

Trapped by Him(edited) Chapter 7

Chapter 7: Chapter 8

edit, Gloria arrived in the private room. She felt the air was strange in the room as she entered.

In the dim light, a few guests sat on the sofa with several call girls.

Only Lillian stood in the middle of the room. When Lillian saw Gloria, she immediately shouted, "Gloria, help me!"

The guests sitting on the sofa suddenly focused on Gloria, who became nervous in an instant.

Some of the guests were werewolves.

Gloria was startled, and her body tensed up for a moment.

"I'm here to clean." As she spoke, her unpleasant voice was exposed.

With that hoarse voice, the guests lost interest in her and turned back to Lillian.

Gloria had been working at Fittro Club for a few months, and she knew how to keep her job.

So, she learned not to poke into other people's business.

Therefore, she ignored Lillian's pleading look toward her.

Gloria was just a cleaner and could barely support herself. How could she help others?

Moreover, Lillian was only a human and she had parents to protect her. So, the werewolves among the guests would not hurt her.

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Gloria came out with a mop in one hand and a bucket of water in the other. She lowered her head and began cleaning.

"Drink this glass of wine and you can go out," a man sitting on the sofa said.

Lillian looked mad.

She gritted her teeth, trying to say something. However, Gloria hit the bucket with a mop, and the water in it splashed on Lillian's dress. Lillian glanced at Gloria.

"Sorry," Gloria said in a low voice.

"It doesn't matter." After that, Lillian looked at the guests in the room.

She said, "I'm only taking a part-time job here during the summer break. I'm not a call girl. So, I won't accept your disgusting request."

Gloria thought that she should not have helped Lillian because of what Lillian had just said.

She was trying to remind Lillian not to speak just now.

Many of the guests were werewolves, and some of them were very rich or with high social status. So, the employees here couldn't afford to offend them.

It seemed that Gloria had helped Lillian for nothing and even attracted the attention of the guests.

Gloria planned to leave after cleaning up.

"Do you think you are Paris Hilton?" Another man said, "Since you are working here, you must do as we pleased."

The man placed the wine glass on the table. He looked at Lillian and said, "If you don't drink, I will have to talk to Christine."

As Lillian heard Christine's name, she began to tremble.

Although Lillian worked there, her family condition was not good. Her father was in debt, and she hoped to make more money to support her family.

If Christine knew what had happened, she would fire Lillian.

So, Lillian quickly changed her attitude. "I'll drink."

"Wait a minute." In the darkness, a low voice came through. Gloria had her back in the dark corner. When she heard the voice, her body began to tremble uncontrollably.

Fear gradually filled her eyes, and she began to breathe heavily.

"Turn around," the man ordered.

Gloria felt fear and pretended not to hear it, but then the powerful aura of the Alpha controlled her body. She could not resist the pressure of the Alpha at all, so she had to turn around.

Her eyes were filled with fear, and she wanted to escape right away!

Gloria was tortured in the werewolf prison for three years. Her wolf could no longer respond to her call, and she lost her wolf.

After that, she felt that as Patrick's mate, her bond with him disappeared as well.

"Raise your head," the man ordered slowly. Only when he gave an order did Gloria look up.

Patrick, regal as an emperor, sat in the corner of the sofa. His arm rested on the arm of the sofa, and his chin rested on the back of his hand. He looked like an elegant gentleman, but his eyes, under a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, were fixed on her as if he were a hungry wolf ready to tear her apart.

Patrick sneered and said coldly, "Long time no see. Aren't you going to say hello to me?"

Gloria's voice trembled slightly. She said, "Mr. Hammond."

Patrick narrowed his eyes and sized up Gloria... If it wasn't for the fact that he had seen her with his own eyes today, he would have almost forgotten her.

Gloria had changed a lot. If the waitress didn't call her name, he wouldn't have recognized her.

The light in the room was dim, and Patrick could only see Gloria vaguely, but even so, he had to admit that the change in Gloria was far beyond his expectations.

"When did you come out?" Patrick asked nonchalantly.

Gloria raised her head and looked at Patrick, hoping that Patrick wouldn't mention her previous imprisonment.

Patrick was slightly surprised. He couldn't communicate with Gloria through the mind link, but he could still read Gloria from her eyes.

He pointed at the wine bottle in Lillian's hand and smiled coldly at Gloria, "I know what you want to say. How about this? If you drink this bottle of wine, I will agree to your request."

Gloria looked at the bottle of vodka in Lillian's hand with a pale face.

Patrick stared at Gloria impatiently. "My patience is limited."

His voice was familiar, and Gloria's face was drained of color.

"Mr. Hammond, please spare me." To survive, Gloria had to give up her self-esteem and crawl on the ground to beg for mercy. "I beg you, please let me go. I will do anything except drink wine."

Gloria wanted to live because this was the only way to keep her promise.

She had once made a promise, and she wanted to stick to it.

Patrick said with a poker face, "It was just a bottle of wine, and you knelt just to not drink it. Gloria, where are your pride and dignity?"

Dignity?

Gloria, who was facing so closely at the ground, revealed a hint of mockery and bitterness.

What was dignity? Would dignity help her to survive?

She knelt, and it was not because she wanted to avoid drinking a bottle but because she wanted to live!

Gloria looked up at Patrick and then shook her head, "Mr. Hammond, I can do anything except drink."

Patrick smiled faintly and said, "Anything?"

She was the daughter of Alpha of Silver Spring Pack. For such a proud woman, could she really give up her pride?

Patrick wondered if Gloria had already turned into a different person.

"Anything but drinking."

"Good!" Patrick snapped his fingers. Then, a man slowly walked out from the dimmed corner.

"Mr. Hammond." The black-clad man was probably a guard from Patrick's pack.

Then, Patrick said to Gloria while pointing at the man, "Kiss him, then, I won't tell others about you."

Gloria's eyes widened.

"So? Can't you do that?" Patrick smiled. "Kiss him, or drink the wine."