

Drama

Grace

"Get your hands off my wife!" Ethan roars, gripping my arm again.

I break out of the trance and step away from Tristin, to get almost pulled back to Ethan's side.

His grip is harsh, meant to hurt my arm and leave bruises. I try to break free, but he doesn't let go.

"Mrs. Calder..." One of the old policemen steps forth, his brows furrowed. "did you call to report a kidnapping? Are you held here against your will?"

"Kidnapped?" Ethan huffs. "She is my wife."

"If you are not keeping me by force, you won't mind me leaving right?" I shoot him a cold glance over my shoulder.

His eyes drip with an animosity that is directed solely at me. I grit my jaw, holding his gaze.

Hate me as much as you want. It still won't be enough to match my hatred for you, Ethan.

It feels like a stand-off between us. The people seem to disappear in the background as we glare each other down.

I understand why I hate him. But why is he angry over a misunderstanding? He should be happy that I am getting out of his life. Then why does his ego hurt over what I didn't even do?

“ Ethan, let her go, please. ” Lily holds his arm, shaking it childishly.

I eye her body pressed to his side. A headache starts in my head.

“ It’s enough for today. ” I pull my arm away once more.

“ You are not going anywhere, Grace. ” Ethan tries to tug me in again, but Tristin holds my other wrist, keeping me dangling between the two like candy.

Ethan’s gaze moves to Tristin’s frame. I gulp, my stare switching between the two.

Tristin’s face is unreadable and his eyes, emotionless. But Ethan is visibly livid, his veins popping in the neck and forehead.

“ Listen to your lover, Mr. Calder. And let this poor girl go. ” Tristin says, his voice carrying a hint of iciness.

“ What is she to you? ” Ethan’s eyes twitch in anger.

The temperature continues to drop, making it suffocating in the room. I glance between the two again and try to break free from both of them, but they keep holding me.

It’s a tug of war. It feels like they have no regard for what I want or feel. They are lost in their battle for power and dominance.

“ She can be anything to me. Why does it matter to you? ” Tristin smirks.

His suggestive words leave me stunned. What is...happening?

“ She is still my wife. ” Ethan snarls, his fingers digging into my skin.

" Oh? Then who is Lily to you? " His smirk widens. " Judging by the way she is clinging to you, she seems more like your wife than Grace. "

I freeze, stealing a glance toward Lily. She releases Ethan's arm right away and takes two steps back.

" I—I...it's nothing like that... " She stutters.

Her eyes reflect fear. I don't know if she is faking it or not...but it's surprising. Her wide eyes and trembling lips leave a bitter taste in my mouth.

" If Grace is your wife, you don't mind if I have a word with Lily, do you? " Tristin drawls, his icy gaze landing on the cowering girl.

What is between them?

One seems like a seasoned hunter and the other acts like prey. Now, it feels like Lily is not faking her fear.

" Tristin Roberto. " Ethan lets out through his gritted teeth. " Try and see if you can handle it. "

" Oh, so you want both women? That's interesting. " Tristin chuckles, the deep sound resonating in the silence of the room.

My heart sinks as I turn towards him. He doesn't spare me a glance and releases my arms.

" If she is your wife, it's between you. Of course, I should leave. " He steps away.

My hands turn cold as I gawk at him. Is he ditching me now? I find myself at a loss of words.

"You better get out of my house if you don't want to cross me." Ethan warns, relishing in his victory.

Tristin's gaze flickers towards me. The coldness in his eyes seems to dissipate after he notices whatever is written on my face.

But instead of staying, he turns and strolls to the door.

"We should also leave." Mom murmurs in the background but I can't bring myself to shift my attention to her.

"In this world, no one will save you from me, Grace. No one." Ethan leans in and whispers in my ear.

My head spins. Anger ignites in my veins as I notice the smirk on his lips.

He thinks he won.

"Don't forget the police are still here." I struggle to free myself. "I am not staying with you. Not today. Not any day of my life!"

"Stop fighting!" Ethan hisses, twisting my wrist to tug me closer.

He doesn't care that Lily is watching, with a strange look in her eyes. Her disdain is directed towards me, but her anger is for Ethan.

She tried so hard for him. They plotted so many things together. But Ethan is ruining everything now.

"Ethan—"

Suddenly, a familiar big hand appears in my sight again. I halt, my gaze rising to Tristin's face.

"I just remembered, your wife called me for help. She said I must come because her husband is abusing her." He tightly grips Ethan's wrist and pushes him away.

I stumble back, as Tristin takes my place, wedging himself between Ethan and me.

"A husband doesn't do that, right?" Tristin's tone takes on a sharper edge, his figure radiating a dark power and authority.

A lump forms in my throat as I find the two men glaring each other down again. What is it between them?

"You Bastard—"

"Ethan." Lily cries out, throwing herself in his arms just before he can launch himself on Tristin. "I am so scared. Please. Please, don't fight. Ethan I..."

Her sobs echo in the room. Mom and Dad rush forth, reaching out to their favorite daughter.

And the drama Queen uses this opportunity to conveniently faint again.

Instantly, Ethan forgets that I exist, that Tristin exists, that the policemen in the room exist.

His sole focus is on Lily as he pats her cheeks and calls her name worriedly.



I take my eyes off my parents and my husband worried over Lily and look up at Tristin instead.

There is a familiar bitterness in his eyes, as if he is hiding a lot and someday, he will explode, destroying everything in his path.

I shudder, as his attention shifts to me. Immediately, he hides the ice in his eyes and smiles at me politely.

"Come with me." He murmurs, his voice soft and his palm extending towards me.

I take a moment to look at my so-called family again. They are so engrossed in Lily's drama that they won't notice if I slip away.

So, I do. I take Tristin's warm hand and allow him to lead me away from the chaos.

When the world sees their true faces tomorrow, the chaos will worsen.

No drama will save them anymore.

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