

Chapter 3 An ugly scene

Ellis tried to evade the same thought in his heart. But now his wife asked him the same question he doesn't want to acknowledge in his thoughts.

He looked away, Leah and himself had thought of the best way to preserve the properties and assets of their family with the hope that Louis would eventually come out of coma and be fine.

"What option do we have left?" Ellis replied in a tone that made it detectable that he was heartbroken.

They have to do this for Louis, they need to make this decision for him despite knowing he might not approve of it when he wakes up.

They are between the rock and a hard place. The wedding has to take place, they had to do this to keep Louis' hardwork intact till he becomes alright.

"We can find another bride, one from a responsible parent and not from Grayson's family. Her mother doesn't look noble to me" Leah suggested, raising her head up and looking into her husband's eyes.

"We haven't met the girl. She might probably be a white Lily that grew out of the mire" Ellis replied, looking out of the car, trying hard to hide his tears.

Pamela has thought of several ways to evade this union. She had been waiting for her friend's response.

Lucas Wright was Pamela's friend and the only man she loved. When her parents told her about her wedding to the young master of the Hayden's family, the first thought that flashed her mind was Lucas Wright.

They had loved each other for three years and he had been her support and cared a great deal about her.

He has become a part of her family and often advises her to take her family's attitude towards her in good faith. He always assured her that everything will be fine.

On those times her mother would yell at her and make her work and rather than appreciate her hard work, she would complain and say she'd never done anything good.

Lucas would be with her, and talked her into smiling. She loves him as much as he loves her. He would definitely find a way to get her away from this arranged marriage.

Since he wasn't answering his phone, nor replied to her messages. She needed to pay him a visit that night. They should elope and go somewhere else where they both can be happy together.

Pamela sneaked out of the house, using the back door to avoid any one seeing her. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her towards the gate.

She got out and as luck would have it, she found a taxi and got in, urging the driver to go faster and at the same was happy that no one saw her when she left the house.

That would be a bonus for her. Before anyone could realise that she's gone, she would have gone far away with Lucas.

After a thirty minute drive, which appeared to her to be more than a hour, she arrived at Lucas' penthouse.

She got off and quickly took the elevator to Lucas' apartment. She was glad she finally arrived at his apartment.

She sighed deeply, escaping her marriage, that's great. She knew she would be fine, once she got to Lucas. He would find a way out.

She got to the floor where Lucas' apartment was and tried to turn the door knob, but it opened easily without any effort.

It means Lucas is probably with someone or a friend in the sitting room. She went in and gently left the door ajar.

But no one was in the sitting room. She was surprised, why would Lucas leave the door ajar when he was not in the sitting room.

Anyways, he might be in the kitchen preparing dinner for himself or possibly in the bedroom. She has an important discussion with him immediately.

She had just taken a few steps towards his bedroom when she heard hoarse voices. She paused and strained her ears.

The sound she was hearing wasn't that of two adults discussing but more of pleasure. She heard moaning coming from his bedroom and she walked faster and closer to his bedroom.

"...oh..oh.. fuck me harder...oh Lu..can..s you are sweet..."

Pamela's legs shivered, in fact her entire body felt lighter than a feather and she almost couldn't stand on her feet that she had to lean on the wall to support.

She recognized the voice at once. Even if she was sleeping, she would still be able to know who the voice belongs to.

Her heart was beating fast. No, even if she's the one, she can't be getting fucked by Lucas. Lucas is hers alone and he loves her dearly. It has to be someone else dishing her the dose of sex.

She took a deep breath and decided to go in and see for herself. She got to the door and gently pushed the door, like the front door, it was left ajar.

She didn't need to go further to see them as they were in her full glare. Before her were two bodies intertwined with each other under the quilt.

No, not under the quilt anymore. They were violent in the act that the quilt seemed to have folded aside.

The woman was lying underneath and the man was drilling his dick into her pussy in a violent rhythm.

The woman's left leg was raised high and the man was dribbling his dick in her pussy at different angles.

Her heart beats almost skipped. The man was none other than Lucas, her fiance, her friend and the only man she loved with every fibre of her being.

If anyone betrayed her, she wasn't going to expect otherwise from them, especially the likes of Emma and Freya.

But not Lucas. He knows her pains, understands her grief and always offered her his shoulders to lean on. He was her support and pivot in difficult times.

But seeing his naked body and his waist making a rhythm into his sister, was the worst scene she had ever seen in her life.

Lucas Wright her fiance and her sister Emma Grayson, having a relationship and even fuck each other with a shameless moan.

She didn't know when the tears came but only realised it when she felt her breathing choke.

What should she do now, go in there and smack the flower vase on Lucas' head or just walk away and pretend not to have seen anything?