

# Husband With Benefits

## chapter 81-90

### chapter 81

Nora stood on the deck of the lake house, her gaze fixed on the gradually ascending sun. As its warm light began to dissolve the remnants of night, she made a silent promise to herself to do the same with the darkness that had clouded her recent days. After all, every long and ominous night yielded to the soothing embrace of sunshine.

She felt a profound sense of relief that the person was almost caught, and she could only shake her head at herself. Slowly, she decided to enjoy this little time to herself. She felt that swimming might just become her new favorite pastime. It had felt great when she had gone swimming in the ocean that day, other than the time she had almost drowned that is.

With light steps, she walked down the deck and quickly got rid of her t-shirt and shorts. She'd carried an overall luggage bag but no swimming costume. Looking around cautiously, she made sure that there was no one around and quickly walked into the water naked.

The water enveloped her, and she relished the sensation of water gliding over her skin, washing away the lingering traces of fear and uncertainty.

A little while later, she looked up from the lake and her eyes widened as she noticed Demetri sitting on the edge of the lake, her clothing sitting next to him. Wide-eyed, she submerged herself into the water, unsure if it covered her bits and parts or not and questioned him, "When did you come here? I thought you were in your room, sleeping..."

Demetri raised an eyebrow and slowly discarded his own t-shirt, before sliding into the water, "I was actually here before you, just below the deck. Just that you did not see me. I, however, saw you quite well."

As he spoke, Nora felt her blush rise. He'd been here all the while! Gosh! She'd even given him a strip tease. She needed to find a hole to bury herself in as soon as possible.

Red-faced, she protested, "Oh... well if you could turn around a bit, I'll just get out of here and you can swim peacefully."

Instead of answering her, he continued to walk towards her. Nora slowly edged backwards, trying to put some distance between them. However, as her back touched the edge of the lake, she realized that she really had nowhere to escape.

An insidious voice spoke inside her head, 'Why do you not have a place to escape? Forget your clothes and just let him chase you into the cabin to see what happens.'

While another part of her told her to stay put, yearning to see what he would do. Finally, the second one won, and she could only stand there in anticipation.

As if time had come to a stop, she watched Demetri stop close to her. His hands accurately reached her thighs and he picked her up, winding her legs around his waist.

She could feel his muscles bunch against her legs as he stepped closer to her womanhood, with only a thin cloth barrier between them.

"Nora..." he whispered her name. Nora shuddered as his hands gently massaged her breasts. "I want you."

Nora's eyes widened as she felt his hardness against her, making her feel hot all over. She felt the need to press closer and so she did. "I want you too..."

The whispered words seemed to open a dam inside him as he quickly caught her mouth in a searing kiss. She felt his hand move over her body while he held her still with the other. As his rough fingers came to her breasts, she could barely think coherently. She felt him pinch her nipple and arched as he played with the small bud making her moan.

Breaking the kiss, Demetri looked down at her swollen lips, a possessive light glittering in his dark eyes. Holding her gaze he leaned in close and placed a small kiss on her neck. With agonising slowness, he placed small kisses on her neck and collarbone.

Nora threw back her head in abandon, granting him more access. Opening his mouth, Demetri lightly bit her, before gliding his tongue over her smooth skin. Feeling her trembling response made Demetri even more wild as he left his mark all over her tender skin.

Both his hands were now slowly kneading, pinching her slowly as he played with her breasts. As his mouth closed over one tender peak, Nora felt herself arch. Her hands moved into his hair, whether to move him away or pull him closer.

The sensations running through her body made her feel as if she had been subjected to electrical shocks.

Demetri's took his time exploring her body, keeping her on the edge of sanity. Just when Nora felt herself going over the edge, he pulled back.

Their eyes met, hers filled with desire and confusion while his with carnal knowledge as each tried to catch their breath.

Cursing, under his breath Demetri once again caught her lips in a possessive kiss.

Nora returned his kisses with an equal fervour, making it all the more difficult for him to control himself.

Suddenly, a low sound echoed in their surroundings, making Nora stiffen. Her distraction seemed to anger Demetri who deepened the kiss even further.

Suddenly, his hands landed on her butt and he pushed her up from the lake, his shoulders now between her thighs. Nora looked down as water dripped from her and blushed as she saw his gaze there.

Blushing, she moved her hands to cover herself but he growled, "Don't. I need to taste you."

And while she tried to understand the implication what he said, he'd already buried his face between her legs.

Everything seemed to blur as Nora lost herself to the sensations coursing through her. Little whimpers escaped her mouth and she could only lean back spent as he continued to 'taste her'

It was a long time later that Nora could muster the energy to open her eyes and look at Demetri when he carried her into the cabin...

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Nora stared at the closed door where Demetri had locked himself and sighed for the umpteenth time. Really, with the way she was feeling hot continuously and blushing persistently, she was going to be resembling a tomato soon. As she chopped up the vegetables for her breakfast, she could not help but wonder why the things that had happened did not reach their completion.

Nora rolled her eyes in self-disapproval. She had always prided herself on maintaining control over her actions, steering clear of succumbing to hormonal impulses. Yet, at this moment, there was only one thing occupying her thoughts—an intense desire to complete what they had started early in the morning.

Every time she had read those little steamy erotic novels, she would dismiss the theatrical sighs and the moans as exaggerated. Her eyes had been opened to the possibility of things not being an exaggeration when Demetri had first kissed her.

And since this morning, all she could do was conjure up the images of what had transpired in the morning, her perception shifting dramatically.

Nora threw the vegetables into the pan and looked at the door again. She wanted to question him why he had stopped but felt that it would be too awkward. He'd told her he wanted her and then when he had carried her inside and thrown her on the bed, she'd been waiting in anticipation. However, he'd marched out after that without a word, and did not return.

Unexpectedly and embarrassingly, she had fallen asleep rather quickly and she could not help but wonder if he had returned to find her asleep. She had quickly dressed up after waking up and rushed out, only to see his door firmly shut. She wanted to kick down the door and question him but after the last time, when he had 'attacked' her for invading his privacy, she dared not do it. There was no need to pull the tail of the tiger.

A thought did nuzzle at the back of her mind. Maybe he did not want her as much as she wanted him. He was an experienced man who must have been with numerous women while her experience was limited to little touchy-feely things with her ex.

Insecurities gnawed at her. She couldn't shake the feeling that her lack of experience might be a turn-off for him, that he might find her naivety unappealing. It was a disconcerting contrast between her yearning desire and the nagging self-doubt that whispered in the corners of her mind.

And yet, she could still feel her insides throbbing when she thought of what he had done with his tongue and what he could do with his vast experience. He'd called it tasting her, and he had done it quite thoroughly...

As she slid the omelette onto her plate, she considered talking to him about it. But what was she supposed to say to him?

Nora shook her head and looked down at the omelette as she said, "Thank you for tasting me. Would you like to continue from where we stopped?" She snickered at her own silliness and then primly cleared her throat, "Uhm. I want to taste you too. Do you mind...No that would be too forward... and she would be at a total loss as to what to do..." Even as she shook her head, she could already see the image in her head though she had no idea how he actually 'looked' like down there.

Maybe she could just take off all her clothes and jump into the lake again. He might take that as an invitation. But she'd already lost her courage. Nora went through the many scenarios that the female leads had pulled in those novels to seduce the male lead but could find nothing that might help her.

As she thought this, the door which she had been staring at opened and the man himself walked out. He was dressed casually in a tshirt and pants but now that she knew the muscles he hid underneath, she could not help but stare. She knew she should say something but her mouth seemed to be stuffed with cotton and she could only stare.

However, Demetri did not say a word. Instead he returned with a stare of his own, his eyes lingering on her t shirt which did nothing to hide her braless state.

Finally, Nora looked down at her plate, unable to look at him anymore or return his stare. She would surely combust from the inside out. But she had no idea what she was supposed to do yet. Should she go to him and kiss him, thus inviting him to continue what they had started? Or was she supposed to pretend nothing had happened. Dam\* it, there should be an instruction manual for situations like this!

To distract herself, she questioned, "Hi. Do you want to eat breakfast?"

"Already had." he replied succinctly as he poured himself a coffee.

"Oh," Nora replied softly, unsure what else to say.

However, she was left speechless when he added, "You were there when I ate, weren't you?"

Shocked her eyes flew to his as he slowly and pointedly looked at her. She clenched her thighs and reminded herself that she wasn't supposed to blush even though he was saying that he'd eaten her for breakfast. Like a turtle receding to its shell, she shrunk her head and looked at her breakfast as if it had answers to all the riddles in the world.

She almost jumped out of her skin when she felt his breath on her neck as his arms came around her, his hands on the table, on either side of her plate. His breath tickled her ear, sending shivers down her spine, as he whispered, "I don't mind another serving, though. Are you offering?"

Caught off guard, she coughed violently, desperately seeking refuge in her juice. As she gulped the juice, her cheeks turned a fiery crimson, and she fumbled for words.

Having expected such a response, Demetri slowly bit her ear before stepping back. Picking up his coffee, he was set to return to his room, when he heard her murmured words, "I believe in Quid pro quo."

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Not having expected such a response, Demetri slowly bit her ear before stepping back. Picking up his coffee, he was set to return to his room, when he heard her murmured words, "I believe in Quid pro quo."

A knowing expression spread over his face as he turned to look at the girl. She was blushing red, a cute look on her but she met his hot stare with one of her own. He could see in her eyes, the thirst for this carnal knowledge.

Within a moment, Demetri had covered the small distance between them as he questioned her, "What did you say?"

His fingers caught her chin, tilting her face up as his thumb stroked her lips. Any words that she may have thought of disappeared from her head and she could only follow instinct. She lightly nipped at his thumb, wanting to do more. Her eyes begged him to guide her, to teach her and Demetri could not help but groan.

Leaning down, he caught her lips in a searing kiss which she returned with equal fervour. However before she could get closer to him like she ached to, Demetri broke their kiss. "I want to f\*ck you, Nora. I am going to take everything you are offering and more. I want to conquer you. I am going to possess you until you won't know who you are. This is your last chance to escape."

Nora's breath caught in her throat as he spoke each word in his low voice. She wanted to say something but words seemed to be too difficult...

"Don't answer me now. There were no condoms here, so I stopped in the morning... But now...if you say yes... I am going to..."

As he whispered all the things he wanted to do to her, Nora could feel herself responding to his words. He had yet to touch her anywhere again and she could already feel herself yearning for his touch. With each word, he made it clear that he would not be making love to her, he would be doing what he said. F8cking her, pure and simple.

"I..." And when he had finally stopped speaking, she could only stare at his mouth. She wanted him to do everything that he said and more. She yearned for his mouth to leave its mark on her, for his fingers to caress her skin until he left marks, and she wanted him to fill her... there.

"I want you to f\*ck me..." She spoke clearly.

His eyes seemed to fire up then. Within a minute, her t-shirt had landed on the floor along with her half-eaten breakfast. He drove his tongue inside her mouth, imitating the actions he had done to her other lips in the morning.

His hands kneaded her small breasts, lavishing them with his attention. He'd locked himself in his room the entire morning to stop himself from taking her. In the morning, when he'd realized that he had no condoms, he'd driven to the nearest store to buy them only to come back and find her asleep. He'd convinced himself to go slow, that she was not ready but seeing her blushing and sending glances his way, had broken his resolve.

He needed to give her one last chance. One last chance to escape his madness...

Breaking away from her, he slowly caught her roving hands and gave her a last chance," Nora, this is not going to be making love..." He needed her to understand that even though it was her first time, what they were going to do was not some culmination of emotion but pure physical need...

And before he could fear if she understood, she looked at him with those pretty eyes and nodded. It was the clarity and desire in her eyes that was his undoing.

Without a word, he picked her up and marched towards his bedroom...

But this time, Nora was not ready to be just thrown onto the bed. Taking initiative, she slid her hands under his t shirt as she held onto him and placed small kisses along his Adam's apple. Her exploring hands had barely slid along the elastic of his trousers when he tightened his hold on her and they fell onto the bed in a tangle of arms and legs.

Nora let out a little scream as his hands quickly caught hers, holding them above her head as he panted," Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

Nora pouted. "I want to explore your body... it is so perfect." Her innocence and directness were so in contrast with each other that Demetri could only sigh. Pushing her onto the bed, he let her feel his hardness pressing into her stomach before moving away.

Nora could only watch in awe, as he took off the t-shirt in one smooth move. The way his muscles bulged as he moved. She looked in anticipation as he unbuttoned his trousers, making her shiver. She wanted to feel him, touch him. She wanted him to feel what he had made her feel. Never in her life had she ever thought that she would be in such a situation, lying on the bed, admiring a man taking off his clothes... Suddenly she thought that the name Demon suited him so well...

Demetri had already warned her that he would not be making love but he would f\*ck her. And f\*ck he did. He was on her before she could even see him to her heart's content. And soon after that, every feeling was forgotten as she tried to keep up with the way his mouth and hands explored her...



Grabbing the condom, he tore the packet with his teeth and extended it to her. Taking her hand in his, he taught her to put it on him. As he placed himself against her, Demetri looked down at the woman, her half closed eyes and her glistening lips and only one thought remained in his mind, " Mine." She was his. She belonged to him.

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"You sly b\*tch! I can't believe you kept this from me, your best friend! Ha! See if I am going to talk to you in the future." Isabella scowled as Nora confessed that she had finally experienced the joys of a kiss.

The two girls were video calling after a long time, and now that Nora had the freedom to share, she wasn't going to hold back from her friend.

Making a pitiful face at her friend, she sighed, " Are you really not going to talk to me? Then you cannot blame me if I do not share the details of my first time..."

Isabella, who had just taken a sip of her coffee, sputtered and sprayed the entire contents on the screen in front of her. Shocked, Nora giggled in response to this and watched with amusement as Isabella's curses rang over the speaker and she hurriedly wiped her equipment.

"Hey! You are going to owe me a new laptop if this one stops functioning!"

"I did not spew coffee on it," Nora reasonably pointed out.

"No, you just spewed lewd words. Dam\* girl! Three years, three years I had been coaxing you to try some hanky panky stuff with Antonio or even someone else, but you were intent on remaining the Virgin, happy to find your joys in a book. And in less than three months, you've kissed someone who blew your brains out and had a one-night stand? Who is this new friend that you have made that has more bad influence on you than me!"

Nora laughed and continued to tease her friend, " Hey! It wasn't a one-night stand but more of an entire weekend stand... Though I hope it will turn into a longer one..."

This time Isabella's eyes crinkled at the corner and she smiled, picking up the rest of her coffee and leaning back, " Well well well, it seems I should have prepared some popcorn instead of a coffee... Come on, tell me everything about this lovemaking that you have experienced over the weekend..."



Nora shook her head and sighed, "It wasn't making love. He called in fuc\*ing and that is what he did."

Even though the two friends had promised to tell each other everything, Nora felt too shy to explain everything that Demetri had done and continued to blush as she gave her a summarized version.

"I can't believe you girl! From being a V-card holder, you went straight to the SI\*t club! Welcome, welcome. But let me just understand this, for your first time, there was no romance or candle lit, a straight away wham bam thank you ma'am?"

Nora giggled at the description and shook her head, "It was definitely the opposite of wham bam! I could barely stand up!" Nora asked with a blush. "He even had to carry me to the bath and let me soak in warm water."

Isabella nodded with a grin but in the next moment, she peered at the screen with narrowed eyes, "So did he turn around and sleep after that or did you get to cuddle? According to most magazines, once men are satisfied, they will simply drift off..."

"Hmm, I actually don't know..." Nora spoke slowly.

Isabella banged her cup on the table, "What do you mean you don't know! Don't tell me that man had s\*x with you and then left! That jer\*!"

Nora shook her head and called out to Isabella, "Calm down, alright. I think I might be the jerk here. I was so exhausted that I drifted off in the bath... I don't even know when he carried me out and dressed me in a robe."

Isabella blinked at this, nonplussed. It took her a while before she could gather her thoughts and still blame this strange man, "Well, he shouldn't have tired you out then. Don't worry, you are not the jerk. Also, I am glad that you had a good first experience. But you deserved all that romance also..."

Nora shook her head and smiled, "I'm just glad that it was not bad. I'd started to fear for myself when I could not respond to Antonio's advances..."

Isabella sighed, "Now you know I was right that it is his problem. So are you going to be meeting the Adonis again?"

Nora stared at Isabella and sighed. It was time to come clear to Isabella so that there would be no more secret. Earlier, Demetri had planned to wait for six months to announce their marriage but, on their way back he had warned her that he might do it earlier, maybe as early as next week.

"Considering that I am living with the Adonis, I think not seeing him would be a bit difficult..."

This time Isabella was glad that she had finished her coffee or her poor laptop would have suffered a second time...

"What day is today? Choke Isabella with shock day? Nora Williams, you better come clean and tell me everything that you are hiding..."

"Its a long story..."

"And I have all night! Now come on and come clean!" Isabella ordered.

Nora shrugged and came clear. Of course, she did not mention the part about their contract marriage but just that Grandpa William had introduced them to each other. She made it a point to lay it on thick when she mentioned how handsome and good-looking Demetri was. And how kind and understanding he was...

Isabella's eyes rolled back in her head as she shook her head, "You sound totally smitten. But I do not trust your judgment. Alright give me this man's information and I will have my brother look into this so-called paragon of virtue. You already said he is older than you, so I need to make sure that he is not pulling a fast one on you."

As expected, Nora could only sigh and hand over the details or her friend would continue to pester her, "Fine, His name is Demetri Frost. He is the CEO of..."

Before she could continue, a loud bang echoed over the speaker and Nora watched wide-eyed as her friend stood up from the floor slowly...rubbing her lower back.

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"Master, these are the young madam's details." Elijah Frost threw a sharp glance at his butler's words and reprimanded, "Don't go around giving titles to those of no consequence."

The butler remained silent, merely passing the details to his master. Though Elijah Frost may have disapproved, the undeniable truth was that Demetri Frost had indeed wedded the young woman, binding them in legal matrimony.

Elijah Frost's disapproval was palpable, but the legal documents and undeniable truth left him with little recourse. Demetri had really decided to all out rebel. He even went ahead and married a young girl almost half his age.

As he read through the details, he could only shake his head. The girl worked in a cafe! Could his grandson have been more cliché? He'd gone and picked up a waitress to wed. "I offered him diamonds but he opted for a lump of coal!"

The more he read about her the more disdain he felt. "This file is incomplete. There are no pictures of the girl."

"Master, the young lady was recently being stalked. As a result, the young master increased his vigilance and we had to stop the investigation lest he be alerted."

Elijah Frost nodded thoughtfully as he read the report. He was a man of the world. What trick had he not seen in the world as he climbed higher and higher up the social ladder? The girl must have pretended to be pitiful and miserable, winning over his grandson's sympathy. Even though it astounded him that Demetri would fall for such an old trick, he guessed that every man had a downfall. The boy had been alone for so long so he must have succumbed to the beautiful woman.

But Elijah Frost knew how to get rid of gold diggers and protect his children and grandchildren. He had done it in the past and he would do it again.

"Arrange a meeting with this girl. It should be a coincidental meeting. Today" Elijah murmured the orders before leaving the room. The butler shook his head. No one would believe that Elijah Frost would simply run into his daughter-in-law. He just hoped that this would not create more trouble between the two masters.

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As Nora stepped out of the changing room after a long shift, she could feel her feet protest. Why did she have to wear high heels today of all days? It was her duty to close off the cafe today since Maya and Lena had both taken off but Nora felt too tired. It was still fifteen minutes to closing and she was ready to throw in the towel.

Outside, she paused in the middle of stretching as she noticed a customer. Hurriedly, she walked over to the old man and smiled, "What would you like to order sir?"

As the old man turned to look at her, her smile disappeared. It was a little odd to see Demetri's face stamped on an older man who sat in the wheelchair. This man must be Demetri's grandfather.

A bit surprised, Nora blurted out, "Grandfather?"

The old man banged his stick on the floor and scowled, "How dare you call me grandfather. You may address me as Master Frost."

Nora raised an eyebrow at that. Well, she had been warned by Demetri that his grandfather would establish contact soon. She had not expected the man would come

to her directly but naively assumed that the man would have someone call her over the phone and summon her.

Sigh, it was time to put on her acting cap and get to it. According to Demetri's requirements, she was supposed to act insolently and totally determined to stay married to him or any way to convince his grandfather that he was totally unavailable. It was up to her whether she made the old man believe that she was totally in love with him or whether she was a gold digger.

Elijah Frost sucked in a sharp breath as he finally took a good look at the girl. This could not be. This face... he thought back to the name on the file- Nora Williams... This girl looked so much like... Now he knew why Demetri had chosen to marry her so hastily. Why he was so protective of her.

No no no. He needed to get rid of this girl at the earliest or all the wounds of the past would be scraped open. Had the boy totally lost his sanity? How could he marry the girl who looked so much like the girl from the past? How could he even look at her face and accept her as his wife?

Elijah Frost, still grappling with his emotions, finally cleared his throat and turned his attention to Nora. His initial shock began to give way to his determination to fix the situation.

He leaned forward, his piercing eyes fixed on her. "Miss Nora Williams, I believe it's time we had a candid conversation."

Nora met his gaze, her expression carefully neutral. "Certainly, Master Frost. But first, let me correct you on a small matter. You can address me as Nora Williams Frost. What would you like to discuss?" She had initially planned to make the old man believe that she was in love with Demetri but looking at his expression, he had already decided that she was up to no good so she would not really break his imagination.

Already irritated with the girl, the old man resisted the urge to bang his stick again. The girl was already challenging him! What insolence!

He wasted no time in getting to the point as he placed a blank cheque on the table. "I'll be straightforward with you. I'm willing to offer you a substantial amount of money to divorce my grandson, Demetri. You get out of his life. I will even sponsor your education abroad if you agree to all this immediately."

Nora feigned contemplation, pausing for dramatic effect. She knew this was the moment Demetri had warned her about, the point where she needed to play her role to perfection. However, even as she stalled for time, she could not help but wonder that Demetri was much like Mr Elijah Frost. Direct and to the point.

After a few moments of apparent consideration, she responded, her tone a bit smug and yet composed, "And why, Master Frost, would I even consider such an offer? Your grandson and I are happily married, and I see no reason for your meddling. I already have access to all those things while being married to Demetri. Why would I reject a milk giving cow in favor of a getting a few days of milk? mmm?"

The old man's eyes hardened at this response.

He leaned in closer, his voice colder. "You're a mere waitress, Miss Williams," he stressed on her name before continuing, "and my grandson is the heir to a substantial fortune. Do you honestly believe this marriage can stand? He already has a childhood sweetheart! So think carefully! If you refuse my offer now, you may come to regret it later."

Nora shrugged off the threat, even as her legs beneath the trembled almost violently. However, her face continued to be serene as she continued, "I never regret things, Master Frost. Whether I accept your offer or not, I'd already won the day I signed the marriage certificate."

Elijah narrowed his eyes. This girl was too confident for his liking. But after this exchange, he realized that he would have to take a different approach to handle this girl..."

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Detective Smith sat in Demetri Frost's office, attempting to quell the nervous flutter in his stomach. He'd collaborated with CEO Frost on numerous cases in the past, investigating embezzling employees, corporate threats, and even assassination attempts. Yet, this marked the first instance of Demetri taking a personal interest in a case, which heightened Smith's anxiety. The fact that they were struggling to unearth any substantial leads in the mysterious stalker's case only intensified the pressure.

Demetri, with his penchant for maintaining silence, fixed his intense gaze on Smith as the man cleared his throat nervously, breaking the uneasy silence that had settled in the room, "CEO Frost, the man is dead. His name was Max. His death has been ruled a suicide. He was found near the sea. According to the forensics, he died from drowning."

Demetri continued to stare at the man, saying nothing. The man stared back at him and sighed before continuing, "There are indeed some aspects of the case that do not sit well with me."

If it had been any other man, the matter would have been considered resolve at this point. But Demetri Frost was not satisfied. It was both good and bad...

"First and foremost, I've seen the suicide note and the confession letter that Max sent to his brother's post box. The contents of those letters are disturbing, to say the least."

Demetri frowned as he heard this. Smith sighed and continued to explain, "In the confession letter, the deceased admits to stalking your wife and expresses remorse for his actions in hurting her. He claims he couldn't control his obsessions and was seeking forgiveness. The confession letter is filled with his regret for hurting her and blaming her for leading him on."

Demetri rubbed his temples and questioned the Detective, "Why are we having this conversation, Smith? Just tell me why you think that it wasn't a suicide."

"The first reason is officer Alex himself. He is in shock about his brother's suicide. Even though his brother's confession has helped him reduce the charges against him, he is insistent that his brother could not have committed suicide."

"Alex insists that his sibling had a psychological disorder that made him obsessed with people without understanding the right or wrong of it. He believes his brother couldn't have felt genuine guilt because he didn't know what he did was wrong."

Demetri's brow furrowed as he processed this information. "So, you're saying there's a possibility that he didn't know the gravity of his actions?"

Smith nodded. "Exactly. If this is true, then his confession might not be as straightforward as it seems. We have to consider the mental state of the deceased. And this could also mean..."

"That our initial doubts held merit." Demetri finished off for the detective. "Is there any other evidence to suggest foul play? Other than Officer Alex's testimony and the psychiatrist's statement?"

Smith hesitated, choosing his words carefully. "There is another person involved, someone who claims the deceased was manipulated and instigated into his actions. She believes that someone tampered with his medications and led him down this dark path. She has been trying to get the authorities' attention about this. She even tried to talk to the investigating officer but the man is not taking it into consideration as she has no evidence."

"And who is this person? Why have you not mentioned her before?"

Smith sighed as he spoke, "Because I too doubt her credibility. She is your wife's half-sister- Sara Anderson."

Demetri raised his eyebrows at that and waited for the detective to continue with this new turn of events.

"Sara Anderson was the one who also warned Madam of the stalker when she first returned from the holiday. However, taking into account their history, Madam was unsure of her motives. But, Miss Sara may prove to be an important witness. Because she was living in the same dormitory as the stalker- Max.

According to her, the senior had not been like this when the university classes started two months ago. She claims that he was a different person when they first met, caring and compassionate. He did not judge her about the rumours that were going on about her and her fiancé and was supportive of everyone. However, he began to change a few weeks ago. His behaviour became erratic, and he started missing their weekly dorm meetings and even study sessions."

She also claims that there was a time when she caught him pacing the corridor as he behaved oddly, he'd been experiencing extreme self-loathing according to her. At first, she assumed that he had maybe come into contact with drugs. She tried to talk to him but the boy dismissed her concerns but started to avoid her from thereon. But when Max went missing and rumors about his involvement started spreading, she grew worried and started to investigate. She also has proof that he tried to contact her when things started to go south. She's shown a few missed calls from him in her call log. It is around the time Alex ordered his brother to follow him to the airport which means that she just happens to be the last person he contacted before he went missing."

Demetri leaned back in his chair as he heard this. Since when did Nora's sister become such a good-hearted person? A girl who had not hesitated to viciously manipulate her sister to suppress her grades at a young age or snatch her sister's fiancé, suddenly seemed to have undergone a remarkable transformation. He never believed in coincidences and wasn't about to start now. But with her coming forward and involving herself in this matter, he hoped to use her to unravel the mystery of the stalker's death.

Thus, he silently resolved to give her a chance to redeem herself, but beneath that surface decision lay an unspoken ultimatum—if Sara failed to deliver or betrayed Nora again, she would undoubtedly face the consequences of her actions.

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"What is wrong with you? I told you to make him write a note blaming Nora for seducing him and then abandoning him. What did you do? Make him write about guilt for causing



her pain. Why couldn't you have followed such simple instructions?" Lara glared at the person in front of her as she paced her room.

Dam\* it! She'd lost such a golden opportunity. If everything had gone according to the plan then Nora would have become notorious for leading men on and being a sl\*t! First, she'd have made Antonio come forward to claim how she'd betrayed him and left him at the altar and then within months married the powerful Demetri Frost. In between, she had not been idle but even toyed with the feelings of her senior in University!

Even if it would not have harmed her much, it would have put a blemish on her pristine image. A blemish that would not have been acceptable to Elijah Frost. Who did not know the old man and his orthodox ways? He would never have accepted Nora into the family.

But now, this man by her side and ruined everything! She felt him come behind her and rub her arms but she simply shook him off in irritation. "Calm down, sweetheart."

"How can I calm down! You've ruined everything! I did not expect that you would sabotage me too." As tears trembled on her eyelashes, the man sighed and forgot all his grievances against her. "Lara. I did what I had to to protect you. If Max had written a suicide note blaming Nora, then her husband would not have let things go so easily. He would have dragged this matter until her name was cleared."

"Even before the police retrieved Max's body, Demetri Frost's agents were sniffing around for evidence. If they suspect foul play, then they are going to go at it like rabid dogs. So, we need to convince them that everything that happened was Max's doing alone with no one offering suggestions. Also, don't worry. I have something from Max that might help in implicating her later."

Lara looked up into the eyes of the man who was looking at her dotingly. What a fool. He had even bloodied his hands to please her. Sigh, she really liked this guy more than the others. He was good in bed and out of it. A rare dual quality. Maybe she would keep him for a longer time than the others.

"What are you thinking?", he whispered in her ear and Lara sighed, "Thinking about how good you are to me." He smiled against her cheek and placed a gentle kiss, "Lara, there is something I need to discuss with you."

Lara sighed. These men sure had a way of ruining her good mood. Instead of taking the signal and pulling her to the bed, he was being a ninny and wanted to talk to her.

Irritated, she questioned, "What?"

"You need to check in with Sara. She seems to be intent on going against you and supporting Nora..."

Lara laughed out loud at that as she refused to accept it. There was no way that her favoured daughter would go against her.

"I know you have a blind spot for her. But she is the one who created a ruckus about Max's suicide and caused that detective to take a second look. So just take her in hand."

Lara's eyes hardened as she heard this piece of news. It seemed her good daughter had forgotten to show her loyalty to her mother and needed a reminder...

As she planned to visit Sara, the man rubbed her back slowly and whispered, "I also have a piece of good news for you."

Lara was intrigued at his tone. Why did he suddenly sound like an excited little puppy who was wagging his tail to receive praise?

Instead of questioning him, she waited for him to confess. And he did, "You want to find an opening to break up her relationship with her new husband, didn't you? It seems you won't have to do much work. See, no one, not even his family was aware that Demetri Frost had married. It's been a while since they got married and the man has not bothered to announce it anywhere or even acknowledge her. This clearly indicates that she is not so important for him. Also, Elijah Frost already has a chosen bride for his eldest grandson. And that girl is his own Goddaughter. Do you think he will let Nora enter the Frost family so easily?"

"He has already started to move ahead to get rid of her."

Lara grinned at this piece of news. "You mean, the fire that I was trying to light is already burning? I just need to fan the flames. Why don't you find a way to set up contact with this fiancée of Demetri Frost? After all, the two of us share the same goal and the same enemy. We might just turn out to be friends."

The man laughed and tapped Lara's nose. "I knew your sinister mind would come up with something like this! Don't worry, I've already found a way for you to access her. Elijah Frost and his Goddaughter share the same birthday. It is next week. This time, the man is hosting a party for her, and it is being said that he might officially announce her as the future matron of the Frost family. So, she is going to be desperate to get rid of Nora and you just need to help her..."

Lara grinned and leaned on her tiptoes as she caught the man's ears and patted his head like she would that of a dog, "You are really good to me, sweetheart. Come here and take your reward..."

As the man salivated and followed her to bed, he failed to see that her desire was not for him, but it was excitement to defeat and hurt her daughter.

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## Chapter 88: Teasing

[ 1,129 words ]

### Chapter 88: Teasing

Lena eagerly pulled Nora to the side as they entered the cafe, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she whispered, "Nora, brace yourself, because you've just acquired an entire fan club! Pinch me, I need to make sure I'm not dreaming. I've never seen four such handsome men all in one place. I mean, just look at the other customers. I think all these girls are here to admire those fine specimens of men."

Nora widened her eyes and glanced around, her curiosity piqued. However, she quickly averted her gaze when she was met with four friendly, smiling faces. What on earth were the Frost Brothers doing here? She couldn't help but sigh softly. It was no wonder the cafe's atmosphere had suddenly shifted. The presence of these four gentlemen was enough to elevate the testosterone levels in the entire establishment.

"I'll go change and take their orders," Nora sighed, but Lena shook her head with a knowing smile. "Don't worry about it. You worked overtime for me yesterday, covering my shift. In return, you can start your shift a bit later. Go over there and chat with those handsome fellows."

Nora reluctantly approached their table, her thoughts racing. She had met Elijah Frost just yesterday, and now here were the Frost Brothers. She had no idea how she was supposed to handle them. Lucien had been relatively easy to talk to, but now she could sense an undercurrent of awkwardness in the air. She knew it was her fault for accusing him of stalking her.

Before she could reach the table, Lucien spoke up, his tone apologetic, "I'm sorry for intruding on your work and bringing them along. They wanted to meet you, and we thought a public setting would be..."

Nora smiled warmly at Lucien and the others, waving off the apology with a graceful gesture. "It's alright, really. Don't worry about it."

"If you say that, one of us will make a habit of disturbing you during your shifts, sister-in-law. We should set some boundaries," one of the other brothers chimed in.

Nora blinked in confusion at being addressed as "sister-in-law." The man who spoke grinned in response to her puzzled expression and continued, "I know it's a bit startling to call someone so much younger 'sister-in-law,' so we'll use your name. But first, you have to tell us who's who!"

Lucien rolled his eyes at his brothers' playful expressions and provided some clarification, "We're here because Demon is keeping you hidden from all of us, and now that you're family, we want to get to know you. Anyway, the one teasing you just now is the joker of our group and the fourth oldest brother, Seb."

Seb winked at her, carrying on with a grin, "No need to worry, Nora. We might all look alike, but I'll help you remember us. We won't hold it against you for not recognizing us from that day. You were a bit out of it. Anyway, you've already met Lucy, the dim-witted one here. The one closest to you is Gabe. You can spot him by his permanent scowl. He could give Demon a run for his money in the grumpiness department. The one in the middle is Ian. He's the least handsome of us all, and as for me, I'm Seb, the most handsome one."

Despite the awkwardness of their introduction, Nora realized that the Frost brothers had genuinely come to meet her and build a connection. It also became evident that they shared a comfortable camaraderie and weren't shy about teasing each other. Trying to keep things light, she pretended to assess them all before turning to Seb with a playful glint in her eye. "Well, I can agree with your assessment of Gabe and Ian, but you're not the most handsome, Seb! At best, you're in second place; Demetri holds the title for first."

Seb was the first to react to Nora's playful retort, his eyes wide in mock astonishment as he turned to his brothers and questioned, "Did she just burn me? I think she just did!"

Ian chuckled heartily, nudging Seb, "Seems like we've got another ally in our midst, and a sharp one at that."

He was trying to suppress a grin as he gestured to an empty chair beside them. "Nora, why don't you join us? We'd love to have you. If you have the time, that is. Or you can tell us to bugger off and we can try to fix another time."

Nora accepted the invitation, settling into the chair, her eyes dancing with amusement. "There is no need to bugger off. I suppose I can make an exception for you gentlemen."

She'd long heard about the brothers from Lucien but never in her wildest imagination she could have thought that all these men would be Demetri's younger brothers.

Ian leaned in, curiosity gleaming in his eyes. "Do you know why we are here? We need you to tell us how our brother roped you into this marriage. We were shocked when we thought that he had a girlfriend. But he already has a wife. Ans such a young one at that. Tell us, how did Demon trap you?"

Nora rolled her eyes at this and mirrored Ian's naughty expression," Your trust in your brother is astounding. But if you must know, Demetri lured me with his irresistible charm."

This caused the brothers to guffaw and even Gabe, who had been silent until now smiled at this while Seb grinned," Wooo! Demon has charm? And that too irresistible? Where does he keep it hidden? Why did I now know this?"

Dramatically, he turned to the others at the table and questioned them accusingly," Did you all know about this? Were you aware of his charming self?"

The other three gravely shook their heads while Ian added," I think Nora is just trying to help Demetri save some face. He must have done something truly embarrassing to woo her."

As each of the brothers made their own observations in the guise of playful banter, Nora knew she had been easily accepted into the circle of the brothers. Each of them shared their phone numbers with her, before leaving, asking her to keep in touch with them, making her feel gratified.

After last night's incidence with Elijah Frost, Nora had assumed that establishing herself as Demetri's wife within his family would be a tedious task. But the brother's visit had already put her mind to ease. And as she watched them leave, she realized that she genuinely liked all of them and the bond they shared.

Now, tell us the story of how our dear brother Demon roped you into this marriage. We're all ears!"

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As the brothers left one after the other, Nora placed a hand on Lucien's arm asking him to wait as she spoke slowly," I'd like a word with you, if you don't mind." Since they'd all driven here by themselves, Lucien shrugged and waved them away as he waited for Nora to say whatever she wanted to.

"What is it?" Lucien looked down at the hand that was on his forearm as he questioned her. A week ago, this move would have made him beam and hope that he had a future with Nora but now, he only felt his heart troubled.

"I am sorry for misunderstanding you and accusing you of stalking me. I was just too..."

"Paranoid..." Lucien finished off for her. "Hey, we are family now, so you don't have to apologize. It must have been terrifying for you and it was natural that you would feel unsafe. Also, I read through the file about what you told the investigator. It must have seemed too much of a coincidence."

Nora nodded her head in relief, her eyes filled with gratitude at his understanding and agreed quickly, "Yes. It was terrifying. Thank you for understanding, Lucien."

With a heavy burden lifted from her heart, Nora turned to go into the changing room and get to work, but Lucien stopped her this time, "Nora, can I ask you something?"

She looked up at him with a smile and Lucien had to take a moment to gather his thoughts, "The first time I saw you, you had just broken up with your boyfriend. But now, just a month later, you're married to my brother. I can't help but wonder... what happened in between?"

It was this question that had been troubling him. Nora did not look like someone who would be so fickle. So how had she gone from being engaged to someone to being married to his brother? It had not escaped his notice that she had cleverly sidestepped the question about their courtship as well when Ian and Seb had questioned her.

"It's a long story, Lucien..." He understood the underlying meaning of how she would not be able to talk about it but decided to let it go. There was no need to get into specifics. Both Demon and Nora were smart people who knew how to handle their own affairs.

He acknowledged her words with a nod and turned to go back, only to see Gabe standing there. "Why are you back?" Lucien asked in surprise.

Gabe shrugged, pointing towards the table they had been previously sitting on and said, "I forgot my phone. Are you not leaving? I thought you had an appointment after lunch."

Reminded of his appointment, Lucien hurriedly bid goodbye to the two people and with one last glance at them, raced away from the cafe.

"I'll get you your phone, Gabe..." As Nora would have turned to go and get his phone, Gabe spoke up, "I wanted to talk to you. Hence I purposely left the phone."

Nora, who had been about to retrieve the phone paused mid-movement and looked at his serious face before sighing, "If you are here to offer me money to leave your brother,

don't bother. I will also not be succumbing to any form of abuse, blackmail or threats. So don't waste your time and mine. Let's pretend we never had this conversation."

Nora extended the phone to him with a face. All the positive feelings that she had been feeling towards the Frost brothers seemed to evaporate at this point. If he had problems with her, he should have just said so in front of the others instead of being amicable in company and then returning to threaten her.

"I did not come to do any of the above. You are mistaken."

Nora had almost walked to the backroom when Gabe finally gathered his thoughts after being accused baselessly. Nora turned back to see his face scowling and almost stepped back. He looked a lot like her husband but somehow more ferocious. Realizing that he might have scared her, Gabe stopped and tried to compose his face.

Before he could get to the point, however, he realized what she had said and asked, "Who threatened you? Does Demon know?"

Nora realized that she had misjudged the man when she saw his angry face and sighed. She would have to eat humble pie, "I am sorry. It was nothing. You said you wanted to talk to me..."

"Yes. But first, was it grandfather who offered you money to abandon Demon?"

Nora closed her eyes and rubbed her face as she tried again, "You don't need to get involved. I've already told Demetri, don't worry. What did you want to talk to me about?"

"I'm actually curious. You really were engaged to marry until two months ago. But your date of marriage registration was before your scheduled wedding to your ex. So, what happened? Was Demetri the third party?"

Nora sighed. She could not disclose the whole truth. It was why she had been dragging her feet about answering Lucien but now, Gabe did not look like someone who would let this rest.

With a huff, she said, "If you mean your brother caused me to break up with Antonio then no. Also, I will tell you now, that it was not love at first sight for me. I am not that fickle. I like and respect Demetri, which is why I agreed to marry him when he proposed to me. As to why he married me, you have to ask him."

Gabe nodded his head in acknowledgement at that, answering directly, "Thank you for your honesty. I actually came here to warn you about someone. She is supposedly Demetri's fiancé. Demon is planning to introduce you to the society as his wife next week. Arabelle believes herself to be in love with Demon and might try to create trouble. I am sure, that Demon will be careful but it is better if you were not ambushed at the party."



Nora nodded at the warning, feeling touched that he would take the time to divest this information. The interaction had made it clear that her husband was admired by just not her but also all his siblings.

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Seated in her usual place in the house, Nora was hunched over her laptop, her eyes glued to the screen as she scrolled through a particularly melodramatic online novel. Her eyebrows furrowed in concentration as she read passages describing how the delicate heroine would cry, her tears glistening like diamonds.

*The heroine's eyes shimmered with tears as she raised a trembling hand to her lips, her voice quivering like a fragile flower in the wind.*

With a click, she changed the tab on the laptop and read through another novel's paragraph, "*She closed her eyes briefly, allowing a single, graceful tear to escape, trailing down her porcelain cheek like a dewdrop on a petal.*"

Another click and another paragraph, "With a delicate sniff, she wiped away her tears with a dainty handkerchief, her sorrowful gaze captivating everyone in the room."

Nora tried to practice a delicate sniffle and frowned as she muttered, "I don't think I am suitable for this role! How am I supposed to make myself cry at the drop of a hat."

Desperate, she pinched her wrist but even then the tears remained elusive.

It was at this moment that Demetri returned. His expression of casual indifference softened as he gazed at her. Unknown to him, the frown on his forehead melted away whenever he looked at her.

He raised an eyebrow as he heard her muttering to herself as she practised crying. She even pinched herself to bring tears.

Without a hint of a smile, he questioned her, "What are you doing?"

Startled, she quickly minimized the browser window, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "Oh, it's nothing," she stammered, attempting to sound nonchalant.

Demetri's face remained stoic, but his eyes twinkled with amusement as he glanced at the screen one more time before returning his gaze to her. His expression seemed to say it all. He knew what she was upto.

Deflated, Nora hunched her shoulders and pouted, "Look, it would be better of you could tell me what to expect the day after. I mean, your grandfather has already threatened me and now Gabe warned me about your fiance."

"She is not my fiance." Demetri denied.

Nora waved her hand and stood up, slumping onto the couch as she said, "That is beside the point. I need to master the art of crying so that I can pretend well on the day of the party. I need to be the perfect White lotus."

"What is a white lotus?" Demetri asked with confusion as he got rid of the tie and suit jacket.

"See, you don't even know. A white lotus person is someone who pretends to be delicate to win the sympathy of others but is usually very manipulative. I don't think I can do that. I should have opted for the blind in love role in front of your grandfather."

"You stood toe-to-toe to me and told me you could handle it." Demetri pointed out, reminding her of their first meeting.

Nora was about to respond that of course she could handle it but she was allowed to be nervous about it. However, she was distracted by Demetri who was now in the process of unbuttoning the top two buttons of his shirt exposing his Adam's apple.

Immediately, she was transported to their time in the cabin when he'd let her explore his entire body. He caught her staring, and she could feel the heat in his gaze. They'd not been intimate after coming back and she couldn't help but feel restless now.

With no words spoken between them, Demetri lay down on the couch, his head on her lap. "Be natural. No need to act."

As her hands instinctively started to massage his temples, she applied extra force and questioned angrily, "Are you trying to tell me that I am a white lotus?"

"Don't try to pick a fight, kitten. My grandfather is biased against you so it makes no difference how you act."

"You do have a point..." Nora said thoughtfully.

Her train of thoughts however was soon derailed as Demetri pivoted his body, his face now resting on her stomach. "If you insist on crying, I can help you though..."

Before Nora could react, the man had already lifted her t-shirt a bit and was nuzzling her stomach. He bit lightly at her waist, pinching her there. She wiggled and tried to push him away but the man did not move, simply holding her still as he ordered, "Hush, I am trying to make you cry..."

That is not what he was doing, Nora wanted to point out but she was lost the power of speech. She could only watch as his dark head, continued to nuzzle her, making her realize how sensitive she was. He placed nibbling kisses on her belly, making her breath catch as he moved upwards. She let out a shuddering breath as he bit harder on the side before licking it slowly. That would definitely leave a visible love bite...

Every feeling was amplified, as she felt his scorching lips on her stomach as he slowly kissed his way to the underside of her breasts.

Her hands entangled in his hair, and she tried to pull him away, however, his hands spanned her waist as he sat up. Within a few deft movements, she was trapped between the couch and him. His hands once again traced the curve of her stomach as she let out a breathless laughter, protesting, "Ticklish..."

She felt the lift of his lips against her skin, making her yearn for more. This time, as he kissed her, it felt familiar. His taste was one her body recognized and welcomed. Their tongues met for the briefest of moments before he moved back once again. But this time, she wasn't ready to let him go. Cupping his face with her hands, she brought him back close to her, fusing their lips together.

As she lightly sucked his tongue, tasting the mint there, she wondered what the rest of him would feel like...

He pressed her down, and she felt his weight, holding her in place as he leaned down slowly, his lips finding hers

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