

More Than Lust(18) Mother! -

Grace's pov

"So, Grace tell me about you something..."

She said like she is taking my interview.

Oh god! Who is she? Why she is making me so nervous?

"Where are you from?... Where do you live?"

She asked looking at me curiously.

"I am American... I shifted to Italy 5 years ago... I live with my father... Anthony street"

I replied.

She nodded and hummed.

"You look quite young, are you intern or something like that?"

"No"

I shook my head.

"I have completed my studies... I am 25 years old. I have baby face."

"You are beautiful"

She smiled at me and i blushed. She herself is looking like a goddess, i am nothing in front of her.

I shyly touched my hair and her eyes landed on my wrist. I quickly put my hand down and hide it with sleeves, she saw my bruises.

She mumbled something in foreign language, i didn't understand, it wasn't Italian at least I can tell the difference.

Her eyes visibly frowned but she quickly changed her expressions.

"Your scarf is beautiful... Actually I was looking for something like this... Can I see it?"

She said and touched my scarf which is around my neck.

"Ma'am I___"

Before i speak she removed my scarf, i quickly hide my neck with my hair but i think she saw everything.

She sighed.

"It's cute..."

She forced a smile and i offered awkward smile.

"So looks like you have someone in your life... Don't mind me, i get curious sometimes."

She doesn't look like someone who gets excited for things like this.

How do I answer her questions?

"It's complicated... Can't say anything"

I trailed off.

"How long you are working for Him?"

She asked leaning back in her chair.

"Almost four months"

I replied.

"Good, i heard he is not good with his employees... How did you managed to survive?"

She raised her eyebrows.

To be honest I myself have no idea. I thought he will kick me out in few days as I wasn't responding to his touches, i have never seduced him neither I have initiated anything. Why he kept me?

"I don't know ma'am... May be he liked my work..."

I am talking about accountancy.

"I can see that"

She has mocking tone.

"I mean you are sweet..."

She smiled.

"It's hot in here"

She huffed and took off her jacket.

Oh my god! She is fool of tattoos. Wow! I always wanted to have one but dad never let me do it. He was scared that I will get infection. I don't know why but i am specially attracted towards the tattooed people, chief also has many tattoos. It's a different thing that i don't understand the meaning of any of that but they are beautiful.

She has very beautiful tattoos. Angel of peace, Roses and what not. One of it is very beautiful and aesthetic, i couldn't understand what is it but it looks like some goddess.

"Wow! Your tattoos are very beautiful... Can I see it."

I said excitedly.

She smiled at me.

"Of course... Do You like tattoos?..."

She asked.

"Yes, i love it but my dad never allowed. There are so many misconceptions about it so he was reluctant... And i heard it hurts"

I pouted.

"What is this?... It's beautiful"

"It's a god of art, Natraaj..."

She replied.

"You should try, it doesn't hurt that much... Until and unless you are doing it on scars."

"I will definitely try"

I said excitedly.

I looked at her and she was looking at me with unknown gaze, i don't know what she is thinking but this look doesn't giving me uncomfortable vibe. She has kind of admiration type of look.

"Grace, how did you managed to get in here?"

She asked in daze and i looked at her confused.

"I mean, through interview or something else... Like promotion or something?"

"I_Interview"

I mumbled trying to steal my gaze. I can't explain her how did I get here.

She nodded and looked away.

"Are you permanent here?"

She asked.

"No, On contract basis... I am leaving this job in 12 days..."

I mumbled. 12 days are feeling like 12 years.

"I want to go back to America... My home..."

My voice weakened.

"You don't like Italy?"

She asked.

"No, I want to go back to my country... People here are hostile. I can't find peace here."

I answered.

"I hope you find your peace sooner..."

She said.

I hope so too.

"Where are you from?"

I asked her curiously. She got Every information about me but i don't know anything about her.

She sighed.

"I don't know, I had no destination until i married the love of my life..."

I nodded, her words had deep meaning and i don't want to get involve in her world.

"How is he treating you, Grace?... Is it difficult to sit in front of him whole day?"

She asked out of nowhere. Why she wants to know? Not like i can tell her anything, it's against contract.

I looked at my lap, he doesn't treat me good. He treats me like a whore. He scares me. He wanted to hurt me. For him I am nothing but an object.

"The way one boss should treat his employees..."

I don't know if I succeed to convince her or not.

"What do you think about him?"

She looked at me curiously.

"H_He is strict and Sometimes he scares me...But it's fine..."

I mumbled.

"Can I ask your name... I don't know anything about you"

I tried to change the topic. I don't want to talk about him.

"My Name!"

She leaned back in her chair.

"I am Anamika Singh Sahay Marino..."

She replied and all the colours from my face drained.

Oh no, shit... Fuck!

She is his mother, Martha told me her name. I never thought i would meet her like this.

Now i understand why her looks are so familiar. Her eyes are just like chief's eyes, Chrystal blue. They both have mole on upper lips. There hair are brunette. He has inherited his mother's beauty.

But she doesn't look like his mom, more like his sister. She has aged like an old Vine.

"H_His M_Mother..."

I mumbled in disbelief.

"His mother!"

She Smirked.

Does she knows about us. Is that why she was asking me these weird questions? Martha warned me not to get on her bad side, did I managed to impress her?

What is she thinking about me?

I visibly flinched when suddenly door got slammed open and he entered. I glanced at him through my eyelashes, his face was just like me. Little shocked and little tensed.

Is he scared of his mother? I don't think so.

He looked at me and I quickly looked down.

No, i am not in trouble. I don't think i have told her any sensitive information. He can't punish me still my anxiety slowly started rising.

Calm down Grace, you are fine and safe. He has no reason to punish you.

His mother looked at me as took Deep breaths.

"Grace?... What's happening?"

May be she noticed my restless breathing.

"N_Nothing... I am fine."

I tried to control it.

Chief entered inside and locked the door.

"Aap yaha kya kar rhi h?" (What are you doing here?)

He said something in different languages, it's not Italian. Which language is he speaking?

He never talks in English to other people when I am there, like he doesn't want me to understand it.

Anamika stood up and stood in front of him, she looks mad, angry and disappointed.

"Naav badlne se pehchan nhi badal jati, me abhi bhi tumhari maa hu."
(You won't be able to change your identity just because you have changed your name. I am still your mother.)

She sounds confident.

"Is se dur rhiye..." (Stay away from her)

He stated.

She clenched her jaw.

"Jab beta saari hade paar kar de to maa ko to lagaam kasni padegi"
(When the son crosses his all limits, the mother will have to tighten the reins.)

I don't know what she said but whatever it was, looks like it was something very offending Because Chief's expressions visibly changed. He clenched his jaw.

He glared at me and growled.

"Why are you still here?"

I flinched but quickly stood up, I grabbed my purse and literally ran outside.

Anyway I am not interested in their conversation, neither I can understand.

But why this family is so fucked up, why his mother is mad at him.

Who is more dangerous, Dominick or Anamika?

