

# Divorced Heiress

Chapter 6 The divorce.

## Chapter 8 - Divorced Heiress

NARRATED BY ALEXANDER

I found it hard to believe that Sarah was serious about our separation, she had nowhere to go and no one to turn to. I never met her family and she didn't want to talk about them.

When I got home, I found my sister trying on the new collection. I asked her if she had been here all afternoon until this late.

"Alex! Let me tell you that the new collection is amazing. I can't wait for the launch as soon as possible." Gina said with obvious excitement, just as she always did after trying on all the clothes from the new collections.

"Is Sarah in the room?" I asked, ignoring my enthusiastic sister, loosening my tie.

Since I came in the door, I hadn't heard a single sound from Sarah, although I knew she was home because her car was parked outside.

"She's not here." My sister replied abruptly, returning to her wardrobe.

I looked at her confused and completely bewildered. How could she not be home if her car is here? Soon my frown relaxed as I understood what was happening. My sister was playing a prank on me, she must have wanted to test my patience.

I didn't want to waste any more time with Gina when she acted inappropriately immature. I went upstairs to the bedroom.

"Sarah." I called out when I didn't see her nearby. I entered the bathroom, but it was empty. There were no traces of her anywhere, everything was untouched, just as I had left it before going to the company.

"Sarah, I'm here now. Let's talk." I said.

I took off my suit and left it in the closet. I brushed aside any idea of Sarah being away from home when I saw all her clothes where they always were and the suitcase she took for her one-week vacation which ended up being just a few days.

I returned to the bedroom and something caught my attention. It was Sarah's car keys and credit cards on the bed. What were they doing here? She was so organized with her things, she would never leave them here.

I opened her drawer where she kept her important belongings to put her keys and cards away, and then my heart sank when I noticed a small detail.

Her papers, her documents, the jewelry she kept under lock and key, everything had disappeared. Did she really leave? Was my sister telling the truth?

Suddenly, I felt a tightness in my chest and my bad mood increased just thinking that she had left home. But where did she go? With whom? She didn't take a single dollar with her and no matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't understand how she kept her word.

After all, I couldn't remain indifferent to her after two years of marriage.

I couldn't sleep all night. It was the first time I slept with a feeling of emptiness. The silence in the room made me uncomfortable. I couldn't hear Sarah's relaxed breathing while she slept. The coldness in the bed became my new companion.

The next day, my family had already found out what had happened, and I cursed my sister for not keeping her mouth shut. My mother was the first to come early in the morning, when I was about to go for a jog.

"Son, I want you to know that this is the most sensible decision you've made in years. That girl was only ruining your image. No one knows about her background, but it's clear that she's poor and not up to your level. You deserve something better." My mother said as I sipped my coffee without sugar, listening attentively to her without taking my eyes off her.

Did my mother not like Sarah?

Had they all been thinking this way about her all this time?

I felt inexplicably angry about the way my mother was talking about my wife. She had no right to treat her like that.

"She's the one who asked me for a divorce." I said. The surprise on my mother's face was immediate. I wanted to clarify that it was she who made the decision for a significant reason.

"And please, don't talk about her like that. She may have an unknown origin and a blank past, but the values she has been taught speak better of her than the millions she lacks to please you."

"Surely she found a better match, after all, she is a gold digger." she said, ignoring my request not to speak ill of her.

"Have a nice day, Amelia." I bid her farewell to leave my house, before I lose the little patience I have left.

I know for a fact that what she cared least about was my money, she never touched the cards I gave her for her monthly expenses, she never asked me for a penny, she married me for love and that was what was torturing me at the moment.

I was her first man and her first disappointment.

As night fell, I had lost count of how many drinks I had, I wanted to erase the unpleasant feeling of remorse, more than a day without hearing from her, if she was okay or with whom she was, her phone was out of service and she wasn't receiving messages. She had blocked me. There was no way to reach her.

The doorbell rang and my maid rushed to open the door without saying a word.

"Oh, look at you, are you drinking because of that tasteless Sarah? What have you become? I was waiting for you in my apartment to finish what we started." Rachel was the last person I wanted to see. Her blackmail had me where I was now.

"Anna, why did you let her in?" I asked my maid with a cold voice and she approached with evident panic on her face. It didn't matter anymore, I was not going to scare my staff because of that woman.

"It's fine, never mind, continue with your work."

"You don't want to see me anymore? That's not what it seemed like yesterday when you were about to have me." Just by remembering that moment, the moment when Sarah arrived unexpectedly at my office, when she was supposed to be in Orlando.

God, I couldn't erase the image of her disappointed face, her eyes filled with tears, the way she looked at me with disgust, and although I wanted to give her an explanation, there was nothing that justified my infidelity.

That wasn't the way she always looked at me, when her eyes sparkled upon meeting mine. I made a grave mistake by doing this to her, I hurt the one who least deserved it, and even if it didn't go too far, I started something that should have never happened, that I should have never allowed.

"Shut up, Rachel, you know perfectly well why I was going to sleep with you and it's certainly not because I wanted to." I snapped before taking the last sip of brandy in my hands.

"Love, how can you say this to me now? After how well we've been together, it's true we haven't reached the point I wanted, but it's valid, do you want another drink?" She approached to take away my empty crystal glass, I looked at her with anger and mockery.

"I want you to leave my house." I said irritably in her presence.

"But I just arrived. Come on, you wouldn't want everyone to find out your secret or for me to fulfill what I promised you, that would be very sad for you."

I clenched my jaw with anger reflected in my eyes, restraining the urge to grab her by the hair and throw her out of my house.

But of course she would continue with her blackmail even though she got what she wanted. I just hoped my lawyers take care of the matter quickly, so I didn't have to live in torment with Rachel's blackmail, so that we could all be safe.

She poured me two glasses of brandy and although at first I didn't want to accept, I took it because of her insistent threats. I was angry with Rachel, but even more angry with myself for being so weak and cowardly, I was a respectable man, but I had made a big mistake that I was regretting, I wanted to internally punch myself for choosing the easiest option.

I didn't know at what point I started to see blurry, I wasn't accustomed to getting drunk so quickly and even though I had already had a few drinks, they hadn't affected me until now, the last thing I remembered was Rachel leading me upstairs while caressing my body.

I woke up with a headache, the memories of the previous night hit me, leaving me even more sore, although in reality, all I remembered was struggling to go up the stairs and then falling asleep on the bed without knowing anything else. I looked beside me, Rachel, who was naked, was peacefully sleeping as if she didn't have a single problem on her mind.

I tried to remember if anything happened between us the night before, but the truth was I didn't remember anything else after I got into bed. I woke her up without the slightest delicacy and kicked her out of my house this time successfully. Just seeing her using my wife's side of the bed made my blood boil. She would never come close to Sarah.

I went downstairs to have breakfast with the worst mood I'd had in years and an unbearable headache, but it didn't compare to the pain in my chest from my wife's noticeable absence. Ana handed me the mail and a particular envelope caught my attention.

I ran my hands over my face, feeling frustrated and annoyed with myself for allowing this to end like this, regretting giving Rachel free rein to do as she pleased with me as long as she didn't reveal that secret I've kept for years, and I didn't know how she managed to find out, let alone what she had me threatened with.

I opened the envelope and read every word of that document with an accelerated pulse. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. I threw everything on the table with my arms, the fine china and crystal glasses shattered when they hit the floor, mixing with the untouched food.

Orange juice spilled all over the table, joining the mess on the floor. As if that wasn't enough, I ended up throwing the chairs in my path, as if they were to blame for the consequences of my poor decisions.

It was the divorce certificate, only missing my signature.

The divorce papers.

Chapter 7 Infidelity.

## Chapter 9 - Divorced Heiress

I lost count of the number of times I had called Sarah's phone number. I didn't lose hope that she would answer even one of my calls or one of the many messages I sent her since that document arrived, even though I knew she had blocked me after that encounter with Rachel in my office.

I remembered the disappointment, the repulsion, and the contempt in her eyes, and it was well deserved. I had hurt her in the worst way possible. I hated having to admit it, but I had shattered her noble heart that beat only for me.

"I will send you the divorce papers."

When she said that, I thought it was just an outburst on her part. I thought anger was speaking for her. When I saw her in the office, I considered telling her the secret that Rachel had been blackmailing me with for months.

I was going to apologize for betraying her in that way. I was going to end it when I got home. But I never thought she would be capable of asking for a divorce.

Until this moment when I had the document in my hand, reading it for the umpteenth time, line by line, looking for any clause that requested compensation for infidelity, for the two years of marriage, or perhaps claiming half of the belongings she was entitled to. Instead, I was surprised to find that she didn't want a penny.

She only wanted to divorce me. Period.

I felt increasingly irritated by the things I had done to the person who deserved it the least.

In a fit of frustration, I smashed the whiskey glass against the wall, shattering it into pieces just as my secretary appeared at the door with a frightened look.

"I said not to disturb me, what part didn't you understand?" I asked without a trace of kindness. I couldn't be kind when I was consumed by the flames of regret, guilt, and desperation for not being able to find Sarah.

I needed her to hear my reasons, no matter if she wanted to proceed with the divorce afterward. But at least I would have explained everything, even though cheating on her with her best friend had no forgiveness or justification whatsoever.

"I'm sorry, sir. Mrs. Amelia is here." Cristina began to explain in fear while looking at the shattered glass on the floor.

"Mrs. Amelia is the last person I want to see." I reluctantly said, not wanting to talk to my mother again after the way she had referred to my wife.

"That little girl only tarnished your image. No one knows about her background, but it's clear that she is poor, she's not at your level. You deserve something better."

"She probably found a better match."

"She's a gold digger."

She was nowhere near that. Sarah was the opposite of how my mother depicted her.

"Is that how you treat the person who gave you life?" And there she was, trying to test my patience and the little tranquility I had left.

I gave my secretary a stern look for disobeying my order not to receive any visitors. She had disobeyed me by letting my mother in, and she knew it. She lowered her head in an attempt to apologize, and I had to turn around and walk to the window, turning my back to the pair of women in my office. Otherwise, I would end up taking out my bad mood on Cristina, and it was not her fault for what I caused.

"I hope you're not like this because of the absence of that prude Sarah." I closed my eyes as I took a deep breath. I wanted to remain calm, but my mother's constant attacks on Sarah didn't help at all.

"Mom, please, don't talk about Sarah that way." I said with an icy voice, not giving her a single glance, although from her steps, I deduced that she had sat in the chair in front of my desk.

"I understand it all now. I'm sure that gold digger asked for an exaggerated amount of money to divorce you. I told you, she's nothing more than an opportunist. She only cared about your money." As soon as my mother said that, I turned to look at her without a hint of grace.

I saw her glancing at the divorce papers that I still didn't dare to sign, and I quickly took them from her hands, leaving her with a furrowed brow.

"No, she hasn't asked me for a single cent. She gave up her share as Mrs. Lancaster." Her expression immediately relaxed. She straightened her neck, and for a moment, I thought that with that, it was proven that she wasn't the interested party or gold digger that she claimed.

However, she continued with the attacks towards me... towards Sarah.

"At least she is aware that she is not entitled to a single dollar from the Lancaster family, but of course, she probably won't need your fortune anymore if she already has her next victim in sight."

I placed my hands on the table and looked at my mother, furrowing my brow, not knowing what the hell she was talking about. Her lips formed a grin and I could see a glimmer of malice in her eyes.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, containing the anger bubbling up in my system.

She took out her cellphone, after swiping her finger across the screen, she showed me a post on social media.

"Sarah Petit, new vice president of the prestigious Doinel fashion house."

The post was accompanied by a couple of pictures. In one, she was shaking hands with the renowned businessman, the man I've always admired, Leonardo Doinel. The second picture made my blood boil and my bad mood increase considerably. It was her, embraced with the brunette I had read a few news about.

I understood that he was Doinel's business partner, his name was Paul Dubois. Most of the news involving him mentioned scandals with women, he was an incorrigible womanizer and this was no exception.

"The ex-wife of Lancaster has set her sights on Paris' most eligible bachelor, will Paul finally settle down with the new vice president of the company he is associated with? Is Sarah Petit's second wedding approaching?"

I clenched my jaw, feeling really annoyed by what I was reading. I let out a tired sigh. Had she replaced me so quickly?

Sarah wouldn't be capable of doing such a thing, and if this was her way of getting back at me, I admit it had been the most painful blow I'd ever received.

Without wanting to read another word, I handed my mother back her phone. She received it with a satisfied expression, as if she was enjoying me finding out such a thing about Sarah.

"How do you expect me not to think she's a gold digger? It hasn't even been a week since she was kicked out of the Lancaster family and she's already found a new victim. Vice president of a company as prestigious as Doinel, in just a few days? It's clear that she's been taking you for a fool for a long time, she saw a better prey and divorced you."

That was a complete stupidity, that wasn't the real reason for our divorce. Sarah had eyes only for me, I noticed it in her constant dedication to being a good wife, and I ended up screwing it all up.

"Mother, thank you for your visit, I have things to do." I said, ignoring her malicious words and making my best effort not to lose my cool in front of my mother.

"I'm just trying to open your eyes, that social climber, opportunist never should have married you." She got up from her seat and I couldn't help but give her a scathing look.

"Don't refer to my wife in that way again, stop with your attacks." I snapped, sitting back down in my chair, and my mother smiled mockingly.

"Wife? Son, just sign those papers once and for all, do that favor for the Lancaster family. You don't want to continue being involved in gossip about the infidelity of the great Sarah Petit." She said with a mocking air and left my office without waiting for a response from me.

Without waiting for me to tell her that I was the one who had been unfaithful, and that was why she had sent me the divorce papers without even showing up, without knowing that I was the one who had failed.

I searched on my computer for any news related to Sarah. I needed to know where she was, I wanted to know how real the post my mother showed me was.

## Chapter 7 Infidelity part 2

# Chapter 10 - Divorced Heiress

Soon, the results of my search started to appear and my heart shrank when I saw more pictures of her at what seemed to be an exclusive gathering.

I took the time to examine each picture. She was wearing a red dress that I was sure belonged to Doinel's collection. She had a radiant smile while embracing Paul. More pictures of the two of them appeared and my frustration grew. That idiot's hand was always on Sarah's waist, on the waist that I had once held in my hands.

"Sources inform us that Paul Dubois has been the reason for the separation of Sarah Petit with renowned CEO, Alexander Lancaster."



"Infidelity on the part of the new vice president of Doinel would have ended the two-year marriage with businessman Lancaster."

More news began to appear distorting the reason for our separation and portraying her as the unfaithful one.

My fingers typed her name on the social network and I was surprised to see that she had not blocked me. Soon, I began scrolling down, seeing all the posts that were summarized in photos of us together, from when we were in college, to our wedding day. Her face never lacked a smile, until solo photos of her started appearing six months ago.

"Missing Alex."

"Alex arrived tired from work, I prepared his favorite meal."

"It's cold, I wonder if Alex is bundled up."

"On vacation in Orlando, I will miss Alex."

My chest began to ache as I saw each photo of hers without that smile on her face like the ones in which we appeared together. Despite my absence, she always included me in each of her posts and I didn't realize it until now.

Soon, the photos started disappearing one by one and I panicked. I refreshed the page, only to find that she had deleted all the photos. I entered the chat to leave her a message, as it was the only way I could communicate with her.

"Sarah, come back home, I need to talk to you."

I pressed send without beating around the bush, and I felt furious when I realized she had blocked me.

I let out a loud sigh and unable to control my impulses, I ended up sweeping my desk with my hands, making everything fly to the floor, including the divorce papers. My pulse raced and I could hear my heart pounding in my ears.

"Cristina, come to my office, please." I ordered my secretary over the phone, and within seconds, she was standing at the door without stepping inside.

"Sir, do you need something?"

Yes, I needed to turn back time and tell Rachel to go to hell when she started blackmailing me.

"I need you to locate Mrs. Lancaster."

Cristina nodded and rushed out of the office.

I poured myself another drink of whisky and sat on the couch, trying to relax my tense muscles.

Why was Sarah suddenly the vice president of Doinel?

How did she reach such a high position so quickly?

What the hell did Paul have to do with this?

She was still my wife until I signed the papers, she couldn't do this to me with someone she just met.

"It's clear that she's been taking advantage of you for a long time."

My mother's words began to resonate in my head, and I had to shake my head, pushing away that silly idea. Clearly, that didn't happen. There must be something more behind her unexpected rise. It was not because she got romantically involved with Doinel's partner, they just misinterpreted the pictures.

"Excuse me." Cristina returned to my office just as I finished my glass of whisky. I looked at her expectantly, hoping for some positive news.

"Mrs. Lancaster was seen at the private airport in New York, she was alone and traveled on a private jet to Orlando. Hours later, she used the same private jet to travel to Paris. That's all I could find, there's no further information about her whereabouts."

Cristina's information led me to draw many conclusions, which I refused to believe. If I combined the information with my mother's words, everything seemed to point to...

"Did she travel to Paris alone?" I asked, cutting off any further attempts by my mind to create more stories.

"She traveled accompanied, but I haven't been given any information about her companion." I nodded and signaled for Cristina to leave my office, which she obediently did.

Being alone and with another glass of whisky, I started connecting the dots.

She was going on a week-long vacation to Orlando. I didn't know why she came back early, maybe she came to ask me for a divorce to be with her lover, and I made it easy for her.

She took her documents, went back to Orlando where someone was waiting for her, and they went to Paris together. That companion could be no one other than Paul Dubois.

I got up from the couch and smashed the second glass against the wall. This shit was going to end right now. If what she wanted was to divorce me and go into the arms of another man, I would oblige her.

I picked up the papers from the floor with boiling blood in my veins. Thankfully, they were still intact despite being thrown to the ground in a fit of rage. I signed in the spaces where I needed to sign and put the sheets in the envelope.

I knew I failed her, that I got involved with her best friend, but I had my reasons. Whereas she, she pretended to be the victim, a good woman, and ended up being what my mother said, ended up cheating on me with Paul and wanted to act dignified.

From this moment on, Sarah did not exist to me.