

Chapter 60

[Vivienne]

I don't know what to think. I don't know what to say.

What the hell is Avery doing here? And how the hell did I ruin her life?

But that's not the priority right now. My face hurts like hell, and I hiss, trying to breathe through the pain.

Rosita grabs her bag and mine, already on the phone.

"Yes, some crazy woman threw hot coffee on her. I'm driving her there myself. Please be prepared when we arrive. Yes. Thank you. Thank you so much."

She snaps her phone shut, her eyes burning with anger. "Fucking psycho," she mutters under her breath as she helps me to my feet. "We need to get you to the hospital, now."

I nod, barely able to focus through the searing pain on my face. Every step feels like a fucking ordeal, but I push through it, trying to keep my shit together.

"Don't worry, Viv. We're almost there," she says, opening the car door for me and helping me sit and buckle up. "I swear, if I ever see that bitch again, I'll—"

"Just drive," I grind out, not in the mood for her righteous fury right now. My head's a fucking mess, and all I want is to make this pain stop.



Rosita peels out of the parking lot, her hands gripping the wheel tight.

By the time we pull up to the hospital, I'm ready to fucking collapse. Rosita jumps out of the car, shouting for help, and within seconds, there are people all around me, guiding me onto a wheelchair, rushing me inside.

"Vivienne Sinclair, and she needs help now!" she barks at the staff, not taking no for an answer.

I can barely keep my eyes open, but I manage to squeeze her hand before they whisk me away into an exam room.

The nurses start working on me, their hands moving fast, cutting off my blouse where the coffee soaked through, prodding my face with something cold and wet that stings like a bitch. I bite my lip, trying not to scream. The last thing I need is to look weak in front of all these people.

"Burns on the face and neck," one of them says, and I can feel their eyes on me, like I'm some kind of fucking specimen. "Let's get an IV going and see what else we can do for the pain, okay, Vivienne? We're going to take good care of you, all right? Don't worry. You're gonna be okay."

But I can't respond. I'm too damn tired to even move.

"The skin is already blistering, but it doesn't look like grafts will be necessary. We'll take an x-ray just to be sure there's no deeper damage, but she's lucky—it could've been a lot worse."

A warm hand slips into mine, grounding me.

"Hey." It's Rosita, and I turn to see her blue eyes full of concern. "You're going to be okay."

A small, tired smile spreads across my lips. "Yeah, I think so."

She chuckles softly and strokes my hair.

"Just try not to think about it right now. You need to rest."

I close my eyes and let out a breath, trying to calm my racing heart.

When I wake up, I'm in a private room.

My face feels tight and raw, but the sharp, searing pain has dulled to a manageable throb, thanks to whatever meds they've pumped into me.

Rosita is slumped in a chair beside my bed, her arms crossed, eyes closed, and a fierce look of determination still etched on her face even in sleep. She looks like she's ready to fight anyone who dares to walk through that door.

I reach up to touch my face, but I stop when I see the bandages wrapped around my hand.

Rosita stirs, her eyes fluttering open.

As soon as she sees I'm awake, she straightens up, her face softening with relief.

"You're awake," she says, her voice a little hoarse. "How do you feel?"

"Like shit," I mumble, my voice raspy and weak. "What did they do to me?"

"They cleaned the burns and put you on some strong painkillers. The doctors said you're lucky—no permanent damage, but it'll take time to heal. They're keeping you here for observation overnight, just to be sure."

I nod slowly, trying to process everything. "Did... did Avery get arrested?"

Her face darkens at the mention of my ex-sister-in-law. "Sadly, no. She got away. I don't know how, but when I called the restaurant, they kept apologizing for not being able to call the cops in time." 1

My face falls and I shake my head in frustration. "She must have found a way to escape. It wouldn't be the first time. The Lawrence family has a habit of making shit disappear when it's convenient for them. It's all a fucking show to them."

Rosita leans over to hold my hand, her eyes burning with anger. "But we can't let this slide. We need to report this. This is assault, Vivienne. You were attacked in front of hundreds of witnesses, and they're going to have to do something about it, whether they like it or not."

She's right. I can't ignore what Avery did today.

But that's not what's eating at me.

What's making the knots in my stomach tighten is the thought of

Chapter 60

dealing with Caden and his complicated attitude again.

Am I really up for that?

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