

Chapter 151 - Divorced Heiress

Alexander glared at me for mocking him and took advantage of our closeness to wrap his arm around my waist, giving me the warmth of his body next to mine.

-No, thank you, I'm fine like this. I was very surprised by your call, I understood that your relationship with the defendant was...-

-You said it yourself. It was, past tense, now I just want to sue her and make her pay for what she did to me.- Abby interrupted the lawyer before he could complete his sentence and it sounded very real. I wouldn't get tired of saying that she would be the best actress.

-So, I need you to tell me all the details, if you have witnesses or solid evidence, please show them to me, every little detail will help us.- The lawyer immediately asked Abby, and by his voice, he sounded very interested in the matter.

-Of course, lawyer, I'll show you the evidence.- Abby said the latter out loud, signaling for us to show up in the living room.

Without thinking too much, I walked alongside Alexander and Vincent, positioning ourselves behind the lawyer who was sitting with his back to us, Vincent hurried to reach the door and with the key that was already in place, he unlocked it and stood with his arms crossed, looking at the lawyer seriously as he got up alarmed from his seat upon seeing him.

-Miss Dubois, what is this about? What is Mr. Lefebvre doing here? - He asked confused, unable to hide his nerves. Abby crossed her legs on the couch as if she were very comfortable and with a half-smile, she replied.

-Mr. Lawyer, could you turn around? - Abby asked him casually looking at her nails, and only then did the lawyer turn around finding himself face to face with us, his face paled when his gaze lingered on me longer than it should.

-Pleasure to see you again, lawyer Richman.- Although my words sounded sarcastic in the midst of my fake smile, I admit that I was glad to see him because I hoped that this whole plan would work and he would decide to be on our side to publicly expose all the crimes of his most important clients.

-What does this mean? Miss Dubois, have you set a trap for me? - The lawyer asked, turning his back to me again to look at Abby, and I took Alexander's hand so he would follow me to the couch, that way, Mr. Richman couldn't avoid looking me in the face.

-A trap? Why would I do something like that? Of course not, is this a trap?-

I shook my head at the same time as Alexander and Vincent, although even a blind person could see that this was indeed a trap. But it was for a good cause for all of us.

-I thought you were more serious, Miss Dubois, I'm leaving here, you're just wasting my time.-

The lawyer hurriedly put away the papers he had taken out of his briefcase and prepared to walk towards the door to escape, but Vincent remained at the door without the intention of letting him go until he listened to us, and to be honest, my cousin looked imposing and intimidating at this moment.

-Step aside, Mr. Lefebvre, this is an infringement, I am against my will in this place, do you know what that's called? Kidnapping. And do you know how many years you'll get in prison?-

-Kidnapping, you say, you came here of your own free will, there are security cameras, did you know that? - I said as I sat down next to Abby, feeling all the nerves completely vanish, leaving me with a sense of security that I had never enjoyed before. After all, using Abby as bait wasn't such a bad idea.

-Move aside or I'll call the police and everyone will be in serious trouble.- The lawyer shouted desperately, trying to remove Vincent from the door, but his efforts were in vain, as his strength couldn't compare to that of my cousin.

-He will step aside once he hears the reason I called him.- Abby said, resting her head on the hand that was resting on the back of the sofa, while she calmly looked at the desperate lawyer.

-I don't care to know, you're a liar, you set me up. Let me go or I'll call the police and this time it's serious.- The lawyer said, taking out his phone from his pocket, and when he was dialing a number, Vincent snatched the phone from him and put it in the back pocket of his pants.

-Kidnapping and theft, Mr. Lefebvre, many years in prison await you. How could you agree to this?-

-Mr. Richman, my girlfriend didn't ask if you want to stay or not, you'll stay willingly or unwillingly.- Vincent spoke, taking a defiant step towards him, and Abby froze by my side after grabbing my arm tightly upon hearing how my cousin referred to her.

-My girlfriend, he said my girlfriend, did I hear correctly? Is he referring to me or you? - Abby asked me quietly, appearing truly surprised, unable to even blink, and it was starting to scare me.

-Yes, my friend, he is referring to me, I became my cousin's girlfriend before coming here. Of course he's referring to you. Abby, concentrate.- I said in an attempt to bring her back to reality, as our plans were not going entirely well, the lawyer continued to resist, despite the intimidating looks from Vincent and Alexander, and if the lawyer didn't agree, we would have to resort to Plan B.

-Dear boyfriend, my dear Vincent Grey, proceed with Plan B.- Abby suddenly said, and I widened my eyes at the hasty decision we made when we hadn't insisted enough.

Vincent and Alexander looked at Abby incredulously for the unexpected order, and the lawyer took advantage of everyone's distraction to sneak to the door and escape, but his plans were foiled because the door was locked, no one could enter or leave.

Fine, the lawyer was not willing to cooperate, so he would listen to us the hard way. I wasn't going to waste this opportunity, plus, if he was let go, it would be very dangerous for everyone, but even more so for Abby, and I wouldn't allow anyone else to be hurt. If we didn't tell him that his wife was cheating on him with Paul and propose that he sided with us by turning in the Dubois family, everything would be complicated. It was now or never.

-You heard Abby, he will listen to us willingly or unwillingly.- I said, taking everyone by surprise, and the lawyer looked at me in fear, as if the worst scenes were playing out in his head, he was probably accustomed to these situations, considering he was an accomplice of the most ruthless beings on this planet, the Dubois, but this time, he wasn't just a spectator.

However, there was a big difference between those criminals and us. Our intention was good, we were going to open his eyes. After pondering it for a few seconds, Alexander and Vincent approached the lawyer who started trembling with fear and couldn't hide it when he began to scream uncontrollably.

-NO! Let me go, don't lay a hand on me or I will sue you! I will make sure you receive the maximum penalty for what you are doing! Help! Call the police! This is a kidnapping! Someone help me, they are kidnapping me!-

Chapter 96 Ally.

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My fingers lightly tapped my knees, while the sepulchral silence extended for longer than I would have liked, the only thing that could be heard were the breaths and sighs that Abby occasionally let out.

No one had been able to utter a single word since we all sat down on the couch, staring intently at lawyer Richman, who was motionless in the chair in front of us, and I didn't know if the others were feeling as bad, with a discomfort in their hearts, as I was right now for having done such a thing to a human being.

-What are we waiting for?- Abby asked impatiently beside me, fidgeting her leg.

That was a good question, and the truth was, we were waiting for the lawyer to calm down to speak with the evidence in hand and put an end to all of this once and for all.

Just when I thought Mr. Richman had finally given up, he started to squirm in the chair again, trying to loosen the tight knot that Alex and Vincent had tied around him, immobilizing his hands and legs. As his furious gaze landed on each of us, it was clear that he wanted to protest, insult us, tally up the amount of time we would spend in prison. But from his throat came only a faint sound, as the gag prevented him from uttering a single word.

Now it could truly be considered a kidnapping.

I got up from my seat, unable to wait a minute longer. I would be the first to speak and let it all out, regardless of the fact that he was still struggling to break free from the restraints on the chair.

-Mr. Richman, first and foremost, I want to apologize for reaching this point, but you left us no other choice. I have something to tell you, and don't worry, it has nothing to do with all the harm your clients have caused my family. In fact, it has to do with you and your marriage.- I started in the calmest way possible, walking back and forth with my hands behind my back.

Alexander came over to my side to hand me his cell phone, where the photo that I would show the lawyer at the right moment was stored. I couldn't help but look Alexander up and down; he was still wearing an apron. However, I didn't say anything so as not to lose the attention that Mr. Richman had focused on me when I mentioned his marriage.

-Let me help you a little, darling.- Alexander said before approaching Mr. Richman, who was looking at him without understanding a word of what we were talking about.

-Lawyer, I'll ask you a few questions, and you'll respond with a yes or no. Lately, have you noticed that your marriage has deteriorated?-

As soon as he posed the first question, I looked at the bound man, waiting for a response from him, but the lawyer didn't move his head at all. Instead, he furrowed his brow as if he were looking at a madman, and in a way, Alexander looked like one with the apron covering his torso.

Without seeing it coming, Abby stood in front of the lawyer.

-Answer, yes or no. You don't want to know what a Dubois is capable of.- Abby forced him to respond with a stern voice that would make anyone tremble, and immediately, the lawyer nodded his head in response to Alexander's question.

-See, it's not that difficult. If you cooperate, we'll do the same.-

-Have you noticed any changes in your wife? I don't know, maybe she disappears or has unusual nocturnal outings.- Alexander asked the next question, and I had to hold back laughter because it was starting to feel like a couples therapy session, and Alex's appearance didn't help much.

The lawyer nodded again, and his furrowed brow soon relaxed, as if he were understanding the point we were trying to make.

-Now a more direct question. Do you suspect that your wife is cheating on you?-

Alexander's interrogation made our job easier; he was planting doubts or suspicions in the lawyer's mind, which we would confirm by giving him the name of the man his wife was cheating with. The lawyer took a while to give a response, seemingly pondering it for a while as he looked at Abby, who mimicked horns with her hand on her forehead.

-That's enough, I'll get straight to the point, lawyer.- Vincent impatiently came to my side to take the cell phone from my hand and search for the incriminating image.

-Your wife is fooling you, she's cheating on you with her special client, the one she covers up all the dirt for. We're talking about Paul Dubois, I imagine you know him.-

Vincent showed the lawyer the cell phone screen, and his eyes widened when he saw the photo of Paul and the lawyer kissing each other.

- Thank you for ruining everything, Grey, I was having fun with the interrogation. - Abby complained before returning to the couch and crossing her arms. Meanwhile, I remained expectant of the gagged man's reaction.

His face turned reddish and he moved in the chair again, making sounds with his throat, a clear sign that the gag should be removed so he could speak.

I didn't hesitate for a second and even though Alexander tried to stop me, I loosened the knot behind his head, freeing his lips and making them ready to talk, scream, or whatever he wanted.

-I don't believe any of you. Where did you get that picture? It could be a fake, my wife may be distant but she would never cheat on me. What do you want? -

The lawyer's ridiculous words were silenced by the laughs we burst into in unison. I couldn't believe that this man was so naive and stupid, that was why we laughed at him behind his back.

-Oh, I can't stand this man. Did the gag knot prevent oxygen from reaching his brain? No, no. Remove the blindfold too. And I thought he was an intelligent lawyer, complaining about the pain of being cuckolded.- Abby mocked him, not holding anything back, and my laughter stopped when I realized that the lawyer still didn't believe what we were telling him.

-Seriously, Mr. Richman? Let me tell you where we got that photo from, and you can draw your own conclusions. On Friday night, Alexander and I ran into Paul at a restaurant on the outskirts of the city. We were surprised to see him so intimate with a woman, and then I remembered the face of that woman, I remembered seeing her with you when you were visiting Rachel Duncan in the prison in New York, do you remember?-

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I informed him briefly, and he fell silent with a lost gaze, as if he was trying to remember, and not precisely our encounter in New York, because I was sure he remembered it perfectly.

-It's impossible, on Friday he went out with his friends like every Friday night.- He said incredulously, and I sighed tiredly, finding it hard to believe that this man was so blind and, worst of all, he refused to believe something we had evidence of.

-Well, if we remove the beard, the suit and tie, and ignore the passionate kiss, you could say it's a friend, but unfortunately, it's Paul Dubois with his wife.- I said, taking Vincent's phone to look at the photo in more detail, although I had lost count of how many times I had seen it.

-We don't have to lie, here you can see the date, time, and location where the photo was taken. It's not a fake, and you're not dumb.- I showed him the phone screen again for him to observe it closely, and he took the necessary time to realize that we were telling the truth.

In a matter of seconds, his eyes became bloodshot, and his face blushed even more intensely. He seemed about to explode with anger, and it was understandable.

-I'm going to kill that bastard! Let me go! That woman is going to hear from me, I'll ruin her, I won't forgive you for this betrayal. I got my hands dirty for them, and this is how they repay me. Untie these damn knots!- His body moved from side to side, showing his fury upon finding out about his wife's infidelity. He was out of control, and I was grateful that he was securely tied to the chair because he could do something crazy right now.

-God, thank you, I knew no one could be that stupid in life.- Abby sighed with relief as the lawyer finally accepted that he was being deceived.

Seeing him like that reminded me of the day I found Alexander with Rachel, the stabbing pain in my chest as if thousands of blades were piercing me, the pain mixed with anger, the disappointment of believing they had fooled me for months. At this moment, I understood what he was feeling, but what differentiated us was that I didn't intend to make a scene, nor did I want to kill or destroy anyone.

I cleared my throat, erasing the bitter memories that lingered in the past because now I knew what was behind all that, and it was no surprise that in both cases, Paul was involved.

-Mr. Richman, do you think it's worth getting your hands dirty? They're not worth it. You should think about making them pay in another way, and I know how.- I spoke calmly, trying to reason with him, hoping that he would calm down so I could make him the offer of joining our side.

-I'm not interested, I'm going to look for those traitors and make them pay.-

I shook my head as I saw that I wasn't thinking clearly and went straight to the point without beating around the bush.

-Why not hit them where it hurts the most? You know a lot about Paul and you can ruin him if you want.-

The lawyer was left speechless and seemed to be pondering the information that he seemed to have forgotten.

-We know that he sponsored Rachel to commit the crimes she's paying for today, and we also know that he has her parents threatened in case she decides to turn him in. We know that Mrs. Dubois was behind the kidnapping attempt when I was a child. We know that the Dubois are responsible for my parents' plane crash and that they embezzled the Doinel company during the time Mr. Dubois was in charge. We know they have made many witnesses of their crimes disappear, not to mention the sudden possession of my parents' shares before their disappearance. We know more than you can imagine, but the thing here is that the only person who can make Paul suffer is you. You, lawyer Richman, have Paul in your hands and you know it very well.-

I spoke without hesitation, with such seriousness that his expression seemed panicked, knowing that we were aware of all the information they had tried to hide for years.

I interlaced my fingers, patiently waiting for a positive response, but he was shocked, he remained silent in his place, the color disappeared from his face and I could see his hands trembling slightly.

-I thought Vincent was the only man capable of driving me crazy, but this man has surpassed him.-

I heard my friend's irritated voice behind me, but I stayed in my place waiting for him to make up his mind.

-I can't do that, I'm involved in all of the Dubois' crimes, I would go to jail for this and my life would be in danger, you don't know what they're capable of.- He confessed, fearful at the mere idea of turning them in, and I knew that this was more serious than I had thought.

-Now who is the criminal here?- Vincent muttered to himself, but it wasn't low enough for the lawyer not to hear.

-Vincent!- I scolded him because that wasn't going to help at all. He raised his hands in a peace gesture and went to sit quietly next to Abby, who looked irritated by what Vincent had just said.

I turned my attention back to the man who was now uncomfortable with my cousin's comment, and I pointed to the camera that Alexander had installed when we had just arrived at the apartment, our entire conversation was recorded, we had thought of all the details. If the lawyer wasn't going to collaborate, at least we would make him admit that the Dubois were guilty of all the crimes I had mentioned, and he admitted it.

-It's your decision, but this conversation has been recorded. You have the opportunity to choose the lesser evil for yourself. Either we take down the Dubois and along with them your unfaithful wife, or you become our ally. It's no secret that I have the best lawyers who can be at your disposal, and I could take care of your safety.-

I gave him my final offer that he couldn't waste unless he wants to spend many years in prison.

It didn't take him long to give me an answer, which relieved me.

-I accept, I will turn in the Dubois.- He spoke confidently, determined to cooperate with us, and a huge smile appeared on my face.

I refrained from jumping for joy at his sensible decision and felt arms wrapping around my waist from behind, in celebration of the good news.

-Finally something coherent comes out of your mouth, I can't believe it, thanks to...-

I heard Abby's excited voice, but her words were interrupted and I had to turn around to know what made her quiet, as it was impossible for her to keep silent on her own.

My mouth opened in a perfect O when I saw the unexpected scene on the couch.

Vincent silenced Abby with a kiss, while his hands delicately held her chin, my friend's eyes remained open and her body seemed tense, she was bewildered.

-Look at them, how sweet.- Alexander said delighted with the scene.

-Well, can you release me now?-

Chapter 97 Mysterious partner.

Chapter 154 - Divorced Heiress

I looked at my cell phone on the desk for the umpteenth time, hoping that the screen would light up at any moment with the arrival of the call I had been waiting for for days.

The call was from Lawyer Richman.

I couldn't concentrate on the documents I had to review and sign, as the anxiety was overwhelming me. We reached an agreement with the lawyer, who would gather all the evidence incriminating the Dubois, and once he had it in his hands, we would meet with my lawyers to file a lawsuit against all those responsible for the crimes against my family.

The wait was starting to drive me crazy, and my head was a mess with everything weighing on me.

The launch of my brand, Rachel and the lawyer's collaboration, my missing parents who didn't send me another sign of life, I didn't even know what they were doing or planning to do. I wanted them to know that we were getting closer to bringing down the Dubois, but there was no way to communicate with them. I didn't even know what was going to happen to the company if Paul went to prison.

I felt like my head was going to explode at any moment.

A few knocks on the door of my office snapped me out of my reverie, and I forgot about my cell phone to focus on my company.

-Come in.- I said, rearranging the documents scattered on the desk, and the door opened, revealing a smiling Julian in an impeccable suit.

-Julian?- I frowned slightly at his unexpected visit.

-Good morning, Sarah, sorry for the delay.- He greeted before checking the time on his wristwatch, making his way into the office.

-I hope you haven't forgotten our meeting.-

As soon as I heard his last words, I remembered that I had asked him to meet today at ten in the morning to discuss the partnership. How could I forget?

-Yes, yes. Sorry, my mind has been elsewhere. But please, have a seat. Would you like something to drink?- I spoke in an attempt to hide how distracted I had been lately, and luckily, it worked.

Julian shook his head, and I relaxed in my seat. Now that I remembered, we couldn't start the meeting until Vincent arrived with the man who was interested in partnering with L&J.

-Okay, then, let's wait for Vincent. Let's move to the conference room, it will be more comfortable.-

I stood up, grabbing the folders with the proposals for the partners and my cell phone, hoping that the lawyer's name would appear on the screen soon. I asked Julian to follow me.

-Jack, please, tell Vincent that I'm waiting for him in the conference room when he arrives.- I asked Jack as I passed by his desk, and he nodded in response. Without further ado, I resumed my path to the conference room.

-Congratulations, Sarah, on your new company and new projects. I admire you more every day. I applaud your strength in such difficult times. You are the example of the famous phrase, what doesn't kill you makes you stronger.- Julian's encouraging words brought a smile to my face, and I quickly glanced at him along the way.

Of course, I had to stay strong in the face of adversity, even though everything inside me was upside down. I couldn't crumble under the misfortunes surrounding me, and I certainly wouldn't let the villains get away with it.

-Thank you, it's a great compliment coming from an entrepreneur who has achieved so much on his own.- I sincerely replied, as I also admired him for his hard work. With limited resources and starting from the bottom, he has made his company recognized. That is truly admirable.

-That means a lot coming from Sarah Doinel.- He said before reaching the door of the conference room, and I gave him a kind smile before inviting him in.

-Come in, this is your company. If you need anything, feel free to let me know.- I said as I took my seat, and Julian sat to my left. He was about to respond when the ringtone of my cell phone echoed throughout the room.

My heart started pounding, hoping it was the person I was waiting for, but I was disappointed to see that it wasn't Mr. Richman.

-Vincent.- I said his name when answering the phone.

-I'm also glad to see you, Sarah.- His sarcastic tone was as evident as my discouraged voice.

-I'll be at the company in a few minutes, the flight of the future partner was delayed a bit, but I'm with him now. Is Mr. Ferrer with you?-

-Yes, he's already here.- I replied, giving Julian a quick glance, as he took the opportunity to check his phone.

-Did you say flight? Where is it from? Aren't you going to tell me his name?- I asked with curiosity, because since the moment he informed me that he found the perfect partner, he hasn't wanted to give me any more details.

If it wasn't because he's recommended by my cousin, I would be suspicious of that guy right now.

-You'll know when you see him. I just called to let you know the reason for my delay, I have to go now.- He said, not waiting for a response from me, ending the call and leaving me with the word in my mouth.

How could he do this to me? Why so much mystery with that man? I should know all the information about the person I was going to partner with!

-Is everything okay?- Julian asked worriedly, witnessing my despair after ending the call, and it was no wonder, I was staring at the phone, as if that would let Vincent know that I wasn't happy with him.

I took a deep breath to calm myself, and when I recovered, I looked at Julian with an almost imperceptible smile as I placed the phone on the table.

-Vincent will be a while, now it's me who should apologize.- I said embarrassed because Julian was setting aside such an important project for his career and losing time because of the mysterious partner's delay.

-Don't worry, in that case, I'll have a cup of coffee.- He nodded at his request, and I immediately asked Jack for it, also requesting a valerian tea to calm the nerves and stress that all this was causing me.

Thirty minutes! Thirty minutes and Vincent didn't show up.

I didn't know where to put my embarrassed face, having Julian sitting there for so long. At least we managed to distract ourselves by talking about the plans I had for my company and the collaborations with recognized brands that had put their trust in me, even though this was just the beginning.

-I heard you're getting married again.- Julian said with surprise in his eyes and a touch of sadness, after finishing the topic of the launch.

That was a little lie I followed from Alexander to shut Paul up, but I didn't imagine it would reach the ears of other people, although I should have assumed it, considering that Julian was currently working on the collaboration with Doinel.

Now I didn't know whether to deny it or to continue with the lie until the bitter end.

As if it were a miracle from heaven, the door to the boardroom opened, preventing me from giving Julian an answer.

I wasn't so unhappy with Vincent anymore, he saved me from an uncomfortable situation.

-Good morning, Mr. Ferrer, I apologize for the delay.-

I stood up, with a slight smile in my place, finally getting to meet the mysterious man, even though I didn't see him anywhere.

-Where is he? Don't tell me he didn't come with you, because...- I left the word in the air when Vincent interrupted me by raising a hand.

-Calm down.-

Calm down? Was he asking me to calm down at this point? Not even the valerian tea managed to calm me down, how could he ask me to calm down when he arrived alone in the boardroom?

Chapter 97 Mysterious partner part 2

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-Sarah, Mr. Ferrer, allow me to introduce the future partner. Come in.- Vincent stepped back to address the person who, unknowingly, was waiting on the other side to be invited in.

I was exasperated by Vincent's circumlocutions in introducing that stranger, when he had taken more than thirty minutes to arrive.

A tall, dark-haired man, with pale skin as snow and honey-colored eyes, appeared in my field of vision, walking with the help of a cane, completely surprising me.

I remained petrified in my place with my eyes wide open and covering my lips with my hands, as I recognized him in a matter of seconds, my legs weakened in the next second, causing me to sit abruptly in the chair, I just couldn't believe what I was seeing.

What was he doing here?

Was this the mysterious partner that Vincent couldn't give me information about?

It couldn't be.

His honey-colored eyes met mine and I couldn't even blink when a genuine smile appeared on his face, as if he was happy to see me, his gaze reflected the excitement of the moment and I didn't know how to feel.

I must be hallucinating, yes, that was it, stress and problems were playing tricks on me.

-Mr. Alexander, what happened to you?- Julian asked, confused and worried, upon seeing that man in his impeccable suit enter in that way, of course he had no idea what was going on.

The dark-haired man's gaze left my face to settle on Julian, and he confidently reached out his hand towards him, with an expression on his face that I couldn't decipher, perhaps because Julian Ferrer's sudden question amused him.

-You must be Julian Ferrer, nice to meet you, I am Alexis Lancaster.- He said in a deep voice, very different from what I remembered, and I realized that this wasn't a product of my imagination and that, indeed, the man standing there shaking Julian's hand was Alexis.

I couldn't help but look at him from head to toe, not missing the smallest detail. Soon, an indescribable emotion settled in my chest, pulling me out of the state of shock I was in, seeing him so recovered, seeing him standing with a better appearance.

How was that possible in such a short time?

-Mr. Lancaster, I apologize for the confusion, for a moment I thought... Forget about it. The pleasure is mine.- Julian replied before releasing his hand, and I stood up again when I fully recovered.

I had to divert my gaze towards Vincent, reproaching him with my eyes for all of this. My company wasn't supposed to be related to LC, and he had brought Alexander's twin brother. Now I understood why he didn't want to tell me earlier.

-Don't worry, you're not the first one to mistake me for Alexander.- Alexis said kindly, and he looked at me again, his eyes still shining.

-Sarah Doinel, you can't imagine how happy I am to see you again.- He said as he approached slowly, leaning on his cane.

-I... I... God, Alexis, look how far you've come in your recovery, I'm also glad to see you and especially in this state, what a great surprise you've given me.- My unsteady voice barely came out, because I didn't even know what to say to him.

-The therapies have been very successful, and I've done my part. A welcome hug?- His question caught me off guard, but I agreed as he opened his arms, waiting for that embrace.

I took a few steps, enough to reach him, and received him in a gentle hug with closed eyes, afraid of hurting him. Unconsciously, I breathed in the scent of his expensive perfume, which was very different from his brother's, but I couldn't deny that I liked the feeling of our first hug.

-Well, now that we're all here, we can start the meeting.- Vincent's voice interrupted the brief embrace.

-Take a seat, Sarah and I will explain the proposal for the partnership, as well as the risks and benefits. Then, you can take your time to study it and make a decision.-

Vincent helped Alexis to take a seat, and I got his attention with a throat clearing.

-Excuse us for a second, I need to talk to Vincent first.- I dragged my cousin away from the table and looked at him angrily.

-Alexis Lancaster? We agreed that L&J wouldn't be associated with Lancaster Collection, why didn't you consult me beforehand? Oh, don't tell me, this was Alexander's idea, of course, since I didn't accept him as a partner, he turned to his brother.- I whispered to him so that the two men sitting behind us wouldn't hear us, and Vincent took a deep breath.

-If I had told you, you wouldn't have accepted. Alexis won't be associated on behalf of LC, but on his own account, it's not the same. Besides, Alexis' case is almost the same as Julian's and yours, he's starting from scratch, he's rebuilding his life. Aren't those the exemplary people you want to work with?-

His words, although not entirely convincing, made me change my perspective on Alexis' unexpected presence.

-Let's start the meeting, I'm sure you will agree to the partnership.-

After a few minutes in silence, I nodded my head, after all, Alexis traveled in those conditions from New York, it would be very rude of me to snub him like that. We both returned to the table to begin the presentation of the proposal.

I hoped I wouldn't regret this.

After a long time, during which we took care of informing and resolving Julian and Alexis's doubts, we handed each of them a folder so that they could take as much time as they needed to study the pros and cons, taking into account that it was a new brand, they had to take all precautions.

-Congratulations, Sarah, I think the proposal of not only launching a clothing line is very good, the future projections seem very promising. I accept the partnership.-

I froze in my seat when Alexis accepted after the presentation without stopping to think about the risk he could run by placing his trust in a brand that was just beginning.

Of course, the benefits were very good, but in case it was not what he expected, the loss would be very big.

-I also accept, although there is a margin of risk, with the contribution and experience of each one, we will decrease that margin. L&J will be a success.-

My heart skipped a beat and the excitement almost overflowed my chest because both of them agreed to be part of my company.

I found it hard to believe.

-Well, then, say no more, we've closed the deal.- Vincent spoke for me, realizing that I was stunned, unable to move a single muscle.

Soon, I snapped out of that state upon hearing my cellphone ringtone. My pulse quickened, and I quickly answered the call upon seeing the name on the screen.

-Mr. Richman, I was expecting your call.- That was the first thing I said without greeting. I was not in the mood to be polite at this moment.

The beats of my heart accelerated upon hearing Mr. Richman's determined words.

-Ms. Doinel, I have a large part of the evidence that incriminates the Dubois in many of their crimes. Can we meet?-

Chapter 98 The best actress for the best show.

Chapter 156 - Divorced Heiress

I was beginning to despair with every passing second without receiving any notice of Richman's arrival at Villa Doinel, where we had agreed to meet after ending the call. He assured me that he had the evidence we needed, my lawyers were also waiting, and I felt embarrassed by Mr. Richman's significant delay.

-I apologize, I will call him again.- I apologized to my lawyers, who didn't seem pleased with the time they were wasting sitting on the office sofa, doing nothing but staring at each other. With my cell phone in hand, I walked out into the hallway, not knowing where to hide my embarrassed face.

I took a deep breath, trying not to lose my mind with this whole situation. There was no reason to; he assured me he would be here, and even though more than an hour had passed, I was still waiting, at least for a smoke signal or a carrier pigeon. I was being too optimistic.

I dialed his number for the seventh time and waited hopefully for him to answer, as his phone was on, which gave me a glimmer of tranquility. However, I began to doubt as I received no response. It was getting to be too much for me.

I had to forcefully restrain myself from complaining out loud about this paper lawyer, but it was inevitable that I would jump in frustration in my place, while glaring at the screen of my cellphone as if it were to blame for my misfortune.

-Mama, are you okay?-

I heard Tristan's adorable voice behind me, and I immediately regained my composure so he wouldn't see me in this state of despair.

His innocent eyes looked at me with curiosity, making me understand that he had witnessed my little outburst. I forced a smile on my face, pretending that I hadn't been on the verge of collapsing just moments ago, and I crouched down to his height.

-Yes, sweetie, I'm fine. What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in your classes with Maga? Please don't tell me you ran away.- I quickly changed the subject, avoiding him from saying a word after seeing his mother in that state.

-Maga is preparing hot chocolate for me because I'm learning to count. Do you want me to count for you?- He asked in such an adorable way that it would be a crime to deny him, as he counted the numbers from one to ten with the help of his fingers.

I couldn't help but curse the Dubois, because at this moment, I should be enjoying everything my son had to teach me, not waiting for an idiot who would be a key piece in getting everything back to normal.

-Tristan, he's over here. I'm sorry, Sarah, I know you asked not to be disturbed while you were in the office.- Maga appeared with the hot chocolate she had prepared for Tristan, interrupting his counting.

-Don't worry, it doesn't matter if it's my son.- I said sincerely because, even though it was brief and for a very short time, seeing my son managed to calm me down.

-Anyway, I'll take him back to his classes. Let's go, Tristan.-

I nodded my head and left a kiss on my son's forehead, but his little arms clumsily wrapped around my neck, giving me a hug that I didn't know I needed until this moment.

-I love you, Mom.-

A huge smile appeared on my face, and I hugged him tightly, showering him with kisses that elicited his sweet laughter.

-I love you with all my heart.- I said when I let go, and he happily went off with Maga to go back to his activities.

I sighed as I watched my son until he disappeared from my sight. Definitely, Tristan was my best calming agent, but its effect wasn't as long-lasting as I would have wanted, as I immediately remembered that the lawyer still hadn't shown up and I called him three more times.

I decided to walk towards the exit, as if I was going to find him outside at any moment, while still calling him.

A car stopped at the entrance of the house, and a sensation of relief completely enveloped me, but it vanished as soon as it came when I saw that it was Abby who arrived in Bastian's car. My friend frowned in confusion when she saw me, and I knew what was going through her mind.

-What are you doing there? Weren't you supposed to be with...?- Abby trailed off, realizing that Bastian was present, and her frown relaxed as if she understood why I was here, instead of being locked in the office for who knows how many hours with Richman and my lawyers, as I had told her an hour ago when she went to meet Bastian.

-Don't tell me...-

I nodded, confirming what I couldn't say aloud, and she hurriedly approached my side, leaving Bastian in the car, casually taking some shopping bags out of the back seat.

-He hasn't arrived and he's not answering my calls.- I informed her in a low voice, with the anguish lodged in my chest.

-I have a bad feeling, Abby. Either he regretted it or your family found out and... God, I don't even want to imagine it.-

I made my best effort to hide the concern from Bastian, erasing the unpleasant images of the lawyer from my mind.

-We're going back to square one, Abby.-

-That son of a...- Abby couldn't hide her frustration, but she stopped on time when she saw Bastian approaching with the bags in his hands.

-No, no, no. Let's not jump to conclusions, we'll find out right now. Anyway, if he regretted it, we'll make him regret it for real with the recording we have of him, it has to serve us for something, let him rot in jail as an accomplice.-

-Sarah, you look more stunning than ever.- Bastian's voice silenced us, and I acted naturally, moving away from Abby with a forced smile.

-Stunning? Yes, especially today when I was on the verge of madness because nothing was going as expected.- I thought. -Where did this bad luck come from?-

-What nonsense you're talking, Bastian, I'm just the same as always.- I said, still smiling and making a great effort to prevent a nervous twitch from appearing in my eye, although my cheeks were starting to numb from smiling too much.

-Bastian, I'm sorry, we won't be able to continue working on our project for now. I have to solve an urgent matter with Sarah. Would it be alright if I come to your house when I'm free?- Abby spoke, taking me by surprise, and I indiscreetly looked at her without being able to stop smiling.

I had no idea what her crazy head was planning, she didn't even take the time to explain to me what was going through her mind, and I was worried about everything that was coming from her at this point. It was risky, everything could get worse if we acted impulsively.

-Of course, Abby, after all, you're doing me a favor.- Bastian agreed, after a few seconds in which he examined us quickly with his eyes.

-Everything's alright, right?-

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I enthusiastically nodded in response to his question, pretending that nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

-Why wouldn't it be? It's women's business. See you later. Oh, I'll keep the shopping bags, thanks.- Abby took the bags from his hands without any care, leaving Bastian worried and confused. However, he left without saying a word.

-Can you tell me what you're planning to do?- I asked through gritted teeth, watching Bastian as he drove away, still smiling thanks to my tense cheeks.

-I'll leave the bags in the room and we'll go. I'll tell you on the way.- She replied when Bastian's car started to move away, and her gaze stopped on my face before taking a step towards the house.

-Wipe that smile off, you're scary.-

As soon as Abby disappeared upstairs, I ran to the office to apologize to my lawyers and ask them to postpone the meeting with Mr. Richman. They were understanding despite the time I made them lose, and they left right away. I didn't waste any more time and went out to prepare the car while waiting for Abby.

After listening to Abby's plan on the way and continuously calling Mr. Richman without any success, I parked outside the building and couldn't help but look at it nostalgically before getting out of the car at the same time as my friend.

-They're not going to let me in.- I said for the umpteenth time, following my friend's steps to the entrance of the imposing building, remembering that I had decided not to set foot in this place again while that jerk was in charge of my company.

-It won't look believable.-

-I'm frustrated with your negativity, of course it will look believable. You're going to visit your fiancé, when Paul finds out you're at the company, he won't hesitate to come looking for you, and that's where we'll come into play.-

Abby's plan sounded perfect coming from her lips, but I couldn't stop thinking about the obstacles we would encounter on the way, not to mention the stress that had been torturing me since morning. I wasn't sure if this would be an impediment or if it would be favorable for the show we were going to put on.

Upon entering Doinel's reception area, I felt a chill run through me from head to toe and memories of this place immediately surfaced, forming a lump in my throat. I still didn't know how my father fell into his trap, and the worst part was that I had no idea how to recover the company.

I had exhausted all my resources searching for a solution; it was practically impossible. The only way was for Paul to return the shares on his own, and he wouldn't do it without an ulterior motive.

The entry wasn't a problem since I was still a shareholder and had a good relationship with the employees. However, insecurities arose when we reached the floor where we would carry out the plan.

After asking Cristina about her boss, she told us he was in the workshop assigned to LC, where I found him focused on inspecting the meticulous work of his designer. I was surprised to see that the trial models were already wearing the collection designs. Alexander took finishing the collaboration ahead of schedule very seriously.

-Just fix the small error, everything else is fine.- He instructed his designer, and I smiled at how composed and committed he was to his work.

-Where is Monica? It's the only dress left to try on. Does she plan on coming whenever she feels like it? I can't tolerate this. It's delaying the work. If she doesn't arrive in ten minutes, we'll find a replacement. This is not a game. Are we playing? We're not playing!-

Okay, maybe “composed” wasn't the right word.

-Uh, I didn't know your ex-husband had that kind of character. If I didn't know him, I would think he's a ruthless and unkind person.- Abby whispered beside me, and I agreed with her. However, I began to understand Alex.

It couldn't be easy for him to work in the same place as Paul, under pressure to finish the collaboration as quickly as possible, and constantly living with the fear that that wretch would hurt us. In some way, he felt responsible for the problems surrounding me.

We needed a break.

-Look, Alexander, I'm tired of talking to her to make her meet her schedule, and you know who's the only one who can do something about it. You can't fire her. Plus, we'd be left without a trial model, and that wouldn't be the best idea at this point.- The designer calmly spoke, not taking her attention off the dresses, as if she was already used to Alexander's temperament.

The latter pinched the bridge of his nose, looking annoyed by the woman's response.

-The only thing you can do now is relax and wait for Monica. You know what? Call Ms. Doinel. She's the only one who can change your mood. Oh, but you don't need to call her. She's here.-

I gave a kind smile to the designer, who unexpectedly locked eyes with me with excitement. Alexander froze before releasing his nose and looking at where the woman was looking.

His eyes showed his confusion at my presence, but it didn't prevent the corners of his lips from curving into a slight smile. It seemed to be true; I managed to change his mood.

-I'll be right back.- His voice sounded softer than a moment ago, and he didn't wait for a response as he approached me, still looking at me as if I were a hallucination.

-My fairy, what are you doing here? - He asked when he reached my side, and I couldn't help but release a light and silent laugh at his drastic change.

-My fairy? What kind of magic do you have, Sari? You just turned an ogre into the sweetest man. Can you give me the recipe? I need to see if it works on a reserved playboy.-

I looked at Abby with an unfriendly expression, and she motioned to lock her mouth with a key.

-I'm sorry if I've come at a bad time. I...- I started to say.

-You've come at the best time. You have no idea how stressed this collaboration has made me, but seeing you has relieved me.- Alexander interrupted me just as I was about to tell him the purpose of my visit.

A tingling sensation settled in my chest upon hearing his words, while a smile involuntarily appeared on my face.

-Are you okay? Is Tristan okay? - Alexander asked with concern, placing his warm hands on my waist, leaving a pleasant sensation wherever he touched.

Abby left the workshop, and I knew she did it to avoid making a comment about Alexander's change in mood.

I opened my mouth to respond, but my words were interrupted by that voice that I disliked. However, I ignored the bitter taste in my mouth and focused on executing the plan to the letter, as we managed to catch Paul's attention, just as Abby predicted.

-What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be with your best friend forever?- I turned to look at Abby, who rubbed her finger on her forehead. That was the signal.

-Best friend? Ha, I could never be the best friend of a spoiled heiress who has everything she wants with just a snap of her fingers. Oh, there you are, Sarah Doinel, come here and show your hypocritical face, don't hide behind your unfaithful ex-husband.- Abby spoke pretending to be angry with me, and it sounded so real that if I didn't know the truth, I would believe she was serious.

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-Can you tell me what's going on? Why is she saying that? She wasn't like this a moment ago, what are they planning? - Alexander asked, clearly confused, in a low voice, and I looked at him with a reassuring smile.

-Remember when I played along with the engagement? I need you to do the same now and not go to separate us.- I replied calmly, and his brow furrowed as if he couldn't understand what I had just told him.

-Separate her? What are you talking about, Sarah, don't do something crazy, please. If it's what I'm thinking...-

I held my smile for a few more seconds before turning with a serious expression towards the unhinged Abby in the middle of the hallway, leaving Alexander speechless.

Let the action begin.

Chapter 99 Painful strategy.

Chapter 158 - Divorced Heiress

Under the attentive and curious gaze of Paul, who seemed surprised by my presence or perhaps by his sister's words, I walked confidently in my heels, with a icy smile full of indifference, while looking disdainfully from head to toe at Abby, who began to blush “furiously”.

-I have no reason to hide, are you following me? I think I made it clear that I didn't want to see you again in my life, thief.- I spat, pretending coldness and contempt, but without losing the

calmness that characterized me. I was subtly insulting my friend, without the need to overact, as I needed it to be as believable as possible.

-Thief?- Abby laughed without humor and looked at her brother incredulously, but mainly to see his reaction, which remained the same. He looked at us with surprise and couldn't understand what had happened between us to make us treat each other in this way.

I soon realized that onlookers were around us, watching the scene while pretending to be working, although the test models and the LC designer were being very indiscreet, gossiping at the workshop entrance.

-Are you going to continue denying that it was you who stole the jewels from the safe?- I accused directly, and Paul's scrutinizing gaze fixed on Abby's face, waiting for a response. She looked back at me with her mouth open, showing her indignation.

-Do you have any proof of that? I'm not the only one living in your house.- Abby defended herself, blaming the other people staying at the Villa, and I crossed my arms with a humorless smile.

-No, but you're the only one who knows the combination. But of course! What can you expect from a Dubois? I trusted you, I opened the doors of my house to you, even knowing that your family stole my company, and you end up being a thief just like them.-

Murmurs began to be heard behind me, and Abby appeared angrier than before. Paul's angry expression confirmed that he was believing it all, and I gestured to Abby so that she would know we should take the next step.

-Watch what you say, venomous tarantula. Nobody has stolen anything here. The Dubois are honest and honorable people. If Paul has the company in his possession, it's because he achieved it through his effort. I was so stupid to distrust him and leave my family for a false friendship. What can you expect from a woman who goes back to a man who cheated on her with her supposed friend?- Abby's words raised the tone, causing a nearly nonexistent smile to appear on Paul's face.

Alexander approached my side and opened his mouth to speak or maybe defend himself from Abby's insults, but I raised my hand in the air, making him swallow what he was about to say, or else he would ruin the theater we created.

-Alexander has nothing to do with this. It's my problem, and you have no right to meddle in my life. You know what? I wouldn't be surprised if you were Paul's accomplice in this deceit. Bravo!- I applauded her in the face, and she took a challenging step towards me.

-They managed to steal my company and my family's jewels. What's next? Are you going to steal the Villa? You're a dirty thief.-

-Oh, please, are you going to keep defending your saint of an ex-husband? He's a miserable, a cheater who did nothing but deceive you with whoever crossed his path. And if you're going to keep accusing me without proof, I'll ask security to kick you out of my company. You have no business here. You think highly of yourself because you'll be Mrs. Lancaster again. It's sad to see how low you've fallen.-

I lunged at her to pull her hair without hurting her, but arms stopped me from achieving my goal.

I gave Alexander a sharp look, but he couldn't see me because he was looking horrified at Abby for what she had just said.

Didn't he understand what I told him?

-Abby, what are you saying?- Alexander asked confusedly, still not realizing that this was all an act, despite the fact that I told him to play along a few minutes ago.

I had to distance him and make sure he kept his mouth shut, and the first thing that came to mind to achieve that was stepping on his foot so that he finally looked me in the face. Before he could complain about the pain, he understood what I wanted to convey with my gaze and let go of me.

-No, Abby, no, you're wrong, it's not because I'm Mrs. Lancaster, it's because I'm Sarah Doinel and this is to make you respect me.-

I didn't wait for a second longer and slapped her cheek, taking her by surprise, leaving the hallway in complete silence. It took me a while to realize that the plan was to pull each other's hair without force to avoid seriously hurting ourselves and I had messed it all up by actually hitting her.

I was taking my role very seriously.

Abby, who remained paralyzed touching her injured cheek, looked at me with wide open eyes and I felt miserable for hitting her when we hadn't agreed on that, this had gotten out of hand.

-I can't believe it.- She said astonished and I knew she was referring to me hurting her.

-You crossed the line, but thanks, I've wanted to do this for years.-

I saw her intentions in her gaze and mentally prepared myself for the slap that was coming back, it was the least I deserved for letting the situation get out of control.

She looked at me from head to toe, feigning self-sufficiency, and gave a playful look to Paul, before turning her gaze back to me with a raised eyebrow, reflecting the malice she needed to convince her brother that she was serious and to show me just how vindictive she could be.

It was going to hurt, I could see it coming.

I wasn't so sure about this painful strategy anymore.

My face turned forcefully as her hand hit my cheek, leaving me in so much pain that my eyes welled up.

My goodness, she hit me back with twice the force, she almost left me without a face.

-Enough!- Alexander spoke with obvious distress and I pushed him away with one hand as he was about to approach me, this wasn't over yet.

-Shut up!- Abby shouted at Alexander and discreetly motioned for him to stop interfering, then she fixed her hair as she got back into character.

-This is for you to understand that I don't want you in my company. Get out of here, intruder.-

I moved my hand away from my cheek and could see the marks of my fingers on Abby's face, if that was how she looked, I didn't want to imagine how mine appeared.

-Don't you dare give me orders, stupid, no one fires me, you're the one who doesn't belong here, you're the intruder.- I raised my hand again intending to hit her other cheek, but she caught my hand in the air and looked at me pleadingly.

-No, please, my cheek is burning.- She whispered so softly that I could barely hear her, but I quickly understood, I discreetly looked at Paul, who didn't seem inclined to intervene in our fight, but it was clear that he was enjoying it. Bastard.

Chapter 99 Painful strategy part 2

Chapter 159 - Divorced Heiress

-Don't mistake me, this company is more mine than yours.-

-Pull my hair when I give the signal.- I whispered to her without anyone noticing, and I freed myself from her grip to laugh without humor.

-Go to hell.- I said, looking at her with disdain from head to toe.

-You go to hell.- She responded before handing her purse to Paul, preparing herself for when I gave her the signal.

-Then we both go.- I told her as I rubbed my finger on my forehead, giving her the signal she was waiting for.

-I'll send you first, you wretched woman.- Abby got off her heels and lunged towards me, grabbing me by the head, giving the impression that she was pulling my hair. Immediately, I tangled my fingers in her hair and moved her head from side to side without hurting her more than I already had. Suddenly, we found ourselves on the floor still struggling.

-It's working, insult me.-

-You miserable thief!- I shouted when she sat on top of me and turned my face just as she pretended to slap me.

-Do it better, give me a beating, rip my dress.-

I could only hear her whisper, as we were now surrounded by gossipers who were witnessing the scene without being able to stop us, and they better not dare.

-Divorced cuckold!-

We rolled on the floor, with her underneath me, and I tore the sleeve of her designer dress.

-Hypocrite wretch, I shouldn't have trusted you, you're the worst scum that could exist.-

I gave her a couple of false slaps before pulling her hair from side to side, while she complained in pain and writhed under my body.

-Well, then! Are you just going to stand there doing nothing? Help me separate them.-

Arms wrapped around my waist and pulled me away from Abby's body, who started crying uncontrollably, while her body trembled as if she were scared to death.

-Why should I get involved? My sister can defend herself.-

I heard Paul's voice and knew that Alexander had reprimanded Paul for not doing anything about it.

-Look at how you left my dress! Hold me or I'll rip her hair out.-

Abby easily got up with her hair in disarray and her dress torn, and when she was about to attack me again, Alexander pushed me away, with his body between the two of us, and received the slap that was aimed at me.

- That's enough! Sarah, let's go.-

Alexander grabbed my purse and one of my heels that were strewn on the floor and intertwined his hand with mine, ready to leave with me, but I squeezed his hand to make him stop. I couldn't leave if Abby didn't say the magic words that would help her get information.

-Fine! Get out of my company. But Sarah Doinel, this won't be left like this. I'm going to sue you for making false accusations and for physical assault! I'll talk to my lawyer to send you to jail! Criminal! Savage animal! Cuckold! Poisonous tarantula!-

Abby's screams could be heard easily throughout the building, those were the words I was waiting for, which surprised Paul, who approached Abby with a half-smile on his face, as if he had heard the most sensible thing his sister had ever said.

-Sue me for everything you want, we'll see who comes out losing.- I replied, my voice agitated, as if I cared very little about her suing me.

-Well, that's what I'm going to do right now. Paul, let's call Mr. Richman, someone has to teach this woman a lesson. And what are you all looking at! Get back to work!-

Abby was out of control and she shouted at the curious onlookers who were still enjoying the spectacle, making everyone return to their positions while whispering quietly. She picked up the heels from the floor before Paul grabbed her by the neck.

-It would be an honor for me, sister, we will take care of this. Sarah, you have gotten yourself into serious trouble, what a savage. - Paul spoke with sarcasm and left with Abby towards the president's office, leaving me in the middle of the hallway, wishing he had been the one to receive my blows.

-I don't know what's going on, but you owe me an explanation. Look at how that crazy woman left you. I'll take you home.- Alexander spoke, clearly annoyed, as he helped me put on the missing heel, and I sighed, silently hoping that Abby managed to get information. We needed to know if Paul made the lawyer disappear as he had done with so many people.

-You'll understand later.- I replied, following his lead, feeling a pain in my back that I hadn't been aware of until now.

The metal doors of the elevator opened and a brunette woman with hazel eyes appeared in my field of vision, giving a slight smile when she saw Alexander.

-Mr. Lancaster.- The woman greeted Alexander cheerfully and I raised an eyebrow irritably as I looked her up and down when she approached him for a hug, but to my surprise, he stopped her halfway.

-Late again, Monica, let me remind you that you have a schedule to follow and if it's so difficult for you, don't bother stepping foot in LC's workshop again, it's an ultimatum.-

The woman's smile disappeared when she heard Alexander's harsh words, and a feeling of satisfaction settled in my chest.

But what kind of monster was I becoming!

-You can rest assured, boss, I won't let you down, I'll be here on time and available for anything you need.-

I looked at her again, with an eyebrow raised, noticing the flirty and double-meaning tone with which she said it, as if I wasn't present, but apparently I was the only one who noticed, as Alexander nodded slightly.

-For the next time, no hugs. I haven't given you the confidence to do so, get yourself together and go to work.- Said Alexander with a cold voice, before entering the elevator with me, leaving the model astonished in her place, with a face red with embarrassment.

I couldn't deny that I enjoyed seeing her in that state.

-Mr. Alexander, I will be punctual and available for anything you need.-

I imitated the voice of that Monica when the elevator doors closed and Alexander looked at me amused.

-What...? Sweetheart, are you jealous?- He asked, smiling incredulously, and I quickly shook my head.

-I'm not jealous, don't get confused. I'm just surprised by her audacity.- I shrugged, downplaying it, and his hands delicately ran through my hair before leaving a kiss on my forehead.

-And I put her in her place, I only have eyes for one woman, and that's the mother of my child.- He said, caressing my cheeks, and I looked up into his eyes, getting lost in his gaze that settled on my lips before briefly kissing them.

-Look at your cheek, does it hurt?- He asked, grazing his fingers on the burning skin, but I shook my head. After all, it was just a slap.

-Not anymore.- I replied, not taking my eyes off his, which seemed concerned about my wound.

-Apparently, the main reason for the big show they put on is Mr. Richman, right? Abby mentioned it.- I sighed heavily when he reminded me of my bad luck, and I nodded in response.

-He disappeared.-

Chapter 100 The best news.

Chapter 160 - Divorced Heiress

On the way to the Villa, I couldn't keep to myself for long everything that happened this day that seemed so long and heavy; starting with the call from Richman, the meeting we arranged with my lawyers to study the evidence, and the sudden disappearance of Alexander. He showed his frustration by hitting the steering wheel of the car, not exerting much force. I couldn't wait to tell him Abby's magnificent plan.

And it was necessary to give her a reason to decide to sue me and thus contact the lawyer through Paul. What better than physical aggression right in front of her, with many people as witnesses. With Abby alone with her brother, she would take it upon herself to find out if he knew anything about Mr. Richman's plans or if he was involved in his disappearance.

I needed to get something out of him.

Alexander didn't seem happy with the plan, as he didn't like seeing me in that situation at all, and even less that I got hurt. And if he didn't stop the fight earlier, it was because of my request, but he did so when he couldn't bear it anymore.

-I just hope Paul doesn't take all this too seriously and decides to sue you for real. We know he is very capable of that and more, just to see you destroyed.- Alexander quickly gave his opinion, although I wasn't worried at all that Paul would decide to sue me. He would lose out with everything that is behind that good person facade.

-He won't, trust Abby... and me.- I said, shifting in my seat as I remembered a small but important detail.

I opened my mouth to talk about his brother's surprising appearance and his decision to partner with my company, but Alexander spoke up, interrupting any words that were about to come out of my mouth.

-And I do, but Sarah, you know that things could go wrong with one small misstep. Paul wouldn't waste any opportunity to deal a heavy blow to you and take advantage of it. If he's calm now, it's because he's enjoying his new toy, the company. Don't make it easy for him.- He spoke seriously, not taking his eyes off the road. We were almost at the villa.

-I don't know, Richman's disappearance doesn't look good at all. It's very strange. He wouldn't leave his cellphone on if he had disappeared, and if Paul made him disappear, the first thing he would do is destroy his phone so they can't locate him. If there's one thing the Dubois have shown, it's that they are very cautious and don't leave any direct evidence. I feel like there's something more behind all of this.-

I mused after Alexander's statement, and it made a lot of sense. But I wouldn't be sure of it, I didn't trust the Dubois at all.

Luckily, we had the lawyer's recording, even though it wasn't solid evidence, it practically affirmed that there were crimes involved, and the authorities would investigate thoroughly. Yes,

that was what I was going to do, I wasn't going to sit idly waiting for the lawyer to keep his word.

I remained silent as Alexander parked the car, and when I saw Vincent's car parked a few meters away, I brought up the topic that I was about to mention before Alexander interrupted me.

-Alexis is in Paris.- I said directly, watching Alexander's reaction as I mentioned his twin, and his mouth opened pretending to be surprised.

-He has decided to partner with my company.- I blurted out as if he wasn't already aware, although I knew very well that Alexander had a lot to do with it.

-Really...?-

His acting was so bad that I had to interrupt him, I wasn't going to fall for the act that he didn't know anything.

-Alexander, tell me the truth, there's no need to pretend to be surprised.- I said accusingly, giving him a stern look.

I wasn't bothered by the fact that he involved his brother in my business, but that he lied to me deliberately. His expression changed immediately when he saw that it wouldn't be easy to deceive me, and he let out a sigh as he turned off the engine of the car.

-I'm sorry, Sarah. I wanted to support you, but you didn't let me participate in any of your projects. I know your reasons very well, and I understand them, but I couldn't just stand by. This will be a good opportunity for both of us. You will achieve your expectations with the company, and Alexis will resume his life as an entrepreneur. I want the best for both of you. I hope you haven't been tough on him, he's not to blame for anything.-

I rested my head against the back of the seat as I took a deep breath. How could I be tough on Alexis? It was impossible. His life was just beginning, and I was excited to see his eagerness to succeed.

And I had no doubts that if he hadn't been in a coma for so many years, he would be reaching great heights at this moment, even higher than Alexander.

I understand Alexander's reasons and his point of view, he still felt guilty for his brother's accident, but I was helping him emerge, move forward, I was giving him a little push to go far, however, it would have been easier if he had told me from the beginning.

But no, quite the opposite, he conspired with my cousin to take me by surprise in such a complicated moment in my life. With so many problems, it could have given me a heart attack.

Okay, I was exaggerating, but at least I would have been prepared to give him a warm welcome if he had told me that he wanted Alexis to have an opportunity in the business world on his own, I wouldn't have refused to go along. After all, he wasn't tied to my name.