

More Than Lust - Chapter 3

Grace's pov

After taking shower i finally came out of the washroom. My eyes are burning after crying, i am used

to it by

now.

I wore dress and got ready for the work. No matter how much I hate it, i can't stop working for him otherwise he will destroy us within seconds. My heart burns whenever I thought about my situation.

It feels

like I am drowning in a bog, i am trying to hold on something to survive, trying to breath but

everything is

slipping from my hands like wet mud. It's suffocating.

Wiping my tears I did my hair and tried to hide his marks. My neck is full of hickeys.

I wore my old blue dress which is decent enough for office. I am getting short of clothes but shopping

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the last thing which I should do right now. I can't do it when I have mountain of debt on my head.

Sighing I walked downstairs, we have small two story house which is actually not in very good

condition. I

don't have money to renovate it. I feel very bad when I see crispy walls and broken furniture.

My stomach growled in hunger, I have to eat something after last night. I feel weak. As usual disappointment flashed on my face when I opened the freezer. It's empty, what was I expecting. I

don't
even have enough money to buy groceries. After paying the installments of loan i only get one
thousand
dollars in my hands from which I have to manage house expenses and other basic things.

I made coffee for myself and sat at the dining table. Looks like it's my only meal today.

I just hope it ends soon. It's been three and half months I am doing this, 15 days more and it will be
over. I
will be free from him.

"Good morning"

Dad said while coming inside. Where did he come from? Was he out whole night?

"I went for a walk..."

He said while sitting beside me.

"I brought this sandwich for you... I know there is nothing in the freezer."

"Thanks"

I really needed it.

"Grace, how is it going?... Are you doing okay?"

He asked sadly.

"I know It's,

“Dad, i am fine”

I trailed off.

“Everything will be fine within few days... I am getting late, i should leave”

I said and walked out. He doesn't know what I am doing to pay his loan. I can't meet his gaze, i feel
ashamed.

Releasing a heavy sigh i started walking towards the Office building. It's on half an hour distance, i
can't
waste money on cab or bus so I take a walk everyday. It's a cold day today, it's not snowing yet but
soon it
will. Christmas used to be my favourite but this time I am not even a bit excited for it.

After half an hour I am finally standing in front of his office building. I walked inside, trying to ignore
regular
employees.

I walked through digital security and went to the 2nd floor where all employees are already working.
Everyone looks relaxed which shows that he haven't come to the office yet.

I wish he Don't come today, my day will be less stressful.

Suddenly everyone got alert and quietly took their places, air around me got tensed and i know who
is the
reason behind it.

All flour went pin drop silent. I am the only one who is standing in Middle of the way.

I decided to look up but those familiar shiny expensive shoes came in my view and I dropped the
idea.

I am not going to look in his eyes, never.

'anything but not eyes Grace... Not eyes.

I warned myself.

I kept my head low, I am too scared to do something. I want to run from his site but it feels like my
legs are

Frozen. I don't want him to insult me in front of everyone.

But sometimes I force myself to think does he even remember my face, why would he? I am just a
random

girl who is warming his bed for money. I know his thinking won't be good about me. He must be
thinking

so low of me. Will he recognise me if he sees me outside of his bedroom and office cabin.

Does he even recognise my face?

I gulped when he walked passed by me. he didn't even spare me a glance, like i am a stranger, like
he

wasn't fucking the life out of me entire night. Not like i was expecting him to greet me but how can he
be

so normal while I am dying every second. I closed my eyes as his scent teased my senses and
remind me

of every night which I have spent with him. He has strong additive scent but for me it's another thing
which

presence scares me.

He must have went to his cabin because now I can hear chattering and murmuring of people.

“God, he is so handsome”

One of the girl exclaimed.

“Trust me I would have leave this work long time ago but he is the only reason why I am here.”

Another one said.

Oh, only if you knew girl. I internally scoffed at her.

“Exactly... I mean am look at him. He will put some vogue model to shame...”

Another one joined the conversation.

“He is such a daddy material... He makes me wet just by his looks, damn... He must be very good in

bed,

have you seen his personality.”

Ohh, yes i have seen everything and I'll be very happy to change my place with her.

“Have you ever been to his cabin?”

One of them asked other one.

“Sadly no... Only his secretary is allowed other than Mr. Gomez.”

One of them answered.

“No there is one more...”

Someone said and I looked at them, they all were looking at me.

“This girl... I don’t know exactly what she does but i think she stays in his cabin whole day.”

“She is his personal accountant... Mr. Gomez once told me.”

Another one answered.

Before they call me I rushed towards his cabin. I don’t want to deal these wild cats. They will eat me
alive.

I took a deep breath and pressed the red doorbell, when it turned green I hesitatingly opened the
door and
entered.

He was sitting in his chair and thankfully Mr. Gomez was sitting in front of him.

“Good morning...”

I mumbled and silently sat on the sofa.

As usual Mr. Gomez just nodded at me and he behaved like i am invisible. He never greets me back,
he
doesn’t even acknowledge my presence until and unless it’s for sex.

I kept my purse aside and picked up the documents which were on the coffee table. This is where I
work
everyday. I don’t have seperate table or place where I can work freely. I work in front of him.

I once asked Mr. Gomez about it and he said that it’s a confidential work. I am dealing with his
personal
accounts and they don’t want to take any risk. And I can understand it, he has lot of black money.

The

money he earns within one minute, I can't earn it in my whole life. He is beyond the definition of
Rich.

What I have to do is convert his black money into white and keep his accounts away from the radar
of
Income tax department.

The loan which my father has taken from him is nothing for him, he can earn it back just in one
second still
he is playing with our lives for it. Does it entertain him?

"I'll take your permission now, chief"

Mr. Gomez stood up to leave.

"See you around Grace... Did you have breakfast?"

He looked at me.

I don't know why but he asks me this everyday and sometimes he brings me lunch and dinner. Why
does
he care if I am eating or not?

"Yes, Mr. Gomez... Thank you."

I replied.

He gave me nod and walked out. I don't know if I should hate this man or be grateful that he is
helping me
in this work. He is close man of Dominick Moretti and has been helpful towards me but still he is his
man
and they all are criminals.

I still remember how Mr. Gomez offered me this work and till now I am thinking if I have made the
right
decision or not by listening to him.