

100 Days 40

Chapter 40 The Devil Climbed Into Her Bed

Nathan used the handcuffs to restrain Abigail, shackling her wrists through the iron headboard, arms over her head. She was shocked beyond belief that Nathan was doing this.

She sensed an imminent danger by the way he looked at her. She wanted to get free but it was just a futile resistance from her.

To her despair, Nathan did the same to her ankles, restraining them with a rope and his tie. He tied the rope to the opposite pole of the bed, stretching her legs apart.

Abigail had the urge to beat this man and rip that devilish smirk off his face. Unfortunately, she couldn't move her arms and legs as Nathan completely braced them, immobilizing her.

"What the hell are you doing? Release me now, or I'll scream for help!" Abigail threatened him.

But Nathan just gave her a smug smile, clicking his tongue.

"I'm the Boss in this house. Do you think they would dare come and rescue you from me?" Nathan nonchalantly said before walking back to her side.

"How about Ethan?! I will tell him that—" Abigail was not able to finish her words when suddenly Nathan raised a woman's lingerie just above her face.

The bra looked familiar to her. Her eyes widened as soon as she recognized it.

'That's mine. How come he still had this? I already threw this in the garbage bin,' Abigail thought to herself in disbelief.

"What were you doing in my room? And what is your purpose for leaving this thing under my bed? Are you insinuating that something happened between us?" Nathan asked her sternly, a stone-cold expression settled on his handsome face.

Abigail stared at him, scowling furiously. So this was all about that night. He could have just asked her in a decent manner, not like this.

"We can talk. But why do you need to bind me like this? Are you afraid of me?" Abigail spat back at him.

She didn't show that she was guilty and anxious. In her mind, she wanted to pull out Butler Li's hair for making her believe that Nathan didn't suspect her.

'Don't tell me that he sold me out to Nathan, that's why he figured out that the bra was mine, not Veronica's.'

Meanwhile, Nathan let out a sarcastic laugh. "I'm not afraid of you. You should be the one to be scared of me. Besides, I'm doing this so that you can't avoid my questioning."

Abigail was annoyed at being treated like this. What a clever guy?! He used an underhanded method, attacking her when she was vulnerable.

But she wouldn't let him win easily. She knew how she would provoke Nathan, ruining his mood. She had to strike back, not allowing herself to become a damsel in distress.

"Ok, fine. Since you want the truth, I will tell you the truth." Abigail smiled playfully, not backing down.

"Something happened between us! You dragged me down your bed and you took advantage of my body! I will tell Ethan about it and I will sue you for sexual harassment!"

Nathan didn't look surprised when Abigail revealed that thus she failed to see the expression she was expecting from him.

"Sexual harassment?" Nathan mumbled, lifting an eyebrow.

"Will you still call it sexual harassment if you enjoyed it yourself? You didn't stop me..." Nathan reasoned out.

"Who told you that I enjoyed it?! No way!" Abigail blatantly denied his accusation.

p "Are you sure?" Nathan asked her with a cheeky smile on his lips.

"Of Course!" Abigail yelled at him.

"Hmm, let me try it again for me to see your reactions with my own eyes," Nathan said meaningfully, moving closer to her.

"What do you mean?" Abigail felt confused. But when Nathan climbed on her bed, Abigail felt alarmed, her heart beginning to race inside her chest. "Stay away from me!"

TEAR!

A ripping sound of fabrics was heard as Nathan suddenly tore her clothes in one pull. Abigail gasped in surprise, her body jolted.

She tried to twist her body to the side, wanting to hide her exposed chest from Nathan's hungry eyes. His expression suddenly changed, his eyes burning with desire.

"Nathan, stop~ Aah," a soft moan left her mouth as soon as Nathan's fingers pinched her nipples through her bra.

Not yet satisfied with her reaction, Nathan yanked her bra down to reveal her bare breasts. Her round mounds sprang free from her bra.

Nathan cupped her left breast, kneading it softly with his hot palm. Then he dove in and latched onto her right nipple, sucking so hard that air leaked between his lips and her nipple with a squeaky sound.

Abigail bit her lower lip trying to suppress the moan from escaping her mouth. But then she failed because of Nathan's continuous stimulation.

The fact that she was completely tied up in the bed— both her legs and arms, made her so vulnerable and helpless against Nathan's sneaky attacks and advances.

She could feel another rush of pleasant sensation, spreading throughout her body. Her senses were so sensitive to his touch.

'Damn! I can stop myself from moaning.' Abigail looked down, watching Nathan as the devil devoured her once again. She wondered what had gotten into him to do this. This time Nathan was sober.

Abigail, who was fighting so hard to stay rational, balled her hands into fists and moved her legs, hoping that she could remove the rope.

But her actions caught Nathan's attention. To stop her from moving, Nathan slid his free hand from her thigh going up, until his fingers reached her forbidden spot.

Abigail stopped struggling when she felt his fingers gently massaging her folds. It was the same pleasant sensation she felt last night when Nathan touched her down there.

She was no longer in control of her body. Her own body already betrayed her because of this carnal desire. Nathan could feel that she was soaking wet, a clear indication that she was sexually aroused.

In every flip of his fingers touching her clit, Abigail was letting out soft moans. Her heart raced even faster and her breathing quickened. She could only part her legs and curl her toes. Her moan seemed like encouraging Nathan further.