

Drunk

Grace

Ethan doesn't look shocked this time. He grits his jaw and looks back at me, his eyes raging.

Suddenly, Ethan grabs my arms and pulls me towards him. Silence falls in the Hall, all eyes on us, waiting for this formidable man to take his revenge.

"What?" I smirk. "Do you not like your wife anymore? Do you want to kill me?"

"Forget about it." Ethan hisses under his breath, his hold tightening over my arms.

"What?" I search his face.

"Forget about the divorce." He whispers and pulls me closer. "Even if you beg and cry—" 1

"Ethan." Lily screams.

My brows lift as my gaze rises to Lily. She grabs the side of her head and faints close to the edge of the stage.

Before she can drop from the height, Ethan crosses the distance between them and catches her in his arms.

"Lily." Concern reflects in his voice, and in the way he holds her body close to his chest.

The silence breaks as people start whispering among themselves.



"Did you see that?"

"Mr. Calder clearly has a thing for the elder sister."

"Such an interesting drama."

I roll my eyes and ignore the way Ethan falls for Lily's act again. How dumb is he?

Scoffing, I walk backstage and take my phone before leaving the hotel. There are no cameras waiting for me now, just as there is no Tristin.

A heaviness settles on my heart as I walk ahead on the silent road, struggling to call a cab.

I sigh, staring at Tristin's contact. I should have told him before going with Ethan. That way, he would have known what I was up to. 1

I don't think much as I dial his number. Usually, Tristin picks up my calls on the first ring as if he is always waiting for me to reach out. But this time, the phone keeps ringing before I hear the message that my call has been rejected.

My heart clenches painfully. I don't understand why I feel so disappointed that Tristin refuses to take my calls.

Letting out another sigh, I decide to type a message to him.

[Tristin, it's not what you think. I only went with Ethan because he said he will divorce me by the end of the night.]

I stare at the message. Don't I sound like an idiot?



Pursing my lips, I delete the message and think of what to say to him. Maybe, I should be honest and tell him what I have been thinking.

But then again, why should I? It's not like Tristin and I have something going on.

I am about to hit the call button again when a two cars suddenly come to a stop beside me. It all happens so fast.

One moment, the phone is in my hand and I am desperate to contact Tristin. The next moment, Josh and several other step out and surround me.

"Mrs. Calder. Please come with me." Josh says.

"Josh. Did Ethan send you to kidnap me again?" I breathe, and instantly hit the call button again.

Immediately, Josh snatches my phone and throws it on the ground. I gasp, reaching out for it but his foot crushes the screen before I can reach it.

"Mrs. Calder, please come with me or we will have to use the less preferred ways to make you comply." Josh says, his tone robotic.

I stare at my broken phone and then at Josh. "I just realized."

"What, Mrs. Calder?" Josh asks.

"That you are a son of a bitch like your Boss!" I yell before slamming my foot in his crotch.

Josh's robotic face becomes beet red as he falls on his knees. I

shoot him and his stunned minions a smirk before gathering my dress and running away.

" M—Mrs. Calder." Josh groans in pain. " G—Go catch—catch her! "

I run faster, but I am caught and pushed into the car like a rag doll. I curse and scream and hit but in the end, I am taken away to a secluded villa in the middle of nowhere.

They lock me up in a room and I have no choice but to sit on the bed, and wait for Ethan to come and tell me what he wants now.

In the middle of the night, I jolt awake with a yelp when I hear something crash against the floor.

The lamps beside the bed are the only lights in the room, and makes everything appear eerie.

My chest heaves rapidly as my wide eyes scan the room and then land on the man standing close to the door.

It takes me a moment to adjust my vision and when I see him clearly, a scowl etches into my face.

" What is the meaning of this now? Do you want to get back at me for hitting you? " I scoff at Ethan.

He rests his back against the closed door and stares at me without saying a word.

A bad feeling twists my guts. I notice his dishevelled hair and crumpled shirt before my eyes lower to the whiskey bottle dangling

in his hand.

"Come here." Ethan says, his voice slow and a little slurry.

My mouth dries. "You are drunk."

"Come to me, Grace." Ethan rasps, calling out to me again.

I sigh, getting to my feet but I don't go to him. "Why would you drink so much? Is this your way of intimidating me?"

"I am...sleepy." Ethan whispers. "Come take off my clothes."

It's like he has returned to the past and no longer remembers what happened tonight.

"No, Ethan. I am not that Grace anymore." I shake my head, and wrap my arms around myself. "Tell your people to let me go. I want to go home."

"Home? You are calling that place home again!" His soft expressions shift, a pained look taking their place.

A lump forms in my throat. "I—"

"You are staying with that asshole! Do you sleep in the same bed? Is that why you call it your home now?" Ethan murmurs, his eyes losing focus on me.

He has returned to his senses now.

"Ethan—"

Before I can say anything, the bottle crashes over the floor, just close to my feet. I scream, and jump in my spot.



Ethan marches towards me, crossing the distance between us in a few aggressive strides. He looks murderous as his hands close around my arms and slam me into the bed.



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