

## Accident

Grace

I push myself to my feet, ready to defend myself until the end. The woman on the right lunges for me.

I raise my arm in front of my face protectively. A gasp erupts from my mouth as the blade slashes across my wrist.

The other two surround me and grab my arms. I thrash, trying to free myself but they have more strength than me.

They pull my arms down, exposing my face to the one with the blade. I twist and turn, and watch as she shoots me a vicious look.

The glint of the blade appears terrifying in the darkness. My throat dries as I direct my gaze to her face.

She grabs my cheeks and squashes harshly. " Now stay still, Bitch. You don't want me to poke your eyes. "

I grit my jaw and shake my head, refusing to stop fighting. She grabs me harder and brings the blade closer to my face.

Instinctively, I lift my leg and kick her in the stomach. She shrieks, stumbling a few steps back.

" You slut! " The one holding me from the left smacks my head so hard that my vision blackens for a second.

I wince, shaking my head once more. She hits the back of my head again before grabbing my hair and pulling my face back.



" I was trying to be nice to you. " The fallen woman rises again, her eyes narrowing with rage. " Now I am going to poke your eyes out, cut your tongue, and feed them to the dogs on my way out. "

I like to think that doesn't scare me. But it does. The idea of enduring such pain in a dark cell where no one will come to rescue me, and maybe, I will die with injuries, or with infection...it terrifies me.

Slowly, I am forced to watch as she comes close with the blade again. This time, the woman behind me kicks the back of my knee and makes me drop. A harsh tug on my scalp makes sure that my face is bare and ready to be slashed.

Instinctively, I close my eyes and heave a shuddery breath. There is no escaping it now.

She grabs my cheeks again. Her fingers dig into my flesh so hard that the inside of my mouth squashes against my teeth. I can already taste the metallic blood on my tongue.

It will hurt a lot, right?

I hold my breath, waiting for her to cut me. A single second feels like an eternity, filled with only fear and agony.

" Stop it. "

The fear shatters, giving way to surprise.

The door to the cell clings open, before the women are ripped away from me.

" Lock them in another cell. " An unfamiliar voice commands.



Surprised, I blink my eyes open and meet a stoic face. He is wearing the guard's uniform but for some reason, it doesn't suit him or he simply doesn't fit that image.

The burly man in front of me makes the other two guards drag the women out.

Maybe the group was not expecting an intervention and knows that any protests will land them in hot waters, that's why they don't say anything and follow the guards out silently.

"Did they change their mind?" I sigh, a little relieved that I didn't have to go through the painful ordeal.

The newcomer doesn't answer my question. He eyes my bleeding wrist and then leaves the cell. The door locks again.

I glance towards it, only to find the same man standing guard beside the door. He doesn't show any signs of leaving.

I look at my wrist which is bleeding profusely and grimace. The slash is not too deep but it stretches from my elbow to half my arm. And it burns terribly. 1

"Someone is coming to bandage it." The man on the other side of the bars informs in a robotic voice.

A frown etches between my brows as I direct my gaze towards his back. "who are you?"

"It was expected that the Calders would try to harm you. That's why I was sent to protect you." He says, without glancing my way.



" Who sent you? " My frown deepens as the idea occurs to me. " was it Tristin? "

Finally, the man shoots me a surprised look over his shoulder. Something about the way his brown eyes widen makes my heart miss a beat.

" Was it...not Tristin? " A lump forms in my throat.

" You don't know. " He nods and looks away.

" What do I not know? " I wonder, swallowing the hard lump.

The man doesn't answer.

My heartbeat escalates as I wait for a long time, and find it hard to come up with another question.

If not Tristin, then who?

The cell is unlocked again, and a man with a doctor's coat rushes inside. I don't speak with him, and he doesn't ask me any questions.

Silently, he works on bandaging my wrist and leaves when he is done. My eyes follow his movements until I am left staring at the man outside the cell again.

My head grows dizzy due to weakness, and I press my body against the wall again.

" Was it someone from Ethan's side? " I whisper, unable to believe that myself.

The man still doesn't answer.

"Or the Whitlocks?" I feel like laughing at that thought. My parents would prefer if I die here and never bother them again.

"It was Mrs. Roberto." The man reveals at last.

For a few seconds, I stare at his back and wonder if I heard him right. My body freezes in the darkness, my breath halting all the same.

"Alma?" I whisper in disbelief. "why would she..."

"Mr. Roberto had an accident on the night of the event. He's been unconscious since then. Mrs. Roberto got to know about you today and sent me right away." He reveals, his back still facing me.

A buzzing noise starts in my head, making my breath sound muffled in my ears. I open my mouth to say something but find my voice gone.

"He had to get into surgery because of a head injury." He continues, his voice coming from a tunnel. "Mrs. Roberto suspects that Ethan Calder tried to kill him." 1



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