

Chapter 5 An announcement

Stop thinking about what tormented me was almost impossible, especially now with the image on my phone, which I decided to look at for the second time as a masochist, while deciding whether to delete it or keep it in my gallery.

There was no need to be a fortune teller or ask for explanations to know that they had just been together in a very intimate way in the bed that I once shared with Mr. Lancaster. Despite trying to encourage myself, I succumbed to the disappointment and pain of being betrayed by the least expected person.

I couldn't continue like this every day of my life, I couldn't allow Rachel and Mr. Lancaster to do whatever they wanted with my heart, my feelings, and my dignity.

If they decided to screw everything up with me to be together, well, go ahead, they could do whatever they wanted. I would keep myself as far away as possible. Once Alexander had signed the divorce papers, they wouldn't hear anything from me again.

Determined and with my head held high, I wiped away the tears on my cheeks before walking to my wardrobe and contemplating between several dresses for the banquet organized by my father. It didn't take long when Maga knocked on the door and after a few seconds, revealed that brown-haired woman with brown eyes and the biggest, most genuine smile I had ever seen in my life.

"It can't be. It can't be!" Abby let herself be carried away by her excitement upon seeing me and dropped the shopping bags she had in her hands to rush over and hug me with such force that she nearly took my breath away.

"You're back, you have no idea how much I missed you, Sari. I can't believe it! My best friend is back!"

I returned her enthusiastic hug, although I struggled to breathe. It had been so long since I last saw my best friend, my true best friend, I was going to get sentimental, but I focused on not losing my breath.

"Abby, I missed you too, but if you keep hugging me so tight, you're going to lose me forever." I said with difficulty, and realizing the strength she was exerting on me, she let go, but she didn't let go of my hands, her smile reaching her eyes.

"I should have never left, Abby."

"Come on, we're not here to lament. What's done is done. You wanted to be with that guy you met who became the youngest and most sought-after entrepreneur in New York, perfect. You were with him, excellent. You got married, great. Now you're going to get a divorce, ne. You satisfied your desires and now you're back to do whatever the hell you want, even better!"

She infected me with her good humor and all the positive vibes that characterized her, but this time I couldn't do what I wanted, I didn't come back alone, I came back accompanied.

"Well... I'm afraid not." I said, fearing her reaction when she found out that I was pregnant, not even to my father's reaction was I so afraid.

"Don't come telling me that you're going to die because of some i****t. I don't know what he did to you, but if you're here, I can imagine it." She snapped with annoyance, while picking up the bags she had dropped when she entered the room, leaving them on the bed.

"Look at the woman you are, you're the heiress of Doinel, a woman who exudes class and sensuality, you're so brilliant, strong. You have a damn smile for everyone and you're spectacularly authentic. You're capable of anything, and just because an i****t hurt you, doesn't mean you won't continue with your life. You're wrong, that's exactly what you'll do, you'll continue with your wonderful life and you'll show him that he lost the best thing that could have happened in his miserable life. I'll pick your dress, my brother will attend the banquet and I know he'll be happy to see you."

Abby disappeared into the wardrobe with all her condence, as she always had, and came back with a stack of dresses that she left on the bed. At least we still maintain the trust we always had, despite the time we spent without seeing each other or communicating.

And as always, I had to mention her brother. I thought that over time, that crazy idea of seeing her brother with her best friend would fade away from her mind, but it seemed she would continue to long for me to be her sister-in-law until the end of time.

"I'm pregnant," I blurted out directly, without beating around the bush, and she stopped searching for my dress for tonight.

Her gaze showed surprise, yes, she was very surprised, so much so that she had to sit on the bed and fanned her face with her hand in a dramatic way, worthy of the drama queen.

"It can't be, is that the reason you're here? He didn't want it?" she asked with a mix of worry and anger in her voice, alternating her gaze between my face and my belly covered with a bathrobe.

I thought that if it had been like that, it wouldn't be as tragic as the real reason, but he didn't even know I was pregnant.

"He cheated on me with my friend," I informed her of the real reason so she wouldn't jump to her own conclusions, and her face completely fell apart.

I sat beside her and told her about the tragic moment I discovered Alexander with Rachel just when I was about to tell him the news that he was going to be a father. I also updated her on the dealings of his family and some of his friends, who didn't really like me. Abby kept cursing and insulting the Lancaster family, the friends, and especially Rachel, who ultimately revealed her false friendship.

" You know what? With this, you demonstrate that you are stronger than anyone can imagine. If I were in your place, I would be dying, no! I would be seeking revenge. But look at you, cool as a cucumber and with all the attitude, that's my friend. Even more, that bastard doesn't deserve a woman like you, and that b****h, what kind of friends did you nd? She has no dignity at all. Karma will take care of them, you just sit back and watch as they pay for it. Look, this dress will look perfect on you. I'll call my stylists to work their magic,"

She got up from the bed, leaving aside the dresses she had discarded and made a call on her cellphone.

"Rose, come to the Doinel villa, tonight will be very special.

The club was lled with high society people. My father had arranged an exclusive banquet, where not just anyone could enter, especially not the paparazzi who never waste an opportunity to create news about any important gure.

He did it mostly so the media wouldn't dig deep enough to nd the face of the Doinel heiress. My father preferred it that way since the day they tried to kidnap me for a hefty ransom. Luckily, I was very young and I don't have any memory of that tragic moment.

The red dress with diamonds on the skirt from my father's collection enhanced my glossy skin and still slim waist. The long skirt had a high slit that exposed my right leg, it denitely looked very sensual and discreet at the same time.

I left my brown hair to fall over my shoulder, revealing the open back of the dress. The stylists had done a great job with the subtle makeup, highlighting each feature of my face without exaggerating. I felt very comfortable and satisfied with the result, but I couldn't help feeling nervous.

It had been many years since I attended any high society events, let alone ones organized by Leonardo Doinel. I had set all of this aside to be with Alexander, who, despite attending similar banquets and major events for his company, only took me to one and I didn't stay for more than twenty minutes.

I met his sister and mother, who waited for him to let his guard down to attack me for attending an event that was only meant for wealthy and important people, not a nobody like me.

The truth was, I didn't care what they said about me, I ignored their constant attacks, however, I left the place when they mentioned that Alexander's image would be affected by being accompanied by a poor wife with dubious family background.

I was so blinded by love that I preferred to protect his image, preventing him from being seen with me at important events.

Forget those memories.