

Divorced Heiress

Chapter 13 Surprise guests part 2

Chapter 21 - Divorced Heiress

I laughed at his insistence. Even if he was willing to be the father of my baby, I would not accept it.

My baby belonged to me alone and I was not looking for a candidate to take on the responsibility of being a father.

"It won't happen, Paul. Don't exert yourself in vain." I responded, looking him in the eyes. Despite my direct rejection, his smile didn't disappear.

"Well, I won't talk about it anymore, but keep in mind that from this moment on, I am your suitor and I won't stop insisting until you accept to be my partner. I will show you that we are not all the same as your ex-husband." He said.

My body tensed even more when he mentioned that man, and I looked over his shoulder, focusing on the dance. I no longer wanted to talk about that topic, especially not Alexander.

The dance came to an end, however, Paul's hand didn't leave my waist when we returned to our seats. In fact, he sat beside me with his arm resting on the back of my seat, making it seem to anyone else that we were a couple.

"Sarah, your father called you on your cellphone." Abby said, waving my cellphone in her hand.

"He said that the surprise has arrived and that you need to return to the villa. So, friends, the fun in this place is over, but we'll continue at Sarah's house."

"Did you answer my cellphone?" I asked Abby incredulously, although the answer was already clear.

"That's what the right-hand woman does, so let's go. Everyone is invited to the Doinel family gathering." She said. Everyone laughed when my friend got up from her seat and finished all the wine in her glass.

I shook my head with amusement at Abby's invitation, made without consulting anyone, although of course I wouldn't refuse to have my friends join me at home.

"How strange, Abby, making decisions that aren't her own. Anyway, thanks for the invitation. I would like to greet the Doinels, I haven't seen them in a while." Brit said, getting up from the comfortable sofa and ready to leave.

I got up and snatched my cellphone from Abby to put it in my bag. Paul stood up and took my hand without my consent.

"May I carry your bag?" He asked, looking at me intently. I found it very chivalrous of him, so I nodded and handed him my purse without hesitation. He might insist on being my suitor, but that didn't mean he stopped being my friend, the most gallant of all.

"Are you cooking? What's that smell?" Britney asked, sniffing the air. I looked at her without understanding, as there was nothing unusual smelling in this place.

"Yes! Love is cooking." Abby responded to Brit, then I understood that they were referring to Paul and me. Oh yes, the world was on fire when Britney and Abby got together.

"You two are impossible. I had forgotten what it was like to be with you two together." I said amused as I took the initiative to leave the bar.

The three followed my steps, but Paul stepped forward to hook his arm with mine and accompany me to the parking lot in complete silence, which I appreciated.

All I could hear were the murmurs of my friends behind me, not stopping to talk about the beautiful couple that Paul and I would make. I rolled my eyes and kept walking as if I hadn't heard a single word.

Britney got into her car and Paul didn't move until the driver headed towards the villa.

"I see you getting closer every time I see you. How romantic. I can't wait to see you married and give me nieces and nephews." Abby said next to me, her gaze lost as if she were visualizing me with her brother. I couldn't help but let out a sigh that caught my friend's attention.

"I have rejected him, I will never be with Paul, not him nor any other man. Please stop insisting on this tired topic." I said without hiding how annoyed I felt.

"Don't you have anything else important to talk about?"

"First of all, don't get angry. If I insist so much it's because I want the best for my best friend and I know Paul, I know very well that he has hidden his feelings for you for many years, and how interesting that he started dating a different woman every week since he found out about your marriage. Coincidence? I don't think so. And second of all, just because you rejected him doesn't

mean he will give up. Now that he has a second chance, believe me, he will take advantage of it." Abby spoke seriously for the first time, without a hint of humor in her voice.

Confused, I looked away from her face, feeling like a woman without feelings. I didn't know that Paul felt something for me before. How could I know if he never told me?

I tasted bitterness in my mouth because of the situation, but I wasn't going to accept it just because he felt something for me. That would only hurt us. I would hurt him because I didn't feel the same way, and because after Alexander I wasn't sure about opening my heart again.

And it would hurt me too, being with him out of duty, allowing him to be the rebound and not because of love. Because, even though I hated to admit it, a small part of my heart still belonged to Alexander, and that made me angry.

I was angry for my feelings, angry for making the big mistake of falling in love with that idiot, for giving everything in exchange for nothing.

It would be easier if we stayed as we were, him being a good friend and my best friend's brother, and me being the exemplary mother to the baby that was on the way.

"I don't want to hurt Paul." I said, looking out the window. Brit's car was next to mine, and I assumed Paul was coming behind.

"I just want to live peacefully with my baby."

"I know you don't want to hurt him, he doesn't want to hurt you either. But well, I promise I won't meddle in his affairs anymore. If you decide to be with him, just look for him. He will be waiting for you with or without a baby."

I didn't like that idea at all, I would be giving him responsibilities that were not his.

The rest of the way we remained silent, which I found uncomfortable, considering Abby always talked non-stop. But I supposed she didn't want to talk about her brother and how good he would look with me. She preferred silence over being pressured.

Upon arriving at the villa, I noticed a car that did not belong to the Doinel family, which indicated that we had visitors and that was probably the surprise my parents had for me, but no one came to mind.

I didn't wait for the others to arrive and entered the house with Abby. Curiosity was getting the best of me, and even if my friend didn't say it, she also wanted to know who was visiting the villa.

The butler opened the door when he saw me and led me to the living room, where I saw my parents sitting on separate couches, and three people were standing in front of them with their backs turned to me.

"Sarah has arrived. Come here, dear, I want you to meet the guests." My parents said. I looked at Abby, and she looked at me.

I had no choice but to approach my parents, and I opened my mouth in a perfect O when I saw the special guests.

If this was the surprise my father wanted to give me, let me tell you, he managed to surprise me.

Chapter 14 The Lefevbre family.

Chapter 22 - Divorced Heiress

The three men got up from the couch when they saw me and didn't hesitate for a second to approach me and hug me with a huge smile, which I gladly returned.

Bastián, Hugo, and Vincent, my three cousins, the children of my father's half-sister, I hadn't seen them in so long that being hugged by them at this moment was the best gift for me. I grew up with them as if they were my older brothers, and I was excited to see that they had become grown and responsible men.

"Sari, my little princess, we missed you so much." Said Vincent, the oldest of the three musketeers as I used to call him.

He was the first one I looked at. His dark brown hair had a cool cut, with the length on top nicely slicked back. His long and thick eyelashes made a good contrast with his green eyes inherited from his father, and the tailored suit made him look even more handsome than he already was.

He was the only one dressed elegantly, as Bastián, the second brother, wore a gray linen shirt and white pants, looking fresh as if he was at the beach. He was the only one who inherited my aunt's hazel eyes.

And Hugo, with his bad boy look as always, despite the time that had passed, was wearing a leather jacket, black jeans, and a white V-neck shirt. He seemed like a younger version of his brother Vincent, and of course, more rebellious.

I had missed them as much as they missed me.

"Look how you've grown. You've become a successful businesswoman, worthy of the Doinel family." Bastián said, messing up my hair as he used to do when we were kids, and I gave him a bad look because he knew how much I hated it.

"Of course, I've always wanted to follow in my father's footsteps, although I strayed a bit from the path." I made a little joke about my misfortune, and the three of them laughed, understanding what I meant.

"The good thing is that you're back now. The family missed the little princess of the house. Don't go away again or I swear I'll look for you everywhere." Hugo said with such a serious tone that I didn't doubt for a moment that he would fulfill his oath if I were to disappear again, but that wasn't going to happen.

I wasn't going to make the same mistake twice.

"Oh. My. God. Sarah, pinch me. Are they real or did angels just fall from the sky? God, I asked for one, but thank you for sending me three. My heart is big enough to fit all of them." Abby joined the family hug without taking her eyes off my cousins as if they weren't real.

"Abby!"

My parents' voices sounded in unison, and I couldn't help but burst into laughter as I separated from the three musketeers.

"What? Honesty first." Abby looked like a scolded puppy, and she had no choice but to let go of the Lefebvre Doinel brothers and sit on the couch indignantly with all the confidence in the world.

"Let's see, if I'm not mistaken, she's your forever troublesome friend." Hugo said with a playful smile, looking at the woman who had taken him by surprise by wrapping her arms around him when she joined the hug.

"Troublesome? I'd say fun, the life of the party. Don't you remember me? Of course! You left the country for a few years, and when you came back, you don't recognize anyone." Abby complained while she sat down on the couch, looking as if she owned the place.

"Paul, Britney, long time no see." Hugo greeted my two guests who had just walked in through the door.

"I can't believe it! The Lefebvres finally decided to show up." Brit greeted each one with a discreet hug and a kiss on the cheek. From her expression, I knew she thought the same as Abby, except that Abby said it out loud and without any shame.

"The Lefebvres, what a surprise to have you back." Paul greeted them, shaking hands with each one and maintaining that gentlemanly touch he always had.

"Do you remember them though? God, how embarrassing." Abby crossed her arms like a spoiled child, and I couldn't help but laugh at the show my friend was putting on, as always.

"Please, Abby, don't be so impertinent." My father intervened after having enough of Abby and she looked at him suspiciously.

"Since we are all here, let's go to the dining room, except Sarah, Paul, and Vincent, you come with me to the office."

"And what about me?" Abby asked, getting up from the couch, my father gave her a stern look.

"I'll go with my second mother. Mrs. Joelle, how does it feel to be married to a grouch?"

Before my father could say something, she disappeared with my mother and the others towards the dining room.

"Your friend is still a lost cause. No offense, Paul." Vincent said as we followed my father to his office.

"Don't worry, in any case, I apologize for my sister's behavior. As you know, nobody can control her." Paul looked embarrassed and my father laughed without stopping his pace.

"Don't apologize, Paul. Your sister is right, she's the life of the party. You have no idea how much I struggle not to laugh at her antics, it's her essence."

As I always said, my father adored Abby, but he had to appear serious in the face of her behavior or she wouldn't take it seriously when necessary.

Vincent patted Paul on the shoulder and the embarrassment on his face was replaced by a smile.

Upon arriving at the office, I sat in the chair in front of my father's desk, with the two men on either side. Apparently, this was a mini work meeting, as both Paul and Vincent had shares in Doinel and, of course, I was the vice president and heiress of the company.

"Uncle, I'm all ears." Vincent was as serious as my father, which worried me for a moment.

"As you already know, Sarah is the vice president of Doinel. Vincent, Paul, both of you have a percentage of shares in my company, I would like the three of you to form a solid team, to work together so that Doinel remains as successful as it has been over the years. I have no doubt about your capabilities, the opposite. I want to inform you that I plan to take a vacation and I know that I will leave the company in good hands, the son of my best friends, my sister's son, and my daughter. So, Vincent, if you agree, I will assign you an office in the company to take my place while I'm away."

And as I suspected, this conversation was about the company.

What I didn't expect was for my father to take a vacation, leaving the three of us in charge of the company. One thing was for me to be working by his side, learning from his long experience, and another was to work hand in hand with his partners.

I wasn't sure if it was a good idea.

"Dad, are you sure? Because I'm not. What will happen when I'm about to give birth?" I felt Vincent's gaze on me, but I ignored it, waiting for my father's response.

"Sarah, I know this world is new to you, that since you graduated and got married, you have only been dedicated to your husband. I know your fear is to disappoint me, but I'm sure that won't happen because I know your capabilities. You are very intelligent and besides, here you have these two men who will support you in everything, you won't be alone. And as for my grandson, I'll be back before he is born and you will take the necessary time. Everything is settled, Sari, you have nothing to worry about."

Seeing it that way, it didn't seem like a bad idea.

My father's purpose was for me to gain experience in the area on my own, to learn from my mistakes and successes. It was quite a challenge for me, and I loved challenges.

"You can count on me, Uncle. I'll leave Bastián in charge of my father's business and I'll work alongside my little princess." Vincent took my hand and left a tender kiss, accepting my father's proposal, which relieved me, as I couldn't handle the company alone.

"You don't even have to ask me, Mr. Doinel, I'm delighted to work on behalf of my parents and alongside Sari."

As if it were a duel, Paul took my free hand and also left a kiss in the same way as my cousin, as if it were a kind of competition or the kiss with which we seal the pact to work together.

"Um." I cleared my throat as I removed both hands from the pair of men who managed to unsettle me and focused on looking at my father, who was watching the scene with amusement, as if he knew that the situation bothered me.

"Needless to say, I will give my best, I will be among the best. So yes, you are leaving the company in the best hands."

"That's what I wanted to hear. I didn't expect anything less from you. So, starting tomorrow, Doinel, Dubois, and Lefebvre are working together again. I trust you and you will do a good job. The Doinel name will be so high that they won't even hear about this Lancaster Collection."

Ok, this was getting more interesting. Lancaster Collection and the Doinel brand were the two most renowned high fashion houses, so this would be the challenge that I would enjoy the most.

Chapter 15 Unexpected visit.

Chapter 23 - Divorced Heiress

The sun rays seeped through the window directly onto my face.

I opened my eyes to adjust to the light and immediately felt nauseous.

I got up as quickly as I could and made it to the bathroom just in time to empty what little or nothing I had in my stomach.

"Babe, you're misbehaving in Mama's belly, and this was just the beginning."

My nanny entered my room after knocking a couple of times, carrying a tray with breakfast and accompanied by two employees pushing a huge clothes rack with different garments that I immediately recognized. It was my father's brand, but I had never seen that collection for sale.

"Good morning, Miss Sarah. Your father has sent you these clothing pieces exclusively for you." My nanny informed me about the responsible party for this unexpected surprise.

My father was going overboard. I still had plenty of unused clothes in my closet and probably wouldn't be able to wear them when my pregnancy started.

"My father spoils me rotten." I said jokingly as I approached to take a look at the dresses hanging on the rack.

I looked surprised at the pieces of the same style but in different colors, the fabric was undoubtedly of the best quality, with a very good finish.

"They are from Doinel's private collection. They are limited edition from the new season." I gasped in surprise at my nanny's explanation, which meant they were priceless items.

I guess I have to get used to the luxurious lifestyle I was accustomed to before marrying Alexander. I had no doubt that my father would continue to spoil me as if I had never left.

"Very humble of my father." I said as I chose one of the dresses in black. By the design, it would highlight my waist and hips. I would take advantage of the last moments of my slim figure.

"Thank you, you may leave now."

My nanny left the room with the two employees, after giving me a cheerful smile.

Once ready, I went down to the living room where my father was chatting with Vincent. When he saw me, he looked me up and down with a sparkle in his eyes.

"No one in this world wears my brand better than my own daughter." I approached my father with a smile on my face to hug him.

"You didn't have to go through the trouble." I let go of my father and looked at my cousin, who also stood up from his seat upon seeing me.

"Hello Vincent, up so early?" I kissed him on the cheek in greeting.

"Duty calls, little princess." He responded, about to mess up my hair, but I gave him a sharp look and he stopped.

"Vincent just brought your car collection, they're parked in the garage and ready for use." I crossed my arms as I looked at my father, disagreeing with him.

"A private collection from Doinel, a car collection, what's next? A collection of apartments? Exclusive jewelry? Father, don't you think it's too much?" I asked, feeling overwhelmed by so much luxury.

I had become a simple woman since getting married. Although Alexander gave me a credit card, I never used it. I didn't touch a penny of his money. I relied on the credit card my mother gave me, even though I knew my father was responsible for that.

Still, I only spent money on necessary expenses. I went shopping in my free time, as much of my time was spent in Lancaster Villa.

When Mrs. Amelia invited me for tea, I never hesitated to go in hopes of improving our relationship, but it always ended up the worst way, with her sending me to clean every corner of Alexander's father's office, and I complied, thinking it would earn me points with my husband's family.

How wrong I was.

In the end, I ended up humiliating myself at her whim.

Just remembering it boiled my blood. My love for Alexander blinded me so much that I allowed his family to trample me whenever they pleased, just because I didn't belong to their social class.

Ha.

"But what are you saying? This is just the beginning of what you deserve." Vincent said as he draped his arm over my shoulder.

"It's what I've always given you, a life full of luxury and comfort. I don't know how things were with your ex-husband, and I don't want to know, but do me the favor of getting used to the life you've always lived. Here's an unlimited credit card for you. With it, you'll have access to a range of exclusive privileges."

My father handed me a black credit card and I felt the heat rise to my cheeks. Fuck.

Only a small number of people could have access to that card. How did my father get it?

"Princess, when did you become so shy? Take the card and let's go. We're running late and we have a lot of work to do."

I looked at Vincent, then at my father, and finally fixed my gaze on the card in front of me and took it after letting out a sigh.

"Thank you, dad." I thanked him before giving him a hug, I was so grateful to life for giving me such a loving and generous father.

Together with Vincent, I arrived at the garage where I saw eight luxury and sports cars of different brands, from Rolls-Royce to Bugatti, what a great way to attract attention.

"I would choose the Porsche." Vincent said next to me, looking at the silver sports car, but my eyes went to the simplest car of all. The others were too much for me.

"I prefer the Mercedes Benz." I said as I approached the white car. The driver came closer to take me but I shook my head.

"I'll drive to work."

"Are you sure? It's my job to take you wherever you order." John said with a worried expression, and I gave him a smile to reassure him.

"Don't worry, I want to drive. You can take the day off." I replied before getting into the car and Vincent got in the passenger seat.

"Mercedes, not the choice I was expecting. However, it's a good option to go unnoticed. I hope you haven't forgotten how to drive."

I started the car's engine in response to my cousin's doubt, and he raised his hands innocently.

"Just saying, I value my life."

"I know how to drive very well, your life is in good hands."

Without further ado, I started the car and headed towards the company.

"So, you're pregnant." Vincent spoke, breaking the silence in the car, but I would have preferred him not to speak, at least not about that topic.

"Is that why you got divorced?"

"No, it wasn't because of that, haven't you seen the news?" I asked seriously, without taking my eyes off the road. By this point, half the world knew the reason for Alexander Lancaster and Sarah Petit's divorce. How could he not know?

"I don't have time to watch the news, especially if it's about gossip."

With that response, it was clear that he had no idea about the war I was involved in with my ex-husband, or rather, with my ex-husband's mother.

"He cheated on me." I blurted out with bitterness in my mouth and feeling a pang in my chest. How I wished I could erase those images from my head.

"With my best friend from college."

Chapter 15 Unexpected visit part 2

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"He's an idiot. Who in their right mind would be capable of cheating on Sarah Doinel? He's the one missing out."

I let out a little laugh at the annoyed tone in which he spoke.

"Well, that's how it happened. Here you see me all unreachable. I was deceived in the worst way." I said jokingly, avoiding talking about the humiliations of his family.

If he sounded so upset just by hearing a small part, I didn't even want to imagine his reaction if he found out everything. My cousins were always very overprotective of me because I was the little princess of the family.

"What an idiot, but wait. Won't he take responsibility for his child? I don't understand."

I felt his gaze on me and looked at him for a few seconds while shaking my head.

"He doesn't know I'm pregnant, I found out with his lover just as I was about to tell him the news." I shrugged, downplaying it, although it still hurt like the first day.

I desperately wanted to stop feeling miserable talking about this. I no longer wanted it to affect me to mention my ex-husband. I didn't know how I was going to do it, but I was going to get him out of my mind and my heart, even though I was left with a piece of him growing inside me.

"Wow, how does this happen to the great Sarah?" I raised one of my eyebrows as I gave him a second look.

"It can happen to anyone. Hasn't it happened to you?" I asked in an attempt to change the uncomfortable topic, and I was grateful that we were close to the company.

"Actually, no. I'm such a busy man that I don't have time for a serious relationship, I only have my affairs." I opened my eyes in surprise and gave him a disapproving look.

"Vincent, you play with women's feelings. That's even worse." I accused him as I entered Doinel's underground parking lot, and Vincent let out a laugh that echoed throughout the car.

"Of course not, Sarah. The women I am with must agree to have a no-strings-attached fling, no one gets hurt." He clarified the matter, but I couldn't help but feel scandalized.

"Do they have to sign a contract agreeing to your conditions?" I jokingly asked as I parked the car in the parking lot. However, Vincent's silence said it all.

"I can't believe it, Vincent!"

I turned off the car engine and got out of the car with flushed cheeks, feeling sorry for the girls who had accepted such a thing. My cousin treated them as if they were an item. How could they allow it? No, the question was, why did Vincent treat women that way?

"Sarah, it's not that big of a deal, I have my reasons for not being in a serious relationship. You can relax, believe me, none of the women I've been with have been hurt. Unlike you, yours was more serious and you were definitely hurt."

I looked at him in surprise when he said that as he got out of the car, and I didn't know how to feel.

Angry, embarrassed, or miserable.

In a way, what the Lancaster family did to me wasn't that different. I couldn't help but feel like those women who allowed themselves to be used by my cousin under a contract.

I also signed a contract when I married Alexander, allowing his family to do as they pleased with me. The only difference was that I did get hurt, and those women, apparently, did not.

"Damn it. I'm sorry, princess, I don't know why I said that, please forgive me. It wasn't my intention..." Vincent apologized, realizing what he had said, but I interrupted him.

"It's okay, anyway, you're right." I said with a lump in my throat and walked to the elevator, leaving my cousin behind so he wouldn't realize how much that topic affected me.

"Princess, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it, come on, forget what I said." Vincent came to my side and took my hand, leaving several kisses on my knuckles, begging for my forgiveness. I couldn't help but let out a chuckle at how funny he looked with his beaten dog face.

"Did you say something? Because I don't remember." I said playfully, although I couldn't shake off the pang in my chest. We entered the elevator and Vincent wrapped his arms around me while messing up my hair.

" Vincent, go to hell!"

"You can't stay mad at your favorite Musketeer for too long, especially when you need a hug."

And he was right, I wrapped my arms around his waist, feeling more relaxed.

"That's it, drain all the bad stuff. You don't need it when you have so many good things within reach."

The elevator doors opened, and the first thing I saw was Paul's face as he spoke to the receptionist. When he saw us, I could see his jaw tense.

"Good morning." Vincent and I greeted as we exited the elevator, Paul's gaze landed on my cousin's arm that was still on my shoulders, although we had stopped hugging each other a while ago.

"Good morning, Sari." He greeted me with a smile, which faded when he looked at my cousin.

"Vincent."

"Good morning, can I offer you something to drink?" The receptionist asked, and I shook my head.

"Not at the moment, thank you. Paul, let's go to Sarah's office, we have a lot to discuss." Vincent said as he walked with me to my office. I greeted Jack, my assistant and right-hand man, who was already in his place, ready for any orders I gave him.

I sat on the couch to massage my ankles as I entered my office. Vincent sat on my comfortable chair to check if it had a good seat, worthy of the vice president, and soon Paul came and sat in the chair in front of the desk.

I crossed my fingers hoping that Paul and Vincent would work in harmony. Since the meeting with my father, I could sense the tension between them. The last thing I wanted was rivalries in the company.

"I can hear them from here, the sofa is very comfortable." I said with my eyes closed, seeking maximum comfort on the sofa and I heard Paul let out a laugh.

"The queen deserves it." Paul said amused and I smiled innocently. Vincent cleared his throat, getting Paul's attention and of course mine.

I could be relaxed, but I also had to pay full attention to my father's company matters. As of today, the three of us were in charge of Doinel and everything must go in perfect order, as always.

"Well, let's catch up on the company's status, I will request a general report to analyze it together, then we will have a meeting with Patrick and..."

The knocks on the door interrupted Vincent and Jack entered with a worried expression on his face. I looked at him confused by his expression.

"Sorry for the interruption, some people are looking for Ms. Sarah."

I looked at him with a furrowed brow. I had no appointments scheduled for today, I wasn't expecting anyone.

"Who? We don't have any scheduled visitors." I asked, settling into my seat.

"Mr. Alexander Lancaster and his mother, Mrs. Amelia Lancaster."

Chapter 16 The visit of the Lancaster family.

Chapter 25 - Divorced Heiress

I got up from my seat abruptly, feeling dizzy, which made me sit down again. Suddenly, I felt that it was very hot in the office.

The gaze of the three men fixed on me and I wanted to disappear. Why were they here?

"What? The Lancasters?" I asked incredulously, hoping Jack would say that he misheard and that those names were just a product of my imagination, but his serious and unamused face let me know that I didn't mishear.

"It can't be."

I looked at my still flat belly and didn't know what to say or what to do. My legs were trembling from nerves and I felt even more suffocated.

"Princess, are you okay?" Vincent came to my side in a matter of seconds, squatting down to be at my eye level and see my face. His eyes seemed worried, and rightfully so, the Lancasters were here.

"Sari, you look pale. You can't see them in this state. Jack, bring a bottle of water." Paul hurriedly approached me and sat down next to me, fanning my face with a cushion.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself. It was nothing out of the ordinary, just my ex-husband and his snake of a mother, two people who meant nothing to me at this moment. However, I was not going to give them the satisfaction of showing up in my office whenever they pleased.

If they were here, it was for one reason only, for me to take the news where Alexander's reputation was seriously compromised. They took the trouble to travel here for that. Ha, they came to waste their time.

"Can you see them for me? I don't want to see them." I asked, ignoring both of their words. I didn't even hear what they were saying.

They immediately looked at each other when they heard my request. Rejecting them would be very immature on the part of the vice president, and considering how stubborn and obstinate Alexander was, he surely wouldn't leave the company until I faced him.

So, it seemed like a better idea for him to have his conversation with Vincent and Paul. Given their temperaments, I knew they would take the conversation to the end, making the Lancasters go back where they came from with no return.

"Of course, princess." Vincent was the first to accept, which relieved me. He would do anything for my well-being.

"You can ask me whatever you want. I'll gladly deal with them. Besides, we have unfinished business with those shameless people." Paul agreed and let go of my hand to stand up. I gave him a grateful smile and stood up from my seat, feeling better than a few minutes ago.

"Ms. Sarah, here is your water." Jack entered the office and handed me a bottle of water, which I drank as if I hadn't had a drop of water in days.

"Jack, let Mr. Lancaster and his mother in." I ordered. Jack nodded, not very sure, and left the office.

"I'll be in the bathroom. Please, no violence, and remember that they shouldn't know that I'm Leonardo Doinel's daughter." I added.

Both of them nodded, looking at me with concern. I took each of their hands and gave them a light squeeze before grabbing my things and entering the bathroom of my office, leaving them in charge of the impending chaos.

I left the door slightly open to hear and see what was happening without being seen by anyone in my office. Vincent had taken a seat again in my chair, while Paul stood, watching the traffic through the window. My heart was pounding uncontrollably in my chest, and I finished the water left in the bottle.

I closed my eyes when I heard Jack's voice inviting the unpleasant visitors in. I didn't want to see what was happening. I refused to even give a miserable glance to the man who destroyed me and the woman who humiliated me at will.

My hand automatically landed on my belly. I was also afraid that they would find out about my pregnancy. That was the last thing I wanted.

"Good morning, Mr. Lancaster and Mrs. Lancaster, please have a seat." My cousin was the first to greet them, his cold voice could freeze anyone.

"Good morning." Paul greeted without enthusiasm. He knew them from their noblest parts, even more so after involving him in a scandal he had nothing to do with.

"I apologize for the interruption, I want to speak with Sarah. This is her office, right?"

I opened my eyes upon hearing his cold voice, the one that used to make me happy to hear back then and now disgusted me.

"You mean, Ms. Petit." Paul corrected Alexander and I gathered the courage to look through the crack of the door.

My field of vision allowed me to see Alexander and Amelia's backs, who were sitting in the chairs in front of the desk. Vincent had a serious face with a slightly furrowed brow, while Paul remained standing with his hands behind his back and disdainfully looking at the visitor.

"But look, if here is the lover advocating for that woman, it doesn't surprise me at all." Amelia uttered, looking at Paul from head to toe, and I felt the urge to come out of the bathroom and put her in her place.

How dare she say such a thing to Paul, even knowing that she was the one who started the rumors?

What a shameless woman.

Chapter 16 The visit of the Lancaster family.

Chapter 25 - Divorced Heiress

I got up from my seat abruptly, feeling dizzy, which made me sit down again. Suddenly, I felt that it was very hot in the office.

The gaze of the three men fixed on me and I wanted to disappear. Why were they here?

"What? The Lancasters?" I asked incredulously, hoping Jack would say that he misheard and that those names were just a product of my imagination, but his serious and unamused face let me know that I didn't mishear.

"It can't be."

I looked at my still flat belly and didn't know what to say or what to do. My legs were trembling from nerves and I felt even more suffocated.

"Princess, are you okay?" Vincent came to my side in a matter of seconds, squatting down to be at my eye level and see my face. His eyes seemed worried, and rightfully so, the Lancasters were here.

"Sari, you look pale. You can't see them in this state. Jack, bring a bottle of water." Paul hurriedly approached me and sat down next to me, fanning my face with a cushion.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself. It was nothing out of the ordinary, just my ex-husband and his snake of a mother, two people who meant nothing to me at this moment. However, I was not going to give them the satisfaction of showing up in my office whenever they pleased.

If they were here, it was for one reason only, for me to take the news where Alexander's reputation was seriously compromised. They took the trouble to travel here for that. Ha, they came to waste their time.

"Can you see them for me? I don't want to see them." I asked, ignoring both of their words. I didn't even hear what they were saying.

They immediately looked at each other when they heard my request. Rejecting them would be very immature on the part of the vice president, and considering how stubborn and obstinate Alexander was, he surely wouldn't leave the company until I faced him.

So, it seemed like a better idea for him to have his conversation with Vincent and Paul. Given their temperaments, I knew they would take the conversation to the end, making the Lancasters go back where they came from with no return.

"Of course, princess." Vincent was the first to accept, which relieved me. He would do anything for my well-being.

"You can ask me whatever you want. I'll gladly deal with them. Besides, we have unfinished business with those shameless people." Paul agreed and let go of my hand to stand up. I gave him a grateful smile and stood up from my seat, feeling better than a few minutes ago.

"Ms. Sarah, here is your water." Jack entered the office and handed me a bottle of water, which I drank as if I hadn't had a drop of water in days.

"Jack, let Mr. Lancaster and his mother in." I ordered. Jack nodded, not very sure, and left the office.

"I'll be in the bathroom. Please, no violence, and remember that they shouldn't know that I'm Leonardo Doinel's daughter." I added.

Both of them nodded, looking at me with concern. I took each of their hands and gave them a light squeeze before grabbing my things and entering the bathroom of my office, leaving them in charge of the impending chaos.

I left the door slightly open to hear and see what was happening without being seen by anyone in my office. Vincent had taken a seat again in my chair, while Paul stood, watching the traffic through the window. My heart was pounding uncontrollably in my chest, and I finished the water left in the bottle.

I closed my eyes when I heard Jack's voice inviting the unpleasant visitors in. I didn't want to see what was happening. I refused to even give a miserable glance to the man who destroyed me and the woman who humiliated me at will.

My hand automatically landed on my belly. I was also afraid that they would find out about my pregnancy. That was the last thing I wanted.

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How dare she say such a thing to Paul, even knowing that she was the one who started the rumors?

What a shameless woman.

Chapter 16 The visit of the Lancaster family part 2

Chapter 26 - Divorced Heiress

"Amelia, enough already." Alexander didn't need to raise his voice to sound angry, which surprised me. He had never called his mother by her name before, let alone spoken to her with such a cold tone.

Amelia looked at him and stiffened in her seat, remaining silent.

"Excuse me, but you have no right to speak ill of anyone in this company. I remind you, Mrs. Lancaster, that you were the one who started such slander. If it weren't for you and your bad intentions, no one would be talking about Sarah, let alone thinking that I am her lover. You have created your own story in that twisted mind of yours."

Paul didn't hesitate to defend himself, and how he did it. I could even applaud him for the composure with which he handled the situation, but they would realize I was hiding in the bathroom and didn't want to come across as a coward unable to face the situation.

"Insolent, how dare you speak to your elders like that?" Amelia was about to get up from her seat and retaliate against Paul, but Alexander stopped her by taking her arm.

"Let go of me, Alexander, I will teach this rude person a lesson."

"Behave, Amelia. You brought this upon yourself." Alexander reprimanded her, leaving her motionless in her seat. I couldn't see Amelia's face, but it must have been quite a sight judging by Paul's half-smirk.

Alexander's attitude continued to surprise me more and more. I wasn't sure if it was a great performance on his part, although coming from them, it was most likely. There was no doubt they were mother and son.

"I'm sorry, I'm a little lost with all this. Paul, lover of my p... of Ms. Sarah?"

I almost dropped the water bottle from my hand when Vincent was about to refer to me as his little princess, and although he corrected himself in time, he had planted a great doubt in the Lancasters. I noticed it when Alexander straightened up in his seat and by the look Amelia gave her son.

"In any case, the vice president is not available at the moment, but whatever you want to talk to her about, you can talk to me."

"And who are you...?" Alexander asked, and I could sense how annoyed he was by his tone of voice, which sent shivers down my spine.

"I'm Vincent Lefevbre, president of Doinel. And who are you?" Vincent replied as if he had no idea who the man sitting in front of him was, and I couldn't help but smile satisfied.

"Alexander Lancaster, ex-husband of Ms. Petit." Alexander replied, and I rolled my eyes. Did he not have any other introduction to mention that?

"Oh, so you're the man who let go of the best woman who has ever crossed his life." My cousin's mocking tone almost made me burst out laughing, and I bit my lower lip containing myself.

"The best woman? Don't make me laugh." Amelia said before Alexander could respond, and she was reprimanded for the second time by her son.

What kind of circus was this?

That woman had absolutely no manners and boasted about the money the Lancasters had.

How pitiful that woman made me

"Mr. Lefevbre, I believe that is a topic that doesn't concern you. If I am here, it is to have a civilized conversation with Ms. Sarah. I have nothing to talk about with you or with you, Mr. Dubois." Alexander said, and inwardly I laughed at how naive he was being.

Did he really think he was going to come to Paris and I would see him in my office as if nothing had happened? And worse, accompanied by his mother!

"Any topic involving Sarah is my concern, but don't worry, I don't want to bother you with her adultery and the rightful divorce, in fact, I'm glad that Sarah has opened her eyes, I haven't seen her so radiant in a long time."

Vincent intertwined his fingers on the table, while looking at Alexander with indifference and a hint of hatred.

"I'm afraid you have wasted your time coming here, Sarah will not see you without informing us of the reason for your visit."

"Why else would it be? They just want Sari to get rid of the news from Rousell Entertainment where the present gentleman's infidelity is exposed. Let it be clear, she is only clearing her name from the wave of gossip that you yourselves spread, involving me in a hug between two friends who hadn't seen each other in years. Sarah would never be capable of being unfaithful, she is not like you Mr. Lancaster." Paul defended me in the best way, using the right words and the ones I would have used if I were in front of them.

"Don't tell me that those are the news Sarah was referring to." Vincent said with a flushed face of anger, upon learning the news that I had told him about and that he said he had no slightest idea about.

"You defame Sarah and still have the audacity to come here and talk to her, and demand that she delete a news where she is defending herself! Was Sarah married to this family? Are you aware that she can sue you for defamation? Why hasn't she done it, Paul?"

I could see the displeasure on Vincent's face, he didn't like at all the attitude of the Lancasters, and even less learning about the slander that was harming my image.

And he had no idea of the countless times that Amelia and Gina humiliated me mercilessly.

"Sarah doesn't want any more scandals, you know how she is, always simple. She prefers to clear her name on her own, it speaks highly of the great woman she is." Paul responded, approaching Vincent's seat, never taking his unfriendly gaze off the Lancasters.

"I just want to talk to Sarah, tell me when I can come back." Alexander insisted, I could see how tense he was after hearing every word from my defenders.

"Hasn't it been clear to you? She is not going to talk to you, you have wasted your time coming here." Vincent said with an unfunny smile on his face, which faded when the door of my office was opened and I wanted to die when I saw my friend with a gift bag in her hands.

"Sari, I bought the first little clothes for your...!"

I wanted to die once and for all, for the ground to swallow me and spit me out on the other side of the world, upon hearing Abby's words referring to my baby, which she abruptly stopped when she saw the Lancasters in my office and the two other men in my place.

Where was Jack and why didn't he warn me that I had visitors?

"What the hell are they doing here?"

Chapter 17 Counterattack.

Chapter 27 - Divorced Heiress

Alexander and Amelia did not take their eyes off my friend for a second when they were interrupted. Abby looked so disgusted with the Lancasters, just like everyone else, and I didn't blame her. She was the only one who knew about Amelia and her daughter's humiliations because the others were only aware of my ex-husband's infidelity.

"Who let these shameless people in?" Abby asked as she approached Vincent while holding onto the gift bag, and I could read a few words from here.

Girl or boy?

I was going to strangle Abby when the Lancasters left. She was about to expose me, and it seemed like she didn't care about anything other than expressing her discontent to Alexander and his mother.

"And who is this disrespectful woman? No, don't tell me. She must be Ms. Petit's friend. It shows her lack of class, even if she tries to pretend otherwise. She has no manners." Amelia attacked my friend, looking her up and down, unaware that Abby wouldn't hold back and would defend herself.

However, I was surprised when my friend smiled and raised an eyebrow. She placed the gift bag on my desk and rested her hands on the glass. She wasn't yelling, she wasn't upset, but I could see the anger in her eyes.

If only I hadn't focused on Alexander, this wouldn't be happening. My friends wouldn't be having such a heated back-and-forth.

"Mother, I warn you for the last time, remember the reason we're here." Alexander spoke through gritted teeth, and no matter how much he scolded her, Amelia wouldn't hold back from spewing venom about me.

"Don't even dream that I will apologize to that prude and pauper. If I agreed to come here, it was to put her in her place, just like these insolent people who are of the same kind as that woman. Can't you see, Alexander? Turns out, the lover was not Mr. Paul, but Mr. Lefevbre. Look at how he talks about her as if she were the most wonderful being on Earth. Of course, since she couldn't get a single penny from my son, she went looking for another gold mine."

Amelia's words reached everyone's ears without any intention of interrupting her. They looked at her, realizing how despicable she was.

My cheeks flushed, and the anger bubbled even more fiercely within me. I was close to storming out and putting her in her place, but Abby let out a humorless laugh when Alexander stood up from his seat, never taking his sharp gaze off his mother.

"No, wait, Mr. Lancaster, there's no need to pretend to disagree with your mother." Abby said, looking at Alexander and stopping him.

"Mrs. Lancaster, you should be ashamed of speaking about class, respect, and manners when you lack them. Just look at how you speak, as if you haven't received the slightest education. You should look at yourself in a mirror before referring to someone else. You are a disgrace to society. But what would you know about manners or class? You married Mr. Lancaster when you didn't have a penny to your name. By the way, let me introduce myself, I'm Abby Dubois, Doinel's partner."

I smiled satisfyingly at her hurtful words. She did a great job by bringing up Amelia's past, something she always hid, pretending to be born into wealth.

"You're projecting your frustration onto the most wonderful being on Earth, but believe me, Mrs. Lancaster, Sarah's situation is nowhere near yours. She doesn't need a gold mine because she...."

I widened my eyes and my pulse accelerated dramatically as I realized what Abby was about to say.

She was going to tell them that I was Leonardo Doinel's heir. She was going to confess that I was ten times richer than them.

Someone make her stop talking!

"Because she's capable of making her own fortune without the need for a man to solve her life, like apparently is your case." Vincent appeared, saving me from Abby's loose tongue, and I could breathe normally again. I was going to kill Abby.

"Wow, Mrs. Lancaster, you speak so badly of your wonderful son's ex-wife, and it turns out that the only gold digger here is you. What a double standard."

I couldn't clearly see Amelia's face, but I noticed her cheek turning red from my defenders' accusations.

"And just so you have no doubts, Sarah is a very special woman to me, to all of us, that's why we won't allow any disrespect towards her. If you dare to refer to her in such a derogatory manner again, we won't hesitate to take action."

The office fell silent for a few seconds, Amelia looked at Alexander as if asking for help, but he seemed as angry as everyone else at his mother's attitude.

I didn't know what he was trying to accomplish by acting like that. He should be defending her by fighting back, yet he looked angry with her. When did he become such a good actor?

"They're all insolent. Alexander, let's go." Amelia said, breaking the silence as she stood up from her chair and walked out of the office, stomping her feet, clearly angry and humiliated.

Alexander stood in his place without following her, and I approached the crack in the door to get a better view of the situation.

I couldn't help but take a quick look at the six-foot tall man, his black hair was shorter than the last time I saw him, maintaining the length on top, which was neatly combed back as always. He was wearing a gray suit from his own brand with a white shirt, he looked devilishly attractive.

"On behalf of my mother and to you, Mr. Dubois, I apologize for involving you in the wave of rumors. That was not my intention when I came here, and I really don't care if they remove the news about Rousell Entertainment. I deserve it, but I would like to talk to Sarah about some unfinished matters. "

I furrowed my brow as I laughed at him internally.

He could go pretend with his dear mother, no one here would believe the words of an idiot who destroyed my dreams and hopes. We had absolutely nothing pending, everything was clear as water for both of us, and being officially divorced, we had nothing to talk about.

What did he want now?

Chapter 17 Counterattack part 2

Chapter 28 - Divorced Heiress

Vincent stood up, standing between the Dubois siblings, his icy gaze never leaving Alexander's face.

"I'm afraid your mother should give the apology, and even if she did, it doesn't solve anything, the damage has already been done. And Sarah has nothing to say to you since divorcing the Lancaster family, and although the main reason was your infidelity towards her, I am realizing that it wasn't the only reason. I see that she hasn't been treated as she deserves, like the princess she is, and I won't allow her to be dragged through the mud. If you have something to say to her, you can tell me, she's no longer alone, and the sensible thing for you to do is to stay away from her permanently."

Vincent's cold and indifferent voice almost sent shivers down my spine, even though it wasn't directed at me. He looked defiantly at Alexander, and the Dubois siblings were not far behind. Nevertheless, the dark-haired man maintained his posture with his head held high, as if he didn't care at all about the man staring him down.

My heart skipped a beat as I watched the scene, never before had I felt so supported. I had the best cousin and the best friends. Not anyone would dare defy such a powerful family without

their hand trembling, but in a way, they were settling the score with him, making it clear that the best thing was for him to leave and never look for me again in his miserable life.

"I see you're very interested in my... ex-wife." Alexander responded without moving a muscle. Abby let out a joyless laugh next to my cousin, and I wanted to do the same, but I restrained myself so he wouldn't hear me.

"Of course I'm very interested in your ex-wife, do you have a problem with that?"

I covered my mouth, stopping the laughter that Vincent's statement caused me, but more than anything, I noticed how tense Alexander's body became.

He tapped the glass with his fingers, clearing his throat to respond.

That's my musketeer!

"Of course not, after all, she stopped interesting me when she divorced me." As soon as he said that, the laughter vanished from my face, leaving me with an immeasurable pain in my chest, as if hundreds of needles had been plunged into my heart, reopening the wound that I thought had healed.

I didn't understand why I felt that way, after all, I had ceased to interest him long before the divorce, I just didn't want to accept it until I saw him with Rachel.

My breathing became heavy, and I swallowed hard in an attempt to get rid of the knot that had formed in my throat. I didn't want to look anymore, I moved away from the door, leaning my body against the sink, inhaling and exhaling to dissipate the unpleasant feeling in my body.

I hated the fact that it could still affect my mood after his betrayal, after what he did to me, but it was inevitable, despite everything, he still remained my first love, the first man I fell in love with, the first one I loved, the first in my life and the father of my baby.

That didn't make him any less of a scumbag.

"Well, I'm glad for Sarah, she deserves someone better in her life, not someone who only gave her breadcrumbs." I heard Vincent's distant voice and repeated those words to myself.

I wasn't going to allow anyone else to give me little or nothing, to give me less than I deserve, no matter how much he may be the man I always wanted, he wasn't deserving of my love.

"Of course, Mr. Lefevbre." Alexander paused as he tapped the glass a couple more times with his fingers.

"I suppose I wasted my time coming here. Congratulate Ms. Petit on my behalf, she has achieved a great position. Oh, and congratulations on your pregnancy, Ms. Dubois. Have a good day."

I stood still upon hearing Alexander congratulating Abby, thinking she was the one pregnant and that the gift she brought was for her child, which relieved me. He didn't suspect even a bit that I was expecting a child from him. He would never know.

I heard his footsteps and then the sound of the door closing, the silence in the office was replaced by sighs of anger and curses towards the Lancasters.

I took a deep breath before poking my head out of the bathroom door, to make sure there were no traces of that jerk and yes, he had left my office, leaving his intoxicating fragrance all over the place.

Son of...

"You were here the whole time!" My friend stopped cursing when she saw me coming out of the bathroom and ran to wrap me in her arms.

"I can't believe you've been under the same roof as those damn people all this time. How could you stand it? You don't know how much I wanted to slap that snake, but out of respect for elders, I didn't."

"Princess, are you alright?" Vincent asked worried from his seat and I nodded my head in response.

"What kind of family did you marry into, Sari? You don't deserve to be treated like this." Paul looked angry, but he still approached to guide me to the couch where I let myself fall feeling exhausted, my spirits were at an all-time low after that visit.

"Thank you for standing up for me and defending me. And yes, I was foolish. I let myself be blinded by the love I had for Alexander, I allowed so much just to be with the man I loved, and I forgot about myself, I forgot about self-love. But that ended as soon as I left the Lancaster estate. I will not lose my dignity again for any man, or for anything in the world."

Chapter 18 It was now or never.

Chapter 29 - Divorced Heiress

ALEXANDER

I left with a heavy heart and discomfort in my chest, from that office where all the desire I had to talk to Sarah disappeared.

I was angry with everyone, with my mother, with the pair of men who did nothing but argue on Sarah's behalf, and with this Abby who apparently knew a lot about my family. But above all, I was angry with "Ms. Petit," and I didn't know if it was because I couldn't see her at that moment or because this Vincent Lefevbre seemed very interested in her, as if he didn't care that she had just gotten divorced.

I passed by the vice president's assistant and arrived at the elevator where my mother was waiting for me with a completely red face. She was angry because she didn't get her way, but I was even angrier for acting the way I did in front of those people, when the reason we were here was to apologize personally to Sarah.

It took me some convincing to get my mother to come, and in the end, she agreed without arguing. What I didn't know was that she had other intentions, and when I found out, it was already too late.

"They will pay for this, no one humiliates Amelia Lancaster, especially not those insolent rude people who didn't miss a second to offend me. And you, I can't believe you didn't do anything to defend your own mother." My mother complained as the elevator started descending to the parking lot where the rented car was.

I took a deep breath and looked at Amelia before grabbing her by the arms and giving her a fierce glance. I wasn't very happy that we were still with her. What kind of person had I chosen as my mother? She was so disrespectful, even after I scolded her more than once, she didn't stop until Ms. Dubois put her in her place.

"You know very well why we came all the way here. All you had to do was apologize to my wife, but instead, you earned every single word those people said. Do you know why I didn't defend you? Because you deserved it for being disrespectful. You attacked them as if they had done something to you. Where are your manners? You have embarrassed me." I spat in her face without erasing my stern gaze, as if I were shooting millions of arrows at her with my eyes.

I let go of her, leaving her surprised with her mouth slightly open as she touched the arm where my hands had been. I didn't even grab her forcefully, I just wanted her to look me in the eyes.

"What monster have you become, Alexander Lancaster? How dare you speak to your mother in that way? But of course, surely you have learned the worst from Sarah in those two years of marriage. Your wife? In case you forgot, you are already divorced! She's no longer your wife, she's the wife of half the world. Not only did Mr. Paul fool you, but also Mr. Lefevbre. It's no wonder she got the position..."

My blood boiled as I heard her refer to Sarah in that way, as if she had no respect for her, as if she were just anyone.

"Shut your mouth! It's the last time Sarah's name comes out of your filthy mouth, and even less to tarnish her name. Otherwise, be prepared for the consequences." I shouted, looking at her intently, interrupting any nonsense she was about to say about Sarah.

The metal doors opened, and I walked out without waiting for her towards the car. My mother followed me quickly and in silence. After that, she didn't say another word, which I appreciated. I hated raising my voice at her, but she was asking for it by messing with the woman I chose as my wife and failed to value.

I got into the car and started it as Amelia got in the passenger seat.

The drive was silent, the only voice heard was that of the GPS indicating the way to the hotel where we were staying.

My muscles couldn't relax since the moment I left the office that was supposed to be Sarah's and was being occupied by a couple of men who were somehow connected to her. I didn't know how, but it was evident that Mr. Lefevbre was very interested in her. I noticed it from the beginning when he was about to call her... "my prin..."?

"Princess?"

Since when did Sarah have so much confidence in that guy who replaced Mr. Doinel's position?

What made me most angry was that he admitted he was very interested in Sarah. It was evident when he talked about her as the best woman that could exist, with a sparkle in his eyes and the way he defended her against all of Amelia's attacks.

At that moment, I tried to remember if I ever stood up for her when she needed it the most, like Vincent did. But no image came to my mind.

I hit the steering wheel of the car, causing the horn to sound in the middle of the road, and I had to take a deep breath to calm my frustration or I would end up having an accident.

I wasn't angry with Amelia, nor with those people, and certainly not with Sarah. I was angry at myself, for being a damn idiot, for giving her so little, crumbs, when she gave me everything she had.

"I'm afraid the apology should come from your mother, and even then, it doesn't solve anything, so it won't be accepted. The damage has already been done, and Sarah has nothing to talk to you about since divorcing from the Lancaster family. And even though the main reason was your infidelity towards her, I'm starting to realize that it wasn't the only reason. I see that she hasn't been treated as she deserves, like the princess she is, and I won't allow them to keep walking all over her. If you have something to say to her, you can say it to me. She is no longer alone, and the most reasonable thing you can do is to stay away from her definitively."

Vincent's words hit me like a strong slap, generating doubts that I needed to clarify and leaving me with a bitter taste in my mouth just by imagining myself walking away from her without talking first.

Was she capable of enduring my mother's attacks?

Was that another reason why she didn't hesitate to get divorced?

Why didn't she ever tell me?

Why didn't she come to me from the beginning?

I would have put a stop to it from the start.

I stopped the car outside the hotel and looked at Amelia with contempt.

"You always treated Sarah badly when she was still my wife, didn't you?" I asked calmly, although it was becoming very difficult for me. I would never forgive my mother if she had ever mistreated her.

"What? I would never do such a thing. If I'm against her now, it's because of her audacity. She didn't wait even a second to divorce you and get involved with other rich men. Are you so blind for her that you can't see my true intentions?" She replied with seriousness, but I didn't believe a single word.

I always knew she wanted someone of the same status for me, and her dislike for Sarah was more than evident. Still, I ignored all of that when I made her my wife, and my mother seemed to have accepted her after all. She even invited her to have tea at the villa, and she would stay for hours with my mother and sister. When could they have mistreated her? She would have told me, right?

The only person who can clarify all of this was Sarah. I needed her to tell me the truth, even though it was too late to do something about it. But at least I would apologize for everything, for not being the husband she expected.

I couldn't give up on the trip, I couldn't leave without talking to her, even if it was just for a minute.

Chapter 18 It was now or never part 2

Chapter 30 - Divorced Heiress

"Go into the hotel, I'll be back later." I said, opening the passenger door from my seat. My mother looked confused, but she got out of the car without saying a word.

I drove back to Doinel Company at full speed. I didn't want to lose hope that she could see me, this time with peace, without my mother, and I hoped she wouldn't be accompanied by the Dubois and Mr. Lefevbre, so I could talk to her alone without interruptions.

I dodged every car that crossed my path, not being able to get the image of Sarah the last time I saw her out of my head when she returned unexpectedly from her trip to Orlando. My heart tightened, and the speed of the car slightly decreased, but I still arrived at the impressive building in record time, parking as close as possible to the elevator.

Not much time had passed since I left Sarah's office, so it didn't seem like a good idea to go back to the office. Instead, I decided to wait here until she appeared because she had to appear at any moment, either to arrive in her executive car, to go to lunch, or to leave.

I didn't care how long I had to wait; I wouldn't move from here until she showed up. One hour, two hours, four hours, and I was already starting to feel uncomfortable in my seat. The clock showed two ten in the afternoon when the elevator doors opened and a group of four people came out, chatting animatedly.

I recognized them immediately. They were the Dubois family. Vincent walked arm in arm with a woman who seemed strangely familiar.

I followed them with my gaze as the Dubois family approached their respective cars. Vincent opened the passenger door of the Mercedes Benz for the woman in the black dress with her hair tied back. It wasn't until Vincent got into the driver's seat that something clicked in my mind.

That woman, the fourth member of the group, was Sarah. Of course it was Sarah. I recognized her legs and her walk, even though I had seen her from a distance without being able to distinguish her face because of Vincent's body blocking her. It was her. I felt inexplicably upset.

Why was she hugging him? Why did she go with him? I started the car's engine when the Mercedes started moving, and I followed them at a safe distance, gripping the steering wheel tightly. My anger was consuming me.

I didn't exactly know where they were going, or what I was going to do when they reached their destination. I was letting anger guide me. The car stopped in the parking lot of an exclusive restaurant, and Vincent quickly got out to open the passenger door and take Sarah's hand as she got out of the car. That was when I could examine her closely.

The black dress fitted her body, accentuating her fair skin, and her long and delicate neck was exposed with her hair pulled back into a high ponytail. She smiled playfully at the idiot in front of her, who chivalrously took her bag and walked with his arm interlaced with hers towards the entrance of the restaurant, where the Dubois siblings were waiting.

My breathing was irregular, the heat rushed to my head, and internally I struggled with the decision of whether to enter the restaurant and separate Sarah from her companion to talk, or to drive back to the hotel, pack my bags, and return to New York, leaving the issue with Sarah behind.

Then, my body moved automatically. I got out of the car and walked to the entrance of the restaurant, determined to intercept Sarah. But a man stopped me.

"Good afternoon, welcome. Do you have a reservation?" Asked the uniformed man, wearing a white shirt and a red vest.

I looked at him, raising an eyebrow at being stopped in such a way, and took a deep breath to calm my frustration. I wasn't going to take it out on the man who was not at fault and was just doing his job.

"Good afternoon. I don't have a reservation. Can you assign me a table near the people who just walked in?" I asked when the man opened his mouth to speak, my gaze fixed on Sarah's back as she climbed the stairs with Vincent.

I didn't like this at all.

"I'm sorry, but due to the restaurant's policies, you cannot enter without a reservation." The man said, and I looked at him with an unfriendly expression.

No, the stupid restaurant policies were not going to prevent me from meeting Sarah.

"Look, Mr. Richard." I said, looking at his name on his uniform as I pulled out my wallet.

"I'm Alexander Lancaster, does that ring a bell? I'll give you a good tip if you let me in and assign me a table near Ms. Sarah Petit. How about a thousand dollars?" I asked as I counted the bills, and I heard the man cough uncomfortably upon hearing my offer.

"Uh, Mr. Lancaster, I'm sorry, I can't..." He said.

"If you're right, it's too little. How about five thousand dollars?"

The man coughed uncontrollably at the sound of my offer, and I took out the five thousand dollars intended for Richard, so that he could help me enter without the damn reservation.

"Uh, I'm sorry..." He said after recovering from his sudden cough, and he looked at the bills as if he had never seen that amount in his life.

"Yes, Mr. Lancaster, your reservation is available, but I'm afraid it can't be in the VIP area." He said apologetically, and I knew there was nothing else he could do to assign me a table on the second floor.

Nevertheless, I would be in the same place as Sarah and could sneak away at any moment or wait until she was close.

"You are very kind, Mr. Richard, here's the tip." I handed him the bills and he put them in his pocket without even counting them before guiding me inside the restaurant and assigning me a table at a safe distance from the stairs.

I sat down while looking at the second floor, searching for Sarah's face, and I saw her conversing animatedly with Ms. Dubois, who was showing her a small set of black and yellow striped baby clothes resembling a bee.

"Good afternoon, would you like an appetizer?" A waitress made me look away from the people on the second floor and I looked at the menu with the different appetizers and main courses they offered me.

"For now, just a glass of Pinot Blanc wine. Thank you." I told the waitress, who walked away leaving the menu on the table.

I turned my gaze to the second floor and got angry seeing Vincent's arm on Sarah's shoulders.

This was enough, I would go to the VIP floor even if I had to pay all the restaurant workers.

I stood up from my seat, swallowing my frustration, and calmly and firmly climbed each step that would lead me to my ex-wife.

It was now or never.