

Chapter 13 You Have Lost Your Mind

That night, despite the perfect setting, we didn't lose ourselves in wild abandon like we did the first time in the car.

We did it just once.

After he had his fill of fun, he gave my lower back a gentle pat. “Be good, get some sleep. I have things to do tomorrow.”

“Okay.” I snuggled into a comfortable position in his arms, and using his arm as a pillow, I fell asleep.

The familiar scent and the strong heartbeat strangely brought a sense of calm in me.

It'll be great if I can marry a man like him in the future.

At that moment, I found myself unexpectedly envious of his wife.

Following that, I let out a self-deprecating laugh.

Katherine, you've lost your mind!

Yes, my real name was Katherine Judd.

Katherine was supposed to mean pure, but just looked at what I was doing now.

I was using my body for money, and even coveting the man of another woman!

From Oberon's perspective, my relationship with him was nothing more than a game of pretense. He saw it as a simple transaction, paying money to receive pleasure. But for me, it felt like I was surreptitiously taking something from someone else. I even yearned for him to have even the slightest bit of affection toward me.

The concept of warmth and affection was, for me, far too distant and extravagant. Therefore, whenever I felt even a hint of it, I was eager to grasp it tightly in my hands.

At that moment, I thought all I needed was just a little of it, even a tiny bit would suffice. I overlooked human nature, that there was an inherent greed within us all. Once we had a little of something, we'd crave more, until we had it all.

The next morning, as soon as Oberon woke up, I stirred awake too.

“Good morning,” I greeted him with a smile.

“Good morning, little minx.” He chuckled, lightly pinching my chin.

I instinctively lowered my head, taking his finger into my mouth. My tongue swirled around it, my teeth grazing it gently before releasing it quickly. Then, I moved closer to him, my arms wrapping around his waist as I tilted my head back to plant a kiss on his throat.

This was his sensitive spot. Every time I kissed him there, his reaction was particularly intense.

Sure enough, the moment my lips touched him, I distinctly felt his Adam's apple bob up and down. At the same time, he couldn't help letting out a groan.

My hand naturally meandered downward, coming to a rest on his lower abdomen, where it slowly traced patterns.

“Oberon... Oberon...”

I adopted a new form of address. Calling him “Mr. Zimmer” constantly reminded me of our relationship. I wished to call him more endearingly, but I didn't dare to.

He seized my hand. “Be good. Don't provoke me. I have a flight at 8 o'clock.”

I hadn't forgotten what he mentioned last night, that he had something on today. I just wanted him to remember me a bit more.

Like how humans normally wanted more after having a taste of something, I wanted to be the most captivating vixen in his presence.

“We only did it once. Don't you feel shortchanged?” I asked.

“You sure have a lot of excuses!” He laughed, rolling over to pin me beneath him, and playfully brushed my nose. “Next time, you can just be honest. Tell me you want me.”

“Is that really okay?” I wrapped my legs around his waist and hooked my hands around his neck, deliberately rubbing myself against him. “I want you now!”

His eyes darkened for a moment. A spark of something flared up only to be quickly suppressed.

He didn't make any further moves and simply stared at me intently. “Being a woman, the most crucial thing is to be understanding. Do you get it?”

The words spoken carried no affection, no ambiguity, just a sense of strict professionalism.

Feeling a bit frightened, I quickly let go of my hands and legs.

His expression didn't soften. After he got up from me, he headed straight to the bathroom.

Listening to the sound of running water, I was filled with nothing but regret.

He probably won't seek me out again after today, right?

I was naive. I knew I was merely a tool for him to ward off his lonely nights, just like a piece of clothing he could discard at any moment. How could I dare hope for affection? What I found even more ridiculous was, I couldn't understand what I was thinking when I acted that way.

Did I really think he'd not be able to resist my charm and not take the plane?

The so-called being conceited due to favoritism was a privilege reserved for those whom one held dearly in the heart. As a mere escort, how could I be so silly to think of that?

The sound of running water in the bathroom ceased, and then, I heard him calling the hotel's laundry room, requesting the clothes that were taken for cleaning the previous night. Shortly after, he emerged, a white towel wrapped around his waist, as he simultaneously dried his hair with another towel.

His skin had a warm tan, with the contours of his chest and abdominal muscles distinctly visible.

His muscles weren't the exaggerated type, but rather well-defined and streamlined. He was the kind who looked slim in clothes but had an impressive figure underneath.

The towel was draped around his hips, revealing a small section of his Apollo's belt that extended upward from his groin.

It was utterly captivating.