

## Love Slave 52

### 52 If He Got Serious

His tongue swirled in my mouth as he seemed to explore every nook and cranny. I could taste him and a bit of the wine that we had at dinner. It was such a sweet taste that I couldn't get enough of.

My tongue moved against his fervently as I started moaning louder. I kissed him back as I felt the heat of my own desire flooding and clouding my mind. Ace is such a skillful kisser. His kisses felt so satisfying and so blissful. His hand slipped in between us and began caressing the side of my waist before he sucked on my lower lip.

"Ace..." I called his name to stop him, but my voice came out in a small breathless whimper as I panted.

"Don't say my name like that. You're such a mean girl..." Ace said mockingly but he did back away a little to give me some room.

Is he holding back for my sake?

"This is a strange condition that you have. When I kiss you and touch you, your face gets redder and hotter..." Ace said teasingly as he reached a hand towards my face.

He traced two fingers along my cheek, and I felt even more heat rush to my face at his touch. My face felt like it was on fire, and I knew that my face was red.

"Don't play around me with..." I whispered as I averted my eyes from his.

"Hmm? Then you wouldn't mind if I got serious about you, right?" Ace asked but I felt like it wasn't truly a question.

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What does he even mean by that? Get serious with me...

What would I do if he got serious...?

With that he placed his large hand on top of my head and patted it softly a few times as he smiled down at me. He's so tall and his smile is so captivating. How can someone like him really be interested in me?

The answer was simple: he probably wasn't interested, and he was just toying with me at his own convenience.

"You should head back," I said curtly as I looked away and pressed my back harder against the door to my room.

"I'll see you tomorrow at work," Ace said passively.

Then he was gone. I watched his back as he walked away before I closed my eyes and let out a sigh. Why do I have a feeling that dealing with him would be more difficult than any challenges that I may have to face at work?

After entering my room, I leaned my back against the closed door as I closed my eyes and concentrated on steadying my breathing and my rapid heart rate.

I knew that I needed to keep my distance from him but in the end, we still ended up kissing. The heat of his lips on mine, the taste of his tongue inside my mouth, and the warmth of his hand on my body, I could still feel all of those sensations even though he was no longer here. I should have known that of all the transportation options that I had at my disposal; a ride alone with Ace in his car must have been the most dangerous option.

After calming myself, I sat myself down onto the sofa to rest a little before I took a shower. My eyes scanned the small room of my apartment before focusing on a few items that belonged to Kyle. Since I had been busy and too emotionally devastated since he dumped me, I haven't gotten around to sorting and dealing with the various things that Kyle left behind in my room.

Even though, I knew that it would serve him right if I just threw everything out, I couldn't help but think that he may need some of the things that he left in my room.

Arghhh! Why am I still being so nice to him after all of the cruel things that he did to me?

He might never contact me again and he might never come to pick up his things, but it still felt wrong for me to simply throw all his stuff away. I got up from the sofa and wandered around only to find that there were a lot of Kyle's belongings in my room. Everything from daily essentials to clothes and electronic gadgets. All of them strewn around the room in random places. Over the two years that we've been together, I guess I shouldn't be too surprised that his stuff in my room had accumulated.

With a silent sigh, I took out a large cardboard box and began placing some of Kyle's things into the box, starting with random things that I could find. It's going to take time to completely find and stuff all his things into the box but better to start now than later. I took a marker and wrote his name in large bold text on the box.

Picking up each item made me think of Kyle and the associated memory that we had with that item. Even though, I knew that it wasn't the object's fault, I began hating each object that I picked up. After placing a couple of things in the box, I was too emotionally exhausted to continue. I bit on my lower lip to keep my tears from spilling over. It hasn't been that long since we broke up and my wounds were still quite fresh that a little stimulation left it bleeding all over again. I shoved the box in a corner and decided to leave it at this for tonight.

Tomorrow is going to be a better day, Karina.

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I woke up on Saturday morning feeling very empty inside. The first few days working as Ace secretary passed by smoothly and I had been assigned the task of preparing reports to summarize on the topics related to the dog meat trade. The purpose was for me to share in next week's meeting more information about the topic so that the entire team would have a better understanding before proceeding to work on their respective parts. I was so invested in the project that I planned to work the weekend on the research as well.