

More Than Lust - Chapter 1

Grace's pov

I could hear morning birds chirping outside the window, the glimpse of sunlight filled my heart with

relief

when I realised that morning has made her presence known and now it will be over. It will chase

dark night

away.

My eyes are tightly shut, I am trying my best not to scream, I always try but I can't help it. He always makes me scream. My hands has started hurting after clutching on the bedsheets for whole night.

But

pain in hands is not the concern anymore, my whole body is hurting. I am exhausted by his tortures.

I can't open my eyes, I don't want to witness myself in this position. I know, it's going to haunt me

forever.

But even if I can't see, i can definitely feel it. I am lying naked beneath him, his large body has

coverec

tiny frame. My legs are sore after being spread for so long. I just hope my head won't hit the

bedpost, the

way he is ramming inside me after that I can only hope, not like i can do anything.

Another wave of shiver crawled all over my body when his hot tongue brushed my skin which is

already

between his teeth. He let it go leaving burning sensation behind and i gasped for air.

I tried to move my sore legs but his grip is too strong to let me move. I can feel his lips brushing
against
my neck but that's not the intense feeling. How can I even feel other touches when he is literally
ripping
me with his hardness. His every thrust is making me roll my head.

By now I have lost the count that how much time I have cum. I don't know how many times he has
fucked
me throughout this night.

As he increased his speed and i clutched on bedsheets tightly. My heart clenched with his every
thrust. My
skin is burning as his perfectly build body is sliding on me.

I don't want this pleasure, i don't want to experience this euphoric feeling. I don't want to moan in
satisfaction. I don't want his hands on me still I am enjoying it.

He is no one, he is just a stranger. He is using me.

My thoughts got blurred when familiar intense feeling build up in my lower belly. I bit my lips as my
toes
automatically curled.

I tried not to scream but failed as usual. I let go throaty scream as I orgasmed.

I kept my eyes shut while gasping for air and gulping to sooth my dry and sore throat. It felt like
infinity, I
don't know how long he will take to climax. The way he is going, i don't think he is going to do it any
sooner.

I don't know how he gets so much stamina. I am on verge of passing out. One more minute and I will

be

gone. Darkness has already started gathering in my head.

May be he noticed it, i don't know if he decided to show mercy on me or he is really done but he

climaxed.

I gulped as he filled me with his hot seeds.

His hot breath lingered on my neck for few more seconds but I didn't dare to look at him. I just can't,

he is

scary. Those cold grey eyes haunt me in dreams. I don't know when was the last time that I have

looked in

his eyes. He doesn't seem to care about it.

After some time I felt his heavy body leaving my personal space. As soon as his warm body

disappeared,

cold wind slapped my naked body. I don't even have the energy to find the right corner of bedsheet

and

protect myself from cold.

I slowly opened my eyes and looked at him with blurry vision. He left without a single word, not like i

was

expecting him to say anything.

I couldn't hold my eyes open any longer and let the darkness wash over me. The last sound I heard

is

familiar click of washroom door. As usual he must be taking shower.

I don't know how much time has passed but it felt like just a blink, My eyes got snapped open when I
heard the bathroom door getting open.

I am sleeping in a fatal position, right now I want to gather enough energy so I can run back home.

He
came out only in his towel and i quickly looked at the floor. I don't want to look at his eyes, I just
can't, it
has become my phobia.

His legs halted, he must be looking at me angrily. He doesn't like it when I stay in his room after sex.

I
clutched on the bedsheet tightly, trying to disappear under it. His gaze is burning my body, i can feel
it.

After few seconds he walked in his closet and closed the door.

I sighed and got off the warm and soft bed. This bed is my another nightmare. I gathered my clothes
and
walked towards the washroom to wash myself. After so many days, i have finally learnt to walk
normally
after his Hardcore sex.

Before he comes out I quickly washed myself and wore my dress. I grabbed my purse and Ran
downstairs and finally out of the mansion.

This house will always haunt me, this is not house it's a hell for me and That man is Lucifer.

Dominick Moretti, Italian mob boss.

I hate working for him but at the same time I am proud of myself that I am knowledgeable enough to
work

with him. I am his personal accountant. I manage his accounts. And this is what keeping me and my

father

alive.

I still can't believe that I got involved with him. I don't know whom to curse, Myself or my father. I

hate my

father for it. I had to sell myself for him.

I still can't forget that night, when my doom knocked on our door and my life turned upside down.