

Chapter 14 The Favored Plaything

I was still lost in thought when I saw him casually toss the dry towel from his head over to me.

Subsequently, he sat on the edge of the bed.

“What are you standing there for?” Oberon said, commanding, “Dry my hair for me.”

Hastily, I grabbed the towel and kneeled behind him, massaging his hair with a touch that was neither too light nor too heavy.

I was without clothes, but I used a blanket as a barrier between him and me just to prevent him from accusing me of being thoughtless again.

“Oberon...” I began softly.

“Hmm?” A sound echoed from deep within his nose, slightly rising in pitch.

“Will you look for me in the future?” My dwindling self-respect urged me not to ask, yet I asked anyway.

Oberon subtly turned his head and glanced at me, yet he remained silent.

In an instant, my heart plunged into an endless abyss, feeling utterly hollow. A bitter taste crept up to the corners of my lips.

Indeed, that was the most normal relationship between him and me.

He might have thought of me as that kind of woman. If I upset him, he'd simply replace me like a piece of merchandise next time.

Just then, the doorbell rang. I heard the voice of the attendant. “Hello. I'm here to deliver your clothes.”

I was naked, silently retracting my hand. He rose to open the door.

The door unlocked, and then the door locked.

I remained kneeling in place. I thought My expression must have been one of despair, but what I didn't expect was...

He tossed his clothes onto the table beside him, then lunged toward me.

As the blanket was pulled back, his bath towel also swiftly fell off.

He struck with an unprecedented force, and I passively absorbed the impact, my heart filled with unexpected joy.

I heard him grit his teeth. “If I don't take action, I'll be on edge all day...”

The force was intense, a pure venting of emotion that demanded a swift resolution. He was focused entirely on himself.

I thought that was the most normal way for him and me to interact.

However, in the end, he placed a kiss on my forehead. “Sleep a little longer. Once you're awake, check out of the room. Keep the deposit for yourself. Give me your card number, and I'll transfer some money to you, okay?”

I obediently nodded before shaking my head. “No need.”

I truly didn't want his money. In my mind, if I accepted it again, I'd feel tainted.

He stared at me blankly for several seconds.

He smiled as he nodded, saying, “All right, I'll make it up to you next time.”

He swiftly rose, quickly rinsed off in the bathroom, and put on the same outfit he had worn the day before. Once again, he resumed his disheveled yet refined demeanor and hurriedly left.

After he left, I covered myself with the blanket and suddenly burst into laughter.

I glanced again at the phone hidden beneath the pillow. That commotion lasted for half an hour. He was probably rushing to the airport as fast as he could at that moment.

I began to look forward to our next meeting.

He certainly wasn't referring to money when he spoke of making amends next time. What he meant by compensation was likely his previous self-centered behavior.

I guess he had some sort of feelings for me.

I had heard that most men tend to only look out for themselves. If they could be so indifferent toward their wives or girlfriends, imagine how they must treat someone like me, who they regard as a mere plaything.

I mused to myself that even if I was merely a plaything he chanced upon in his heart, I was still a plaything unlike any other.

After that day, I returned to school for quite a while without going to work at the bar. The money I had on hand was sufficient for my expenses.

Furthermore, having someone in my heart and mind made me feel a certain satisfaction, and I no longer had any desire to be with any other man.

Moreover, he was the only man in my life.

I once considered that the money I had in hand was actually sufficient for my living. I wouldn't need to accompany people for drinks at bars anymore, let alone stoop to the level of becoming an escort. In a way, I was preserving my innocence.

However, after spending two nights with him, I surprisingly forgot to ask for his phone number.

The time I spent with him was either filled with sweetness or consumed by my own inner battles.

“Next time...” I told myself, “Next time, I'll definitely ask him for his phone number.”

I believed he would surely seek me out again.

Thus, I called Madeline. Little did I know that call would mark the official start of my entanglement with him and become a significant turning point in my life.

The phone call was made in the afternoon.

It was class time, with most students engrossed in their lessons. A small number were in the library, while those without classes were either in their dorms or out having fun. The university's tree-lined paths were largely deserted, meaning there was little fear of phone conversations being overheard.

“Hey, Madeline, it's Sophia,” I said.

“Sophia!” Madeline laughed. “It's been a while since we last saw each other. Has university life been keeping you busy?”

“Somewhat. I'm preparing for the Level Four Upresian Proficiency Test, and it's tied to my bachelor's degree. I must pass it. Otherwise, I won't get my degree, and studying here would've been a waste,” I said.

“Then you should focus on your studies,” Madeline said generously. “The money you've recently earned should cover your expenses for a while. If it's not enough, just let me know. I'll lend you some.”

“Thank you, Madeline,” I expressed warmly, then I asked the question that was most on my mind. “Madeline, has anyone been looking for me recently?”

Madeline burst into laughter immediately. “Yes, a customer has been asking for you for three days straight. Since you're absent, I had to ask someone else to accompany them.”

A wave of sweetness washed over me. Indeed, he did remember me.

“Madeline, next time, if someone specifically requests me, could you give me a call? I'll take a taxi over,” I said.

“Sure.” Madeline smiled. “You focus on your studies. If someone comes looking for you here, I'll give you a call.”

I expressed my gratitude once again as I thought about Oberon.

In the truest sense, I had only spent the night with him once. The last time, he had specifically mentioned my name.

However, I had forgotten that the last time Oberon asked Madeline to keep me around, she directly addressed him as “Mr. Zimmer.” However, earlier, she said it was “a customer.” That overlooked detail almost got me into great trouble.