

## More Than Lust - Chapter 8

Grace's pov

I Groaned and tried to pull bedsheets closer as I felt cold but I couldn't pull bedsheets, it was stuck in something.

I annoyingly opened my eyes and then I realised I am not in my room. It was early morning and window was open.

Where am I?

I blinked my heavy eyes trying to clear my vision. I held on the bedsheets and looked at myself. My stomach churned when I found myself naked under bedsheets.

Oh my god! What has happened?

I gasped when large hand grabbed me by arm, I quickly turned around to push whoever it is.

I was about to push but he quickly grabbed my hands and pressed me down on the bed.

"Chief?!"

I mumbled in confusion.

I visibly relaxed, at least I am not with someone else. It explains why I am naked.

He has done more than just taking my clothes off. This shouldn't be big thing.

This is his room but this time I am on other side of the bed so I couldn't recognise it. I wasn't allowed

to

come in his room but after few days he started calling me in his room. I don't know why.

My heart started racing when he got on top of me. I can feel his every inch touching my body.

My hands are still on his chest and shoulder which I raised to push him away. This is the first time I

am

touching him, I have never touched his body before. It's him who does everything.

I gulped as I felt his warm body, his muscles are so hard. My eyes travelled on his shoulders, he has

sexy

body.

He didn't make any further move and I looked at him. I was about to look away again but one thing

caught

my attention.

His eyes! They are not grey.

My eyebrows slightly Frowned. His eyes are actually blue. May be i didn't notice them properly when

I first

met him and after that I haven't looked at his eyes. It was dark, did I mistook it as grey?

I looked into his eyes. They don't look too intimidating in blue colour. They are so beautiful like deep

Ocean. His long eyelashes are acting like curtains for these beautiful orbs.

I have never looked at his face from close but now when I am looking at it, i can't take my eyes off it.

His

beautiful almond eyes and blue Chrystals are mesmerizing. Long, sharp and pointed nose. Beautiful

heart

shaped red lips. And what grabbed my attention is small mole on his upper lips.

It's hidden under his stubble but I can easily see it from this close. It's so cute and beautiful. If it's not

for

his stubble, he will look much younger and cute because of this mole.

Once again my eyes met his, he was looking at me too the way I am looking at him. What is he

thinking?

Then suddenly I remembered what he has done yesterday. He killed someone. Adoration in my eyes

turned into fear when I heard those bullet shots in my head. How he screamed in pain, how his skull

cracked.

I am sleeping beneath murderer, he is monster. He can kill me too. I don't want to be near him.

I panicked and quickly retrieved my hands away from his chest. I tried to scoot away but he pressed

me

on the bed not letting me move even an inch.

I closed my eyes and let the tears escape as he snatched the bedsheet from my body leaving both

of us

Naked.

He started massaging my breasts roughly and my hands automatically raised to stop him. I didn't do

it

purposely, it was just sudden reaction.

I whimpered as he grabbed my wrists in strong grip.

“Stay still If you want your hands in place.”

My heart almost stopped beating when he threatened me with hard voice.

He usually doesn't talk until and unless he wants to threaten me.

My hands froze as I heard his threat, i don't want him to hurt me. He won't think twice before killing  
me.

Who am I? No one!

Just a random girl whom he fucks to satisfy his needs.

I stayed still letting him do whatever he wants, not like i can do anything. He has already done  
everything.

He leaned down and tortured my boobs until I get wet. I feel ashamed whenever I get wet for him.

I clutched on the bedsheets when started sucking and biting on my neck. Low whimpers escaped my  
mouth. He only kisses me on my neck, he has never tried to kiss me on lips and i am thankful. At  
least

there is something which is still with me. I still have my first kiss to experience.

Suddenly he pulled back away from me and i looked at him confused. Thinking that he is letting me  
go

was stupidity because he roughly flipped me on the bed making me gasp. He placed pillows under  
my

stomach and i shivered.

I bit back my cries, whenever he takes me from behind he goes too rough on me. Now when he  
does it, i

realised that he was actually very gentle to me on first night. His thrusts were gentle as compared to  
whatever he does to me now.

Throaty scream left my mouth when slammed his length inside me in one thrust.

I wiggled in my place and he slapped my thigh as a warning. I hissed as it stung.

He grabbed my both wrists behind my back and pressed me down.

I hid my face in pillows when he started thrusting inside me. I can't say it's not pleasurable, he  
makes me

scream in pleasure but what I don't like is the face of this relationship. We don't have connection, I  
don't

know him. I feel like a whore who is moaning under him for money.

I closed my eyes in shame as skin slapping voice filled the bedroom. His grunts were making my  
body fill

with goosebumps.

I moaned when my toes curl as I got ready to orgasm. He increased his speed and my walls  
clenched

around his hardness.

I orgasmed with loud gasp, my body tremble for a second as I came down from my high.

He grabbed me by waist and started thrusting hard. After few seconds he emptied himself inside me  
with

loud grunt.

I stayed still as his lips touched back of my neck. His hot breath lingered on back. I could feel his  
hands

wondering on my thigh where he has slapped me. He must be enjoying his marks on my body, the  
way it  
stung i know it has left red mark.

I sighed as he slowly and gently rubbed that spot, what is he trying to do? When I started getting  
comfortable he pulled his length out of me and got out the bed.

I quietly laid on the bed and covered myself with bedsheets, I hope he doesn't ask for a second  
round.

I sighed in relief when he walked towards the washroom. I tried to look for my clothes but they  
weren't  
there.

"What am I supposed to wear?"

I panicked.

I am completely naked, i don't have clothes, not even inners and i don't have enough courage to ask  
him  
where is it.

After few minutes he came out of the washroom only in his towel. I looked at him and tried to keep  
my  
eyes at one place.

Feminine urge to check him out is too strong. I would have love it if he wasn't the criminal. This man  
is  
dangerous and evil. His handsome face is just a facade. He is ugly inside.

I cleared my throat awkwardly.

“I can’t find my clothes...”

I said looking at him.

I don’t know why but it’s easier to look at his blue eyes than grey one. They are calm and sparkling. I

am

not scared of his eyes anymore.

I stayed silent waiting for his answer.