



His Home

Grace

"Your home? What do you mean by your home, Mr. Roberto?" My mouth dries.

"My home means my home. The place where I live?" He replies, with his eyes closed.

My jaw drops. Is he serious? Or is he being sarcastic?

For a few moments, I stare at him, completely confused and stunned out of my mind.

"I don't understand." I whisper, folding my arms across my chest.

"You will be safer in my house than anywhere in the world. Ethan can't come for you there like he came barging into the penthouse." He states as a matter of fact.

A lump forms in my throat. The memory of finding Ethan in the room flashes across my mind again. It was terrible, to know that I couldn't fight him and he just took me with him so easily.

Closing my mouth, I turn away from Tristin and rest my forehead against the cold window. My fingers clench as I find myself at the crossroads again.

How can I trust a stranger?

What if he does something to me now that he knows no one will come to save me?



How can I be in a close space with him alone?

" I am not taking you to some secluded island. " Tristin says.

My eyes widen. Can he read my mind or what?

" What is that supposed to mean? " I murmur under my cold breath.

" My mother and sister live with me. You should know if this information makes you feel at ease. You will not be alone with me. " His voice is warm, for some reason.

And it puts my nerves at ease.

My taut muscles loosen. My heartbeat slows down. And my hands stop trembling.

I cast him a glance. He still has his eyes closed, but he looks alert. The muscles under that wet shirt are rigid and tense, and his lips are firmly pressed together.

" I know...you... " I whisper, before pausing.

" You should finish what you start. " He whispers hoarsely.

" I know you want something else from me, Mr. Roberto. It can't be just about getting me to work with you. I am no gem for you like you want me to believe. " I tell him honestly.

The lazy corner of his mouth curls into a sinister smirk. My heart misses a beat as I tuck a strand of wet hair behind my ear.

" But...I don't care. You came for me when I couldn't rely on anyone else. " My eyes grow moist. " ...I will remember it forever. And if it

helps...You can use me for whatever vengeance you seek. "

The corners of his lips drop. I take in a deep breath and look at my hands.

" Thank you...Tristin. "

When I pick up my head, his eyes open and find mine. My cheeks warm up at the little eye contact before I look away to avoid him.

The side of my head burns under his scrutinizing stare, but I don't look at him again. He makes me feel like I am exposed, like he is a person who knows everything about me—my flaws, my memories, my plans. It makes me uncomfortable.

The rest of the way I stay silent and keep my eyes on the road. The car drives into a luxurious neighborhood, the Platinum Hills. I am surprised to find the car rolling inside smoothly as the gates open.

This place is famous for housing the wealthiest people in the city. Even Ethan wanted a house here before he settled for building an Estate away from the city.

" I forgot to ask again. Where do you want me to work exactly? " I wonder.

Tristin sighs. " I own the RB Corporation, if that's what you are wondering about. "

I blink. Did he just say what I heard?

" RB? " How did I not connect the dots before?

Tristin doesn't reply. But I am already sinking into the seat of his

Aston Martini.

How stupid? How could I not know that Lily must have run away with a man from the RB Corporation? It's one of the two industries that surpassed Ethan's wealth back then and is on par with his status now.

My heart starts drumming in my ears. " Now, I am more inclined towards the idea that you have an ulterior motive for me. "

He has the best architects in the world. RB Corporation has built half the skyscrapers in the city, and more into the country and abroad. Their designs and works are the source of envy for any architect.

" Why does it matter? " Warm breath ghosts my cold cheek, drawing my attention to my right.

He is leaning in, filling my space, and staring at me from close. I gasp, pulling my head away to put distance between us.

" Mr. Roberto. "

Does he like doing this or what?

" You said you will... " His gaze lowers to my lips and moves past them to roam down my body. " ...let me use you. "

" Not in that way. " I blurt, instantly tugging his coat around my chest to hide myself.

His lips quirk up. " in what way? "

" In... " I narrow my eyes on him. " In a wrong way. "

Tristin's brows lift in amusement. " Look at me, Little Butterfly. Do I look like a man who has any right way to go? "

I lick my lips. " You are not... "

Touching me. That's for sure. I am still married.

He rolls his eyes and leans away. " If I wanted you in my bed, I wouldn't have brought you home where my family lives, Grace. Get those thoughts out of your head. "

" Well, you can talk from a distance if you don't want me to get the wrong idea. " I mumble, slipping a little away from him.

He glances out the window. My nose scrunches as I notice his lips still curled into a half-lipped smile.

Is he making fun of me? We are not that close though.

" Your tendency to turn into a tigress from a kitten impresses me. " He drawls, without sparing me a glance.

" Thank you? " I sound unsure.

One thing is for sure, right now, I can't think about other things. My sole focus is on him, as I try to uncover the mystery that he is.

Until...

We reach the mansion in the end lane, more extravagant and secluded from the rest of the neighborhood.

His home. I repeat the words in my head. I have no idea what I am doing here or what he is going to tell his mother and sister about me.