

Caged

Grace

I blink my eyes open. A familiar white ceiling comes into view.

Everything feels like a nightmare. I never left this bedroom. Lily never came back. I never met Tristin.

And Ethan didn't betray me.

It was a nightmare and I am awake now.

"Madam. How are you feeling?"

The voice breaks my trance. My heart shatters too.

I direct my gaze towards Serena who is standing on my side, staring down at me worriedly.

"Why am I here?" I ask in a hoarse voice.

"Sir brought you back. You were bleeding and unconscious so he called a doctor and had her look after you." She informs me politely.

I grit my jaw. So, Ethan had his way in the end. He kidnapped me without a care in the world.

"You are fine, Madam. It's not unusual to bleed—"

"Why?" I murmur, moving my gaze to the ceiling again.

"I didn't get your question, Madam?"

"Why did you tell Ethan that I took morning-after pills? You know I

never did that. " I whisper.

Silence meets me as an answer.

I clench my fists, my body beginning to tremble in rage. All this time, I treated these people like the world revolved around them...

Yet...

They treat me like a fool. A person they can easily betray and get away with it.

" Madam, I don't know what you are...talking about. You must have been mistaken about something. " She says after a long pause.

I push the blanket aside and get out of bed. I am wearing Ethan's favorite black nightie. It fuels my rage. 1

" Think again, Serena. I will appreciate your honesty very much. " I lift my gaze from the nightie and look at her middle-aged face.

Her eyes roam the room, searching for an excuse.

" Madam...I swear I don't know— "

I pick the lamp from the side table and slam it on the side of her head. She howls in pain and staggers several steps back.

" Madam! "

Blood pours out of the fresh wound on her forehead, staining the side of her face.

" This will leave a scar. " I whisper.

"Madam, what did you do?" She cries out, pressing her palms to her bleeding wound.

I drop the lamp and walk closer to her to hold her shoulders. She trembles like a leaf. Her wide eyes stare back at me as if she fears I will kill her.

I smile. "Ethan hates scars, Serena. He can not tolerate anyone with any visible scars."

Tears flow out of eyes freely, blood mixing with them to become pink.

I run my hand down her arm, reaching the pocket of her dress.

"Once he sees the scar, he will hate it and kick you out. The scholarship your children were given by Ethan will be snatched away. He is a cruel man like that. Once you stop serving him, his mercy ceases to exist for you." I whisper, while the smile lingers on my lips.

Her breath hitches in fear. I release her and step back.

"I am sure the money you received from others will be enough to sustain you for a lifetime." My smile falls as I glare at her.

She cries out again and runs for the door while holding her head. The door slams open before she can do it.

I flinch, slipping the phone I stole from her under the sheets.

Ethan strides inside. His cold eyes land on the bleeding maid. A look of surprise crosses his face.

"Sir, Madam hit me. She tried to kill me." She sniffles.

I scoff, earning Ethan's attention. His eyes narrow, instantly becoming red-rimmed.

"Did you?" He asks icily.

"Of course, I did." I nod, a smirk resting on my lips.

For the way you humiliated me and watched until I bled and passed out...I will make you pay Ethan Calder.

Your ruthlessness has woken up the beast inside me. It won't go to sleep unless you are completely ruined.

A silent vow resonates inside my head. I clench my fists by my side.

Ethan dismisses Serena with a flick of his wrist. "Go get treated."

She rushes out, closing the door on her way out.

The temperature drops in the room when it's only us two. I glare at him, unable to contain my hatred.

"Is this your way of getting back at her for revealing your dirty secrets?" He rubs his nape, a sign of his exhaustion.

I grit my jaw, not answering him. Ethan's narrowed eyes lower to my exposed legs. His gaze lingers, making me uncomfortable in my spot.

"Why did you bring me here?" I hiss.

"You didn't answer me." Ethan's gaze lifts to my eyes.

He removes his coat and walks closer to me. I stiffen as he drops the coat on the bed and straightens up.

“ Why are you clinging to me? Get the divorce papers and end this. ” I let out through my gritted teeth.

Ethan lifts his wrists towards me. I lower my eyes to his cuffs. My heart sinks.

Like a servant, I was always eager to help him undress whenever he came home from work. It made me happy to talk to him while we were so close, just doing something so simple together.

“ What are you doing? Do you still believe I am an idiot like before? ” I laugh humorlessly.

Ethan clicks his tongue, pulling his wrists back to remove his cufflinks. “ I hoped you have regained your senses. But you are still acting like a bitch. ”

“ Why are you not divorcing me?! ” I ignore his remark and come to the point.

“ Before, I thought you were so in love with me that you...had to ruin your sister's life to get me. ” He says, leaning in to place the cufflinks on the side table.

A lump forms in my throat at his words.

“ I would have let you go without any worries. You could have lived a luxurious life, Grace. ” His voice drops as his eyes find mine.

Ethan steps closer. I take one back.

“ But you did what? ” His bloodshot eyes are scary. “ You cheated on me. ”

I snort. " So it's fine for you to cheat on me with Lily but it wouldn't be fine if I even ever think about doing it to you? "

" I cheated on you? " He licks his bottom lip, shaking his head. " I never touched Lily. You, on the other hand, let every single man out there use you like a whore and— "

Slap!

My hand connects with his cheek. The noise resonates in the room.

" I have had enough of your insults. If you want to pretend to be a saint and a heartbroken husband, go do it in front of your whore Lily! " I yell in his face.

Immediately, his hand closes around my nape, pulling me flush against his warm body. I yelp, my hands lifting to his collar.

His reddened eyes meet my glare again. There is fire in his gaze.

How can he be angry at me when he is a monster?

" What? Do you want to hit me again? Or watch me bleed until I pass out? " I scoff, my eyes burning with the unshed tears.

" You brought this upon yourself. How hard was it to remain faithful, to be just mine? How fucking hard was it? " He hisses, his thumb digging in the side of my neck.

I wince. " It was hard! So, I wish...I would have done everything you say I did. I truly wish that I had. Then you would have known how disgusting you are. "



His breaths come out in short, angry pants. I wait for him to hit me but he just watches me, like a predator.

"Did you remember the name of that bastard's father?" Ethan smirks.

My heart clenches inside my chest. I push at his shoulders to free myself, no longer able to breathe the same air as him.

"No, Gracie?" He chuckles, letting me go with a jerk.

"This is one thing I will never stop saying, Ethan. That child was our child. Don't disrespect that innocent soul with your filthy mouth." I blink back the tears.

Suddenly, his face appears pale. I gulp my tears and stand tall.

"Until you give me the name, you won't leave this room." He composes himself and says coldly.

"You can't keep me here against my will." I huff.

"Yes, I will. And who knows maybe, I will keep you here for a lifetime, like my side chick while I marry your sister. For how you made a fool out of me, you will have to suffer for a lifetime, Grace Whitlock." His voice is poisonous, like his words. 1

"You will make me your mistress?" I mirror his laugh while shaking my head.

"I will make you my whore. Because you wanted to be one!" He snaps, turning around and marching towards the door.

My heart misses a beat as I glare at his retreating back. The door



slams shut. The lock clicks in place. And I am caged.

I scoff. He will make me his mistress?

I turn to the bed and grab Serana's phone. Let me show him what happens when he messes with me.



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