

Pathetic Fool

Grace

Dread washes over me in waves. Instinctively, my body goes limp in his arms while I try to wrap my mind around how he got in.

" You pretended to be all innocent and loyal to me all this time. Yet, you were sleeping with every man you could get your hands on, right?!" His dangerous voice hisses.

" You...You are trespassing. " I swallow and start struggling again. " Security will be coming up anytime and— "

He laughs, cutting me off mockingly. "Security? What fucking security, Dear Wife? They are all gone. "

My blood cools in my veins as I process his taunt. I know this tone, this cruel streak of behavior.

" What—What did you do, Ethan? "

" Did you think he could keep me from reaching you? " Ethan's arm tightens around my waist.

I groan, pain erupting in my lower belly. The wounds are still raw. It hurts. But he doesn't care.

" And why must you reach me?! Haven't you taken enough? Do you have to hurt me more? " My voice becomes moist as I struggle to keep the tears at bay.

All I need is a cold heart. I don't want to cry whenever I recall my loss.

I don't want to give them the sick satisfaction of watching me crumble again. I won't fear anyone anymore.

" Hurt you? Oh no, Gracie? When did I do that? " His voice is cold. " I haven't even started yet. I could have divorced you and forgiven you for what you did to Lily but you had to drag my name through the mud by whoring around. "

" What about Lily? Didn't she do the same to you? " I grit my jaw.

The temperature drops in the room. I know I am pushing his limits, but I want to hurt him.

" For whatever reason, she did make a fool out of you. While you stood at the altar like a clueless dog, she ran away with another man! Did I tell her I love you? Suppose, I really did. But she could have stayed to explain to you, right? " I chuckle.

His grip loosens around my waist. I take this chance to kick him in the shin and escape his arms.

" But she chose to abandon you instead. She kicked you to the curb like a used item and you think so highly of yourself? You are pathetic. So very Pathetic, Ethan Calder. " I hiss, facing him angrily.

Instantly, he lunges towards me. I don't back down and stare back as his hand hovers in the air, so close to my neck.

" What a man you are. First, you hit me with a vase, then hurt my face, and then, you killed your child. " I whisper sarcastically. " You take pride in hitting a woman. It must be what it takes to finally feel worthy of being called a man. By abusing me, you think you have become dominant. But guess what? "



I close the distance between us and look into his eyes coldly.

" That doesn't make you a man. You are only proving how you need to hit women to feel better about yourself. "

" You are still claiming that bastard was mine? " He smirks cruelly.

My heart drowns. Nothing hurts more in this world than having the father of your child call them a bastard.

My throat clogs.

" Cat got your tongue now? " His eyes narrow on me. " do you even know whose child it was before you decided to dump it on me or was it random? "

My hand clenches by my side. " I...I am relieved the child was not born. "

It feels like someone has shredded my heart into pieces again. But no tears fall from my eyes.

Ethan's handsome face twists into a scowl as he glares me down. " are you finally— "

" I wouldn't want a child with you, Ethan. You don't deserve to be a father. " I whisper under my breath. " I am glad that innocent child didn't have to suffer in this world because of you. "

A heavy silence settles between us. He stares at me, his eyebrows bunched. While I stare back, my mind goes blank.

Slowly, rage reflects in his eyes. It's icy and murderous.

"That child was not mine." He growls.

"How are you so sure about it? Are you impotent?" I retort.

He presses his lips in a thin line.

Suddenly, I feel warm liquid flowing down my thighs. My wide eyes lower to my legs, to find blood on them.

Ethan follows my line of sight and his frown deepens.

With a sense of shame and melancholy washing over me, I stagger ahead to rush to the bathroom.

"Get out of the penthouse, Ethan. Don't try to complicate things. You need a divorce to marry the love of your life. I will give it to you. In return, give back my grandma's shares that I gifted to you. It's only fair we return everything we took from each other."

His hand shoots out, grabbing my wrist before I can leave. I gasp, instantly trying to pry my arm free.

"Tell me whose child it was." Ethan demands with a dangerous look lurking in his eyes.

"What?" My heart drowns.

"Who was the father?" He repeats, his eyes darkening.

"Are you mad?!" I shriek, trying to free myself.

Ethan steps closer. My breath hitches.

"Until you say his name, until you admit that the child belonged to

Tristin or any other of your boy toy...you won't move an inch, Grace Whitlock. " He states cruelly.

A shiver runs down my spine. " Leave me! "

Suddenly, he pushes me back, causing me to drop on the bed. The thought of staining the sheets makes me sick. I don't want to bleed out on anything.

" Ethan, leave me! " My heart sinks in the depths of my stomach.

" Who was it?! " He repeats coldly.

I continue to struggle, and he keeps asking the same thing. No matter how hard I try to free myself, he is far more stronger than me.

I hope for someone to come for me, but nothing happens. 1

Minutes turn into hours, and hours just tick by. Blood seeps into the sheets, humiliating my existence.

The tears I willed myself to not release start rolling down my cheeks.

" Ethan...leave me. " I whisper weakly.

My head is starting to spin. I shake it to stay awake and alert.

A monster like Ethan Calder can't be trusted around me. I can't lose my senses when he is this close, staring at me like I am a specimen and he must manipulate me to get a desired answer.

My heartbeat slows down, leaving me panting and my limbs weak. I blink away the drowsiness.

" I will...make you pay. For everything you took, Ethan. For how you..."

used me. For the cruel way you took our child's life. " I whisper in a trance, his stone face blurring in my vision.

" Say his name, Grace. " His lips press to my ear and utter softly.

My mind is playing tricks on me. This man was never soft. He was only using me, only trying to make me think that someday he would love me.

Tears stain my face. " It's you, Ethan. I—I have never been with—with another man. "

My mind blackens but I feel his hands shaking my shoulders to keep me awake.

" You are lying! " He is losing his cool. He is yelling.

" I saw it with my own eyes. You have been cheating on me all this time. That child can't be mine! You took morning-after pills every time you had sex with me. Did you think the housekeeper wouldn't reveal your secret? "

When he has been using me all along, why does he care if I cheated or not? Why does he sound so agitated at the idea of another man's touch on me? And why does he keep believing everything others have to say?

" You...Fool. Pathetic fool, Ethan Calder. " I utter before my mind slips into the depths of darkness.