

## Chapter 181 - Divorced Heiress

Paul circled the desk to approach me, but I raised my hand in the air to stop him, daring him to take another step, and luckily, he stopped.

-Yes, I imagine you must be so happy that you banned me from entering the company.- I reproached him to deny it, and soon his expression changed to a discontented one.

-They wouldn't let you in? How incompetent, but don't worry, I will fire the person who banned you from entering.-

I let out an ironic laugh at the great cynicism of this man, if he could even be considered a man.

-I suppose you're here because you've reconsidered things, you finally decided to be my wife. It's the most sensible decision you've made in a long time.- Paul spoke with so much confidence in himself that I had to swallow everything I had to say to him at first and let his expectations increase, it would be very satisfying to see him fall from his cloud all of a sudden.

-You're still daydreaming, I will never marry you, you're disgusting.- I replied as I walked through the office and observed the changes in decoration in every corner. Recognitions with his name were hung on the wall, and he got rid of any decoration that had the Doinel last name.

-Yes, very disgusting for you, I imagine. So, what's the reason for your visit? Isn't it because you miss me? I missed you, even though I saw you yesterday.-

I closed my eyes as I took a deep breath, attempting to keep the images from yesterday out of my mind, and I succeeded.

-You're a pig.- I said, turning towards him, maintaining my calm as I took advantage of the considerable distance to walk to the desk and sit in the chair that was once my father's.

-Oh, I see now, you're coming to beg me to take you back into my company because yours was a complete failure. Let me tell you that, even though you look very good in that chair, you won't return to this company. Of course, it would be different if you accepted my marriage proposal, but since you're not willing to be Mrs. Dubois, I ask you kindly to leave my company and not waste my time.-

I crossed my legs as I looked casually at my nails with a mocking smile on my face.

His words made me laugh so much, as if all of that were true.

-Are you firing me from my own company?- I asked calmly, focusing my gaze on his face. His confused look disappeared when he burst into laughter that echoed throughout the office, and I rested my chin in my hand, adopting a bored posture.

-Are you listening to yourself? Let me explain, this company is mine, and of course I'm firing you. I can fire whoever I want, and if you don't leave, I'll call security to forcibly remove you.-

I raised my eyebrows, pretending to be surprised by information that I didn't know, and I picked up the phone from the president's office and handed it to him.

-Go ahead, call security.- I didn't hesitate to challenge him, I wasn't afraid of his threats, after all, he would be the one leaving here, and in the worst way possible.

-You're stupid.- He said, obviously annoyed, before snatching the phone from my hand and dialing the number of the guards responsible for the company's security. I looked at him defiantly as I waited for them to answer his call.

-There's an intruder in the company and I need you to come and remove her...- He fell silent for a few seconds, his expression changing to a furrowed brow.

-What? It's a damn order, if you're not here in two minutes, I'll fire you... What the hell do you mean you're not authorized to take my orders? This is Paul Dubois speaking, the president of the company you work for.-

I covered the mocking smile that appeared on my lips because I knew what was happening. The lawyers had arrived.

-What do you mean? Of course, I am the president of Doinel and as the president, I notify you that you're fired... Hello?-

Apparently, whomever answered his call left him talking alone and very furious, I could tell by his eyes and his cheeks beginning to turn red.

-Damn incompetents!-

He shouted into the phone as if the other side could see how angry he was, and it didn't surprise me when he slammed it against the wall, leaving the phone in pieces on the floor.

-Do you know, Paul? I know why they are not following your orders and that is the reason for my visit.- I spoke with one eyebrow raised and enjoying every second of this moment. No matter how many ways I imagined giving him the news of the good news for me, they did not compare at all to this.

With a huge smile on my face, I handed him the folder with the document that my father gave me on my birthday, which I had no idea what it was until last night and which would have saved

us a great headache if my father had not asked me not to open it until yesterday, but he must have his reasons, his decisions always had a why.

-What is this? What is this shit all about?- Paul asked with dark eyes and I gestured for him to take a look, I wanted to see his face when he found out.

Distrustful, he snatched the folder from me aggressively and by this point there was nothing in the world that could erase my smile.

Paul read page by page and a wave of satisfaction ran through me completely as I saw his brow furrowing with each passing second, with each word he read. I could see his Adam's apple move up and down as he swallowed hard, and he rubbed his stubbly beard, obviously upset by the information in the document.

It was not even necessary for him to finish reading to understand everything, in less than a minute he closed the folder forcefully and looked at me suspiciously, as the color drained from his face, he was not red with anger now, no, he looked so pale that he could be mistaken for a ghost and the vein on his forehead seemed like it was about to burst.

-Did you really think my father would be so naive as to sign a contract without realizing that it was a deception to transfer his shares? I see you don't know Leonardo Doinel.- I said as if I were feeling sorry for him, when in reality I just found it funny to see how stupid he was and how low he had fallen.

-You falsified these documents, don't think you can get away with it, you have already lost your company, stop struggling.-

Paul's response made me laugh as if he had told me the best joke, and I shook my head while biting my lips to prevent the smile from stopping me from spitting out what I had for him.

-I'm not a cheater like you. Did you read it correctly? My father gave me all his shares long before he signed the transfer in your name, do you know what that means? That your paper has no validity, making it a fraudulent transfer and leaving me as the majority shareholder of Doinel. What did you expect? After all, I am the Doinel heir.-

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I would have loved to activate the camera on my phone to save for posterity the image of Paul's tragedy-stricken, colorless face, but I was focused on waiting for a single word to come out of his mouth, at least.

For a moment, I thought he was going to faint or, in the worst case scenario, destroy everything in his path, but I dismissed that idea when he took the papers out of the folder and tore them in half, a mocking smile forming on his face.

As for me, I remained unperturbed in my place, I didn't care what he did with those papers, the reality was that he was minutes away from being arrested by the authorities and nothing and no one was going to stop it.

"Don't try to make me look like a fool. What did you think? That showing me some documents with your name on them would make me fall for it, don't make me laugh. Accept it once and for all, Doinel belongs to me. If you don't leave my office right now, I'll have to throw you out myself." I said with a slight laugh as he refused to believe, his threat didn't scare me at all.

"Try me." I challenged him, standing up. It might be very risky on my part, considering how dangerous Paul could be, but right now, the satisfaction of his game being almost over outweighed anything else.

I never abandoned my smile, not even when he quickly approached me and grabbed me by the neck with one hand. Even though I was running out of oxygen, I couldn't stop mocking him, which only made him even more furious, especially when I dug my nails into his hands to cause him pain and loosen his grip, although it was in vain.

I was playing with his patience, challenging him like never before, and it seemed like what he wanted at this moment was to kill me, I could see it in his dark eyes.

"Everything would be easier if you just accepted being my wife, since your answer is no, you leave me no choice." He said.

I was about to defend myself with a kick to his most sensitive area, but what happened next happened so quickly that I barely had time to catch my breath when he released his grip on my neck, because the office door swung open and almost immediately, Paul fell to the floor from a strong punch he received.

I stood frozen and surprised in my place, coughing and breathing heavily, watching Alexander's angry face as he shook his hand after the blow he delivered to Paul. He didn't even let him recover on the floor, as he crouched down to grab his shirt collar and looked directly into his bloodied face.

"It seems you and I have unfinished business." He said, his voice icy. He punched Paul in the face again, causing him to groan in pain.

"You think you're so brave for trying to harm Sarah, I have news for you, she's not alone." He delivered a third punch, and only then could I stop coughing.

"Defend yourself, you damn bastard! You don't think you're so tough anymore! Try touching a hair on my wife's head! Try it!"

Paul tried to protect himself from Alexander's fourth punch, but he received it right in his right eye. I approached when Alexander raised his fist again to strike Paul's already bloodied face and gently took his hand to prevent him from doing it.

His honey-colored eyes met mine for the first time since he entered the office, and I could see his agitated breathing and anger on his red face. I could tell it was the first time I saw his gaze filled with hatred, I had never seen him like this before, he had become a savage from the moment he opened the door. I didn't blame him.

"Alex, that's enough." I said. His face showed indignation and confusion at what I was asking him, and I continued to clarify why I wanted him to stop hitting Paul.

"I will take over."

A complicit smile adorned his face upon hearing my words, and he quickly released Paul's shirt, letting him fall to the floor again, and stood up to give me a quick kiss on the lips.

"He's all yours, my love." He said, clearing the way for me as he fixed the rebellious strand of hair that fell onto his forehead when he took out his frustration on the wretched man now writhing in pain on the floor.

I squatted at the level of that imbecile, and after brushing the hair that was in my face, I gave him a fake smile. The truth was, I did enjoy seeing him in that miserable state, and it was not like I was an evil person, but he and his mother caused a lot of harm, and this is my moment to get back at them.

"You're going to rot in your misery." I said word for word to his face, and he smiled, revealing the blood that decorated his teeth.

"Don't be so sure. This is still my company." He said, his smile never leaving his face. I heard Alexander's laughter behind me at the nonsense Paul had just said.

I fixed my hair without taking my eyes off that disgusting smile, and the next second, I did what I had wanted to do for a long time. I wiped the smile off his face when my fist struck his mouth, leaving my knuckles sore.

When his face turned to the side, I gripped his hair tightly to make him look at me directly, not missing a single word that was about to come out of my mouth.

"You just haven't understood yet. This company was never yours."

His face became serious, and I didn't see a hint of disbelief in his eyes. He was now understanding that everything I had told him was as real as the next blow I delivered to his cheek.

It was so liberating, especially to hear his cries of pain and his panicked look because he knew what awaited him after fraudulently presenting himself as the majority shareholder, that I didn't even feel like continuing to hit him. I had already taken revenge with something more painful than a few blows that wouldn't bring me anything good.

"Ah, you started without me. Now you'll see, you're the worst scum that can exist. It's a shame you're my brother."

I stood up upon hearing Abby's unrecognizable voice and moved far enough away for her to continue beating Paul mercilessly. He tried to cover himself with his arms, which only allowed his sister to deliver two kicks to his ribs that left him dazed in pain, as evidenced by his groans.

I couldn't help but smile upon hearing it.

If there was anyone who wanted to beat him relentlessly, it was Abby.

"Are you okay? Did he hurt you?" Alexander ignored the siblings and reached my side within seconds to inspect my neck. He fixed my hair with his hands, and I gave him a smile to reassure him, although I was sure I had Paul's fingerprints on my neck.

"I've never been better in my life." I said, referring to how satisfying it was to hit that wretched man, and Alexander understood.

His arms enveloped me unexpectedly, and I breathed a sigh of relief at how good I felt now. However, I became worried when I saw the lawyers approaching the door with Vincent. I had to separate from Alexander to stop Abby and make her move away from Paul before they caught her red-handed.

The last thing I wanted was for us to end up in trouble for beating up Paul, and even though I could justify myself by saying it was self-defense, Abby and Alexander didn't have a justification that would save them.

"No, Sarah, let me go. I haven't finished teaching him a lesson yet." Abby evaded my grip more than once and slapped Paul's injured and bloodied face.

"This is for being a shitty person and wanting to ruin the lives of those who trusted you." Abby said.

"Abby, I'm sure they'll finish teaching him the lesson." Alexander forcefully pulled her away by the waist, because if it were up to her, she would spend the whole afternoon hitting him, and I couldn't blame her, but she couldn't do it at the moment, or she would get into legal trouble.

Abby squirmed in Alexander's arms, intent on freeing herself, when she saw Paul struggling to get up and wiping the blood escaping from his nose.

"Let me go, I'm not done with that bastard yet."

I gave Abby a look when her eyes landed on me, and I discreetly gestured towards the door, where all the spectators and guests that were about to arrive could be perfectly seen. As if by magic, she calmed down as if she hadn't been furious seconds before.

"You're all a bunch of madmen! I'm going to sue you! This won't go unpunished." Paul yelled at us as if he were in a position to play the victim, and his eyes widened when he saw the authorities arriving at the door.

"Finally, they're doing something right in this company. Officers, take them all away." I let out a graceless laughter at Paul's great cynicism, but in the office, Abby's laughter was heard when the officers approached Paul.

"Paul Dubois, you are under arrest for attempted murder, fraud, air sabotage, embezzlement, and attempted kidnapping."

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Paul was so perplexed upon hearing the words of one of the officers that he didn't even have the strength to resist when he was handcuffed.

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights?"

Seeing Paul's look of confusion gave me a hundred years of life. I was watching the sun rise after a devastating storm, finally getting justice for myself and my parents. However, I wouldn't be completely at ease until Mrs. Dubois was arrested. She was even more dangerous; after all, she was the one who planned all of this since my father rejected her.

"Now you understand. You can take him away." Abby spoke after a few long seconds during which Paul remained completely silent, as if he were processing what was happening.

"What? No! I am innocent of all the accusations against me, I... I... I didn't do anything."

I made my best effort not to burst out laughing or say something inappropriate in front of the police officers, but Abby couldn't stay silent.

"Then who did? Your mom? Oh, yes. She is as guilty as you are. Officers, please, take him away."

No one would suspect that Abby had lost control a moment ago, as she spoke so calmly, but with sarcasm.

"We have compelling evidence of all Mr. Dubois' crimes, including a transfer of shares document to Ms. Sarah Doinel, making his document a forgery, in other words, a fraudulent transfer." My lawyer spoke to shut Paul up once and for all, leaving him dumbfounded.

"Take the prisoner away." The officers made Paul walk, and they had only taken a couple of steps when he seemed to react and looked at us with pure hatred in his eyes as he resisted being dragged out.

"This won't be the end of it! Do you think you got away with it? You will pay dearly for this!" Paul's screams could be easily heard throughout the building, but I didn't care.

Let everyone finally know the kind of criminal that was in the company.

"Is that a threat?" Alexander asked me in disbelief by my side, as a moment ago they told him that anything he said would be used against him in court.

"Officers, I hold Mr. Paul Dubois and his mother responsible for anything that happens to us from now on. It is clear that he has openly threatened us." I added fuel to the fire, and not a word more was heard from that man with an evidently injured face, but his murderous gaze said it all.

Handcuffed and defeated, Paul was dragged away by the officers, leaving me with great relief in my chest for having permanently removed that man from our lives.

I couldn't believe it.

Alexander waited for the officers to disappear from our field of vision heading towards the elevator, to give me a comforting hug that confirmed this great accomplishment, but Abby's screams of joy were something else.

"Goodbye forever, you scoundrel!" Abby ran to the door, where Vincent had been enjoying the show all this time, and threw herself into his arms to celebrate.

"I feel relieved, my wife and my son are safe." Alexander spoke relieved in my ear before planting a kiss on my cheek. Only then did I realize that Vincent should be with Tristan at Patrick's workshop, not here in the front row.

"Vincent." I called him when I broke my embrace with Alex, and my cousin looked at me without letting go of Abby.

"Where did you leave my son?"

I could tell that nerves were starting to attack him with my question, and he cleared his throat as he let go of his girlfriend completely.

"I left him with Patrick. I'm sorry, I know we didn't agree on that and that I should take care of him while you faced Paul, but I felt the need to be present when I saw the officers. I'll go get him."

I looked at him with narrowed eyes and finally nodded my head, anyway, the danger was no longer close.

"Excuse me, Ms. Doinel. We will be attentive to the case and the arrest of Mrs. Dubois, however, it is convenient for us to meet in the next few days to coordinate everything related to the trial against the Dubois." My lawyer spoke when Vincent left, holding Abby's hand, heading to the design workshop and I paid full attention, as now came the most tedious part of all this.

I rubbed my burning neck and immediately thought about my parents. They were the ones who made all this possible, they already stopped Paul thanks to all their evidence, they should already be here.

"Yes. Please call me to arrange a meeting. Thank you very much for everything." I said goodbye to my lawyers who did a great job and breathed a sigh of relief when I was alone with Alexander in the president's office, my office.

This office that was my father's for so many years and now becomes mine after being in the wrong hands. I had to catch up on the state in which Paul left the company, and now that I was coming back to myself, I realized the challenge I had in leading two companies.

But I preferred that, rather than Paul continuing to abuse a power that never belonged to him, a power he wanted to take advantage of to get what he wanted at all costs.

What I didn't know was that my parents were one step ahead.

Chapter 114 Wolf dressed as a lamb.

## Chapter 184 - Divorced Heiress

I was absentmindedly tapping on the desk with the tip of my fingers, thinking about the strategy I would have to prepare to start my tenure as president of Doinel and not neglect my new brand that started off strong.

"I know what's going through your mind, and I want you to know that you're not alone and I have full confidence in your abilities. I trust that you can handle both companies, you are capable. However, I want to remind you that you have my support for whatever you need, okay?" Alexander spoke behind me, placing his hands on my arms as my fingers brushed against the desk I would be using from now on.

"Everything turned out fine after all."

Without a doubt, his words were very encouraging, but I wasn't sure if I would do a good job. What I feared the most was failing at the attempt to lead such an important company like Doinel. And what I least wanted was to disappoint my parents, who trusted me blindly by leaving me their shares.

I opened my mouth to say what was on my mind, but the sound of my phone interrupted me. I cleared my throat, which was beginning to hurt, just like my knuckles, and answered the call when I saw it was Jack.

"Hello, Jack. Is everything okay at L&J?"

"Good afternoon, Ms. Sarah. I apologize for interrupting, you must be busy with your commitment. Everything is fine here, except for a woman who urgently needs to speak with you. I already explained to her that you couldn't see her until tomorrow, but she insists. She says she won't leave L&J until you see her."

I furrowed my brow, completely confused, with no idea who this woman was, so urgently looking for me.

"What? And who is she? Did she say what she needs?" I asked under Alexander's curious gaze, and I could see him subtly caressing his completely red and injured knuckles.

"She only said that she needs to speak with you urgently. Her name is Amelia."

I looked up into Alexander's eyes, and he looked at me with concern. I was speechless, not knowing what to answer Jack.

What was Amelia Lancaster doing looking for me in my company? What is it that she urgently wants to talk to me about? Coming from her, it was probably nothing good.

"Uh... Tell her I can't see her today, and if it's so urgent, she can come back tomorrow." I replied, trying to sound as unflustered as possible. At this moment, I couldn't afford to leave Doinel without first knowing its current state.

"Yes, ma'am. Immediately..."

"Give it to me."

I heard the woman's voice in the background, interrupting what Jack was saying to me, and I closed my eyes as I imagined her snatching the phone from my assistant to be able to talk to me.

"I'm Amelia, please, I need to talk to you about something very delicate."

I was surprised to hear, for the first time, that Alexander's mother was saying "please".

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but that won't be possible today..." I left the word hanging in the air when Amelia interrupted me, insisting as if it were a matter of life or death.

"I can't wait one more day. My flight to New York leaves in two hours, I promise I won't take up much of your time."

I fell silent again, thinking about whether it was a good idea to go and listen to her, even though the only thing that could come out of her mouth was pure venom. And despite not being interested in the slightest in talking to her, my curiosity was beginning to get the better of me, due to the way she was asking, without any offenses or disrespect.

"What's going on?" Alexander asked, still looking at me, and when I was about to tell him that it was his mother and that she was summoning me to talk, the voice of that despicable woman sounded from the other end of the line.

"Is that Alexander? Tell him not to come with you, our conversation will be woman to woman."

I was becoming more and more confused and bewildered, it was clear that I had a lot of work at Doinel, but I was also dying of curiosity to know what Amelia wanted now.

"Well, then, I'll be there in a moment." I ended the call before Amelia could say another word or before I regretted this madness. Because yes, it was completely crazy to accept, considering how irreverent and disrespectful she had always been to me, not to mention degrading.

"Are you leaving?" He asked, and I nodded in response as I gathered my things.

"It must be urgent, who called you?" Alexander asked, and I wasn't sure what to tell him.

The truth, of course.

After all, Amelia asked me not to go with Alexander, not to lie to him. Thank goodness, Vincent arrived with my son, saving me from having to give an answer to Alexander.

"The mini president has arrived safe and sound to his new office." I said as I approached Tristan, who was walking absentmindedly with a piece of cloth in his hands, and I leaned down to kiss his messy hair.

"Vincent, I need to go to L&J, I don't know how long I'll be, and don't look at me like that, I know we should see the state of the company." I said to my cousin, who looked at me accusatorily.

We had agreed to take the day off at L&J to dedicate ourselves to taking control of Doinel for the whole day, but curiosity got the best of me and I didn't want to tell Amelia to come here. I didn't want her to set foot in this company.

"Could you make some progress while I come back? And please, ask for a report in each department and a general balance."

"As you command, Madame President. I just hope you don't take too long, there's a lot to do here." He said, smiling at me for not complaining and agreeing to my request. He didn't seem very happy about leaving him alone with Doinel in disarray, but he sat at the desk to start working.

I picked up Tristan in my arms but didn't move from my spot, thinking about whether it was safe to take him with me to confront that woman after she told me she wanted to meet him. I definitely didn't agree for her to even look at him or talk to him.

The farther away she was from my son, the better.

I didn't know whether to take him, but I didn't want to be apart from him at this moment, not when my worst nightmare disappeared just a few minutes ago.

"Sarah, you didn't answer my question. Who called that is so urgent?" Alexander approached us to play with his son and the piece of cloth still in his small hands.

"Are you going with Tristan? Do you want me to come with you?"

I looked at him alarmed and quickly shook my head. He couldn't come.

Then, I came up with an excuse for him not to come with me and at the same time, I wouldn't expose the safety of my son. He would be in good hands, in the hands of his father who loved him so much.

"No, I can't go with Tristan. Would you stay with him?" I avoided the question at all costs, the question I still didn't know how to answer, and I knew he noticed that when he looked at me with a raised eyebrow.

Taking Tristan in his arms, he shook his head as if disapproving of what he discovered through my eyes.

"Alright, I'll stay with Tristan and I won't ask again if that bothers you. I just ask you to be very careful, they haven't captured Mrs. Dubois yet. In any case, the bodyguards will be alert, the danger is not entirely over, and she is the person most interested in hurting you, especially when she finds out that they captured her son."

I breathed a sigh of relief, which I disguised by taking one of his hands to see the seriousness of the wounds on his knuckles, and to be honest, it didn't look good. I couldn't leave him like that, Amelia would have to wait.

"I'll clean your knuckles before I leave." I said, leaving my things on the desk without distracting Vincent, who was fully focused on the computer. As I was about to leave to look for the first aid kit, Abby appeared with everything I needed in her hands.

"I imagine your knuckles are as battered as mine." She said, moving the alcohol and gauze in her hands as she walked towards me, her gaze fixed on my hands.

"I hope that the cleanliness of your knuckles is due to hitting him with a chair, because I wouldn't forgive you if you had the chance and didn't throw a single punch."

"You know violence is not my thing, one punch was enough for me. Thank you, beautiful." I thanked her as she handed me the alcohol, and she looked at me disapprovingly, as if she didn't like my answer.

"Calm down, Abby, I hit him for both of you." Alexander intervened and my friend's eyes widened as she saw his reddened and slightly wounded knuckles with a bit of blood.

"For both of us? You hit him for everyone. Very well, I like you more each day, brother-in-law."

I unconsciously smiled as I heard what Abby called him, but quickly faded it to get to work.

"I carefully cleaned his knuckles, ignoring Alexander's painful expression that he masked in the midst of his conversation with Abby, describing the blows they gave to Paul.

All I could think about was the woman waiting for me. The last thing I wanted was to see her or even exchange a word, but this was a good moment to make it very clear to her that I didn't want her near, much less in my son's life.

I wasn't going to surround myself with people who, instead of adding to me, subtracted from me.

That, never again, I wouldn't allow it.

Chapter 114 Wolf dressed as a lamb part 2

## Chapter 185 - Divorced Heiress

"It's done, does it hurt?" I asked after applying an ointment for the inflammation, and he shook his head in response, but I knew he was lying, and it pained me just to see him.

"Don't play tough, I know it hurts." I said as I approached his face intending to give him a farewell kiss. But I stopped when I saw Tristan's curious gaze, who was sitting next to his father. In the end, I only left a kiss on his cheek.

"I'll be back later."

"Seriously, Sarah? I mean, it must be a life or death situation for you to leave right now. You know we're in a very delicate situation with the Dubois' capture. Are you not going to tell me who called?" He whispered close to my face, and I looked at him intently in the eyes, discovering how indignant he was for not revealing more information.

I let out a tired sigh as I stood up from the couch, picked up my things from the desk again, and stood in front of him, still following my every move with his honey-colored gaze.

"Amelia Lancaster." I finally confessed, leaving him stunned in his seat, and silence overwhelmed me for a few seconds.

"What?" That question didn't come from Alexander's lips, but from Abby and Vincent, who were as surprised as the man petrified on the couch. The only difference was that the only ones who reacted were the lovebirds who just seconds ago had all their attention on the computer.

"Ah, no, you're crazy. How could you go running to see that poisonous tarantula? That witch who doesn't miss an opportunity to humiliate you. That despicable, shameless, and uneducated woman. No offense, Alexander." Abby couldn't control her tongue or didn't care that she was insulting Amelia right in front of their son, although not even that made him react.

"I agree with Abby, you're crazy. Are you going to leave everything behind to go with that woman? Alexander, do something, react, idiot." Vincent's icy voice had an impact on Alexander, as he closed his slightly open mouth and stood up immediately.

"Why, Sarah? I'll go with you. Vincent, Abby, can you take care of Tristan?"

I ran my hands through my face impatiently because of Alexander's self-invitation and shook my head at the same time as Abby happily accepted.

"No! You're not coming with me. Please, what's wrong with you? I think you forget that I'm an adult woman and can defend myself against that lady if necessary. Nobody is going to accompany me, I'll go see what she wants and come back immediately." I left everyone in silence with my words and turned around to leave before they continued reproaching me for my decision.

"And don't follow me."

I parked my car in the L&J parking lot and waited a few minutes to make sure that no one followed me besides the bodyguards. I didn't fully trust them to obey me, and I knew it was because they were worried about me, but nothing would happen to me, not when the meeting would take place at my company, especially not coming from that woman.

Her only way to attack was with humiliating words, which I could defend myself against, and they no longer affected me in the slightest. However, I activated the recording on my phone just

in case I needed legal measures for the second time. The elevator opened on the executive floor, where Amelia was supposed to be waiting for me, and yes, she was sitting in the waiting room with an annoyed expression.

Jack, upon seeing me arrive, stood up from his seat and pointed to the lady with his gaze, clearly irritated by the unexpected visit.

"How long have you been here?" I asked in a low voice, taking advantage of the fact that she was distracted on her phone.

"Three hours. I apologize for having made her come here today, but she didn't seem willing to leave until she spoke with you."

I looked away from her when she realized I was there and pretended to look at some documents I took from Jack's desk.

To wait three hours, it must be more urgent than I imagined or at least that's what I want to think.

"Didn't she say she wanted to?" I asked in a whisper and Jack shook his head, then I heard her heels echoing, she was approaching me.

"Anyway. I need the launch reports, I want to see the impact of L&J in the market." I asked Jack, firstly because I was actually interested in knowing about the acceptance of the first launch, and secondly, to distract myself before facing Amelia.

"I'll look for it right away." I put the folder back on the desk again and turned towards Amelia who was coming by my side ready to speak to me, but I cut her off.

"Mrs. Amelia, come into my office, I hope it will be brief."

Amelia stopped abruptly upon hearing my stern words.

"Jack, make sure nobody interrupts us."

I walked straight into my office and Amelia followed my steps in complete silence, which I appreciated because it gave me a few seconds to mentally prepare.

I sat at my desk after closing the door behind her and pointed to the chair in front for her to sit and start talking.

"Nice office." She said, looking at every detail, and I leaned back heavily in my chair's backrest.

"Mrs. Amelia, I suppose you didn't bring me here just to tell me that my office is nice. Please get straight to the point, I have a lot of work to do."

The annoyance in my voice was more than noticeable, I glanced at the time on my wristwatch as if I were anxious for this conversation to end, even though it hadn't even started.

Amelia crossed her legs while looking at me with an expression I had never seen in my life, I didn't know what was going through her mind, I had no idea if she was going to insult me or speak to me like a civilized person, although, coming from her, I doubt it.

I couldn't trust her, I was seeing in front of me, the clear example of a wolf disguised as a lamb.

"I'll be brief. As I told you on the phone, I want to speak woman to woman with you. No, the correct word would be mother to mother, because I want to talk about Alexander and the child you had with him, a child that you hid from us for years, a son who grew up without his father, without his family, but now that I know of his existence, I won't stand idle."

I raised one of my eyebrows because I already suspected what she was going to tell me, especially with that civil tone. And the truth was, if I weren't listening to her at this moment, I would still swear that this woman didn't have an ounce of education.

"I want to meet my grandson, I want to get closer to him. I demand, Sarah, that you respect my rights as a grandmother."

Chapter 115 The tongue is the punishment of the body.

## Chapter 186 - Divorced Heiress

I remained silent for a moment, while I looked at her incredulously, seriously expecting her to tell me at any moment that it was a joke, but that moment never came, she was speaking seriously or just came here to torment me.

Didn't she understand that we wouldn't allow her to get close to Tristan?

This lady never ceased to amaze me.

I burst out laughing, breaking the uncomfortable silence that had settled after her words of an offended grandmother, and her brow furrowed as if she didn't understand the reason for my laughter.

"Are you daydreaming, Mrs. Amelia?" My response between laughs took her by surprise, as if she didn't expect me to refuse her request.

'Grandparent's rights'? What rights? Truly, her optimism, or rather, her cynicism, impressed me more and more.

Amelia blinked more than usual and looked at me with a serious face, apparently not accepting my refusal to such an absurdity. But the truth was, she had no business being near us. I taught her a lesson by suing her for defamation, and I truly hoped that would have changed her arrogant and superior attitude a bit.

Clearly, that never happened. She ruined her chance herself when she came here to insult me and belittle me with her words full of contempt, especially when she referred to my son as a bastard.

How could I introduce my son to her? How could I allow her to get close? I couldn't trust her even a little, because I knew that at any moment, she could spit out all her venom against Tristan for being my son.

If I had the chance to avoid such misfortune, I would do it without hesitation, all for the sake of my family.

"What? But why? I have the right to meet my first grandson. He is a Lancaster, he carries my last name, it is my blood, you cannot oppose it."

I shook my head in disbelief at everything she was telling me.

"Yes, he is a Lancaster, he carries your last name, and unfortunately, he is your blood. But that doesn't mean I'll let you get close to him. My son has grown up in a place surrounded by love, values, and every day I strive for him to become a good man, a respectful and empathetic man..."

I wanted to continue expressing my feelings as a mother and the upbringing I was giving him, which was the complete opposite of her and Gina. But Amelia interrupted me as if she felt very offended by my words.

"What are you trying to tell me with that?"

I smiled at her foolish question, crossing my legs casually as I played with a pen in my hands.

I never expected that, at some point in life, I would have a conversation without insults from her, let alone that she would feel targeted by my words.

"Look, Mrs. Amelia. I'll be straightforward. You are not the kind of person I want near my son. A disrespectful, arrogant, elitist, demeaning woman, someone who seizes every opportunity to humiliate people who don't belong to her social circle. Have you forgotten how you treated me since you met me? I don't want that for my son. I'm sorry, but you're wasting your time. Your flight leaves in two hours, you better hurry." I said each word with a cold voice, carefully observing every expression on her face as I described her as she truly was.

She cleared her throat as if she was searching for the right words to respond, in fact, I could tell she was struggling to hold back an insult.

"Sarah, this is not the time for grudges, let's leave behind the Amelia Lancaster who did not behave properly, let's leave the past behind, it is not relevant at this moment, we're talking about your son, not about you."

I hid the laugh that was about to burst out behind a mocking smile and nodded, pointing at her with the pen as if she had hit the nail on the head.

"Exactly! He is my son, and as a mother, you should understand better than anyone that I don't want my son surrounded by people who will not bring anything good to his life, who don't deserve to be by his side. I mean, that's what you told me over and over again, that a person like me, a poor girl, a gold digger, a woman of unknown origins, didn't deserve to be by Alexander Lancaster's side. And it's not about resentment, ma'am, believe me, I'm not resentful in the least, especially when that past you speak of was very recent. It's about wanting the best for my son, and obviously, you are not it."

To anyone, what I was saying might sound very cruel, but for me, it was fair, it was liberating, I was paying her back in her own coin.

This was the clear example that tongue is the punishment of the body.

Amelia remained silent for a moment as she looked out the window as if processing what had just been said to her, and soon she turned with a bitter smile while getting up from her seat, reclaiming that posture I hadn't seen since I arrived, that attitude of superiority, that look of evil.

"Well. I wanted to reach a reasonable agreement with you in a good way. Don't forget, Sarah Doinel, that you punished my son after the divorce, you overlooked the consequences of not allowing him to grow up with his family, the Lancasters. You denied the existence of that child for years, denied him the right to his father, and now you are denying him the right to his grandmother, to his family."

She adjusted her purse on her arm as she spoke, and my brow furrowed suspecting what she was referring to with that.

Ha. As if she could even try.

"If I had known that you were expecting a child, I would not have allowed him to grow up far from the Lancaster family. This will weigh on you, I will make you regret this decision you are making lightly."

I leaned my arms on the desk to observe her with my best look of indifference, not allowing myself to be intimidated by the obvious threat, claiming a right she never had and never will.

I already knew that I would never speak civilly with this woman, and that she had come with her best lamb costume, as if that could redeem her.

"Ma'am, what makes you think the situation would be different if I hadn't divorced Alexander? It's one thing for me to have allowed him to humiliate me, it's another thing entirely for me to allow him to do the same to my son. I am avoiding the slightest risk that puts my son's stability at stake, whether I am married to your son or not."

My sincere answer left her perplexed, she remained motionless in her place for a few seconds, enough time to see the drastic change from her miserable expression to one of arrogance. She straightened her neck in an attempt to appear confident and raised an eyebrow before speaking.

"In that case, we will see each other in family court. I won't stand by when it's evident that this child is not in good hands. Alexander and I will fight for custody of this child, you have everything to lose, you hid his existence, you are a work addict without enough time to be by his side, and needless to say, I have very good connections. You brought this upon yourself. You may be the Doinel heiress, you may have all the companies you want, but you're still a poor excuse, and that's what puts the child's stability at risk."

I laughed silently at her peculiar way of defending herself, as if that would change my mind or as if I should be trembling in fear.

Of course, Alexander was not going to agree to such a thing, in fact, he was the most interested in keeping her as far away from Tristan as possible, not for nothing will he make her return to New York along with Gina. Besides, he had no reason to fight for custody, considering he saw his son every day, not to mention that we were trying to be together again, this time as a family.

"Go ahead, do it." I replied unconcerned, dropping my back to the backrest of the chair, and upon hearing my words, she looked at me disdainfully.

"Of course, I will. I won't waste more time with you, a flight awaits me."

I pointed to the door to let her know that I wasn't the least bit interested in what she would or wouldn't do, and she rolled her eyes before walking towards the door, her heels resonating.

When she was a couple of steps away from leaving my office, the door opened abruptly, revealing Alexander who was visibly upset, accompanied by Alexis, who looked disapprovingly at Amelia.

It couldn't be, what were they doing here?

Chapter 115 The tongue is the punishment of the body part 2

## Chapter 187 - Divorced Heiress

"I can't believe how far you're willing to go, Amelia Lancaster." Alexander's voice was so cold that it sent chills down my spine, and I suppose it did the same to his mother, as she remained motionless in her place, clutching her purse tightly.

Did he hear our entire conversation?

It couldn't be possible, I made sure that no one followed me, I even asked Jack not to disturb in my office.

"Alex, Alexis, what... what are you doing here?" The venomous tarantula, as Abby would say, snapped out of her trance and spoke nervously, with a tone of voice very different from the one she used at the end of her conversation with me. After all, it wasn't so bad that her children appeared out of nowhere.

"I should be asking you what you're doing here, but it's not necessary because I heard everything, and I'm going to tell you one thing, Amelia. I forbid you from doing anything against Sarah because you'd be harming our son. And I warn you right now that you won't have my support in any way. Otherwise, I'll be forced to take action, and you'll be the one who ends up looking bad. You're only interested in the stupid inheritance that my father left for his first grandson, and I won't allow you to use my son for your benefit."

Alexander was furious and spit out each word while maintaining a threatening gaze at his mother.

When he said that last part, revealing all that information, I stood up from my seat without any care, causing the chair to move and hit the wall behind me.

So, this whole charade was due to an inheritance, all that theater from the grandmother with good intentions and the desire to meet her grandson was because there was money involved. I knew that woman didn't do anything without a reason. Anything could be expected from her.

"What?" I asked, grabbing the attention of the Lancasters, including Amelia, who looked at me with hatred in her eyes. But of course, I had ruined her chance to claim an inheritance at the expense of my son.

"Shut up, stupid. I told you to come alone." Amelia was genuinely upset, and I knew she thought I had planned for her children to show up, but she was far from the truth.

I hadn't planned it, or it wouldn't have turned out so well, and I was glad that they were here, exposing their mother, leaving her in evidence, and confirming to me that I had done the right thing by not allowing her to get close to my son.

"If a single insult towards Sarah comes out of your mouth again, you'll have to face the consequences."

Amelia turned her face to look at Alexander when those words left her mouth. My eyes focused on the man who defended me once again from his mother's attacks.

"Forget about that inheritance because I will donate all the money to those who truly need it. Forget that you have a grandson and forget that you have a son. I never want to see you again."

I was astonished at Alexander's cold and drastic decision. I didn't know how to react or what to think.

He was giving up on his mother as if he had to choose between his mother or the family we were forming, and he didn't have to think twice to choose us.

"What are you saying? Are you hearing yourself? You're completely crazy. That woman is brainwashing you. Alexander, you can't do this to me. I am your mother. Alexis, you're on my side, right?"

Judging by the tone and the way her voice broke while speaking, I assumed Amelia was about to cry. Either way, I didn't believe anything coming from her anymore. She was not a trustworthy person, and her sudden interest in her grandson confirmed that.

"You'll have to forget about me too." Alexis' response shocked me even more, considering that, unfortunately, he was just starting to live.

Alexander looked at Alexis and as if they communicated telepathically, Alexis nodded his head before approaching Amelia and grabbing her arm.

"I'll take you to catch the flight with Gina, and we'll never see each other again."

Alexander closed the door behind him and let out a tired sigh before turning to look at me. I could sense how embarrassed he felt about the situation, and I didn't know if it was appropriate for me to be the first to speak, or even what to say.

"I'm sorry, Sarah. You shouldn't be going through this. It's my fault for allowing..."

I interrupted him because it wasn't his fault for anything. If we had to blame someone, the main culprit was Amelia, and then it was me, as I allowed the mistreatment from the very beginning, all because I held onto the hope that she would eventually like me.

"It's not your fault, in any case, that's already happened, it remains in the past." I said sincerely, that situation no longer disturbed me.

Alexander approached me with a half-smile that barely reached his eyes, which still looked embarrassed, and he took my hands before locking his honey-colored gaze on my face.

"And it will never happen again, Amelia. Gina and Grandpa will be out of our lives, far from Tristan, and they won't bother us again. Now you are my family, and I don't care who I have to confront to defend you, because if you are fine, I will be fine too, alright?"

He delicately caressed one of my cheeks, and I nodded, smiling at his beautiful words, knowing that he wasn't saying them in vain, he was proving it with actions.

"I'm sorry for not realizing earlier, if only you had told me..."

"Alex, it's not relevant anymore. It doesn't affect me anymore, and it shouldn't affect you either. We are starting anew, right? So let's leave the torments behind and focus on what truly matters."

I took his hand that was still on my cheek, and Alexander smiled, never taking his eyes off mine. He nodded in response, and the hand holding mine slipped around my waist, eliminating the space between our bodies.

"I love you, my fairy." He whispered near my face, and the next second, he took my breath away when he joined his lips with mine, giving me the sweetest and softest kiss that made me forget about the tense moment we had with his mother.

With that kiss, I was closing a chapter, sealing his promise that his family would not be a problem for us, and now, we were embarking on a path without people who would ruin our harmony, our tranquility. We were leaving behind that failed marriage, thanks to the information we hid, the lack of communication.

Now that I saw it from a different perspective, getting a divorce was the best decision we could make. However, it left me a beautiful gift, our son.

I pulled away from his lips when I remembered a small but important detail, and he looked at me annoyed and confused for interrupting our kiss in such an abrupt way.

"And Tristan?"

Chapter 116 He was abandoning me.

## Chapter 188 - Divorced Heiress

Alexander was about to answer my question, but he left the words hanging in the air when the sound of my cellphone interrupted us.

I didn't hesitate for a second to answer the call, seeing that it was Vincent, who didn't even wait to hear my voice. My cousin sounded very serious when he said on the other side of the line.

"You must return to Doinel as soon as possible, there is a very serious problem."

My body froze for a few seconds, while my mind played a trick on me imagining the worst.

What problem could be so serious right now?

That Mrs. Dubois would take revenge for her son and take it out on Abby.

That Paul managed to escape the officers and took everyone hostage.

Or...

Tristan.

No, no, no.

I looked at Alexander with fear reflected in my eyes, and I could see the concern on his face. I opened my mouth to ask about our son again, but the words got stuck in my throat. I didn't feel capable of formulating a question.

Panic had taken hold of my body just thinking that my son was in danger. I didn't know what to do, how to react. I didn't even have the certainty that it was about my son, but the mere idea gave me chills.

"What's wrong?" Alexander asked with evident concern. And when he saw that the words didn't come out of my mouth, he took the phone from my hands and spoke to Vincent.

"Hello? Ah, Vin... What happened? Sarah is in shock, is everything okay?"

My heart beat so strongly after his question that I could feel it throughout my body. As much as I struggled to get out of that state, it was difficult for me. We had already gone through so many misfortunes, I didn't want another one when everything was finally falling into place.

"But what happened? Is Tristan okay? Hello?" Alexander moved the phone away from his ear and looked at me with a furrowed brow. Anyone would think he was calm, but I could tell he was hiding desperate concern behind a serious expression.

"He hung up. We have to go back to Doinel." Alexander didn't wait a second to gather my things before taking my hand and guiding me to the exit of the office. Then, just as he opened the door to leave that place that was already suffocating me, I reacted and squeezed his hand tightly to make him stop and listen to me.

"What did he tell you? Did you leave Tristan with Vincent? Tell me, I can see it on your face, did something happen to our son?" I asked without hiding my desperation to know the slightest detail.

I was mentally slapping myself for blanking out when I had the chance to ask Vincent about my son. No, I was slapping myself for pulling away from him at this crucial moment for everyone.

"Yes, I left him with Vincent, but he didn't tell me anything. Let's go get him."

I nodded, letting myself be guided again by Alexander and making my best effort to maintain the little composure I had left. I refuse to believe that my son is in danger, Vincent and Abby wouldn't allow it.

"Ms. Doinel, I have what you asked me ready." Jack hurried to speak when he saw me approaching his desk and handed me a folder with many pages. However, I didn't pay the slightest attention to him, I didn't have the head to review those documents right now.

"Jack, to be honest, I don't have the head for this right now, I have to go." I stopped Jack before he could give me more information that I wouldn't be able to retain. However, the first thing he said caught my attention and I wanted to know more. But not right now.

"Come with me, we'll talk about this at Doinel."

Jack didn't hesitate to gather his things and a couple of folders to silently follow us towards the parking lot. When the metal doors of the elevator opened, we were met with the smiling face of Alexis and Britney talking about God knows what. When they saw us, my friend clapped excitedly.

"Congratulations. The launch has been a success. You're trending on social media."

I raised a hand in the air for her to stop talking, and her smile disappeared immediately.

"Bri, not now." I said before walking straight to my car, leaving Alexis and Britney perplexed at the elevator doors.

I noticed the look Alexander gave his twin and he immediately said something to Britney before walking as fast as he could towards us.

"Get in the car." Alexander ordered as he opened the passenger door for me, and once inside, he approached Alexis to exchange some words that I couldn't hear.

I took the opportunity to send a message to Abby, asking if my son was okay. I really hoped for a quick response because I couldn't stay calm without knowing what was going on.

"Sorry for my intrusion, Ms. Sarah, is everything okay?" Jack asked from the back seat and I didn't know what to answer him, all I knew was that there was a serious problem according to Vincent.

"I hope so, Jack, I really hope so."

Despite the traffic that almost depleted my patience, we arrived at Doinel and I didn't wait for Alexander to finish parking the car, I ran like the devil to the executive floor, I don't even know how I didn't break a heel.

My heart was beating in my chest faster than it should, and I silently prayed to find my son safe and sound. The hallways of the company looked like any other day, there was no sign that Paul or Mrs. Dubois were around, and that made me breathe more easily.

I ignored Patrick's calls and hurried into the president's office. My soul returned to my body when I saw Tristan asleep on the couch, with Vincent's suit jacket covering his body.

"Oh my God, there you are, is he okay?" I didn't care that he was taking a nap, I needed to hug him, feel his little body and his warm breath. He's okay.

"God, I promise I'll never leave you alone again. Here's mommy."

Tristan barely reacted to my presence, he kept sleeping as if his life depended on it and I hugged him tightly, as if it were the last time.

"Well, thanks for implying that leaving your child with us is like leaving him alone." Abby indignantly complained from her seat at the desk, and I looked at her with narrowed eyes, she didn't even bother to answer my message and here I was, my soul hanging by a thread without knowing about Tristan.

"Thanks to you all for scaring me, I thought something had happened to him. Anyway, what is this serious thing that happened?" I asked, sitting on the couch without being able to let go of Tristan, and when Vincent stood up from the chair to answer my question with a worried expression on his face, Alexander arrived accompanied by Jack. Seeing that I had Tristan in my arms, he let out a sigh of relief.

"Do you have any idea how scared you've made us?" Alexander arrived at my side to inspect Tristan carefully, looking for the slightest scratch, but he was perfect.

"You two are just the same, hopeless exaggerators. If it had been Tristan, you would have been the first to know, you have so little trust in us." Vincent replied, downplaying the situation, earning a glare from both of us.

"When you become parents, you'll understand."

The mismatched couple exchanged a playful look, as if I had told them the best joke of their lives.

"Vincent, tell us, what is this serious problem that made you call me back earlier?"

The fun disappeared from my cousin's face as if by magic, now he looked restless and worried, and it was starting to scare me again.

"I have found certain irregularities in the management of the company. Paul embezzled from Doinel, diverted billions to accounts abroad from the day he was appointed president, we still don't know the exact amount he has stolen, but the truth is that he has left us without sufficient funds. "

Chapter 116 He was abandoning me part 2

## Chapter 189 - Divorced Heiress

That news left me stunned, breathless.

Hearing that, made my blood boil, made me want to go to his cell and give him the blows that I didn't give him when I had the chance. Years of hard effort and work from my family were thrown away with a single snap from an unfortunate person manipulated by his mother. They snatched a solid, prosperous, and successful company from me and returned it to me in pieces.

"We are bankrupt." I affirmed, feeling frustrated and angry with myself. In a way, this was my fault, for being indifferent to the situation when we still had time to do something to recover what they wanted to steal from us. Those words left a bad taste in my mouth, and the irritation grew when Vincent nodded his head, clearly affected.

Not only did they steal from my parents and me, they also stole from Vincent, Abby, and all the minority partners. They stole years of work from us.

They went too far in their obsession with my father's fortune, but I wasn't going to let it end like this. I would take the necessary measures for them to pay for what they did. On the other hand, I would have to find a viable solution to help us get out of this crisis and recover what remains of Doinel before my parents return. I didn't want to disappoint them.

And I wouldn't.

I would bring forward the company entrusted to me.

"We are." Vincent responded, leaning on the desk with a more serious expression than usual. He fixed his gaze on me.

"While you were on your way here, I took the opportunity to discuss with Abby possible changes to recover as soon as possible. We must take measures as soon as possible, or we may lose what little Paul left us, and that would mean the end of Doinel."

A shiver ran through my body at the mere mention of that.

"I think we should cut staff, start anew with the necessary workers, find investors, and launch a collection at the same time as the first collaboration collection. But we must reduce costs in supplies and..."

I shook my head upon hearing Vincent's risky proposal. The change he wanted to make to the company would be too drastic. Despite the critical situation, I could find another solution that wouldn't harm the employees or the product quality.

I stood up from my seat, after leaving Tristan in his father's arms, and took a deep breath while organizing all my ideas.

"No, we are not going to make decisions we will regret later." I said, giving Jack a look. He had remained silent all this time, holding the documents from L&J in his hands.

"We are going to evaluate the situation calmly. I will immediately request detailed reports and balances from the finance department. Right now, we're going to take a break while the documents detailing the state of the company are ready." I looked at Alexander, who was holding Tristan in his arms with a serious expression, as if he were analyzing what was happening to my company.

"I'll be back in a few minutes. Take good care of Tristan."

Alexander frowned at me but still nodded his head.

"Jack, let's continue to the boardroom."

If the results of the first release of L&J are as favorable as Jack mentioned before interrupting him, then I would have a better proposal than Vincent's.

I had lost track of time, I didn't exactly know how many hours I had been meeting with Jack, analyzing figures, as well as the first orders from the collection, which, to be honest, turned out much better than I thought.

Large and prestigious companies were interested in acquiring the entire collection. They wanted to sign a contract with L&J. The brand's launch was such a success that the orders we had received so far were so huge that the company's profits would triple the projected amount.

At least not everything was lost. I would use L&J to recover a large part of Doinel. With that, we could be more at ease while we finish recovering.

"Congratulations, Ms. Sarah. Your parents would be proud of what you have accomplished and what you will accomplish." Jack said, and I smiled gratefully at him as he arranged some documents he had to take back to L&J.

"Thank you very much, Jack. Anyway, I'm not alone in this. Behind every achievement, there's a team that works hard, and you are included. So, congratulations to you too." I said. Jack nodded his head, thankful for my words, and gave me a pat on the shoulder.

"I'm leaving, if you need me don't hesitate to call me and I'll come right away."

I smiled back at him and Jack left, leaving me alone in the office, finishing organizing my thoughts before presenting them to Vincent and Abby. After all, they were the only partners left for making decisions in the company.

Returning to the presidential office, I only found Vincent with Alexander, there were no traces of Abby or Tristan, and judging by how calm those two men were, I deduced that they were having fun somewhere in the company.

"Vincent, can we talk?" I interrupted their conversation, which seemed more like an exchange of secrets given how quietly they were talking.

Seeing me, Vincent got up from his chair and after adjusting his suit, he looked at me seriously, as if he was about to give me more bad news and that started to terrify me. Not now that I had a solution that could save part of the company.

"Of course, Sari, in fact, I was waiting for you because I have something to tell you."

My brow furrowed almost automatically when he said that and I mentally prepared myself to receive more bad news.

"What has happened now?" I asked a bit irritated by the situation, although I suspected it had to do with the reports and balances I requested from the finance department.

"Given the chaos and the limited options we have to recover, I have made a decision."

I relaxed a bit knowing that it had nothing to do with the state of the company, but I didn't let my guard down, it was clear that it was something very serious.

"I will sell my shares of Doinel."

Those words echoed in my head over and over again, unable to fully process them.

To be honest, I expected any other news, but I never imagined this, not even for a mere second. This was worse than any other devastating news I could receive.

Vincent was going to leave his portion of the company in the hands of a stranger, he was going to sell his shares in this complicated moment.

He was abandoning me, he was abandoning the ship, just when I needed him the most.

## Chapter 190 - Divorced Heiress

"Sarah, are you okay?" Vincent's voice heard very distant, as if we were far away from each other, as if a few meters separated us.

Since the moment he gave me that news, which was very bad for me, I had not been able to get out of my state of shock. I refused to believe that he was leaving me, I wanted to believe it was a joke, a very bad one, but no, he was very serious.

I could tell by his face, by his eyes full of sincerity mixed with sadness. He knew that this decision would not only affect the company, but also me, he had always been involved in all the events of Doinel, he had been so unconditional with me, and it was not just because he was my cousin, no, he was like my best friend and now, he was leaving me in the middle of chaos.

Had I been so bad with him?

I had not been able to react to that news, until Alexander approached me with a glass of water, but I didn't want to drink it, not until Vincent gave me his reasons.

"Why?" I could barely form that question that left a bad taste in my mouth.

What did I do to make him want to leave everything behind?

Was the company in such a bad state that he wants to abandon the ship?

Why did he want to retire, when he had been my right-hand man, an indispensable person for this company?

"We better talk about it in the boardroom. Abby went for the reports from the finance department, they're ready." Vincent didn't give me the answer to my question and I started to feel out of breath, this was overwhelming me.

"Sarah, sweetheart, have some water before you leave, you're trembling with nerves." Alexander insisted that I drink from the glass of water and I took a sip reluctantly, although in a way, hydrating myself only slightly reduced the nerves of the situation.

I took a deep breath that helped me think things through calmly and for a moment I suspected that Vincent had some plan in mind, because he wouldn't be able to leave me alone like this.

What would I do without my cousin's support?

Alexander ended up accompanying me to the boardroom, following a silent Vincent, but I stopped in the middle of the hallway when I saw Julian near Patrick's workshop, then I realized that to make the decision to use L&J to save Doinel, I needed my partners to be present at the meeting Vincent had planned at the last minute, and of course, they had to agree with my strategy.

"Go on without me, I need to make a call, I'll be with you in a moment." I told Alexander, who had his fingers intertwined with mine and looked at me confused, he didn't expect that at all.

"Are you sure?" He asked as he stopped at the same time as me and I nodded my head.

"Don't take long, we'll be waiting for you."

Alexander continued on his way and when he disappeared from my sight, I sent a message to Alexis to come as quickly as possible and gave him a brief explanation of how important his presence would be, after all, he was also a partner of L&J, he needed to be here.

I put away my phone and approached Julian, who was talking to his assistant outside the workshop assigned to Innova.

"Sorry for the interruption."

Julian looked at me with a hint of surprise in his eyes upon hearing my voice and immediately closed the color chart he had in his hand.

"Julian, are you free now? We have a meeting right now, I would like you to be present. But first, I have to inform you of a proposal that concerns you."

"Sure, but, is it something serious? You seem a bit tense."

I let out a tired sigh before shaking my head in response to that question that was starting to leave a bad taste in my mouth, I didn't expect to be an open book.

"I'm all ears."

It took me a few minutes to fill him in on the situation, he was so surprised and indignant, that he agreed with the strategy I had in mind, he was willing to collaborate in any way to save Doinel.

"Sarah, you know you can count on me for whatever you need, you have my support in any way you require, you're not alone, okay? I'm your partner and your friend."

I nodded with a half-smile on my face, grateful for his genuine support.

Alexis appeared when the metal elevator doors opened, and to my surprise, he wasn't alone. Britney was with him, and by the unfriendly look on her face, I knew she was angry with me for the way I left her at L&J, but I had valid reasons.

"Can I know what the hell is wrong with you? You left me hanging, I mean, I deserve some respect or at least an explanation."

Bri couldn't hide her anger since she arrived, and she quickly made her way to me with flushed cheeks. I remained calm in my place, as I had more urgent matters to attend to at the moment and her indignation would fade quickly.

"Britney, there are many problems at Doinel, Paul is in jail, I thought my son was in danger, I'm sorry, okay? We can discuss it later."

My friend's indignant face made it clear that she didn't like my response at all, although I could see a hint of concern in her eyes.

However, she turned to look at Alexis, who was behind her in complete silence, and he made a gesture with his head that made her take a deep breath, letting her guard down as she turned to look at me with a calmer expression.

What surprised me the most was that with just a glance, Alexis managed to calm her down.

"Okay, I won't make a big deal out of it. I'll wait for you to solve whatever you need to solve, and I'll be here waiting to give you important information for L&J."

My eyes widened, and I looked at Alexis as if he could tell me more about it, now that Britney had walked away to sit in the waiting room.

"Important companies are interested in the collection."

Of course, Alexis knew, and now that I knew, I was interested in knowing all the details.

"Bri, I have a meeting right now. Will you come with me?" I headed towards her, hoping that her annoyance had completely dissipated. She looked at me for a few seconds, as if she was doubting whether it was worth staying mad at me, and ended up nodding as she got up from the couch.

"I have a lot to talk to you about."