

## More Than Lust - Chapter 9

Grace's pov

I waited but he didn't answer. Why he can't talk like a normal person.

I know I am no one to him but at least he can answer my genuine questions. Not like i am dying to

have

chitchat with him. I don't want to talk to him either but the less he can do is answer my questions.

I need my clothes, how am I supposed to go home without it.

He never talks to me, i don't know what's his problem. If he wants me to do anything then he tells

Gomez

and then Gomez instructs me about it. Can't he just talk to me directly.

Not like he is shy or anything, he threatens me like he will kill me next second.

He talks to Gomez for hours, i have seen him talking on calls in Italian.

May be he doesn't consider me important enough to waste his energy on me. He doesn't want to

deal with

me. Of course he thinks of me as a low life. What i can expect other than this.

I am his whore, nothing else. Why would he give me importance by giving his attention to me. Once

Rafael said that I should be thankful that he is not abusing me. He has seen him killing many girls

before.

No girl has managed to survive more than 2 or 3 days. I am lucky that I survived for almost 4

months.

Other than sex he doesn't bother me.

As usual he completely ignored me and walked towards his closet. God! What do I do now.

Suddenly door got opened and I quickly wrapped myself in bedsheets.

“Relax it’s just me, Dear”

Martha said as she came inside.

I visibly relaxed when I saw her. Martha is cook of this house. She is a old woman, may be in her late 70s.

She is very sweet and kind, i get grandma feeling from her.

She has helped me alot and i am very grateful to her. When he left me alone after our first night, i wasn’t in

condition to stand straight on my feet. I had lost so much blood and it was hurting. I was crying continuously as I felt helpless and Alone.

I don’t know why and how but Martha came to the rescue. She prepared bath for me. When she saw me

in that condition she looked horrified.

“Did he raped you?”

She asked looking at me worriedly.

Did he raped me? No! I climbed on his bed.

I shook my head ‘No”

“Then why are you like this?”

She asked gently and lovingly.

I couldn't answer her, what should I tell her? That I am here to warm his bed for money.

I didn't answer her and she didn't ask again.

I was hesitant to let her see my body but she made me comfortable with her motherly behavior. She

gave

me warm bath and provide fresh clothes to wear. I wanted to run from the mansion as soon as

possible

but she didn't let me go without eating.

She makes delicious food and she also gave me some bitter juice which made my pain disappear

like it

never existed.

That day I realised how much I need mother figure in my life. I miss my mother so much.

"I have washed your clothes"

She said bringing me out of my thoughts.

She has my clothes in her hands.

"They were stained with blood"

It must be Edwin's blood. I was standing close when he shot him.

"Thank you"

I took clothes from her with small smile.

"Come down when you are done... I'll be in the kitchen..."

She smiled sweetly at me and walked away.

Before he comes out I should clean up. I went to the washroom and turned on the shower. I usually

just

wash myself but today I need to take bath, I am all sweaty and sticky.

As usual this washroom is shining like a mirror, i can literally see my face in the tiles. I have only

seen this

kind of washrooms in movies.

It has the bathtub which is literally mini swimming pool. There is shower in another corner. Steam

room.

And cammode which is another room in itself. It has huge cupboard in the wall which must have his.

personal belongings. I have never tried to open it.

Sometimes I feel nervous to use this washroom, it looks too expensive.

I turned around and looked at myself in the mirror. My eyes are red but not puffy, again my neck is

full of

his marks. He never let it fed. I turned around and checked my thigh, as expected it has angry red

mark of

his handprint. I have pale skin, even a scratch left dark mark on my body and i hate it.

I took spare brush from the cabinet, i hope he doesn't mind. I know I am breaking the rule by using

his

personal space but he has never stopped me from using this washroom so may be he won't be mad.

I brushed my teeth and took a quick shower. I washed my hair and cleaned my body.

I turned off the shower and turned around. I gasped and flinched back when I saw him leaning

against the

vanity counter.

He was in his black suit, completely ready to leave for the work.

What is he doing here? What does he want now? Is he mad because I used his washroom? How

long is

he standing here? I locked the door, how did he get in?

I gulped and looked at the towel and my clothes which are near him.

He too looked at my clothes and then towards me. Small smirk played on his lips as he crossed his

hands

over his chest.

What should I do now? Should I explain him that why I was using his shower?

I slowly walked towards him, I am naked but he has already seen everything. There is nothing to

hide. He

has done more than just watching.

“I am sorry... I wanted to clean myself. I won't do it again...”

I mumbled nervously.

Suddenly he grabbed my arm and i visibly flinched. He pulled me closer and tucked my wet hair

behind

my ear. I closed my eyes as his warm breath fanned my wet cheek.

“Next time lock the door properly or else I'll fuck you on this counter until you forget your own name.”

He warned and i gulped.

I nodded as my voice stuck in my throat.

I slowly raised my hand to grab towel but he suddenly grabbed my wrist and jerked me forward.

I whimpered when he harshly grabbed my chin and turned my lips into pout.