

More Than Lust - 35) Conversation!

Grace's pov

My breathing quickened when his hand travelled down, towards my private part.

My head rolled back when he circled my clit making heat rose in my body under cold water. I rolled my head back as he dragged me to the edge of this intense feeling.

I gasped and clutched on his arms when he increased the speed of his fingers. His lips wondered on my neck as I orgasmed on his fingers with loud moan.

He let me breath for a second and let me go.

What? I frowned in confusion, isn't he going to fuck me till he satisfy himself. Since when he started to ignore his needs for me? Yesterday i felt his hardness but he didn't fuck me when I said I am sore. Why is he behaving gentle with me? I don't want to turn my nightmare in reality.

He turned around to leave but i grabbed his hand making him stop. His eyes snapped towards me when I grabbed his eyes. Multiple emotions flashed in his eyes, confusion, curiosity and something which I couldn't point out.

"W_Why?"

I asked. May be I am crossing my limits but i need my answers, last night's dream has shook me to the core. I will gladly take his beatings instead of marrying him. May be i am thinking too much over just a dream but i won't feel at peace if i won't clear my mind.

He turned towards me and quickly retrieved my hand, i stepped back when he stepped towards me.

"what?"

He asked pinning me against the vanity counter.

"Why are you treating me like this?"

I asked after gathering the courage.

He kept his face blank and removed wet hair from my shoulder.

"Aren't you getting too bold now a days?"

He said making me gulp.

"Who the fuck gave you permission to question me!"

I looked down scared. I kind of expected this answer from him.

"First learn how to speak without fear"

He scoffed and turned around.

"Will you tolerate that?"

I blurted out and bit my lip in regret when he looked at me with raised eyebrows.

I don't want to trigger him but i need my answers.

I gasped and quickly wrapped my hands around his shoulders when he picked me up and placed on the counter. When I was sure that I am sitting safely on the counter then i removed my hands from his body.

"Have I ever asked for your fear?"

He asked looking at me sternly.

Is he serious? He is leaving example of terror.

"You don't have to ask for it..."

I mumbled, i am literally holding my heart in my throat.

"You know why I am scared of you"

"No I don't know, tell me"

He sounded annoyed.

"Ask yourself"

I said. I froze when he looked at me angrily.

He placed his hands on the counter caging me between them.

"Are you scared of me because I was too gentle with you when I took
your virginity."

He said and my eyes snapped towards him.

"I don't think you are that much stupid. You think you could have able to walk next day if i would have went rough on you, you would have end up in hospital... Is it my fault that you climbed on my bed Inexperienced? Can you imagine what would have happened if i would have entered inside you without fingering you?"

He spat and my eyes watered.

"You were fool to accept this contract. You should be thankful that you didn't got the man who would have ripped you apart and wouldn't have glanced at you again... I gave you chance to change your mind, I left the door open so you can run and hide in your little hole but you didn't."

My eyes snapped towards him when he said that. He did what?

"You think i am too rough with you?... Then you should ask Leena or previous whores. Trust me they were not lucky like you."

He gritted.

"It's not my fault that you think everything can be vanilla... What do you expect from a Dominant?... Have you ever thought why I haven't tried
BDSM on you?"

He looked at me with bitter smile.

"Because you will die. Not because of pain but fear... Have you ever tried to relax before talking about pain?... Even after so many days you still have no idea how to handle your body... I have never dragged you to my bed, you comes with me willingly."

Tears escaped my eyes when he threw the harsh reality on my face.

"I let you and your good for nothing father live. You think i invite every woman in my bed who's father owns me money?"

He asked madly.

"You should be grateful that you are not dead because of your father."

I stayed silent as tears blurred my vision.

He grabbed my arms with jerk.

"I haven't even seen how I punish and you faint just by it's mention... I would have killed you on the same day when you entered my house for the first day but you were innocent. I can't hurt you because of your father's mistakes but if you want to suffer willingly then it's not my fault..."

I looked at him with glossy eyes and he released my hands.

"If you think i kill people then you should come to my basement, I'll show you the worst... Then you will have the real reason to get nightmares"

He stated.

"From all the people around me you should be the last one to be terrified like this... Because you haven't even seen one percent of my true face."

I wiped my tears and looked at him.

"Then answer my question"

I said.

"Why i am getting special treatment?... Why i am not dead yet?"

He clenched his jaw.

"Because you are fucking weak... I don't have to do anything and you
will die just out of fear..."

He grabbed my chin and smirked.

"I can't let you die yet, I have invested my money in you"

I blinked the tears away.

"Is that the only reason?"

I asked and he raised his eyebrows.

"You want some another reason?"

He Smirked.

I shook my head.

"No, this is the only reason I wanted to hear... I hope you will be satisfied of your investment after 8 days..."

I Mumbled as my throat tightened. It's actually good that he has made it clear that he is just using me because of loan, i don't want to see another face of this relationship.

I saw his jaw ticking but soon it turned into evil smirk which he couldn't hide.

"More than satisfied"

He whispered in my ears.

"Will you leave us alone after that?"

I asked and he chuckled.

"Ask your father"

He Smirked.

He stepped back and started walking out.

"Chief, You still haven't answered my question properly"

I said and he halted in his place.

"Why are you treating me different just because I am weak? Why do you care?"

He stopped for a moment and answered.

"Don't think you are special..."

He turned around and looked at me.

"I am not a psycho to hurt each and every person who comes in front of me..."

He stated.

"If you think you are someone special then you are in dilution... I won't think twice before slicing your throat..."

"And you say, i shouldn't be scared of you"

I asking.

"I never said that"

He Smirked.

"I said you should be least terrified... Cherish this fear, it will keep you
alive."

He chuckled evilly making me gulp.

He walked out and calmed myself down by splashing cold water on my
face.

"What this man wants from me?"

At least it's not what I was thinking. I was right, it's just about money
and not that stupid things which those maids were saying.

But why he Smirked when I talked about eight days. It felt like he has
something in mind.

I wore robe and walked out. He was standing with the coffee in his hands. When he saw me, he Smirked like i have said or done something stupid.

Fear crawled on my skin when I saw that cunning smirk.

Am i overthinking or he has something in his evil mind?