

## Chapter 106

### Alexander's POV

I heard my friend on the other end of the line, his voice anything but cheerful.

"Sorry, bro, but I need you right now!"

What now? I hung up the phone with a sigh, gave my Catherine a quick kiss apologizing, and she climbed off my lap. When we left the office, the scene we witnessed was tragicomic.

"What the hell is this!" I yelled, absolutely furious.

Celeste was straddling Samantha, who was sprawled on the floor. Celeste was pulling her hair and slapping her while Samantha struggled underneath. Samantha was screaming at Celeste to let her go while Celeste shouted that Samantha was an opportunistic whore. Two employees were trying unsuccessfully to pull Celeste off Sam because she wouldn't let go of Sam's hair and had locked her legs around the other woman's sides. It looked like a mud wrestling scene in a brothel.

"You slut! You trash! You'll pay for this! I'll scratch your eyes out, you hellhound!" Celeste was screaming like she was possessed.

"Congratulations, Satan's cheerleader, now go back to your kennel, you've put on your show!" Samantha shouted from underneath.

"Patrick, Rick, help get Celeste off Samantha!" I shouted at them as they stood there dumbfounded.

Finally, they moved, and while the employees, Rick, and I held Celeste, Patrick pried Samantha's hair from her hands. Then we could pull Celeste

off, and Patrick and Catherine helped Samantha up, settling her in one of the reception area chairs.

"You just got here and you're acting like you own the place. Show some respect—I've been here much longer, I'm a trusted employee," Celeste snapped.

"Want respect? Go to India where cows are sacred," Samantha shot back, still being held by Cat and Patrick. 

While we tried to separate them, Catherine had called security, who established a sort of containment barrier between the two.

"You jealous witch! You want to steal my job, but you won't succeed!" Celeste wouldn't stop screaming.

"Girl, this cockroach thinks she's a butterfly! Looking at you, we can see Satan really outdid himself, didn't he, hell's helper?" Samantha responded.

"Alexander, Alexander, this bitch is sabotaging me, Alexander. She wants you to fire me. She told me she's going to make you get rid of me," Celeste said, starting to cry.

"Even Judas didn't lie this much! Wake up, you scarecrow, your jealous rants won't even move the devil," Samantha was fuming with rage.

"Enough! Both of you shut up! This isn't a damn brothel!" I completely lost my patience and shouted. Finally, they fell silent. "Both of you, be quiet. Everyone else, did anyone see what happened here?"

"I did, Alexander," Rick spoke up. "Samantha was telling Celeste that starting tomorrow, the reception area would be reduced for the changes you requested. Celeste started causing trouble because, according to her,

she's the one who should be making the changes and decisions since she's been here longer."

"You hate me, don't you, Rick? That's a lie. You're lying. This won't end here, Rick," Celeste was fuming.

"Look, Celeste, I'll pay for your ride to go fuck yourself, okay?" Rick replied impatiently.

"I already said that's enough, Celeste!" I spoke, even more irritated.

"I saw it too, Alexander," Margaret raised her hand and spoke. "That's exactly what Rick said, and Celeste has been picking on Samantha since day one. I've seen Celeste being rude to Samantha multiple times and grabbing her arm forcefully."

I looked at Samantha, and she was trembling, disheveled, rumped, with scratches on her arm, slap marks on her face, and a small cut on her lower lip. I looked at Celeste, and while she was somewhat disheveled, she didn't have a single mark on her.

"Samantha, did you attack Celeste?" I asked calmly.

"No, Mr. Miller, I only tried to defend myself by preventing her from hitting me, but it didn't work very well," Samantha replied, pointing to her own face.

"Do you want me to call the police? Will you press charges for assault?" I asked Samantha.

"Alexander, this is absurd..." Celeste started to speak.

"Quiet, Celeste!" I snapped, making her fall silent.

"No, Mr. Miller," Samantha replied.

"Celeste, you're fired for just cause, characterized by assaulting a coworker. And since we have witnesses, I believe you won't contest this. So gather your things. Security will escort you to HR to sign your termination papers immediately," I said without hesitation.

"But Alexander, you can't do this to me!" Celeste said, tears streaming down her face.

"Of course I can, it's my company. I don't tolerate this kind of behavior, and I can hire or fire whoever I want. And I want you out of my company," I said, leaving no room for discussion.

Celeste grabbed her purse while I called HR and gave instructions for the termination. I asked Rick and Margaret to accompany her and sign as witnesses, and I asked security to escort Celeste until she was out of the building, making it clear that her entry to the building was prohibited from that moment on.

Leda brought ice for Samantha to put on her face to try to reduce the swelling, and Catherine got the first aid kit to clean Sam's mouth wound.

After they got into the elevator, I leaned against the reception desk, crossed my arms over my chest, and looked at Samantha, who was sitting with Catherine beside her, rubbing her back to calm her down.

"Now, Sam, can you explain to me what happened here?" I asked, knowing she had provoked Celeste.

"You wanted a reason to fire her, didn't you? I gave you the reason," Samantha said calmly. "No way I was going to let that snake near Cat. As soon as you guys arrived, she picked up the phone and called Johnson to

tell him everything."

I started laughing, and Samantha joined in. Everyone looked at us like they couldn't understand what was going on. 1

"Samantha had been provoking Celeste since she started working here. The idea was exactly to give me a reason to fire her. We thought Celeste would lose control and say too much, but I didn't think she would hit you. Now how am I going to explain this to Henry? He's going to want to kill me," I explained what was happening, still laughing.

"I can't believe you planned this. It's Machiavellian!" Patrick started laughing. "I was wondering why Samantha didn't even slap Celeste back."

"The urge wasn't lacking, Patrick, but if I did that, she would have had arguments," Samantha explained.

"Sam, you can take the day off," I told her.

"No way! I have a lot to do, and Catherine's back today. I'm excited to work with my friend," Samantha said happily.

"You know I have to tell Henry before you guys tell Mel, and it won't be long before he shows up here, right?" I asked, knowing my friend would be furious.

"I'll calm Henry down, Alexander. Now I think I need to go to the bathroom to compose myself," Samantha said.

"Take all the time you need, Sam! And thank you so much! Today I'm taking you ladies to lunch!" I said to her and Catherine with a huge smile.

"Come on, Patrick, let's tell Rick what happened." Rick had just returned from HR and looked at me curiously.

