

Chapter 171 - Divorced Heiress

-What are you doing here? How did Grandpa allow you to travel?- Alexander asked, confused and clearly disgusted by the presence of those women. However, he had no intention of moving from his seat.

Alexis, on the other hand, got up from her chair and approached, leaning on her cane with a displeased expression.

-Why have you come? Have you gone crazy?- Alexis couldn't stay silent and spoke in the same manner as his brother, except that standing up, he looked very intimidating to them.

The expression on the Lancaster's faces was a whole poem, they couldn't believe they were talking to their own mother in that way, as if she were an undesirable being, although in a certain way, she was.

-How dare you speak to your own mother like that? You have no respect for me and it's all because of that woman. You are a disgrace for allowing them to wrap you up in their webs, you shouldn't be here next to this kind of woman... - Amelia continued spewing her venom, but was interrupted by an annoyed Alexander, who stood up from his seat still holding Tristan and with a cold and stern look, he spoke to his mother.

-I kindly ask you to leave before I call security, you are the ones who shouldn't be here, you're not on the guest list, so please.- Alexander's words completely surprised me, he was kicking them out right in front of the people at our table and the occasional passersby.

-The exit is over there.- Alexis pointed with his hand towards the exit, making it clear that he agreed with what his brother was doing.

Amelia's jaw dropped as she looked at Alexander incredulously and Gina's cheeks turned bright red, they couldn't hide how humiliated they felt, it was as if steam was about to come out of their ears.

Surely, they didn't expect that response at all, and to be honest, neither did I.

In fact, I didn't know what Alexander's reaction would be when he faced his mother, and for a few seconds I had the unpleasant thought that he wouldn't intervene because it was his mom, but it was quite the opposite.

The Lancaster siblings were defending me.

-It can't be true, you are willing to choose this woman over your own family, who has done nothing but cause problems for us. It's unbelievable.- Gina complained, looking at me with disdain, and I stood up from my seat to take Tristan from his father's arms, my son shouldn't have to witness this embarrassing scene.

What a way to meet his grandmother and aunt.

-You left the company in Alexis' hands to become the nanny of that shameless bastard.-

My blood started boiling immediately at hearing her refer to my son like that, and I had the urge to pounce on Gina and rip out her extensions, but I wasn't going to fall into her stupid game.

-Honey, didn't you tell your family the news?- I asked with a feigned tone of sadness, and I looked at Tristan with a smile, my poor son looked at the pair of crazies without understanding what was happening.

-I'm sorry, my love, with so much work I forgot, but I'll tell them in person because I know they must be very out of touch with the world due to grandfather's restrictions.-

I hid a mocking smile that was about to escape from my lips, seeing the expressions of indignation on the Lancaster's faces when they were exposed by their own son.

-What if we tell them outside? I mean, that way we show them the way out.-

-Perfect.- I nodded my head, thoroughly enjoying this moment and what was to come to put them in their place once and for all.

-I'll leave Tristan with Abby, I'll catch up with you.-

Alexander nodded and together with Alexis, they took the two women who were constantly protesting towards the exit.

Everyone at the table was witnessing the unexpected altercation with the Lancaster's and Abby was the first to speak when I approached her to ask if she could take care of my son for a few minutes, it would also give me a chance to take a look around and make sure Paul wasn't nearby.

-Do you want me to come with you? I feel like punching those uneducated women in the face.- She said, referring to her ability to resort to violence, and I quickly declined, it was the last thing I wanted.

-No. It won't take us five minutes. Can you stay with Tristan, please?- I asked as I stroked my son's hair, hoping he didn't understand even a little bit of what those snakes said. Abby nodded and welcomed Tristan with a wide smile.

-Sarah, are you sure you don't need someone to accompany you? I have no problem going and put that woman in her place. How dare she talk to you like that?- Julian asked, concerned and

angry, before I turned around to disappear towards the exit where the Lancaster family should be.

-Don't worry, Julian, I have to handle this matter on my own. I leave you in charge while I'm gone.- I responded as kindly as possible, as it was a nice gesture on his part, but I didn't need anyone to advocate for me.

-Aren't you realizing that you're talking to Sarah Doinel? She doesn't resort to violence, but she's dangerous. Come on, give it all to those...- Vincent interrupted, dragging his words, and left the word hanging in the air when he saw Tristan looking at him, then I knew he was about to release a good insult.

-Ladies.-

I gave them a smile to keep calm and couldn't wait a second longer to leave quickly.

On the way, I greeted the guests who approached to congratulate me on my new project and took the opportunity to search among the crowd for Paul, but it was in vain, as if he had disappeared with a snap.

However, I came across the table set aside for some Doinel workers, whom I valued and considered couldn't miss the launch of my brand, and although Paul wasn't there either, I gave them a quick greeting to everyone.

To be honest, this scared me, that Paul would disappear after knowing that the fight between Abby and me was nothing more than a farce, it made my hair stand on end, there were only hours left for him to be behind bars, but that didn't mean he couldn't harm us in that short time.

Now I regretted inviting my partners to come up on stage and having Jane introduce them to everyone.

Upon reaching the exit, the cold wind hit my skin uncovered by the dress, a few meters away I could see Alexis arguing with the women in his family, while Alexander spoke on his phone with an angry expression. I approached quickly because I didn't want to miss the slightest detail, especially when the Lancasters looked so miserable.

-They're walking all over everyone, they made fun of you and now they keep attacking my wife as if they hadn't had enough with the lawsuit. Do you want to pay another million-dollar sum for them?-

From Alexander's words, I deduced he was talking to Grandfather Lancaster, who had taken it upon himself to punish the Lancasters for bringing shame to the family name.

-No, it's not Alexis' company and they weren't invited, it's Sarah Doinel's company, why didn't you ask before? Anyway, I'll send them back on the first flight to New York.-

-No!- They both said in unison, and for good reason, in New York, they would continue to receive the grandfather's punishment. Obviously, they had come here under false pretenses.

Both of them received a fierce look from Alexander, while Alexis scolded him for his behavior, and I took the final steps to approach him completely and place my hand on his shoulder, in a gesture to keep calm.

-We'll talk later, I'll solve this mess before it's too late.- Alexander ended the call with his eyes on me and I gave him a smile.

-Are you okay?- He asked in a low voice while gently placing his hand on my cheek with a weak smile, and I nodded my head.

-I'm sorry for this, I didn't know that...-

-It doesn't matter, I know they've never liked me, but it's time to put them in their place, I mean, if we want this to work.- I spoke only to him and he nodded his head, agreeing with me.

Alexander put his arm around my waist and together we confronted the Lancasters, who looked irritated by Alexis' sermons.

-Now that Sarah is here, we want to give you wonderful news.- Alexander drew everyone's attention and I smiled slightly at their expressions of astonishment, confusion, and disgust, all at once. I placed my hand on Alexander's chest sweetly and romantically, showing him that we were happier now than before and there was a powerful reason at stake.

-That child whom Gina called a bastard is Tristan Lancaster, that child is our son. Your nephew, Gina. Your grandson, mom.-

Chapter 106 Leonardo Doinel could not be so naive.

Chapter 172 - Divorced Heiress

The expression of bewilderment on the faces of the Lancasters left me satisfied, especially when they looked at me as if they couldn't believe it, as if we were playing a tasteless joke on them.

But it was far from that, and it was hard for me to believe that they didn't know anything about Tristan until this moment.

-What?- was the only thing that came out of Amelia's lips, perplexed, unable to take her eyes off my face. It was impossible for me to know what was going on in her mind at that moment.

-No, that can't be true, it's impossible.- Gina shook her head as if it was absurd that this child was our son.

-No! Mom, don't tell me you're going to believe that woman. Don't you realize that she's an expert at fooling everyone with her innocent face?-

I raised an eyebrow at her words filled with disdain, while Amelia remained frozen in place as if she were still processing the information.

-Gina...- Alexander called her name as a warning, but she continued speaking without measuring her words.

-She lied to us for years, made us believe she was a poor woman whose last name was Petit. It was only years after the divorce that her true identity was revealed, and magically, she's a wealthy woman who lived under our roof for years. That child is not a Lancaster, it's another one of her deceptions.-

My muscles tensed at what she was insinuating, and I began to reconsider the idea of ripping out her extensions, it would be a good way to vent my frustration, but I wouldn't go to such extremes, I was not like that.

-Gina, shut the fuck up!-

I was stunned by Amelia's severe voice, which abruptly stopped Gina's words, leaving her stunned and evidently offended to be scolded by her mother in front of everyone.

-Do I have a grandson?- Amelia asked, eyes filled with tears and a slight smile I had never seen before. It made me feel strange and very confused, she seemed moved or excited, maybe a combination of both. This was scarier than Paul's sudden disappearance.

-Tristan is Alexander's son, I have no reason to lie or give you explanations. I also don't need you to believe me because, after all, you won't come near him.- I decided to make it clear that I wouldn't allow them to get close to my son, who had been surrounded by love and affection, something they lacked.

I didn't want their presence to disturb his tranquility, these uneducated women with no respect.

-But he's my grandson, he's my family.- Amelia was about to complain about my decision, but I immediately interrupted her, remembering the words she didn't hesitate to say when they decided to attack me.

-Only in your dreams would I become part of your family again.- The smile never left my face, and I noticed how Amelia let her guard down. She appeared affected by being reminded of what she told me before, but at this point, it was impossible for me to believe in them.

-This is the first and last time you mess with my family. Otherwise, I will be the one suing you. And by that, I don't just mean Tristan, I'm also talking about Sarah. She will be my wife again, she will once again be Mrs. Lancaster.-

My breath caught in my throat when I heard the last words coming out of her mouth. If her hand hadn't been holding onto my waist, I would probably have collapsed to the ground.

The surprised looks of everyone, including Alexis, were directed at me, and I didn't know what to do other than smile like an idiot without moving a muscle and without daring to deny Alexander's announcement. We hadn't discussed this; although it was a small lie for Paul's sake, there was no reason to lie to his family as well.

We hadn't even talked about getting married again, and it wasn't in my plans.

I had too many problems on my plate at the moment to think about using Alexander's last name again.

-If everything is clear now, I'll go back to the table, I'll be waiting for you.- I said to Alexander, scrutinizing him with my gaze, and left a kiss on his cheek before giving one last expressionless look to the Lancasters.

I just hope this is the last time they cross my path, I didn't want to see them again, I had had enough until today. I just wanted to finish enjoying my launch night and the celebration that would follow at home, but not before checking what my parents had prepared for me.

-Have a safe trip back.- I said, dedicating them a noticeably fake smile, and turned back with a slight tremor in my legs, caused by Alexander and his antics.

-Sarah, wait.- Amelia's peaceful voice stopped me, and I thought twice before turning around to look at her from my spot. I had no idea what she was going to tell me, but I was already mentally preparing myself to defend against anything she was about to say.

-I... I...- Her hesitant gaze barely stopped on my face for two seconds, then she lowered her head as if she felt ashamed, and I couldn't feel stranger than in that moment.

I had never seen that woman show herself this way, not even the words came out of her mouth, it was as if they got stuck in her throat.

-Sarah, continue with your activities, we'll take care of them.- Alexis intervened when he saw that his mother wasn't able to utter a word, and I nodded my head before resuming my path towards the entrance.

Amelia's tone of voice resonated in my head again and again, for a moment I imagined that she was going to apologize to me for her behavior, because since the moment Alexander confessed to her that Tristan was her grandson, her attitude changed drastically, even silencing the insults that Gina spat out. That was completely new to me.

I was so immersed in my thoughts as I passed through the garden that connected to the entrance of the event hall that I couldn't react in time when a hand covered my mouth and another one gripped my neck tightly with the sole intention of dragging me off the path without me being able to utter a single scream.

Fear took hold of my entire being as I imagined the person who was forcibly taking me away, and I resisted by kicking in the air and digging my nails into the arm of the man who smelled exactly like Paul. I prayed that someone had noticed that this idiot had kidnapped me in the middle of the event.

Son of a...

-Finally alone, little traitor. I admit that the fight with my stupid sister was very believable.- Paul whispered in my ear when he finished dragging me to a parking lot I hadn't seen before, where he slammed me against a van, trapping my body by pressing his chest against my back, not giving me a chance to move or even hit him, as he caught my hands behind my back.

-Now you're going to tell me what you're planning, or no one will hear from Sarah Doinel again. I'll let you go if you stop screaming like an idiot, no one will hear you here. By the way, congratulations on L&J, enjoy it while you can, because I'll make it disappear as quickly as it appeared.-

Chapter 106 Leonardo Doinel could not be so naive part 2

Chapter 173 - Divorced Heiress

I tried to scream, although his hand prevented it from being heard further. At this moment, I was so enraged with this idiot that if he let me go, I could hit him until I got tired.

But I was also afraid because he could be capable of anything, especially now that he was realizing our deception. I prayed for someone to appear and come to my rescue, but there wasn't a soul in this place, and the dim lighting didn't help much.

I stopped screaming and struggling because I wouldn't achieve anything with that, and he might actually release me. Then I would find a way to escape or confront him. Paul was much stronger, he had complete control over me in the position I was in, and I also felt very uncomfortable by feeling his body against mine, invading my personal space completely. I was disgusted by feeling his pelvis pressing harder against my rear as if he was enjoying it.

Damn pervert.

-Very well, if you cooperate, I'll be good to you.- He said, and I closed my eyes tightly as I felt the unpleasant sensation of his lips brushing against the skin of my neck.

-Speak, what are you planning?- He asked, releasing his hand from my mouth for a moment so that I could give an answer. I couldn't afford to make a wrong move, when it was just a matter of hours for this nightmare to end, but the anger bubbling up inside me spoke for me.

-Isn't it obvious? Did you think I would just stand by, watching as you took away my company?-' I asked, pretending to be amused by the situation, when inside I was boiling with rage, but I wasn't even able to shout for help.

-Sarah, my Sarah, this can all be resolved and you know it very well, you just have to marry me and I'll give you the company back. Think about it, it's the only thing you have left from your parents.-

I laughed bitterly at his stupid proposal once again, he was truly crazy if he thought I would accept such a barbarity. - We can be happy, you, me, Tristan.-

-Don't mention my son, we will never be with a sick person like you. Don't even think that I would marry you, I would rather lose everything than be the wife of a damn psychopath.- I complained in pain when he pulled my hair back and held it in his fist while he nuzzled his nose into my neck, it made me feel nauseous.

-You didn't think that of me when we were on the cruise in New York, it's pointless to resist, admit that you desire me, that you liked the kiss I gave you. Sari, we both win if we get married; you keep your company and I keep you. Doesn't that seem like a fair deal to you?-

Just mentioning it made me feel repulsed, not in a million years, not in this life or any other would that be possible.

-Do you know what deal seems fair to me?- I squirmed slightly, managing to separate my body from the car, taking a great advantage to escape from him in the least expected moment.

-I keep my company and you stay in prison with your mother, paying for all her crimes.-

I took advantage of the brief moment when he processed what I had just said to step on his foot with the merciless tip of my heel, causing him to groan in pain, and in a swift movement, I turned to give him a knee in his most sensitive area, leaving him kneeling on the ground with his hands covering the affected area, then I quickly took off my heels at an impressive speed and ran as if my life depended on it.

-Come here, you whore!-

I turned my head for a moment to hear his annoying voice and saw him getting up from the ground still with his hands on his pants.

I ran as fast as the dress allowed me, remembering the way back that he dragged me, and when I was about to cross the hallway that led to the garden, arms wrapped around me, stopping me abruptly, and I couldn't help but let out a scream in fright, the son of a bitch had caught up to me.

-Darling, what happened? Where were you?- Hearing Alexander's concerned voice calmed me down and I made my best effort to regain my breath, while I looked towards the place where I last saw Paul and opened my eyes wide realizing that he had turned back, walking with difficulty, with the intention of getting into the van where he had held me captive.

-Paul!- It was all I managed to say as I pointed at the bastard with my index finger and felt Alexander's tense muscles before he let go of me and left me aside.

-Alexis, take care of her, I'll go after that bastard.- Alexander looked behind me with a flushed face, where I assumed Alexis was, and I confirmed it when I was about to go after Alexander and his hand stopped me by wrapping around my waist.

-Sarah, don't go. Are you okay? Did that jerk do something to you? Did he hurt you?- Alexis' questions went unanswered by me, as I couldn't take my eyes off Alexander, who was running quickly towards the van where Paul got in and started the engine to escape.

-No! Alexis, he's going to hurt him.- I said scared, imagining the worst scenario at this moment, but Alexis refused to let go of me.

My heart raced as I watched the car speed up after the tires screeched, and for a moment I thought Alexander would be hit by Paul, however, Alexander realized his intentions in time and moved aside, letting the bastard flee at full speed from the place.

I released myself from Alexis' grip and approached Alexander hastily, who picked up the heels I had left behind on the way, I looked at him with panic reflected in my eyes, and as he realized that I was approaching.

He took the remaining steps towards me and hugged me as if he hadn't seen me in years, and I clung to his neck with my trembling body, grateful to the heavens that this hadn't turned out worse, but that didn't mean the danger was gone, on the contrary, I worried about Abby, since Paul was angry with both of us.

-Are you okay?- I asked, observing his face closely, although I witnessed that he didn't suffer a single scratch.

-I'm fine, are you okay?-

I nodded my head so he wouldn't worry, but I could still feel the disgusting sensation of Paul's lips invading my neck or his body pressed against mine, making me feel sick.

-We should go to the villa, it's the only safe place for now. I know the event is not over yet, but you can't continue in these conditions. We can't risk him coming back. You've had enough for today, you can tell me everything at home. I'll ask Sofia to take care of the rest.-

I didn't want my first launch to end like this, but Alexander was right. Paul was capable of anything, and I wasn't willing to take a risk or endanger my family's lives.

The night wasn't ruined by the Lancasters, but by that despicable man.

-I'll go get Tristan. I'll let everyone know we will meet at the villa.- Alexander stepped away from me to bend down and help me put on my heels.

-I'm going with you. I won't leave you alone while that bastard is out there.- Alexander stood up after finishing with my heels and intertwined his fingers with mine as we walked back into the hall. I felt calmer with his company, and with Alexis, who was still worried about me.

After asking everyone at my table to urgently meet at the villa, I went with Alexander, Alexis, and Tristan. My gaze was lost in my son, who was sitting in his special chair next to me, as I thought about how dangerous it was to be with Paul. Just the thought that he could have taken me with him if we hadn't acted quickly...

No, nothing happened, and there wouldn't be time to try anything else against any of us.

During the ride, I didn't say a single word. Alexander and Alexis were the only ones talking about the flight they would book for the Lancasters. Honestly, I couldn't care less about them now.

When we arrived at the villa, Tristan was already asleep, which was understandable, he should've been asleep an hour ago.

-Darling, I'll carry the boy.- Alexander offered when he realized Tristan was fast asleep. I was about to refuse, but I let him take care of it so I could have time to go through the documents my parents left for me before the others arrived.

-Will you wait for me in the living room? I want to share some good news, but I need to review some documents first.- I said from the back seat, and the twins turned to look at me curiously.

-What news?- They asked in unison, and I nervously laughed at the strange situation.

-Okay, don't talk at the same time, it's scary.- I said playfully as I opened the door.

-I'll tell you when we're all together. Curiosity killed the cat.- I smiled kindly and kissed Tristan's forehead before getting out of the car.

I had never entered the villa so quickly before today. My hurried steps in heels stopped at the door of my father's office, and I took a deep breath before nervously opening the door, thinking that maybe my parents had been here while we were at the launch of my brand.

Was that possible?

I didn't wait a second longer and entered the office, observing carefully to see if anything was different, but no, everything looked exactly the same as I remembered.

I hurried to search in the place that my mother had informed me, and when I opened the drawer, I found the folder next to the envelope that had been a complete mystery until now.

I left the envelope for last, as the curiosity to know what my parents had left for me was killing me. I read each page carefully, every word, not missing a single detail, and I covered my lips with my hand, unable to believe that my parents had made this happen for me.

A part of the document caught my attention, and my heart pounded in my chest. Was this really happening?

Quickly, I made the decision to open the envelope that my father had given me on my birthday. This was the right moment to do it. My eyes filled with tears as I realized what that envelope, that gift, was all about.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but in the end, I laughed like a crazy person as tears escaped from my eyes. I knew that Leonardo Doinel couldn't be so naive.

Chapter 107 Special Bonus-1

Chapter 174 - Divorced Heiress

Abby

I knew something was wrong just by looking at Sarah's expression when she came back from talking to the venomous tarantulas. She was a bundle of nerves, and her face was as pale as if she had seen a ghost. I confirmed that something was not right when she asked us to meet in the villa.

This went beyond a silly argument with Alexander's family. She wouldn't react like that for just anything. She made it clear that she was leaving behind such an important night as the launch of her own brand to meet privately. Sofia and Jane were left in charge of the launch for the rest of the night.

Whatever was going on, it was more serious than I thought, and honestly, I had no idea what it could be. They didn't want to talk about it either, but I was sure it had nothing to do with the Lancaster witches.

-I'll give you a ride, my car is outside.- Bastian offered to take me when I got up from my seat, ready to leave as quickly as possible.

Truthfully, I was starting to get irritated thanks to my fake boyfriend. Despite putting on a good act for his ex-girlfriend, he looked for any excuse to get closer to me at unnecessary times. A clear example was when he kissed me out of nowhere minutes before Vincent appeared. Jane wasn't even around to pretend. Of course, I put him in his place.

I didn't even have the chance to respond to Bastian when Vincent stood up next to me to give his brother an answer on my behalf.

-You don't need to drive her, I will.-

I looked at Vincent with a raised eyebrow. He had gone mad.

Since he arrived at the table with Sarah, I realized he had had too much to drink and I wasn't going to get into the passenger seat of his car and put my life in danger.

Clearly, I wasn't happy with Vincent for behaving like a complete idiot, thinking he was Christian Grey with his stupid conditions to be with a woman, completely avoiding romance. But that didn't mean I didn't care about him.

-No, brother. Abby is my girlfriend for tonight, therefore, it is my responsibility to make sure she arrives safely at her destination.-

The cold look Vincent gave his brother for his words sent shivers down my spine, and I knew I had to stop this pair before the situation got out of control.

I turned my face to look at the confident Bastian, who defiantly stared at Vincent, and I shook my head to show my disagreement with what he said. I was already regretting having agreed to be part of Bastian's charade.

I had a slight suspicion that he was starting to confuse things, and that would only cause problems.

-Bastian, just shut up for a while. I'm not your girlfriend, and I'm old enough to take care of myself. Jane is very busy. She won't notice anything. Besides, she's your ex-girlfriend, and you don't owe her any explanations if she's about to marry another man.- I said completely serious and without measuring my words because he knew very well that I was still upset with him for taking the liberty of kissing me without my consent.

-Can't you see how your brother is? It's obvious that he's not fit to drive. I'll take him in his car. See you at the villa, Bastian.-

Bastian stood frozen in his place, with his mouth slightly open from the impression of how aggressively I spoke to him. But I was really not in the mood. I wanted to get to the villa as soon as possible, and I had zero patience to continue putting up with him at this moment.

I grabbed my clutch bag and tightly grabbed Vincent's arm to pull him towards the exit, without waiting for Bastian to say a word. Fortunately for me, the older idiot who was following in my footsteps wasn't as drunk or maybe he was just hiding it well.

-I like it. I like it when you're aggressive.- Vincent said, causing me to roll my eyes at his comment, although it was funny to hear how he slurred his words. It was the first time I had seen him drunk.

-Yeah, yeah, whatever you say. Give me the keys to your car.- I avoided responding to his strange compliment.

However, I couldn't lie to myself, I had loved it. I stopped expressionless at the entrance of the hall, waiting for him to give me the car keys, but apparently, he didn't hear me or I didn't speak loud enough because his intense and devilishly sexy green gaze never left my face for a second.

And although it could be uncomfortable, I liked the way he looked at me, and if he continued to look at me like that, I would be capable of...

God, no. What was going through my head? One, two, three, self-control come back to me.

-Hello? Is Vincent Grey still there? The keys.-

-The keys.- Vincent repeated my words as if he were in automatic mode and I wanted to laugh at this new version of Mr. Anti-Romance. Where did the robot Lefebvre go? I couldn't even guess what was going through his head.

I sighed in resignation, understanding once and for all that Vincent became dumber than usual with excess alcohol in his system, and I decided to take a step towards him to search for the car keys in his pockets, without diverting my gaze from his scrutinizing eyes.

My skin tingled when he cradled my cheeks in his warm hands and his attractive face slowly approached mine, his gaze shifting towards my lips, causing my legs to tremble slightly.

I had no intention of stepping away, not because I longed to taste his lips once again, but because I immediately understood that he misinterpreted my approach, taking it as an insinuation on my part, without even realizing that I was searching his pant pockets.

So, I licked my lips when his face was inches away from mine and I smiled half-heartedly, suppressing the strong desire to eliminate the minimal space between us, before whispering as if it were a secret, ignoring the rapid beats of my heart.

-I found it.- I showed him the key I had found in the front pocket of his pants and quickly backed away, leaving him bewildered and breathless, with his hands in the air. I couldn't deny that I enjoyed seeing him in that way, he deserved it.

-Huh?-

I couldn't hold back the laughter anymore at his confused expression in the midst of his drunkenness, but I covered my mouth with a hand so he wouldn't realize I was laughing at him.

-Shall we go?- I asked, turning halfway towards the parking lot to search among the many cars for Vincent's Rolls Royce.

-What...? What was that? Weren't you going to kiss me? But...- Vincent babbled, completely confused, and I took hold of his arm again when I spotted his car a few meters away.

-Why would I kiss you?- I asked nonchalantly as I practically dragged him without even looking at him.

-Don't get confused, I was just looking for the car key.-

-Do you like Bastian?-

Chapter 108 Special Bonus-2

Chapter 175 - Divorced Heiress

His sudden question caught me off guard, and I stopped when we reached his car.

That question was totally stupid, of course I didn't like Bastian. Unfortunately, I had eyes only for the coldest man on the face of the earth. However, I wasn't going to tell him that, I preferred to remain silent, I wasn't going to answer him.

-Get in.- I ordered after opening the passenger door and I looked at him with irritation when I saw that he had no intention of getting in the car, he just looked at me as if he were waiting for the answer to his question. Patience is a virtue, which unfortunately I did not possess.

-As you wish.-

I shrugged and let go of him to go around the car carelessly and get into the driver's seat.

Vincent remained standing, not moving at all. How could I deal with this idiot without losing my patience?

It was not until I started the car's engine that he finally got in with a stern expression on his face.

His mood swings would end up driving me crazy, I didn't know how I had liked this animal for so many years, I hated him.

I drove in complete silence, avoiding Vincent's gaze at all costs. I didn't even know why I was taking on the task of taking care of him after the snubs he had given me, after going from me to the next day he kissed me.

I wanted to justify my pathetic feelings for him, but I couldn't ignore that I left my dignity on the table we shared for a few minutes. I would have let him drive alone to the villa, I was not his hero, I was nothing to him.

Upon arriving at the villa, I turned off the car's engine and immediately got out to take a breath of air. I had already fulfilled my duty of bringing him here, he could take care of himself for the rest of the night, he was a grown man, he didn't need a babysitter.

I walked as fast as my heels allowed me to, to the entrance of the house, feeling angry with myself for my hasty decisions, for my impulsiveness, but a hand stopped me when I was about to finish climbing the steps leading to the front door.

I looked at the owner of that hand, although I already knew from the first second that it was Vincent who quickly came to me, his gaze had softened and I didn't even know why. His mood swings would give me a headache.

-Abby...-

A shiver ran down my spine when I heard my name with that gentle tone that almost melted me, but I stayed strong.

I hid all my emotions and sensations in an expressionless look, waiting for him to say what he had to say, although I could guess what he wanted to tell me.

“We must keep our distance. I am not a romantic man. Let's sign an agreement. The first clause is not to involve feelings. We will only fuck.”

Fuck it!

-Forgive me.-

My brow furrowed when I heard that word coming out of his mouth, for a moment I thought it had been a product of my imagination, but his expression confirmed that it was real, he looked defeated, sincere, and regretful.

For the first time, he left me speechless and I didn't quite know what I should forgive him for, the first thing that came to mind was his behavior under the influence of alcohol.

-Okay, you're drunk, it's normal for you to lose control and have these mood swings, and...-

Vincent shook his head interrupting my words, while stepping onto the step I was standing on.

-That's not what I mean. Forgive me for being a jerk.- He paused, taking the opportunity to let go of my arm and place his hand on my cheek.

I didn't know where he was going with this, I didn't know if it was the alcohol speaking for him or if it was the unfeeling Vincent Lefebvre talking.

-I've been trying to ignore my feelings, but it's getting harder and harder no matter how much I try. I like to have everything under control, but this got out of hand, I can't continue ignoring what I feel for you.-

I was frozen realizing the direction all this was taking. My heart began to beat so strongly in my chest that I wouldn't be surprised if Vincent could hear it.

-Honestly, I don't know what words to use at this moment to express myself, I've never done this in my life, but I can sum it up for you. Abby Dubois, I am madly in love with you.-

My mouth automatically opened in surprise and I was left breathless as I pinched my arm, thinking that I was lost in a dream, but the pain was as real as his words.

An intense tingling settled in my stomach and I wasn't sure if it was because the dinner didn't agree with me or if it was the famous butterflies they talk about in movies, although I felt them like bees.

It was hard for me to believe that Vincent was finally declaring his love for me and I was certain that it wasn't the effect of alcohol, I could see it in his genuine gaze, in those green eyes that shone under the dim light.

For the second time and in less than five minutes, he left me speechless, now it was me who didn't have the exact words to express myself or to respond to him.

In the next second, the least expected and most embarrassing thing happened to me and anyone in my place, taking all the romance out of this magical, unique, and long-awaited moment. I vomited on his perfect and expensive suit.

Why did this have to happen to me? The bees in my stomach betrayed me and now I had been left in ridicule in front of the man who thawed his heart, with this it is more than certain that he would retract his words and disappear definitively. How pathetic I was.

-God, Abby, are you okay?-

When I thought Vincent would recoil from me in disgust, the opposite happened. He brushed away the hair falling over my shoulder and gently stroked my back as if it could comfort me.

When I stopped vomiting, he offered me his handkerchief that he had in his jacket pocket, and in complete embarrassment, I wiped the corners of my lips.

-Do you feel better? Let's go inside, I'll make you a drink to soothe you.- Vincent took me by the waist as if at any moment I could crash to the ground, and even though it wasn't serious, of course I could fall, but because of the nerves that were eating me alive and making me the clumsiest person in the world.

How was Vincent still here? Why didn't he run away when he could? I shook my head, resisting to take a single step or I would end up rolling down the stairs.

I dared to look at Vincent after such embarrassment and died of shame for soiling his clothes, I did not find the slightest hint of disgust on his face, rather he looked worried and I could even say that his drunkenness vanished because of anguish.

Was Vincent real?

If he was, he was standing in front of me, with his perfect green eyes fixed on my face, with his warm and big hands holding me, obviously concerned about my health after confessing that he was in love with me.

Vincent was real, this moment was real, disgustingly and romantically real.

For a moment I forgot about the prank that my nerves caused and I smiled, praying to heaven that vomit did not stay on my face, that would be the icing on the cake.

- I am madly in love with you, Vincent Grey.-

Chapter 109 Special Bonus-3

Chapter 176 - Divorced Heiress

Abby

My eyes couldn't stop enjoying the wonderful view, it was impossible for me to look away from Vincent's perfect and well-worked torso, was he hiding all of that under his elegant suits?

God, it was so hot in here.

-Are you hot?- Vincent's question made me look up at his eyes and I got scared thinking that he had the power to read my thoughts, if that was the case, he must know everything I have imagined in less than a minute just by admiring every muscle of his attractive torso.

-What?- I asked, bewildered, moving the glass of water away from my lips, while thinking of anything else other than my hands roaming every inch of his body.

The sky is blue, roses are red, and I didn't want to think about your mouth anymore.

This wasn't working.

-You said it's hot.-

I sighed in relief, thanking the heavens that Vincent didn't know what was going on in my head. I had just said that out loud without realizing it and he heard me.

-I'm freezing.-

I'd keep you warm.

-It must be because you're shirtless. Let me help you with your jacket, I'm the one who dirtied your clothes.- I quickly changed the subject, intending to dissipate my dirty thoughts. As I was about to get off the washing machine where Vincent had forced me to sit down and have a glass of water, his hand unexpectedly reached me, stopping me from leaving my improvised seat.

-Abby, no, you're not okay.- He said seriously, and a tingle ran through my body as he was now closer than a few seconds ago, it was just a matter of stretching my hand and I would be feeling his skin with the tips of my fingers. I cleared my throat, trying to focus on the response I was about to give him.

-I'm fine, I feel fine.- I replied cheerfully, making my best effort not to divert my eyes from his worried face. Vincent raised one eyebrow as if he didn't fully believe me and I ended up finishing my glass of water to get rid of the heat that was starting to invade my body.

-Let me finish cleaning your clothes and go celebrate with the others for Sarah's wonderful news.-

Yes, that was the healthiest thing for my mind right now.

-I won't do that. I'm fine here, and in very good company.- His husky voice sent shivers down my spine, especially when his cold hands stopped at my waist and his body got so close to mine that he almost ended up positioning himself between my legs.

Suddenly, I stopped to think about Vincent's drastic change and curiosity began to overwhelm me, I wanted to know what led him to become a cold man with women and completely unromantic, I mean, there must be a reason for everything.

-Where did the idea of contracts come from? Why sign clauses in order to be with a woman?-

The questions came out of my mouth without giving myself time to think if it could make him uncomfortable, but I didn't care, I wanted to know, I wanted to understand him better and try to understand his reasons for not acting like a normal person.

Of course, he felt uncomfortable, I noticed it in his expression that he tried to hide behind a sweet smile.

-It's hard to explain.- That was his response after a few seconds of silence, and I know I should respect his decision for not wanting to give details, but I couldn't remain in the dark, I needed to know, I needed to understand.

I looked at him with a displeased face, making it clear that I wouldn't settle for that answer, and he let out a sigh with a amused smile on his face.

-Of course, you're dying to know.-

-Exactly, I want to know.- I responded, nodding my head, and Vincent looked straight into my eyes to start talking.

For a second, I came to my senses, realizing that I was acting disrespectful just because I was dying of curiosity, and I thought that I was forcing him to let something out that he would rather keep to himself for the rest of his life, but that idea vanished when I saw him comfortable, looking for the right words to answer my questions.

-When I was a teenager, I fell in love for the first time, but I couldn't be with her, I couldn't confess my love. From the very beginning, I was aware that nothing would ever happen between us. More than unrequited love, it was a forbidden love.-

My eyebrows arched in surprise with the first details of his first heartbreak, it seemed so unfair that he gave up just because of a failed love.

-But why? Don't tell me they were from different social classes or that their families were enemies, like Romeo and Juliet.-

I tried to guess because it was supposed to be a forbidden love, and damn, if he was in love with her, he should have done something more than stay silent like a complete idiot.

-Didn't you even try anything with her?-

-No, Abby, I didn't try anything, not even the slightest. And I would have preferred if the reason was because of the difference in social class or because our families hated each other to death, then I wouldn't have cared at all and would have confessed what I felt, but it goes beyond that.-

I furrowed my brow, understanding less than before. What could be so serious for it to be forbidden... Then, a crazy idea crossed my mind and I looked at him with wider eyes than usual. It couldn't be. No, it was impossible. I must be thinking wrong, it couldn't be true.

-Because she's your cousin.- That was a direct statement, and I had a faint hope that he would deny it at any moment, but as soon as he heard my words, he lowered his gaze, confirming my suspicions.

Damn. Vincent's first love was Sarah. I never expected this at all. While I was sighing for him, he was sighing for my best friend. Was this for real?

Chapter 110 Special Bonus-4

Chapter 177 - Divorced Heiress

-Abby, I didn't choose to fall in love with Sarah, it just happened, and when I realized it, I couldn't do anything about it. We spent a lot of time together, she was the princess of the house and was treated like that by everyone, and even though it was no secret to anyone that we were not blood relatives but only by last name, it was wrong.-

I was totally perplexed by the information Vincent was giving me, still unable to believe it, how was it possible that I didn't realize it before? This was so weird, I didn't know what words to use, I didn't know what to say to him.

-So...- I left the word hanging in the air, not knowing how to continue, and apparently he realized it, because he took my hands in his and kept talking.

-So, knowing that what we had was not possible, I forced myself to stop feeling, it was easier when each one went their own way, and I took refuge in casual adventures, but after a few years, I realized that I had hurt many women, so I decided to create the contract, leaving out feelings and clarifying from the beginning that it would only be sex without commitment.-

Now I was speechless, starting to reproach myself for wanting to know more about him, I ended up finding out a secret he had been keeping for years and that he let loose today. Was it a good idea to ask him to tell me? Now I didn't know how to feel about it. What should I do? Should I run away?

-But the wall I built began to crumble from the moment I opened my eyes and looked around, finding myself in front of a somewhat bold, impertinent, and imprudent woman who kissed me because the tango got her going.-

He's talking about me, I'll stay.

I understood it in a way, because I also rejected many suitors waiting for me, but the difference between us was that I didn't make the immature decision to play with men, but who was I to judge?

Now he was here, face to face, confessing that I was the only one who managed to melt the ice in his heart. That was what mattered, right? If we look back at the past, let it be to realize how far we'd come.

-I remember that day very well.- I said before letting out a fun and embarrassed laugh, remembering that I excused myself by saying that the tango turned me on, and that was why I kissed him, but the most embarrassing thing was the question I asked him afterwards, when I tried to pretend that his rejection didn't hurt me.

-Still no dog?- I reminded him of the question and he burst into laughter, which was like music to my ears. At least I was starting to feel less uncomfortable with our conversation, he knew how to do it.

-No, Abby, I don't have a dog.-

I laughed again in his face and stopped when I noticed the smile that appeared on his face just by looking at me.

-I love you, Abby.- His face moved slowly towards mine, with the clear intention of kissing me, but I stopped him by placing a hand on the soft skin of his chest when an existential doubt completely invaded me, at the same time that I felt a tingling in the palm of my hand, I had finally touched him. Abby, concentrate.

He looked at me confused by my action and I licked my lips before clarifying what was bothering me so much.

-There will be no contract between us, okay?- I wanted to remind him that I disagreed with his strange contracts, because I didn't know if there would be new clauses up his sleeve now.

Vincent looked at me as if I were joking, but my serious expression said the opposite, I wanted to clarify everything from the beginning. I had already thrown myself headfirst and the last thing I wanted was to get hurt, I truly hoped that our relationship would work.

His long fingers caressed my cheek and he looked at me with a sparkle in his eyes that made them appear even lighter than they already were. My heartbeat quickened with that gaze that spoke for itself, however, I waited for the answer to come out of his mouth.

-The only paper I want you to sign is our marriage certificate.- His unexpected response left me melting in my place, it made me feel like the luckiest woman in the world because I managed to thaw Lefebvre the refrigerator, because the man I believed was unattainable was more serious than I thought.

He left me speechless for the umpteenth time that night, with bees buzzing in my stomach and my heart beating strongly.

The only thing I did to respond to his romantic words was to press my lips against his, which had a slight taste of alcohol but I didn't mind at all, while sliding my hands over the smooth skin of his back, feeling every one of his tense muscles in my palms, bringing his body completely close to mine, as if I didn't have enough of him.

His lips moved desperately against mine, as if he had been waiting a long time to kiss me, and his tongue invaded my mouth in search of mine, then self-control abandoned me and I let myself be carried away by our increasingly passionate kiss with each passing second.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and let out a slight moan when I felt his firm body against mine.

And here, in the laundry room, Vincent made me his for the first time.

Chapter 111 Everyone went crazy in this house.

Chapter 178 - Divorced Heiress

Sarah

The lawyers had arrived very early in the morning to the Villa, so early that I didn't even have time to change out of my pajamas and I didn't care about receiving them in such a state, ignoring the hangover that threatened to ruin my day, a result of the long celebration we had last night after releasing the good news.

I didn't care about anything else but talking to the lawyers, I was anxious to meet with them and show them all the documents my parents had left me, as well as to finish the process of filing a complaint against Paul and his mother.

One of my lawyers confessed to me that he was aware of the documents I showed him, as my father had contacted him to help him with the meticulously planned plans, without room for error.

Fortunately, his plans turned out so perfect that no one could suspect even the slightest bit, and now, many things, many circumstances, many situations, many unanswered questions suddenly made sense to me, leaving me completely perplexed by the audacity of my parents.

Although deep down, I knew my father doesn't make mistakes, but more than that, I was surprised by all the information and documents I had in my hand, documents that the lawyers confirmed as valid.

Everything was real, as real as the few hours of freedom that Paul has left.

Despicable.

-Having everything clear, we'll see you at two o'clock in the Doinel company to proceed with the immediate capture of Paul and Mrs. Dubois.- I smiled excitedly upon hearing those magical words from my lawyer that sent a chill down my spine.

There was still a long time before two o'clock, but I could wait a few more hours if my peace of mind and that of my loved ones depended on it. Besides, I want to enjoy a front-row seat to the capture of that miserable person.

I want to see Paul's face when everything comes crashing down on him, when he realizes that his plans didn't work out as he and his mother expected.

I stood up from my seat at the same time as the lawyers, and as I said goodbye by shaking their hands, a doubt started to linger in my mind, and the only ones who could clarify it were them.

-What will happen to Rachel and her parents?- Despite her stabbing me in the back by joining Paul and completely betraying our friendship, I was worried about what would become of her from now on. After all, her cooperation was of great help, and I wanted to believe that she was truly sorry for what she did.

-In a few days, she will start a new life outside of New York, with a new identity, just like her parents. She will be fine. She has asked for confidentiality, so we won't be able to give too many details, but you can rest assured, we will take care of the entire process for the Duncan family.-

My lawyer's response left me relieved. Despite her mistakes, she wouldn't be hit as hard. Although, I was a bit disappointed that she didn't want anyone to know about her new life. I would have liked to see her one last time and thank her in person.

-Very well, thank you very much, lawyer. Allow me to accompany you.- I waited for them to gather their things and walked behind them, feeling that my chest was about to burst with joy.

Everything was going better and better.

The only thing left to complete my happiness was for my parents to return.

When the car disappeared from my field of vision, I let out a shout of excitement, while jumping and dancing in the middle of the living room, not caring that I must have looked pathetic.

It didn't matter, there was no one around, and it was a good way to finally release all the stress that had been bothering me for weeks. Now, I had many conflicting feelings.

-Abby!-

I have to tell her the details of the meeting with the lawyers. After all, it was her family that was involved, and she definitely had to come with me to the company and be part of this glorious day.

I hurriedly climbed the stairs and reached the door of her room. I stopped my fist in the air as I remembered that she disappeared last night after saying that she felt sick to her stomach. At this moment, she must be resting. It wouldn't be very humane of me to wake her up.

When I was about to turn around and go to my room, I was overwhelmed by regret and ended up knocking on her door. If she felt sick, we could resolve it, but this couldn't wait. There was no response from the other side, but I could hear movement, as if someone had fallen off the bed, I hoped not.

I knocked a couple more times with my knuckles and just as I was about to give up, the door opened, revealing a person who wasn't Abby. I scanned him from head to toe with wide eyes and had to force myself not to burst out laughing.

Vincent looked sleepy and nervous, but what made me laugh the most was seeing him wrapped in Abby's silk and velvet feather robe. Okay, now everything made sense.

-They didn't waste any time, huh?- I spoke with complicity and Vincent blushed as he closed the door behind him.

-Weren't you supposed to go to your apartment? God, they fooled us all, no wonder they left early.-

-It's not what you think, Sarah. Actually, Abby wasn't feeling well, she vomited last night, and I didn't feel fit to drive. I didn't want to bother you all or ruin the night, so I decided to stay and take care of Abby, and...-

-For God's sake, Vincent, do you expect me to believe that big lie?- I asked, amused and offended. After all the encouragement I'd given him to take a risk with Abby, he dared to lie to me.

-Look at your neck, you have a hickey, your arms have scratches, and it's obvious you haven't slept at all. The night was intense.- I said, laughing so hard that it echoed throughout the hallway, and he tried to cover the bruise on his neck with his hand. My friend was so aggressive.

-Okay, okay. We couldn't resist, we let ourselves go and...-

I raised my hand in the air to stop him.

-I don't want details.- I said. Vincent scratched his head, looking embarrassed, and I smiled because the odd couple had finally taken the next step.

-I'm very happy for you both, I'm witness to what you feel for each other. I'll just tell you one thing, not as a cousin, but as Abby's best friend. Don't mess it up, don't hurt her, she deserves to be happy.-

-I have absolutely no intention of hurting the woman I love. I'll stop calling myself Vincent Lefebvre if I ruin the first relationship I've had seriously and without a contract.- He said, and I nodded, believing in him. I could trust my cousin, I knew perfectly well that he was a man of his word.

-I hope so, and I also hope that next time it's not in the villa.- I patted him on the shoulder and looked again with amusement at the robe that covered his body.

-You must be the same size as Alexander, I'll send you clothes through Maga. And, could you wake her up? Tell her I'm waiting for her in one hour in the living room, I have some important information for her.-

-Count on it.- Vincent opened the door and I walked toward my room.

-By the way, good morning.-

I turned around to give him a look of disapproval, still walking. Abby has already infected him with her antics.

When I entered my room, I stopped for a few seconds to observe with a smile on my face the man who was sleeping comfortably on my bed. I didn't intend to wake him up so early, I knew he would wake up with a good hangover, but I approached to adjust the blanket covering his body and left a kiss on his forehead before disappearing into the bathroom.

What I needed right now was a relaxing bath in the tub, but I knew it would take longer than I wanted, and I wanted to be ready as soon as possible to start this wonderful day. I had many things to do before going to Doinel.

The artificial rain managed to relax every muscle in my body, and I couldn't help but smile at the thought of my parents and the great work they did while pretending to be missing. And the best part was that they would be back at the least expected moment.

I jumped in place and almost let out a scream of fright as I felt hands sliding around my waist, seconds before feeling the warmth of a body against my back.

-Good morning, fairy.-

My muscles immediately tensed, feeling nerves bubbling in my system at the unexpected company of Alexander in the shower. Everyone went crazy in this house.

-What are you doing here? I thought you were asleep.- I couldn't see him, but I knew very well that he was completely naked, I could feel his body in its full splendor and it made me very nervous.

-I was, but I saw you going into the bathroom and thought you might need help.-

I closed my eyes to enjoy the sensation of his lips brushing against the skin of my neck and his hands casually caressing my abdomen.

That aroused the desire for him to touch every inch of my body, as I remembered the day he made me his after years without feeling him, and despite the fact that he stayed at my house, we hadn't had the opportunity to give ourselves again, because we couldn't think of anything else but the problems surrounding us, leaving us completely stressed and without any desire other than to sleep embraced, giving each other the warmth we desperately needed at night.

But today, today was a wonderful day, a day to release all the stress completely, this time I wasn't going to stop it.

Chapter 111 Everyone went crazy in this house part 2

Chapter 179 - Divorced Heiress

-Yes, I need a little help.- I replied without intending to open my eyes and soon felt his hands rubbing the naked skin of my back, which slid easily with the soap.

-Did you meet with the lawyers? I didn't hear you getting up.- Alexander brought up that topic and I supposed he did it so that his imagination wouldn't lose control, but who cares about that right now?

-I showed them the documents and...- I left the word hanging in the air when I turned abruptly, facing each other and his eyes stopped on my face, looking at me with surprise and confusion. Honestly, I didn't know what I was doing, since the moment I felt his hands on my body, my sanity began to fade away.

Suddenly, his eyes seemed to understand what my body was needing, and he gave a half smile before pressing my body against his, feeling the movement of his firm chest with his heavy

breathing. He wanted this as much as I did, I knew it from his expression full of desire, while feeling the hardness of his masculinity pressing against the lower part of my abdomen.

Alexander lifted my face by taking my jaw with his hand, I looked at him frowning, with my mouth slightly open and irregular breathing, enjoying his touch that, far from hurting me, I loved it.

We looked at each other for a few seconds, enough time for our gazes to speak for us. I ran my hands through his neck, clinging to his body as if I couldn't get enough of his closeness, and his mouth opened as if he had touched his most sensitive part.

We didn't stop to think about anything else when our lips met as if centuries had passed. More than a kiss, it was chemistry, pure liquid heat on my lips, causing a hot line to crawl under my chest and settle in my stomach.

My feet stopped touching the water-filled floor when Alexander lifted me in the air and wrapped my legs around his waist. Then, I let out a cry of pain when he pressed me against the cold wall, while he continued kissing me fiercely, sliding his tongue into my mouth unhurriedly. Something trembled inside me, somewhere between blood cells and neurons, a space where it really wasn't mind or body.

God, was this really going to happen in this place, against the wall of my bathroom with water falling on us like rain?

Then, it was just my back against the wall and his glory at the entrance of my femininity. I held onto his body, with all my muscles tense, waiting for him to enter me, but that moment never came. Instead, he only rubbed against my wet and eager sex, as if he were playing with me.

I left his lips to look at him with a displeased expression, although I wasn't sure if I had achieved it, because it was impossible to hide how much I wanted to feel him inside me once and for all.

His dark eyes looked at me as if I were a glass of water in the middle of the desert, and with that, I kissed him again, hoping he would decide soon or I would end up going crazy.

I moved on top of his body with the intention of him finally entering me, but his hands stopped me just as I was about to achieve it, causing me to let out a sigh of frustration.

-Calm down.- He whispered over my lips and I looked into his eyes again, which appeared darker, reflecting how turned on he was, but I didn't understand why he wasn't doing anything else to quench our thirst.

Then, I understood everything when he gave me a half-smile, while resuming his playfulness with my femininity.

He wanted me to ask for it, he wanted me to beg him.

I could refuse such a thing at another time, but not now, not when my mind had completely disconnected from my body and I just wanted Alexander to invade me.

-Alexander, please...- My voice came out almost in a whisper accompanied by a gasp and I couldn't even finish speaking when I felt him entering me mercilessly, stealing a moan from me that I had to suppress against his shoulder.

I lost all breath, all function, all ability, everything, for an endless moment the only thing I felt was the slow, hard and pleasurable penetration, filling me completely, feeling a sweet and thick abundance in my center, making me forget everything and focus on his hand that held me tightly by the waist and the other that tightened on my jaw to make me look at his face.

I tensed up for a few seconds where neither of us moved, but after leaving a tender and fleeting kiss on my lips, the rhythm started as well as our moans of pleasure.

My thighs clung to his body tightly, while his hands held my buttocks to help me move against him, completely ignoring the artificial rain that accompanied us, being a witness to this special moment.

He watched me without kissing me, while his thrusts increased, the way we looked at each other was more intimate than a kiss could ever be.

I hadn't realized how much I loved to admire him until I saw his dilated pupils, his slightly parted lips as gasps and moans escaped him, I saw every tremor of tension and pleasure pass through him, the way his abs flexed to fit against my body, I saw that slightly lost, childlike and yet excited gaze.

The fire inside me grew with each passing second, with each thrust, each caress, and although I wanted to close my eyes to concentrate on the pleasurable sway of his body, I kept my eyes open, looking at him, not missing the slightest expression on his face.

Alexander's eyes closed and his nose wrinkled as if he were resisting giving in.

I felt a kind of electricity passing through my stomach and reaching my womb, I didn't even close my eyes when I felt the tension in my center that threatened to overwhelm everything, my legs began to tremble and I involuntarily opened my mouth, letting the moans escape.

Alexander knew I was about to climax and he increased the speed while his hands gripped me tightly, as if they were claws.

I came so quickly, so intensely, it was like a lightning bolt, one second I was gone and the next I was back, digging my nails into my man's back.

Alexander didn't stop, even though he knew I had arrived as intensely as a waterfall, his final moan was muffled by my lips, pushing hard one last time and gently swaying through the aftershocks.

The only thing that could be heard in the bathroom was the sound of drops hitting the floor and our heavy breathing.

I inhaled Alexander's essence until my lungs trembled and I wanted to pause this moment and stay in it, the unique and special moment of the gleam in his honey-colored eyes that looked at me with tenderness, with love, with adoration, those eyes that admired me as if I were the best work of art he had ever seen in his life, after making love to me.

-I love you, my Sarah.-

Chapter 112 The Doinel heiress.

Chapter 180 - Divorced Heiress

My fingers relentlessly pounded the steering wheel of the car, impatience was overwhelming me at this moment, I had been parked outside Doinel company for over half an hour waiting for the arrival of the lawyers, although this was my fault, it was me who decided to arrive before the agreed time and now anxiety was attacking me.

-Sarah, dear, you're going to give me a headache if you keep pounding the steering wheel.- Abby interrupted the game she was playing with Tristan and Vincent in the backseat, and I forced myself to remove my hands from anything that would fall victim to the drumming of my fingers.

-Mama, Vin is eating Aunt Abby.-

I immediately turned to look at the backseat when Tristan accused them, and the couple looked at me as if they were a pair of innocents.

-Tristan, what are you saying? This boy has quite an imagination. If I wanted to eat her right now, but...- Vincent's response was not at all convincing and Abby noticed, she gave him a discreet elbow.

-I better keep quiet.-

-I'm not against you showing the love you feel for each other, but not in front of my son.- I said expressionless and Abby smiled nervously.

-Understood, boss.-

I looked at Tristan and blew him a flying kiss, and he continued playing with Vincent and Abby.

I let all my weight fall back on the seat and closed my eyes for a few seconds to try to calm down, because I imagined thousands of scenarios in which I would confront Paul, I was anxious to see him and throw it all in his face.

No, think about something else, don't let nerves get the best of you. Think about this morning, yes, that completely changes my mood.

-Why didn't Alexander come with us?- Vincent's question made me open my eyes, but I didn't move from my position.

-He had to attend a video conference for his company, he'll come when it's over.- I informed disappointed, because I wanted him to be present in such an important moment like this, after all, the four of us have been agonizing over all this for a long time and finally the day of peace and tranquility has arrived.

But it seemed that time was against me, because every minute of waiting felt like an eternity, this was torture for me.

I didn't feel like waiting for the lawyers anymore, so I decided to go ahead. I got out of the car without further ado, with the necessary documents in my hand, and when I was about to take a step towards the entrance, Abby stopped me.

-Sarah, wait. What are you going to do? We should wait for the lawyers.-

I wasn't aware of the moment when Abby got out of the car and reached my side in an attempt to reason with me, but that was impossible at this moment.

I was desperate to go inside, I'd been waiting for this day for a long time and impatience for waiting a few more minutes was overcoming me.

-I will talk to Paul before the lawyers arrive, you don't have to worry. Can you guide the lawyers when they arrive? And let Vincent stay with Tristan in Patrick's workshop until there are no traces of Paul.- I asked Abby without even looking at her, my gaze was fixed on the company name at the entrance.

-Have you gone crazy? You know it's dangerous, after what he did to you yesterday, do you really think of going alone with him? No, no way.- Abby's hand gripped my arm as if she had no intention of letting go, and I had to look at her with icy eyes, although I was aware that it had no effect on my friend.

-Abby is right, Sarah, there are ten minutes left until the lawyers arrive, don't do something crazy.- Vincent arrived with Tristan in his arms and I could only turn my gaze away from the company entrance to look at my son, he shouldn't have to go through this, but everything would be resolved in a few minutes.

-Paul won't do anything to me inside the company, trust me, I will just talk to him before the lawyers arrive. You know where I'll be. Please wait for the lawyers. Abby, I'll wait for you in the President's office.-

Abby's grip loosened slowly and I finally freed myself from her strong grip.

-You'll stay with Vin for a while, we'll see each other in a moment, okay? I love you.- I kissed Tristan's forehead, who didn't understand what was happening and was already beginning to look scared.

-Sarah, wait.- Abby tried to stop me again as I walked towards the company, but Vincent was the one who stopped her.

-Let me go, Abby.-

I heard Vincent's voice speaking to her as if he wanted to convey his calmness, and I continued on my way, feeling more confident.

-God, they have madness in their blood.- Abby continued complaining, and with every step I took, their voices faded away.

I took a deep breath when I reached the reception, and without even greeting or announcing myself, I went straight to the elevator, ignoring the receptionist's calls forbidding my entry on Paul's orders.

Idiot, he would find out.

-Ms. Doinel, you cannot go on.-

I pressed the elevator button so that the metal doors closed quickly when I saw the receptionist approaching with worried eyes.

-Please, no. They will fire me and...-

I didn't hear anything else as the doors closed completely, without giving me time to tell her that I wouldn't allow it.

It didn't matter, I would have time to tell her.

I squeezed the documents in my hand as if the folder could fall at any moment, I closed my eyes, gathering courage to confront Paul after what he did at the launch. I admit that there was a part of me that was afraid, but it was overshadowed by the other part that wanted to see him drown in his misery.

I opened my eyes when the elevator stopped on the top floor of the building, and I walked determinedly towards the president's office, ignoring the workers who looked at me curiously and others who greeted me kindly. I was not going to stop now that I was close.

-Sarah? What are you doing here?- Patrick looked at me with a mix of confusion and excitement, but I ignored him too, even Julian, who knew perfectly well why I was here and just gave me a smile before approaching the designer who was left stunned because it was the first time I didn't even stop to greet him.

-He's in his office.- Julian informed me, knowing who I was here for, and I smiled at him as a show of gratitude.

-Patrick, let's go to the workshop.- Julian dragged Patrick somewhere else, and I continued my way in silence, with heavy breathing and clenched fists at my side, feeling the blood begin to boil inside me when I reached that door marked "CEO Paul Dubois".

I forced a graceless smile and opened the door without caring if I interrupted the bastard.

And yes, I interrupted him in his conversation with one of the Lancaster Collection test models, whom I recognized immediately when she turned to look at the person who opened the door abruptly.

How could I forget Monica, the model who almost threw herself into Alexander's arms when he arrived late.

When Paul's eyes landed on me, I could tell he was surprised by my visit, and the corners of his lips curved into a sardonic smile that I wanted to erase with a punch.

-What a pleasant surprise! Sarah Doinel is visiting me.-

Paul stood up from his seat without letting that smile fade, a smile that made me want to vomit, and he adjusted his tie before looking back at the woman who remained seated silently in front of his desk.

-I hope you understood, do your job well and don't give me any more problems, otherwise don't bother coming with your cheap excuses because you will be fired immediately. Is that clear?-

-Crystal clear, Mr. Dubois.- The woman replied as if she were a scolded dog and stayed still, looking at Paul. He gestured for her to leave, and finally she moved.

-Oh, yes. Excuse me, I'll leave.-

Monica grabbed her things and passed by me to leave the office, I couldn't help but give her a nasty look the entire way, and I closed the door behind me when she was far enough.

-Sarah, oh, my Sari, you don't know how happy I am that you're here.-

