

His Girl Best Friend Mocked My Calm Act—Unhinged Family Shut Her Chapter 11 -

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Skyler stared at me for a long time, then put her head down on the table and sobbed.

I hung up the phone, stood, and walked away.

The iron door at the end of the hallway opened, and a guard led me to another visitation room.

Cole was sitting on the other side of the glass. I almost didn't recognize him.

The second he saw me, he threw himself against the glass.

"Grace. Grace. I knew you couldn't stay away. I knew you would come see me."

He slapped his hands against the glass.

"Grace, talk to your parents. Tell them to let me out. Please. I can't spend my life in here."

"I'm still young. My life hasn't even started yet."

I looked at him and said nothing. Tears started streaming down his face.

"Grace, I know I messed up. I know I was wrong."

"I never should have let Skyler into the company. I never should have let her treat you like that. I know I was wrong.

But I love you. I really do love you."

He wiped his face with his sleeve. "Think about when we were together, Grace. Think about how good I was to you."

"I brought you breakfast, drove you to work, did everything you asked, I never once got angry at you."

"I love you so much. Can't you forgive me just once?"

I finally spoke. "Cole. The truth is, I never loved you that much."

Cole stopped crying. "What did you say?"

I kept my voice flat. "I said I never loved you that much."

"I was with you because you were good to me. Not because I felt strongly about you."

"You know how I am. I go for whoever treats me well. I don't need anything else. I just need someone who's nice to me."

Cole's face went from pale to bright red.

"If you didn't love me, why did you agree to marry me? Why did you wear my ring?"

His voice got louder and more frantic.

"You never took me seriously at all, did you, Grace? You thought I wasn't good enough for you, and you were playing me this whole time."

Two guards walked in, one on each side, grabbed his shoulders, and forced him back into his chair.

Cole struggled for a second, but when he realized he

couldn't break free, he kept his eyes locked on me.

"Why can't you just forgive me? Why can't you just let this go?"

"I'm already like this. What more do you want from me? Can't you give me one chance?"

His words were all over the place. Begging one second, demanding the next.

"I was your fiance. We were engaged. How could you be so cold? What did I have to do to make you happy?"

I watched his face twist with emotion, and when he finally went quiet, I spoke calmly, "Because you didn't deserve it."

With that, I stood up and hung the phone back on its hook. I looked at him one last time through the glass.

I read his lips, he kept saying why, why, why.

But I didn't answer him,

When I walked out of the prison, I took a deep breath of fresh air. Then I pulled out my new phone.

My mom's message was as timely as always. [Baby, what do you want for dinner? I'll have the kitchen make it.]

I texted back a few simple instructions. Then the driver opened the back door for me, and the car pulled away, merging smoothly into traffic.

I think my happiness is just living a quiet, peaceful life,

watching the seasons change without getting caught up in
the chaos.

Because staying low-key is the only way to keep things
smooth.