



11 Chapter ELEVEN

Theme: Playboy at work 1

(FLASHBACK TO TEN YEARS AGO)

LOS ANGELES

CLARK MANSION

Mrs Clark walked into her husband's study room only to find him tapping his forefinger on the desk. Mr Clark only did that whenever he was bothered or angry.

"Honey, is everything okay?" Mrs Clark asked as she walked closer to the mahogany desk.

No response came from Mr Clark as he kept on tapping his forefinger on the desk. Mrs Clark went around the swivel chair in an attempt to massage her husband's shoulder but he felt uncomfortable by her touch.

"What is wrong? Tell me Clark, what is going on? Why do you look so bothered?" She questioned frantically.

"I am glad you notice I feel bothered and something is wrong but this time it is not about business or a client." Mr Clark said with his jaw set in a hard line.



"If it is not about the business or a client then what is this look about?" Mrs Clark asked.

Mr Clark stopped tapping his finger on the desk. "Everything about your son is totally wrong!" He bared his teeth in anger.

Mrs Clark eyebrows snapped together at her husband's sudden outburst. "What do you mean by everything about my son...no our son is wrong?" She asked.

Mr Clark stood up from the swivel chair and went to stand by the window in a bid to control his fury but nothing worked. "You want to know?" He asked and his wife nodded her head positively.

"I just found out from one of my men now that Ace has been absent from college for weeks now." Mr Clark blurted out.

Mrs Clark mouth fell open immediately. "No..no that is not true. Are you sure about this because he left for college this morning." She said.

A muscle in Mr Clark's jaw twitched as he managed to speak up. "Well, your son has been lying to us all this while. He had only been acting like he was going to college every morning. And I am sure he is probably hanging out with some couple of idle girls instead of going to college!"



Mr Clark face his wife a grimace of anger.

Mrs Clark shook her head in disagreement. "No honey don't talk like that, Ace our son is a good boy, although he may misbehave at times but not to the point of abandoning school to chase after girls." She tried to defend her son.

Mr Clark frown deepened as he walked away from the window to the large couch in the room. "I must admit that you are the reason why Ace turned out this way! I can't believe this! He is only 23 and look at the way he is already living his life, a wayward life that is absolutely not in my blood!" Mr Clark grounded out.

Mrs Clark has to sneer at his words. "What! Are you saying Ace got that lifestyle of his from me?" She turned to him so that they stood face to chest.

"I am saying that I didn't live such life when I was growing up and if you had let me chastise him each time he does any wrong he wouldn't have turned out this way. All Ace has even done is cause me trouble and I am beginning to wonder where you got that boy from!" Mr Clark gritted.

Mrs Clark eyes widened in shock. Are you trying to say Ace is a bastard or that he is not your son?!" She raised her voice at him.



Mr Clark stepped away from his wife. "You can answer that yourself." He said.

"Oh really? Seriously Clark? How dare you say this to my face that our son isn't your son!" She snapped with her eyes sparkling in anger.

"Listen to me, if you don't talk to your son..then I am making a promise to strip him off his inheritance." Mr Clark said with a serious face before walking out of the room in annoyance.

"You dare not Clark!" Mrs Clark shouted.

Mr Clark slammed the door and motioned towards his bedroom. Mrs Clark fussed for a while in the study room, pacing to and fro before walking out of the room too.

She went straight to her room, went in search of her phone and she found it on the dressing table. Mrs Clark dialed Ace number several times but he didn't pick up.

IN FIONA'S APARTMENT

Ace Clark pulled up his car in garage, he grabbed his phone and turned it off after he saw that it was his mom that was calling him. He got out of car and bounce up the small stairs leading to Fiona's apartment and then he knocked.

Fiona heard a knock on the door, she



opened the curtain and then found Ace car in the parking lot. Fiona adjusted her gown and hair before she rushed to the door quickly and open the it. "Hi Ace." She smiled and threw her hands around him.

"Hello..my baby girl.." Ace pulled away from Fiona and kissed her lips quickly as he pushed her in and closed the door behind him.

"How much do you miss me?" Ace Clark asked as he pressed kisses to her face and trailed it down to a sensitive spot on her neck which caused her to let out a low moan.

"I missed you so much Ace...I missed you and our love making. I want you so much." She answered.

Ace stopped kissing to look into her eyes, he knew Fiona was always ready for him no matter how many days or weeks he had avoided her, declined her calls or even refused to reply her text messages and that was the only thing he liked about being with Fiona.

"I want you too baby girl." He found her lips and she opened her mouth welcoming his invasion.

Desperate to taste him, Fiona wrapped her hands around him. Yearning towards him, that need she always felt every time he got close and



it was always threatening to consume her. She knew nothing would stop it except being with Ace even if he was a bit younger than she was. Fiona needed to feel his body and so she tugged at his shirt desperate to make that contact. Her fingers unresponsive and Ace was the one who moved back enough to strip off his shirt, then he touched the button on her gown without looking away from her, he undid each one then eased off her gown and tossed it somewhere on the sofa.

Fiona faced him with her lace bra still on and he slowly moved the bra straps off her shoulder. She held her breath, trembling with his hands on her back as he undid the fastener. His gaze dropped to her breast and without him touching her, her nipples responded, the need in her grew heavy and was more urgent.

"Ace?" Her voice came out in a tight whisper.

"Fiona..you are so beautiful." Ace whispered and then he touched her.

Fiona gasped when his hands cupped her breasts, her legs grew weak, her breathing rapid and she swayed closer to him. Ace lifted her up and she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Unfortunately, Fiona wasn't adventurous in bed. Ace had figured that out after the first time he had screwed her. But Fiona later told him that she doesn't know much about sex and she had



admitted that he was her third lover.

On the day she spilled the truth to Ace, he couldn't help but laugh out. Hell! Not because he was mocking her but it was simply because Ace couldn't remember who his third lover had been or his tenth lover. Ace Clark had lost his virginity when he was fourteen to one of the maids who had worked for his grandparents. He was just fifteen when he had enjoyed the twenty two years old body for quite sometime until she had quit her job to get married to someone who was far away from town. But for the life of him he didn't recall if she was lover three or 4 certainly not 2.

He kissed her for some minutes before she drew back from him to catch her breathe. Ace lifted her up to bring her closely to his body, then together they were on the sofa with tangled legs and arms twined, burning the start of one and the ending of the other. Ace's hands were everywhere, touching, caressing, drawing feelings from her, building pleasures in her that soared but they were all for fun. His hands was on her stomach, his fingers under the band of her panties as he sloped the material off her and he found her center. Ace's hand pressed against her and she moved against him, sensation shooting through her.

He kissed her with his finger till pressed to



her core, one finger then two and she rose up and back. "Are you ready baby girl..." he said amidst kisses.

Fiona nodded with a smile on her face.

In a moment, he pulled away and pulled off his jeans. He gestured to Fiona to lean back on the couch and she did as instructed with his eyes watching her with lust. He found her and circled her but she was startled that touching and holding him seem as natural as the breath she took. She was needing it more and more.

Ace was hers and she wanted to be his, she thought within herself. He moved his legs between hers. He heard her whisper his name slowly as he entered her until he filled her. He lifted her hips and she gasped when he initiated the first stroke. Deep and sure, then again and again and she matched him thrust for thrust until they were both exhausted.

And then she was in Ace arms, lying next to him on the big couch.

"So Ace...what do you think of us?" Fiona asked.

Ace eyebrows drew together. "Us? What do you mean by us?" He asked.

Fiona raised up her elbow to look into his eyes. "Yes..I mean about our relationship." Fiona



answered.

Ace Clark almost sneered at her words but he acted cool.

"Listen Fiona, we can talk about that some other time but I want you to know that I love you so much." Ace said a coy smile pressing a quick kiss to her lips.

"I love you too, Ace Clark." Fiona said as she lay her head back on his chest.

She closed her eyes tightly before pressing a kiss to Ace's chest then she put her cheek against his heart.

"You should get some rest..baby girl." Ace said.

"Okay." She listened to each beat, steady, sure, strong and it was the best thing she heard before drifting to sleep.

Ace Clark couldn't fall asleep because it wasn't it thing to sleep over at a girl's home. Some minutes after he was sure Fiona was sound asleep, he readjusted his position and carried Fiona into her room. He took a quick shower, dressed up, wrote a note on the dressing class with her lipstick.

"I got a call from home, please take care of yourself. I will send you some money by



weekend."

Then he walked out of Fiona's apartment.

Mrs Clark kept calling Ace but his phone was switched off and he didn't even bother to switch it back on knowing what she wanted to discuss with him - College. So he dropped by at a phone centre bought a new phone and purchased a new line.

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