

# More Than Lust - Chapter 10

Grace's pov

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

His eyes lingered on my pouted lips as he stroked it with his thumb.

My heart started racing when he leaned down. Oh god! Please No... Please not lips.

He paused like he is thinking something, his eyes held mystery. Suddenly he let me go and stepped  
back.

He mumbled something in Italian and stormed out of the washroom. I sighed in relief when he closed  
the  
door with loud this.

What's his problem, i know I am no one to him but least he can do is treat me with respect. Or May  
be I  
am expecting too much from him, i should be thankful that I am still alive.

Whatever, I am not hungry for his respect.  
anyway, 14 days and it will be over.

I quickly wore my clothes and head downstairs to meet Martha. She was in the kitchen, instructing  
something to other maids.

I smiled when she looked at me.

"Good morning"

“Good morning Grace...”

She smiled sweetly.

“Why your hair are still wet, you will catch cold dear.

She asked and it feels good when someone cares about your health.

After mom no one is there to care for me. Dad can't even take care of himself so he doesn't have

time for

me.

“I am used to it... I'll be fine.”

I replied.

“Okay... Come sit, I'll give you breakfast.”

She replied and hesitantly sat on the chair. There is small table in the kitchen which I assume to be

for

cutting vegetables and preparing other things for food.

I don't know if he knows about it or not. I am supposed to leave his house as soon as he is done with

me.

“What are you thinking about dear?... You look stressed...”

She asked placing the plate in front of me and sat in front of me.

“I don't know if he likes it or not, I am eating in his house without his permission.”

I spoke my mind.

Martha chuckled.

If you are still sitting here then he wants you to eat here... Trust me nothing happens in this house  
without  
his permission.”

“It means he knows that I am in the kitchen.”

I asked little shocked. Why would he allow me?.

Martha cocked her eyebrows towards the ceiling and i followed the direction of her eyes.

My eyebrows furrowed when I saw the cctv camera. I just hope his bedroom doesn't have one. Only  
thought is terrifying.

Okay, so he knows I am here and he has no problem with it so I can eat Martha's tasty food. Small  
smile

played on my lips and I started eating. I didn't know I was this much hungry.

“You have magic in your hands Martha... I love you”

I said and she smiled at me.

“Thank you.”

She replied.

“Grace, you haven't told me what's going on between you too... I mean i can tell that you are not  
prostitute

and definitely not his lover then who are you?... Don't take me wrong but fear in your eyes makes  
me

worried for you.”

She asked.

My appetite disappeared when she asked me that question.

“I don’t know who am I Martha...”

I looked down, i don’t want to show her helplessness in my eyes.

“But I can’t tell you anything, I am not allowed to talk about it.”

Gomez has warned me that no one should know about this contract.

“I understand... Forget i asked.”

She squeezed my hand assuringly.

“Just take care of yourself...”

“Will he hurt me?”

I asked.

Martha sighed and looked away.

“Depends on you... But i think he won’t, if he wanted to then he would have done it by now...”

“I don’t know how to deal with him... Sometimes he scares me and sometimes he makes me  
confuse.”

I sighed, I can’t read him at all.

“He never talks to me.”

Martha smiled.

“He was always like that... He doesn't like to talk much. He is the calm one from his family but also  
the  
smart one.”

“How long you know him?”

I asked may be she can tell me something which will help me to deal with him.

“Are you curious?”

She teased.

“Well, you can say that”

I replied nervously.

Martha chuckled at me, i don't know why she is feeling amusing.

“I know him since his childhood. I was working for his father.”

“Really?... How did you survive so long under him?”

I asked in disbelief.

Martha laughed.

“He is not that bad Grace... I know him since he was child. Actually Dominick is the kindest one  
among his  
siblings.”

If he is kind then i don't want to meet his siblings, they must be devils from the hell.

“So it's a family business?”

May be i am asking too much.

“Yes, actually Dominick is mafia prince... His father is still king of Italian mafia. He is a very powerful man.”

She said.

“His father has helped me alot in my difficult time... So I am loyal to him and his children.”

“Then why he doesn't stay with his family?”

I questioned.

“I don't really have any idea but I heard that Dominick had fight with his father and decided to leave the house... His mother was worried for him so she asked me to take care of Dominick.”

Martha explained.

“His mother... How can a mother approve his son to become a mob boss.”

I said disappointed.

“It's not her fault Grace... These men are cunning...”

She sighed heavily.

“I can't really explain it but I think you have an idea what they can do.”

“Was she forced?”

Was i too quick to judge.

“I don’t think so... I don’t think she is someone who will be manipulated so easily. She is powerful  
too.”

Martha said.

“But we can’t just assume, right?... We don’t know the reality.”

“Should I be scared of his family?”

I don’t want to get involved in more problems.

“Very much”

She replied and i gulped.

“Who is the dangerous one?”

I asked nervously.

“Mother”

Martha replied.

“Stay away from her... I don’t want to scare you Grace. She is not evil, she is good with good and  
worst

with bad... If you ever come across her then try to be on her good side, you will be benefited...”

“What she can possibly do?”

I questioned.

Martha smiled.

“She can save you from Dominick... Trust me, she is the only one who can help you from his  
wrath...”

Martha’s words made me more scare and confused for this family. Obviously I am not interested in  
his  
family drama but if he is the kindest one then i don’t want to meet his crazy family. Because this man  
is the  
worst one whom I have met till now, i can’t handle more fear and problems.

“It doesn’t matter Martha... I am leaving this job in fourteen days... After that I won’t come here  
again.”

I said and her smile faded.

“I thought you needed this job?”

She asked.

“Yes, but only for these fourteen days. I will be free after that.”

Just that thought made me smile.

Martha nodded in understanding.

“Whatever works for you dear... I can only wish you a happy life.”

After little more conversation I bid my goodbye to Martha and decided to head back home. It’s

Sunday so I

don’t have any work, luckily he didn’t stop me today.



I started walking back home. It will take at least one hour for me to reach my home from his mansion

by

walking. By cab it takes hardly 10 min buti d6 have Money to waste. By now I am used to it.

Day is little cold, Christmas is coming but i don't feel excited at all. It feels like i have lost interest in everything.

I am just waiting for these fourteen days to end then may be i will start new beginning, may be i can

live

my life normally. I want peaceful and fearless life.

I know I won't be easy to forget everything. He is literally printed on my mind and body. i can't forget

his

touches. His voice haunts me every night.

Will I ever be able to live a normal life?

I was walking silently then my eyes fell on the big boutique. It's a big shop and famous one. I

stopped

when one beautiful dress grabbed my attention.

I looked at it in awe, it was black strapless gown with long slit. It's beautiful.

But shine of my eyes disappeared when I saw the price tag. I can't afford it now.

I would have buy it if I wasn't dealing with this situation.

"Miss would you like to come in?"

The guard asked.

Embarrassment flashed on my face.

“No thank you”

I mumbled and walked away from there.

I liked that dress but i can't afford it, not like i have occasion to wear it so it would have been waste

of

money. I don't need that dress.

I was about to reach home then someone called me from behind.

I turned around and my eyes sparkled when I saw him. My favourite person.

“Osman...”

I smiled.