

Chapter 121 - Divorced Heiress

Alexander kissed me softly, and a sigh escaped from my lips when his teeth caught my lower lip. It was very characteristic of him to do that, and I didn't know that I missed it until this moment.

In the next second, I found myself breathless and separated my lips from his, but our foreheads were still together. I didn't want to open my eyes for fear of seeing his reaction to my unexpected kiss, as a moment ago I was apologizing for acting without sanity, and now I was doing it again, fully aware of my actions.- Alexander, I... - I was about to apologize again, but Alexander hissed, silencing what was about to come out of my mouth, and gave me a fleeting kiss before speaking.

- Don't apologize, I'm the one who should apologize - He whispered against my lips, with no intention of separating his forehead from mine, and I remained in that position, listening word by word, my heart beating strongly.

- I know there's no justification, and I was unfaithful to you from the moment I gave in to Rachel, even though we didn't go far. But the feeling of knowing they could shoot at any moment... God, I remember it and my hair stands on end. If I've made bad decisions, it's because I wanted to protect you. If something happened to you, my life would have no meaning. I wouldn't do it just because I wanted to, no, because there was no room in my mind for another woman, only you. Rachel told you, I didn't work out, you know why? It's because you're the only woman I desire, the only one who makes my body react, the only one who makes my nerves jingle and my heart race. I don't want to talk about us because you're right, our failed marriage was built on lies. I hid Alexis from you, and you hid your true identity and your family from me. We both had our reasons, but hey, there shouldn't be any secrets in a marriage. That's why I'm asking you again to forgive me, to start over, this time being honest. Give me a chance as a person, let me show you that I'm not what you've thought all these years, despite the mistakes I've made and the bad decisions that pushed us to this point. Give me a chance as the father of your child. Let's start again with a friendship where you can tolerate my presence without attacking me in the next second. After all, we'll be working together for a long time, and don't forget that we're together to bring down the people who want to harm you and your family. I'm asking you for a second chance. - His request made me move away from him and look into his eyes.

Naturally, distrust still lingered in my chest. Despite many things being clarified, I couldn't change overnight. I felt defensive when it came to Alexander and the harm he had caused me in the past, how much I had suffered because of him. However, I was being selfish, thinking only of myself. This didn't mean that we were going to resume our romantic relationship, but it meant a lot for the life of our child, who was the most affected by the problems between us. For my

child's sake, I could risk giving him a vote of confidence and improve our relationship as parents, as partners, and as individuals.

I let out a tired sigh and nodded my head.

- I hope I'm not making a mistake with this, Alexander. We both made mistakes. I lied to you about my identity and my family for many years. I also accept that I was wrong to hide Tristan from you. I've been selfish, only thinking of myself. Let's start over, this time being honest from the beginning. Don't disappoint me, don't make me feel like a fool for trusting you again. - I agreed after a few hesitant seconds, the little voice in my head repeating over and over again. You could not make a mistake, Sarah.

A half-smile appeared on Alexander's face upon hearing my response, and his eyes shone even more. I silently admired how beautiful they looked with their long lashes and how they narrowed when he genuinely smiled.

- I won't disappoint you. I'd be a great idiot if I let you down again. If I do, I'll distance myself from you. I'll be a better person for my son and for you. - He said, taking my hand in his, and I couldn't help but feel relieved to leave behind a stage that had been torturous for me. - Now that we'll be honest, do you really think my eyes are beautiful? - Alexander blinked more times than he should, and I hid my face in my hands, feeling my cheeks flush with embarrassment as I laughed nervously.

- I said it without thinking, let's not talk about that now. - Alexander chuckled, and the next second I heard the ringtone of my phone, bringing me back to reality.

I hadn't checked my phone since yesterday when I called Vincent without any success. I completely forgot that I had to stay in touch with him.

I picked up the phone from the nightstand next to the bed, and of course, it was Vincent. In fact, I had several missed calls from him. He must be worried because I haven't given him any sign of life.— Hello, Vincent. Sorry, I didn't hear the calls... — Before I could continue, he interrupted me, leaving me frozen with the news he gave me next.

— Come back to Paris right now, your parents had an accident.

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My hands were trembling uncontrollably, tears escaping from my eyes one after another, while my mind was somewhere else. I was so worried that I wanted the plane to land once and for all.

Alexander was by my side, holding my hand, but I couldn't even feel his warmth. It was impossible for me to feel anything but desperation.

When Vincent said that, I was perplexed and my breathing became irregular. The anguish of knowing that something had happened to my parents made it hard for me to breathe normally. Vincent didn't give me any details, as it was impossible for him to get a response from me in that state of shock. However, Alexander realized this and took my phone to talk to Vincent. I suppose he got more information, but he didn't say anything else except words of encouragement, assuring me that my parents would be fine. We didn't wait any longer and took the first flight to Paris.

-Do you want some water? It will help with your nerves.- Alexander said next to me, bringing me out of my thoughts. I shook my head without taking my eyes off the plane window, hoping to see the landing signal as soon as possible or I would go crazy.

-I want to see my parents, see that they are okay and that it has only been a big scare.- I said with a choked voice and a lump in my throat that worried Alexander.

-Are you going to tell me what Vincent told you? What happened? How are my parents?- I asked, trying my best to stay calm and think positively, but it was difficult to do so when Alexander had been avoiding the topic since the moment I came out of my state of shock and bombarded him with questions that he evaded.

-Sarah, everything will be fine, you need to calm down. I will get some water for you.- He said.

Once again, he avoided giving me an answer about my parents, which only made me angrier. We were supposed to start over with no lies and no hiding anything. I let go of his grip without any care, and his worried eyes met mine with surprise.

-Is this how you plan to show me that you're not what I've believed all these years? Is this how we start over? How foolish I was to believe in you.- I spat angrily, cheeks soaked with rebellious tears that kept flowing uncontrollably. I looked back out the window, praying in my heart that everything would be okay.

Alexander sighed resignedly and took my hand in his, tracing circles on my skin with his thumb.

-Sarah, it's hard for me to do this after what we've talked about. I'm doing it for your own good, because you're very nervous and I don't want to make the situation worse. Besides, this isn't the right place.- He said.

I looked at him sternly and then knew that he didn't want to talk because he didn't have good news. Anyway, if he didn't tell me, someone else would when we arrived in Paris. The result would be the same.

-The plane your parents were on yesterday had technical malfunctions and crashed into the sea. The rescue team is searching for Leonardo and Joelle, but the chances of them surviving are almost nonexistent. I'm so sorry.- He said.

More tears welled up in my eyes upon hearing what Alexander had just said, and I felt a heart-wrenching pain in my chest, as if thousands of blades were piercing me and making me bleed until the last drop. The crying that escaped my throat was inevitable, and I understood why Alexander didn't want to tell me in this place.

His arms surrounded me immediately, and I buried my face in his chest, letting out the unpleasant pain through my tears.

-How is it possible that something like this happened?- I asked myself.

This meant that it was possible that my parents were dead. Would I never see them again?

No, that couldn't be possible. They couldn't die. They were alive somewhere in the sea, waiting for the rescue team to find them.

Was it the same plane I had booked for myself? I should have been there, not them.

I couldn't help but feel guilty. My parents took my place at the last moment while I was carelessly making amends with Alexander at his house, ignoring what was happening around us.

I didn't even say goodbye to them before leaving because my flight was earlier than the private plane, and I didn't want them to know that I was traveling to New York until they noticed my absence or didn't notice it. Now I was regretting hiding that from them.

Just thinking that the last time I saw them was at the birthday party they prepared with so much love and enthusiasm for me.

No, my parents would come back.

I couldn't stop crying, at this moment I found meaning in their words.

-Daughter, I'm not justifying it at all, but I understand what he felt when the person he loved the most was in danger, in that situation you don't think with a clear head, you would do anything to keep your loved ones safe, you find the first solution, even if it's the worst decision of your life and you decide to risk everything to keep yourselves safe.-

I wish I had a solution to prevent this tragedy, I wouldn't mind risking anything to keep them safe, at this moment I couldn't even think properly, the only thing on my mind was to search for them on my own, high and low, anxiety was taking over me, especially when I remembered my mother's beautiful speech, the one who has always been there for me.

-Sarah is the light of my life, she is my dream come true. From the moment I held her in my arms, I knew she would be a strong, capable woman, and she has proven it with her efforts to be a good daughter, a good mother, and a great businesswoman, although very stubborn and proud, that cannot be denied. It's her essence and I couldn't be prouder to be her mother, her friend, and

her unconditional support. I'm grateful to have you back and shout to the world, Sarah Doinel is my daughter. Cheers!-

The more I remembered, the more I cried. I refused to lose them, they would come back and this would be just a bad memory, a simple scare that we were going to overcome.

Chapter 81 It is not an accident part 2

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Upon landing in Paris, the car was waiting for our arrival and I ordered the driver to drive as fast as possible to Villa Doinel where Vincent told Alexander he would be waiting for us.

Throughout the way, Alexander had his arm around me as a show of support and I appreciated that he was accompanying me in this difficult moment, as soon as the car parked at the entrance, I ran to the living room where Vincent paced back and forth with the phone to his ear, my aunts, cousins, and even the Dubois and Julian were all seated talking to each other, my aunt was the most affected, crying inconsolably on her husband's shoulder, while Bastian and Hugo gave her positive words.

Abby, noticing my presence, jumped up from the couch she shared with her family, each of them with a fake expression of concern, and approached me with red and watery eyes to give me a hug. She was the only one truly worried about the situation.

-They will come back safe and sound, Sari, you'll see it will be like that.-

I held back the urge to burst into tears again and nodded my head, hoping with all my heart that it would be true.

I separated from my friend when Vincent ended the call and immediately approached him, ignoring the others who tried to approach me to give me strength, including the Dubois, who didn't know how to pretend, their eyes looked tired, as if they hadn't slept for many hours.

-What happened? Did they show up? Where is Tristan?- I asked without losing hope.

He shook his head, looked behind me and spoke in a harsh and hoarse voice. My heart sank even more upon knowing that there was no good news after eight hours of being notified.

-Maga is taking care of Tristan, I didn't want to tell the little one, I don't have the heart to do it. Sarah, Alexander, come with me to the office.- Vincent said, and I knew who he was looking at behind me, Alexander entered seconds after me.

I followed Vincent along with Alexander, who placed his hand on my waist and held me close to his body as if he was afraid that I would collapse at any moment, but I stayed strong to wait for the news that they found my parents alive.

Upon entering my father's office, Vincent locked the door and let me sit in my father's chair, I tightly closed my eyes, inhaling the scent of my father that remained in the office, imagining that he was present with us, but when I opened my eyes, I felt a strong slap bringing me back to reality.

I looked at Vincent with tears in my eyes.

- What happened? When and where did it happen? Why did the plane fail? We need to start an investigation and pay any number of rescuers to find them. I can't just stand by when the whereabouts of my parents are unknown. - I spoke without hiding my desperation and soon got a response.

- The last signals from the plane were in French waters, the plane started to fail half an hour after takeoff. I have already started the investigation of the plane because this is not an accident, Sarah.-

Vincent said so seriously and confidently that I soon began to look at the case from different perspectives, setting aside the heartbreaking feeling in my chest that was not allowing me to think clearly.

- Do you believe it too? We know who is involved in this. - Alexander asked suddenly and I looked at him surprised because he hadn't let me know his point of view, although I don't think he had found an opportunity to do so when he had been comforting me and giving me his support all this time.

- Of course I believe it, this is not a coincidence, nor an accident. The plane was reserved for Sarah and at the last minute the reservation was changed at the request of her parents, they sabotaged the plane so that she would have the accident and they didn't count on the fact that Leonardo and Joelle would be the ones traveling. They brought me the report on the plane's performance and everything seems to be in order, after the last flight from New York to Paris it was in maintenance, it shouldn't have failed. - Vincent explained, obviously angry, frustrated, and sad.

I analyzed the information he had just given me and of course this was planned, I didn't know exactly if it was directed at me directly or at my parents, but what I was a hundred percent sure of was that the Dubois family was behind this.

They wanted to harm my family and they had succeeded, they were going too far and I was not going to let this go.

- I'm going to put an end to this once and for all. - I murmured to myself, although it wasn't quiet enough for both standing men not to hear it.

I jumped up from the chair and walked loudly to the door, I was going out to put an end to this and accuse the Dubois directly, holding them responsible for all the damage caused, I didn't want to continue with this, but halfway through, a body blocked my way and its hands passed through my waist causing me to stop before leaving the office.

- Darling, don't do something crazy, come here. - Alexander wrapped his arms around me in an attempt to calm me down and he succeeded.

I inhaled his exquisite aroma, while I concentrated on the caresses he left on my hair and his words that made me see reason.

- If they have caused this, they will pay, but you can't let them know that you are aware of everything and that you suspect them. Let's not make any more mistakes, you are not alone. Now the most important thing is to find your parents and find out what they are planning. Don't fall apart, you have to stay strong, do it for yourself and for Tristan, he needs you at this moment and we know that he is exposed to many dangers. Here I am, I won't leave you alone. -

His soft and sweet tone dissipated the desire I had to confront those responsible for this tragedy and I thought of Tristan.

Alexander was right, our son needed me, he needed us.

- Little princess, we will hear news from my uncles at any moment, let's focus on the company and the project while we wait for answers, we need to keep our minds busy and not let them see us as they have always wanted. -

I heard Vincent behind Alexander and nodded my head, agreeing with him.

- Vincent is right, show that you are strong, the company is in your hands, don't let them get away with it, sooner or later everything will be resolved and they will go to prison. Calm down, your parents wouldn't want to see you like this, when you're calmer we'll go to Tristan, he needs us. - Alexander placed a kiss on my head as he finished speaking and I separated from him just a little, without letting go of his waist, to look at both men who were supporting me at this moment.

- Thank you both for being with me, this would be more difficult without you. - I said as I wiped my damp cheeks.

- Let's move the company forward, let's not show their absence. - I said determined and finished cleaning my face with my fingers.

- Let's go to Tristan, we can't be separated from him for a second now.-

-That's all I wanted to hear. I love you deeply. I promise that I will do everything possible to bring them back, I will search for them myself if necessary.- Vincent promised, however, hope faded with each passing second.

Many hours had passed since the plane crashed into the water, he only hoped for a miracle.

But one thing was certain, I was not going to let the Dubois get away with this, they have taken this too far and if necessary, I would personally take care of them, I would not rest until justice was served.

I would show no mercy, just as they showed no limits.

Chapter 82 My company.

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The search team had increased significantly and yet there was still no news of my parents after more than thirty hours since the accident. Desperation grew with every minute that passed without any word from them, and hope faded away. I couldn't understand how there were no traces of my mother and father when they had already found the wreckage of the plane, even the lifeless body of the pilot.

-You're going to wear a hole in the floor if you keep pacing.- Vincent spoke from his seat in the office, but I didn't even look at him. My phone had all of my attention, waiting for a call, for any news.

At this moment, I felt helpless, not knowing what else to do. And although everyone told me to focus on my work while waiting for good news, it was impossible. I couldn't focus on my job.

-How is it possible that they haven't found a single clue? Has the report on the condition of the plane been released? It's time for the culprits to pay, and you know who I'm talking about!- I said, visibly distraught. Vincent got up from his chair, intending to approach me, but I raised my hand to deter him.

-We can't do anything without evidence, you know that. Alexander is handling the report and it will be delivered to us today. We can only wait and stay calm.- He said, looking at me incredulously. I felt like my head was about to explode.

-Calm? How can you ask me to stay calm when my parents are missing while we're here doing nothing, and they're possibly...- I couldn't find the strength to complete the sentence. Just the thought of my parents being dead made my blood run cold.

-Don't say what's going through your mind. If that were the case, we would have been informed.- Vincent said, this time successfully approaching me and enveloping me in a hug, trying to calm me down. In his arms, I thought about the evidence we needed to bring down the Dubois family, and I soon asked against his chest.

-What happened to the private investigator? Besides Rachel, he's the only one who can give us the evidence we need. Isn't it enough with the documents he provided?- I tried to find even the slightest piece of evidence to hand over to the police as soon as possible, but Vincent extinguished the spark of hope I had left.

-Payment receipts and call records can't prove anything. The only thing that can serve us now is the result of the audit, proving that they embezzled funds from the company during the period when Mr. Dubois was in charge. But we can't rush it. If we want justice, it has to be all or nothing.- Vincent made me see reason, and I waited for him to continue speaking.

-And I didn't want to tell you this to avoid worrying you, but the private investigator has disappeared. I don't want to jump to conclusions, but I think they realized they were being investigated. This shows that anyone who knows about the Dubois' crimes is at great risk. It's understandable that Rachel doesn't want to speak. We can't make a wrong move, Sarah. In reality, we are all in danger.- He said. I could only feel frustration and anger for the boundaries they had crossed. It was hard for me to believe that they had such cold blood to cause so much harm.

Now more than ever, I understood Rachel's fear and why she was adamantly opposed to speaking. She and her parents were in danger, and it wasn't a game. It couldn't be taken lightly.

-Rachel's parents.- I said, completely separating myself from Vincent and looking at him seriously, while confusion filled his eyes due to my sudden change of topic. -They need protection. With everything that's going on, it's certain that they will pressure Rachel to remain silent. I've already taken care of Rachel's security, but her parents are still at risk.-

-I'll take care of it right away.- He said, pulling out his phone to make a call. And the next second, the office door opened without even a knock.

-But look who's here.-

I heard Alexander's voice, and I hid any hint of desperation because he had arrived with Tristan, and the last thing I wanted was for my son to see me in this state.

-Give your mom a hug, go on.- Alexander let go of Tristan's hand, and the little one ran to hug my legs. Immediately, I crouched down to hug him and gather strength. He was all I needed to be more at ease.

-Mom, look at what Dad Ales bought for me, it's a car just like yours.- He showed me a black toy Porsche that he had in his hand, I could say it was a miniature replica of my car and I looked at it in surprise.

-I'm getting better with gifts.- Alexander said jokingly as he approached Vincent.

Before I could say anything to Tristan so he wouldn't hear what Alexander and Vincent were talking about, Paul appeared at the office entrance and instinctively, I lifted Tristan in my arms as if I wanted to protect him from him.

-Oh, here you are.- He said as if he had been searching for hours.

Alexander, upon hearing his voice, quickly approached me and placed one of his hands on my back.

-Daddy Ales, look at my car, Daddy gave it to me.- Tristan innocently showed him the car and Paul smiled as he looked at him. I don't know if it was because I was aware of everything, but his smile wasn't genuine, in fact, it was scary.

-Daddy Ales, what a nice family.- Paul spoke with evident sarcasm and I couldn't help but tense up, now knowing that his visit would bring nothing good.

-Sarah, I'm very sorry about your parents, they should give up on their search, they're just wasting their time, Leonardo and Joelle must be dead by now, accept that you'll never see them again, it'll be easier to overcome their loss.-

I felt a painful sting in my chest hearing his cruel words, preempting the events, because I wouldn't consider them dead until it was official, although sometimes the thought crossed my mind.

And there was Paul's true face, he was dropping his act and spewing all his venom in front of Tristan, who was completely unaware of his grandparents' accident until this moment, I couldn't give such news to a three-year-old, all I could think of was telling him they were on a long trip.

-Are grandpa and grandma in heaven?- Tristan asked after a long silence in which we all, including myself, were astonished by Paul's direct words. I looked at Tristan, preventing the tears that had gathered in my eyes from escaping, and shook my head.

-No, my love, your grandparents are on a trip, remember?- I lied directly to my son, feeling the knot in my throat leaving me breathless.

Chapter 82 My company part 2

Chapter 125 - Divorced Heiress

-Vincent, can you take Tristan to the workshop, please?- I asked the man who stood on the other side of me, looking hesitant for a few seconds before nodding and taking Tristan in his arms.

-Let's see what Patrick will teach us today.- Vincent said as he walked out the door with an unhappy Tristan, who seemed to not believe the story about his grandparents.

Once we were alone, without my son's presence, Paul took the liberty of walking all around the office, observing every corner. Alexander pulled me closer to his body with his hand, as if he didn't want to let go of me while he was nearby, and in a way, that made me feel safe.

I looked expressionless at Paul, after wiping away the tears that had stayed in my eyes, he showed me a fake smile and sat in Vincent's chair with all confidence.

-Don't fall for his game, he just wants to destabilize you.- Alexander whispered in my ear and discreetly left a kiss on my head, I took a deep breath to calm down, following the advice of the man by my side.

-Why are you saying such things in front of Tristan? Have you gone crazy?- I asked as if I didn't know everything Paul had done, that he thought no one knew about his secrets and plans, it was a point in our favor.

-I'm sorry, I wasn't aware that you had lied to the little one, I suppose the idea was suggested by the father, I say this because lying comes naturally to him, who knows what lie he told you to get you back.-

I felt the exact moment when Alexander tensed up and knowing him as I did, he was surely holding back the urge to punch Paul in the face. That was the least he deserves.

-If I were that child's father...- Paul couldn't even finish his venomous sentence when Alexander let go of me and went to the desk with anger on his face, grabbing Paul by his shirt and lifting him from his seat.

-I have news for you, fortunately for Tristan, you are not his father.- Alexander spoke with such a cold voice, that the temperature dropped in a second, causing my skin to prick.

Without seeing it coming, Alexander did what I had assumed a moment ago. His fist collided forcefully with Paul's face, causing him to fall back into Vincent's chair.

I was startled by such an act and the next second I was paralyzed, staring at the enraged face concealed behind a playful smile from Paul, and soon, his teeth were stained with blood, a result of the punch that Alexander had just given him.

Alexander fell victim to his own words, he was the one who fell into his trap.

-Very well, a mere collaborator has just struck the president of Doinel.- I snapped out of my daze upon hearing those words and my brow furrowed immediately. Alexander looked at me while letting out a humorless laugh and I knew that he found it just as absurd as I did.

Did he really think that since he was sitting in Vincent's chair, he was now the president of the company?

Definitely, he had gone mad.

-Did I mistake the person? Did I hit Vincent? I think this man is delusional.- Alexander said pretending to find the situation amusing and Paul burst into laughter before wiping away the blood that escaped from the corners of his lips.

-Paul, leave my company.- I said coldly and determinedly. I couldn't stand to see the face of the person responsible for so much misfortune in my family roaming around the company. If I couldn't do anything to prove that he had been behind several crimes, the least I could do, and the healthiest and safest for everyone, was to have him leave Doinel and our lives.

He let out another laugh, even louder than the previous one, and shook his head while clicking his tongue, as if I had told him the best joke.

-Dear Sarah, I see that you are unaware of certain information, and that is that this company does not belong to you.-

I was the one laughing without the slightest hint of amusement now. Of course it belonged to me, this was the Doinel family's company and the absence of my parents left me as the majority shareholder, I could make decisions and if I ordered him to leave the company, he must do so.

-He's truly insane.- Alexander said exasperatedly as he returned to my side and shook his head, obviously irritated by the nonsense that Paul was spouting, and I had to place a hand on his back and let the other rest on his abdomen in an attempt to calm him down.

Ironically, the roles had been reversed with Paul's visit.

-Are you not aware?- Paul suddenly asked, catching my attention, and a bad feeling settled in my chest. I didn't know what madness he could unleash now, I had no idea what he was plotting.

-Your father before he died... Sorry. Your father, before he disappeared on a long trip, transferred all his shares to this humble servant. Therefore, having the fifty percent that belonged to your parents and the fifteen percent of mine, makes me the majority shareholder of Doinel. So, Sari, you should think twice before kicking me out of my company.-

I was frozen when Paul revealed that information and I felt the blood leave my body, while my legs weakened. If it wasn't for Alexander holding me by the waist, I would have collapsed to the ground.

No, that wasn't possible, my father wouldn't do such a crazy thing knowing that the Dubois only wanted to harm us.

Soon, a small but important detail came to my mind, hitting me with such force that my head began to ache. I looked at Alexander with concern and he looked at me at the same time with the same concern in his eyes, then I knew that he had thought the same thing as me and it had to do with what he had warned me about.

What my father signed was not the contract for the plus-size models. My father signed the transfer of his shares to Paul Dubois.

Chapter 83 There is no evil that lasts a hundred years.

Chapter 126 - Divorced Heiress

I finished drinking the third glass of water that Alexander offered me to calm my nerves, but it didn't help at all. The headache was getting more intense. I felt like it was about to explode at any moment, not even the pill I took three hours ago, when Alexander took me from the president's office to his own, could relieve the pain.

Everything was going from bad to worse. I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that my father didn't realize what he was signing, especially coming from Paul, knowing how meticulous my father was with the documents he signed, it just didn't make sense, none of this made sense.

How was I supposed to solve this mess when my parents were nowhere to be found? I couldn't think straight, and with every passing second, the desperation grew. This was becoming too much for me, I didn't have the strength to face the problems that kept piling up. The only thing I needed right now was for my phone to ring and bring me the news that they found my parents alive.

-I just can't believe it, that jerk played dirty. But of course, he's getting what his mother thinks should have been hers. He didn't care about stepping over everyone and didn't mind getting his hands dirty. They surprise me more and more. They will do whatever they want as majority shareholders, no matter how much we oppose it, your shares and mine mean nothing in a board meeting.- Vincent was furious ever since Alexander told him the “good news”. and I still couldn't believe this was happening no matter how much we talked about it.

Luckily, Tristan had fallen asleep, so he didn't have to witness the crisis we were all going through.

-If we can prove that the transfer of shares was signed under deception, maybe we can resolve it.- Alexander suggested beside me, and even though they were looking for solutions together, I was disconnected from their conversation, lost in my thoughts about my parents.

-He signed it while being in sound mind, so there must be some disability to consider it deception. They haven't even been declared dead to opt for the option of the heiress taking care of the annulment process.- Vincent responded irritated, but calmer compared to when he found out about Paul's achievement.

-Now that we are calmer, I will use my contacts to inform myself about the case, there must be some solution to all this madness. The Dubois family owners of Doinel? No way. Let them enjoy it while it lasts.- Vincent typed on his phone and looked at Tristan lying on the couch. -I'll talk outside, I don't want to wake the child, even though he has a good sleep, I wish I could sleep like that.-

Without waiting for a response, he left the office with his phone in hand. Alexander took a seat beside me and wrapped his arm around me, pulling me close to his body, making my head rest on his chest.

-Everything will get better, darling, there's no evil that lasts a hundred years. You have my support for whatever you decide to do, you know that, right? You are strong and capable, we will find a way out of this, I know you're going through a tough situation, but when you feel ready, you'll rise from the ashes. You are Sarah Doinel, you can handle anything.- Alexander said above my head, while stroking my hair. Despite everyone giving me words of encouragement, my mood remained the same.

I lost my parents, my company, and my strength. At this moment, I wasn't in a condition to even think of a viable solution; this situation was overwhelming me.

The office door opened, and I thought it was Vincent returning from his call, but I dismissed that idea when I heard Abby's voice resonating in the office.

-I can't believe it, what the hell is happening in this place? I barely arrive and find out that my brother is the majority shareholder of this company, and just when I think they're looking for a way to put that idiot in his place, I find them here, hugging each other without lifting a finger. Are you kidding me? Where's the hidden camera?-

I looked at Abby, who was agitated, waving her hands in the air, complaining angrily with an ugly expression on her face.

I raised my head to look at her expressionless, and an unpleasant warmth invaded my chest because of her presence. I stood up, unable to contain my anger, and I didn't know if it was because she was a Dubois or because by now I didn't trust anyone, but I felt like she was just as responsible for this as her brother.

-Do you come pretending to not know what your brother planned? Or were you sent here to keep an eye on us?- I asked with a cold voice and her mouth quickly opened in a perfect O, as if she was offended by the direct and accusatory questions I just asked her.

-What is happening in this place? Because I truly don't understand. You've known me all my life, right? Then tell me, do you think I would agree with the shit that my brother is doing? Do you think I would be involved in something so low and ruthless? Paul may be my brother, but right now, I hate him for what he did to you. No matter how much of a family he may be, I am against his bad decisions. Everyone has gone crazy in this place and I am to blame. Of course! Abby is the crazy one, Abby is the troublemaker, Abby is the impertinent one, blame Abby.-

Abby's words sounded so sincere that for a moment I believed she was telling the truth and I was judging her without knowing. After all, the private investigator found nothing in her that would make her look bad, but it was hard for me to believe in a member of the Dubois family.

Of course, I knew her very well. I knew that she was fair and transparent, however, at this point, anyone could hide their true face behind a mask of innocence.

Chapter 83 There is no evil that lasts a hundred years part 2

Chapter 127 - Divorced Heiress

-What is she doing here? Shouldn't you be with your brother enjoying his company?- Vincent entered the office and immediately showed his discontent with Abby's presence, attacking her from the first second, just like I did.

-Another one.- She said frustrated, taking a few aimless steps and turned towards us to look at us with red cheeks and indignation reflected in her eyes. -Alright, I accept that your emotionless cousin mistrusts me, but you, Sarah. Don't you know me? Haven't you heard that I will always be on the side of good? In this case, I don't care about blood ties, I hate injustices no matter where they come from.-

Her voice increased with each word she said and seeing that we didn't respond, other than looks of mistrust, she nodded her head before speaking. -Alright, I get it. You don't trust me because I'm a Dubois, well, I'm going to show you that I couldn't give a damn about carrying this surname that has been a curse to me.- She said so determined that something inside of me stirred, and without further ado, she stormed out with a determined look and her face red with anger.

As soon as she left, I sat back down with my hands on my head, which was hurting even more. I wasn't sure if I was doing the right thing by not trusting her, of course I knew her and although sometimes it seemed like she was missing a screw, she was the fairest and most sincere person I knew. In fact, lying was something she detested, and the few lies she had told had been uncovered because of how poorly she did it.

-I don't know Abby very well and I haven't dealt with her because I don't like her one bit, but we have to give her the benefit of the doubt, it seems like she's telling the truth.- Alexander next to

me spoke after a long silence, as if he had read my thoughts. Vincent, on the other hand, let out a humorless laugh and shook his head.

-Yeah, it's obvious you don't know her, she's a crazy person who acts without thinking, I think madness runs in the family, I don't believe her one bit.- Vincent spoke agitatedly and I frowned at the way he spoke about her.

-Well, I've known her since I can remember, and she is nothing like her family. Abby may be a little scatterbrained, but what her mother and brother are doing goes beyond limits, they are psychopaths, criminals. The investigator said it, she is clean and found nothing in her that would harm us in any way.- I defended her, regretting inside for judging and accusing her, although there was still mistrust, something inside me told me she was being sincere and that her rejection of Paul's decisions was real.

-She is one of them!- Vincent insisted exasperatedly, and his tone of voice was so loud that it managed to wake Tristan from his deep sleep. -I'm sorry, I'm very stressed.- He apologized for waking up my son and turned his attention back to his cell phone.

Alexander stepped forward and picked up Tristan, who was restless and scared, understandably so.

-Excuse me, Mr. Lancaster, the report you were waiting for has arrived.- Cristina appeared in the office with an envelope in her hand, and both Vincent and I became alert immediately.

It was the report on the plane's condition.

-Thank you, Cristina. No one found out, as we agreed, right?- Alexander asked as he got up from the sofa with Tristan in his arms and received the envelope with the information.

-Everything was low-key as you ordered.- His assistant replied, and Alexander nodded before Cristina apologized and left the office.

-Vincent, read it.- I handed the envelope to my cousin and quickly got up to take a look at what those documents said.

To start with, there was all the information about the plane, including the crew and passengers, in this case, my parents, the coordinates of the crash, and a general field inspection report, followed by a sketch of the remains of the plane and the results of the plane's condition, which indicated that indeed, the plane had been in maintenance and in good condition before taking off, but there was some tampering with the plane, which caused a mechanical failure half an hour after takeoff and made it impossible to control, causing the plane to crash into the sea.

My hair stood on end, and I had to make an effort not to collapse with this news in front of my son.

-This is what we needed, this is the evidence that it wasn't an accident and that the Dubois are responsible for this tragedy.- I said with a spark of hope that was quickly diminished by Vincent.

-This doesn't prove anything more than it was intentionally caused. We need evidence that directly incriminates them. We need to find who tampered with the plane and make them talk. I'll make sure the security cameras are reviewed until we find that person, there must be a clue. I'll mobilize the entire police department.-

Vincent put the documents back in the envelope after finishing reading and was about to leave when Paul appeared at the door, stopping any movement from my cousin.

I immediately got worried, thinking he had overheard our conversation, but that idea vanished when he spoke.

-You are still here, gathered like a happy family, that's good because we have a board meeting in five minutes, including the contributors.-

He looked at his watch, as if counting the seconds, and arrogantly glanced at Alexander.

With that expression, I assumed he was plotting his next move, but this time, I wouldn't let him have the satisfaction of doing whatever he pleased.

The confirmation of our suspicions about the accident brought me to my senses, snapped me out of the state of introspection I had been in with all the bad news I had been receiving in recent days.

This time, I was going to take control of my life and solve this whole mess with or without help. The desire to make him and whoever else was behind all the misfortunes of my family pay made me wake up, gave me strength to move forward and not let them do as they pleased.

I wouldn't give them the slightest chance to harm what remained of the Doinel family. I would do it for my parents, for my son, and for myself.

-Very well, we will be there. I have an important announcement to make.- I responded confidently, not showing any weakness he could take advantage of.

Alexander and Vincent looked at me confused and worried, while Paul smiled widely with sarcasm.

-I hope it's as important as the election of the new CEO of Doinel. Can you guess who will win by a majority of votes?-

Chapter 84 Strong statements.

Chapter 128 - Divorced Heiress

I remained silent from the moment I entered the boardroom where Paul and Mrs. Dubois were waiting. The presence of that woman did not surprise me at all, it was logical that she was behind all this to take what was not hers in the dirtiest way possible, and it was pitiful to see how Paul was being manipulated like a puppet by his mother.

Paul impatiently looked at his wristwatch, there was one minute left until the agreed time, and only Alexander and Julian were missing to start the meeting.

The headache had decreased considerably, as the decision I had taken in secret was the healthiest one for everyone, at least for me.

Just as Paul stood up from the chair that had always belonged to my father at the head of the table, the two missing men entered along with Abby, who should not be here, but unexpectedly attended. The three of them sat on the side of the table where Vincent and I were sitting, leaving Mrs. Dubois alone on the other side, who did not seem to be affected by it in the least.

-Wow! For a second, I thought I would start without the collaborators.- Said Paul with a fake smile on his face, and immediately walked to the door to close it. -Before we begin, I welcome my mother, who will be my right hand from now on.- He continued.

Vincent, who was on my right side, silently chuckled with irony, and we looked at each other at the same time, knowing what was going through our minds.

But of course, that shameless woman would be his right hand, if it weren't for her, Paul would have never even thought of going to such extremes. Abby mumbled some words to herself, but I couldn't hear her, although it didn't take her more than a second to clap slowly, as if she were watching the most mediocre show.

-Bravo! Worthy of applause.- She sarcastically spewed out, gaining the attention of everyone present. -I see it and I can't believe it. Mother, do you agree with the shit Paul is doing? This is your best friends' company that are still missing, how can you be so calm after so many years of friendship? I didn't expect this from you, you're so fake.-

Abby's words left me uneasy, not only because they reminded me of the misfortunes I was going through but because a sense of guilt settled in my chest.

Abby was actually unaware of what her family was doing, and I judged her from the first second. She was as angry as everyone else about the latest news from the company, and she didn't stay silent just because it was her own mother and brother involved.

-Abby! I won't allow you to speak to me like that. I am your mother and I deserve respect.- Mrs. Margaret spoke indignantly, and I didn't know whether to laugh in her face because of how cynical she was being or join Abby's offensive words to vent my own frustration.

-Respect? What is respect to you? Do you respect Sarah, who is going through a difficult and uncertain time? Do you respect the Doinel family, taking away what they built brick by brick? Is that respect to you? What's wrong with you two?-

Abby was truly affected by her family's wrongdoings, and this was just the tip of the iceberg; I didn't even want to imagine how she would react when she found out the extent of their transgressions, but I didn't have any proof to let her know, she wouldn't believe it if someone told her.

-Just shut up, Abby. Although many may not agree, this company now belongs to the Dubois, you should be grateful, it's also your company.- Paul intervened with a sour face as he walked back to his seat, but he remained standing, staring fixedly at his sister, who let out a humorless laugh.

No one dared to say a word during the family dispute that was taking place, not even I wanted to say anything as the direct victim, but I had nothing to say, I wouldn't waste my words on that pair.

-How considerate of you, brother. Thanks, but I don't want anything that was obtained through deceit, because I'm sure that's all this is, you're rats, and I'm ashamed to say you're my family.-

Abby didn't hold back at all. I gave Vincent a glance, wanting to know if this was the moment he would start to realize that Abby was not colluding with her family, and that despite carrying that last name, she was not like them. But I couldn't guess what was going through his mind, his face was completely serious as he looked at Abby who was furious.

-You know what? I'm so glad that Sarah didn't get over her ex-husband and didn't even slightly show interest in you. Right now, I apologize to her for insisting for so long that she give you a chance, you don't even measure up.- Abby said.

My eyes widened in surprise at her direct words, and everyone at the table had different reactions to her strong statements.

Mrs. Dubois was displeased with her daughter and looked at her disapprovingly. Paul showed irritation in a bad mood, which he tried to hide behind a half-smile. Julian shifted uncomfortably, caught in the middle of a fight involving his work. Alexander was tense by my side but had a slight smile of satisfaction and pride; he didn't miss the opportunity to place his hand on my knee as if congratulating me on this achievement. And Vincent covered his smile with his hand, staring intently at the woman sitting at the other end of the table, finally showing something in his eyes that let me know he admired the woman he had so distrusted.

Since I'd known her, she had said every nonsense that came to her mind, but it was the first time she spoke with seriousness and sensibility, in her own style, but she did.

-You have good news, sister, that is going to change at this moment.- Paul said, and all eyes left Abby's flushed face and turned to him. It was unclear what he meant by that, but it made me more anxious than I already was.

-Now, what is this clown going to come up with?- Alexander murmured by my side, making sure only I could hear him, never removing his warm hand from my knee.

-Considering that the company is mine because I hold the majority of Doinel's shares, I want to take this moment to prove to you that I'm not the heartless being you all think I am and come to an agreement with Sarah.- Paul said.

With those words, I already knew what Paul wanted to do, and it seemed Alexander did too, as he carelessly tightened his grip on my leg, as if restraining the urge to stand up and deliver a second punch to Paul.

-Sarah, I'm willing to return the Doinel family's shares in exchange for marrying me.- He said.

Everyone was frozen in their seats after his words, except for Mrs. Dubois and me.

Chapter 84 Strong statements part 2

Chapter 129 - Divorced Heiress

In the next second, I no longer felt the warmth of Alexander's hand because he had released it to place both hands on the table, as if about to stand up. But this time, I was the one who placed a hand on his leg to calm him down and let me deal with the situation.

This matter was mine, and I knew what I had to do without anyone trying to defend me.

I stood up from my seat, and under the expectant gaze of everyone present, I walked with a fake smile on my face to Paul's side, who looked at me as if I were a trophy he had just won.

-That's a very tempting offer.- I said, looking at him, causing his smile to widen, and I ignored the gasps of amazement behind me.

-But don't think you're going to get what you couldn't get through 'niceness.' You can buy anyone's love, if it can be called love, but not Sarah Doinel's. You can keep everything and do whatever you want; I'm not interested. This meeting is to appoint the new general manager, and

even though my vote is unnecessary, I give you mine. Congratulations, Mr. President, the company is yours.-

His smile vanished instantly, and I patted him on the shoulder. The boardroom fell into complete silence; all I could hear was my irregular breathing.

-And the announcement I wanted to make is that I'm leaving Doinel. This company doesn't belong to me, and honestly, it turns my stomach every time I see you and realize how low you've fallen. Enjoy it, Mr. Dubois.-

-That's the Sarah I know!- I heard Abby's voice, and even so, I didn't lower the defiant gaze I directed at the dissatisfied man standing in front of me.

-If she leaves, I'm leaving too. This company is nothing without a Doinel.-

-I'm leaving too; I have nothing to do here.- Vincent joined in the aversion, and I knew he had approached with Abby.

-If you cross that door, I will sue you.- Paul said, still looking at me with hostility.

I smiled calmly, not letting any of his threats change my mind or disturb me. Nothing was going to make me change my mind.

- Try it, you have nothing to sue me for. - I replied calmly, feeling a great weight lift off my shoulders.

He had nothing to proceed with a lawsuit, meanwhile, I had many reasons to report him to the authorities and with sufficient evidence, he would rot in jail alongside his parents.

I had no intention of wasting any more time with him, so I gave him one last indifferent smile and walked towards the door. But halfway there, I felt a hand forcefully grab my arm, causing me to stop and turn around.

Paul held me without any care, and I could see the unleashed anger in his eyes. That look could intimidate anyone, but I was not just anyone.

- If you leave, don't bother setting foot in my company or you'll have to face the consequences. -

Before I could respond, a hand landed on Paul's shoulder, making him let go before turning and, in the next second, his face turned to the side, letting out a groan of pain. My surprise was immense when I saw Abby rubbing her knuckles.

- Go to hell, you bastard. - Abby spat with hatred and pain on her face. Vincent quickly took her hand with concern, not hiding his astonishment and inspecting the damage caused to her knuckles by the powerful punch she gave her brother.

Without realizing it, arms wrapped around my body, and just by smelling his cologne, I knew it was Alexander who had come to my side to protect me from any harm.

- Everyone! Get out! I don't want to see your faces in my company. You too, Lancaster. You are the last person I want to encounter every day. Get lost! You're out of the collaboration! - Paul shouted uncontrollably, his breathing quickened rapidly, and for a moment, I worried about where all of this was heading. I worried about the outcome of the collaboration, the project that my father had worked on for so many years to make it a reality and that was bound for certain success, not to mention how beneficial it would be for the collaborating companies, Alexander's and Julian's.

Soon, the worry faded away as I remembered the clauses of the three-way collaboration contract that my father had prepared for the benefit of all. If Paul expelled even one of the collaborators, it would be very detrimental to the company. And even though he was in charge now, I didn't want to see the company my family built with so much effort sink.

-I'm afraid you'll continue to see my face for a long time. Who do you think you're talking to? We have a signed contract. Neither Mr. Ferrer nor I can abandon the project before the agreed-upon year, unless the collections are launched before the stipulated time. Otherwise, you will have to pay a multimillion-dollar fine to both companies, which would leave you ruined.- Alexander spoke with a cold and indifferent voice, leaving Paul speechless, who seemed about to explode with anger. Apparently, his plans didn't go as he had thought.

- I see you haven't read the contract clauses, you don't even know where you stand, and you call yourself the General Manager. This circus called a meeting is over. We leave you with your right hand, if it serves you for anything. Let's go, darling. - Alexander dared to end the meeting, without having any authority, and he didn't wait for Paul to say a word when he walked to the exit without letting go of me.

Vincent, Abby, and to my surprise, Julian followed us, leaving behind the most uncomfortable meeting I had ever witnessed. I felt ashamed with him for this, as he was getting a bad impression of the company he trusted, but the situation had gotten out of my hands.

- Nice punch, where did you learn to hit like that? - I heard Vincent ask Abby.

I turned my head just a little to watch them walking behind us, and a slight and discreet smile appeared on my face involuntarily as I saw the scene.

Vincent was still looking at Abby's knuckles and trying to massage them to ease the pain, while my friend's cheeks were flushed as she looked at the worried, surprised, and amazed face of the man beside her.

-I just learned it. I let myself get carried away by anger, and now I'm regretting it. - Abby replied as if suddenly the pain had disappeared with a miraculous "massage". That hit looked quite painful.

-Unbelievable. Remind me not to piss you off.- Vincent joked, pretending to be afraid of Abby, and she let out a nervous giggle without taking her eyes off him, neither of them seemed to pay attention to the road, they were focused on each other.

-Don't worry, you don't have the same luck as Paul.-

-I'm glad to hear that. If your knuckles look like this, I don't want to imagine what you did to your brother. I'll help you clean the wounds.-

At least, something good was born amidst so much misfortune.

Chapter 85 L&J

Chapter 130 - Divorced Heiress

In the following days, the networks were about to explode with the news of the new president of Doinel and my unexpected departure from the company. I put the gossip aside and continued searching for any news of my parents who still hadn't appeared, not even their bodies had been found, which gave me a glimmer of hope.

Since the moment I left the company that was once mine, I was studying exhaustively my next step. I spent day and night in my father's office, with Tristan drawing on the couch, and sometimes alone when Alexander came to spend as much time as possible with him or when he had to go to bed.

Vincent was very right in saying that I needed to keep my mind occupied because, although I was still restless not knowing the whereabouts of my parents, I stopped worrying when I was immersed in my new projects. And today, finally, I was able to finalize all the missing details to carry out my plans.

I wasn't lying when I said that I would take control of my life, and this was a big step.

Just as I was putting away all the documents to have everything ready, there was a knock on the door, and they didn't wait for me to respond with a “come in” when Abby appeared with a big smile on her face.

-I've arrived, are we leaving already? Everything is ready just as I promised.- Abby said. She was the only one who knew what I wanted to do. After resigning from Doinel, she decided to leave her house, and I welcomed her with open arms at the Villa. The house was very big, and the absence of my parents made me feel very alone.

Tristan left what he was doing and ran towards Abby while grabbing everything we were going to need.

-Congratulations, Abby, you did it in record time. So let's go.- I responded happily, although the nerves began to appear due to everything I was risking, not knowing if the outcome would be as expected.

I followed Abby, who was holding Tristan's hand, and when we arrived at the parking lot, a car stopped near us. I quickly glanced at Abby and could see the almost non-existent smile on her face.

Vincent got out of the car wearing sunglasses, and Abby didn't need to say anything for me to know that she was melting inside. Their relationship had improved considerably since my cousin realized that Abby wasn't the person he had imagined, although Abby decided to be somewhat indifferent due to the way he treated her in New York.

-Abby, I've left you thousands of messages, and you haven't replied to a single one.- Vincent spoke with a certain irritation, and I had to suppress a laugh that almost escaped me when I saw that Abby's reverse psychology was working.

-You wrote to me? I'm sorry, I haven't seen my phone. Give me a second.- Abby let go of Tristan for a moment to take out her phone from her purse and after looking at the screen, she spoke.

-That means you won't accept my apologies. Abby, tonight's dinner is serious, we need to talk. Give me an answer. I don't like apologizing through messages, accept my invitation. I know that I was wrong, and don't take seriously what I said to you yesterday, you don't need to sign that contract. Abby...-

My friend read each message out loud and was interrupted by Vincent who was nervous and embarrassed. He approached her to snatch the phone, preventing her from continuing and exposing him. Then I understood the course of the conversation, as well as the reason for his insistence on Abby accepting the dinner.

The reason for his apologies wasn't for how he had treated her all this time, but for an uncommon proposition from my cousin that Abby had apparently flatly refused and got indignant about.

I couldn't hold back anymore and burst into laughter while covering my mouth with my hand.

-I'll pick you up at eight.- Vincent quickly returned the phone and she smirked with a sense of self-satisfaction; this was not going to end well.

-You're very confident in yourself. I'm sorry, but I can't, maybe another time.- Abby responded confidently, leaving Vincent frozen in his spot.

-Sari, let's go or we'll be late.- She said without waiting for Vincent to say a word, and got into the passenger seat with my son, closing the door and disappearing from their sight.

I disapprovally looked at Vincent, and he had his gaze on the car with evident irritation, even though he couldn't see it. Unaware that I was still looking at him, he cleared his throat and took off his sunglasses to speak without giving me a glance.

-Sarita, where are you going?- He asked calmly, but with an unmistakable sudden interest in knowing where my friend would go.

-I can't tell you at the moment.- I responded directly, finally making him look at me. -Vin, I don't want to meddle in your affairs, but Abby is not the type of woman you're used to, and I think you should already know that. If you're really interested in her, don't ask her to sign a contract to be with her.-

I gave him a pat on the shoulder when I noticed in his eyes that I had hit the nail on the head. Maybe he didn't want to admit it out loud, but his interest in her had been born and, without realizing it, was starting to grow very fast.

I didn't wait for him to respond and got into the car, leaving him alone. I gave Abby a complicit look, but she made her best effort to hide her emotions, although that wouldn't last long.

In complete silence, listening only to Tristan's voice talking about anything, I drove to the address where a new, stronger Sarah would be born.

The imposing building appeared before my eyes after several minutes of driving through the streets of Paris, and a smile of satisfaction appeared on my face.

-I can't believe it, are you sure Vincent is a member of your family? Well, he doesn't even share your blood, and with all due respect to Mrs. Lefebvre, but her son is a real idiot. Where does he get the idea that he needs a contract to be with a woman? What nonsense! He should stop watching so many movies, they're affecting his brain.-

She finally blurted out, I knew she couldn't keep silent for much longer, keeping her opinions about Vincent to herself, and to be honest, I agreed with her.

-You know how much I like that green-eyed idiot, but I don't deserve or settle for so little, he can stick his contract for...-

-Watch your mouth, Tristan is present.- I reminded her as I turned off the car's engine, and she left the phrase unfinished, looking at Tristan sitting on her lap, who seemed amused by Abby's exasperation.

-Okay, I admit he went too far, but let everything flow, maybe he'll reflect, and if he doesn't, you can complete the sentence to his face.-

-Do you know who you're talking to? Of course, I will.- Abby took a deep breath to calm herself down, and in a second, her expression changed to a more serious one. -Let's go in, I can't wait to see the look of admiration on your face for the great job I did.-

And the nerves that had disappeared during the conversation reappeared with even more intensity, however, I couldn't stop smiling.

I immediately got out of the car and waited for Abby to come out with Tristan, then took his hand, standing in the middle of both of them. As we entered through the wide doors, I carefully observed the empty reception area, the decor was just as I had imagined, even better. Elegance and subtlety were evident in every corner my eyes met, with predominant colors of white, black, and gold.

-This is better than I expected.- I admitted, still observing one of the most important places in the building.

-Welcome to L&J, the first of many companies you're going to have and the one that will give many headaches to the traitors I have as family.-