

## I am Brave

Grace

" Yes, officer. " I nod at the detective who is watching me keenly.

" Ms. Whitlock, you are saying that your sister and husband pushed you in front of a car, and tried to take your life and this resulted in your miscarriage? " He asks, his old face neutral and professional.

My breath hitches when I hear this aloud once more.

" I have proof. " I whisper, handing the pen drive to him.

" I believe the viral confession was seen by every person in this country already. " He offers me a small smile as he takes the drive from me. " but it can't be called concrete evidence, Ms. Whitlock. Your sister can always claim she was under the influence of alcohol or threatened and there is no mention of your husband being on her side either. "

My shoulders stiffen. " So you mean to say that... "

" It's the Calder and Whitlock family we are talking about, Ms. Whitlock. Surely you understand they can bring in the best lawyers and get out instantly. Knowing that, do you still want to file the case against them? " He questions, his eyes narrowing slightly.

I expected this much. I manage to give him a smile and nod. " No matter how small, I want to cause them every inconvenience I can. "

" Think about it, Ms. Whitlock. You will get hurt during this— "

" How about this piece of evidence, Detective Marlo? " A voice sounds from behind me.

I whip around to face Luca who has come inside. My brows furrow, eyes dropping to the shiny silver pendrive in his hand.

He nods at me in acknowledgment. I nod back curiously and watch as he places the 'evidence' on the desk before taking a step back.

" You are— "

" That shouldn't matter to you. The higher-ups will reach out to you soon. " Luca replies coldly before the detective can ask him anything.

My frown deepens. The detective's eyes switch between me and him before he takes the drive and inserts it into his laptop.

Curious, I witness the detective's expression changing from neutral to surprised, then to grim.

" Is this enough? Or do you want more before you stop being a dog to the Calders? " Luca scoffs, making me blink.

" It's nothing— "

" Save it. Do what Ms. Whitlock wants. " Luca interrupts, and then he is gone, leaving me alone with the detective who is still staring at the screen.

" Rich people do have their ways. " He mumbles.

" What is it? " My mouth dries.

He turns the screen towards me so I can watch. Color drains from

my face as I see everything happening again.

Lily and I are fighting. She grabs me forcefully. Ethan comes up and pushes me. I fall, and the moment I hit the car, my body flies in the air.

Until now...I thought she just wanted to make me look bad in Ethan's eyes, but she had the whole thing planned. In the video, it's clear, that her timing was precise. She wanted me to get hit by the car. She knew Ethan would try to free her and she made sure I was right on the edge for that push. 1

If Tristin's car had not slowed down at the last moment, I might have broken my bones and gotten seriously hurt. It's a miracle that I survived.

Bile rises to my mouth. After everything, Ethan just carries Lily away.

But once he is in the distance, Ethan puts Lily down on the ground carelessly and turns back to me.

I don't know what is in his eyes, but he sees me and rushes back. But he is too late. Tristin is already there, carrying me to the car.

The CCTV footage continues but my mind goes blank. I thought Ethan didn't even look back, but he did. He came back, but as always, it was after a moment of hesitation, and in that moment, he lost me.

The detective receives a call and leaves me alone while I stare blankly at the screen

" With this evidence, we can bring in both your husband and your sister. " Detective Marlo returns and addresses me with a changed, happy tone.

Commented [Ma1]:

" Even with this evidence, you can not keep Ethan Calder in for even an hour. " I whisper, taking my eyes off the screen.

" But if you want, we can make it happen, Ms. Whitlock. " He smiles eagerly.

" Bring my sister in. " I say, and rise from my spot.

Whether Ethan came back or not, I can't deny...that he turned away from me first. While I was bleeding, and crying for help, he turned his back on me.

It was always like this in the past too...no matter what I did, or said, he always turned his back on me. ?

" Arrest Lily Whitlock. She attempted murder on me by attacking me. You can see it in the footage. I want her behind bars without further delay. " I hiss, turning and strolling out of the station.

Another truth is that...no matter what Lily did or said...Ethan never turned his back on her like he did to me.

For him, she always came first and even now, after knowing that she had a hand in killing his child, he will come running to save her.

That's when he will agree to the divorce. To save her, he will turn his back on me again.

It has always been about feelings. Ethan Calder, even when he cared about me, made me feel inferior to my sister.

As I step out, I see the sun setting in the sky. Gloom wraps around me like a thick sheet, refusing to let me go. Seeing myself in that spot again has stolen another piece of my heart.

My legs grow weak, and my arms hang loosely by my sides. It feels like all the energy has been drained and I will remain like this forever.

Suddenly, a familiar black car stops in front of me. The window rolls down and blue eyes peek at me.

"Get in."

I stare at Tristin's cold face for a long time, as if caught in a trance. He doesn't say anything else, just waits.

"How long...have you been here for?" I wonder, my voice sounding foreign.

"Since you ran away from the office without telling me or without calling in sick." He tilts his head, his eyes lowering to my shaking hands.

I wait for his pity but find only ice in his eyes. A breath leaves my mouth before I open the door and slip inside the backseat quietly.

"How long did you have that footage?" I lean back, turning my face towards the window.

The setting sun makes me sad, even if the orange and pink hue in the sky makes it appear beautiful.

"Since I realized that you want to fuck them over." Tristin says in his husky voice.

"I watched myself like that today." I whisper, running my finger across the window's surface. "I was...hurt...and helpless...an—and pathetic."

" Pathetic? You? " Tristin says. My head snaps in his direction, my eyes finding his cold stare.

" I was— "

" Did you break down? " He frowns.

" What? " I breathe.

" Did you stay down? Did you decide to give up? Did you run away? " He shifts his attention to the file in his hand.

I notice the documents he is reading, before looking at his side profile. The cold man, who never shows emotions, always asks questions that leave me speechless.

" Let me answer it for you, if it's too hard. " He doesn't look up from the papers. " You didn't break down, didn't stay down, didn't give up, and didn't run away. "

The haze leaves my mind slowly. The sun has set down completely, and gradually, the darkness is spreading in the world around me but for some reason...it doesn't scare me.

" Do you know what those people are called that don't do any of these things even when they have a chance? " He turns the paper nonchalantly.

I grip the hem of my skirt and continue to stare at him, my heart pounding in my chest.

" They are called brave. " He whispers, taking his eyes off the papers and finally looking into my awaiting eyes. " You are a brave woman,

Little Butterfly. Don't call yourself pathetic. That's a lie. " 1

After saying the most encouraging words I have heard in my life, even if it could be a lie that he is telling, he looks away and gets busy with his documents.

But I...

I remain there, staring at him, his words slowly sinking into the depths of my heart.

I didn't break down, didn't give up, didn't run away. I am not pathetic. I am brave. Only Tristin Roberto says that about me. For some odd reason, he makes me feel worthy. And slowly, I find myself believing his words.

AD is coming  
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