

Oberon was indeed a good man. Seeing my plea, he didn't hesitate to take me to a hotel. Afterward, he wholeheartedly helped me to "detoxify."

The drug I took before was indeed potent. I would react to the scent of a man's hormones. Essentially, I spent the entire night with Oberon.

It wasn't until the following morning that things finally settled down.

Following that, I promptly fell into a deep sleep. In my hazy state, I could faintly hear Oberon on the phone, discussing work matters. He sounded weary.

Afterward, he fell asleep, too, with me in his arms. I could feel his embrace.

When I woke up again, it was already the afternoon of that day. I wriggled out of his embrace, placing both of my hands on the pillow. Half of my face rested on the back of my hand as I turned to look at him.

The disoriented feeling from last night, as though I was observing people through glass, had already dissipated. My mind was no longer lagging either.

When I remembered fragments from last night, I blushed. I couldn't believe those embarrassing moments and shameful actions were my own. I kept calling Oberon "Uncle Zimmer," and he was completely different from before. He was so fierce, not gentle at all.

Staring at him, I couldn't help but fall for him all over

again.

The curtains in the room were drawn shut, consisting of a layer of sheer fabric and another blackout material, allowing only a sliver of daylight to seep in. In combination with the dim glow of the room's nightlight, I could make out his silhouette.

He was truly a sight to behold while he was sleeping! He had sharp eyebrows, a prominent nose, somewhat thin lips, and a slightly lean face. Overall, he was incredibly striking.

He must have been quite handsome in his youth, and of course, he still was.

He was unclothed, his body concealed beneath a thin blanket from the armpits down. I recalled his lean physique and the sleek contours of his muscles.

*It was nice.* I thought and couldn't help but laugh.

I stealthily moved closer to him, planting a kiss on his forehead.

"Is it tasty?" Suddenly, Oberon spoke, startling me.

I then saw him opening his eyes and looking at me with interest.

Still panicking, I heard him continue nonchalantly, "Uncle Zimmer is asking you a question. Does it feel great to sneak a taste?"

I only started using the address "Uncle Zimmer" last night. Previously, in the parking lot, I had called him "Uncle Zimmer." His sudden mention of that nickname reminded me of what happened last night.

"I wasn't sneaking a taste," I whispered, my face still burning hot. "I don't sneak a taste here."

He suddenly burst into laughter and reached out. Upon wrapping his arm around my waist, he pulled me into his embrace. He gently pecked my forehead and teased, "You really are a little minx!"

"Don't you enjoy me doing this?" I said. *Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so spellbound and infatuated last night...*

"Well, look who's learned to talk back." Oberon grinned. With that, he tossed the covers aside and headed toward the bathroom without bothering to dress.

He had a tall stature, broad shoulders, and a narrow waist without an ounce of excess fat on his body.

To be honest, for someone his age, it was already a success in itself that he could maintain such a physique.

I heard the sound of water splashing, and at that moment, I felt a sudden urge to rush in and join him in the shower.

In the end, I didn't move. Only when he came out, running his fingers through his hair, did I finally leave the bed.

The moment I did, I noticed something amiss with my body. From my chest downward, there were numerous bruises. A particular area on me was particularly sore and raw. I didn't need to think to know what had happened.

*Animal!* I cursed him inside my mind, but as the words echoed in my noggin, I realized I was only berating myself. After all, it was I who begged him yesterday and who had taken the initiative thereafter. *Even so, he didn't have to be so ruthless...*

I glanced at Oberon, who was seated at the edge of the bed. He was looking back at me, his gaze lingering on my bare neck and collarbone with profound implications.

That was a spot I couldn't see by simply looking down. I quickly dashed into the bathroom to take a closer look in the mirror.

Without a doubt, my hair was a mess. The first thing I did was to glance at my own neck.

With just one glance, I felt as though a bomb had gone off in my mind. *When did this happen? How am I supposed to go out now?*



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