

No Use

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Grace

"What are you doing here, Grace?" Alma blocks my way to the room Tristin is staying at.

The reception people refused to talk about his condition so I had to come up personally. But before I could go inside, Alma appeared before me and refused to step away.

"Alma. I am here to check up—"

"I heard what happened." She says, not letting me finish.

I was about to tell her that I would check up on Tristin and then leave, but she didn't look ready to hear any of it. She looks...different. Her eyes are not kind, and her lips are not smiling anymore.

My chest tightens. "Ethan...didn't cause that accident."

She must be angry because she thinks I am responsible for Tristin's condition.

"I know." Alma blinks calmly, surprising me.

"Do you know who did this?" Unconsciously, I step ahead and ask.

Alma looks down at my feet and then looks up. A cold glint flashes across her eyes but it's gone before I can understand the reason behind it.



" It was an accident. A drunk truck driver hit my son's car. " Alma whispers, and folds her arms across her chest.

In my imagination, I see the scene playing out and realize that I'm not too fond of it. I don't like the idea of Tristin getting shocked at the sudden impact and he...

He must have been in so much pain.

I clench my fists and swallow. " How...How is he now? "

" He is alive. " The short reply comes out dismissive.

My gaze switches between the two men in black suits standing guard outside the hospital room and then towards Alma who has her eyes on me. Uncomfortably, I shift my weight from one foot to another, trying to form words but coming short.

" I got to know why Tristin was keeping you by his side. I apologize that I got the wrong idea. " She states, her voice still emotionless.

" It's okay Al— "

" However, I also know that you got divorced from Ethan Calder and is now no use to my son. " She continues, disregarding what I have to say to her.

I press my lips in a thin line, a frown appearing between my brows. I don't need to ask how she knows something that just happened a few hours ago.

" Your sister... " Alma trails off, emotions finally flickering across her

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face. Rage, agony, resentment.

"Your sister...someone took her, I hear. "

I don't try to answer her this time. I know she doesn't want me to speak, to say anything to her at all. She simply wants me to listen and understand what she has to tell me.

"I know who has her will make sure she suffers a terrible fate. " A muscle ticks in her jaw.

It feels like the ground beneath my feet slips, and I find my body hanging in the air, cold and numb.

"She will suffer until she begs for death and even then, she will have to beg for a long time before she meets her end. " Her face twists into an ugly scowl.

I stagger back, as lightning struck somewhere in the background. The noise reverberates throughout my chest, sending chills down my spine.

"It was you?" I utter, my voice lowering as if I am scared of someone listening to our conversation.

Alma blinks again, her face becoming a mask of indifference. "What are you talking about?"

Her innocence feels feigned. Her kindness from before feels like it never existed.

Alma sees the shock and doubt on my face because it makes her smile. For a second, I am wondering if am only making things up in

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my mind.

Slowly, Alma takes one step towards me and pushes my hair away from my shoulder. Her eyes follow the movement of her fingers that brush against my shoulder, and neckline, dusting off some invisible lint or dust or whatever.

" You understand what it's like to lose a child, don't you? " She whispers in a soft voice. " Yours was not even born and yet you...felt like ruining the whole world. Your anger, and pain, and desperation...it can never match what I felt when your sister killed my one son and then tried to kill the other. "

" She is not my sister. " I blurt before I can stop myself.

But then it clicks inside my head.

Tried to kill the other...

" But she is. " Alma nods, her eyes flickering towards my wide, confused gaze. " the blood that runs through your veins. It's the same blood that will be drawn out of her body. I told you before, didn't I? You should leave my children alone. "

A lump forms in my throat. " I am...leaving, Alma. That's why I came here. Tristin did a lot for me even if it was only so he could use me later. I just want to see him once before I go. "

" No. " Alma says firmly and steps away. " You are never seeing him again. "

" I think Tristin should— "

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" He said the same. " She blinks.

" He... " I gulp. " he did? "

Alma nods.

I shouldn't believe her. I should meet Tristin and tell him that I didn't go back to Ethan so he could trample over me. That is bothering me. It won't let me live or die in peace.

" Maybe I just need to hear him say that to me before I leave, Alma. " I murmur, closing in on the door.

Just as I get close, a guard listens to something in the earpiece and slides open the wooden door. My feet come to a slow halt as the same guard enters the room and the view inside becomes clear to me.

Tristin is there, standing beside the bed. His face is towards the wall but I can see his side profile. His head is not bandaged like I expected, and he can walk just fine.

Luca is standing behind him, helping Tristin wear a black suit jacket over the crisp white button-down shirt.

Tristin's face is stoic and a few scratches line his cheek. I notice the way he grits his jaw harder as he slings his arm inside the jacket.

He should have been out of it. Or else...why would he stay put for this long?

My heart picks its speed as relief and a lingering ache in my chest

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mingle confusing me more than before.

I take another step ahead and open my mouth to call him. As if he can sense me standing here, Tristin turns his head in my direction.

Our eyes lock, and the memories of the dark cell and the interrogation room push to my conscious. My nose stings and my mouth closes instantly.

Now that I see him...I feel weird. The conflicting emotions make me stare at him for longer than a moment.

I expect him to come to me or call me over but he doesn't. He just looks away as if he doesn't care that I am standing here.

Maybe he is still angry because I didn't tell him about Ethan and the deal. I should—

" Escort Ms. Whitlock out of the hospital. Make sure she reaches her destination and doesn't show up here again. " It's his voice, gruff and hoarse but it's him.

And suddenly, my heart drowns.

Men are all the same.

They make you believe you are important to them, and when they have no use for you, they throw you away like trash.

" No need for that, asshole! " I hiss. " I just came to tell you that you wouldn't have to see me again. Ever! "

Without waiting for a reply or to get thrown out, I turn and storm

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away. On my way, I don't forget to notice the victorious look in Alma's eyes.

It hurts. But it's fine. It will be over soon anyway. I won't have to see these faces again.



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