

Chapter 15 Was Not Him

Two nights later, I was in my evening self-study when my phone rang. It was Madeline. With a swift movement, I swept my books into my bag from the table and bolted out of the university.

I didn't wear any makeup and was dressed simply in a basic T-shirt and a denim skirt.

After all, Oberon had seen me without makeup, and he said I was beautiful.

In the taxi, I was seated in the back. I noticed the driver glancing at me through the rearview mirror several times, his eyes filled with curiosity.

I knew perfectly well what he must have been thinking, that a female university student heading to a bar so late at night must be going to work as an escort.

I turned my head to the side.

Usually, whenever I went to that place, I would always get ready in my rented room. I'd apply thick eyeliner, attach long false eyelashes, and smear on some lipstick. When I looked at the person in the mirror, it was as if I was looking at a stranger, not myself.

Since I wasn't me, no matter what happened, I wouldn't feel any pressure.

That day was different. I had come out of the university and didn't find it convenient to put on makeup.

It was not like I was afraid others wouldn't guess what I was up to when I put on thick makeup.

Moreover, I had a hunch that he would prefer the way I looked at that moment.

I arrived at my destination in no time. After paying the fare, I hopped out of the car and almost sprinted all the way in, entering through the small entrance of the building.

Upon reaching Madeline's room, I noticed she was alone. She held a cigarette in her left hand while her two hands cradled her phone. She was engrossed in playing Tetris.

When she saw me enter, she paused her phone and gave me a once-over.

“I've told you before you look better without makeup,” said Madeline. “The bosses these days prefer a more natural look. I really don't understand why you usually apply such heavy, smoky eye makeup.”

She paused for a moment before standing up. “Let's go. Follow me. He's been waiting for you for a long time!”

I quickly nodded, leaving my backpack in the room and clutching only my cell phone. I followed Madeline out the door.

Along both sides of the corridor, there were doors spaced at intervals, with faint music emanating from within each one.

The soundproofing was effective, so walking down the corridor didn't seem noisy. However, opening any door would reveal that the world inside and outside were entirely different.

“Sophia,” Madeline's voice echoed from ahead.

“Here.” I quickly took two steps, following closely behind Madeline.

Madeline advised, “If you dress like this in the future, you will definitely attract more customers.”

“All right,” I said.

I decided to get Oberon's phone number later so that, in the future, I only needed to share a few drinks with him and engage in some intimate affairs. There was no need for me to accompany anyone else!

If my relationship with Oberon could last until I graduate from university, I'd ask him to help me find a job. If that worked out, I'd dedicate myself to working hard and never step foot in a place like that again in my life.

As I thought about that, I arrived outside a door with Madeline.

“Would you like me to lead you to our customer inside, or would you prefer to go in by yourself?” Madeline asked.

“I know them. I'll go in myself,” I said. Then, I pushed the door open.

The sounds that reached my ears were a cacophony of noise. Thumping dance music, laughter, shouts, and the clamor of people playing drinking games.

The room was lit by flickering lights, under which I could see several silhouettes. Apart from one person who seemed to be sitting on the couch, everyone else was on the dance floor.

From what I knew about Oberon, he didn't seem like the type to participate in such riotous dance.

I suspected he was the one sitting on the couch, so I made my way through from the edge of the dance floor.

Indeed, as I approached, aided by the flickering light that alternated between brightness and darkness, I finally saw clearly. It wasn't one person on the couch, but two.

A man and a woman were together. The man was seated on the couch with the woman straddling his lap. They were passionately engaged in a kiss. Despite being fully clothed, their movements suggested a palpable tension.

My eyes narrowed sharply. I didn't experience heartache because that person wasn't Oberon.

Oberon would never behave so debauched in such a place. Recalling our previous two encounters, he outright forbade me from flirting with him there, claiming he didn't want to embarrass himself.

A sudden sense of foreboding filled my heart. He's not here, and the person who asked for me isn't him!

I turned around, swiftly moving toward the exit. However, after only a couple of steps, a pair of arms suddenly enveloped me from behind, one hand landing directly on my chest.

“Sophia, I've been waiting for you!” said a man teasingly before he cackled.

The pungent scent of alcohol wafted in from behind me.