completing the procedures for going abroad, Grace prepared to hand over her work affairs at the clubhouse.

Originally, it was her friend who introduced her to this club. Even if she was leaving now, she still wanted to hand the work over to a reliable person.

What Grace didn't expect was that as soon as she arrived at the clubhouse, she was tied up and thrown into the V9 private room by several men in black.

"Are you nuts? How dare you tie me up? Let me go!" Grace struggled non-stop.

As soon as she looked up, she met a pair of obscene and wicked eyes. She was instantly stunned. "Mr. Miller."

It turned out to be John Miller. He often came to this place to harass her, taking advantage of the fact that he was one of the shareholders of the clubhouse...she had to spend a long time dealing with him each time.

John waved his hand and let his subordinates leave, then turned around and stroked Grace's face, sneering. "I heard that our Grace who never offer sex service here, has been fucked by a man?"

Grace's hair stood on end. "Where did Mr. Miller hear these rumors? As a single mother, how could anyone want me?"

"Is that so?" John sneered, suddenly raised his hand and tore off Grace's dress.

In an instant, she was left with only her underwear. Damn it! This perverted bastard! Grace cursed in her heart, but on the surface, she could only remained composed. "How darer I lie to you, Mr. Miller?"

John grabbed her long hair and pulled it back forcefully, gritting his teeth. "Then let me check if you're lying to me!"

With that, he roughly threw Grace onto the sofa, untied the ropes on her body, and tore off all her clothes.

"Mr. Miller, please calm down! You know the rules of the clubhouse..." Grace was terrified.

"Shut up! You've already been fucked by other men but won't let me touch you? You bitch!" John cursed. "Today I will not only fuck you her but also record it and show it to the other shareholders of the clubhouse, to see how you bitch be fucked!"

Grace stiffened, and only then did she notice a video recorder on the coffee table with a flashing red light indicating it was already recording.

John turned her over, unzipped his pants and pressed himself against her.

Grace lifted her foot and kicked him in the crotch, then picked up a bottle of red wine from the coffee table and smashed it hard on his head. "You perverted bastard! Get out of my face."

Bang!

After a muffled sound, red blood mixed with broken glass splattered everywhere, and John's face was covered with wine stains.

The blow on John's head left his face flushed and his eyes wide with anger as he glared fiercely at Grace. "You..." Before he could utter another word, he collapsed.

Grace's anger spiraled out of control, her eyes stained with redness. Gripping the half-broken glass bottle tightly, she thrust it savagely towards John. "You fucking son of bitch! How dare you force me! Rot in hell!"

In an instant, fresh blood started to trickle down John's back and head.

The sight of blood made Grace freeze momentarily, causing the shards of glass to slip from her grasp.

The door to the private room swung open, and a group of girls rushed in. Pale-faced, they surveyed the scene before them. "Grace, what should we do about John?"

One bold girl crouched down and cautiously checked John's breath, only to recoil in fear. "G...Grace... Mr. Miller... He... he's not breathing!"

Grace's mind went blank in an instant. She had taken someone's life!!

"What has happened?" Suddenly, a chillingly familiar voice sounded from behind as someone pushed open the door and entered.

Xavier strode in, casting a quick glance at the scene unfolding before him. His deep gaze grew icy as he ordered his assistant who trailed behind him. "Seal off the club's front and back exits. No one is to leave, and the incident is to remain confidential. Escort Miss Everly and all the others out of here. I'll arrange for someone to handle the situation in the room."

"Yes, Mr. Brooks."

Grace's legs went limp due to fear, and her tears flowed uncontrollably at the sudden appearance of Xavier.

Xavier picked up the video recorder from the coffee table, fast-forwarded the playback, and furrowed his brow. Fuck John Miller! He had died too easily.

The club ceased operations, and Xavier's bodyguards dragged John's body out through the back exit.

Grace and other girls sat together in the lobby, trembling with trepidation, enduring a sleepless night.

At the break of dawn, someone pushed open the door. It was Xavier, his face worn with fatigue, yet exuding an air of nobility.

His gaze traversed the crowd before settling upon Grace. "It's over now. Everyone goes back to your work. Grace, you come out."