

## Chapter 10

\*RENEE\*

The following day, I was busy coming up with different ideas for the next set of dresses that I'd be making.

As darkness enveloped the city, I got dressed to meet up with Sarah.

I had no idea that Sarah had chosen Venus bar.

I only got to know when I met her at the location. I sighed staring at the casual outfit I was wearing.

I could only hope that I do not look out of place.

This bar was a renowned, exclusive club in the city which was frequented by the high societal folks. Membership at Venus Bar was a symbol of status and wealth.

I made my way to a private room upstairs which Sarah had booked.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*MARCELO\*

"Stop!" I ordered Luke as soon as I caught sight of something.

"Is something wrong, sir?" He asked as he stopped pushing my wheelchair.

My eyes followed the woman who was clad in a simple shirt and jeans, a baseball cap concealed most of her face but I couldn't fail to recognize her.



My wife!

What was she doing here?

What could a woman be doing at such a bar?

Was she secretly meeting up with Andrew?

My fist clenched.

She must always come here to see him because she seemed to be navigating this place with ease.

I was right about her.

She was purely bad news!

My gaze lingered on the path she had taken.

I decided to wait, almost like I was anticipating a revelation about my wife.

I needed to catch her red handed.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*RENEE\*

I stared at the number at the door of the private room and confirmed it to be the one Sarah had booked.

I unlocked the door and walked in.

And there she was, my beautiful friend taking a sip of her cocktail.

Sarah was the sole heiress of a very rich family. When we first met, I

thought she was spoiled and arrogant but after getting to know her, I realized that she was such a sweet person and a great friend to me.

"Let me officially congratulate you on your wedding, Renee!" Sarah let out, raising her glass to me.

I rolled my eyes. "There's nothing to congratulate me for. And I don't really want to talk about that jerk."

I sat beside Sarah and she offered me a smile.

"Renee, I can't stand seeing you like this. You shouldn't have married him out of obligation. We would have surely found other ways to raise money for Nana's medication."

"The Hudsons aren't even paying much of her medication at this point, I pay most of it but they don't know." I sighed.

"You've spent so much on Nana. That money would have taken your career to the next stage. Why don't you at least take the credit for it?"

I stared at my fingers. "I do not want her to feel indebted towards me. I think she feels better with Rocco taking care of her. Also, she might feel I did a lot of hard work to pay her bills."

"Right. I recall that you're choosing to stay low-key. No one would ever guess that you own Venus Bar."

I laughed. "Oh c'mon, don't give me that. You're more of the owner around here."

Well, you could call me a co-owner. Sarah and I had started up this bar three years ago.



I feel most of the success of the bar is due to her popularity, influence and money.

But I still contributed in bringing out the plan to life so we were friends and partners.

I then unsealed a leather bag on the table and went through different research data on new pharmaceuticals and DNA analysis.

After reviewing it, I was dissatisfied.

"These experimental results aren't up to par. I'll need to revise them again."

I glanced at Sarah who looked bored.

She hated talk about science. "Just discuss this with your lab team. I can not bear you ranting about it today."

With a click of her tongue, Sarah added.

"I still don't get it, Renee. You want to become a successful stylist yet you delved into scientific research?"

"You know why. I had originally shown interest in science when I wanted to find my real family through my DNA testing but since that didn't work out for me, my interest in science remained and now my science research is my duty to society. Being my stylist is still my dream though. They're not mutually exclusive." I explained.

"There's still one thing I don't get though. You could have left the Hudson's house long ago because you have the money to fend for yourself so why did you leave now?"

"You know the Hudsons greed knows no bounds.They do not want anything good for me and they always go to any extent to ruin any good thing that happens to me especially Catherine.I had to tread with caution.I can't let them do anything to destroy this bar."

I had sought liberation from their clutches and I realized the best strategy was to make them believe that I had nothing to offer,I wanted them to truly believe that I had nothing so they could let go of me completely someday.

I had thought that after getting married to Marcelo,they would be happy with thinking that I would be miserable and finally let go of me.

Granted,they raised me but they do so with abuse and hate.

If things were up to me,I never wanted to see them again.

But I was now disillusioned due to their constant threats.

After wrapping up our business at the bar,Sarah and I needed to head out and see a movie.

It had been long since we last had a fun time together.

But as we opened the door,I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Mrs King,what a surprise!I can't tell if it's pleasant though."Marcelo let out,he was seated on his wheelchair,shooting daggers at me.

It seemed as if he had been waiting for me.

What was he doing here?