

Childish Taunts

Grace

I thought about telling Tristin but I couldn't bring myself to approach him.

Silently, I slipped out of his mansion and sat inside the car awaiting me. It felt unfamiliar.

While we were pretending to be a happily married couple, Ethan never made the effort to bring me to these events. He used to ask me for formality and I always refused because I was not comfortable.

That's it. He never insisted or asked me why I was not comfortable going to these events. He never cared to know that the high society people called me a whore, schemer, or shameless sister.

Despite everything I did to save my family's reputation and Ethan's special day, I became the villain in everyone's eyes. Which sister takes her sister's groom—people used to ask me. And I had no answer to this.

Sighing, I got out of the car in front of the building where a famous designer's boutique was. In the next few hours, I was forced into a sparkly silver dress, that clung to my skin and shimmered under the lights. My hair was curled, and the waves were left hiding my dress' low V-cut neck.

The makeup artists did the magic and in no time, I was all ready with a light, natural makeup enhancing my features.

After they were done, they left the room.

That's why, now I sit here, my gaze fixed on Tristin's contact in my phone.

Maybe, I should just send him a text to let him know I am going to this event. I open the textbox and pause again.

"Boss is waiting for you in the car, Mrs. Calder." Josh's voice startles me.

I sigh, looking at him through the mirror. He is dressed in a black suit, ready to escort me to Ethan.

What a joke!

Ethan can't even pretend to be a gentleman.

I scoff, gathering my dress and marching behind Josh silently to get this over with.

The familiar black car awaits me in the parking. Josh opens the backside door, and I slip inside.

Instantly, Ethan's masculine cologne fills my space, making me hold my breath.

How many times did I fantasize about such a moment before?

Now that we are here, sitting so close, everything has gone to hell already. My lips curl into a self-mocking smile as I decide to stare out the window.

"You always refused to accompany me to any event before. I thought you disliked going out. Now look at you, sitting here,

because you have no choice. " Ethan hums, his voice deep and close.

" How is your Lily? Are her BURNED hands all better? " I let out a mocking laugh and steal a glance at him.

His eyes are on me, emotionless and devoid of warmth. I stiffen, taking in his expensive fitted, black suit and the watch he wears on his wrist.

The sight of that watch freezes me for a second. I stare as he picks that hand up and slides a stray hair behind my ear.

" She got me again. I am sorry. " His voice is smooth now, almost hypnotizing but I have stopped falling for it.

I draw my head away with a jerk and look out the window again. It doesn't matter that he is wearing the watch I gifted him on his birthday.

When he received it, he said my taste was tacky. He asked why I couldn't pick up a limited edition watch given that I was buying it with his money.

I had no answer to that. But my heart did break back then.

So now, it doesn't matter if he is wearing that watch.

" I brought the papers in case— "

" I have them. Like I said, I will fulfill your wish. " Ethan interrupts, his voice rising in volume.

I press my lips in a thin line and nod, refusing to let him know that he messed with my head again.

" I got Lily bailed out of the police station. She won't be going back there, Grace. I am telling you in advance so you don't get angry later. " Ethan says.

I take in a deep breath. I anticipated this much.

But...I am at peace. Tristin will deal with Lily even after I die. He will make sure she suffers hell in life and in death.

" Did you tell your Lover boy about our date tonight? " He asks, his voice tinged with a hint of mockery.

My breath catches in my throat when I think about Tristin. " It's none of your business, Ethan. Stop with your childish taunts. "

" You said you won't be with another man after I divorce you. What happens to him then? " He chuckles darkly.

My mouth dries as I glare at the tall hotel building in the distance and refuse to answer him anymore.

As expected, the car comes to a halt in front of a red carpet. For a second, the security standing beside our car makes me sigh in relief.

Maybe, I was thinking too much about—

In the next second, the reporters swarm the place from all sides, surrounding our car as if we are celebrities.

The flashes of the camera make me turn my head towards Ethan. My blood turns to ice in my veins.

" You planned this, didn't you? You want the whole world to know

who I am so you can pressure me into staying with you or make it worse for me? " I clench my hands at my sides.

Ethan glances at the window behind me before his gaze slowly flickers towards my face. His eyes soften. His hand cups my cheek gently.

" I never got to do it before because you never let me, Grace. It's only right...that before you decide to force your way out of my life...you should first get acknowledged as my wife. " His eyes lower to my quivering lips and then meet my narrowed gaze once more. " You need to first become mine. Then you can decide against it. "

A lump forms in my throat. Josh opens my side of the door, and the flutters of the cameras filter inside, capturing every moment.

Ethan gets out of the car, rounds it, and stands on my side, offering me his hand. I need to find a way out of this.

Suddenly, he grabs my wrist and pulls me out of the car before I can come up with something.

His arm wraps around my waist, forcing me to stand beside him, letting the cameras capture us—side by side, together.

" Mr. Calder, we heard Mrs. Calder and you were having issues in your married life. Is everything better now? "

" Mrs. Calder, did your sister Lily Whitlock try to kill you? "

" Mr. Calder, why did you bail out your wife's sister who tried to kill her? "

Mr. Calder. Mrs. Calder. Endless questions.

Josh and the bodyguards push the reporters aside after the ordeal is done. Ethan leads me inside the hotel venue where the event is held.

Our entrance silences the people present. They turn to us, their eyes drilling into my front like bullets.

Ethan leans in and whispers in my ear. " You didn't tell him that you are coming with me, did you? "

Confused, I glance up at him, our faces inches apart. " what are you _ "

Ethan's lips curl into a smirk. " How can I let you be sad on a special day? I made sure to take you to the place where you can always see your lover boy. "

My heart misses a beat as I look ahead, and search among the crowd. Finally, my eyes meet the pair of blue orbs, watching me from the distance. Cold, distant, and enraged.

" This is my gift for you, my wife. I have been tolerating your lover boy's antics for the past few days, just for you. But you want a divorce and I will give it to you. But this means, I will not tolerate his schemes after that. Let me show you what happens when I stop playing the defensive. " Ethan's deep voice whispers in my ear, presenting a sensual picture to the world and at the same time, making my head spin.