

## Chapter 41 - Divorced Heiress

Paul's body positioned itself in front of me in a protective manner, while Abby and Vincent approached upon hearing the way that woman called me, just like his mother used to call me. I took a step forward, standing to the side of Paul, not wanting him to think that I was hiding behind my companions.

"This is not a place for people of low resources like you, what do you intend by coming back? No, don't tell me, you surely think you have the possibility of marrying into the Lancaster family again. Let me tell you that you are wasting your time. Why don't you go back where you came from?" Gina said arrogantly and with an air of superiority, a malicious smile adorned her face, while her group of friends looked at me as if I were the most despicable being.

I couldn't help but let out a humorless laugh at the string of nonsense coming out of her mouth. As if the Lancaster family was a reason to come back, not even if I were crazy would I marry into a family that had no manners or the slightest respect for others.

Although Gina was the youngest of the Lancaster family, she was the spitting image of her mother, and I felt so sorry for her, for allowing herself to be influenced by Mrs. Amelia.

I could tell that Abby had the intention of hurling insults at her, however, I raised a hand to let her know that I would deal with the situation. After all, she was messing with me, not with my companions.

"Ms. Lancaster, I didn't know that I had to give you explanations about my life. Are you so disturbed by my presence? I didn't know that you owned this city to tell me what I should or shouldn't do. What makes you think that I would marry into such an unpleasant family like yours? No, thank you. There are more relevant reasons than a family that boasts about having all the money in the world, but couldn't afford a class in manners." I responded calmly, with a smile on my face that no one, not even her, could erase.

Gina looked at me dumbfounded by my response and glanced fleetingly at her friends who were laughing behind her, then she turned her gaze back to me and let out a mocking laugh as if she wanted to continue provoking or humiliating me as she used to do before. In the past, I hadn't dared to respond to her in that way, and of course, it disoriented her.

"Don't think you're something special just because you have a position that you obviously obtained through cheap tricks. I never thought you could stoop even lower, I don't know how people can be so blind to notice a woman with such little class." She said, looking at Paul, who

stood firmly by my side, hinting that thanks to him, I got my position in such an important company.

"And don't be so insolent with the family that fed you, anyone would want to marry into the Lancaster family, a recognized elite family, classy and wealthy."

Her words made me burst into laughter, which was followed by Abby, who didn't miss the slightest detail of the back and forth.

"I have no need to resort to any tricks, and I stooped lower by marrying your brother. And tell me, where is your husband? As far as I remember, your suitors can't stand you for more than a week. How funny you've become, Gina." Gina's face turned all shades, and her expression made her look miserable. Her friends laughed, covering their mouths with their hands, and Gina gave them another look that made them silence immediately, but it wasn't enough to make Abby quiet, who burst into laughter.

"I don't intend to waste any more time with an uncouth airhead, leave our private room or I will call security." I said annoyed with the situation.

I admitted that I enjoyed making her feel miserable, but I was getting bored arguing with someone who only hid behind a surname that gave me a headache.

"Do it and we'll see who runs first." She said defiantly, regaining her composure as if she hadn't had enough of this conversation that wouldn't go anywhere.

I didn't hesitate for a second when I turned around and pressed the button near the table to request a security guard, she placed one of her hands on her waist in a jug pose, not losing her defiant gaze, while she waited for the guard to arrive.

"Sari, you don't have to keep putting up with this insolent child, if you want, we can go somewhere else." Paul said as he arrived by my side and I looked at him with a smile to calm him down.

"Paul, I won't allow anyone to ruin this night, especially not a member of the Lancaster family. Relax, okay? I won't miss out on a tango night." I said calmly and quietly for only him to hear, he nodded his head not very sure, before giving me a kiss on my forehead.

"I don't want to get involved in the discussion because you asked for it, but I can't guarantee that I can tolerate that rude woman for much longer." Vincent said as he approached us. I looked at Gina, who was still standing, blocking the entrance to our room, casually talking with her friends while giving us a disdainful look.

At least she had stopped talking. All that was left was for the guard to remove her from my sight so I could enjoy the night with friends, something I hadn't had in a long time.

I didn't know what Gina intends. Couldn't she just move along and leave me alone? Surely she thought I was still the same woman from three years ago who endured humiliation in Lancaster Villa. The surprise she got.

"Don't pay attention to her, I'll handle it in a moment." I responded, seeing the guard approach the room. Gina hurried to talk to him, and her friends disappeared, not wanting to be part of a scandal. It was the most sensible thing they could do.

"This place is exclusive, Petter, that woman doesn't have enough money to pay for the service in this bar. You must remove her from here." Gina unleashed her anger on the burly man, who looked at her expressionless before turning to me. I spoke before he could say a word.

"Good evening, I'm Sarah Petit. My friends and I came to spend a quiet night, but this woman has invaded our private room. Would you be so kind as to remove her from our space? We have felt very uncomfortable with her presence and her baseless attacks." I spoke politely and calmly, not hiding my disgust for the woman in front of me, very different from how she expressed herself.

"Petter! No! She should be the one to leave, not me. She will damage the image of this place, I assure you she is not capable of paying for even a glass of wine on her own account, just look at her."

The man barely glanced at Gina, clearly one of those who couldn't stand the young Lancaster.

I smiled half-heartedly as I took out the exclusive black credit card that my father gave me years ago, one that very few people in the world can obtain. Both of them looked at it as if they had never seen such a thing in their lives.

"I will pay tonight's bill for everyone in this bar, including yours, Ms. Lancaster, so you can save the allowance you receive every month." I said with a satisfied smile on my face, seeing her pale and surprised expression. For her, it was a humiliation that the "poor girl" offered to pay her bill, exposing her limited monthly income.

"I will give you a generous tip if you make this intruder disappear from my sight." I added in a cold and indifferent voice. Gina was left dumbfounded when the guard took her by the arm without hesitation.

"Ms. Lancaster, this is not your room, please come with me." The incredulous look on Gina's face was directed at the burly man called Petter, and she squirmed uncomfortably, trying to free herself from his grip.

"Let go of me! Idiot! Mike will hear about this. I hope the tip is high enough for you to live well for a long time without a job." Gina managed to free herself from Petter and gave me a furious glance that made me smile with satisfaction.

"Don't think this is over. Get out of my way." Gina shouted at Petter's face and stormed away, fuming and stomping her heels.

"Do you need anything else, Ms. Petit?" The guard asked once we were rid of that thorn in our side.

"Nothing else, thank you, Petter. You will be well rewarded." I said with a smile, and he nodded before leaving the private room.

I turned around after letting out a sigh of satisfaction and found Abby recording the scene with her cellphone camera, ignoring the scolding from the two men who weren't happy with Abby's actions.

"If this goes on social media, it will go viral in an instant!" She said, amused, and I approached to take her phone, but she was faster and pulled it away from me.

"I won't upload it, but I won't delete it either. You never know when we might need this treasure. And you guys stop looking at me like that."

She refused to comply because I knew I would end up losing. Abby wasn't willing to delete the video, and although I didn't agree, I preferred her to keep it.

"I'm so proud of Sarah! Did you see how she defended herself in a polite yet offensive way? That woman wanted to die!" Abby laughed, recalling the recent event, and among all of us, we debated which was the best part of the argument with Gina.

With that, I made it clear to him that I wasn't the same Sarah who let herself be walked all over. Not anymore.

Chapter 25 The proposal.

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The bottle of the best wine from Eclipse bar ran out and Abby didn't hesitate to order another one, even though I hadn't finished my second glass yet.

"And here we can see the woman who never wanted to taste a drop of alcohol in her life." I said playfully as I moved my glass before taking a sip of the sweet and exquisite wine.

"I had to endure the unpleasant time that woman gave us. I don't understand how you put up with her for so many years. I would have punched her from the very beginning." Abby responded with a furrowed brow, obviously upset about my ex sister-in-law.

And yes, I should have demanded respect from the beginning, but I wanted to please the Lancaster family in some way for the sake of Alexander, to have the dreamt and happy marriage that I imagined by his side. However, I only allowed constant humiliations by showing myself submissive and obedient to them.

"The good thing is that eventually, Sari hit her with words. That is more painful and humiliating." Paul intervened, proud of me, and I smiled as I remembered Gina's colorful face before she disappeared.

"Anyway, I'll steal Sara for a moment. We'll give a show tonight. I hope you haven't forgotten how to dance tango."

Paul stood up from his seat smiling and offered me his hand to help me up.

I left the wine glass on the table and without hesitation, took his hand to get up.

"If I came here tonight, it's for a reason." I responded playfully, and Abby jumped up from her seat, getting my attention.

"Oh no, don't think you two will have all the fun." She said.

"Vincent, get your grumpy ass up. You better be able to dance. I don't want to be the laughingstock of this city."

Vincent rolled his eyes in annoyance, showing his disagreement about dancing with Abby.

I couldn't help but laugh, knowing that Vincent wasn't much of a dancer despite being good at it. He preferred to stay away at his table with his drink.

"I hate to disappoint you, but I have two left feet." Vincent lied blatantly with his neutral expression, but Abby didn't care. She took his hand and pulled him, making him get up.

"Don't try to fool me. I know you can dance even with your eyes closed. You knew we were coming here to dance. Now, for your own good, you'll go with me." Abby spoke to him so seriously that I could see a little fear in Vincent's eyes. He ended up nodding his head.

"That's the way I like it. Let's go dance!"

Abby dragged Vincent away, and as they passed by me, he threw me a look screaming 'Save me!' I shook my head.

My friend was right, he knew we came to dance. I wouldn't feel right leaving him alone in the private room while the rest of us had fun. Although, on the other hand, I understand why he wouldn't want to dance with Abby, considering how different she was from him.

He was serious, focused on what he considered relevant, discreet, and cold when he wanted to be. On the other hand, my friend was an irreparable lunatic, reckless, liberal, spoke her mind without filters, and lived every day as if there was no tomorrow, regardless of what others thought.

They probably wouldn't last more than five minutes alone.

Paul and I followed the odd couple to the dance floor. We waited for the last piece to finish and the next one to begin, so I could join my body with Paul's when he placed his hand on my back and we danced to the rhythm of the music.

I followed his lead, starting slow, and his good footwork made me feel at ease. We danced from side to side, delicately holding onto his back. I could barely see Abby, who had her forehead pressed against Vincent's cheek, dancing to their own beat.

"Did you receive my flowers?" Paul suddenly asked in the middle of the dance, and I locked my eyes with his, which still looked tired.

Suddenly, I felt guilty for allowing him to attend this late-night gathering of friends instead of going to the mansion to rest for a long week of work.

I remembered the last time he sent me flowers to my office, the day my father told me we were invited to Fashion Week. I didn't even read the note; I already had an idea of what it said, the same as always, that my beauty couldn't be compared to any flower.

"Yes, they were very beautiful, but you shouldn't have bothered." I said before performing a smooth leg break and bend with sensuality, slightly crouched, and returned to Paul's chest to continue walking. He looked at me with a smile, as if he was seeing an impressive diamond.

"I did it because it came from my heart, it's the least I could do while being far away. And what do you think about the last note? Do you have an answer?" He suddenly asked, and my mind went blank.

The only thing I could think of was pressing my forehead against his cheek and increasing the walking speed with a syncopated cut, carefully moving across the dance floor to avoid colliding with other couples.

I wanted to avoid giving an answer to that question that I had no idea about, while trying to come up with something to get out of the uncomfortable situation.

At one point, he turned me around, causing my back to lean against his chest, and we both performed a leg break. Before I could turn around, I found Gina's face on the second floor, watching the scene from the railing with a disapproving expression. Next to her was the bar's owner, Alexander's best friend, who seemed to be trying to intimidate me with his gaze.

I smiled slightly and turned to continue the walk after a subtle hook.

"Are you avoiding me? Or are you too focused on dancing?" Paul asked, and I gave up, it was better to speak the truth.

"Paul, I didn't read the note, I have no idea what you're talking about." I said honestly, hoping he would show his discontent with my lack of interest. However, I was surprised when he smiled from ear to ear.

"That's not a problem, I'm telling you personally." He said, pressing his forehead against mine, and my body tensed.

I know it's part of the dance, but I felt nervous considering that he would tell me what I foolishly didn't read, it would have saved me all this.

"Sari." He moved his face away from me, enough to gaze directly into my eyes, and the pace of our steps slightly slowed down.

"Many years have passed, and I'm still waiting for you, without losing hope that you'll give me the opportunity to be by your side and by Tristan's side. You know how much I adore your son, and I wouldn't mind being the father he needs." I held my breath, knowing where the conversation was heading, even though he sent me flowers whenever he could, he stopped insisting years ago, and he was still waiting for me to open my heart again, and for him to be the lucky one.

But all these years, I hadn't thought of anything else but the company and my son, I didn't have time to think about love affairs even if I wanted to.

"Paul..." I started to say, but was interrupted by a male voice.

Chapter 26 Not everything that shines is gold.

## Chapter 43 - Divorced Heiress

"Ms. Petit. How glad I am to see you again!"

That voice full of sarcasm seemed familiar to me and I didn't have to turn around to know who interrupted my dance and my conversation.

Paul looked behind me with his stern gaze and I loosened my grip on him to turn around and meet the playful face of that man, his gaze traveled to my waist where Paul's hand still was, and I did nothing to remove it.

"I can't say the same about you, Mr. Rehman." I responded sharply and expressionless.

When I saw him on the second floor with Gina, I didn't think he would dare to approach me, he had nothing to do with Alexander's best friend, in fact, I never managed to please him in the past, the last time I saw him was at a gathering at the Lancaster villa, where I seemed more like the family's maid than the wife.

Amelia had asked me to help the staff serve drinks and food, and I accepted to please her, in the end I couldn't enjoy the gathering next to my husband and ended up helping the staff clean every corner of the villa.

I knew.

How pathetic I was.

"I see." He said, alternating his gaze between Paul and me, I raised one of my eyebrows, guessing what was going through his mind and I admit that at this moment I wasn't far from reality after thinking about Paul's proposal.

But, why would he care?

What was he doing here anyway?

Why was he addressing me?

I had nothing to talk to him about, nor was there any reason for him to even speak to me.

"What do you want, Mr. Rehman? You just interrupted our dance, please be brief." I spoke without a hint of grace and put my hand on top of Paul's, causing his fingers to tighten around my waist.

I could feel how tense he was by my side, surely annoyed by the presence of that man just when he was about to give an answer.

"I heard about the altercation with Gina, could you please follow me? I would like to talk about some things regarding my bar." I let out a silent laughter without humor before looking at the second floor, where Gina was still watching us, this time, her face was adorned with an arrogant smile that I would like to wipe away with a slap.

Of course, she ran to seek help when she felt cornered by me, could she be more pathetic?

"Of course, I can." I let go of Paul's hand with the intention of him letting me go to follow Mike, but instead, I only managed to make him slightly tighten his grip, as if he had no intention of letting me go with the man, at least not without his company.

"Sari, I'll go with you, I don't trust this man." Paul murmured near my ear so that only I could hear him, and I shook my head.



He didn't know Mike. He had no idea who he was, but I did, and he wouldn't be able to do anything out of the ordinary in his own bar. It would be a subject of gossip and he was a man who cared a lot about his image. He cared a lot about what people will say, so he had never been involved in rumors that would harm his reputation.

I had nothing to fear, the most he could do was spew insults just like Gina did, and I was very well prepared to defend myself.

"I can handle it on my own, trust me." I refused feeling confident in myself.

"I'll be back in a moment, we have a pending conversation." I said, patting him on the shoulder before following Mike's steps.

I didn't need anyone to face the consequences of my actions. I was not like a certain woman who sought help from others instead of standing up for herself, like a true coward.

I climbed the stairs to the second floor and we reached where Gina was without wiping away her smile, accompanied by her friends who kept a prudent distance.

Mike stopped in front of Gina and looked at me with accusatory eyes, as if I had done something that harmed him.

"Mr. Rehman, please get to the point, the presence of this woman is not pleasant for me." I said as soon as I stopped by his side, Gina raised an eyebrow for a few seconds and looked at Mike with a disappointed expression.

"Do you see how she talks to me? She is not worthy of this place, she is only ruining the image of this exclusive bar." Gina spoke as if she was extremely offended by my words, as if she didn't have a triumphant smile on her face just a moment ago. I gave her a playful look.

How could someone be so fake?

"Ms. Sarah, I ask you to apologize to Gina and leave my bar. You have started an argument with Gina, insulting her humiliatingly just because she is your ex-husband's sister. Are you still not over the Lancaster family? Please, I don't allow physical or verbal violence in my bar."

I looked at Mike with a furrowed brow, totally confused by his words, but soon burst into laughter when I understood the situation.

Such nonsense!

"Is that what Ms. Lancaster told you? Does she even know how things really happened? She should be the one apologizing. Who do the Lancasters think they are, thinking they're gods? The one who doesn't seem to get over it is the lady present." I responded amused by the situation while looking disdainfully at a frowning Gina.

She was twisting the facts, portraying herself as the victim who was attacked by her ex-sister-in-law, and obviously Mike was going to believe anything that came out of her mouth. After all, she was his best friend's sister, and I was the ex-wife who never liked him.

Chapter 26 Not everything that shines is gold part 2

## Chapter 44 - Divorced Heiress

"Apologize to me? Not in your wildest dreams. You are the one who should kneel and ask for my forgiveness for the insults." Gina played the victim expertly in front of Mike, so much so that even her eyes welled up as if she were truly affected.

"She paid Petter to kick me out of the bar! She's resentful, she can't stand being expelled from the Lancaster family. She's just waiting for my brother to arrive, she's going to regret everything she's said to me."

Just hearing that Alexander could be on his way here made my body boil with anger. He was the last person I wanted to see in my life. Who else did she plan to call to defend her? The President of the United States?

"Mr. Rehman, if you believe that I started an argument with Ms. Lancaster, I invite you to verify her version with the security cameras. If I paid the guard, it's because she invaded my private room without being invited. According to the bar's policies, only people with prior reservations have access to these rooms, thus ensuring the privacy and comfort of the customers. So I am not satisfied with the service of this place that does not fulfill what it offers. If you think I'm lying, I invite you once again to take a look at the security footage, then you will see who insulted whom and who truly deserves an apology." I said calmly while delicately resting my hand on the rail.

Gina's face turned as pale as paper upon hearing my invitation to see the security cameras. Was she so clueless that she didn't even think that her behavior without the slightest bit of manners would be recorded?

She could be even more pathetic than I could have imagined.

Mike gave Gina a stern look, realizing in her eyes that she had distorted the facts to suit her own agenda.

"Gina, is there something you want to say about this? You told me that Ms. Petit attacked you in your room." Mike asked, his face red, and I couldn't tell if it was out of anger because of Gina's false accusations, or embarrassment for accusing me without investigating a little.

"She's lying, my friends witnessed it and can confirm this woman's verbal aggression! Right?" Gina turned to her friends who had been listening, and the three of them glanced from one face to another without knowing what to say, and in the end, they simply entered one of the rooms, which I assumed was Gina's.

"Don't think badly of them, Mike, they just don't like getting involved in other people's affairs."

"Very contradictory of you, Ms. Lancaster. You know they don't get involved in other people's affairs, yet you seek their support." I said with a mocking smile, and Gina's face turned a rosy shade.

"Mr. Rehman, now you know what you have to do, and I expect the respective apologies when you find out the truth of the matter. And next time, before making an accusation and demanding an apology, inform yourself better. Not everything that glitters is gold. Ms. Lancaster, despite your poor behavior, I will leave your tab paid as promised. You need that money more than I do. Excuse me, I am leaving very dissatisfied with your bar." I said, feeling satisfied with my confrontation with them. I didn't give either of the two people who were looking at me stunned by my words a chance to speak, I turned around and walked away from them, strutting without looking back.

I searched for Paul with my eyes where I had left him before going with Mike and I couldn't find him, I couldn't even see Abby or Vincent.

Where did they go?

Hands rested on my waist before descending the stairs, making me jump, and before I turned around to punch that person for such audacity, I realized it was Paul.

"Are you okay? Did they eat you alive?" He asked with a worried look, holding my things in his hands as if he had guessed that we would leave the place.

I quickly shook my head in response, Abby and Vincent were approaching behind him, both looking unhappy, and I spoke so that everyone would know I was okay, that there was nothing to worry about.

"I didn't give them a chance and maybe they'll come back asking for an apology, but we should leave here, I can't stand the presence of that couple, they'll keep ruining our night without even getting close." I replied, remembering that the unspeakable one could arrive at any moment and I didn't want my night to be completely ruined with one more defender of Gina.

Of course, everyone agreed with the decision.

I linked my arm with Paul's, feeling annoyed by that couple, but mostly with Gina, who still had all the desire to humiliate me as many times as she wanted, despite not being part of her family for more than three years.

What the hell did she want from me?

"This is not the only bar in this city, leave that to me, I'll take care of finding the perfect place for us to continue having fun, well, the three of us, because Vincent doesn't seem very amused." Abby said, hitting Vincent with her elbow and he didn't even flinch, he looked very upset and perhaps it was because of the unpleasant encounters I had tonight and that he couldn't do anything to defend me at my own request.

We left the bar, not without first paying for the orders that had been placed so far for all the customers at the bar, just as I had promised, I didn't even dare to look at the bill.

We waited for the chauffeur to arrive with the car, Abby was complaining to Vincent for becoming so cold after the perfect dance they had, and I remembered my dance with Paul, I looked up at Paul's face, which remained silent as if he were immersed in his thoughts and oblivious to the conversation of the others.

"Paul." I called as I gently let go of his arm, although his hand ended up holding mine, as if he didn't want to stop feeling my touch, and his brown gaze met my eyes.

"Before we were interrupted earlier, I was going to give you an answer to your proposal." I resumed the topic, while looking at our intertwined hands and then looked at his peaceful face.

"Oh! If you don't want to, I swear I won't keep pressuring you, I won't force you to do something you don't want to do and..." He started to say, but I didn't give him a chance to continue talking and he looked at me incredulously, as if he couldn't believe I just gave him such an answer, and soon his confused look was replaced by a sparkle in his eyes that made them look lighter.

"I would never disappoint you, Sari." He hugged me, taking me by surprise, and we let go of each other, both with a smile adorning our faces.

"I hope so." I replied cheerfully when my chauffeur arrived and my eyes automatically shifted to a very familiar car that had just parked a few meters away, very close to the entrance of the bar, I immediately knew who it belonged to.

My blood almost boiled with anger, and before the owner of that Bugatti could come out and see his disgusting face, I made my way to the car next to Paul, Abby quickly got in on her brother's side, leaving him in the middle, and Vincent got in on the passenger side.

"Mr. driver, since I have failed in my first choice, we will go to another bar, you follow my instructions. The night is just beginning and it smells like love here, good love!"

Chapter 27 My ex-wife.

## Chapter 45 - Divorced Heiress

## ALEXANDER

The last therapy session of the day for Alexis came to an end, I felt satisfied with his progress. He still couldn't walk, but he made his best effort to regain strength in his legs. He spoke very little, only able to say the names he remembered, and it overwhelmed me that he kept mentioning the name of my ex-wife, causing irritation to my mother and sister.

The only thing that occurred to me in such a case was that her name might have remained in his subconscious because I mentioned it so many times while he was still in a coma, or maybe he mentioned another woman with the same name. It was the most logical explanation since Alexis never got to know Sarah.

My phone rang in my pocket, and I distanced myself from the nurses who were helping my brother with his meal. I frowned upon seeing that Gina was calling me.

"What's up, Gina?" I asked as soon as I answered the call. I hadn't seen her all afternoon, in fact, she didn't even come today to see how her brother was doing.

"Alex, you have to help me. A woman has confronted me without any reason, and I think she wants to hit me." I could hear her trembling voice, although I quickly realized that she was exaggerating things as usual.

"You can handle it on your own, I'm busy." I said with no intention of giving in to her whims. Maybe someone just gave her a dirty look, and she thought they were out to get her.

I ended the call and returned to Alexis, who was looking at me warmly with his honey-colored eyes that shimmered with green.

I couldn't help but feel a pang in my chest every time I saw him like that, knowing that it was my fault he couldn't speak or walk as much as he wanted. I stole thirteen years of his life.

He turned his gaze back to the television, focusing on the news channel that one of the nurses had put on. It helped him familiarize himself with current events and also served as a practice for him to interact and learn more words from the nurses.

My phone rang again, and this time the name "Mike" appeared on the screen.

I smiled at Alexis, who looked at me again upon hearing the sound of my phone. I turned my back to him to answer the call without disturbing his tranquility or interrupting the leg massages he was receiving.

"Mike." I answered.

"Alexander, you have to come to Eclipse Bar. Gina is here, and she was verbally attacked by your ex-wife, Sarah." A wave of coldness ran through my body upon hearing that name.

Sarah?

Verbally attacked by Sarah?

Was she the woman who confronted Gina for no reason?

Was she here?

Did she come back to New York?

I remained silent for a few moments, and as if destiny wanted to give me an answer, Sarah's face, along with the same group that appeared in the news I saw a few days ago, appeared on the television screen. I focused all my attention on the headline.

"Doinel's representatives will be present at Fashion Week."

Unconsciously, I tightened my hold on the phone, and the cold in my body was accompanied by a shiver and a pang in my chest when I realized that Mr. Doinel didn't come alone with his wife this time, but with the high executives of his company, including...

"Sarah."

That voice caught my attention, and I glanced at Alexis, who looked restless, staring at the television screen after mentioning the name of the woman on screen.

What? How?

It was impossible for Alexis to recognize my ex-wife. He hadn't even seen her in pictures.

Or, had he?

"Mike, I'll be there in a moment. Stay with my sister until I arrive and demand an apology from that woman."

I didn't wait for Mike to say more and hung up the phone to quickly go to Alexis' side. He continued staring at the television with the image of the green-eyed brunette and her companions.

"Alex, do you know who she is?" I asked, referring to Sarah.

Alexis still didn't give me a glance; he seemed hypnotized or maybe he was still listening to the information about Doinel's representatives attending this week.

"Sarah." he said her name again and I felt inexplicably uncomfortable. It was clear that Alexis could not say more than a few names, so it was impossible for him to resolve the doubts that began to swirl in my head.

"Do you know who Sarah is?" I asked again, hoping that at least she would respond with a nod, but all I got was a dirty look from the nurses.

"Mr. Lancaster, don't pressure him to answer, Alexis is not yet in a condition to engage in a conversation, you have to be patient." Sofia intervened, in charge of Alexis' speech, and I had to swallow my curiosity.

She was right.

Anyway, I shouldn't give any importance to any topic related to Sarah. Maybe he had seen more news about her and associated my ex-wife with the name he had always mentioned.

"I have something to do, I'll be back in an hour." I informed the nurses, but mostly Alexis, as I hadn't left him since I brought him home.

Minutes later, I was on my way to Mike's bar. I clenched my hands on the steering wheel as I imagined my sister being attacked by Sarah. The last time I saw her, I could tell how cold she had become after the divorce, and it was no wonder. I was responsible for hurting her in the worst way. However, she had no right to attack my sister without reason.

I parked the car near the entrance of the bar and got out when I saw a familiar male figure getting into a black van in the passenger seat, before the car drove off and disappeared from my sight.

Vincent.

Chapter 27 My ex-wife part 2

## Chapter 46 - Divorced Heiress

It didn't take a wise person to know that Sarah was in that van. Of course, she was in good company.

I handed the keys to the valet parking attendant and entered the bar in search of my sister in the private room assigned to the Lancasters. I found her with Mike, who was saying God knows what to her, with a visibly upset red face.

"Can you tell me what's going on? Has Sarah apologized to you?" I asked Gina, but she didn't seem willing to answer. She sat on the couch with her arms crossed and without looking at me.

"Alexander, follow me." Mike said, realizing that Gina wasn't going to say a word. Something was wrong with my sister, that was more than evident.

I followed Mike, who guided me to the security room on the ground floor.

"Can you tell me what's happening? Did you demand an apology from Sarah?" I asked when we reached the monitors where security camera footage was being played.

"Of course I demanded it, and I ended up being scolded by that woman because of your sister. Do you want to know what your sister did? Let's take a look." Mike said angrily, and I couldn't understand anything at all.

According to Gina, she was attacked by Sarah. Why would Mike end up being scolded?

What the hell did my sister do?

I focused my attention on the monitor that was playing images from an hour ago and clenched my fist at my side when I saw Sarah arriving at the bar with Vincent and Abby, until they reached the private room assigned to them, which was a great distance from Gina's room.

I couldn't help but take a glimpse of her black dress, hugging her body, making her look so sensual and delicate despite the simplicity of the garment.

An inexplicable, unpleasant warmth settled in my chest as I saw Paul taking her by the waist and seconds later they embraced each other. My brows furrowed as I listened to their conversation, and especially the friend's words insinuating that Sarah was going to propose to Paul.

What a stupidity.

Soon enough, I understood the reason for Mike's anger. Gina appeared in the private room of the newly arrived group and started attacking Sarah deliberately, calling her a gold digger, just like my mother had done since we got divorced.

This was not even close to what Gina told me. That girl lied to me, and I even dared to order Mike to have Sarah apologize when she did nothing but defend herself from Gina's insults.

Did my family have so much hatred towards Sarah to spit out so many insults without reason? I didn't think Sarah's words would affect me if they weren't directed at me at all, until she said something that made me feel really irritated and annoyed.

"I fell even lower by marrying her brother."

I loosened my tie as I felt like I couldn't breathe properly, I had brought it upon myself and on top of that, my family kept attacking her despite us getting divorced three years ago.



"The photos don't lie, Gina not only invaded a private room in my bar and insulted Sarah, but she lied as she pleased and I ended up in a bad position because of your hasty order, now Sarah is waiting for our apologies for wrongly accusing her. If my bar wasn't involved, I wouldn't even have come to help Gina, you know how whimsical she is and the tricks she uses to manipulate anyone."

I clearly heard every single word from Mike, however, my eyes were still glued to the monitor, following every movement of Sarah.

Wasn't she supposed to be in a relationship with Mr. Vincent?

Why was she so close to Paul now, in front of Vincent?

I increased the speed of the video to inspect any movement from Sarah with Paul, and I felt suffocated when they stood up from the table and made their way to the dance floor, where they danced like professionals and very close together. There were even angles where it looked like they were kissing, until Mike arrived to interrupt them and Paul held her waist with his disgusting hands.

This shouldn't affect me after so many years. Why did I inexplicably feel angry?

I continued to follow their steps, increasing the speed, and after calmly talking to Mike, she turned around to meet Paul and his friends. Sarah paid the bill and they all went out to wait for the van, the audio on the street wasn't very clear, but I could see how the couple hugged each other and when the van arrived, they didn't hesitate to get in, just as I arrived in my car, the black van started moving.

And so she left, just seconds away from reaching the bar and coming face to face with me.

I let out a frustrated sigh and wanted to throw the monitor away from me, but I restrained myself. She had the right to move on with her life. Who was I to disagree?

"This is going to cost Gina dearly." I left the security room and walked visibly angry until I reached the private room where my sister was with her friends as if nothing had happened.

"Gina Lancaster! Right now, you're going to apologize to Ms. Petit and also to Mike for involving him in your childish behavior." I grabbed Gina's arm without any delicacy and she complained in pain as she tried to free herself from my grip.

"Have you gone crazy? She insulted me, I'm not going to apologize to that ungrateful woman." Gina replied as I pulled her out of the room, and I stopped in the hallway to grab her by the shoulders and make her look into my eyes. I wouldn't tolerate another rude remark from her.

"She defended herself from your attacks. You have two options, Gina, either you apologize to Sarah right now or you won't receive a single cent for the next six months, and believe me, I'll

make sure my mother doesn't dare to defend you." I spat out each word in her face, showing her that I was truly mad at her malicious actions.

"I'd rather live without money than apologize to such a despicable woman. How blind you were to marry Sarah Petit, she's not even close to your level, not even if she were the president of the country would she lose her poverty." Gina responded arrogantly before freeing herself from my grip and walking towards the exit alone.

I looked at her back, angry, and immediately the questions started to arise in my head.

When did Gina become such a heartless person?

Had my mother and Gina always thought that about Sarah?

Had they been so rude to Sarah all this time?

No, she would have told me.

Just like I told her my secret.

Damn it.

I went to pay Gina's bill and was surprised to find out that someone had paid the bill for everyone at the bar.

"Who woke up in a good mood to pay everyone's bill? It must have cost a fortune." I said jokingly as I put away my credit card.

"Ms. Sarah Petit."

I looked at the woman expressionless and with one eyebrow raised at her response, while I repeated that name over and over again in my head, the name of that woman who has caused so much commotion tonight.

My ex-wife.

Chapter 28 Sincere apologies.

## Chapter 47 - Divorced Heiress

SARAH

The headache made itself present as soon as I woke up, I didn't remember what a hangover felt like, and now Abby's words repeated in my mind a thousand times.

"I won't take another drop of alcohol for the rest of my life!"

The alarm went off an hour before breakfast time, I didn't want to wake up after Tristan and have him see me in this sorry state, what kind of example would I be setting for him?

I took a painkiller before getting ready for the day, the afternoon activities weren't too formal, so I dressed in black jeans and a thin-strapped white blouse. My first task for the day was to be a responsible mother, so I wanted to be as comfortable as possible.

I went down to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Tristan, my head still had a slight ache, but it wasn't as intense as when I woke up. I forgot about any discomfort as soon as I saw my son in the dining room, sitting in his special chair, and a playful Paul next to him, cleaning up the food Tristan had dropped from his plate.

"Am I hallucinating?"

I stood at the doorway, admiring the heartwarming scene.

It was no secret that Paul loves Tristan, and even though he'd been away for almost a year, Tristan remembered and adored him. However, I didn't expect to ever witness this scene in my life. The only man who had had this kind of relationship with my son had been my father.

"If you eat everything I've prepared for you, I'll take you to the amusement park." An excited Paul said as he sipped his steaming cup of coffee. Tristan continued eating with even more enthusiasm.

My eyebrows rose in surprise at his words.

Did Paul cook for Tristan?

That was unexpected. For a moment, I thought Maga had prepared breakfast, but now that I stopped to think, there were no traces of my Nana anywhere in the house. The only ones awake at this hour were them and me.

My heart warmed at the tender sight, although I denied it outright, Paul was doing his best to play the role of a father, and I didn't know how to feel about that.

Tristan's hazel eyes landed on me as he noticed my presence, and he squirmed in his seat, very happy.

"Papau! Mom, mom!" He pointed at me with a smile, and Paul's surprised gaze traveled to me, realizing that I was watching them. The corners of his lips curved into a genuine smile.

Since when did my son start calling Paul 'Papau'?

That's new.

"Mom woke up early!" Paul said, getting up from his seat and approached Tristan to whisper something to him, but he wasn't low enough for me not to hear.

"I'll invite her to have breakfast with us. I made her a special breakfast, what do you say?"

Tristan's head moved up and down with a huge smile on his face, and I couldn't help but smile while still watching the sweet scene.

"Good morning, Ms. Doinel, I invite you to have breakfast with us. The menu is not as exquisite as you're used to, but it was made with love."

Paul walked calmly to me, after getting a positive response from Tristan, and greeted me with a kiss on the cheek before hooking his arm with mine to lead me to the table. He pulled out a chair for me to sit next to Tristan.

I felt strange with this kind of attention. First, because I wasn't used to a man who is pursuing me surprising me in this way, and second, because it wasn't his responsibility to take care of my son. But I wasn't going to make a scene, nor would I dampen his spirits for the gesture that meant a lot to me.

"Paul, you didn't have to go through all this trouble." I said, feeling embarrassed as I settled into my seat to kiss Tristan's forehead, who kept eating as if he hadn't eaten in days.

"Are you enjoying breakfast?" I asked, looking at his half-finished pancake and the small pieces of strawberries scattered on his plate. He nodded, moving his black hair up and down.

"I know I didn't have to, but I wanted to. It didn't cost me anything at all." Paul replied as he served a couple of pancakes with chopped strawberries on the side and a steaming cup of tea that smelled delicious.

"I admit I was undecided when it came to cooking, I hope you like it."

He left the plate in my place and I looked at him silently, thinking about how considerate he is. When did he learn to cook? Or did he already know how to cook and I never knew?

"Thank you, Paul, it looks very appetizing." I said, taking the cutlery to start eating breakfast. I looked at Paul again, who also served himself a couple of pancakes and left the honey jar in the middle.

"Just out of curiosity, how did you wake up so early with Tristan?" I asked curiously before tasting the first bite of the pancakes with honey. My palate felt satisfied with the sweet and exquisite taste, I had to close my eyes to hold back a sound from my throat.

He really cook very well. This was more delicious than it looked.

"I'm not used to the time change, so I woke up very early and wanted to see Tristan after almost a year without seeing him. It's impressive how much he has grown. And well, I accidentally woke him up when I was leaving a gift in his room. I apologize, that wasn't my intention, anyway, I made it up to him with his breakfast and took the opportunity to prepare yours." He said, and the more he spoke, the more endearing his gesture seemed to me.

I looked at Tristan, he didn't seem in a bad mood for having woken up so early. On the contrary, it was as if Paul's company was the cure-all.

"Paul, it's fine, I have nothing to apologize for. Tristan seems happy with your presence, and he is happy, and so am I." I replied after taking a sip of my tea.

"Although you surprised me, I thought I would be the only one awake at this hour, I was mistaken."

Paul chuckled sheepishly and served yogurt for Tristan.

"Well, I have a mission this week, so you will most likely see me awake very early every day." He winked at me knowingly, and I immediately knew what he was referring to.

The week he asked for in order to get closer to me and accept all his invitations, to not reject him as I had done for over three years. I wasn't sure if this could change something in me or in my feelings. The last thing I want was for Paul to get hurt because of me, and even though I made it clear to him from the beginning, he didn't seem willing to give up.

"You're off to a good start." I said without looking at him and took another bite of the breakfast, savoring the flavor.

"I haven't started yet."

His calm response made me observe him, feeling my cheeks turn red, and I met his ear-to-ear smile. He seemed so self-assured that for a moment, I thought he would give in at any moment.

"Good morning, little Sarah and young Paul. Oh! Tristan awake so early, what a pity, little Sarah, have I woken up too late? I'm so sorry."

Maga arrived in the dining room, interrupting our conversation, and I redirected my gaze from Paul's face to my Nana, who looked anxious and embarrassed.

"Good morning, Nana. No, it's not late. It's just that we woke up earlier, you don't have to worry." I said, taking a sip of my tea, and Maga hurried to greet Tristan with a kiss.

"I thought I had overslept, what a scare, little Sarah. I'll prepare breakfast... Well, I see you have already eaten, so I'll cook for the others." Maga disappeared towards the kitchen, leaving us alone once again.

Chapter 28 Sincere apologies part 2

## Chapter 48 - Divorced Heiress

"After today's show, I want us to have our first date. I would invite you right now, but I have to finish some tasks for our presence at Fashion Week."

I tensed up just by hearing it, our first date. And I had to pretend and take a sip of tea.

By accepting, I was supposed to be accepting our first date. There was no time for regrets anymore, and I wasn't regretting it, but I was starting to feel scared.

"After the show, we have the welcome banquet. We can't miss it. I have to mingle with the top brands." I reminded him, as it was one of the main activities I had to do. Many good brands had projects that wanted to collaborate with Doinel, and I couldn't waste the opportunity to show my performance and how capable I was.

"After the banquet then."

Perhaps I would end up tired after the first day of the long-awaited event, but I could make time for Paul. After all, he was making an effort to make the most of the week he asked for.

"Perfect!" I said without dampening her spirits and her smile widened. Before she could say another word, my phone rang on the table, an unknown number appeared on the screen and after debating whether I should answer or not, I ended up answering.

"Hello?"

"Good morning, am I speaking with Ms. Sarah Petit?"

The feminine voice on the other end sounded familiar, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't remember where I had heard it before.

"Yes, this is her, who am I speaking to?" I asked with a serious voice and looked at Tristan who pointed to his empty plate, letting me know that he had eaten everything without leaving a crumb, I smiled at him while lightly pinching his round and rosy cheek.

"I am the assistant to the president of Lancaster Collection. The reason for my call is in regards to last night's inconvenience, the Lancaster family offers their sincerest apologies for the misunderstanding and Ms. Gina's behavior. The company is at your disposal for anything you may need during your stay in New York."

I remained motionless and furrowed my brow trying to process the words of the woman on the other end of the line, now I remembered where I knew that voice from, it's Cristina, Alexander's assistant.

How pathetic, they couldn't even face me and offer a simple apology. But of course Gina wouldn't stoop down to apologize to me or anyone, she was a spoiled child, and to avoid feeling more humiliated, she sent the poor secretary who had nothing to do with the matter to apologize for her, and now they had the audacity to offer to help me with anything I might need?

I couldn't hold back any longer and burst into laughter that caught the attention of Paul and Tristan, the latter ended up joining in my laughter without knowing the reason.

Oh, my baby.

"Excuse me, but do you think it's right what you're doing? Is it okay to apologize on behalf of others? The one who should call to apologize is Ms. Lancaster, since she's the one who started it all. Please, do not call me again unless it's on behalf of Ms. Gina. I do not accept your 'sincere apologies'." I responded calmly, while still looking at Tristan laughing out loud and I almost got infected with his laughter.

"Ms. Sarah, please wait a moment." She hurriedly said upon realizing my intention to hang up the call and I was about to tell her that I was not interested in anything other than Gina personally apologizing to me, but a voice interrupted me.

"Ms. Petit, I offer you an apology on behalf of my sister and the Lancaster family."

I felt the raging anger in my chest upon hearing that voice that made me nauseous, I automatically stiffened in my seat, feeling uncomfortable.

"I have heard about what happened at Eclipse bar and I want you to know that I will take strict measures with Gina..."

"Mr. Lancaster, I don't care what you do or don't do with your sister. If you offer me a supposed sincere apology, I hope it's from Ms. Gina herself. If it's not from her personally, I don't accept apologies, not even from the president of the country. Have a good day." I said with a cold and indifferent voice, feeling my blood boiling, and ended the call without waiting for any response, I didn't want to keep listening to him.

Who did they think they were?

They thought she could insult me as much as she wanted and that others could apologize for her. What kind of education did that girl receive? Someone needed to put her in her place and I would be more than happy to do it.

"Is everything alright? Is that family bothering you again? Just let me know and I'll make sure that girl comes to apologize on her knees." Paul said after I placed the phone on the table and I looked at him amused, dissipating the annoyance that hearing that voice now disgusted me and focusing on what brings a smile to my face, Tristan and Paul.

His brown eyes looked at me with concern and curiosity, I gave him a carefree smile, before picking Tristan up in my arms.

So much like his father, and yet so different he would be from him.

Now more than ever, I had to keep him away from the Lancasters, my son would not be one of them, they would have to go through me and I wanted to see if they dared to.

"It's not necessary, Paul. The same as always, a shameless family."

Chapter 29 Abby being Abby.

## Chapter 49 - Divorced Heiress

After finishing sorting the dresses from the Doinel collection that we were going to wear at each event in the upcoming days, I hurried to take a relaxing shower after giving Tristan his snack and leaving him in his room with Maga.

The stylists were working on Michelle Boyer, Abby, and my mother. I asked to go last because I felt like I had a lot left to do, although all I had were nerves from leaving my son with Maga for the whole week. We had never been apart for such a long time, and I wanted to spend as much time as possible with him.

After getting out of the shower, I delicately put on the silver dress that was meant for tonight's event. The long mermaid-style skirt had a slit that exposed my right leg, and the diamonds covered the necessary parts of my torso over the sheer fabric, leaving half of my back exposed and highlighting my slim silhouette.

Without a doubt, Patrick outdid himself with this sensual and elegant design.

The stylists were finishing up with Abby, my mother and Michelle were already ready with elaborate hairstyles and subtle makeup.



My mother's eyes sparkled when she saw me approach her. She made me spin around to inspect me completely.

"That dress could only suit the vice president of Doinel. You look perfect, don't you think, Ms. Boyer?" She said, unable to hide her excitement. I gave her a smile that reached my eyes before hugging her.

Michelle didn't respond to my mother. She just gave me a quick expressionless look from head to toe and walked away pretending to talk on her phone. I waited for her to be far enough to speak calmly with my mother.

"Thank you, Mom. You look perfect too, you have taken ten years off. " I wasn't lying, my mother looked elegant with her hair up in a hairstyle and a white dress made to measure. She looked very beautiful.

"Oh, I don't believe you. You are a sexy bomb without losing elegance. That dress is simply perfect for you. Look at those diamonds. God, I have no doubt you will be the sensation of this event. And Paul, don't even get me started. He will faint when he sees you."

My friend approached dragging her black sequined dress, and I gave her a discreet look so she wouldn't talk about Paul in front of my mother, or else she would start planning their wedding in her mind.

I had given her a brief summary of Paul's proposal and my response after the bad time I had had thanks to the stubborn Lancaster. She was almost jumping with excitement, but I clarified that it wasn't anything serious for now. Still, she couldn't help but fantasize about her best friend becoming her sister-in-law. And even though I didn't want to think of it that way, I knew I was taking a big step in opening my heart again.

I didn't know where Abby got so much romance from. I even thought she was in love for a moment, but then I dismissed the idea when I remembered that she rejected any man who approached her with the intention of starting a romantic relationship. According to her, none of them was the right one.

How I would have liked to do the same before getting married. Blind and in a hurry, I ended up living the worst torment. But I didn't complain completely, I still had my beautiful son, and that was enough to forget everything else.

"I'm going for my hair now, or we'll be late. We're running out of time, you all look beautiful." I said, raising my thumb in satisfaction with the results, and walked away before my mother started talking about how wonderful her best friends' son is in her eyes.

Well, yes, I couldn't deny that Paul was wonderful. Not only was he an excellent businessman, but he was also a great man whom you could count on in good times, bad times, and worse times. Not to mention how handsome and attractive he was.

No wonder there were so many rumors about him being involved with some woman. But his name hadn't appeared in any scandals in three years. The last woman he was linked to was me.

What a shame.

I asked the stylist for something simple, a very natural look, as I already had a lot going on with the dress and adding heavy makeup would make me look overloaded.

"Sari." Abby called me as she approached, leaving my mother alone checking her cellphone. I was surprised that her face wasn't beaming with a smile from ear to ear or with a mischievous look, the one she had before saying something outrageous. No, this time her eyes seemed...sad?

"Are you okay, Abby?" I asked worriedly, looking at her through the mirror as they started combing my hair. She looked hesitant, caressing her arm as if she wasn't sure about telling me what was happening to her.

"Just let it out, I'm your friend."

Abby let out a breath and looked at me, this time positioning herself in front of me. She glanced at the two women working on my hair and decided to speak.

"For a long time, years, many years, I have liked a man." She began, with her cheeks turning red and a sad look in her eyes. I didn't find anything wrong with her confession, in fact, I was surprised and glad that after years without knowing about any boyfriend, she told me this.

"That's great, why that sad puppy face? Who is it? Do I know him?" I asked, although I highly doubted I knew him because the few times I'd seen her accompanied by a man, they were always with their partners, making it clear that they were not available. Unless...

"Don't tell me he's a married or engaged man."

"No! I would never be interested in a married or engaged man!" She responded, wide-eyed, and I could breathe a sigh of relief. I, more than anyone, was against something like that. Finding out that your spouse had a lover was the most painful thing, and I didn't wish it upon anyone. I also didn't want Abby to become a despicable woman.

"It's just that, he's more like an impossible or unattainable man, and I've always kept that in mind. So I try to keep my feelings as controlled as possible. But last night, God, last night I kissed him on impulse and everything inside me went wild. I felt butterflies in my stomach, my skin tingled all over, my heartbeats raced like never before, and I got so hot that..."

She suddenly fell silent, swallowing whatever she was about to say about that man, and covered her mouth with her hands. Her cheeks turned even redder as she looked at me as if she had messed up by saying too much.

Hold on a moment.

She kissed him last night?

Last night we went out with Paul and Vincent...

Chapter 29 Abby being Abby part 2

## Chapter 50 - Divorced Heiress

I looked at her, surprised and with a smile on my face, as I discovered the identity of the man she spoke of with such passion, and with her eyes shining like never before.

"Don't tell me you like my..." Before the word "cousin" could come out of my mouth, she hissed as she looked behind me as if she didn't want anyone to hear what she was going to say.

"Why didn't you tell me before? You hide it very well, huh? Wait... You kissed him? What happened?"

I asked before letting out a conspiratorial laugh, and her face turned completely red like a tomato.

For the first time, I saw her so embarrassed and without saying something outrageous. A taste of her own medicine?

"It's not funny, it's sad. I wanted to die, disappear from the face of the earth. I had never felt so embarrassed in my life like last night. Do you know what he did? He pulled away from my lips as if he had disliked my kiss. I had to blame it on the alcohol, even though I wasn't even a little bit tipsy, and then I blamed it on the tango." She said, looking at me and I couldn't help but feel sad for her bad experience with the man she had liked for years.

Who would have guessed it was Vincent? Not even I, her best friend, knew that he had hidden it so well, even if it hurt her.

"I told him that the tango turned me on! And that's not the worst part, do you know what I did after his rejection? I asked him if he had a dog. A dog! What does a dog have to do with the kiss I just gave him? I know he doesn't have a dog! What the hell was I thinking? I'm no good at love."

My sad expression changed immediately, and I couldn't hold back the laughter that her last experience with Vincent caused. How could she ruin the moment with that question?

Abby being Abby.

"And what did he reply?" I asked, laughing, trying not to move too much or I would make it harder for the stylists.

"He just looked at me like I was crazy, and right at that moment, Paul asked us to go to the second floor with him because you had gone with the bar owner. I didn't even realize when you left! Do you realize the gravity of the situation? I didn't fall, I jumped headfirst because of your stupid... Well, you know who, because of that green-eyed ape." She said, alternating her gaze behind me, making sure no one else heard her story. Any trace of fun was wiped off my face and I took her hand, giving her a smile.

"Aunt By, how did you think things were going to happen? You caught him by surprise, you haven't even hinted at how you feel about him. I think you should take a risk without throwing yourself at him. Even if you see him being colder than a refrigerator, inside he is a good person, talk to him like mature people do." I advised her as if I were an expert on the subject. I just said what I thought about the situation and although she didn't seem very keen on the idea, she ended up nodding her head.

"Even if I'm embarrassed to the point of losing face, you have to take risks to win. I will follow my brother's example, even if I have to wait for him for three more years, get married and divorced, it doesn't matter if he comes with a child, I will be happy to be his stepmother."

I slapped the back of her hand pretending to be offended by using my own life as an example, and she let out a fun laugh.

My friend was back.

"Don't remind me of my misfortunes." I said, looking at my reflection in the mirror as I indicated to the stylist where I wanted my hair to go.

"Speaking of misfortunes, I can't wait to see the face of the wretch when he sees you and realizes the beautiful woman he missed out on by being unfaithful. He has no idea what kind of woman he had within his reach and didn't appreciate. Are you excited to rub in his face what he traded for a cheap whore?"

I looked at Abby with a serious expression. If she was going to start with that topic, I preferred to see her sad and embarrassed.

"I have no intention of crossing paths with him, it's the last thing I want. He is part of my past, and I have turned the page, putting a period at the end. Out of sight, out of mind." I replied confidently. Alexander had become a stranger to me and would remain so until the end of time. He with his life and me with mine.

"I know very well what he has become to you and that he earned it, but there's something preventing the end, little Tristan. Well, as my grandmother used to say, there is nothing hidden between heaven and earth. What will you do if he finds out about Tristan's existence?" I stopped looking at my hairstyle to gaze at my friend who asked the question I feared the most.

What was I going to do?

The answer was easy.

"He won't know that Tristan is his son, it's not like he's going to suspect just by knowing of his existence." I replied simply, even though inside I felt bad for my son and for what I had to do to see him calm and happy as always.

"Oh, yes, very believable, as if Tristan weren't a young version of him. I just hope he doesn't dare try to do anything against my nephew if he finds out, otherwise he'll get to know me and I swear it will end very badly." Abby spoke through clenched teeth and I agreed with her for the first time.

The Lancasters might mess with me, but they would never mess with my son, not over my dead body.

"The fashion week will pass in a snap, and we will return to Paris without anyone knowing about Tristan, I assure you that." I said confidently in my words. Nothing would go wrong, and I wouldn't expose my son while being in New York.

"They won't know about Tristan, but they will know about Paul. In fact, I give you permission to use my brother to rub it in that awful family's face, let them see us unscathed and radiant after such a slander three years ago. Don't think I've forgotten."

My brow furrowed as I remembered that moment when they tried to ruin my reputation and it backfired on them. Every member of that family was the worst, and it would please me if someone taught them a lesson.

After silently contemplating for a few seconds, I looked at Abby with a smile on my face.

"I think I'm going to enjoy this week, putting a few misfits and rude people in their place." I said, recalling last night when Gina approached me to deliberately insult me and the phone call this morning from the Lancaster company apologizing.

Who needed anyone else? I would be delighted to put that family in their place.