

My son ! my pimp

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Chapter 1: The Gilded Cage

The Dupont family home was a picture-perfect facade, a gilded cage that concealed the dark secrets festering within. As Ghislaine, the domineering matriarch, sat at the head of the dining table, her steely gaze swept across the room, scrutinizing every detail with an unwavering intensity.

Rémi, her 23-year-old son, shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his eyes downcast as he listened to his mother's unrelenting stream of criticism. "Really, Rémi, a librarian? I had such high hopes for you, and this is what you've chosen to do with your life?" Ghislaine's lip curled in disdain, her manicured fingers drumming against the polished mahogany surface.

Rémi felt the familiar weight of her disapproval pressing down on him, suffocating his dreams and aspirations. "Mother, I enjoy my work. It may not be the prestigious career you envisioned, but it's fulfilling to me," he responded, his voice barely above a whisper.

Ghislaine scoffed, "Fulfilling? Don't be ridiculous, Rémi. You're wasting your potential, squandering the opportunities I've provided for you. When will you learn to listen to me? I know what's best for you."

Across the table, Rémi's father, Paul, a petroleum engineer often absent on business trips, remained silent, his gaze fixed on the untouched plate before him. Rémi knew better than to seek solace or support from his father, whose quiet acceptance of Ghislaine's tyrannical rule had long ago extinguished any hope for intervention.

As the dinner progressed, Ghislaine's criticisms escalated, her voice cutting through the stifling silence like a sharp knife. Rémi's shoulders slumped, his spirit worn down by the relentless barrage of his mother's disapproval. He longed for the day when he could finally break free from her suffocating grasp and forge his own path, but the very thought of disappointing Ghislaine filled him with a paralyzing fear.

The Dupont family home, once a symbol of stability and security, had become a prison of Ghislaine's own making. Rémi felt trapped, his dreams and aspirations caged by his mother's overbearing control, her affection and approval the only currency he seemed to crave.

As the dinner drew to a close, Ghislaine rose from her seat, her movements graceful and precise. "Well, I'm afraid I have an evening engagement to attend to. You two will be fine on your own, won't you?" She swept out of the room, her high heels clicking against the hardwood floor, leaving Rémi and Paul in an uncomfortable silence.