

Final Goodbye

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Grace

Alma just can't leave me alone. I can tell that she is working hard to establish a better connection between us.

It feels weird but not bad.

"What do you think about working again if you get bored?" Alma asks, sitting beside me on the couch in the lounge.

I take my eyes off the news channel on the TV and look at her. "I want to complete my Masters first."

"Are you thinking about returning to—"

"No, Alma." I interrupt her before she can go all full panic mode on me.

She leans back, giving me the chance to explain what I plan on doing. I smile, noticing how she forces herself to calm down because she doesn't want to scare me again.

"I am thinking about transferring to a college here. It might not be easy, but—"

"You have nothing to worry about. I will tell Tristin to handle everything." She grins, making me sigh.

"I want to handle this on my own, Alma. He already has so much to deal with, and I can't continue to rely on him."

"Then you can rely on me. I will make sure you get admission to the best University here, and you won't have anything to worry about. Just focus on your studies and relax." She joins her hands, an excited look flashing across her eyes.

I want to refuse and tell her that I should get things done on my own, but she doesn't give me a chance to say anything.

"I will send you a list, and you can choose where you want to get admission." She says.

I open my mouth to stop her again, but she is already typing away on her phone. I sigh and turn to face the TV.

"This University is the closest to the mansion." She states and then continues to tell me about several other options.

I can't help but shudder. She seems to be more excited than me. It's like she can't wait for me to permanently move into this house and do whatever it is that makes me happy.

I guess she figured that if I am happy, her smitten son will be inevitably happy.

As I nod to her suggestions, my eyes catch sight of the news playing on the TV. I grab the remote and increase the volume.

The images on the screen freeze me on my spot. I can't even hear what the reporter is saying about the gory scene.

Lily is dead—she was murdered last night, and her body was found in a warehouse that belonged to the Calder Corp. Ethan's cufflink was

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discovered as evidence on the murder site, directly linking the murder to him.

Now, the cops are barging into his house to arrest him while the media swarms that area, recording everything.

I watch as they bring him out with handcuffs around his wrists. His head is not lowered, and there is not a single emotion on his face.

He is like a cold wall in the face of all questioning voices. The noise increases, but it's all a buzz in my ears.

In the end, he couldn't change, couldn't get rid of the ice that wrapped around his heart. He killed her.

They take him away, and the scene shifts to the studio, where the anchor briefs about the case. I make out only a few insignificant words before Alma reaches out to the remote and turns off the TV.

My heart is pounding too hard in my chest as I stare at the blank screen. Lily died, and Ethan is now in jail.

What do I feel about it?

"You shouldn't focus on all this chaos, Grace." Alma grabs my cold hands and squeezes them. "You are safe now. You are here with us, and we will never let anyone hurt you again."

She thinks I am scared that I will get pulled into the mess again.

But she is wrong.

I don't care if someone finds a way to blame me somehow.

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I just...

Feel a little sad in my heart.

It feels like I am standing on a cold, isolated road, stuck between the past and the future.

I thought I left my past behind, but it was right there, threatening to consume my thoughts once more.

I didn't get the chance to ask Lily why she hated me. I know why my parents did, but why did she?

I remember...she used to play with me once. We used to sleep in the same room despite having so many rooms in our house.

But then, slowly, she started catching onto how my parents glared at me. She started repeating the hurtful words they said to me. She began to understand that everything in that house belonged to her alone, and I was just a spare.

The poison my parents carried in their hearts...

They injected into her veins and turned her into this vicious person who thought she could get what she wanted, even if it meant she had to snatch it.

She turned into someone who was always hungry for more, who couldn't stop wanting things others had because she was taught that everything in this world was for her.

"It's finally over. That wench is gone." Alma murmurs, still holding

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onto my hands to comfort me.

Yes, the wench is gone.

It's over.

A cold weight settles on my guts. I don't know why I feel like this—  
Like...I am in a daze.

My phone starts ringing, and it brings me out of the daze  
momentarily. I grab it and see the unknown number before picking it  
up.

The person on the other side greets me, but I don't have it in me to  
reply to him.

" We are done with the formalities, Ms. Whitlock. We can't reach your  
parents, so we are calling you. Please confirm if you will receive Ms.  
Lily Whitlock's body. "

I suck in a sharp breath and look down at Alma's hand around mine.

My parents are gone, and I don't really know what Tristin did to them.

Now, my sister is dead, and no one is there to receive her body.

All those that I considered family once are gone.

But I don't feel alone or lonely.

I feel just a pang in my heart, and a thought continues to haunt me.  
Was there ever a way to fix what was wrong?

" Ms. Whitlock. " The voice sounds from the speaker.

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" Yes, I will. " I murmur in a trance.

He starts telling me about the procedure and the time when I should come, but it all starts to sound like a continuous buzz in my ears once more.

It's a final goodbye. To my old self and my family, that never was.



Comments



Support

AD is coming