

Stop Acting

Grace

Ethan's gaze traces Tristin's figure before dropping on my legs, his jacket, and slowly meeting my gaze again.

His eyes become intense, almost promising torture and pain. If looks could kill, I would be long dead.

" Ah, Ethan Calder. " Tristin rises, a cold smile playing on his lips.

Ethan doesn't take his eyes off me. It makes me nervous, and ashamed. It feels like I got caught doing something wrong. 1

But I was not doing...anything like that.

That line of thoughts makes me stiffen. Even if I do something wrong, what does it mean to Ethan?! It's not like he is a saint.

" You are desperate for a divorce. Can't wait to get in your lover's bed without any remorse? " Ethan scoffs, each word dripping with venom.

I narrow my eyes on him. " You are the one who was desperate for divorce, did you forget?! "

" You refused it then. You were so whiny about leaving me. " He walks closer, his eyes fixed solely on me.

" I was a fool back then. I didn't know how cruel you were! " I reply, standing from my spot so I don't feel small when he is approaching me with such a dangerous look.

" Wrong. You wanted to continue to make a fool out of me. And now

that I know your truth and worth, you suddenly don't feel like staying my wife! " He hisses, throwing papers in my face suddenly.

Gasping, I step back but don't get hit. Tristin comes in front of me, blocking my view of an enraged Ethan.

" I suggest you consider your actions carefully, Ethan. " Tristin says, his tone icy.

The temperature in the office drops, making me shudder. I glance at the papers lying beside Tristin's feet. 'Divorce agreement' is written in bold letters on them.

A frown appears between my brows. I didn't send the divorce papers to Ethan yet.

" Now you will tell me how to deal with MY wife? " Ethan growls.

" If I have to. " Tristin replies coolly.

I take my eyes off the papers and look up, just in time to see Ethan closing the distance between him and Tristin. He punches Tristin's face, causing him to stumble a few steps back.

Unconsciously, I rush back, my spine hitting the desk and making me wince.

" You fucker! " Ethan hisses, raising his fist again but Tristin grabs his collar in time and throws him back.

In moments, the scene turns into a messy brawl. Tristin hovers over Ethan, punching his face for a few seconds before Ethan takes over.

My heartbeat escalates as I watch in complete horror. They beat

each other up.

" Your psycho brother tortured Lily all this time. " Ethan snarls, his fist connecting with Tristin's cheek. " and now you are after my wife, asshole?! "

Tristin laughs coldly. " yes, I am after your wife. I am going to keep her by my side and fuck her whenever I want! What can you do? "

The ground slips from beneath my feet. His cruel words strike a deep part of my heart. I clench my fists, as Tristin pushes Ethan on his back and begins punching him violently.

Blood stains their clothes, their lips and noses bleeding but they continue to go back and forth.

" The bastard she carried was yours, wasn't it?! " Ethan shouts, his face becoming a mess.

Tristin's fist halts mid-air as he glares at the man whose collar he is still gripping. My heart sinks, as I wait for Tristin to deny it.

I can bear anything. If Ethan believes I am a whore and cheated on him during our marriage, it's fine. If he thinks I never once loved him and deceived him, I don't care. If he believes I am a liar and a cold-hearted bitch, he can gladly misunderstand.

But...whenever he points a finger at my child that I lost because of him, my heart breaks all over again. It feels like my child can't catch a break even in death and this world seems so dark.

" What would you do if it was? " Tristin smirks, making me freeze on my spot.

Ethan's glare intensifies. With a hard push, he throws Tristin away. They both get to their feet and start hitting each other again.

My breathing feels labored. I move my back off the desk and approach them.

" Stop it. " I whisper.

" I will fucking kill you. " Ethan yells, punching Tristin's stomach.

" It won't change anything. You will still be a fool, Calder. " Tristin's smirk widens.

These two always appear stoic and calm. But in this moment, they seem like wild animals after each other's life.

" Stop it! " I hiss, grabbing Ethan's arm to stop him from hitting Tristin.

He pushes me back. I yelp, as my feet give out from under me and the side of my head hits the edge of the desk.

Instantly, my head spins. Black dots appear in my sight, blinding me to the world.

" Grace! " Tristin yells my name.

I shake my head and touch the right side. The warm liquid coats my fingers, sending a shudder down my back.

" Asshole. " He mutters under his breath as his hands touch my wrists and pull down my arms.

" Don't fucking touch her. " Another cold voice joins in.

My ears start ringing with the intensity of pain. I slip back, wanting to get away from both of them.

"I didn't mean to hurt you like this." Ethan whispers worriedly.

"You—You always—do." I stutter, blinking to clear my vision.

They are on either side of me, staring at me in concern. My gaze meets Ethan's dark eyes. I suck in a sharp breath as I find his hand rising to my cheek.

Instinctively, I slip away and into Tristin's arm. He catches me and pulls me closer. My heart drowns as Ethan takes me in, before glaring at Tristin.

"Get—Get out of...my life...Ethan." I whisper, pressing my palm to my bleeding wound again.

His eyes harden and lower to my stare. "I won't let you get away so easily, Gracie. You will pay for each betrayal, each lie, and each false confession of love."

Like his eyes, my eyes harden on him too. I don't feel the need to correct him. He has been betraying me all this time, so why does he care if I did the same to him? Why did Lily even feel the need to tell him these lies?

"For now...why don't you...go back to your Lily?" I try to hiss but only manage a wince.

"In simple words, you should get lost before I am forced to kick you out." Tristin adds, holding my arms firmly.

“ You believe I will leave you here? ” Ethan smirks and grabs my wrist, tugging me towards him harshly. “ You are coming with me, dear wife. We are not divorced yet. ”

I jerk my wrist free and slap him with the same hand, causing his head to turn to the side.

“ Don’t touch me with those filthy hands again! ” My energy returns even if my head continues to spin with pain. “ Ethan Calder, you are a monster who feels pity for no one! ”

His face remains turned to the side for a long time as he takes some deep breaths. I curl my fist, pulling it back to myself.

Suddenly, he faces me, cruelty dripping from his cold eyes. His fingers come up to touch my chin gently.

“ Your Grandma contributed a lot to the Whitlock Corporation, didn’t she? ” He says, his lips morphing into a ruthless smile.

“ You need another beating. ” Tristin hisses, his muscles tensing against my back.

“ You wouldn’t want me to destroy everything she held dear now, would you? ” His voice drops, making me swallow.

“ Dickhead, I am going to— ”

“ Go ahead. Do your worst. ” I interrupt Tristin, and hold onto his forearm tightly. “ do whatever you think will scare me and see if you can control me. I am waiting and watching! ”

Ethan stares at me for a while, without caring that my head is still

bleeding.

"You will regret it. When you come begging later, I won't go easy on you." He utters threateningly and storms out without looking back.

Just as the door closes with a bang, I crawl away from Tristin. My ears are ringing and my heart is about to break out of my ribcages.

Ethan is not someone who backs out of his threats.

"Grace." Tristin whispers softly and approaches me again.

"Stop acting now." I mumble, keeping my eyes on the floor.

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