

Think about you

Think about you

Grace

" The PR is taking down the articles and pulling the video from social media. They will be done soon but I think the damage is already done. " Tristin sighs, closing his eyes.

I look down at his face. I am still trying to understand how his head actually landed in my lap.

I scratch my ear and hum. " How did the video release? From what I know Lily is still...kind of missing? "

" That wench is not as smart as I thought. She made sure my cousin had a copy of the video in case she went missing. She used it as leverage to keep herself safe all this time. But Carlos didn't wait for whatever she had in mind. As soon as he gathered enough people to back him at the company, he released the video to weaken my position. " He grumbles, moving his head to rest in a comfortable position.

My hands hang in the air as I blink a few times. " Uh...Carlos? Your cousin wants to— "

Tristin snorts. " He wishes. He can bring hell to Earth and he still won't be able to become the CEO of our business. At most, he will get a subsidiary and I will send him packing. "

" You should have done it sooner then. " I sigh.

" I didn't have a reason to. Not until now. If I had kicked him out

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without a good reason, I would only be inviting more trouble. " His eyes open and meet my gaze.

He gathered himself a little over an hour ago and since then, he's been occupying my lap as if he owns it. I am tied to watch him watch me and sigh every now and then.

His hand lifts towards my face and slides my hair behind my ear. " most executives don't like me at the company. "

" Why do you think that? " I ask, finding myself staring right back into his calm eyes.

I am glad he is not like before right now or I don't know what I was supposed to do to comfort him.

" I don't have the traditional education or training to lead the company. I left home, remember? " He grimaces and closes his eyes again.

" But you are doing...more than fine. " I mumble, my eyes tracing his frowning brows, his tall nose, and full lips.

Seeing him from so close is always so strange. He is so handsome that you can not take your eyes off him once you start looking at him.

Girls must be swooning over him all the time.

An ugly emotion rears its head in my heart when I think about that.

I shake my head, and reach for his forehead, smoothening the lines between his brows.

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" They like to cause trouble. " Tristin mumbles, his breaths hitting my wrist.

I nod but don't say anything. Unconsciously, my fingers slip into his hair, feeling the softness beneath my skin.

" Why are you living in this small place? " He wonders.

" It's...comfortable here. A big place would have made me feel... weird. " I tell him honestly.

" Did you miss me? " He asks right away.

I choke on my breath, and my fingers pause. Heat spreads in my cheeks, making me want to shift in my spot but I can't.

A moment passes, then another, and another. When he doesn't get an answer, Tristin's eyes open to hold my gaze.

" I did. " He blinks, no emotion reflecting in his eyes for a second.

" Hm? "

" I thought I would forget about you if we slept together once. Or I will stop thinking about you if I bury myself under work. Or maybe, once a month passes, I will no longer want to see you. " His hand lifts again.

He cups my cheek and runs his thumb down my skin, stopping at the corner of my mouth.

" A month passed, and I couldn't stop myself from wanting to call you. Another month passed, and I just wanted to hear your voice. A

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few more days passed and I...started getting angry, and desperate. " His eyes droop, his voice softening.

My palms sweat as my heart pounds inside my chest.

Tristin takes his hand off my face and places it over his stomach before fisting it, " I kept thinking...Did she not even think about me for once? Did she forget me? How could she? "

I didn't really forget about him. I just remembered that I should never reach out to him. If I want to start a new life, and if I want to keep my word to Alma, I must not remember Tristin Roberto.

" It's stupid. My office reminded me of you, my house reminded me of you, and even your stupid sister's face reminded me of you. " His nose scrunches as he closes his eyes again. " You are more on my head than I like to admit. You just never leave me alone. We are on unequal grounds, Little Butterfly. I think about you more than you will ever think about me. "

My heartbeat slows. I take my eyes off his face and direct my gaze towards his clenched fists. Instinctively, I reach out and pry his fingers open.

He takes this chance to intertwine our fingers. The warmth of his palm runs down my cold hand and I shudder.

" Maybe...you should forget about me, Tristin. " My heart clenches in my chest. " you know...there can not be anything...between us. "

" I would love that. " He nods quickly but doesn't open his eyes. " But I told you...I have tried everything I could and you still occupy my

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thoughts most of the time. So by now, you should know it's impossible for me to understand that we are not supposed to be together. "

I look down at our joined hands, and my heart misses a beat. I open my mouth to say something—anything, but there are no words in my mind.

Something shifts in my chest, a strong emotion flipping everything upside down.

" I look for you when I am happy and want to be with you when I am suffering. How far gone do you think I am? " Finally, he looks into my eyes and my throat dries.

" I am...unredeemable, am I not? "

I don't have anything to say, so I just watch as he gets disappointed at my lack of answer, closes his eyes, and sulks in silence.

I watch until his breaths even out and he falls asleep in my lap. My thumb runs down his nose, admiring his beauty a little longer.

I can not bring myself to believe that he can actually feel something like that for me. Maybe, it's a temporary infatuation. But if it's true... then it's the first time someone has told me that they think about me at every moment of their life. 1

And somehow, that fixes a little part of my broken heart.

It was Him

It was Him

Tristin

She looks at peace when she is asleep. I stare up at her face, filling my heart with the sight of her.

I didn't realize that I was that into her until she left and I had to spend all this time without meeting her or hearing her voice.

My hand reaches for her cheek, caressing her skin. She shudders in her sleep, shifting her head on the headrest.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, grabbing my attention. Sighing, I sit and pick up Luca's call.

It felt good to place my head in her lap and pretend that the world is not on fire but I must go back to that nightmare now.

"Boss, you were right. That girl didn't approach Ms. Whitlock by chance." Luca reveals.

He's been investigating this new girl who has appeared by Grace's side, pretending to be her soulmate, best friend. Grace is too innocent to understand that nothing of that sort exists in this world.

"It was him?" I rise from the couch and walk towards the glass wall in her apartment.

The rain has stopped but the temperature has dropped. Worry crosses my mind when I recall that she didn't change her clothes.

It was Him

" Yes, Boss. It was Mr. Calder. He was smart enough to not directly engage with Celine but this man named Noah has contacted that girl recently. He works for Mr. Calder now...as his assistant. "

I shoot Grace a look over my shoulder and sigh. That fucker tricked her again and made her believe that he left her alone, but he is a leech. He won't let her rest until he has where he wants her.

" What's the order, Boss? Do I make her disappear? " Luca asks.

I open my mouth, ready to tell him to go ahead but no words come out of my mouth. Turning around, I fix my gaze on Grace's lolling head, and pouting lips.

She finally found someone she could call a friend...

How hurt will she feel if she knows that it was all a scheme and none of it was real with her so-called friend?

" Don't do anything to her. " I run my fingers through my hair, uttering the words with an edge to my voice. " Just keep an eye on her. If she disappears, Grace will be worried and will think something happened to her because of her. "

" Yes, Boss. " Luca replies right away.

First, I will have to tell Grace about Celine and then she can decide what she wants to do with her. I don't want to steal that right away from her. I want to do things right now.

" There is something else... " Luca sighs.

It was Him

"The apartments that were bought consecutively." I nod to myself. "He did it too."

"Yes, Boss. We have two men stationed in Ms. Whitlock's apartment building but...Mr. Calder has bought half the building to accommodate his people." Luca sounds angry as if he finds it as infuriating as I do.

I tap the back of my phone with my forefinger as my eyes narrow. "Make them all disappear. Not all at once but slowly."

"Yes, Boss. They will be gone by the next month." Luca replies.

"Good. And one more thing..." I take my eyes off Grace and look down at my bare feet. "Make the arrangements. I am returning home in an hour."

Luca goes silent. He must have expected me to stay here for a few days, but I can not afford that.

I need to see Ania and Mom, to tell them that everything will be fine.

Besides, I feel much better than before. It must be Grace's presence. It has some strange, soothing effect on me.

"Yes, Boss." He murmurs.

I hang up and walk towards the couch. She smacks her lips in her sleep cutely and tries to find a comfortable position.

Sighing, I push my arms under her body and pick her up. Instantly, her sleepy eyes snap open and land on me.

It was Him

"Tristin!" She squeals, her arms clinging to my neck.

"Don't worry. I am just putting you to bed." I whisper, leaning close to press my lips to her temples.

She nods and puts her head on my shoulder. Then, she is sleeping again.

I admire her face from close, silently deciding to tell her everything once I have dealt with Carlos. I will return to her and make sure she is safe after she knows the truth.

I carry her to her bedroom and place her on the bed. Her sweater has dried, but it's still cold.

Walking towards the closet, I pull it open and stare at it for some time. What does...she wear at night?

I steal a glance at her sleeping form and settle for the first sweater with a heart in the middle and a pair of sweatpants. They are mismatched, but it shouldn't matter when she is sleeping.

Grumbling, I return to her side and softly make her sit in the bed. Her face rolls in the crook of my neck.

"What are you doing?" She mumbles groggily.

"Helping you change." I state, as a matter of fact, hooking my fingers in the hem of her sweater.

The heat of her skin makes my fingers tingle. My thoughts drift to a memory, to the feel of her body against mine as I...

It was Him

I am not going there.

I release another sigh and pull the sweater up her arms before I start losing my mind. She helps me by lifting her arms and then dropping them in her lap.

Her droopy gaze collides with my eyes and I barely stop myself from glancing down, at her red bra or her soft skin.

"I am just going to change your clothes and tuck you in." I repeat, my blood heating in my veins.

Right away, I push the new sweater down her head and help her wear it. A sigh of relief escapes my mouth when she is covered.

She drops on the bed and pulls the blankets up.

"What about the pants? They must be—"

"I am sleepy. I don't care." She grumbles sulkily and turns to her side.

Good idea. If she doesn't care, then I shouldn't push her. Her pants are fine. Besides, I can not risk baring her legs or I might lose control.

I nod to myself and sit there, by her side, watching her sleeping face for as long as I can.

Letting her go was the right decision. The color has returned to her cheeks and she looks healthier and happier than before. My lips curl into a smile, as I brush her bangs away.

It was Him

" I will come back in a few days. " I whisper, planting another kiss on her forehead. " Take care of yourself until then. "

Maybe, she won't want to see me, but I want to. I can't stay away from her. I will accept it even if she wants to be friends, but not if she doesn't want to be anything to me.

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