

## Prologue.

"Who is that woman?" asked Alexander from his seat, amazed at the most elegant and classy woman he had ever seen in his life. Even though he couldn't see her face clearly from where he was sitting, he was sure he had never seen her before. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to get her out of his head for a second and wouldn't hesitate to entangle her in his seductive web.

Her brown hair didn't need an elaborate hairstyle, nor did she need too much makeup to catch the attention of any man who passed by her side. The waves of her hair fell delicately on her shoulder, revealing the grace of her back. Her glowing skin looked so delicate and smooth.

Her silver dress swayed back and forth as she danced with an older man. The first thing that crossed Alexander's mind was that she was dancing with her father, until the assistant replied.

"It's Sarah Petit, sir, your ex-wife." Those words echoed in his head over and over again as he remembered the woman he had been married to for two years. The woman he thought he loved, the one who didn't stir a hair in him.

What irony.

Now she was rocking his world.