

Chapter 868 This Is Not The Way To The Hotel

The hour was late, and the cold night wind was blowing. The wind caused Janet to sober up a little. However, her legs and feet still remained frail, and she was unable to walk.

"Where are you taking me?" Janet opened her eyes in a daze to take a look at the models who were supporting her.

Like silver bells, the laughter of the models were crisp in Janet's ears. "We're getting you back to the hotel. You're drunk. Sleep well now. We're women just like you; it's not like we're gonna hurt you. We'll get you back safely." The two models had already placed Janet in the car as they were talking. They sat on either side of her, left and right, sandwiching her in the middle.

Janet felt so drunk, she bent her head to rest on the shoulder of one of the female models, and then she shut her eyes to rest. It didn't come to her attention that the scenery outside the window slowly switched from the lively high-rise buildings

to a grim woodland, veering completely away from the direction the hotel was in.

Some time passed, and Janet was jolted up slightly from a low ring in her bag. She fought to keep her eyelids open, brought out her phone, and took the call. It was Brandon calling.

"Where are you, honey? I'll come get you."

Janet felt herself relax in the soothing sound of his voice. She glanced out the window and replied, "I'm headed back to the hotel right now." The road however, appeared a little dark, and she was unable to see the exact road the car was on. Being so drunk, Janet could barely put two and two together. She didn't think on it too much.

Brandon was not pleased. "The man who carried you earlier, is he the one who sent you back?"

"No." Janet massaged her aching temples and took a look at the models next to her. She said, "They are female models. They told me they'd get me back to the hotel."

Janet's voice sounded a bit unclear and odd. Brandon felt anxious. "Are you drunk?"

"Hmm... It's odd. I indeed drank a glass or two, however, I just began to feel so dizzy all of a

sudden..." Janet started feeling something was off herself as well.

Brandon's voice came out low this time. "Stay alert. Something could be off about the models around you." Immediately the words left his mouth and went across the phone, he heard a noise from the other side.

Inside the car, there was a short panic. The two models beside Janet roughly plucked her phone away immediately after they noticed her on a phone call. "You're drunk. You shouldn't be answering calls. Just enjoy a good sleep. We'll wake you when we get to the hotel." The model hurriedly ended the call.

"Why did you hang up?" Janet attempted collecting the phone back, but it had already been switched off. She had a feeling something was off. Looking out the window, she could only see the shadow of trees. Struggling to hang on to her consciousness, she croaked weakly, "Where are you taking me? This way, this is not how to get to the hotel."

The model gave her a smile and said comfortingly, "A traffic jam was ahead so the driver is taking another route. No need to worry. We'll get you

back safely."

The female model with short hair sitting in the front row turned as well to give Janet a willful smile. "Just sleep. We'll be getting there soon."

Janet leaned back in her seat, feeling uneasy. Everything was so odd. Her instincts screamed at her to get out of the car and flee as far away as possible, but her body was too heavy. Her eyelids seemed to have an everlasting weight hanging on them and the sleepiness enveloped her entire system. Janet fell into another deep sleep with no resistance.

The first thing Janet saw when she opened her eyes again was a bright incandescent lamp. She rolled her sore neck and took a look around. She then discovered that she had not gotten back to the hotel; she was instead in a much smaller room. And she was surrounded by a lot of obscene looking men.

They were dressed in stained tank tops and jeans. Their smiles were terrible, exposing their dirty, yellow teeth. "Come on, let's have some fun together."

Janet instantly let out a piercing screech. She

grabbed the bedside lamp and waved it at the ugly man in her front. She was outnumbered, unfortunately. In a matter of seconds, her hair was yanked by the buff-looking man, and he pulled her under him.

He forcibly pressed himself on her and she could smell his terrible breath as he spoke. "There are a lot of men in here. Resisting is useless, so why don't you instead spread your legs and enjoy yourself?"

Other men behind the man laughed and whistled. "Exactly, we'll make your eyes roll with joy."

"Let go of me!"

Janet's eyes pooled with tears. Just as the man's fingers were about reaching under her dress, all of a sudden, there was a loud noise at the door.