

Chapter 11 Your Practice Partner

Looking back now, it seems that as I ventured further and further down that path, God did attempt to save me. He sent at least two people to pull me back. It was just that I didn't choose to immediately mend my ways.

Once, another hostess asked me why'd we fallen so low and questioned if the heavens had turned a blind eye to us.

My response was rather indifferent: “No, the heavens didn't turn a blind eye to us. It's always been trying to help us, but unfortunately, we missed out on those opportunities. Think about it, how many chances have you let slip by?”

I wasn't someone of significance to Oberon. There was no reason for him to urge me endlessly. He'd just say as much as necessary.

As for whether I listened or not, that was a whole different story.

“Mr. Zimmer, where will we go tonight?” I looked at him and blinked very slowly. As my lashes intertwined and separated, there was a sense of temporal and spatial disconnection.

I couldn't tell if it was the alcohol influencing me, or if I had rejected an opportunity to get out of all this.

Having consumed a fair amount of alcohol, my senses were somewhat dulled.

“Where do you want? I'm not picky,” said Oberon with a laugh. Then he suddenly continued, “You have the worst tolerance for alcohol at your place, don't you?”

“I'm all right! I've never been drunk.” I propped myself up on the car window frame with my elbow, massaging my temples with my fingers. “I'm completely sober! I know where I am, who I'm with, and what I'm going to do next...”

“Let's head to the hotel,” said Oberon. “I prefer clean places over being outdoors.”

I really wasn't drunk. As he liked cleanliness, after we arrived at the hotel, I made sure to thoroughly clean myself, washing every part of my body at least twice to ensure I smelled pleasant. Only then did I dry my hair, wrap myself in a towel, and step out.

He was seated on the couch, with a cup of coffee near him.

He wore a shirt with thin grey stripes, complemented by long grey trousers. His slim-framed glasses were set next to his coffee cup. He pinched the bridge of his nose, appearing quite weary, yet his overall demeanor exuded an endless sense of ease.

Seeing me walk out, he fixed his gaze on me intently.

Suddenly, I found myself in a state of hesitation, unsure of what to do next.

“Is there something on my face?” I was quite anxious. I had just removed my makeup and wasn't sure if he liked it.

“No, you're beautiful, even more so than I imagined,” he said.

The hotel room was very quiet, so much so I could hear him swallow.

That was basically a physiological response men would have when they were aroused.

I suddenly burst into laughter. “A wolf in sheep's clothing!”

As I spoke, I couldn't help but glance toward the spot where he was nestled on the couch. Initially, there was nothing out of the ordinary there, but under my gaze, it slowly began to change.

“Come here!” His voice was a low rasp.

I walked over, my pace slow, still consumed by nervousness.

“Weren't you quite capable last time?” he said leisurely, his eyes shining brightly, a radiance that was far from what one would expect from someone with nearsightedness. His gaze seemed to pierce through the towel wrapped around me, and a teasing smirk played at the corner of his lips. “Why are you chickening out now?”

“The liquor emboldened me last time,” I said, feeling noticeably more at ease as I walked over quickly.

He reached out, grasping my slender arm. “Come sit on my lap.”

As instructed, I complied.

At that moment, perhaps in his eyes, I was the one tempting him. But from my perspective, he was obviously the one seducing me.

Despite having crossed the threshold of middle age, his face remained strikingly handsome. His eyes sparkled with an unspoken intensity, faint smile lines graced his features, and an unmistakable masculine aura radiated from him.

My heart was racing. After I straddled him, I immediately threw myself into his arms, hooking my arms around his neck.

My nose and lips were lightly grazing his neck. With my eyes closed, I was almost greedily inhaling his scent.

The faint scent of tobacco, the subtle fragrance of wine, the light aroma of woody cologne, as well as his unique pheromones, were utterly intoxicating.

As I kissed his neck, I could hear his slightly hurried breathing.

“Why are you still so desperate?” He suddenly chuckled. “And your skills are still as bad.”

I thought the term “desperate” was more apt to describe sleazy men. I refused to accept that he'd used such words on me!

I had my hands braced against his shoulders, my face slightly distanced from his. With a tone akin to demanding a debt, I reminded him, “You're the one who said I can bite to my heart's content tonight! Besides, practice makes perfect. You don't possibly expect me to hone this skill in front of a mirror, do you?”

“Are you implying that you want me to be your practice partner?” He laughed, his fingertips sneaking under my bathrobe.