

CHAPTER 175

Jane's POV:

Looking out through the window, I see people running around to get to their jobs or daily labor. Even the ones from the apartment are heading out, but no one has the time to stop and say hello. None of them do, unless they have something they need.

I wouldn't have cared if it was the usual me, but today, I'm going to step out of the flat and the building after going through chickenpox for the past seven days.

Amber, the talkative maid, brought a coffee and a green tea. Naturally, I reached out for the coffee, but she blocked my hand, and I had to settle for the green tea.

"I was thinking of paying you a thousand dollars for your help," I said softly, hoping to get some reaction from her, "but perhaps, 500 is enough."

She quickly swapped the tea with the coffee, making me smile without even trying. I took a slow and long sip as I continued to stare out the window. Cars speeding up pretty close to kids riding bicycles, and all kinds of vehicles swerving in and out through the traffic in a way it made me wonder if they really cared for people's lives enough.

Amber stood patiently until I finished coffee and put the cup

on the plate. She had already finished the green tea, though I had no idea when.

I asked for her mobile number and then transferred 1000 dollars to her.

After checking and confirming, she smiled sharply and put the mobile in her purse before speaking to me in a rather confident tone, "You've tried asking me about Benjamin a lot these past few days. I don't know what's going on between you and Benjamin. I don't know how many of your itches he's scratched before, but I advise you to stay away from him."

"Huh, are you trying to save him for your Madam Rebecca?" I asked.

"She's happily married," replied Amber, sounding serious. "Don't come in between them."

"Married he is," I added. "Happily married he isn't." I shake my head to add effect. "He has a peach of a wife, but she doesn't give him what he wants."

"And what does he want?"

"Sex," I smile.

"Did he tell you that?" Amber inquired, sarcastically.

"Of course," I lied. "Too many times to count. That sad sap of a man is so disappointed with his life right now. If only he could marry someone like me, or at least someone like you,

wouldn't he be in a better place?"

Amber paused. A good sign. My words were making her think.

"You know him a little, don't you?" I softly spoke. "Don't you think he's not at all a match for your Madam Rebecca?"

"I-I think I should go," she quickly skipped out without even saying goodbye.

I sucked in a deep breath through the mouth and exhaled through the same before looking at the clock. 9 A.M. I stopped in front of the mirror, and the spots were mostly gone. "It's about time."

I walked out of the apartment and stopped at my dad's car, a Rolls Royce Wraith. He always said it was his pride and joy, which was probably also why he didn't let me drive it except on my birthdays, but he was on a trip with his wife, so there's no one stopping me from riding this big beauty.

I hopped in and started the engine. As I pulled out of the car park, the engine's roar echoed off the trees and the apartment's walls, attracting some eyes. Yeah, now they notice me and my car. So typical of them typical people, I thought, but it was too late for them to see me now that I'm inside the car and the glass windows make sure not to let anyone ever get any peek inside.

Just as I drove the Wraith onto the main street, a black limousine blocked my path. It took me a couple of seconds



to recognize the man who stepped out of the car. "Arlo motherfucking Campbell," I hissed.

I didn't want to talk with him, but still I couldn't ignore the governor's son, so I lowered the window and met his gaze with a barely-recognizable smile, "What wind blew for you to sniff your way to my ass?"

"Heh," he smirked like an ass and lit up a cigar. "We lost a valuable customer recently. I want you back in the escort business. Only for a week."

"No," I didn't even need to think to answer.

"I'll give you a blank check," he didn't mince words.

"You can wipe your ass with it," I added, sharply.

"Look," he rubbed the cigar to the Wraith, just to make my face scrunch I'm sure, "I know shit happened last time, and ..."

"It's been years, Mr. Arlo," I raised the base of my voice spontaneously as the past flashed in my mind. "I was 21. I thought if I escort rich, ugly businessmen and politicians, I could enter their super-rich parties for free, but I had no idea they'd be having freakish orgies where every ugly motherfucker would be gunning for all my holes. I ran away that night, and guess what, the next morning, I woke up in your dad's office when he was fucking a 19-year-old boy who was nearly three times younger than him." I forcibly smiled. "If your dad didn't know my dad, I'm sure he'd have

thrown me in some underground cellar and made me rot for the rest of my life or something, so spare me your bullshit and get your car out of the way.”

“Is that your final answer?” he asked, a hint of threatening flowing through his voice.

“Why don’t you be the escort for them?” I asked back. “I’m sure your manly ass will be very popular among your clients.”

He smiled and shook his head at my response before turning and leaving. “I wish you wonderful luck,” he said, the undertone of a threat still present in his unpleasant voice.

It was rather obvious he didn’t wish for even a teeny bit of luck to come to me, so I didn’t respond. Just not biting back at him was me being civil and courteous enough to a trash like him who made a fine living doing God-forbidden things.

Once the limousine moved out of the way, I sped the Wraith up and drove past them at a steady pace, showing Arlo I’m not afraid of him or his dad for that matter. While my dad used to work for Langdon in the past, he now had his own connections, so I’m sure Arlo wouldn’t be stupid enough to play games with me. If he wanted to find a toy, he shouldn’t have come to me because now I feel pissed off because I was reminded of some of the darkest moments of my life. Perhaps, it was those days that turned me into a sex addict, and I’m still unable to come out of it, despite knowing it’s a nasty habit.

There’s guilt, but it’s not strong enough to make the craving

for bonking go away.

Maybe if I cleave onto someone with high sexual temperance, someone like Benjamin, I might just be able to become the old me, back when I wasn't so obsessed with lovemaking.

At any rate, I'm heading straight to Rye's Pizzas to meet him. Hopefully, I can escort and help him deliver pizzas in this Wraith and do more together.

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