

Chapter 78

[Vivienne]

I don't remember being so clumsy, but apparently, that's who I am now.

The maid and I stare at each other with wide eyes, neither of us daring to move. I open my mouth to apologize, but before I can say anything, Alexander and his father appear in the hallway.

"What the hell is going on here?" the older man snaps, his eyes drilling into the maid and me. "Why are you standing there like idiots? Clean this mess up."

I glance at the maid, but she's already scurrying away to get a broom. I kneel down and start picking up the shards, but just as I do, Alexander quickly appears behind me.

"You don't have to do that," he says, grabbing my arm.

I look up at him, frowning. "It's okay. I'll help."

"No, you won't. The maids can take care of it. You're my guest. Just let them do their job."

I want to protest, but then I notice his father and the guards who've gathered after the commotion, and I realize this isn't the time to argue. So, I stand up and let Alexander lead me away.

We walk in silence for a while until we reach a balcony. Then, Alexander stops and looks at me.

"Seems like I've been apologizing a lot since we met, but I can't help it."

I shrug, not sure what else to do. "It's okay. You didn't do anything."

"Still, you shouldn't have seen that. It's really not your problem, and I apologize for making it seem that way. I promise I'll fix this soon and send you home."

The mention of home makes me look at him. "And when can that happen exactly?"

He sighs and runs a hand through his dark hair. "I'm not sure yet, but I promise it won't be long. I just need you to stay here for a little while, until we figure this out. I'll take you home myself if I have to."

"Do I have to stay here?" I rub the back of my neck. "I mean, can't I stay in some hotel? Your home feels a bit..."

"Overwhelming?"

"That's one way to put it."

He nods, giving me that same handsome smile that probably makes women swoon all over him. "If you don't like it here, we can arrange something else for you."

"Thank you, Alexander."

"No need to thank me. You're my guest, after all. In fact, we can head out right away. If you don't have any belongings left in the guest room, I can take you to the new place myself."

"Or you could just ask someone else to drive me there? I don't want to trouble you. You seem busy."

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“Nonsense,” he chuckles, already dialling for someone. “It’s no trouble at all.”

And that’s exactly what he does. After collecting my bag from the guest room, we leave immediately.

Alexander opens the car door for me, but just as he’s about to round the car and get behind the wheel, a maid comes hurrying through the doors.

“Young master! Ms. González seems to be in a lot of pain. She’s asking for you.”

The maid is out of breath, her face pale, and I can already tell this isn’t something anyone could easily ignore.

But to my surprise, Alexander doesn’t seem even slightly concerned. He simply stares at the maid as if this is the last thing he wants to hear. “Well then, just tell her I’m busy.”

The maid looks as confused as I am. “But master—”

Alexander waves a hand dismissively. “Ask Mrs. Sullivan to take care of it. She knows what to do.”

And before the maid can say anything more, Alexander slides into the car and takes off.

As the car speeds away from the palace, I can’t help but glance at him.

He didn’t even flinch when that maid practically begged him to check on the pregnant woman. His calm indifference is unnerving.

“So, is she going to be okay?” I ask, unable to shake off the unease

settling in.

He doesn't bother looking at me, keeping his eyes on the road. "She'll be fine. Tanya tends to be a bit dramatic. Mrs. Sullivan can handle it."

I nod slowly, though I'm not entirely convinced. His nonchalance feels like a red flag waving in my face. It reminds me of the indifference my ex-husband used to show. Caden would ignore my needs just like that, but he'd always go running whenever his family or Sasha needed him.

The thought pisses me off more than I care to admit.

"Why do you men always treat your woman like this?"

He looks my way, as if he genuinely doesn't know what I'm talking about. "And what's that supposed to mean?"

I scoff, feeling the anger bubble over. "You know damn well what I mean. You men just brush off your woman's needs like they're nothing. But when it's your friends or some other woman, suddenly it's all hands on deck."


"You have no idea what you're talking about, Ms Sinclair. So, let's just end this here, shall we?"

"No, I'm not ending this here. You should go back and help that woman, especially if she's in pain. That's your child, isn't it?"

"I don't have to explain myself to you or anyone else."

"But you owe her an explanation. Do you even care about her?"

"No," he says and then pulls over in front of a wooden cabin. "I don't. I don't give a damn about her, or if she lives or dies. But you should meet

 +5 BONUS

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my mother, I have a feeling you two will get along really well.”



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