

Why did he kiss me there? It's such a noticeable hickey!
Quickly, I loosened my bath towel.

When my eyes fell on the fair-skinned body reflected in the mirror, I felt uneasy. *Just how intense had our sex been last night? Did he torture me? Why did my body end up like this? I can see patches of purple and blue. Some are hickeys, but others are obviously fingerprints.*

Due to my particularly fair skin, those marks were especially noticeable.

I reached out and touched those areas. Some spots felt perfectly normal, while others throbbed with pain. Even after a night had passed, the pain persisted. I could imagine how intense things were during the night.

I did this to myself. I comforted myself. It was certainly better than being with Lorenzo. If I had been with him last night, I might've been skinned alive.

While taking a shower, the areas where I felt pain started to throb subtly under the hot water. I carefully inspected the most severely injured spots. As I expected, they were swollen.

Thank goodness it was just a swelling. I consoled myself again. If I had been with Lorenzo, I might have been bleeding. He was the kind of man who demanded two women in one night, and even then, both women would find it hard to deal with him! No, he was an animal, not a man! Fortunately, Mr. Zimmer is a human.

When I thought of Lorenzo, I naturally remembered the

slap I received last night. I pulled over the mirror beside the bathtub and carefully examined my face. The mark from the slap had become barely visible, so a bit of concealer should do the trick.

However, I stumbled upon another issue. My lips, evidently swollen from being roughly handled, were still in no condition to be seen in public!

I sighed in my mind and quickly cleaned myself up before stepping out.

The room, which was initially dim, was brightly lit. The blackout curtains had been completely drawn back, revealing a single layer of white gauzy fabric that softly swayed.

The bed sheets and covers had been tidied up and replaced with clean ones. The bedside trash bin had also been cleared out, and all those items that once gave off an unpleasant scent were no longer there.

Clearly, while I was showering, Oberon had someone tidy up the room.

He was garbed in a white robe and seated beneath the window on a single-seater couch. A cigarette was held between his fingers, its smoke spiraling upward.

Backlit, his face appeared somewhat surreal.

I was still only wrapped in a bath towel, which, compared to his appearance, made it seem like I was trying to seduce him further.

After some thought, I gathered yesterday's clothes and made my way back into the bathroom. When I emerged, I was clad in a fresh T-shirt and denim mini-skirt.

My actions didn't surprise him, yet he called me over.

"Does it hurt?" His cigarette-free hand rested on my skirt, giving a gentle squeeze. His movements were light.

"A bit," I said, slightly frowning.

He pulled down my pants. "If it hurts, don't wear pants. I'll have someone bring you a long skirt later."

"I have to leave," I said. Logically speaking, considering everything that had happened from last night until then, it was time for me to go.

"I just ordered food, enough for two. It will be delivered soon. Let's eat together," Oberon said.

His tone didn't suggest he was seeking permission. My pants had already been slipped down to my knees by him. I simply stood up and removed them completely.

The swelling was uncomfortable, especially with pants on.

"Uncle Zimmer, how did you know I needed help last night?" I asked.

Oberon's eyes narrowed slightly. That was what the cop from last night said when he handed me over to Oberon to deceive others. He didn't correct it, simply saying, "Isn't

this what you've been begging me for?"

"I meant when Lorenzo was pressuring me," I explained. It was no coincidence last night. He was specifically there to rescue me.

"Someone sent me a message." Oberon casually picked up his phone from the coffee table, tapped on it a few times, and handed it to me.

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