

## Chapter 12 I Love Your Scent

The hands of a man and a woman were vastly different.

Women's hands were usually delicate, their skin smooth and their grip light, with their nails often left a bit longer. Men's hands, conversely, had slightly rougher skin, their grip stronger, and their nails cut so short they were barely noticeable.

As his fingers grazed my skin, it felt as though all my senses were centered on that one spot.

“Mmph.” I couldn't resist and let out a moan.

This time, I swore, it wasn't an act.

From the very first time I saw this man, he held a fatal attraction for me...

The last time, in the car, it felt like a whirlwind to me. But this time, I distinctly felt the sparks radiating from his fingertips. With every inch he moved, I lost an inch of control.

I couldn't help but shake my body slightly, instinctively attempting to seek a more comfortable position.

His hand guided me, and my body language conveyed to him that I really liked it and needed more...

I tilted my head slightly back, my lips parted just a smidge and my eyes half-closed. I was yearning for him, silently extending an invitation...

As for him...

I saw it so clearly, that his eyes were not at all intoxicated. They were so bright, fixating on me. If his Adam's apple hadn't bobbed occasionally, I would honestly think that the man before me was devoid of emotion and desire.

As his fingertips moved, suddenly, I felt an indescribable sensation like never before.

I felt like a fish unable to breathe, doing nothing but gasping for air with my neck arched back, unable to utter another word.

My mind was a complete blank.

“Heh.” A soft chuckle echoed.

He pulled his hand away, casually grabbed a tissue from the side, and wiped his hand clean. His lips lifted into a smile, saying, “You lack professionalism. You're only thinking about yourself and never consider my feelings.”

Though he was reprimanding me, there wasn't a hint of reproach in his tone.

Of course, I wasn't scared of him at all. It was clear he did that on purpose earlier. Besides, if I hadn't reacted, wouldn't that only prove that his skills were lacking?

“Dare you say you felt nothing?” I quickly retorted. “You just experienced something mentally, didn't you? Seeing me like this, you must've felt quite smug, huh? You must think you're so charming!”

“That's enough. Go wait for me over there.” Through the bath towel, he patted me.

I obediently nodded, turning my head to plant a kiss on his cheek. “I like your scent.”

“What a little minx!” He laughed.

As I got off him, his gaze shifted downward. There, on his light grey pants, was a damp spot.

My face instantly turned red.

“It's not me!”

I burrowed into the blankets and covered my head, much like an ostrich burying its head in the sand.

I heard his almost exasperated voice comment, “You never give me a moment's peace...”

There was still no reprimand, only affection and indulgence.

I heard him head to the bathroom. As the sound of the showerhead spraying water echoed, a vivid image of him bathing appeared in my mind. With such an impressive physique, he must have looked quite appealing while bathing.

Suddenly, I found myself parched. I quickly hopped off the bed and took several gulps from the cup of coffee he'd left earlier.

When I hopped back into bed, I thought of what we'd be doing later, so I simply just ditched the bath towel and snuggled under the covers.

I was filled with anticipation, a sense of sweetness resonating within me.

A long time later, Oberon asked me, “The first time can be chalked up to a surge of emotions, but what about the second time?”

From our first encounter, Oberon was well aware that I wasn't a prostitute.

I chuckled lightly, choosing not to respond directly. Instead, I focused on his Adam's apple and remarked, “I like your scent.”