

Chapter 80

[Vivienne]

To say I'm speechless is an understatement.

I know I should say something, but I can't.

He smiles at me and then steps a little closer.

"You might not believe me—you have no reason to—but still, I hope you do. I know I come off as a real asshole sometimes, I'm not the easiest person to work for, and I've made some questionable decisions. But I'm not a monster. I'd never do that to a woman. I can't."

There's something in his eyes that I can't quite decipher, but it's so raw and so intense that it makes me feel like I can trust him.

But then again, if the baby isn't his, then...

"Who is she to you?"

This time, he takes a step back, his hands smoothly gliding into his pockets.

The corner of his mouth quirks up. "You're quite curious about me, aren't you, Ms. Sinclair?"

I roll my eyes, once again trying to stifle the heat rising to my face. "I just want to know what kind of man I'm dealing with here."

"I see," he hums. "Well, if you must know, then I would like to take you somewhere tomorrow if you don't mind."

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My brows knit together. "Wait. What? Where?"

"You'll see."

I blink at him. "I thought you would want to get rid of me as soon as possible."

He chuckles, his dimples showing. "I don't want to get rid of you, Ms. Sinclair. You're actually pretty entertaining. I'm having fun."

And then he turns and leaves.

I watch him get in his car and drive away, still feeling flustered from our conversation.

What the hell was that all about?

I shake my head, not wanting to overthink it.

The next morning, I wake up to the smell of coffee. I've barely opened my eyes when a knock on the door makes me jump.

"Come in."

The door opens, and I sit up in bed, a bit startled by the sudden visitor.

It's Mrs. Sullivan.

I quickly scramble out of bed to greet her, but she doesn't seem to care.

"Good morning," I say, still trying to appear as polite as I can.

Mrs. Sullivan, however, doesn't bother returning the greeting. Instead, she places a tray full of breakfast on the table next to me.

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"The young master asked me to bring you this," she says and then, without another word, leaves.

Is this woman always so dead inside?

I shake my head and get on with my morning routine. Once I'm done, I dig in.

Afterward, I change into another pair of clothes Mrs. Sullivan brought me, which is nothing but a pair of jeans and a yellow top. The top fits tight against my chest, and the jeans are a bit too snug for my liking, but they'll do.

I head out, walking past a cleaning maid and at least four guards posted outside the cabin.

"Where are you going, miss?" one of them asks.

"I'm going to look for Alexander. Do you know where he is?"

The guard blinks at me. "The young master?"

I nod.

He shakes his head. "I'm afraid he's not available right now. But if you have a message for him, I can pass it on."

I raise a brow. "A message?"

"Yes, miss."

"All right," I say and think for a moment. "Tell him I need to talk to him ASAP. And...if he's found something about my friend, that would be great.

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Thank you.”

The guard nods and then takes out his phone, typing something right away.

Which reminds me—I look up and push a stray strand of hair behind my ear. “I just noticed that there are no phones around here. Is there a reason for that?”

“I’m sorry, miss, but I’m not allowed to speak to you about that.”

Of course not.

“But can I borrow your phone? I really need to call my family. They must be worried.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do that either, miss.”

I try not to roll my eyes. “Of course.”

Well, I had to try.

I turn to leave but stop dead when a black Mercedes screeches to a halt right in front of me. For a split second, I think it’s Alexander, and my heart does a stupid little flip, but then someone else steps out, and all that hope crashes down.

Tanya glares at me with the kind of disdain that makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

“You’re the one, aren’t you?” she says, looking me up and down like I’m some disgusting insect.

I blink at her, having no idea what she’s talking about.

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But she doesn't seem to care.

"You. Because of you, Alex ignored my calls last night." She stomps her foot like a brat and storms toward me, looking like she's ready to slap the shit out of me, but the guards rush in and grab her.

"Let go of me!" she shrieks, thrashing around. "I need to teach this bitch a lesson."

The guards don't even flinch, keeping her from getting in my face. They're not even holding her that hard, but their size alone is enough to stop her from doing anything stupid.

Still, she's like a madwoman.

"You stupid cow! I'm the mother of his child! You're nothing to him, just some useless bitch. You really think he's gonna choose you over me? Well, guess what, bitch. He won't. I'm his only option, and you'll be dead before you can even say his name."



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