

Chapter 4 Apologies For Dirtying Your Car

My whole body trembled in pain.

That night, he took the entire evening to prove not only his manhood, but also his competence.

Apart from the momentary pain that made me shudder, I hardly felt anything throughout the rest of the process.

I couldn't understand why people were so obsessed with doing this sort of thing, but I didn't dare ask.

Not only didn't I ask, I had to pretend to enjoy it.

I'd seen those types of films and heard my roommates talk about their experiences with their boyfriends, so I knew men didn't like it when women acted mute or lifeless during those moments.

I mimicked the female lead from the films, first elongating an “Mmm” as if I was really enjoying it, then I matched his rhythm with sounds.

I wasn't sure if it was my facial expression that gave it away or something else, but he saw right through me.

“If you don't know how to make noise, don't. It's fake,” he said.

So I stopped.

My arms wrapped around his back, and his waist.

His physique was truly impressive, with resilient skin and firm muscles.

The more I touched him, the better his mood seemed to get.

I don't remember if I eventually enjoyed it, but I do remember that as dawn broke, someone knocked on the window of our car.

Later, he reached into the center console of his car, took out a small bag, and handed it to me. “This is for you,” he said.

“What is it?” I opened the bag and was astonished.

There were several stacks of cash!

For some reason, a rush of heat surged to my head. I zipped up the bag and threw it at him.

“You think I'm that kind of person?” A sudden sharp pain tore through my heart.

If I hadn't liked him, well...

He was taken aback.

“I'm sorry.” When I heard him apologize, I was secretly pleased.

I opened the car door and stepped out. Looking back at the bloodstain in his car, I said, “Sorry for messing up your car.”

He chuckled and shook his head.

“Will you look for me the next time you come for a drink?” I asked. For some reason, I found myself cherishing this fleeting, one-night connection.

He froze, touched his lips as if still savoring it, and nodded while critiquing, “Your technique is terrible. You kiss like a dog gnawing on a bone.”

“Hmph!” I snorted, but inside, I was already thinking about how to improve.

Years later, when I looked back on this moment, I realized I must have looked like a very obedient student at that time.

He nodded with a smile, and I left, satisfied.

After getting out of the car, I found my legs weak and shaky, just like in the novels.

Luckily, it was still early, and there weren't many people on the streets. I leaned against the wall, crossing a street before I finally made it to the road where my rented apartment was.

I was fortunate not to take his money. Later, in the area where I lived, there were a series of major crimes—robberies and murders in homes.

All the victims were women working in bars, saunas, or as hostesses.

After that night, I took a few days off. The few thousand I'd earned was enough to cover rent and food.

Most importantly, the semester had started, and I returned to campus.

That year, I was in my third year at university.

Many people knew I lived off-campus, but they didn't know what I did or anything about my family situation. I rarely interacted with them because I felt we were from two different worlds.

Some of them came from well-off families, while others didn't have the best situations but still had someone supporting them, earning money to pay for their tuition and living expenses.

I was different. No one took care of me.

I had parents, but from a very young age, no one was there for me—or rather, no one wanted me.

My parents got divorced when I was in elementary school.

My dad had a fondness for alcohol. When he was drunk, he had a tendency to beat others. Once he sobered up, he would break down in tears, kneeling and begging for forgiveness.

He used to beat both me and my mom. In an attempt to shield me, my mom often ended up being severely bruised and battered.

My mom loved me.

I was convinced that she loved me. Otherwise, why would she have used her own body to shield me from my dad's punches?

It was because I believed so deeply in her love that I never understood why she didn't want me when divorced my dad when I was in sixth grade.