

Chapter 15

Damien's head snapped up. He knew what was coming.

"Elena, no," he said, his voice a raw plea. He started towards me.

I met him halfway and slapped him again. "You don't get to tell me what to do. Not anymore."

My eyes, once full of love for him, were now bottomless pits of rage. "You knew she did it, and you still tried to protect her. You never once thought about my pain, my humiliation. All you could see was her." I let out a sharp, joyless laugh. "Well, now it's my turn. This is my gift to you, Damien. Enjoy the show."

He stumbled back, his face ashen.

A new wave of gasps and shouts erupted from the crowd. The final video was playing. It was Damien and Eve, their kiss in the garden, followed by the scene from her bedroom she had shown me earlier.

Clear as day, for all the world to see.

The lie of their sibling relationship was shattered. The truth of their sordid, incestuous affair was laid bare.

The ballroom exploded into chaos.

"Disgusting!" someone shouted.

"They're animals!"

A guest threw a wine glass, which shattered at Eve's feet. Soon, others joined in, pelting her with food, bread rolls, anything they could grab.

"Whore!" a woman screamed. "Seducing your own brother!"

"She's a leech! A parasite!"

Eve was on the floor, covered in wine and food, trying to shield her head as the assault continued. Someone threw a heavy glass bottle, and it struck her, drawing blood.

She was sobbing, hysterical, crawling on the floor. "Damien!" she

cried out, her voice desperate. "Help me! Please!"

She looked to him, her protector, the man who had always shielded her from the world.

But Damien didn't move. He stood frozen, his eyes fixed on her, but the adoration was gone. Replaced by a cold, dead nothingness.

She crawled towards him, grabbing his pant leg. "You promised! You promised you would always protect me! We grew up together! Help me, Damien!"



Chapter 16

Eve clung to his leg, her tears and blood staining the fine fabric of his trousers.

Damien looked down at her, his face completely devoid of pity. The love he had held for her his entire life had curdled into something ugly and cold.

He lifted his foot and kicked her away.

"Is this how you repay me?" he asked, his voice a low, dangerous growl. He advanced on her, and she scrambled backward in terror.

"No, Damien, listen!" she cried. "I was lying to them! To all of them! It's always been you! I only did it to keep them on my side, to make sure they'd help me stop you from marrying her! I did it all for us!"

He didn't believe her. He couldn't. Not after seeing the videos, hearing the same lies she'd told him whispered to six other men.

He kicked her again, hard. "You worthless slut," he spat.

She cried out in pain, clutching her stomach. He grabbed her by the hair, yanking her head back.

"The worst part," he snarled, his face contorted with a pain that was terrifying to behold, "is that I loved you. I thought you were my sister. My family."

He recounted how he had starved so she could eat when they were children on the streets, how he had protected her from the horrors of that life. "You told me blood didn't make a family! You said we had each other, and that was all that mattered!"

"She said that to me, too!" Kenneth suddenly roared from the crowd. His face was a mess of tears and fury. "She knew my parents abandoned me! She used it! She promised she would never leave me!"

One by one, the other Fellows started shouting.

"She told me I was the only one!"

"She said she loved me!"

They all looked at each other, the horrifying truth dawning on them. They had all been played. They were all her fools.

