

The bedroom was enormous, decorated in a masculine tone of gray and black. It was dimly lit - mood lighting, she supposed - and Abi found herself standing a few feet away from a large king sized bed.

Abigail knew exactly what could happen the instant they entered this suite. She wasn't going to lie to herself. Deep within her, she still wished that this man would be like the male leads she had read in her favorite romantic novels – a gentleman, sweet, dotting and respectful, a man who wouldn't do this thing without love for his partner.

However, she knew right from the start that he was not that type of man. He clearly showed her and even told her the very first time they met, that he didn't do love and never would. In short, he might only wanted a girlfriend for company or for his sexual needs. He made it clear enough from the very beginning that this was what she could expect and he warned her, not once but many times, to stay away. Yet, here she was, willingly following him to the depths of hell, despite the thudding of her pulse, because she believed that this was the man she had been looking for, the answer to her wish, a man that she could fall in love with but one who wouldn't love her back.

She knew he wasn't the type of man who would wait until they were in love with each other before doing this so she already mentally prepared herself. But now that it was actually happening, she couldn't help but slightly waver. This wasn't as easy as she thought. She didn't know doing this took a lot of courage. She wondered why her classmates in high school who she overheard talking about having sex made it sound like it was so easy. Somehow, she began to see them as super brave individuals because compared to them, she, a 22 year old adult, was struggling.

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Quietly letting out a deep breath, Abi re-assessed her resolve but in the end, her decision didn't change. She already bravely asked him to bring her to his hell despite him telling her it was not a good place. This was her choice and she would commit to it because she just got the feeling that this was the last chance she would ever get, that if she didn't take this chance, she would die without fulfilling her one and only wish.

When the man moved towards the bedside table, Abi closed her eyes for a while, barely hearing his footsteps muffled by the soft, thick carpet. The moment she opened her eyes again, intense emotions overflowed within them, indicating her steely resolve to go through with this.

She stood there and quietly watched him as he removed his watch and placed it on top of the table. Her eyes followed him as he walked over to the other side of the room, removed his jacket and hung it on the back of a chair. She observed him carefully and she couldn't help but gape at how inhumanly graceful his movements were; so graceful it was hypnotic.

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After removing his necktie, he nonchalantly walked back towards the bed and promptly made himself comfortable. He was sitting on the bed, leaning against the headboard, with one leg straight and the other folded up, so his knee was up in the air with his wrist resting on top of it. He gazed at her sexily as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt with his other hand, stopping only once he reached the button that would expose his chest.

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The view of him sitting there, in the middle of a vast bed, was just jaw dropping. She felt like she needed to rub her eyes and pinch her cheeks just to make sure she wasn't imagining things, but even she knew that her imagination could never come up with a scene like this one. His eyes were smoldering with all the sexiness in the world without him even trying, which caused Abi's heart to pound even harder. She could not take her eyes off him; no, she didn't want to take her eyes off him and miss out on this spectacular image. He was undoubtedly the sexiest man she'd ever met - not that she had met many men in her lifetime, but that was beside the point. The point was no man could ever compare to him.

2

They both quietly stared at each other for a long while. She saw his eyes deliberately travel from her head down to her toes and then back again. His expression was still unreadable but she could at least feel the intensity from his eyes as he looked at her, giving her confidence that maybe this man really did find her attractive.

2

It wasn't because Abi didn't have enough confidence in herself - she knew that she looked beautiful, especially that night - but this man right before her was on a whole other level - almost godlike. She wouldn't blame him if he turned around and told her that she barely passed his standards. She even truly believed that none of the girls in this country, including her, were good-looking enough to even stand next to him.

As Abigail was busy thinking about just how high his standards might be, the man on the bed continued to survey her. This time, his gaze felt like a black waterfall that gently caressed its way down Abi's neck, along her collarbones, down the valley of her cleavage, and stopped just above her tiny waist. And then, finally, he opened his mouth and spoke.

"Strip," he commanded. His voice wasn't harsh nor cold but he sounded so authoritative as he uttered that single word, like he was used to giving orders and just expected them to be done without question.

Abi was shocked, so shocked that she immediately fell into a daze. She knew what was going to happen the moment she entered this suite but she never expected him to ask her to strip by herself. Weren't they supposed to kiss first and then help each other undress while they were lost in each other's kisses? That was how it always happened in books and movies.

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Abigail thought that she prepared herself enough for what was about to come but this was too unexpected. This was not a scenario that she had envisaged and she was suddenly faced with a dilemma she hadn't even considered. She didn't know where to even start!

Her silence and the shock on her face, of course, didn't escape the man's notice.

"You can't do it?" His eyes narrowed.
"This is just the first step of the last test, Miss Chen."

Abigail subconsciously swallowed. She was shocked but surprisingly, she didn't feel scared. She looked at him in the eyes and although she still wasn't able to decipher anything from it, somehow, she felt like this man would never hurt her. Even though she had only met him a few times, deep down she felt that she would be safe with him and it was definitely a mystery to her. She was only freaking out because she had absolutely no idea how to do this. She had never ever done anything like this before but she was now twenty two years old and it was about time she experienced what it would be like to be a woman in a man's arms.

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"The first step?"

"Just the first step."

"I can do it," she declared. Her voice was a little louder, as if she was trying to give herself some encouragement, before she finally moved. She reached her arm out behind her and easily found the zip. There was shyness and hesitation in her movements as if she was a little unsure of herself. She then pulled the zip slowly downwards, feeling her dress loosen up the moment she did so. She instinctively caught the front of her dress with her other hand and held it up. Once she finished unzipping her dress, she straightened up and her arms were crossed over her chest, holding the dress in place and preventing it from falling off. She looked up and he lifted an eyebrow when he met her eyes, as if he was asking a silent question. However, he saw that her gaze was steady and she didn't look away from him. It was obvious that her resolve was as solid as a rock.

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes before carefully moving her arms away and letting the dress fall gracefully around her feet.

1

Abigail still had her eyes closed so she didn't notice his Adam's apple bob up and down the moment her dress fell on the floor. He was staring at Abi with bewilderment as she stood there, blushing, with her arms crossed over her again, covering her chest.

3

After watching her for a long while, the man spoke again. "Pleasure yourself."

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"Hmm?" Abigail blinked three times. She looked like he had just spoken to her in a different language.

Her reaction made the man's eyes slightly narrow again.

"Fine." He sighed as he reached out towards the top drawer of the bedside table and took out something pink from inside it.

He handed her an egg-shaped, pink vibrator and then returned to his spot. The girl blinked again as she examined, with deep curiosity, the pink egg-shaped thing in her hand.

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"Don't make me wait. Put it inside," the man ordered and Abi swallowed.

Abi had no idea whatsoever as to what this thing was. She had never seen anything like this before. She wanted to ask him what this thing was and what he meant by 'put it inside' but the man was so serious, she was afraid she'd fail the test if she showed him that she didn't even know what this was.

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"Is this clean?" was what she asked instead and the man half-smiled.

"It. Is. Very. Clean." He stressed out every word.

Still unsure about what to do, Abi hesitantly looked at him and then in the next second, she put it inside her mouth.

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