

Chapter 09 Threaten Him

Grace stood in a daze for quite some time before realizing what had happened. She walked out with blank mind.

Xavier was smoking when he heard the sound of the door opening. He glanced at her and said, "Drive me back."

Without hesitation, he got into the car parked by the roadside, taking the passenger seat.

His deep voice had become even more husky after a sleepless night. Grace couldn't bring herself to refuse. Almost unconsciously, she followed him and sat on the driver's seat.

"Where to..."

Just as she was about to ask him the address, she noticed that Xavier had already closed his eyes and appeared to have fallen asleep.

Gazing at his sleeping face, a pang of pain shot through her heart. She couldn't bear it! This man, whom she had loved throughout her youth! Even though she knew he despised her, even though she knew their love story was doomed to end... every time she saw him, she found it even harder to let go.

But when she thought about her son in the hospital, Grace closed her eyes and shook her head, forcing herself back to reality.

She couldn't bring herself to wake Xavier, so she drove him to her modest rented house. After all, they might never cross paths again once she leaves! For one last time, she decided to cook him a meal! Even if it were just a simple plate of pancakes, it would eliminate her lingering regrets.

The car moved slowly, turning what would typically be a half-hour journey into nearly two hours before reaching the building.

Casting a glance at the still-sleeping man, Grace couldn't resist extending her hand... But just as her fingertips were about to touch

Xavier's face, he abruptly opened his eyes. In an instant, his formerly peaceful face turned cold upon meeting her startled gaze.

Grace hastily retracted her hand. "To express my gratitude for Mr. Brooks's care last night, I would like to invite you for a meal."

Xavier sat up straight and sneered. "Hah. Since when do prostitutes like you show gratitude by offering meals? Huh?"

Grace faltered for a moment, quickly averting her gaze. "Then, how would Mr. Brooks prefer me to show my gratitude?"

"Of course, by utilizing your profession!" He replied.

A bitter feeling welled up in Grace's heart as she clenched her fist. "Very well! Follow me then! This time, I will provide Mr. Brooks with my services free of charge." With her words spoken, she opened the car door and stepped out.

Xavier thought himself wouldn't follow her, and he shouldn't follow her, either. But as his eyes happened to catch the building before him, his brows furrowed in confusion.

Grace, with her apparent financial stability, why was she living in such a run-down neighborhood?

He was intimately acquainted with this area, an abandoned building from the last century that had already been slated for demolition next year... Those who resided here were either destitute or elderly.

It suddenly felt like a heavy rock crushing on his heart. Xavier pushed open the car door and stepped out onto the street. With each step, he ascended the narrow staircase until he reached the third floor.

The rusty, weathered anti-theft door creaked open under the touch of Grace. "I recently purchased a villa in the outskirts with the money I earned. I haven't had the chance to move yet! Mr. Brooks, you're the final guest I'll have the privilege of serving in this old room." She said on purpose. Then she ushered him inside

the room.

Grace's casual remark instantly pissed Xavier off, and he strode forward, seizing her wrist and pressing her against the door. "You actually bring men into your own home?"

Refusing to meet his probing gaze, Grace still wore a flattering smile. "It's all just business... As long as they pay, I don't mind the setting."

"GRACE EVERLY!" Xavier held her chin firmly, his grip tight. "Didn't you say you don't need to offer sex service at the nightclub? Huh?"

Suppressing her pain, Grace wore a helpless expression. "But when it comes to wealthy bosses like you, Mr. Brooks, who insist on using money to break the rules, I have no other choice."

"You're rotten to the core!" Xavier gritted his teeth, his anger palpable. Suddenly, he released his grip, his tone ice-cold. "Filthy!"

He cast a piercing, disdainful glance at her before turning on his heel, preparing to leave.

"Wait!" Grace closed her eyes, calling out to him, halting his departure.

"What now? Another demand for money?" Xavier sneered, his tone laced with sarcasm.

Grace smiled faintly, retrieving her phone and opening the photo album. She extended it towards him, saying, "These photos hold considerable value. If Mr. Brooks wishes for me to delete them, how about compensating me with a few million?"

Caught off guard by the explicit images of himself and her displayed on the screen, Xavier's eyes widened in disbelief. He flung the phone to the ground with a resounding crash. "You dare to threaten me?!!"

Before his voice fully dissipated, Xavier roughly grasped her throat, his grip tightening.

“Mr. Brooks possesses vast wealth. It wasn't easy for me to ensnare such a powerful cash cow as you, so naturally, I must squeeze the last value of you!” Undeterred, Grace giggled as she endured his anger.

“You despicable snob!” Xavier seethed with anger, hurling her onto the sofa with force. “Then post them! If you lack the courage to expose these photos, then I'll put an end to you!”