

Chapter 3 Proving His Manhood

I froze, then turned to look at him.

In the car? Is he talking about car sex?

He knew I was watching him, but he didn't offer any explanations. All he did was flash a slight grin. With practiced ease, he started the ignition, stepped on the accelerator, and turned the steering wheel.

The Land Rover swiftly exited the parking lot.

The streetlights cast halos of light across his face.

“Why are you looking at me?” he asked.

He glanced at me with his alluring eyes, then turned his gaze back to the road ahead.

Back then, DUI checks weren't as strict as they are now, and the penalties weren't as harsh. People didn't have the same safety awareness.

“You're good-looking,” I said, staring at him with a silly smile.

After having too much to drink, one's mind tends to wander, giving rise to all sorts of emotions.

I didn't have a boyfriend yet, and if Oberon were my boyfriend, I'd definitely give myself to him tonight.

Not for the money—just for some indescribable feeling.

He immediately laughed again, his lips curving into an even more captivating smile.

“You're not seriously falling for me, are you?” he teased.

“So what if I am?” I replied half-jokingly.

He turned his head to look at me. I saw the light in his eyes fade slightly after meeting mine. I wasn't sure what I said wrong. I'd often heard the girls say things like this to the clients.

He fell silent, slowly rolling down the car window. The night breeze blew in from outside. It wasn't as cool as the air conditioning, but it managed to dissipate the lingering tension and awkwardness that filled the car.

After a while, he spoke again.

“I can't offer you anything...” His left elbow rested on the window frame, fingers pressed to his temple, while his right hand casually held the steering wheel. Then, he asked, “How old are you?”

“Twenty-one,” I answered honestly.

“Same age as my son,” he said. Then, switching the topic, “Where do you live? I'll take you home.”

“You...” I was completely baffled. Just 20 minutes ago, he said he wanted to show me if he was up to it. A few minutes ago, he asked if I'd ever done it in a car.

Now, he wanted to take me home!

“Why did you change so quickly?”

Although I wasn't like some of the girls, who would completely disregard themselves, I still felt hurt—rejected, and worse, by someone I was starting to feel something for!

People are strange like that. Some spend a lifetime with you without ever stirring a feeling, while others make you want to give them everything even though you've only met them once.

“Not interested anymore.” When he looked at me again, his eyes seemed cold.

“Bullshit!” I shouted, tilting my chin at him. “You obviously have a reaction!”

“That's just it being disobedient,” he replied flatly. “When I'm out playing, I never get emotionally involved.”

He paused, rubbing his brow. It seemed that he was sighing. “And you young girls shouldn't get involved with emotions either. You should know, men who drink and party aren't good men.”

“What about you?” I asked defiantly.

He smiled but said nothing.

“Where do you live? If you don't tell me soon, I'll just drop you on the side of the road.” After a while, he spoke again.

I quickly gave him the name of a place, a street away from my rented apartment.

We circled around, heading back.

The rest of the ride was silent. I sat there quietly, sulking.

He seemed to have sobered up by then.

Soon, we arrived at the location I'd mentioned, and he parked.

I should have just jumped out of the car right then, but the strong feeling of unwillingness made me do something impulsive: I pressed him down and kissed him, quickly flipping into the driver's seat and straddling him.

I kissed with such intensity, almost as if I was tearing into something.

With one hand, I found the car's door controls and shut the window.

Our breaths mingled, the scent of alcohol intoxicating. His resistance was feeble, and soon he gave in, reclining the seat and turning off the car lights.

I wasn't very experienced, though I had learned a lot from TV. But he was, and he had many techniques.

When he encountered resistance, I saw a flash of surprise in his eyes, followed by a mix of emotions—conflict and hesitation.

“We're already at this point. Are you even a man?” I demanded.

He no longer hesitated.