

Kept by an Attractive Boss

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Chapter 1 Quite Despicable

I was pretty cheap.

A lot of people openly and secretly call me a sl*t, and I know it.

At that time, I was working at a bar because I couldn't afford tuition due to being poor.

I made money by accompanying people while they drank, taking a cut of a few bucks for every bottle sold.

Yes, I was one of those so-called bottle girls.

I just accompanied people while drinking. The more I drank, the more I earned.

This was a job arranged by a senior who told me I could make money just by drinking, so I foolishly went along.

She said we were just there to drink, and I shouldn't sell myself.

So I went. At least this job paid more than working at fast food restaurants.

The other girls laughed at me, saying I was foolish for pretending to be reserved when I had such a good appearance.

Many people even called me a sl*t, scolding me for being pretentious.

“Drinking is noble for her, but for us, it's just degrading ourselves!”

“We're all out here selling ourselves. Why pretend to be innocent?”

They said in this world, society values wealth over virtue.

Most people perceived those in this profession to be no different from prostitutes. Indeed, many were lured into such a lifestyle.

Up to now, I still believe that those days of drinking with others were my lowest moments.

I admit, seeing the high-end cosmetics they used, the expensive clothes they wore, and the beautiful bags they carried did make me envious.

However, I just couldn't accept it.

Every night, I told myself—one couldn't choose their past, but they could certainly choose their future.

In our youth, it was acceptable to be naive and reckless, but as we experienced more, our tears became the nourishment for our growth, and hardships served as our springboard to transcendence.

Yet, I had no idea how much longer such hardship would persist.

Until that day, I met Oberon Zimmer.

Two days before I met Oberon, I had just earned over a thousand by drinking with four big guys from Snowdale, and I ended up hospitalized for two days.

I remember the timing so clearly because typically, with tips and drinks, I would only make a couple hundred at the small bar. After paying the commission, I was left with just over a hundred.

It was the first time I earned over a thousand drinking and ended up hospitalized. Of course, it left an impression.

Oberon was handsome and refined. When he entered the booth, I immediately noticed him and rushed to sit next to him ahead of the other girls.

A boss with such charisma was the easiest to deal with. Perhaps I could sell some high-priced wine and make tens of thousands in one night.

I coveted Oberon's good looks, so I took the initiative to sit beside him, pouring him wine and toasting him.

“What's your name?” Oberon asked, his hand resting on the back of the sofa behind me.

To outsiders, it looked like he was embracing me, but only I knew it wasn't like that.

“I'm Sophia,” I said, clinking my glass against his, casting him a flirty glance.

He burst out laughing.

Clearly, my little tricks weren't enough to impress him.

He lightly squeezed my hand and said, “You're indeed very soft.”

Oberon was quite decent. He only clinked glasses and drank with me, unlike others who started getting handsy halfway through.

I felt happy. Drinking with a polite and handsome guy was much more comfortable than with that fat guy across the table.

As I drank a little too much, I felt a bit tipsy and accidentally spilled some wine on Oberon's dress pants while toasting.

Fortunately, Oberon didn't seem to mind and wiped it off with a tissue.

For some reason, the way he looked at me with that warm, indulgent gaze gave me a strange feeling.

I felt my heart race.

So, I became even more attentive.

“Oberon, this girl really likes you,” someone next to us said.

Some girls looked at me in confusion, probably not expecting me to be so proactive and blatant in my hints.

Oberon smiled, unfazed, and replied to the speaker, “She's interested in me.”

“Sophia, are you into Mr. Zimmer?” a girl asked loudly.

“Yes!” I said, “Mr. Zimmer is my type. I like him!”

Hearing this, Oberon smiled even more broadly, holding my hand without letting go.

He kept my hand close to his, casually playing with it.

I didn't know why, but suddenly, I had the idea of teasing him, and my hand instinctively made some small moves but was firmly held down by his.

I realized he was stopping me from doing certain things.

I looked at him, my eyes filled with confusion and a hint of hurt.

“Don't move around if you don't want me to be embarrassed,” he whispered into my ear, leaning in close.

My heart settled instantly, and I felt a sweet sensation.

He said he didn't want me to embarrass him by moving around, meaning my little actions had caught his attention.

I stole a glance at him but saw no signs of unusualness.

How could my subtle actions go unnoticed? Smiling, he shook his head and asked, “How long have you been here?”

I said, “One month.”

Actually, I had been in the bar scene for over half a year. I had just paid my university tuition a few days ago, or else I wouldn't have been so desperate.

I wanted to perform well today after seeing him so I could earn more money.

I was out of money.

Oberon nodded, not uttering a word. He raised his glass for a toast with me, then turned to chat with the person next to him.

The bald guy with a big gold chain sat next to me and toasted me.

I felt an ominous sensation rising within me.

As expected, this guy wouldn't leave. He kept drinking with me.

By the time Oberon finished talking to someone and turned around, I had already been force-fed three bottles of foreign liquor.

Noticing I looked unwell, Oberon squeezed my hand and toasted the bald guy.

I took the opportunity to excuse myself and go to the restroom.

I splashed cold water on my face to wake myself up.

After some calculations, I would get around two hundred in commission today.

If I wanted to continue making money, I could only...