

Chapter 31

Chapter 31

[Vivienne]

Harvey and I walk into Dad's office and find him talking on the phone.

With his back to us, he continues, "I don't care that he's a damn kid or that he's an idiot. The fact that he's young and clueless doesn't excuse his reckless behavior. I just know that you have lost the right to ever ask us for any kind of help. I hope I've made myself clear. You should be sorry—damn sorry—because the sheer stupidity and incompetence of your son have just cost you millions, not to mention the damage he's done to your family's reputation. You'll be lucky if anyone in this industry takes you seriously after this debacle."

He finally hangs up and turns around, looking angrier. Spotting us, his face softens, and whatever irritation was visible moments ago vanishes.

"Kids, you're back. How was your evening?"

"What was that about?" Harvey asks first, walking over to Dad and taking a seat. "And was it George Clarkson on the phone?"

I frown. Isn't George Clarkson the father of Sasha and Arthur? What's with this family? They seem to be everywhere.

"Yes, it was him," Dad sighs. "He called to apologize for what happened at your office today. I'm just surprised I didn't hear it from you first. But anyway, he called to say that his son made a horrible mistake and that he regrets everything," he scoffs. "Does he take me

Chapter 31

for an idiot? How dare he humiliate the Richardsons? Who does he think he is, letting his arrogant, thoughtless son run amok and tarnish our name? It's utterly disgraceful. The audacity to think a mere apology could erase the humiliation and damage caused! It's an insult to our intelligence and our dignity."

Harvey and I exchange glances before I reach out to Dad and gently squeeze his hand.

"It's okay, Dad. There's no need to get so hyper. It's not good for your health. Besides, their son had already humiliated himself enough at the office. We don't have to get to their level."

Harvey nods, and Dad seems to calm down.

"You're right," he says after a long moment of silence. "You're right. It's no good to be this angry. But you know how it gets to me sometimes. I cannot take this lightly. The disrespect that young man has shown today, it's unacceptable. If I'd known I was dealing with a man with a son so thick-headed and brazen, I would have never lent that family a dime."

Harvey sighs. "Don't let this get to you, dad. That family is not worth it. Besides, they are already paying for their sins. They have nothing left on their names. George Clarkson is basically drowning in debt. Let fate do the rest for him."

"Harvey is right. Let's just stop wasting our time with such fools. They don't deserve our time."

Dad shakes his head but doesn't argue. "Alright. Alright. You win. And now that it's taken care of, I suppose I'll let you get to sleep. It's

Chapter 31

late. You had a long day. Go rest. Good night."

Harvey and I say good night before leaving his office. We go upstairs, where our rooms are.

The moment I'm out of the shower, there's a knock on the door.

I open it to find Anna, the young maid, holding a package for me.

"This came for you today," she says, handing me the parcel. "Would you like me to place it inside?"

I smile and take the package from her hands, it's heavy but I manage. "Don't worry about it. I'll take it from here."

"Alright. Also, would you like me to bring you a fresh pot of coffee? Madam said that you like to work late, so I thought you might still be busy with something."

I chuckle, thinking she has no idea how late I actually work. I would still be up working in another hour. But it's alright, I prefer to be busy all the time, it gives me less time to think and dwell on the pain.

"Coffee sounds great."

Anna beams. "Great, I'll bring it to you right away. Good night, ma'am."

"Thank you, Anna. Good night."

I step back into the room and place the package on my study desk before taking a seat on the chair.

I check the sender's name and smile to myself. I can't believe Rosita

finished my order this soon.

I don't waste a single moment in ripping apart the package and revealing a gorgeous collection of designer clothes of all kinds. There is one pair for each occasion. From the daywear collection to the cocktail wear, the dresses, pants, tops, and blazers.

I call Rosita right away.

It's almost eleven o'clock but she picks up at the first ring.

"I hope I didn't wake you up?" I ask when I hear a yawn.

Rosita laughs. "You didn't. I was just working. Oh, did you get the package? I swear I sent it the second I was done with the minute details."

"I did. And they all are perfect. Thank you so much for all your help."

"It was nothing, darling. Besides, it was my pleasure. Also, we are still on for tomorrow night, right? I have already cancelled all my plans so we could celebrate your freedom from that asshole."

"Of course. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Perfect, it's settled then."

[SASHA]

"I can't believe you wasted such a good opportunity," Mrs. Lawrence says, looking disappointed. And she should be. The woman had

served her son on a silver platter to me by drugging him before leaving for dinner.

Shit. It was perfect. 1

If not for that stupid Vivienne, Caden and I would have been having another round of wild, hot sex by now. But no. That bitch had to interfere somehow, just like she always did in the past. 1

Fuck. I hate her.

"It's all her fault," I tell Caden's mom. "If only she hadn't shown up out of the blue, everything would have worked out in our favor."

Then, I turn around, pretending to be extra sad. "You must hate me for being so useless. I mean, I did try my best, but Vivienne always ruins everything."

She comes to my side and rubs my back, trying to comfort me.

What an ignorant woman!

"Oh, sweetheart. It's not your fault. If anything, it's Vivienne's. That woman has never learned her lesson. She always thinks she's better than everyone else. You are right. We cannot let her ruin our plans anymore."

"But what do we do?"

"I have another plan."

"You do?"

Chapter 31

"Yes, and this time, she will be gone for good. You just have to trust me, sweetheart. Will you?"

"Of course, Mrs. Lawrence."

She smiles, clearly pleased. "Perfect."

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support

Chapter 32

[Vivienne]

When Rosita suggested celebrating my freedom from a painful marriage, I didn't expect her to drive us to the most high-end club in the city. I thought we'd go to some nice restaurant and have a lovely dinner, talk about our lives, and do what friends do when they meet after such a long time.

But I should have seen this coming. Rosita had always been the loud one between the two of us. She always had a reason or two ready to throw a party or convince others to throw one.

Anyway, the good thing is, at least I'm dressed for the night.

Because of the way she has been circling me and whistling I might have gained her approval.

"Holyshit, Vivienne. This dress looks so damn stunning on you," she comes in front of me, grinning ear to ear. "I don't act cocky at my work all the time, but right now, I feel like I have just birthed a goddess. White really suits you, and these golden hoops, oh my god, I think I might fall in love with you and I'm not even Bi."

I roll my eyes at her exaggerated compliment, but can't help my face grow hot either.

"Gosh, you're dramatic. I just wanted to know if I'm dressed right for the club. I haven't been to such places in a long time but I know they have some code."

Rosita giggles and loops her arm with mine. "I just called you a goddess, Vivienne. I don't think any stupid code would like to challenge my words. Don't believe me? Let's hit the club and see for yourself."

She winks at me and before I come up with something good to say, she drags me inside the building.

And boy, was I right.

The club is full of people, the music is blaring, and everyone is having a blast, dancing their hearts out, swaying their hips, and flaunting their best moves.

Rosita waves at one of the bartenders and motions to him to bring us two shots.

He nods, brings over two tall shot glasses, and places them in front of us.

We clink our glasses and throw our heads back, gulping down the fiery liquid in a go.

It burns a little as it travels down my throat, warming my body from the inside.

"Whoa. That hit the spot," Rosita says, placing her empty glass back on the counter. "How about one more?"

I chuckle, thinking one shot should be more than enough.

"Come on. Just one more. Pretty please, with a cherry on top."

"You're still using that as your begging face? I thought you were out of high school now."

She sticks her tongue out and looks over at the bartender, who is wiping off the counters. "Another shot of vodka here. My friend wants one too."

He nods and fills two shot glasses with the clear liquid.

This time, when we drink it, it tastes different. Maybe it's because my mouth and throat are already a little numb, but this one doesn't burn as much as it did last time.

Rosita has already downed her shot in one go, so I finish mine quickly.

And as soon as I set my shot glass down on the counter, the music changes, and people start moving with it.

"Oh my god. I love this song," Rosita says, beaming and claps her hands. "Viv, come on, let's dance."

Usually, I believe in the saying 'I only dance alone at home' but right now, I'm buzzed, I'm drunk, and I don't have to think twice to agree.

I don't know why I'm following Rosita to the dance floor, and before I can figure it out, we are in the middle of the crowd and I'm moving with the beat of the music, swaying my hips to the rhythm of the bass and tapping my foot with the clapping of the crowd.

The music is loud and so are the people around me. The lights are dim and there's a cloud of smoke hovering over the floor.

And somehow, despite my lack of any experience in this matter, I find myself loving it.

I find myself letting go and giving in to the beat and losing myself to the melody.

And maybe that's what Rosita intended when she dragged me here, because in a moment of realization, I realize I've missed being a free woman. I've missed doing whatever I want to do, being whoever I want to be.

I've missed living.

"How are you?" Rosita asks when we've tired ourselves dancing to almost every song of this set. "Are you enjoying the party?"

"Yes," I nod and wrap my arms around her. "Yes, I am. And thank you. Thank you for being here for me."

She smiles and holds my gaze.

"Anytime."

Suddenly, I freeze when someone grabs my ass from behind. I whip around and my face heats up with fury when I come face to face with a stranger.

I try to move back and give him a piece of my mind but before I can say anything, he grins and pulls me back.

"Hello, sexy lady," he slurs. "I just saw your dance moves and I knew you would be the perfect partner for tonight. How about it? Dance

Chapter 32

with me, will you?"

I want to punch him in the face and leave him to rot but he tightens his arm around me. "Come on, darling. Just one dance."

I grit my teeth.

"No, let me go," I say and push him away but he's persistent. "Stop touching me or I'll have you kicked out."

"Don't be such a prude, honey. You were enjoying this a minute ago, don't make this any harder. Just relax and loosen up. I won't hurt you, I promise," he grins at the other guys behind him, who seem equally wasted.

I shake my head and decide I need to get the hell out of here and maybe take a walk in the parking lot to cool my head.

I take a step back, preparing to push him away when someone wraps their arm around my waist from behind.

I freeze at the sudden contact but because I'm drunk and I don't care for consequences, not right now, I jab him hard in the chest with my elbow.

"Let me go, you asshole!"