

## Chapter 25

[Vivienne]

Harvey raises an eyebrow and glances at the door, clearly annoyed by the commotion. He straightens his suit jacket and moves toward the door with a determined stride.

"Stay here, Vivienne. I'll handle this," he says over his shoulder.

I nod, but my curiosity gets the better of me. I quietly follow a few steps behind, close enough to hear but not to be seen. As Harvey reaches the door, he swings it open with a calm but authoritative demeanor.

Standing in the hallway is Arthur Clarkson, his face red with anger, his fists clenched at his sides. He's an imposing figure, not as tall as Harvey but clearly ready for a confrontation.

"Mr. Clarkson," Harvey begins smoothly, "I understand you're upset, but there's no need for threats. Let's talk about this like civilized adults."

Arthur takes a step forward, his eyes blazing. "Like civilized adults? Your store humiliated my sister! She was doing your store a favor by even coming here and you have the guts to embarrass her in front of everyone. How dare you? Who do you think you are?"

Harvey remains calm, his expression neutral. "Mr. Clarkson, I don't think you know the whole story. In my opinion, you should go back and ask your sister what really happened. Causing a scene here

won't solve anything."

Arthur's anger seems to swell even further. "Are you stupid? My sister was publicly humiliated! You expect me to just stand by and accept that?"

That seems to tick Harvey off. I can see the way his shoulders tighten and he tips his head just a little to his right. I know my brother well enough to recognize these signs of him losing his patience.

It all comes down to this moment, where the situation can go either way. I really wish I could say something, do something, anything to defuse this before things get ugly. But before I can, the unthinkable happens.

In the heat of the moment, Arthur lashes out.

His fist flies through the air toward Harvey.

He has a lot of strength and determination behind the swing, but he lacks skill and experience. Harvey has no trouble dodging it, easily ducking out of the way as it goes past. My brother doesn't even have to do anything; Arthur manages to trip and stumble, losing his balance and falling to the ground, all by himself.

I bite my lip as Arthur picks himself up, looking more than embarrassed. His face is so red, I can practically feel the steam rising off him.

Arthur points an accusing finger at my brother. "How dare you push me? You... you... I'll make sure you regret the day you ever pushed me!"



Is he on crack or something? When did my brother ever push him? Wasn't he the one who attacked my brother first and then tripped himself?

"Mr. Clarkson, if you don't stop acting so irrationally, I'll be forced to call security," Harvey says, signaling to his assistant, who is watching from the door. She immediately turns to her desk, grabs a phone, and calls someone.

In a matter of minutes, a whole lot of security arrives. Two burly men immediately grab Arthur's hands and drag him towards the exit. Arthur starts to protest, but it's clear his protests don't mean anything here. He was out of his depth the minute he challenged Harvey.

"I'll sue you for this!" he yells, looking angrier than ever. "You'll see! You'll regret the day you messed with the Clarksons! I'm going to destroy you!"

Harvey simply shrugs. "No need to embarrass yourself, Mr. Clarkson. But before you decide to do that, how about having a word with your father? I'm sure if he hears of this, he won't share the same opinion you have right now."

At the mention of his father, Arthur's face goes pale. "What is that supposed to mean?"

Harvey smiles. "Well, let's say the Clarkson family's financial condition hasn't been good lately, at least according to the latest reports. Everyone knows your family is on the brink of bankruptcy, but it looks like someone doesn't. Now, I don't care about all the

family drama you are dealing with right now. But I suggest that before you pick up any more fights, you talk it through with your family. After all, your father is a really wise and reasonable man. And you shouldn't let your ego take over your decision-making process."

I can't believe what I just heard. Is it true? Is Sasha's family really going bankrupt? Can this be the reason she's so hellbent on becoming Mrs. Lawrence? Because she knows her family needs the money? I didn't think the situation was this bad. But if Harvey knows it, then it must be true.

Arthur is speechless at hearing those words, looking as if he's just seen a ghost. "You... you don't know anything. How dare you speak of things that you have no idea about? I swear I'll make you regret it, Richardson!"

My brother just shakes his head. "Now you are threatening me again. What are you? Five? Just leave already."

Arthur looks as if he's about to explode. I've never seen him this mad. And before the security guards can react, he's out of their hold and moving toward my brother again.

"You bastard. I swear, you don't know what's coming to you! I'm not afraid to fight you."

But he's no match for the burly security men. Before he can take a step, they've already got him, and this time, they don't hold back. As they drag him out the door, Arthur continues to scream his threats.

"I'll ruin you! You and your stupid family! I'll make you all regret it."



He really is an idiot. He has no idea Harvey has zero tolerance for idiocracy, and from the way my brother is looking, watching his men drag away the spoiled kid, I can tell you for sure my brother already has something planned for him.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU



GET IT



Comments



Support