

Chapter 211 - Divorced Heiress

My body hurt like hell, Paul's blows left me breathless, but none hurt me more than seeing Sarah like that. Her face filled with worry and a lost gaze, while uncontrollable tears rolled down her cheeks, made me feel like the most miserable man in this world, the biggest idiot.

I could have done so much to avoid getting to this point, and I was not referring to falling asleep after eating those strawberries the supposed new driver of the Doinels offered me. I was talking about years ago, the moment I received the first threat against Sarah's life.

I was a coward to succumb to their blackmail instead of doing what any person would do, file a complaint. But I believed I had it all under control, as I always have, without knowing that it would only result in a long journey full of misfortune, to the point of being here, kidnapped by the man who manipulated everything as if we were puppets.

Sarah didn't say a word, her gaze lost somewhere on the floor, while an occasional sob escaped her mouth.

There was no need to be a psychic to know what she was thinking. From the moment I woke up and realized I was tied up, hanging like a piñata, an unstoppable fear settled in my chest at the thought of my son, my little Tristan.

I was afraid for his life.

I had just gotten him back, and now, apparently, I was going to lose him again.

"Sarah, honey." I called out as I felt a small breath of air return to me. I needed her to look at me and give her the reassurance she had lost, although that was almost impossible in this situation.

Her green gaze detached from the floor and rested on my face. There was no longer any sparkle in her eyes; she looked as if she had lost all hope. But we were still alive, as long as we were, there was some possibility of getting out of this.

"How is he free? How did he escape?" She asked with a trembling voice, and that broke my heart. I couldn't bear to see her like this.

"He's going to kill us, he's going to take revenge, he will, and Tristan... he..." She couldn't even finish the sentence before breaking down in tears. Her tears fell one after another, unable to be controlled or wiped away.

The urge to run to her, who was only a few meters in front of me, was overwhelming. I wanted to wrap her in my arms, to take her out of here and give her peace. But no matter how hard I tried

to untie my hands, it was impossible. The knot was too tight, and the blood wasn't flowing properly.

"Darling, no one is going to die today. I'll figure something out. We have to be strong and..." My words of comfort seemed to have no effect, as Sarah interrupted me immediately. She looked defeated as she looked at me.

"Please, Alexander, let's be realistic; look at yourself, look at me. We can't do anything but wait for Paul to come back and discover what he will do to us." Sarah's voice was barely audible, but I understood every word. For her, there was no longer the slightest possibility, and yes, I had to be realistic.

Words of encouragement got stuck in my throat; there wasn't a single word that could keep Sarah calm, and I was beginning to feel the same way she did.

"Before Paul comes back to decide our fate, I want to ask for your forgiveness." She said, confusion filling my face as I had no idea what she was referring to with that.

"Forgiveness?"

I had nothing to forgive her for; if anyone should ask for forgiveness every second of their life, it would be me.

"You don't have to ask for forgiveness. I have nothing to forgive you for." I replied, holding back the urge to cry with her. Sarah nodded her head and licked her lips before continuing.

"Yes, just as you've asked me for forgiveness, I have to do the same. I'm sorry for hiding my true identity from you from the beginning, and I'm sorry for hiding Tristan's existence. I did everything wrong; I let anger guide me and only thought about myself. I didn't stop to think about the consequences, that my son had the right to grow up with a father and that you had the right to be with your son. I stole years from you that you could have spent together."

Sarah's sincere words struck straight to my heart, even though things turned out that way, it wasn't her fault, and I never judged her for the decisions she made back then.

"It's all been my fault, Sarah. I have nothing to forgive you for."

Sarah let out a slight sigh before forming a small, almost nonexistent smile on her face.

"But I do have a lot to thank you for, for giving me the most wonderful son in the world, for opening your heart to me once again, for being my wife, for divorcing me and accepting my marriage proposal again. Maybe I never told you, but I have been very happy with you. I thank heaven for confusing me with Alexis."

And despite everything being against us, I managed to make that woman who never left her place in my heart smile.

Sarah remained silent, only looking at me as if she wanted to remember my face forever, and I did the same, not uttering another word and just gazing at her, even though she was bound hand and foot, with a reddened face, a hopeless look in her eyes, her cheeks wet with tears, and her chest rising and falling as if she were agitated.

At that moment, there was no need to speak; we both knew that this might be our last day alive, and if there was something I wanted to see before I died, undoubtedly, it would be Sarah Doinel's face.

I didn't know how much time had passed, but waiting in that place felt eternal to me, it was a good torture strategy. At least I had managed to calm Sarah down by telling her some anecdotes when Alexis and I were children, and she had taken the time to tell me everything I missed about Tristan, his first steps, his first words, everything.

None of us said it, but we were saying goodbye to each other in that way; suddenly, her words were interrupted when the door opened, revealing that man whom I wanted to reduce to dust with my own hands.

"Oh! You were having fun, I apologize for interrupting." He said first with evident sarcasm, and then I noticed how Sarah tensed up again, without even turning to look at him.

There was no need to inspect him to realize that he had taken the time to change his clothes, shave his head completely, and get rid of the incipient beard he had the first time I saw him. In his hand, he carried a laptop, and in the other, his weapon.

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"I apologize for making you wait so long, as you can understand, I had many matters to resolve, you can relax now, I just have a couple of things left to do, and it involves both of you. I won't abandon you again."

The mocking tone he used only made my blood boil; the urge to kill him overwhelmed me, the only thing saving him was the damned rope tying my wrists.

"And what? Is that all, Paul?" Sarah's unexpected questions caught my attention, and I watched as she turned to Paul with a serious expression.

"You escape from prison, you kill us, and that's it? Why don't you accept a sum of money and leave us free? I'm tired of all this, and I'm sure you are too, so much effort for so many years and

ending up with absolutely nothing. I'll show you that I'm not like you, I'll give you money in exchange for disappearing from our lives forever."

Sarah's firm and confident voice made me think that maybe she had one last card to play, the one that would determine our fate, and in that case, I couldn't afford to confront Paul as I did before he started hitting me without any control.

"How wonderful! This welcome is much better than the previous one, we're improving. That means we're connected, Sarah. I was precisely coming to force you to make a transfer of millions of dollars abroad, but I see that you're very determined to cooperate."

With that, I understood why Paul had brought that laptop that seemed like it could break down at any moment; he was going to withdraw as much money as he wanted from Sarah.

"And don't think I've forgotten about you, Lancaster, of course, you're also going to empty your accounts. You both ruined my life, so I've decided to start anew. Please, don't call me Paul anymore, from today on, I'm Matthew."

With that, the chances of getting out of here increased. My brain quickly devised a strategy that, although it could be dangerous, would be our ticket out, or at least Sarah's.

"Will you let us go after that?" Sarah asked, causing Paul to burst out laughing.

"So you see, I'm not that bad. I'll just kill Alexander, and I'll take you with me to enjoy a wonderful life together, my dear Susan."

My brow furrowed when he called her that, and soon I understood when Paul pulled out a pair of fake passports from the inner pocket of his jacket.

On my dead body will Sarah be taken.

"What stupidity!" Sarah said before letting out a fake laugh, as if mocking him.

"They must be looking for you right now, and of course, they are looking for me too. You don't even have money to do such a thing."

"No, but I will when you make the transaction. Don't worry, darling, I have it all planned."

I didn't even wait for him to finish speaking before I set my plan in motion; I would save Sarah from that wretch no matter the cost.

"I'll do it first, but untie me so I can make the transaction." I spoke as if gasping for air, and Paul looked at me with a half-smile on his face before approaching.

"Alexander Lancaster, do you think I'm stupid?"

I had to contain the urge to spit in his face or everything would get out of control before I could make the slightest effort.

"I'm not crazy enough to let you go, nice try."

"And do you think I'm stupid enough to risk my life and Sarah's? I can't even breathe." I replied with a barely audible voice and lowered my gaze to his hand holding the gun.

"You have a gun."

Paul seemed to consider it as he moved the pistol as if to show it off and nodded.

"Alexander, no."

I ignored Sarah's plea, who sounded scared of what might happen.

"One point in your favor, I can kill you if you do something you shouldn't, and at the same time, kill her. It's all in your hands." Paul shrugged indifferently and left the laptop on a dusty chair before pulling a knife from his sock.

My heart raced as I had achieved my objective; being untied allowed me to accomplish so much. Adrenaline began to take over my body to the point that I didn't even feel the pain of the blows I received. Paul grazed his knife against my abdomen and slid it up to my neck while his psychopathic gaze met mine, warning me without uttering a single word.

Without shifting his gaze from my face, he cut the rope holding my bound wrists. I had to pretend that I had no strength left and collapsed to the ground like a sack of potatoes. Paul roughly grabbed me by the arm after putting away the knife and forced me to stand while pointing his gun at me. I could barely walk properly with my ankles still tied, but nothing would stop me.

When he let go to grab the laptop, I seized the split second to act quickly. I elbowed him forcefully in the stomach, leaving him dazed and breathless. When he stumbled, I caught the barrel of the gun in my hands, not missing the chance to exploit his weakness. I struck him again with even greater force in the stomach, hoping to loosen his grip on the gun, but he didn't resist in any way.

Sarah's desperate screams echoed throughout the place as I fought to keep the pistol. Adrenaline rushed through my system at high speed, to the point that I didn't feel the punches Paul landed on my face. Nonetheless, it seemed that neither of us was willing to give up.

But I stopped fighting the moment the deafening noise silenced Sarah. Paul and I paused for a few seconds, during which I looked at him, expecting him to collapse to the ground. But that moment never came; instead, he smirked mockingly.

I didn't take much time to analyze the position of the gun and how a pain started to burn in the right side of my chest. I wanted to make one last move to wrest control of the gun from Paul, or else he would end up shooting my wife. But my right arm started to weaken, and the coldness was taking over my body.

Just a small push from Paul was enough to make me fall to the ground again. This time it wasn't feigned; firstly, my feet were still tied, and secondly, my body began to tremble as I lost blood from my chest, as well as my strength.

"No! You're a damn murderer!" Sarah's voice was the only thing that kept me holding on, and I didn't care that I was injured. I had to save her somehow; I felt I still could. But despite my efforts, I couldn't get up from the ground.

"Shut your fucking mouth! You've already tested my patience! I'll kill that bastard for not complying, then you'll make the transfer and die."

I saw Paul aim his gun at my head and looked at Sarah, who stared at me in horror, her eyes filled with tears and trembling with fear.

"This is your end, Alexander Lancaster."

The only thing I did was give a smile to that woman who had stolen my heart, that woman who taught me what it meant to be truly happy, who gave meaning to many things and I had the fortune of her being my wife, the mother of my son, and the one who agreed to marry me again, that goddess whom I will love until my last breath.

I had never stopped to think about death, but I would die content knowing she was the last thing my eyes saw.

I closed my eyes upon hearing a couple of loud noises, waiting for the moment of feeling the mortal pain or feeling nothing at all, although the only pain I still felt was in my chest; I was still conscious, did Paul fail? Or did he shoot Sarah?

I immediately opened my eyes, but my vision was blurred and weakness was beginning to invade my whole being, yet I could see Sarah in the same place, with her eyes wide open, without the slightest scratch, and looking at the spot where Paul was.

Unable to see perfectly and struggling to stay awake, I looked in that direction, finding Paul on the floor, silently groaning in pain, or maybe my hearing was also starting to fail.

I didn't understand what had happened, the only thing I could think about was the dream that was starting to take hold of me.

The last thing I saw before succumbing to the darkness of a deep sleep was that crazy and strong woman, holding a weapon in her trembling hand.

Abby.