

## Cold Shower

Grace

" I will help you. " I hear his voice, so close to my lips.

" Tristin. " I whimper, my lips pressing to his neck again.

I am so aroused and needy that I feel like I will lose my mind if I don't do something about it.

My mind is in a haze, completely disconnected with reality.

My fingers weave in his hair, scratching his scalp while my lips trail a path down his skin, roaming every inch of him that I can find.

" Grace. " He calls me out. " You will regret this. I am not Ethan. I am Tristin. "

His voice hits a cord deep inside me, making a full body shudder roll over me.

" I-I know. " But I can't stop.

His warm breaths hit my ear, pushing me over the edge of control. I squeeze my eyes shut, willing myself to stop.

This is wrong. So wrong Grace.

The ache turns into a pain so strong that it makes me struggle in his arms. I can sense him moving quickly while he talks to Luca.

" Take these men. And let them know what happens when they touch a woman without her consent. " His voice is low, and

threatening.

" Yes, Boss. "

" Call the doctor to the private room. I need him here as soon as possible! " Tristin hisses, walking faster as I whimper again.

I can not handle this. My peaked nipples are scrapping against my bra while wetness pools in my panties. I am so damp that he can slide inside me with ease if he tries it right here and right now.

NO. I shake my head. How can I even think about it?!

" Just hold on, Little Butterfly. Just a little longer. " He whispers soothingly as my back lowers to a hot mattress.

I shake my head from side to side, my hands clenching the sheets under me.

" It's—It's too hot, Tristin. So—So hot! " I cry out, my back arching off the bed.

His fingers brush over my forehead, sliding my sweaty hair away. " You will be fine. It's temporary. "

I grab onto his wrist and struggle to bring his hand to my chest, or between my legs. I need him there, anything will do. Just a little touch.

He grips my hand, and frees himself. " I won't touch you. Even if you writhe and beg, I won't touch you. "

My heart sinks. Embarrassment clings to my skin, in form of a blush. How can I stoop so low?

“Tristin.” I whisper his name the next moment, the shame accompanying the need for his touch. “Pl—Please. I—I will do anything you want. Please—Please do something. Touch me. Please touch me.” 1

“The doctor is coming.” His hand grips my wrists and pin my hands above my head to stop me from reaching out to him.

“I—I need you.” I plead, tears clinging to my lashes.

Reluctantly, I open my eyes and see his face hovering just above mine. His eyes are dark, holding conflicting emotions. It’s like he is doing everything in his power to restrain himself.

“P—Please, just once.” Tears roll down my cheeks, disappearing into my hair.

Tristin releases a laboured, rough breath and lowers his face. My tongue darts out, licking my dry lips.

“Kiss—Kiss me.” I whisper, staring into his mysterious eyes.

He searches my eyes, before his gaze drops to my wet lips. Something primal flashes across his gaze, his nose brushing mine gently.

Just when I think he will give in, he exhales, over my lips and leans away.

“Not tonight, Little Butterfly. Not until I know you want it.” He rasps breathlessly.

“I—I do. If you don’t trust me, touch me between my legs. I am so

wet, Tristin. It hu— "

" Shhh. " He frowns.

Tears continue to spill out of my eyes, uncontrollable until I am sobbing in front of him pathetically.

" This won't do." Tristin sighs, and releases me.

Instantly, I lunge for him, wanting to pull his face down and press my lips to his mouth but he beats me to it. 1

Tristin's hand drops to my waist and flips me to my stomach. I groan, shaking my butt to slip into his arms.

" Don't make this hard for me. " Tristin growls in my ear dangerously.  
" I am already having a hard time saying no to you, so for fuck's sake, stop wiggling that ass. "

Another full body shudder makes me gasp. I arch into him, not even listening to his words.

" Fuck it." He hisses, picking me up with ease by snaking his arm around my waist.

My back presses to his front, a moan slipping past my lips. He clicks his tongue, pulling us both down the bed. 1

I kick my dangling legs and whine for more. His front is so hard against my back that it's forcing me to imagine what it will feel like if we are both naked, skin to skin and passionate.

" T—Tristin!" I squeal, clawing at his arms and arching my back to have more of him against me.



He is like water to the fire that is burning in my veins.

" Not tonight like I said, Little Butterfly." Tristin sighs, carrying us to the bathroom.

I kick my legs and try everything to just turn around but he is so strong, keeping me in place.

Before I can register it, we are already standing under the shower. He taps the cold water on.

I fight to step away but he remains behind me, keeping me under the water that starts cascading down my body.

I can sense him getting wet behind me. But he has no regard for himself as he holds me under the cold water, making sure that I get some relief.

The painful ache dulls, forcing my mind to start working again. Embarrassed, ashamed and aroused at once, I stop thrashing.

My knees give in. He lets me go, slowly allowing me to slip my back against the wall under the shower.

Instinctively, I crane my neck and look into his hooded eyes.

" If you were not that asshole's wife, and drugged, it would have been impossible for me to resist you, Grace." He crouches in front of me, wet hair clinging to his forehead.

Under those wet bangs, his eyes appear so dark and mesmerizing. My mouth parts, as his fingers gently touch my earlobe.



"Remember this, the moment you are free, Little Butterfly, I am going to take everything you offered me tonight." It sounds like a promise—a very tempting and dangerous promise.

My breath hitches as he slides beside me on the floor and remains there, his eyes dark and hungry on me.



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