

The Devil

## The Devil

Grace

He presses the handkerchief harder into my lips, making me wince. I didn't notice it before—Ethan seems to have bitten me just like I did to him.

“ Let me guess, she did something to your brother. Now you want to get back at her. So do you want to hurt me too? Because you think it will hurt my family? ” A smile filled with pain plays on my lips.

“ If I wanted to hurt you, you would be long gone, Grace. ” There is a certainty in Tristin's voice that scares me. It's like he can actually make me disappear.

Only powerful men like Ethan who know their worth and their power talk like this. So arrogant and full of themselves.

“ Who are you? ” I whisper, finally taking the handkerchief from him so I can tend to my wounds.

“ That's not what you should ask, Little Butterfly. ” Tristin drawls, leaning away coldly.

I frown at the sudden nickname.

## The Devil

“ Look at this. ” He takes out a brown envelope from his side and throws it in my lap.

I cast him a skeptical look before opening the envelope. Several pictures pour out of the envelope and fill my lap.

My fingers grow numb as I take in all of them.

“ Lily didn’t frame you alone. The scandal on Lily’s birthday. Your husband was a part of that plan. They have been meeting for three months and you think Lily just returned one month ago. Your husband was cheating on you for a long time, Little Butterfly. ” Tristin’s voice causes my blood to run cold.

I trace the pictures with my fingers. I can recognize Ethan’s clothes on different occasions. It’s surreal that I remember what he does every day, from the way he moves, the way he talks, and even dresses. I was compelled to note every move of his.

Until a while ago, I believed Lily had poisoned Ethan’s mind and he only hated me because he didn’t know the truth. But it turns out, he was part of the scheme from the beginning.

### The Devil

The anger in my veins turns into full-blown hate. In one of the pictures, Ethan and Lily are in a hotel room. They only have a sheet over them, and I can imagine what happened between them.

Tears roll down my cheeks as I crumble the picture in my fingers. I can't breathe. He—How could he do this?

“ Why...Why did he pretend this long? ” I gasp.

“ Because you were supposed to get your Grandma's inheritance on your birthday one month ago. ” Tristin replies.

My world spins as the whole scenario starts making sense. My Grandma was the only member of my family who truly loved me.

Before she passed away, she gave me 20% shares of Whitlock Corporation, our family business.

With my inherited shares from Grandpa, I was to become the biggest shareholder with 25% shares in the company.

But there was a condition. Grandma wanted me to become a little mature first. She never liked my infatuation with Ethan and she wrote in her will

### The Devil

that the shares would only be transferred after I turn 22 years old.

That was the age when she married Grandpa and thought a 22-year-old woman could understand what was right or wrong for her.

But Grandma was wrong. I was an idiot when I fell in love with Ethan at the age of 10 and I am an idiot at 22.

“ You gifted your shares to your husband. 20%. All of them. ” Tristin states, as if he already knows what I did.

I gasp, the realization making my head spin. “ I—I gave him my all. I made him the biggest shareholder in the Whitlock Corporation. ”

“ That’s what he wanted before he got rid of you. ” His voice carries no emotions, but it’s capable of turning my world upside down.

Everything my Grandma gave me, I just handed it over to a cheater.

“ Then, your husband and his old girlfriend pushed you on that road and killed your child. Maybe, your husband didn’t want you to carry his child in case

### The Devil

this child lays a claim on your original inheritance later.” He says.

My hand pauses. The pangs of pain in my heart feel as good as new. Nothing in this world will ever be able to make up for my loss.

Tears well in my eyes as I struggle to move my trembling hands.

Why did this happen to me when I never wronged anyone? Why did they make a laughingstock out of my reputation, my life and then take the only person I was left with?

“ Are you going to let them go just like this? ”

Tristin takes the handkerchief back and presses it on my quivering lips. “ Are you just going to divorce Ethan and let him have his happily ever after? ”

The way he says it, with a look of wickedness on his face...makes me clench my trembling fists.

“ What do you want, Mr. Roberto? ” I ask again.

Our eyes meet. The menace in his eyes runs dark. It's like somewhere deep inside, he is wounded—A man plagued with demons that haunt him.

### The Devil

“ I want you to enter my dark tale, Little Butterfly, and destroy their world together. ” He smirks.

At that moment, as I look into his eyes, I decide to enter the world he wants me to see and let go of the rest.

Maybe, he wants to use me or hurt me. But the thought of destroying Ethan and Lily’s world is just too satisfying for me to pass.

Their bad time is here. Everything they took from me, I will take it back even if I have to sell my soul to the Devil.



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