

Chapter 10 Not Cut Out

“She'll pass,” a voice said. At that moment, it sounded like the most melodious voice in the world. It was Oberon, stepping in to protect me.

He extended his arm, placing the wine glass firmly on the table.

The person offering the toast walked away, clearly disappointed.

Lorenzo sat right next to me, clearly observing everything happening around us.

“You really are gentle toward women, Mr. Zimmer!” He laughed heartily.

At that moment, I was blissfully unaware of the underlying sarcasm, completely immersed in happiness.

“She's way too small,” Oberon explained, suggesting that given my youth, it would be best for me to avoid drugs.

With a chuckle, Lorenzo shifted his gaze downward, lingering between my legs.

In a setting like this, where both parties were involved in a transaction, men's thoughts often sank to their most basic, obscene instincts. They had a natural sensitivity to terms like “big” and “small.”

I clasped my legs tightly shut, still feeling scared. For the first time, I found sympathy for those women who chose to entertain guests with their bodies instead of drinks. They'd likely be tormented to death if they encountered such customers.

“Scared?” Oberon asked, a soft chuckle lacing his voice. I couldn't tell if he was amused by my naivety or charmed by my innocence.

I nodded, and Lorenzo chimed in, “If she drinks this, she'll be over the moon!”

“I appreciate the sentiment,” Oberon replied, subtly nodding toward the well-mixed drink. He leaned over to pick up another glass and clinked it with Lorenzo's, who was seated two women away from him.

As their glasses clinked, Lorenzo let out a soft snort, which Oberon merely brushed off with a chuckle.

“Don't waste that drink,” Lorenzo remarked.

At that moment, his lackey hurried over, took the glass, and served it to the other ladies present.

That night, the gathering stretched into the early hours once again.

In contrast to the usual atmosphere, everyone seemed more uninhibited than normal. Typically, a drinking session would involve only a peck on the lips or a quick grope. However, on this particular night, many guests' clothes were disheveled, and some even slipped behind the partitions of private rooms, engaging in activities best kept out of public view.

I scanned the room and quickly realized that only Lorenzo, Oberon, and I remained fully alert.

“Enzo,” Oberon called out, slipping his arm around my waist while raising his glass with the other. “A toast to you. I've got some business to handle, so I'll be leaving now.”

Lorenzo released the woman draped over his right side, grabbed his glass, and clinked it against Oberon's.

After both men finished their drinks, Oberon rose from his seat. His long, well-defined legs caught my eye, a detail I found quite appealing.

I wasn't privy to what transpired in the private room afterward, but I knew Oberon's subordinates were there to settle the bill and handle the subsequent arrangements.

After leaving the bar with Oberon, I settled into the passenger seat of his Land Rover.

As I glanced around, I noticed that all the seat covers had been replaced, though they matched the previous color and style.

“You know,” he said, starting the engine, “you're not cut out for this line of work, even if you are just a hostess.”

I turned to look at him.

“What would you do if you encountered a customer like Enzo next time?” he asked.

I hesitated, unsure of how to respond.

Since starting my job as a hostess, I hadn't served many guests.

The reason I had that intimate moment with Oberon in the car that night was largely due to his striking looks, impressive physique, and wealth. I had to admit, I was quite taken with him.

He glanced at me and shook his head.

“You've never had spiked drinks, nor have you served any unsavory customers,” he said. “Make your money and get out before you find yourself in too deep or catch something you shouldn't.”

It was a strange situation. In the past, people had advised me against pursuing this line of work, and now Oberon was suggesting I leave sooner rather than later. Do I really give off the impression of a virtuous, decent young woman?

Madeline had often said that men were all the same: they delighted in luring innocent women into their games while simultaneously offering unsolicited advice about returning to righteousness.

I stayed silent, wanting to confess that I needed a lot of money.

No one could truly grasp the struggle of someone who had to down a couple of boxes of beer daily just to survive, even going as far as to drink beer, red wine, and whiskey altogether if it were the most natural thing in the world.

I wanted to live, but survival felt like a constant battle. In that moment, I had no choice but to abuse my body for the sake of making ends meet.

If things kept going like this, I might end up like those girls who drifted into prostitution, sharing a bed with anyone as long as money was involved.

It wouldn't matter who he was, how many there were, or even if he was human at all.

Would I become that kind of person? I wasn't sure.

All I knew was that I had been lucky that one night. In my confusion, I crossed paths with a man I actually liked, and I gave myself to him.

I honestly didn't care what I might gain from the relationship.

But if I told him I needed a lot of money, it would sound like I was asking him for money. So, I kept quiet.