

Chapter 17

After ending the call with his best buddy while still fuming, Oscar surfed through his phone, trying to find the nearest club to where he was. After some time of surfing and checking reviews, he finally decided on which one to go. It took Oscar about twenty minutes to get to the club. He got in and went straight to the VIP area. He got settled after which a waiter came to take his order. Before his drink arrived, Oscar occupied himself by going through his chats on his phone, randomly selecting the ones to respond to. "Hi," He heard that high-pitched voice amid the loud music that was playing in the background. That caused him to look up and he came face to face with a fat *** directly close to his face to the extent that any little movement from either of them will cause a collide. Not only was the ***big, but the owner was also putting on a mini skirt so he could almost see everything. Of course, he couldn't see her face yet because she was bending to serve his drinks on the table before him. As someone who had been celibate for a couple of days now, Oscar could swear that his view wasn't helping matters. "Oh, Hi. I'm Bessie." She smiled at him the moment she stood aright, clutching tightly to the small tray that she used in bringing his drink and glass cup. Her voice came out a bit loud so he could hear her despite the music. "Is that how you seduce everyone that comes over here?" He mumbled, glaring at her but stylishly checking her out. Over her mini skirt that was hardly covering her * w**as a crop top that showed a bit of her cleavage and belly button. Her hair was packed in a high ponytail, she didn't have any makeup on, She had a few piercings, and was on block heels. He had to take a glance around for a second to assure himself that he was in a normal club and not a strip club. She smiled, "I thought as much that you are going to be a newbie because your face doesn't look familiar." "If you know you've got anger issues then I regret to inform you that this club isn't for you cos we are like family here. Oscar chuckled in disbelief "You've gotta be kidding me." "No, I'm not." "Look, whatever the hell your name is, I just want to be alone." "Someone had a bad day." She said more to herself. "Do you want me to get you a babe to make you relax?" Oscar frowned, but then She said something that made him even more shocked. "Wait first, let me see your hands if you've got a ring on it?" Oscar glared at her, giving her that look that says she must be kidding. He literally thought she was joking until she moved closer to him and reached for his left hand to inspect if he had a ring on. Oscar froze where he was seated. Despite how angry he was, he was shocked at himself for not doing anything to stop her. She chuckled when she saw him give her that look. "We operate differently over here. We treat our customers well, particularly the VIP ones." 1/2 16:081 Chapter 17 "Look." She gestured to the table not too far from his. A man was seated with two ladies in skimpy clothes. One of the ladies was giving him a lap dance while the other was by his side, caressing him and at the same time showering his face with kisses. "Tell me your type of woman and I'll get the desired number for you since you're single, hopefully!" She whispered the last statement. Oscar didn't say anything. He just stared at her for a few seconds, thinking of what to say.. "You!" "Sorry?!" She thought she didn't hear him well because of the music playing in the background. "I want you!" She chuckled, "No, that's not possible!" "Why? Are you married? Because I can't see any ring on you. That makes both of us compatible." She smiled, "Nice try, but no, thanks, I'm off limits." "Says who? In those skimpy outfits." He said, trying so hard to stop himself from getting hard. "Nice to know you recognize something hot when you see one. It gives me hope that you are not g*y." "G**y? You must be p**ho to think that." She chuckled. "I'm really off limits. Dressing like this doesn't mean I'm h*y.** I'm just doing my job." "So your job details require sl*y dr**essings to entertain customers?" "You can say that again, Mr. Hard guy!" "Name your price!" He insisted, his eyes not leaving her. "You seem pretty persistent. But good to know that you look less tense. I think my job here is done." Bessie turned around to take her leave but before she knew it, she felt a hand grab her by the arm. He took the tray from her, placed it by the side, and made her sit on his lap. "New but feisty! I don't know how to feel about that!" She smirked at him. "You know exactly what you're doing and I'm going to make sure you are punished for that." "Nobody messes with my feelings and gets away with it." "I didn't do anything. You're the one who's putting me at the risk of losing my job." Bessie answered, sort of grateful that the lights around the VIP area were dim so anyone who knew her wouldn't notice her easily. "Name your Price!" She chuckled, "Let me go. I'm not a bimbo." "I didn't say you are one. I just want you." "I'm here to work. Dressing s*y is **part of the description." "Name your Price." He mumbled again, slightly caressing the side of her ***. Where he came from, money could do anything so he was so d***n sure of himself and his ego. "You are quite a persistent one, aren't you?" "I'm waiting." He mumbled, looking deep into her chest. "You can't afford me!" Bessie's statement came like a slap on Oscar's face but he shrugged it off with a chuckle, pretending as

though it didn't affect him. But again she had no idea who he was. Remembering who he was, and as the person who was known to always make the rules, he stepped up his

Chapter 17 game. "10,000 to spank your ass and suck those tits for 5 minutes." Bessie frowned at him. She was about to say something but her lips were quivering and no words came out. "That's not enough? 15,000 to spank your ass, finger f***k you for three minutes and suck your tits for four minutes." "Are you always this blunt? To strangers?" "I'm not a fan of beating around the bush. I go straight for what I want so if that makes me blunt, so yeah. "I feel I'm being generous enough. The amount I'm offering is probably your pay for six months or even more. I could have asked for sex or for you to give me a head. But I just want to show you that sassy and feisty babes like you can also be punished. Let's have some fun." Bessie said nothing but continued to stare at him. "You'll be getting pleased and getting paid too. Why are you holding back?" "Did anyone send you to do this?" "What do you mean? You said it yourself that I'm a newbie." "And that makes you a great suspect." "Let me guess, you've got haters in this workplace." She rolled her eyes at him, "Don't act as if you don't know haters are everywhere." "You've got to have like two or more jobs to survive. I've got a corporate job during the day and this is my night job. I was a bit late, and that was why my colleague." She pointed to the guy at the bar "attended to you first." "Interesting!" He mumbled, "So you are not scared of your Boss or any of your colleagues seeing you here?"