

I want you

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Grace

Shock will be an understatement.

My head spins as Tristin's lips crash against my mouth. It's rough, desperate, and breathtaking.

There is nothing gentle about the way his arms tighten around my waist and coax me into his lap or the way his teeth sink into my bottom lip, urging me to open my mouth for his tongue.

I shudder, the unforgiving rain still pouring over my cold body. The contrast of his heated mouth and his warm hands on my body amidst the biting cold leaves my mind numb and my hands hanging in the air.

What...

Tristin separates our lips and pants against my aching lips. "think about pulling this shit again and I will make sure you never step a foot out of your room again."

I blink, completely still in his arms. What does he think I was doing?

"Luca." Tristin yells, his glare still on my confused face. "go prepare the car. Turn on the heaters."

"Yes, Boss." Luca's voice sounds over the rain before I hear his retreating footsteps.

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Dumbfounded and nervous, I let Tristin pick me in his arms. My head rolls to his shoulder as I stare at his side profile.

" Mom had something against me. She didn't want me to meet you. That's why I had to send you away. " He says, directing his gaze ahead to avoid staring at my gaping mouth.

I blink again, then close my eyes and swallow. Why am I letting him do this again?

" Tristin— "

" But I don't give a fuck anymore. You are not leaving my sight again. " He cuts in, his voice harsh and determined.

My jaw slacks, almost but I press it together to not show how weird this all feels. For some reason, it feels like Tristin is trembling under his expensive suit and it's not because of cold or pain. It feels like fear—a terror that makes him shiver, makes him act like a man I don't recognize.

Then again, I don't really know Tristin. I only know what he decides to show me, sometimes his gentleness, sometimes his support, and other times, just the show of his power.

" Put me down, Tristin. " I whisper, trying to get my mind out of my shaken state.

" So you can climb that shit again to scare me? " His voice is a low growl that shuts my mouth instantly.

I don't protest after that. If I do, it feels like he might snap and kiss

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me again.

Tristin enters the elevator, keeping me in his arms and then we are in the basement. He puts me in the seat before urging me to slide to the other side so he can get in after me.

I want to tell him that he can use the other door, but he seems reluctant to leave my side. As soon as we are inside, the warm air of the heater relaxes my stiff, cold muscles. I sigh and slide more towards the door.

Tristin's hand closes around my wrist. I shoot him a glance. He is watching me. His eyes appear darker under the drenched bangs that cover his forehead.

Keeping his grip on me, Tristin slides his fingers between mine and intertwines our hands.

I look down, lift my brows, then look back up at him. " what are you... doing? "

I can't hear my heartbeat because my ears feel clogged, but I know something is running too fast in my chest.

" Making sure you don't disappear. " Tristin mumbles, squeezing my fingers.

He keeps saying that. I don't know why.

" What does Alma... have against you? " I say, trying to change the topic as I sneakily try to free my hand from him.

" Lily. " Tristin reveals with a straight face, without blinking.

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My breath hitches. "Alma has Lily?"

"Lily caused my accident. My cousin was in on it. She possibly wanted me gone before I get her, and my cousin wanted to take my position. It was a perfect plan. But I survived and now they are going to pay." Tristin discloses casually and turns towards Luca. "take us to the penthouse. She needs to change her clothes before she catches a cold."

I try to be surprised at the revelation but I can't. I expect Lily to do every worst thing in this world. But...there is anger in my veins. My hands itch, desperate to claw the life out of her body. She caused Sebastian's death and now she wants to take Tristin's life too? How bitchy can she be?

I huff, then give Tristin a strange look, still trying to understand what has him acting so odd, so...not Tristin.

As his fingers squeeze mine once more, I sigh and turn away. I know I won't be able to pull my hand out of his hold anytime soon. I can't bring myself to ignore the tremors in his fingers, after all.

After traveling for some time, we stop in front of a familiar tower. Tristin leads me to the penthouse, and the memories swarm my mind.

This is where I first came to escape Ethan and this is the place where I realized that he will not leave me alone. He held me down as I bled, and then took me away.

My breathing becomes labored as I step into the living area ahead of

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Tristin who refuses to take his eyes off me.

I clench my hands into fists and close my eyes. Now, I am free. I don't need to think about the past anymore.

I...

Words drift away the moment tears sting my eyes.

Tristin's fingers brush against my fist, slowly trailing my knuckles. My fingers unclench and hang loose by my side, as my breath catches in my throat. 1

"I was scared you were going to jump." Tristin's voice sounds beside my ear, his heavy breath ghosting my cheek.

"Why would you be scared for me? I can die for all you care and—"

I am whipped around faster than I can comprehend. I yelp, my hands falling on his chest to balance my weight before I lift my head.

Tristin leans in, his nose brushing mine roughly. "I care."

His hands come up to my cheeks to tilt my head back. I hold my breath, confusion still marking my features.

"Why—"

"Because I want you, Little Butterfly. I want you despite our history or the complicated shit in our lives. It's as simple as that. I just want you in my life." A crazed look flashes across his face, and then he is diving in again.