

Love Slave 39

39 The Truth About that Night

"Well...you just asked me to be your girlfriend..." I replied, still completely confused.

I bet my life that he isn't being serious with any of this. He's just playing me and I'm letting him play me...like a fool once again...

"Shouldn't you be jumping up and down with joy?" Ace asked as if he truly expected me to do exactly that.

"Umm...no?" I replied as I glared back at him.

"You're a funny girl," he comments while I already lost count how many times he's told me that today.

"What?" I said, still in disbelief.

"Were you late to work yesterday morning?" he asked sternly.

I cocked my head to the side in wonder. Why is he asking me that? Is he trying to get me into trouble...doesn't seem likely...

"No...I was on time..." I replied while wondering why he was asking me this now.

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"I see. So, you managed to make it on time. I had my doubts, seeing that you were sleeping very soundly..." Ace said as he seemed to recall something from his memories.

Wait!

He saw me sleeping. What does that mean? How is that even possible?

"Excuse me?" I said in pure confusion.

What did he say just now? I must have misheard or misunderstood.

Ace cocked his head to the side in wonder as if he was mocking me. Then his hazel eyes narrowed at me dangerously. It was like what I said made him slightly angry, but I couldn't understand why.

"Do you really don't remember or are you pretending not to?" he asked with a hint of annoyance as his eyes captured mine and held it.

I found myself staring deeply into his eyes as if captivated by what I saw in them. He's so handsome and very attractive...and...

"I have no idea what you could be referring to..." I replied honestly.

"I see. If that's the case then, I have no choice but to remind you..." Ace said in a seductive drawl.

"Remind me? Of what...exactly?" I mumbled softly as I started to get a bad feeling about all this.

"Of what happened that night..." Ace whispered mysteriously.

“That night...?” I murmured blankly.

I was more confused than before and while I was trying to dig up memories of what he could possibly be talking about, Ace had gotten close to me again on the sofa. I could feel his eyes on my face as if he was wishing that I would remember.

“Do you remember?” Ace asked again and his voice was low and so seductive.

My eyes flew to my hand when I felt the heat of his hand taking mine into his. I watched as if under some spell as he slowly lifted my hand to his lips. My body froze in place as my breath caught in my throat. Instead of kissing my hand, the wet warmth of his mouth engulfed my ring finger before he started sucking softly on it teasingly.

“Sir...” I cried out, but my voice sounded like a sweet purr instead.

“Call me Ace when we’re alone...” Ace demanded before my finger disappeared into his warm and wet mouth again.

Shocked, at both what he was doing and how I was reacting to him, I tried to pull my hand away, but it was no use. His grip around my hand only tightened as he began licking my fingertip with the tip of his wet tongue. His mouth felt so warm and the sensations of his tongue stroking my fingertips felt...strangely pleasurable...

“Do you remember...what happened that night...between us?” he asked as his hazel eyes stared at from face.

“Between us...?” I said as my mind tried to deny the only possibility that I could come up with.

It can’t be...can it?

I slept with a man that I didn’t know, and I didn’t remember. Then I woke up the hotel room, my body a mess...

“Yes, allow me to fill you in about what really happened that night. I’ll make you remember so that you’ll never forget it ever again...” Ace whispered seductively.

With one final flick of his tongue along the length of my finger, Ace removed my finger from his mouth. Before I could react, he yanked on my hand hard, pulling my entire body towards him. It all happened so fast and before I could understand what was truly going on, his warm lips were against mine. Ace crushed his lips against mine in a very passionate and demanding kiss.

My eyes widened in shock as he continued to kiss me. I made protesting sounds against his kiss that sounded more than moans even to my own ears. Then I felt it, the wet and warm sensation of the tip of his tongue probing my lips open. His smell of his perfume overwhelmed my senses as he wrapped his arms around my body and held me against his hard and large frame.

Slowly, my eyes drifted close as my lips parted slightly for him. Ace’s tongue plunge into the depth of my mouth with hesitation. I moaned as a sense of bliss filled my mind. Ace’s tongue found mine and started teasing it expertly. His kiss felt so good, and soon, I was responding to his kiss.

What is wrong with me? Even though, I knew that this was so wrong, I just couldn't stop myself. His kiss tasted and felt familiar, and my body responded quickly to him like it knew what it was supposed to do.

Ace grinded his tongue against mine as he savored my taste. I felt my entire body going weak in his arms before I began moaning again into our wet and hot kiss. He sucked on my lips before changing the angle of our kiss to kiss me even deeper than before. My body started to feel hot as his hand began stroking the curve of my back and waist.

"That night, you were so drunk that I had to take you to a hotel room. You were alone and I had no idea where you lived..." Ace said after he broke our kiss.

My mind was in a daze from the pleasure of the kisses that we had just shared. I wasn't even sure what he was talking about. Ace shot me a slightly disapproving look like a parent scolding their naughty child.