

Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 14

Read Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 14 – Cyrus pushes between my legs standing between them, his hands on either side of my waist trapping me. Cyrus leans in, his lips almost touching mine and I gulp, dread filling me when I see his lips turn up slightly.

“That attitude is going to get you in some serious trouble” He says, I could feel his lips brush mine as he spoke. He was that close. His hand goes to the back of my head before he grabs a handful of my hair making me shriek when he rips my head back. I don’t get anytime, to process what the f**k is going on when I feel his tongue move between my lips, his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth and I gasp when he bites down on my lip. I could taste the coppery metallic liquid of my blood filling my mouth. He sucks on my lip and I m**n softly, heat flooding my cheeks at my reaction to him.

Sparks move over my skin as his hands move under the towel, his thumbs brushing the insides of my t**h near the apex of my legs as he pushes them further apart and pressing himself against me, deepening the kiss, my hands go to his shirt and I kiss him back, his scent overwhelming me and I felt drawn to him like a moth to a flame.

The sound of someone clearing their throat makes me jump and I gasp in h****r, my hands going to my mouth at what I just did. I kissed my boss; I kissed my other boss’s husband.

“Dinner is downstairs, hurry up before it gets cold” Eli says before turning on his heel and walking back downstairs.

“I shouldn’t... I should” I can’t even form a sentence instead, jumping off the basin and running for the bedroom. Shame and guilt smashing into me. If Eli didn’t hate me before, I know he definitely will now. Dread filled my stomach and I suddenly lost my appetite. I quickly get dressed but don’t go downstairs.

I missed home and now I couldn’t bear being under the same roof as them, this day just keeps getting worse I think to myself. Grabbing my phone, I try to ring my sister, her phone going automatically to voicemail and I listen to her voice letting it calm me. I do it a few times just needing to hear her voice, needing some sort of comfort while I feel so uncomfortable and out of my element here. I didn’t expect her to answer she never does, but hearing her voice always helped.

I message my mother asking if Maya got to her okay, she sends me a picture of Maya eating her dinner. I feel a tear slip down my cheek. I felt lonely here, unwelcome and well and truly out of place. The door opens and Eli walks in. I half expected him to yell at me or call me a s**t. Instead, he put a plate of food on the end of my bed and said nothing, just walked out shutting the door, which was almost worse. I was ready for him

to curse me out and call me every name under the sun. So why did his silence scare me more?

The night passed by in a blur, my anxiety reaching magnitude levels. I didn't leave the room, too frightened of what might happen when I did. I ate my dinner which was Chinese they ordered from somewhere. I was extremely thirsty, and I was nearly debating whether to duck out to the bathroom and drink from the tap in there, just to avoid going down the stairs and possibly running into them. I was so fired, but I didn't care. I no longer wanted the job, working for them was sending me insane. Sending my body out of whack and muddling my thoughts, I dreaded being stuck on the plane with them tomorrow, for once I found something more terrifying than getting on that flying d***h trap, I feared Eli's wrath more.

Grabbing the plate, I decided to go find the kitchen. I couldn't exactly leave d***y dishes in the bedroom that would be rude. and it was also the perfect excuse to go down there so I could get a drink of water.

Opening the door, the house was dark except the foyer light that had been left on making the stairs visible. I crept down the stairs, making as little noise as possible and went into the dining room and walked through the other entryway which I assumed would be where the kitchen would be. I was right, the rangehood light was on, giving off some light though it wasn't very bright but plenty enough for me to see. I put the plate in the dishwasher and found a glass before filling it with water.

I drank quickly before refilling the glass, I felt so dehydrated. The water soothes the dryness of my throat. Rinsing the glass, I turn to place it in the dishwasher when I jump, seeing Eli standing directly in front of me. I stepped back, his eyes looked so dark in this room as he stepped closer, trapping me between him and the black marble benchtop.

"Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it, I—..." I stutter over the words trying to explain myself, but nothing would be a reasonable explanation for kissing his husband, panic hitting me and my heart thumps erratically in my chest when he just stands there. He turns his head to the side observing me and I gulp fear consuming me, the way he just stared was making him look even more sinister. My hands started shaking, the glass at serious risk of slipping from my fingers.

They shook that bad.

Eli's eyes darted to my hand and he reached for the cup, taking it from me and placing it in the dishwasher before closing the door and standing back up.

"That's not why I am mad, I know Cyrus kissed you. I don't care about that" he says, confusing me. Goosebumps raise on my arms and a chill runs down my spine and I fight the urge to shiver. Eli's hand moves and I flinch wondering if he would slap me before his fingertips trace over my nipple that had hardened and was poking through my thin shirt.

