

Fire

Grace

As I stroll inside the RB tower, I notice the crowd gathered near the reception but don't pay much attention.

I take the elevator and go to my floor. When the doors ding open, some pair of eyes fall on me. Instantly, the atmosphere on the floor becomes chilling and uncomfortable as the always busy people gossip to each other.

I have no doubt it's about the direct approval of a mere leave from the CEO himself.

"How do you think she is connected to the CEO?" I hear a Redhead talking in hushed voice to the two girls looming over her.

"How else? She probably slept with him."

"She is a looker, I must admit but Mr. Roberto can not take a liking to someone like her. He avoids women like plague."

The comment piques my interest. Avoids women like plague huh?

"That's true. I don't think he is sleeping with her. Maybe it's one of his personal assistants."

The hushed gossips follow me until I sit down on my desk in the lonely corner of the floor, right beside Mr. Costello's office.

"You are really something. You managed to get the CEO to back you up on your second day of work." The batch of those three women

chases me to the desk.

I eye them, and their flashy outfits before lowering my head. "If you are here to pick a fight or attempt bullying, you should know better. If you think the CEO favored me, you must realize that he won't take kindly to others bullying me."

"You! You think you are all high and mighty just because you are hooking up with one of his assistants, bitch? Wait until you get dumped. All women like you do end up in the ditch sooner or later." The redhead, their leader sneers before they proudly saunter back to their desks.

I don't bother looking at them again. It's true that I have Tristin's favor. I just don't have any meaningful relationship with him.

Besides, I just realized something. There is no need to fight anything anymore. Tristin is using me, so it's fine if I do the same. It just makes us even.

I turn on my computer and see Mr. Costello's email. He has sent me some design files, asking me to compile them into a presentation form and prepare things for him.

I was hired into the company as an architect but he is adamant about making an assistant out of me.

I purse my lips and do my work silently. There is no point in complaining.

Eventually, the gossiping people return to their work and leave me alone.

Even if they hadn't, they would have forgotten about me in a few

days. That's what people do, I guess. Once they find a new hot topic, the old one becomes history. 1

As I work on making the presentation, and compile the designs, my fingers pause across the keyboard. A minor error tempts me to run a simulation to see the design come to reality.

It runs smoothly, and others can not notice the little problem which can result in a big mishap after the whole design is built.

My brows lift at the result. I sigh and send a reply to Mr. Costello.

" Mr. Costello. There is a problem with the blueprint calculations. Maybe you should have the designs checked again. " I suggest after the greetings and send it before assessing the blueprints again.

Indeed, the support under the building is too weak and can not hold the weight of the design.

How did the top people miss this?

My brows furrow. It's almost like they forgot the basics.

The door to Mr. Costello's office opens and the familiar blonde, Linda steps out. Unconsciously, my gaze is drawn to the creases on her collar before flickering towards the closing door where I can see Mr. Costello zipping his pants.

I grimace, turning to my computer instantly. So much for calling me a ladder climber! He's been having sex in his office with the employees.

I notice how people turn a blind eye to whatever is happening and sigh. After a moment, the door to Mr. Costello's office opens and he shouts.

" Grace! To my office, right now! "

Startled, I jump in my spot before hurrying towards his office. Disgust makes me grimace again as I stop my eyes from wandering to any surface in his office.

He sits behind his desk and grabs a stash of papers before throwing it in my direction. This time, I sidestep early, causing the papers to fall on the floor.

" Who do you think you are? Just because you have someone hooked from the CEO's office, you suddenly think you are so talented? " He yells, spit flying out of his mouth.

I suppress the urge to blurt how he is the one who is abusing his power but I keep my mouth closed.

What's the point?

I won't work here for long.

" What is it about? " I ask, clenching my hands.

" You dare to point fingers at the design made by the best architects in the fucking world?! What credentials— "

" I merely suggested for you to double-check things, Sir. I didn't point fingers at anyone. " I interrupt.

" Suggestion? " He laughs mockingly. " now bitches who crawl into a new man's bed every day will give ME suggestions? "

I sigh. " Sir— "

" Why don't you stick to what you are good at? Go sleep with your link and ask him to convince me to give your suggestion a chance or maybe you can just satisfy me right now and I will grant you a favor. "

He scoffs, his lips turning into a crooked grin.

I should get angry. He has no right to belittle me. But surprisingly, it feels like emotions have disappeared after talking to Alma.

" The HR department will perhaps convince you to consider my suggestion. I was hired as an architect. I have every right to give my input, and then you can decide whether you want to act on it or not. "

I blink coldly.

" Are you threatening me with the HR right now? " He narrows his eyes.

" I have rights. I can always use them. " I turn and walk towards the door. " Maybe, you should understand that before I decide to use them. "

" You bitch— "

His voice cuts off as I open the door, step out and close it. All eyes turn to me, disdain and mockery clear in them.

Ignoring their glares, I return to my table and decide to find HR's mail and write an email. Not everything needs to reach Tristin. The company's hierarchy can manage everything.

Just as I click on the company's website, my phone lights up with a notification. I ignore it when I notice an unknown number.

" Did you hear Ms. Whitlock's sister tried to kill her? " The gossip

party starts.

I press my lips in a thin line. In the video with Lily, my face was shielded, and the Whitlock family has never cared enough to let me make a public appearance so people are still oblivious to my identity. 1

And they gossip without caring that I am listening.

" I heard she sent her innocent elder sister behind bars and hired some thugs to burn down the police station! Can you believe it? Her audacity surprises me! How can that bitchy sister be so cruel to Lily, that innocent and talented woman?! "

My fingers flying over the keyboard pause and freeze in the air. 1

" I heard Lily got hurt in the fire and her hands burned. "

Their voices continue as I glare at the screen. So Lily set a trap for me again?

I rise from my spot, my fingers clenching tightly. Before I can march away from the loud women, the elevator doors open on the floor, and a familiar, cold face comes into my view.

" Grace Whitlock. " He seethes.

Here comes the dog on the leash to show his masculinity again.

But it's good.

Tristin wants Ethan to engage with me so he can find an opening to get to Lily. I won't be surprised if he deliberately allows Ethan everywhere, because Tristin in honesty, is a wolf in sheep's clothing. I can see that, and I won't pretend that I can't.

+20 BONUS

"Ethan Calder, you are shameless!" I blink and scoff.

I might as well enjoy Lily's little attempt at pushing me under the bus again.

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Not interesting at all

Very interesting



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AD is coming