

Chapter 470 At A Price

Now that he felt a sexual urge for Kiley, he could not restrain himself. He turned her over and pressed her under his body, separated her legs and began to penetrate her relentlessly.

Kiley awoke with the sudden pain. With sleepy eyes, she took in Alick's face and was startled.

She was about to say something when Alick hit her lower body hard.

Memories from last night came flooding back to Kiley.

She put her arms around Alick's neck. She smiled delicately and said, "Mr. Juarez, so horny again? I was sleeping."

When Alick saw her plain face, he felt annoyed. He hurled her hand away, grabbed a pillow and put it over her face. "Don't fucking speak," he groaned, coldly.

With this, Alick continued to move his penis back and forth forcefully. Eventually, his desire calmed.

He pushed Kiley aside. "Get up."

Kiley gazed at him in confusion. He raised a finger and pointed it at his penis. "Lick up the dirty things that came out of you."

"Okay."

Kiley did not hesitate. She obediently took his penis in her hand and licked it clean.

Alick felt a little sick at how amenable and willing she was to please him.

As a man, his greatest pleasure was sex. The satisfaction he got from his sexual encounters varied depending mainly on the woman's appearance and figure.

Although Kiley was not beautiful, her coquettish nature redeemed her.

Sitting up on the bed, Alick lit a cigarette.

After cleaning him up, Kiley said in a tender voice, "Mr. Juarez, we had sex last night and just now... Don't worry. I won't tell anyone."

Glancing at her, Alick gave her a half-hearted pat. He continued smoking.

Seeing he was in a good mood, Kiley continued, "But the thing is, I'm short of money recently..."

Alick interrupted her unconcernedly, "You want money? So what's the difference between you and a whore?"

Kiley didn't expect this personal attack as a response. She felt insulted.

She did not show it though. She needed the money. "Mr. Juarez, you're wrong. I'm different. I know how to please men and I'm physically healthy and socially clean."

Thinking about last night, he laughed, "You certainly have the skills. I have slept with countless women, but I've never been with one as slutty as you."

Kiley felt courage as she realized his mood had lightened a little. She held his arm and rubbed against him. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. I can provide service at any time, at a price."

Alick frowned slightly. His tone was not as stiff as before. "Do you need money that much? You are a designer at the Semshy Group. You must be paid a least twenty thousand or thirty thousand a month and you don't spend it on luxurious clothes. Where does your money go?"

Kiley began to play her 'I'm from a poor family' card. "My family is not well-off. My parents value my brother more than me. All the money I make, I give to them. I have hardly any left over after paying my rent each month. Fortunately, food at the company's canteen is cheap. If I ate out, I reckon I'd never be full..."

Having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Alick couldn't relate to what Kiley had suffered. He felt it fretful for her to say these things and he interrupted her. "Enough, I don't want to listen to you. I enjoyed last night, so I'll give you one hundred thousand dollars. Happy?"

