

Chapter 2 Two

I eventually gave in and dragged my lazy ass to the bathroom for a warm bath before walking back to my room with my wet body. I had met different satin straight gowns on my bed as I sighed.

They all belonged to Sage, and she definitely wants me to look hot tonight in hopes of me finding a boyfriend. This wasn't the first time it'll be happening and I've told her countless times that I didn't need a man. I won't want to bring problems and responsibilities upon myself. I already have both her and Nala. They were a lot to deal with alone.

There was also a time when she hooked me up with a man who was a business owner, but he pretty much fucked up the moment he proposed to me on our second date. That still freaks the living hell out of me.

"We're getting late, Mirabel!" Sage yelled as she banged on my door.

"Bitch, I'm coming," I scoffed before applying some lip gloss over my lip and taking a quick look at my grey dress with a side slit that was way above my knees. I wanted to go with a simple look and try my possible best to avoid any man from coming my way, but with the way this dress was bringing out my curves, I hoped my plan wouldn't flop, or else someone would be visiting the ICU and it wouldn't be me.

Before adjusting my hair and walking out the door, I made sure to put my pepper spray in my bag.

"Finally!"

Sage rolled her eyes at me as we both rushed out of the apartment, with her hands dragging mine.

She was also wearing something similar to mine, but hers didn't have as much opening as mine did.

The moment we got out, she called a taxi to take us to the club. She was supposed to have a car but had refused her boyfriend's offer to get her one because she didn't want to be a burden.

Surprisingly, the club wasn't that far from our apartment, and in less than thirty minutes, we arrived at the club, but I was left dumbstruck at how mighty it was. It suddenly felt like everyone around me was rich, because I wouldn't have believed Professor Kim could own something as huge as this. He had a really cool car and dressed smartly, but aside from that, I still wouldn't believe my eyes.

"Your invitation card?" The hefty bald guard at the door asked both of us as we were about to go in, but we had none. Professor Kim hadn't given me any cards.

"I'm sorry, I don't have one..."

"Please leave." He cut me off before I could even finish my sentence. I felt embarrassed because this wouldn't have happened if I was cuddled up with Nala while watching Netflix.

"Okay," I sighed while tucking my hair behind my ear. It's something I do whenever I am either nervous or pissed off. I turned my back to leave while Sage kept bugging me to call the professor, but I was too pissed to listen to her.

"Mirabel?" The professor's voice called as I was about to leave.

"Sir" I said, turning to face him in his expensive tuxedo. He looked really cool and the opposite of a school lecturer. He had the features every teen girl would dream of before going to bed.

He was wearing a black shirt that wasn't buttoned-up. A silver chain laced around his neck, bringing out the beauty of the shirt, and I found that really hot.

Please call me Martin, we're not in school. " He responded with a smirk as he showed off his perfect sets of teeth while I swallowed back my saliva.

"Why were you walking away?"

"I wasn't allowed to go in without any cards," I plainly responded.

"I sent you one. You didn't check your mail, did you?" He cocked his brow with a smirk on his face.

"I'm sorry, I didn't," I politely apologised.

"No, you don't have to be. I'm sorry for the inconvenience. It's my fault. Come on in," he said, as Sage immediately rushed into the club while he gave me a perplexed look.

"She's my roommate," I said, clearing his doubts before walking into the club. It looked way fancier from the inside. I felt like I was never supposed to see this place. It was way out of my league.

"You look really beautiful," he complimented as his brown eyes shone, but I could tell he was nervous by the way he scratched the back of his head. I was suddenly finding it cute, but the moment he bit his bottom lip, I felt some shivers in my spine as I was mesmerized and suddenly couldn't look away.

Snap out of it, Mirabel! He's your teacher! " I said to myself before smiling in return and excusing myself from his presence. That was definitely weird.

"Make yourself comfortable!" He said as we both entered the club before he immediately left, but I didn't think I would be able to do that. I wasn't used to going to parties and this was definitely not what I expected a club to be as it was really loud and hard to even hear my own thoughts.

I tried to search for Sage but I couldn't find her. She must have gotten lost in the crowd and was probably having fun. I stood like a lost puppy in the middle of a happy crowd, but my eyes suddenly caught another section of the room as I spotted a woman in a red dress walking in. She looked really expensive.

Perhaps that was the VIP section, and I bet it would be way more comfortable than this place. I studied the movements of the people going into the room for a while and noticed they were all showing the guard there a card.

I wasn't sure if Professor Kim had sent me a VIP card, but I decided to check anyway as I brought out my phone from my little purse and opened my mail.

Luckily, I was sent a VIP ticket, and the smile that appeared on my face couldn't be measured. I walked slowly towards the entrance as the guard threw me an awkward glance. They probably think I'm in no place to be in the VIP section with my cheap, non-designer clothes.

"Your pass please?" He asked and I was thankful he used his magic words, else he would have received some of the most flavoured insults of his life.

"Here" I shoved the image on his face as he stared at it for some time while staring at my face simultaneously.

"Have fun," he eventually said, and let me into the VIP section. Just like I had imagined, it was very peaceful and calm in this place, but at the same time, I didn't think I was supposed to have even glanced at this room.

The room was laced and decorated with numerous expensive items, and I spotted some of the famous artwork on the walls. It had its own special bar which contained different fancy wines and glasses.

There were different sections of sofas with only the colour white, but the led light in the room was reflecting red on them.

Everyone in the room seemed to be a CEO or sugar baby, as their designer outfits were noticeable, but there was one thing they all had in common; they were young and hot as hell. Some of the ladies purposely crossed their long sexy legs in order for their red bottoms to be noticeable, or perhaps they were only showing off their smooth skin.

After glancing around for a while, I finally found an almost empty space to sit in. I didn't care about their red bottoms and my target shoes as I crossed my legs confidently and ordered for some sparkling champagne wine.

Some ladies tried to peek, and I could see some of them scoffing. It had no effect on me because at least I didn't get those expensive outfits coming from the use of my vagina.

The waiter in the club was quick to attend to me as he handed over what I had ordered for while I took some sips out of them. I was getting bored and wished I could have stayed at home, but there was nothing else I could do but stare at the people having way too much fun on the other side of the room.

The moment I realised my eyes came in contact with the man whore who was in the midst of slender girls who were all shoving their boobies in his face, I was quick to look away before it would get any more awkward. It was too late.

"Hey, sweetheart " The man whore walked up to me, by seeing his face this close I could tell he was drunk due to his bloodshot eyes.

I tried to act like I couldn't notice him but he made it impossible as he crashed on the couch beside me and scooped closer to me while wrapping his arms around my shoulders.

"Pardon?" I growled at him in disgust.

"Come on baby girl, don't act like I'm a piece of crap when I could literally transform your life right now besides that, I caught you gawking at me," he smirked.

"Oh puh-lease, and who said you weren't a piece of crap?" I replied with a scoff as I smirked back at him but his facial emotion was quick to turn to anger.

"You little brat, you better watch your tongue" he threatened.

"And what if I don't?" I boldly replied, but this time he seemed to have somehow called some attention to us as everyone in the room was now staring at us like we were some live actors.

"Playing hard to get right? Don't worry, I've dealt with girls more stubborn than you," he chuckled into my ear. I tried to contain every anger in me so as to not hit him in his ugly plastic face.

"Excuse me!" I hissed and stood up to leave, but was cornered by some guys who had mischievous grins on their faces.

"You're mine now, whether you like it or not, so save the stress and just follow me. I'll pay you for the night, don't worry," he boastfully said, and I could feel my anger boiling inside me.

"What the hell do you take me for?" I said, through gritted teeth and clenched fists.

"A cheap whore!, don't worry, I won't be partial. I'll pay you like I pay the rest here." He said it again, and I wondered if he had any brain cells in him.

I tried to shove my way past the three guys that were blocking me, but they weren't ready to leave and were too strong for me to handle.

"Let me go, you lunatics!" I cursed them, but it only made them giggle. I was more worried about the fact that the room was filled with people, yet no one was going to help me out with these men. Rather, they all stared at me while taking sips from their drinks. What the hell is wrong with these rich people?

"How can I possibly let a sexy girl like you leave without getting a taste of your fleshy kitty down there" he pointed towards my vagina and I was definitely going to beat the shit out of him once he gets closer to me.

"I mean, look at those thick thighs!" he gawked at my body. I was feeling irritated. This was the exact reason why I didn't want to come to this damn club at first.

I watched as he slowly approached me and how the rest of the people watched and enjoyed my misery.

When he was close enough, I swiftly brought out the pepper spray from my bag and sprayed it into his eyes, but he was quick to dodge it.

"You bastard!" He growled in anger while holding my neck really tight with his obnoxiously short fingers but tough grip. He was making it difficult for me to breathe.

