

Offer

Grace

I am back on that road, my nails clawing at the hard surface as I watch Ethan carrying Lily away. In my blurred, and bloodied view, I see her smirk at me smugly.

They don't stop for me and don't care if I die. Or maybe, they want me gone so they can enjoy their life together. They had already taken my inheritance, my talent, my future...and now they want my life too.

But why must they hurt my Baby too? I don't even know if it's a girl or a boy. I don't even know what my Baby looks like yet. How can you take it away from me?

As I bleed out, and slowly lose consciousness, I feel the warm hands on my shoulder—a savior's touch.

I gasp, sitting up on the bed. My eyes blink wide open as I look around the room. Cold air brushes against my naked skin, making me hyperaware of my state.

Horrified, I look down at my bare chest, as the blanket slips away. Color drains from my face, the last night's memories flashing before my eyes.

I pull the blanket up right away, hiding every inch of my skin up until my neck.

'I—I need you.' My voice echoes in my ears, making my breath speed up.



"How are you now?" Tristin's deep voice sounds from the corner.

Instinctively, my gaze is drawn to him. He is sitting on the wingchair in the corner, his legs spread and his head resting back tiredly. His eyes, now red-rimmed, show a hint of exhaustion while his hair falls over his forehead, covering half of his eyes.

Tristin Roberto, even if he is disheveled and lazy, is a sight to behold. His eyes, which always remain cold, and the hard lines of his face can steal any girl's heart in a moment.

But...I can never be one of those girls. And he should never touch me.

"What happened between us?" I ask with a heavy heart. "did we..."

I can not finish that. I am not a cheater like Ethan.

"I told you. I won't touch you while you are still married to Calder. And I didn't." Tristin blinks lazily.

"Then why am I naked?" My mouth dries.

"I didn't undress you. A female staff member did, Little Butterfly. Your clothes were wet and you could have gotten sick. They needed to be gone." He says and tilts his head to the right.

My jumpy nerves calm at his explanation. I grip the blanket to my chest and realize that it slipped down just a moment ago. My heart misses a beat again.

"I closed my eyes when the blanket dropped, I promise." Tristin whispers.

My jaw hangs low as I direct my gaze back at him. He is staring at me, a strange glint in his eyes that sends a wave of heat down my body.

"You..." I clench the sheets underneath me with my other hand and sigh. "You saved me again."

"I told you I will come for you the moment you call me." Tristin's eyes darken, his lips pressing in a thin line. 1

"And you did. Thank you." My gaze lowers to his chest, now clad in a casual white T-shirt.

He was wearing his suit last night. A suit that got wet under the shower. Suddenly, the whispers of a dark promise make me tremble all over.

"Your sister drugged you and hired those men." Tristin reveals instead of acknowledging my gratitude.

An invisible hand grips my heart. Those words are poisonous. What kind of sister does this?

"I know." I murmur.

"They were paid to..." Tristin trails off, stopping himself from saying something like that.

"Rape me." I finish for him. My heart freezes in my chest. "and record it so she could prove to the world this time that I am the whore and she is the innocent sister. Or maybe, she would have blackmailed me with it to do whatever she wanted."

Shivers run down my spine. I sigh, closing my eyes for a moment.

"You can stop now. I can send you wherever you wish, a place where no one will hurt you again." Tristin offers, his voice soft.

My body freezes, like my heart. Slowly, I blink my eyes open and stare at him.

He can't be serious, right?

"You—You still want to use me for whatever revenge you have planned. There is...no way..." My voice dies as his gaze remains unwavering.

"I will get you the divorce you want. You can start a new life, work in a good company, and make a name for yourself. You can make your dreams come true, Grace. And maybe one day in the future, you will forget how they hurt you." He sounds determined.

My breath catches in my throat. It feels like if I tell him that I want it, he will make it happen for me.

In this moment, an odd sensation spreads in my chest. I swallow, and breathe, and stare at him a little longer.

Sunlight hits his face, making his blue eyes appear bluer and deeper. His brown hair seems to have streaks of golden in them. And his hard face appears gentle.

Silence falls between us. It's heavy and thrilling and dangerous.

"There will be a price to pay, right?" I whisper.

" Maybe. " Tristin grins, making me sigh once more.

" Tristin— "

" Or maybe not. I will just let you go, Little Butterfly so you can fly higher and get everything you want in this life. " He interrupts.

My nose scrunches. " I will pass on that uncertainty. "

" Whatever you want. " He shrugs, the heavy atmosphere dispersing with his careless gesture.

My tense shoulders loosen, and I leave the sheets that I am clenching. Why am I sitting naked on the bed, instead of running to get dressed or asking him to leave?

Suddenly, another thought strikes me. My eyes widen, finding his calm gaze.

" Tristin, I had something in my— "

" Hidden in the bra and peeking out from your shirt? " He finishes, running his forefinger down his nose awkwardly.

I grimace, a blush rising to my face. He looks down and pulls out something from his pocket.

" You have some old-fashioned ways. I should have known what you intended when you asked for a pen recorder from Luca. " Tristin rises to his height and approaches me.

The closer he gets, the harder my heart pumps blood. I get breathless, pull the blanket higher, and grit my jaw.



" Here is your tiny recorder. It didn't stop working after getting wet and recorded everything perfectly. " His hand lifts towards me.

I eye the pen, then look at him. He smirks, his eyes shining with another strange emotion that oddly feels like pride.

" You are cutely smart. " Tristin comments, handing me the recorder. " and naked. "

" You need to get out of the room. " I blurt, pulling the pen to my chest.

" The clothes are in the attached bathroom. Wear them and come out. I am waiting for you. " Tristin utters, before turning and walking out.

After he leaves, I stare at the pen in my hand. I had hidden it under my shirt in such a way that only the tiny camera was hanging below my shirt button, recording everything from the small space.

From the start to the end, every word, every threat, every confession...

I have it now and I will destroy her.



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