

## More Than Lust - Chapter 5

Grace's pov

Mr. Gomez left the office and I resumed my work. I wasn't fan of silence but now I am in love with it.

He

never talks to me. Sometimes it's feel like i don't even exist for him, he only comes to me when he

wants

sex. I haven't seen him talking to people casually so I don't think it's just me with whom he doesn't

converse. But may be that's what my place in his life, I am just a thing which he wants to satisfy

himself. I

have no value in his eyes. I am not the first one for him and definitely not the last. I am just waiting

for

these fifteen days to end and then I'll be free.

I tried to focus on my work, it's so difficult when he is sitting across me. He doesn't say anything but

it feels

like he is watching me everytime. I have never looked up at him when we are in cabin, i try to ignore

hie

presence and focus on my work. I hardly look at his face, he terrifies me. His eyes are enough to kill

anyone. I never thought that someone can make me shiver with just one angry look until I met him.

We often experience nightmares and wishes not to face it in real life, I was also experiencing

nightmares

but I was so unlucky that I myself walked towards it.

Shaking my head I started examining his bank statements but my grip on pen tightened when he  
stood up  
from his chair.

'oh god! not now... Please not now... I am still tired because of last night. I can't take it today.."

I closed my eyes and gulped. I don't want to look at him right now. Goosebumps crawled on body  
when I  
thought about the situation.

'I don't want to have sex today.."

I waited to feel his hands on my body but it didn't happen, i slowly opened my eyes and released my  
breath which I was holding. He wasn't near me instead He was standing at the window, turning his  
back  
on me. Whenever I look at him I only think, this man is so big. I hardly reach to his chest, if he  
decides he  
can easily crush me under him.

He looks lost, he is not wearing his coat, sleeves are rolled up to the elbows. I can see veins  
popping on  
his hands which he has in his pockets. He looks tense and it's a red signal for me. In these few  
months I  
have started predicting his behavior, whenever he looks tense he goes very hard on me, he makes  
me  
cry. I can't handle his bad mood. His bad mood is my biggest fear.

I can't forget how he treated me on first night. I tremble just with the memory, that night he installed  
his  
fear in my heart.

My situations manipulated me to accept this thing, it wasn't easy but I had to do it for survival. I had  
no  
other choice.

Mr. Gomez explained and told me all the rules. He looks worried about me, he was warning me  
again and  
again not to do anything stupid. He personally took me to the doctor for birth control.

"Do anything you want Grace... But don't ever try to run..."

He warned and i looked at him.

"You won't succeed and will eventually end up dead... You seem to be nice girl, don't die..."

I gulped.

"Will he hurt me?"

He looked away from my eyes and that hesitant eyes gave me my answer. I know he can hurt me.

"It depends on you Grace... Don't make him mad. Listen to him. Follow his orders, give him what he  
wants  
and you will be fine."

He replied.

"Anyway he will get bored of you very soon..."

He looked at me up and down.

“I don’t think you have anything which can smitten him... He has seen better.”

He casually insulted my body.

I know I am average looking girl, I have small body. Even if I am American I don’t have those

colourful

eyes and golden hair. My eyes and hair are coal black. I have baby face which makes me look

younger

than really I am. I am 25 years old and people often took me as highschool girl.

am actually worried... I think he might reject you. You are too small for him. I wouldn’t have chose

you if

it’s not for the loan.”

He said shaking his head.

“Make sure he chooses you Grace, this is your only way to pay back this loan... I am sorry if I am

making

you feel bad but this is the reality.”

“I know”

I nodded gulping back my tears.

Does he really thinks I care about his choice, i don’t want to impress him or anything like that. I have

prepared myself to do this only because I want to see my father alive, that’s it.

Mr. Gomez personally dropped me at his mansion.

“Please follow the rules Grace... I don't want to collect your dead body in the morning.”

He said in warning tone and it was making me more anxious.

I walked inside the mansion which was not less than any five star hotel. One guard guided me

through

empty hallways. My eyes wondered on large paintings and huge chandelier. If it wasn't for the

situation I

would have love to take a tour of that Mansion.

“You can go inside... Chief is already inside.”

The guard said when we stopped in front of big mahogany door. I know it's not his bedroom because

Gomez said that no one has permission to enter his bedroom. I have to wait for him in different

room.

I gulped and closed my eyes. After giving myself falls hopes and empty confidence I pushed the big

heavy

door and entered inside.

Lights were off and only source of light was Fire but it was strong enough to provide enough light, It

was

making the room warm. It was giving mediaeval feeling.

I looked at him, he was standing beside the bed and behind the window just like he is standing in

front of

me in the office.

“Strip!”

Was the first word which he said to me.

My heart started trembling in my ribcage when I heard his thick Italian accent in rough and strong voice.

From the back he looked too big and it scared me even more. I clutched on hem of my black dress which Gomez gave me.

I bit on lower lip in shame and unzipped my dress. I knew I have to do it so I was prepared. I stood there only in Black thong. I never thought that some day I will do this for money. My heart was becoming heavy with each passing second. I was afraid that I might turn back from my decision. I wanted it to be done so I can go back home. Turning back would have made my situation worst.

Standing naked in front of total stranger was very disgusting feeling, my mind was getting foggy with overthinking.

He turned around and looked at me, I was looking down in shame. I was sure that he could see my red and embarrassed face in the dark room.

He placed his glass aside with tuck sound and i looked at him. My heart stopped beating for a second when I saw his face. I wasn't expecting this man to be so good looking. He was tall, his face was beautiful with sharp features. Pointed nose and heart shaped lips. Almond eyes with thick eyelashes and

eyebrows.

Genetics plays its roll very beautifully.

Still his beauty couldn't hide evilness of his face. Sometimes we get the feeling about the person

with just

one look and I was sure that it's not the good one. His dangerous Aura was overpowering his

beauty.

My eyes locked with his and i only saw lust in those grey orbs.

He took a step towards me and I automatically stepped back which was my first mistake.

My heart shook in fear when he glared at me. His eyes were literally throwing daggers at me. He

looked

offended and angry. If looks can kill then i would have been dead at that day. I gulped and looked

down.

After that day I couldn't look into his eyes again.

Partly because I am scared and partly because I am embarrassed.

People says right, eyes talks and i don't want to Converse with his evil eyes.

Small scream escaped from my mouth when he grabbed my arm and roughly pushed me on the

bed.