

Chased by my Ex Husband

Chapter 3 My Baby

Grace

Gathering my courage, I turn on my heels. Everyone's eyes seem to be glued to the screen in the distance. I follow their line of sight and the world indeed stops and my knees weaken.

On the screen, the slideshow of several pictures plays. It's me and a man I can recognize. We are sitting in a dimly lit room, too close.

I gasp and stumble back a few steps.

A week ago, Lily called me out to talk. When I went to the VIP room of the club where she called me, a man was already waiting. He groped me forcefully and I barely escaped from him. I thought it was a drunken accident but now, it turns out Lily had planned that long ago.

"She not only stole her sister's man but she is also a cheater!"

"A filthy cheater!"

"Grace Whitlock turns out to have peculiar tastes. She doesn't want a man. She wants men."

Laughter and accusations filter in. The ground shakes beneath my feet. It's like everything I ever stand for in life has been cruelly snatched from me.

Another slap lands on my face. I gasp, shifting my attention to Mom who is seething in front of me.

Before I can recover, she grabs my hair and slaps me again.

"How dare you! How dare you shame our family like this?! What kind of a bitch did I raise in my house?" Her screams force people to look our way.

Her hands slam into my shoulders, my cheeks, and my head as she hits me over a mistake I never made.

It feels like the world has ended. Why do I deserve this?

"I did—I did nothing." I cry out, raising my arms in front of my face to defend myself.

Dad grabs Mom's shoulders and pulls her back. I lower my trembling arms, trying to reach out and explain myself.

"Dad, I—"

"I refuse to admit a shameless woman like you is my daughter!" Dad roars in a voice that steals my breath.

I stumble a few steps back, "Dad."

"Get out of my house! Get out and don't show your face again. I disown you today!" He yells, his face turning red with anger.

Suddenly, his eyes roll back into his head. Mom and Lily scream, running to his side.

"Dad!" I shriek, trying to get to him too but Mom pushes me away, causing me to fall on my butt.

Pain shoots up my tailbone. I wince, still trying to reach out desperately.

He is my Dad. I love him. Even if he hates me, I still love him.

"Will you leave after killing him? Is that what you want?" Mom screeches.

Her eyes show a mixture of hate and disgust, both emotions I can't come to terms with. "N—No. Don't—don't die." I stutter, rising to my wobbly legs.

Amongst the crowd, I search for the man who means the most to me. Anger simmers beneath his eyes as he looks at me. Tears pool in my eyes.

I shake my head, muttering. "I didn't. No, I didn't."

But who am I kidding?

Ethan is not looking for an explanation. He believes the pictures which were clicked with a twisted angle.

Instead of protecting me at a time like this, despite knowing that I loved him and devoted myself to him...he stands there, with the surety that I betrayed his trust.

Is this what I earned after three years of marriage? My world crumbles as reality slaps me in the face.

Without love, there is no trust.

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I stumble out of the Hall as people watch the slideshow on repeat mode and my Dad faints on the floor. Rain starts pouring but I can't care.

Blindly, I run to save myself from the allegations, from the disgusted gazes, from people. They scare me so much.

In my haze, I don't notice the loud clinking of heels behind me. When I do, it's too late. She has caught up.

"Gracie! Don't run!" Lily yells.

I pause and face her. She stops in front of me, a twisted smirk playing on her lips.

"How did you like your gift?" A laugh escapes her mouth.

"Wh...Why? We...We are sisters." Tears get washed away in the rain but the saltiness lingers.

"You stole what was mine. I never share, Gracie. You should have known." She whispers menacingly and slowly closes the distance between us.

"I didn't want to. I didn't want to take anything from you." I sob, stepping back shakily.

"Lily!" Ethan appears in the rain, running towards us.

He didn't come for me. But he has come for her.

"But you did, Gracie, and I think, I will have to take extreme measures to get rid of you."

Her voice lowers.

Something flashes in her eyes, an emotion so evil it makes me tremble all over.

"What?" I utter.

"You think you can give birth to Ethan's child?" She grins.

Chills run down my spine. "Lily—"

"That right is mine!" She whisper-yells and grabs my arms.

The sudden grip startles me. I don't get the time to register what's happening or prepare for what's coming next.

"Don't hit me, Gracie! I had no part in this." Lily cries out, forcefully raising my hand to hit her cheek.

I try to break free but she is stronger, constantly pulling me forward to make me hurt her.

"Grace Whitlock!" Ethan closes in on us.

With a harsh push, he shoves me back on the road behind me. A car zooms ahead. The world slows down as I get hit by the speeding metal.

I don't even get the time to scream. My body rises in the air and then hits the road. Pain shoots in every inch of my body. I try to breathe but find my lungs aching. The world spins in front of my eyes, red painting my vision. Amidst the searing agony, my hand touches my belly and my blurred gaze lifts to Ethan. He is looming over Lily who fell due to the hard push. " E...Eth...Ethan. " I croak, my head arching off the hard road. Please, help me. I—I am with your child. He looks up as if he heard my silent plea. His eyes glare at me hatefully. Instead of coming to me, his wife, he picks up Lily in his arms and turns away from me, leaving me bleeding in the middle of the road. A lone tear slips out of my eye. My Baby.