

Love Slave 10

Chapter 10: Returning a Kiss

It was when I had left the room that I realized that I was boiling with anger. My fists were clenched to my sides, and I was biting my lower lip to control my own rage. How dare he say those rude things?! I mean, I fully respect if someone has a different opinion but that man hasn't even seen that commercial before. The commercial was quite old from when I was still a teenager, so it was probably six to seven years old now. I doubt anyone still remembers it...

I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that my feet automatically took me to the building's exit. When I got there, I realized that I had completely forgotten to return the man's money. I didn't have any cash on me but if I could just find him then I could transfer the money back to him.

Then it hit me. I can't believe that I didn't notice this before. I still didn't know his name. I still didn't know anything about him at all. His name, his age, his position in the company...I didn't know anything! I was too shocked to find him in that room as one of my interviewers and then I was too wrapped up in my interview that I failed to find a way to learn his name.

If I remembered correctly, the other two interviewers had a name tag on them, and they also had a name plate placed in front of them on the table. The name plate on the table was clearly for candidates to know who was interviewing them. However, I don't remember the man in the middle having a name tag attached to his suit or a name plate in front of him on the table.

Great. So, how am I supposed to find him now?

The only thing I knew for sure was that he worked here. That would make sense since I met him at the park near here. I walked out of the door and then turned around and walked into the building again. I couldn't make up my mind. I didn't know how to find him, asking around would just be weird.

I mean, how would I even begin to ask? Have you seen a very tall guy with brown hair and matching sexy brown eyes? Probably not going to work...

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On the other hand, I didn't want to give up now that he was so close. If I could just find him and return the money, then I can move on with my life without having a bunch of that stranger's cash in my bank account. I sighed loudly as I came to a reasonable solution.

The other thing I knew was that I walked to the exit right after leaving the interview room. That meant that he was still in the building. So, if I waited here until he left the building then I would probably run into him eventually. I use the word "probably" because unfortunately, the building has more than one exit. There was an exit joined to the parking building.

It's worth a shot...I guess. I looked at the watch and figured that if he wasn't a workaholic and left work at a normal time then I had to wait around 3 hours. I can do that...

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I was completely mistaken. After waiting for around 5 hours, the man never appeared. It was already dark out and although the building was still open, there were very few people walking about now. Most people have already clocked out and left the building.

I started an endless debate with myself if I should just give up and leave too. I mean, it was possible that he had left using the other exit a long time ago. However, there was a possibility that he's still in this building because he's working overtime. I've waited this long so if I give up now then all that wait was for nothing? Isn't that just...so sad?

Then again, there's that concept of sunk cost and how you shouldn't base your future decisions on it. In this case, the time I had spent waiting was sort of already my sunk cost. What should I do then?

"Why are you still here?"

My whole body froze, and my eyes widened when I heard a familiar voice very close to me. I turned around and my suspicion was immediately confirmed. There, standing right in front of me was the man that I had waited for all this time. He really was still at work...

I looked up at his face as he grinned down at me. Now that he was standing right in front of me, I didn't know what to say. My words were stuck in my throat and my mouth felt dry.

"Oh..." I said softly as I felt his hand plop down on top of my head.

"Why are you here this late?" the man asked. I think I sensed some concern in his voice.

"I..." I began saying but his next words cut me off.

"Were you...perhaps, waiting for me?" he asked rhetorically.

"I...yes. I didn't know how to find you and I didn't know your name and...so I..." I said without any confidence in my voice. I still found his presence very intimidating.

What am I saying? I should just come out and ask for his bank account so that I can transfer back his money to him.

"So, you really were waiting for me," he said with a satisfied smile.

"No...it's not like that..." I began protesting hesitantly.

"Then what is it like?" he said without giving me a break.

"I...want to return the money that you gave me," I managed to say. Finally.

"Why?" he asked bluntly.

"Because..." I said.

"I told you it was payment for your kiss. You did get some new clothes..." he said without letting me finish my sentence.

"Yea...I did...thank you..." I thanked him, meaning it.

“Seriously though, I gave you so much money, so I was quite disappointed when you didn’t turn up in some fancy branded suit, shoes and bag...” he said as he chuckled to himself.

“This is good enough. No, that’s not the point! Please give me your account number so that I can return your money,” I said with determination.

“If that’s why you’re still here, then you should leave. I’m not taking that money back, it’s yours now,” he said passively.

“But I told you before, I can’t accept that much money,” I continued to argue my case.

“I’ve told you before that you’ve earned it. I bought your kiss in the park, remember?” he reminded me before grinning at me.

“That’s...” I whispered.

“How about this? If you want to return the money, then I’ll be force to return your kiss...” he said as his eyes lit up at his own idea.

“What do you mean?” I asked suspiciously.

“I mean...this...” he said in a low and seductive whisper.

Our eyes locked as his lip inched closer and closer to mine. His hand that grasped my chin was gentle and yet I couldn’t break away from him. I found myself so lost and I felt myself drowning in his captivating eyes. He’s going to kiss me...to return the kiss he bought? That’s...crazy.