

Chapter 17 King And Lover

“Well, you'll not only be drinking with me tonight, but you'll also have to keep all my buddies here entertained!” Lorenzo laughed heartily.

My body involuntarily trembled for a moment.

Lorenzo grew happier as he pulled me into his embrace with great enthusiasm. “If you're scared, be good, understand?”

I nodded, somewhat dazed.

Even if I sipped the alcohol slowly, eventually, I'd still emptied it.

Lorenzo casually draped an arm around me, seeming to sit in a relaxed manner. However, his gaze was fixated on my lips the entire time, watching intently as I finished the last drop of my drink.

“You're really well-behaved! I like good girls like you.” He patted my face. “Go on, pick a song for me. A King's Farewell to His Queen Consort. I'll sing the part of the king, and you sing the part of the lover.”

“Mhm,” I replied, rising to my feet and heading toward the karaoke stand.

I wondered if he had any cultural knowledge at all. A King's Farewell to His Queen Consort was clearly about the queen consort, not some lover, implying the story of the king bidding farewell to her.

I quickly reached the karaoke stand and found that particular song.

Subconsciously, my thoughts drifted back to Oberon. Both men are here to seek pleasure and fun, but why is the difference between them so stark? Honestly, Oberon is the definition of a person who, with knowledge of literature and poetry, will naturally exude grace, while Lorenzo didn't even know a king's partner was called the queen consort.

I prioritized the song, scheduling A King's Farewell to His Queen Consort to play immediately after the one playing at the moment. Among the crowd, it was clear that Lorenzo was the most influential. It was understandable to put his song choice at the front of the queue.

I lingered at the jukebox for a while longer, noticing that the previous song was drawing to a close. Only then did I make my way over to the couch, taking a seat next to Lorenzo.

I was taken aback. The riotous dance from before had long since ended. Where is the other woman who had been accompanying Lorenzo? Didn't he always have two women accompanying him?

The screen gradually dimmed, then slowly lit up again. As the people in the room saw the title A King's Farewell to His Queen Consort appear on the screen, they instantly cried out, “It's Lorenzo's! It's Lorenzo's!”

Immediately, two microphones were respectfully handed to Lorenzo. Without a second thought, Lorenzo casually passed one to me.

“Who will I perform the queen consort part with?” I asked.

“You'll do it alone.” Lorenzo glanced at me as if I had asked the most foolish question. “Surely, you know how to sing this song, right?”

“I do,” I replied softly. The song was an old one that had gained considerable popularity a few years back.

Lorenzo grunted in agreement, adjusted his waistband, and stood up, shaking his legs a bit. He then walked over to the desk, standing tall and proud as he cleared his throat.

I didn't follow him. Even though I stood up, I remained just in front of the couch.

“Come over here!” He hollered into the microphone, pointing to the spot next to him with his other hand. “I'm the king, and you're my lover. When have you ever seen the king and lover standing apart?”

I was left speechless. He was the boss and the customer, so everything he said was right.

I walked over, microphone in hand.

The intro to the song was brief, and the lyrics had already begun. However, he didn't rush to sing. Instead, he gazed at me with a cold expression. Holding the microphone, he continued, “You'd better stop pushing your luck! I came here for entertainment, not to see your crying face! I want to see you smile!”

Lorenzo's words were laced with anger.

Following that, the room, which had been somewhat noisy, became eerily quiet. Everyone's gaze fell on him and me, no one daring to intervene.

I was terrified, too, but I managed to squeeze out a smile quickly.

“Don't bother smiling if you can't!” Lorenzo roared again, pointing at me menacingly. “Did your parents pass away? You're a prostitute, yet you're acting like I forced an honest girl into prostitution!”

I dared not move forward. I merely stood my ground, sincerely hoping he would tell me to scram.

“What the h*ll are you still doing standing there? Get your *ss over here now!” he roared.

Tears welled up in my eyes and fell immediately. He spun around abruptly and yelled toward the karaoke stand. “Play that song again!”

The nearest subordinate hurried over to the song selection station, his fingers dancing over the keyboard. I joined him by his side.

He abruptly pulled me into his embrace and then started singing. “I stood amidst the fierce wind...”

The song wasn't long. During that time, I felt the effects of the drug begin to take hold.

As I surveyed my surroundings, I felt as if everything was separated by a pane of glass, and I was an outsider looking into a play.

The people and events within reach gradually began to feel less real.

Those feelings of sorrow, even life, gradually started to lose their significance.

Thus, I smiled. Why should I care so much? Can't I just live in the moment? Looking at this scary man next to me now, I don't feel like I detest him that much anymore. I only need to spend a night with him. What's the big deal?

I nestled in Lorenzo's arms, softly singing that song, “Among all the allure and beauty in the world, it's you alone that I love...”

As I thought about the king and his queen consort, I recalled the sentence, “Oh, Queen Consort, what will become of you?”

Perhaps sensing my compliance, Lorenzo's hand, which was wrapped around my waist, became increasingly bold, daring to venture under the hem of my t-shirt.

My body shivered.