

Love Slave 7

Chapter 7: We Meet Again

He changed the angle of our kiss so that he could thrust his tongue deeper inside of my mouth. I couldn't stop myself from moaning at the intensity of his kiss. His hands held my head in place as he continued to seduce my lips. My body felt hot and there was an undeniable ache in my lower abdomen that longed to be fulfilled.

"I'll take this kiss in exchange so feel free to take the money," he said after ending our hot kiss.

"But...my kiss is not for sale!" I protested loudly.

"I enjoyed the kiss, so you've earned the money. Good work!" He said while smiling seductively at me.

"Wait!" I called after him.

"I'm not taking my money back, if you don't need it, you can burn it..." the man replied without looking back at me.

The man never slowed down as his long strides took him further and further away from me. I was wrong, I realized that he was much taller than I initially gave him credit for...and a lot more good looking up close. My body could still feel his body heat where his arms hugged me and where his body touched me. Strangely, my heart was beating very fast, and I found it difficult to think straight.

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My lips still burned from his intense kiss, and I could still taste him in my mouth.

I sat down on the nearest bench in the park as I tried to catch my breath and clear my head. The event that just transpired between that stranger and I left me confused and my brain is now a wrecking mess. I sat down and looked at the thick wad of cash in my hand.

What am I supposed to do with this now? Should I go to the police with it? Will they be able to track down the man and return it?

'I enjoyed the kiss, so you've earned the money...'

The man's words rang in my ear as I replayed what he said in my head. I touched my fingers to my lips, still swollen from his aggressive kiss. Hell, I really did earn it. I wasn't sure if my kiss was worth this much money but...

I probably don't need this much money for decent new clothes for my interview tomorrow. If I can just get the job, I swear I'll track him down and return the money back to him. So, yea, it'll be like I'm borrowing it from him for now.

I'm going to get the job no matter what and if getting new clothes will help increase my odds even by just a teeny, tiniest bit, I'm going to get new clothes. There, I've decided.

I still have a couple of hours before my train ride back home. That's plenty of time to pick out and buy a new outfit for tomorrow's interview. I shoved the cash into my bag and zipped it. I got up from the bench with renewed energy and determination.

Thank you, stranger. Your attempt to insult me and hurt my pride, I'm going to turn all that around and use it to my benefit.

In the end, I never learnt the man's identity and realized that I never asked him for his name.

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After a restless night tossing around in bed, the day of the interview had finally arrived. I stood in front of the same building at almost the exact same spot as I stood yesterday. However, today was different. I felt a lot more confident and the presence of the people around me no longer intimidated me.

After buying myself a new outfit and shoes for the interview, I deposited the rest of the cash into my bank account for safe keeping. I had no intention of using any more of that money that that man had given me yesterday. If fate would allow us to meet again, perhaps, I would thank him and return all his money back to him.

I looked at the watch on my wrist that showed me that I should hurry along. My new high heels leather shoes clicking against the floor as I walked, I entered the waiting room where all other interviewees were gathered.

"Please remain seated and wait until your name is called. You can view your interview room and scheduled time on the monitors around the room," the facilitator announced repeatedly through the microphone.

I sat down and fiddled with my phone in my hand as I waited nervously for my name to be called. I couldn't sleep much last night so I thought quite a lot about the answers I would give during my interview. Although I wasn't completely sure what questions were going to be asked, I could guess a few.

This company values inspiration and motivation. Everyone who's here for an interview obviously knows that if they've read the mission statement of the company. Based on this, I believed that some questions will be asked about my inspiration or motivation to join the company for sure. I wasn't sure if the answer that I had prepared would sway the interviewers, but it was an honest one.

I don't know about the other candidates sitting in this room but for me, I had a very personal reason why I wanted to join this company. While other candidates may want to join this company due to its prestige, high pay, or its leadership position in the industry; however, for me, I simply wanted to join this company because I believed this company saved me in one of my most desperate time of need.

"Miss Karina Miller..."

I snapped out of my thoughts when I heard my name being called through the speakers along the wall of the auditorium. Finally, it's my turn. I quickly grabbed my bag and followed the other candidates who were also leaving the auditorium. I walked along the hallway, and it wasn't hard to find the location of my interview.

I stood in front of the room and checked that it was the right room number before knocking softly but firmly on the door a few times.

"Come in," a voice called out to me from inside the room.

Slowly, I opened the door and entered the room. The room was much larger than I had anticipated and seemed to be a meeting room of some sort with a long table. Three people sat on the other side of the table facing me, two men and a woman.

When I saw the face of the man sitting in the middle of the interviewer panel, my whole body froze, my eyes widened, and my mouth dropped open in shock.

What is that man doing here?