

More Than Lust - 28) Kidnapped!

Grace's pov

He placed his index finger on my lips stopping my words.

"Only I can touch you... No one else"

He stated like he owns me.

His finger gently stroked my lips, whenever he acts gentle with me it scares me Even more. It feels like he is giving me sense of security Just to snatch it away from me.

His hand went to my hair and pulled out the hairtie setting my hair free.

He placed it in his pocket making me frown. Why he is keeping my hairtie?

"Don't tie your hair again in front of me"

He ordered.

I want to ask why but I don't have that courage to question him. Must be wanting to grip on them, he like doing that. Sometimes I feel like he is going to rip my hair while fucking me.

I nodded not wanting to question him. He slowly wrapped his hands around my waist and pulled me closer. Tucking dancing strands behind my ear he gently pulled me in a kiss. This man haven't left my lips alone since he has kissed me for the first time. His touch always lingers on them. Whenever it's about to disappear, he kisses me again making the feeling prominent. His lip is still quite swollen where I bit him the other day. I thought he will punish me but he didn't.

I stood still as he invaded my mouth with his skillful tongue. His hand is pulling my head closer making it dominant. I try my best to not enjoy these kisses but whenever he is being gentle it's very hard to follow my own rules.

The Cool breez, beautiful ocean and the colorfull sky is making it romantic but it's nowhere near the romance. I would have been happy if

I was doing it with love of my life. But he is not my love neither my happiness.

Little moan escaped my lips when he sucked on my lips. Slowly it becomes hard to breath may be he sensed it and spared my lips. I panted hard to breath and he Smirked.

He gently turned me around and grabbed on the edges. Visible shiver spread through my body when he removed my hair and kissed on back of my neck. I closed my eyes waiting for more and worst. He doesn't care about the place or time, he does it whenever and wherever he wants.

I waited but he didn't do anything which I was thinking. He intertwined one hand with mine and wrapped another around my waist. Dragging me closer he made me rest my back on his chest and placed his chin on my shoulder.

What is he doing? Why are we standing like romantic couple? It's making me uncomfortable. Is he trying to play with my mind? What is the meaning of this?

I stayed silent as he watched sunset while holding me captive in his arms. I looked at his hand which is holding mine, it's literally hiding my whole palm under it. It's too strong for me, he can literally crush my bone with little pressure. But if used wisely then it might save you from anything. It's probably stupid to expect safety from these hands, i can't even imagine how many lives these hands have ended. They don't even hesitate before pulling triggers.

Suddenly my phone rang which I have placed aside on the sofa. I looked at him so he can let me go.

He did and i grabbed my phone. It's unknown number, who is calling me? I was about to receive it but he snatched it from my hands. His expressions visibly changed when he saw the number. He disconnected the call and switched it off.

What the hell? How can he do that?

"Chief__"

"What? Do you have any problem?"

He challenged me through eyes.

The look made me gulp and i shook my head. He placed my phone in his pocket making me frown. What's his problem?

Why is he confiscating my mobile?

"B_But it has important files? How will I do work?"

I reasoned.

"You are not here for work"

He stated.

Oh really? If not work then what, for enjoyment? I doubt that. Will he let me enjoy?

But why is he taking my phone away?

"W_Why are____"

I was about to ask but he raised his thick eyebrows making my words stuck in my throat.

He stepped towards me and I stepped back. He quickly grabbed me by waist when I stumbled back. My hands automatically grabbed his arms.

"Careful..."

He scolded.

"Do you wanna die?"

He pulled me on other side away from the edges.

"You will not stand here!..."

He warned.

"I won't save you from sharks"

My eyes widened at his words. There are sharks in this area.

He released my hand and walked away leaving me in shock.

Are there really sharks or he is just scaring me? I carefully peacked inside the water trying to spot one. Oh my god! My eyes widened when I spot distant view of shark fin.

I quickly turned around and ran inside. I will happily stay with this monster instead of being shark's dinner.

I went inside and sat on the bed. Chief ordered me not to leave this room.

I want to go home. I don't know how long we are going to stay here. I don't want to be with him.

After getting bored in bedroom for 1 hour I finally decided to go out. He even took my phone.

Am I kidnapped? I think so. Well then at least I am not tied to the chair.

I walked out, where is my kidnapper? He is not outside but his shirt is on the chair. Where he can possibly go.

I walked towards the kitchen, i am getting hungry.

My eyes widened when I saw him in the kitchen. Oh my god! Is he making dinner?

I quickly hid behind the kitchen door and peaked inside.

He is cooking, shirtless! His muscles are flexing while cutting vegetables, he is so smooth. He looks so Focused. Never thought that this man can look sexy while cooking too.

It's smelling delicious, looks like he is making pasta. I never thought that man like him can cook. But why he is cooking?

He glanced at my direction and i quickly hide behind the door. Did he saw me?

"Go back to the room and bring wine..."

He ordered.

He saw me. I hope he doesn't think that i was checking him out.

I walked back to the room and looked at his mini bar. Which one should I choose?

I don't have much knowledge of liquor.

"Romanée-Conti"

I read the name. It seems fashionable name.

I picked up the bottle carefully and walked out. It looks expensive, i casually looked at the price and it almost slipped from my hands.

\$558,000! What the fuck. This man is drinking these kind of expensive things.

And he is destroying my life for 1 million. It's nothing for him. I clutched on the bottle tightly, if i break it then he will make me slave for my whole life.

When I walked out i saw him arranging the table. What is this, a fucking date?

I really want to snap at him but then he will snap my bones. I better keep my mouth shut.

I walked towards the table and he took the bottle from my hand. I was carrying it like a baby and he is handling it like a toy.

He has arranged the table beautifully. The food is smelling delicious. I was hungry but now my appetite is gone. I feel very low and guilty when i realise what i am doing to pay this loan.

He opened the bottle and poured it in two glasses.

"Sit down"

He ordered.

"I am not hungry"

I countered. I didn't mean to but it came out little rude.

His eyes snapped towards me, He looked at me offended like i have asked for his kidney.