

Chapter 112

The weekend was a blur for me. My friends did everything and more to try to cheer me up and even to convince me that I shouldn't leave Alexander, but I couldn't stand between him and his son, and I knew that woman would make my life hell. I wouldn't be able to bear it.

On Monday, when I arrived at work, I was approached by Johnson at the entrance of the building.

"What the hell are you still doing here, you slut?" He yelled, stopping in front of me. I tried to go around him and pass by, but he wouldn't let me and grabbed my arm. "I asked you a question, you little tramp."

"Let go of me." I pulled my arm out of his claws. "I work here!"

"No, you don't! I'm going to demand that Alexander fire you." He said, his eyes shining with anger.

"Go ahead." I said and turned my back.

When Johnson came to hold me to prevent me from entering the building, the security guard Dennis stepped between us.

"Don't bother the lady. You've been warned not to approach her." Dennis said and entered the building with me.

"Thank you, Dennis." I thanked him when we got into the elevator.

"You don't have to thank me, miss. It's my job. But even if it wasn't, I detest that man and I don't like the way he treats you. That's not how you treat a woman." Dennis replied to me. "I'll wait for you every day at the entrance of the building from now on and accompany you on the way out. I won't allow him to come near you."



I smiled at him, grateful for this support and protection. I really wasn't in any condition to confront Johnson at this moment.

When I arrived at the executive floor, Samantha stood up and came towards me, giving me a hug and leading me to my new office. She had indeed made the move and left everything prepared for me. She even switched the furniture around, moving the ones from my old office to the new one. On the small table near the armchairs, there was a bouquet of red tulips with a card, where I read:

"You will always be my only love. My perfect love. I can't accept losing you." 1

I started to cry and Samantha hugged me.

"Cat, I understand your reasons. But he's suffering. Henry told me that he refused to marry her and that the lawyer will resolve and establish the agreement about the child," Samantha spoke gently. "Maybe there's still a chance." 1

"There isn't, Sam. She would never allow us to be happy," I said with sadness. I wiped my tears and asked, "Has my new boss arrived yet?"

"Yes, he has. He said you can go in without knocking," Sam replied with a welcoming smile.

I thanked her for organizing everything so quickly. I grabbed the tablet, turned on the computer, and headed towards Patrick's office.

"Good morning, Patrick."

"Catherine, my dear, good morning," Patrick greeted me warmly. "Have a seat. How are you?"



"Devastated, Patrick. But my life can't stop. Shall we get organized to work together? I hope you won't miss Rick too much," I said, trying to muster a smile.

"I won't miss Rick at all. You are much more pleasant to the eyes!" Patrick made a charming remark and flashed a beautiful smile. "I'll ask Margaret to bring us some coffee."

The morning flew by. I spent the entire morning in Patrick's office, talking to him about my responsibilities and what he expected from me. It was good and natural. Patrick has the gift of making people comfortable, and that's what he did with me. He made me feel at ease, filled me with information, shifting my thoughts away from Alexander, and gave me a lot of work that would fortunately keep me very busy.

I went out to lunch with Rick and Samantha. She had been careful to avoid letting me run into Alexander until that moment, and I was grateful for that. When we returned from lunch, there was a slice of chocolate cake on my desk, and I knew exactly who had left it there. Even if I couldn't see him, he would make his presence known; that much was clear.

The afternoon passed as quickly as the morning, and when I turned off my computer, Samantha poked her head into my office and asked:

"Ready to go?"

I nodded and grabbed my purse. We got into the elevator, and when we reached the street, Dennis hailed a taxi for us to get in. He was keeping his promise to me, preventing Johnson, who was lurking nearby, from bothering me. 1

Three days passed, and I still hadn't seen Alexander again. But every day,



he left a slice of chocolate cake on my desk after lunch. It reminded me that he was present, even if he wasn't seen. 1

On Thursday, I was in the same work rhythm, with no time for anything. Patrick kept me busy, and I was grateful for that. Rick wouldn't be having lunch with us because he was in an off-site meeting with Alexander. So it would be just Sam and me.

We arrived at the restaurant and placed our orders. Samantha was telling me that Mari would be arriving the following week to stay with us for a week, and that cheered me up a lot. We always talked via video call, and these days Mari had given me a lot of advice, but I missed her. I was just saying that when I heard an unpleasant, whiny voice behind me.



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