

Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 15

Read Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 15 – He rubs his thumb over it before his index fingers move around in a circle around my areola. My body reacted to his touch the same way it did to Cyrus shocking me, why do they have this effect on me? Why wasn't he yelling at me? I did find it odd though that they appeared to be fine. I expected them to get into a fight over Cyrus kissing me yet I heard nothing all night.

Eli steps closer, my eyes watching him carefully when I feel him pinch my nipple rolling it between his thumb and finger, his other hand palming my other b****t roughly as he squeezed it. Making me cry out in pain. The corner of his lips turned up, and he let go, his hand dancing along my hip as he leaned closer and I thought he was going to kiss me when he suddenly turned on his heel, walking out of the kitchen like nothing happened and leaving me there stunned. I was definitely quitting my job as soon as I got back home. I was just going to email them my resignation and change my number. My mother was going to be pissed off but after I explained and she gave me a good scolding I know she will get over it.

Hurrying upstairs I raced back to the room they placed me in, locking the door behind me and slipping into bed and willing sleep to come. My dreams were plagued with nightmares and had me tossing and turning all night. My dreams were strange, me being on a plane and them drugging me and not being able to move. Then my dreams turned h the night my sister overdosed on d***s and I found her passed out on the floor in her bathroom.

I will never forget the d**d look on her face, the way her eyes were glazed over, open but unseeing, as foam ran from her lips spilling onto the floor. My niece screaming in her cot for g*d knows how long before we found her. That day will forever haunt me for the rest of my life, that was the first time we discovered she had a d**g problem. We had suspicions but at first she was so good at hiding it and explaining away things we hadn't picked up on it, not wanting to believe she had fallen down that path.

I woke in a cold sweat, my breathing uneven as my heart raced. I hadn't had nightmares in years. Usually falling to sleep the moment my head hit the pillow, so it was a little unusual and definitely unwelcome.

I see the sun is barely up, the events of yesterday hitting me and now I have to travel back with them, endure going on another plane home, this time hopefully not passing out like I did on the way here. Forcing myself out of the bed, I get dressed. Slipping on my jeans and singlet before putting on my socks and grabbing my shoes.

pack up my belongings before making the bed and straightening the cushions, just as I am about to walk out the door, it opens Cyrus stepping into the room.

“Good you’re up. We are leaving soon” He announces, and I nod before grabbing my small luggage bag and following him downstairs. I place my bag near the door, putting my handbag on top of it. Cyrus waits for me to finish doing what I am doing before pointing to the kitchen and I walk through the dining room. The smell of coffee hitting my nostrils as soon as I step inside the kitchen. Eli hands me a mug of the liquid gold. My soul is calling out for my morning caffeine hit.

I take a sip before sitting on one of the stools awkwardly. Nobody says anything, and I feel a little uncomfortable with the silence.

Eli kept glancing at me as he sipped his coffee while Cyrus was reading a newspaper, mug in his hand and I could actually picture him being like this every morning. He looked relaxed while Eli looked tense, his fingers tapping the side of his mug.

“Will you stop that, it is annoying” Cyrus says, eyeing Eli’s fingers. His fingers stop but he doesn’t turn away when I look over at him, instead holding my gaze until I break it looking away.

“Are you hungry?” Cyrus asks, I shake my head. I was never a breakfast person, too early in the morning to eat. I always felt horrible eating first thing in the morning, the only thing I needed in the morning was caffeine and I was good to go.

“Well then we will leave in five minutes, the plane is already waiting at the airport” Cyrus tells me, my heart skipping a beat at the thought of getting on it along with the thought of having nowhere to hide from them.

“We are heading straight to the office when we get back,” Eli tells me. I fight the urge to roll my eyes knowing I now have to go change into work attire. I get up off the stool.

“Where are you going?” Cyrus asks, putting the paper down and looking at me.

“To change into my work clothes” Cyrus waves me off.

“You look fine just wear that” He says, folding the newspaper up and chugging the rest of his coffee before placing it in the sink. I follow suit, drinking the rest of my cup quickly not wanting to be stuck in the kitchen alone with Eli.

The drive to the airport was quiet, the tension so thick I felt like I was suffocating. I white knuckled the seat the entire trip on the plane, my nails biting into the leather seat and my body rigid.

By the time the plane landed, I was visibly shaking but I fared better than last time. At least remained awake and didn’t have a full-blown panic attack this time. As soon as we got back to work, they went to their offices, ignoring me and giving me time to write my resignation letter. My mother was going to m****r me, then forgive me, she has to because she is my mum and mums forgive their children.

I could find a job at a local store or something. Something not as stressful would be good, though the idea of having to use a customer service voice and put up with whining shoppers didn't sound all that appealing either.