

More Than Lust - Chapter 2

Grace's pov

I still can't forget the night, when my doom knocked on our door.

I was happy that day because I finally completed my studies in accountancy and I was very excited

to

enter in corporate world. I wanted to learn and explore the opportunities.

I went home to tell this to my father. I had no idea if he was going to be happy or not. After my

mother's

death he has become a lost man. It's been 5 years and he is still in Grief. I always tried to

understand him

and tried to give him emotional support but it didn't work. Still I can't abandon him because he

adopted me

when I needed family. Yes, I am adopted. How can I leave him when he is the one who has given

me this

life. I can't be ungrateful to him. He is my father and I love him.

We shifted to Italy so it can help him to heal from his grief, I could see his health going downward

day by

day. Managing in new country wasn't easy but I did it for him. He has cousins in Italy and they

helped us

to settle down. Only if I have known, I wouldn't have looked at Italy let alone settle here.

When I reached home I saw him sitting on the sofa with serious expressions. He looked scared, he

was

sweating and trembling.

“Dad what happened?”

I asked. My happiness was long forgotten when I saw his state.

“Grace, you need to leave...”

He suddenly said.

“Leave this house... Go somewhere, anywhere!.... and don't come back...”

My heart broke listening his words, i thought he is abandoning me.

“Dad, Don't you love me anymore?”

I asked in broken voice.

He looked at me sadly.

“No dear... I love you, I love you more than myself but right now I am in a big problem. I can't put

you in a

danger... Leave Grace.”

I should have listen to him but i didn't and it was biggest mistake of my life.

“No dad, i won't leave you... How can I run when you are in problem... You look so scared, what's

going on

dad?”

I tried to ask but suddenly door of our house got slammed open.

Dad stepped back scared as few men barged in. They were looking like goons.

“Rafael, he is here”

One man yelled and another man entered the house like he owns it.

Rafael was a tall but quite lean bodied man, he had long black hair upto his shoulders. He was quite

good

looking among all his men.

“You shouldn’t have run, Stuart. You fucked up really bad...”

Rafael mocked.

“Rafael, i just need few more days... I’ll pay you back...”

Dad pleaded and I was looking at them confused.

“Sorry man... Chief has ordered us to take care of you, now no one can save you.”

Rafael said.

“I have to kill you”

“Excuse me”

I gasped at his words.

“Who are you and why are you threatening my father like this?”

I asked confused.

Rafael looked at me like he just noticed me and raised his thick black eyebrows. His eyes lingered
on me
before he spoke.

“Darling, your father has borrowed money from me and he is not ready to pay back... And that’s why
I am
here to kill him.”

He said like he is telling me about weather.
“Can we please talk rationally about it... Please.”

I requested. He seemed dangerous so I decided to handle with care but in reality i was digging my
own
grave.

Rafael Groaned annoyingly.

“Sit”

He ordered making me look at him hesitantly.

“Don’t be shy, sit down. It’s your own house...”

He mocked and his men laughed at me.

I sat down beside my father who was looking terrified.

“How much money he has taken from you... I can pay you back”

I said and another wave of laughter spread in the house.

Rafael himself chuckled.

“Babygirl, even if you sell your beautiful body, you can’t pay this loan...”

He stated.

“Your father has fucked up very badly... he has taken money with 10% interest and now he has to
give me
one million...”

My mouth literally dropped on the floor when I heard his words.

“One million”

I said in disbelief.

“Dad why you need so much money? What did you do with that?”

I asked in disbelief but I got just guilty look.

“He did gambling and drugs... Looks like you doesn’t know that your father is wasted. He is a drug
addict.”

Rafael said.

“Dad why?”

I looked at him heartbroken. I couldn’t understand what made him take those extreme decisions.

“I am sorry”

He mumbled. I wanted to scream at him but that wasn’t the right time. I had to do something to save
both
of us.

“Please sir, give me some time. I’ll definitely pay you back”

I had no idea how I was going to do that but still I promised.

Rafael didn’t believe me.

“You can’t”

He stated firmly.

“Anyway you won’t get anything after killing us. Then why not give us a chance... I have recently completed my studies, i will soon join the job. Please give me some time.”

I pleaded.

Rafael sighed.

“Why don’t you understand girl, with 10% interest you can’t pay it like this... It will keep increasing...

And I

am not the boss, i am just following his orders... Trust me if boss was here, you two would have

been

dead by now.”

He Scolded.

“Sir please, i know my father has made mistake but he is not well... Please give me one chance...”

I wasn’t ready to loose hope.

Rafael rubbed his forehead and looked at his man. One man came forward and whispered

something in

his ear.

“You are accountant?!”

He asked and i nodded.

“Fine, let’s see if we can do something…”

He said and handed me one card.

“Come to this address and meet Mr. Gomez... If you are lucky enough then you might survive, if not

then I

have to come back.”

“Thank you so much”

I smiled at him and he looked at me weirdly. Visible blush spread on his cheeks as he looked away.

“You don’t deserve her, Stuart... You destroyed her life.”

Rafael looked at dad hatefully and left our house.

After that I tried to talk to my father and he apologized for his behavior. I couldn’t do anything. I

somehow

managed to save both of us for that moment but couldn’t promise future.

After that day I stepped in dirt which stained my whole life. No matter what I can’t wash it off.

I snapped out of my thoughts as cab halted in front of my house. I stepped out and rushed towards

the

washroom.

Turning on the shower i started cleaning my body furiously till it turns red. No matter how much I try,

i can’t

get rid of his touches.

Throwing soap on the floor i screamed to let go my frustration. I broke down on the floor. I feel like a whore, who sleeps with stranger for money. I feel dirty when he touches me with no love. I am just

an

object which satisfy his needs, which he can use whenever and however he wants.

I don't want this but still I am guilty of enjoying his touch. This is wrong. What makes me more guilty

is i

enjoy his touch, even when I know that it's bad. It's eating me from inside.

This might have been easier if I wasn't getting physical satisfaction.

I never thought life would make me face these kind of things. I just wanted normal life.

I just hope it ends soon or am I dreaming about impossible thing.