

69.

+5 Points

69.

How could you? I let you into the corners of my soul. Shared secrets I'd never dare speak aloud. And still, you choose to twist the knife. Was my trust too fragile, too easy to break? I called you my friend, my safe haven. But you turned my sanctuary into ruin. Do you even feel the weight of your betrayal? Or am I the only one drowning in this pain? Tell me, how could you be so cruel, when I gave you my trust?

Dave's hands balled into fists at his sides, his body trembling under the weight of his memories. It felt as if he were reliving that moment as if he could still feel his father's cold body against his skin. He shut his eyes, pain coursing through his veins like hot lava.

"He left that night, in the cold, while he was sick. While you were off throwing some childish tantrum, my father was out there," his voice rose with anger as the hand holding the gun jabbed toward Hunter, whose face twisted into something akin to pain and guilt. "... trudging through the woods, sick and exhausted, looking for you. Do you know what it's like to sit up all night, waiting

69.

and worrying about someone you know is sick, without having the power to do anything? Do you know what it's like to open your eyes to find your father dead? His lifeless body was pale, cold, and peaceful, as if he were asleep, when, in reality, he was gone. Gone forever. Do you?"

Ad

Ads-free >

His voice cracked, and he turned away for a moment, dragging a hand through his hair as if trying to hold himself together. When he turned back, his eyes were blazing.

"You killed him," Dave said, his voice low but seething with fury. Hunter shut his eyes as if that

69.

would hide the pain and guilt coursing through him. "You and your father. Maybe you didn't mean to, maybe it wasn't deliberate, but it doesn't matter. His death is in your hands. And while you went on with your privileged life, arguing with your father, playing the rebellious son, I was grieving the only person who ever cared about me."

Hunter's eyes snapped open, his face pale, and for a moment, he looked like he might respond, but Dave wasn't finished.

"And do you know what's worse?" Dave continued, his voice rising again. "Not once - not once did anyone apologize. No one came to me and said, 'We're sorry for what we did.' No one even acknowledged it. Your father ordered the workers to 'clean it up,' as if my father's life was just another mess to sweep under the rug. And you... you didn't even notice." He let out a dry chuckle, which ceased almost immediately. "You probably didn't even know his name! You probably didn't notice someone died because of your childish tantrum."

The room was silent except for the sound of Dave's ragged breathing. He stared at Hunter, his chest heaving with the weight of years of suppressed anger and grief.

69.

"So no, Estelle," Dave said, his voice quieter now but no less intense. "This isn't something you can fix. This isn't about revenge, or bitterness, or pettiness. This is about justice. My father deserved better. And if no one else will make this right, then I will."

Estelle could only stare, her mouth wide open, her heart pounding in her chest as tears she hadn't noticed streamed down her face. Never had she heard anything like this. She didn't know about the story. Truthfully, she hadn't even known of Dave's existence until later, when she befriended him just to be closer to Hunter. But as time went on, she had seen him as a friend - not only because of Hunter but because he truly was her friend. However, she hadn't imagined something this big had happened to him, that his small body housed so much hatred and pain.

"And that is why I made it my life's goal. The thought of destroying you all, one by one, fueled me to stay alive. The thought of making your life a terrible one was exhilarating. I wanted to take it slowly. And as if God agreed with my plan, aiding the poor orphan, He sent Carla. Carla was easy prey - a little dose of money, and she'd do whatever you wanted her to. I was so happy when her presence caused a rift between you and your

69.

father, until the b***h ran away, almost ruining my plan. And then," he whipped around so sharply that Estelle squirmed back in her chair, her heart trembling with fear at the hatred burning in Dave's eyes. For the first time, he looked at her with so much emotion.

"You came back. I so wish you didn't because, somehow, I didn't want to hurt you, but your clinginess and greediness cost you everything - even your child. You just couldn't stay away, could you?"

Estelle froze, and slowly she brought her eyes to Dave's as the realization settled in.

"You've got to be kidding me," Hunter muttered, his jaw clenched as he tugged hard at the restraints, piecing together what Dave had said.

"You..." Estelle's voice trembled as she tried to put two and two together. "You were behind the accident?"

"No," Dave smirked, his face filled with hatred and malice. "I was behind the wheel."

A cry escaped Estelle's lips, a cry so intense it wracked her body with pain, while Hunter only hissed, tugging at his restraints. His eyes locked on Dave.

69.

"Let me go, you bastard," Hunter growled, tugging hard at the restraints. His eyes darted to Estelle, whose head slumped, her body trembling as she cried. It was heartbreaking to see her that way, knowing her friend had caused the accident that cost them their child.

"But why? How could you do this to me?" Estelle cried out loudly.

Dave stared at her for a long moment, his face twisting into something akin to pain, as if he felt remorseful, until he said his next words. "Because I had to." He shrugged like it was nothing, and Estelle gasped in disbelief.

"I gave you a chance. Honestly, I didn't want to hurt you, even though what happened that night was your fault. Your clinginess and desire for attention that wasn't there had fueled Paul's greed. Still, I didn't want to hurt you or add you to my revenge list. That's why I had Carla separate you from Hunter, to shield you from what was coming. But like a lovesick puppy, you went back to him again and again." He punctuated his words with a jab of his finger. "Imagine how pissed I was at you disrupting my plans every damn time. And just when you two separate, just when I thought my plan was going smoothly, you come up with a

69.

pregnancy result.”

Hunter’s eyes darted to Estelle, wide with surprise, but Estelle’s gaze was locked on Dave.

“Tell me,” Dave continued. “Tell me what I was supposed to do when that thing could disrupt my plan again, my revenge against Paul. If Paul found out you were pregnant, he would glue Hunter to you, and I had a plan. A damn plan,” he groaned, whirling around and pulling his hair roughly.

Estelle and Hunter just watched in silence.

Estelle’s body trembled with sobs, while Hunter’s emotions ranged from anger and fear to guilt.

“I planned to take away what was precious to Paul. We all know what’s important to Paul is money, but that’s not all. You,” he pointed to Hunter. “You’re what he valued the most, his lifelong investment, and that was why he wanted you to marry Estelle to add to his greed. I planned to separate you from his wish, turn you against each other, and then I could have my sweet revenge on your family. But no, people like Estelle and Ryan just had to poke their noses where they didn’t belong, ruining everything. Well, glad I already took care of that anyway.”

The two went completely still in their chairs.

69.

"What..." Estelle gasped, tears streaming from her wild eyes. "What did you do to him?"

Dave held her gaze for a long moment before responding with a carefree shrug, "Ryan? Nothing

Ads-free >

much. Just a little accident..."

"You bastard," Estelle muttered, then shouted, "You're a devil!" She shrieked and thrashed violently, but Dave only laughed.

Hunter's jaw clenched as he glared at Dave, his eyes blazing with anger. Despite the rage and the urge to unleash his fury, Hunter said, "Stop, please.

69.

"He spoke loud enough to be heard over Estelle's cries and screams. "If you have a problem with me, fine. But please, leave her out of this. Let her go." He pleaded, his head bowed as Estelle's screams and cries tore into his heart. This was his fault, and if Dave wanted his heart for his sin, then he could have it, as long as he allowed Estelle to go free. He couldn't bear to watch her suffer for the sins of him and his father.

"Apologies," Dave's words cut like a knife, "but she's already my problem."

Suddenly, the faint sound of sirens reached Dave's ears, and he froze, his eyes widening, his bravado faltering instantly. "You called them?" he hissed, turning the gun fully toward Hunter now.

Hunter's brow furrowed in confusion. "Who?"

"Don't play with me, Hunter," Dave shouted, his confidence spiralling into panic.

Hunter regarded him with a perplexed look, even Estelle.

"You called the police, didn't you?" Dave finally stated.

That was when Hunter took notice of the faint sound of the sirens. "I didn't," he said firmly, a bit

69.

+5 Points

confused. He hadn't alerted the police.

But Dave wasn't listening. Panic crept into his voice. "Of course, you did. Don't lie to me." Dave screamed, waving the gun erratically, his emotions spiralling out of control. "It's what people like you do, always trying to cover your tracks." His hand shook violently as he pointed the gun at Hunter, stepping closer.

"Please, Dave" Estelle's voice was small but desperate, her hands still restrained as she begged him while her eyes followed the gun with fear in her heart. "Please, don't do this. We can work this out. Just let us go."

"Just shut up," Dave snapped at her.

The next moment happened too quickly. Dave accidentally pulled the trigger due to the force of his shout and the fear of the approaching sirens.

The deafening c***k of a gunshot echoed in the room, followed by a piercing scream.



9

Comments



155

Vote



Watch videos get points (0/20) >