

Chapter 77

[Vivienne]

I'm pacing in the room, unsure of what to do next when there's a knock on the door.

For a second, I just stare at it, wondering who it could be. Everything that's happened tonight has left a deep impression on me—I don't feel safe anymore.

But when the knock comes again, I have no choice but to answer.

Thankfully, it's Mrs. Sullivan standing on the other side, holding a pair of folded clothes.

"Change of clothes for you," she says, handing them to me with her usual bored expression.

I consider asking her if I can make a call, but before I can, she shoves the clothes into my arms and turns to leave.

I don't understand why everyone here acts so strangely, looking at me like I'm either insignificant or beneath them, but I know one thing—I don't like it. Why the hell did I get into this situation in the first place? I didn't ask for any of this, did I?

I close the door, lock it from the inside, and drop the clothes on the bed. I start pacing the room again, deciding I need to find Alexander right away. For now, he's the only one who can solve all my problems. And if he's heard anything from his men about Rosita, I need to know that too.

With that in mind, I quickly take a shower and change into the white

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sundress Mrs. Sullivan brought me. It's a decent dress, a little tight around the cleavage, but otherwise fine. I leave the room and try to find my way back to where I last saw Alexander.

I walk down the hallways, feeling more lost with each step.

Every door I pass looks the same, and I'm half-tempted to start kicking them down just to find someone who can tell me where the hell Alexander is. But I know better—I can't afford to lose my temper here, not with the kind of people I'm dealing with.

Finally, I reach another hallway that looks just like the last three I passed through, but this time, I hear voices up ahead. I follow the sound, hoping it'll lead me to Alexander or at least someone who knows where he is. My patience is hanging by a thread.

"I told you not to sign up for that deal. I told you, didn't I?" a man roars, and I stop dead in my tracks.

"Yes, you did."

"And you still went through with it? Why the hell would you do that?"

"Because I clearly had a different conclusion in mind, isn't that obvious?"

"Oh, so now you know better about these things, don't you? You don't need your old man at all? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"I'm pretty sure those words didn't come out of my mouth."

This is definitely Alexander and his father arguing.

I inch closer to the voices, trying to stay out of sight but close enough to catch every word.

“You think you’re some kind of genius now? You can just go behind my back and make decisions without consulting me?”

“I didn’t go behind your back, old man, I just didn’t need your approval,” Alexander says very calmly.

“Oh, really? And what happens when this whole thing blows up in your face? You’ll come running back to me to fix your mess, like always. You think you’re tough, but you don’t know shit about the real world.”

“Maybe, but at least I’m not sitting around, playing it safe like some washed-up coward.”

There’s a moment of heavy silence, and I can almost feel the rage radiating off the walls. This isn’t just a fight—this is a power struggle, and it’s ugly.

“You’re going to regret those words, boy,” the older man finally says, his voice low and menacing. “When you’re knee-deep in shit, don’t expect me to pull you out. You want to act like a big shot? Fine. But do it at your own expense. I don’t want no part in this.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Alexander retorts, his voice laced with sarcasm. “I’ll handle it, just like I always do.”

I decide I’ve heard enough and start backing away, but my foot catches on something, and I stumble. The noise isn’t loud, but in the dead silence that follows their argument, it might as well have been a gunshot.

Both voices go quiet, and I freeze, hoping they don’t hear me.

“Who the hell is out there?” the older man barks, and I know I’m screwed.

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And as if that's not enough of a warning, I turn around just in time to crash against a maid carrying something on her tray.

The tray goes flying, and the maid lets out a yelp as the contents—some fancy glassware and what looks like a bottle of expensive wine—shatter all over the floor.

“What the fuck is going on here?”

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