

Chapter 18 Dare To Challenge

I still managed to smile, even though it no longer held any warmth.

I had always believed that place to be merely a spot where one accompanied others in drinking. The more one drank, the more one earned without the necessity to sell oneself, neither body nor soul.

However, I had not anticipated that place would be a melting pot of all sorts. There were many people whom I, Madeline, and the bar owner simply couldn't turn away.

It was evident that Lorenzo was such a person.

Suddenly, I felt a wave of sadness wash over me.

After being coerced into drinking the spiked alcohol, I began to feel lightheaded.

Whether I was a prostitute or not, that day, I was nothing more than a product on display. It had always been the customers who chose the product, not the other way around. I thought I didn't have the right to feel indignant and wondered if I had been spoiled by Oberon's fleeting affection.

Well, I suppose, to Oberon, I was just a commodity, nothing more. Otherwise, he wouldn't have still not sought me out after so long.

My laughter grew louder, so much so that tears welled up in the corners of my eyes. Look at me. My mind is as clear as ever. It's just that, all of a sudden, I seem to have gained a new perspective on many things. Once, I came across a saying: Life can be compared to sexual assault. If you can't resist it, then just close your eyes and endure it. As an escort, it's important to be dutiful and responsible, and that's what I'll do!

Thus, I willingly wrapped my arms around Lorenzo's waist.

After the song ended, he and I returned to the couch, arms wrapped around each other.

No sooner had I settled into my seat than he leaned into me, pushing me back against the couch. He suddenly kissed me, his body pressing down on mine.

Instinctively, I wanted to push him away. Yet, as I took in everything around us, it was all so vivid yet so blurry. The world beyond the glass seemed to belong to an entirely different universe. What difference does it make whether other people look or not? What matters if we stay here or go to the hotel?

At that moment, I surprisingly felt that whatever he did to me seemed like it wasn't such a big deal after all.

His hands had already seized my chest, applying a heavy force. It hurt, and I wanted to cry out, but his tongue was in my mouth, making my cries of pain particularly unclear.

Meanwhile, I felt uncomfortable as something of his was pressing against my abdomen.

I could still hear the music playing around me and the ongoing chatter of people engaged in conversation. I saw Lorenzo's face close, and in my peripheral vision, I saw others smiling. They seemed so close yet so far away.

Bang!

I probably didn't hear the light being turned on, but the bright light piercing my eyes was painful.

Instinctively, I raised my hand to shield myself from the light. Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through my wrist. Someone was forcefully pulling my hand, dragging me away from underneath Lorenzo's body.

“Who the h*ll are you?” Lorenzo suddenly collapsed onto the couch.

He roared as the other men in the room slowly closed in, forming a circle around the stranger.

“I'm her d*mn father!” Another voice, belonging to an unfamiliar man, roared.

Dad? I was shocked. Isn't Dad back in our hometown? When did he arrive? And how did he end up finding me in such a place?

Suddenly, I opened my eyes wide. The man was not my father. He was a head taller than my dad, and his face was completely different.

He had an angular face, exuding an aura of authority. I didn't recognize him at all!

I was just about to ask him who he was when a harsh slap was already being swung toward me.

With a resounding smack, half of my body felt as if it had been flung away. Half of my face, from my ear, across my face, to my mouth, throbbed with a fiery pain.

“Why, of all things to do, you chose to become an escort? You'll be in a world of trouble when we get back!” The man yelled again, pulling me off the couch with a forceful tug.

Judging from the look of it, that person's strength was no less than that of Lorenzo.

“You're not taking her away,” Lorenzo sneered.

“You dare oppose a police officer?” The man who claimed to be my father sneered as well.