

## Tristin

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" Ms. Whitlock was given a potent Aphrodisiac. It is harmful to her body and brain. It's good that I was called on time, Mr. Roberto. " The doctor reveals, removing his thick glasses and turning to face me.

Instantly, my eyes are drawn to the girl sleeping on the bed, now naked under the sheets.

" How is she now? " I question.

" She will be fine after resting tonight. " He sighs, collecting his things.

He had given her an injection, possibly some antidote and Grace had fallen asleep right away.

" But if she wakes up in the night, please give me a call again, Mr. Roberto. " He says.

" Stay in the next room. You are not going anywhere tonight. " I announce, directing my neutral gaze at him.

The doctor stiffens, his eyes darting towards Luca who is behind me.

" O—Of course, Mr. Roberto, I will stay as long as you need me. "

" Good. Don't fall asleep. " I tell him before moving past him and going to stand beside Grace.

" Let's go, Doctor. I will show you where you are staying. " Luca's voice sounds in the room.

A moment later, they both leave the room and close the door on their way out. The mask of indifference on my face drops as I find myself alone with her.

A frown settles between my brows. Nothing Lily does ever surprises me because I know how cold-blooded she is, but to do something like this to your flesh and blood...

It's...fucking ridiculous.

Unconsciously, my hand reaches to Grace's face. I slide a stray strand of hair behind her ear, watching her peaceful face.

Since the time I have seen her, this is the first time that she appears so comfortable.

My eyes lower to her parted lips. She has beautiful lips, just the kind a man can not resist kissing.

My frown deepens. She is just a pawn in the scheme but she pulls me in like a fucking magnet whenever I come across her. My head goes blank, my hands itch to touch her, and my eyes refuse to move from her face.

That's not what I thought would happen when I finally met her, just like I didn't expect to find her bleeding in the middle of the road.

Maybe, I should have left her there that day.

At that thought, my stomach tightens. It seems like an impossible idea.

When I saw her that day, whimpering and begging for someone's

help, I found myself reaching out to her without a second thought.

It was cruel. That little Bitch of a sister had pushed her, right in front of my fucking eyes, without caring that Grace could have died.

Or maybe, she wanted that. She wanted to kill this soft, and beautiful Butterfly because she is what Lily can never be.

This girl here...has Ethan Calder's heart in her palm but she is unaware of it, just like he is being a clueless bastard. But people like that Bitch Lily and I are not oblivious to the looks of adoration.

Calder can do anything for her. He will only realize it when Grace is out of his reach. Then, his focus will divide and he will no longer want to protect Lily.

I curl my hands into fists and pull away. But my gaze still refuses to avert from her face.

She is so vulnerable. Sometimes it feels like if I handle her roughly, she will crumble, and that fucking thought...

Drives me crazy for some reason.

That's why I am nice to her. Not because I want to be but because I can't help it.

I am not a good person and not a nice one either. People stay away from me because they know I am cruel and will not hesitate to make them suffer.

But something inside me refuses to be the same to her. I want to speak to her softly, touch her gently, and caress her body as she whispers my name in that sinful voice of hers like she did tonight.

My eyes lower to her flushed neck, before tracing a path down to her collarbone. The rest of her soft body is covered with the blanket, but it doesn't help hide the curves of her body.

Blood rushes south, making me sigh. I can not help this instant reaction either. I desire her, even if it's only for one time, and tonight, she has pushed my buttons too much for me to retain any more control.

Can I have her for myself when I am done dealing with that Bitch of a sister and that dumbass of a husband?

I want to. I want to possess her and keep her by my side until this strange itch rubs away and I find myself back to my usual cold self.

But the question is...

Will she let me have her if she knows what I did to her?

Will she let me pleasure her if she knows I lied to her about her husband's infidelity? 1

Will she willingly stay by my side if she knows I let Ethan pass by the security that day in the penthouse so he could take her and drive her to the edge with his shenanigans again?

Will she accept everything I give if she knows I wanted Ethan to barge right into the office today and see her with me? 1

She won't find the real me appealing, now would she? 2

A knock sounds on the door before it clicks open and Luca comes inside. My gaze lands on Grace's face again, still so peaceful and

innocent.

" Lily Whitlock paid those men, Boss. " He informs in a grim voice.

I am not surprised. She paid men to rape her sister because she was so jealous of her innocence, her beauty, and her intelligence.

Everyone can see that except for my Little Butterfly and her dumbass husband.

" Make their deaths excruciating. Hurt them until they beg for it. " I whisper, without taking my eyes off her.

" Yes, Boss. " Luca replies curtly.

" Maybe... " I finally look up at him. " Keep one of them alive. We might need him in the future. "

He nods and turns to leave again.

In the future, I will tear Lily Whitlock into pieces. Everything she likes will go up in flames, her family, her friends, the man she pretends to love. Everything.

And the only one who will remain untouched by the flames will be Grace Whitlock alone.

" I will not hurt you. " I whisper to her, my eyes drooping slightly. 1

In some time, this need to possess her will disappear and I will let her go. She will be happy, with her dreams fulfilled and the toxic people gone from her life. She deserves it, and I will get it for her.

