

Love Slave 6

Chapter 6: Burning Kiss

“Oh...it’s nothing,” the man said as he flashed me a super stunning smile. I wonder if he’s ever been told that he looks like a superstar actor or something along those lines...

“...I see...” I said.

I didn’t mind chatting to a stranger and he didn’t seem to be a dangerous man or anything but I couldn’t help wondering if there was something he wanted from me. I felt quite uncomfortable around him and wanted to excuse myself. Maybe I should just head home or walk around the train station instead while I wait for my train ride.

Before I could get up from the bench, the handsome man spoke up once again.

“Do you honestly think that you can get a job in one of the top companies dressed like that?” the man asked as he eyed me from head to toe and then up again.

“...what?” I asked, frankly shocked at what I just heard.

“I said, do you honestly think you can get a job at Jessen & Hills dressed in a cheap looking and outdated suit and a worn-out pair of shoes that seems too small for you? Ever heard of first impressions?” the man said, putting emphasis into his every word.

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I’ve heard of first impressions before, sure, but this guy is clearly not considering what first impressions I am having of him. I hated to admit it but what he said could be partly true; however, he didn’t have to put it that way.

“I...Thank you for pointing it out but that was quite a rude way of saying it...” I snapped at him.

“Oh...sorry if my honesty offended you,” the man replied like it was nothing. I couldn’t tell if his apology was genuine or if he was just teasing me and honestly, I couldn’t care less.

“Good day, sir...” I muttered as I got off from the bench and turned to leave.

“Pouting about it isn’t going to improve how you look or get you any new clothes, right?” the man called from behind me.

I took in a deep breath as I stopped in my tracks. I closed my eyes and bit my lower lip to stop myself from turning around and shouting my curses at that super rude guy. I’m poor, so obviously, I know best that pouting or complaining isn’t going to get me the things that I couldn’t afford.

I sighed and instead of turning around, decided to ignore his insulting words and continue walking forward with my head held high. Being poor isn’t illegal. Not having the best and most expensive clothes isn’t a crime. I didn’t do anything wrong and there is nothing that I should be ashamed of.

“Wait,” I heard him say at the same time that I felt my wrist being grabbed and yanked.

While stunned at how fast he had caught up to me, my body was spun around to face him once more. I looked up at him, literally, as he towered over me.

“What...” I whispered in shock as our eyes locked.

“Take this...” the man said, his eyes never leaving mine.

I felt something being thrust into the open palm of my hand. When I looked down, I gasped...

I have never seen so much cash in my life! He had placed a thick wad of one-hundred-dollar bills in my hand. My eyes widened not in greed but in astonishment. What kind of man would force this much cash on a stranger that he had just met?!

The answer was simple...a very crazy one!!!

“No...I can’t take this!” I shouted at him in shock.

“Why not?” he asked as he cocked his head slightly to the side as if what I said truly confused him.

I found his behavior truly insulting and offensive. I might be poor but that didn’t mean that I wanted to benefit from his charity.

“Because I don’t want it...” I said as I stared back at him.

“But you need it, don’t you?” he replied as if what he said was the most obvious thing in the world.

“...what? I don’t need your charity...” I snapped back at him.

“I don’t get it. I’m offering you loads of money for free. You know, for free...so why aren’t you happy to take it?” he asked, acting genuinely confused at how I was reacting to his proposal.

“To me, money needs to be earned. I can’t possibly take anyone’s money for free without doing something in return...” I said firmly.

Why doesn’t he get it? I don’t want free money. I want money that came from my honest work and effort. Is the concept of earning money something so hard to understand?

“Ok, then. I guess, this would do...” he said.

The next thing I knew, I was in his embrace as his strong muscular arms held me, pulling me close to his body. His large manly hands cupped both my cheeks as he tilted my face up and his warm lips crushed firmly against mine.

This stranger...is kissing me? Why? What is going on...?

“Mhhmm! Mhmm!”

I made protesting sounds against his mouth while my hands started beating on his rock-hard chest. His strong arms held me tighter, crushing my body against his much-larger frame. I could feel the heat of his body seep into me through our clothes. My heart began beating so fast in my chest that I thought that it would explode into tiny pieces.

His lips on mine felt hotter and hotter as he continued grinding his lips against mine. He changed the angle of our kiss before I felt the tip of his hot tongue start to probe in between my lips, slowly urging me to open my lips to grant him access to the depths of my mouth. He trusted his tongue greedily into my wet mouth when my lips slowly relaxed and parted, allowing him entry.

I heard a soft and low moan in my throat when I felt the heat and wetness of his tongue enter my mouth. His wandering tongue explored the cave of my mouth before entwining hungrily with my own tongue. The man grinded his tongue against mine as his lips continued to kiss and suck on mine. Our tongue engaged in a dirty dance that left my body hot and aching.