

Chapter 37

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[Vivienne]

After Caden leaves, I sit on the floor, trying to understand what I did to deserve this. I can't believe I slept with that man. I can't believe I begged him to take me.

God, did I really kiss him first? And that too forcefully? Did I really beg him to fuck me?

Shit. Why did I do that to myself? Why would any sane woman do that to herself?

That just proves that whoever drugged me last night, didn't use something simple and normal. No. Whatever it was, it was powerful and made me horny as hell.

Shit. Caden wasn't wrong about the unprotected sex. I can still feel his seed in me.

There's a good chance he got me pregnant.

Why now? Why would he do this now when I finally want a clean break from him? Why would he make things between us more and more complicated?

He's a monster, that's why.

I sit in the same position, lost in thought. But then I realize I need to do something about this mess, and quickly. I need to find the assholes who drugged me and tried to take advantage of me. No way

I'm going to let this slide. I'm not going to give them that pleasure. They will pay for this. I'll make sure they do.

I stand up on shaky feet and fix my appearance as much as I can.

Once I'm presentable, I throw the door open and walk out of the room.

When I reach the club on the ground floor, I stop.

The doors are tightly shut, and there's a big warning sign on the front door saying the place is closed for maintenance.

What the hell? Is this a joke?

Just then, a man in a cleaning crew uniform comes out of the door, and I seize the chance.

"Excuse me, what's going on? Why's the place closed?"

He shrugs. "I don't know exactly, but I heard a fight broke out last night. Must have been nasty because when we arrived this morning, everything was trashed."

As far as I remember, the club was fine when we were there. It probably happened after the manager drugged us.

Speaking of us... I need to find Rosita and make sure she's okay. I don't have my purse or my phone, and I don't know how else to contact her. I'll have to go home first and see if Marcus was able to fix my old phone that Avery broke outside the hospital.

Until then, I hope Rosita is okay.



But just to be sure, I'll call the police and tell them what happened.

Thanking the man, I take a cab to the nearest precinct.

After the officer finishes with the questions and takes my written report, he hands me his card.

"Keep this. Once you get a contact number, call me and I'll update you on any progress in this case."

"Thanks, Officer." I get up to leave.

I take the same cab, and he drives me back to my mom and dad's place.

When the cab comes to a halt outside the mansion, I find Marcus walking out of the house. Glad to see him, I wave to get his attention.

When Marcus catches sight of me, he waves back, smiling. But his smile quickly drops when he takes in my disheveled appearance.

"What happened, Ms Richardson? Are you alright?" he asks.

"Yes. Yes, I am. Can you do me a favor. Can you pay the cab driver, I'll pay you back later."

To my relief, he seems more than happy to help.

"Of course. Take as much time as you need. You look like you could use some rest, Ms."

"You have no idea. Thanks for being here. You're an amazing guy." I give him a weak smile and rush inside for a long, cold shower.

The thought of calling Caden and explaining to him what led to everything last night comes to mind, but I know no matter what I say, he won't care. Once Caden decides to have an opinion about someone, that person doesn't stand a chance at redeeming themselves in his eyes.

But I don't care anymore either.

He can think whatever the hell he wants. I'm not going to give a shit.

The next time I see Marcus in the gardens, I ask him about my broken phone.

"Mr. Richardson, about your phone, I'm so sorry, but the screen is beyond repair."

I try not to sound too disappointed, but I'm dying to reach Rosita. I need to know if she's okay. "What about the memory? Is it possible to extract it?"

He nods thoughtfully. "If the memory was saved in the cloud, you should be able to access it, sure."

My hope is back in no time. "That's right. Everything on my phone is backed up. Okay, this is good news." I give him my credit card. "I need you to do me one more favor. Order me the latest version of that phone, and when you have it, meet me in dad's office."

"Of course. I'll get to it right away."

Once he leaves, I head for my dad's office and use his laptop to gain access to the data on my phone. I find what I'm looking for, and the

next thing I know, I'm dialing Rosita's number through the landline in my dad's office.

Rosita picks up on the third ring. "Yeah?"

She sounds a little hoarse, but it's definitely her. I sigh with relief. "Oh my god. I'm so glad you're alright. I mean, you are alright, right?"

"I don't know, man, my head hurts pretty bad and I feel really tired. Wait. Is that you, Viv?"

I sigh, trying to keep myself calm, but I can hear the shakiness in my voice. "Yes, it's me. Where are you anyway?"

"I don't know. But I think I'm at someone's house. It's not mine for sure. I mean, I would never pick the curtains. Or the wallpaper. Too dark for me."

I don't know if that's good news or bad.

I shake my head. "Rosita, listen to me. I know you don't feel good, but I want you to get the hell out of that place. When you're out, get a cab and meet me at your store. Can you do that for me?"

"Um... sure, man. But... why am I here anyway?"

"It's a long story. I'll explain later. Now, do exactly as I told you and call me the moment you reach your store."

"Okay. Okay. I'm on it."