

## More Than Lust - Chapter 15

Grace's pov

I am sitting in Mr. Gomez's office. When those brothers started fighting, Gomez quickly came with  
guards

and seperated them. He ordered me to sit in his office until he handles the situation.

I am sitting here for almost an hour and playing with hem of his sleeves. His coat is too big for me, i  
can

literally wear it as a short dress. It's sleeves are too long, i thought about folding it up but it looks so  
expensive, I am afraid that I might ruin it.

It's smelling like him, it feels like he is sitting with me. His scent will never leave my mind, how can I  
forget

the scent which lingers on my body whole night and every morning.

I have stopped crying but still I am scared. I don't know why but in recent days my life has become  
so

dramatic. I am trying to forget the humiliating questions his brother asked me. I am trying to avoid  
the

word which is ringing in my head, whore!

Why his brother did that to me? Why he was asking me those questions like he is interested in  
chief's life?

It looks like he tore my sleeve just to provoke him. Was he testing him? Why would he do that? And  
why

he stopped when chief talked about some Bella, who is she?

I thought chief doesn't care but he stopped his brother. I have never seen him this much angry. Sometimes he seems mad but never like this. If he ever growled at me like he did to his brother then

i will

literally die with heartattack. Why he got so angry when he saw scratch on me? Why he punched his.

brother for me? He does worst than his brother.

As usual I can't understand this man and don't want to know him either. 13 days and It will be over. I

want

to go far away from here. I will never come back to this country.

Will I ever be able to take him out of my mind? Will I be able to live a normal life?

Osman called me today, he apologized but i couldn't tell him that it's not his fault. It was dream come

true

for me. I always dreamt my future with him, love, marriage, family and kids. But all my dreams

crashed

Down.

Osman said he has got the job offer from turkey, he is going back to his home. We might never meet

again, i won't be able to see my best friend again. My first love will never find its destination. I

wanted to

meet him for the last time, I wanted to tell him how important he is for me, no one can ever fill up his

place

in my heart. I will always cherish my moments with him.

It hurts but may be it wasn't meant to be, this is the only excuse which I am using to console my

stupid

heart. It's very hard to let someone go whom you like. I was so close to get my perfect life but

Dominick

Moretti destroyed everything.

Sometimes I wonder, should I really blame him or real culprit is my father. He is mafia, it's his business.

He could have kill me and that's it, end of everything but at least he is giving me chance to survive.

It's not

like he dragged me to his bed and raped me, I climbed on his bed by myself. I asked for it. I was desperate to save myself. After all this, should I really blame him?

The only thing which bother me is his behavior towards me. He only talks to me when he wants to threaten me with my life. He scares me. His dominating behavior is making my life difficult. But he treats.

everyone like this then why would I be exception?

Why I want him to treat me nicely? Sometimes I wonder what it feels like to hear some nice words from

his beautiful lips. How will he look while smiling? Will he ever be able to care for someone? He makes me

curious, he makes me want to know more about him. But trying to know him is more like putting your hand

in fire, it will only burn me. I shouldn't think about him, Anyway I won't be with him forever.

I looked at the table watch and sighed, how long am I supposed to sit here. I stood up and started walking

in Gomez's office. It's too small compared to Chiefs office. It's boring.

I walked towards the door and silently peaked outside. Gomez and few guards were standing in front

'his'

office door.

May be they are waiting for someone, but who?

After few seconds Doctor came out of his office while wiping his sweaty face. He shook his head at

Gomez and walked away.

Why they have called the doctor, is he injured?

I stepped out and walked towards Gomez.

"Is everything ok?"

I asked him. He looked confused and in dilemma.

Gomez looked at me and his eyes sparkled like he got the solution of his problem.

"Grace"

He took my hand and placed the medical kit in my hand.

"Go and treat Chiefs hand, he is injured."

My eyes widened, he is telling me to treat wounded tiger, no way. I didn't sign for this.

"No, i can't..."

I shook my head furiously.

"You have to"

He said firmly.

“He is injured because of you, don’t you have any courtesy... He fought with his brother because of  
you  
and you can’t even bandage his hand...”

“What happened to doctor?”

I asked.

“He doesn’t want it. May be he will let you do it”

He replied.

“Why would he allow me if he isn’t allowing the doctor?”

I asked. I am not asking anything wrong. Why he is risking my life.

Gomez sighed.

“You are so naive Grace... Just go inside, he will let you do it, i know...”

He grabbed my hand and pushed me inside his office.

I gasped and gulped as I entered the lion’s den. He was sitting on the sofa where I sit everyday. He  
looks

dead serious. His eyes were boring holes in the wall.

My presence seemed to grab his attention, he leaned back and crossed his legs. His knuckles was.  
bleeding. Still he was resting his hands on the sofa like it doesn’t bother him.

I clutched on the box tightly when he looked at me up and down. I am still wearing his coat which is  
covering me from neck to knees. I noticed the hint of amusement in his eyes. His eyes are more

beautiful

than his brother’s.

I shook my thoughts aside and cleared my throat.

“Mr. G\_Gomez said \_\_\_ h\_he ask\_ked me t\_to \_\_y\_yourh\_hand \_\_\_b\_bandage...”

I stuttered very badly.

I mentally slapped myself for being so stupid and vulnerable in front of him.

I just can't stand in front of him let alone treat his hand. He didn't allow the doctor then why would he

allow

me.

On top of that he looks mad and whenever he gets mad he take it out on me. I don't want to get

fucked by

him right now. I won't be able to walk properly after that.

“B\_Bandage”

I guiped. God! Please give me strength.

I looked at him and waited for his answer but deep down I know that I am waiting for my doom.