

Chapter 2 Falling For Your Lips

My left hand held the toilet lid while my right hand scraped the back of my throat.

The sharp smell of alcohol mixed with food scraps poured out, so harsh that it brought tears to my eyes.

After I was done, I took out some perfume, sprayed it into the air, and walked through the mist.

I touched up my makeup but didn't leave right away. Instead, I pulled out a yogurt from my bag, drank it, and then headed back out.

As I sat next to Oberon, maybe the faint scent of perfume caught his attention. He gave me a deep look.

The bald guy raised his glass again to toast me.

Oberon placed his hand over my glass and clinked his drink with the bald guy's.

After downing it, Oberon said to me, "Drink less. If it's too much, stop. Don't induce vomiting."

A sudden warmth spread through me. No one had ever treated me like that before.

However, if I didn't drink, I wouldn't make money, and my rent was due tomorrow.

I smiled and nodded, then lifted my glass to clink with the bald guy.

After finishing the drink, I leaned toward Oberon and whispered in his ear, "I've got to take good care of your friends, Mr. Zimmer."

Maybe my hair brushed against his nose because Oberon pressed a thumb under his nose, saying nothing in response.

It was clear the bald guy wanted to get me drunk.

Fine, bring it on! I had just emptied my stomach, so I was ready for the challenge.

The second time I went to the bathroom, I calculated that the drinks I finished were worth at least five hundred.

Drinking and throwing up wasn't the hard part. The hard part was drinking, throwing up, and then drinking again, over and over.

By the third round, the bald man was obviously struggling.

Even though I had thrown up everything, the alcohol had still entered my bloodstream, numbing my brain.

I was already feeling fuzzy when I finally managed to drink the bald man under the table.

The problem was, just as he was about to pass out, the bald man called someone else to come drink with me.

A girl next to me whispered, "Don't drink too much. Looks like Mr. Zimmer is going to take you out tonight."

I snapped to attention and shook my head.

I wouldn't leave with him.

She sneered at me, but I ignored her and continued drinking with the young guy the bald man had called over.

After one more drink, Oberon stopped me from having another.

"She's had enough," Oberon said calmly, casting a glance at the guy.

The guy awkwardly stopped mid-toast, not daring to push any further.

As the night wore on, the guests began to leave.

The bald man, who was half-passed out, suddenly perked up and loudly insisted on taking me out.

"I've already made plans to grab a late-night snack with her," Oberon interjected, blocking the bald man's attempt.

The bald man stared at Oberon for a few seconds before chuckling. He raised his glass to Oberon, then downed his drink.

When it was time to settle the bill, Oberon handed me a stack of cash—three thousand. My heart skipped a beat as I took it.

"That's your tip for tonight," Oberon said, noticing my hesitation. Only then did I smile and accept the money.

"Let's go." Oberon stood up.

I hesitated. I watched some of the other girls walk out, arms linked with their clients.

I knew exactly what they were up to.

I bit my lip and shook my head.

Drinking was fine, even flirting was okay, but nothing more than that.

Oberon smiled but said nothing. The bar manager, however, pulled me aside.

"If Mr. Zimmer wants to take you out, you should go. Don't worry, it's fine." I knew the boss was just trying to curry favor with Oberon and didn't care about what happened to me.

I looked over at Madeline, the shift supervisor, and she nodded at me.

That put me at ease. If Madeline gave the okay, Oberon was probably a good guy.

"Okay, thank you." Oberon escorted the other guests out to the door but didn't go with them to the hotel. Instead, he had his driver take them.

"Where are we going?" I asked, as Oberon didn't take me to his car right away.

In my line of work, most clients were overweight, greasy, and barely decent. There were very few men like Oberon—handsome, fit, and wealthy.

One of the girls had texted me earlier, saying if I slept with him, everyone would think I'd struck gold.

Oberon laughed, turning to look at me. His narrow eyes sparkled under the streetlights, like a sky full of stars.

"What's wrong? Afraid I don't want you?" he teased, his lips curving up slightly.

His thin lips were undeniably sexy.

I didn't know if it was the alcohol or something else, but that night, I found Oberon ridiculously attractive. He was, by far, the best-looking man I had ever seen.

He once asked me what my first impression of him was. I would just stare at his lips, giggling, never answering. I always thought to myself that I had fallen for his lips.

Of course, that was just my personal taste.

I preferred older, more experienced men. Men whose lives had left lines at the corners of their mouths, each one telling a story.

Maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe it was something about Oberon that had me completely spellbound.

In that fleeting moment, I actually thought about giving myself to him.

"If you don't want me, you'll regret it," I teased, standing on tiptoe and wrapping my arms around his neck, deliberately breathing out near his lips.

Perhaps it was the courage from the alcohol, or maybe infatuation clouding my judgment, but after uttering those words, I suddenly felt a rush of heat to my face.

"I can afford that loss," he replied with a grin, one arm wrapping around my waist.

I laughed, half-closing my eyes as I leaned into him, my body supported by his embrace. I moved closer, and then closer still.

Finally, I opened my mouth and gently bit his Adam's apple, swirling my tongue slowly.

I let out a faint, almost indiscernible moan, as if I was moved by passion. Soon enough, I heard the deep, suppressed sound coming from his throat, just as I had hoped.

I suddenly burst into laughter. He had been too close to me just now, and I could sense a change in him. That gave me a feeling of triumph.

"You're impossible!" He laughed, pulling me along. "I'll take you somewhere."

He waved down a taxi, and I was shocked when he gave the address—it was near where I lived.

I had no idea what he was up to. "I'm going to get my car. It's parked over there," he told me.

"You've been drinking. Can you drive?" I asked. At the time, drunk driving wasn't illegal yet.

"You'll see soon enough," he said with a hint of suggestion, his first time showing a playful side all night.

My heart raced when I heard that.

We arrived at the parking lot and I spotted his car—a Land Rover.

It suited him. Rugged and masculine.

"Get in the car," he said.

I climbed into the passenger seat, looking around curiously.

"Where to?"

"Where do you live?" This question instantly cleared my mind, yet at the same moment, confused me. Many years later, I asked him what he had been thinking when he said that. He looked at me in surprise, saying he simply wanted to take me home.

I wasn't about to give him my address. What if he turned out to be a bad guy?

I didn't answer, and he didn't push. He just started driving slowly.

My mind was hazy, and I faintly remember him asking me again where I lived. I mumbled something, already half-asleep.

After some time, he shook me awake.

I looked around and realized we were outside a hotel.

I instantly sobered up, glaring at him, my mind spinning out of control.

A surge of anger, intoxication, fear, and injustice welled up within me, bringing tears to my eyes.

Later, Oberon told me I had looked like a lioness that night, pouncing on him and biting him in frustration.

Oberon pushed me off. "What are you doing?"

I laughed bitterly through my tears. "You brought me here to f*ck me, didn't you?"

He gave me a wry smile. "I asked you several times where you lived, and you wouldn't tell me. So, I brought you to a hotel. What are you thinking?"

I fell silent.

"Thank you. And I'm sorry," I finally said after a long pause.

I gave Oberon directions to my place, then found myself slipping back into a state of semi-consciousness.

When the car stopped not far from where I lived, the sudden halt woke me up again.

I glanced at him, focusing on his Adam's apple, his lips.

I didn't know why, but they seemed especially tempting—like a crime waiting to happen.

"Ever done it in a car?" he asked, almost casually.