

Be My Wife Again

Grace

I couldn't guess what Tristin really meant by destroying Ethan this time.

But in the days to come, I got to know the depth of his words and threats.

First, an employee from the Calder Corporation became a whistleblower. He revealed the under-the-table deals that got Calders most of the contracts they bid for.

Their stocks plummeted after the news aired.

It didn't stop there. Several people came forth, with accusations of workplace harassment the next day.

On the third day, another executive decided to disclose that some of the material used in the construction of the Calder projects was of poor quality, which could become the reason for a building's collapse under any minor straining condition. 1

I watched new things on the news channel every day. Corruption charges, embezzlement charges, harassment charges, and so much more that I couldn't even keep up with.

Lawsuits after lawsuits, secrets after secrets...everything started drowning Ethan's name. Whenever the reporters caught up to him, he had a cold glint in his eyes and a concealed anger only I could sense.

But my focus remained on his shoulder. He could hide the injuries

beneath his expensive suit, but he couldn't get rid of the pain I caused him this time.

And in my sick mind, I prayed that it should hurt a hundredfold more, that it should hurt him every day, that he shouldn't sleep without writhing in pain every night.

By the fourth day, Calder Corporation took a big hit, and it was not as powerful as it was a week ago.

I didn't feel anything over that. I just wondered why Ethan was not retaliating. Surely he was not an idiot who didn't realize that Tristin was pulling the strings behind the scenes.

After five days passed, I found myself disinterested in what was happening to him and more in what Tristin was going to do to Ethan once the week was over.

The thought kept me on the edge, and I couldn't sleep the whole night.

It's not like I cared about whether Ethan lived or died. It was just that I didn't want Tristin to do something like that for me.

I was worried about Tristin, about what Alma might think if she ever found out what her son was planning on doing because of me.

That's why, when the sun rises the next morning, I dial Ethan's number. The call is picked up on the first ring as if he was waiting for me to reach out.

"How far do you want to take it?" I scoff, without any greetings.

"My shoulder is healing." He replies, his voice low and drained.

" I do not care whether it's healing or rotting Ethan. If it's up to me, I will want you to lose it altogether. " I hiss, walking towards the window in my room.

I have been cooped up in here after my encounter with Tristin. It's not because I am scared of him or find him to be a monster.

It's just because Tristin made me feel weird that day in the hospital.

It felt like...

We are not partners in crime anymore.

It felt like...he was trying to make us into something else, something I don't want us to be.

The heat in his gaze, the longing, and the raw desire for things that are beyond my understanding made me withdraw from him.

I have been avoiding him in the office and at his home, always waiting for him to leave me alone.

And to my relief, he has kept the distance between us. He doesn't drop me at the office anymore. He sends Luca alone.

He doesn't ask me to have breakfast, lunch, or dinner with him now. He asks the butler to deliver the food so I don't go hungry.

It feels like he is letting me avoid him, but at the same time, I realize that he still remembers me every single moment of the day and I don't know...

I don't know what to make of it.

" Grace. " Ethan whispers after a long pause of a heavy silence.

My heart clenches. For half my life, I loved this man, and he has left me incapable of finding happiness in this life.

Sometimes, I wonder how things would be if I met Tristin when I was not Ethan's wife.

I shudder at the thought and push it away. " Ethan, drop this useless topic now. You wanted a divorce from the start. Let's stick to it. Sign the papers, and hand them to me. Then you can go your way and I can go mine. Don't complicate things any longer. "

I have been repeating the same words. I feel dumb at this point. So why doesn't he understand?!

" Do you love him? " His deep voice, full of anger and agony sounds through the speaker.

I freeze on my spot, my breath hitching in my throat.

" Once you said, you love me. You said you will love me forever no matter how hard or long that is. How can you forget that? How can you grab another man's hand in front of me? " He whispers hoarsely.

" Why don't you ask this question to yourself when you always grab Lily's hand in front of me? " I can't help but chuckle at the irony of this situation.

He loves my sister and cheats on me, yet he hates the idea of seeing me with another man.

" Grace. " He hisses under his breath.

I sigh, my heart growing heavier by the passing moment. "If you are holding onto me because of your ego, Ethan, because you don't want me to be with another man after I leave you...just give up on that thought and divorce me. I don't wish to fall in love again. I have learned my lesson the first time."

Silence falls on the other side again. I wait for a long time, then decide to hang up.

Maybe, I should take it to court before Tristin does something foolish. I have my shares now, and money is not a problem anymore.

"Be my wife again." He says.

"That's not possible." I reply sternly.

"For tonight. Be my wife and attend an auction with me." Ethan asserts, his tone hard and cold.


I suck in a sharp breath, "Ethan—"

"I will sign the papers after that." He adds before I can refuse him.

I purse my lips in a thin line and stare out the window, at the flowers in the garden. Alma is tending to the roses. She always does this in the morning and that's when I watch her.

"I will pick you up at 7. Don't prepare anything. I have everything handled." Ethan announces and hangs up, not giving me a chance to protest.


In the distance, Alma picks her head and her eyes meet mine. My cheeks flush at getting caught staring at her secretly.

 +5 BONUS

But Alma smiles, and waves at me. After the day I promised her that I would leave their lives, she became kind to me again.

I smile and wave back at her. She smiles wider before focusing on the flowers, watering them, cutting their stems, and lovingly stroking them as if they are her friends.

I release a heavy breath. If I can get rid of Ethan in a peaceful way, without disrupting Tristin and his family's life, then I should go.

I turn around and march towards the wardrobe that Alma put together for me. It's time for me to go to the office and if everything gets settled tonight, I will never have to go there again. 



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