


## Chapter 123

### Johnson's POV

On my way to the office, I kept thinking about that ridiculous lunch yesterday. I wanted to kill that jerk Alexander. The things he's been saying and doing to me and my daughter only increased my hatred for that spoiled brat. But I couldn't get rid of him - I needed him to marry my daughter and ensure she bears an heir with his surname. The Miller name opened many doors and will guarantee that everything that fool has would belong to my daughter and grandson, and consequently, to me.

The worst part was that he managed to postpone the wedding by three months. Postponing the wedding only delayed my plans, but my daughter had to throw a fit over a damn party. However, in the end, it was better that this wedding is big and pompous, featured in all the newspapers, just as little Anna wants. This way, there would be no doubt that my daughter would be the wife and mother of a legitimate Miller. 

But there was still one thing - I wanted that house, his parents' house. A beautiful property! After his parents died, he closed up the house and moved to that little penthouse. And now he wanted to stuff my daughter into some crummy apartment too. But my little Anna was clever; she assured me she'd handle it.

I was arriving for another day of work at what would soon be my company. My plans wouldn't take long to materialize. That idiot thought he's so smart, but he couldn't even figure out who set up that bland Catherine, even though he discovered she hadn't cheated on him and brought her back. He had no idea what's happening right under his nose.

But something's bothering me - the renovation on my floor never ends. It's been a month since they started, and there's no sign of completion.



Sharing the floor with marketing has slowed down my business. I had to be much more careful now; there were too many people from outside my department whom I don't even know. Plus, Alexander came up with new guidelines because of some new system they were implementing, and Gilbert thought it better to pause transactions for a while. Well, he's the accounting director, so he knows what he's doing. Besides being my friend whom I trust. 1

Today I was going to pressure Alexander to clear my floor. And to lift the overtime ban. Since he prohibited entry to the building at night and on weekends, it's been harder to swap documents for fraudulent ones.

Come to think of it, there have been many strange changes in the last month. Maybe he was suspicious, but if that were the case, he would have fired me already – he can't stand me. I would pressure him to return to the old rhythm. The downside was that without Celeste, I have lost my source of information from the presidency. That incompetent woman – did she really have to assault that freak of a newcomer? Of course he wouldn't let that slide. Now that stupid Celeste is completely useless to me; she only served for some silly things my daughter wanted, nothing more. But she kept calling me all the time, such a nuisance.

I parked my car and walked from the parking lot toward the Group Miller building, which was also getting on my nerves. Ever since I lost my parking spot at the company, I've had to rent a space in the lot a block away. What a hassle and a complete waste.

I was almost at the entrance when I noticed that idiot was waiting for me. I'd been dodging and stalling her since she got fired, but today she showed up here. Celeste really is too stupid. If we were seen together, it'll ruin my plans.

"Johnson, don't even think about pretending you didn't see me. Come



on! I need to talk to you."

"Celeste, this isn't the place."

"I don't care! I want to talk to you now! Let's go to that little coffee shop across the street. Nobody goes there at this hour. Move it."

"Fine." I sighed in irritation and crossed the street.

We entered the coffee shop and ordered two espressos. A quaint little place. We always came here to handle emergencies. It's quite discreet. Usually, the owner is alone and always focused on her crossword puzzles, sometimes so distracted she doesn't even notice when we call her.

"So, Celeste, make it quick, we can't be seen together now that you no longer work there."

"Watch how you talk to me, Johnson. I know a lot. I could destroy you and your precious daughter!"

"Don't threaten me, Celeste."

"Then don't abandon me, Johnson! And if anyone sees us, just say I came begging for your help to get my job back and that you felt sorry for me."

"Fine. What do you want?"

"Oh, what do I want, Johnson? Money, of course. And my job back. And to know why you've been avoiding me. It's been a long time since we met, I miss you, tiger!" She said in a syrupy voice, tried to be seductive. God, this woman was pathetic!

"Celeste, things got really complicated after you left the presidency. I don't know what that idiot is up to anymore. So you need to be patient."



"Johnson, I'm not patient. Figure something out, do something for me, or I'll start talking. You better not forget that I was the one who planted that fake waiter at the party to serve the spiked drink to Alexander, and that's the only reason your little daughter could make him think he slept with her, but we know he didn't, right? What I gave him knocked him out cold." Celeste had a malicious little smile on her face. "Besides, your daughter isn't even pregnant yet, and it was only thanks to me that that idiot managed to forge the test at Alexander's trusted lab. But I had to pay good money to the nurse who helped me with that inside, and you still haven't paid me back for it."

"Alright, Celeste." I sighed, trying to think - this woman had become a real thorn in my side. "Do this: meet me at the apartment during lunch, I'll give you a little treat."

"Great! I'm heading there now."

Celeste stood up and left. What a devil of a woman. I needed to keep her quiet until my plan came together. Or made her disappear. But she could still be useful; she has many contacts in places Alexander frequents. At the Social Club, for instance, the receptionist always lets us know when that dimwit is there, which would make things easier for little Caroline.

I finished my coffee and went to the office. The café owner didn't even see me leave; she was glued to her crossword puzzle. I bet if a robber came in and cleaned out the place, she wouldn't even notice.

I looked at all these people I didn't even know rushing back and forth on the floor. These marketing folks made too much noise, they were too cheerful - didn't even look like they were working. I entered my office, which was basically a cubicle, and it put me in a terrible mood. This place was becoming hell.





My phone vibrated and I checked the message:

"Do you know anything about the system that's going to be implemented?"

It was Gilbert. Why this now? I had no idea what system he was talking about. Must be some other piece of junk on the market. I told him exactly that, and another message from him arrived immediately.

"Better be junk. I had breakfast with an accountant friend who told me about a new Lynx World system that connects the entire company and is fraud-proof. One decimal point out of place and the system flags it and blocks operations. Lynx's owner is friends with Alexander; I hope he hasn't bought this system. The Lynx system costs a fortune."

What the hell was this? I didn't even know this was possible. But it was definitely not that one – I received the contract and payment order; it was from another company and relatively cheap. Ah, Gilbert was just being paranoid. I sent him a message telling him this and to calm down.

I was going to pressure Alexander about my floor now. I picked up the phone and that secretary who came from who-knows-where answers. I said I want to speak with her boss, and after some delay, she transferred me.

"Alexander, I need to talk to you." I snapped impatiently.

"What do you want, Johnson?"

"In person. Let me come up."

"If you want to talk to me, it'll be by phone. I'm not in the mood to look at your face." This jerk would pay for every humiliation.



"Look here, Alexander, I can't stay on the marketing floor anymore; it's like a bunch of monkeys living in a jungle. These people have no discipline, no manners, no respect. Too much noise, too much chaos. And my floor has been under renovation for too long; this needs to end."

"Listen here, Johnson, show more respect for MY company's employees. MY floor will be ready when I want it to be, and anyway, I'm keeping you there with marketing just BECAUSE I WANT TO." This son of a bitch was yelling at me. I was going to kill him.

"Alexander, don't be childish. You know finance has always had its own floor, and there's a reason for that."

"Johnson, it's decided. Finance will permanently share the floor with marketing." He said this and hung up on me! I was going to kill this worthless son of a bitch!

Right after, my phone rang and it was my insufferable wife demanding money because she was taking Caroline shopping for a wedding dress. And that I should go with them. Of course I wouldn't, but I made a transfer to that annoying woman's account and she left me alone.

I spent the rest of the morning irritated, and now it's time to meet that idiot Celeste. What a shitty day! I left my office and headed to the apartment. When I arrived, I found that annoying woman already waiting for me with a sandwich.

"What the hell is this, Celeste! You couldn't possibly have ordered something decent for my lunch?"

"Be grateful I even ordered a sandwich. I'm not your wife, Johnson."

I sighed and sat down to eat that sandwich. For God's sake, I like good



food, I hate sandwiches, and this idiot knew that. After eating, Celeste starts:

"I think you're very stressed, Johnson. Come here, I'll give you some tea to calm you down."

"That's good. I'll punish you until I'm nice and calm."

I went to the bedroom and fucked that slut for the rest of my lunch break. After getting dressed, I took my phone and transferred some money to her account.

"I sent you some money. Save it because things are tough at the company. Until the final move, it's going to be complicated."

"Fine, it's enough for something," she said, looking at the amount I transferred on her phone. "But what about my job?"

"That's not possible right now, darling. Only after I take over. You know we're together, and you'll be my assistant."

"And when are you going to leave your wife, Johnson? You promised to marry me. I can't stand my idiot husband anymore."

"Darling, we'll have to put up with it until everything is finished. I can't stand that stupid wife of mine either. But as soon as the company is mine, we'll be together. Just have a little more patience."

"Alright," she sighed. "Your little daughter wants my help choosing her wedding dress."

"Great, choose the best one, my stupid wife has terrible taste."

I left that whore there. I would get rid of her very soon, I couldn't stand



her anymore!



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